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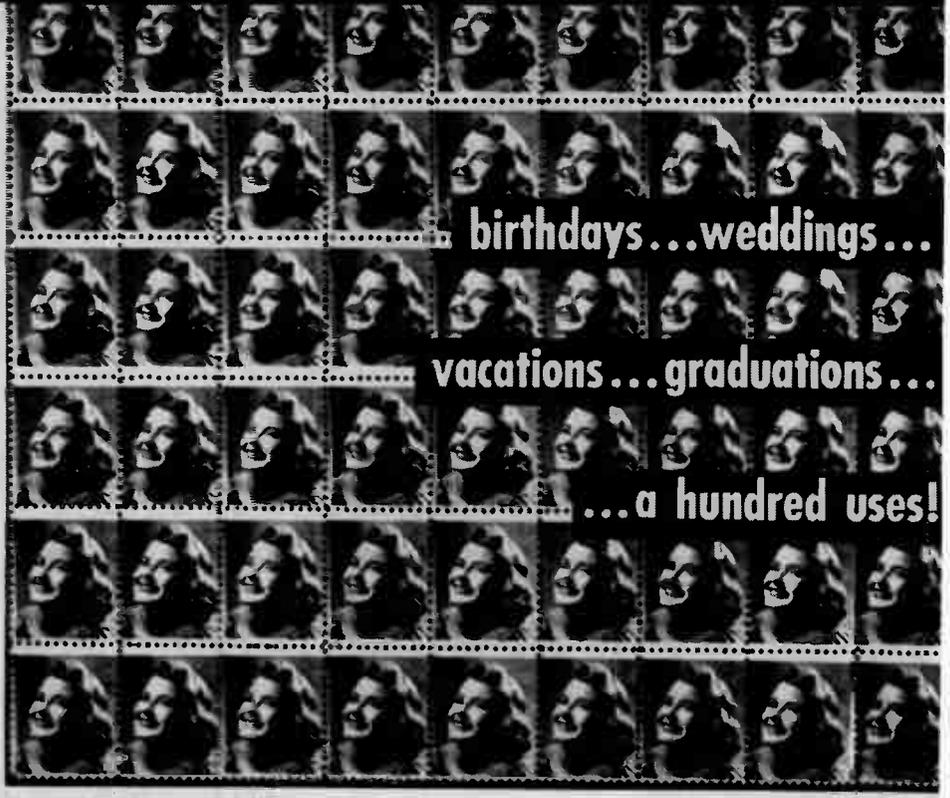
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RECORDS MARK THE HITS!

On the record . . .

(In the future, this page will be reserved for you. We'd like to hear your reactions to our first issue and to succeeding ones, your questions, gripes, preferences—whatever is on your mind. Of course, there are no such letters in our first issue, but we'd like you to see the letters and telegrams we've received from our friends in the recording field.)

PLEASE ACCEPT THE CONGRATULATIONS OF MYSELF AND THE ENTIRE RCA VICTOR RECORD DEPARTMENT UPON THE LAUNCHING OF YOUR FINE NEW RECORD FAN MAGAZINE. IT CERTAINLY FILLS A PRESSING NEED. SINCEREST WISHES FOR SUCCESS NOW AND IN THE FUTURE.

Manie Sacks
New York City
Vice-President, RCA Victor Record Division

BEST OF LUCK FOR THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF RECORD WHIRL.

Billy Eckstine
New York City
MGM Records

A SALUTE TO THE DOWN BEAT FAMILY FOR THINKING OF A MAGAZINE LIKE RECORD WHIRL. ALL OF US ARE WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR YOUR FIRST ISSUE.

Georgia Gibbs
Chicago, Ill.
Mercury Records

I'M SURE YOU WILL "ROCK" THE MUSIC BUSINESS WITH RECORD WHIRL. BEST OF LUCK.

Eddie Fontaine
New York City
Label X

THE MUSIC BUSINESS HAS NEEDED A MAGAZINE OF THIS TYPE FOR YEARS. MY HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS TO THE ENTIRE STAFF. IT'LL BE A BOON TO THE RECORDING BUSINESS AND A REAL TREAT FOR THE TEENS.

Tony Martin
Hollywood, Calif.
Victor Records

RECORD WHIRL SOUNDS LIKE IT IS SURE TO BE A WONDERFUL MAGAZINE. I'M REALLY THRILLED TO SEE IT COME ABOUT.

Janet Brace
Chicago, Ill.
Decca Records

ANXIOUSLY AWAITING FIRST EDITION OF RECORD WHIRL.

Billy Vaughn
Galatin, Tenn.
Dot Records

MY BEST WISHES TO YOU AND YOUR STAFF ON THE LAUNCHING OF RECORD WHIRL. THE ENTIRE RECORD INDUSTRY IS GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SUPPLYING THE MULTITUDE OF RECORD FANS EVERYWHERE WITH VITAL NEWS ABOUT OUR BUSINESS AND ITS PERSONALITIES. I'M SURE IT WILL BE A HUGE SUCCESS.

Irving B. Green
Chicago, Ill.
President, Mercury Records

WISHING YOU TREMENDOUS SUCCESS ON YOUR NEW PUBLICATION RECORD WHIRL.

Joni James
Hollywood, Calif.
MGM Records

CONGRATULATIONS AND EVERY BEST WISH TO YOUR NEW MAGAZINE. I'M DELIGHTED THAT YOU HAVE RECOGNIZED THE GREAT NEED FOR SUCH A PUBLICATION.

Nat (King) Cole
Hollywood, Calif.
Capitol Records

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE OPENING OF YOUR NEW PUBLICATION, RECORD WHIRL.

George Shearing
New York City
MGM Records

YOU WERE GRAND WHEN I WAS WITH BUDDY, GRAND ON MY FIRST RECORD RELEASE. WHAT MORE CAN I SAY THAN I WISH YOU THE BEST.

Frankie Lester
New York City
Label X

WE'RE TICKLED PINK THAT YOU CHOSE US AS THE COVER SUBJECTS FOR YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF RECORD WHIRL. A THOUSAND THANKS, AND HERE'S HOPING FOR GREAT SUCCESS.

The Crew Cuts
Chicago, Ill.
Mercury Records

I read with great interest about your new magazine, *Record Whirl*, and wish you and your associates great success on this new publication. The same standards which have made *Down Beat* and *Jamboree* such great successes will do the same for *Record Whirl*, and I am sure it will be welcomed by everyone.

Henry E. Doney
Chicago, Ill.
President, Tiffany Records

JIMMY HILLIARD AND ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS AT LABEL X KNOW THAT YOU WILL HAVE THE GREATEST PUBLICATION IN THE WORLD.

Joe Delaney
New York City
General Manager, Label X

BEST WISHES AND SUCCESS FOR YOUR RELEASE OF RECORD WHIRL.

Fontane Sisters
New York City
Dot Records

LET ME BE AMONG THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR NEW MAGAZINE RECORD WHIRL. I KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A SMASH.

Ralph Marterie
Chicago, Ill.
Mercury Records

CONGRATULATIONS. I'M SURE THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE JUST AS ANXIOUS AS I AM TO SEE THE FIRST COPY OF RECORD WHIRL.

Julius La Rosa
New York City
Cadence Records

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM THAT YOU'VE CHOSEN MY STORY FOR YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF RECORD WHIRL. I WISH YOUR NEW PUBLICATION THE BEST OF LUCK.

Sammy Davis, Jr.
Hollywood, Calif.
Decca Records

THE WHOLE CLOONEY FAMILY, BETTY, GAIL, JOSE, MIGUEL AND I WISH RECORD WHIRL THE BEST OF LUCK. THANKS VERY MUCH FOR CHOOSING US FOR A STORY IN YOUR FIRST ISSUE.

Rosemary
Hollywood, Calif.
Columbia Records

I THINK IT IS WONDERFUL NEWS THAT YOU ARE STARTING RECORD WHIRL. MY VERY BEST WISHES TO YOUR ENTIRE STAFF.

Doris Day
Hollywood, Calif.
Columbia Records

I WISH YOUR NEW RECORD WHIRL THE GREATEST SUCCESS AND WILL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. ALL KINDS OF GOOD LUCK.

Woody Herman
New York City
Capitol Records

RECORD WHIRL SOUNDS JUST LIKE WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED. KNOWING WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH DOWN BEAT THERE'S LITTLE REASON TO DOUBT THAT THE NEW BOOK WILL BE A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS. ALL MY BLESSINGS GO WITH IT.

Frank Sinatra
Hollywood, Calif.
Capitol Records

RECORD WHIRL



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| 3. Sincerely | 11. Teach Me Tonight |
| 4. Melody of Love | 12. Unsuspecting Heart |
| 5. Let Me Go Lover | 13. Oh! Marie |
| 6. Naughty Lady of Shady Lane | 14. Count Your Blessings |
| 7. Make Yourself Comfortable Baby | 15. Papa Loves Mambo |
| 8. That's All I Want From You | 16. Ko Ko Mo |
| | 17. Open Up Your Heart |
| | 18. Tweedlee Dee |

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| 3. Judgment of the Wicked, Malachi | 12. Judging One Another, Romans |
| 4. The Beatitudes, St. Matthew | 13. Mutual Bearing of Burdens, Galatians |
| 5. The Lord's Prayer, St. Matthew | 14. Christian Duties, Ephesians |
| 6. The Resurrection, St. Matthew | 15. Fellowship With God 1st John |
| 7. The Birth of Christ, St. Luke | 16. New Heaven & Earth, Revelations |
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| 2. Mambolero | 12. Besos De Caramelos |
| 3. El Campanero | 13. Quilo El Bon Bon |
| 4. Tu Plato | 14. Mambo Nuevo |
| 5. Sagueborroco | 15. San Souci Rumba |
| 6. Esy | 16. Solos Tu Y Yo |
| 7. El Mambo Hop | 17. En Bolondron |
| 8. Yumbabe | |
| 9. E Nuevo Mambo | |

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| 3. Hurts Me To My Heart | 12. Zippy Zum |
| 4. Ebb Tide | 13. If You Believe |
| 5. Honey Love | 14. Shake, Rattle & Roll |
| 6. Tick Tick | 15. Cinnamon Sinner |
| 7. You'd Better Watch Yourself | 16. Rain, Rain, Rain |
| 8. You Can Pack Your Suitcase | 17. You're The One |
| 9. When My Heart Beats Like A Hammer | 18. Come To Me Darling |
| | 19. Warm Your Heart |
| | 20. She's The One |

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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| 2. This Ole House | 12. If You Ain't Lovin' |
| 3. Loose Talk | 13. Are You Mine? |
| 4. If you Don't Someone Else Will | 14. She Done Give Her Heart To Me |
| 5. New Green Light | 15. This is the Thanks I Get |
| 6. Beware Of It | 16. What's Gonna Do Now? |
| 7. Never | 17. Time Goes By |
| 8. Penny Candy | 18. Company's Comin' |
| 9. Company's Comin' | 19. Even Tho' |
| 10. You're Not Mine Anymore | 20. One By One |

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- You get 12 Square Dance Songs by Nap Williams and others plus Gift Book "Square Dancing" for \$2.98
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| 2. Flop Eared Mule | 8. Golden Slipper |
| 3. Bu Palo Gal | 9. Red River Valley |
| 4. Oh, Susanna | 10. Arkansas Traveler |
| 5. Soldier's Joy | 11. Little Brown Jug |
| 6. Devil's Dream | 12. Turkey in the Straw |
- PLUS BOOK: "Square Dancing for Young and Old"

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| By Snooky Lanson, Bill Lawrence, etc. | |
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| 2. Bye-Bye Blues | 11. Till I Waltz Again With You |
| 3. You Belong To Me | 12. Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes |
| 4. Anywhere I Wander | 13. Trying |
| 5. Takes Two To Tango | 14. Even Now |
| 6. My Baby's Coming Home | 15. Glow Worm |
| 7. Lady of Spain | 16. Have You Heard |
| 8. Keep It A Secret | 17. Side By Side |
| 9. Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me | 18. Oh Happy Day |

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| 2. Old King Cole | 14. Pop Goes the Weasel | 24. Hick Diddle Diddle | 37. Green Grass Grew All Around |
| 3. Little Tommy Tucker | 15. Three Blind Mice | 25. Three Little Kittens | 38. Simple Simon |
| 4. Jack & Jill | 16. Mary Had a Little Lamb | 26. Patty Cake, Patty Cake | 39. There Was an Old Woman |
| 5. Pease Porridge Hot | 17. Skip to My Lou | 27. Gif Along Little Dogie | 40. The Wiffen Man |
| 6. Where O Where Has My Little Dog Gone? | 18. Row Row Your Boat | 28. O! Chisolm Trail | 41. Little Jack Norner |
| 7. Humpty Dumpty | 19. Tom Tom the Piper's Son | 29. Rock-A-Bye Baby | 42. Little Bo Peep |
| 8. London Bridge | 20. Even Tom Working on the Railroad | 30. Brahm's Lullaby | 43. The Boy Who Cried Wolf |
| 9. Lazy Mary | 21. I've Been Working on the Railroad | 31. Home on the Range | 44. Frere Jacques |
| 10. A Tisket A Tasket | 22. Arkansas Traveler | 32. Blue Tail Fly | 45. Oh Susanna |
| 11. Old MacDonald | 23. I Saw a Ship A-Sailing | 33. Clementine | 46. The Prairie |
| 12. Farmer in the Dell | | 34. Polly Wolly Doodle | |
| | | 35. Billy Boy | |
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Stan Kenton Hollywood, Calif.
Capitol Records

LOADS OF LUCK TO YOUR NEW RECORD WHIRL. I'M HAPPY TO SEE THE DOWN BEAT FAMILY EXPANDING—AND IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

David Carroll Chicago, Ill.
Mercury Records

WE ARE BOTH DELIGHTED WITH THE PROMISE OF A MAGAZINE THAT WILL DEVOTE ITSELF WHOLLY TO THE RECORD FIELD. IT'S SURE TO GIVE THE INDUSTRY A GREAT BOOST, AND SHOULD GET A SWARM OF READERS. PLEASE ACCEPT OUR CONGRATULATIONS.

Jo Stafford & Paul Weston
Columbia Records Los Angeles, Calif.

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW MAGAZINE. MAY YOU HAVE EVERY SUCCESS.

Bunny Paul Detroit, Mich.
Capitol Records

CONGRATULATIONS. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE FIRST ISSUE OF RECORD WHIRL.

Patti Page Chicago, Ill.
Mercury Records

SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE A GREAT THING GOING IN RECORD WHIRL. I HOPE IT'S A WHOPPING HIT. ALL BEST WISHES.

Les Elgart Statler Hotel
Columbia Records New York City

ALL MY BEST WISHES GO WITH YOUR FIRST ISSUE OF RECORD WHIRL. SINCERELY,

Mahalia Jackson Chicago, Ill.
Columbia Records

BEST WISHES IN YOUR NEW VENTURE. MAY YOU HAVE LOTS OF SUCCESS.

Joe Cerami & Don Hassler Chicago, Ill.
Capitol Records

coming next issue . . .

- Why Georgia Gibbs Never Married
- The New Kay Starr
- What Is Holding Ella Fitzgerald Back
- American Stars In Australia
- Nat Cole's Perfect Marriage
- I Married a Disc Jockey—June Valli
- Les Paul & Mary Ford Tour Europe

. . . **Record Whirl**

up and coming . . .



Les Elgart

The growing popularity of Les Elgart may be a signpost for the return of big bands to the record scene. Until the end of World War II, when bands and not vocalists were the star attractions, Glenn Miller reigned as king. A great many bands have imitated Miller since then, and the similarity of musical arrangements as a result of this was one reason for the decline of bands.

Now Les Elgart has come along with a fresh sound—a crisp, bright style that he calls "sophisticated swing." He does not imitate Miller, but in fact is starting a vogue of his own. In a recent disc jockey poll in *Down Beat* magazine, the Elgart band drew a very impressive number of votes in the best recording orchestra of last year category—quite unusual for a new group, especially for one that hasn't as yet had a single hit record.

Les comes from a musical family. His brother, Larry, who at 32 is four years younger than Les, plays saxophone with the band; and their mother was once a well known concert pianist. Les himself plays trumpet and in the past had been featured with the bands of Bunny Berigan, Charlie Spivak, Harry James, Hal McIntyre, Billy Butterfield, Raymond Scott, and Woody Herman. Later he organized his own band, his first—which had in its ranks Bill Finegan, Ralph Flanagan, and Nelson Riddle, each of whom is a leading bandsman today. Lisa Kirk, now a singing star herself, was his vocalist. But the band itself did not have great success.

In 1954, after a good deal of struggling, Les and Larry gambled their last \$1,000 to make a demonstration disc with a newly organized band. George Avakian of Columbia became excited about it, signed the band, and issued the first album *Sophisticated Swing*. It clicked, and the new Les Elgart band was on its way.

Before long MCA had booked it onto the coveted roof of the Astor hotel in New York. More recently the band has been touring ballrooms throughout the country. The band is unusual in that it does not use a piano but gets its rhythms strictly from guitar, bass, and drum.

There is more truth than poetry to the name Columbia has given his latest album—*The Band of the Year*.



The record world has been leaping and bounding year by year, and now it has reached dimensions that compare with any of the entertainment industries. There is no gainsaying that records, not just music, is a league by itself—and one of the major leagues of show business at that.

As a gauge to how great the industry has grown, consider that one-third of Capitol Records was purchased by Johnny Mercer for \$5,000 in 1944; recently the entire firm was sold for eight and a half million! And last year alone all the companies, large and small, marketed something like 300 million dollars worth of recordings.

The record world has created a star system very much like that which once had made motion pictures the kingpin of the entertainments. And with this system has come the fervid loyalties that give birth to fan clubs, and the hungry curiosity about the private and public lives of the stars.

In this sphere of show business, the classic rags to riches story is told again and again, and it never ceases to fascinate. New stars are raised every day and old stars descend in an almost natural cycle. Some artists—there are many—never come down, and these make up the backbone of the industry regardless whether the musical vogue is swing, corn, mambo, or rhythm & blues, as Tin Pan Alley's ever-shifting winds incline to blow.

But records are a one-dimensional medium—a "blind" medium dealing in sound alone. Visual gratifications must come from other sources.

That is the main reason why *Record Whirl* was created—to give record audiences the added dimensions of sight, and insight. To take you beyond the grooves of a disc to see how the artist looks when he performs, how he lives, and how he thinks. The key members of our staff are equipped to do this because they bring with them from *Down Beat* an excellent background of 21 years of honest and exact reporting of the music scene.

Record Whirl is to be a mass meeting ground for the recording artist and his public, and for that unique personality in show business who has obtained star status himself—the disc jockey. We heartily encourage letters from you, our readers, telling us of your likes and dislikes in music, telling us which artists you would like to see in our magazine, and telling us about your fan clubs.

Welcome to *Record Whirl*, and we hope you enjoy our pages.

—the editor

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they pulled me through

By Sammy Davis, Jr.



I guess we all have to take time out now and then just to think things over. A performer doesn't always have enough time for that, but last November I lay in a hospital bed with both eyes bandaged—and I had nothing to do but think.

I learned the greatest lesson of my life, for I knew that when those bandages came off I would have only one eye left, an irreplaceable loss. But with this loss came a gain that I hope everyone in this world comes into . . . but let me start at the beginning.

Since I was two years old I've been a full-time performer with my dad, Sam Davis, Sr., and my uncle, Will Mastin. I wasn't running on the stage for a quick bow, like most kids did in vaudeville, I was doing my own spot. God's truth, I could sing a song better than I could talk, and dance better than I could walk. For 27 years of my life, I traveled with Dad and Will, as I do today, working every type club, theatre, date and joint an act can work.

During these years I met many people. Some I never saw again after leaving the town where I met them. Others I saw the next time I passed through the town. But for many years I never had the opportunity to make close or good friends. I never much thought about it. We were always on the move.

Around 1947 all the good things started to happen. We were getting up in the business, and jobs, money, and friends came faster. I moved to an apartment in Hollywood and made this great town my home, or operating base, the place where I always came back after a trip, the place to which I always looked forward to returning.

Sammy's first public appearance after the accident was at Ciro's in Hollywood, for which he wore the eye-patch that is now his trademark. His performance was simply sensational, and the reviewers raved. But Sammy hands the credit to his good friends and family for helping him to overcome misfortune and find a new spirit. That's his father, Sam Sr., in the background.



Tony . . . "a greater human being."

It was in 1947 that I met two guys in particular, two whom I respect, admire, and can call my pals, close pals. Since then both have climbed the ladder to stardom and are known the world over. They are Jeff Chandler and Tony Curtis.

Jeff and Tony sort of took me around the town, introducing me to all the "names" I never dreamed of meeting. I had reached the point that every guy has to watch, not to let the big names throw me, not to let them make me forget my old pals, the guys who stayed with me and boosted me from the start.

It was those 72 hours in the dark, on a hospital bed, that made me realize I wasn't the greatest friend *they* could have.

November 19th I was working in Las Vegas. Tony was starring in a picture called *Six Bridges to Cross*. Jeff had written the lyrics to the title song of the picture and had arranged for me to sing it off-screen, on the soundtrack. The studio called me in Vegas and asked me to come in the next day to record it. I said I would.

I have one fear, and that is flying. So my pal Charlie Head and I jumped into my car at 2:30 a.m. that day and left for Hollywood. What happened next is important history to me. How I am alive I will never know.

At 6:00 a.m. a car backed out on the highway, just as I was making the turn onto it, and the next thing I can remember is a crash. Something hit my face so hard that it didn't hurt for a few minutes . . . the car caromed across the road . . . hit a pole . . . then stopped, I'll never know how. Charlie thinks he was thrown out by the impact, but I crawled out of the car, or what was left of it.

The usual commotion started. Police and an ambulance came. They bandaged my face and Charlie's and rushed us to the San Bernardino Community hospital.

Back in Hollywood, Jeff and my press agent, Jess Rand, were waiting for me. I was supposed to have been there at 9:00 a.m. Later they told me how they found out what happened. When I was overdue three hours, they put a call in to Vegas, to Morty Stevens, my arranger and conductor. He told them I had left the night before. Jess and Jeff told Morty not to tell Dad and Will until they found out where I was. (It seems the accident wasn't reported till later that day.)

They put in a call to the Los Angeles police, and Morty did the same in Vegas, to check on accidents. Morty found out first and called Jeff. Two hours after the call, Jeff and Jess were at the hos-



Frank . . . "the shirt off his back."

pital. Dad, Will, my step-mother and Morty were there. Can you imagine? Morty had no means of transportation in the emergency and took a cab from Las Vegas to San Bernardino—it cost him over 100 bucks!

The doctor came in and said I may lose an eye. All I could say was, "Huh?" I was glad to be alive and kicking. The M.D.'s told me my feet, voice, and right eye were fine, and in six weeks I could return to work. All the family and pals that were at the hospital chatted with me, none of them bluffing me or giving me the pity routine. They just told me to take it slow and that one eye wouldn't hurt my career. This may sound like silly advice, but you really appreciate having it from people who wouldn't kid you. You knew they were in your



Jeff . . . "like a rock."

corner. That was a big help.

I was on the operating table three and a half hours, and during that time Jess must have opened 1,000 telegrams and taken over 250 calls—from fans, friends, and people I casually met—wishing me the best. I must admit the names on the wires and calls were quite impressive; every name in the business called or wired, but the thrill came when bus boys, waiters, light men, musicians, and guys in every club we worked sent some sort of message.

Within one week, my room was packed with flowers, the calls and wires never stopped coming in, and over 100,000 letters from fans I never met sent encouragement. People like Jeff, Tony, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Frank Sinatra, Ella Logan, Johnnie Ray, and many many more visited me at the hospital. I could never mention them all, there were so many.

The guy who was like a rock, though, was Jeff. He was there every day. Thanksgiving came along and Jeff, his agent Meyer Mishkin, a Universal-International script girl Betty Abbott, and the family brought up turkey and all the trimmings. We ate together. It was a Thanksgiving I'll never forget.

That night I lay in my bed and cried, though both my eyes were still bandaged. I cried because I was the luckiest guy in the world. I realized for the first time in my life that I had friends, friends I never knew I had, friends that wanted nothing more than for me to get better, friends that felt my loss as much as I did—and I wanted to ask them to forgive me

(Cont'd on Page 30)

Jazz Moods

By Jack Tracy

Something Old: A set that no self-respecting jazz collection should be without is the recently-issued *Lester Leaps In*, on Epic. It's an exciting group of 12 Count Basie reissues that first appeared on the Okeh label, each of which features tenor saxist Lester Young and each of which is a beautifully representative sample of what a great many folks will tell you was the greatest jazz band that ever stepped on a stand . . . From roughly the same era comes an album titled *The Bob Cats Ball*, which shows off the Bob Crosby band in its heyday. And a

swinging crew it was, with driving ensemble work and topflight soloists. It's a Decca LP . . . In June, 1942, a trumpet player named Bunny Berigan died, and a lot of people were sad, for they felt he would have become one of the great men in jazz history had he lived. Now, thanks to Label "X", we have a set of Berigan sides that were waxed during one of his most productive years. It's called *Swing Sessions 1935*, and the warm-toned Bunny is heard on four sides with the Gene Gifford orchestra.

Something New: From a concert at Stockton high school in California last November comes a 12" LP of the Gerry Mulligan quartet on the Pacific Jazz label. It's the first time the baritone

saxist's group has been recorded in live performance, and you'll get the added kicks of hearing guest stars Zoot Sims (tenor sax) and Bob Brookmeyer (trombone) on one side. Recommended listening . . . On the heels of the \$25 albums that saluted Glenn Miller, Bing Crosby, and Art Tatum in the last year, comes a Capitol production called *The Kenton Era* that is strikingly handsome. A beautifully illustrated booklet accompanies the four 12" LPs that depict the evolution of the Stan Kenton orchestra. They utilize air shots, rehearsal tapes, and concert waxings to make up some 50 sides that never before have been released.

Something Borrowed: From George Gershwin Buddy DeFranco and Oscar Peterson borrow 10 songs (including *Man I Love* and *Porgy*) on which to combine their clarinet and piano artistry. They are supported by a large orchestra that includes 14 strings, and the arrangements come from the pens of Skip Martin and Russ Garcia. It's on Norgran, and it should be heard . . . Benny Goodman classics provide the operating media for an all-star jam session on Columbia sparked by veteran trumpeter Buck Clayton. *Christopher Columbus*, *Don't Be That Way*, and *Undecided* were the tunes that Buck picked, and his most able compatriots include Coleman Hawkins, Urbie Green, Sir Charles Thompson, and Trummy Young.



... thank you Crew Cuts

... continued success

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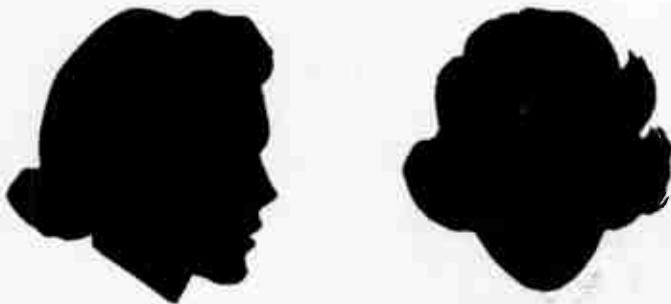
Billie Holiday

Something Blue: Those of you who remember Billy Eckstine when he was singing blues and leading his own band will be delighted with *Blues for Sale*, a collection of seven sides he made in the mid-40's that have been reissued by EmArcy. Among them is the song he made into a record hit for Earl Hines, *Jelly, Jelly* . . . And *Billie's Blues* is one of the tunes on a Billie Holiday Norgran LP, a collection that was recorded at a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert in 1946—a time when the incomparable Miss Holiday was at her peak. A perusal of this one is an emotional experience indeed.



WANTED

Alive & Singing



THE RECORD WHIRL GIRL

Reward: Contract with the Richard Maltby Band.

Some young girl who is reading this may rise from obscurity in just a few months and begin to realize the dream of her life. She will embark in a profession that has been a stepping stone to stardom for some of our greatest vocal artists today. Doris Day, Rosemary Clooney, Jo Stafford, Sarah Vaughan, Kitty Kallen, Peggy Lee, Betty Hutton, and Georgia Gibbs all began their careers as band singers.

Now a reader of *Record Whirl* has a chance of becoming a vocalist with the exciting new Richard Maltby band—the same band that has etched such Label “X” hits as *St. Louis Blues Mambo*, *Stardust Mambo*, and *Begin the Beguine March*.

Dick Maltby has asked us to conduct a search for the *Record Whirl* Girl. This is not really a contest but an audition. There are no coupons to send, nothing to buy. The rules are very simple:

- Entrants must be 18 years of age or older and free to travel about the country.
- Each entrant must prepare a record or tape of her voice on two numbers—one ballad and one up-tune.
- Each entrant must submit, along with the record or tape, at least two photographs—one head shot and one full-length photo.
- Mail the recording and pictures to Label “X” Records, 122 E. 24th St., New York, N. Y. Do not send them to Record Whirl.
- All entries must be received before June 1, 1955.

The audition will be judged by Maltby; Joe Delaney, general sales manager of Label “X”; Jimmy Hilliard, artist & repertoire chief of Label “X,” and Les Brown, editor of *Record Whirl*. Decisions will be final.

The winner will be notified where to appear as soon after the closing date as possible. She will be groomed and given stage and vocal help by Maltby, and then she will begin an exciting career—one that may be her chance of a lifetime.



9:00 a.m.—The boys rise early and have a cheerful breakfast. From left to right, they are Rudi Maugeri, Johnny Perkins, Ray Perkins, and Pat Barrett.



10:30 a.m.—When visiting any city, it is always important to see the deejays. Here they make their first stop of the day at station WTMJ in Milwaukee, Wis.



10:30 p.m.—And here they are in rhythmic action—Ray, Rudi, Pat, and Johnny in their regular singing order—about to launch their solid show-stopper, *Sh-Boom*.



9:30 p.m.—At Fazio's supperclub, they play to an older audience. Acts are rare that can please old and young alike, and because of this the Crew-cuts are seldom lacking work.



7:30 p.m.—They pack in advance of their show to make a quick getaway later in the evening. A similar routine awaits them on the following day and in the next town.

the Record Whirl Camera on

a day with the

crew-cuts



12:00 Noon—Mobbed by teenagers, Ray is kept busy during an autographing party at a Milwaukee record shop. His partners are getting writer's cramp elsewhere in the store.



2:00 p.m.—The Cuts find some time in mid-day for shopping. Like all performers, the boys need the latest in clothing styles and wear them out fast in traveling.

Most people think that being a successful record artist is a simple matter of cutting two sides, then waiting for the royalties to pour in. Sounds like life could be a dream . . . but it isn't that simple!

Pictured here are the Crew-Cuts, one of the hottest vocal groups afoot, candidly caught during a more or less typical day on a recent tour. Even if rising to the top is a breeze — as it was for these young fellows — it takes a lot of hard work to stay there. And the Crew-Cuts have every intention of staying.



3:00 p.m.—Even on the street, the boys are assailed by autograph hunters, but they love it.



6:00 p.m.—Johnny occupies some spare moments at the hotel answering fan mail, while the others take a well-earned breather. The Cuts always carry along a portable typewriter on their jaunts.



4:30 p.m.—The Cuts are their own worst critics. They take time out whenever possible to listen to their latest Mercury sides and to plan improvements.

FORUM: What I Look For In a Record

Artist vs. Deejay



Joan Weber
Columbia Records

I always look for the story of a song in every record I'm about to make, the story that the lyric tells. A love story suits me best, a sad one especially. They are the kind I most like to sing. I've made a rhythm & blues record, but I much prefer a straight, simple ballad.

Otherwise, when I'm listening to records I listen for the overall sound. By *sound* I mean the way in which all the musical elements work together. I can think of many good records that were ruined by an overly loud background, and many more that had too soft a background. I like the choral and orchestral work to be full, but I think the artist should at all times be prominent.



Jim Lounsbury
WGN — Chicago

Essentially there are two things I look for in any new record, and they are the quality of performance and the freshness of material. A third criterion enters in, of course, and that is timeliness. The music business has trends, as we all know, and it is always in a record's favor that it is in the current musical mode instead of a bygone one.

To enlarge upon the values of performance, I think in terms of a blending between what we call "commercially good" and "artistically good." As for material, I look for a fresh approach in line with current tastes, or for something brand new that is so good it could start a trend of its own.

I listen to every new release on any label and make my decisions regardless whether the artist is a big name or not. It's generally easy to fish through 100 new releases and pick out the 20 outstanding records in the stack. In time it's even possible to develop the knack of picking the sleepers too.



Peter Potter
KLAC — Hollywood, Calif.

The record situation is in such a muddle at the present time that for the first time in a number of years I am using a magnifying glass and a set of ear phones to listen to each record.

When you have been spinning records 20 years you obviously have likes and dislikes in pop music. I am still square enough to enjoy a good melodious song or a well-arranged instrumental that dares you to dance. As lyrics are a very important part of a hit song nowadays, I try to make sure that the lyrics are not offensive—not off-color or smutty as many of them tend to be. I also look for an interesting beat, one that is either danceable or listenable. I'm of the opinion that a record should either hit you in the heart or in the feet.

I look for a balance between the vocalist and the band—you either feature one or the other, not both. Some record companies have not learned this art; therefore you are completely exhausted when a record of this type is

Betty Madigan
MGM Records

Whenever I listen to potential new songs for recording purposes, I try to place myself in the position of the person who has to listen to the record after it is made and played on the air, in juke boxes, and in homes. I ask myself, "Would I want to buy this record if I heard it?" and the things I look for are simplicity of melody with a lyric of personal appeal.

I believe that it is important to be able to hum the melody after you have heard a song a couple of times, and the lyrics should be down-to-earth rather

than too poetic or flowery.

Of course, if possible, the song should be able to lend itself to an interesting or unusual musical arrangement — something distinctive. Also, when selecting tunes for recording, my manager, MGM Records, and I try to select a song that is in the current trend, but not one that is stereotyped.



presented. It is seldom we receive a record that has a happy wedding of lyrics and melody.

But don't worry, my hearties! I am of the firm opinion that music will come back to the people who made it . . . that great song writers will again write good songs . . . that dance bands will flourish again, playing music for the people and not for the musicians. Until then, I have my magnifying glass, my ear phones, and muddled brain trying to figure out a *hit* from a *miss*.



Eydie Gorme
Coral Records

I strive for two things when I make a record. One is an honest interpretation of lyrics, and the other is simplicity. In reading lyrics you have to say more than mere words. Each song has its own particular message, whether it's a novelty or a ballad. If you don't project a feeling or belief in what you are singing then the final result must be a hollow interpretation.

As for simplicity, I think you will find that most successful records stick pretty close to the original composition and avoid unnecessary window dressing. Over-arrangement can distort your sincerity and cover up the beauty, charm or humor of a song, depending on what type it is.

Another forum
in the June issue of *Record Whirl*.
First-rank record artists
and your favorite deejays
discuss another topical subject.



Jerry Marshall
WNEW — New York

I'd like to request anyone who is capable of making out a rigid list of criteria for picking a good record to send it to me as soon as possible. I find that there are as many and as varied elements making me like or dislike a record as there are affecting my reactions in anything from food to people.

I do find that all records that have what I am looking for have several things in common. Either through their arrangement, the good wedding of artist and material, the tune—any or all the many components of a recording—there is something arresting to the release; something that makes you stop and pay attention. The second characteristic I look for is whether the record is tasteful and pleasing to the ear. Just being different is not enough. Is it good listening and therefore good entertainment? In other words, I feel that I've found what I want in a record when I spot that something different that seems to mean pleasant entertainment.



Tom Edwards
WERE — Cleveland, Ohio

When picking records, I look for that elusive quality called "a sound." It may be a catch vocal effect, a pretty ear-catching arrangement, a lyric that is easy to listen to, a melody that flows out easily, or a repetitive beat.

An established star sometimes doesn't need good material, because he has the sound already. A newcomer often has a new vocal sound and has the good luck to get the right musical recording material.

Because of the hundreds of new records every month, only a relatively small proportion get air exposure. Thus the records chosen must stand out. Whether it is cute, crazy, or pretty the sound is the thing.

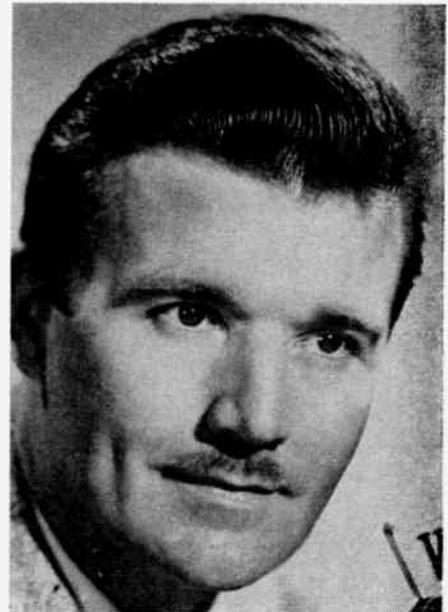
If you have a question relating to music which you would like to have discussed by a panel of professionals, send it forth. We'd like to hear from you.—editor.

Mindy Carson
Columbia Records

When you make a record you've got to get into the spirit of the song you're working on. If it's a novelty you can't get too serious.

We had lots of fun when we made *The Fish*, and I think it came through on the final take. I think that if you use this approach you can relax more and get rid of any tensions that very often shadow you into the recording studio.

Of course, if it's a moody ballad, then you have to adjust your thinking along these lines. I'm convinced that if you can capture the feel of the song, style will take care of itself.





This is Betty, who now records for Label X, at her most whimsical. She's a spunky brunet, unlike her older sister in many respects, though you can recognize the family traces in their voices.



This is young Gail Clooney, age 9. She has a Columbia contract and has already cut a duet of *Open Up Your Heart* with Rosie, a record which quickly caught on.

that
clooney
clan . . .





And this is Rosie, as if you didn't know. An avid collector of records, she's basically a home-type girl, wants to raise a flock of kids.



Here are two of the sisters with still another Clooney—brother Nicky, who doesn't sing.

Whole families are starting to pepper the record world. There are nine La Falce brothers, four Ames brothers, three De Castro sisters—it goes on ad infinitum among vocal groups.

Excluding the groups, the Crosbys are a stand-out family with Bing, Bob and Gary working either separately or in pairs. But the Clooney clan has gone them one better and so rates the distinction of the Number One family in the popular music field.

Rosemary, of course, is the family star. But her younger sister Betty, who was once her partner with the Tony Pastor band, is starting to click on Label X. Young Gail, a half-sister,

has joined the Columbia roster and has already cut a pair of sides with Rosemary—and even Rosie's hubby, Jose Ferrer, who can do nearly everything else, has become a recording artist. None of them has ever had any formal vocal training.

Rosemary, a Kentuckian by birth, is still a small town girl at heart, although she and Joe maintain a lavish home in California. She has only just begun to realize what she says is the real ambition of her life—to raise a large family.

The Ferrer clan began to grow on Feb. 7, when Rosie gave birth to a son, their first child.



Rosie and Betty were once a singing duo with the Tony Pastor band. The hefty band-leader, torn between the two gals here, gave them their big start. Those were happy days for all concerned.



Rosemary has a new partner today, her husband Jose Ferrer with whom she relaxes on the set of MGM's *Deep In My Heart*.

in the record whirl

by Les Brown

This is the era (temporary, no doubt, as most music trends are) of de-tuned pianos and rhythm & blues. But it is also the era of the small record labels, sometimes called *independents*, and it begins to appear that this trend is here to stay.

A good thing it is, too, for two reasons: one, it has made the healthy competition grow stiffer; two, it is bringing recognition to new talent that might otherwise have gone undiscovered. Cases in point that come immediately to mind are Denise Lor and The Chuckles, who made the leap to major labels on the strength of a single hit. But there is a long list of others—the DeCastro Sisters, Billy Vaughn, the Fontane Sisters, Roy Hamilton, the Penguins, the Charms, the DeJohn Sisters, the Chordettes, Bill Hayes and many, many more until it becomes difficult to separate a so-called small company from a large one.

Only a few weeks ago the national record charts were headed almost entirely by new artists from the minor



Les Paul and Mary Ford are greeted by radio, at the Madrid airport the press, and the military during their recent tour of Europe. Les gets interviewed here; Mary got flowers. They went on to Paris, Copenhagen, and Berlin.



Joni James arrives at her Hollywood studio to test for a role in the forthcoming biographic movie about Hank Williams. P. S., she got the part.

record companies—Billy Vaughn had *Melody of Love*, the DeCastros *Teach Me Tonight*, Johnny Maddox *The Crazy Otto*, Chordettes *Mr. Sandman*, the DeJohns *No More*, Bill Hayes *Davy Crockett*, the Penguins *Earth Angel*, and the Fontane Sisters *Hearts of Stone*. Topflight record names like Eddie Fisher, Nat (King) Cole, and Patti Page had to settle for second division on the polls.

Such encouragement to the smaller companies seems to point up the possibility that more independents will spring up to join the sweepstakes. While we're on the subject I'd like to mention the fact that New Disc has a pair of crackerjack chirpers in Betty Johnson and Edna McGriff, Coronet has a nifty artist in Marjorie Rayburn, and Forecast has a fine prospect in Bernice Gooden. All have new sides in release currently.

From Wax to Celluloid: The motion pictures are performing a veritable raid on record talent. Kitty Kallen has been signed by Universal-International to co-star in the film, *The Second Greatest Sex*. She'll record six of the tunes from the picture for Decca, including the title song, all to be released shortly . . . Eileen Barton may be another to make her bow in pictures. She took her Paramount screen test recently . . . Ray Anthony has just completed his second movie, and Georgie Shaw is slated to sing two songs in a forthcom-

ing Columbia film.

Peggy Lee is slated for two films that figure to springboard her back into the hottest record ranks. She's doing the soundtrack for several of the cartoon characters in Walt Disney's upcoming *Lady and the Tramp* (which also has Stan Freberg doing an off-screen role), and she has plucked the lead in Jack Webb's second film, *Pete Kelly's Blues*. Ella Fitzgerald will also appear in the latter picture.

Extra Curricular: The latest gal to be linked with Frank Sinatra is Jill Corey, a young 'un on Columbia with plenty of talent . . . Eartha Kitt is writing her autobiography and sprinkling it with her own poems, which certain literary folk recognize as first-rate . . . Monica Lewis, the Capitol dish, is studying dramatics in New York with an eye to the legitimate stage. She caught the itch, no doubt, from her erstwhile fiance, Liam O'Brien, who is a successful playwright. They had a rift recently after a long and rather famous engagement.

Billy Christ, the only unmarried member of the Gaylords, will be altar-bound in September with Marianne Kingsley, heiress to the millions of a Cleveland auto accessory company and quite the social lioness out Ohio way . . . The Jack Pleis family was increased by one on Feb. 17, when a son, Jason, was born. Jack is musical director at Decca, and his wife is Karen Chandler, the Coral Records thrush . . .

The Mel Torme's have a child due in May.

Sid Caesar has formed a new music publishing company in New York under the banner of Flo Music, Inc. He's writing some of the tunes himself . . . Fan clubs in their hometown of Cannonsburgh, Pa. have named the Four Coins (George Mantalis, Jim Gregorakis, and Michael and George James) "America's most eligible bachelors." . . . The Chordettes are the only honorary female members of the Society for the preservation and encouragement of Barber Shop Singing in America, Inc.

Tony Travis, the handsome new artist recently signed by RCA Victor, doesn't need the money from his disc royalties; he's the owner of the large Kleefeld construction company in Los Angeles. Travis Kleefeld is Tony's real name . . . Alan Dean, the MGM artist, has moved his family from New York City to the warmer clime of Florida . . . Vic Damone, troubled over a minor accident to his wife Pier Angeli while he was on tour, fell ill himself and had to cancel half a week of his Chicago Theatre engagement recently.

Gamboling on the Grooves: Irish colleen Carmel Quinn, who is one of the newer artists on Columbia, came to the United States about a year ago on nothing more ambitious than a vacation. As a lark she auditioned on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, walked off with top honors, and later was invited to become a permanent member of the cast. Is it necessary to say she has no intentions of returning to Erin—except on vacation?

Doris Day switches to the Capitol label as soon as her present deal with Columbia expires. Hollywood, by the way, will be doing the story of her life shortly, which makes her about the youngest live entertainer to be so bio-

graphically honored . . . Comedian Gene Sheldon has signed a recording contract with MGM for eight vocal sides with the Dick Stabile orchestra backing. Ironically, Sheldon's forte on the stage has been pantomime; he's built a solid reputation in the country's major nightclub circuit without uttering a sound . . . Another comic, Jackie Kannon, has snagged a Coral contract—and he too will be doing straight vocals, no comedy.

Earl Bostic has been bending the ear of former heavyweight champ Ezzard Charles to join his rhythm & blues combo as bass fiddler. Ezzard is an expert on the instrument . . . The world's first "mambo symphonette" will be introduced by mambo bandleader Joe Loco at Carnegie Hall this spring. Joe composed it, of course . . . The drummer of Bill Haley's Comets, Dick Richards, is a former football All-American.

Too Much Perez: Perez Prado, the guy who almost singlehandedly started the mambo craze, is trying to straighten out a mixup of names with his brother. It's creating a professional problem. The Prado we know holds the full handle of Damaso Perez Prado; his brother is Pantaleone Perez Prado. Pantaleone, who has recently formed a band himself, feels he has one name too many and so he dropped one. Now there are two Perez Prados, unless the courts decide otherwise.

Hugo Winterhalter, RCA Victor's music director, has cut the background music for seven records that each sold a million or more copies. Four of those were with Eddie Fisher, two with Perry Como, and one with the Ames Brothers . . . Now hear this: When Kay Starr left Capitol Records, her deal with RCA Victor, per contract, specified a guarantee of \$250,000 for her first five years. There's gold in them thar' grooves!

Up & Coming . . .



DeJohn Sisters

Whenever you see a couple of entertainers whose luggage clanks and bangs with pots and pans, colanders, ironing boards, and other bulky home-making utensils, you may be sure they're the DeJohn Sisters, Julie and Dux, on tour.

A pair of old-fashioned gals, the DeJohns like to do their own cooking and laundering wherever they are, and their manager is under orders to get them accommodations with kitchen privileges in all hotels. Julie and Dux, whose recording of *No More* is currently rocking the nation, have quite a reputation for their cooking with disc jockeys all over the country. The dj's love the hot pizza pies, ravioli, and other specialties the sisters have been feeding them.

A pair of former Sears-Roebuck salesgirls from Chester, Penn., their family and friends at home are still incredulous about their success. Papa DeJohn had objected to their working in nightclubs, so Julie and Dux got started professionally on the Chester radio station, WVCH, in the meantime holding on to their jobs at Sears. They also played innumerable benefits for hospitalized veterans.

When their Epic discs began to skyrocket, Papa DeJohn relented and let the gals work in nightclubs. They are old enough now. Julie is 23 and Dux 21.

When the girls took their mother to see the Perry Como show not long ago, and Perry called them on stage after the show, their mom burst into tears—she was so surprised and moved that Como had actually recognized her daughters. And when fans ask the girls for autographs, she cried some more. "That's why we can't have our parents with us when we're doing a show," Julie explains. "They always cry, and they make us cry too because we're just as sentimental."

Julie and Dux hope to move their whole family to New York soon after their father gives up his dry-cleaning establishment in Chester. Mrs. DeJohn, by the way, makes all of her daughters' clothes. The girls have never worn ready-made dresses.



Victor Records is high on Tony Travis, an "accidental" singer who was discovered by Dinah Shore from a home recording which was played to her to demonstrate a song. In less than eight weeks here's what happened to Tony—he sang on Dinah's radio and TV shows, got a Victor contract, and a long-term offer from MGM studios.



A Mexican divorce was initiated recently for Ray and his former band vocalist and wife, Dee Keating.

What Next,

By Richard Allen

One year ago Ray Anthony was the hottest bandleader in America. He was drawing down top prices from schools and ballrooms throughout the nation. His records were great sellers, and Ray was getting ready for another summer season of television as the replacement for Perry Como on a network show.

Now, 12 months later, the entire picture has changed. Instead of being one of the most sought-after groups in the country, the Anthony band has just reorganized after a long layoff and is going to have to hit the road long and hard to regain, if it is possible, the prestige it left behind. And it is quite possible at this writing that another band, maybe Ralph Marterie's, will succeed to the television plum.

Anthony is faced with the same problem that a prize fighter who reached the top and then stumbled has—the big comeback. And as prize fighters have learned, this is a tough job!

What caused Ray Anthony's fadeout?

Why will his comeback be difficult?

Perhaps the answers can be found by putting



When he went Hollywood, Ray began rubbing elbows with movie columnists like Louella Parsons, pictured here.



At his zenith as a bandleader, Ray was forever being mobbed by the teenage autograph hounds. He invented the Bunny Hop for them and became their champion.

Mr. Anthony?

a few facts together and adding a spice of personalities.

Back on a June night in 1953 at Ciro's in Hollywood, the Anthony band was opening in a new environ—one of the plushiest, most name-conscious supper clubs in the nation.

There were many movie personalities at ring-side that night, and Louella Parsons and Sheilah Graham, two of the better-known movie columnists, also were present. Seated behind the ring of celebrities were the paying customers, and if they could even see the band or the floor show, they had to have some affluence.

Way back in the gallery were a few scattered tables with the kids. Prices at Ciro's are not what could be called "popular," and the presence of those kids at the spot meant they were going overboard financially for a peek at Anthony, plus perhaps a chance to worm their way onto the small dance floor, crowded with the ringsiders most the evening.

Anthony, on this night, was much in demand, posing for photos with glamorous Hollywood

(Continued on page 30)



In the movie colony, Ray forsook the teenagers for his new pals. He's shown here with Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun and Jeff Chandler.

Jaye P. Morgan SINGS!

An unknown in the disc market only a few months ago, Jaye P. Morgan has been bidding for the top line on RCA Victor's roster of female warblers ever since her first recording, *That's All I Want From You*. Two unusual things about her helped her to catch on—her name and the distinctive belting style with which she sings a ballad.

Probably the only popular singer today to bill herself with a middle initial, Jaye P. is really only a nickname which she acquired in high school when she became treasurer of her class. Her real monicker is simply Mary, but the Jaye P. tag has stuck, and she feels it suits her.

Though she was born in a humble log cabin in Mancos, Colo., (near Denver), Jaye P. has her roots in show business. At the age of 3 she became a singer in the family act which toured the country on the vaudeville circuit.

Her father, mother, sister, and five brothers comprised the rest of troupe. For 10 years she performed with her family, receiving her education from private tutors because she could not attend school.

When her father died, the act broke up and the family moved to California where young Mary entered high school. In her junior and senior years she began to sing professionally again on the stage and on radio. At 18 she answered an audition call for the Frank DeVol orchestra as vocalist, got the job, and stayed with the band for three years.

About two years ago, she moved to New York to audition for the Robert Q. Lewis show and snagged the contract in competition with hundreds of young singers. Her star immediately began to shine, and now at 23 she is accepted as an established artist.

Jaye P. is married and very family-minded, although her work schedule appears prohibitive. Aside from her six-day-a-week stint on the Robert Q. Lewis show, she appears regularly on the quiz show, *Stop the Music*, and even manages to play engagements at major nightclubs in the east. And yet her real success story is still to be written.



Steady, girls, and don't fret—Julie isn't getting arrested. The strong arm of the law is ushering him through a crowd of fans who want to tear him apart.



Ever wonder how voices are dubbed into animated cartoons? Peggy Lee here is enacting the role of Peg in Walt Disney's forthcoming film, *Lady and the Tramp*, by using tape recorders and a special screen to synchronize her speech with that of the cartoon character. Peggy, by the way, collaborated with Sonny Burke on five of the tunes from the picture—*He's a Tramp*, *Bella Notte*, *Peace on Earth*, *The Siamese Cat Song*, and *La La Lu*.



what goes on here?

Who's This?



The fellow who is bussing the bashful lady in the crowd is the old wailer, Johnnie Ray. His audience here is Australian. Johnnie is one of several American performers to tour the land Down Under recently, and kissing females is only one of the several talents he employed to make the stubholders love him.



Three guesses . . . give up? The zany fellow is The Voice himself, Frank Sinatra, cutting up after receiving a pair of Down Beat plaques as winner of two separate polls recently conducted by the national music magazine. The nation's disc jockeys picked Frankie as the top recording personality, displacing Eddie Fisher who had won the previous year. In the second poll, Hollywood musicians and composers named him the year's top male musical personality in films for his role in *Young at Heart*.

A few months earlier Frank walked off with honors in two categories of the 18th annual Down Beat reader's poll. That seems to make it unanimous — it's been a remarkable comeback for a guy who was ruled down and out until the accolades came for his dramatic performance in *From Here to Eternity*.



THE NEW RUSS COLUMBO?

By Mary English

This is the year the movie makers are "all shook up" (that's teenager for "excited") over making biographical films about famous musicians and musical personalities. This is not because our movie makers necessarily love music any more than you or I. They just can't forget how the money poured in from *The Glenn Miller Story* after most of them, major and independent, had turned it down many times.

The list of biofilms in production, planned, and likely to be made this year includes movies concerning Richard Wagner, Franz Liszt, Eddy Duchin, Ruth Etting, Lillian Roth, Red Nichols, Benny Goodman, Doris Day, Hal Kemp, Ben Bernie, Russ Columbo, and some I've probably missed or no one has thought of yet.

You'll notice most of those mentioned are no longer with us. The big problem in making a biofilm about anyone still alive is to find a good ending. The big punch in the Miller picture was its dramatic and deeply moving ending. Even my eyes were misty—and it was the most nearly factual portion of the story. Scripters on the Benny Goodman story at Universal-International have been hung up for months trying to find an ending that will make sense. I hear the script is now completed, but no outsiders have had a peek at the synopsis. And I'm wondering if they really *do* have an ending that will make sense.

The Russ Columbo picture could be the best biofilm since the Miller picture. (Who's to deny that *The Glenn Miller Story*, with all its hokum, was a very good movie?)

The real-life story of Russ Columbo has all the drama—and the tragedy that makes real drama—any screen writer could ask for. It's interesting to recall that Columbo and Crosby both got their first real breaks singing at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles with the band of the late Gus Arnheim. (Russ was a good violinist—good enough to work at it



Tony Martin

with Arnheim.) At the time of his death, Russ was well out in front of Bing (though I think Bing would have caught up with him). He had a much bigger following as a recording star, and he was doing the leading roles in features when Bing was still making two-reelers for Mack Sennett.

On that fatal Sunday, Russ had made a date to go fishing with his friend Jimmie Grier, who directed (and arranged) the music on most of Columbo's records. They planned to leave after Jimmie got through work Saturday night at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, where Jimmie was then directing his orchestra. Russ called it off at the last minute because he felt he might get back too late Sunday to keep an appointment he had made for Sunday evening.

He would certainly have returned too late to keep the appointment with Death waiting for him in a prominent Hollywood photographer's studio that afternoon, where he decided to go to talk about some portraits. As he and the photographer sat chatting at a table, the photographer picked up an antique pistol, considered strictly an ornament, and struck a match on it to light a cigarette. It was a pistol no one had fired, or even thought of firing, in maybe a hundred years.

Somehow, a spark from the match reached the charge that no one knew to be there. The old-fashioned round bullet ricocheted off the hard, polished surface of the desk and struck the singer squarely in the forehead killing him almost instantly.

As an accident, it was so fantastically improbable that they probably will change it to something more believable in the picture. But it's all in the police records of the investigation. The police found it hard to believe, too. The photographer was cleared—completely—but only after a thorough investigation.

Russ Columbo has been dead now over 20 years, but his pull was so great that his records like *Prisoner of Love*, *Sweet and Lovely* and others, are still selling. There are even a number of Russ Columbo fan clubs still carrying on.

The rights to the Columbo story (by arrangement with his heirs) are held by an engaging little character named Maurice Duke, formerly manager of Herb Jeffries, onetime producer of quickie musicals for Monogram, and now manager of Mickey Rooney. Having heard some rumors that other producers, including some with considerably more backing, were after the Columbo story, I called Mr. Duke for his comment.

So here's the latest, from Mr. Duke:

"I own the Russ Columbo story. No one else can make it—unless by arrangement with me. If I make it, the star will be either Johnny Desmond, Tony Martin or Tony Curtis. If I use Tony Curtis, I'll use Don Cornell as his vocal double."

"Why not John Arcesi as vocal double?" I asked. Arcesi is the singer who literally idolizes the memory of Columbo, and who half-way thinks of his voice as a re-incarnation of Columbo's.

Said Mr. Duke: "Arcesi sounds like Columbo on an off-night."

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The Fontane Sisters were lovely in the spotlight, singing *Hearts of Stone* of course. Other female artists to appear were June Valli and Betty Clooney.



Frankie Lester (Label X) nearly brought down the house with *Wedding Bells* and made a slew of new fans. He's the former band vocalist of Buddy Morrow.



Comedy was served up for bellylaughs by the Three Chuckles, along with their now famous versions of *Runaround* and *Foolishly*. The boys started out several years ago as a comedy act.



Good-looking Bill Hayes, who is crashing into the big time with his version of *Davy Crockett*, got solo. He was the only bandleader to be mobbed by adoring females as he tried to pass through the crowd.



Ralph Marterie wowed them with a trumpet solo. He was the only bandleader to perform, though Richard Maltby, Archie Bleyer, and David Carroll made brief speeches.

The Great Music Circus

Entertainers are the only people in the world who give away free what they have to sell. In Chicago recently, more than 15 record artists waived their pay to perform at a youth rally to combat juvenile delinquency. The program was sponsored by the Kiwanis Key Clubs of Chicago and the Chicago Daily News, under auspices of disc jockey Howard Miller, who emceed.



Last, but in no wise least, came Julius La Rosa whose appearance created an explosion of cheers.



Teenagers turned out 30,000 strong at Chicago's International Amphitheatre. They took a solemn pledge against juvenile delinquency, then were entertained for two solid hours by record artists introduced by disc jockey Howard Miller. (Photos courtesy Chicago Daily News.)

HI-FI? WHAT'S THAT?

By Ben Newman

Have you ever wondered why you can thoroughly enjoy the music of your favorite band when you're out dancing, or thrill to the richness of a marching band or a live symphony orchestra, yet lose these pleasures in the comfort of your own home?

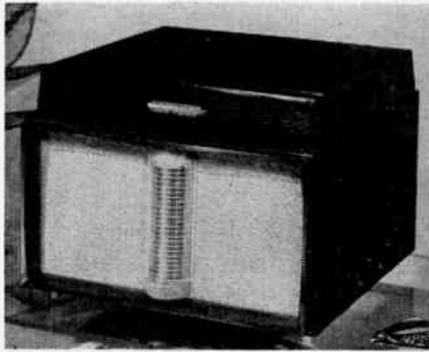
The fact is that you're probably listening to records through an invisible barrier which filters out the full sound of the music.

When we attend a dance or a symphony, we're capable of hearing all the tone and overtones of all the instruments within our own hearing limits. If we can capture the same dramatic feeling of living music at home, we are hearing high fidelity sound reproduction.

Although high fidelity can be defined as the faithful reproduction of an original performance, it's a phrase that means many things to many people. To the dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast who prefers to tinker, it may mean a jazzy-looking control panel peering out of a book case and a pair of speakers booming out from a strategic corner. To those less interested in the mechanics of sound reproduction, as such, it simply means being able to hear all the richness of recorded music.

High fidelity is a hobby that anyone can easily master and enjoy. What's more, it will bring about many hours of pleasure and a deeper appreciation of music. Once you hear the tremendous difference between your present, and probably outmoded, phonograph and hi-fi, chances are you'll be bitten by the bug yourself. And then it's a matter of, "Where do I start?"

The hi-fi bug is called an *audiophile*. As a potential audiophile, you have two avenues open to you in the selection of equipment—either to assemble a custom installation made up of individually purchased components, or to buy a complete preassembled unit. Your final choice of a high fidelity set will probably depend on your pocket-book but will also be determined by the amount of space you have available for it.



A hi-fi set may be as simple and compact as this low-cost Philco table model . . .

The best system for you is the one which sounds best to you. No matter how much engineering data you may read, it is your ear that must be pleased. And it is this most intricate of audio instruments on which your choice of a system should rely.

If you choose a pre-assembled unit—and there are many good ones—you may choose from a number of celebrated brands whose names you have been familiar with for years.

You know that the set has been assembled and that its component parts have been matched and balanced by skilled audio engineers. Such a set can be a wonderful piece of furniture as well as a good musical instrument.

Of course, there are advantages to assembling the set yourself, too. Hi-fi components fit almost anywhere harmonizing with the decor of your room. Units can be installed in cabinets, bookcases or on tables that already exist in the room, or you can build a custom cabinet especially designed for your equipment.

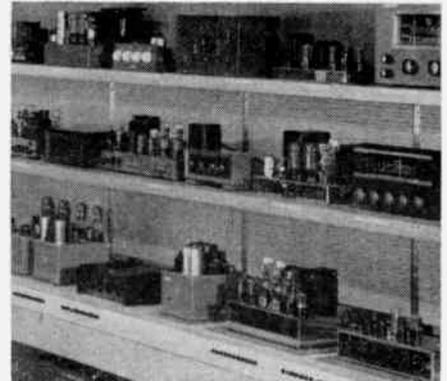
If you are one who prefers to do-it-yourself, there are excellent amplifiers, pre-amplifiers, tuners and speaker baffle kits available at attractive prices. Hi-fi kits offer the high school student, college student, and young marrieds an opportunity to build their own systems with a minimum amount of tools and electronic know-how by following step-by-step pictorial diagrams.

So you see, high fidelity is very flexible. And because of its flexibility it can be molded to suit

your very own personality. You can make hi-fi mean anything you want it to mean. The important thing to remember is that *you* are the last link in a chain that begins with the record but includes the needle, turntable, amplifier and speaker. Each of these component parts play important roles in sound reproduction.

For nearly 75 years, ever since Edison played the first talking machine record, the recording industry has been working to bring greater realism to recorded music.

Fantastic strides have been made in an effort to make the little black disc contain all the sounds of an original performance—not just the melodies but all the subtler harmonies and in-



. . . or it may be an installation of component parts which you may build yourself.

strument qualities that exist in the live performance.

In future issues of *Record Whirl* this column will focus attention on describing the pre-assembled units and components, and it will discuss the problems likely to be encountered by the audiophile. To do this effectively we would like to hear from you as to your preferences. If you have any hi-fi problems you'd like to have solved, let us know about them. If we don't discuss them in the column, we'll answer you by mail.

By the way, how does your present phonograph set-up sound? Do you hear the fingering on the sax, the slap on the bass? If you don't, you'd best get high fidelity.

recommended

from the turntable

Listed here are popular discs we endorse for your listening, from among the latest releases available at the time of our deadline.

Five Star Discs



Chordettes—*Lovely Lips* b/w *The Dudelsack Song* (★★★★) (Cadence). A pair of clean and cute novelties to follow up first hit, *Mr. Sandman*.

Perry Como—*Door of Dreams* b/w *Nobody* (★★★★) (Victor). Perry sings this with relish, and it's one of the best couplings he's ever made.

Eddie Fontaine—*On Bended Knee* b/w *I Miss You So* (★★★★) (Label X). A solid rock and roll entry by a newcomer with a bright future.



Patti



Johnny

Eddie Fisher—*Just One More Time* b/w *Take My Love* (★★★★) (Victor). Eddie has struck gold again with a pair of lovely tunes, sung warmly and sincerely.

Patti Page—*Keep Me In Mind* b/w *Little Crazy Quilt* (★★★) (Mercury). Patti is swifty and breezy on double-track, different from her usual discs.

Johnny Desmond—*Play Me Hearts and Flowers* b/w *I'm So Ashamed* (★★) (Coral). *Hearts* is a hit already. It's one of Johnny's best ever.

Frank Sinatra—*Two Hearts, Two Kisses* b/w *From the Bottom to the Top* (★★★) (Capitol). Frank is great shakes at anything, even rhythm & blues.

A word about our Rating System: Records are classified by the *Record Whirl* reviewing committee by stars. A star is awarded for each of five points—(1) artistic performance; (2) quality of the song; (3) possibilities of widespread record sales; (4) possibilities for juke-box plays; (5) appeal to the disc jockeys.

A maximum score is five stars, indicating topnotch artistry in combination with strong commercial values. Recordings which have received three stars or less are not included here, except when they appear on the reverse sides of the *Record Whirl* picks.

Four Star Discs



Betty Johnson—*Did They Tell You?* b/w *Buckle on the Boot* (★★★★) (New Disc). Betty is a real find, and her work on this pairing is top calibre.

Johnnie Ray—*Flip, Flop and Fly* b/w *Thine Eyes Are as the Eyes of a Dove* (★★) (Columbia). You may not recognize Johnnie the first time you hear this one, but it's an r&b you'll hear a lot of.

Al Hibbler—*Unchained Melody* b/w *Daybreak* (★★★) (Decca). This blind artist's style is just weird enough and rough enough to click.

DeJohn Sisters—*D'Ja Hear What I Say?* b/w *A Present for Bob* (★★★) (Epic). *D'Ja* is a peppy followup to *No More*, which should keep the gals riding high.

The Gallahads—*Ooh Ah* b/w *Careless* (★★) (Capitol). The recommended side is a rhythm piece with a catchy melody that the boys do well.

Five DeMarco Sisters—*Dreamboat* b/w *Two Hearts, Two Kisses* (★★★) (Decca). Lovely close harmony could give the DeMarcos the pace-setter on *Dreamboat*.

The Doodlers—*Two Hearts* b/w *Don't Shake the Tree* (★★★) (Victor). The boys give a torrid, genuine r&b treatment to a tune that's breaking big.

Bill Darnell—*A Million Thanks* b/w *Rock and Roll Baby* (★★★) (Label X). Bill's got some swell material here that could become his biggest disc to date.

Peggy Lee—*Bella Notte* b/w *La Lu Lu* (★★★) (Decca). Peggy continues her string of beautifully sung ballads on these which she penned herself.

David Carroll—*Love Is Just Around the Corner* b/w *Scatterbrain* (★★★★) (Mercury). A pair of bouncy instrumentals are dished out in the appealing Carroll manner.

Dorothy Collins—*My Love's a Gentle Man* b/w *No One, Not Even You* (★★★) (Audiovox). Dorothy delivers the goods lustily in a quavering, rhythmic voice.



Eddy



Margaret

Eddy Howard—*Words of Love* b/w *Forevermore* (★) (Mercury). *Words* is a fine graceful ballad with a slight Italian feel which Eddy sells sweetly.

Margaret Whiting—*Stowaway* b/w *Allah Be Prais'd* (★★★) (Capitol). Margaret's in good form and she delivers this sweet tune in first class order.

Roberta Lee—*Please Have Mercy* b/w *Take a Look at Me* (★★★) (Label X). Roberta sounds a little like Joni and Kitty, but it's all for the good.

Tony Travis—*We Oughta Be* b/w *I'm Gonna Be a Long Time Forgetting You* (★★★) (Victor). Tony's first impression promises more good things to come.

Billy Vaughn—*Baby O' Mine* b/w *Silver Moon* (★★★) (Dot). Cheerful, bouncy, and simple, this instrumental is in the bag.

Joan Regan—*Don't Be Afraid of Love* b/w *Danger, Heartbreak Ahead* (★★★) (London). A very pretty voice, a lovely ballad, and a happy combination.

Richard Maltby—*Begin the Beguine March* b/w *Six Flats Unfurnished* (★★★) (Label X). Dick's stride is growing bigger with another nifty mambo tempo tune.

The Hide-a-Ways—*Me Make Em Powow* b/w *Cherie* (★★) (MGM). A novelty rhythm ditty with an Indian theme, and Indian lyric, and a crazy-mixed-up beat.

Paulette Sisters—*Leave My Honey Be* b/w *Dream Boat* (★) (Capitol). This new vocal trio packs a lively bounce into *Honey* for a solid impact.

inside

dave brubeck

By Nat Hentoff





Dave and his wife, Lola. She helps him to make decisions, frequently handles business details which get in his way.

Tall, physically powerful, and emotionally intense Dave Brubeck has become the most publicized modern jazzman in the country. Yet he doesn't have a press agent.

Brubeck's Columbia albums have all been best sellers. His total sales since joining that label in 1954 (after unusually heavy competitive bidding from other companies) have astonished even Columbia's executives. Yet Brubeck is uncompromisingly uncommercial about his music. He sets his standards high.

Brubeck has one of the most complex and unclassifiable personalities in the history of jazz. George Avakian, eastern director of Columbia's popular album department and the man who convinced Brubeck to sign with Columbia, sums it up by saying, "Dave differs from everyone in the field. He's completely in a class by himself. I don't know anybody quite like him."

When Brubeck became the second jazzman in history (Louis Armstrong was the first) to make the cover of *Time* magazine—a position of enormous publicity importance that is usually reserved for politicians, famous actresses, and race horses—he focused public attention on modern jazz musicians in general as well as on himself.

And when Brubeck continues to shatter the usual misconceptions about what a jazz musician is like, he helps other jazzmen break through the false stereotype of the jazz musician that has been held for far too long a time in the public mind.

The jazz musician, for example, is supposed to be a 20th century gypsy who loves to wander and hates the roots of home and community. Brubeck, among many other jazzmen, disproves this myth. After saving for years, he recently built a beautifully designed, spacious home in Oakland, Calif. He loves to stay home with his family so much, as a matter of fact, that he arranges his bookings so that he spends at least six months of the year often more in the San Francisco bay area. He does this even though it means a monetary sacrifice.



Wife, kids, and house are three good reasons why Dave would rather spend his time at home than on the road.



All smiles, Brubeck is at his happiest with his children and with music. This family "jam session" could become the real thing in the future. The Brubecks have four tots now and more on the way. The piano is reserved for Daddy.

As for Dave's family life, it is so normal and devoted that Dave is almost the typical American family man. There are already four young Brubecks—David Darius, 7; Michael Lawrence, 5; Christopher, 3, and Catherine Ivey, 1½.

Dave's wife, Lola, is an intelligent young woman who not only manages the house and the active Brubeck herd, but also helps Dave in the management of his affairs and gives valuable advice at moments of decision.

Though she received no credit line for the assignment, it was Lola who was responsible for the long set of notes on the back of a recent Brubeck album. They had to be done in time for a sudden deadline, and so on last Christmas eve it was Lola who worked through the night to complete the notes and send them to New York.

Another frequent misconception about jazz musicians is that they have no set goals for the future, that they drift away their lives, living in the pleasures and the music of the moment. Brubeck again is the practical opposite of this

(Continued on Page 31)

beauty

By Betty Lee

Lovely Monica Lewis, television, screen, and recording star, prefers casual clothes when she's not before the cameras. At home she likes to wear a simple yet attractive lounging ensemble—slacks and jersey blouse—also suitable for entertaining friends.

At recording sessions, Monica feels at ease in a sweater and skirt outfit, and for real comfort at home she prefers blue jeans and a sport blouse. Monica doesn't go overboard in buying clothes. She naturally needs more dresses and gowns than the average working or school girl, but she selects her clothes with care and buys no more than necessary.

Monica's long blonde hair needs special care to maintain that lustrous quality. Most important to assure shining hair is, of course, cleanliness, Monica says. A clean scalp also will prevent ugly and painful skin irritations which often result from clogged pores, she explains.

Monica washes her hair at least once a week and brushes it vigorously several times a day—in fact, each time she combs her hair, she gives it a thorough brushing.

She also advocates cleanliness as the most important factor for that clear, lovely look. She washes her face with a good soap which can be used on any normal skin, and always finishes with a cold-water rinse to close the pores. For problem skin, she recommends special non-allergy creams, but, she cautions, for any extreme skin condition see a doctor.

Before retiring, Monica applies a bit of cold cream. Too much cold cream, she feels, will distribute too much oil on the skin. She also has found sunlamp treatments



Casual outfit is a slim brown skirt and cocoa cashmere sweater. A cocoa brown belt with leaf-like detail and brown suede pumps complete it.

lines

beneficial, but such treatments are to be used with caution. Be sure your eyes are covered, don't get too close to the lamp, and remember that a too lengthy treatment may ruin your skin.

She keeps her make-up to a minimum, wearing only lipstick during the day. At night she carefully applies powder, mascara, and eyebrow pencil, and for those who need some additional color, she advises a bit of rouge applied cautiously.

For her eye make-up she chooses a brush longer than the usual mascara brush. The bigger, thicker brush, she explains, gives a more natural effect, and doesn't coat the eyelashes. It's also easier to use and prevent eye-poking accidents. To preserve the brush, she washes it after each use.

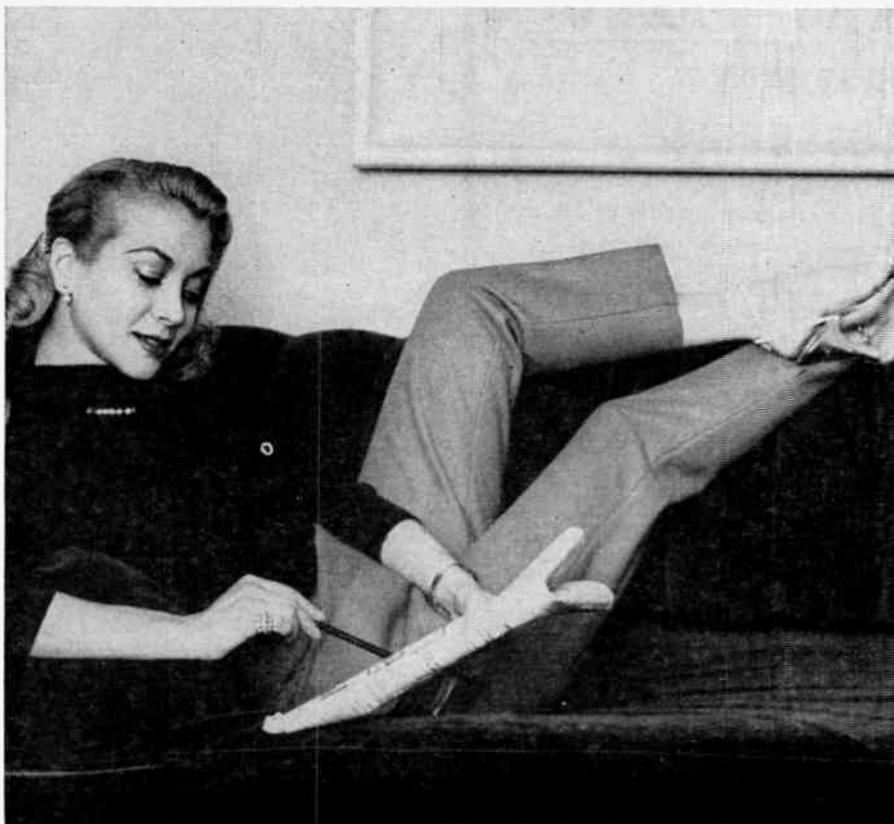
On the subject of eyebrows, Monica discourages plucking unless it is absolutely necessary. If there are straggly hairs over the nose bridge, for example, pluck them if you must, but it's better to leave your eyebrows alone for a natural appearance.

Once you start plucking, she cautions, you're stuck with an almost daily job. She chooses a medium-brown eyebrow pencil shade in keeping with her hair coloring.

Monica uses a hand lotion after every washing and also applies lotion to smooth her legs after every bath. She likes a fresh, fragrant cologne or toilet water during the daytime and a bit of perfume behind each ear for the important evening date. Disliking dark nail polish, she wears a frosted pink shade. Monica avoids ever looking garish, and she never postpones her rituals of beauty care. This is how she maintains a fresh and lovely look for any occasion.



Monica deems careful hairgrooming and skin attention of prime importance in preserving beauty. Brushing her lovely blonde tresses is a ritual she performs several times a day.



Leisure-time clothes, striking enough for entertaining friends, consist of tapered slacks in aqua felt, a simple black jersey blouse, and rhinestone sandals emphasizing the new bare look.



Expecting company, Monica looks fresh as her flowers in a white sheer chiffon dress, a Cassini spring creation.

they pulled me through . . .

(Cont'd from Page 7)

for being such a poor friend to them.

Just before I was discharged from the hospital, Frank Sinatra called me and asked me to be his house guest in Palm Springs. "Don't hurry back to town," he said. "Take a few days rest down here." Jeff and I went to Frank's place for a week and just sat around and talked. I learned a lot about these people, just listening and talking to them, because suddenly I wanted to learn more and more about them.

I'm not rating my friends, but one thing I'll never forget is the sincerity of Jeff, a guy who is more man in every way than anyone else I have ever met. Here's a guy who knows no bounds when it comes to giving a helping hand. As for Tony Curtis, his rise in show business has only served to make a greater human being of him. He'll always be just plain Tony to his pals and always finds time to see them no matter how busy he is.

Frank Sinatra has been my idol

as a performer ever since he was with Tommy Dorsey, and if a certain bunch of people would ever listen to his side of the story they would see he is the softest guy in town.

All he ever asked of anybody was to leave his private life alone. Ask any of Frank's longtime friends about him, and you'll get the same answer. He'd give you the shirt off his back and ask only one thing in return—that you didn't tell anybody about it.

People like Frank, Jeff, Tony, Mr. Eddie Cantor, Mr. Jack Benny, Ella Logan, Janet Leigh, my family, Jess Rand—and others you never hear about like Arthur Silber and my arranger Morty Stevens (whom you'll hear plenty about in the future), Byron Kane, Jimmy Murphy—and so many more can never be thanked enough for letting me have their full friendship at the time I needed it most.

I don't want to leave anybody out, so to everyone—friend, fan, and well-wisher—thanks, thanks, and let me be your fan too.

ray anthony . . .

(Cont'd from Page 19)

starlets and with motherly Louella. But the table-hopping and back-slapping extended only to celebrities. For the first time in public, Anthony foresook the persons who had pushed him to the top, in order to seek out the favor of the stars.

When certain reviewers criticized his demonstration that evening, the bandleader was indignant, but the obvious could not be ignored. The glamor bug had found its mark, and the future was to bear out the truth of the written words which followed the *Ciro* episode.

There were other indications that Anthony was moving away from his fans, seeking instead the flattery of filmdom. Publicity pictures featuring Ray in cozy poses with Marilyn Monroe began showing up all over the place, including Ray's own little booklet which he prepared to sell to the customers at dances he played. There were fewer in-person dates, and television took on added importance for Anthony.

Late last year it was announced that Anthony had been signed to appear in a new Fred Astaire picture, *Daddy Long Legs*. He and his band, after several "vacations" headed once again for sunny California. But much turbulence accompanied the group. It soon was learned that Ray and his wife, Dee, a former vocalist with the Anthony band when it was making it the hard way, had separated, and rumors through the music business hinted that a divorce was inevitable.

Within weeks, the celebrity pattern picked up where it had left off. The columns began reporting the new romances of the bandleader, but now it was a story of a leader *without* a band.

For Tommy Mercer and Marcie Miller, the two vocalists who were so outstanding, were no longer with the band, and Ray was reported dining and dancing with Mamie Van Doren while the school proms around the country, which formerly had bid high for Anthony, were instead buying Ralph Marterie, Buddy Morrow, Ralph Flanagan, Les Brown, and the other bands which were still on the road working at their business.

A Mexican divorce a few months ago, and the announcement that the band was reorganizing, brings the Anthony story up to date. But what lies ahead can only be conjectured.

For it was reported that Anthony was still shying away from the kids—that he had canceled a tour set to start this month because there were too many college dates and not enough ballroom jobs.

The ballroom operators were not prepared to pay the high prices he was asking. Remember, a number of these ballrooms had played Anthony in this last year when the climax of the story was being written. They are men who deal in dollars and cents. And they can't afford to lose money on the bands they book. Too, they know that as long as kids follow a band, they won't lose money.

But the teenagers and the men and women in their early 20s, those who go to the dances and those who buy records, can't be sloughed off, then

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brubeck . . .

(Cont'd from Page 27)

myth. It has been his determined ability to plan and build a career that first led him to study assiduously at the College of the Pacific and, later, at Mills College with renowned French composer, Darius Milhaud.

This single-minded purpose gave Brubeck the courage to hold on through a number of discouraging years until his unit began to break through public indifference, a beginning success largely due at first to the help of Jimmy Lyons, then a disc jockey at KNBC, San Francisco. Then came Brubeck's affiliation with Fantasy Records, which he helped found, and the first tours outside California.

What makes it likely that Dave will be able to do all the things he wants to do, no matter how busy his spiraling success keeps him, is his dogged ability to concentrate and to finish what he's started. It's this kind of concentration that allowed him in 1942 to read 60 of the world's literary classics in a year. Brubeck had just decided that year that he needed a deeper background in literature.

It is that same quality of persistence that characterizes the way Brubeck plays jazz. Dave, more than most jazz musicians, continues to place constant stress on improvisation.

Except for occasionally prefabricated openings and closings to some tunes, Dave and Paul Desmond improvise anew upon a theme each time they perform it, no matter how often they've played it before. The result, as Avakian pointed out at a recent Columbia record session, "is that the meat of each performance has to come out at the moment of playing. Each session, whether in a record studio, at a night club or in the middle of a jazz concert, is totally unpredictable."

Other jazzmen improvise most the time, but occasionally they rest on the memory of a solo they've already worked out before. Brubeck never stops driving himself and his men into uncharted territory of the imagination.

Brubeck's choruses don't always work out as well as he sees them when he

starts, but they're never mere repetitions of what he's done before.

Desmond, his long-time alto-playing colleague, once explained, "When Dave is playing his best, it's a profoundly moving thing to experience, emotionally and intellectually. It's completely free, live improvisation in which you can find all the qualities about music I love, the vigor and force of simple jazz, the harmonic complexities of Bartok and Milhaud, the form (and much of the dignity) of Bach and at times, the lyrical romanticism of Rachmaninoff."

Brubeck himself doesn't often talk about his music. But he takes the art of jazz seriously. He is extremely critical of his own performances and often will refuse to let a performance be released on a record because, despite the opinions of the record company executives, he himself feels it is not the best his group can play.

He is sensitive to criticism and has been hurt at times by magazine articles directed against him and by the attitude of many jazz musicians who regard him as outside the main tradition of jazz and accuse him of lacking the rhythmic quality of "swing" that is an essential part of the jazz feeling and way of playing.

Brubeck strenuously denies that he lacks "swing," and he regards himself as very much a jazzman, though he realizes that the path he has chosen is a lonely one, one that is strikingly different from that of most of his contemporaries.

Brubeck also gets upset, often quite angry, when a member of a night club audience begins to talk loudly and spoils the audience's concentration on the music and the concentration of Bru-

beck himself. Dave, too, is always quick to feel the one member of the audience who isn't moved by his work even though the rest of the audience may be wildly enthusiastic.

But sensitive as he is to criticism, Dave's attitude, as described by a friend is: "He wants to be liked, but not enough to compromise his musical beliefs."

It is this Brubeck integrity that persons close to him regard as the key quality of his personality. Duke Ellington, for example, got to know Brubeck well when they traveled together last fall as part of a Norman Granz-produced concert that also included units led by Gerry Mulligan and Stan Getz.

One morning at 7 a.m., while on tour, Dave was abruptly awakened in his hotel room by a call from the Duke. Ellington had just seen the *Time* cover on Brubeck. Duke couldn't wait to see Brubeck that evening. He was so pleased that Dave had achieved this unprecedented break that he had to call immediately and express his delight.

"What pleased me particularly at your getting the *Time* cover," Duke told Brubeck, "was that you're one guy in this business who doesn't push. You just go about playing your music the way you feel you have to. You don't compromise, and you don't connive."

And that always has been the pattern behind Dave's rise to jazz renown. He prefers, as any artist does, the largest possible number of persons to like his music. But he's not a man who can tailor his music to fit public approval, nor will he be able to stop even if the large-scale approval he enjoys now ever disappears.

ray anthony . . .

(Cont'd from Page 30)

wooded back time after time. There are too many other good bands around who keep doing the job and doing it well.

That's the story of what happened to Ray Anthony.

What's going to happen in the future?

Well, Ray has one tremendous advantage—he will be appearing in those motion pictures later this year. And because he did make it the hard way, he still has a reputation. But he will have to continue to work hard at his trade, meeting the persons in their own back yards, and using a top-notch band while touring. For it is this way that he is remembered.

It will be you, the *Record Whirl* readers, and thousands of your friends, who will pass judgment on Anthony and determine his future in the music business.

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Eddie Arnold

30-million seller

By Hannah Altbush

Eddy Arnold, the boy who has had only four music lessons in his life, is today one of the country's top performers. Since "The Tennessee Plowboy's" first Victor record was issued in 1945, not one of his single releases has sold less than 250,000 copies, and all together they have reached the fantastic total of over 30,000,000, a feat matched only by such artists as Bing Crosby and Perry Como. His radio programs are heard daily over more than 1,000 stations in the U. S. and Canada, and he has starred in his own TV series on both CBS and NBC. Eddy has received enthusiastic acclaim by all types of audiences on his personal appearances, whether they beat a hoedown in the Smoky Mountains or in a sophisticated supper club in Las Vegas.

Accordingly, when Eddy celebrated his tenth anniversary as recording artist for RCA Victor this January, the country boy from Tennessee was given one of the biggest tributes ever received by a performer. The giant label de-

clared the month of January "Eddy Arnold Month," and anniversary parties were held in many cities by RCA around the country. The first of these took place in New York, with Frank M. Folsom, president of RCA, as host. The NBC network devoted a special show to Eddy, the songs he has made popular and the story of his life. And Eddy's most recent recordings—including an album of songs he had never before recorded, a kiddie record with his daughter Jo Ann, and discs in the popular, novelty and spiritual as well as western categories—were released simultaneously. This salute was another high point in Eddy's sensational rise to stardom.

No Easy Road

The Tennessee Plowboy has earned that name the hard way. Richard Edward Arnold was born and raised near the little town of Henderson, Tennessee on his father's farm. As a child he joined his two brothers and sisters in the work on the farm, picking cotton, husking corn and plowing the land. He went to a one-room school house in Henderson and then attended Pinson High School. He was forced to quit school when his father lost the farm during the depression years and became a share-cropper, and when his father died in 1929, the youngster helped support the household by plowing and trading at the markets until he was 18.

The Big Town

In the early 1940s, Eddy signed up with Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys, and landed a six-days-a-week radio program over station WSM in Nashville, singing and playing his guitar. Being connected with the



Grand Ole Opry greatly helped and influenced the young vocalist. Later, after performing at station KXOK in St. Louis, Eddy returned to Nashville with King, and became a leading favorite among country singers.

A music publisher friend recommended Eddy to RCA Victor executives in 1943, who promptly signed him to a recording contract. However, it turned out that Eddy had to wait two years before he made his first record because the recording ban was in effect. Since there was also a shellac shortage at the time, the bulk of the record production revolved only around the top artists of the company.

In 1946, he recorded his first hit, *That's How Much I Love You*, followed by such million-sellers as *I'll Hold You in My Heart*, *It's A Sin*, *Bouquet of Roses* and *Anytime*—which, incidentally, became a hit recording for Eddie Fisher after the Arnold record hit the top of the country & western music popularity charts.

His most recent enterprise is a half-hour musical TV film series, *Eddy Arnold Time*, which also features such "regulars" in the Eddy Arnold Gang as Betty Johnson, Hank Garland and Roy Wiggins and the Gordonaires.

Eddy is now one of the highest paid artists in show business. If he were to work the steady six-days-a-week radio performances plus personal appearances that he did during his *Grand Ole Opry* days—for which he was then paid approximately \$125 a week—he would probably wind up with \$7,500 a week. Eddy, however, is not anxious to leave his home. He likes to stay on his 107-acre farm in Brentwood, Tennessee with his wife and two children, where he takes a great interest in the running of the farm, and rides and fishes with his family to his heart's content.

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