

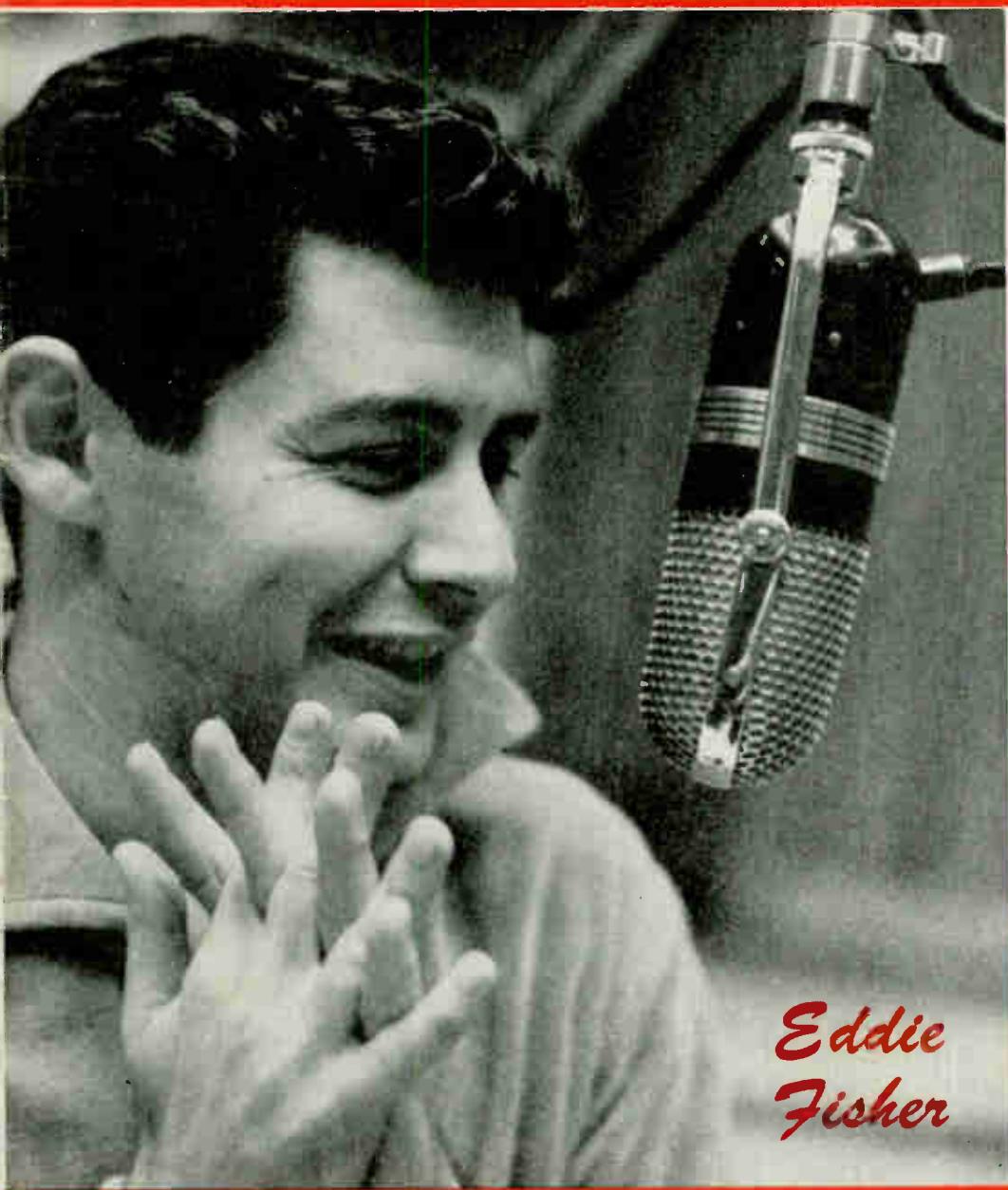
JUNE, 1955

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Fisher*



Georgia Gibbs



The Hilltoppers

GIRLS: Your Chance to Become a Star!—Page 32

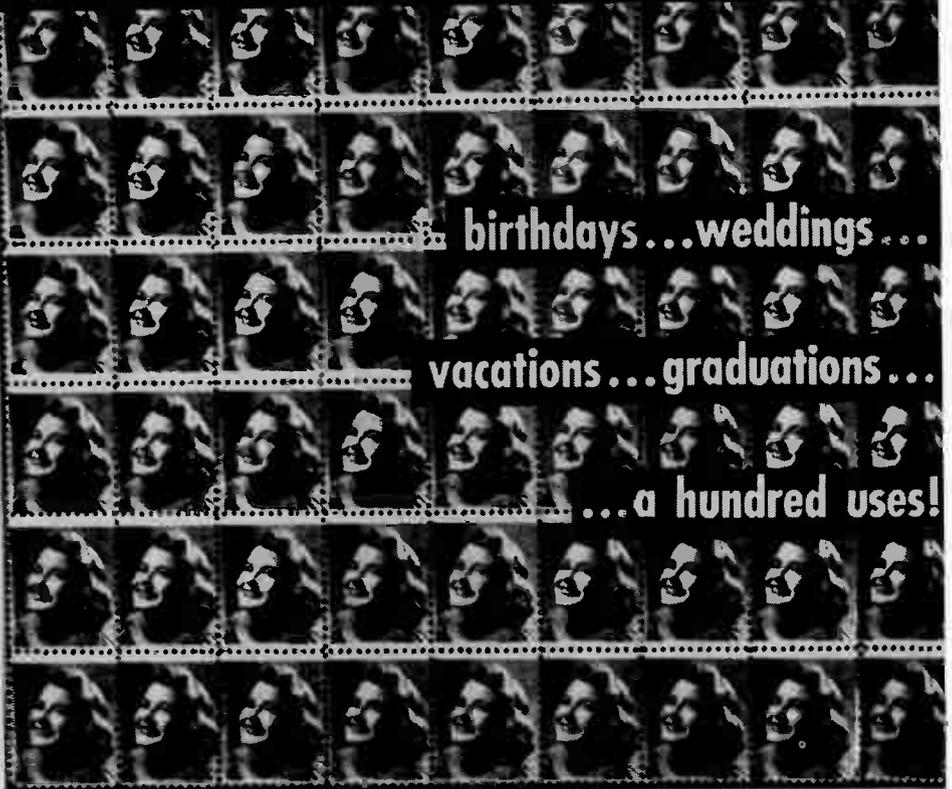
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| 4. Anywhere I Wander | 13. Trying Home |
| 5. Takes Two To Tango | 14. Even Now |
| 6. My Baby's Coming Home | 15. Glow Worm |
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| 9. Lazy Mary | 21. Arkansas Traveler | 31. Home on the Range | 43. Little Boy Blue |
| 10. A Tisket A Tasket | 22. I Saw a Ship A-Sailing | 32. Blue Tail Fly | 44. Frere Jacques |
| 11. Old MacDonald | 23. Farmer in the Dell | 33. Frankie and Johnnie | 45. Oh Susanna |
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| 5. Honey Love | 14. Shake, Rattle & Roll |
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.....

Letters . . .

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading your first issue of *Record Whirl*, and I don't think there is a sharper book printed.

I would like to see some articles on Tommy Leonetti and Tommy Mara. Keep up all those crazy stories!

Joann Altobella,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I'm happy to read about your new magazine. I'm looking forward to it.

Sure wish you would have an article about the Norman Petty trio sometime. They are very popular out here.

Jack Vaughn,
Clovis, N. M.

Dear Editor:

Just received your first issue of *Record Whirl* and want to congratulate you and your staff on the fine job.

Harriet Wasser,
New York City

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on a sensational debut issue. We have long needed a proper showcase for America's fastest growing industry, and this, for me, is not only in its interesting, informative context but in the extremely attractive presentation . . . Best of luck with further issues.

Ken Garland,
WPOR,
Portland, Maine

Dear Editor:

Let me offer my sincerest best wishes for many more issues of *Record Whirl* as fine and informative as your first. It's a pleasure, indeed, to see an intelligent jazz section after all the poor attempts made in other "fan" magazines. Let us hope that more and more of the young folks around the nation will benefit from your jazz department and begin to listen to and understand some of the better things in today's musical picture.

Bob Bassett,
WPEP,
Taunton, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading through *Record Whirl*, and I can see that it will be very useful in our disc jockey work here at WTTH.

I think that it takes a magazine of this type really to inform the DJs of all the new artists and those little known, but interesting, facts about the big name artists. Keep up the good work, and I'm looking forward to reading future issues of *Record Whirl*.

Jim Rhadigan,
WTH,
Port Huron, Mich.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your wonderful new publication which has been a long needed necessity in the popular record field.

I also want you to know how flattered I am to have been included in your first issue.

Betty Madigan,
MGM Records,
New York City

Dear Editor:

I have a lot of listeners on the late evening record shows who are continually requesting information on the various artists. After looking around for a magazine that's complete, one is dropped in my lap. My foremost thought when I read *Record Whirl* was, "This is it. Here's the magazine for me."

Once again, thanks from yours truly and also from my fans. This magazine is nothing short of perfection.

Jim Backlin,
KFYR,
Bismarck, N. D.

Dear Editor:

Thanks so much for a wonderful first issue of *Record Whirl*. Your magazine is tops. Good luck.

Bess Kallas,
WKBI,
St. Marys, Pa.

Dear Editor:

If future issues live up to the promise of the first issue of *Record Whirl*, the magazine will indeed "fill a pressing need in the popular music world," and we'll do all we can to make our listeners aware of its entrance into the music mag area.

Jack Bliss,
Music Director, KFRU,
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Editor:

I have found the first issue of *Record Whirl* very interesting and enjoyable, although it is smaller than some other magazines. It could be bigger.

On the cover, Sammy Davis' patch is on his left eye. On Page 6 it is on his right eye. Why?

Roberta Binder,
Milton, Mass.

Ed. Note: Very sharp of you to have noticed our error, Roberta. We didn't detect it until too late.

This picture of Sammy was printed backwards. Ordinarily, reversing the direction of a picture could pass unnoticed, but in the case of a man with a patch over one eye, it can cause some confusion. Look at the picture through the page behind it, and you will see how the picture actually should be printed, with Sammy facing left and the patch on his left eye.

Our apologies to you, to all our other readers, and to Sammy, who wrote us a terrific story. By the way, *Record Whirl* is going to be much, much bigger sometime very soon.

Dear Editor:

I picked up my first issue of *Record Whirl* a few days ago and was certainly very impressed. Your magazine seems to contain interesting information and a wonderful series of pictures.

I hope that in the very near future you will be able to run a story on Bill Lawrence. I think he's a wonderful vocalist and would be very interested in knowing what he has been doing since he left Arthur Godfrey's TV show. All the best of luck to your marvelous magazine.

Judye Caroll,
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:

Just received your *Record Whirl*, and it is the answer to a modern radio stations' needs. With nine record men, each trying to make his show more listenable, profitable, and informative than the others, we can sure use the information in *Record Whirl*. We will certainly give you credit on the air, and I am sure our listeners will want to buy your magazine.

Best wishes for real success.

Bill Lester,
Commercial Program Director, KOY,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Editor:

Thanks very much for the new issue of *Record Whirl*, which on the surface is quite a magazine! Got it this morning, read most of it, and mentioned it to my listeners.

WCOU is AM & FM (13,500 watts) and central Maine's listening habit. If I can be of some help to you, just let me know. Planning on featuring the jocks throughout the land? If so, I'd be happy to be one of the many to offer assistance.

Lots of good luck to you and *Record Whirl*, a most interesting new mag . . . One we really need!

Herb Fontaine
WCOU,
Lewiston, Me.

Dear Editor:

Just received my first issue of *Record Whirl* and enjoyed every page of it. Will be looking forward to the next issue.

Hope soon to see a feature article and pictures of my favorites, the McGuire Sisters. Best wishes for continued success.

Mrs. Betty Blodgett,
Newberg, Ore.

Ed. Note: One coming up real soon.

Fan Club letters are on page 30.



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Published monthly by Record Whirl Publishing Company.
 Subscription rates: one year—\$2.50; two years—\$4.50; 3 years—\$6.00; payable in advance. Add \$1 a year to these prices for subscriptions outside the United States and its possessions. Change of address notice must reach us 4 weeks before date effective. Send old address with your new. Duplicate copies cannot be sent and post office will not forward copies. Circulation Dept., 2001 Calumet, Chicago 16, Ill. Printed in U.S.A., John Maher Printing Company, Chicago, Ill. Application for second class mail privileges pending at Chicago, Illinois. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Copyright, 1955 by Record Whirl Publishing Company, all foreign rights reserved. On sale the tenth day of every month.

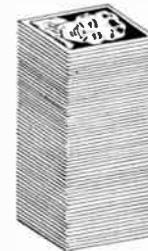
EXECUTIVE AND PUBLICATION OFFICE
 2001 Calumet Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois, Victory 2-0310
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OFFICES: New York 17, 122 E. 42 St. OX-7-2160
 Hannah Altbush—Associate Editor; Mel Mandel—Eastern Advertising Manager
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Has Success Changed

Eddie Fisher?

by Hannah Altbush

Much has happened to Eddie Fisher since Labor day, 1949, when Eddie Cantor discovered the young singer and gave him his first break.

Since then, Eddie has recorded 23 discs for RCA Victor, most of which have sold more than 50,000 copies and four of which topped the million sales mark. Perhaps more than any other record artist today, Eddie's record sales are "automatic."

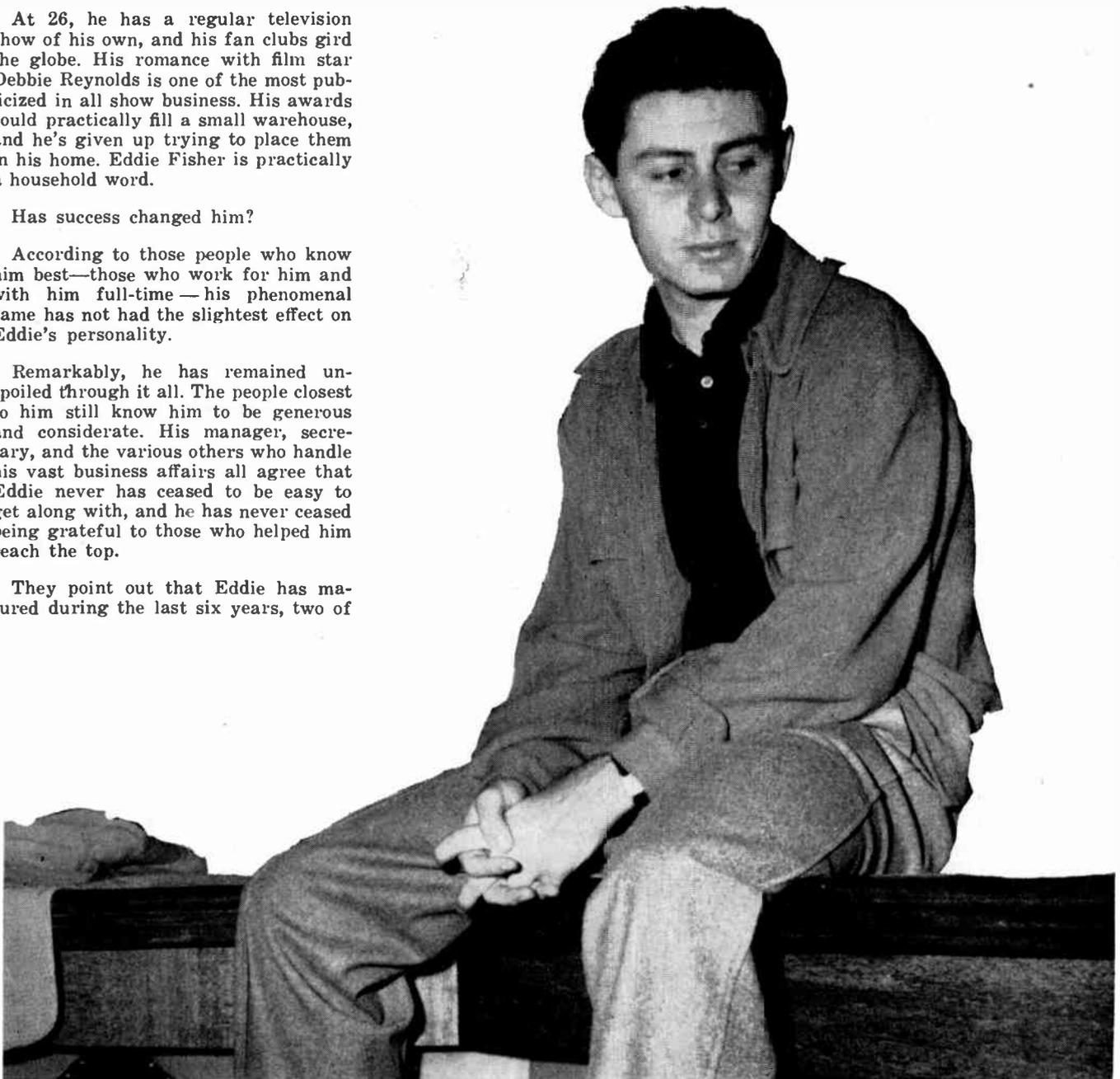
At 26, he has a regular television show of his own, and his fan clubs gird the globe. His romance with film star Debbie Reynolds is one of the most publicized in all show business. His awards could practically fill a small warehouse, and he's given up trying to place them in his home. Eddie Fisher is practically a household word.

Has success changed him?

According to those people who know him best—those who work for him and with him full-time—his phenomenal fame has not had the slightest effect on Eddie's personality.

Remarkably, he has remained unspoiled through it all. The people closest to him still know him to be generous and considerate. His manager, secretary, and the various others who handle his vast business affairs all agree that Eddie never has ceased to be easy to get along with, and he has never ceased being grateful to those who helped him reach the top.

They point out that Eddie has matured during the last six years, two of





A pre-recording conference with Hugo Winterhalter and Eddie's fiancée Debbie Reynolds looking on.



Eddie's gracious manner reaches out to admiring fans on the *Youth Wants to Know* program.

which were spent in the service. He's more experienced and has acquired a great deal of confidence and wisdom in business matters.

The major part of Eddie's life consists of hard work. Interviews, posing for publicity shots, rehearsals, listening to new songs, and conferences with his manager and recording director are just some of the activities confronting him constantly.

His fiancée, Miss Reynolds, accompanies him whenever she can, but the young couple doesn't have much chance for privacy. Wherever they go, there's bound to be a whole retinue of fans, music people, and newspapermen.

For Eddie, these accompanying crowds have become a matter of course. Ever since he catapulted into the limelight, he has seldom walked alone. Debbie, however, has had to become ac-

customed to this invasion of privacy, but she fully realizes that these persons who are ever present are a necessary part of her fiancé's career.

After their scheduled wedding in June, Eddie and Debbie plan to settle down in their newly built home in Beverly Hills. Eddie will travel to New York frequently, however, to cut his recordings with Hugo Winterhalter, who has been music director on all of his sessions.

Eddie's dressing room usually resembles Grand Central Station, and it amazes Debbie that he is able to record in a studio packed with listeners. At her own recording sessions at MGM, she feels extremely self-conscious when there is an audience present. By contrast, Eddie actually invites his fans to watch him record, although recording is a tense business for him.

An artist in his class is expected to deliver hit after hit and cannot afford to take chances. There are many persons dependent on Eddie's continued success, and the knowledge of this responsibility cannot fail to impose a strain upon the singer. Fully aware of his responsibility, Eddie is actually a very serious young man despite his apparently lighthearted approach to life.

Not just the persons closest to him but everyone who meets Fisher seems to agree he is a warm-hearted and gentle person. Maurice Kinn of the London *New Musical Express*, reviewing Eddie's recent appearance at the Palladium, summed up the feeling of audiences everywhere when he wrote:

"This star has humility; this 'boy next door' is always welcome to dinner at my house."



Though he has already earned four gold records, like the one which resides proudly on his console phonograph, Eddie never stops being critical of his own work.



Jack Benny was one of the filmland celebrities offering congratulations to Eddie and Debbie at their engagement cocktail party. A June date has been set for the wedding.



The Four Lads recording their latest Columbia disc, *I've Been Thinking*, backed up by oohs and ahs from their bobby sox brigade fans.



The shirtsleeved artisans are Paul Weston, Columbia's west coast musical director, and bandleader Pete Rugolo. They're hard at work on a followup to Pete's newest album, *Adventures In Rhythm*.



MGM's Betty Madigan and musical conductor Joe Lipman go over the music of one of Betty's new recordings, *Wonderful Words*.

NEW RECORDS FROM *Lena Horne*

Lena may have been gone from the record scene a number of years, but she has increased her stature as a nightclub entertainer. Today she is truly one of the country's greats.

Now she's back on discs, under new contract to RCA Victor. You should be hearing a lot of her first sides, *Love Me or Leave Me* and *I Love to Love*.

In this series of pictures, she briefs her music with Lenny Hayton, her husband and musical director, and then launches into song. We'll let her expressive face speak for itself.





Lou Monte ogles and bobbles his eyeballs during his Victor session of *The Italian Wallflower*.



Mambo chieftain Perez Prado can't seem to work without cutting up. Shoes off, he babbles some jabberwocky before tackling the foot drums.

ARTISTS

at their

CRAFT



Nat (King) Cole dances for the first time during a recent appearance at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. He'll also dance in his forthcoming U-I film, *The Nat King Cole Story*.



Don't Pass Up Love

by Georgia Gibbs

Often when I meet teenagers I am asked the question—*what must I do to succeed as a singer?* I find myself looking into eager young faces, burning with ambition for stardom at any cost.

Gingerly I might tell them to work hard, to start at the bottom, to look for no shortcuts because there really aren't any. And then I find myself going out to them, wanting to reach out and tell them more—that no career is worth foregoing some basic human things. Later in life, sometimes too late, you find yourself looking for the things you missed and really always wanted.

I was reared in an orphanage. My father had died before I was 2, and my mother could not support her four children herself. I learned to sing in that charity orphanage in Worcester, Mass., and, as I was an unhappy child, my sole enjoyment came from singing for and entertaining my schoolmates.

At the age of 13, when I finished grade school, I struck out on my own to sing with local bands in the area of Boston. I was supporting myself on \$20 a week, singing under my real name of Fredda Gibson.

If I had it to do over again, I never would have started so young. The teen years are the most important years in a girl's life, and I missed a lot. I was on the bandstand, working, while the girls my age were dancing and dating boys. You might say that I never really was a teenager. This is one of the things I regret most in my life.

On the road with a band, it's a lonely life. The men in the band are too old for a kid in her teens, and all her boy friends are still back in school. You pick up an education by yourself, in lonely hotel rooms in strange cities. You learn to live on every level of life, and you work hard at your career, teaching yourself to be a performer, trying your darndest to improve. You're so busy that you have no time for romance or for any of the normal pleasures of youth.

I never married, but some day I will. And if I ever have a daughter, she will go on to high school and college, she'll date young men, and she'll go to all the dances and proms before she ever thinks about having a career.

I don't mean to discourage a singing career. I mean to discourage starting it too early. There is plenty of time





Georgia in the first stage of her career, when she sang with small bands.



The second stage was when she became a radio singing star with the zany team of Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante.

for a healthy and wholesome teenage life before you tackle show business.

The more singers I meet, the more I'm convinced there is no better training than working with bands. It's still the best way I know to develop versatility and to get stage experience. Two minutes on a stage are worth five hours in a rehearsal hall.

Some singers today can only sing ballads, some are only good on uptunes. But none of these can last a long time in show business. The best artists today are nearly all former band vocalists, and they know how to manage themselves on a stage. A seasoned performer has a way about him that makes you know he's a professional.

Whatever you do, don't build up a glamour picture of show business. Sure, there's a lot of glitter about it, and it's a great feeling to hear your records being played everywhere and to have your name applauded everywhere you go. But it takes a lot of hard work to reach the top, and you mustn't kid yourself about it.

Stage experience is important in developing the self-assurance necessary to becoming a good performer. Don't settle for being just a singer or you won't last. You've got to be able to perform before an audience.

Of course, you have to get the breaks,

too. But the breaks come sooner or later when you are good. It takes the courage to hang on and to keep improving yourself.

My first break came in 1944 when I won a spot on the Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore radio show. I was chosen from among 150 other singers who auditioned. It was Garry who gave me the nickname of "Her Nibs."

I had a lot of thrills with Jimmy and Garry, but my biggest was when I sang in the White House before President Roosevelt and a couple of gentlemen who then were known as Sen. Truman and Gen. Eisenhower. Imagine me, an orphan kid from Worcester, Mass., singing before *three* presidents!

A few years later I had another thrill when I went to England with the Danny Kaye troupe and played a command performance before the king and queen. I've learned a lot from other performers I worked with, like Danny and Durante and Moore.

Now I go back to Europe every year to perform in Paris, Glasgow, and other cities I never dreamed I'd visit. Educating myself, I learned a lot of languages in my travels. I've also built up a multitude of outside interests, like literature, painting, classical music, ballet, and dress designing.

Almost as big a thrill as the thrills

I've had as a performer was the reward I received last year at the fashion show in Deauville, France. A pink gown which I designed and made in this country won over such stiff competition as Dior and Mainbocher creations. I find it very useful to be able to design clothing. Most of the gowns I wear on the stage are my own work.

If I've given you the impression that my life has been without romances, I didn't mean to mislead you. I only meant that I passed up romance in my formative years, those years in my teens when it means so much to be dating young men. I have had romances in my travels, but up till now I've spurned marriage. When I marry, I want it to be for keeps. And when that happens, I'll be content to give up my career.

I wouldn't try to combine two careers. I've seen too many cases where it doesn't work out. Remembering my lonely childhood in the orphanage may be the reason why I'm so careful about marriage. I feel so sorry for the people, especially the children, who are involved in divorce cases. I never want it to happen to me.

Frankly, I don't feel I was actually ready for marriage until now. I was a woman at 13, but it took me a long time to grow up.



Georgia in her third and present stage, caught during the recording session of *Tweedle Dee*, one of the many discs that has helped her to become one of the hottest properties on the record scene.



June



Howard



Janet

FORUM: The Music Cycle I Like Best

Artist vs. Deejay

June Valli
Victor Records

I don't know if there ever was a soft trend, as such, but the songs I like best are simple ballads. It is music I like to hear sung, and it is music I like to sing myself.

A ballad, a good one, has a wonderful story to it, which makes it a treat to stage when you're singing it live. It is easy on the ear and generally tends to have more meaning as music than do novelties or the song forms that pass in the constant cycle of trends.

Ballads are basic in music. They can be improvised upon. Look how many sweet old tunes were given a new beat in the mambo trend. Frankly, I maintain that a ballad is a true test of a singer. It's what all singers should be forced to audition by. It may be simply written music, but it is not simple to put over.

Howard Miller
WBBM-TV—Chicago, Ill.

The luxury of indulging in favorites, whether it be music type or performer, is an extravagance that a disc jockey can afford only in the privacy of his home and not in the broadcasting studio. Generally speaking, a jockey who carries his personal tastes into programming is denying his listeners the privilege of determining trends. I pre-

fer to take my orders from the public rather than try to give them.

As the pendulum swings on a clock, so do cycles and trends come and go in the field of music. Why and when these cycles and trends occur is a riddle with which the a&r man and enterprising disc jockies can grapple. Suffice to say, there is a place on our music horizon for every type. The recent craze for rhythm and blues, I believe, was the result of the teenagers' desire, but lack of ability, to dance. It had become a lost social grace and, consequently, this age group needed the strong beat of blues music to know when to put their foot down.

Ballads, like love, are eternal and are always found at the end of a pendulum's swing. When no other rage or craze is prevalent, the taste for this sweet type of music prevails. Likewise country and western music, because it has a basic appeal, is omnipresent in our musical scheme of things. It is difficult to establish jazz trends for the obvious reason that there are too many forms of this art to divide fandom. Jazz has so many cults that each becomes too small a minority group. Recently, novelties have suffered because there has been too deliberate an attempt to contrive this form of music. The charm of any novelty number must necessarily be in spontaneity.

I am completely convinced that it is far more important for an a&r man

to be a psychologist and sociologist than a practiced musician, because in order to make a hit, he must sense the availability of the public and schedule his releases with the philosophy of the times. It wouldn't hurt him at all to be the seventh son of the seventh son.

Ed. Note: June and Howard are Mr. & Mrs.



Jill



Dal

**Janet Brace
Decca Records**

Music cycles to my mind are like a wheel, with each spoke a different era. I like music that swings—and I guess I like the old swing era best, with its particular artists, disc jockeys who were more aware of good sounds and meters than they are today, good songs, good arrangers with a sensitivity and understanding for both an audience and the composition, and good bands.

Swing has never really left the music scene. Some of the old artists are still around, and there are even new ones who could have found a place in the old swing vogue. Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Count Basie, Hal McIntire (who always had a great band and who always needs a kick in the pants to get him to expose his band on record), and groups like the De Marco Sisters. I hope the public learns to accept a new group called the Hi-Lo's, who have such a great sense of phrasing.

I also like such disc jockeys today as Dick Martin and Phil McKeller, who strive constantly to expose the best in music to their listeners. I don't want to alienate the other deejays, but these are two men in particular whose tastes I admire. I have many more praises to sing, but I have limited space here. Thanks for allowing me to spiel even if it doesn't answer your question.

**Dal Stallard
KCMO — Kansas City, Mo.**

The record trend I like best is country & western. I'd like to see the c&w artists going back to the old Heart songs, back to the good bouncy rhythms away from the rhythm & blues kick they've been on. I think the greatest mistake the country field made was to combat rhythm & blues by joining.

Now there is a definite trend in the country field to religious songs. For the first time in a long time, a religious

Jazz Moods

By Jack Tracy

Some months ago, when Norman Granz released a \$25 set of Art Tatum records (five 12" LPs), there was a great deal of head-shaking going on among some people. "Too much money," they said. "Tatum isn't well-enough-known to sell that expensive a package."

Well, the album immediately became one of the best-selling in the entire Granz catalog, and now a second has been issued at the same price.

It is another brilliantly recorded tribute to the genius that is Tatum's, as he roams through a dazzling variety of tunes, all played without rhythm section accompaniment. This package is certain to become a valuable jazz document (it's on Clef).

Capitol has waxed a new trio that is to be commended for its clean, precise musicianship, taut arrangements, and happy spirit. The group is called Mil-Combo, and they take a dozen great standards over the humps for a splendid ride. You probably will be reminded a great deal of the Art Tatum or old Nat Cole trios, but it still is an individual and a warming sound.

The group that the world's jazz critics named as the best anywhere in last year's *Down Beat* poll has finally been

tune has popped up among the best sellers in this area, *Wait a Little Longer Please, Jesus*. There are several recordings of it. I think it will become a trend, and I'm all for it. The real country music lies in the sacred field.

Think back how many of the hillbilly artists joined r&b by covering the hits. Very few of them made c&w hits of the tunes. With the exception of Red Foley's *Hearts of Stone*, I can't think of any, and that tune wasn't too much in the r&b field either.

If the record companies will go along with the artists a little and select the songs they sing on their personal appearances that go over best, then c&w will be selling as well as it did a couple of years ago.

**Jill Corey
Columbia Records**

I like slow, easy ballads. I don't at all go for rhythm & blues, and I don't care particularly for the mambo.

Give me an early Nat Cole or Frank Sinatra record any time, a record which pays strict attention to a good voice and a tasteful, pleasing sound rather than gimmicks. Also, I have no taste for big exaggerated productions.

I'm an ardent jazz fan, and records by Dave Brubeck and Chet Baker are my favorites. Personally, I like to sing sad love songs and would like to record more of them.

recorded with true fidelity, and it's a joy to the ears.

We're speaking about the Modern Jazz Quartet (John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass, and Kenny Clarke, drums), and the outstanding thing on their new Prestige LP is the four-part *La Ronde*, written by Lewis and performed with delicate and consummate skill by the quartet. Each of the four parts features one of the men, and this is thoroughly recommended listening.

Sarah Vaughan has discovered a comfortable way to record—she does the commercial, pop items on Mercury, waxes jazzwise on EmArcy, its subsidiary, and everyone's happy—including us. For her most recent EmArcy effort is a 12" LP on which she does great standard songs with a jazz group behind her that includes trumpeter Clifford Brown, tenor saxist Paul Quinichette, and pianist Jimmy Jones, a remarkable vocal accompanist. Among the sensitively-sung tunes here are *April in Paris*, *I'm Glad There Is You*, and *September Song*.

Another great Clef release this month is *Count Basie Dance Session, Vol. 2*, and whether you dance to it or just listen, you'll have a ball. Outstanding is the remarkable ensemble swing this band engenders (listen, for example, to *Slow But Sure*), and added kicks come from such soloists as Joe Newman, trumpet, and Frank Wess and Frank Foster, tenors. To these ears, there is a little doubt as to the identity of the greatest jazz orchestra in all of music.

This also seems to be the month for girl pianists. Both Barbara Carroll and Marian McPartland have entire 12" LPs to themselves on Victor and Capitol respectively, with Barbara's trio handling the entire affair on her disc, Marian getting some bestringed augmentation on hers. There's little choice between them—each has skill, jazz insight, and can swing. Listen on Marian's disc to the superb support she receives from Joe Morello, certainly one of the outstanding drum finds in years.



The Count

The HILLTOPPERS Are Back!



Don



Jimmy



Seymour



Billy

Lanky Jimmy Sacca is out of the army, and the Hilltoppers are back in business.

They're back temporarily, at least, for when Jimmy was discharged, two of his partners, Seymour Spiegelman and Don McGuire, went in. Don and Seymour are stateside now, and as long as they are not shipped overseas, there will continue to be recording sessions by the group. And, whenever army leaves permit, there'll even be personal appearances.

The boys are still as hot as they were two years ago, when Jimmy left for Korea. Their first new record since his return, *Teardrops from My Eyes* and *The Door Is Still Open*, went off to the races the day it was released.

For a group that has been inactive longer than it has been active, the Hilltoppers' popularity is enormous. Actually, the boys were able to spend only one year together making hits on the Dot label before the army interfered to separate them twice as long.

They began almost accidentally, as most groups do, in the college town of Bowling Green, Ky. Jimmy, his roommate Seymour, and Don were students at Western Kentucky State college, and Billy was working with a band in a Bowling Green night club called the Boots and Saddle club. Jimmy was attending school on a football scholarship, Seymour on a music scholarship, and Don on a basketball scholarship.

Together, and with a fourth fellow student, they playfully formed a barbershop quartet to serenade the girls' dormitories on the campus. Part time, after school hours, Jimmy sang in a night club in town and, as fate would have it, it was the very club at which Billy was working.

Billy had written a song, and he wanted to find a vocal group to record it. He had Jimmy enlist Seymour and Don, and the four of them made a tape recording of the tune, *Trying*.

A Bowling Green disc jockey named Bill Stamps liked it, played it repeatedly on his show until it became a sensation on campus, and then he sent the tape to Randy Wood, president of Dot Records. Randy wasted no time in getting to Bowling Green. He and his sales manager, Al Bennett, packed some portable recording equipment, hustled off to the college, and came back with a record that was soon to sell three quarters of a million copies and send a new group of youngsters soaring to fame.

Next they recorded *P.S., I Love You*,



Strolling on the campus with their co-ed sweethearts was practically a ritual with the Hilltoppers. And when things began to go right for the group, they married the gals. Don is with his spouse, Maxine; Seymour with Jeanne; and Jimmy with Ann.



The large letter W on the Hilltoppers' sweaters and their trademark beanies signify Western Kentucky State college, where the boys met, organized and started their sensational career.



Like most college men, the Tops dated their women in casual fashion, after classes, and usually over a coke at the campus cafeteria. Don had a basketball scholarship, Jimmy one in football.

which sold a million, and then another tune written by Billy Vaughn, *I'd Rather Die Young*. The boys signed a booking contract with Music Corp. of America and made personal appearances on weekends by way of chartered plane, which always got them back to school on time.

Soon they were making guest appearances on such television shows as Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town* and playing engagements in big vaudeville theaters like the Chicago during the summer.

Two years ago Jimmy was called into service. With Special Services, he was sent to Korea and later to Japan and Okinawa. Overseas he formed an army quartet which won second place in Far East Command competition.

Meanwhile, Seymour and Don completed their schooling. Seymour got a master's degree in music from Peabody college in Nashville at the age of 23,

and Don was about to enter dentistry school when he was drafted. Don is now stationed at Baltimore, Md., with an anti-aircraft unit, and Seymour is at Fort Dix, N. J., in an army band.

Versatile Vaughn, the oldest member of the group at 34, became music director of Dot Records and an orchestra leader in his own right. He has made two hit records, *Melody of Love* and *Silver Moon*. Billy, in addition, does all the arranging for Dot artists. He recently arranged *Hearts of Stone* for the Fontane Sisters and *Two Hearts* for Dot's newest property, Pat Boone.

And now the group has regained its lead singer. As soon as Jimmy returned, he and Billy were flown to New York where they met Don and Seymour for a reunion and another record session.

The door is still open—as their new release avers—and the Hilltoppers have walked right back in to stardom.



Jimmy, the key member of the group because he's the lead singer, was drafted into the army two years ago, and the group marked time until he returned. In Japan he grew a mustache but shaved it when he returned.



Before Jimmy was sent overseas, the Hilltoppers continued to make records and promotional tours. Here they are mobbed by fans at the Hudson-Ross music shop in Chicago. The gentleman with them, at the extreme right, is deejay Howard Miller.



When Jimmy returned, the boys reunited and started making hits for Dot Records again, like their current *The Door Is Still Open*.

In The Whirl

By Les Brown

TURNTABLE TOPICS: They are still kicking around the problem of smut in popular songs and whether or not lyrics have become more leery and suggestive than ever before. Really, this is a very old issue, but it has only recently been revitalized with the rhythm and blues trend, and r&b has had to take the rap for a thing that has existed a long time.

Not to underestimate the seriousness of the problem, I don't think it is anywhere as bad right now as the commentators have made it seem. But, unfortunately, the haranguing has called attention to the bluish lines that most people never paid much attention to in the past. I wonder whether people ever listened to lyrics very carefully before. The fact that many were surprised by all the complaints about smut seems to indicate that they really didn't.

Frankly, I would be very careful about saying that songs are dirtier today than they ever have been. In fact, I wouldn't say it. You can go all the way back to Shakespeare's *Tin Pan Alley*, and you'll find as many illusions and insinuations as you'll find today, and maybe more.

The reason is that nearly all these songs are about love. And love, let's face it, is at least partly a physical thing. I'd like to see how many romantic songs could be written without the guy saying that he'd like to be close to his girl, or words to that effect.

On the other hand, I don't mean to be excusing the songwriters who are oversexing their lyrics. This is no selling point, in my book, and the sooner the record companies put a stop to it the better. Of one thing you may be sure—that there will be censorship of songs, eventually, either by the disceries or by an outside censorial agency. I hate to think of it. It will be hard to draw the line between what is an innocent expression of love and what is downright contrived sexifying.

While we're on the subject of ethics, I'd like to raise an issue that I think smells to the skies, and several record companies are guilty of it. That is when they credit a record to *name* artists when someone else actually made the disc at the recording session. You'd probably be surprised at the number of records you've admired that were not made by the artist whose name appears on the label.

Since it's hard to do with voices, the phony sessions most often occur with instrumentalists. In particular, I know of one band that was working 2,000

miles away and had to keep a recording session in Chicago. Its arrangements were sent forward, and a local band was organized to cut the session. But the name band got the credit for it. Less serious is the stunt Essex recently pulled on a new version of *Goofus*, which billed the *Dinning Sisters*. Actually, only one of the sisters appeared on the record—that was Lu, and she recorded it on a triple track!



Rudi Maugeri and Fiancee

BIG HEARTS AND SWEETHEARTS: Kitty Kallen is turning over the royalties of the first 100,000 copies of her new disc, *Kitty Who?* and *By Bayou Bay* to the Crippled Children's Society. This is a wonderful gesture from a gal who only started to ring up her record fortune a year ago, though she had been knocking around show business for a long time previous . . . Capitol's Vicki Young married drummer Hal Blaine last month and is planning to pitch her home in San Bernadino, Calif. when personal appearances permit . . . Rudi Maugeri, 24, will be the first of the *Crew-Cuts* to wed. He and Placida Dee Conteen, a Pittsburgh nurse, face the altar on June 11. There'll be no shortage of ushers for the wedding.

AROUND AND AROUND: Had dinner recently with two of the three fellows who call themselves the *Chuckles*, Teddy Randazzo and Russ Giliberto. Nicer guys I seldom meet. What impressed me particularly was that they had nothing but admiration for another vocal group—the *Four Aces*. The *Aces*, they say, have never gotten so big in spite of their success that they've

stopped making the rounds of the disc jockeys, as many artists do once they hit the big time. And the *Aces* still rise at 6:00 in the morning to begin their day's work. Beyond question, they're real pros. Incidentally, the *Chuckles* say they took their name from a candy bar wrapper.

Richard Derr, who has the romantic lead in the Broadway hit, *Plain and Fancy*, never sang a note in his life—outside the shower-bath—until he was signed for the musical comedy. Now he has a contract with Kapp Records as a folk artist . . . Margie Needham of the *Chordettes* is a former airline stewardess who owns numerous beauty titles, among them "Miss Berwyn (Ill.)," her home town.

Elaine Carvel, now billing herself as Elena and on the bill this month with Danny Thomas at the *Chez Paree* in Chicago, has just cut four sides for the Academy label . . . Abe Burrows is writing a musical comedy called *Top Ten* that will be all about the music business . . . Gordon MacRae is aiming to spend a few years in New York to study voice (imagine!) and to prepare for a Broadway musical. Half the industry seems to have caught the Broadway fever—the other half still wants to make the movies . . . Add Mindy Carson to the list of Broadway aspirants.

Dux and Julie De John, who wrote *No More*, the tune which sent them sky-



Here's Columbia recording star Tony Bennett on *Cloud 7* (that's the title of his new album). The reason—Mrs. B. is expecting a new addition to the family in September.

rocketing on the Epic label, also composed their latest hit, *A Present for Bob*. It was intended as an actual present—to Bob Crystal, the gent who manages their disc jockey tour . . . Dori Brooks, the latest Label X find, got her record contract during her audition for *Silk Stockings*. She didn't get the part in the show, because she was too short for the role, but the Label X record bosses were in the audience to change the direction of her career.

Joe Loco, one of the foremost mambo bandleaders, is learning how to dance the mambo from a professional teacher! Incidentally, Joe has signed a contract with Columbia Pictures for a series of Latin American film shorts.

Polly Bergen, who broke into films by way of a record and who has since become the new Pepsi-Cola gal, now is making a second bid on records. Jubilee



Polly Bergen

has recently released her album, *Little Girl Blue*, and a pair of singles. It's a pretty fruitful season for Pol. She's also on Broadway currently as the femme star of *The Champagne Complex*.

Doubleday is reported to be quite excited over the Eartha Kitt biog; they've only seen the first half, so far.

GAMBOLING ON THE GROOVES:

On page 20 of this issue, a story tells us that Ella Fitzgerald is considered the top vocalist in the country by a number of important pop singers. She's also one of the big favorites among the Hollywood set. Film stars who specifically vote her Number One are Bing Crosby, Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell, Peggy Lee, Frank Sinatra, Jeff Chandler, Judy Garland, John Ireland, and Joanne Dru. Wayne King has signed a long-term contract with Decca. It's not surprising. Wayne cut the first pop version of *Melody of Love* back in the early 1940's, and Billy Vaughn's big hit version bears close similarity to the original. If this kind of waltz really comes back into vogue, Wayne'll be a valuable property . . . Don Cornell made his first tour of Great Britain last month . . . Film

starlet Barbara Ruick was recently packed by Columbia records.

It must be Kismet. I had been thinking about Norman Brooks, the young lad who sings so much like the late Al Jolson, wondering why he had dropped out of the picture so suddenly. Lo, the next day I learned he had just signed with Label X. A couple years ago, he started with a terrific hit, *Hello Sunshine*, in the Jolson manner, but he hasn't been able to repeat since.

Fran Allison, the charmer who works with Kukla and Ollie on the KFO television strip, has ankleed her Victor contract and gone to Decca. I wish she'd record with her puppet friends. They could produce a carload of wonderful discs for the moppets . . . Neal Hefti, formerly with Coral, has signed a five-year pact with Epic and plans to reorganize his band for the road . . . Anyone remember Andy Russell? He used to have the gals swooning. Now he's doing a TV show in Mexico in Spanish.

Doris Day is in Europe making a movie called *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. She may cut a disc or two across the ocean . . . Trudi Richards has signed a recording contract with Jubilee Records . . . Backers of singer Frankie Day may start their own record company for him . . . Capitol is high on Danny Capri, an Italian-born lad whose family moved to Brooklyn when he was three. He used to be a model for Kuppenheimer clothes. The discery is also high on a gal named Lee Kane, a gal who looks better than she sings.

Watch for a new tune called *Hey Marty*. In fact, you won't have to watch for it, because it'll hit you over the head. It's coming in by way of one of the biggest buildups to be given a song this season. So far, Leroy Holmes has waxed it on MGM, with the Naturals on vocal, but all the other labels will be on it as soon as the movie *Marty*, for which it was written, is released.



Dear Les:

Hate to disagree with an article (*What Next, Mr. Anthony?*) by Richard Allen in the very first issue of *Record Whirl*, but I think another good record will point out that Ray Anthony is still as big a band name as he ever was, with the same drawing power.

At this writing, Ray's romantic life is in a bit of a whirl. It's too bad he left his wife, Dee, but, whether we approve or not doesn't seem to matter. It didn't at the time Billy May and his agent "swapped" wives. Remember?

And what's he supposed to do in Hollywood—snub the stars who flock to see his band? What bandleader would turn down a booking at Ciro's? Who wouldn't pose for pictures with Marilyn Monroe? You can't exactly cater to teenagers in Ciro's, but I can't believe Anthony is intentionally shying away from the kids.

Ray Anthony is just as good a bandleader and musician now as he ever was—but one thing for sure in your article—it will be the *Record Whirl* readers and thousands of their friends who will pass judgment on Anthony and determine his future in the music business.

Chuck Thompson, DJ,
WALA, Mobile, Ala.



Organist Ken Griffin, who has sold carloads of records over the years, co-stars on his own new television series, *67 Melody Lane*, with his white pet duck named Chuck. No one's allowed to say "shoot!" on the set.

Les & Mary Tour Europe



Les and Mary contemplate the Iron Curtain. They stand before the Brandenburg Gate, a German landmark which today represents the dividing line between West Berlin and Communist-dominated East Berlin.



The Pauls get sightseeing directions from a genial native of Berlin. They are intensely interested in the European people and sympathetic with their problems.



Vacationing with Les always involves some business, because Les' business is his hobby. In Copenhagen they learned about the very latest in recording equipment.

A vacation is never just a vacation when you travel with Les Paul. Just ask his wife, Mary Ford.

Les is a man so intensely interested in his work that he cannot often separate it from play. His is one of those rare occupations where business and pleasure are often the same.

Recently Les and Mary toured Europe—Madrid, Paris, Berlin, and Copenhagen. They had been to the continent many times before for performances, but on those occasions they were always too busy rehearsing and working to partake of the foreign surroundings. This trip was purely for pleasure—but pleasure as only the Paul family knows it.

For them, there is more to traveling abroad than sight-seeing, shopping, and cabaretting in the estaminets with carefree abandon. Les wanted to see and study the technological advancements European engineers have been making in sound equipment. He visited the Telefunken plant to learn minute details about new microphones, tape recorders, and other recording paraphernalia. Mary,



Yet there was time for merriment too. At the Film Ball in Berlin they sipped wine and enjoyed each other more than they did the proceedings.

who since their marriage has cultivated an interest in the mechanics of sound reproduction herself, accompanied Les in all his visits to the laboratories.

Not that they were not also able to visit the choicest night spots and places of historic interest. There was time for everything—even for numerous radio interviews in every country they visited. Les and Mary have always been great favorites of audiences overseas.

They travel sensibly, careful not to offend in any small way the natives of the countries they tour. They have utmost respect for European culture and folkways, and they approach the Old World problems on any level with understanding and compassion. Every time they go abroad, Les and Mary do a great deal to better the European opinion of Americans.

They like to travel, partly because it helps them to decide what to record. They prefer to spend six months at home in New Jersey and six on the road, or overseas, whenever that is possible.

Theirs is a model marriage in the show world. Their lives are as harmonious as their guitars. Mary, fully understanding Les' love for his hobby, has let him convert practically their entire home into a recording studio and a hi-fi workshop. Les tinkers constantly with special effects to produce unique sounds.

He had been a guitar virtuoso in every aspect of music. He was listed as one of the star attractions on the first Jazz at the Philharmonic program. At another time, he was a well known country & western guitarist, and he had worked as a featured sideman with a number of popular bands during the big band era.

Mary was a singer of western tunes with the Gene Autry unit. She had idolized Les from afar ever since she first heard him with Fred Waring, but she never thought she would ever get to meet him. Les was later under contract to Bing Crosby, and Bing gave him special permission to work as a hillbilly act in Hollywood under the name of Rhubarb Red.

For his hillbilly act, Les needed a girl singer, so he called Gene Autry. Gene recommended Mary, and that was how they met.

"Les wasn't anything like I pictured," says Mary. "His hair wasn't combed, and he was wearing a faded, plaid shirt. I was kind of shocked, I guess, but when I found out what a great sense of humor he had, I fell in love with him."



One thing that caused Les to marvel was that American films in Copenhagen were advertised in English—yet the title of *The Glenn Miller Story* was changed to *Moonlight Serenade*, after Miller's theme song.



Night life in Gay Paree was hard to resist. Les and Mary derive great pleasure from dancing.

Choosing a Record Changer

By Ben Newman

The mail that's been flooding this department since the first issue of *Record Whirl* hit the stands has been gratifying. We've received letters from nearly every part of the country; from teenagers as well as old-timers.

This seems to bear out what we've always maintained—that a large number of persons are interested in pre-assembled hi-fi units. We're trying to answer all our mail as quickly as possible, but if you don't hear from us as soon as you'd like to, don't despair; you will in a short time.

One of the many interesting questions we found in this month's mail, and in line with the subject of this month's column, comes from Sol Davis of Philadelphia. Sol writes, "Thanks for giving a voice to hi-fi fans who don't know one end of a soldering iron from another. My main interest lies in records, and I'd like to make sure of getting the best record changer I can afford, but I'm at a loss to know what to look for. Can you devote a column to this in the near future?"

Well, Sol, you're right in not skimping on a record changer. The most important component in any high fidelity system is the changer. This may seem a rather strong statement to those who always have thought of a changer as simply a device of convenience, supplying hours and hours of music without interruption. But it's important to remember that hi-fi sound reproduction is impossible unless the record is played at the exact speed at which it was recorded.

Changing Speeds

A few years ago, the record changer's job was a simple one. Records were limited to 78 rpm for home use, and there were only two sizes to contend with.

But the growth in popularity of 45 and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm records changed all this; the single-speed changer was outmoded, and the record changer's job became an exceedingly more difficult one. Records of three sizes and three speeds not only had to be dropped to the turntable in sequence and with ease, but the arm had to rise at the proper time and come to rest on the outside groove of the record, no matter what the size.

Today, record changers not only are capable of playing all speeds and sizes, but unique mechanisms allow both sides of the record to be played without being turned over, providing up to nine hours of uninterrupted recorded music.

Easily inserted wide spindles for use with 45-rpm records and automatic

shut-off after the last record is played, are additional features to be found in today's automatic record changer.

Taking into consideration the extra burden placed upon the record changer of today, it's a credit to the designers and engineers for coming up with something dependable.

Now the question is, "What do I look for in a record changer?"

A good many hi-fi brands are available with reasonably good record changers, but only about a half-dozen are suitable for use in a high fidelity system.

The hi-fi unit you buy should include a record changer free from these things—rumble, a low vibration that adds noise to the record; hum, indicating poorly shielded leads, and wow, a wavering in the pitch of the recorded music, resulting from variation in the speed of the turntable.

A turntable that's not spinning at the correct speed can cause a serious variation in tone. In fact, a variation of only one rpm in turntable speed will make an LP record sharp or flat by a full quarter tone—resulting in



Here's a close-up of Zenith's Cobramatic record changer with the built-in Stroboscope speedometer for an accurate check on turntable speed.

something far less than good sound reproduction.

Whether a person with average hearing can detect the difference in pitch of a quarter tone is questionable, but it's good to know that the changer you own is mechanically perfect.

Of course, the quality of the record changer and the over-all quality of the hi-fi set you purchase depends upon your budget. But with more and more persons becoming interested in high fidelity, manufacturers are in fierce

competition. This has resulted in more high fidelity at lower cost. Good sound reproduction can be obtained from sets in the \$150 to \$200 price range.

In this price range, one of the most interesting preassembled hi-fi units to come along in recent years is Zenith's line, incorporating the Cobramatic record changer, a continuously variable changer, which allows records of any speed from 10 to 85 rpm to be played. This includes the new talking book records.

Zenith's Stroboscope

The Cobramatic actually has a speedometer, known as a stroboscope, built into it. The stroboscope consists of a series of black and white bars which appear in a small window alongside the turntable. After the record is placed on the turntable, its speed can be checked by watching the black bars. If the bars move clockwise, the turntable is moving too fast. A counterclockwise movement indicates a slow moving turntable. Once the actual speed of the turntable is determined, its speed can be regulated by setting the speed regulator control to a point at which the bars appear stationary.

Zenith offers the Cobramatic with the stroboscope feature in its entire line of hi-fi units from table models to its most expensive hi-fi console, with the exception of Model R-566.

Another fine line of hi-fi sets with an excellent record changer is produced by the V-M Corp., who only recently entered the hi-fi field with a complete unit. For many years, V-M has manufactured record changer for leading manufacturers of radio-phonographs.

V-M units incorporate the famous Tri-O-Matic record changer and three speakers to assure fine acoustical output and extended tonal range. Five watts of audio power will let the amplifier loaf along, since two watts is sufficient for the average room.

Another fine feature in the V-M line is the addition of ceramic cartridge, replacing the well-known low-fidelity crystal cartridge we've had with us so many years.

Until recently, true high fidelity could be obtained only through the use of magnetic pickups, which required pre-amplification because of low output. Now, the ceramic cartridge threatens to change all this. Although we haven't had an opportunity to make adequate tests, some of our engineering friends seem to feel the ceramic cartridge will equal the fidelity of magnetic cartridges. Incidentally, we'll soon devote an article to the various types of cartridges.

From Wax to Celluloid:

Doris Day Meets Moe the Gimp

By Mary English

Next month MGM will release *Love Me or Leave Me*, in which Doris Day appears in the role of Ruth Etting, the singing star of the 'Thirties on records, radio and stage (the Ziegfeld Follies in 1931), whose career ended in a blaze of gunfire and screaming black headlines.

For the benefit of *Record Whirl's* younger readers, here is the story as it happened. I haven't seen the picture, but friends who have tell me it follows the facts very closely. Anyway, here are the facts:

On the night of Oct. 15, 1938, Marty ("Moe, the Gimp") Snyder, a hoodlum-like little character right out of Damon Runyon's Broadway, who had been divorced by Miss Etting three years previously, was hanging around the artists' entrance to the NBC studios in Hollywood. When Myrl Alderman, then a prominent conductor-arranger, emerged and got in his car, Snyder entered right behind him, put a gun in his ribs and ordered him to drive to the quite fancy Alderman home in North Hollywood. There he confronted Miss Etting and his daughter Edith, who was the singer's secretary; and after making wild threats against all present, he plugged the musician in the tummy when Alderman tried to make a break for the bedroom to secure a pistol. The pistol was there because Miss Etting had received a warning from New York that Moe the Gimp was en route to Hollywood. She had been married to him long enough to know what to expect.

Snyder made no attempt to escape. When arrested he gave his name as "Colonel" Martin Snyder and his occupation as "agent," which he no doubt was—of a kind. It's of interest that, during the fracas at Alderman's house, Snyder's daughter managed to secure Miss Etting's artillery. She opened fire on her pop, but with no effect except on Alderman's expensive grand piano.

According to the arresting officers, Miss Etting told them that she and the musician had been secretly married in Tijuana. Newspaper scribes were quick to check up and report that no record of the marriage could be found. Later the singer denied having made any such statement. But this didn't stop Alderman's wife—their divorce had not yet been finalized—from making the headlines, herself, with a \$150,000 suit for alienation of affections against Miss Etting.

Alderman recovered, and Moe the Gimp who was defended by noted attorney Jerry Geisler, got off with a relatively light sentence. But the notoriety put an end to the professional careers of both Myrl Alderman (in the picture his first name becomes



Kitty Kallen, left runs over one of the numbers she sings in U-I's technicolor Cinema-Scope musical, *The Second Greatest Sex*, with Jimmy Boyd and Jeanne Crain. Kitty's co-starring role marks her motion picture debut. Jimmy, who made a hit of *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*, doesn't sing in the film.

"Johnny") and Ruth Etting. However, I can give you a happy ending: they were married and lived happily ever after on a ranch in Colorado. (Box 648, Colorado Springs, in case you want to write). It makes me a little sad to think that if Ruth was 43, as the papers had it, when the shooting mess happened, she is now 60 years old. But how many of us will have the luck to be settled on a ranch, with memories like hers, when we're 60?

Pacific Patter

Wish I could give some inside stuff on L'affair Lanza. Here in Hollywood, we are just sorry for him—and his wife and kids. The latest reports are that his run-out on the \$100,000 date in Las Vegas was caused by a bad case of stage fright, induced by the fear that he could not measure up to the occasion.

Kitty Kallen, brought to Hollywood to sing one song in *The Second Greatest Sex*, drew four, and will have top billing with Jeanne Crain, George Nader and Bert Lahr. But she's handicapped by those 1880 costumes, or was when I chatted with her between shots out at Universal-International. Her comment (on the question everyone asks her): "Sure, I'm hoping this leads to a film career, but I'm not letting myself count on it. Almost any girl singer can get a chance in pictures, but of all who

have had that chance, I can think of only three who became really big film stars—Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton and Doris Day." (I have since thought of another, Betty Grable, who went from band singing (Jimmie Grier, et al.) to Broadway (*Du Barry Was a Lady*) and then to Paramount.) Kitty might have added that unless the movies can offer her something really big, she wouldn't be interested. Since *Little Things* meant such big things, her supper room dates earn her \$2,000 a week (of course, in Las Vegas that means \$15,000, and she'll get it).

Lena Horne's first new record in years (*I Love to Love* on RCA-Vic) has been barred by CBS stations. Wonder if same action would have been taken if it had been on the CBS-owned Columbia label (Mary, how could you THINK such an ugly thought!) . . . It's all over now, but I can't help expressing my unhappiness that the "Best Actress" Oscar went to Grace Kelly instead of Judy Garland. Anyone who remembers Judy in *The Clock* with the late Robert Walker knows that she is a competent actress in "straight" (non-musical) roles. She could have been quite believable in Grace Kelly's part in *The Country Girl* (and she wouldn't have had any worries over those extra pounds.) But just try to imagine Grace Kelly in Judy's role in *A Star Is Born*—as singer, dancer, clown and actress. Okay, I'm a die-hard. But Ill bet 75% of the Academy voters wish now they had changed their votes.

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Ella's Lament

by Nat Hentoff



Ask any famous popular singer from Frank Sinatra to Jaye P. Morgan who his own favorite vocalist is, and the answer almost always is, "Ella Fitzgerald!"

Nor is Ella's influential appeal limited only to her fellow artists. Within the last two years, Ella has proved again in concerts throughout Europe and the Far East, that she is *the* most widely loved and admired American vocalist on the international scene.

In her own country, it is Ella who is the chief attraction on Norman Granz' successful Jazz at the Philharmonic tours. It is Ella who packs the jazz clubs all over the country—and other clubs as well. Ella has just clicked at such plush rooms as the Mocambo in Hollywood (where she was held over) and the Fairmont hotel in San Francisco.

A whole new career is opening for her in these "smart" rooms as her audiences throughout the world continue to grow.

But not all of Ella's career is marked by success. She is virtually ignored by one of the nation's most important media, television. She records regularly,

but her records do not sell nearly so well as sides cut by vocalists who are clearly her inferiors—vocalists who are not only her inferiors musically, but paradoxically who are also her inferiors in their ability to “sell” a song.

Ella, a gentle and unaffected woman, is bitter about these two setbacks in an otherwise glittering career. She is bitter because she knows that neither her failure to break through the TV barrier nor her failure to hit the best-selling record charts is her fault. The brutal truth is that Ella, like every other top Negro entertainer, has been barred from regular star status on TV. Guest shots, yes. A permanent show and stature, no.

As for records, the candid truth about that situation is that Decca has let Ella down. She gets weak tunes to record, and when her records do come out, Decca does the minimum of exploitation for them. Decca, in short, treats Ella as if she were a fifth-rate newcomer. Yet Ella has been a great show business personality for more than 20 years.

Ella is a very frank woman. She rarely talks in public about what troubles her deeply in private, but in the last year, she has been sufficiently hurt by her treatment from TV and from Decca that she has had to speak out. About television, she will not say in so many words that Jim Crow has become a TV executive. But this is what she does say:

“Let me give you some examples of what the situation is like. Take Sammy Davis Jr. He didn’t get his regular show, a show he was signed for. And certainly the reason had nothing to do with his talent. No one could get tired of looking at *him* for 15 minutes. Do you remember how great he was on the Colgate *Comedy Hour*? And there’s Lena Horne. Jiminy crickets! If *Lena* doesn’t have a show of her own! We have so many wonderful artists who deserve a TV show. But I don’t know . . . the way things are . . .”

Ella began to dream aloud. Forgetting for a moment all the doors that so far have been closed to her, she said, “I hope someday, maybe somewhere, I can get a TV show. Even if it were just a New York program. So I could stay home a little. It’s not that I don’t like the road, but traveling all the time, year in and year out, isn’t as easy on a woman as it is on a man. And you’ve heard how guys complain about the road.

“I can dance, you know, if I get a show. And I’d like,” Ella continued quietly, “a program that had the feeling of inviting the audience into my home. An informal show. I could have guests in—people like Sarah Vaughan, a dancer, or a talented child.

“And we could have fun with the commercials, too. We could make up new words and change them every night. I’d even write music for the program. I used to write songs often, songs like *A-Tisket, A-Tasket, You Showed Me*



The entire music world saluted Ella on her 19th year in show business last summer. Here she’s congratulated by drummer Louie Bellson and singers Eartha Kitt and Pearl Bailey at a party in Ella’s honor.

the Way, and Rough Riding. But lately I’ve lost all my ambition for song-writing. But if I had a TV show of my own, I’d be so eager to write some music for it. Oh, I have so many ideas for a TV show that people would really like! But I guess they’re just day dreams.”

What about records? What is Ella’s explanation for the fact that her records aren’t major sellers?

“It’s the record company,” she says perplexedly. “I never get a chance at the songs that have a chance. They give me something by somebody that no one else has, and then they wonder why the record doesn’t sell.

“I’m so heartbroken over it. Maybe it’s me, but there are so many pretty songs I *could* sing on records. I need a record out. I know that, but I don’t know what they’re doing at the record company.

“And then when I do have something that gains acceptance from the disc jockeys and the critics, they don’t send out any copies. My last album (*Ella, Decca 12” LP DL 8068*) got such wonderful write-ups. But many disc jockeys told me that the company didn’t give them the record. In fact, we had to go

out and buy the record and give it to those disc jockeys that didn’t have it.

“As for popular songs, I had an arrangement of *Teach Me Tonight* as soon as the song hit. Audiences in all the clubs I played used to ask me for it. Yet Decca never gave me a chance to record it.

“Then there was the song from *A Star Is Born, The Man That Got Away*. When I was singing in New York, Frank Sinatra used to come into Basin Street often while he was at the Copa, and every time he came in, he asked for that song. Frank asked me, ‘How come you don’t have a number like that to record?’

“I wish I knew.”

Ella’s future on records looks a lot more hopeful than her present. When Ella’s contract with Decca runs out, it’s a certainty she’s not going to re-sign. Instead, Ella will sign with Norman Granz, her personal manager, who heads the Clef and Norgran record companies. It was Granz who opened up the Mocambo-Fairmont hotel territory for Ella, and it will quite likely be Granz who finally will give Ella the full-scale break she’s long needed and deserved on records.

Television, however, is still a question. It involves not only Ella, but all the great Negro performers. It involves the very basic realization that just as TV is viewed by all of America, just as the products sold on TV are bought by all of America, so should all Americans with talent have the right to be seen and heard on television.

When Jim Crow is finally fired as obsolete from the ad agencies and the network offices, then artists of the quality of Ella Fitzgerald will be judged on the basis of ability and not skin color. When that happens, we’ll all benefit, because people like Ella, Lena Horne, and Sammy Davis, Jr. can give television a lot more than TV can ever give them.



Deejays On The Record

Our guest at rating records this month is Bill Stewart, astute young disc jockey of station WNOE, New Orleans, La. Bill is famous for pulling off one of the greatest publicity coups in the history of popular music when he staged a marathon with Shtiggy Boom. Now he holds the world's record for the length of consecutive playing time given a single disc. Said Bill, "I chose Shtiggy Boom because it was so infernally bad. The stunt could never have worked so well with a good record."



Flip, Flop and Fly—Johnnie Ray (Columbia). Johnnie Ray, the grief machine and one of the great in-person entertainers, hasn't been able to do much on wax for the past couple years, but in *Flip* it looks like he has finally rung the bell. Joe Turner, who has made a career out of writing just one melody and giving it diverse titles (*Honey Hush*; *Shake, Rattle and Roll*; and now *Flip, Flop and Fly*) kicked it off on the Atlantic label, but JR at his pulsating best looks as though he'll pick up all the marbles with it. Les Elgart and his swingin' crew really rock and roll behind the wailer. The Goofers have a rock-em-sock-em version on Coral, but this, too, looks to be in for a runner-up berth to what we think is the greatest thing Johnnie ever waxed.

Lover, Lover—Joan Weber (Columbia). In a voice that defies both sound-proofing and description, Joan shows what a genius Mitch Miller is. Anyone who could propel this gal into the million selling class as he did with *Let Me Go Lover* deserves a gold electric razor himself. Her last record, *It May Sound Silly*, showed a hidden lack of talent that didn't shine through on the first one, and now *Lover, Lover* proves to these ears that the girl should be singing duets with Don Howard. Actually it was a close fight between Joan and *Lover, Lover* and I'm not sure yet who won. It's so bad that it can't miss being a smash hit.

Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets—Sarah Vaughan (Mercury). This tune has gotten a lot of shellac put to it. Everyone but Maggie Truman has tried his hand at it on wax: Dinah Shore for Victor, Ginny Gibson for MGM, the Mello-Larks for Epic, Carmen McRae for Decca, Billy May for Capitol, and the Hi-Lo's for Starlite. But both the lyrics and melody seem tailor-made for the glissing grotesqueries of Sarah

Vaughan. She turns in her most commercial job ever, and early indications are that this may yet be bigger than *Make Yourself Comfortable*. Dinah had the advantage of kicking the song off on a coast to coast TV shot, but without visual effects her version pales. It sounds like she phoned it in on a bad connection. The rest look like also-rans, although the Hi-Lo's have their greatest disc effort to date on *Lola*. Theirs is just a bit behind Sarah's but the lack of distribution facilities of the minor label presents a tough problem.

Love Me or Leave Me—Sammy Davis, Jr. (Decca). Although night clubbers have long been aware of the great talent of Sammy Davis, Jr., record buyers haven't. For lo these many years they had him do his phenomenal imitations of other singers, many of whom couldn't carry his pitch pipe. The people at Decca finally decided to let Sammy sing like Sammy, and the results have been amazing. His first three or four records paved the way, but this one looks like the one to catch on. He bops, scats, and just plain sings up a storm on it. The flip is equally as good and may be the more commercial side inasmuch as it's from the *Daddy Long Legs* score. Sammy sings better accidentally than most of the guys around today do on purpose.



FOUR ACES

Heart—Four Aces (Decca). Another great one from the show, *Damn Yankees*, and it may turn out to be the big one from the score. Al Alberts and company kick it around in their patented coin-grabbing style and write H-I-T all over it. The flipside tells about a new dance step, the *Slue-Foot*, and could be a big one itself.

Don't Be Angry — The Crew-Cuts (Mercury). This is the only pop coverage so far of an r&b that Nappy Brown kicked off on the Savoy label, and from the reaction I'm getting to it on my show, the Crew-Cuts will need four wheelbarrows to carry all the loot. David Carroll has whipped up a frenetic beat in the background to en-

hance the great job turned in by the Cuts. The flip, *Chop, Chop Boom*, sounds like another *Sh-Boom*, which makes it two too many.

The Door Is Still Open—Don Cornell (Coral). Don left his big voice home for this date, taking both sides in quiet stride, and it looks like he has a two-sided winner. *Door* is making noise rhythm & blues-wise. Jimmy Sacca and the Hilltoppers have a great cutting of the tune on Dot, aided and abetted by an unbilled gal from the Ray Charles Singers who sounds like a roadshow version of Yma Sumac. This gimmick alone could propel the Hilltoppers' version to the top if the song hits.

Take Your Time—Eddie Fisher (Victor). This guy can do no wrong on wax. He could stub his toe on a rock and turn up a \$300 bill. This one should keep his hit streak intact.

Is This the End of the Line?—Joni James (MGM). An ear-hugging ballad that could go all the way. Joni's bad diction was never so apparent as it is when she says "mish you," but even this won't hold it back.

Learnin' the Blues—Frank Sinatra (Capitol). Whoever at Capitol suggested that Sinatra should do rhythm & blues should be forced to stand in a

corner of his personal echo chamber for 10 days listening to Joan Weber records. These sides are so bad that nobody but Sinatra has enough talent to come up with something strong enough to kill the odor they left.

A Blossom Fell—Nat (King) Cole (Capitol). Currently one of the big songs across the pond in England, this is starting to get big exposure here. Cole and Dickie Valentine are battling for top honors on it in England, and it will be interesting to watch the outcome here. Truthfully, I feel that Valentine sings circles around Nat on this one, and this statement comes from an inveterate dyed-in-the-wool King Cole fan.

recommended

From The Turntable

Five Star Discs



Teresa Brewer

★★★★★ *Silver Dollar*

★★★ *I Don't Wanna Be Lonely Tonight*

Tessie socks this old college song across in her best zestful manner. (Coral 9-61394)

Eddie Fisher

★★★★★ *Heart*

★★★★ *Near to You*

Eddie's *Heart* could zoom. It's one of his best singing jobs in months. (Victor 47-6097).

Nat (King) Cole

★★★★★ *A Blossom Fell*

★★★★ *If I May*

Blossom is an imported ballad, catching on quick, and Nat sells it deliciously. (Capitol F-3095)



Joni

Teresa

Les Paul—Mary Ford

★★★★★ *No Letter Today*

★★★★ *Genuine Love*

An oldie and an r&b could shape into the hit the Pauls have been looking for for months. (Capitol F-3108)

Frank Sinatra

★★★★★ *Learnin' the Blues*

★★★★ *If I Had Three Wishes*

Two top-calibre sides. Frank has himself some ideal material and, as usual, he does utmost with it. (Capitol F-3102)

Wilder Bros.

★★★★★ *L'Amour, Tourjours, L'Amour*

★★ *Crazy Doll*

The Wilders give *L'Amour* a whimsical lilt that makes for delightful listening. ("X"-4X-0119)

June Valli

★★★★★ *Unchained Melody*

★★★ *Tomorrow*

June's voice is fuller and richer than ever with tearful overtones that the teenagers dig. (Victor 47-6078)

The records listed here are those we recommend for a cross-section of America on the basis of musical artistry, quality of the material, and commercial potential.

The stars, awarded by our reviewing committee, represent the degree to which these records meet the standards above. Five stars is maximum, no stars minimum. Except for flip sides, none are listed here under four stars.

Bill Hayes

★★★★★ *Blue Black Hair*

★★★★ *The Berry Tree*

Tree is the push side, but we like the flip better. It's one of the most "different" sides in months, and Bill sings it beautifully. (Cadence 1261)

Four Star Discs



Ray Anthony

★★★★ *Something's Gotta Give*

★★★ *Sluefoot*

The Skyliners pack a whallop on these good commercial bets. (Capitol F-3096)

Lincoln Chase

★★★★ *The Message*

★★★★ *That's All I Need*

This man carries a strange beat and has an unusual wailing delivery that commands interest. (Columbia 4-40475)

Sammy Davis Jr.

★★★★ *Love Me or Leave Me*

★★★ *Something's Gotta Give*

Sammy pours a lot of scat into *Love Me*, and it promises to be his best seller to date. (Decca 9-29484)

Joni James

★★★★ *Is This the End of the Line?*

★★★ *When You Wish Upon a Star*

Line is just Joni's style, tender and tearful. This'll keep her hot. (MGM K11960)

Frankie Lester

★★★★ *Empty Arms*

★★★ *Coquette*

Frankie's delivery smacks of sincerity, and he sells this pretty new ballad handsomely. ("X"-4X-0117)

Gloria Van

★★★★ *I Worship You*

★★★ *This I Give to You*

Gloria could emerge with a solid click on her first disc on a major label. She chants it clear, clean, and with feeling. ("X"-4X-0111)

Perez Prado

★★★★ *Back Bay Shuffle*

★★ *Mood Indigo*

Crackling mambo of Artie Shaw's old *Back Bay* should keep Perez hot with the record buyers. (Victor 47-0689)



Roy

Hoagy

Hoagy Carmichael

★★★★ *Happy Hoagy's Medley*

★★★ *The Crazy Otto Rag*

A beerhall chorus and Hoagy's lively capering should keep the barrelhouse piano trend going awhile. (Coral 9-61384)

Gloria DeHaven

★★★★ *Save Me*

★★★★ *Red Hot Pepper Pot*

Ballad and verve-laden novelty sides show a great deal of promise for Gloria on discs. (Decca 9-29461)

Fontane Sisters

★★★★ *Put Me in the Mood*

★★★★ *Most of All*

The Fontanes are as good as ever on these, and either side can sail to the top of the charts. (Dot 45-15352)

Roy Hamilton

★★★★ *Unchained Melody*

★★★ *From Here to Eternity*

Roy milks these for all they're worth in his peculiar offbeat style. (Epic 5-9102)

Hilltoppers

★★★★ *Teardrops from My Eyes*

★★★ *The Door Is Still Open*

These are in the r&b groove with Jimmy Sacca featured. Well done and should be a seller. (Dot 45-15351)

Lena Horne

★★★★ *Love Me or Leave Me*

★★★★ *I Love to Love*

Lena's back on discs with a coupling that is topnotch musically and a joy to hear. (Victor 47-6073)

Mahalia Jackson

★★★★ *You'll Never Walk Alone*

★★★★ *One God*

The greatest of gospel singers again hits her mark powerfully with this pressing. (Columbia 4-40473)



On With The Record Hop

by Norm Prescott

Disc Jockey, WORL, Boston

The Gay Nineties was an era.

The Roaring Twenties was an era.

The depression, the swing band, the dance hall—they all constituted eras.

And what about the record hop of today? Another era? Maybe we're overstepping protocol; maybe we're abusing literary license when we compare the record hop to the sacred pages of history. Nevertheless, the record hop is here, it's been here for seven years, and it's still going strong. Where did it all start? What is a record hop?

A record hop is a dance in any hired hall, emceed by a radio disc jockey who brings with him about 100 of the top records, turntables, engineer, mike, P.A. system, and any available stars appearing in town at the time, to provide additional entertainment for record fans.

It is usually sponsored by schools, churches, social groups, or charity benefits. The kids congregate to dance and see their favorite disc jockey. The usual hop goes from about 8 to 11 p.m., and

the disc jockey publicizes the event on his program for about a week in advance.

It started with the coming of the disc jockey. He projected his personality and taste in music over the airwaves, he developed a following among listeners, and he became a well-known name in the community.

Church groups, colleges, high schools, private organizations came to recognize his influence on younger persons. If Mr. Disc Jockey were to make a personal appearance at their next social function, his listeners would turn out in full force. Why not, then, utilize him in the capacity in which he was best known—spinning records, providing chatter, and interviewing stars?

The idea caught like wildfire after it began in Boston. Parents saw the merit in the record hop. It kept the kids off the streets, away from undesirable places, and it provided them with good, clean, supervised entertainment. The Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston

once said that the record hop was one of the greatest factors in combating juvenile delinquency.

In addition, the record hop has proved to be effective in raising funds for charities and club treasuries. The only cost involved is renting the equipment and paying the disc jockey. The deejay supplies the music and the talent.

Recording stars also benefit from the record hop. They appear at the hop either to sing live or along with their records. This contact with the kids is valuable. It makes the artists better known, and it may lead to the formation of a fan club. These same youngsters form the fan club.

The record hop has mushroomed and become so popular in the last seven years that more than 30 disc jockeys in Boston alone are constantly on the go, doing record hops up to 75 miles away. The record hop has become a big deal around New England—and it's a giant in many other cities as well.



Record hops have spread to television, and the jockeys hold after-school coke-tail parties for the teenagers. Here, on his WBBM-TV record hop in Chicago, deejay Ray Rayner interviews the charming Deca chirper, Janet Brace.



Pat Boone, the handsome youngster who is the Dot label's newest find, performs in a jam-packed high school gymnasium for a hop sponsored by New Orleans deejays of station WNOE.

BILL HAYES—

from *Rigoletto* to *Davy Crockett*

by Marty Lewis

"If folk music is what I can do best, then I'm happy about it."

That's an ironic statement from a lad whose training for years had been in opera and in what is termed *legitimate* singing. But handsome Bill Hayes doesn't mind being type-cast. He's genuinely happy about his trade mark coonskin cap and his new identity as a chanter of lilting frontier ballads like *Davy Crockett* and *The Berry Tree*.

Why shouldn't he be? Songs like these have springboarded him to sudden national popularity after six years of plodding in many regions of show business. Besides, Bill has always enjoyed listening to country and folk music. As a youngster in Harvey, Ill., he used to deem it a special treat to stay up late on Saturday nights to listen to Red Foley's *Barn Dance* on the radio.

To Bill, country music was fun. Serious music was—well, serious. It was serious music that he eventually pursued.

Bill always wanted to be a singer but never knew quite how to go about it. So he sang whatever he could and wherever he could, regardless of what it paid. At 16 he had his first singing job—delivering singing telegrams for Western Union in his home town of Harvey, about 25 miles south of Chicago. Through high school he worked with local bands but also, at odd times, on a railroad, in a haberdashery, as a waiter, and as a cashier.

Later, in Chicago, he was to get his first taste of real show business from a bit part in the touring version of *Carousel*. Bill went to college to cultivate his voice. He attended De Pauw university in Indiana, Roosevelt college in Chicago, and finally Northwestern university from which he received a master's degree in music.

By this time, he had a family. In 1947 he married a Northwestern coed, and he helped support her and himself by singing. He had a radio job which paid \$9 a shot and later a television

show at \$20 a shot. He directed two church choirs for \$15 a week, sang in a temple for \$15 a week, and then in a funeral parlor for \$15 a funeral.

His family was beginning to grow. Bill and Mary had their first child, Carrie, before Bill had finished school.

It was not long before Bill realized that artistic singing is not necessarily commercial singing. When he received his degree, he auditioned for Olsen & Johnson and got a job as a juvenile singer because of his youthful appearance.

The Olsen & Johnson company afforded good experience. They barnstormed the country in vaudeville fashion for 10 months and then did 13 one-hour television shows in New York. Bill had to move his family east.

There followed a contract with Max Liebman's *Show of Shows*, a movie *Stop, You're Killing Me*, a record contract with MGM, television work with Kate Smith and Arthur Murray, and finally the romantic lead in the Rodgers & Hammerstein show, *Me and Juliet*. And then one day, Bill found himself "at liberty"—that's the nice way show people refer to being out of work.

By that time, Bill had cut a number of discs for MGM but none which caught fire. By chance, he met Archie Bleyer and went to visit him one day at his Record Center in Hempstead, N. Y. Archie talked to Bill about joining the Cadence roster but said he wanted to wait until he found the proper material before they held a recording session.

Bill signed, and it was several weeks later that he heard next from Archie—an excited phone call. There was a song being popularized on *Disneyland* that had the makings of a hit! The song, of course, was *Davy Crockett*, and it was a hit indeed.

Bill doesn't care if he never goes back to operatic music. "I've always enjoyed folk music, hillbilly music, and barbershop harmony," he says. "I enjoy and can sing other kinds of music, too, but if the public likes me best on country songs, that's fine with me. To me, cutting *Davy Crockett* was like having a good time on a record."



Bill is strictly a family man and mighty proud of his flock which ranges in age from seven to two. Bill and his wife Mary realized an ambition by having four children before either of them reached age 30. Bill is 29 now.

Hank Thompson

FROM TENT SHOWS TO TEXAS STATE FAIR

By LEO ZABELIN

One of the most unique attractions in the country today is a tall, good looking young Texan named Henry William Thompson, better known as "Hank."

Hank is unique because very few artists have achieved as much success in more than one field as he has. For the past few years, Hank has been consistently voted one of the top singers in the folk-country field and is also recognized as having the nation's top Western swing band.

Not everyone can start at the top, and for most stars it takes long years of hard work before they become a success. Hank started in Waco, Texas, where he was born 29 years ago. His musical career didn't start with the guitar. Although he had been singing since he started talking, the first instrument he mastered was the harmonica. It was only after seeing Gene Autry perform that he became interested in the guitar.

Hank received many honors since becoming a big name in the entertainment field. He's appeared on coast-to-coast TV and radio shows, played the nation's leading ballrooms, was featured at the country's largest rodeos and state fairs, and has been a constant winner of polls conducted by the various trade journals.

"When I was a kid," Hank reminisces, "Harley Sadler—sort of a western

Major Bowes—used to tour Texas in a tent. Harley was a great showman. I won a prize on one of his shows when I was about 12 or 13, and that was the biggest thrill of my life.

"Another big thrill came when I got my first job on a Waco radio station for \$5 a week. I was called 'Hank, the Hired Hand' and my withholding tax was a nickel."

Hank had also worked in various radio repair shops during his high school days and studied electronics in the Navy during World War II. Today he is an expert on sound and hi-fi, and he has built his own recording studio and equipment in Oklahoma City.

Hank joined the Navy in 1943 and served over three years. When he tours

Country and Western Top Tunes

Eddy Arnold—*In Time* (Victor)

Ferlin Huskey—*I'll Baby Sit With You* (Capitol)

Carl Smith—*There She Goes* (Columbia)

Hank Snow—*Yellow Roses* (Victor)

Hank Thompson—*Breakin' In a New Heart* (Capitol)



Hank is listening to a playback of his latest Capitol record, right after the recording session.

the United States today, hardly a week goes by without one of his old Navy buddies coming out to greet him. He carried his guitar with him as he toured much of the world for Uncle Sam. His songs about sailors and the Navy made him one of the most popular attractions in port. One of his songs, *Whoa, Sailor*, was written in the Navy and later became one of his biggest selling records.

Hank's first release with Capitol was in 1948. Since that time, he has recorded 44 singles and two albums. His record sales have reached nearly 14,000,000 copies. Two of his biggest hits, *Humpty Dumpty Heart* and *Wild Side of Life* each sold over a million records.

Hank is married and lives in a ranch type home on the outskirts of Oklahoma City. Besides his numerous activities in the band business, Hank owns two publishing firms that locate in Oklahoma City. He has a regular Saturday night TV and radio show and is also the Saturday night attraction at the Trianon Ballroom in Oklahoma City.

Strictly the outdoor type, he goes hunting, fishing, boating or flying whenever he's able. Every year he takes a three week bear hunting trip into the Northwest. He pilots his own Cessna "180", which was built especially for him.

Hank has a lot of plans for the future. Some of these include a filmed TV show, tour of Europe, and of course plenty of personal appearances across the country. Hank and the band have been signed for the third straight year for the Texas State Fair held in Dallas. This is the largest in the nation, with 2,500,000 paid admissions each year.

What is the "special something" that Hank has to offer? His fans might give you a thousand different answers. Hank sums it up pretty well himself with one of his favorite sayings: "Just be yourself the best way you know how."



This is Hank's top band that has been breaking records all through the country in the Western band field.

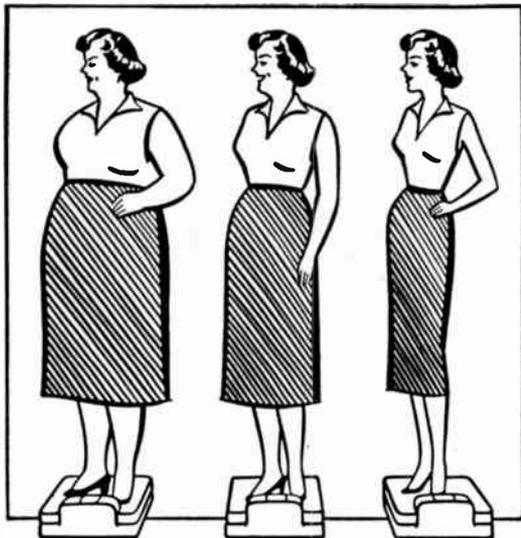
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Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to *keep off fat!* The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening foods—it kills the overpowering urge to overeat—to eat between-meal snacks. Your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy plan.

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AMAZING DISCOVERY OF SCIENCE!

The Kelpidine Candy Plan is the result of scientific research for years for a new discovery for something that will stop your craving for fattening food and also satisfy your appetite. This delicious candy does not turn into ugly fat, it gives you the same feeling of fullness you have after you have eaten a satisfying meal. It kills your desire to overeat—it kills your craving for bedtime snacks and for in-between-meal snacks. It's

so safe even a child can take it without bad effects. With Kelpidine Candy all you taste is its deliciousness—you can't tell the difference!



SCIENTIFICALLY AND CLINICALLY TESTED!

That amazing ingredient in Kelpidine candy is the most remarkable discovery for fat people ever made. It's been tested by doctors in test-after-test. The results were far better than doctors ever hoped for! The results were reported in medical journals throughout the world! Doctors are invited to write for details.

HERE'S HOW TO REDUCE AND STAY SLIM

Most people are fat because of overeating—too much high calorie fattening foods—to your amazement you will want to keep on eating this delicious candy even after you have reduced to the weight that most becomes you and you'll *keep your weight off that way!*

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The amazing clinical tested and proven reducing substance contained in Kelpidine Candy is prescribed by many doctors—Don't be misled by imitation products—Kelpidine Candy is the result of scientific research and is the *last word* in Reducing.

DON'T CUT OUT FOODS** CUT DOWN ON CALORIES! You never starve, you always feel full with Kelpidine Candy Plan—You'll never suffer hunger pangs—Your desire for high calorie fattening foods is al-

IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT!

Insurance companies and doctors tell everyone that too much fat shortens your life! Fat people die years sooner than people with normal weight! So be safe! Be fair to yourself! Start taking off ugly fat with delicious tasting Kelpidine Candy plan!

ways satisfied! With Kelpidine Candy Plan you eat the same quantity of foods—you merely cut down on the *high calorie rich foods* with the help of Kelpidine Candy. You eat as much as you want, your calorie intake will be *less*—That's the delightful amazing thing!

NEW AMAZING WAY TO LOSE FAT!

It's really FUN to REDUCE with KELPIDINE CANDY. This amazing, pleasant tasting candy way to reduce helps you lose ugly fat and take off weight without hardships. It's the scientific, safe way to lose up to 5 lbs. a week. Best of all, with this CANDY REDUCING PLAN, you eat 3 tasty, well-balanced meals a day, and only when you are tempted to take a fattening snack, you eat candy instead, which contains only 11 calories in each delicious piece. KELPIDINE CANDY is wonderful because it pleases your sweet tooth, yet helps to keep you on the Reducing Plan, which helps you lose ugly fat and reduce weight. Now YOU TOO can have a BEAUTIFUL, SLIM, GLAMOROUS FIGURE. Send for your trial supply of improved Formula KELPIDINE CANDY this very minute. 100% guaranteed.

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YOU GET A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF CANDY!

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Left: For relaxation around the house, a lounging ensemble of tapered slacks and a sleeveless pullover is the perfect thing, in Eydie's book.

Below: Eydie believes in daily exercise to keep her figure trim and well-proportioned. Shirt and blue jeans prove to be suitable garb for this activity.



Left: The smartly styled suit of brown tweed has a loose-fitting jacket with knitted cuffs and a straight skirt. It's a preferred outfit for traveling.



Beauty

by BETTY LEE

Eydie Gorme is a familiar sight to late television watchers. As singing star of Steve Allen's *Tonight* show, she faces the cameras three nights a week. In addition, she has a busy schedule of night club engagements and recording sessions for Coral Records.

Between personal appearances and rehearsals, Eydie occasionally manages to snatch some moments of relaxation at home. Her favorite outfit at such times is a pair of dungarees or slacks and an attractive cotton shirt. Blouses and skirts constitute a major part of Eydie's wardrobe, and she is constantly on the lookout for simple, inexpensive separates, sometimes in unusual colors, which will make a flattering combination.

Eydie doesn't have much time to fuss with her hair, and she, therefore, wears it in a short, easy-to-manage style. A weekly shampoo and setting is enough to keep her coiffure constantly neat and well groomed, with the help of a hair spray to keep waves in place. The only disadvantage to her short bob, Eydie admits, is that it needs trimming approximately once a week.

Her eyes, she feels, are her best feature, and she emphasizes them by paying careful attention to the shape of her eyebrows and to her eyelashes. She touches up the brows with pencil, following the natural line, but raising it slightly in the middle.



Above: A favorite daytime outfit which Eydie wears well consists of a flaring quilted skirt in multi-color print, a bright shirt and a bold belt.

Below: Eydie is as fastidious about her make-up as she is about her clothes.



Lines

Mascara, eyebrow pencil and eyelash curler are her chief beauty implements. Eydie doesn't believe in heavy make-up—lipstick, a bit of coloring for the cheeks skillfully blended, and just enough clear powder to eliminate a shiny look are sufficient to highlight a fresh, healthy complexion.

Her biggest problem, Eydie confesses, is keeping slim. While she was a vocalist with the Tex Beneke band a few years ago, she weighed 130 pounds, but through strict and constant dieting and exercise, she has been able to reduce to a present trim 117 pounds.

Salads, steaks, seafood, vegetables, soft-boiled eggs, and melba toast are the major part of her daily menu—which contains no more than 1,100 calories a day.

After a few days of frustration, you get used to a strict diet, Eydie says, and as you see your figure improving, your good looks are an incentive to resist temptation. For exercise as well as for professional purposes, she takes dancing lessons, and some additional practicing at home is a big help.

Facing the revealing TV cameras several times a week, a gal has to strive for an unusually attractive appearance. Despite long and arduous working hours, Eydie takes the time to attend to her personal toilette, which is the foundation for her sparkling good looks.

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FAN CLUB NOTES

Dear Editor:

I have just gotten *Record Whirl*, and I think it's really the greatest. I especially liked *A Day with the Crew-Cuts* and hope you will have more stories and pictures on those wonderful guys in the future. I also thought Sammy Davis' *They Pulled Me Through* was terrific.

I would appreciate it if you would ask if anyone would like to join a Crew-Cuts fan club called the "Sh-Boomers." The dues are 75 cents a year, and we plan to have record hops. If anyone is interested please notify me.

Sandy Ocrant,
4314 N. Sacramento,
Chicago 18, Ill.

P.S. *Record Whirl* will be my favorite magazine from now on.

Dear Editor:

I just received my issue of the new *Record Whirl* and think it is a fine magazine. Even though you didn't exactly neglect my girl in this issue, I hope you'll have a big story with nice pictures on Patti Page in the near future.

I also hope your magazine will recog-

nize the importance of fan clubs. Our club dues are \$1.50 a year, for which all members receive a membership card and button, three journals, pictures in three sizes, a large autographed color picture of Patti, pen pals if desired, club stickers, snapshots, and chances to compete in all club contests and activities. We are always anxious for new members and hope you'll have a fan club column in the near future.

Congratulations to everyone on a very fine publication.

Rosemary Cahill
119 E. Main St.,
Macedon, N. Y.

Ed. Note: Starting next issue, we're opening up a whole new section for fan clubs.

Dear Editor:

We all think *Record Whirl* is out of this world! Crazy! The Crew-Cuts are our favorite vocal group, so we nearly flipped when we read that crazy article about those real gone cats. Keep up the good work.

Congratulations. You've the best magazine of the century.

Chico Roepke, Joe Herdina,
Ko Ko Marcisz, Mo Roepke,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am 15 years old and a president of a Patti Page Fan club. I wish to congratulate you and the staff who produced such an enjoyable magazine.

I would be so, so pleased to read about my idol, Patti, in future issues of *Record Whirl*. I shall say "so long" on behalf of my 76 members and me.

Barbara Weinberg,
42 Fabyan St.,
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I am president of the Pat Boone Fan club here in Detroit, and I was wondering if you'd do me a favor and please do an article on him. He's just a new singer on Dot, but he has a lot of potential, in my opinion.

He's really going to go places! And maybe a push in your magazine will be just what he needs.

Julie Stutzner,
Detroit, Mich.

Ed. Note: I've already talked to Pat, Julie, and we'll have a story on him in a future issue. You're quite right about his talent.

Dear Editor:

I have just started a Rock Island chapter of the Crew-Cuts National Fan club and am looking for anyone who would like to join. All members will receive a pic, membership card, monthly newsletters, etc., for dues of 75 cents a year.

Donna Draves,
1117 19th Ave.,
Rock Island, Ill.

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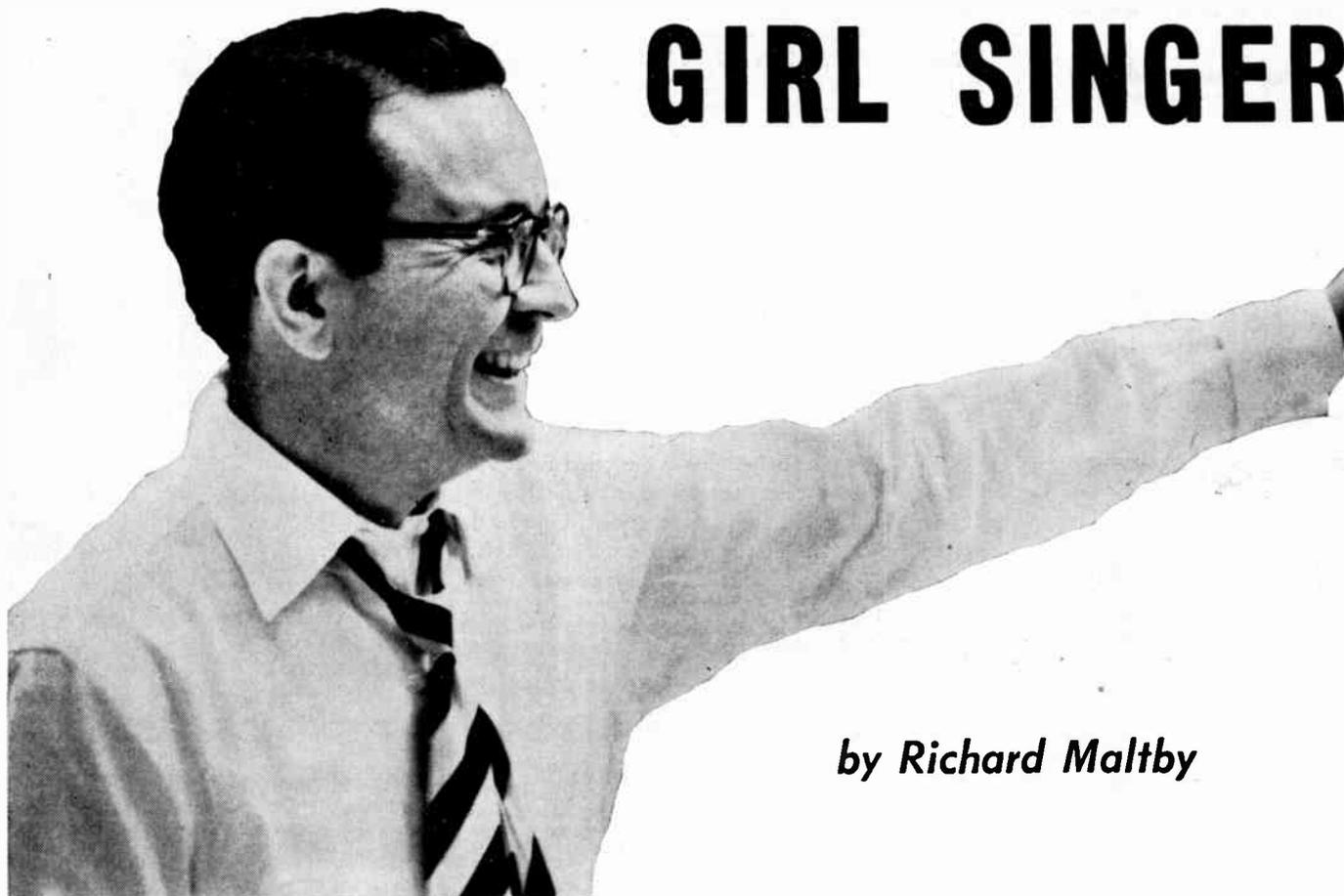
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I Want a GIRL SINGER



by **Richard Maltby**

My band has had the excellent fortune of becoming one of the few instrumental units to sell great numbers of records in a market that tends to favor vocal artists. We started to click at the beginning of the mambo craze and haven't stopped since. I thank my lucky stars for it and all the record fans and disc jockeys who have helped me to rise.

But I know that I have to do more than keep my fingers crossed to make it continue. No band today is complete without vocalists, and *I still need a girl singer.*

I have plans for several new and unique arrangements, and the girl I sign will be the featured artist on these.

Record Whirl and my record company, Label X, are helping me to search for a fresh, new talent. We are trying something different—preliminary auditions by mail—and we have already received hundreds of responses to our announcement in the last issue of *Record Whirl*, so many in fact that we figure it will take us a couple of months to make a decision.

It gives me a thrill to think I may be uncovering a new Doris Day, Kitty Kallen, Sarah Vaughan, Rosemary Clooney, Georgia Gibbs, or Jo Stafford. These are all great singers, great entertainers, and they all started by singing with a band.

I know there are thousands of girls who want a start in show business and don't know where to begin. This could be their chance in a lifetime. I'm very eager to comb the country to hear as many of these budding stars as possible.

When we pick the winner, she will receive a contract from me to record with my band and to travel with us

These are the simple rules to follow:

- Entrants are to 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 uptune.
- 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 me, in care of Label X Records, 155 E. 24th St., New York, N. Y. Do not send them to *Record Whirl*.
- All entries must be received before June 1, 1955. The time is short, so you'd better hurry.

on our personal appearances. It will be lucrative and invaluable experience. She may even become a star overnight.

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

Decisions will be final. The winner will be notified as soon as possible after we have judged all entries, and I will notify her where to appear. She will also be the subject of a feature story in a future issue of *Record Whirl*.

The best of luck!—*Dick Maltby.*

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> EARTH ANGEL — Penguins <input type="checkbox"/> LOVE MAKES MIND GO WILD — Penguins <input type="checkbox"/> SINCERELY — Moonglows <input type="checkbox"/> MOST OF ALL — Moonglows <input type="checkbox"/> SO ALL ALONE — Moonlighters <input type="checkbox"/> NEW GAL — Moonlighters <input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE YOUR EYES — Five Keys <input type="checkbox"/> LING TING TONG — Five Keys <input type="checkbox"/> KOKOMO — Gene & Eunice <input type="checkbox"/> THIS IS MY STORY — Gene & Eunice <input type="checkbox"/> HEARTS OF STONE — Charms <input type="checkbox"/> TWO HEARTS — Charms <input type="checkbox"/> I LOVE YOU MADLY — Charlie & Ray <input type="checkbox"/> MY LOVIN' BABY — Charlie & Ray <input type="checkbox"/> LONELY NIGHTS — Hearts <input type="checkbox"/> WHAT'CHA GONNA DO — Drifters <input type="checkbox"/> DOOR IS STILL OPEN — Cardinals <input type="checkbox"/> FOOLISHLY — Chuckles <input type="checkbox"/> RUNAROUND — Chuckles <input type="checkbox"/> NO CHANCE — Cadillacs <input type="checkbox"/> SMOKE FROM YOUR CIGARETTE — Mellows <input type="checkbox"/> ALMOST LOST MY MIND — Harptones <input type="checkbox"/> SINCE I FELL FOR YOU — Harptones <input type="checkbox"/> FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS — Rivaleers <input type="checkbox"/> TRUE LOVE — Scarlets <input type="checkbox"/> THE LETTER — Medallions <input type="checkbox"/> THE TELEGRAM — Medallions <input type="checkbox"/> IF YOU LOVE ME — Clovers <input type="checkbox"/> ALL RIGHTY, SWEETY — Clovers <input type="checkbox"/> I LOVE YOU MOSTLY — Orioles <input type="checkbox"/> DANCE WITH ME HENRY — Leslie Sisters <input type="checkbox"/> WHADAYA WANT — Robins <input type="checkbox"/> BE FAITHFUL — Crickets <input type="checkbox"/> GET OUT OF THE CAR — Treniers <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASE LET ME KNOW — Pearls <input type="checkbox"/> IT'S A MIRACLE — Capris <input type="checkbox"/> HUG YA, KISS YA — Buddy & Claudia <input type="checkbox"/> DEEP FREEZE — Roamers <input type="checkbox"/> NOTHIN' SWEET AS YOU — Toppers <input type="checkbox"/> YOU'RE MINE — Sh. Gunther & Queens <input type="checkbox"/> THAT'S ALL — Casanovas <input type="checkbox"/> MY LUCKY STAR — Charles & Carl | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> PLEDGING MY LOVE — Johnny Ace <input type="checkbox"/> JOHNNY HAS GONE — Vareta Dillard <input type="checkbox"/> JOHNNY'S LAST LETTER — Johnny Fuller <input type="checkbox"/> MY BABE — Little Walter <input type="checkbox"/> FLIP, FLOP, AND FLY — Joe Turner <input type="checkbox"/> DON'T YOU KNOW — Fats Domino <input type="checkbox"/> THINKING OF YOU — Fats Domino <input type="checkbox"/> TWEEDLE DEE — Laverne Baker <input type="checkbox"/> ANYTHING FOR A FRIEND — Faye Adams <input type="checkbox"/> HURTS ME TO MY HEART — Faye Adams <input type="checkbox"/> HUG YA, KISS YA — Billy Williams <input type="checkbox"/> ROCK LOVE — Eddie Fontaine <input type="checkbox"/> IT MAY SOUND SILLY — Joe Hunter <input type="checkbox"/> I'VE GOT A WOMAN — Ray Charles <input type="checkbox"/> TOAST TO LOVERS — Danny Overbea <input type="checkbox"/> MY HEARTS DELIGHT — Dakota Staton <input type="checkbox"/> STRING ALONG WITH YOU — Dean Barlow <input type="checkbox"/> MAMA, HE TREATS YOUR DAUGHTER MEAN — R. Brown <input type="checkbox"/> WHOLE LOTTA FISH IN THE SEA — Del. Ware <input type="checkbox"/> I NEED YOUR LOVE — Peewee Crayton <input type="checkbox"/> RECONSIDER BABY — Lowell Fulson <input type="checkbox"/> LET'S PLAY HOUSE — Arthur Gunter <input type="checkbox"/> POISON IVY — Willie Mabon <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASE TELL ME — Richard Berry <input type="checkbox"/> LOVE STRUCK — Chuck Willis <input type="checkbox"/> I BELIEVE — Ray Hamilton <input type="checkbox"/> SHTIGGITY BOOM — Joe Houston <input type="checkbox"/> SNEAKIN' AROUND — B. B. King <input type="checkbox"/> UPSET ME BABY — B. B. King <input type="checkbox"/> YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO — Jimmy Read <input type="checkbox"/> NATURAL BORN LOVER — Muddy Waters <input type="checkbox"/> ALL I WANT FROM YOU — D. Washington <input type="checkbox"/> ANXIOUS HEART — Eddie Vinson <input type="checkbox"/> JAM UP — Tommy Ridgely <input type="checkbox"/> CLOUDBURST — Cloud Cloud <input type="checkbox"/> ROCK 'N ROLL — Red Prysock <input type="checkbox"/> SHAKE WALKIN' — Mickey Baker <input type="checkbox"/> ZIG ZAG — Julian Dash <input type="checkbox"/> SAXONY BOOGIE — Saxman Brown <input type="checkbox"/> NIGHT TRAIN — Jimmy Forest <input type="checkbox"/> THE FISH — Mindy Carson <input type="checkbox"/> YOU AIN'T BEEN TRUE — Faye Adams | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASE FORGIVE ME — Johnny Ace <input type="checkbox"/> NEVER LET ME GO — Johnny Ace <input type="checkbox"/> WHAT A DREAM — Ruth Brown <input type="checkbox"/> MAMBO BABY — Ruth Brown <input type="checkbox"/> MELODY OF LOVE — Earl Bostic <input type="checkbox"/> UBANGI STOMP — Earl Bostic <input type="checkbox"/> SOMEDAY — Drifters <input type="checkbox"/> HONEY LOVE — Drifters <input type="checkbox"/> FORTY FOUR — Howlin' Wolf <input type="checkbox"/> EVIL GOIN' ON — Howlin' Wolf <input type="checkbox"/> BAD BOY — John Hooker <input type="checkbox"/> SHAKE, HOLLER, RUN — John Hooker <input type="checkbox"/> EVIL HEARTED WOMAN — L. Hopkins <input type="checkbox"/> HURT — Roy Hamilton <input type="checkbox"/> NEVER WALK ALONE — Roy Hamilton <input type="checkbox"/> RING A LING — Midnites <input type="checkbox"/> STINGY LITTLE THING — Midnites <input type="checkbox"/> SHE'S THE ONE — Midnites <input type="checkbox"/> SHAKE, RATTLE, ROLL — Joe Turner <input type="checkbox"/> TEACH ME TONIGHT — D. Washington <input type="checkbox"/> LAST NIGHT — Little Walter <input type="checkbox"/> I'M READY — Muddy Waters <input type="checkbox"/> MAKE LOVE TO ME — Muddy Waters <input type="checkbox"/> BACK STREET — Rusty Bryant <input type="checkbox"/> LOVING YOU — Lowell Fulson <input type="checkbox"/> MY IDEA ABOUT YOU — Peewee Crayton <input type="checkbox"/> MAMBO ROCK — Bill Haley <input type="checkbox"/> DON'T BE ANGRY — Nappy Brown <input type="checkbox"/> WALLFLOWER — Etta James <input type="checkbox"/> BALLAD OF DAVEY CROCKETT — Bill Hayes <input type="checkbox"/> CRAZY OTTO — Johnny Maddox <input type="checkbox"/> DON'T EVER LEAVE ME — Rivaleers <input type="checkbox"/> BOOM DIDDY WA WA — Marie Adams <input type="checkbox"/> SPARROWS NEST — Johnny Sparrow <input type="checkbox"/> HOLLERIN' AT MIDNIGHT — Gaitor Tail <input type="checkbox"/> ROUTE 16 — Diablos <input type="checkbox"/> I STILL CARE — Mellows <input type="checkbox"/> FISH BAIT — Warren Lucky <input type="checkbox"/> WHEN THE GOOD LORD SMILES — Orioles <input type="checkbox"/> HIGH HEELS — Bill Doggett <input type="checkbox"/> DON'T HURT ANYMORE — D. Washington <input type="checkbox"/> THE CLOCK — Johnny Ace |
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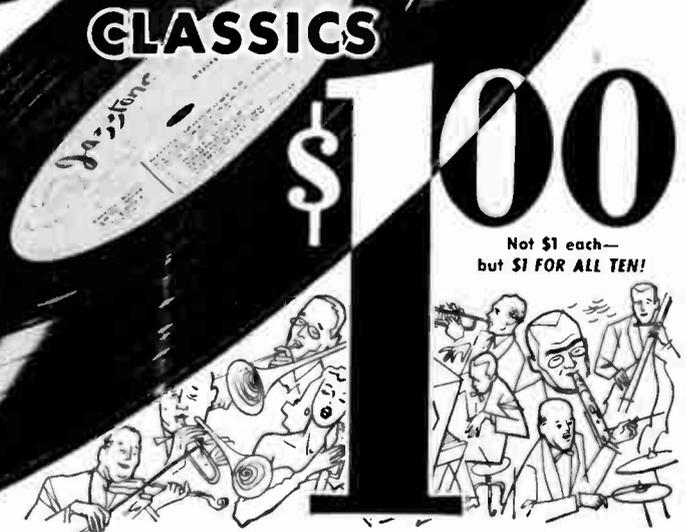
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