

AUGUST, 1956

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WorldRadioHistory

Here's your guide to MORE LISTENING ENJOYMENT

Whether you're a musical connoisseur, hi-fi expert or just plain enjoy good music—here's a wealth of practical, useful information on how to select the type of records you like best, and how to obtain greater enjoyment from them. Seventeen musical specialists help enrich your understanding and deepen your appreciation of music by explaining the different types of music and recommending the best recordings in each category.



Edited by
Roy Hoopes, Jr.
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JUST OUT Building Your Record Library

Nowadays when you walk into a music store and are confronted by a bewildering array of different versions of the same title, you need skilled advice to select the one you'll enjoy most. In this book, experts in each kind of music not only advise you on your best recording buys, but they also show you how to plan and sensibly build a well-rounded record collection, custom-tailored to your individual taste.

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The Reader's Opinion

The Rage For Elvis

... I read the June issue and got madder than hops at the Blindfold Test part where Torme calls Elvis Presley's records junk! Ha! He's just mad because Elvis Presley's records make better listening and are *much* more popular.

Elvis Presley's records are tops and I know most every teenager will agree with me on that. But as far as Torme is concerned, he can go back where he came from—back under a rock. Mel Torme's records—junk!

Pat Milligan
Serena, Ill.

... I wish to thank you for your article "What Makes Them Tick for Elvis?"

As far as the Blindfold Test is concerned Mel Torme seems to be very jealous of Elvis, as most male singers are today. I guess they just can't stand anything new in the recording industry.

It seems strange to me why critics don't know why the girls like Elvis. It's very simple. We like everything about him, from his dreamy blue eyes to his real gone style of dancing...

An Elvis Presley Fan
Oak Park, Ill.

... First I want to praise you for having those articles about Elvis Presley in your June issue. I love his voice and think he's the most.

Next I want to tell off a couple of so-called singers, Jeri Southern and Mel Torme. Both of them sound like dozens of other singers. I couldn't pick a record by either one. They are obviously jealous of Elvis's unique and wonderful singing. Miss Southern said she couldn't understand what he was singing about. Sometimes I can't understand some of his words, but that's one of the charms of his singing...

Jeanie Warren
Union City, Ind.

... I don't object vehemently to rock 'n' roll music, but I do object to your readers' comments about Jeri Southern and Mel Torme. Miss Southern and Mr. Torme are both excellent entertainers and their opinions of music should be held in higher esteem than those of teenagers, who, because they are "sent" by a few r & b discs, think they are experts when it comes to criticizing music.

As I stated before I don't mind hearing a little rock 'n' roll as it's done by Bill Haley. Since such artists as Elvis Presley and Carl Perkins have found they can forge hillbilly records across the counter as r & b, my opinion has changed. At least Haley was a novelty, but Presley, Perkins, Little Richard, etc., are too much. Rock 'n' roll will die a slow death...

Try listening to Benny Goodman (my favorite), Glenn Miller, Frank Sinatra, Count Basie, or Ella Fitzgerald. They're real gone!

Bruce N. Williams
Hamilton, Ohio

... Just can't pass the opportunity up to let Mel Torme know I think his ideas on music are (pardon the expression) for the birds.

Gloria Mechling
Wellsburg, W. Va.

... I read in your June edition something that made me boil. When John Crosby called Elvis Presley a "savage" and "a character right out of the *Black Board Jungle*," I could have tore the page up. How could anyone be so vulgar? If you ask me I think Elvis Presley is one of the best rock 'n' roll singers.

Betty Luniewski
Camden, N. J.

... I for one think Mel might have a slight case of jealousy which shows his face to be quite green. He sure has a lot of nerve talking about Elvis Presley's record the way he did, and it's not junk.

Pat Gulick
Toms River, N. J.

... Mel Torme has the nerve to call Elvis Presley junk. Just who does he think he is? Also in your New Albums column you said Elvis's cover of his great album was a tastelessly unattractive cover. I'll have you know I framed that album cover and no one is allowed to touch it.

A devoted Presley fan
St. Augustine, Fla.

... I wish people would leave teenagers and their fads alone. Their's weren't much better. I was awfully burned up when I read Mel Torme's opinion on Elvis Presley.

S. M. D.
Elmore, Ohio

... When I read what Mel Torme wrote about Elvis Presley I just about flipped, and I mean flipped. Him talking about Elvis' records as junk. I never could stand Mel Torme's voice.

Sharon Jankovich
Chicago, Ill.

... Certain has-beens like Jeri Southern & Mel Torme have condemned Elvis Presley's records as terrible and as trash. Reporter after reporter have said untrue things about my boy Elvis. Why don't they just listen to his records and give Elvis a chance instead of making snap judgments?

Margee Malloy
St. Paul, Minn.

(Continued on page 6)

JOHNNIE RAY



LONNIE DONEGAN



ROSEMARY CLOONEY

RECORD *Whirl*

Vol. 2, No. 4

August, 1956

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AUGUST, 1956

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WorldRadioHistory

The Reader's Opinion

(Continued from page 4)

... Why doesn't Mel Torme and others like him go back to the classical age? Then we will all be happy.

Marie Miles
Takoma Park, Md.

... I don't like what Mel Torme said about Elvis Presley. Elvis is only 21 years old and has just started recording. I think if he would listen hard enough he could understand his music. Just give him a chance.

Barb Rose
Chicago, Ill.

... Mel Torme must be completely in the dark about how popular Elvis is with the teenagers of today. Down our way everyone thinks Elvis is the greatest and no one considers Elvis's material "junk."

Sharon Lane
Arsenal, Ark.

... Who does Mel Torme think he is anyway? I think Elvis Presley's singing is the most!

Carole Schulze
Chicago 40, Ill.

... Something Mel Torme said made me burn up. When he put he can't stand Elvis Presley's *Blue Suede Shoes*, well I guess he doesn't know music when he hears it!

A Faithful Reader
Jamestown, R. I.

... I think the spread on Elvis was just super and I hope to read more about him in the next issues. He is the greatest, & the ones who run him down, are just plain jealous!

Janice Pulley
St. Louis, Mo.

... Goodbye to Mel and to his Sinatra, Mario Lanza, and anything else that has to do with him. I think the articles and pictures on Elvis Presley were super.

A Presley Fan
Upper Michigan

... I don't know this so-called expert Mel Torme, but I'm sure he can't be very important or he would have more to do than make nasty cracks about Elvis Presley.

Mrs. Margie Joiner
Golconda, Ill.

... I fail to understand why Elvis Presley should be singled out as the target of anti-rock and rollers. Many country and western deejays refuse to play his records; yet the C&W field has produced at least a dozen or two other artists who are definitely cashing in on his unique style. It was always my assumption that disc jockeys were supposed to play the records that their

listening audiences wanted to hear. As for Jeri Southern, Mel Torme and columnist John Crosby—bah!

A. N. Reader
New Orleans, La.

... I used to think I was a normal human being but now after reading some of the letters in your June issue, I find I'm not. I can't stand Elvis Presley. I do have two things to say to two of your readers in particular, (1) Guy Lombardo and other such old creeps will be around a lot longer than the now third-rate singers like Bill Haley, and let me tell you (to quote a phrase) I agree Haley's music isn't abnormal, it doesn't even rate that good a name. (2) Jeri Southern is a great singer. I think I can understand most music and I like music but I don't think it's fair to musicians to qualify Elvis in the world of music. But like I said, I'm not normal, I only like music that has a little thought behind it before somebody throws it together and puts it on the market.

Mike Miller
U. S. Air Force

... I am a rock 'n' roll fan and I think everyone, including rock 'n' rollers are carrying it all a bit too far. The teenagers practically running Elvis Presley down just to hear him sing or get his autograph is stupid, but on the other side blaming these records for teenage crime and banning them in parts of Canada is utterly ridiculous. I'm sure a lot of other people will agree with me.

Betty Jane Billings
Westbrook, Maine

... I am a subscriber to your magazine and enjoy it very much. But I don't

think much of the adults who are running Elvis Presley down. Elvis is the greatest teen-age sensation to come along in years. I agree with the reader who wrote in and said that the "parents and older generation should leave the teenagers to their own choice of music." The person who said that Elvis "wiggles" too much is batty. I have seen much worse from some of the popular TV artists who say they are dancing.

Sharon Smith
Waverly, W. Va.

WHY I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY

In all the world there will never be, Another fellow like Elvis Presley.

The way he sings, it's real great, It's me he really fascinates.

I can't explain, I can't reveal, What gives him such a tremendous appeal.

I guess it's the voice, I guess it's the style,

I guess it's his winning smile.

So now I'll say, and not hesitate, Elvis Presley, he's just great!

Chris Furstenburg

... I was reading your article about Elvis Presley in the June issue and thought it was very good, but if they want to know why we shout, why don't they ask us? Instead they write what they think. This I don't go along with. I see their point that screaming is sort of corny, but when we see him sing we just like him so much we have to do something to get it out of us and show we really like him.

I wish I knew why people make such a fuss about him when there has been millions of other rock 'n' rollers that survived.

S. M. D.
Elmore, Ohio

(More letters on page 8)



Mel Torme fomented a furor among our readers by referring to Elvis Presley's *Blue Suede Shoes* as "junk" in his recent *Blindfold Test* (*Record Whirl*, June 1956). From the cockpit of a Mercedes sports car, Mel here displays his latest LP on the Bethlehem label.

WorldRadioHistory

IS ROY HAMILTON QUITTING ?

'Yogi Yorgesson' Killed In Crash

Hollywood—Harry Stewart, 48, popular Capitol novelty artist, died May 20 when his car plunged into a culvert 18 miles north of Tonopah, Nev. Stewart evidently had fallen asleep at the wheel.

An expert in dialects, Stewart was best known as Yogi Yorgesson, Harry Kari, and Klaus Hammerschmidt, the names under which he recorded. He is probably best remembered for his Yogi Yorgesson disc of *I Yust Go Nuts At Christmas/Yingle Bells*.

According to his wife, Gretchen, Stewart's accident occurred while he was returning home to Beverly Hills, Calif., following a professional engagement in Ely, Nev. Stewart is survived by his wife, one daughter, one son, and two grandchildren.

Julie London To Make Films



Steve Allen & Julie London

Hollywood—Until Julie London's sensational entrance into the recording field on the new Liberty label, her only claim to fame had been that she was once the wife of Jack (*Dragnet*) Webb.

Now, through her recording successes, she may realize the goal she has always strived for—to break it big in the movies.

Earlmar Productions, Jeff Chandler's independent picture company, signed Julie for a co-starring role in the film, *Drango*. Chandler will play the male lead. Julie will get a chance to sing too, but only one tune, as her role is primarily a dramatic one.

New York — Roy Hamilton fell ill last month, and from the hospital he wrote his personal manager and close friend, Bill Cook, a surprising letter announcing that he was going to quit singing to become a fine artist.

Cook promptly called a press conference and officially released the information. Asked if Roy's sudden decision to end his singing career were definite and final, Cook admitted he was not sure. As a result, many members of the press came away feeling that the conference may have been merely a publicity stunt, and they refused to take it very seriously. As a result, Hamilton's "resignation" did not receive a great deal of publicity.

Whether Roy Hamilton really plans to relinquish his blossoming career in show business is still not known at this deadline. A mimeographed copy of a letter which Hamilton was supposed to have written to his manager reads in part as follows:

"Dear Bill:

"Since you are, and always will be, my best friend and personal manager, I feel it is my duty to tell you first of an important decision I have made while lying here in the hospital.

"As you know, my first love was painting, and although singing ran a close second, I have always regretted the fact that the business of singing for my supper has stopped me from going ahead with my first ambition.

"Not that singing hasn't been a wonderful experience, but a man gets to thinking about a lot of things while lying flat on his back by doctor's orders.

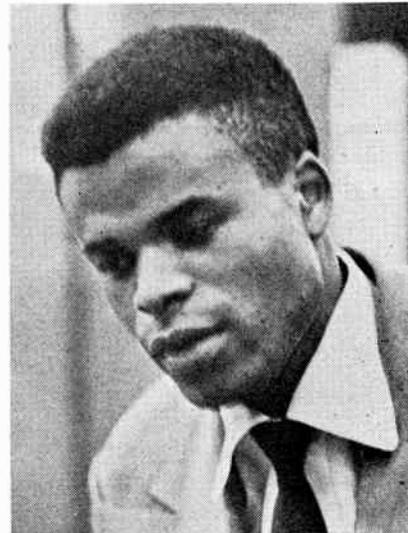
"One of the big things I realized was that I will never be completely happy until I have given myself a full chance to find out whether I am a real painter or just a Sunday artist. . . .

"I know you will understand how important it is for me to take advantage of the doctor's orders to stop working in order to find out whether I have enough guts to stick to a career in art or return to the singing profession, where we have had so many thrills and laughs.

"Bill, I may be lying here flat on my back and feeling sick as a dog, but I still consider myself the luckiest guy in the world. People have been wonderful to me. I have made hundreds of friends. Please tell them all how I feel. You can say it so much better than I ever could . . ."

Roy had majored in commercial art at school, for a while became an amateur heavyweight boxer, and later studied electronics and worked in a TV plant. Cook, a disc jockey, heard Roy when he was singing for \$5 a night in a small Newark club, and he took steps to build the singer into a star of considerable stature.

WorldRadioHistory



Roy Hamilton

Dot Goes Hollywood

Hollywood—Dot records has uprooted its major offices and personnel from Gallatin, Tenn., and moved them to new headquarters in Hollywood, Calif. The building on Sunset and Vine which has become the new home of Dot was formerly the home of Capitol.

The move highlights the phenomenal growth of a recording company which only five years ago was started in the small town of Gallatin in the back of Randy's Record Shop. The company sprung to prominence in the past several years with consistent hits by such artists as Pat Boone, Gale Storm, the Fontane Sisters, Billy Vaughn, the Hilltoppers, Johnny Maddox, Jimmy Newman, Jimmy Work, Mac Wiseman.

Dot president Randy Wood said he was moving the company to Hollywood because it is a "hub of activity in the record and music business. Hollywood offers great technical recording facilities."

Merle, Tex Travel

Hollywood—Tex Ritter and Merle Travis, both Capitol artists, have gone to South Africa to play 14 benefits for the Cerebral Palsy Foundation there. After their performances, the entertainers have been invited by the South African government to participate in a four-day safari to the Krueger Game Preserve.

Tex and Merle will detour to Rome, Paris and London with their wives before returning to the U. S.

The Reader's Opinion

Hiccups . . .

. . . If that Bill Murphy can sing or "hiccup" all that well he sure could make a fast million if he tried. The only thing wrong with you grandpaws are you're just jealous.

There's never been anyone who could sing like "Him" and never will be. If the young people like "Him" and his rock 'n' roll music, let's face it. What can anyone do about it?

**Carolyn Palmer
Pontotoc, Miss.**

. . . I don't see how Lawrence B. stays in business if he doesn't sell records by Elvis, the Platters, Bill Haley, and the Teen-Agers.

And, if Bill M. can hiccup better than Elvis sings, why doesn't he record a song of hiccups and find out . . . ?

**Ian Lois White
Ravenswood, W. Va.**

. . . Why are people ridiculing the greatest singer of this modern day world? Is it that some people think we're still living back in the time of long skirts and bustles? . . .

In one of your letters, this guy said he "could hiccup better than Elvis Presley sings." Well, if he can, why don't he own three Caddies, a publishing company, a contract with RCA and a movie contract with Paramount, and why don't he get on TV (on the top shows, too). Elvis is no hiccupper. He's a great singer . . .

There was also another letter that said it was "disgraceful the way Elvis Presley wriggles and contorts himself when he sings." Well, I recently saw him over the Milton Berle Show and please believe me, there was a girl on that show that was one-hundred times as vulgar as Elvis could ever be (if that's what people think he is). I understand that people think it's O.K. for a girl to show herself half-dressed or worse on the screen or in person, but watch a boy get up, fully clothed (nice looking, too) and put feeling into a song, well, the public on the whole thinks it's outrageous. . . .

**Kathryn McGee
Gainsville, Texas**

. . . Although I love rock 'n' roll very much I have never questioned the opinions of some people because I think everyone is entitled to their opinion. But when it comes down to Elvis Presley, boy! That does it. Who cares if somebody thinks they can hiccup better than he can sing? What if he does wriggle and slide when he sings? Sinatra couldn't sing unless he swayed with the microphone and Elvis can't sing unless he rocks and slides. I can't see where this is so disgraceful.

And to Mr. Beyer who said that Elvis and Bill Haley and Little Richard are "nothings," well how come that these artists are always in the top ten around the country. Believe me it's not because they're "nothings."

In my opinion I think Elvis Presley is one of the most wonderful and sensational entertainers ever to come along and I've got plenty of people who can back me up.

**Betty Kantoski
Baltimore, Md.**

. . . Since this controversy on rock 'n' roll started in your magazine in Sept. 1955, I have followed it very closely. I have noticed several times that they tend to criticize the people who like rock 'n' roll and those who don't. There is only one question I'd like to ask. Is this or is this not a free country? If someone liked a certain color of red, you wouldn't criticize them for liking it, or would you? The same's for rock 'n' roll, jazz, or classical music. Who are we to criticize someone for liking something which we don't like? I say everyone to their own opinion!

Also I want to say three cheers for Bill Murphy for his one simple sentence which said more than any letter that has appeared in your magazine ever. I have nothing against Elvis Presley but you have to give Bill credit, it was a big meaning in a little sentence!

**Gerry Montella
Youngstown, Ohio**

Tolerance . . .

. . . A letter to Reader's Opinion from SLK, Bellingham, Wash., prompted this little outburst.

I would like to add a chorus of amens to this individual and others like him (or her) who are having their fun and indeed, would be better off if we older people would let them alone.

In my day, my folks made some choice comments about Frank Sinatra and others that "sent" us, and we generally suffered abuse from older people because we were teenagers and lived a life all of our own. We were endlessly criticized because our thoughts and emotions didn't parallel theirs.

Now, we are grown up, and right off the bat, having gained nothing from our teenage experiences, turn right around and censure today's teenagers for feeling the same way we did.

Personally, I get little or nothing from rock 'n' roll, or rhythm and blues, but why be intolerant? Nobody has asked our opinions. And who's to judge what's good and bad? Does everyone drive the same color automobile?

Tolerance is one of the basic fundamentals of a working democracy. It would appear that some of us need to bone up on this essential element.

**Stuart P. Swickard
Alexandria, Va.**

Today's Music . . .

. . . I would like to make reference to S.L.K.'s letter in the July issue. It doesn't seem to me that it is the parents who are trying to do away with rock 'n' roll but the overenthusiastic teenagers who are determined to stamp it to death. All parents should understand the need for kids to "let off steam and express themselves" as S.L.K. puts it, and because they are kids it is expected to be done in as noisy and unreserved a manner as possible. However, any emotion that is overacted, or indulged, becomes an ugly, repulsive thing.

Possibly your crowd of teens are capable of knowing where to draw the line between a good clean rock 'n' roll session and an emotional binge. There are those who do not . . .

You will grow up, you know, and because your teen years are so short as compared with the adult ones, I am sure you will wish to remember them, and whatever joys they hold, with pride.

**Mrs. G. Burke
Louisville, Ky.**

. . . In your June issue a certain person wrote in saying foreign people will think we are morons because of our choice of music. For his information, this same type music is influencing many of the foreign countries, and they enjoy it.

The "disgraceful lyrics," as he put it, play an important part in many of the songs. Most lyrics in songs today blend in perfect with the beat.

As for us buying better records, if there were a better selection to choose from we would stick to those which have, as you call it, "disgraceful lyrics." Someone like you should just keep your nose in unless you know more about present day music.

**Judy Pfeiffer
Racine, Wis.**

. . . I'd like to give an answer to the people who wrote the letters in your May and June issues that are against rock 'n' roll, and rhythm and blues.

J. O. O'Connell wrote "the teenagers might buy better records if there was a better selection to choose from." Well what better selections of records are there, other than the ones we buy?

I am a teenager and I like pop, R & B, and R & B. When I buy these records I don't feel I'm wasting my money. I don't buy the records I don't like, and when I buy them the money is from my pocket because I work.

I wouldn't pay a lot of money to hear an opera singer on stage bellowing away, when I can go out in a cow pasture and hear the cows for nothing. I think I could understand the cows better.

**L. W.
Sacramento, Calif.**

(More Letters on Page 34)



Pat and Marianne

Second Crew-Cut Gets Hitched

New York—Pat Barrett, the tenor voice of the Crew-Cuts, married Marianne D'Andrea on June 2 in Bayside, L. I. Marianne had been a recording artist herself, cutting discs with her sister, Benita, as the D'Andrea Sisters. Bayside is the bride's home town.

Prominent in attendance at the wedding, of course, were the groom's partners, Johnnie Perkins, Rudi Mau-geri, and Ray Perkins.

Pat is the second of the Crew-Cuts to wed. Rudi married model Cindy Brooks about a year ago.

Elmer's Happy

Now They're Really Playing His Tune

Elmer Bernstein, who musically is "The Man With the Golden Arm," is a happy fellow today. Reason? He will finally realize the ambition that brought him out to Hollywood three years ago.

Not that he hasn't already had many successes in those three years. His first job was to arrange, compose and score the music for the film *Sudden Fear*. He did a fine job. Next, he was called upon to do the score for *The Court Jester*. Frank Sinatra dug Elmer's talent and used him to write the theme and original music for *The Man With the Golden Arm*. This he did so well that he was nominated for an Academy Award. He also had a hit record with *Main Title and Molly-O* from the film's soundtrack.

Things continued to move for Bernstein. He landed a big, juicy plum when Cecil B. DeMille hired him to score the epic, *The Ten Commandments*, one of the biggest, most expen-

Doris Day Inks Huge Pact

Hollywood—Doris Day recently signed a new five-year contract with Columbia records for the largest guarantee in the history of the record business. Over the five year period, Columbia has promised in writing to pay her a minimum of \$1,050,000 whether her records sell or not.

This would average out to an income of \$210,000 per year for her recording activities alone. To date, Doris has made seven records which sold a million or more and her total sales are estimated at about 57,000,000. She is one of the biggest disc sellers in the business.

Doris Day has been with Columbia for seven years. She made her first records when she was vocalist with the Les Brown band, and later she received a chance to duet with the late Buddy Clark. After that she was signed to record as a single.

Her contract with Columbia ran out about four months ago, but Doris continued to record for the label until she could decide whether to re-sign with Columbia or switch to another discery. It was rumored for awhile that she might move to Dot, but the handsome guarantee that Columbia offered convinced her to remain.



Doris Day

Bert Convy Finds A Lot To Cheer About

Hollywood—Bert Convy, who recently disbanded his popular vocal group, The Cheers, is making an auspicious start as a single. His progress chart to date lists three important screen tests, a regular television job, and four new sides for Capitol.

Convy has been tested by Hecht-Lancaster for a featured role in their forthcoming *The Sweet Smell of Success*, by Paramount for the role as L'il Abner, and by 20th-Century-Fox. Results are still pending in every case.

Last month he began an unlimited engagement as featured male singer on the Oscar Levant television show, *Words and Music*, and he has also been paged for a run of the show contract on Ray Bolger's network summer television show emanating from New York.

Elmer asked.

"A post Civil War yarn, pretty historical, patriotic, about the reconstruction of the South after the war," Jeff told him.

It was just what the doctor ordered, so when you hear the music from *Drango* you will know it was written by a man who devoutly believed in his work and who did it mostly as a labor of love.—J. R.



sive motion pictures ever made in the history of Hollywood.

Elmer isn't complaining about his many successes in three short years, but until now, with all his important motion picture work, he was just a bit frustrated. When he came to Hollywood, he was one of the leading exponents of *Americana* music—music that was indigenously, ethnologically American; music of the American folk and of its history. This is the kind of music Elmer loves best, and yet none of the films he had scored gave him the latitude to work in that idiom. He always wanted to do an original score for a picture that celebrated America.

Only a month ago Elmer received a call from screen actor Jeff Chandler. Jeff told him he was producing a film for his own Earlmar company and wondered if Elmer would accept the job of writing and arranging the score for *Drango*.

"What kind of picture is it, Jeff?"

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NOW THAT ELVIS IS HERE

What's Become Of Johnnie Ray?

by Edith Schonberg

JOHNNIE RAY stood in front of a hushed audience in New York's Latin Quarter and once again lived the title of "Mr. Emotion." As he completed the song, *Cry*, Johnnie very briefly turned his back to the spectators. We suspected that he had tears in his eyes.

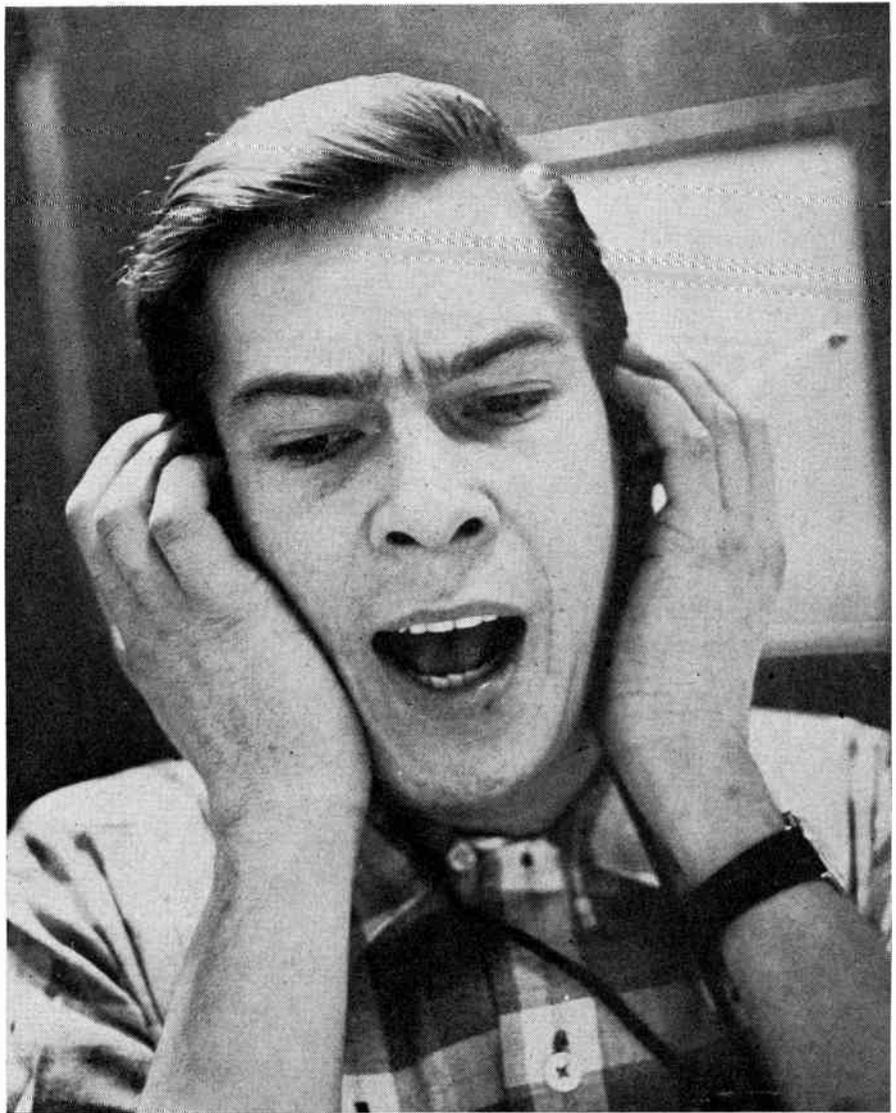
Backstage, a few moments later, Johnnie confirmed our observation when he remarked, "For a minute there I almost broke up. Sometimes it gets me like that." Then, as he slumped into an easy chair he yelled to somebody near his open dressing room door, "Close that door and don't let anybody disturb me until Roberta Sherwood is done singing on TV." And turning to me, he said, "I hope you don't mind. I've just got to hear her. We're all pushing for her, you know."

Armed with a cigaret in one hand, and a glass of beer in the other, Johnnie watched the screen with rapt attention oblivious of the people surrounding him. When it was over he nodded his approval to the performance and flicked off the TV set.

The moment being propitious, we asked Johnnie what other performers he admired. "Billie Holiday and Kay Starr were the two singers who most influenced me in my style," he answered, "and I like Como and Sinatra."

"How about the Presleys and the rock and roll type of singing," we pressed on, "do you feel that you might be one of the precursors of this trend?"

"First of all," Johnnie replied thoughtfully, "I never thought of myself as a singer, but rather as a performer. As a matter of fact, I never listen to my records because I don't like the way I sound on record. My voice is too penetrating. I never gave the business about rock and roll much thought. If you want my honest opinion, the trend toward the type of singing being done today was started by people like Frankie Laine and Kay Starr, and the rest came in on their acceptance. Other people came along and set it up for experimentation of style. The singers of today made it



more dynamic than the singers before.

"Take Dinah Shore, for instance. She started out strictly as a good singer of songs but over the years she has developed into a vibrant, penetrating personality.

"I don't know if Presley will last—I certainly hope he does. There's room for everybody at the top. I don't agree with those people who say there is only room for a dozen. It certainly doesn't apply to the entertainment field of today. I like to use the trite expression, 'the more the merrier.'

"People like Como, Hope and Kaye with their busy schedules are not enough to keep all the mediums alive.

The Presleys, Webers, and yes, even the Sammy Davis Jrs., supply the constant demand for talent for all the entertainment media."

Johnnie went on to point out that he didn't know where the term "rock and roll" came from and that the correct term is rhythm and blues which he says has been going on for 70 years. The modern singers adopted the rhythm and blues style.

"All of us, including Billie Holiday and Kay Starr were singing this type of music years ago," Johnnie said, "I was doing it when I was signed to Columbia. A performer who doesn't grow through experience and lies idle in the

conception of music can fall by the wayside and be forgotten. I can take rock and roll or leave it.

"Regardless of what the trend in popular music is," Johnnie went on, "you can't take away or argue the fact that there will always be good songs. There's no holding back a good tune. Rock and roll doesn't occupy the entire record consumption or record interest.

"Popular forms of music come and go," he concluded. "Rock and roll will be replaced by something else. Somebody will come up with something else. In the meantime, the artists who have become successful through the rock and roll type of thing—I hope they don't feel this is the ultimate or the end and keep going straight ahead. And I hope that direction is up."

Johnnie's direction was always "up," and there was no deviation of course except from the ages of 10 through 15. Back home in Dallas, Ore., the older segment of the boys' club to which Johnnie belonged decided to have some fun by tossing the younger members



in a blanket. They tossed Johnnie a little too high, and he fell a little too hard, missing the blanket. His head struck the floor, causing him to lose 53 percent of his hearing.

The trouble was not discovered until the boy was 15, and during those years Johnnie had become withdrawn and lonely because he himself was not aware of his affliction. Upon its discovery, Johnnie was fitted with a hearing aid and at the inception of his career he would remove it while performing. However, the little ear button has now become a permanent part of Johnnie's onstage wardrobe.

From the moment his hearing was restored and until he met his manager, Bernie Lang, Johnnie made several desperate attempts to become an actor or a singer and poured out all of his frustrations in song writing. Among the 154 numbers were *The Little White Cloud That Cried*, *Tell the Lady I Said Goodbye*, and *Whiskey and Gin*, all of which became famous through Johnnie's recordings of them.

One day, his songs came to the attention of Bernie Lang, a song plugger making the rounds of mid-western ra-

dio stations. At first Lang became so excited over the unique qualities of the numbers written by Ray, he completely overlooked the author. Soon, however, Lang realized that as good as were the songs, Johnnie was even greater performing them. He quit his job to become Johnnie's manager and immediately began to build his "find."

In April, 1951, Johnnie worked the Flame Show bar in Detroit. Local disc jockey Robin Seymour happened to catch his act. He contacted Danny Kessler, at that time Columbia Records representative who was visiting Detroit at the moment, and persuaded him to catch Johnnie's act. As soon as Kessler could clear it with the home office he put the young singer under contract and three weeks later Johnnie took a plane for New York for his first recording session. The four tunes cut at that session were *Whiskey and Gin*, *Tell the Lady I Said Goodbye*, *The Little White Cloud That Cried*, and *Cry*.

Finally, Johnnie tasted the sweet fruit of victory, when he signed a contract for one of the leading roles in *There's No Business Like Show Business*, returning to the same town that had previously rejected him.

Recently, Johnnie visited Australia. He is a great favorite in that country as well as in England. And yet, even though his services are at a premium, there has not been a big hit from Johnnie in quite a while. Johnnie explained this somewhat perplexing situation by pointing to Nat Cole.

"Cole sells steady and big," he remarked. "I'd presume Cole made Capitol—discounting Sinatra, of course, who came much later." He then went on to say that no artist can expect to turn out hits all the time. As long as a performer can maintain a good level of sales, he remains an asset to the recording company.

"In the making of records," Bernie Lang added, "they reach a point where trends go fluctuating so that nobody—the artist or the a&r man—can really tell what will be a hit. Everybody goes through a period of not having hit after hit. Record companies even fluctuate. It's a big problem."

In the meantime, Johnnie is waiting for news from 20th Century Fox concerning the starring role in a motion picture. All commitments he is making are cancelable pending final notification from Hollywood.

Johnnie summed it up when he said, "I'm quite happy doing what I'm doing now. With all due respect to the other countries, it's real nice to back in this country for a while."

As we prepared to leave, it suddenly occurred to us that Johnnie might be harboring a hidden frustration and so we put the matter up to him.

"As a matter of fact," he said without hesitation, "I would like to write a story. I know if I could just have three complete days to myself I could write one. I've written my autobiography up till my 21st year."





After years of feudin', fussin', and fightin' the Andrews Sisters have buried the hatchet (literally, in a celebration cake) and are reunited. Bolstered by a new contract with Capitol records, the trio played its first date at the Flamingo Hotel, Las Vegas, the scene of their final sister act before parting almost three years ago. Left to right, Maxine, Patty, and LaVerne.

The Andrews Sisters Are Reunited, but **Can They Come Back?**

by Hal Holly

"FROM NOW ON we're going to keep our family affairs and private lives out of our professional activities. We belong together, and each of us knows it. It's great to be back together again. Let's say that our differences were just due to difference of opinion—and forget the whole business."

That was Patty Andrews speaking on behalf of herself and her sisters Maxine and LaVerne as they got together literally to bury the hatchet and prepare for their reunion date in Las Vegas (the Flamingo starting June 28) where, just three years ago they split, as Patty pulled out of the famous trio to go on her own as a solo attraction.

The hatchet was a prop (see accompanying photo) provided by an enterprising press agent but the cake was real—as real as the row, or series of rows that culminated in their split.

Following Patty's departure, Maxine and LaVerne attempted to keep the

trio alive by bringing in another girl singer to replace Patty. Patty worked some dates as a single and made some records as a soloist. But nothing much happened for any of them. So, now they are back together again, an event noted by one cynical Hollywood trade paper columnist as proving that "money is thicker than blood."

Not true, say the girls, who, with their total record sales as a group somewhere above the astounding figure of 30,000,000, were hardly pounding the pavements looking for work. Right now it's certain that the girls are unanimous in at least one thing—their aim to put the reunited Andrews Sisters back in their old position of stature in the entertaining industry. Their reunion finds them switching from Decca to Capitol, where Patty signed as a solo star.

Theirs has been a long and illustrious history, stretching back well over 20 years to their old home in Minneapolis.

Patty, the youngest of the three, was barely into her 'teens when they first "hit the road."

"We never had any musical instruction of any kind," says Patty, lead-singer and, as always, spokesman for the group. "We just gathered around the old piano in the front room and started singing for pop and mom and our friends. I can still remember singing my first solo—it was *Thanks for the Buggy Ride*—just that way when I was 7 years old. Our idea of forming the trio undoubtedly stemmed from the popularity of the Boswell Sisters, a vocal group idolized by us and scads of others in their day. The Brox Sisters? Yes, I remember them, but for us, it was the Boswells, and I still think Connee is one of the all-time greats as a soloist.

"We started working with bands around Minneapolis when I was about 11 years old, and started touring with them not much later. There was Ted

McGuinness—he's Ted Mack now on the 'Amateur Hour'—Maurie Sherman and Leon Belasco in that order. We got to New York with Belasco, but hadn't been working much anywhere for about six months when the late Jack Kapp heard us and gave us a chance to make some records.

"Our very first recording was a thing called *It's a Simple Melody*, which nobody ever heard of again—only our relatives bought it—but our second was *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*. That was 1938, and that one hit—believe me, it was a hit—did for us just what a record hit does for unknowns today. It made us famous overnight. We grew up with the Swing Era, and I think we were very much a part of it, thanks especially to the wonderful backing we always got from Vic Schoen as arranger and conductor on almost all of our dates in those days.

"Speaking of hits, they tell me that nowadays a record makes the 'hit class' if sales go over 200,000. We didn't call it a hit unless it hit the million mark, and we had a string of them. Off-hand, I recall *Beer Barrel Polka*, *Apple Blossom Time*, *Don't Fence Me In* and *Rum and Coca Cola* as records that went 'way over the million mark. *Rum and Coca Cola* actually did 3,000,000."

The private lives of the Andrews Sisters first got into the news when Maxine married their then manager, Lou Levy, over the strenuous objections of their parents, an incident accompanied by some rather wild times for all concerned. They are now divorced.



The singers sang many duets with Bing Crosby in the days when they were Decca's one-two punch. Here they're shown in an early session together, with musical director Vic Schoen looking on.

LaVerne is married to Lou Rogers, a publishing executive, who took a hand for a time in their managerial affairs. Gossip has it that too much managerial activity on the part of their husbands contributed to the friction that brought about the split. The girls deny this. Since Levy's divorce from Maxine, and his withdrawal from their business affairs, their managerial activities have been carried on by Patty's husband, ace pianist-arranger Wally Weschler, who is also their conductor and music ad-

visor. All say they are eminently happy with the set-up.

At this deadline they were preparing to "hit the road" again, reunited for a series of night club engagements that will tell the story as to whether all the old rifts are healed. For as Patty says:

"Trouping is trouping — whether you're in a beat-up old bus, or behind the wheel of a Cadillac."

It's a sure bet that their millions of loyal fans will be pulling for them to make a go of it.



Here are the girls in one of their first engagements in 1938 at the time *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*, their first record, was at its height. The question today is whether or not it's too late for the Andrews Sisters to come back.

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(Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Haymes Has No Stars For Presley

by Leonard Feather

After almost 20 years as a California resident, Dick Haymes recently settled down in New York. For a while he stayed in the apartment of his brother and best friend, Bob Haymes; a few weeks ago, determined to plant roots here, he took a place of his own.

One afternoon around that time, Dick dropped in to listen to some of the latest records and offer his comments in the honest, straightforward style that is so much a part of his personality. Dick was given no information about the records played for him, either before or during *The Blindfold Test*.

The Records

1. **Buddy Rich. *Everything Happens To Me* (Norgran). Rich, vocal; Howard Gibeling, conductor.**

I've never heard Buddy sing before, but I recognize him by the timber of his voice and from the pronunciation of his words. He sings a great deal in the same manner he speaks. I thought he sang very well on that record, incidentally. Of course, he's played for a lot of good singers. To me, the arrangement sounds like a small orchestra trying to sound large. I think probably they had five strings and the guys were playing double stops. I think whoever wrote it did a good job, but when you have a small string section, I prefer a simpler line for an accompaniment. I don't know if you have that Oscar Peterson and Buddy De Franco album playing Gershwin which Russ Garcia conducted. The string line in *They Can't Take That Away from Me*—although it was a big string section, the fact that the arrangement was in 4/4 made it a swinging arrangement. They used the strings like Artie Shaw used to—picking pretty notes, but with a real long line—sort of *sostenuto*, which I prefer to trying to play a lot of figures like the orchestra on this record. I'd separate the rating. Certainly Buddy gets four stars; the orchestra two stars.

2. **Tony Cabot. *The Ukulele Roll* (RCA Victor).**

Well, I don't have very much to say about that. I think they did the best they could with that kind of material and it was just mediocre. I don't know who it was, but what they did they did well. No stars.

3. **Frankie Laine. *Sposin'* (Columbia). Buck Clayton, trumpet; Budd Johnson, tenor sax; Urbie Green, trombone; Sir Charles Thompson, piano.**



Dick Haymes

That's a good all-round record. The band swings. I like the taste, the arrangement and the solos. It sounds like it's recorded at a concert because the instrumental is first and the vocal comes in the middle. Frankie Laine is my guess. I'd give it four stars.

4. **Harry James. *It's Been A Long, Long Time* (Capitol). Helen Forrest, vocal; Willie Smith, alto sax. Recorded 1955 (new version).**

I think that's an awfully good record. Of course, I'm prejudiced. I guess it's a pretty old record, isn't it? It's got to be between 1942 and '45, and considering the age of the record it doesn't sound dated. The arrangement is good. Helen Forrest sounds fine and Harry sounds at his best. I wish I could remember the alto player's name. Is it Sam Marowitz? . . . Anyhow, it's a good record. I'm certain if it came out now with the new type of recording and everything, I'd give it four stars.

5. **Les Paul. *San Antonio Rose* (Capitol).**

I think it's very clever—I mean if you like re-recording, re-re-recording and re-re-re-recording. It's very well done from that standpoint, but I don't particularly like that kind of music. I guess it's Les Paul—what happened to Mary Ford? I don't like it, but that's personal taste. It doesn't mean it's not a good record. My reaction to those things is it's well performed, but it's not the type of music I like personally. I'll give it a couple of stars.

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6. **Chet Baker. *This is Always* (Pacific Jazz). Chet Baker, trumpet and vocalist.**

Well, I'm very confused. I don't know whether it's Mel Torme or some gal. So far as the orchestra is concerned, I like the trumpet solo. I don't think the writer knew quite where he was going. He was trying to follow one line with the strings and then follow another line with a kind of jazz, and as far as I'm concerned, they didn't quite ever make it. The singer sounds like Mel Torme . . . I'm probably wrong, but I don't think it is he, simply because I think Mel is more musical than that in the sustaining tones. I like straight tones, but not when they're exaggerated to the point where they're forced. I think the vibrato should have come in a little sooner. The intonation was poor and Mel's intonation is very good. I'd give it two stars.

7. **Maria Cole. *It's Been So Long* (Capitol).**

Well, it certainly is a swinging record. I have no idea who it is for sure. I love the record in spite of the fact that she sang the whole record flat. I didn't mind it too much, because I like her conception, and the sound of her voice, or his voice, whichever it might be. It's a good record—I'd give it three stars.

8. **Mel Torme. *Lulu's Back in Town* (Bethlehem). Arr. Marty Paich.**

It's a good record. I said something earlier about Mel's being a lot more musical . . . It's a good arrangement, the band sounds good, good tempo and it swings. I have no criticism except that he sustained the last note too long. I'd give it four stars. It's an excellent record for my taste.

9. **Elvis Presley. *Blue Moon* (Victor).**

No comment. He's been alone too long . . . It's very sick. It's a shame to massacre a pretty song like *Blue Moon*. No stars.

10. **Frank Sinatra. *You Make Me Feel So Young* (Capitol).**

That's a perfect record. You're going to get your sole five-star opinion of the day. Frank and Nelson Riddle are a great combination. A beautiful album and a beautiful record.

Afterthoughts by Dick

I'm not too familiar with new singers. Of course, Frank . . . I guess I go back to the old standbys. I still love

(Continued on page 25)

THE MODERNAIRES can't get together anymore without having a party.

The Mods themselves are a good start toward a party, both numerically and for entertainment. The group consists of Paula Kelly (the pretty one in the middle), Allen Copeland, Hal Dickinson, John Drake and Fran Scott. Added to this are three wives not in showbusiness (Paula is Mrs. Hal Dickinson) and 12 children. Though none of the youngsters is an entertainer as yet, they all have their parents' flair for singing and dancing. So when this group gets together, there has to be a party.

Though the Mods like to enjoy themselves with their friends and others in showbusiness, there's really no need for this insofar as partying is concerned. They're a self-contained group capable of handling every phase of their joyous get-togethers.

In addition to their vocal talents each of the group plays an instrument—not just for bathtub intervals, but professionally. Allen Copeland is no Liberace but plays fine piano, while Hal Dickinson for many years played drums in varied orchestras. John Drake is a saxophonist extraordinaire, having romped the one-niter circuit with Dick Stabile and many others, and Fran Scott takes no back seat on trombone. Nor is Paula Kelly to be over-

looked. Pert and pretty Paula does mighty well with the violin.

So the Mods not only sing but can back themselves up with their own accompaniment — and mighty well at that.

If the party should begin to slow down even with all this talent, there's always dancing to turn to, and the Mods do this also. They were the first vocal group to actually put their songs to dance routines and into production. They've got a routine to fit every number, and they've got arrangements on over 1,000 songs, and all have been on the boards at dancing and ballet classes to improve their movement for television and night club appearances. In addition they've sung and done routines in such pictures as *The Glenn Miller Story*, *Walking My Baby Back Home*, *Orchestra Wives* and *Sun Valley Serenade*, in addition to numerous short subjects.

Just in case there are no outsiders around and the group should want to change the pace and face, there's always Nat Cole, Johnnie Ray, Dean Martin, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Cagney and many others in the voice and expression of Allen Copeland and others in the voices of John Drake and Hal Dickinson. And the group as a whole can imitate almost any other vocal group around.

If they get tired of singing the same old songs, it's only a short bit of work for Copeland, Dickinson or Scott to

come up with something new, not just for the party but for any fan of music. Each of these three has written many hit songs, and Paula also turns out a fine lyric, though she hardly has time left for this anymore.

There's no doubt about it. The Modernaires can have a party any night of the week because they can do everything themselves. Hal, Allen and Fran also do all the vocal arrangements for the group and they write the special material. Dickinson does most of the choreography, while Drake is the music copyist and librarian for all their material.

Every party must have something to eat, and even this is well taken care of. Miss Kelly is a fine cook and gets a big hand from Drake who does very well at the culinary art and should as he spends most of his off hours in the kitchen eating.

Put this all together and it's easy to see that the Modernaires are a party by themselves. There is, however, one weak spot that we would like to overlook, but in all fairness feel it must be pointed out.

Not one of the group, not Paula nor Hal nor John nor Allen nor Fran, has ever pinned the tail on the donkey.

The Mods—once the vocal group for the late Glenn Miller orchestra—now record independently for Coral and are seen Monday through Friday on the *Bob Crosby Show* over CBX-KNXT, Hollywood.—*Al Portch.*

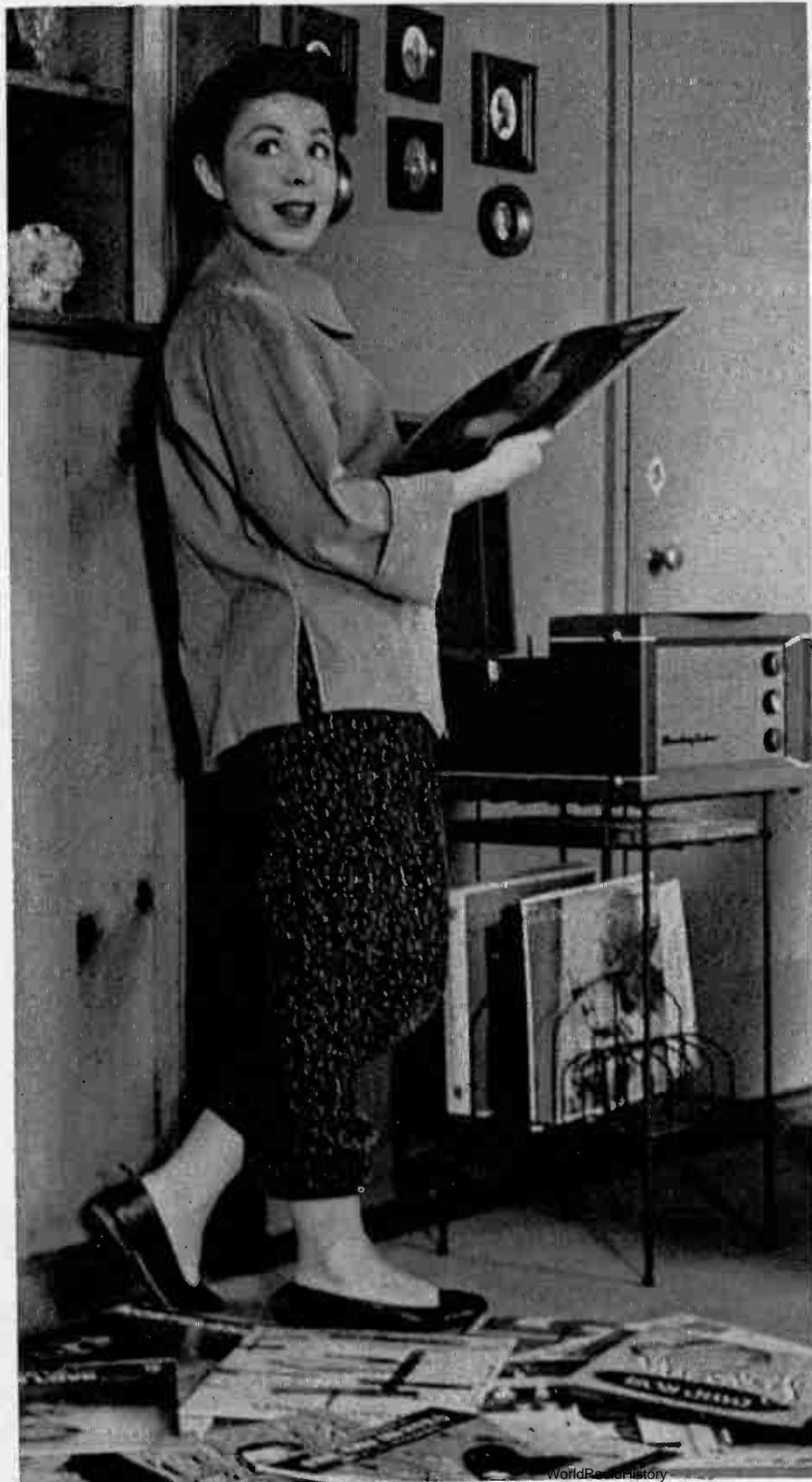
Glenn Miller's Former Vocal Group

The Modernaires Have a Ball



Eydie Gorme Is Comfortably Close

by Bob Perlongo



EYDIE GORME is a good thing in a small package. Brown-eyed and winsome and abundantly visual, she possesses 5'4" of height and 112 neatly distributed pounds. Only one word seems right for her: *compact*.

Indeed, it is difficult to imagine that a full, strident, bell-toned voice such as hers can spring from so small a stature. Somehow, even when you've seen her sing a number of times, it still seems a little surprising.

Her talk vibrates with this compressed vitality of hers, and it shows in her sudden, contagious smiles. Gay and cheerful, she's fun to be with. She's obviously a very happy young lady these days.

And with good reason. For the only thing about Eydie Gorme (her real name incidentally) that isn't compact is her future as a singer. That's limitless.

Already an established TV star (she appears two to three times weekly on the highly rated Steve Allen show), Eydie has also "arrived" as a recording artist and night club singer.

Her recent hit, *Too Close for Comfort*, signaled the first arrival. The second was a three-week engagement at the country's top nitery, the Copacabana in New York, starting July 25.

A fascinating story lurks behind each of these triumphs.

Says Eydie: "*Too Close for Comfort* was all my idea. The first time I heard it, I wanted to do it. They (the ABC-Paramount record brass) tried hard to discourage me. They said Sammy Davis Jr. had it out already, and it looked big for him. I didn't care. I liked the song. I wanted to do it.

"After much badgering on my part, they arranged a date for me. The session was supposed to be 30 minutes, but the singer before me took a long time. I had only 10 minutes and had to do it in one take. I wasn't happy with how it turned out.

"Five thousand records were released. Every time I heard the thing played, I got upset. I wanted to do it over. I badgered them again, we had a scene, (I even shed a few tears over the thing) and, finally, they agreed to let me remake it. We did the second, improved version in five takes, which is about average.

"This second version is the one that sold the record. Once in a while I hear one of the original 5,000 played. They're still floating around the country—nothing I can do about it.

"The Copa thing," continues Eydie, "came about under very unexpected circumstances. You see, Billy Daniels was playing there when he got into that

trouble in Harlem and he couldn't finish out his engagement.

"Well, it all happened at once, it seemed: I had just finished rehearsal for Steve's show that night, it was about 8:15, when Jules (Jules Podell, owner of the club) phoned, asking if I could play the two shows for him that night.

"So 40 minutes later I was singing at the Copa. Afterwards, I had to rush over to the TV studio, then come back for the second show. I guess Jules liked me."

Eydie's adventures in show business, the journey that began 26 years ago in the Bronx (where she still lives) and has brought her to the Copacabana is, in many respects, straight from a Hollywood scenario.

Her career, for instance, began (as all good careers begin) at the age of 3 when she performed on a radio kiddie show, broadcast from a department store in Manhattan.

As a teenager, she sang with her high school band and in school musicals. She was also a cheerleader. (She still likes sports. Her favorites are basketball and baseball, and she often listens to the Yankee games on the radio. Mickey Mantle is her favorite player.)

Eydie's first break came before she was out of her teens. Tommy Tucker, after hearing a demonstration record the 19-year-old thrush had cut for a music publisher, arranged an audition,

listened to her do a couple numbers, liked what he heard, and put her on the payroll.

She was given two days to buy clothes, pack, learn 20 new songs and travel to Virginia Beach where she began a two month tour with the Tucker band.

After that Eydie went on tour with the Tex Beneke band for a year. When this tour ended, she did a number of night club and theater dates across the country as a single. In her spare time (what there was of it) she did *Voice of America* broadcasts ("Cita con Eydie" — "A Date With Eydie") for Spanish-speaking countries. (She speaks fluent Spanish.)

It was at this time that Coral Records signed her to a long term contract (which ended just five months ago, when she switched over to ABC-Paramount). None of the records she made for Coral was what can be called truly "big" hits (over 250,000 copies), but one of them—*Frenesi*—proved to be very important.

The record came out in the fall of 1953. Steve Allen, whose TV show at that time was only 40 minutes long and strictly a local operation, was impressed with the way Eydie sang. (Eydie's voice is what they call a "natural": no tricks, no gimmicks—just pure, clean sound.)

Allen signed her for 13 weeks, with an option. He picked the option up and

Eydie's been with him ever since, growing in popularity along with the show.

Although the kinship between the two styles is not at first discernible, Eydie claims (as so many other singers do) that her primary inspiration and influence was Frank Sinatra.

"It's because he doesn't use tricks. He does great work—you have to admire how seriously he takes his singing. He never fakes. Everything about him's an artist—the way he phrases, the way he builds. It all seems so easy; but when you listen to him close, you know it took years of hard practice.

"The same with Ella (Fitzgerald). No tricks—just a darned good singer. I could listen to her all day. And Doris Day. But I like her for another reason: the way she combines good singing with commercial appeal. I like her movies too. I can't visualize her in a night club, though. *She's so darned wholesome!*"

Here Eydie smiled, perhaps because that's the kind of singer she is—wholesome. (She's mainly a "family-type" singer, not a *femme fatale*.)

She still has that ambition typical of the young — the ambition to try everything, to do everything, to explore and experiment.

Eydie's come a long distance in a very short time—and her future, large and ever-brightening, seems to open wider and wider with each step she takes.



Little Eydie Gorme is comfortably close to a big future. At her tender age, she's already a regular member of Steve Allen's TV cast, a nightclub performer of considerable stature, and a rising recording artist. Her current disc, *Too Close For Comfort*, has made her the number one female artist on the ABC-Paramount label. WorldRadioHistory

Rosemary Clooney

mainly at home

By Barry Heenan

IT WAS A big night for Capitol. They were opening their new circular building in the manner of a gigantic, super colossal Hollywood premiere with searchlights, stars, TV cameras; and crowds of us ordinary plebeians waited in line to get a look at the place. At the door to this illuminated temple were Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Wallichs, the president and gracious first lady of the firm, who were greeting the privileged visitors as they arrived and chatting with them as they waited their turn at being escorted through the maze of offices, board rooms, photographic studios, and recording studios. Suddenly one of the doors opened and a lanky blonde sailed out into the forecourt, reminding one of a girl at a hall-of-mirrors who had gotten lost.

"Which way?" she asked like Alice in Wonderland. She was looking for the recording studios.

"That way, Rosemary," said Mrs. Wallichs, pointing to the door next to the one from which the tall, excited girl had emerged. Then Rosemary vanished through the proper door and those of us with some knowledge of the facts of recordom gaped. What was Rosemary Clooney doing at a Capitol affair when she is strictly a Columbia artist? We put the question to a minor executive standing near the door.

"Oh, a thing like that doesn't bother Rosie," he said. "She's real neighborly."

Now, this neighborly young lady,



Rosemary Clooney Ferrer, is being heard a lot these days on a record called *I Could Have Danced All Night*, thus giving the nation a chance to enjoy some of the melodic beauty from *My Fair Lady*, a Broadway show that only those with the patience, the price, and the right geographical locality can see. Her boy scout deed in giving us these tunes from this bit of musicalized G. B. Shaw has put her back at the top of the polls where she belongs.

When we met Rosie, she had just returned from a jaunt around the hemisphere, a quick trip to New York where her husband, Jose Ferrer, was directing a picture. The journey followed on the heels of a long session of work, consisting of the filming of a series of 39 TV shows with the Hi-Los and Nelson Riddle. While these films, now currently being aired, were several

weeks past completion, Rosie spoke of them like the proverbial child with a new toy.

"Everyone says it's the smoothest musical program since TV was invented. Well, I think so, too, and if that sounds like boasting, it's not—not on your life. The credit goes to Nelson Riddle for the background. Singing to a Riddle arrangement is like sleeping on a cloud—ooohm! And then there's the Hi-Los. They're great."

She started to list all the guest stars who appear in the series, people like Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson, the Mary Kay Trio, Judy Canova, Julie London, Beatrice Kay, Joanne Gilbert, Dick Contino, Bobby Troup, and Jeri Southern. When the list showed signs of growing, we said, "Hold it. We're not interested in these people. We want to know about a gal

named Clooney."

"I'm just getting around to a gal named Clooney, Gale Clooney. And there's another guest I'd like to mention, a guy named Jose Ferrer."

"But we want to know about Rosemary Clooney, the gal who recorded *This Ole House* and that other house song she gave us such a tempting invitation to come over to."

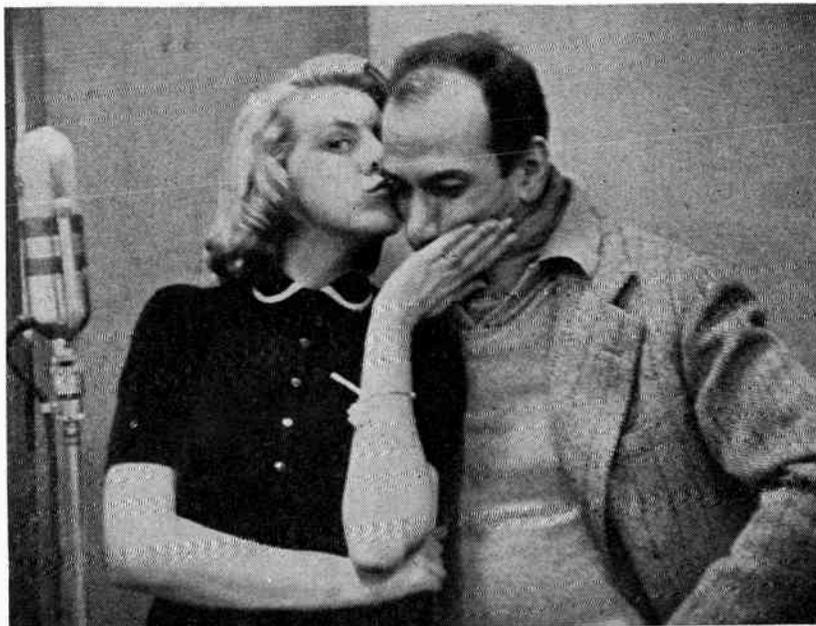
"There's not much a gal R. Clooney can tell you about a gal named the same unless she tells you about a guy named Joe Ferrer. For instance, we're expecting our second child this summer. Joe wants to have kids until he has to push them out of the way to get into the house."

The first of the Clooney-Ferrer flock, by the way, arrived on Feb. 7 of 1955, a boy they call Miguel.

Rosie was born in Maysville, Ky., which is a town of some 7,000 that's situated on a steep hill overlooking the Ohio river. From the homes and terraces you can see the sweeping bends of the river and the rolling hills and fields of southern Ohio. It is an old town, and not without historical significance, for once upon a time Daniel Boone settled there and opened a tavern, and the Maysville theater on Second and Wall has heard the soliloquys of *Hamlet* as propounded by Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin and John Wilkes. The citizens of Maysville are proud of all this, and proud, too, that theirs is the home town of Rosemary Clooney. A few years ago they named one of their thoroughfares Rosemary Clooney St.

"I've been back to Kentucky just once since my grandfather died," Rosemary said. "That was when Paramount held a premiere of one of my pictures there. Grandfather, incidentally, was mayor of Maysville for years."

When she first evinced a desire to become a singer, this same grandparent



"There's not much a gal named R. Clooney can tell you about a gal named the same unless she tells you about a guy named Joe Ferrer."

took her to a neighborhood church where a Negro choir was singing spirituals. Rosie was impressed by this expression of devotion in terms of an inherited rhythm. She sensed the ability of the Negro to convey emotion in a few powerful, one syllable words. The beauty and the plaintive quality remained with her and became a part of such hits as *This Ole House*. Another form of musical gathering that seems to have left its mark on the girl is the "play parts" game. Here the participants sang around the fireplace while clapping hands and stamping their feet. When they do this sort of thing today you can bet it's accompanied by a Rosemary Clooney record.

Much later, while attending high school across the river in Cincinnati, Rosie and her sister, Betty, began singing on WLW, once heralded as the na-

tion's largest radio station, and this led to their long engagement as vocalists for Tony Pastor. The audition for this job is something Rosie recalls vividly.

"It was after school and we'd been swimming. We heard of the audition and rushed to the ballroom with flat heeled shoes, no stockings, and our hair looking like piles of spaghetti. There was no piano to accompany us, but somehow we made it."

Being under 18 at the time, the girls had to have a chaperone and the person chosen was their mother's brother, George Guilfoyle. According to Rosie, this Uncle George was stricter than all the Mrs. Grundys in history, but there was nothing much he could do when his famous niece came across a guy named Jose Ferrer. This Puerto Rican exponent of Rostand and Shakespeare was out beating the drums for his film version of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and on meeting the great man, Rosie could do little more than stutter and stammer. Many months later she was still stuttering and stammering in the presence of her idol, but she managed to get out the significant word "yes" when asked the big question.

Today, this gal from Maysville, Ky., lives in a large Beverly Hills house with Joe, her young sister Gale; Cuddles, a great Dane; George, a basset hound; and four Maltese.

But there's something about Rosie that defies description. Could it be her neighborliness, or her "regular guy" quality? Or perhaps it's the sheer warm radiance of her personality and her bounding enthusiasm. Better men than I have tried to put it in words, but the words give you neither the picture nor the feeling.

As Rosie herself says, "I try to be like the girl next door." And the way she says it, fellow, you sort of wish she was.



Rosemary (left) began her career as part of a sister team singing with the Tony Pastor band. Younger sister Betty Clooney, whose voice quality is similar to Rosie's, has been performing as a single herself.

LONNIE DONEGAN

A Britisher Visits the U. S.



by Ed Shelby

LONNIE DONEGAN, just over from London, finds that there is very little difference between the physical appearance of that city and New York. "You know," he said, "to the Londoner, New York is supposedly a big, clean, modern city. It's just as dirty as London—at least the parts I've seen. It doesn't knock me out at all!

"But," he continued, "Cleveland is a lovely town. It's a place I'd live in without qualms."

We were to discover very quickly that this intrepid young man who is responsible for *Rock Island Line* becoming an international favorite is a person possessing a maturity far beyond his 25 years. He has accepted his recognition with disarming modesty and has stubbornly refused to do or say anything that will not reflect his honest opinion.

As we strolled toward the coffee shop, Lonnie explained how *Rock Island Line* was recorded. In July, 1954, the Chris Barber band cut its first LP for British Decca with Lonnie as its leader. They were paid a fee but received no royalties. In 1955, around Christmas, *Rock Island Line* from that album, was released as a single in England and here in this country by London Records. It suddenly exploded in both countries.

Despite the fact that the disc has become an international favorite, Lonnie has no contract with British Decca, nor is he receiving any royalties at this time.

Lonnie remains unperturbed about the situation, claiming that while he will now record for Mercury here and Nixa in England, he will pick all of his own material.

"I will not be forced to do anything I don't want to do," he said determinedly. "Fortunately, I'll be able to do this because of my contractual arrangements."

As we left the food shop for a walking tour of the "cleaner parts of the

city" Lonnie pointed out differences between American and British life and spoke of his own background.

He was born in Glasgow but reared in London. His father was a classical violinist, but Lonnie at an early age became fond of folk music. ("I can't ever remember a time when I wasn't interested in folk music.")

At 17 Lonnie bought his first guitar, and at 18 gave his first professional appearance. Four years ago he led his own New Orleans group, and in July, 1952, he supported folk singer Lonnie Johnson (from whom he took his first name; his given name is Anthony) and pianist Ralph Sutton during their visit to England. In March, 1953, Lonnie joined the Ken Colyer group. He and Colyer played guitars and sang, backed by the rhythm section. In May, 1954, Ken fired the rhythm section—and the entire band left to form the Chris Barber band with Lonnie as leader.

A year and two months ago Lonnie married and he is now father of Fiona, 2 months old. This is the most important part of Lonnie's life. "When I come home at night and close the door of my apartment everything is so peaceful and quiet. My wife is there and the little baby and everything is perfect.

"Things are different in England," he continued as we walked along Broadway. "At home, a bloke takes a girl out and maybe they go together until they've saved up enough money to furnish an apartment, or maybe the girl will work a year or two after they are married. But that's all. A married woman in England is a housewife, and her children always know where to find her."

Lonnie went on to say that he felt that this kind of atmosphere was most helpful in curbing delinquency, which he claims is very low in England.

As we ambled on Lonnie would interrupt himself to discuss the architecture of a building, the varied types of women's clothes here as compared with the relatively simple wardrobe of

the average English woman, and to stare with appreciation at the Pepsi-Cola advertisement with the waterfalls on Times Square.

Returning to the subject at hand, he reported an incident that occurred at the Town and Country, the Brooklyn night club in which he was appearing. "Some women came backstage to ask for my autograph," he said, "and I had them brought to my dressing room. They were part of a party of policemen and their wives. I found out that one had three children, another two, and so on. Imagine, married women asking for autographs! This would never occur in England."

Lonnie feels that he is working under a handicap here in the United States. He is not allowed to play his guitar because of union rules, and so he had to employ a guitarist. "The one I have plays for the Weavers, and he is excellent," he said, "but I just don't



Much in demand during his limited visit to the U.S., Lonnie received invitations to appear on some of our top TV shows, among them Perry Como's.

feel right, because he thinks about the music differently than I do. When I was in Cleveland, I was backed by Jonah Jones, the trumpet player, and his quartet. He is so wonderful. They just swung right behind me. Do you know, that when I sang the first slow ballad, the audience booed me, but I kept right on going. Finally, they quieted down, and by the end of the number, they applauded wildly. I don't know, perhaps the youngsters felt that if they appreciated a ballad they'd be classified as sissies, but once they really listened, they liked what they heard."

We arrived at Rockefeller Plaza, and Lonnie reported that it was quite beautiful, especially the waterfalls. "By the way," he interjected, "I've been to Greenwich Village, and I like that part of town because it's very much like London."

When he discovered the English grill in the lower level of the Plaza, Lonnie

decided that this would be a fine spot for dinner and a rest. He was obviously amused by the menu, which he said lacked anything of authentic British origin.

Over dinner, we discussed the differences of the jazz scene in our respective countries. "In England," explained Lonnie, "there are very few night clubs but many jazz clubs. Many associations form their own jazz societies. As a matter of fact, I've lectured before children and adult groups myself. Let me put it this way: In the United States, Louis Armstrong is considered an entertainer, but in England he's a jazz musician. I should say that about 50% of the younger audience in England are real fans.

"We also play in the music halls and give concerts and do television appearances. Even our television is different. I played on a kiddie show, and I played jazz as I would on an adult program.

"I can just say, that in London jazz musicians play under ideal conditions,

especially since the war. That's when the interest really began to pick up."

As we once again neared his hotel, Lonnie sighed and said that he would be most happy to return to his family. He did expect to return here once a year for three months during the summer. Suddenly he exclaimed, "No, it can't be 10 minutes to 9. I'm due on stage at 9:30. I thought it was 8 o'clock."

We said our hasty good-byes as we hustled the chagrined singer into a taxicab. While waiting for the bus, it occurred to us that Lonnie had hit upon the basic difference between the American and British audience.

"At home," he had said, "record buying is secondary. In order to have a hit record, you have to build a following. When you've become acceptable visually by the people, they'll go out and buy your record as a souvenir of your performance. Things seem to work just the reverse in the United States."

Mitzie Cottle—Cinderella Girl

WHILE MITZIE COTTLE has been dubbed the "Cinderella Girl," her life was not as meager as, nor did she suffer the many frustrations of, her fairy tale counterpart. However, some fairy godmother did wave a wand over the head of the youngster, and Mitzie was suddenly lifted from the multitude of anonymous applicants seeking the most coveted position of the day—female vocalist with the new Benny Goodman band.

Mitzie's musical development began at an early age. She was born 24 years ago in Cannonsburg, Pa., but her home town is nearby McDonald, where she attended public and high schools. When Mitzie was in her seventh grade in elementary school she started studying trumpet and piano. ("My grandfather was a trumpet player and my grandmother a pianist so I got free lessons.") During her senior year in high school, Mitzie's mother decided that she should take voice lessons.

"I always could harmonize, and when they needed an alto voice in school I was always available," explained Mitzie. "Mother thought I had a voice and made me take lessons against my will."

Mitzie also displayed great scholastic proficiency (she was graduated from high school with first honors), and as a result she won an American Legion auxiliary scholarship to Muskingum college in Ohio. She majored in voice but after two years felt she wasn't learning anything, so she transferred to Carnegie Tech. During her three year stay at Tech, Mitzie took the lead in the musical put on by the students, and subsequently wrote the music for that show.

Following Carnegie Tech, Mitzie enrolled in the Pennsylvania College for Women (on a scholarship) and in order to meet the rent she sang with



Mitzie

bands. Another scholarship took her to the Pittsburgh Playhouse where she appeared in a musical, and "they also used a song I wrote."

"I don't know why I wanted to come to New York," she mused. "I suppose I only wanted to see what it was like. I had exactly \$600 on the day I arrived. I auditioned for half a dozen things, but when I got here I was singing ballads. I learned you have to belt a song, so I started studying with a coach from Pittsburgh. I learned to belt a song."

Meanwhile in order to cover the rent bills, Mitzie started singing at Norman Vincent Peale's Marble Collegiate church (and she still does), and she also took a part-time job in David's "to be able to eat." As the days passed, Mitzie felt that she was getting in a rut. "I told my roommate that I would answer the first ad I saw, and the first one I saw after making that statement was the Benny Goodman ad.

"I went down on a Wednesday," Mitzie recalled, "and after seeing all

the other applicants I thought I wasn't the type." After a cursory examination Mitzie was asked to return on Friday. This time she sang for Virginia Wicks (Goodman's publicist) and her assistant Billie Wallington. After the audition, they requested that she reappear on Saturday.

On that day Benny Goodman heard young Mitzie for the first time. The song he selected for her to sing (*You Turned The Tables On Me*) was unfamiliar to the frightened applicant and she was forced to sight-read it. There were 15 or 20 other aspirants auditioning that day too, so when Mitzie was told to come back on Monday, she went home and invested the balance of her money in all the Benny Goodman albums she could find. Then on the off chance that she might have the luck to be chosen, she listened to them over and over again so that she would be able to sing with intelligence the next time.

"When I went back on Monday," recalled Mitzie, "I started rehearsing with Goodman. I still didn't know I had the job, and when I found out I flipped!"

The critics were in warm agreement over Mitzie's talent when the Goodman organization moved into the Waldorf-Astoria for a one-month stay. The subject of this positive appraisal said of this experience: "I was numb, and my mother was sitting in the audience petrified. I wouldn't even let her come up and help me dress, because she was so scared I didn't think she would have been of much help."

On the strength of her Waldorf showing, Mitzie has been offered record contracts, but she is waiting until both she and Benny Goodman feel she is ready. Meanwhile, Mitzie's chief aim is to please Benny because of his confidence in her.—E. S.

In The Whirl

by Les Brown

Listening last night to nearly 100 new pop releases, I came away with the pulsating headache that has become my occupational disease. A handful of the records were quite listenable, several of them even good, and some should burgeon into big hits. But the rest, if they were ground up, might be better off as hamburger.

I found myself wondering how so much mediocrity could actually be sponsored. It costs a peck of money to make records. Two kinds of records make sense—those that are commercial and those that are artful; but records that are neither good nor salable leave me nonplussed. And then I start to thinking about all those capable singers working in restaurants, soda fountains, or factories who can't even get a hearing with a recording company, much less a record contract. Ditto, for song-writers.

To keep my enterprise last night from being a total loss, I did hear some satisfying new voices which I heartily recommend—Bernadine Read (ABC-Paramount), Bill St. Claire (MGM), Carol Richards (Victor), and Cathy Johnson (Columbia). All are starving for good recording material and a promotional buildup.

AROUND AND AROUND: Everybody's boy, Elvis Presley, has been having uneven success in his personal appearances. In some towns his personal appearances are boxoffice bonanzas, in others they are dismal disappointments. Incidentally, Elvis really detonated the critics after a recent appearance on the Milton Berle show. The press pummeled him the following day with ridicule. Several called his contortions while singing "a modern day Hootchy Kootchy." *The Billboard* points out, however, that Berle had his highest rating in months on the night Elvis appeared.

Rumors are growing hot that Rosemary Clooney might leave Columbia for Capitol. Her contract runs out shortly . . . Liberace may do a one-man show on Broadway next fall . . . Billy Eckstine is reported a big hit in England . . . Gross earnings of bandleader Lawrence Welk in 1955 is supposed to have exceeded \$2,000,000 from his TV show and ballroom appearances . . . Bill Haley is definitely making his first European tour, come September . . . Eileen Wilson is "ghosting" the voice for Sheree North in the biofilm of Buddy DeSylva called, *The Best Things In Life Are Free* . . . Despite the fact that 20th Century-Fox put out publicity on its use of Marni Nixon as ghost singer for Deborah Kerr for portions of songs seemingly sung by the actress in *The King and I* (Deborah does some of the simpler ones herself), Capitol has omitted all mention of Miss Nixon in the credits on its soundtrack album from the picture. Marni is an up-and-coming young concert singer . . . The Andrews Sisters will be biofilmed by a Hollywood independent studio with the gals, now reunited (see story, this issue), ghost-singing their own vocals. Talk has it that Susan Hayward will play Patty; Eva Marie Saint, Maxine; and Donna Reed, La Verne.

Sarah Vaughan has signed a new pact with Mercury, this time with a large money guarantee, something she's never had before and something only the biggest artists get . . . A new Glenn Miller ork has been set up under the

direction of (and featuring) veteran bandleader Ray McKinley. McKinley is in partnership with Glenn's widow, Helen Miller and is using the old Glenn Miller sound and arrangements. The band is booked well into the fall . . . The summer slump in record sales started earlier than usual this year. Some charge it to the poor quality of the music . . . A new nightclub known as Tin Pan Alley opened on New York's busy Broadway. It caters to teenagers and record fans and has showcased, so far, Pat Boone, Juni James, Tony Bennett, Cathy Carr, the Rover Boys, and other recording artists . . . Red Norvo, jazz vibist, opened a club of his own in Santa Monica, Calif. Naturally, it's his own trio that provides the entertainment.

MUSINGS: Wonder why E. Presley doesn't have a television show of his own. And if he did, wonder how high the ratings would be—and for how long . . . Wanna try something funny? Sing *Blue Suede Shoes* as if it were a slow love ballad.

WITH SUCH PULCHRITUDE WHO NEEDS MUSIC, DEPT.: Marilyn Monroe recently told *Record Whirl* that she was just getting started on a new record collection, before she went back to Hollywood to work on her new film, *Bus Stop*. Said she, "It was mostly classical, but I had a lot of Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman. I'm very fond of Goodman. I don't like be-bop or rock 'n' roll. My first love will always be *Beethoven*."

SHOOTING THE BLOOD, DEPT.: I see by the big charts that my most un-favorite record of the year, *Transfusion*, by Nervous Norvus, is a pretty big seller. Well, sir, I'm kind of sorry to hear that. Dot records, trying to make a buck off the so-called "novelty," is playing righteous by passing it off as valuable propaganda for the National Safety Council. Dot publicity calls it "a tune that just might help cut down traffic accidents."



Teresa Brewer receives a gold charm bracelet from Reverend Bolasko of the Holy Rosary parish in her hometown of Toledo, Ohio, in appreciation for a benefit performance. The charms symbolize important events in Teresa's life.

I don't share that point of view. But mostly what I object to in the record is the insensitive coldness with which gore is described. Someone has said it before me, but I echo his view that "there's nothing funny about a blood transfusion."

What is encouraging to me—though normally I dislike the idea of censorship—is that the three major networks have placed restrictions on the record. ABC has banned it completely, and NBC and CBS have exerted a part time ban during the hours when their stations have a large teenage audience. Several deejays, of their own volition, are refusing to play the tune.

By the way, if you're wondering who Nervous Norvus really is, his real name is **Jimmy Drake** and he comes from Oakland, Calif. He writes and sings his own material.

MOVIE MARGINALIA: **Hugo Winterhalter** has been signed by RKO Pictures to do special arrangements of the songs in the forthcoming **Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds** starrer, *Bundle of Joy*. And, incidentally, Eddie and Debbie are expecting their first (bundle of joy) in November . . . The Dixieland combo known as **Stan Rubin and his Tigertown Five**—the group that played (or rather, was asked to stop playing) for **Grace Kelly's** wedding reception in Monaco—will have a spot in the forthcoming film, *Four Boys and a Gun* . . . **Sammy Davis** has been set by **Frank Sinatra** to co-star with him in a film entitled *Jazz Train*, which will be filmed by Frank's own Oxford Productions. It'll mark Sammy's debut on the movie screen, and his role will be that of a producer and choreographer of a show. Production has been slated for March 1957 . . . Rock 'n' roll disc jockey **Alan Freed** evidently did such a creditable job of playing himself in *Rock Around the Clock* that he may get a leading role in an upcoming film.

GAMBOLING ON THE GROOVES: **Bing Crosby** is making a new album on the Verve label, his first recording date away from Decca in almost 20 years. It's intriguing to think of a great oldtimer like Bing working alongside a bright youngster like **Buddy Bregman**, who'll be his musical director at Verve. Bing will probably be waxing albums for other companies too, as his new Decca contract is not exclusive . . . Country & Western singer **Martha Carson** has made some new sides for Victor specifically for the pop market.

The new RKO-Unique label has been furiously signing some topnotch talent that has virtually been at liberty for some time. Recently the label snagged **Fran Warren**, formerly of MGM; oldtimer **Ted (Is Everybody Happy) Lewis** and **Polly Bergen**, late of RCA Camden . . . **Ted Weems** is now with the Bally label, and so is **Janis Paige**, who might be following in the lucky footsteps of **Gale Storm**. Known primarily today for her TV show, *It's Always Jan*, she now begins a kind of sideline on pop records . . . Saxophone player **Frank Weir**, who two years ago had a hit with *Happy Wanderer* on the London label, is now recording for Capitol by way of an international agreement. He continues to make his records in England . . . **Ken Errair** (formerly a member of the **Four Freshmen**, until he married actress **Jane Withers**) has been signed as a single by Capitol.

Coral is attempting to capitalize on the new-found popularity of **Cathy Carr** by reissuing and promoting discs she made before she switched to the Fraternity label. She cut the discs, *Heartbroken* and *I'll Cry At Your Wedding* several years ago for Coral, and never received any promotion on them from the company then . . . Band-leader **Dan Belloc**, who wrote the tune *Pretend* and who backs Cathy on *Ivory Tower*, has his own hourlong tele-



Voluptuous Sophia Loren watches for the recording signal on her first American recording date for Victor. A film star mainly, she's appearing in *The Pride and the Passion*.

vision show in Chicago . . . **Jaye P. Morgan's** two latest sides, *Johnny Casanova* and *West Point Dress Parade*, were sent out at first with technical deficiencies. When the defectiveness of the records was discovered by RCA Victor, the company notified all jocks to scrap the records until new ones could be sent. New copies went out immediately.

The sons of **Gus Kahn** and **Jules Styne**, two giants of music, are now combining their own talents in the field of songwriting. Both sides of **Ella Fitzgerald's** latest Verve recording, *A Beautiful Friendship* and *Stay There*, were penned by **Donald Kahn** and **Stanley Styne** . . . **Gordon Jenkins** is back at the label he started with—Capitol — where he'll serve as composer - arranger - conductor. He started with the company 'in 1942 . . . Banjoist **Eddie Peabody** invented a new electric instrument which he calls "the banjolene" . . . Jazz artist **Dizzy Gillespie** has been jamming theaters all along his 10-week Asian tour, which has been sponsored by the International Exchange Program. Diz' group was the first U. S. jazz outfit to tour Pakistan.

THE END? The major domos of the music trade again are planning the funeral of rock 'n' roll. They did last summer too, and in the fall the trend sprung back with even greater force than before. Some have doped it out that rock 'n' roll is a seasonal trend, not for summer consumption, which sounds a bit ridiculous to me. Others believe that rock 'n' roll has used itself up, that people are tired of it. They point to the fact that many radio stations have cut down severely on their rock 'n' roll programming, which has resulted in a decrease in rock 'n' roll production at many of the recording companies.

But all seem to agree—assuming that rock 'n' roll really is breathing its last breath—that it's far from over for the big artists like **Pat Boone**, **Bill Haley**, and **Elvis Presley**.

Maybe there's some deep significance in that fact that **Pat Boone's** last two records have been ballads.



Buddy and Ella Fitzgerald

BUDDY BREGMAN

Young Man With Verve

by Dale Kent

BEVERLY HILLS is known as a town of mansions and palaces, but south of Wilshire there are ordinary sized houses, and in one of these lives Buddy Bregman, the youthful dynamo whose name is appearing on so many records these days that you wonder when he has time to sleep. The living room is spacious and the furnishings a tasteful combination of old and new. Taste is the keynote of the Bregman home just as it is also the dominant factor in his music.

As might be suspected, and as he told west coast disc jockey, Jack Wagner, he favors the anti rock 'n' roll-rhythm and blues side of that particular argument. After a discussion with Barry Bregman, aged 4½, on the subject of the two Bregman French poodles, the youngster's old man, aged 25, ushered me to his study for further discussion on r&b.

"My main objection," he said, "is that it is unmusical and the lyrics border on the vulgar. It isn't going to help anybody musically, because it's the same blues progression over and over and

over again. I do these dates occasionally, and I hate them, but on Verve there'll be no r&b."

Bregman's attitude on the subject, however, is not quite as negative as this first utterance. "Take someone like Pat Boone, now. He is great! When he does rhythm and blues ballads, they're all right. Bill Haley's all right, too. He puts out a good song. And the real blues—the Count Basie blues—well, there you have something."

He believes the worst offenders in this field were *Chicken* and *Blue Denim Trousers* by the recently disbanded Cheers. "And I started them out about two years ago with *Bazoom* for Capitol. This was r&b.

"The beat is good," he continued, "I just object to it musically."

"But why not give them something of the same kind of beat and a little better music?" I asked.

Bregman didn't reply verbally. He reached into his well stocked record rack and put on a recent LP he made with Anita O'Day. There was *Anything Goes* and a number of other old favor-

ites with Anita's clear diction and Buddy's refreshing polish. There was also a very decided beat, demonstrated by Bregman's bare feet tapping on the carpet. It was a suffocatingly hot day and Buddy likes to work in shorts, anyway.

But, nevertheless, it was possible to visualize teenagers performing bop acrobatics to this as effectively as they do to the other stuff.

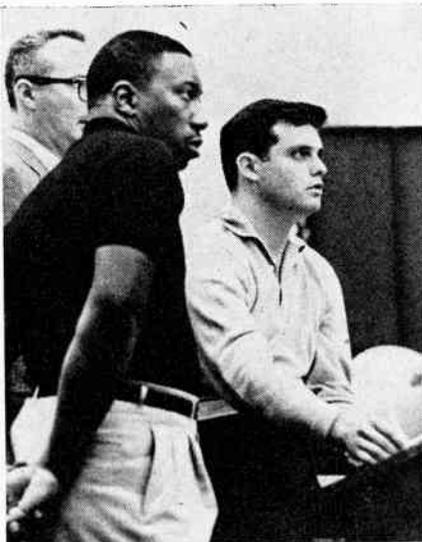
The record finished, I mentioned that somebody on Peter Potter's *Juke Box Jury* had said his recent *Beautiful Friendship* with Ella Fitzgerald was overarranged. He thought this ridiculous, as it was the most underarranged thing he had done. "*Beautiful Friendship* has a great lyric," he said, "and could be a tremendous smash. A thing I did for Era is going pretty big and that's *The Wayward Wind* with Gogi Grant." He is convinced it will do better than his other collaboration with Gogi called *Suddenly There's A Valley*.

There's an interesting record session story connected with this latter effort. The first take on *Suddenly There's A*

Valley was one of the greatest things he had ever heard, one of those minor miracles. Everything shaped up perfectly. Then, when it was played back, a voice from the speaker said, "Cut!", and that was the end. The engineer had run out of tape. Allen Emig—who was not in charge at this particular session—is usually Bregman's engineer. "He is indispensable, and so is Bobby Helfer, who assists on the organizational end. I have complete faith in these boys, and if they criticize me, I never question it. They are with me whether I cut for Victor, Era, Verve, or anybody. Also, I do my recording at Capitol's studios regardless of what label I'm working for. The sound on my records is always considered the best."

Bregman's uncle, Julie Styne, and his father-in-law, comedian Jack Haley, have been the two main sources of aid and inspiration in his career in the music business. In grammar school, he wanted to be a song writer because his uncle was one, and later, in New York, Haley gave him his start. He was 19 then, and people resented him. "What does a young kid like that know about it?" they asked. But Buddy learned to be aggressive, to mix socially, and make use of his winning personality. Jack Haley had yet to become his father-in-law when he gave Bregman his first job on *Ford Star Revue*. In 1952 he met Ray Gilbert, having traveled to California, and Ray hired him to make daughter Joanne's arrangements. Don Hartman, of Paramount Pictures, caught the Gilbert act at the Mocambo and hired Buddy for a Martin and Lewis picture. His first record was with Bobby Short on Trend, called *Let There Be Love*. Then came *Anything Goes*, his first TV show for which he was nominated for an Emmy.

Today, as is known, he lives a triple life, pop a&r for Verve; a&r, conductor, and arranger, for Era; and conductor for Victor. His *Picnic* for the latter label, while the best known interpretation of the work, has elicited attention, particularly as Bregman was the



Buddy Bregman and blues singer Joe Williams in Verve session.

Blindfold Test

(Continued from page 14)

Bing, even at his worst; Frank; Perry. Vic Damone is singing very well these days. He has a good recording of *The Street Where She Lives* from *My Fair Lady*. In regard to girl singers, I've never changed about Ella Fitzgerald, Maggie Whiting and Jo Stafford. The only comment I can make about Jo is that she's almost overperfect, if that can be a criticism. What I mean is, I'd like to hear a frog now and then . . . There are lots of girl singers that I like. I'm a big fan of Jeri Southern's, although she's more a fine musician than she is a singer.

I absolutely hate rock 'n' roll, but I suppose it has its place. The kids seem to like to dance to it. I'm tired of hearing nonsensical groups playing the same notes, the same way and doing the same steps. It's quite an era when musicians (I use the word musician in-advicably) have to dance and do awkward steps to sell something. But I must be wrong, because it certainly is popular.

first to put the film music on records. "I went to George Dunning, asked for a lead sheet, and said I wanted to make a record of it. I did, and then others, including Morris Stoloff, jumped on it. I'll have to give them credit for including *Moonglow*. In the picture, if you saw it, Kim Novak and Bill Holden are dancing to *Moonglow* with the love theme in the background. I still like my record though."

Bregman says that, while he had some formal musical instruction at the Chicago Conservatory and with Mario Castelnuova, he is largely self-taught. He writes his arrangements without the benefit of a piano, hearing them in his mind and putting them down. To learn this, it is helpful to have a mathematical background. Bregman studied math at UCLA, so if you want to arrange, young man, get with that geometry and trig. It's dry, but there's a lot of fun on the other side, as Buddy Bregman can testify.

As an a&r man, Bregman doesn't dictate to his artists what they do and don't do. He suggests things, but beyond that they have full freedom. Perhaps this is why so many performers are going over to this aggressive new label. "We have Fred Astaire who did *Hello, Baby* with me, his first single in years. And there's Spike Jones, Ella Fitzgerald, and even Jerry Lewis. He's going to do an album of mood music for us, and while we figure his name will attract customers, don't think for a moment he doesn't know music. He has a definite, innate sense of it."

There seems little doubt that Buddy Bregman is a young man with Verve who is destined to be the Victor in the battle to open a new Era in music.

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The Rover Boys

by Ellen Sherman

CANADA, THE spawning grounds for many vocal groups, has hatched another batch of collective crooners who are rapidly ingratiating themselves with the record buyers around the country. The newest four-some to arrive on the scene are the Rover Boys, and their ABC-Paramount record of *Graduation Day* has become a formidable contender for selling honors among recent releases.

The group was formed by Doug Wells, who came from Southampton, England, to Toronto in 1950. He personally picked every member himself, with an eye toward ability, versatility and a feel for rapport. He discovered Larry Amato in a rehearsal hall in the United Music Center. Larry, a native of Toronto, was a member of the St. Michael's Cathedral choir in that city. Al Osten was added to the unit when Doug heard him sing over a local TV station. Although he calls Toronto his home, Al was born in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where he eventually became a junior cantor in a synagogue. Billy Alberts, the quartet's featured singer, became a member of the group when the boys heard him singing alone at Coral Records. Since, at the time, they were all signed to the label, the three boys decided to pool their talent with Billy's—a move which started the Rover Boys toward recognition.

The youngsters (the boys range from 21 to 24) feel that it is important to give the audience entertainment "a show within a show" in order to win their approval. Therefore, they do impressions of the Crew-Cuts, Perry Como, Johnnie Ray, Liberace, Elvis Presley, Don Cornell, and Lonnie Donegan among others.

The unit also found out, as did so many who preceded them, that a hit record is the straightest line toward good night club bookings. When the original quartet, then called the Vocalaires, started to make their way in showbusiness, the struggle they faced was made more burdensome due to the lack of ever having recorded. At that time, the fourth member of the group was Ross Busch (he was later replaced by Billy Alberts when ill health forced him to retire). The youngsters made the rounds of small Toronto and New York State clubs.

While appearing at the Top Hat in Long Island where "we sang a *cappella* and the people danced to it" the boys met Bill Silbert, the disc jockey who brought them to Coral and in September, 1954, they recorded *Show Me*. Bill also introduced the lads to Fred Amsel, their present manager.

The record made little impression,



They'll Remember Always Graduation Day



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but nevertheless the boys left on a tour of the clubs. "We got our act up together and worked the clubs without the benefits of a record," one of the boys remarked, "then when we were on the Muscular Dystrophy Telethon the people at ABC-Paramount saw us. We were also appearing at the Stage Coach Inn in Hackensack and Sid Feller of ABC-Paramount came out to catch our act."

Since he was in agreement that the Rover Boys had hit potential they were brought to the studio to record. "They were wonderful to us right from the beginning," said Doug. "They didn't rush us, and they let us pick our own material. They gave us our head."

Their first release was *Come To Me*, and this was followed by *My Queen*, neither of which made any kind of appreciable mark. On April 1, 1956, *Graduation Day* which was written by Joe Sherman, the man who does the boys' arrangements, was released.

"We noticed an immediate reaction to it," reported Billy, "especially as far as bookings were concerned."

"Without the record it would be a real struggle," added Larry.

"The dj's are also very important," Al chimed in, "because when you get to a town they help with the promotion work by arranging record hops, and school assembly dates. You don't get a teenage audience in the night clubs and it is only through the disc jockeys that you can get in closer contact with them."

Offstage, Doug is the irrepressible comedian of the group. He is an Englishman with an American sense of humor and he is always ready with a quip. Billy, who formerly went to Midwood High School in Brooklyn, is an avid Dodger fan, a doodler, and a fisherman. He also plays violin and guitar and he majored in music in Brooklyn College. Al plays the clarinet, and likes football, swimming and reading.

All the boys are fun loving, and are constantly teasing each other. However, when they turn their minds to work, they become completely serious in their determination to be as successful as the groups who influenced their style of singing—the Four Lads and the Four Aces.

They are already following the lead set by those quartets with their fan clubs sprouting up like mushrooms. There are Rover Boys memberships all over the United States and Canada and the boys very often fall victim to teenage idolatry. One day, as a matter of fact, one overzealous youngster reached for Doug's blond top on the premise that he was wearing a wig. Doug narrowly escaped the prospect of a bald spot almost dead center when the embarrassed scalper realized that the roots she was tugging at were firmly planted in Wells' cranium.

But even these hazards are a pleasure when coupled with an obviously successful record such as *Graduation Day!*



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The Shaping Influences

The Reeds: Part II of a Series

by Nat Hentoff



Charlie "Yardbird" Parker

HAVING SPECULATED last issue concerning the key modern jazz influences on young apprentices of the piano, bass, drums, vibes, and guitar, let's move to the front line. The one all-penetrating shaper of every modern jazz instrument from his own alto to drums was the late Charlie Parker. Like Louis Armstrong in what can be termed the classic period of jazz, Parker became the focal source of many of the essential, liberating ideas (harmonically, melodically and rhythmically) of modern jazz; and Bird's own fiery, brilliant solo flights became, in many cases, prototypes of the way modern jazz at its most creative could be played. Parker sowed his ideas so deeply into jazz earth that no one playing modern jazz today is untouched by his searing memory.

Next to Bird, the more cerebral but increasingly emotional style of Lee Konitz is probably of most influence, particularly overseas. Konitz combines elements of Bird's approach with several Lennie Tristano precepts and his own constantly searching, very self-critical approaches. Paul Desmond of the Dave Brubeck quartet undeniably has affected those younger altoists with predominantly lyrical temperaments since Paul is the most flowingly romantic in style of the modern altomen. As he becomes more widely heard via his new Fantasy contract, it can be expected that John LaPorta, a serious but not at all pretentious teacher-musician-perpetual-student, will have a growing impact. LaPorta is particularly stimu-

lating because of his long-lined, always fresh conception.

The man who most directly and emotionally has carried on the Bird vocabulary is the powerful Sonny Stitt, much more effective on alto than tenor. Sonny seems not likely to forge much of an individual style, but he is a valuable asset to the contemporary scene because he has so well absorbed one central vein of Bird, and because he does hit so uninhibitedly hard. A younger musician with much of Sonny's power but with a developing style of his own that could become influential is Julian (Cannonball) Adderly, who also is more modern mainstream than experimental. Gigi Gryce is both. His playing is passionately in the Bird tradition but his writing is personal, maturely melodic and while not "far out" is also not cliché-ridden. His is a fresh voice in jazz, particularly as a composer-arranger.

Phil Woods, to this listener, has the most potential of all the newer altoists. He has a Juilliard background that reinforces his disinclination to be banal, and he also wails with impressive emotional strength and a fierce beat. Given the proper context, preferably as head of his own unit, Phil could make a lasting mark. Lennie Niehaus, currently with Stan Kenton, has the cleanest and most dazzling technique of all modern jazz altoists. At first, this technique was utilized in a curiously bloodless, chilled manner, but Lennie is beginning to warm up as his most recent Contemporary LP and his work with Kenton indicate. If Lennie can raise his ability to communicate directly felt emotion to a level with his ability to execute high-speed ideas, he could become vital to modern jazz. Also of evolving promise is Charlie Mariano, formerly with Kenton and now with Shelly Manne. Mariano, always valuable for his intensity, for some time was so shadowed in the style of Bird that he found it difficult to proclaim his own voice. But Mariano is

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now breaking through into his own style with no loss of heat.

Art Pepper could become an influence again if he begins to record once more and to be heard more widely. Of the swing era titans, Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter are respected, but their immediate influence on the modern jazzmen is apt to be minimal. Young modernists of ability but without a fully individuated style as yet are Dave Schildkraut, Bud Shank, and Gene Quill.

The basic influence on modern jazz tenor has been the flowing, lyrical Lester Young, who broke away early in his career from the then dominant big-toned, vibrato-strong, muscular Coleman Hawkins school. Lester's rhythmic and harmonic explorations while with Basie in the '30s and '40s anticipated in part several of the later discoveries of the modernists, and he has especially helped shape the early "cool" tributary of reed-playing, most popularly represented by Stan Getz. Getz, at first was sometimes so cool as to resemble dry ice, but he and others of his persuasion have increasingly returned to a stronger pulsation, usually described as the "Basie beat," a pulsation Lester Young had never abandoned. I might add here that in discussing rhythm section elements last issue, I should have pointed out that while Basie himself is a direct piano influence on several modernists mainly by virtue of his remarkably propulsive economy of effects, his influence as head and symbol of a smooth-flowing rhythm section has again become important in many modern jazz circles.

Like Getz, there are other influential modern tenors derived from Lester Young, but these have often been more forceful than Getz though rarely of Getz's constantly creative and fresh conception. Al Cohn, for example, has been a leader of the return-to-Basie-rhythm modernists, and he plays with unpretentious swinging economy. Bill Perkins, a movingly imaginative tenor,

made his first impact with Woody Herman and his recent work with Stan Kenton points to his developing of an increasingly mature musical personality. Zoot Sims, a major influence among young musicians, has always had emotional fullness and a flawless sense of time. In the past couple of years, his conception has become more consistently personal and eloquent until he is now one of the very best of the modern tenors. Brew Moore, now in San Francisco, is also to be considered in this category.

There is another incisively influential school of modern tenor that began more directly with Bird. This school has applied Bird's unsentimental ferocity of attack to the tenor. Sonny Stitt has been one of the leaders of this squadron, and Sonny Rollins, now with Max Roach-Clifford Brown, has now become its most influential representative. Influenced by Stitt-and-Rollins-via-Bird have been such modernists as Frank Foster of the Basie band. Foster's Basie colleague, Frank Wess, is also somewhat of this school but his style is leavened by traces of roundness from a possible late Hawkins or Don Byas influence, and it should be said that Foster also has a touch of Byas. Hank Mobley, Charlie Rouse, and Billy Mitchell also are of this general direction.

Warne Marsh of the Konitz-Tristano enclave has had some influence overseas but since he records and plays clubs rarely, his influence here is not very strong. Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster do not have much apparent effect on the younger tenormen although it might be salutary if they did, particularly on modern ballad playing of the Stitt-Rollins school.

There has been a sharp diminution in the number of jazz clarinet players since the swing era. The best known modernist on the instrument is the technically facile but rather emotionally cold Buddy DeFranco. Much more creative and certainly warmer is Tony Scott, whose work is finally being heard more widely on record. As Tony starts to travel more with his own quartet, he may do much to revive the interest of young musicians in the clarinet. Also of value is Jimmy Giuffre, the west coast tenor-baritone-writer, who in the past two years has disclosed a rare, Lester-Young-like sound on clarinet along with a personal quality best described by Jack Tracy as "woody." On his few clarinet appearances on record, Al Cohn, also Pres-brushed, shows a firm clarinet personality that should be more frequently revealed. The influence of Benny Goodman today is more by historical osmosis than by conscious preference on the part of the younger modernists.

Key influence on the baritone has been Gerry Mulligan, who has made a surprisingly flexible instrument of this unwieldy horn, and who has most successfully made it an idiomatic part of the modern jazz scene. He plays it with what Whitney Balliett well describes as "touch lyricism." Harry Carney of

Robert Q. Discourses

On Rock 'n' Roll

by Robert Q. Lewis

Do I listen to rock 'n' roll? Of course I do. You might as well tell me to try not to notice the wail of a fire engine siren or the rumble of a subway express. Just wander into your favorite ice cream parlor and see what the kids in the blue jeans are doing to the juke box. Or when you go to the corner candy store for your favorite newspaper ask any of the wide-eyed kids



Robert Q. Lewis

the Duke Ellington orchestra, father of the jazz baritone, is no less wondrous than always, but it is Mulligan who reaches the youngsters. Serge Chaloff could have been a vital influence but personal difficulties in recent years have limited the extent of his audience.

Finally the flute, not a reed instrument but one on which many modern reedmen are beginning to double. Several jazz critics were skeptical at first as to whether the flute could ever be a swinging jazz horn but the work of Herbie Mann, Frank Wess of the Basie band, Jerome Richardson, Buddy Collette, Bud Shank, and others have proved again that it's not the instrument but how it's played that qualifies it for jazz. The most imaginative of the flutists is Herbie Mann with Frank Wess close behind.

Next issue: The History

what music they dig the most.

There's plenty being written about the bad influence of rock 'n' roll but I'm going to skip that. Instead, I'll go back a few years to another generation when rhythm and blues was the big thing. That was another era and another time, but if anyone can point out to me any difference between that music and the rock 'n' roll of today, why, I'll munch on a record. For the life of me, I can't tell, and the only point that comes to my mind is to ask why rock 'n' roll has more of a hold on the teenaged mind than the old rhythm and blues had.

For one thing, rhythm and blues wasn't just confined to the younger set. Quite a few lads and lassies to whom being 20 was just a memory were addicts of this type of music, and the college kids really went for it. Oldsters, too, collected discs about it. There was no frenzied approach to it. And although most folks took it, they could leave it, too.

Today, with rock 'n' roll, it's different. Almost all of these fans are kids in their teens who seem to outgrow the spell with the advance of years. But, boy, while they're in the clutches of this feeling for rock 'n' roll you might as well not play any other brand of music.

These kinds of records are the best sellers and when you figure (so they tell me) that seven out of every ten records are bought by teenagers, you can imagine what the family is listening to whether they like it or not.

It's hard to put the finger on why there is such an appeal. Some say it's the disc jockeys, but I doubt that. They only play what the public wants and if the kids didn't like it the discs would be languishing on the shelves of the station record libraries.

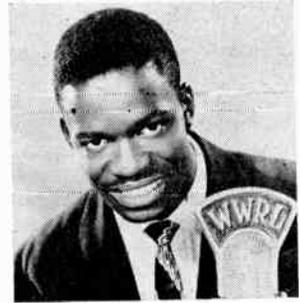
No, that's not it. I think that it's just a characteristic of this generation; something that fills the innermost needs of the teenagers, that means what pink lemonade and going to the carnival meant to their grandfathers.

Of course, there are excesses connected with it, but we overlook the good. In this age of extreme tension, rock 'n' roll provides a sort of musical safety valve.

My advice is that any time you get mad at rock 'n' roll, just remember it's ye olde rhythm 'n' blues that's been resurrected by Junior and Junior Miss. Then, you won't feel so bad about it.

TOMMY SMALLS

Disc Jockey of the Month



Teenagers by Thousands Rally Around 'Dr. Jive'

by Ed Shelby

Around New York there's a radio station called WWRL, and that station has a disc jockey show known as *Dr. Jive*. This trademark has become the adoptive title of every platter pilot who has run the program. In August, 1951, it fell into the hands of a young man imported from WDAR in Savannah, and Tommy (Dr. Jive) Smalls started a career that turned an obscure name into a by-word.

Tommy has become one of the most powerful leaders in the field of rock 'n' roll in this area, and because of his popularity his fame is moving in an ever-widening circle. There are approximately 8,000 "Dr. Jive" fan clubs already formed, with new ones asking for charters daily. Besides his radio show, Smalls is also engaged in personal management, record exploitation, and the promotion of his own rock 'n' roll revue.

We visited Tommy at the Apollo theater in Harlem recently where he was acting as master of ceremonies for his rock 'n' roll show. In contrast to the well-patrolled aisles and streets



Songwriter Julie Styne (left), who wrote *Mr. Wonderful*, and actress Jayne Mansfield meet with Tommy "Dr. Jive" Smalls before a radio interview.

evidenced during a trip we had made earlier to the Brooklyn Paramount's jump and jive extravaganza, the uptown audience was relatively quiet and well-behaved and there was nary a policeman in view.

"Most of the shows are orderly and there are no fights or riots," said Tommy in answer to my question. "It's up to an m. c. to control the audience. An m. c. can sway a crowd. If I get up and jump like an animal, so will the kids."

Tommy strongly reprovved all those who seek to crucify this form of music on the grounds of its being inflammatory to the youth of the country. "Rock and roll to me, doesn't arouse the kids to destruction," he declared. "This will only happen when they are suppressed by people who are antagonistic to them. Young people are always looking for excitement. In my day, it was the bands. We danced in the aisles. No one suppressed us."

And then he added, "Did you ever hear of a kid walking down the street carrying and listening to a portable radio who was out to hit someone over the head? Rock 'n' roll has helped to channel teen-aged energies into dancing. I have conducted shows at community centers around town and the kids who come to the rock 'n' roll dances and shows are not there looking for trouble. As a matter of fact, we have held affairs at which members of the New York City Youth Board have been present, and they have commended us on our work."

Tommy and his associates in the field are also aware of the percentage of bad music that is now being foisted upon the public under the banner of rock 'n' roll. They have, therefore, formed the National Jazz and Rhythm & Blues Disc Jockey association in order to combat both the problems of bad publicity and inferior music. "I receive approximately 75 releases a week," reported Tommy. "I may play 10 of them. Some of them

are so bad I don't even touch them—I leave them alone. I won't push them down the public's throat." And Tommy remarked that all the members of the association will uniformly ban inferior records from their shows.

The recently elected Mayor of Harlem was vehement when he said: "The sooner the term *rock 'n' roll* is dead, the better. The term *rock 'n' roll* is a fad and will pass on in the next year or so." He said the trend will revert to good rhythm & blues. "As a matter of fact," Tommy pointed out, "I never use the term *rock 'n' roll* when I play records. I always refer to it as *rhythm & blues*."

"Rock 'n' roll is basically rhythm & blues. However, in the past couple of years, pop artists started making these records and they were only poor imitations of rhythm & blues. These artists don't have the feel for the true beat or the true rhythm. The name *rock 'n' roll* originated with Allan Freed, when he was forced to give up his billing as *Moondog*." Tommy also pointed out that five or six years ago the record companies strove to turn out the finest in rhythm & blues but since this field has become so prosperous, they are now working in assembly-line fashion with the result that they are producing bad records deserving of criticism.

However, Tommy will battle for the existence of good rock 'n' roll because he has always been a campaigner. The musical medicine man began his career in radio as the result of a crusade he waged in his column when he was a newspaperman for the *Savannah Herald*. At that time he was fighting for the right of Negroes to work in radio.

"After five months," said Tommy, "one station called up for an audition. There was only one fellow I could think of worth sending because he had been coached by the big local dj. However, he had gone into the navy so I went instead and got the job. The original

(Continued on page 33)

recommended

From The Turntable



Doris Day

- ★★★★★ *Whatever Will Be, Will Be (Que Sera, Sera)*
- ★★★★★ *I've Gotta Sing Away These Blues*

There's no mistaking a real pro, whether she's singing commercial material or non-commercial, and Doris has one of each here We'll spare you the fine adjectives. Suffice to say, we're betting on *Whatever* to go the full route (Columbia 4-40704).

Julius La Rosa

- ★★★★★ *Get Me to the Church on Time*
- ★★★★ *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*

Julie is singing more confidently than ever, and this time he has two excellent tunes from *My Fair Lady* to work with. *Church* is not a religious tune but a happy thing about marriage (Victor 47-6567).

The Platters

- ★★★★★ *My Prayer*
- ★★★★ *Heaven on Earth*

Another first-rate pairing by one of the hottest vocal groups in the country. *Prayer* is a bit different from their usual style; the flip has the tenor lead that has sold all their previous records (Mercury 70893x45).

Cathy Johnson

- ★★★★★ *I Don't Love Nobody But You*
- ★★★★ *Ladder of Love*

Cathy is a vibrant-voiced performer who makes a rocking delight of the top entry, singing against an arresting doo-wah vocal group accompaniment (Columbia 4-40694).

Sarah Vaughan

- ★★★★★ *Fabulous Character*
- ★★★★ *The Other Woman*

Sassie has had stronger commercial material than either of these, but she does her customary fine job here, and this disc figures to see some action (Mercury 70885x45).



Frankie Laine visits the set of *High Society* to congratulate the stellar cast. Shown here with Laine are Grace Kelly, Celeste Holm, and Frank Sinatra. Other top names in the film are Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong.

The records listed here are the best in the stack received by the *Record Whirl* reviewing committee at deadline. Records which received less than a four-star rating are not represented here.

All records are reviewed on hi-fidelity equipment using the Shure Brothers Music Lovers ceramic cartridge.

Dick Duane

- ★★★★★ *Fame and Fortune*
- ★★ *Men Don't Cry*

The lovely old tune *Who Will Buy My Violets*, now rewritten as *Fame*, gives Dick Duane's big, engaging voice a splendid vehicle. But flip is overdramatized (ABC-Paramount 45-9709).



Crew-Cuts

- ★★★★ *A Rebel in Town*
- ★★★★ *Tell Me Why*

Rebel is a kind of Western tune with an attractive ambling gait, and the boys sell it nicely. On back is a run of the mill r&b (Mercury 70890x45).

Jaye P. Morgan

- ★★★★ *West Point Dress Parade*
- ★★★★ *Johnny Casanova*

One of the more disappointing records of the current crop because of the poverty of the material, but Jaye manages to rise above it (Victor 47-6565).

The Diamonds

- ★★★★ *Ev'ry Night About This Time*
- ★★★★ *Love, Love, Love*

A couple of tasty follow-ups to the Diamonds' swingly *Church Bells*, but without the commercial strength of that big one (Mercury 70889x45).

Buddy Morrow Ork

- ★★★★ *Theme from "The Proud Ones"*
- ★★★★ *Paradise Lost*

Beautiful instrumentals by a fine ork with a fresh sound. Elmo Tanner whistles on the top side (Wing W 90079x45).

Bernadine Read

- ★★★★ *My Guy*
- ★★★ *Would You Give Your Heart to Me*

Guy, a rather sophisticated tune with a fine lyric, is refreshingly aired by Bernadine. May not be for today's teenage market, but it's a good buy for those who dig good singing (ABC-Paramount 45-9712).

Frank Weir

- ★★★★ *Mr. Cuckoo*
- ★★★ *If You Ever Go to Paree*

Two appealing European sides, cut in England, one a haunting ballad and *Cuckoo* a lively novelty with the spirit of *Happy Wanderer* (Capitol F 3459).

Barry Sisters

- ★★★★ *Intrigue*
- ★★ *Till You Come Back to Me*

Intrigue has a catchy arrangement that should be quite salable. Singing is done in furtive low tones, slightly like *Hernando's Hideaway* (Cadence 1295).

La Dell Sisters

- ★★★★ *You Don't Owe Me a Thing*
- ★★ *Rockin' Robert*

A very promising trio of femmes handle the syncopation of the top side colorfully. It's in the r&b trend (Mercury 70888x45).

Bette Anne Steele

- ★★★★ *Hate Me Later*
- ★★ *Naive*

This gal has an unusual froggy voice, and she can really belt when she needs to. *Hate* has a fine, swingly arrangement (ABC Paramount 45-9708).



Pearl Bailey—Solid Gold Cadillac/Hit the Road to Dreamland (Sunset 2017-45).

David Broekman—Samba of the Orchids/Theme from "Wide Wide World" (Victor 47-6564).

Johnny Desmond—I Only Know I Love You/The Proud Ones (Coral 9-61663).

Four Joes—These Are the Things I Remember/Sometimes (MGM K12259).

Bill Hayes—Das Ist Musik/I Know an Old Lady (Cadence 1294).

Eddy Howard—Whatever Will Be Will Be/You Can't Keep Running from Your Heart (Mercury 70881x45).

The Lancers—Free/The First Travelling Saleslady (Coral 9-61665).

Sooky Lanson—I'm Tired of Everything But You/After School (Dot 45-15475).

Janis Martin—Ooby Dooby/One More Year to Go (Victor 47-6560).

Rosemarie Rand—Lies, Lies, Lies/Gimmie (Vik 4X-0206).

Della Reese—Headin' Home/Daybreak Serenade (Jubilee 45-5247).

Gale Storm—Don't Be That Way/Tell Me Why (Dot 45-15474).

Frank Verna—Wish I Knew/I Believe in Love (Decca 9-29966).



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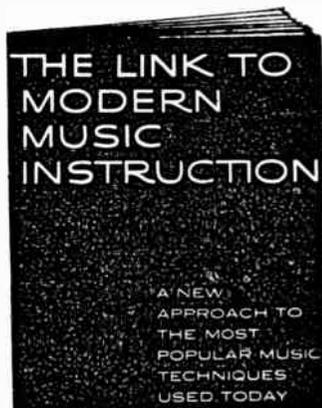
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Dick Lee

Nell Kolodzieck
917 Bell Ave.
E. Carnegie, Pa.

Elvis Presley

Gwen Bassil
2304 Faber St.
Detroit 12, Mich.

Mary Louise Craig
2213 Cortez Lane
Sacramento 21, Calif.

Dottie Kelly
3805 Cresson St.
Philadelphia 27, Pa.

Lenore Lynn Sumonja
2838 S. Keeler
Chicago 23, Ill.

Marty Robbins

Peggy Ann Munson
3811 Wyly Ave.
Brunswick, Ga.

Gale Storm

Sharon Gadamoki
3229 Newland
Chicago 34, Ill.

Tommy Smalls

(Continued from page 30)

contract was for 13 weeks but it lasted 18 months. The station was WSAU, and the program originated from a record store."

Tommy left the station to become a Negro market consultant for the Dee Rivers chain, but he quit after five months because there was no air work involved. WDAR hired the young disc jockey, and he remained with them for about 12 months when WWRL beckoned.

Since his arrival in New York he has proceeded to build himself into an important personality. He even aroused the interest of Ed Sullivan who invited him to appear on *Toast of the Town* three times in six months.

"I'm now working on a show for television," Tommy reported, "which will be a record hop type of thing, the same sort of program we present in Community Centers and Youth Agencies. We will have a live audience and audience participation." This will be a network show which should raise Tommy into a figure of national prominence.

Tommy's aide-de-camp in his climb to the heights is the president of his fan clubs, a young girl named Squeaky. This energetic youngster sees to it that the groups do much more than just deify Tommy. All the organizations are pledged to work for the betterment of their community.

"The clubs hold dances for charity and have record hop parties. And we don't get a zoot suit crowd," Tommy quietly emphasized. "I just want to say that kids who sing and are gay are not planning gang wars. We are trying, through the clubs, to channel youthful energies into healthy activities such as dances and charity drives of any other beneficial community work."

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The Reader's Opinion

(Continued from page 8)

In your July issue, record salesman Laurence Beyer from Texas said that Little Richard, the Platters, Carl Perkins, Bill Haley, etc., were "nothings." I'm sure if it weren't for their records he surely wouldn't be making much money. I'm sure he sells much more records by Elvis Presley in one day than he sells Jeri Southern in a week

I'm sure Elvis is a real nice guy and wouldn't say those terrible things about some of the people who dislike him.

**Sandra Richards
Rochester, Ind.**

Congratulations to Laurence Beyer and Bill Murphy for their letters in your July issue. How anyone can think that bunch of yelled mumbles that Presley does is good, I'll never know.

I've yet to hear someone outdo June Christy, Julie London, the Hi-Los, and the Four Freshmen. I don't see how any of those yells on rock 'n' roll records can be considered singers.

As far as musicianship goes, I haven't heard any yet that's on rock records, that can be called music. Anyone can play a boogie in B flat. Several of my friends and myself are musicians and we don't envy the characters one bit. If kids would just sit down and listen to the tone, technique, and style of some of the greats in contemporary jazz, then they would learn to appreciate good music. As far as sax players go, anytime some of those "characters" can outdo Bob Gordon, Stan Getz, Dave Pell, Gerry Mulligan, Vido Musso, and many others, then I'll envy them. If kids would listen to the modern sounds that come from such great outfits as Shorty Rogers and Stan Kenton I think they would agree with what I say.

**Duane Washum
Yuma, Ariz.**

I would like to challenge Mr. Harry Jeevon's list of 1930 tunes to this list of current and recent pops (some hits, some not) many of which I believe equal to or superior to the tunes in his list. None of these is over two years old.

Lisbon Antigua, He, All at Once You Love Her, It's Almost Tomorrow, Woman in Love, Everybody's Got a Home But Me, Mr. Wonderful, Innamorata, Eleventh Hour Melody, Goodbye to Rome, Somebody Somewhere, Forever Darling, Moments to Remember, Love and Marriage, Unchained Melody, Poor People of Paris, Two Lost Souls, Walk Hand in Hand, To Love Again, On the Street Where You Live, Rose Tattoo, It Only Hurts a Little While, How Little We Know, I Could Have Danced All Night, Graduation Day, Wayward Wind, Picnic, Standing on the Corner, Flamenco Love, I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face, My Little Angel, Blue

Star, Ask Me, Learnin' the Blues, Tender Trap, Too Close for Comfort, Young Ideas, Man in a Raincoat, Sweet and Gentle, Hey There, Take My Love, Door of Dreams, Softly Softly, Sand and the Sea, Make Yourself Comfortable, Young and Foolish, Finger of Suspicion, Count Your Blessings, Blue Mirage, Unsuspecting Heart.

I don't know what you'd call a good song if those aren't. This is only the beginning. Do you see what I'm getting at? There's every bit as much good music around now as there ever was. All this rock 'n' roll makes for what I say is the best era ever in popular music. There's music for everyone to enjoy without yelling at everyone else. Let us teenagers enjoy our rock 'n' roll, and you can enjoy your good music, and we'll all live happily ever after.

**Dudley Brown
Marietta, Ohio**

Getting Tough...

I was thrilled when you wrote the article about Mario Lanza's "Second Chance." Thank you for a story about a wonderful man. I love Mr. Lanza and his beautiful voice very much so you can imagine how I felt when I saw Mel Torme's criticism of the *Serenade* album.

Mr. Torme said, "Lanza fans might kill me but please don't because I'm a Lanza fan myself." Boy, you really sound like a real good fan, Mr. Torme. So am I and I'd like to get one good punch at you.

**Marcey Tobin
Hyattsville, Md.**

Exchanges...

... I wish to congratulate you on the fine job you're doing of covering the "pop" field. *Record Whirl* in my estimation is the first contemporary mag of its kind in the country. You certainly seem to have your finger on the musical pulse of the nation.

Being a disc jockey at a new station here in New Jersey, I find it difficult to obtain new releases of the artists. Perhaps some of your readers and fan club enthusiasts might suggest a way to overcome this obstacle. We would willingly program any and all discs received. I would enjoy exchanging ideas on this subject.

**Jim Farrell
WCRV
Washington, N. J.**

... I'd like to find out if there are any teenagers in America with tape recorders and are rock 'n' roll fans, especially Presley fans and would like to tape-respond with me. I am 16 years old.

**Howie Schwartz
208 Bay St.
Brooklyn 14, N.Y.**

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