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CAPITOL ARTISTES - CAPITAL ENTERTAINMENT

EDITED BY ISIDORE GREEN

The Record Mirror

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THE PAPER FOR ALL MUSIC AND SHOW BUSINESS FANS

ALL KINDS OF SKIFFLE

Sir,—If Alain Haytree is seriously asking what I meant by skiffle groups moving in different directions, I'm only too happy to oblige. I thought I'd made myself quite clear in the first place. Here goes.

When British skiffle first began, a few years back, all the groups sounded the same—pretty pale imitations of Ken Colyer or Lonnie Donegan. Their repertoires were limited to the commercially issued recordings of one or other of these two groups. Few bothered to look out the genuine American folk music records on which the Colyer and Donegan performances were based.

Today we have variety—and we're getting nearer to authenticity. Though I believe he fights shy of the skiffle label nowadays, Ken continues his own excellent brand of skiffle. But also, to mention only a couple of examples, we have Russell Quaye's City Ramblers group playing something quite different, and, as I mentioned in my previous letter, Johnny Duncan and his Rodgers-style

we have three quite different brands of music, with little in common but the classification "skiffle," and the fact that they are based, generally speaking, on American folk music.

The City Ramblers, incidentally, must be the only really "authentic" skiffle group in Britain, playing exactly the sort of music which was originally dubbed skiffle back in the rent parties of the 'twenties over in America. Hence the kazoo and the blue-blowing that gives them that distinctive sound.

In fact, there are more than just these three different types of skiffle. Each of the many amateur and semi-professional groups around today is developing its own distinctive type of music, and looking out its own songs. Soon, the way things are going, there will be almost as many different types of skiffle as there are types of jazz. With one exception, I hope.

Skiffle, like jazz, should be a traditional music. That means it is based on the music and songs which have become part of the tradition of a nation. Despite anything James Asman may believe to the contrary, the further jazz gets away from the traditions which gave it birth, the less like jazz it becomes. Eventually you arrive at the pretentious nonsense called modern jazz.

So far, we have no signs of anyone producing "modern skiffle." But we do have excursions into rock 'n' roll and other commercialised effusions from the professional music world. I'd say to each and every skiffler: beware of the temptations of rock, the easy applause you can get by kicking around songs like footballs.

Likewise, beware of the electric guitar. It may seem like a short cut to professionalism, but in fact you will only be led into aping dance band musicians who have got into skiffle by accident, and have little or no understanding of what it is all about. If you want to play melody (by all means do) and want to make sure you're heard, you might like to try a trick John Hasted uses.

He has what I think is an accordion mike fixed to the belly of his guitar and fed into an amplifier. When John plays melody, what comes out of the speaker sounds like a proper guitar, only louder. The slick, synthetic sound of the electric guitar proper belongs to the swing era. In the hands of Charlie Christian, it became almost musical. But it has no place in skiffle.

One final aside. The most of friend Haytree's letter was about flamenco, the alleged next craze. Please, before anyone ever talks about Frank Sinatra "singing flamenco," just take the small trouble of hearing what flamenco really sounds like. You may like the real stuff, or you may prefer whatever Sinatra makes in the pseudo-Spanish mood, but you will know the difference. Strangely enough, it takes a real flamenco singer to sing flamenco. Good as he is, Sinatra will never be one. Nor will any other pop singer.—Yours faithfully, FRED DALLAS, Original Riversiders skiffle group.

NOT VERY STRUCK ON ELVIS PRESLEY

Sir,—Recently in the RECORD MIRROR, R. C. Sheppard wrote complaining about a letter from Miss Susan Rose.

I also feel "wild" about it, but for an entirely different reason. How can Miss Rose put the Goons in the same class as Elvis Presley?

The Goons are vastly superior to Mr. Presley. Whereas he sings incomprehensible tripe the Goons are an extremely amusing and witty

Letters

We must again remind readers who send us letters for publication that the name and address of the sender MUST be stated. Letters with no name, or a name with no address, will NOT, repeat NOT, be printed.

MIMING... AND WHY SHE'S IN FAVOUR

Sir,—Re the 'Watchman's' comments as to whether artistes should mime or give 'live' performances of their records, I am strongly in favour of miming.

There is no real up-to-date record programme on BBC wireless or TV, save 'Off the Record', which, unfortunately, only appears once a fortnight.

Perhaps this query would not arise if the disc jockeys did their fair share. In this week's Housewives' Choice over 50 per cent. of the records played were oldies like 'Only a Rose'. Very nice, but the majority of listeners have already heard them many times before.

In the case of the Vipers' recording of 'Streamline Train', I bought the record before hearing it on either medium. I could not understand why it did not rise higher in the lists than 20th place, but I found out when I heard them sing it on the '6.5 Special'. What a difference to the recording, for whereas the latter was polished, the live performance was ragged and off key. I had heard a local amateur skiffle group sing it better.

If this is going to be the case with most artistes, give me the mimed version every time, providing it is well done, for nothing is more disconcerting than an artiste singing different words to what is being heard. If this cannot be done, then let us have a really up-to-date programme on BBC radio and TV.—JUNE SPAREY, 8 Beaufort Road, Maybury Estate, Woking, Surrey.

TELEGRAM: MAY WE THROUGH THE R.M. COLUMNS WISH JUDY GARLAND THE BEST OF LUCK IN HER SEASON AT THE DOMINION. TWENTY-FOUR AVID J.G. FANS FROM HACKNEY, LONDON, E.

Wally Peterson For New York

He Will Be Our Correspondent There:

Watch Out For His Inside Show Business Stories!

WALLY PETERSON, whose film reviews and other features for THE RECORD MIRROR have made him one of the most widely-read show business columnists in the country, is on his way to New York. There he will join his wife, the celebrated musical comedy star JOY NICHOLS; their five-year-old daughter ROBERTA is travelling to New York with Wally.



Wally, a star in his own right—he played leading rôles in "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific" at London's Drury Lane Theatre, had his own radio series and appeared in many films—has carved quite a career for himself as a journalist, too. It was in THE RECORD MIRROR though that Wally burst into the limelight as a journalist. Apart from his excellently-written and informative film reviews, a number of other articles have been printed in these pages and it can now be revealed that he is the "Tin Pan Alley-gator," an exceedingly popular feature with musicians and music-publishers.

WHILST IN NEW YORK, WALLY PETERSON WILL BE AN ACCREDITED REPRESENTATIVE OF "THE RECORD MIRROR." HE WILL COVER THE AMERICAN ENTERTAINMENT SCENE FROM ALL ANGLES. HE HAS BEEN GRANTED SPECIAL FACILITIES ON BEHALF OF "THE RECORD MIRROR," TO MEET ALL WHO MATTER IN SHOW BUSINESS AND HIS REGULAR WEEKLY BULLETINS SHOULD AROUSE TREMENDOUS INTEREST AMONG OUR EVER-GROWING ARMY OF READERS THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH ISLES.

We hope soon to announce the date of the first publication of Wally Peterson's SHOW-BIZ-IN-THE-U.S.A. column.

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MALCOLM VAUGHAN

WHAT IS MY DESTINY?

(FROM THE "DESTINY THEME")

coupling OH! MY PAPA

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SHANI SHAKES 'EM IN AMERICA

AN EXCITED SHANI WALLIS came on the phone from New York to her agent, Cyril Berlin of Fosters Agency last Friday morning, just a few hours after her American TV debut in the "Arlene Francis Show."

Shani apparently had scored such a hit that offers galore poured in. We hear that two Broadway musical comedy starring rôles have been offered her, plus a star cabaret spot for the opening of a new hotel in Havana, the latter offer coming from Leonidoff, who runs the Radio City shows.

But as Shani is already contracted to Sam Wanamaker, who is to star her in Liverpool over Christmas in "Finians Rainbow", the offers may have to be turned down although one of them does not call for her appearance until the end of February, after the end of the Wanamaker season. This will be seriously considered.

FRANKIE VAUGHAN: 'RAT' GUEST STAR

IN THEIR SUNDAY NIGHT BBC TV show on October 20 The Grand Order of Water Rats will present Jimmy Wheeler, with Frankie Vaughan as guest star. Bill includes Lupino Lane, Max Bacon, Mary Naylor, the Three Deuces and the Two Gees, with the Television Toppers and members of the Order.

G. B. Lupino, a nephew of Lupino Lane, produces the programme.

BILLY ECKSTINE is back in London next week at Finsbury Park Empire with several new numbers.

THE 'PURISTS' AND JAMES ASMAN

For the attention of Mr. James Asman

Sir,—Thank you for your most interesting articles. You often say you have a purist love of folk song, but in your column in the RECORD MIRROR you attack the purists!

I agree that for sincere folk music you cannot do better than listen to Big Bill, Bessie and Ma. My favourites are Big Bill on "Black Brown and White" and "Careless Love."

I enjoy Ma Rainey but find it difficult to understand her words.

I think Harry Belafonte is sincere though. After all, we cannot go on for ever with only the old New Orleans jazz greats as our idols. What happens in years to come? There must be some present day jazz men who are worthy of being classed with Jelly, Satch and so on. Or are there?

Again, my thanks and regards to both you and Dot. —GINA GRIMLEY, Hillcrest, Pipe Lane, Mill Ridware, Nr. Rugeley, Staffs.

James Asman replies:

I have no quarrel with purism when it is reasonably portrayed. But I do dislike the "Purist" as we so often recognise him within the jazz field, a narrow-minded, self-satisfied and addle-brained little nuisance who beats his drum incessantly, but without logic or balance. But, if we are to be reasonable purists on the aggravating question of folk music, we must first agree that an inability to grasp the words sung by a genuine folk singer is a fault inherent in the listener—not in the artist.

We cannot live for ever in the past, as Miss Grimley says, but present and future talent must at least possess the same sincerity. Harry Belafonte is a pleasant "pop" singer with a preference for folk tunes, but, in his hands, these are neither naturally sung nor correctly presented.

But there are new faces all of the time—and we might mention Bo Diddley, Brother John Sellars and latter-day Ella Fitzgerald in passing. New releases by contemporary jazz and folk talent are continually being added to the lists—Jimmy Rushing, Lady Day, Sarah Vaughan, Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, Sonny Terry, Lord Kitchener and so on.

It is, after all, too easy for us to be attracted by shallow interpretations of pseudo-folk and jazz ditties just because they are easier to understand, closer to our ideas of what "folk-song" should sound like and prettier. Such odd ingredients as dialect, native diction and familiar styles of presentation and melodic and tonal qualities strange to our own sophisticated ears should be regarded as virtues, not as faults.

PARLOPHONE SINGER, EDNA SAVAGE, appears in the Jack Jackson Show on Sunday (20).

COMEDIAN BENNY HILL, his Gt. Yarmouth summer season over, will appear in ATV's "Saturday Spectacular" on November 9.

IT'S THIRTY YEARS OR MORE SINCE GRACIE FIELDS CAME TO FAME, BUT TODAY, SAYS OUR COLUMNIST, THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER SUCCESSOR

★ VOCAL VIEWS By DICK TATHAM

RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT there's a lot of money ready and waiting for a certain girl in show business. Who she is, I haven't the least idea. All I DO know is that, for some reason, the female of the species (however much she may

of these ladies, the pertinent question remains: Is any one of them a star in the fullest sense?

"Star," as we know, is a term so overworked as to have become almost meaningless. Properly, it is supposed to indicate a performer billed above the name of a film or show. I use it now to mean a singer who has both (a) recognisable talent as an artiste; (b) the ability to draw a packed audience.

Now the question of whether a singer has talent or not can often be heatedly argued about. But drawing power can usually be tested in a severely practical manner!

But Could The Female Singers?

BLUNTLY: how many British performers today could be guaranteed to pack for a week any variety theatre anywhere in the country? Or, at least, do 90% business? Offhand, I can think of seven: Frankie Vaughan, Tommy Steele, Max Bygraves,



THE THRILL OF THAT FIRST DISC

THE ATMOSPHERE in the recording studio is tense... especially for the artiste who is about to make her first record. FREDYE MARSHALL, brilliant singer — she played one of the leads in "Porgy and Bess" on Broadway—is elated, but nervous all the same. However, the session went through a "treat." This excellent atmosphere picture was taken by Dezo Hoffmann at the EMI studios where Fredye (seen next to conductor Geoff Love) cut two sides for the HMV label — "Blue Prelude" and "Witchcraft." The disc is due on the market fairly soon. Incidentally, Fredye Marshall is at present on a long variety tour, hopes to go into a musical play early next year. She was one of the hits of "Jazz Train" in London in 1955.

Wanted: A Girl A Cut Above This 'Thank You Very Much And Good Evening' Business

boss things about elsewhere) seems very much on the decline in the world of entertainment.

Folk in "the business" often ask: "Do you know a really good girl singer worthy of a break?" and I — at the risk of being pounced upon like a bargain basement remnant — have to reply, "I wish I did!"

Sure, I can name a few of the slightly straighter kind who have decided talent and promise: Joyce Blair and Sally Bazely in "Grab Me A Gondola"; Diane Todd, who played soprano lead in the last West End run of "Kismet", and is deservedly gaining plenty of TV breaks; Stephanie Voss in "We'll Meet By Moonlight"; Patricia Bredin in "Free As Air"; TV songstress Leoni Page.

I'm sure each of these will achieve considerable success. Yet it will probably be in the sphere of TV and stage musicals. I don't see them as potential stars in the full, popular meaning of the term. In other words, I can't envisage them packing a variety hall, or making a Top Ten disc.

Best All-Round Performers

BUT IN THE "POP" WORLD itself, the female fortunes are pretty much under a cloud. For my money, the best all-round performers are — by a mile — those who have been at it for years: Anne Shelton, Dorothy Squires and Lita Roza.

Among the other more "established" performers are (taking a few names at random), Alma Cogan, Joan Regan, Pet Clark, Billie Anthony and Patti Lewis. Setting aside my (very varied) personal views about the merits

Lonnie Donegan, Norman Wisdom, Harry Secombe and Winnie Atwell.

In other words, I doubt if there's one woman singer who could. Not one? Well, about the only one who might be the one I always cite as the supreme example of what a popular singer should be, and who first sprang to fame thirty or more years ago! I refer, of course, to GRACIE FIELDS.

Gracie, as we know, played a season at the Prince of Wales, in the West End, only a few months ago. Despite being in her late fifties, she still retained enough of her outstanding talent to show how it should be done — varied types of song; a sense of comedy; a sense of pathos; an abounding personality.

What a contrast between this and the lamentable "young hopefuls" with their "Thank you very much and good evening,

ladies and gentlemen, and now I would LIKE to sing a number I've just recorded . . ."

Compare this with Gracie, who — after her first song at the Prince of Wales — looked at her long, white gloves; said, "I think you've all seen these now"; peeled 'em off; threw them to the conductor with "Get what you can on 'em."

So, as I said at the start, if there's an unknown gal somewhere with what it takes to make her into the legitimate successor to Gracie, there's just no competition around to stop her going to the top mighty fast.

Were I forced to single out one of the girls we do know as a potential stellar performer, I'd settle for ELIZABETH LARNER.

Through her West End musical comedy rôles, she has developed the necessary "straight" singing ability, and is an excellent

soprano. Nowadays, working frequently on TV, she is getting to grips with the "pops" as well.

What is more important, she has a fine, boisterous sense of comedy.

SOPRANOS ARE SOMETIMES STRAIGHT-LACED. "Paddy" Lerner will never be. I once thought she was. Shortly after she and her husband had returned from their honeymoon early this year, I ran into them at a performance of "Carmen" at Sadler's Wells.

She seemed a little on her dignity, and I thought "Marriage is sobering the gal up!" Afterwards a number of us went backstage, and in one of the corridors Elizabeth L. suddenly said:

"Well, how are you, Tatham, old chap, after all this time?" and landed a wicked right-hook into my solar plexus.

She's never been out in variety being busy on TV, she may not want to. But I'd be very interested to see the experiment made. She could easily have on the public an impact of similar power to that right-hook.

★

There is, of course, one more of our female performers I must mention. It's the coloured girl from Cardiff, Shirley Bassey. For the record, I think she's terrific.

HOW WELL DO THEY WEAR?..

INTERESTING REACTION

PLENTY OF COMMENT on last week's vocal views — particularly via a letter from Sidney Artz (Cricklewood, N.W.2.). He writes:

"Your article, 'How Well Do They Wear?' was the most interesting and intelligent piece I've yet read from you (I appreciate this isn't necessarily saying very much—D.T.). Yet the subject is too vital to let drop. Here are my views; may I hear your comments?"

"Regarding Paul Robeson, there is no doubt he is a superb singer.

"But this is the age of the long-player, and even a great voice such as his cannot properly sustain an LP. As you said, the backing on 'The Incomparable Voice of Paul Robeson' is incredibly poor. Though the songs are really great standards, the whole thing is an indigestible mess—in fact, a disillusionment.

"You mentioned Old Father Time. How many are the formerly great singers who fail to impress today? The vital ques-

tion is—why? Were audiences of 20 years ago 'soft'? Were performers then on such a high plane?"

"Why, today, have 'greats' like Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith and Nelson Eddy absolutely failed to make an impression? I certainly don't think they have lost their superb abilities as entertainers.

"I, like you, have had disillusionments. For example, Allan Jones's 'Donkey Serenade' now seems just ordinary. But Nelson Eddy's 'Lover Come Back To Me,' on the other hand, stands the test of time.

"Undoubtedly the most remarkable case of a personality keeping his hold on several generations is Al Jolson. In 1946, when he was over 60, the 'Jolson Story' film made his the most astounding show business come-back of all time.

"The man who helped to revolutionise the cinema with the first 'talkie' ('The Jazz Singer') in 1927, found 20 years later that his voice, after a period of obscurity, had an appeal to the younger generation as great as to his own.

"His records sold millions, and he died the best-loved performer of his time.

"What others have stood the test of time so well? Is Crosby really as good a performer now as he used to be? And what happened to Eddie Cantor? What was the fuss all about?"

"And, coming back to Robeson, why do his old recordings sound so mediocre, whereas Jolson's still sound great? What is the answer, Dick?"

The Answer

Is—BEAT!

Mr. Artz, I think we can sum up the answer in a word—BEAT. People today live in a state of mental tension far more acute than was the case 20 years ago. For reasons I needn't go into now, many people find that an insistent beat, a compulsive rhythm in music, is a relief from that tension.

In my view, any old recording which lacks beat will invariably

(Continued on page 17)

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SO NEW ORLEANS AND MAINSTREAM WILL MEET

DRUMMER DOUGLAS MARTIN was joint leader of the Blue Notes Jazz Band in Manchester until his work took him away to London, when he was replaced temporarily by Neville Taylor (no relation to the popular singer).

On his return to Manchester, Dougie joined the Eric Batty Jazz Aces — considered by many to be the most outstanding jazz band in the North of England. He also played occasionally with the Blue Notes and eventually rejoined them permanently—his place in the Jazz Aces being taken by their present drummer Ron Peachey.

Where does Scotland come into all this? Well, first of all, my original source of information was Mr. Taylor, who has been staying in Glasgow this past fortnight (and taking the opportunity to 'sit in' with some of our own

piece and retains Erskine, Fabers, Baxter and Hall as before. His two front line replacements are clarinet/sax Dave Jenkins (ex-Charlie Gall Mainstreamers) and on trumpet, George Ogilvie—who, recently released from the Forces, has temporarily given up the idea of reviving his old "Chicagoans Jazz Band."

Chic's gang is certainly going places. They are playing every Saturday and Sunday for Lanarkshire Corporation at Larkhall and last week started a regular Friday evening job at Cambuslang. Moreover, final arrangements are now being made for another weekly date. On Thursday, October 24, the band will begin a weekly stint at Castle-milk.

Jazz Gets On Scottish TV

THE JAZZ WORLD is still pressing on to STV through the door opened by Archie McCulloch in his Monday "Fanfare" show.

The Malcolm Ross Trio ap-

bands led by Jeffrey, Chisholm and Martin.

Hillbilly Club For Glasgow

BILL PATERSON is starting a Hillbilly and Country Western Gramophone Record and Guitar club on Sunday evenings at his studio in St. Vincent Street. This will be Glasgow's first and, if successful, will fill a very much required gap in the music scene in this town.

(Park your horses at the gate!)

Scottish Band OCTOBER Diary

ARMSTRONG—18-20 and 25-27, Royal Crescent Modern Jazz Club.

CAIRNS—19, White Craigs; 20, Hot Club; 26, White Craigs; 27, Hot Club.

CHISHOLM—18, Cambuslang; 19-20, Larkhall; 24, Castle-milk; 25, Cambuslang; 26-27, Larkhall.

DAVIDSON—19, Hughenden.

EAST COAST—20, Dundee Jazz Club; 27, Falkirk Jazz Club.

ESQUIRE—26, Westerton.

FORSYTH—19 and 26, Mahogany Hall.

GALL—19 and 26, Woodend.

KINGPINS—19 and 26, Q.M. Union, Glasgow.

MILLER—19, 21 and 26, Gay Gordons' Ballroom, Balloch.

NOVA SCOTIANS—18, Newton Stewarts; 19, Press Club, Edinburgh; 20, Condon Club; 26, White Craigs; 27, Condon Club.

ROSS—18, Sandyhills; 19, Broomhill; 25, Sandyhills, 26, Broomhill.

SIMS—19 and 26, Partick Burgh Lesser Hall.

STOMPERS—18-19, Border dances; 20, Stompers Club; 21, et seq., THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE (twice nightly).

VERNON—19, Tech. College, Glasgow; 20, Mahogany Hall; 22, Stamperland; 24, Masonic Hall, Riddrie; 26, Clarkston; 27, Mahogany Hall.



outfits). Neville contacted me for addresses and we were discussing things in general. He pointed out that Dougie had compered the recent concert in St. Andrew's Hall when the Saints' Jazz Band came up from Manchester and played to an audience of 500 which led to a discussion of the concert being promoted in Glasgow by the Manchester Sports Guild next month.

Result of all this, after I had phoned Mr. Martin, is that on Sunday, November 24, Dougie will be compering a show in which the leading band will be the one he once played with—Eric Batty's Jazz Aces! The show

will have an interesting contrast of styles with two bands playing the furthest extremes of music within the traditional jazz range. Batty's band being New Orleans and the local Charlie Gall band playing their own version of Mainstream.

Dougie is now setting out to form a jazz band of his own and is looking for gash sidemen. Interested musicians can contact him at Maryhill 3752.

Don Sims Back On Music Scene

LAST SUMMER I reported the formation of the new "Jazz Show Band" by drummer Chic Chisholm following the break-up of the old Don Sims All Stars. Chic's group included most of the old Sims band except the leader. Since then the situation has altered a little, as Don himself has now returned to the musical scene and re-formed — raiding Chisholm to regain some of his original sidemen.

Don Sims' new combination is a five-piece with himself leading from the piano-clavioline, the rest of the rhythm being amplified guitar Bobby Lockhead (ex-Charlie Gall Mainstreamers) and drummer Ian Herdman. He has two front line returned to him from Chic, clarinet/sax Eugene Dolan ("Dodge") and trumpet Johnny Kyle. The group has their first regular date already, Saturday evenings at the Partick Burgh Lesser Hall.

Chisholm is continuing seven-

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HEARD & SEEN by BENNY GREEN

THE AVERAGE JAZZ-LOVER is sometimes inclined to forget that records are made which bear not the remotest resemblance to jazz music. Indeed, records are made which do not concern themselves with music at all. I am not merely attempting to be facetious at the expense of inferior recordings. There really are albums cut which confine themselves to speech, drama, readings from novels and even farmyard noises.

About five years ago I came across a gramophone record in my local library which announced on its label that it depicted assorted sounds which might come in useful for sound effects in radio plays. On its track were recorded

THE MOST ECCENTRIC

the sounds of a train leaving a station, a train travelling at 40 miles per hour, a crowd leaving a theatre, a crowd laughing inside a theatre, and the sound of surf on the shore. With the help of Plotski, who later travelled with the Ronnie Scott band and gradually rose by hard work to the position of the Worst Bandboy in the World, I recorded a play on tape which incorporated all the sounds on the effects record. Naturally the plot was a little disjointed, and we had a great deal of trouble working in the seashore noises. In the end I think we put a man on a train in a station, then used the sound of the train in full flight, and finally made it run off the rails into the sea by the Palace Pier, Brighton.

SINCE THOSE DAYS ALL KINDS of unexpected recordings have found their way into my home, from the sounds of ships' hooters to the voice of Bernard Shaw, and I never fail to be surprised by the attitude of friends who visit me and look through my collection. At the sight of the Bix album eyebrows are slightly raised. The early Goodman small groups are received with an understanding nod, but at the sight of "Juno and the Paycock" or Max Beerbohm reading two of his own essays, there is always shock or bewilderment.

The Sophie Tucker and Judy Garland sides are hastily glossed over, as if they are skeletons in the closets accidentally stumbled upon, and by the time the recording of the radio play "The Investigator" is reached, I know I have already been docketed as a queer fish.

Nonetheless, I cannot change my tastes and have no desire to do so. I look forward impatiently to the day when there will be available on tape almost everything that happens, from the commentary on last year's Cup Final to the sound track from "A Night at the Opera."

THIS MONTH A RECORD has been released which might possibly be overlooked by those who labour under the delusion that the gramophone record is an invention exclusively devoted to the music of Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan. It is a surprising record, even a most unexpected one, for it involves a complete volte-face on the part of its performer, which only proves my point that it is not advisable thing to acquire rigid conceptions about things, whether they are recordings or musicians.

In his day, Tony Crombie has been a man of many parts, particularly in the

RECORD I HAVE EVER HEARD

last two or three years, when he has formed bands, disbanded bands, led bands, joined bands, left bands and even directed bands. His latest venture in the recording field has succeeded in shocking many people by the sheer aplomb of its title—"Sweet Beat." The thought of associating Tony Crombie with anything sweet has never occurred to any of those people who know him as a jazz drummer

or a rock-and-roll bandleader. They might see the record cover and pass on, presuming that the whole thing is a practical joke or a misprint.

As a matter of fact it is neither. The Crombie on "Sweet Beat" is the same one that modern jazz fans are conversant with. The recording is only another proof that there are more ways than one in which a cat can swing, and the results ample proof that jazz musicians can be far more flexible in their ideas than is generally believed.

"SWEET BEAT" IS IN FACT one of the most eccentric recordings I have ever heard. The idea was to take old standards like "Sweet Sue," "My Sweetie went Away" and "Stay as Sweet as You Are," give them a new treatment, and make them swing without transforming them into powerhouse vehicles. The effect of the recording is a most unusual one. While it was being played to me I kept getting mental a most unusual one. What the midgets were doing I was never quite clear, for the mood of the music kept changing. But the arrangements were ingenious, the sounds entertaining and in places most witty, and the instrumentation utterly untypical of the enlightened jazz approach and yet not divorced from its spirit.

"Sweet Beat" is one of those sides which may cause more eyebrow-raising from those who expect a record collection to be all of a piece, who cannot reconcile Ellington with Sean O'Casey or Max Beerbohm with Woody Herman.

But I remind such people that the gramophone record was invented so that people might be entertained. "Sweet Beat" entertains. Q.E.D.

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● "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY," signature tune of the anniversary spot in ATV's "Lunch Box" programme, has been published by the Gabriel Music Co., London. They report a rush of orders. Yet there's no news so far of a record of this fine British song.

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MUSIC ON THE HALLS

ENGAGEMENTS OF RECORDING ARTISTES, ETC., AT VARIETY HALLS WEEK COMMENCING OCTOBER 21.

Bernard Delfont presents: David Whitfield; Harry Worth; The King Brothers; Audrey Jeans; Billy Dainty: Hippodrome, Bristol.

Peter Daubney presents: The New York Negro Ballet: New Theatre, Cardiff.

Russ Hamilton; Terry Scott: Empire, Chiswick.

Derek Roy; The Mackell Twins; Eric Rogers Rhythm Group; De Vere Dancers: Hippodrome, Derby.

Larry Parks and Betty Garrett; Frances Langford's Singing Scholars: Hippodrome, Manchester.

Michael Holliday; Nancy Whiskey; Desmond Lane; John Barry 7: Rialto, York.

Cyril Stapleton and the Show Band; Ronnie Hilton; Marion Ryan; Group One; Des O'Connor: Hippodrome, Birmingham.

Jimmy Young, Harriott and Evans; Gillian and June: Alhambra, Bradford.

Harry Secombe; Billie Anthony; George Mitchell Singers: Hippodrome, Brighton.

Peter Brough; Jimmy Shand and his Band; Ronald Chesney; Dick Emery; Lane Sisters: Empire, Edinburgh.

Billy Eckstine; Marie de Vere's Dancers; The Coronets; Dickie Dawson: Empire, Finsbury Park.

Ronnie Carroll; Gladys Morgan; Fraser Hayes Four: Theatre Royal, Hanley.

Johnny Duncan; Arthur Haynes; Mundy and Earle: Empire, Leeds.

Deep River Boys; Dick Henderson (father of Dickie); The Command Girls: Empire, Liverpool.

Richard Hearne in 'Ice Fantasia': Palace, Manchester.

Chas. McDevitt and his Skiffle Group; Hedley Ward Trio; Jeffrey Lenner; Ron Scott: Empire, Nottingham.

'The Pajama Game', with Nevill Whiting; Sally Rogers; Peter Delay: Theatre Royal, Nottingham.

Edmund Hockridge; Yana; Joe Baker and Jack Douglas: Empire, Sheffield.

Carroll Levis; Victor Seaforth; Eddie Goffron: Empire, Sunderland.

'PYJAMA' PARTY

A BIG PYJAMA party in London is planned by the Doris Day fan club to coincide with the British premiere of her film, "Pajama Game," in mid-December. Club's secretary is John Smith, 46 Ullswater Road, S.W.13.

● SINGER PAT CAMPBELL has joined the Decca exploitation staff. He was for some years with the Four Ramblers vocal group, is known on radio as Paddy Flynn of "Journey Into Space," and appeared in the last Digby Wolfe TV series.

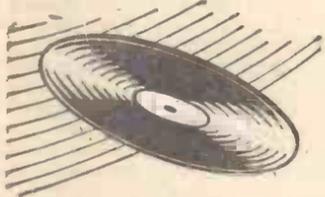
With DECCA, he will be responsible for promotion of the RCA VICTOR label.

● ROY SQUIRES has joined the ESQUIRE label's exploitation department. He was formerly a school teacher.

● AN apology to the Peter Maurice Music Company whose best-selling "A Handful of Songs" was mis-printed as "A Handful of Stars" in last week's issue. Incidentally another big hit from the Peter Maurice group, "Tammy," is still the No. 1 song in the USA sheet music lists. In view of the popularity of this number, the film is to be revived throughout the country. It is unusual these days to find a waltz ballad topping the polls after R. & R. has held sway for so long.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF IN MANY WAYS, and, in my callow youth, the fashion was for teenagers to practise on the yo-yo and lightly strum the ukulele. I was no exception, and my prowess with the aforementioned toy had to be seen to be believed. I could swing it downwards and upwards, under my arm and over my head.

I bought a small wooden ukulele with catgut strings and learnt by heart the three essential chords of at least two keys. Armed with this incredible technique I



would stomp and sing the latest film hits like "If I Had A Talking Picture of Yoo-ooou" and "There's a Blue Ridge Round My Heart, Virginia!" and I made quite a success for myself as the gang minstrel at bonfire-side sing-songs.

I also practised, with the same seven or eight essential chords, on my cousin's Spanish guitar — an instrument which he himself could not play owing to an inherent impatience with all things technical. I plinked and plonked with tremendous pleasure. My uncle, with some encouragement from the rest of the family, regarded me as (a) completely mad and (b) completely unmusical. I never believed him.

IN THE PROGRESS OF TIME, warmed by my obvious talents, I bought myself a secondhand banjo, a model of the instrument used by George Formby, and I memorised several of the comedy songs like "Mr. Wu" and "Daredevil Dick." I became the Original Skiffler. Long winter evenings were made brief and solitary by a few lonely fellow spirits who yodelled and beat chairs in company to my spirited virtuosity.

When I met Dottie, the battered, beloved banjo player came with us to Newark, and, through the war years, one could hear in the black-out the doleful accents and prolonged Spanish Rolls of the redoubtable Asman. Members of His Majesty's Forces engaged in the battle royal continually visited us and, between record sessions, the old banjo would be unearthed and a few questionable folk ditties dear to the hearts of all soldiers, airmen and sailors were loudly sung. So I learnt about the birds and the bees.

Today the same ancient banjo lies waiting the master's touch in an ante-room at the Firgrove Country Club in Parkstone, near Bournemouth, where hilarious jam sessions with a pianist I have always known as "Duggy," and a rather vicious-minded

So I Think I Can Have A Crack At The Reviewers Who Have Had A Crack At Other Reviewers

drummer who boasts between drinks of an early contact with the Squadronaires take place on any Saturday I can spare to make the trip.

AFTER ALL THIS VERY SPECIAL kind of experience I am confident that I can immediately forestall the claims made by some of our musician-critics that only the hen can smell the egg. I'll bet that Humphrey Lyttelton can't manage even half the chords I can on the banjo — and Steve Race wouldn't know a Spanish Roll from a hot dog.

There was a time, too, when Jimmy Asman's All Stars played at the old London Jazz Club in Mack's, opposite the Windmill Theatre, in London's Piccadilly. Humph was on trumpet, and Wally Fawkes played the clarinet. Roy Cooper from Nottingham blew his trombone — Graeme Bell sat at the piano and Georgie Hop-

made many records. None of them were best-sellers, but then, none of Stevie's discs have elbowed Elvis and Paul Anka out of the Top Ten. My first record was made in Pete Payne's little recording parlour in Catford, together with Mick Gill's Imperial Jazz Band. The record was actually released on the DELTA label and I received a great deal of critical approval for my stentorian shouts of encouragement which Pete kept on the track as, I believe he termed it, "atmosphere." Some writer, not quite hep to the jive, did refer to it as "atmospherics" once, but that must have been a typographical error.

My next excursion into the studios came a few years later when I travelled down from Woolwich on a 53 bus to Piccadilly and wrote an original Blues on the back of a torn envelope in true traditional style. I was inspired by the

agreed to record for my own tape machine during more alcoholic sessions amongst genial companions. I play these regularly (often without waiting for my guests to request them) any time I have company at home.

SO LET US have less of these unworthy attacks upon those who, by their innate modesty, prefer not to seek the limelight as trumpet blowers, piano tuners or clarinet pipers. Tony Hall is probably a very fine potential sousaphone player who would rather not talk about it, whilst Max Jones' early efforts with a saxophone certainly inspired the fortunate band he and his brother Cliff organised. Graham Boatfield is, I know, a brilliant performer on the recorder and Sinclair Traill could easily be a world-beating horn man.

We just happen to prefer to

leave these things behind us, for our private moments when the wine flows red and no rival reporter is around. Like Jayne Mansfield, Gilbert Harding and Greta Garbo, we demand our private lives be our own. We do not begrudge Humph his trumpet, Steve Race his old piano, Maurice Burman his drums or Bob Dawbarn his trombone. Leave us to our banjoes, our saxophones, our recorders and our memories.

ERIC SILK AND HIS SOUTHERN JAZZ BAND

"Black Bottom Stomp"/"Come Back Sweet Papa"
ESQUIRE EP.150

WHAT WOULD OUR MUSICAL-CRITICS SAY, for instance, about this latest spate of blatant Revivalism? That it was lacking in a reasonable technique, or that it had no beat, no ideas and no real jazz spirit?

We have no quarrel then, for this lame duck limps through two good tunes with feeble trumpet lead, uninteresting front line work and a plonking banjo. The style of the band hasn't changed one iota since I first heard them over in Leytonstone far too many years ago. Neither has the ability to handle their instruments altered, although the personnel is different.



A STALWART OF CRESCENT CITY

SHARKEY AND HIS KINGS OF DIXIELAND WITH LIZZIE MILES

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CAPITOL T. 792.

IF YOU VISITED New Orleans and strolled in the late evening along Bourbon Street you would, sooner or later, hear the music of Sharkey Bonano blowing out of the doorway of the Famous Door, or some other night-spot where the tourists flood to drink, eat and dance.

Sharkey, who once, gloriously arrayed in bright red flannel underwear, sought after a job that was later given to Bix Biederbecke, is one of the stalwarts of the Crescent City scene today. The studio recordings on this album range from an earlier 1950 session to another two years later and a final one in 1954. Personnel of the band changes to some extent during this period, but the spirit and virility of the Dixieland music, always in the hands of established veterans of this sort of music, never flags.

Lizzie Miles, who mothered our own Ken Colyer when he was in New Orleans, is another institution there. Her bright and breezy Blues singing is more aligned to Sophie Tucker than to Bessie, but she possesses the fire and decision with which Negro vocalists so often electrify their work.

Sharkey, who must be a rumbustious citizen at his best, obviously enjoys jazzing up unlikely epics like "The Eyes of Texas" and "Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart," a quality he shares with Wingy Manone and dear old Fats Waller. There is more of a gay, breezy air about this music than one can find in the Teagarden, and, although the former record is most certainly the better musically, the devil-may-care attitude of Sharkey and his henchmen can be quite attractive and refreshing.

Most of the musicians employed by Bonano are New Orleans born and bred, white men who lingered at the thrones of the Negro kings of jazz and learnt all about it at first hand. Today they represent Crescent City jazz to most of the rest of the world. The cream of the jazz work in New Orleans is theirs.

But the music they make, with all its lively talents, is less important, shallower and much more obvious than the hidden Negro jazz too often overlooked for one reason or another.

This is, after all, real Dixieland of the present day. It can be heartily enjoyed and is an important part of the contemporary picture in the States.

I, TOO, MADE A RECORD

says

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kinson was at the drums. We played a slow Blues, worked up to a passion with "The Saints" and I fell off the platform with a frenzied version of "Ice Cream" which went on for thirty choruses and gave me a severe attack of cramp in my right arm.

On another occasion I can remember, at the behest of the press on some special treat or other, I joined Harry Gold's Pieces of Eight for a photograph. I believe Max Jones held a saxophone, which he once tootled as a nipper, and Sinclair Traill probably held a trumpet with all the aplomb of a professional. I would have startled my colleagues with a spate of unexpected virtuosity on the banjo but some half-wit gave me a double bass to play with instead.

The photograph came out and was duly printed in some paper or another, but all that could be seen of me was one trembling hand wrapped around a toppling bass.

BUT, YOU KNOW, such a lot of nonsense is written about the merits of the player-critic as against the listener-critic. Because of jealousy in the ranks of the various audiences who have, from time to time, listened to my work on the banjo, I am forced to confine most of my critical activities to the role of listener-critic, and I sympathise with them in these attacks made by my fellow-reviewers who just happen to run around a few scales on the piano, or blow a few stray notes on a trumpet.

I read the other day about Humph's views on critics who can't blow — and my dear old NFOJ committee member Steve Race was, at the same time, even more uncharitable about record reviewers who have never actually made a record.

NOW I WOULD like it to be known that I have

Yorkshire Jazz Band who went with me to the TEMPO studios in Piccadilly Arcade. The words ran something like this . . .

*I drank the bitter, I drank the black and tan,
Lord, I drank the bitter and I drank the black and tan*.*

*But, it all came back, babe,
I'm a no good drinkin' man.*

*I was drunk last night and drunk the night before,
I was drunk last night, sweet mania, and drunk the night before,*

I've got a head today — ain't never goin' to drink no more.

(* Black and tan — a potent Storeyville brew originating in Newark, Notts, during the Second World War. Was probably the cause of it.)

JIMMY BRYNING, who cheerfully supervised the session, was so enamoured by the genius of these lyrics that he made a test on the spot. Unfortunately, during the proceedings he so forgot himself that he left the recording machine to execute an intricate dance in front of the band and the master was spoilt.

But I did manage to obtain the original acetate disc which now lies in a special cover in my files at home. We called it "Boozy Blues" and my banjo work behind the Yorkshire Jazz Band has to be heard to be believed. In fact, many people have not believed it after actually hearing it . . .

NOW I maintain that even Steve, with all his TV work and COLUMBIA records has never made such a potential hit! In fact, Humph's success with "Bad Penny Blues" on PARLOPHONE hadn't the untried selling power of this sensational recording. After that I grew discouraged and only

A RECORD MIRROR SPECIAL

LADY RATLINGS STAGE ANOTHER GREAT 'DO'

CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE READ on Monday in an evening newspaper in a feature called "In London Last Night" on the Annual Ball of the Grand Order of Lady Ratlings at the Dorchester Hotel, W, the previous evening, the music-hall is not, repeat not, on its last legs. The reporter of that evening paper said: "I was seeing the last of a dying profession." He—or she—was about the only one with such vivid eyesight . . . and exaggerated pessimism.

Nobody will deny that the music-hall is in an ailing condition, but it is a long, long way from its death bed. In fact, latest indications are that an improvement has been established and the Variety Patient very much looks like returning to good health.

I will willingly wager the reporter of that evening newspaper that there will be an encouraging revival of the music-hall in 1958.

ANIMATED ATMOSPHERE

WELL, NOW THAT IS OFF MY CHEST may I chronicle some of the events of a Most Wonderful Evening? The Lady Ratlings Annual Ball once again was patronised to the hilt. Weeks before the event tickets were at a premium and, Asian 'flu or no Asian 'flu, every table was occupied and the maximum attendance of 750 was present.

There is something electric about the atmosphere of a Lady Ratlings Ball. It positively generates goodwill and bonhomie the moment you enter the vestibule where the guests foregather before sitting down to dinner. The spirit of friendliness prevails throughout—and the animation of Show Business stirs every guest. Depression and pessimism among the stalwarts of the halls is completely eliminated. It is as if the Music Hall was still the most prosperous profession in the world of entertainment.

There is, naturally, comment here and there of the struggle Variety is undergoing, but you hear the same talk about almost everything else. The many representatives of Variety present tonight were certain that all existing problems will be overcome, that the Music Hall was still virile enough to look after itself.



MARY NAYLOR sang sweetly, was a popular feature of the cabaret.

DOROTHY WARD'S SPEECH A HIT

GUEST OF HONOUR was that grand and beautiful lady of the halls . . . the most famous pantomime principal boy of the generation, DOROTHY WARD. She made a delightful speech, packed with humorous anecdotes and, when serious, gave no hint that variety was a has-been. She began with a tribute to the members of the Lady



JILL SUMMERS . . . one of the smash-hits of the hilarious cabaret which was voted one of the best ever.

Ratlings — "Kind, charitable and great troupers" — then dealt with the competition of television with the music-hall. "But," said Dorothy, "television cannot and will not beat it. The newcomers on our screens today have a hard job to cope with the experience and faith of those who have devoted their life to the halls. I don't disagree with the headline singing stars of today," she added. "They help to introduce new blood into the business, but they have a long way to go before they can ever approach the artistry of performance like the Ratlings. Age doesn't count . . . as long as an artiste still gives of his and her best; that's what matters."

Dorothy Ward related the story of a visit to her hairdresser. "I suggest you have your fringe off," he recommended. "What" with

Tommy Steele in opposition?" said this greatest of all principal boys. (Tommy is playing in pantomime this year).

QUEEN RATLING'S REPLY: ALSO A HIT

VIE RISCOE, vivacious, charming, warm-hearted Queen Ratling (this is her second year as "ruler" of the Ratlings—she was also Queen in 1955), made a most moving response. She first paid tribute to the great work her Guest of Honour had done—and is still doing — for the music-hall profession, revealed that Dorothy Ward had recently donated £100 to the Cup of Kindness Fund of the Ratlings.

Vie also congratulated Dorothy

HAPPY AFTER-THE-BALL GROUP: Left to right: JOHNNIE RISCOE, husband of VIE RISCOE, the Queen Ratling; MARJORIE RISTORI; DOROTHY WARD and her husband SHAUN GLENVILLE.



BUD FLANAGAN and his wife CURLY had a grand time like all the rest. Curly was one of the cabaret stars, too.

and Shaun Glenville (Dorothy's husband, who was seated next to "strip-tease" take-off: Mary Naylor lent a glamorous touch with her sweet ballad-singing; Curly

Doris Hare was a sheer joy in her

Vie, an old hand at cracking gags, couldn't resist telling about the modern girls who have to work, work and work under the influence of mink, and of the actor who has to fight his way to the top and of the actress who has to wrestle . . . (wish I could repeat her elephant gag!).

The Queen Ratling also emphasised that Variety was not a corpse by any means. "It is just suffering a little, but it will recover," she declared.

She particularly thanked Ivy Benson and her girl orchestra for the magnificent job they had done—the band played almost non-stop from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m., also accompanied the hour-long cabaret—and Jack Hylton for once again putting on the Lady Ratling's Show on ATV television on October 24.

SIZZLING CABARET

THE CABARET—not a single male in the cast—was, as usual, a humdinger. Naughty and spicy in parts, the cast of 25 put every item over with a zing and a zip that many youngsters topping variety bills could well take a lesson from. Slickly staged by that wonderful lady who produces all the Ratlings' shows, Marjorie Ristori, the big crowd revelled in the merry routines of songs, skit and burlesque. "Tonight We're Gonna Have Some Fun," chanted the Ratlings . . . and they and everybody else certainly did.

Margery Manners gave a rousing rendition of "Puttin' On The Style"; Charmian Innes cheekily chirped "The Lady Ratlings' Calypso"; Maudie Edwards was in terrific form, especially with an impersonation of Hildegard;



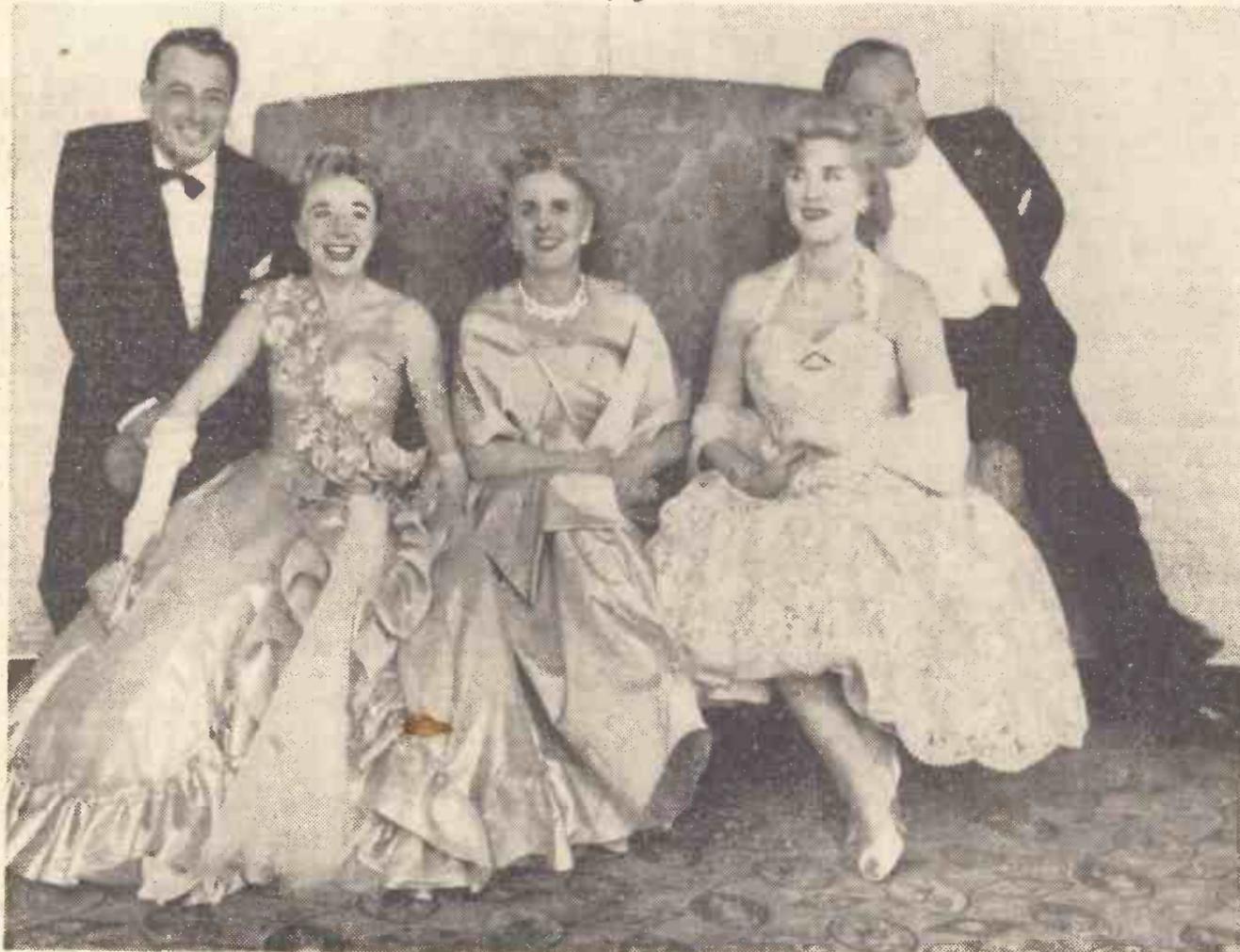
Miss ELSIE MORRISON, Scribe Ratling . . . helped enormously to make the effort a success.

Flanagan, wife of Bud, was delightful in old-time singing sequences. (Bud, standing at the back of the hall, gazed with pride and tear-filled eyes as Curly sang . . . "that's all she does—sing and wash-up!" he told me later). Jill Summers scored one of the biggest hits of the show with her micky-taking and broad comedy; Joan Hurley raised many a laugh with her humorous characterisations; Sunny Rogers was, as always, a tower of strength to the show; Marjorie Pointer, last year's Queen Ratling, was always in the middle of everything doing a grand job, and the rest of the Ratlings never let up as they joined in routine after routine.

"How can Variety die with artistes like these?" said Vie Riscoe when she came forward to thank the company for putting up such a terrific show.

How indeed?
ISIDORE GREEN

ALL PICTURES ON THIS PAGE ARE RECORD MIRROR EXCLUSIVES, WERE TAKEN BY DEZO HOFFMANN



FINE COMEDIENNE, TOO



HERE'S JOAN SIMS with Norman Wisdom in one of the many funny sequences in "Just My Luck" (see story below). The Green Man suggests that there are great possibilities in a Wisdom-Sims comedy team.

NORMAN'S FUNNIEST: 'JUST MY LUCK'

● MY FIFTH SNEAK-PREVIEW of a NORMAN WISDOM film . . . In fact I've now 'sneak-previewed' every one he's made since his screen career began in 1951 with "Trouble in Store."

Latest Norman 'epic' to burst upon an unsuspecting audience, "Just My Luck," was shown at the Gaumont, Camden Town, London, N., last Thursday evening.

A near-packed house laughed uproariously at Norman's newest adventures—this time horse-racing ones—with the crazy mixed-up gump-suit clown bewildered and bewitched by a beautiful belle and a bad brace of bookmakers.

I rate this the funniest film Norman has yet made. It's packed with lively new comedy situations and I assessed the whole thing by the best judges of all—a local cinema audience. They laughed and laughed and that's all the J. Arthur Rank officials who were present at the preview wanted to know—and hear. So what the critics on the national newspapers will say following the press show won't matter a damn. As a local attraction 'Just My Luck' will be terrific box-office—I'm certain of that, and I'm just as certain that the locals will love it. Sparkling comedy comes from JOAN SIMS, who plays Norman's 'dumb' and 'unwanted' girl friend. Her 'stooging' with Norman in the cinema sequence—comedy highlight of the picture—is a sheer joy and I pass on the suggestion to those concerned that if a suitable vehicle could be evolved for a Norman Wisdom-Joan Sims combination, this could be really something.

PHIL THINKS A LOT OF TERRY DENE

SITTING NEXT TO ME at the Camden Town Gaumont watching, laughing—and, particularly, listening—was PHIL GREEN, the popular musician, orchestra-leader and composer. He has written the background music for the new Wisdom film.

Before the screening I had a chat with him in the foyer and he told me that he had written the songs for Terry Dene's film, 'Gold Disc', now being made at Walton.

"Don't underrate this kid", Phil told me. "I met him for the first time at the studios the other day and, believe me, he's a natural. I saw him go through several scenes and I was really impressed. Terry Dene pleasantly surprised everybody from the director downward. He acted like a trouser and everything about him looked good."

"I wish I had a share in him—and the picture. Both will make a fortune".

PASSING OF ROBERT TREDINNICK

● I HEARD THE SAD NEWS over the weekend of the sudden death of ROBERT TREDINNICK, one of Britain's pioneers in the gramophone record sphere. Tredinnick, who was about 60 when he passed away on Friday last, helped tremendously to popularise and stimulate interest in the disc, was one of the first disc jockeys on the BBC way back in the Savoy Hill days.

Tredinnick also became known as one of the most important record reviewers in the business. He reviewed hundreds of thousands of discs for numerous newspapers and magazines—for a period he contributed articles for one of my publications immediately after the war—and his knowledge of the subject was immense. His advice was always keenly sought by recording executives, A & R men and others in the business and he had a great knack of predicting a hit—or otherwise—on disc.

Robert Tredinnick was an entertainer, too. He was an expert storyteller, a fine scriptwriter. He toured the music-halls for a while with Mabel Constanduras in a double act, the emphasis of which was on domestic comedy.

The death of Robert Tredinnick will be mourned by many in the record and show business world. He never was a publicity seeker and his name may not mean a lot to members of the public but in the profession he was regarded as a man who did a lot to help it.

DANCING CLARKS ARE MUSICIANS, SINGERS

● HAD AN INTERESTING CHAT with one of the two CLARK BROTHERS, the fabulous, fast-stepping coloured dancers who are such a hit in the current London Palladium show "We're Having A Ball." As he was talking he just couldn't keep his feet still and in between questions and answers, he was spontaneously tapping the floor with a fascinating rhythm.

The Clark Brothers—Steve and Jimmy—are no strangers to this country. They have played many of our leading theatres and halls. They featured in the Olsen and Jolson crazy show at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1949, they were in the Vic Oliver show at the London

The Green Man

GOING PLACES MEETING PEOPLE



Casino in 1951 and in the provinces they toured with several high class revues.

It's amazing what they do with their four feet, still more amazing how they execute such tricky stepping at such speed, split-second-timing and at such length—theirs is never less than a 15 minute act—and still feel so fresh at the finish. "Perspiration pours from us like fountain jets." Steve (or was it Jimmy?) told me "But we reckon that's good. To perspire shows that you're fit—especially if you have an athlete's heart—and we have athletes' hearts . . ."

But dancing is not their complete stock-in-trade.

They are expert musicians and singers. Last year in Las Vegas, where they are big attractions, they had their own band, themselves played drums, sax and piano. They disbanded just before coming to London to appear in "We're Having A Ball."

As youngsters they toured with the fabulous Gene Austin, said to be the singer who has sold more discs than any other artiste in the recording world—more, over the years, than even Bing Crosby. Gene's sales run into scores of millions.

The Clark Brothers, real nice

friendly lads, exceedingly popular with the Palladium company and with everybody back stage, are considering an offer to stay on in England after the Palladium run of "We're Having A Ball" (finishes December 14) and tour the provincial halls again. They'd like to prove to audiences here that they can sing and play instruments just as well as they dance.

DON CORNELL'S LATEST RECORD: HIGH HOPES

● PAYING A VERY BRIEF VISIT to London last week-end—he was here for only 48 hours—was MANNIE GREENFIELD, manager of The Goofers, now at the London Palladium.

Mannie, a good friend of English show-business, told me some interesting news about DON CORNELL, the American singer who made such a hit in England a couple of years ago.

TOMMY STEELE, ALMA COGAN AND DICKIE HENDERSON 'PACK' PETTICOAT LANE SALT-BEEF BAR

PETTICOAT LANE, East London's most famous-of-all week-end market places, was, as usual, packed-so-that-you-could-hardly-move, last Sunday morning, but even these crowds were completely outnumbered the same evening in the same celebrated thoroughfare.

Reason? Personal appearance of TOMMY STEELE who, fulfilling a promise he made to me some time ago, came along to give a hand at Barnett's popular salt-beef establishment which the proprietor had thrown open this night for the express purpose of forwarding all receipts for sales of the kosher delicacies to the Jewish Board of Guardians. This fine gesture prompted all concerned to make a Celebrity Night of it and, associating myself with the event, I asked ALMA COGAN and DICKIE HENDERSON to come along, too. Tommy, Alma and Dickie were given a hearty reception as they made their way through the dense crowds; their appearance certainly stimulated sales of salt-beef sandwiches and, thanks to these fine artistes who gave up other engagements to mingle with their East End fans, Barnett's will hand over to the J.B.G. a very useful sum indeed.

"Don hasn't made another tour of England because he has been in big demand fulfilling contracts made a long while ago," said Mannie. "He's just finished a six months' tour of Australia. After that he went straight on to the Copocabana in New York, did a record-breaking four weeks there."

I asked Mannie if Don had made any records recently—and if there was any likelihood of his emulating his sensational "Hold My Hand" hit.

"Well Don has made a new disc and I'm hoping that when it's released in England on November 1—on the CORAL label—it will cause a stir. Number is a great ballad with a bright beat, called 'There's Only You'."

Mannie added that he was negotiating some important business with British managements, and hoped that he would be introducing many more American acts to this country early next year.

BRIAN REECE OFF TO MAJORCA

(AT 13 BOB A DAY)

● AN EARLY A.M. MEETING WITH BRIAN (P.C. 49) REECE at Winston's Club, London, W. Brian had just come from 'a rather boring dinner,' wanted to live himself up before going home to bed. A fervent reader of the RECORD MIRROR and of Bruce Brace's column, he decided to wind up the night at Bruce's Club after reading the current edition.

Brian arrived in time to see the snappy 45 minutes Bryan Blackburn-produced cabaret—one of the best in the world of night clubs, I can assure you (and Brian said so, too)—and after it was over, came to join us at our table which I had reserved and at which, as the guests of Mrs. Green and myself, were Jack Upfold, Paramount Pictures' lively publicity gent.; and his charming wife.

Brian told me that after 23 months and three weeks of solid non-stop 'slogging' on screen, stage, radio and TV, including a string of television films—28 of 'em—for American consumption, he was off for an 18 days' holiday to Majorca. "And," Brian confided, "I've booked at a hotel, right on the beach; the rate is 13 shillings a day, all in! Not because I'm Brian Reece. Anybody can go there at the same price. The hotel is tip-top, the food excellent and the amenities equivalent to the ritziest anywhere."

When Brian returns he will begin rehearsals for the "Jack and the Beanstalk" pantomime at Brighton Hippodrome. Pat Kirkwood is co-starring with him.

NOT A BACHELOR LEFT NOW

● LAST OF THE 'SINGLE' four Jones Boys, 29-year-old John Padley was married on Tuesday to 23-year-old Anne Hari, glamorous comedienne and singer.

Anne, discovered by Tommy Trinder, is making a name for herself on television and on the 'halls'.

'ROCK-A-HULA' IS NEW U.S. RAGE

THERE'S A NEW TREMOR vibrating in Tin Pan Alley.

It's emanating from a thing called 'Rock-a-Hula' which, so we're told, is Hawaiian rock. First Rock-a-Hula record, 'Hula Love,' has been made by Buddy Knox on COLUMBIA, received a four-star rating by Don Player in the R.M. It's climbed to Number 9 in the American best-selling lists. 'Hula Love' is published here by Macmelodies.

Jack Golden, formerly pianist to Harry Richman and composer in 1949 of 'Hawaiian Boogie Woogie,' has written to Bill Phillips of Macmelodies, telling him that 'Rock-a-Hula' is a certainty to emulate the success of rock 'n' roll.

AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS' PARADISE

● AUTOGRAPH hunters would have a field day at Associated British Elstree Studios right now.

Just to be going on with: William Holden, Richard Todd, Trevor Howard, Laurence Harvey, John Derek, Kieron Moore, Michael Craig, Juliette Greco, Elaine Stewart and Dawn Addams.

These stars, and more besides, are working NOW at Elstree. And coming into the studios soon are Ingrid Bergman, Sophia Loren, Cary Grant, John Mills, Sylvia Syms, Anthony Quayle and Carole Lesley.

STEVE ARLEN WOWS 'EM AT STREATHAM

WOWING PATRONS at the Stork Club, Streatham, this week, is Steve Arlen, a former Welsh schoolboy international rugby player, turned singer—you'll recall his discs on the Philips' label. Steve really does a fine job in this twenty-minute floor show. His voice is better than ever, and his rugged charm makes a hit with the ladies.

Steve opens with "All of Me," changes tempo with "How Deep is the Ocean?" (you should hear the ladies sigh!), quickens the beat again with "Black Magic," registers a highlight with "Frankie and Johnnie," and then whistles a lilting phrase or two from a grand number, "Billy the Kid," written by his accompanist, Sam Fonteyn. I feel that this song, properly exploited, could reach the skies, with its simple, appealing musical theme. Steve gives it the full treatment.

A song in French, a few pops, an Elvis Presley number "All Shook Up," and (without mike) "Old Man River," proving that Steve has a mature and very pleasing voice, more or less complete Steve's polished act.

Any producer looking for a British Howard Keel of the future

Reg Barlow

★ ★ ★
Thank you,
Thank you,
Thank you!

I CAN'T reach you all to personally say "thank you"—so may I do it this way?

To my friends in my recording Company, my music publishers, the disc-jockeys and producers who have been so wonderful, the Press who have helped me so much, and of course, all you marvellous people who are buying my records—

thank you, most sincerely,

Russ Hamilton

★ ★ ★



CHARMIAN INNES singing the 'Lady Ratlings' Calypso' at the Annual Ball last Sunday; Girls Dance-Band leader IVY BENSON seems to enjoy the saucy lyrics too—see page 8.

—R.M. Picture.

PEOPLE WITH FRIENDS either on the way to or returning from the United States over the past seven or eight years have been giving top priority to requests for hit show LPs, with the current top demand being for the Broadway cast album of "My Fair Lady." Everybody wants to own a copy of the score of a smash hit like this long before the show makes its local bow and the music becomes available to the general public.

However, there are other LP items just as much sought after and if you place the material of one RUTH WALLIS well up on the list, you won't be wrong. Miss Wallis' two-edged tunes, given just the right weight and beat on her own albums, have been used at some time or other by most of the female cabaret artistes around and have broken the ice at many a party gathering.

It seems strange that no record company up to now has tied up the material for release in Britain, but at last one enterprising outfit has latched onto the Wallis waggery and, via a Melodisc EP tagged "A Little Bit of Spice", record players up and down the country will soon be spinning out the chuckles without recourse to New York-bound friends or a triple tariff. On the local disc Rosita Rosano, with backing by the San Juan Rhythm

We've Got News For You

be a big seller for the label as well as a change of pace and lots of fun for record romps.

But It's The Helen Morgan Story

WARNERS HAVE A PICTURE coming up called, originally, "The Helen Morgan Story."

American late show biz personality upon whose career the film is pegged isn't, however, a well-known Stateside name in this country so, when the musical hits the local screens, the marquees will read "Both Ends of the Candle." Miss Morgan, part of the fabulous decade that began in the early twenties, became associated with many great songs but probably found most lasting fame with "My Bill" out of "Showboat." Ann Blyth portrays Helen Morgan on the screen but the voice you'll hear belongs to discstar GOGI GRANT. Incidentally, Alan King, comedy feature of the current Judy Garland Show, makes an impressive screen debut here as the corner-cutting husband of Morgan's best friend, Paul Newman, who pulled top critical applause for his "Somebody Up There Likes Me" rôle, racks up another solid characterization with this outing.



Boys, will add a bit of spice to record collections with offerings like "The Admiral's Daughter," "The Cutest Little Dinghy in the Navy," "Down in the Indies" and "Pull Down the Shade, Marie." A 78 release will live up the party with "Queer Things" and "Little Boy." Due for November the EP will attract on cover value alone as it features the feather-decked charms of ILONA ADAMS, Prince of Wales leading lady in the last Benny Hill show. Should

Gordon Jenkins

(HE'S HERE WITH THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW)

Is Given A Unique 'Introduction'

☆ I'VE always said I'd walk miles to see a Judy Garland film and when I set out to meet the great Garland in person at a press reception last Thursday evening I just had to—there wasn't a taxi in sight . . .

For the first time in years I felt butterflies swirling in my stomach at the prospect of meeting an artiste, but then indeed, this was a star from a rare firmament.

A lot of people at that over-crowded reception must have felt the same way, for I've never before seen an artiste being asked to autograph press hand-outs about herself for the interviewing press!

Judy was smaller than I expected. She was garbed in formal black, her hair dressed away from her round young face. Her feet and ankles are beautifully shaped. Her eyes are bright and expressive, her laugh ready and lusty.

She's plump, yes, but it suits her.

American musical director Gordon Jenkins (who has come over with the Garland entourage) rightly sums her up thus: "SHE HAS AN ENORMOUS SENSE OF FUN, CAN LAUGH OR CRY AT THE DROP OF A HAT . . . SHE'S SENSITIVE, THE GREATEST!"

MERRY NOLAN'S Musical Merry Go Round

HIS FIRST VISIT HERE

Gordon styles himself "the only guy to travel over 6,000 miles to be introduced as a men's room!"

It happened like this. The press reception for the Hollywood star was a very formal affair, held at Park Lane's opulent Londonderry House. At the head of the wide staircase stood a scarlet-coated official announcing the people as they arrived. Judy and party arrived, and Jenkins leaned towards the official, the only one in sight, whispered something. Official straightened up, announced quite seriously to the assembly — "MR. MENS-ROOM!" Miss Garland and party almost subsided in hysteria.

The following day I dropped by at the brilliant American composer-conductor's hotel, found him at his desk. There were sheets of music everywhere. On the tables, chairs, on the floor. I tip-toed my way carefully, waited until Gordon finished what he was doing.

Tall, tanned and greying, this is Gordon's first time outside America. He's wildly excited at being in London.

"Every time I get a spare hour I walk round and round. I want to see everything. All the pubs, Soho, Limehouse."

Tabbed "an incurable romantic," is he happy with this verdict? "Sure, I write romantic music, don't I?"

Gordon's background is completely musical. He began playing piano and ukulele at 14, had his own band when he was 15! He recalled:

"My first job as a conductor was for director Vincente Minelli, in the Broadway production 'The Show is On.' This must have been round 1933. I applied for the job, and although I'd never conducted before, I swore I could, and was engaged. Do you know I got fired eight times in the next eight weeks!"

"Shortly after this show I left for California; those were lean days, but I landed a job with Paramount and on a radio show which eventually led to my being appointed musical director of West Coast N.B.C."

"Then, in 1949, back in New York, I was appointed M.D. by American Decca."

DISCOVERER OF TALENT

Jenkins has spent a great deal of his time discovering and helping talented youngsters — Janet Blair, and groups like The Weavers and McGuire Sisters come into this category. He was also in some measure responsible for bringing out an entirely new facet of Louis Armstrong, when he backed him with strings and chorus. Remember "Blueberry Hill"?

Nowadays he's with CAPITOL Records, divides his time between New York and California. He has hobbies which range from golf to making furniture.

I BROUGHT UP THE subject of American singer BILL LEE, whom I'd met a month or so back at a London recording studio.

Gordon used Bill as his narrator and singer on his best-selling "Manhattan Tower" and "Seven Dreams" Long Players; he considers Bill one of the finest singers in America. In addition to seeing all the pubs



Another fine close-up of JUDY GARLAND, here seen with PAT EAST of the Leslie Frewin Organisation which is looking after the press-side of the Judy Garland Show at the Dominion on behalf of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation.

in London, Jenkins is anxious to take in a Jack Teagarden/Earl Hines All Stars Concert. He and Hines are old buddies.

"Way back, when Earl was in the Chicago 'Grand Terrace,' during the intervals they used to have girl singers going round the tables singing to the customers, followed by a pianist on wheels! Hines ran the band, but those were tough days and he was also interval pianist. Whenever he wanted to get away he'd let me fill in for him."

Another date in Gordon's London diary is the Count Basie Midnight Concert on October 24. "I wouldn't miss him for the world."

Gordon rates it a tremendous honour to be asked to accompany Judy Garland. After initial rehearsals he's expressed satisfaction with the musicians already selected by Geraldo for the Garland show. Bobby Howell, well-known British leader, will conduct the first half; Gordon the second.

Cast Meet The Press At A-R

MACK and MICHAEL WESTMORE steered a Light Entertainment party through a pleasant four hours at the Wembley home of A-R this week and tied it in with the 25th session of the "Cool for Cats" series. A-R spokesmen opine it does good to have cast meet press and vice versa (*To which, amen!*) Nothing quite as cooling to the blood as those moments directly following an audience-less telecast. The production crew packs up and disappears within a few minutes and the geared-up performer finds out how fleeting those minutes in front of the camera can be. **THE WATCHMEN**

VIC ASH FOR AMERICA

Going As 'Exchange' For MJQ
By ROY BURDEN

VIC ASH, Britain's ace of the jazz clarinet, flies to America on December 5. He will lead a quartet on a 16-day concert tour as "exchange" for the USA's Modern Jazz Quartet, which arrives in Britain on November 30.

Supporting Vic will be Cyril Sherman (drums), Arthur Watts (bass), Denny Turner (piano). They are all members of the newly-formed Vic Ash band, which will appear at the annual Jazz Jamboree, at the Gaumont State, Kilburn, N.W., on October 22.

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BRUCE BRACE'S



PEOPLE AND PLACES

The Host Of Winston's Popular West End Nighterie Takes You Right Behind The Scenes Of Show Business And Its Personalities.



BACK ON MY OLD MAYFAIR BEAT AGAIN, I had my first drink at the Dorchester Bar with husky, most pleasant film star **ROD STEIGER**. He flew into London a couple of weeks ago to be a guest at the Rank 21st Birthday Party.

Seems he likes London, for he's altered his whole schedule to stay over a little longer. Rod told me he spends most of his time learning the intricate art of snooker, which he thinks is a lot better than his national American game of pool. Met Rod a couple of days later playing the coloured ivory ball game at the famous Empress Club—and the way he shaped up he sure must have a terrific tutor!

Champ Loved

Jive Music



NOW THE DARK nights are with us my favourite indoor sport is getting into full swing. I refer, of course, to the noble art of self defence—Boxing. Went along to

Harry Levene's promotion at the Albert Hall the other night. And what an enormous improvement I found the new plush, tip-up seats after those diabolically hard wooden chairs on which I used to suffer.

As usual, Harry Levene's tournament was a great success. After the fights Harry came along to Winston's with the hero of the evening, Willie Towel, and his complete entourage. Willie, as everyone knows, comes from South Africa, is British Empire Champion. Believe me, he's also a very lively prospect for world honours in the near future. He's one of a fantastic family of fighters; his brother Vic was world champion. But Willie didn't want to talk about boxing at Winston's—he was interested only in the show and the jive music. As I've always found, this fine specimen of the champion breed was the most modest guy, and so pleasant to chat to.

Iris's

'Rockerfellers'

YOUNG LADY currently appearing in my floor show is glamorous fan-dancer **Iris Poliakova**, whose vital statistics compare very favourably with those of Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield. Besides performing her nightly fan dance, this 19-year-old is probably Britain's youngest impresario.

Iris is backing a bunch of talented youngsters who sing a mixture of skiffle and folk songs. She's sure these boys have something, has taken them under her wing, already fixed them some tentative dates for TV and variety. Calls them the Rockerfellers.

I'M settling down nicely in my old pastures. But I don't want to forget all about my trip to sunny Italy right away, so here are a few mementoes from Rome. I went there after my stay in Venice as I had an appointment with my old friend Terry-Thomas. Terry had flown there from Capri, was waiting to see me at the Excelsior Hotel. He had another appointment there as well—with ace producer **George Pal**, who'd flown in from New York via London to proposition Terry for a star role in a new international film, "Tom Thumb." I gathered Terry was accepting the offer.

Terry also told me that while in Capri he was wallowing in the sea making a film for home consumption. Suddenly he saw a young lady swimming into camera range and liable to spoil the film he was making. He

ordered her to buzz off in no uncertain terms. "Then, imagine my embarrassment," Terry went on, "when I found out who this 'extra' was." It was none other than the English-born Italian princess who's better known to us as film star **Dawn Addams**; she'd be just about the most expensive film extra in the world! She told Terry afterwards she was over in Capri for the première there of "King in New York," in which she plays opposite the great **Chaplin**.

NOW I'M HOME I REALLY must persuade my chef (who is Italian by the way), to emulate the famous Italian dish I gorged myself on in Rome, fettuccine.

This was the pièce de résistance of the internationally celebrated Restaurant **Alfredo**, which is presided over by the 75-year-old **Alfredo** himself. I was completely fascinated as I watched **Alfredo** lovingly mixing each dish with a golden fork and spoon which were presented to him in 1928 by the late **Douglas Fairbanks, Senior** and **Mary Pickford**.

The Elusive

Judy



MOST ELUSIVE LADY IN LONDON, and almost completely uncontactable, is **JUDY GARLAND**. She's been working extra hard for her **Dominion** debut.

Not all the big names of show business are so hard to find, however. Mr. Show Business himself, **Jack Hylton**, was on view in Winston's the other night, taking a night off with my old friend **Max Bygraves**. He told me advance bookings for all his West End shows have taken an upward trend. This is one of the signs that London will soon be bustling with new activity for the Motor Show and other autumn attractions. Other signs are the hasty refurbishing and redecorating going on in so many West End bars, restaurants, and clubs.

All the joints will be really jumping in the next week or two!

JOAN ILL: PAM DEPS.

LARYNGITIS ATTACKED vocal star **Joan Regan** early this week, and kept her out of the **Palladium** show "We're Having a Ball" on Monday and Tuesday.

Blonde, 24-year-old **Pam Butler**, who has understudied **Joan** for three months, replaced her for the first time, and according to all reports, performed most successfully.

THE DEEP RIVER BOYS are among the singing stars in **BBC TV's** "Off The Record" on Friday, November 1.

TV DATES FOR MIKE AND BERNIE

MIKE AND BERNIE WINTERS, the comedy team, currently at **Chicwick Empire**, West London, are on **BBC-TV** "Six Five Special" next Saturday, also on November 9, 16 and 23.

They will play the **Ugly Sisters** in the **Glasgow Empire** panto "Cinderella." Penny whistler **Desmond Lane** will be in it, too.

ALMA COGAN MAKES HER MUSIC

ALMA COGAN stars in 'Make Mine Music' which **Bryan Sears** produces on Saturday, October 26, for **BBC TV**.

Bill also includes the **Stargazers**; **Hall, Norma** and **Ladd** in their comedy musical act; **Forbes Robinson**, the operatic bass who was in the recent operatic production of 'Salome'; the **Trio Raisner** with their harmonica, and **Bob Cort** and his **Skiffle**.

VIC THE VERSATILE

VIC OLIVER, starred as the **Versatile Water Rat**, heads the bill in the **Water Rats** **BBC-TV** programme on Sunday, October 27. With him are **Yvonne Arnaud**, **Jimmy Clitheroe** assisted by **Bert Linden**, **Rowland Jones**, **Laurie Payne** and **Amanda Barrie**, with the **George Mitchell Singers** and the **British Concert Orchestra**.

OFF TO SPAIN, and probably a bit of **Castilian** inspiration, this week goes one gent who's more than a little **LP-happy**. **Jimmy Campbell's** "If I Had You," coming up for a singles push once again, is included among the offerings of over **ONE HUNDRED** mini-grooved slices of **Lasting Pleasure**. His "Goodnight Sweetheart" and "Try a Little Tenderness" number 30 or 40 album treatments each. Others like "By the Fireside," "Show Me the Way to Go Home," etc., have benefitted from multiple attention, as well, so the gregarious **Campbell** is "living all over again."

The Butlins At Ratlings Ball



THERE ARE NO FINER SUPPORTERS of Show Business and its charitable organisations than **Holiday Camp King BILLY BUTLIN** and his charming wife **NORAH**. Here they are—**Norah** is on the left of the picture—chatting with **Queen Ratling VIE RISCOE** at the **Ratlings' Ball** last Sunday. See page 8.—R.M. Picture.

Silvester Again

VICTOR SILVESTER and his orchestra start their new series for "TV Dancing Club" on November 4. It will be the same formula as before, with **Victor** giving his usual dance instruction. It is a fortnightly programme.

Victor junior and senior plus orchestra flew to **Glasgow** on October 14 to open number twelve of their **Dancing Studios** at the town's **Gaumont** cinema.

They were hoping to have **James Robertson Justice**, **Dirk Bogarde** and **Jean Carson** at the opening ceremony.

They flew back on Tuesday to broadcast number three in the "B.B.C. Dancing Club" series.

Victor's first **COLUMBIA** 12in. L.P., "You Were Never Lovelier," music by **Jerome Kern**, which is dedicated to **Belinda Lee**, and played by the 26-piece **Silver Strings** orchestra, is "going well."



JIM DALE, the popular young singing-comedian, has made the **R.M.** Top Twenty with his **PARLOPHONE** recording of "Be My Girl"—See lists on page 23.

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WELCOME BACK,

Record Mirror Camera Team, Headed By Dezo Hoffmann, Records The Scenes At The

Singing Star For Her Show At The Dominion



A splendid close-up study of Judy... she especially posed for our cameraman for it. Throughout the reception Judy was most cooperative with our photographic team, despite the ordeal of having to face so many other cameramen.

HE WAS ONCE MANAGER OF THE 'DOMINION'

One of the first persons Judy asked for at the reception was IVOR SMITH, an important figure behind the J. Arthur Rank Organisation which negotiated the deal for the appearance of "Miss Show Business" at the Dominion Theatre, London. Here's Judy with Ivor Smith—they chatted happily for a long while.

Incidentally, way back in 1938, Ivor Smith was manager of the Dominion when that theatre was turned into a cinema after it had failed to click as a 'live' theatre. 'Silver Wings' was the musical play which marked the opening of the Dominion, but, despite a tremendous all-star cast, it didn't click.

Ivor Smith was the first manager of the Dominion as a cinema.



THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW: Full Review, First-Night Pictures, Next Week

THIS EDITION OF THE RECORD MIRROR WENT TO PRESS EARLY WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW AT THE DOMINION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON. THEREFORE OUR REVIEW OF THE SHOW CANNOT APPEAR UNTIL NEXT WEEK. A DETAILED, COMPREHENSIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHOW, PLUS PICTURES OF THE DAZZLING FIRST NIGHT, ETC, ETC, WILL MAKE NEXT WEEK'S RECORD MIRROR ONCE AGAIN THE MOST OUTSTANDING PUBLICATION OF ITS KIND. ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!



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JUDY GARLAND . . .

Press Reception Following The Return To Great Britain Of Hollywood's Great Film And
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FLASHBACK TO 1951



One of the happiest pictures taken at the reception . . . a gay Judy Garland gaily discussing the event with her gay husband, Sid Luft.

One of the biggest triumphs in the dazzling show business career of JUDY GARLAND was her debut at the London Palladium in 1951. No theatre has ever been laden with so many bouquets as that which filled the Palladium stage following Judy's sensational first-night performance. Back-stage, more bouquets filled her dressing-room. Among the thousands who congratulated Judy that unforgettable night were your editor and his wife—the above picture was taken just a few minutes after the star had torn herself away from an audience which made her take a score of curtain calls and sing encore after encore.



With her musical adviser . . . the distinguished American composer-conductor—Gordon Jenkins.

AN
GAN
to pieces
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ANDY
WILLIAMS
Lips of wine

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WHEN YOU REACH that topmost rung in the ladder of fame and they call you "THE FIRST LADY of SHOW BUSINESS", it means you're not only a star, but an all-round entertainer with that almost indefinable "certain something" which sets you apart from all others.

That's why there's only one Judy Garland, idolised by millions with a name that is a household word the world over.

Judy has had six distinct careers thus far. First she was a child singer, then a teen-age actress. When romantic roles with people like Van Johnson, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly became hers, she was recognised as a seasoned young star.

Fourth phase of Judy's many careers, marked the beginning of the change which has culminated in the vigorous tempo, the authoritative style and the allure of the glamorous performer we know today. Judy developed this new singing personality on a series of personal appearance tours which followed her film "Summer Stock" in which Gene Kelly was her leading man. Her fifth career was as a top recording artiste. She launched her sixth career as a TV star in 1955.



Gumm on a happy June 10 in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, their third daughter was born, a light-hearted baby girl who is known to the world today as Judy Garland.

Judy's habit of "stealing the show" manifested itself at the early age of three. It also marked her official debut on the stage, even though a bit unexpected. Virginia and Suzanne, her older sisters, had just finished singing "Jingle Bells" on the stage of the Grand Rapids Theatre owned by her father. Her mother was in the pit at the piano, her father was busy in the box office, and with no one to grab her, Judy marched herself on stage just as her sisters walked off. For posterity, let it be said that her first public performance was a rendition of "Jingle Bells" and her version wowed the audience!



The 'Glum' Gumm Sisters

CALIFORNIA LURED THE GUMMS SHORTLY THEREAFTER and their method of westward travel was not unique in the world of the theatre. They barnstormed their way across playing one-night stands as two separate acts; Mom and Dad, and the Three Gumm sisters. When the parents were on stage, the three little girls would become the applause-claque in the audience, and when the girls did their sister-act, Mom and Dad would applaud with wild

enthusiasm. And thus, they landed in a small desert community about eighty miles north of Los Angeles called Lancaster. Judy's two sisters were enrolled in school, her father took over the management of a movie theatre, and the family settled down to a normal, everyday life.

That is everyone but Judy.

Show business was in her blood, and within weeks after settling in Lancaster, Judy could be found giving shows at the drop of a hat, for the other kids in town. With such determination to become an entertainer, her parents enrolled her in a children's drama school. Not long afterwards, Judy found herself a member of the famous Meglin Kiddies, a youthful troupe which played theatres in California.

The Meglin Kiddies were booked into a Los Angeles Theatre and Judy was thrilled at the thought of appearing in "the big time." The day of the opening found Judy's left eye nearly closed because of a sty, but that didn't stop her. Dressed as Cupid, she stepped before the curtain to sing, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." The late Gus Edwards, famed producer of juvenile acts, congratulated Judy backstage, urged that the Three Gumm Sisters resume as a trio.

Edwards' advice did not go unheeded, and "The Gumm Sisters" soon became an established act which eventually elicited a bid to play the celebrated Oriental Theatre in Chicago. The girls were beside themselves with excitement. They had made the grade and, for the first time, their names would be blazoned in lights on the marquee.

They were right to a degree. On the marquee, as big as life, the electric bulbs spelled out "The Glum Sisters," hardly a flattering billing! The sisters looked 'glum' indeed as they trooped through the stage door with tear-stained faces. When George Jessel, who was starring on the same bill, heard what had happened, he rushed to comfort the girls. He picked little Judy up, sat her on his knee, and as he mopped the tears from her face, he told her she was a very pretty young

girl, as "pretty as a garland of flowers". Then he stopped. "Garland, Garland," he thought, wasn't that the name of one of New York's most famous critics.

"How about changing your name to Garland?" he suggested. And that night, the "Garland Sisters" came into being. A year later, Hoagy Carmichael's song, "Judy," inspired the first name and little Miss Frances Gumm officially became "Judy Garland."



Heading For Hollywood

FOLLOWING a brief engagement at the Chicago World Fair and a run in with a gangster who wouldn't pay the girls for their performance in his concession, the three sisters and their mother were broke and hungry. Too proud to wire dad, who had disapproved of the Chicago trip, they eventually found a job that earned their fare back to very welcome California.

More schooling and then Virginia and Suzanne — "Jimmie" and "Sue"—met nice boys and got married. Judy's interest turned to school. She became interested in sports and made the girls' baseball, volleyball and basketball teams. She became one of the most popular girls in the school.

While on vacation at Lake Tahoe with her mother, Judy sang for a campfire group. Lew Brown, of the songwriting team of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, heard her entertain, suggested to Mrs. Gumm that Judy should approach the film studios in Hollywood for a job.

This was all the inducement mother and daughter needed and soon they were making the studio rounds. But at 12 years of age, Judy was too young for adult assignments and too old for the child parts. Judy's break came after she appeared at the Wilshire-Ebell Theatre on a vaudeville programme. The way this long-legged, gang-

ling kid "belted" out a song with sentiment and power won sustained applause from the semi-professional audience. And, within a few weeks she had been signed to an M-G-M contract.

Judy studied in the studio with Mickey Rooney (who is still one of her close friends), and Deanna Durbin, and soon played her first film role in a short, "Every Sunday Afternoon." Then she played in a feature "Pigskin Parade." Judy developed a girlhood crush for Clark Gable, whom she had never met, and with her vocal coach, Roger Edens, composed a song around him. Later the trembling Judy had a chance to sing it to him on sound stage on the occasion of his birthday.



Sophie Teaches Her

THE REST IS SCREEN AND MUSIC HISTORY. The song "Dear Mr. Gable," introduced by her in "Broadway Melody of 1938" became a great hit, and Judy won fame — and a charm bracelet from her dream man inscribed, "To Judy, my favourite actress, Sincerely, Clark Gable."

She won the friendship of other M-G-M stars, who took her to their hearts, and in her next picture, "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," she was taught how to sing a torch song by the incomparable Sophie Tucker. Later came roles in "Everybody Sing," "Love Finds Andy Hardy," "Andy Hardy Meets A Debutante" and "Strike Up the Band."

Judy was then cast as Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" which proved her luckiest picture. It won her an Academy Award, presented by Mickey Rooney, the honour of putting her footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and her own home — a sprawling, white frame house, with trees, flowers, tennis court and charm-size swimming pool. Her father had

SEARCH FOR CHEWING GUM FOR JUDY

WHERE DO YOU GET CHEWING GUM in London at 8.30 in the evening?

That was the problem facing A & R chief Norman Newell at Judy Garland's British recording session at the EMI recording studios in Abbey Road, north-west London, late last week.

Norman phoned every restaurant in the neighbourhood; each sent out scouts; and two packets arrived at the studios within half-an-hour.

Judy has developed the chewing gum habit before show business "dates," but the problem of getting some for her proved to be the only one of the session.

Said Norman Newell afterwards to a RECORD MIRROR reporter: "Judy is the easiest person to work with, and everything went without a hitch."

"She was most impressed by the musicians of Geoff Love's orchestra, and they really took to her as a person — especially when she told them a few of the latest American gags between 'takes'."

Song Judy recorded was "It's Lovely To Be Back In London." It will be coupled with "By Myself," which she has already waxed in the States on the CAPITOL label. Disc will be released at the end of this week.

died several years before, and she now lived there with her mother.

Other hit pictures followed — "Babes in Arms," "Little Nellie Kelly," "Ziegfeld Girl," "For Me and My Gal," "Presenting Lily Mars," and "Girl Crazy."

Then she began acting grown-up roles in "As Thousands Cheer," "Ziegfeld Follies," and "Meet Me in St. Louis."

In "The Clock" she proved her ability in a straight dramatic part.

Then came the musicals "The Harvey Girls," "Till the Clouds Roll By," "The Pirate," "Easter Parade," "Words and Music," "In the Good Old Summer-time," "Summer Stock" and finally "A Star Is Born."

Judy is very happily married to Sid Luft, a producer. The couple live with their children in a beautiful estate in Holmby Hills, California.

She is very sentimental and enjoys watching sad movies, weeps to her heart's content. If she buys a dress she likes especially well, she'll have it copied in a variety of colours and fabrics. She prefers sports clothes, loves radio mysteries and soap operas and admits to a weakness for antique jewellery. She always knows exactly what she wants . . . and what her public want from her. Giving it to them as she does has made her one of the greatest stars in the magic world of Show Business.

HER HEART'S IN THE HEART OF LONDON



THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU, JUDY

—ENTHUSES POPULAR BAND-LEADER
CHAPPIE D'AMATO

JUDY GARLAND is here in person, and I'm proud to welcome this superb artiste through the columns of this special Judy Garland issue of the RECORD MIRROR.

Wonderful Judy! Romantic Judy! Boisterous Judy! Sad Judy! Happy Judy! I Don't Care Judy!—we're going to see all these Judies in her very own show at London's Dominion Theatre.

What a lovely way to spend an evening! (or matinee).

Superlatives so often used to describe the performance of other show business personalities are quite inadequate when trying to do justice to the talent and charm of this Great Little Lady.

Judy's film, "A Star Is Born," convinced me (if I ever needed convincing) that she has no superior in the firmament of stars in dramatic acting, apart from her complete sincerity in "putting over" her songs. Judy! THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU!

Gordon Jenkins, the celebrated American maestro, told me that he is always on the verge of tears (so emotionally affected is he) whenever he has the honour (a term he himself uses) to conduct any of her sessions or shows. What greater tribute to an artiste than this?



There is no greater admirer of Judy Garland's artistry than Chappie D'Amato, the British bandleader and "Housewives' Choice" compere. Here he is photographed with "Miss Show Business" at last week's reception — he says he has written every word in the adjoining article with "profound sincerity." — RM Picture.

GOOFERS GO WITH JUDY TO LAS VEGAS

WHEN JUDY GARLAND opens her season at the fabulous FLAMINGO in Las Vegas on December 26, the big 'second top' on the programme there will be the Goofers, those five amazing singers, dancers, musicians, acrobats, comedians—and what have you—now stopping the show at every performance at the London Palladium in "We're Having A Ball."

THIS IS MAKING ME TEAR MY HAIR

HONESTLY, IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU TEAR YOUR HAIR (if any).

You know, of course, that major American modernist groups—like the MJQ, Brubeck, etc.—are due here shortly under the Anglo-American band exchange.

So who do we send over there?

TONY KINSEY'S Quintet? DON RENDELL'S Sextet? "THE JAZZ COURIERS"? ALLAN GANLEY, DIZZY REECE or TOMMY WHITTLE with their combos? A group that's worked together for at least six months?

Not on your nelly.

No, sir. We send jolly JOHNNIE GRAY and his band of that particular day! Handlebar-moustache and all.

And a new group, but a week or two old, fronted by clarinetist VIC ASH.

Don't think I'm having a go at Johnnie Gray. He can be very amusing. And I'm certainly not getting at Vic Ash. They don't come any better on that instrument in this country. Or the boys he'll be taking along. Pianist DENNY TURNER is an outstanding musician (the Stork Room hasn't been the same since he left). ARTHUR WATTS is one of the best and biggest-sounding bassists I've ever heard here. And drummer CYRIL SHERMAN (with his good, clean technique and especially fine brushwork) certainly won't let the side down.

But it does seem to me a little unfair on those guys who earn their living playing nothing but jazz. Who, through their own enthusiasm over the years, have helped make the current jazz scene healthier and more musically productive than it has ever been.

Sure, Vic Ash deserves to go. But so do Kinsey, Rendell, et al.



All I wanted were the facts, ma'm. So I phoned Britain's biggest band-exchange booking boss, 35-year-old former R.A.F.-man, HAROLD DAVISON.

At his luxurious lower Regent Street, W, offices, Harold had this to say:

"Let's get one thing straight. The Americans haven't asked me for jazz groups. If they send one here, I don't necessarily have to send them one back.

"They mainly want bands who will put on a show. That's why I'm sending over Johnnie Gray again. He did very well last time. So much so, he'll do solo spots on two TV shows this trip.

"Tommy Whittle should have gone back again. But he can't. Because of his Cyril Stapleton Show Band commitments. So I'm sending Vic Ash instead.

"Of the bands you mention, let me tell you that Don Rendell has never applied to go. But I'm certainly prepared to consider him.

"As for Kinsey. I've never promised him a trip. But you can take it from me, he's certain to go over within the next six months. That I can promise you."

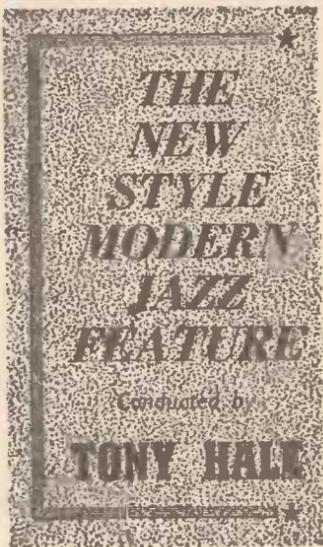
That, then, is the position, straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak.

SO IT SEEMS that the only way we can ever make it a real jazz exchange is for my recent RECORD MIRROR suggestion to be taken up by the powers-that-be. That American jazz groups should be allowed to work in clubs here. And that, in return, our Kinseys and Rendells should tour the American jazz night club circuit.

Our boys are ready, willing and more than able. Just give them the chance.

Modern Jazz Record Resumé

ENIGMA CHET BAKER



TRUMPETER CHET BAKER is one of the modern jazz scene's most extraordinary enigmas. A man who never does justice to his playing in the recording studios.

I'm told that Dick Bock, his Pacific Jazz recording manager, trailed around the country for sixteen successive Chet Baker one-night stands, loaded up with microphones and Ampex machines.

The result: nothing that either Dick or Chet considered good enough to release.

So they returned, sadly, to Los Angeles. Two nights later, Chet wandered into The Haig (the club where Mulligan really made his name) with his horn to sit in and blew fabulously all night. While Dick Bock, Ampex-less, stood by hopelessly frustrated. "It was probably the greatest trumpet playing I've ever heard," says Dick.

I'd echo Bock's sentiments word-for-word to describe the Chet I heard at West Drayton USAF camp almost exactly two years ago. (A night I shall remember always. For the great jazz and also because I saw and met actress Jackie Collins for the first time!) The current Chet is a far, far cry from the pale and anaemic-sounding "small boy" of those early Mulligan Quartet days. His playing now has a virility and constantly sustained harmonic interest that probably resulted from his association in New York with Miles Davis. For my money, Chet is the best white modern trumpeter in jazz today.

But still his new recording for Pacific Jazz don't match up with his capabilities. The part played by tenorist Phil Urso in Chet's life has had good and bad results, I'm told. Certainly a Quintet date ("Chet and his Crew") had more warmth than his earlier efforts (except possibly for some immensely soulful sides recorded in Paris in '55).

The next LP was by a "Big Band"—well, comparatively big. Some of the scores were the same as those on a Felsted EP by Chet and some French "sessioneer" musicians. Good arrangements of their kind. But far from typical of the current Chet's conception.

I'd begun to despair that he'd ever sound on disc the way he sounds in the flesh. Then yesterday, out of the blue, Joe Napoli sends me from the States "Jazz West Coast"—Vol. 3. There are two tracks featuring Chet. One is with Art Pepper and Richie Kamucha ("Little Girl.") Very ordinary, I thought. The others: a quartet band under Russ Freeman's name ("Love Nest") with Chet muted.

And, what d'you know! This actually sounds something like the real Chet! So I'm eagerly awaiting the album from which it was taken ("Quartet": Russ Freeman with Chet Baker—Pacific Jazz PJ 1232).

So maybe the tide has turned at last.

I wanted you to know how highly I rate the Chet of today before writing about his latest British release.

Which, frankly, is a stinker! It's

● "JAZZ AT ANN ARBOR"—Chet Baker Quartet (12 in. VOGUE LAE 12044). This was taped over three years ago (May 1954) when Chet was touring the American college circuit. His Quartet comprised Russ Freeman (piano), Carson Smith (bass) and Bob Neel (drums). The student audience accords the music much more applause than it warrants.

You've heard Chet play all eight tunes before. And better. The originals are "Line For Lyons," "Maid in Mexico," "Russ Job" and "Head Line." The standards: "Lover Man," "Stella By Starlight," "Funny Valentine" and "My Old Flame."

This was Chet's in-between period. Almost "too old for the Mulligan Quartet conception, yet too young for Miles!" He plays pretty at times. But, on the whole, pretty dull. The bad balance doesn't help us to really dig Russ on piano. And the bass-drums support doesn't help, period.

The best up-tempo Chet is on

"Mexico." And the ballads have their moments.

But the album doesn't do credit to the performers. Or Pacific Jazz (★★★).

'GLORIOUS BLUE PROGRESSIONS'

● "CHANGES"—MILES DAVIS Quintet/Sextet (12in. Esquire 32-028): Miles is probably the most consistently original creative stylist in jazz today. On this August, 1955 date, he is teamed with the great talents of vibesist Milt Jackson and bassist Percy Heath of the Modern Jazz Quartet; the Parker-tradition altoist Jackie McLean, who was with "The Jazz Messengers" until a couple of months ago; his current drummer, Arthur Taylor; and the Philadelphia pianist, now accompanist to singer Carmen McRae, Ray Bryant.

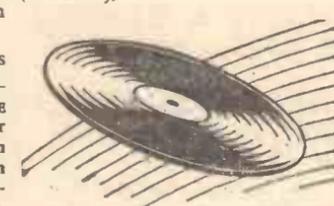
There are four originals, with McLean featured only on his own two tunes—"Dr. Jackle" (a minor blues with a Bird-like line and an air of evil intensity) and "Minor March," a rhythmic, suspenseful 32-bar theme, which has been recorded before (by George Wallington on Progressive). Third theme is by Basie trumpeter, Thad Jones; interesting and unusual, both melodically and harmonically. Finally, Ray Bryant's "Changes," the set's highspot. Some really glorious blues progressions (which, incidentally, inspired our own Tubby Hayes' theme for the Jazz Couriers, called "Plebus").

Milt is free and flowing and highly rhythmic as ever. McLean, though Bird-inspired, shows that his sound—a "popping" sound, warm yet bitterly sweet and sour at times—is now individual and instantly recognisable. His subsequent recordings have seldom matched the quality of his solos here.

Heath gets one of his rare opportunities these days to wail and does so with obvious pleasure. Taylor's drumming matches the mood of bitter and almost "chip-on-the-shoulder"-ish, introverted hard-swinging intensity which pervades seventy-five per cent. of this set. Bryant is a sensitive but swinging soloist with an obviously thorough musical knowledge, adding much calm with his solos to the sometimes stormy sea.

But Miles is the star of these all-stars. His sound here is more forceful than on some other occasions, bleakly forceful, highly personal, tremendously logical and earthily practical. The way his solos develop and tell a story, with a definite beginning, middle and end, fascinates me. On "changes," the only down-tempo of a mainly medium set, Miles plays with a warmth and almost caressing tenderness, which is like the "making-up" following a lovers' quarrel.

An album which takes on a fresh appearance at every listening. I recommend it thoroughly (★★★★).



● "WHEREVER THE FIVE WINDS BLOW"—Shorty Rogers Quintet (12in. HMV CLP 1129): The group of West Coasters who travelled to points North, South and East of the U.S.A. last year—Rogers (trumpet and flugel horn), the individual Jimmy Giuffre (tenor, clarinet), Lou Levy (piano), Ralph Pena (bass) and Larry Bunker (drums). Shorty's idea for the album of descriptive pieces with a meteorological theme is good. So are the compositions in a simple, far from "far-out" way. There is a sense of continuity throughout.

The North Wind ("Hurricane Carol") is wild, turbulent. Giuffre on tenor sounds like a less harsh Bob Efford. The South Wind ("Breezin' Along With the West-erlies") is warm and bluesy with

Giuffre's clarinet setting and main taining such a mood. The East Wind ("Marooned in a Monsoon") has a minor bleakness (which never gets too chilly) and a storm-warning intro. The West Wind ("The Chinook That Melted My Heart") is of a light-swinging, yet slightly foggy 12-bar nature. The final Fifth Wind ("Prevailing on the West-erlies") is the funkiest and the most rhythmic.

Rogers must be one of the most unoriginal trumpeters in jazz ("Shorty? He's a businessman!" said a recent visiting American musician). He puts down nothing of importance with a gentle ease which won't offend anyone's susceptibilities. Giuffre is the star hornman. His breathy, folksy clarinet-work having more originality and impact than his rather ordinary (though swinging) tenor playing.

The rhythm section is excellent for this idiom with Pena steady and Bunker only jarring with his over-slick, even "ricky" solos. For my ears, the show-stealer in every respect is Levy, certainly one of the most swinging and harmonically interesting white pianists around. He blows up a storm on his own whatever the wind. Nothing really startling happened on their album. But the overall feeling is good. The themes are pleasant; the solos, relaxed. All in all, one of the most enjoyable Californian contributions I've heard for a long time.

Easy listening (★★★★).

TERRY LIGHTFOOT'S JAZZMEN

(Terry Lightfoot (cl.), Colin Smith (tp.), John Bennett (trm.), Al Wilcox (bnjo.), Bill Reid (bs.), John Richardson (drms.).

"My Bucket's Got a Hole in It"/"Good Time Swing" Nixa NJ.2018

TERRY LIGHTFOOT was born in May, 1935, in Potters Bar in Middlesex.

He formed his band a bare five years ago, for he was a stripling of 17 summers when I visited the Wood Green Jazz Club (London, N.) where the genial Art Saunders would thrust a pint pot of mild into my hand and push me towards the stage for a spate of compering (writes James Asman).

I shall always remember Wood Green with especial affection, for there so many of my friends were given a chance to play in up-and-coming amateur jazz groups. I can remember the guttering candles placed on top of the large stone beer kegs which lined the stage, and the swinging multi-coloured ball over the hall which threw jets of sharp lights from one wall to another.

I can recall the friendliness of Art, and his wife Vi who could always be found half-hidden in the cubicle at the outer door, checking the tickets and collecting the cash.

Since that time when Colyer and Barber and Bryce and a thousand other old friends would grace the band stand at one time or another, the club boasted of its own resident band led by the very young Terry Lightfoot. Now Terry is out on his own and doing very nicely, thank you. This new record is one of the few evidences of his present-day style.

It proves that the Lightfoot band is both efficient and rhythmic. Like the Zenith Six it has no piano—there must surely be a dearth of good band pianists these days. Like them, too, it lifts very pleasantly, moves forward on the path that all traditional jazz must eventually go, and makes a degree of sense out of the music it plays. In this case the more familiar New Orleans traditional "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It" is backed by a fastish 12-bar Blues with some new ideas, called "Good Time Swing."

The traditional side is perhaps the better, but the Lightfoot original is performed with more zest than the well worn chord sequence might normally prompt.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST TV SHOWS ON BBC...

WATCH RUBY 'HOOF IT' WITH TOMMY STEELE!

BET THE MEMBERS of a certain boy's club in London's Notting Hill district haven't realised that their assembly room is being used during the daytime of this week as a rehearsal centre for one of the B.B.C.'s most ambitious TV shows.

Neither will they know that cavorting over their highly polished floor rehearsing an equally polished dance routine are none other than **TOMMY STEELE** and **RUBY MURRAY**!

Event in question is the "Tommy Steele Show" which will be on your home screens this Saturday (19) evening. Seems that B.B.C., being a little pushed for space, lease various youth clubs during the daytime so as not to clutter up valuable

AH! I Can Tell You That—

COLUMBIA RECRUITS

RAN INTO one of the nicest fellows ever to wield a baton: **EMI's Norrie Paramor**. He was telling me that this past week has sure been a busy one, having just lined up four cracking new sides for **Ruby Murray** to etch and also signing the "Jones Boys" for the **COLUMBIA** label. You may recall that the younger member of this quartet, **Bernard Burgess**, recently married the aforementioned Ruby. After her TV show this week they'll be taking the plane on Sunday morning for a one week's delayed honeymoon in France.

THE SURREY COWBOY

PASSING THROUGH those wonderful Surrey woodlands I stopped to take a second look at the face of a passing horseman. Yes, that strong jaw wasn't hard to place for it was none other than **Michael Holliday**. Mike, headlining this week at **Chiswick Empire**, has himself a fine home just beyond London, and recently bought himself a fine piece of horseflesh to make possible that early morning canter. His face lights up with the delight of a fellow who just received his 50th Gold Disc when you talk about the nag. He tends and grooms it himself with the care and pride that only Prince Hal rates from horsewoman, **Pat Smythe**. This former merchant mariner is one of the most likeable fellows in the vocal kingdom who, for my money, has a personality and like of casual clothes only likened to that of **Perry Como**.

SHOW BUSINESS EATERY

IF I WERE a struggling act unable to buttonhole any of the top agents for a chat I'd drop into **Jack Isow's** famous **Brewer Street** restaurant some lunchtime. To walk in there during the lunch hour you get the feeling that the **Agents' Association** were holding a Conven-



AT THE VARIETY CLUB Luncheon last week another Guest of Honour was **JOHN ROWLEY** (left), the **International Chief Barker**. Sitting with him is **MIKE FRANKOVICH**, the **Chief Barker of Tent 36**.—R.M. Picture.

tion. During one lunch hour this week I spotted the **Hyams brothers**, **Sid and Phil**. **Will Collins**, **Cyril Berlin**, **Solly Black**, **Eddie Lee**, **Keith Devon**, **Johnny Riscoe**, **Norman Payne**, **Jock Jacobson** not to mention **Harry Green**, **Max Bygraves** and **Manny Greenfield**, manager of the fabulous **Goofers**.

In this famed dinery all the "greats" have their names lettered in gilt upon the fine hide chairs, although this does not mean to say you'll see **Danny Kaye** there eating daily. One thing though... I spotted **Editor Isidore Green** sitting in **Vera Lynn's** chair and fooling nobody as to who he was. Wander around the tables and eavesdrop a little... what do you think their all talking about... yes, you're right... **SHOWBIZ**...

JOAN THEMES IT AGAIN

DOWN AT **Walton studios** producer **Roger Proudlock** has just completed shooting a "thriller" called "**The Spaniards Curse**" which stars **Tony Wright**, **Lee Paterson** and former **Prince of Wales** dancer, **Susan Beaumont**. This picture has a theme tune which is liable to catch on called "**Dreaming of The Days Gone By**." Unseen singer of the tune in the picture is **Joan Regan** whom you may recall did a similar stint in "**Prize of Gold**."

TERRY'S BACK

BACK INTO **London** last week-end came that gap-toothed film funster, **TERRY THOMAS**. Terry has been in **Italy's Ischia** shooting the first picture to be produced by the new company of **Tomkin Productions** which is a combination of the names of its two headmen, **Terry Thomas** and **John Dudkin**. Picture they've been making is called "**How Do You Do Ischia**," and one of the unpaid extras in it is none other than the glamorous **Dawn Addams** who happened to be taking her daily swim as they were making some beach shots. Whilst there, **Terry** received a call from **M.G.M.** to flip across to **Rome** to meet their producer, **George Pal**. Talks went more than well, result of which is that **Terry** will be soon heading **Hollywood** way to make his first picture there, "**Tom Thumb**." Good Show... **A.H.**

RUSS RETURNS AFTER U.S. TV TRIUMPH

RUSS HAMILTON, successful **ORIOLE** vocalist, arrived back from **America** last Saturday. He had scored well on the big **Patti Page** TV show, which included such famous names as **Alfred Drake**, the **Andrews Sisters**, **Rhonda Fleming**, **Jack Leonard**, **Julius la Rosa** and **Vic Schoen's** orchestra.

His "**Rainbow**" is still **No. 5** in the **U.S.** charts, and "**Wedding Ring**" is climbing fast.

This former **Butlin** redcoat made a most favourable impression on **American** dee-jays, and he may do a tour of the **States** in the **New Year**.

Next week he tops the bill at **Chiswick Empire**, in **West London**.

COLIN'S FIRST DISC

COLIN HICKS, **Tommy Steele's** younger brother, is making his first recording for **NIXA** (with whom he has a two-year contract) on **Thursday** this week.

It is "**Wild Eyes and Tender Lips**." Coupling was not decided at the time of going to press.

Variety Club's Guests Of Honour



AT LAST **TUESDAY'S** **Variety Club Luncheon** at the **Savoy Hotel**, **London, W.**, the **Guests of Honour** included two **English recording stars**—**ALMA COGAN** (**HMV**) and **DICKIE HENDERSON** (**PARLOPHONE**) (left). **Dickie** may not have sold as many records as **Alma**—he's made only one disc so far (!) but he's entitled to be called a recording artiste, anyway. Both **Alma** and **Dickie** made excellent speeches. **Gentleman on the right** was another **Guest of Honour**—**STANLEY KRAMER**, one of the greatest of **Hollywood's** film producers. His latest, "**The Pride and the Passion**," which stars **Frank Sinatra**, **Sophia Loren** and **Cary Grant**, is now at the **London Pavilion** where it is drawing packed houses.—R.M. Picture.

CONT. FROM PAGE 3

sound tame to the younger generation, and to many older people besides. This often holds true no matter how technically fine the singer may be. That is why many of the old records of **Robeson**, **Grace Moore**, **Allan Jones**, **Irene Dunne** and others nowadays sound uninteresting.

Even with **Nelson Eddy**, people tend to say, "**Fine voice, but...**" You find beat today not only among the **Presley-Steele-Donagan-Haley** type of offerings, but among the **lyrical** idiom of the **Sinatra-Riddle**, **Haymes-Bernard**, **Cole-Jenkins** partnerships.

As **Mr. Artz** rightly says, **Jolson's** voice lives on. **Al's** voice was, technically, never anything outstanding. But it was, and is, tremendously exhilarating—and if ever a singer had beat, that was **Jolson**.

People talk about the **Return of the Ballad**. That may come about. But if it does, it can, in my opinion, succeed only if it is invested with a strong beat.

I'd pick on **The Platters** as, in fact, having sown the seed of the next trend in "pop" music some months ago—by taking a **lyrical** number, "**My Prayer**," and putting a **pounding** rhythm into it.

If **British** bandleader **Tony Crombie** is aiming at the same sort of idea with his "**Sweet Beat**," then I think he's on to something.

Progress often comes through synthesis. So the old "ad lib" type of ballad singing, and its opposite—the **unmusical** thud and **thunder** of rock 'n' roll numbers—may be superseded by a mixture of elements from both. Anyone know a good **Beat Ballad** singer? I do.

Trying To Sing Opera In Variety

PITY THE SINGER who wants to bring the really good stuff to popular audiences. If you're in variety, and you want to bash away at the latest rock number, or croon some moon-in-June ballad, it's a fair bet the pub-

★ VOCAL VIEWS By DICK TATHAM

lishers will come across with an arrangement neatly tailored for the pit orchestra. But decide to try a bit of opera on the customers, and see what happens!

I met one instance a couple of weeks ago, when **Ric Richards** wanted to sing "**On With The Motley**" at **Finsbury Park Empire**. Phone call to **Ascherberg's**, the publishers, for band parts met an emphatic, "**Sorry, no can do.**"

Their case: That an opera aria is liable to have liberties taken with it in variety. (So **Ric** sang with piano only).

Theme was developed last Sunday backstage at a **Drury Lane** charity show, when I had a long talk with **Tony Dalli**, the young Italian tenor, who's the dead spit of **Frankie Vaughan**.

Tony loves opera. He sings pops at a pinch—but his heart (and larynx) are far more in "**Nessun Dorma**," "**Cielo e Mar**" and other classical showcases for the top A and B flat.

Yet he has the devil's own job getting co-operation from "serious" publishers. They feel, apparently, that arias require a certain size orchestra, a given instrumentation, and that anything less than this cometh of evil.

Personally, I think this is plain ridiculous. If ever there was a time when good music needed boosting among the public at large, it is now.

If some fourth-rate comic wants to parody "**Che Gelida Manina**" by singing "**My old woman's mitt is frozen**," then by all means let the publishers say, "**Now you can't do that there 'ere.**"

But if a trained singer is (brave man) prepared to sing opera in variety in this day of rock 'n' roll, he deserves every help.

I wish young **Tony Dalli** luck. His manager, **Michael Julian**, assures me he gets hundreds of letters from "real gone kids" saying how much they go for **Tony's** arias. Which is fine.

As for the publishers, I wonder how they'd have felt in 1953, if I'd brought off a certain little venture—forestalled by **Paramount's** signing of **Oreste**, and his departure for **Hollywood**. I wanted to present the tenor in a recital of Italian standards, with arrangements and orchestral backing by **Johnny Dankworth**.

Terry Sisters On Parlophone

ALSO CHATTED, at the same event, to that attractive two-some, the **Terry Sisters**. They've just been signed by **PARLOPHONE**, have their first disc out **October 25**: "**A Broken Promise**" / "**It's the Same Old Jazz**."

West Enders have another chance to see them on **November 10**. They're in another big charity show, this time at the **London Coliseum**.

Late addition to the "**Lane**" show was **TV soprano Diane Todd**. She came in at short notice when crooner **Janie Marden** reported sick. She got big applause for "**With a Song In My Heart**," **Victor Young's** "**Love Letters**" and "**This Is My Beloved**" (which **Diane** sang in "**Kismet**" in its last **West End** run).

Epilogue: Senior official of the show's organisers came on and presented **Diane** with outside bouquet. He paused. She paused. Then (sportin' gal) she stepped in and delivered a kiss of thanks. Audience applauded even more loudly than for the singing.

Quoth compère **Bob Andrews** (looking at senior official): "**Charlie's** been champing at the bit all day." Then (looking at the petite, delectable **Miss Todd**) added, "... and I don't altogether blame him."

FONTANE SISTERS THE TOP TWENTY TIP

Another Film Star Enters Disc World

STILL the film stars keep coming into discdom. This week it's Tony Perkins who makes his record bow under a new RCA contract. His first sides should make a fairly good impression.

Not a bad week at all—though there's a surprise packet from another film star!

Among the good commercial bets are the Fontane Sisters who return with a very powerful pairing, and the oddly-named Jimmy Breedlove.

Johnny Mathis and Peggy Lee look after the "something different" category for us and our own Joan Regan turns up with one of her best efforts.

Look for the new catch phrase too... Bob Jaxon's starting it with his "Gotta Have Something In The Bank, Frank," the record that, incidentally, The Kaye Sisters have cut here with Frankie Vaughan for Philips.

DESERVES A HIT

JOHNNY MATHIS

"The Twelfth Of Never"
"Chances Are"

(PHILIPS PB 749)

JOHNNY MATHIS must soon break through into the high sales he deserves on this side of the water.

The singer has a great style and a likeable voice—personally, I doubt if the label has done sufficient to make the public aware of the man.

In America Johnny Mathis is a mighty big proposition. Here he could be even bigger. Listen to the remarkable charm of "The Twelfth of Never" and see if you don't agree. The lyric is outstanding and the melody has a fey romantic quality which manages to avoid whimsy.

"Chances Are" allows Johnny to use that liquid voice again in a slow romantic ballad. A very melodious backing from Ray Conniff adds considerably to the value of the side. Use of piano and feminine voices is beautifully judged.

A fine coupling which really deserves to become a massive seller.

CASUAL AND WARM

TONY PERKINS

"Moonlight Swim"
"First Romance"

(RCA 1018)

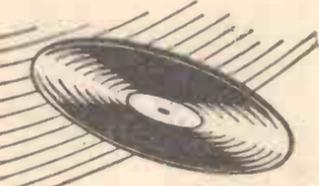
ANOTHER film star dives into the disc pool—appropriately with "Moonlight Swim." Tony Perkins has already caused quite a stir on screen, and I predict that he's going to shake them up in the record world too.

The star's got a casual relaxed style and a warm slightly husky voice which could get the girls a-swooning.

His "Moonlight Swim" is very much a case of come-on-in-the-water's-fine.

Frank De Vol is in charge of the backings for that and for "First Romance" which opens with a romantic sax sound. A slow ballad, "First Romance," is going to be heard a lot wherever there's dancing for dreamers.

Perkins has got the right sound. Don't expect a great voice, but do expect one that will appeal to most.



MELLOW MOOD MUSIC

LAURIE JOHNSON

"Call Of The Casbah"
"The Moonraker"

(HMV POP 404)

FROM the television serial, "Destination Downing Street," comes the mood music piece "Call of the Casbah" which Laurie Johnson's orchestra play in appropriate disguise.

The North African tinkles and glitter amid the strong strings which Johnson calls upon to weave the basic pattern of the theme.

I believe the film theme, "The Moonraker," on the reverse is one of Laurie's own compositions. He certainly batons it as if he knows all about it. This is an exciting slice of stuff befitting its title and Johnson heightens the mood with a pounding hoof-beats opening.

TASTY LIPS OF WINE

ANDY WILLIAMS

"Lips Of Wine"
"Straight From My Heart"

(LONDON HLA 8487)

ANDY WILLIAMS returns to the fray with a steady beat item—"Lips of Wine." He's got Archie Bleyer's backing and a male group helping him out on this side which has a definite Hawaiian flavour—though it's not what you could call Hawaiian-rock. Song owes much to many that have gone before.

I prefer Andy's "Straight from my Heart" which is given a fairly ingenious arrangement. He chants it almost in round style. Result is pleasantly effective. A guitar and drums form most of the backing for a very interesting side. The very least it will do is catch your attention quickly. A big seller I'd say.

WHY THE LADY RAN?

CHUCK WILLIS

"That Train Has Gone"
"Love Me Cherry"

(LONDON HLE 8489)

A SLOW ROCK RHYTHM lies behind Chuck Willis as he mourns his way through "Love Me Cherry."

It'll remind you quite a bit of some of Fats Domino's work. Muzzy accompaniment has some sad saxes oddly contrasting with some of the cheerful parts of the lyric!

"That Train Has Gone" is a lament from Chuck about his lady love running away from him. She caught the train—and I don't blame her. If he kept singing around the house like this, it would be well worth the fare!

SALES BREEDER?

JIMMY BREEDLOVE

"Over Somebody Else's Shoulder"
"That's My Baby"

(LONDON HLE 8490)

JIMMY BREEDLOVE has been having quite a success in America—well, there must be some curiosity value in a surname like that.

Personally, I reckon Breedlove may well breed sales over here too. Sounds as if he's singing between swallows, but he's different enough from most of his rocking rivals to collect a following. I liked his "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder."

He varies the tone for "That's My Baby"—and for a while I thought it was Little Richard who had slipped on to the side. A frantic semi-screaming squawker with honking saxes raging around the boy while he rocks.

By DON PLAYER

CUTE AND HUMOROUS

BOB JAXON

"Gotta Have Something In The Bank, Frank"
"Beach Party"

(RCA 1019)

TO AN INDIAN tom-tom type of backing, Bob Jaxon lashes into a cute, humorous item. "You Gotta Have Something In The Bank, Frank," could start up a new catch phrase—and it ought to draw plenty of laughs as a result of this treatment with Jaxon singing it to a screeching Brooklyn femme chorus. Come to think of it, the number should draw plenty of custom too.

"Beach Party" on the flip is a straight quick rocker after the Presley pattern. The melody seems most familiar, but that may not be bad in this market.

Jaxon merges his personality on this side to make it pretty indistinguishable from the rest of the rockers. Pity, because the personality shines on the other deck.

SOON!

Another page of Long Playing Reviews, hailed as one of the most popular features of the Record Mirror.

Most Comprehensive,
Most Informative Weekly Guide
To All The Latest Pop Discs

POWERFUL NEWCOMER

TINA ROBIN

"Over Somebody Else's Shoulder"
"Lady Fair"

(CORAL Q. 72284)

MISS TINA ROBIN is a new girl to my ears. She obviously possesses a pair of powerful pipes and she uses them strongly in the steady rocker, "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder." Reminiscent theme which she chants in a manner that is almost devoid of expression, it has a twanging accompaniment to match her mixture of old-fashioned belt and contemporary stutter.

Fast beat on the flip on which Tina chants "Lady Fair" to another guitar-laden backing batonned by Dick Jacobs.

'MAD BALL'S' BEST

SAMMY DAVIS

"The Nearness Of You"
"Mad Ball"

(BRUNSWICK O 5717)

SAMMY revives the great ballad "The Nearness of You" and puts his own peculiar stamp on the song.

He takes it very slowly, wanders around on some of the notes for what seems like an age... an interpretation that is certainly different. But, I'm afraid Sammy has tried a little too hard to be different this time. The twists, one feels, are contrived out of desperation. Not one of his most successful sorties, I'm afraid.

"Mad Ball" comes from the picture "Operation Mad Ball." Big brassy orchestral opening leads Sammy gaily into a bouncing ballad which he belts happily in the way that he can open out on stage. A colourful production which will have you stamping around. The better half which has earned him an extra star.

ROCKING THE 'BORDER'

JIMMY DONLEY

"The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine"
"South Of The Border"

(BRUNSWICK O 5715)

WHEW! we're really digging up the past aren't we? But, if you happened to be around when "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was originally popular, please don't expect to hear it in the old vein.

Jimmy Donley has given it a growling pounding rock treatment with honking saxes even straying on to the trail! I feel that if they'd brought Donley's voice out more (it's somewhat submerged) this could have been a powerful effort. As it is, it could click, particularly since it is coupled with Michael Carr's old hit "South of the Border."

Donley throws rock at this one too—even so you can still recognise the tune!

'CONSIDERABLE CHARM'

ROBERT WAGNER

"Almost Eighteen"
"So Young"

(LONDON HLU 8491)

AFTER a dark slow beat introduction, Robert Wagner moves easily into a young romancer. I had to check on the title after the first few lines, however, because it sounded as if he was singing "Almost In Tears" instead of "Almost Eighteen"! Male chorus could have been dispensed with—otherwise a fair slow rocker.

To complete the coupling, Wagner stays in the same age bracket with "So Young." An oddly effective backing brings this slow ballad out of the rut somewhat, and Wagner's voice has considerable charm which ought to appeal to the feminine fans. A bit of a dark horse this side... worth watching, it could sleep to quite some height.

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LEROY ANDERSON'S

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IN OUR TOP 20 AT LAST?

FONTANE SISTERS

"Fool Around"
"Which Way To Your Heart"
(LONDON HLD 8488)

A WINNER FROM THE VOCAL GROUP. The Fontane Sisters have been close to our Top Twenty several times.

But this is one of the most potent couplings they've ever sent us. Their strong voices whip over the steady-beat "Which Way To Your Heart" in the most infectious manner. You'll catch this one as easily as Asian flu.

And on the other deck a country guitar twangs them into another excellent item — "Fool Around." The side's got a slick beat—and a cute lyric which the girls pack with personality. A male group add to the size of the production, but the girls don't really need them. This is a double-bet disc, and one which gets my TOP TWENTY TIP.

ONE OF JOAN'S BEST

JOAN REGAN

"Soft Sands"
"Love Me To Pieces"
(DECCA F. 10942)

"SOFT SANDS" is an excellent slow ballad with every chance of becoming a big hit. A quiet cling-cling serves with strings, as the right sort of backing for Joan who knows just how to handle the number.

One of Joan's best performances on disc. She sounds better than ever — and gives the song the right haunting atmosphere.

The turnover brings a violent quick-beat contrast with "Love Me To Pieces." Joan leaps gaily into this one and it will have plenty of followers. For myself, however, give me the "Soft Sands."

JUST, JUST MISSES

SONNY JAMES

"A Mighty Loveable Man"
"Love Conquered"
(CAPITOL CL 14788)

SONNY (Southern Gentleman) JAMES comes up with a gentle cling-cling offering in "Love Conquered"—the title stemming from a "Love came, love saw, love conquered" lyric theme.

Fairly sweet romancer which he puts over in his usual fashion. I can't see it sweeping its way through the lists, though—it just lacks the spark.

There's a better chance for the turnover. Here Sonny chants the up beat "A Mighty Loveable Man."

An unusual number of its kind it's catchy enough to catch on in a fair way.

NOT GOING WILD HERE

MARTY WILDE

"Wild Cat"
"Honeycomb"
(PHILIPS PB 750)

NEW BRITISH ROCK BOY, Marty Wilde debuts for Philips with a hiccupping rocker in "Wild Cat." He's in the right rut, I suppose, but I can see no evidence here that Marty is going to sweep his rivals into the dust-can.

The side is a quick beat number which may catch some sales, but it's not the best platform for the boy.

Marty tackles the Jimmy Rodgers effort "Honeycomb" on the flip—but I doubt if he can outdo the sales that Rodgers is already collecting on the song. Wilde slips well into the American accent and idiom for this half but I still feel he'll have to come up with something more impressive next time round. Marty must be persevered with, though.



UNAFFECTED C & W

JIMMY DEAN

"Love Me So I'll Know"
"Deep Blue Sea"
(PHILIPS PB 747)

JIMMY DEAN (no relation to the late James) is a warm-voiced Country and Western balladeer. He strolls easily through "Love Me So I'll Know" which is a most pleasant and liting song. A few girl voices and a strumming guitar help to make it an enjoyable half.

Strumming introduction for Jimmy on the bottom deck when he goes into the easy rolling "Deep Blue Sea." I like this man's unaffected manner of putting his material across, and I should think there'll be plenty of customers of the same opinion.

SHE CHANTS THIS ROCKER

MARLENE DIETRICH

"Near You"
"Another Near Another Love"
(LONDON)

YES, don't think the label's wrong if you get to spin this disc. It IS glamorous Marlene who belts out a rock 'n' roll version of the one-time hit "Near You."

At first I thought the star was about to "send it up." But no. She persists in chanting the number through to its bitter end. Why—goodness only knows.

More like the lady on the other deck when she moves into a melody that reminds me of "Lili Marlene." But a very awkward lyric distracts from any merits the number may have possessed. With a better set of words she might have had a good item on this side.

THOSE KIDS AGAIN

PRUDENCE & PATIENCE

"You Tattletale"
"Very Nice Is Bali Bali"
(LONDON HLU 8493)

THOSE barely-teenage kids are spinning again with that naive charm which has made them top-sellers in the States.

Backed by Hank McIntyre's orchestra (he's their dad), Prudence and Patience quick-step in rather old fashioned style through "You Tattletale."

Then, on the flip, the sisters get an oriental introduction for "Very Nice is Bali Bali." In cod eastern pattern they chant the cute little melody and lyric.

There's a certain gimmick and novelty value to this side — reminiscent of "Rose, Rose I Love You." The children's voices suit this quaint little item.

MARCHING MACK

KEN MACKINTOSH

"Marching Along To The Blues"
"Six Five Blues"
(HMV POP 396)

I'VE been waiting for an orchestral version of "Marching Along to the Blues"—and here comes a good one from Ken Mack.

The drums rattle the band into the martial tempo smoothly, then the brass come in to lift the melody nicely. A side that moves well all the way it should please those who won't be content with the vocal versions of the number.

The underside has some smart piano drum work to whip up the interest, and "Six Five Blues" is an instrumental which ought to be getting plays for some while to come. Very fast—and a few moments of neat sax.

THE ONE AND ONLY

PEGGY LEE

"I Don't Know Enough About You"
"Where Flamingos Fly"
(BRUNSWICK O 5714)

THE ONE-AND-ONLY Miss Lee drifts superbly into "I Don't Know Enough About You." Big orchestral backing for Peggy while she moves effortlessly through this great song.

She never puts a note wrong all the way—and this is one of those sides I implore you to spin. It could develop into quite a seller if pushed.

For contrast on the other side, Peggy sings "Where Flamingos Fly" in that unreal, haunting style which she can adopt to such tremendous effect.

From a silk-fragile opening she then moves into almost true blues. Another fine song with a performance to match. A disc you will never tire of playing.

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CONTINENTAL CORKER

A FEW MINUTES WITH DASH MUSIC'S ABLE AND GOOD-HUMOURED HELMSMAN, FRANK PATEN, WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF THE SMOOTHEST CONTINENTAL TUNES TO HEAD ALLEY-WAY IN A LONG WHILE.

Of Italian origin, and already boasting twenty-seven European discs, "La Piu Bella del Mondo" has been given a lingo change by Paddy Roberts and, as "I'll Turn to You," emerges as a candidate for top-seller ranking. Foreign coverings include platters by Dalida, Marino Marini and Pierre (!) Dorsey. Since the new lyrics had just arrived the day the Alleygator stopped in at the Dash office. There are as yet no local waxings, but somebody's going to be happy when

SITTING IN HIS NEW, BUT TEMPORARY, OFFICE SPACE IN THE KEITH-PROWSE BUILDING ON UPPER BOND STREET, LEN EDWARDS IS HAVING A TOUGH TIME DECIDING WHICH OF TWO NEW MELLIN MUSIC CLEFFINGS IS GOING TO KEEP THE PAUL ANKA NAME IN THE TOP TEN AS A FOLLOW-UP TO THE SENSATIONAL "DIANA."

With both sides of the upcoming Anka disc bearing the Mellin identification, Len figures he can't miss, regardless of which side emerges as the big one, but it's somewhat unusual to have TWO potential bits of disc dynamite on one platter. Tunes are "I Love You, Baby" and "Tell Me That You Love Me," due on Columbia No-

thinks David Platz at Essex Music is probably more enthusiastic than anyone about "Zip, Zip," since it's his number! Barry's Seven has done a grand job on both items, however, and that's something both publishers are raving about.

JOE HENDERSON (MUSIC) FRESH IN FROM SEVERAL WEEKS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AND PARIS TO FIND ONE OF THE OBJECTS OF HIS ATTENTION, "RING DANG DOO," SCHEDULED FOR AN UPCOMING FRANKIE LAINE RECORDING SESSION.

Scholarly tagged beater was penned and waxed by The Ex-Bellboy Frankie Brent.

MILLS MUSIC'S MARK PASQUIN BUSY SENDING ARTISTES COPIES

THE TIN PAN ALLEY-GATOR

the A & R man assigns him to this effort.

TWO BRAND NEW BRITISH SONGS GET THE GREEN LIGHT THIS MONTH VIA MARLYN MUSIC AND CINEPHONIC.

Marlyn's Harry Lewis has a Vera Lynn etching of "If I Were You," by Jimmy Harper and Johnnie Douglas. Cinephonic's Sid Colman has a Columbia waxing of the Bob Miller Band describing "The Sack Line." Tune is by Cinephonic's official arranger, Brian Fahey, who was responsible for "The Creep" two or three years ago. Disc is one of the few dance band efforts around these days and the Streatham Locarno outfit features an off-beat noise via five baritone sax. Cinephonic tag will also grace "A Broken Promise" at the end of the month, with the Terry Sisters beating it out on Parlophone.

Alleygator money is on the latter title, which has a terrific drive. Mid-November will find Mellin making the turntable pitch for Marlene Dietrich, who will be out with a London waxing of "Another Spring—Another Love," from her forthcoming movie, "Witness For the Prosecution." That fine Nat Cole newie, "My Personal Possession," is also a slice of Mellin.

ALLEYGATOR GOOFED LAST WEEK WHEN "ZIP, ZIP," NEW TUNE RECORDED BY JOHN BARRY AND THE SEVEN ON PARLOPHONE, WAS DESCRIBED AS THE OBJECT OF CAMPBELL-CONNELLY ENTHUSIASM.

C-C's Eddie Standring thinks it's a great number but hastens to point out that it's the flip, "Three Little Fishes," that brings a sparkle to his eyes and

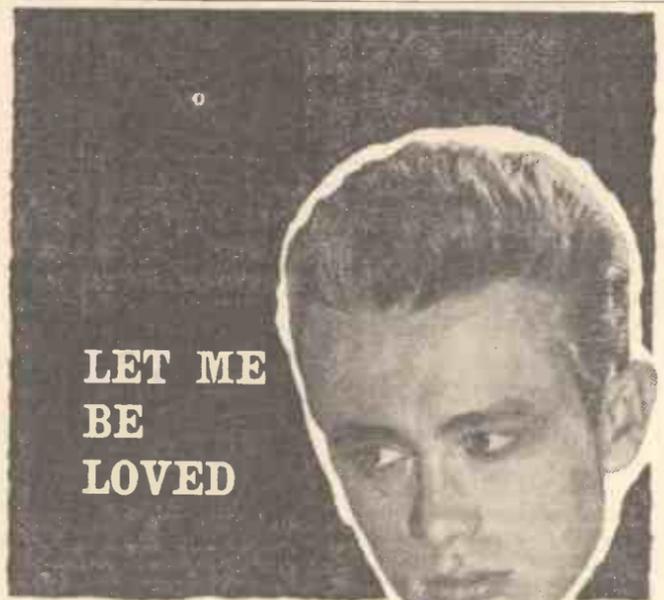
OF LEROY ANDERSON'S "SERENATA."

Great tunesmith's last, "Forgotten Dreams," hit pay-dirt as an instrumental, but this time he has enlisted the services of Mitchell Parish to give vocalists' repertoire a choice addition. Mills has "Scarlet Ribbons" in the sheet music charts, an accomplishment since no disc is showing the way.

NOTHING CALCULATED TO SET THE STAMP OF FULL RECOVERY ON ROBBINS' MUSIC TOPPER, ALAN HOLMES, FOLLOWING HIS RECENT HOSPITALIZATION, AS THE APPEARANCE OF "MAN ON FIRE" IN THE CHARTS.

Song, featured in the soon-to-be-released fine Crosby film, is running ahead of the discs, but Bing's top work-over is bound to give the tune representation in the record charts as well.

SEE YOU LATER!



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TERRY DENE
FAN CLUB
SECRETARY,
59, Old Compton
Street,
London, W.1

JOAN HINDE
Britain's Premier
Trumpeter.
Direction :
CECIL BRAHAM
AGENCY,
Temple Bar
8503/4.



RANDOM REPORT

S PARIS LONDON OR LONDON PARIS? Home again after a 3,000 mile holiday trip I began to wonder. Our Plaza cinema has only two shows daily, the Astoria one, with a couple of matinees thrown in

Carlton's new film "Three Faces of Eve" is scheduled for three separate performances daily. This is the French habit—only over there they call 'em "seances". And with all the handholding that goes on you'd think it was a special "Confidential" magazine seance. But of course it you don't tip the usherette, she'll drive you mad with the flashing torch routine. English usherettes, please do not copy.

JUST WHEN YOUR favourite announcer bids you good-night on your telly, and you head for bed, life begins in Pigalle and Montmartre. Next or the first time you go steer round the obvious clip joints and head for a spot called "Le

By TV Star



JOHN STONE

Consulat". Fortify yourself with red wine and sit back. The waiters drop their trays, pick up accordions, and entertain. The cashier fills in at the piano, and the proprietress sings the latest French hits. And I do mean French—not the local version of skiffle. The place gets packed to the ceiling, everybody joins in, somebody seizes you for a dance—and when you stagger out of the place, it's daylight. But you've had yourself a ball, and cheaply.

DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY on the internationally famous Folies Bergere. I saw it, and I'm glad I saw it. But only because it made me realise how good our own shows are in comparison. Robert Nesbitt, I take my chapeau off to you. The French version is ragged, ill-disciplined, and has the quality of a fifth-rate touring revue. The Nesbitt and other similar English productions I've seen, are sleek, slick and the chorus has the precision of a Guards regiment. And if it's nudes you want, give your patronage to the Windmill. They're just as good.

BRUCE BRACE, shake! I'm glad to be home, too. Certainly as far as Italy is concerned. Italy is just not my plate of spaghetti. I'll tell you why. Picture a velvet evening. The sea laps lovingly on sable sands. The restaurant balcony is open to the balmy breeze. The lights are discreetly low. The waiter is humming a Neapolitan air. Strange, exotic birds walk freely between the tables. Wine, the best wine, is three shillings a bottle. You feel like Gregory Peck seducing Audrey Hepburn in a William Wyler production. A customer goes to the juke box and out comes—yes, you've guessed it. Ole Houn' Dog Presley himself. And Rock. And Roll. And Lonnie and Tommy, and everything you expected to leave at home for a couple of peaceful weeks.

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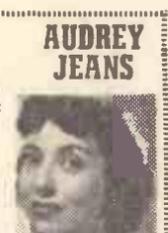


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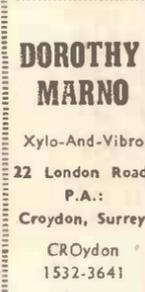
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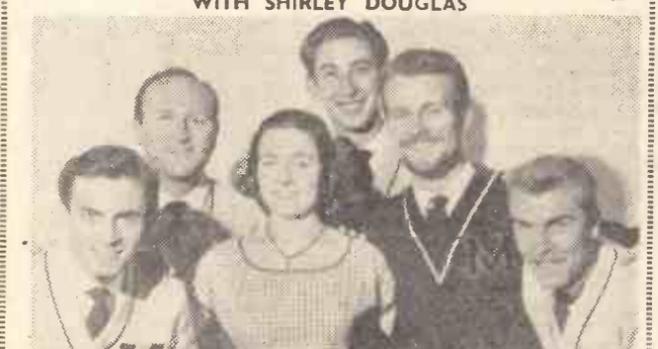


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I AM WRITING THIS IN BED.

I am told it is Asian Flu. It seems just like any other 'flu I've had. Don't get too excited. I shall be better by the time you're reading this.

I got out of bed too soon. A visit to the office, where I saw Mrs. Green, made me feel better. Then I saw Mr. Green, who ordered me back to bed — pronto.

THE CHARM OF JOHN WATT

JOHN WATT after playing a record of Bobby Howes singing "She's my Lovely" said in his casual way, "He has a special sort of charm."

So has Mr. Watt. He is more real than any of the others I have heard doing this morning platter-spinning. I must admit that I have never heard Gilbert Harding at it. But for this 'flu I'd not have been listening to the radio at nine o'clock in the morning.

James Thomas the new DAILY EXPRESS commentator, made me feel a bit better with "these are the programmes designed for Nellies, the programmes which creep down to such a low denominator that they can hardly fail to collect a passive somnolent audience."

Then I read last week's RECORD MIRROR in which everybody was so nice to everything that it worried me. I felt that Dick Tatham must also be down with the 'flu.

(Learned later that he was!) Welcome, by the way, to new RECORD MIRROR columnist Benny Green. Hope he doesn't give out too much sweet music. Feel sure he can blow out a few refreshing blasts.

Seeing Joseph Fenston in our paper complete with the baby hot-water bottle he always carries cheered me—even though the others of the Songwriters Guild looked like Madame Tussauds closed for the night.

Enjoyed Hannen Swaffer in the WORLD'S PRESS NEWS on the PERFORMER. In a tribute to Bert Ross, who, since 1926, claims to have sat through 8,500 music hall programmes and seen over 45,000 acts. Swaffer says with the passing of the PERFORMER comes the end of an epoch.

ENTERTAINER WHO DOESN'T

BEFORE I TOOK to my bed I saw Sir Laurence Olivier and Brenda de Banzie in the John Osborne sell-out show "The Entertainer" at The Palace, London, W.1. Olivier's acting is superb except where it's most needed. That is when he's called upon to prove he's able to do an act. I just couldn't believe in him as a person who had ever faced the music-hall audiences I have known all my life. But when Brenda de Banzie does her stuff you really can believe in her. One prominent author complained to me that no variety artiste could ever have been so vile as the Olivier character. I offered him odds that I could name three. He preferred not to believe me. It's a long time since I clapped my hands so that "Tinker Bell" might live.

POPULAR PEOPLE

MARC (GREEN PASTURES) CONNOLLY flew back unexpectedly to New York last Thursday to sign important contract. Returns next week. World premiere of his new play planned for New Year in London.

TOMMY TRINDER collected mixed South African reactions for refusing to do a concert in Union Castle liner Capetown Castle for first-class passengers because his fellow artistes travelling tourist were refused first class gymnasium for rehearsals by the Captain. One ridiculous story is that Trinder refused to help Seamen's charities.

VICTOR SAVILLE, famous film producer, will probably make one more trip to California, then return to settle down in this, his native land.

DAVID N. MARTIN, managing director Tivoli Circuit of Australia interested in programme this column suggested for Edinburgh Festival. Most of the acts have been successful in Mr. Martin's theatres. Surprised that clown Charlie Cairoli has never played Australia. He would be one of the biggest hits of all time.

DAN LIDDIATT, for many years head of the Ronson lighter firm in Great Britain, has now retired. His many show business friends will find him a wonderful host at his Kensington flat. He is 77, and not in the best of health, but as cheery as ever.

HEAVY HUMOUR ON LIGHT

LISTENED to Steve Race on a late-night session on the Light Programme and had to suffer such hoary unfunny remarks as "Thanks to the Vicar for the use of the hall" and generally heavy-handed humour.

IN a Mid-day Music Hall Peter Jones delivered a very funny script in rare professional manner. That's what our airwaves lack—the professional touch.

MR. JAMES THOMAS says TV light entertainment particularly drips with "amateurism" but the people he complains about are Sally Barnes, Reg Dixon, Max Wall, Beryl Reid, Nat Jackley and Dave Morris. All experienced professional performers! The fault, dear James, lies not in our stars but in our producers and writers. They have their excuse in hiding behind the TV bosses who coined the name Nellies for the Average Television Viewers.

AMERICA has shown that TV is the greatest "Jack the Comic-Killer" ever known. It is the sur-

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QUINN'S CORNER

FALL season for TV in U.S.A. Half a dozen new shows got under way and were blasted by the press.

Rosemary Clooney show with Tennessee Ernie Ford as guest star. Dull script with unimaginative ridiculous comedy.

"Club Oasis Show" starring Van Johnson as M.C. with Ames Brothers and Jo Stafford was described as all singing and no show.

Gisele McKenzie, who had Art Linkletter as guest, was praised personally, but papers said she was better than her scripts.

The "Westerns" are increasing to the extent that I am being quoted for saying there are so many horse operas on TV that I have to sweep my living room twice a day.

Bud Yorkin who has just returned to full-time producer director chores on Ernie Ford's N.B.C. show has been staging hour-long variety shows for your Granada network.

vival of those who make fewest appearances. I have heard a TV BBC producer (what a misnomer that word is!) boast that he believes in giving the public what it wants and what it wants is corn! He doesn't even know what he means by corn. Finally as this is a Judy Garland number let me advise all those heads that this cap fits to go to the Dominion Theatre and see what is meant by "Professionalism."

NOT AT ANY PRICE

I WAS FLATTERED BY two pantomime offers this week, but joyfully declined. With the exception of the Philip Rodway productions, I've always felt pantomime to be the most banal form of entertainment. But I have enjoyed most of the companies I played with, and the audiences I played to. But not any more. That doesn't mean to say I have quit as an artiste. (There is the possibility of my doing a play early next year).

But I have finished with touring what music-halls are left. I hate being a museum piece or part of persistent nostalgia.

But it was nice to turn down two offers because, until such opportunity came, I wasn't quite sure that I wouldn't kid myself into a come-back that I would regret.

GAUMONT STATE, KILBURN SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 12 Noon

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JAZZ JAMBOREE 1957
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 Compere: DICKIE HENDERSON
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 M.S.B.C. (TICKETS), SUITE 5, 116 SHAFESBURY AVENUE, W.1 (GER. 6096).

Even on "Island in the Sun"
 You'll favour the American flavour of ASTORIAS
 20 for 3!*

HE WAS THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF VARIETY

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE MUSIC HALL, FRED RUSSELL, passed away at his home in Kingsbury, Middlesex, a week after his 95th birthday.

Without any doubt, the most popular and most respected man of all in the variety profession, Fred Russell's death is mourned by thousands in all parts of the world where the music-hall is part of the nation's entertainment.

Kindly, considerate, warm-hearted, Fred Russell was King Rat of that most revered of all charitable entertainment organisations, The Grand Order of Water Rats.

I shall never forget that moving scene at the Park Lane Hotel in October, 1952, when variety stars the world over and every leading official from the G.O.W.R. came to pay tribute to Fred on his 90th birthday (writes Isidore Green).

Fred made a really wonderful speech. His thanks for the honours bestowed upon him were

mingled with tears of deep-rooted gratitude; then he broke down, pleaded to be excused from speaking any further for, he said, "I AM CHOKED WITH THANKS AND LOVE FOR YOU ALL."



Right up to a year ago, Fred Russell and his equally beloved wife, Lillian, herself once a Queen Rattling, were regularly in the front stalls at the London Palladium to watch the variety shows put on by their son, Val Parnell. Fred Russell was a fine journalist, too. He was once editor of the HACKNEY AND KINGSLAND

GAZETTE. He was the oldest member of the London Press Club and he founded the PERFORMER (it ceased publication only a couple of weeks ago) 51 years ago. He wrote many brilliant articles and throughout his life as a journalist and entertainer he fought vigorously for the music-hall artiste.

He was a headliner at every music-hall in London and the provinces. He appeared in America, throughout the Empire. As a ventriloquist he was without equal, and his 'dummy', Coster Joe, was one of the most famous 'figures' of his day.

A great man, a grand man, a true, tried and trusted credit to British show business has passed away...

[The funeral of Fred Russell will take place on Friday (18), 2.30 p.m. at Golders Green, London, N.W. It is requested that wreaths, flowers, etc. be forwarded, not later than noon Friday, to James Crook, Ltd., 53, Bridge Road, Wembley Park, Middlesex.]

RECORD MIRROR SPOTLIGHT ON

REMEMBER YOU'RE MINE Pat Boone (London)

PAT BOONE now has two discs in the Top Ten—a fact which keeps his standing high as one of the really top stars in the current pop world. Like Presley, Pat is one of the biggest and most consistent sellers around today.

His "Love Letters in the Sand" has been a high-rider for quite some time. It is still there at No. 5—and in comes his latest side "Remember You're Mine." At first it was a toss up whether this side or Pat's revival of "There's a Goldmine in the Sky" would be the draw. Now the customers have answered the question—it's "Remember You're Mine" which is the drawing half. It arrives upstairs at No. 10... watch it rise.

"Remember You're Mine" is published by Belinda Music Ltd.

ONE TO WATCH

TOP TEN SPECIAL Jim Dale — The Vipers — The King Brothers (Parlophone)

WHEN PARLOPHONE decided to put some of their young British stars on a group of current pop hits, they took a wise commercial decision.

With The King Brothers singing "Build Your Love" and "A Handful of Songs"; The Vipers skiffing "Puttin' On The Style" and "Last Train to San Fernando"; Jim Dale singing "All Shook Up" and "Wanderin' Eyes" this collection has really pleased the customers.

All the artists concerned have now been in the Top Twenty themselves (Dale's there this week for the first time) — and all the songs have been there too.

So watch for "Top Ten Special" to come in.

It may well justify its title.

L. P. Commentary

STILL THE SAME ALBUMS in the Top Five with Sinatra leading the way again on "A Swingin' Affair" (Capitol) "Oklahoma!" caused a minor surprise by gathering more customers—at this late stage in its sales life—to overtake the "Tommy Steele Story" (Decca).

But let's look at the rest of the field. There's one disc here which should be coming through into the First Five very soon... it's Presley's "The Best Elvis" (HMV). This album was close behind the Steele disc this week — and could crash the chart next week.

Oriole's show disc "Free As Air" continues to improve—and it too wasn't far behind the leaders on returns this week.

"Share My Lettuce" began, to nibble at sales for Nixa and HMV's "Voice of Paul Robeson" found plenty of fans.

Comedy lovers have started collecting the Stan Freburg tracks "A Child's Garden of Freburg" (Capitol).

London must be fairly happy with the rising success of "Pat"—the Boone man's pleasing LP, but it's a little surprising that Boone hasn't proved himself to be First Five material yet... but he'll come along all right.

BROWN'S RADIO, 258 BALDWIN'S LANE, BIRMINGHAM, 28

1. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
2. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
3. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
4. Honeycomb Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
5. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
6. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
7. These Dangerous Years Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
8. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
9. Teddy Bear Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
10. Cold, Cold, Shower Hook, Line and Sinker Frankie Vaughan (Philips)

McCORMICK'S, 12 ROWALLEN PARADE, GREEN LANE, BECONTREE

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
3. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
4. Paralyzed Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
5. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
6. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
7. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
8. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
9. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
10. Any Old Iron Peter Sellers (Parlophone)

W. MINEY & SON, 474 WILBRAHAM RD., CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY, MANCHESTER, 21

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
5. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
6. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
7. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
8. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
9. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
10. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)

"THAT'S HAPPINESS"

ALMA COGAN MARION RYAN
HMV POP 392 NIXA N.15105

FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER LTD., 138 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2

T. PARTON, 718a ALUM ROCK ROAD, BIRMINGHAM, 8

1. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
2. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
5. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
6. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
7. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
8. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
9. Build Your Love Johnny Ray (Philips)
10. Water, Water/Handful of Songs Tommy Steele (Decca)

LEWIS'S, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW, C.2

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
5. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
6. Man On Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
7. Short, Fat Fannie Larry Williams (London)
8. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
9. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
10. Call Rosie on the Phone Guy Mitchell (Philips)

JAZZ RECORD SHOP, 195 TOLL CROSS ROAD, GLASGOW, E.1

1. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
2. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. Bye, Bye, Love Everly Bros. (London)
5. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
6. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
7. Man On Fire/Wanderin' Eyes Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
8. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
9. Paralyzed Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
10. Shiralee Tommy Steele (Decca)

ROLO FOR RECORDS, 368 LEA BRIDGE ROAD, LEYTON, E.10

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Got a Lotta Livin' To Do Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
4. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
5. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
6. Call Rosie on the Phone Guy Mitchell (Philips)
7. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
8. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
9. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
10. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)

KEITH PROWSE & CO., 5 & 6 COVENTRY STREET, W.1

1. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
2. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
6. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
7. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
8. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
9. My Personal Possession Nat "King" Cole (Capitol)
10. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)

A. W. GAMAGE, HOLBORN, LONDON

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
4. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
5. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
6. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
7. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
8. Handful of Songs Tommy Steele (Decca)
9. Party/Lotta Livin' To Do Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
10. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)

LEN DANIELS LTD., 4 SOHO STREET, LONDON, W.1

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
3. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
6. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
7. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
8. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
9. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
10. Man On Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)

A. E. COOKE & SON, WESTGATE, PETERBOROUGH

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
3. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
4. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
5. Party/Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do Pat Boone (London)
6. "Top Ten Special" Dale-Vipers-Kings (Parlophone)
7. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
8. Water, Water/Handful of Songs Tommy Steele (Decca)
9. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
10. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)

WHITE & SWALES LTD., 2 CROSS STREET, ALTRINCHAM

1. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
4. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
5. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
6. Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do Pat Boone (London)
7. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
8. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
9. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
10. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)

THE REGENT RECORD SHOP, 104 REGENT ST., LEAMINGTON SPA

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
5. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
6. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
7. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
8. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
9. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
10. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)

SAVILLE BROS., 35/37 KING STREET, SOUTH SHIELDS

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
3. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
4. Handful of Songs Tommy Steele (Decca)
5. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
6. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
7. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
8. Paralyzed Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
9. Goody, Goody Teenagers (Columbia)
10. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)

HICKIES, 35 HIGH STREET, SLOUGH

1. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
2. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
3. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
4. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
5. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
6. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
7. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
8. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
9. Honeycomb Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
10. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)

JOHNNIES 500 FULHAM ROAD, S.W.6

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Loin' You Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
6. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
7. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
8. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
9. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
10. Sizzlin' Hot Jimmy Miller (Columbia)

THE MUSICAL BOX, 457 WEST DERBY ROAD, LIVERPOOL

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
4. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
5. Paralyzed Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
6. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
7. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
8. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
9. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
10. Short, Fat Fannie Larry Williams (London)

LITTLEWOODS MAIL ORDER STORES, BRIGGATE, LEEDS, 1

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
3. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
4. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
5. Man on Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
6. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
7. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
8. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
9. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
10. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)

IMHOFS, 112-116 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
5. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
6. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
7. Wanderin' Eyes Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
8. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
9. Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
10. Bye, Bye, Love Everly Brothers (London)

MICHAEL SOMERS, 15 VIVIAN AVE., HENDON CENTRAL, N.W.4

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
6. Wedding Ring Russ Hamilton (Oriole)
7. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
8. Wanderin' Eyes/Man on Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
9. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
10. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)

EGAN BROS., 3 & 5 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD

1. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
4. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
5. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
6. Call Rosie on the Phone Guy Mitchell (Philips)
7. Honeycomb Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)
8. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
9. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
10. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)

RECORD ROUNDABOUT, BARROWLAND, GLASGOW

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
5. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
6. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
7. Bye, Bye, Love Everly Brothers (London)
8. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
9. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
10. Shiralee Tommy Steele (Decca)

PAISH & CO., 130 UNION STREET, TORQUAY

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
3. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
6. Man on Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
7. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
8. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
9. Wedding Ring Russ Hamilton (Oriole)
10. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)

TOP TEN SALES TALK

FOR THE EIGHTH successive week it is still Paul Anka's "Diana" in the No. 1 spot for COLUMBIA! This fantastic debut disc by the 16-year-old Canadian boy first came into the lists ten weeks ago at 13, then rose to 5, then to 1.

And there it has stayed since the end of August. But the pressure is on now—mainly from Coral's newcomers, the Crickets, who rose to second place with their "That'll Be The Day."

This disc and Elvis Presley's RCA coupling of "Party" and "Gotta Lotta Livin' to Do" look like being the biggest threats to the young leader. Presley's record climbed from 7 to 4—and only the continued heavy sales on Debbie Reynolds' "Tammy" (Coral) prevented the RCA release from joining the top three.

First time in the Upper Ten this week for Pat Boone's London release of "Remember You're Mine"—and first time in the Twenty for Jim Dale who gets in with his Parlophone disc of "By My Girl." Guy Mitchell's back, too, with last week's "One to Watch"—"Call Rosie on the Phone" (Philips). Look for Lonnie Donegan in the Upper Ten next week with his Nixa side "My Dixie Darlin'" — he just failed to make it this week.

Downstairs there are good signs for Frankie Vaughan who is improving slowly and surely with his Philips coupling of "Man on Fire" and "Wanderin' Eyes."

Apropos of which you might notice that there are now three records in the Top Twenty selling powerfully through BOTH sides.

THIS WEEK'S OUTS AND INS

OUT GOES: "All Shook Up" by Elvis Presley (HMV) from 10 to 13.

IN COMES: "Remember You're Mine" by Pat Boone (London) from 16 to 10.

NEMS LTD., 70-72 WALTON ROAD, LIVERPOOL

1. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
6. Paralyzed Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
7. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
8. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
9. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
10. Wedding Ring Russ Hamilton (Oriole)

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1

1. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
6. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
7. Teddy Bear ... Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
8. Handful of Songs/ Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
9. Paralyzed Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
10. Wanderin' Eyes Frankie Vaughan (Philips)

STAR RECORDS, 207 HOLLOWAY ROAD, N.7

1. Party/Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. Teddy Bear/Lovin' You Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
4. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
5. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
6. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
7. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
8. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
9. Paralyzed Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
10. Good Evening Friends Laine/Ray (Philips)

SPINNING DISC, 143a FORE STREET, EDMONTON

1. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
2. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
5. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
6. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
7. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
8. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
9. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
10. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)

ENGINEERING SERVICE CO., 18-20 MARKET STREET, BOLTON

1. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
6. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
7. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
8. Be My Girl Jim Dale (Parlophone)
9. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
10. Jenny, Jenny Little Richard (London)

ROBERT HARRIS & SONS, 9 BYRES ROAD, GLASGOW, W.1

1. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
2. Gotta Lotta Livin' To Do/Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
5. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
6. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
7. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
8. Up Above My Head/Good Evening Friends Laine/Ray (Philips)
9. Call Rosie on the Phone Guy Mitchell (Philips)
10. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)

LEYTONIA RADIO LTD., 788 HIGH ROAD, LEYTON, E.10

1. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
4. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
5. Last Train to San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
6. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
7. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
8. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
9. Man On Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
10. Any Old Iron Peter Sellers (Parlophone)



JOHNNY MATHIS
CHANCES ARE
THE TWELFTH OF NEVER
PB 749

FRANKIE LAINE
JOHNNIE RAY
GOOD EVENING FRIENDS
UP ABOVE MY HEAD
PB 708

Rosemary CLOONEY
COLOURS
THAT'S HOW IT IS
PB 744

SAL MINEO
LASTING LOVE
YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT
PB 733

GUY MITCHELL
CALL ROSIE ON THE PHONE
CURE FOR THE BLUES
PB 743

MARTY WILDE
HONEYCOMB
WILD CAT
PB 750

FROM **PHILIPS**
The Records of the Century

RECORD DEALERS'
BEST SELLERS
EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

THE RECORD CENTRE,
2 NEW STREET, OSWESTRY

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
4. Wedding Ring Russ Hamilton (Oriole)
5. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
6. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
7. Call Rosie on the Phone Guy Mitchell (Philips)
8. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
9. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
10. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)

P. RHODEN & SON,
19-21 HIGHER PARR ST., ST. HELENS

1. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
2. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
3. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
4. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
5. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
6. Man On Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
7. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
8. Wedding Ring Russ Hamilton (Oriole)
9. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
10. Teenage Dream Terry Dene (Decca)

ALFRED DEITCH & CO.,
64 WENTWORTH ST., LONDON, E.1

1. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
5. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
6. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
7. Man On Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
8. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
9. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
10. Call Rosie on the Phone Guy Mitchell (Philips)

THE SOUTH, 94-96 WELL STREET,
HACKNEY, LONDON, E.9

1. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
4. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
5. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
6. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
7. Any Old Iron Peter Sellers (Parlophone)
8. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
9. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
10. Stardust Billy Ward (London)

THE MUSIC SALON,
448 HIGH ROAD, WEMBLEY, MIDDX.

1. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
2. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
5. My Personal Possession Nat "King" Cole (Capitol)
6. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
7. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
8. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
9. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
10. Let Me Be Loved Tommy Sands (Capitol)

WHYMANTS, 1055 LONDON ROAD,
THORNTON HEATH, SURREY

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
4. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
5. Paralysed Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
6. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
7. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
8. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
9. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
10. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)

H. J. CARROLL, 496 GORTON LANE,
GORTON, MANCHESTER, 18

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
5. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
6. Be My Girl Jim Dale (Parlophone)
7. Handful of Songs/Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
8. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
9. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
10. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)

A. COOPER & SONS LTD.,
340 HIGH STREET, CHATHAM

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
5. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
6. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
7. Be My Girl Jim Dale (Parlophone)
8. Handful of Songs Tommy Steele (Decca)
9. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
10. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
11. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
12. Bye, Bye, Love Everly Bros. (London)

CLIFTON,
109 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
3. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
4. Handful of Songs Tommy Steele (Decca)
5. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
6. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
7. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
8. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
9. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
10. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)

THE RECORD CENTRE,
14 BARGATES, WHITCHURCH

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
3. Paralysed Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Handful of Songs Tommy Steele (Decca)
5. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
6. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
7. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
8. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
9. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
10. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)

HENRY'S FOR RECORDS,
136 ST. MARY'S ST., SOUTHAMPTON

1. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
2. Wanderin' Eyes/Man on Fire Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
3. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
4. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
5. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
6. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
7. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
8. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
9. Wedding Ring Russ Hamilton (Oriole)
10. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)

HASLUCK'S LTD., 4 LOZELLS ROAD,
LOZELLS, BIRMINGHAM, 19

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
5. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
6. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
7. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
8. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
9. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
10. Paralysed Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)

PAUL FOR MUSIC,
11 CAMBRIDGE HEATH ROAD,
LONDON, E.1

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
3. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
4. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
5. Stardust Billy Ward (London)
6. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
7. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)
8. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
9. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
10. Be My Girl Don Fox (Decca)

BANDBOX, 16 THE ARCADE,
HIGH STREET, BRENTWOOD, ESSEX

1. Party Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
5. Wanderin' Eyes Charlie Gracie (London)
6. Be My Girl Jim Dale (Parlophone)
7. Island in the Sun Harry Belafonte (R.C.A.)
8. Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
9. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
10. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)

S. FARMER & CO., LTD.,
OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL, LUTON

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
3. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
4. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
5. Water, Water Tommy Steele (Decca)
6. Remember You're Mine Pat Boone (London)
7. All Shook Up Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
8. Teddy Bear Elvis Presley (R.C.A.)
9. My Dixie Darlin' Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
10. With All My Heart Petula Clark (Nixa)

GALLOWGATE,
271 GALLOW GATE (GLASGOW CROSS)

1. Diana Paul Anka (Columbia)
2. Love Letters in the Sand Pat Boone (London)
3. Tammy Debbie Reynolds (Vogue-Coral)
4. Tammy Kathy Kay (H.M.V.)
5. Last Train To San Fernando Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
6. That'll Be The Day Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
7. Bye, Bye, Love Everly Bros. (London)
8. Jig Along Home Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
9. Shiralee Tommy Steele (Decca)
10. When I Fall in Love Nat "King" Cole (Capitol)

Britain's
TOP TEN

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 12

- | Last Week | This Week | Artist | Label |
|-----------|-----------|---|----------|
| 1 | 1 | DIANA Paul Anka (Columbia) | Columbia |
| 5 | 2 | THAT'LL BE THE DAY Crickets (Coral) | Coral |
| 3 | 3 | TAMMY Debbie Reynolds (Coral) | Coral |
| 7 | 4 | PARTY/GOTTA' LOTTA LIVIN' TO DO Elvis Presley (RCA) | RCA |
| 2 | 5 | LOVE LETTERS IN THE SAND Pat Boone (London) | London |
| 4 | 6 | LAST TRAIN TO SAN FERNANDO Johnny Duncan (Columbia) | Columbia |
| 6 | 7 | WANDERIN' EYES Charlie Gracie (London) | London |
| 9 | 8 | ISLAND IN THE SUN Harry Belafonte (RCA) | RCA |
| 8 | 9 | WATER WATER / HANDFUL OF SONGS Tommy Steele (Decca) | Decca |
| 16 | 10 | REMEMBER YOU'RE MINE Pat Boone (London) | London |

THE 'SECOND TEN'

- 15 11 MY DIXIE DARLING Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
- 11 12 WITH ALL MY HEART Petula Clark (Nixa)
- 10 13 ALL SHOOK UP Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
- 12 14 WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON Jerry Lee Lewis (London)
- 14 15 TEDDY BEAR Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 19 16 MAN ON FIRE/WANDERIN' EYES Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
- 13 17 PARALYSED Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
- 18 CALL ROSIE ON THE PHONE Guy Mitchell (Philips)
- 18 19 WEDDING RING Russ Hamilton (Oriole)
- 20 BE MY GIRL Jim Dale (Parlophone)

BEST-SELLERS BY BRITISH ARTISTES

- 1 1 LAST TRAIN TO SAN FERNANDO Johnny Duncan (Columbia)
- 2 2 WATER WATER/HANDFUL OF SONGS Tommy Steele (Decca)
- 4 3 MY DIXIE DARLING Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)
- 3 4 WITH ALL MY HEART Petula Clark (Nixa)
- 6 5 MAN ON FIRE/WANDERIN' EYES Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
- 5 6 WEDDING RING Russ Hamilton (Oriole)
- 7 BE MY GIRL Jim Dale (Parlophone)
- 8 TAMMY Kathy Kay (H.M.V.)
- 9 TOP TEN SPECIAL Jim Dale-Vipers-King Brothers (Parlophone)
- 7 10 ANY OLD IRON Peter Sellers (Parlophone)

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MANDOLIN SERENADE

Macmelodies
Peter Maurice
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- 2 2 LOVIN' YOU Sound Track (RCA)
- 3 3 THE KING AND I Sound Track (Capitol)
- 5 4 OKLAHOMA! Sound Track (Capitol)
- 4 5 THE TOMMY STEELE STORY Sound Track (Decca)

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IT'S IN THE TOP TWENTY!
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 I STILL BELONG TO YOU

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THEY'RE A 'COUPLE OF SWELLS'



First-rate London Music Hall Bills

ROUSING SONGS, COMEDY (At The Metropolitan)

GREAT STUFF THIS (At Chiswick)

TO TALK—OR NOT TO TALK?

That's the question at the Metropolitan, Edgware Road, London, this week. Don Peters laces his first-rate singing with some pleasant chatting on what the public want to hear, with gentle irony at the expense of rock 'n' roll and skiffle types.

Personally, I enjoyed every moment of Don's new-style presentation. All patrons seem to agree that his singing is a cut above the normal run of vocalists. But during the interval an experienced man of the theatre, whilst agreeing that Don's singing earned top marks, commented: "Too much talk."

The show ran a bit on the long side at Monday's first house, so that compere David Gell's long, uninspiring and unnecessary patter didn't help matters—his journey wasn't really necessary, and the idea of presenting second-half disc stars in a studio setting just didn't seem to come off. And when the programme was switched slightly as time ran out, it was Mary Morgan who stepped in and told musical director Ivan Dozin what was happening in the way of numbers to be cut to bring the curtain down in time for the second house.

Mary was really great, putting on a sizzling show of her own, singing with charm and humour, and making a big show with "Mr. Wonderful," although her trailing microphone got caught up in a way very reminiscent of Dickie Henderson's brilliant TV skit the other Sunday!

LACKING IN COHESION

There was a lack of thought and production in this disc star session at Monday's first house. The Confrey Phillips Trio, for example, had to dash off at intervals to make quick changes of costume and turn up with only seconds to spare, and artistes wandered on somewhat aimlessly at times, with none of the polish of the seasoned variety artistes earlier in the programme. But doubtless these things have been ironed out by now.

Mary Morgan's verve and smiling personality is matched by Terry Burton's sincerity. Terry, whose PHILIPS record, "Letter to a Soldier" was such a hit, has a most charming personality which comes across the footlights in grand style. The sophistication of the Confrey Phillips Trio's vocal and instrumental presentation contrasts well with the virile singing of Bob Lewis, the "Mayflower" stowaway.

Highlight of this part of the programme is the trio's "Drum Boogie," with high marks for costumes and slinky drum kit. (These boys sure move around, playing their own spots, providing accompaniment for colleagues, and making a fast dash in a car from the theatre after the first house—they left my Morris 8 standing at the traffic lights!)

NOVEL VENTRILOQUISM

Back to the "To talk—or not to talk" theme. Harry Benet, tech-

BEAT THE BIG DRUM for "The Big Beat," the variety show presented by Harold Fielding, at Chiswick Empire, West London, this week. If the music halls can keep up this calibre of entertainment, they'll soon have done with the problem of "the Wood family" (as the profession calls empty seats). Here are the highlights of a darned fine show . . .

● **MIKE** and **BERNIE WINTERS**, the comics whose drollery has commanded attention from rock-hungry kids waiting to listen to Tommy Steele. Could be that the M & B tablets were given out with extra fervour on Monday night, since (a) Tommy was in the audience, (b) the Winters' dog, Lulu, has just been given her first TV contract for the Steele show on Saturday. (She's getting paid, too; though whether in bones, cash or cats I've yet to find out).

● **DESMOND LANE** — the spring-heeled piper from south-east London, who plays clarinet and penny whistle at such a pace you wonder they don't seize up.

● **MIKE HOLLIDAY** — whose voice, as disc collectors will know, is as relaxing as an interior-sprung mattress. Could be that Mike, so far at his best on record, will overcome his inhibitions about stage work. On Monday he seemed far more at ease than when he appeared at the same venue last year.

NANCY IMPROVES

● **NANCY WHISKEY**—already improved since I reported on her at London's Metropolitan Theatre three weeks ago. Her visual presentation is better; and (possibly because she no longer has the responsibility of closing the show) she's more assured. Needed, in my view, is a better choice of songs. "Freight Train" and "Face In the Rain" are fine; but not the others.

● **THE JOHN BARRY SEVEN** — the band of slickly-presented rock 'n' rollers quickly making a

nically brilliant, dispenses with the usual ventriloquist dummies, using only a gin bottle and a stool, and he really gives an illusion of voice throwing. The Three Botonds dispense with talk and score with unusual feats of strength and balance, and balance is the all-important factor in the silent wire-walking and juggling offered by Del Oro and Rikki, a clever pair who turn up later as The Cycloones comedy-clowns.

Jill Summers closes the first half with a rollicking, down-to-earth act as a portress, dispensing home-truths about her British Railways' colleagues before making a quick change to sing a number of songs, with and without comedy touches. Jill hits the comedy jackpot, and her cigarette "business" is a joy.

REG BARLOW

very good name for themselves.

When I add that support for the above includes those talented puppeteers, Paul and Peta Page, and that hard-working comic Reg Thompson, you will see there's not much time for boredom.

[*Re Reg, I hope the audiences' applause this week will help to make him forget what seems an injustice by the BBC. He has appeared (with, I think, the exception of one date) on every bill headed by Tommy Steele—yet Reg hasn't been asked to appear on Saturday's Steele TV show.*]

"MUCKING IN"

At the end of this variety bill, the artistes "mucked in" for a finale, and John Barry thanked everyone for coming, and hoped they'd tell their friends—far better than the practice of just ringing down the curtain on the last act.

This is the second really good bill I've seen recently; the other was a fortnight ago at Finsbury Park Empire, with Jimmy Wheeler topping. That's the way—the only way—to bring back the audiences.

Variety ain't dead by a long way.

DICK TATHAM

THIS UNIQUE PICTURE, exclusive to the "Record Mirror", could not have been more appropriate for this **JUDY GARLAND** Edition. It was taken on the stage of the fabulous **Palace Theatre, New York**, when **MAX BYGRAVES**, then only 28 (actually it was on the very night of his birthday—October 16) appeared on the same bill as Judy and in the same programme did a double act with Miss Show Business. Dressed as tramps, the pair rousingly interpreted the hit comedy number, "We're A Couple of Swells" — the same routine which Judy did with Fred Astaire in a film. Max scored one of the biggest successes of his career in this number with Judy and in 1952 he returned to America, again appearing in the same programme with Judy at the biggest theatres in Los Angeles and San Francisco.



ALAN KING, comedy star of The Judy Garland show, a full review of which will appear next week. Alan has toured with the show for nearly a year.