

circular

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Burbank's Master of International Intrigue

Tom Ruffino Is a Whole Lot Bigger Than Burbank

It was in Cannes. Warner-Elektra-Atlantic International was having a convention. Nesuhi Ertegun had introduced the gathering to WB Prexy Mo Ostin and to WB International Director Tom Ruffino and the business meeting for the day had been adjourned. The convention program announced "Free Time."

Next thing he knew, Tom Ruffino was surrounded by a milling horde of employees and representatives of Warners' six sister companies and her many licensees from across the oceans. Everyone wanted to see Warner Bros. Records, Burbank, California, in the flesh.

They had heard of Mo Ostin, but it was Tom Ruffino to whom they had talked on the phone so many times, whose signature they had read in conjunction with almost every dealing they had had with Warners-Burbank. It was Tom Ruffino who had been so patient with them, goaded them, and who had saved their necks more than once. But more than that, it was he who had made it possible for them to release Toulouse Street, Summer Breeze, Billion Dollar Babies and every other Warner Bros. all-world smash. To them, Tom Ruffino was Warner Bros., and they wanted to touch him.

Internationalities

Every self-respecting business has an international department. Bank of America wised up early and is now deeply rooted in Europe. So the story goes with all the big American companies.

It's natural to expect world markets to accept American commodities. Sooner or later everyone

will be able to buy electricity, bank loans and telephone service.

But what about the luxury items, specifically those that fall into the entertainment category? Music is intangible, and you can't make somebody like something that he doesn't.

Well, a quick trip around the world will tell you that rock & roll is here to stay, and its American origin doesn't have anything to do with it.

In this age when the big, bad guys of yesteryear are warming up to things American, and America's European friends are beginning to pursue dreams of their own, the worldwide success of "Listen to

the Music" has less to do with America than with the fact that once the world accepts some music, that's who it belongs to.

The Beatles were very British at first, affording them a measure of success, but so were the Dave Clark Five, Gerry and the Pachelbelers and Herman's Hermits. Being British really didn't help them for long. It has to be between the grooves or on the stage, otherwise *auf wiedersehen*.

Paper Airplanes

Tom Ruffino doesn't try to sell the world America, only Burbank. He sits across the street from "the moguls" on Warner Blvd. in Warner Bros. Records' sub-station on Hollywood Way, his desk a clutter with papers, orders and forms.

His most recent amount of paperwork had perhaps come from a licensee-servicing album request from Zambesi, Africa. The pressing plant in Zambesi had no means by which to convert the metal master into "mothers," from which it could easily make stampers—a simple enough task for any record presser in America.

Tom had to come up with some means to make metal masters into mothers and have them sent to Zambesi with the greatest expedition. He most likely had the job done at Warner Bros. Records in Paris, because of its proximity to Africa.

Paperwork was involved in requesting France to do the job; in requesting North Hollywood's Amigo Studios to send a metal master to the forwarding company; informing the forwarding company of where to send it; informing

France of the quantity of mothers needed and where to send them; informing Zambesi of the progress being made with them and asking if they needed further aid.

Other papers on the desk may have had to do with England's request for 200 Jesse Winchester LPs— they wanted to release some to see what the reception would be, but they couldn't afford to press only 200. Tom had to see whether he could get Burbank to do the job, and if they couldn't, write and ask Canada if they could.

Still other papers may have been some of the abundant merchandising and promotional literature which is funneled through Tom's



office from Burbank to the rest of the world.

When Tom first came to Warner Bros., his job was in Orders and Services. A wholly accurate title, obviously.

Pact Facts

Tom deals both with representatives of the six Warner Bros. Records companies outside of the United States—Canada, England, Germany, Japan, France and Australia—and with the representatives from WB's many licensees throughout the world.

Phil Rose, Ruffino's liaison at WEA International, spends his time forming Warner Bros. (and Elektra and Atlantic) record companies in different parts of the world and setting up licensee deals in Peru, South Africa, Hong Kong, Yugoslavia and heaven knows where else. While he's out playing, Tom is home in Burbank doing all the work. Now that Russia and Eastern Europe have aligned their copyright jurisprudence with that of Western culture, Tom expects to see even more paperwork with Slavic postmarks forwarded him from Phil.

Recently Phil and Tom had reason to meet, and together they discussed Phil's travel notes. One lesson Phil had learned during his last trip was not to expect every licensee to be aware of how well a particular record is doing in markets similar to his own. A record maker in Venezuela was unaware that "Summer Breeze" by Seals and Crofts was a hit in Peru and Argentina. He had simply released it with no special campaign and had failed to sell as many as he probably could have.

A licensee's relationship with Warner Bros. Records is a neatly-balanced pact. Warner Bros. will make a deal with a record manufacturer in a foreign country—a larger import/export company, an independent or an affiliate with one of the larger European companies (such as EMI or Philips)—to manufacture and distribute a Warned Bros. record.

Part of every agreement is the stipulation that the record must bear the label Warner Bros. Records wishes (WB, Reprise etc.), an important consideration in the generation of a truly international company. Warner Bros. collects a royalty on each record sold, but



Tom had to come up with some means to make metal masters into mothers and have them sent to Zambesi with the greatest expedition.

is not directly responsible for the marketing of the record. When Phil saw that the Venezuelan licensee had done nothing to promote "Summer Breeze," he realized that it was time to develop better communication between licensees in similar markets. Somehow, Tom was supposed to effect this.

Phil and Tom also discussed the possibilities of getting Seals and Crofts and the Doobie Brothers to record Spanish lyrics to each of their hit songs, giants in South America. Now that has become one of Tom's pet projects.

The Kowaltski Connection

The bulk of Tom's work comes from his dealings with Warner Brothers' companies in Canada, England and Germany, for the simple reason that those are the three biggest markets outside of America. Again, with these three, Tom keeps in close telephone and epistolary contact.

Sometimes it gets a bit frantic as a release date approaches.

Canada's near, but England and Germany require at least five or six days to prepare the catalog, and tempers flare when it's learned that Joe Kowaltski Exporters out on Long Island has covered London's record shops with the latest from the Faces—imported from America—a day before Warner Bros. England could make the release. It didn't, in fact, happen with Faces, but it occurs regularly.

"More and more the people across the street are understanding the importance of Warners International," says Tom. "It really kills our credibility with salesmen

in Europe when they see importers beating them to the release with American copies. Next time they're going to say 'Screw you. We'll buy from Kowaltski.'"

Speaking of Faces, they canceled a European tour that would have run concurrent to the release of *Ooh La La* and the surge of "Cindy Incidentally." A fast-acting Tom Ruffino consulted with Faces management to produce a film of the Faces performing "Cindy Incidentally," in hopes of having it shown in Europe.

Similarly, in London, BBC's Top of the Pops television program aired a film of Alice Cooper per-



M. le Directeur International

forming "Hello, Hooray," produced by Tom's department—quite a coup for Tom. The strait-laced BBC *never* shows singers like Alice Cooper.

"Films are important because they enable us to provide visual impact for groups who'll hardly ever perform live in the markets we show them in. To hear that one of our filmed acts has a spot on the Swedish Television Network is quite rewarding."

"What's Happening in Kurdistan?"

Partner to Tom Ruffino in Europe is one Hans Officier, who works out of Warner Bros. Records' European coordinating office in Amsterdam. Hans is often off scouting the more exotic markets of Europe—Italy, Austria, Spain, Turkey—seeking what he may find in terms of marketing needs.

"Hans does a lot of my work for me," says Tom, oozing the grin of a well-delegated executive.

"The reason I think we've become so popular with our affiliates is because it's obvious to them that we're really trying to project a truly *international* image. I'm not going to expect some country to eat up everything Burbank puts out, and not understand when they don't. I'll ask our licensee in South Africa how Benny Whitehead's single is doing, because I know that the market likes Country & Western. I'm not going to ask them how, say, Tower of Power is doing, because I know that funky, soul music doesn't do well there. Besides, they'd tell me to get lost if I did."

More Value for Your Record-Buying Ruble

One company wholly intriguing to both Tom and Phil is Warner Bros.-Japan. Apparently Japan, the country about to become the second most powerful on earth, has a style of capitalism completely foreign to a Westerner's way of thinking.

"The year and a half I spent helping set up the Japanese company was the most frustrating, satisfying time of my life," says

Phil. "Japanese business goes against everything I ever learned was the way to do it. Yet it works, and I've come to respect it as something really quite wonderful."

"Why records do what they do there is the most fascinating to me," says Tom. "Japan has super merchandising."

The Australian market is small, but important. Sales figures, per capita, are much higher there than anywhere else in the world. In New Zealand records are *the* form of

entertainment. The same can be said for Australia, and since the quality of their television nearly duplicates America's, it's no wonder. Everyone buys records Down Under, so even though there are only 12 million or so souls in the market—compared to 60 million in Germany—there is a Warner Bros. Records-Melbourne.

"I encourage A&R all I can," says Phil. "For Warner Bros. to be truly international, each Warner Bros. company must seek its own talent and market it accordingly, and not depend on reproducing American records. Still, a hard fact remains: the American record market is five times larger than the rest of the world combined."

Pity poor Tom. Every time he goes to plead his case across the street, that "hard fact" looms over him.

But the world must rock & roll and Tom is there to see that it does. Alice Cooper is super-world now, but it took their exposure in Germany and England to make that so. Tom can answer for that.

"We've got the stars, and without them we'd be nowhere, of course. The exciting thing is that the world likes a lot of them. I hear that one thing a Russian diplomat or business man is sure to take home with him from America is a tape recorder, so his kids can record music from European radio stations.

"And now that Russia is opening up—the future is almost scary. Could you imagine only having to convince one person, and end up selling 500,000 copies, just like that?"

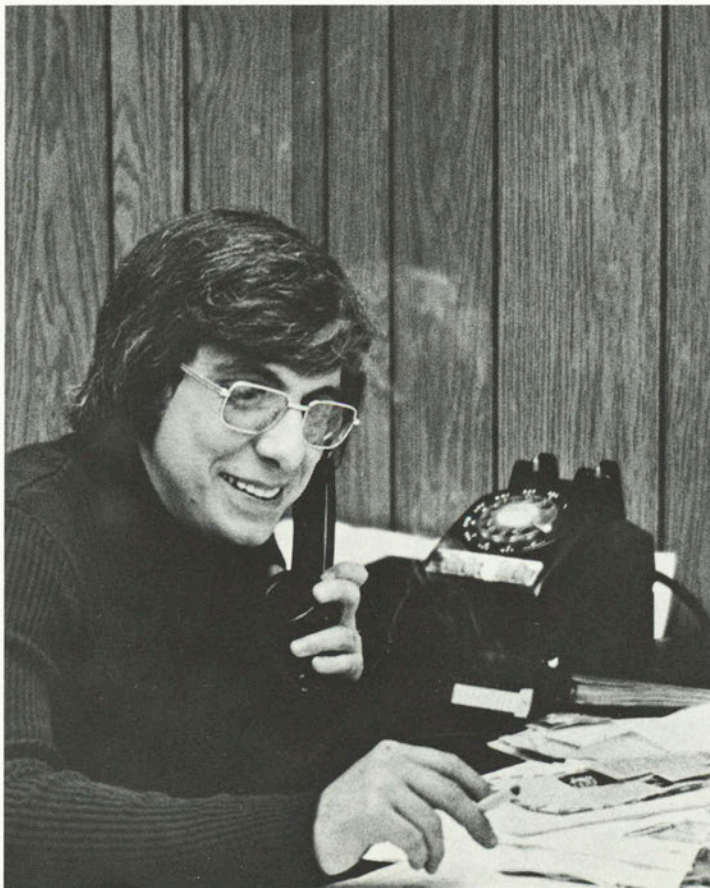


Photo by Blaise Alexander

Down and Calm in England



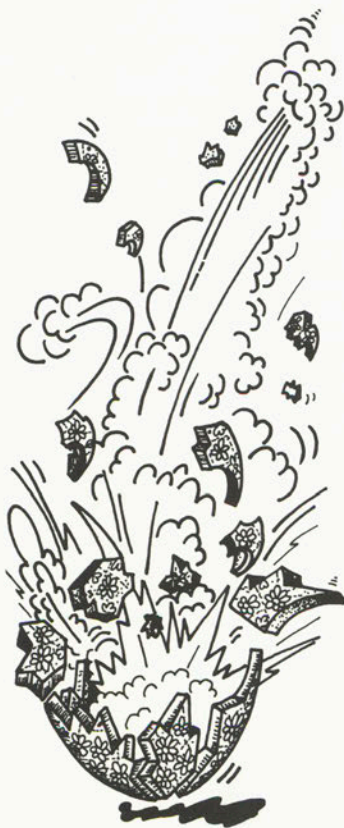
LONDON—Are you nervous and are you also broke? Come to England. The government just put the finger on the makers of the best-selling calmer-downers, citing excessive profits, and ordered them to cut their prices by more than half. Librium is now 80 cents per hundred. Have a nice day.

Hyde Park Concerts in Doubt

As the venerable striped, canvas deckchairs swell their ranks in Hyde Park, signaling the advent of decent days, people and papers are wondering what the verdict will be on open-air concerts this summer. Lots of name groups have played for free here in the past, and the crowds, such as the one that turned out for the Stones' requiem for Brian Jones, have generally displayed exemplary mob manners. Headlines in recent music weeklies have suggested that Hyde Park would be put out of bounds to pop bands, but the matter is being reconsidered. Festivals further afield have given outdoor music a bad name, but an hour in Hyde Park is hardly the same thing as a three-day mudbath.

Martin Mull Arrives

Anyhow, none of that rough stuff for Martin Mull who flew in last weekend. The Divine Mister M will meet the press at a suave Dorchester reception and tape an In Concert for BBC TV under the



aegis of Stanley Dorfman. This series constitutes the best shot (about an hour and no commercials) a performer can get on British television.

The Beast of Brum

You hear a lot of loose talk in this business about what groups do or do not have balls. Well let there be no equivocating about the Beast (shipping imminently). This group has Dave Ball and Dennis Ball. The former was Procol Harum's lead guitarist for a stretch.

The latter was and still is the former's brother and bass player. This pair, plus singer Frank Aiello and drummer Cozy Powell, make up the latest in a fine tradition of great Brum bands (Spencer Davis, Moody Blues).

Brum has been Birmingham's nickname for centuries, although from whose tongue it first fell trippingly is not known. The Beast have played some English dates with Ten Years After and will be off to Europe. Meanwhile the busy brothers Ball are lending their services to John Baldry, who is in the studio working extremely happily on his forthcoming.

A Closing Explosion

Cadbury, the chocolate barons, have survived this Easter unscathed. Last year disaster struck when a quarter of a million of their wildly popular seasonal, sweet cream eggs "exploded" in the warehouse due to a badly balanced recipe. Said a Cadbury spokesman, "That's a lot of eggs."

—SHELLEY BENOIT

Vinyl Statistics

Circular is pleased to present a weekly running account of newborn Warner Family Records, everything from 7 to 12 inches in diameter, a list stripped of adjectives, avoidable nouns and even verbs. This week's gives birth to five singles, no known albums.

SINGLES (April 18)

"The World I Used to Know"—Rod McKuen—Warner Bros. single WB 7699

"If I Ever Dreamed I'd Hurt You"—Bobby Sheen—Warner Bros. single WB 7701

"Doctor Rock and Roll"—Dion—Warner Bros. single WB 7704

"A Passion Play (Edit #8)"—Jethro Tull—Chrysalis single CHS 2012

"Try It Again"—Bobby Byrd—Kwanza single KWA 7703



Bobby Sheen

Top Ten

Warner Bros. Sales Figures for Week of April 16-22

1. Alice Cooper/*Billion Dollar Babies* (BS/M8/M5 2685)
2. Deep Purple/*Deep Purple Made in Japan* (2WS/J8/J5 2701)
3. Steeleye Span/*Parcel of Rogues* (CHR/M8/M5 1046)
4. Dueling Banjos/*Deliverance* (BS/M8/M5 2683)
5. Deep Purple/*Who Do We Think We Are!* (BS/M8/M5 2678)
6. Foghat (BR/M8/M5 2136)
7. Doobie Bros/*The Captain and Me* (BS/M8/M5 2694)
8. Beach Boys/*Holland* (MS/M8/M5 2118)
9. Fleetwood Mac/*Penguin* (MS/M8/M5 2138)
10. Seals & Crofts/*Diamond Girl* (BS/M8/M5 2699)

Don't Shoot Nixon He's a Part-Time Piano Player

Presidential Doings Make Record Biz News

President RMN has officially come forth with a proclamation against disc and tape pirates. He's asked the Senate to ratify an international treaty aimed at cutting out both imported and home-grown pirations. Bill Rogers (Sec-State) estimates fraudulent recordings earn \$200 million per year worldwide. The United States alone accounts for one-half that figure, according to Mr. Rogers. The formal title of the treaty is "The Convention for the Protection of Producers of Phonograms Against Unauthorized Duplication of Their Phonograms."

The White House Stereo Rests at 10

From *Billboard's* "Inside Track" comes a startling insight into the mind of Richard Nixon. The First Lady reveals that Dick is a midnight piano player. He does it be-



Dick cause "It relaxes him." Also, according to Pat, he blasts the hi fi system in the Lincoln Sitting Room so loud it can be heard all through the House. "He thinks that's the only way to listen—when it's real loud and you can hear everything," says Pat.



Ruby Monday and Solomon Penthaus

Pentangle's Obituary Found in English Trades

Specifically from *Melody Maker* (March 31, page 21) comes the news that Pentangle has dismembered itself. Not a surprise, since both Bert Jansch and John Renbourn have been pursuing solo careers by gigs and LPs for quite some time now. Danny Thompson, who has survived a bout of ill health, will be putting out his own album shortly. Jacqui McShee has plans to drop in on the Surrey club circuit to revive old favorites and work out new material. There was no clue as to what drummer Terry Cox plans for the future. Five years ago Pentangle started down a then-obscure musical path which they successfully and imaginatively brought to public ear. The world waits for further enlightenment.

Booming in Britain

Included in *Cash Box'* listing of the Top 20 LPs in the United Kingdom are *Billion Dollar Babies* by Alice Cooper at #3, *Tanx* by T. Rex at #6, *Sound Track From A Clockwork Orange* at #12 and *Who Do We Think We Are!* by Deep Purple at #20.

Press Releases We Never Finished Reading

Found inside her newest album on Another Label: "Barbara Mauritz is all too familiar with the dangers of stereotyping. Like Janis Joplin . . ."

The Incredibles Rock Off

For you TVers, the Incredible String Band has taped a segment of the Midnight Special which will air May 12. They performed two tunes, "Blackjack Davey" and "Old Buccaneer," the latter from their newish Reprise album *No Ruinous Feud*. The I.S.B. has been spending some time touring the U.S.—this is their 13th go-round here.

The Tull Tangle

Every year it's agony when the Chrysalis crew comes to town with Jethro's newest creation under their collective arms. "Oh no," shrieks the Art Department, "it's a 24-panel board package with three tip-in inserts. We can't do it." And the Production Department screams. And Label Copy. And Editorial. And Merchandising, Marketing and Sales. We all scream. But the package always triumphs and the consumers (that's you) love it. *A Passion Play*, in the works, requires hand-stuffing, which is the same as a death sen-

tence for the Production Department. "Paying all those extra people for hand labor? Never!" proclaimed Production. But, don't worry. It'll come out soon, just the way Jethro wants it, wait and see. Locally, *A Passion Play's* debut performance will take place at LA's Fabulous Forum three nights running and well sold out in advance.

Quote of the Week

At a press conference in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, James Brown told his audience that he had sold 40 million albums in the course of his lengthy career and, when mentioning himself in a list of composers also including Bach, Brahms and Beethoven, he said, "But I sold more records than all three of them together."

Research Fellowship for Chairman Mo

The City of Hope will cast a shining ray on Mo Ostin in June. They are planning a testimonial dinner, the purpose of which is to raise \$300,000 for medical research. Mo was chosen for this honor because



Mo Ostin

The Studio Is No Place for Wet Willie

he has, in the words of Emanuel Fineman (Honorary President of the City of Hope), "shown outstanding qualities of integrity and humanity while becoming a successful executive in the recording industry." Mr. Fineman went on to say, "His various contributions to local and national charities have demonstrated his concern for his fellow man and the City of Hope is proud that he has accepted our acknowledgement of his accomplishments."

Another Winner From Holland

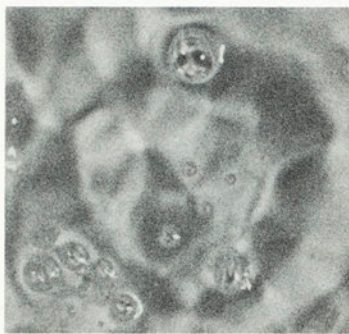
The Beach Boys' "California Saga" single is a bonafide picked hit—Pop Pick in *Billboard*, Single Pick in *Record World* and Pick of the Week in the *Box*. While I'm on



the subject of the BBs, they're touring and touring. April sees them in Las Vegas, Frisco, LA, Houston, Dallas, Phoenix, Denver, St. Louis and Omaha. Moving into May, they'll hit New Jersey, New York, Maine, Massachusetts and Ohio. Las Vegas?

Purpled Gold

From the invincible RIAA comes the word—*Who Do We Think We Are!* by Deep Purple has been given the Golden status coveted by all.



The past two years have found Capricorn's Wet Willie re-enacting the recurrent saga of the competent studio band, yet killer live act, patiently tolerating the recording of the first several studio efforts in breathless anticipation of their inevitable *tour de force* live album.

After the group's first two LPs, *Wet Willie* in '71 and *Wet Willie II* in '72, Wet Willie were more than prepared to unleash their own billion dollar baby, *Drippin' Wet*, recorded live at The Warehouse in New Orleans on New Year's Eve.

"Y'see," draws keyboard ace Johnny Anthony, "we just came from being a regular boogie-type dance band into doing what we're doing now. The thing is . . . if we had been hanging around studios four or five years of our lives prior to the time when we got together, it might have been different.

"I just think we need to have a little more studio experience and then we'll be the kind of studio band we want to be. The studio's a gas and we're all really into learning all we can about it."

While some bands spend years making demo tapes and wearily trying to sit some record company honcho down long enough to give

them a listen and just maybe offer a contract, Wet Willie were lucky enough to bypass a good part of the less glamorous side of the music business.

Frank Friedman, the mysterious "F. Friedman" credited with penning four tracks on the group's first album, was the individual responsible for the dream break.

Friedman had been the leader and guitarist of Willie, a well-established Alabama group, for quite some time. When the group eventually broke up, Frank, not one to break tradition, decided to play Roger McGuinn and construct an all-new Willie. The second generation band went on to bite the dust as well, but only after having obtained a contract with Capricorn Records.

His reservoir of local musicians exhausted, Friedman rang up an old college buddy from several years back, Ricky Hirsch . . . coincidentally a guitarist himself. Sure enough, Hirsch was tearin' it up with a five-piece band of his own, The Fox, based in Mobile.

To make a short story long, The Fox—plus new member and leader Friedman, became the third-generation Willie, this time adding a "Wet" to the title.

"At first things jibed really good," Hirsch picks up the story, "but then it seemed like he got tired. Frank's not the type of person to go out on the road a whole lot and all that stuff. He quit the group and now he's back in Tuscaloosa writing songs."

"Frank left before we cut our first record," continues Anthony. "When he left, we kinda wondered whether Wet Willie would be full

enough with just us. It was back to the days of The Fox, where we only had five pieces."

Cutting the first album at Capricorn Sound Studios with five pieces (vocalist-harmonica, lead guitar, bass, piano and drums), Wet Willie remained in the same configuration for just short of a year.

Second Guitar

"We added Wick Larsen on guitar right before we did the second album," Anthony explains. "He was a good friend from Mobile and plays real good guitar. Ricky had been playing with him for a long time. They have developed a style of playing together over the years that's just great. So . . . we added him to the band and went into the studio to do the second album shortly afterwards."

Wet Willie II, the band is quick to emphasize, is much closer to their true musical selves than its predecessor . . . but still not quite *there*.

Ricky Hirsch: "We're still inhibited in the studio. The second album came closer to what we wanted, but we're just not at home there."

Jimmy Hall: "The second album was our roots. What we grew up on, what we'd listened to and what we've been around ever since we were in high school. We want to keep it basic, you know, and that album was a step in that direction. At least it wasn't as clean and sterile as the first album."

John Anthony: "We put out the second album because it was a lot better than the first album and we wanted to establish ourselves just

(Just Ask Them)

a little bit more. Enough to be able to put out a live album next."

Playing to the Nation

Up until a week before the New Year's Eve show at The Warehouse, the Elvin Bishop Group/Wet Willie/Allman Brothers Band triple-bill was to be just another all-night festive marathon.

A last-minute decision from



Capricorn, however, called for the show to be broadcast live across the nation via radio stations in every major city. On top of that, Wet Willie was informed that The Warehouse show was to be The Show For The Album.

"We were scared shitless," lead singer Jimmy Hall recalls.

"All our friends were there . . . everybody from Macon and Mobile. And the show was incredible. We all played our best. There was a lot of energy going on. Everybody was excited and up for it. It was a really *fine* night. We were ready for that album the day we got back from New Orleans. The excitement was still there."

Arriving back at Capricorn Sound Studios with over two albums' worth of material from Wet

Willie's triumphant set, the group, along with producers Johnny Sandlin and Steve Smith, hand-picked the eight high-energy tracks that were to comprise *Drippin' Wet*.

Delayed by a Gadget

Originally scheduled to hit the racks the end of February, the album was delayed a month so that a total remix could be performed.

A below average first mix? Not a chance. The studios got in a new equalizer the same day that the last track of *Drippin'* was being finished. The new item was utilized in the mixing of the last cut and everyone found the results so stunning that, what the hell, they re-mixed the entire album with the gadget.

Left off the LP for spatial reasons were Wet Willie's two encore tunes for the evening. Supplemented by Allmans' lead guitarist Dicky Betts, who sat in with the band on the final two numbers, the 15-minute apiece versions of "Rock Me Baby" and B. B. King's "The Thrill Is Gone" ran a little too long to be included in their entirety.

So with *Drippin' Wet*, Wet Willie's climactic third album, now a part of history . . . just how does it in actuality stack up to the previous studio LPs?

Ricky Hirsch draws a deep breath. "I don't think there *is* any comparison. *Really*. But if you forced me to say, I'd have to say the live album is exactly 20 times better. I'm not kiddin', y'all."

He isn't.

—CAMERON CROWE

Answers for the Answer Record Question

For a year or thereabouts I've been doing these little columns in which each column is an answer, or sequel, to the one published the preceding week.

These columns are not, however, the only answers to be found in the music business. Through the years, a considerable number of singers and groups have seen fit to provide musical answers, on record, to some question or statement put forth by a previous hit record.

Last week I briefly outlined some of the forms these sequel discs can take, and proffered five examples of same. All you had to do was tell me what records these five were the answers to. Here follow the answers to the answer question.

1) "Yes, I'm Lonesome Tonight" by Dodie Stevens. The song is "Are You Lonesome Tonight?," and if you'd said it was by Henry Burr, who had a hit with it in 1926, I might have given you credit. But since Dodie Stevens wasn't even born yet in 1926, I'd have to guess she was answering Elvis Presley, whose RCA disc of this Roy Turk-Lou Handman opus went to #1 in December 1960.

2) "Dawn of Correction" by The Spokesmen. This 1965 polemic, quite a favorite with the Young Republicans, was an attempted refutation of Barry McGuire's unforgettable "Eve of Destruction." Sales-wise, McGuire won the debate by a healthy margin, going all the way to #1 while The Spokesmen could escalate only to #36.

3) Jody Miller's "Queen of the House," on the other hand, got all the way up to #12 earlier that same year, very nearly equaling the success of Roger Miller's

"King of the Road." And all this before Women's Lib really got going.

4) 'Way back in 1960, Jeanne Black got all the way up to #4 with "He'll Have to Stay." It seems the neighborhood eavesdroppers just couldn't resist a chance to hear the other half of that musical telephone conversation initiated by the late Jim Reeves, whose "He'll Have to Go" was his biggest hit.

5) Our first four examples of answer records were more or less straightforward efforts. "Leader of the Laundromat" by The Detergents was anything but. One of the most hilarious parody records ever devised, its unsuspecting victim was The Shangri-Las' epic "Leader of the Pack," recently revived by Bette Midler.

Question for Next Week

Flo and Eddie, those eminent Repriseans formerly known as Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, run a strictly first-class outfit, as you can readily hear on their new album. Their drummer is so classy he used to have a band of his very own, which made itself a keen LP album treasured by rockonnoisseurs everywhere. What was the name of his band?

The winner of Dr. Demento's three-weeks-ago contest (Q: Name the artists who recorded *Surf's Up!*? A: Surfaris, Dave Myers and the Surftones, The Biscaynes, Jim Waller and the Deltas and The Coast Continentals) is Nadine Starr of Peoria, Ill., who requested *Living in the Past* by Jethro Tull.

Each week the good doctor poses a music lore question whose answer is the focus of his subsequent column. The earliest reply to his question (mailed to Dr. Demento, c/o *Circular*, Warner Bros. Records, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Calif. 91505) wins any single Warner/Reprise catalog album (please specify choice). Answers will be geographically pro-rated on the basis of two days per time zone, ties will be judged on the basis of penmanship, wit and lucidity.