

Hot and Sweet: An Album by the Last of the Great Calypso Singers



The Mightiest Calypsonian of Them All Makes a Record Hot and Sweet

by ANDREW WICKHAM

It is not easy to characterize the Mighty Sparrow except to say that he is probably the last and arguably the finest of the great Calypso singers.

It is even more difficult to reach him by telephone down there in Petit Valley where he lives with his Troubadours on a compound outside Port-of-Spain. Most operators will put you through to Madrid.

Top Ten

Warner Bros. sales figures for the week of May 6-12.

1. *Maria Muldaur*
(BS/M8/M5 2148)
2. *Gordon Lightfoot/Sundown*
(MS/M8/M5 2177)
3. *The Doobie Brothers/What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits*
(W/L8W/L5W 2750)
4. *Robin Trower/Bridge of Sighs*
(CHR/M8C/M5C 1057)
5. *Arlo Guthrie*
(MS/M8/M5 2183)
6. *Frank Zappa/Apostrophe*
(DIS/M8D/M5D 2175)
7. *Seals & Crofts/Unborn Child*
(W/L8W/L5W 2761)
8. *Kiss*
(NB/M8N/M5N 9001)
9. *Graham Central Station*
(BS/M8/M5 2763)
10. *Tower of Power/Back to Oakland*
(BS/M8/M5 2749)

Trinidad is where he lives, in the gentle blue waters of the South Caribbean, a tiny land of dazzling beaches and coconut palms where oysters grow on trees, birds twitter in French, frogs whistle in the rain forest and the rippling cadence of steel drums drifts through perfumed tropical nights.

Queen and Emperor

Carnival comes to Trinidad just before Lent each year and then the streets are filled with dancing girls and masked revelers, exotically costumed steelbands playing the latest Road Marches from moving trucks, and glittering floats such as you've never seen before—here Neptune with his trident, there a purple whale speckled with silver and propelled by Jonah's dusky feet. And there on the green Savannah in the heart of Port-of-Spain, beneath white balconies redolent with the bloom of hibiscus and bougainvillea, the Carnival Queen is crowned and the Calypsonians compete for the honor of reigning as "Emperor of Caiso" for the rest of the year.

For three days and nights the rum flows and the revelry continues. For three days and nights Trinidad is without law and without order, though there has never been a semblance of crime or violence during Carnival. For three days and nights Africans and Chinese, Indians and Europeans celebrate "mas" together behind their masks. For three days and nights, everybody is equal.

For an island so small Trinidad has a rich and varied history. For 300 years she languished under Spanish rule, when slaves were brought in from Africa to

work the sugar plantations. Contract workers from India were imported by the British, who succeeded the Spaniards and abolished slavery (an arch principle of Empire) 30 years before the American Civil War.

The British were not slow to discover the resources overlooked by their predecessors, whose prime and abortive interest had been the search for precious metals. The British found oil in Trinidad, they found asphalt, they found cocoa and coffee, and shrewdly maximized the potential of the canefields with generally humane and skillful management. They built railways and roads, and merchant vessels plied daily in and out of bustling Port-of-Spain. They brought cricket to the colony, and this became the national sport

(and, incidentally, a favorite topic among Calypsonians); today the West Indians are world champions at the game they learned from their Colonial masters. A rigid educational system was instituted, and Sparrow still remembers his music lessons when, as a small boy, he was taught to sing songs like "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" and "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

Flowing Language

English became the national tongue, though English with a soft, musical lilt—a sort of English patois sometimes hard to understand but always easy on the ear. You don't necessarily have to understand the words of a Calypso to be moved by it. With the aid of a bottle of Oak Rum and a full



Production Trio. Pictured are (left to right) Executive Producer Henry de Freitas and Co-producers Van Dyke Parks and Andrew Wickham, all of whom worked on The Mighty Sparrow's new *Hot and Sweet* album.



The Mighty Sparrow

moon, the sizzling trumpets and torrid jungle rhythms will paint pictures beyond any words. But what words! "She's ugly, yes," sings Sparrow, "but she's wearing an expensive dress."

It is no accident that Trinidad, the most cosmopolitan of the Caribbean islands, has the richest, most literate culture of any of them. She has produced writers like Samuel Selvon and Vijay Naipaul. She has produced statesmen like Sir Leary Constantine, a former cricket captain who rose to become the first Black member of England's House of Lords.

She has created her own music from the empty oil drums discarded by the Allies on her beautiful beaches after the war. I can think of few things more lovely than the sound of "The Hallelujah Chorus" on 20 finely-tuned steel drums. And she has given us Calypso music from the salty aphorisms of her own towncriers who have chronicled the fables and fortunes of the island since the beginning of the century.

On the Wane

Van Dyke Parks, whose idea and ambition it was to record the Mighty Sparrow, has already made an album (*Discover America*) featuring some of the classic calypsos over the years. Today, as Trinidad struggles to come to terms with herself as an independent nation, American Soul music is sweeping the Caribbean, and, of the current Calypsonians, only Sparrow and his genial rival Lord Kitchener maintain the stature of the great songwriters of the past.

Sparrow, who has been crowned Calypso King eight times, scored his first hit in 1956 with a song called "Jean & Dinah" which celebrated the availability of Trinidadian girls again, following the evacuation of American troops who occupied the island during and after the war—"Yankees gone, Sparrow take over now." Since then he has had countless hits, 10 of the greatest of which have been reproduced for the first time with modern studio facilities on

this new album, which we recorded in Florida.

He is a stunning figure, with the quick eyes and mischievous smile of a Cassius Clay, the impromptu wit of a Noel Coward. With his glittering rings and buckles, his cloak striped in the red, white and black of Trinidad with SPARROW embroidered in silver letters across his back, his Troubadours in their scarlet tunics, his refugee bodyguard from the cane fields of Cuba, (always with a bottle of blackberry brandy in hand for his master) and his retinue of dusky maidens, he cuts a figure of absolute splendor—the ultimate showman. His benevolent Portuguese producer, Henry de Freitas, was himself a fine saxophone player and one of the first White men to play in a Trinidadian orchestra, during the war.

The Princess Is a Fan

Sparrow sells out Madison Square Garden in New York, they love him in Toronto, he has a large following in London and he appears annually in Los Angeles. He takes his show wherever West Indians are scattered across the world and they invariably turn out like preening cockatoos to see him in their thousands. Charlie Gillett thinks he's as good as Hank Williams. Van Dyke thinks his melodic gifts are as inspired as those of Schubert. Princess Margaret is said to be his biggest fan.

Ridiculous, you say. Can't understand a word he's saying. And why do those trumpets sound so sharp? You never hear Chicago play a bad note!

True. But Calypsonians make their records when and where

they can—in aircraft hangers, in cinemas, in garages. It is live music. There are no second takes. The Mighty Sparrow flew in from Trinidad and cut this record in two steamy summer nights. In his music is all the passion, fire and beauty of that tropical paradise in the South Caribbean. Hot and sweet.

This Contract Limits Our Availability. Read It.

Whereas the heretofore unmentioned but subsequently referred to parties of the third person who shall remain nameless do hereby state that henceforth and proceeding with this here (are you still paying attention, because if not you could find yourself in real trouble) issue to be referred to below and elsewhere at all times as *Circular*, shall be for your sins and our salvation starting now and concluding sometime prior to the autumnal equinox at fortnightly intervals. (Every other week you bozos.)

This is no different from last summer, so you should have expected it.

Don't Ya Feel Maria's Leg 'Cause She's Already High

Hight on the Charts, That Is.

In fact, a highly-revered memo flew across my desk recently announcing *Maria Muldaur* is now RIAA certified gala Gold. It's no easy prize these days, what with hundreds of LPs glutting the racks and glazing consumer's eyes (not to mention purses). For our Maria it's been 10 years of steady walking down the musical yellow brick road. Currently her album's atomizing at *Billboard's* #3 slot, *Cash Box's* bulleted #6 and *Record World's* squared #13. The ever-so-suggestive "Midnight at the Oasis" 45, meanwhile, looks like it's shooting straight for the top at #6 in *Cash Box*, #8 in *Billboard* and #9 in *Record World*, punctuated with bullets, stars and squares to boot. Rumor has it around Burbank's bastion of audible baubles that it won't be too long a wait for Ms. Muldaur's second 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ solo success.

Warming Up for Cold Blood.

While it's possible that *First Taste of Sin* and/or *Thriller*, Cold Blood's first and second Warner Bros. platters respectively, don't set off gongs or even tubular bells in your mind, their forthcoming third effort (at least according to an unrevealed but highly-informed source) will be an immense source of pleasure to consumer and disc moguls alike. It's titled *Lydia*, most likely in tribute to the lovely Lydia Pense, who handles vocals throughout. Some recording took place in Memphis and some in Our City of Lost Angels and Crazy People, under the guidance of—and here's the kicker—Steve Cropper. He's a man of much fame (and therefore probably fortune as well), having been lead guitarist

for the supreme Booker T & the MGs and more than somewhat responsible for Otis Redding's classic "Dock of the Bay," not to mention Wilson Pickett's "In the Midnight Hour." Among a collection of original group material, you'll find a Cropper tune or two, plus "I Only Wanted Someone To Hear Me," penned by none other than Elvis Presley's mom, Dee.

It's Another Outraged Mother. The newest national rag raking muck's called *The National*

Star. There have only been 16 issues or so to date but it makes great reading for insomniacs, hypochondriacs or people who are just plain tired of those . . . (expletives deleted) . . . Watergate tapes and Patty Hearst's adventure-some cohorts. Scanning a feature called "Kicks 'n Kisses—What Readers Think of TV," I was fortunate enough to find a brand new Letter-of-the-Week. Sub-headed "We don't want these vulgar shows," it read, "One of Don Kirshner's rock concerts,

which I saw recently, must have been the most vulgar show ever on TV. Singer Todd Rundgren, wearing a skin-tight flesh-colored outfit, may as well have been nude. As a mother of a teenager, I am really concerned that this type of show is allowed on TV. Teenagers baby sit and watch TV at that time of night, and all the mothers I've talked to feel very concerned. Signed Mrs. M. Andrews, Annandale, Va." Come now, Mrs. Andrews, Todd Rundgren is so thin, had he been com-



Two One-of-a-Kinds. Groucho Marx to the left and Alice Cooper to the right. No duck dropped in, but that's life.

pletely naked your teenaged baby sitter progeny probably wouldn't have been able to see him at all.

Beret Meets Bear Claw in Beverly Hills. Visible somewhere near this paragraph (unless the art director's drunk again) is a snap of Alice Cooper lunching with a longtime idol Groucho Marx. At the time, discussion centered around Coop's appearance at a New York benefit to garner funds for the Circle in the Square Theater. Held on April 29, this benefit was a grand event, attended by luminaries the likes of Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward and Leonard Bernstein, among others. Alice pulled off a beaut by accidentally dropping the famous secret word. "Sanka?" Alice queried, to which Groucho predictably replied, "You're welcome."

Ruby's Run-Ons

● Beltin' **Elton John** will *not*, no, no, no, *not* call his forthcoming LP *O! Pink Eyes Is Back*. The joke must've become a bit belabored, I s'pose. ● **Roger Glover**, who unplugged his bass from **Deep Purple** a short time ago, has been whiling away the time producing discs for groups **Nazareth** and **Elf**. Now he's hitting the highway again with a brand new band. *Melody Maker* recently quoted him as saying, "The new band won't be as pyrotechnic as Purple. If I could have a British version of **Little Feat** I'd be really pleased. I'll have to find a singer. I'd like to sing myself, but I haven't got the voice to match the ideas I have." Righto Roger, it's the singer, not the song, as somebody once said. ● The devilishly handsome chap

you see photo'd herein is **Ted Cohen**, who's just been promoted



Photo by Leo Gozbekian

from Cincinnati to Boston. That is, he was once WB's foremost promotion mover in the flats of Ohio and is now the **Northeast Director of Artist Relations, Development and Special Projects**. Sorry, ladies, his phone number's not included.

● Unfortunately *not* photo'd herein is **Bibi Rundgren**. Yes, she's **Todd's** wife and you can catch her displaying some fascinating lingerie in May's *Playboy*, according to **Eliot Sekuler** of *Cash Box*. Can't wait until **Mrs. Andrews of Annandale, Virginia**, sees that spread (believe me, the pun was unintentional). ● **Ms. Anne Marie Micklo**, lovely lady of the International Department, just returned from the 14th Annual Rose d'or of Montreux. On the off chance you're wondering what that is, it's where everyone in the world is invited to judge the best TV entertainment show of the year. Ms. Micklo reports **Hong Kong TV** went wild

over WB's fabulous footage of **Van Morrison** at the Rainbow



Theatre in London. ● Turns out all was not a peaceful bed of blacktop at the **Ontario Motor Speedway** after the **California Jam**, mentioned some weeks ago. City fathers, according to *Billboard's* "Inside Track" column, refused to let **Bill Graham** use their spacious speedway for his July spectacular starring **Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young**; the **Allman Brothers Band**; the **Beach Boys** and **Mott the Hoople**. Seems hopelessly snarled traffic and "all that publicity" didn't sit too well with the City Council. Nothing stops Bill Graham, however, so the fiesta will go on at the **Los Angeles Coliseum** with a seating capacity of 100,000. Wanna bet there'll be a riot? ● From the pages of the *Daily Variety* comes the stupendous news that **ABC-TV Wide World of Sports** will actually cover the **First National Wristwrestling Championships** brought to viewers from Las Vegas (where else?), MGM Grand Hotel to be exact. Just like the **Kiss Marathon**, though, it won't stop there. In October, winners will vie for the

World Wristwrestling Championships in Petaluma, Calif. ●

Maybe if I wait long enough there'll be a contest for the **World's Strongest Fingers**. God knows (and so does Solomon Penthaus) I could win that one with a jar of Vaseline stuck on each digit after two years of these dizzying deadlines. ●

Vinyl Statistics

Housewives, we're as concerned as you are about the rising costs of vinyl. That's why we take special care in the preparation of our economical, ready-to-go platters. This week we've got four all-new individual servings. Mighty good with mustard.

SINGLES (May 15)

"CLEAR DAY"/"Wrong Joke Again"—Rab Noakes — Warner Bros. single WB 7812

"NICKEL IN MY POCKET"/"Swamp Dance"—Doug Kershaw — Warner Bros. single WB 7813

"GET OUT OF HERE, PART 1"/"Get Out of Here, Part 2"—Bobby Rush — Warner Bros. single 7815

"ANY WAY YOU WANT IT"/"Your Place or Mine"—The Mystic Moods — Warner Bros. single 7817

If It's Tuesday This Must Be Belching

A Continental Launch.

No point calling up DiscReet Records in LA for the time being. They're all off and raving around Europe under the pretense of a Continental launch for the label. If you think launch and lunch are synonymous, you're right. Headmen Herb Cohen and Harold Berkman are holding glamorous, bibulous press conferences in such key metropolae as London, Paris, Hamburg, Milan, Zurich, Amsterdam and Copenhagen. During these gatherings glazed eyes should be focused on DiscReet artist Tim Buckley, for whom the launch will serve as a simultaneous promo tour. (Tim hasn't taken his band, nor is he gigging. He did try to take his guitar, but both that and his suitcase were mysteriously absorbed by the airline.) The tentative format for this series of functions is that Tim will wield a guitar either borrowed or recovered and be available for interviews and TV. Herb, for his part, will introduce the label, describe the artists and play some sample tracks. The peripatetic bash began in London at a club called Rags. Do not be so inDiscReet as to enquire how or when it will end.

Randy on the Air. Speaking of Hamburg (of course we spoke of Hamburg, weren't you paying attention?), Mr. Randy Newman is set to do that hamlet's very top music TV show. In fact, the very hottest music show in all Germany. I can't spell it and neither can Anne Marie Micklo, who told me about it, but it sounds like "Musiccloud"—make of that what you will. The show Randy does should air in August, about the

time his new LP is due out. Meanwhile, the sole concert he has scheduled for London, in early June, sold out almost before the ink dried on the tickets. He'll also do a spot on Old Grey Whistle Test—an indication that that show's moderator is more resilient than I would have guessed. I won't try to describe Randy's last appearance; you hadda be there . . .

Thrush Pact. The increasingly long arm of Warner Bros. has done even more signing. The latest is a throaty ingenue called Lynsey dePaul, who bats well over .900—with her eyelashes. She's also got a habit of having hit records in England, such sweet short spinners as "Sugar Me" and "Getting a Drag" (an ambivalent ditty about the perils of having a transvestite boyfriend). A single is being rushed; prepare to pant.

Yellow Pages' Greatest Hits. We switch you now to New York, where the indefatigable Jo Bergman presses on with the revised *Book of the Road*. Her research

has unearthed data of which it would not have occurred to me to dream. Nor her, for that matter. An impromptu contest developed among the Good Book staff to discover the best possible massage parlor ad. Alan Rosenberg won with his entry—a massage and bowling emporium in Kansas City. Close contenders were a massage parlor with topless shoeshine and photo studio (all major credit cards accepted); the negligee massage with free parking; and a place called Godfather I that offers, among many others, the "Magnetic Swedish Massage." If you prefer celestial bodies of a more elevated nature, Jo has just the number for you. Try Dial-a-Phenomenon 202-737-8855 and you'll be told where Skylab and assorted orbiting hardware are tonight. As Jo related these facts, the NY office around her reached Marx Brothers proportions of lunacy, what with the staggered arrivals of George Melly, Derek Taylor, A&Ress Mary Martin, an awfully good artist named C.J. , who's doing illustrations for the

Book and Ted Cohen, a new artist relations person from Boston—to name but several. Add a full complement of ringing phones and you'll understand why the office watchword is, "Take two of these and call me in the morning."

Rocking the Whisky.

Bob Seger, a person we in the office think a lot of and want to make famous (it being our job, God knows, to make everyone on the label famous; still some deserve it more than others and Bob is in that more deserving category), had a five-night residence at the sumptuous Whisky A Go Go recently. Backed, as he was, by the Silver Bullet Band, a masked-man persona was in order. Actually, he wore dark glasses. But never mind, the music was good stuff—a well-balanced repertoire drawn from his own past and present, plus a couple of stand-ards. The title tune from his *Back in '72* always goes down particularly well.

Titanic Tab. The day of the lavish press party is far from over. The figure being whispered in our corridors as the tab for a gala in honor of aged British rocker Gary Glitter (not on Warners) would do nicely for the purchase of a five-bedroom house, or a competent race horse, or at least two senators of your choice.

New Team. Speaking of senators, one Maureen Orth of *Newsweek* informed Burbank's own Garry George that the magazine had settled the Democratic Presidential ticket for '76—Ted Kennedy with running-mate Tom Eagleton. Their campaign slogan: You Drink, I'll Drive.

—SHELLEY BENOIT



Top Forty

Somewhere in a modest, airless garret overlooking Warner Boulevard there sits sequestered behind perilously balanced, chin-high stacks of sales figures, a man—an accountant by his own account—with a dream.

He pores over the white sheets with the blue lines and the grey type, sometimes saddened by IBM's unremitting sobriety. Should not Maria Muldaur's stunning leap in greenback stature be recorded in crimson? Someday, perhaps. IBM is slow to change.

He sets down his worn quill, folds his hands—wearied from counting the same fingers over and over—across his waistcoat, and reflects upon a task well done. He has just calculated the 40 WB albums for which the most people spent money in April.

Bless them, he muses, for parting with their cash in that cruellest of tax-fraught months. This warm thought irresistibly gives way to his aforementioned fantasy—one so transcendent and divine that he trembles in its presence.

For you see, this man has faith, as in a grain of vinyl, that one day the Top 40 he so scrupulously gleans a dozen times per annum will be no less than the Top 40 in *Cashbox*, *Record World* and *Billboard*, simultaneously. For him this holds the fascination of

infinity.

Consult the list below; you too can share that dream. Previous month's figures are in parentheses.

Ten to One

1. *Maria Muldaur* (9)



2. *Unborn Child*/ Seals & Crofts (2)
3. *Burn*/Deep Purple (3)
4. *What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits*/ The Doobie Brothers (1)
5. *Graham Central Station* (11)
6. *Light Shine*/ Jesse Colin Young
7. *Apostrophe*/ Frank Zappa
8. *Back to Oakland*/ Tower of Power (4)
9. *Bridge of Sighs*/ Robin Trower
10. *Exotic Birds and Fruit*/ Procol Harum

Double Digits

11. *Energized*/Foghat (10)
12. *Sundown*/Gordon Lightfoot (15)
13. *The Captain and Me*/ The Doobie Brothers (14)
14. *A New Life*/ The Marshall Tucker Band (7)

15. *Summer Breeze*/ Seals & Crofts (16)
16. *Diamond Girl*/ Seals & Crofts (18)
17. *Laid Back*/ Gregg Allman (13)
18. *Toulouse Street*/ The Doobie Brothers (19)
19. *The Marshall Tucker Band* (28)
20. *Todd*/ Todd Rundgren (6)

Beyond 20

21. *Kiss* (38)
22. *The Best of (Skeletons in the Closet)*/ The Grateful Dead (17)
23. *It's Too Late to Stop Now*/ Van Morrison (8)
24. *Machine Head*/ Deep Purple (21)
25. *Montrose* (34)
26. *Mame—Original Sound Track* (12)
27. *Foghat* (35)
28. *Over-nite Sensation*/ Mothers of Invention (27)
29. *Aqualung*/ Jethro Tull (22)
30. *Something/Anything?*/ Todd Rundgren (23)



Over 30

31. *Eat a Peach*/ The Allman Brothers Band (26)
32. *Beach Boys in Concert* (24)
33. *Song for Juli*/ Jesse Colin Young (29)
34. *Paranoid*/ Black Sabbath (36)
35. *Smash Hits*/ Jimi Hendrix (39)



36. *After the Gold Rush*/ Neil Young
37. *Stomp Your Hands, Clap Your Feet*/ Slade (20)
38. *Harvest*/Neil Young (40)
39. *Badfinger* (25)
40. *Blue*/Joni Mitchell

Inspirational Verse

I hate to see you leave
With tears all over your face.
Just like Sherlock Holmes
The whole world is on our
case.

— Johnnie Taylor
"We're Getting Careless
With Our Love"

The Clock Strikes Rock



Among the dozens of oldies that spew forth from the omnipresent car radios in *American Graffiti*, thanks to Wolfman Jack, is one disc which many would describe as the first rock & roll record, Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock."

Now doing an encore on the charts, "Clock" wasn't *really* the first rock & roll record. "Sh-Boom" in its two realizations by the Chords and the Crew-Cuts had swept the country in 1954, a year before "Clock" hit the charts. And Haley himself had been doing music in similar style as far back as 1951, when his "Rock the Joint" appeared with the same guitar solo, note-for-note, that later graced "Clock."

"Rock Around the Clock" was, however, a milestone of a very special sort: the first rock & roll record ever to become a hit via feature film exposure.

Ancient History. "Clock" was actually released in January 1954, before "Sh-Boom." It was the B-side (!) of Haley's first single for Decca Records, following his three spectacular years with the

small Essex label of Philadelphia. The A-side, "Thirteen Women," lacked the impact of such Essex explosions as "Crazy Man Crazy" and the Decca disc stiffed, languishing in obscurity for a year and a half (while Haley did much better with his second and third Decca issues, "Shake, Rattle and Roll" and "Dim, Dim the Lights").

The renaissance of "Rock Around the Clock," and its elevation to the #1 spot on *Billboard's* charts where it stayed for eight weeks, was achieved by what could well be called the most crucial of the 1950s rock films (even though it contained just one important rock song), *Blackboard Jungle*. "Clock" appears at the very beginning of Richard Brooks' 1955 film (from the novel by Evan Hunter) as the students of a New York school do a lively Lindy in the schoolyard. Later in the film, the students perform a number of violent acts, such as smashing a teacher's beloved 78 jazz collection.

"*Blackboard Jungle* . . . was a major factor in accelerating the

popularity of rock & roll," writes Charlie Gillett in his R&R history *The Sound of the City*. "(It) was a large success and a much-discussed movie. What the presence in it of the music of Bill Haley, rather than that of Tony Bennett and Perry Como, helped to establish in the minds of both adolescents and adults was the connection between rock & roll and teen-age rebellion."

The Flashbulb Strikes

Twice. On the cover of Wet Willie's new Capricorn album, *Keep On Smilin'*, there is a picture of a middle-aged gentleman smiling and playing a guitar. Posing for the photographer was not an altogether new experience for

this fellow; some 12 years earlier he had appeared on the cover of another fine record album. What was the record company that released that early-1960s masterpiece (hint: it wasn't one of the super biggies), and who was the artist?

Bill Buster of Philadelphia correctly answered Dr. Demento's April 29 puzzler regarding Demon Records and its two Top 10 hits: "Endless Sleep" by Jody Reynolds and "Western Movies" by The Olympics. Honorable mention, but no prize, to Thomas D. Burton of Minneapolis, who embellished his correct answer with a brave (as opposed to heroic) couplet.

Each week the doctor poses a music 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, Ca. 91505) wins any *single* Warner/Reprise album (please specify choice). Answers will be judged on promptness, neatness, wit and coherence.

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