

## Have You Heard the One

## About Little David?



# Little David



by GENE SCULATTI

A funny thing happened on the way to the consummation of the deal between Warner Bros. and its newest affiliate label, Little David Records.

A few weeks ago, with requisite signatures inked and hands shaken, the folks Warners met the folks Little David at an informal "get acquainted" session in Burbank. In attendance were the principals of the latter party—Monte Kay, Jack Lewis and Paul Cooper—and various representatives of the former party's administrative, sales, promotion and creative departments.

Toward the end of the proceed-

ings a WB executive leaned across one end of the conference table to ask Little David publicity director Paul Cooper exactly who comprised the label's roster of artists.

Paul obliged by naming George Carlin, Flip Wilson, the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Committee and Kenny Rankin, at which point a second executive casually inquired about the last name on the list. "I haven't had a chance to hear Kenny Rankin. Is he as funny as George Carlin?"

Cooper smiled politely and let it slide. He and Monte Kay and Jack Lewis have heard that one before. You put out a couple of hit comedy albums and every-

body thinks you're in the laugh business. Lord knows that's not what Monte and Flip Wilson had in mind when they launched the label five years ago.

**Humble Beginnings.** "I was managing Flip, as I do now," Kay explained recently, affable, sun-tanned and ready to leave for a brief vacation. "We thought we'd start our own company just to put out Flip's records. But that all changed when we found ourselves with a hit album the first time at bat." He looked down from his quiet office onto Sunset Strip below.

It was, of course, *The Devil Made Me Do It*, which sold well

over a million copies. Named for Flip's son David and bearing the logo of the sheath-clad kid with a sling, the label was off to a roaring start.

Five years, eight albums and 3.5 million records later, Little David has done well. Headquartered on the Strip just west of the Whisky, adjacent to the flesh-baring Rogues Gallery ("Totally Nude or Your \$ Back!"), the company even has its own streetfront marquee on which to announce the arrival of a new Carlin or MJQ album.

Little David has joined the sales foray with the giants after

# Everybody Kicks Up Heels for Another Band from L.A.

*Circular* has more than once taken the lead in presenting the bold, the controversial, the sublime and the ridiculous. Repeatedly has *Circ* hit nails squarely, exposed hypocrisy in high places and exalted genius wherever it could be found.

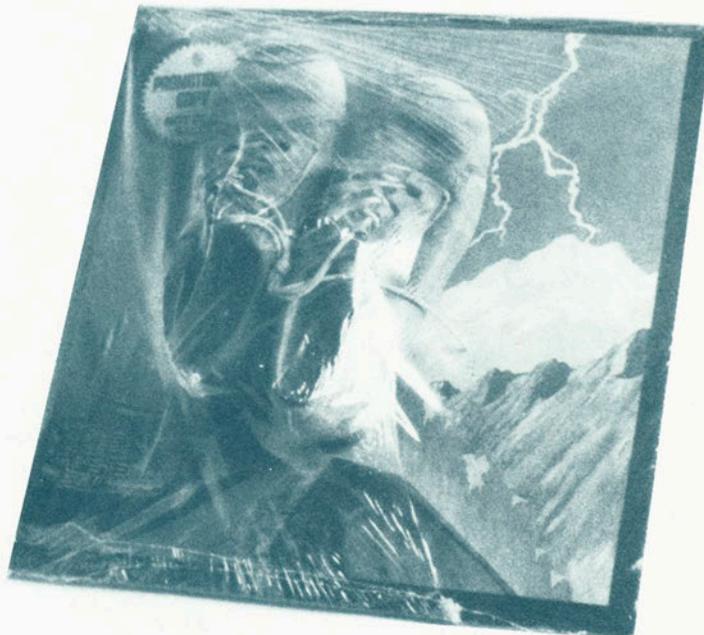
Like in Sales/Promotion here in Burbank, where a good deal of the latter commodity has collected. Take the case of one Alan Mink, regional marketing manager, West Coast.

Among other functions, Alan serves as a sort of resident *interest-generator*. He sees to it that his local promotion people (in this case six salesmen covering

the great Southwest) get themselves, their retail accounts and those accounts' record-buying customers sufficiently aroused on the subject of current Warner Bros. product.

Which wasn't that great a task last month when the inspiration was a color television set. A contest is what it was, with the prize going to the salesman whose creative servicing did the most to generate interest in and host the sales of Little Feat's then-new *Feats Don't Fail Me Now* album.

The salesmen—Arnie "Boom Boom" Hoffman, Jody Raithe, Mark Goldstein, Marvin Parker, Ed Hall and Bob Ward—were given



## Vinyl Statistics

Vinyl scored substantial gains this week despite a generally oversold market, with prestige issues—including Gold and Platinum pressings—holding their own. Collectors were said to be engaged in heavy trading of blues discs and acetate, forcing prices up despite a recent flurry of injection molding by reissue interests. Institutions were set for substantial profit-taking, including Burbank's Warner Brothers, Reprise and Affiliates, which announced an issue of three new singles and one new album not previously listed in its Retailer's Prospectus:

### SINGLES OCTOBER 23

"**You Got To Be Ready for Love (If You Wanna Be Mine)**"/"I Got Plenty"—Bonnie Raitt—Warner Bros. WBS 8044

"**Whatever You Want**"/"I Wish I Could Say What I Want To"—Sir Wales—Innovation II INS 8045

"**Catch a Train**"/"Can't Keep a Good Man Down"—Grinder Switch—Capricorn CP 0215

### ALBUMS October 22

**The Gregg Allman Tour**—Gregg Allman—Capricorn 2C 0141

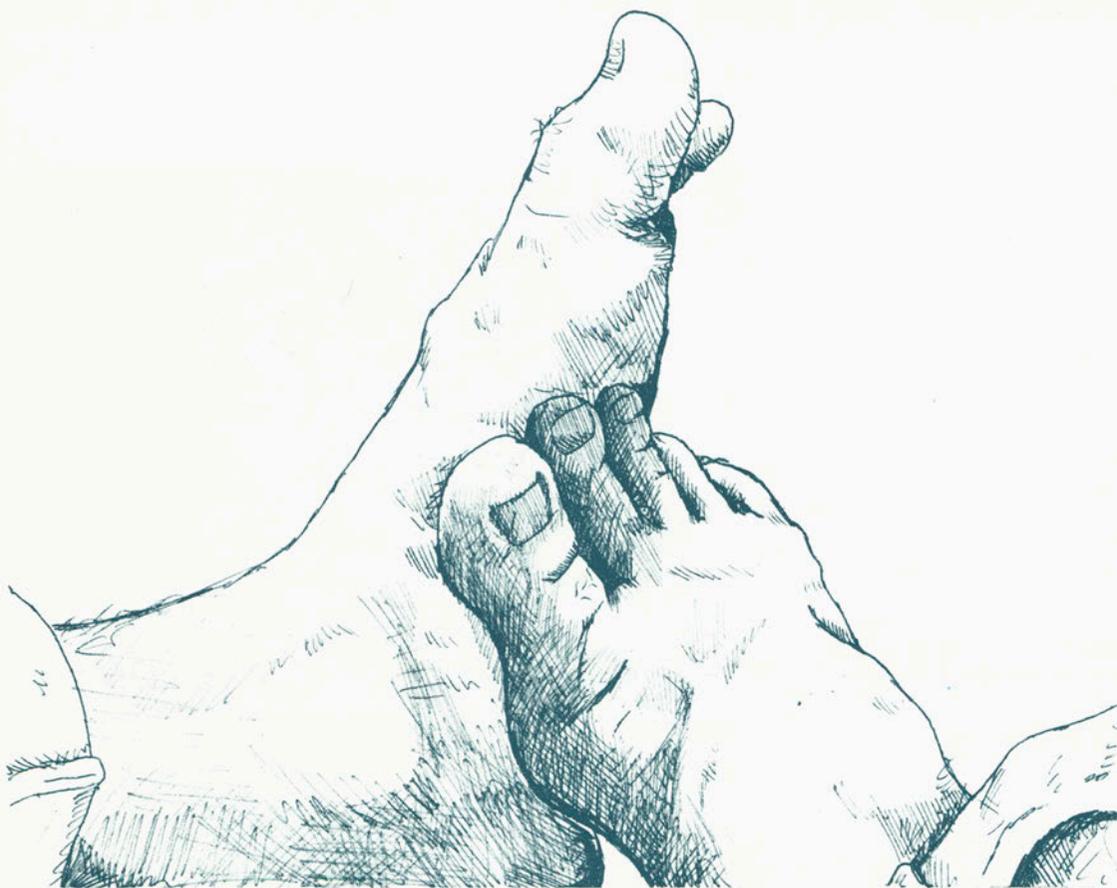
a budget, radio advertising support, a deadline (promotions to be operating in stores by Sept. 16, the TV to be awarded Oct. 1) and told to forge ahead for the Feat.

Ideas sometimes outstripped execution but their efforts on behalf of the album deserve mention. Like Bob's plan to award free LPs to the person with the smallest feet entering some of his Orange County stores, Marvin's "march of the thousand Feat" sidewalk display and Ed's storeclerks' incentive plan.

And who could forget winner Arnie Hoffman's low cost/high profile promotion which sent hundreds of Discount Records customers to their drawingboards to sketch "the most original and funny pair of feet" in pursuit of a

5-LP prize? Or co-runners-up Mark Goldstein and Jody Raithe who (respectively) handed out similar prizes to poets celebrating Little Feat in verse and to guesstimators correctly matching six pair of used shoes (on display in Rosemead's Vogue Records shop) with the six members of the band?

None of this has gone unnoticed, least of all in Sales/Promotion where smiling faces have watched *FDFMN* ascend to the #44 (with star) position in *Billboard*, bullet to #58 in *Cash Box* and #36 in *Record World*, no doubt driven in part by the stellar efforts of Mink's West Coast promo men. See for yourself how beautiful a thing is a contest well done.



## English Mystery

Our British Observer dropped from sight last week, leading to the omission of her column this week. All of *Circular* is crossing its fingers that she was out on a bender or some similarly harmless activity. Maybe she ran into a door. More news when it comes.

# SINGLES

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**VAN NUYS**  
6515 Van Nuys Blvd.  
Phone 988-7050

# Sinatra Splashes the Square, Spector Merges With Splurge

## A Whirlwind Main Event.

October 13, New York's magnificent Madison Square Garden sardined over 20,300 Frankophiles to cheer and adore the out-of-retirement 01' Blue Eyes. ABC-TV presented Frank's fabulous fete—*Sinatra, The Main Event*—live, sponsored by Ford Motor Co., to the delight of TVers everywhere. It was quite a do, according to reviews, fully packed with celebrities from all walks of life including entertainment, athletics and politics. Photographers abounded, both professionals and Instamatic-toting amateurs; while ABC, to its credit, provided 11 cameras so as not to miss an angle. Woody Herman and the Thundering Herd provided excellent orchestral accompaniment. *Daily Variety* summed it thusly, "He enjoyed himself all the way. Since the same could be remarked as to the audience, it was indeed a love affair."

## Apparently Argentina

**Agrees.** Sinatra's aforementioned *Main Event* TV Special is the first imported televised program to be sold to the Argentinian government since they took over control of the country's broadcasting earlier this summer. It'll appear via satellite, naturally. By the way, if you like strange statistics, Argentina has 29 TV stations and 3 million sets. That's what *Variety* said anyway.

## A Magical Mergery Tour.

Sound the alarums and break out the wine. Phil Spector has joined forces with Warner/Reprise, birthing a new label called Warner-

Spector. WB will market and distribute forthcoming product in the U.S. and Canada. Cacophonous celebration is in order since, as everyone over 20 knows, Phil is one of the Mr. Histories of Rock & Roll. All the way back in '58 he wrote, performed on and produced "To Know Him Is To Love Him" by the Teddy Bears. His own label, Philles Records, had wild success during the '60s with unforgettables like "Uptown" and "He's a Rebel" by the Crystals, "Zip-a-Dee Doo-Dah" by Bob B. Soxx & the Blue Jeans, not to mention "Be My Baby" by the Ronettes. "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" and "River Deep, Mountain High" should hardly be left unlauded, and that's not all. In 1970, Phil remixed the Beatles' *Let It Be* album, having gotten somewhat involved with Apple Records. That association led to production credit on the John Lennon/Yoko Ono 45 "Instant Karma" and both George Harrison's solo LPs, *All Things Must Pass* and *Living in the Material World*. Through the new joint adventure many swell Philles' oldies will be re-released. As Chairman Mo said in *Cash Box*, "To say that we are excited about this venture is an understatement. Phil's contribution to music as a producer and writer is unparalleled—he practically created a musical era. With his own label, he will undoubtedly create another new musical era, and Warners is proud to be a part of it."

## They Named Their Own Department Special Services.

It could well be the aptest departmental monicker in our whole



refinery. Without these seven fellows there would be no IBM run-out deliveries; no mail runs; no office supplies; no monthly album packages doled out; no one to relocate desks, typewriters and secretaries; no one to disarm testy Xerox machines or to answer switchboards when key operators are ill. In short (but most of them are tall), all these young dudes mean more to us than I could possibly say without being censored. Sitting at left is Rory, department head out of respect and seniority. Laid back beside Rory, you'll see Stu (sorry girls, he's married).

Top left introduces Steve, who performs a myriad of functions including calming hysterical secretaries, speeding around with items-we-can't-do-without like erasers (in *Circular's* offices, anyway) and manila file folders. To Steve's right, head-cocked-and-jacket-on, stands Richard.

Richard talks a lot and wears funny socks. Continuing rightward lounges Jeff. Our British Observer, during her first day of visiting Burbank after many a year, thought Jeff was James Taylor and that several of our more important recording artists were in Special Services. Well, that's Jeff. Finally, winding up the back row stands George resplendent-with-hat. George is WB's corporate sense of humor. He thinks things like splattered 5-gallon Sparklett's water bottles and rip-off cigarette machines are funny. Thank God.

## Watch Him Get Down.

Good God everybody, Pat Boone's signed with Motown. Yes indeed, MoRecs has jumped into the Country music market with a new label, Melodyland. Mr. Boone (Pat, not Dan) has inked as first artist and is due to release his first single, "Candy Lips," shortly.

The Boone Family follows suit, of course, and will have product in the first big release, expected later on this fall. Undoubtedly those Country & Western sounds will never groove so good.

### Furiously Fanatic Fans.

What can I say? New Zealand's Warner/Elektra/Atlantic licensees have fallen in love and it's all my fault. Remember that honey of a photo showing our own Anne Marie Micklo which ran in *Circular* Number 6, Volume 31? Here's a letter we received by return mail: "Dearest Anne Marie, We in New Zealand are severing all ties with Warner Bros. Jetsetting International Department until we have the 12"x10" glossy print of Anne Marie Micklo, as featured in *Circular* Monday, September 30, 1974, page 6, column 4. Until we are in receipt of the above, this is the last you will hear from us. Kindest Regards." Please New Zealand—wait! Overseas 4th Class Bulk Rate Mail takes a long, long time. Don't cut the apron strings yet. We're digging frantically into our photo file.

### Coast to Coast, They're the Most.

I'm referring to our Radio-Station-of-the-Week-Winners and once again we're faced with a strangling tie. Virginia AM station in Roanoke, WROV, shuffled Gordon Lightfoot's hit single "Carefree Highway" 5 notches up its Top 40 chart; jiggled America's smash 45 "Tin Man" up 5 points and charmingly has a Doobie Brother's album cut, "Black Water," at Number One. Shifting our attention to the West Coast, we find San Diego's KGB-FM (and

this isn't 'cause we know you, Ron) playing the grooves out of Jethro Tull's newest 45, "Bungle in the Jungle," while also adding albums *Heroes Are Hard to Find* (Fleetwood Mac) and *I've Got My Own Album to Do* (Ron Wood).

### Thirty-Three and a Third Percent Ain't Bad.

It was a dandy release early this month, pudding proof provided by *Cash Box*. Out of 24 LPs "Pop Picked," eight are all in the family. Warner Bros. held in there with *Paper Money*, Montrose's second; *Waitress in the Donut Shop*, Maria Muldaur's second solo success; *Wish You Were Here*, Badfinger's second on WB; *McGear*, Mike's vinyl debut, and Van Morrison's *Veedon Fleece*. Little David's melodic Kenny Rankin appeared in full force with his latest, *Silver Morning*; while Bearsville hit home with *Todd Rundgren's Utopia* and Foghat's *Rock and Roll Outlaws*. *CB* also saw fit to bestow Single Picks on Leo Sayer's "Long Tall Glasses," which'll appear on his forthcoming-in-January album, and Dionne Warwick's latest solo 45, "Sure Thing." Believe it or not, that's not all. Doug Kershaw fiddled his way into *CB's* Country Single Picks with his latest effort on which title I'll make no comment: "All You Want to Do Is Make Kids."

### Ruby's Run-Ons

• Frank Zappa's single, "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow," is

easing up charts while we sit here winking, blinking, nodding and crossing our fingers. It's won bullets, stars and squares on tallies everywhere and rests around the low 70s of the Top 100. Even if this one never makes Number One, the publicity's been worth it. For example, on **Dr. Demento's** pulsatingly popular L.A. radio show, discolored "Snow" crashed onto the Top 10. A few issues back, *Billboard* made the following disclosure: "Frank Zappa finally on the Hot 100 after 10-year career with 'Don't Drink the Yellow Snow.'" Good grief, who'd drink yellow snow? Oh yes, another famous trade magazine (which would undoubtedly remain unnamed) listed the 45 as *Eric Clapton's* "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow." • Oh, Dem Golden Records. **Alice Cooper's** just been slathered with Goldplate again, this time for *Alice Cooper's Greatest Hits*. • According to the *New York Post*, which we have no current reason to disbelieve, **George Burns** will record **Randy Newman's** "Simon Smith and His Dancing Bear" and "Dayton, Ohio—1903" on his forthcoming LP out of Pride Records . . . • Back to back with that tidbit from the *Post* comes the surprising news that **Brian Wilson** wants the one and only **Annette Funicello** to vinylize his tune "Zing Zang." Whether she'll do it or not remains to be heard. Stay tuned. • Headlining the **It's-About-Time-Department** this week is the ASCAP positioning of a bronze tablet on the until-now-unmarked grave of ragtime composer

Scott Joplin. As everyone knows by now, Joplin got pretty famous from the use of his music in hugely popular film *The Sting*. According to *Cash Box*, "Upon hearing that this gifted creator was resting in an unmarked grave, president Stanley Adams and the board of directors of ASCAP immediately allocated funds to provide for a bronze marker and permanent care of the gravesite. . . Many jazz authorities consider Joplins' greatest work to be the '**Maple Leaf Rag**' and the grave lies almost directly beneath a maple tree." • A very special and secretive hello to someone out there who knows of a birthday October 22, which only the staff of *Circular* and you hold to be of great significance. A long and tongueful salute from **Ruby Monday**. • **Topical Tune Titles**. Among those 45s we'd love to hear are **Wink Martindale's** version of "America—An Affirmation," written by **Rod McKuen**, and **James Brown's** "Funky President (People It's Bad)," by James himself. Juxtaposition is always interesting. •

### Inspirational Verse

They cut off his long blonde locks I'm told  
And when he went on maneuvers, Joe caught cold.

—Surfaris  
"Surfer Joe"

# Rock Reaches a Critical Juncture

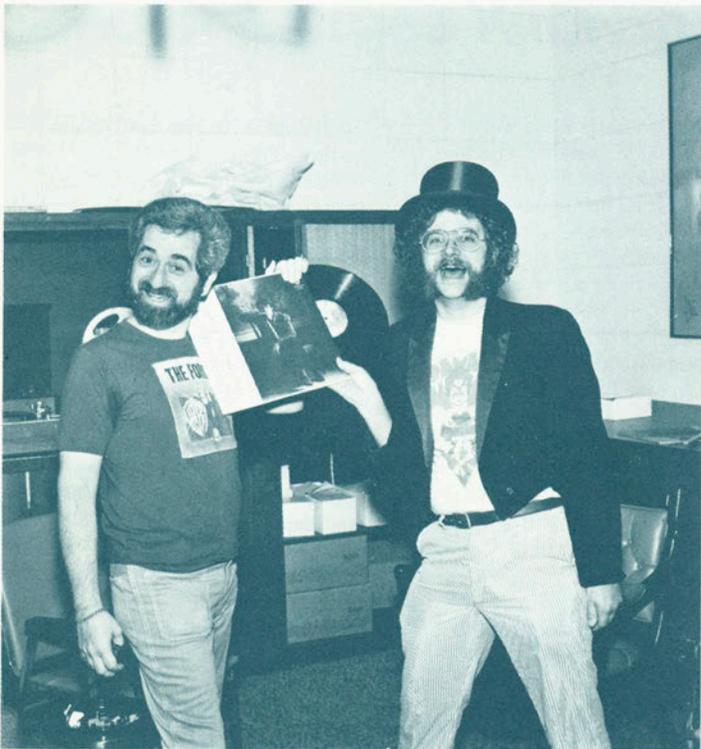


Photo by David Hillier

**All Smiles** are Warner/Reprise Director of Tape Operations Lou Dennis, left, and syndicated novelty-records jock Dr. Demento, who pens a trivia-and-quiz column for Warner's weekly "news device," *Circular*. Photo was snapped at the diskery's Burbank, Ca., digs. Dennis was first in line with correct answer to stickler posed by Demento in the Oct. 14 edition. Data supplied by Dennis: the orchestra leader in question was Ted Weems; the song was "Heartaches"; the whistler was Elmo Tanner. Prize requested was rare WB waxing of *Song Cycle* by singer-writer-arranger Van Dyke Parks. Noting that within-company winners are rarer than *Song Cycle* (Dennis is the first such), Demento hastened to point out that Dennis' answer reached *Circular* before most subscribers had even received their copies, thus handily topping the standing promptness mark. Ground rules for the Demento quiz promo remain the same: entries must be received within two weeks of the date each question is asked, and should be sent to Dr. Demento, *Circular*, Warner Bros. Records, 3701 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Ca. 91505. First right rejoinder merits any *single* LP in the Warner/Reprise catalog, so entries—which are eyed for neatness, originality and distance from Burbank—should include preferences. Needless to say, employees of Warner Bros. Records and their families are not eligible. Anymore.

Rock & roll existed and progressed for 10 glorious years with little help from the printed page. True, there was the occasional news story about a riot here and an overnight millionaire there, and frequent jibes from critics attuned to the subtleties of other musics. There were fan mags, lively but not terribly informative. The only rock reviews that meant anything were the ones the public never

saw, in *Billboard*, *Cash Box* and *Variety*.

Rock criticism as we know it today began in the mid-1960s. The earliest rock critics and their readers were mostly college students, people who'd grown up with 1950s rock and then rejected it in favor of the supposedly greater intellectual and social values of jazz and folk.

Under my alter ego of Barry

Hansen, I can lay some claim to having become one of the first rock critics when, in several 1964 pieces for the *UCLA Daily Bruin*, I attempted to legitimize rock by pointing out its folk and blues origins. Though the editors rejected my reviews of the Beach Boys as being "outside the pale," they agreed that the music of Chuck Berry and Little Richard was of somewhat more aesthetic interest than yesterday's hamburgers (a contention for which I would have found little collegiate support in 1960).

For the massive on-campus interest in rock that burgeoned late in 1964 and in 1965, I have to give credit to two events quite outside my control. The first was the film *A Hard Day's Night*, through which people who hated Top 40 radio but loved fine films finally became aware of how good the Beatles were. The second was the electrification of Bob Dylan in 1965. Both Dylan and the Fab Four had started with now-rediscovered basic 1950s rock and added considerable intellectual content as well as pure musical innovation—a combination that couldn't have been better suited to set those typewriters a-clacking, spreading the gospel for the new electricity.

At first they clacked mainly for college papers, for the then-new underground weeklies and for a few mimeographed magazines such as *Crawdaddy*, *Mojo Navigator* and *The Little Sandy Review*. The latter, which I edited for two issues in 1966, had started several years earlier as "the conscience of folk music," but the other two can be credited as the first publications exclusively

devoted to rock as seen and heard from a more or less intellectual viewpoint.

Around the beginning of 1967 *Hit Parader*, a veteran pulper featuring song lyrics, markedly improved the content of the stories that went with the lyrics. The jazz magazine *Down Beat* expanded its rock coverage (I wrote a feature review of the Monterey Pop Festival for them). But the turning point, I suppose, came with the first issue of *Rolling Stone*, cover-dated Nov. 9, 1967. (The lead story was "Tom Rounds Quits KFRC".) The commercial success of *Stone* inspired several major competitors (including a beefed-up *Crawdaddy*). Rock criticism now leaps at you from every newsstand, even from the morning paper on your doorstep. It's a flourishing, profitable institution that has played an intangible but obvious role in converting rock from its relatively small-change status of earlier times to the billion dollar baby it is today.

**Question for Next Week.** The late Ed Sullivan, who did *his* part to expand the Beatles' audience (not to mention what he did for Elvis Presley, Martin and Lewis, Jackie Gleason and trick bicycle acts), was himself the subject of a song from a Broadway musical produced when Mr. Sullivan was undisputed king of Sunday evening. Like Sullivan's own, it was a "really big shew." Name the musical and the song.

As noted in last week's tension-packed Demento Tag, we let the Men's and Women's Railroad Freestyle (an essay question as opposed to the matching columns, multiple choices, fill-ins and mark-up-the-maps you're used to seeing around here) slide for a week in hopes of

# The Kid With the Sling Meets the Brers Rabbit

Continued from page 1

The Modern Jazz Quartet

getting some better answers. Those hopes were not dashed. Witness this extract from the response of one Engineer Bill: "music and vocals are taped on separate tracks which is not the same as having a good track record nor should it be confused with Track Records (English) who produced the Who whose 'Ivar the Engine Driver' was on the right track even though neglected by most stations." Stations, get it? We think he must have meant "A Quick One While He's Away"; that aside, Mr. Bill clinched first place. Then we noticed that he hadn't stated an album preference, so we took the liberty of picking Warners Quadrisc BS4 2751, *Sounds of Railway Steam Engines* (check your catalogs, skeptics). Then we noticed that Mr. Bill had put no return address on his letter. He is presumed rolling. *Circular* has accordingly placed his prize in escrow till he calls from Union Station. Funny thing about that train question. I mean the answers running a week late and all. Anyway, look for more Demento Tag, in a handy, easy-to-read two-column size, masquerading as a photo caption elsewhere in this department. That segment of the Tag will identify this week's regularly scheduled winner and tell our readers how to enter this week's competition within the next fortnight—except for those living in Oakland, who are advised by publisher Penthaus to "just wait till next year."



relying on independent distribution in the early days.

"It wasn't until we signed George Carlin and Kenny Rankin—whom we realized were potential major artists—that we sought out affiliation with a major label," Monte said. They went first to Atlantic, where they stayed two years, and now have come to rest with Warners.

**Lookin' for Laughs.** Little David has been a complete record company since the start. Kay and Lewis have served as the label's official A&R department. Depressing visions of stand-up comics waiting in line for auditions aside, the team has come up with some finds, like Burns & Schreiber and the Committee.

"Breaking" acts that don't play rock & roll music is no easy task. But Little David has accomplished it several times. Like most of their artists, Jack Burns and Avery Schreiber benefitted from television exposure, but it wasn't until they disguised them-

selves and came up with the timely *Watergate* album that they broke into six-figure sales.

"Jack and I went up to San Francisco to catch the Committee," Monte recalls, "because we heard they were about to break up, after 10 years. We wanted to see if we could do a good record with them, because their in-person humor was legendary. Recording them, though, we became aware of the distance between the visual and audio

impact of a comedy group. We learned a lot about the presentation of comedy on record from that experience."

Comedy records, not surprisingly, are a serious matter. In addition to resolving the inevitable studio vs. concert tensions, the A&R man must preserve such fragile properties as timing, pace and the element of surprise. And how do you make a comedy album someone will want to listen to more than once?

"It depends on the act. For someone like Carlin or David Steinberg the most important thing is for them to stay one step ahead of their audience.

"The audience for those comedians is, to a large part, as hip as the comedians themselves. People will laugh with George or David when they see them on TV, but if George isn't continually evolving and moving ahead, they're not going to spring for his albums.

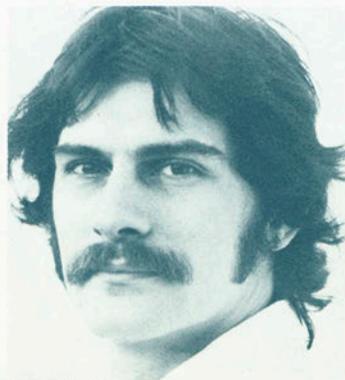
"That's what those guys are about; being aware and slightly more on top of the situation than the masses. There's the dan-

Continued on next page

## Top Ten

Based on Warner Bros. sales figures for the week of October 21-25.

1. Jethro Tull/ *War Child*
2. **Todd Rundgren's *Utopia***
3. Foghat/ *Rock And Roll Outlaws*
4. Van Morrison/ *Veedon Fleece*
5. Montrose/ *Paper Money*
6. The Beach Boys/ *Friends & Smiley Smile*
7. America/ *Holiday*
8. Manfred Mann's Earth Band/ *The Good Earth*
9. **Alice Cooper's *Greatest Hits***
10. Badfinger/ *Wish You Were Here*



Kenny Rankin



George Carlin

# Little David

Continued from page 7

ger of those kinds of comedians coming on too elitist, but you can attempt to broaden your appeal only so much before you lose your edge completely.

"Whatever style you're dealing with, you've got to project a distinctive, identifiable, viewpoint. That's where Flip succeeds like crazy. Whatever character he adopts, he remains a convincing comic personality. And that's what comedy records are. They're personal statements."

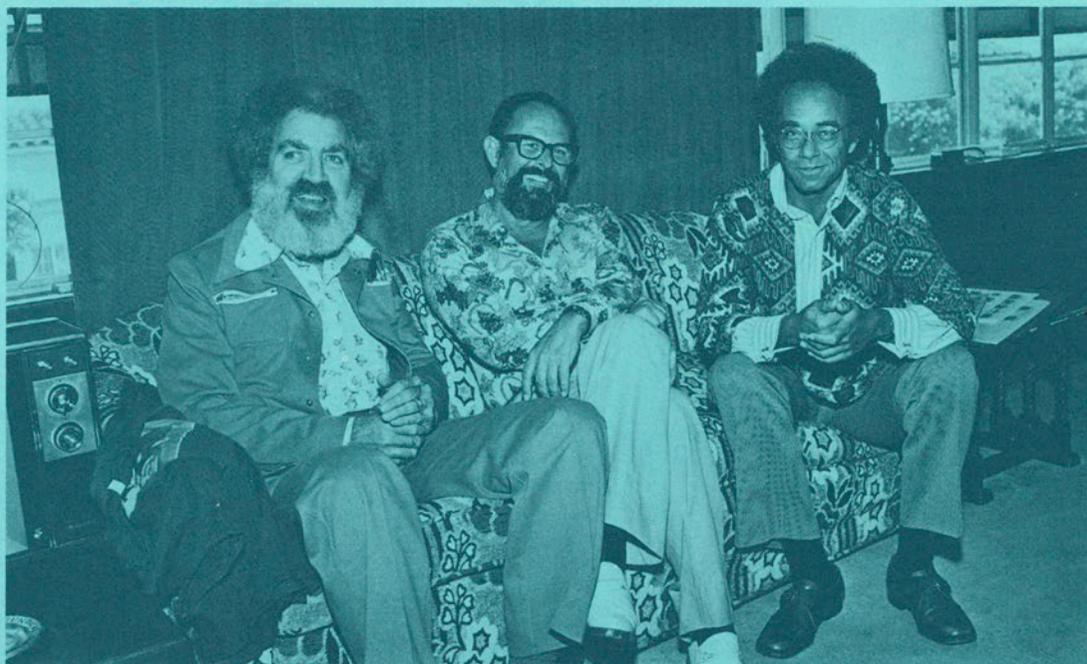
**The Straight Men.** Diversification is an economic fact of corporate life so it's no wonder that Little David, having conquered the comedy field, has taken aim in other directions. Oddly enough, both of the label's non-comedy acts have prior associations with Kay and Lewis.

After managing the Modern Jazz Quartet throughout their long tenure with Atlantic, Kay acquired rights to release the well-respected group's final album, *In Memoriam*.

Kay and Lewis have co-produced Kenny Rankin as far back as his Mercury days and both are enthusiastic about the larger audience they're sure awaits the writer-singer's new *Silver Morning*, which joins *In Memoriam* as Little David's very first Warner-distributed release.

Any number of indicators point to now as Rankin's time, according to Kay, not the least of which is Warner's impressive track record with artists of a similar orientation.

**Personal Pros.** "Kenny is somewhat like Jesse Colin Young,



We Got Principals. Posing on couch with Warner Bros. Records Board Chairman Mo Ostin (center) are Little David biggies Jack Lewis (left) and Monte Kay (right, of course).

who has enjoyed a healthy following for a heck of a long time. Both are highly personal singers who maintain base audiences which buy everything they do. You can count on Kenny selling well with those 100,000 or so people.

"They wait for every release and buy it right away. Kenny has even been bootlegged," Kay laughs. "I tried to tell him he should be flattered!"

"That much interest or devotion on the part of the audience that's already there is gratifying. The hope is that *Silver Morning* will take him to the rest of his potential audience. We know they're out there."

Somebody out there likes what Little David is up to. Three Geffen records out of eight released would seem to indicate the kind of sling is doing something if not everything, right. The roasting and rib-tickling he can stand.

## circular

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