



# YOUR HIT PARADE

It could be said that the bloom is off the rose where *Your Hit Parade* is concerned, but it might better be said that the bloom is off the rose in the music-publishing business.

Dedicated to the proposition that "hit" songs of the day are its bread and butter, the show this season has been wallowing uncomfortably in a veritable sea of rock 'n' roll concoctions which seem to differ from one another only in their titles. The tunes, to this admittedly not-so-young ear, are identical. First you rock and then you roll—and then you turn the set off.

*Your Hit Parade* (CBS Fridays), in an apparent attempt to counteract just such a reaction, is adding more and more hits of bygone years. In those days, as the cliché goes, they wrote songs—"Stardust," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Night and Day," "Sophisticated Lady." They are still writing these days—but what?

Dorothy Collins, who got her start

on *Your Hit Parade* by singing the commercials, and turned her white blouses and black string ties into nationally known personal trademarks, is back with the show after a season's absence—minus the trademarks and with her long blonde page-boy bob replaced by what, to the untrained male eye, would appear to be a short, *bouffante* Empire sort of hairdo. Anyway, she is no longer a little girl with an appealing little voice. She is now a big, sophisticated girl with an appealing little voice.

Dorothy's vis-a-vis this season is Johnny Desmond, a pleasant lad with a pleasant voice and an easy stage presence. But the spark and excitement of the old *Hit Parade* days seem to be gone. What difference does it make which song is No. 1 when they all sound not only alike but pretty terrible as well?

What's Irving Berlin been doing lately, anyway?—D.J.