

4/6 each REGAL RECORDS 4/6 each

**COWBOY, HILL-BILLY AND WESTERN SONGS
SUNG BY WORLD'S FAVOURITE ARTISTS**

GENE AUTRY

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|---------|--------------------------------------|---------|--|
| G 24230 | The Call of the Canyon. | G 23938 | Paradise in the Moonlight. |
| G 24501 | Broomstick Buckaroo. | G 24950 | When I First Laid Eyes on You. |
| | Darling, How Can You Forget So Soon? | | After Tomorrow. |
| G 24988 | Be Honest With Me. | G 25141 | There Ain't No Use in Crying Now. |
| | That Little Kid Sister of Mine. | | Nobody's Darling But Mine. |
| MR 2862 | I'll Never Let You Go. | MR 3477 | Back in the Saddle Again. |
| | Dust. | | Be Honest With Me. |
| MR 3537 | The Old Trail. | MR 3632 | What's Gonna Happen to Me. |
| | Pistol Packing Papa. | | A Year Ago Tonight. |
| MR 3666 | Jail House Blues. | MR 3728 | I'll Never Let You Go. |
| | Jingle, Jangle, Jingle. | | I'm Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes. |
| MR 3754 | I'm a Cowpoke Pokin' Along. | | I'll Be True While You're Gone. |
| | Blue Hawaii. | MR 3758 | Lonely River. |
| MR 3809 | Paradise in the Moonlight. | | I'll Wait for You. |
| | Silver Spurs. | MR 3782 | I Wish I Had Never Met Sunshine. |
| MR 3814 | Someday You'll Want Me. | | You Only Want Me. |
| | Buttons and Bows. | MR 3822 | Loaded Pistol and Loaded Dice. |
| MR 3823 | A Boy from Texas. | | Missouri Waltz. |
| | Old Faithful. | ME 25 | I'll Wait for You. |
| ME 67 | I Lost My Little Darlin'. | | Lonely River. |
| | Buttons and Bows. | ME 73 | Pretty Mary. |
| ME 80 | I Want To Be Sure. | | Fair Play. |
| | I Lost My Little Darlin'. | ME 83 | When it's Roundup Time in Heaven. |
| | The Bible on the Table. | | There's an Empty Cot in the Bunkhouse. |

ROY ROGERS

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|---------|----------------------------|---------|----------------------------------|
| MR 3786 | Rock Me to Sleep. | MR 3795 | I'm Restless. |
| | I Can't Go On This Way. | | Dangerous Ground. |
| MR 3798 | My Chickashay Gal. | ME 58 | No Children Allowed. |
| | I Never Had a Chance. | | I've Got a Feelin'. |
| MR 3787 | You Can't Break My Heart. | MR 3807 | Along the Navajo Trail. |
| | You Should Know. | | San Fernando Valley. |
| ME 62 | Blue Shadows on the Trail. | G 25231 | Rock Me to Sleep in My Saddle. |
| | Pecos Bill. | | I Wish I Had Never Met Sunshine. |

TEX MORTON (The Yodelling Boundary Rider)

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|---------|------------------------------|---------|---------------------------------|
| G 22715 | Happy Yodeller. | G 23383 | The Letter Edged in Black. |
| | Swiss Sweetheart. | | The Yellow Rose of Texas. |
| G 23415 | My Blue Ridge Mountain Home. | G 23416 | Red River Valley. |
| | Weeping Willow Tree. | | When It's Night Time in Nevada. |
| G 23529 | The Martins and the Coys. | G 23582 | Dying Duffer's Prayer. |
| | Move Along Baldy. | | Young Pat Maloney. |
| G 23757 | Travel by Train. | G 23934 | When the Bloom is on the Sage. |
| | Murumbidgee Jack. | | Sleepy Hollow. |
| G 24263 | In the Luggage Van Ahead. | G 24314 | Come Back to the Valley. |
| | The Driver's Wife. | | Everything But You. |

WILF CARTER

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|---------|-------------------------------------|---------|--------------------------------|
| G 23152 | He Rode the Strawberry Roan. | G 23861 | What Difference Does It Make. |
| | The Yodelling Trail Rider. | | Golden Lariat. |
| G 24165 | When I Saw Hello to the Rockies. | G 24206 | It's a Cowboy's Night to Howl. |
| | My Only Romance is Memories of You. | | Red River Valley Blues. |

MONTANA SLIM (WILF CARTER)

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|---------|----------------------------------|---------|--------------------------------------|
| MR 3088 | Where Is My Wandering Boy? | MR 3145 | Answer to the Swiss Lullaby. |
| | What a Friend We Have in Mother. | | Down the Yodelling Trail. |
| MR 3209 | The Golden Lariat. | MR 3337 | The Old Barn Dance. |
| | Roll Along Kentucky Moon. | | Broken Down Cowboy. |
| MR 3439 | Red River Valley Blues. | MR 3570 | The Call of the Range. |
| | It's a Cowboy's Night to Howl. | | It's Great to Be Back in the Saddle. |
| ME 51 | Rootin' Tootin' Cowboy. | ME 66 | Why Should I Feel Sorry? |
| | My Ramblin' Days Are Through. | | I'm Still Waiting for You. |

JIMMIE RODGERS

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|---------|---|---------|---|
| MR 3313 | Fifteen Years Ago Today. | MR 3208 | Jimmie the Kid. |
| | Hobo's Meditation. | | Blue Yodel No. 9 |
| MR 3122 | Roll Along Kentucky Moon. | MR 2242 | Old Pal of My Heart. |
| | Blue Yodel No. 2. | | Whisper Your Mother's Name. |
| G 25277 | You Promised to Leave Me. | | When the Blue-Moon Turns to Gold (Hank). |
| G 24935 | Cowboy Roundup Song. | | You Left Me and Now I Feel Blue (Smoky Dawson) |
| G 25263 | The Last of the Kellys. | | Green Mountains (Smoky Dawson). |
| G 25310 | Cullenbenbong. | | On the Murray Valley (Smoky Dawson). |
| G 25257 | Sat'day in the Saddle. | | Give Me One More Chance (Slim Dusty). |
| G 25292 | I Bet You Feel the Same. | | Answer to the Silvery Moonlight Trail (Slim Dusty). |
| MR 2336 | With a Banjo on My Knee. | | Nobody's Darling But M'ne (Hill Billies). |
| MR 3144 | Home on the Range. | | Dying Cowboy (Hill Billies). |
| ME 35 | Prairie Schooner. | | It Makes No Difference Now (Hill Billies). |
| G 25280 | My Daddy is Only a Picture (Eddy Arnold). | | I Ain't Gonna Leave My Love (Bill Williams). |
| G 25279 | I Hung My Head and Cried (Elton Britt). | | I Wish We Had Never Met (Bill Boyd). |
| G 25307 | I'm Gonna Tear Down the Mailbox. | | Beyond the Setting Sun (Buddy Williams). |

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A Cold in the Head

AT this time of the year it is easy for the unwary to feel complacent. They have passed through the early part of winter: June and July are behind them, swept away on a procession of clouds which have unloaded much rain on our moist islands. Stirrings in the garden, where bulbs are pushing green sheaths through the soil, and the earlier matins of birds who had been keeping sluggard hours in their nests, are among the broader hints that spring is coming. The sun will soon be warmer, and will stay longer. Once again, with the incurable optimism of our species, we forget the wind and the rain and the sharp changes of temperature which can make spring months the hardest of the year.

This time, however, it may be different. Two hard winters in succession must surely mean an early and dry summer. There have been signs and strange burgeonings: the pohutukawa, our Christmas tree, has been said here and there to have flowered out of season. Under the influence of hopeful omens we begin to tell ourselves, and our friends, that the worst is over. And best of all, the Enemy has been kept firmly under restraint. This, of course, is the virus or germ which seems to be responsible for large numbers of complaints that are described tersely, and perhaps with considerable inaccuracy, as "the flu." In a central position, and possibly the infection which broadens into most of our seasonal ailments, is the common cold. For medical science it is the subject of loving research, the small citadel which refuses to fall while one by one the major diseases are brought under control. But for plain people—and sometimes, too, for the scientists—it is a loathed and treacherous disorder, sapping their strength when they need it most, filling their minds with gloomy thoughts, making them hateful to

themselves and dangerous to their fellows.

It is unpredictable, and will strike with impartial severity in a wet or dry spring. If the weather is seasonable, colds are to be expected; if it is unusually mild, we learn that infections are bound to be virulent in conditions so far from normal. There is no escape; and perhaps, whatever the weather may be, we are really suffering a reaction from the long resistance to frost and wind. Our defences are weakened, and sooner or later there comes the delicate tickling in the throat, the humiliating running of the nose, the bronchial raspings, the fever and the aching. At such times a man wants to cling to his bed; and if he is wise he will stay there for a day or two, passing through the fire and the sweat, and the waves of self-pity, until he knows himself to be fit again for human company.

Even then, however, he cannot feel altogether safe. To have had a cold is by no means a promise of future immunity. He must travel on trains, buses or trams; and around him are people who sneeze and cough with a sort of studied brutality, making no efforts to use handkerchiefs—or using them too late, long after the infected droplets have been sent abroad on their deadly mission. New Zealanders are a chesty people. To be among them at this time of the year, and to hear the competitive coughing, is to wonder at the toughness which keeps them alive, and apparently robust, while in such a state of internal commotion. Yet one by one they fall away, and are not seen in their accustomed places—until, wan and chastened, they return with news of a tussle with the Enemy. "A lot of 'flu about just now," they say, with a reminiscent and thoughtful cough. And so there is, now and always, while through the lengthening days we go sniffing into summer.

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 31, 1953.