

Murrow Remembers

YOU TAKE the record out of its plastic covering and place it on the turntable and you think patronizingly to yourself that this one may be worth listening to because the topic is wartime London and the voice is Edward R. Murrow and you knew them both. Then there are a few seconds of surface scratch and suddenly you hear the familiar baritone of one of the great broadcasters in one of the great broadcasting situations and you realize that you were simply not prepared for anything so rich, so telling, or so able. For the first volume in the new Columbia Murrow series (*Edward R. Murrow, A Reporter Remembers*, Volume One: *The War Years*, Columbia, 02L 332) is that good.

Except for Douglas Edwards's punctuation marks dating and locating each broadcast, the four sides of this album are all Murrow, his voice in the original, sometimes fading and coming back and fading again over wartime shortwave, and saying to the British people at war's end: "I am persuaded that the most important thing that happened in Britain was that this nation chose to win or lose the war under the established rules of parliamentary procedure. It feared Naziism but did not choose to imitate it . . . I have been privileged to see an entire people give the reply to tyranny that their history demanded of them."

The recording opens and closes with Murrow's BBC broadcast of Feb. 24, 1946, to the people of Britain. Yet this is the least of the entries. Murrow in the heat of war-stricken London is better. You listen to the pathetic evacuation of English children as September of 1939 opens, then the declaration of war, the first air raids and the fateful sirens that make your insides move. You feel a sort of unreasonable hatred toward Chamberlain as he humbles and blusters in Commons, the victim of disasters he cannot control, and then Churchill comes in and the miracle is Dunkirk.

But the firm, cultured radio voice that begins, "This is London calling" (he drops the "calling" later on), is at its exquisite best when it comes from Piccadilly, the dual whine of the sirens behind the quiet voice, a crystal-clear ad lib of British stoicism. He tells about the democratizing of an air raid, the Lords and Ladies huddling together underground with the cockneys and costermongers, and both sides loving it. He uses a retrospectively sad little phrase

in one blackout broadcast, an encomium to the friendly glow of his ever present cigarette in the war-torn street, and he employs the historic phrase "too little and too late" as early as 1940, which may have marked its origin.

Yet the two greatest broadcasts in a master recording are Murrow aboard a bomber over Berlin and Murrow entering Buchenwald—first in both cases. The flak crackles like sparks as the black heartland of the enemy looms below. Murrow says: "The small incendiaries are going down like a fistful of white rice on black velvet." Of Berlin at the end of the great retaliation raid, the voice almost whispers: "Berlin was a kind of orchestrated Hell—a terrible symphony of light and flame." Later, in the drop over Arnhem, you can actually hear the plane's roar behind the excited voice, then a counting of men leaping into the darkness.

But Buchenwald remains the greatest of them all, and Murrow is not unaware of its historic importance. He warns you at the outset that if you are eating breakfast or lunch you may not wish to hear this broadcast, mild though it is by comparison with the nauseating details. And you are amazed that the date of the Buchenwald entry almost exactly coincides with the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose name is on every emaciated lip as Murrow painfully makes his way across the stink and horror of decaying humanity.

The other broadcasts recalled in these records include a visit to peaceful Somerset, a bleak holiday season in 1940 when no one said "Merry Christmas!" to his neighbor, a bit about the African campaign and the end of the beginning in November 1942, and D-Day. This last is the only disappointment in an otherwise stirring album. Remembering George Hicks's great broadcasts from the Channel on June 6, 1944, one has to give him the nod over Murrow, there. But this is a small demurrer in an otherwise magnificent piece of recorded on-the-spot history, and it will be a long time before these old ears will hear a more dramatic radio tape than the 1943 bomber broadcast over Berlin or the 1945 breakthrough to Buchenwald. For the Brownshirts of our time—and they seem to be stirring again on both sides of the Atlantic—these records ought to be enforced listening. It cannot be said better than Murrow said it.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

Listen!

How many
watts do you
really need
for good
high fidelity!

Everything electrical has a watt (power) rating. This goes for hi-fi components, too, whether stereo or mono. How many or how much you need depends to a large extent on your listening area and its acoustical conditions.

A room with thick carpeting, heavy drapes and overstuffed furniture absorbs a great deal of sound. For adequate listening levels, such a room will require more amplifier power (watts) to the loudspeakers than would a room with hard surfaces, little drapery and modern furniture. The same is true of big, open rooms vs. small, compact rooms.

At maximum volume (watts) some amplifiers may tend to develop distortion. Loudspeakers will simply reproduce any distortion along with the high fidelity music. So, if your components are used in a big or "overstuffed" room, make certain the amplifier has sufficient wattage.

To be sure of your requirements, ask the expert—your Jensen dealer. He'll be glad to help plan your hi-fi system. He will also demonstrate Jensen loudspeakers—how they preserve amplifier watts and fidelity.

Shopping? The extensive line of Jensen loudspeaker systems makes it easy to choose the *right* one for *you*. Drop in today and listen!

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The Tougher The Music, The Greater Bozak's Superiority

There are scores of loudspeakers which will do a more-than-adequate job of reproducing "Chopsticks," played as a piano solo.

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By the time you've climbed the ladder of musical complexity to a full orchestra playing a major symphony, the qualities which are designed into Bozak loudspeakers stand out with singular clarity. Bozak speakers are designed to reproduce, with all the naturalness available from modern scientific knowledge, every instrument — from piccolo to tympano — solo or in concert.

Consider The Auto

You might draw an analogy to the automobile. A twenty-horsepower engine might be adequate to maintain normal speed on a smooth, level road, but it could fail dismally on an uphill pull. A drive around a city block is not an adequate test.

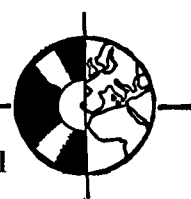
For similar reasons we urge you to compare loudspeakers under the most trying musical conditions possible. Only then will you be able to appreciate to their fullest extent the superiorities which have made Bozak the most respected name in the re-creation of music.

We'll gladly suggest a couple of recordings which will adequately test a loudspeaker's mettle.



DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

THE OTHER SIDE



"Musicassettes," Dennis Brain Memorial

LONDON.

FALL HAS SEEN the launching in Britain of "Musicassettes"—miniature cartridge tapes and the pocket-sized recorders upon which to play them—by some of our leading manufacturers (though, perhaps significantly, nothing has yet been announced by Decca).

Judging from the lists of recordings so far released, this latest development will not have much significance for those interested in serious music. Indeed, one of the most striking contrasts between Britain and the United States in this field is the fact that, even today, prerecorded tapes of music other than the most ephemeral kind are virtually nonexistent on this side of the Atlantic. Why it should be thus is difficult to analyze, for there is no shortage of tape recorders in British households. It is more than twelve years since EMI first marketed such tapes, and our bizarre purchase tax structure exacts a duty from discs while leaving tapes untouched.

It could be said that Decca's consistent aloofness, allied to the rather half-hearted manner in which EMI and others have sought to promote the product, has never given tape a real chance to become established as an alternative to discs. It may be, too, that British record collectors tend to share my view of tape as providing, not a substitute for discs, but rather a complementary facility of an exciting, though somewhat specialized, type. I cannot see its latest manifestation as likely to affect the wider situation, however much Musicassettes may delight teenagers as a portable alternative to the ubiquitous transistor radio—especially if, as now seems likely, our off-shore pirate radio stations are to be silenced by government action. Moreover, how can tape hope to compete with discs now that we are witnessing so remarkable a proliferation of bargain labels?

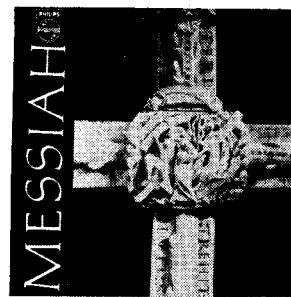
This really has been the dominant trend these past two or three years, and, however much the more far-sighted observers may view its ultimate effects upon the industry with misgivings, the record-buying public has by now shed its erstwhile suspicions or incredulity and accepts the new price structure as part of the natural order of things. Supraphon, which really opened the floodgates here and, for a while, reaped a rich harvest, now plays a less important role because of a repertoire which leans heavily toward Czech composers as well as toward chamber music. (Even when

it produces a real winner such as the Suk/Navarra disc of Brahms's Double Concerto, extra supplies arrive too slowly to meet the demand of the moment.)

The latest release to arrive from Prague includes only a single orchestral disc—the Second Piano Concertos of Chopin and Liszt—but plenty of chamber works: quartets by Bartók and Milhaud; Schubert's B-flat Trio; violin/cello duos by Hindemith, Martinu, and Kodály; Bach sonatas for cello and harpsichord; a recital of modern French organ music; and two rather surprising vocal collections—a Caruso recital and an operatic concert, with the Prague National Theater Orchestra, by baritone Giuseppe Valdengo, of whose transatlantic activities between 1947 and 1950 I need hardly remind American readers.

Nowadays our own major companies offer formidable competition in the \$2.50 to \$3.50 price range. Among recent outstanding reissues of this type one notes Decca's *Parsifal* (Bayreuth, 1951)—still a marvelous set—and *Zaub-*

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—THE AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE*

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SR/November 26, 1966