



**DARRELL
McCALL**

**Nominated
For
Stardom**

Some of the folks around the quiet mid-Ohio village of Hillsboro will tell you Darrell McCall was a good enough boy but he didn't know his place. Darrell's place, they say, was in his dad's garage. Young McCall was good with his hands but he didn't like messing with car engines. He was an elusive halfback on the high school football team, but he didn't like that either. And it showed. About the only thing he liked real well was music. And that showed, too.

It's been a little over three years since he bid his dad's grease rack farewell, and Darrell is one of the hottest young stage and record properties coming out of Nashville's always-hot music centers. He plays a lead guitar, bass fiddle and drums. But best of all, he sings. With his previous efforts for CAPITOL, "My Kind Of Lovin'" and "Beyond imagination" still moving well across the country, there is considerable doubt that Darrell will be encouraged to fiddle with his bass during upcoming record sessions. McCall sings in a velvet, bluesy tenor. He plays his voice like a clarinet, noodling pleasantly around a note until he decides the instant has come to deliver it round and clear to his audience. He improvises and experiments with a piece until, like Edison, something lights up. He has his own ideas on the subject.

"I want to give the people what they want," Darrell says with concern. "And then I want to give them something extra — something even a little better than they thought they wanted." For a

twenty-year-old, he's a worrier. He worries before he takes the stage and far into the night after he bounces off. He'll spot a couple of people out front who are less than enraptured and he worries about them. "When you see a solemn face out there it leaves a space in your mind," he says, "a space you can worry in."

Fortunately for the garage business at Hillsboro, McCall hasn't had many "spaces left in his mind" by solemn faces. Since he started touring with the Faron Young Show about a year ago, things have been breaking his way. Although a fragile-looking sensitive boy, McCall stands up well during the wearing grind of one nighters. He broke into music on a local radio station with his own teenage band, and got into part of the Nashville music industry with his instrumental work and as the tenor with the "Little Dippers," a blended foursome. Soon after, his tenor voice was used to back up more established stars during record sessions. And finally, a CAPITOL man wondered how the boy would sound out there by himself. He wasn't disappointed, no, sir. Darrell can sing, and how!

Darrell's latest CAPITOL release will no doubt gain him many more followers. It's a novelty on one side, "Call The Zoo," and the humorous lyrics have to do with a bunch of wild animals on the loose. The flip side is a McCall original. Darrell wrote the tune, "Loneliness," and sings it with his characteristically smooth bluesy styles.

POCKETFUL OF RAINBOWS

FRED WISE
BEN WEISMAN

Mister heartache, I've found a way to
make him leave.
Got a pocketful of rainbows;
Got a star up my sleeve.
Kiss me extra tender;
Hold me extra tight,
'Cause I'm savin' all your sweetness
For a lonely night.

I don't worry
Whenever skies are gray above
Got a pocketful of rainbows;
Got a heart full of love.

No more teardrops
Now that I've found a love so true
Got a pocketful of rainbows
And an armful of you!
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IT'S ME AGAIN

BOZO DARNELL

Here I am again just like I used to be
Haunted with a heart so full of sin
I know I wasn't worthy when you set
me free
I'm back on bended knees
Yes, it's me again.

It's me again, dying again
In love's crazy game, hoping I'll win
Trying hard to offer you
The man I should have been
I'm back on bended knees
Yes, it's me again.
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**(You Don't Have A)
WOODEN HEART**

FRED WISE
BEN WEISMAN
KAY TWOMEY
BERTHOLD KAEMPFERT

Don't you know I'll be true
How could I be mean to you
'Cause I always knew that you don't
Have a wooden heart.
Ev'ry kiss thrills me so
How they set my lips aglow
Guess that goes to show
That you don't have a wooden heart.
If the love you feel is strong and real
Then I know that we'll never part
I'll be nice I'll be good
Treat you like I really should
Cause you're not made of wood
And you don't have a wooden heart.
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IT JUST DEPENDS ON YOU

BOB MONTGOMERY

If you'll say you love me
There's nothing I can't do
Anything you want, I'll be
It just depends on you
If you'll say you need me
Forever I'll be true
What will my future be
It just depends on you.
With your love to guide me
I'll be ten feet tall
But if you deny me
I'm worth nothing at all
So, please say you love me
Tell me, tell me you do
Anything you want,
I'll be
It just depends on you.
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