

**BAW**

9.96

# Letters

## White Men Can't Jump!

**P**AT BOONE SURELY MUST BE hallucinating when he claims it was "two or three years" after he had covered r&b hits like "Two Hearts Two Kisses" and "Ain't That a Shame" that "Alan Freed and other DJs started playing the originals" [August 23rd]. His claim of midwifery in "the birth of a whole new kind of music" is equally ludicrous.

For the record, Freed was laying on the original black versions of r&b from the dawning of the '50s—first in Ohio, then in New York. As a teenager, I listened to him virtually every night, from '54-'59, and although the occasional Pat Boone song intruded on his format, Freed was adamant about playing the authentic "true" versions of the music, not the sappy sanitized soulless knock-offs of Theresa Brewer, Pat Boone, and the McGuire Sisters. It is no doubt for his devotion to black music that the majors (whitebread through and through) conspired to bust him off the air.

And as for his aversion to suggestive lyrics, didn't anyone ever explain to him the meaning of "I'm like a one-eyed cat peepin' in a seafood store"?

Pat Boone is to rock 'n' roll what imitation margarine is to fine French cuisine.

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