



Alan Freed's



SUMMER
FESTIVAL

Rock 'n Roll 'n Alan Freed

BY THEODORE IRWIN

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■ IN RECENT YEARS, getting upset over the mysteries of teen-age behavior has almost become a national pastime. A noisy crowd is just a crowd, for instance, unless it's composed of adolescents and then it's labelled a "riot." And lately, when youngsters get into trouble, adults groping for a scapegoat have pointed an accusing finger at a new "corrupter of youth"

—that "awful music," rock 'n' roll.

If you have normal hearing, you must be aware of this musical phenomenon with its undulating, two-beat rhythm. Apparently rock 'n' roll has no charms to soothe the savage breast, for its impact upon youthful masses has been at times explosively violent. In Boston, Washington, Minneapolis, Atlanta—across and up-and-down the nation—over-exhilarated teenagers in many rock 'n' roll audiences have screeched and screamed, smashed windows, thrown beer bottles, bowled over police, wrecked theatres and dance halls, and produced blaring headlines.

In the frenzy 'n' furor accompanying each breach of peace, horrified parents, harried police and some vocal social scientists have viewed such goings-on with alarm. Elders have fumed, fretted, pontificated and legislated against the "craze." Sporadically, rock 'n' roll has been officially banned in some public places. Eminent psychologists, sociologists and psychiatrists have characterized rock 'n' roll as everything from "adolescent rebellion" to "a medieval type of spontaneous lunacy."

Yet millions of youngsters virtually live by rock 'n' roll and every day more and more of them are becoming exponents. Ninety percent of all single records—45 rpm—are bought by teenagers and many record companies are operating on a three-shift basis to fill orders for rock 'n' roll. The young devotees will tell you that disapproving "middle-aged" people—anyone over 25—are hopeless squares who fail to keep up with the times and now condemn what they don't understand.

"We're having some fun before we get too old to enjoy ourselves." said one 15-year-old girl in a recent Gilbert Youth Research survey.

Is rock 'n' roll merely harmless teen-age fun? Or is it something more dangerous?

Any serious investigation probing for the answers to these questions inevitably runs smack into a shrewd, cool-headed, knowledgeable and surprising young man named Alan Freed. He coined the phrase, "rock and roll," and not only sparked the trend but fanned it into flame.

Today, he is the acknowledged high priest of the rock 'n' roll cult, the Pied Piper and dedicated evangelist of the teenagers' Big Beat.

"Rock 'n' roll is kids," he says.

"It's not me or Elvis Presley or anyone else. The music belongs to them—they had a need for it and they discovered it. I don't set the pace—these kids do."

Until fairly recently, the name of Alan Freed had no meaning to most adults, despite his astonishing popularity with the younger generation. Then, three rock 'n' roll movies he made for Columbia jammed theatres all over the world, causing "riots" as far off as Pakistan. His stage shows and rock 'n' roll parties in various cities have stamped audiences.

Last Washington's Birthday, for example, some typically tumultuous scenes were enacted in New York's Times Square, in and around the Paramount Theatre. The program included a Freed rock 'n' roll movie, his 20-piece orchestra, assorted live entertainers and Freed in-person, billed as "The King of Rock 'n' Roll." Before dawn, at 4:00 A.M., teenagers with lunch-boxes started queuing up. During the day, 13,120 "cats" poured into Times Square, overflowing sidewalks, tying up traffic, pushing over barriers. As a result, 175 cops were called out.

Between shows, Freed stepped out through the stage door for a breath of air. Instantly, a group of high school students descended on him. Before he could retreat, they tore off his jacket, Ivy League cap, tie and cuff-links for souvenirs.

"I love it," he told me later, in the seclusion of his Stamford, Conn., home. "I love being mobbed by kids. I wouldn't want it to stop."

It's understandable that such adulation is welcomed by Freed. Virtually overnight, this super-salesman has parlayed rock 'n' roll

to a \$200,000-a-year income. As a disk jockey for New York's station WINS, his program reaches 12 states and Newfoundland. On tape he's heard in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and over the powerful Radio Luxemburg throughout Europe and England. His first movie, *Rock Around the Clock*, has grossed a profit of \$3,000,000.

On the side, Freed writes songs, makes records, leads a band, emcees shows and is a partner in two music publishing firms and a record company. One of his song-hits, *Sincerely*, sold 2,000,000 records. Last year, one of his in-person shows in Brooklyn brought out a record \$228,000 crowd in a single week.

"In this business," he says candidly, "your career is so short, you've got to get it from all angles."

To understand the why and how of rock 'n' roll, you've got to know The King. A wiry, intense, chain-smoking, 35-year-old dynamo, Alan Freed is actually shyly introverted despite his "hard-sell" radio technique. He's a devoted family man with no visible qualities of a romantic idol, and it's difficult for adults to understand why hordes of young girls call him "the greatest, the mostest." Before a microphone, however, this rock 'n' roll speller "sends" the younger generation. As a record spins, he slaps out the characteristic beat on a telephone book, shouts "Go! Go! Go!" or "Blow, man, blow!" He has a grand time, he says, enjoying the music along with the kids.

About half a million fan letters and telegrams deluge him during a year. Close to 7,000 Alan Freed Fan Clubs, each with ten to 300 members, have sprung up in the past couple of years. What, precisely, is the magnet?

"Teenagers believe in me," he explains, "because they know I'm their friend and give them the music they want."

To vehement, vitriolic criticism of rock 'n' roll, Freed says he usually turns the other cheek. But one recent Sunday afternoon, talking to me while relaxed on a couch in his studio at home, the King of Rock 'n' Roll sounded off.

"What are those psychologists yelling about?" he said. "They don't know these kids and have probably never seen a rock 'n' roll show. Our teenagers aren't bad—they're just enthusiastic."

"No music can be morally bad. Whether he's playing a ukulele or listening to rock 'n' roll records, a child is cutting his teeth on music, and I say he's on the path to finer music. In fact, one recent survey revealed that about 37 percent of teenagers enjoy opera or classical records as well as rock 'n' roll."

Undeniably, Freed had something. Throughout the country, a strong upsurge of interest in all kinds of music has been reported.

"Rock 'n' roll was discovered by the kids themselves," Freed went on. "They feel it's new; for their generation alone. Before it came along, they were starved for entertainment. The ballad-type music they'd been hearing was too soupy and languid for dancing. Television offered very little musical variety for them. So when they encountered the powerful, affirmative jazz beat of rock 'n' roll, it was like making an exciting discovery."

To show how rock 'n' roll "be-longed" to the youngsters, Freed cited scores of simple songs aimed directly at them: *Teen-Age Crush*, *Young Love*, *Sitting in the Balcony*, *Teen-Age Prayer*. Many of the popular rock 'n' roll performers are their peers, groups such as The Six Teens, The Teenagers and The Teen Chords.

"Like adolescents of every generation," Freed pointed out, "today's teenagers have a need to be part of something vital, reach out for some form of group participation. Rock 'n' roll gives it to them. They also have to blow off steam and rock 'n' roll is a harmless way of using up excess energy."

"Our in-person shows, for instance, are a wonderful outlet. When performers come on stage, the children jump and scream, drowning out the entertainers. Why? Because the kids have listened to records of those songs and know every note and word, so they do the performing. The show is in the audience, not on the stage."

"Youngsters today are happy because of rock 'n' roll. That's what many parents don't realize. The kids are happy about their music because at last they have something they can understand and dance to. Look at them some time, clapping their hands and tapping their feet to records. Their exuberance is rock 'n' roll jubilation. Even the songs are happy. Yet our critics call rock 'n' roll madness. Is it madness for kids to enjoy themselves?"

That's what the man says, and there's no doubt about his sincerity. And maybe he's not far off base. While many psychologists, educators and clergymen are still blasting rock 'n' roll, others have lately swung around to a tolerance of the musical fad. Prof. Sigmund A. Piotrowski of N.Y.U. concedes that "youth must express itself in some overt energetic manner." Dr. Karl Bowman, a distinguished psychiatrist, maintains that rock 'n' roll is an emotional outlet for young folk rebelling against their elders and there's nothing dangerous or very unusual about it. One sociologist feels that rock 'n' roll stems from the same virus which induced panty raids and goldfish swallowing.

Freed is honestly convinced that rock 'n' roll is "good" for children and he backs up his contention with piles of fan letters. Boys have written that once they hung around street corners at night and now they stay home with their rock 'n' roll records. Many teenagers write something like this: "My parents are too busy going to parties. If I didn't have rock 'n' roll, I don't know what I'd do."

Rock 'n' roll burst upon the nation, via Freed, virtually by accident. Until then, he was an obscure toiler on the airwaves.

Born in Johnstown, Pa., of a Welsh mother and a Lithuanian Jewish father, a clothing salesman, Alan was raised largely in Salem, Ohio. At 12, he took to the trombone, soon organized a high-school band, and played dance dates at fifty cents a man. With his earnings, he traveled as far as 200 miles to stand in line for hours to watch Benny Goodman or Artie Shaw. In those days he, too, used to dance in theatre aisles and grown-ups were blasting swing as a dangerous evil.

At Ohio State, where he studied mechanical engineering and hated it, Freed one day peered through the window of the campus radio station. "That was it—I was gone," he recalls. After a brief stretch in the Army and as an ordnance inspector, he landed a \$17-a-week radio job in which he did everything from sweeping floors to writing continuity and acting as engineer for his shows.

For a while Freed was a sports announcer and disk jockey in Akron, then moved on to WJW in Cleveland. One day in 1951, he was approached by his friend, Leo Mintz, owner of Cleveland's largest record shop. Mintz had noticed that so-called "race" records—rhythm and blues—seemed to be getting more and more popular. If Alan would do a special show with them, Mintz would sponsor it. At first Freed was reluctant but Mintz persuaded him to go along.

What could they call the show? The racial "stigma" of rhythm and blues, hitherto aimed only at the Negro market, had to be somehow avoided if a wider audience was to be reached. So Freed and Mintz sat around playing records, searching for a name. As he listened, tapping his feet and rocking to the heavy back beat, Freed diffidently suggested: "How about this—The Rock and Roll Party?"

His program caught on like a barn fire. The next year, to cash in on his meteoric success, Freed planned a rock and roll ball at the Cleveland Arena, which has a capacity of 10,000. About 9,000 tickets were sold in advance. On the night of the ball, however, 30,000 persons showed up, crashing the doors down and bowling over the cops. That show, first of the rock 'n' roll "riots," had to be

called off. But apparently the crowd had such a grand time breaking into the Arena that no one asked for his money back.

Thereafter, Freed staged eight reserved-seat shows, all sell-outs. His fame spread to New York and in 1954 came the inevitable high-priced deal for a rock 'n' roll disk jockey show on WINS. Four months later, he threw two rock 'n' roll dances at the St. Nicholas Arena in New York.

"In a way," he recalls, "those St. Nick dances were the turning point. You see, those Cleveland affairs appealed most to colored people. In fact, after I ran them, I received batches of poison-pen letters calling me a 'nigger-lover.' But at the St. Nick the audiences were about 70 percent white and 30 percent Negro. This was the first inkling I had that white people enjoyed rhythm and blues. Rock 'n' roll had moved out of the limited 'race' classification into big business."

Freed has four children, ranging in age from two to eleven. All of them, he contends, are rock 'n' rollers; even the youngest, Alan, Jr., "shakes his butt" in rhythm to the music. On every show he talks about his children and his wife, Jackie. A sleek, Vogue-type beauty, Jackie helps handle Freed's mail, accompanies him to his in-person shows and always gets a big hand when she's introduced to the audience. Almost every fan letter ends with, "Give my love to Jackie and the little Freed's."

This is the family man whom detractors charge is demoralizing American youth.

Near his renovated 16-room mansion overlooking Long Island Sound in an exclusive section of Stamford, Conn., Freed has fixed up an old stable as his broadcasting studio. There, every weekday evening from six-to-ten, he spins his platters and chatters away. After the show, he walks to his house where he and Jackie have a late meal while the King of Rock 'n' Roll listens on his hi-fi to guess-what? Classical records. His favorites are Beethoven's *Pastorale*, Tchaikovsky's *Pathetique*.

At midnight he returns to the studio and concentrates until three in the morning on auditioning new rock 'n' roll records, trying to figure out what teenagers will like.

A home-bound character, Freed never goes to night clubs. His only hobby is renovating and decorating his recently acquired 50-year-old house. His consuming drive, however, is a passionate crusade for acceptance of rock 'n' roll as a legitimate musical development.

"Rock 'n' roll," he says reflectively, "is a great river of music into which many streams flow. It really began over a hundred years ago, in the cotton fields and on the levees, with work songs, spirituals and river songs. It's just our own American music, earthy and soulful."

"But rock 'n' roll has added something of its own: the rolling two-beat rhythm with the accent on every second beat. Only the young in heart can dig that socking syncopation. For those who hate it, I think it's too much excitement for their tired arteries."

Put rock and roll in its historical perspective, Freed urges. A British psychiatrist, Dr. J. Macalister Brew, recently observed that adolescents today are basically no different

from those of any other generation. In every era, he contended, any new type of music or dancing has become the fashionable craze of the 15 to 25-year-old age group. The Charleston and Turkey Trot were less violent and anti-social only because they were in a less violent era.

Recently, Freed had dinner with Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz in the Twenties. Whiteman showed him a fat scrapbook filled with contemporary denunciations. In 1927, for example, the Bishop of Dubuque was quoted as saying: "Jazz is leading the youth of America down the primrose path to hell. Jazz must be stopped."

Similar abuse was hurled in the Thirties at Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman and the swooning, sweated bobby-soxers. Swing was gravely condemned as "a depraved outgrowth of the depression years."

When Goodman, then King of Swing, played New York's Paramount Theatre in 1939, his young disciples were so noisy—many of them rushing onto the stage—that Goodman had to stop his show with the *Star Spangled Banner*.

"I've never had it that bad with rock 'n' roll," Freed points out. "When kids stand on seats or dance in the aisles, I hold up my hands and ask them nicely to please sit down and we'll continue with the show. That's all I have to do. As for rock 'n' roll dancing, which shocks some oldsters as 'immoral,' remember the Lindy Hop."

Actually, rock 'n' roll dancing is almost identical with the jitterbugging of the late Thirties although it's less bouncy, more undulating—the dancer's feet stay more on the floor. Moreover, today's dancing is far from intimate—the wriggling youngsters barely touch hands, and appear oblivious to each other. Even disk jockey Martin Block, who has disparaged rock 'n' roll as monotonous, concedes that it has gotten the youngsters back on the dance floor and is paving the way for a return to good music.

What about Elvis Presley? The pelvis-wiggler, according to Freed, is not a genuine rock 'n' roller. "He really sings hill-billy or country-and-western style. I think Presley is a fine, well-mannered young guy, a wonderful performer with lots of ability. But I wish he'd shave off his sideburns."

Is rock 'n' roll contributing to juvenile delinquency?

"Nonsense!" says Freed sharply. "Rock 'n' roll came along just when delinquency was getting a lot of publicity, so it's convenient to make a musical trend the butt for adult failures. It was also unfortunate that rock 'n' roll music was used in that hoodlum-infested movie, *The Blackboard Jungle*, which seemed to associate rock 'n' rollers with delinquents."

What about those jeans and leather jackets some rock 'n' rollers wear? Are they a sinister symbol, as some critics charge, of moral decay? Freed snorts that Hollywood is to blame for that, too.

"Those kids are aping Marlon Brando and James Dean. The hoodlum element is only a minority of maybe five percent. Why malign all teenagers?"

Rock 'n' rollers are good kids, Freed emphasizes, and he relates a revealing incident to prove it. Last year, Freed was asked by the National Nephrosis Foundation to be chairman of a *Teen-Age March for Childhood Nephrosis*. His assignment was to organize youngsters to distribute literature and coin cards. On the appointed day, the weather was miserably cold and sleety. Yet 19,000 Freed aficionados showed up all over the New York metropolitan and suburban area. Each child spent at least four hours on his job and they distributed over a million coin cards and pieces of literature. But there wasn't a line in the press commending them.

"What do we have to do," one rock 'n' roller wrote Freed, "to prove most of us kids are O.K.?"

What's the future of rock 'n' roll? Is it just a passing fancy?

"I think," says Freed, "it will settle itself into the mainstream of American popular music. In fact, it's starting to, right now, as it reaches out and embraces country and western artists. Eventually 'pure' rock 'n' roll will be replaced by a watered-down version that combines the best with normal Tin Pan Alley pop tunes. Whiteman's jazz and Goodman's swing each lasted about ten years and I expect rock 'n' roll will, too. In ten years my band will be playing at the

Waldorf Astoria, just as Benny Goodman is doing now."

For the present, Alan Freed rocks along, gathering legions of young converts with what bandleader Lucky Millinder has called "the fire and excitement of evangelist Billy Graham." Accounting for his prodigious appeal, Freed points to one prime factor:

"I believe in what I'm doing."

"What do you think that is?" he was asked.

"Making kids happy."

Listening to the King of Rock 'n' Roll, you can't help feeling that maybe our vibrating teenagers are not being "demoralized" by a "medieval lunacy" after all. If anxious parents want to improve the situation, Dr. Brew suggests, they'll have to provide adolescents with "safer and more self-controlled methods of experiencing excitement, physical and emotional release." That way children will "have fun with the current crazes" but won't be so lonely that something like rock 'n' roll becomes an "all-absorbing compensatory addiction."

Until the next musical fad comes along, it appears that rock 'n' roll can't do our youth any serious harm. Let 'em go, man, go! ■■





LA VERN BAKER

If anybody in show business was born with pyrotechnics in her soul, it's LaVern Baker—for she first saw the light of day in that uproaring city of Chicago in the year 1929—on the holiday that celebrates the cessation of war—Armistice Day!

Before she was out of her teens, LaVern was an expert in singing the blues, and when she sang them she gave out with a penetrating emotion never before paralleled in the history of show business. In fact, she is the one who taught "Mr. Emotion, Himself," Johnny Ray, how to cry the blues. But we're getting ahead of our story.

LaVern Baker knocked on the doors of the night spots in and around the Windy City but although she made frequent guest appearances she couldn't get a steady job as she was too young to work where whiskey was sold. It was in one of these clubs that she met George and Mable Woods, owners of a Chicago night club, who gave her the name of Little Miss Sharecropper and told her to come around for a job as soon as she was old enough to get a permit to work in a cabaret.

On her seventeenth birthday La Vern received a present in the form of a contract from the Woods. The next day she opened at the Club DeLisa. She was held over for six months. While appearing at the club, she met Fletcher Henderson who wrote "When I'm In a Crying Mood" especially for her and through Fletcher's connections she recorded the song for Columbia. From here LaVern Baker went to the Flame Show Bar in Detroit. The owner of the club, Mr. Al Green, thought so much of her that he put her under a personal management contract. He also introduced her to a young boy who wanted to sing the blues. He asked her to take this boy in hand and teach him some of the tricks of the trade. As you probably guessed the male singer was none other than Johnny Ray. Since his climb to fame, Johnny has always stopped long enough to tell the world that he owes much of his success to the help given to him by LaVern Baker.

Under the guiding hand of Al Green, LaVern Baker left the Flame Show Bar to tour with Todd Rhodes and his band. While with Todd's band she signed a recording contract with King Records. First came "Crying" and then a novelty bop tune named "Pig Latin Blues," and then "Must I Cry Again?" Her first real big smash hit was "Tweedle Dee" and currently her Atlantic Recording of "My Happiness Forever."

CLYDE McPHATTER

Little did Clyde McPhatter realize when he was a choir boy at Mt. Calvary Baptist Church in Durham, N. C., that someday he would be the leader of a quartet that has become a jukebox sensation.

Riding the crest of fame via their Atlantic recordings of "Money Honey," McPhatter and his Drifters quartet well deserve the sensational adjectives tossed their way by hundreds of thousands who purchase their records. Leaving Bill Ward's Dominoes foursome in September, 1953, he organized his own crew and in two months had a hit tune on the market.

But making public appearances came natural to him as he was raised in an atmosphere of leading his own teenage religious quartet in Durham. Veteran choir singers used to marvel at his unique technique of singing gospel songs.

Coming to New York at the age of 12 he continued appearing in houses of worship until he met Ward in 1950. While with the Dominoes he did much to lift that outfit to fame with his outstanding vocal renditions of such favorites as "Do Something For Me," "Have Mercy, Baby," and "These Foolish Things."

Along came Uncle Sam and Clyde soon became part and parcel of the Army, which temporarily ended his career as the leader of his group. While in the Army, Clyde entertained the soldiers strictly for kicks at the camp where he was stationed. One of the officers heard him sing and from there on out Clyde traveled the world over entertaining troupes.

Incidentally this was the deciding factor that caused him to give up the idea of working with a group, and he made up his mind to work as a single. On his furloughs, Clyde came to New York and made records for Atlantic and his first record release, "Seven Days," became a hit.

With no publicity whatsoever, purely on word to word talk, club owners and one-night promoters began calling for Clyde, and his bookings are now flocking in. It looks as though another star is born.





Chuck Berry!

CHUCK BERRY

CHUCK BERRY is the spell-binding, guitar-playing song stylist who first skyrocketed to national fame and fortune with his jubilant recording of "Maybeline" long the top-selling record, not only in America, but all over the world, wherever music is played and listened-to. The present world popularity of rock and roll music was contributed to, in part, by the pulsating rhythmic beat and emotional exuberance of the dynamic MR. BERRY.

Since hitting the musical jackpot with "Maybeline", "Thirty Days" and other equally great recordings, CHUCK has enjoyed unprecedented personal popularity, making appearances in every major night spot across the nation. His extraordinary talent as a guitarist, coupled with a magnetic singing style has enshrined him in the "Rock 'N Roll Hall of Fame". BERRY's newest smash-hit tune "Roll Over Beethoven" has already captured public fancy and is currently among the most popular rhythm and blues tunes now being played, sung, hummed and whistled.



The TEENAGERS *featuring* **FRANKIE LYMON**

The nation's newest and youngest stars is a group called "The Teenagers." The top tenor, Frankie Lymon, is only 13 years old and the other boys, Sherman Garnes, Jimmy Merchant, Joseph Negroni and Herman Santiago, have just reached 16. Frankie is in Junior High School and the rest of the boys are all High School students.

Just at the turn of the New Year, Frankie Lymon wrote a poem and the boys decided to set it to music and recorded it for Rama Records. The disc was released on January 10 and 10 days later over 100,000 records were sold. Since then it's zooming towards the million mark and is still going strong. The name of that record is "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?" Frankie Lymon has a natural tenor voice and a natural gift for the rhythm of words. He has written over a dozen poems of which the Teenagers have thus far recorded four. And they plan to turn all of Frankie's poems into tunes and

later into records. The four recorded thus far is the above-mentioned "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?" "Come On Baby," "Please Be Mine" and "Am I Fooling Myself Again?" Frankie began writing poems in English class at school. He writes them instead of the usual composition requested by the teacher.

The rest of the group consists of Sherman Garnes, the basso, he is six foot four inches with a voice just as big, Jimmy Merchant, Herman Santiago and Joseph Negroni. Joe is the organizer and leader of the group.

The boys rehearse at the Edward W. Stitt Junior High School from 7 to 10:30 P.M. It was here that they were discovered by George Goldner, head of Rama and Gee Records. Under the supervision of Phil Kahl of Kahl Music, Frankie taps out his tunes with one finger on the piano.

CHUCK BERRY



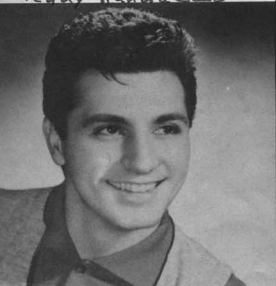
THE MOONGLOWS



LAVERN BAKER



Teddy Randazzo



Jodie Sands



Clyde McPhatter



Screamin' Jay Hawkins



Joe Turner



Johnnie and Joe





PROGRAM

LA VERN BAKER

CLYDE McPHATTER

CHUCK BERRY -

THE TEENAGERS

featuring FRANKIE LYMON

THE MOONGLOWS -

BIG JOE TURNER

SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS -

JODIE SANDS

LEWIS LYMON

and TEEN CHORDS

EVERLY BROTHERS -

JOHNNIE and JOE

TEDDY RANDAZZO

THE DUBS

ALAN FREED

AND HIS

ROCK 'N ROLL

ORCHESTRA

featuring

SAM "The Man" TAYLOR

BIG AL SEARS

PANAMA FRANCIS





THE MOON GLOWS

In March of 1951, Bobby Lester who had been featured with several nationally known vocal groups, organized a quartette in his home town Louisville, Ky. Bobby named the group the "MOONGLOWS", and within a few weeks were making personal appearances in midwestern and southern towns.

Alan Freed made arrangements with the Chance Record Company of Chicago to record their songs.

Several of the records gained wide attention but two numbers sold especially well. These two tunes were "Ooh, Rockin' Daddy" and "Secret Love."

*The Boss of
the Blues!*

JOE TURNER

Cavern-mouthed BIG JOE TURNER has a voice to fit his size, and when he bellows a blues, a microphone is strictly superfluous equipment. Weighing 250 pounds and standing 6 feet 2 inches, Turner is known from coast to coast as the top blues singer. Playing mostly one-nighters, Big Joe has traveled as much as 75,000 miles in one year.

Big Joe Turner is the top ranking man among the nation's blues singers. The towering, partly blues man can sing about lost, strayed or stolen love with so much feeling that women often scream, cry and throw their pocketbooks up on the stage. A grace man with a booming voice, a pair of expressive eyes, and a grace that defies his enormous weight, Big Joe has been rated as "the boss of the blues" for 20 years.

Ever since he sang his first sad song in the Backbiters Club in Kansas City, Mo., where the owner wore high-button shoes and dangled a \$20 gold piece from his watch chain, Joe Turner has been a favorite with music fans who prefer gut-bucket tunes and double entendre lyrics.

Now only 42 years old, Big Joe has been singing the blues for 28 years. He was only 14 when the owner of the Kingfish Club in Kansas City used to slip him in and out of the back door of the speakeasy to avoid trouble with the juvenile authorities.

Big Joe not only sings the blues, but also writes most of the tunes he records. His "Honey Hush" was voted the most programmed record of 1954 by "The Cash Box" disc jockey poll. It turned out to be even more successful than his "Chains of Love," a blues number so potent that when he introduced it at a dance in Lake Charles, La., every man and woman in the club got up and started dancing.





SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS

JAY HAWKINS was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1929. Jay has come a long way in developing his musical talents. Not only does he sing, but he is also adept at the piano keyboard and plays saxophone as well.

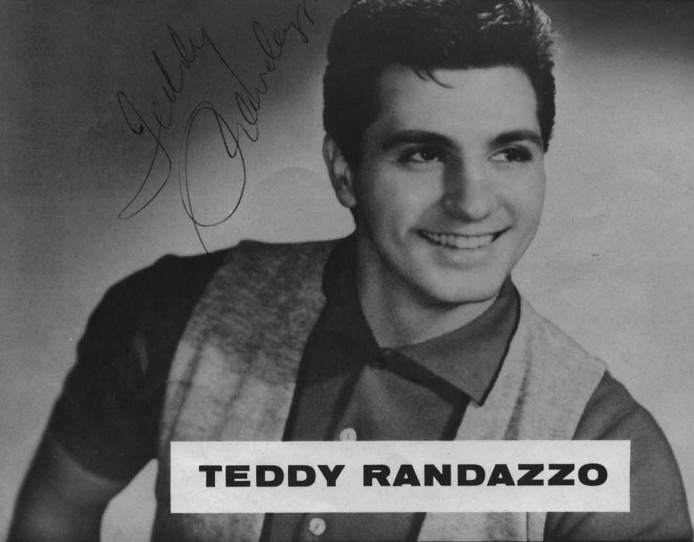
Jay earned a reputation for being a quick-stepper and having a solid left hook in the fighting ring. So good a fighter was he, that in 1947 he won the Golden Gloves Diamond Amateur Contest and went on to beat middleweight champ, Billy McCann of Alaska in 1949.

With his pugilistic days behind him, Jay embarked on a new phase of his varied career, singing, or "screaming". For that is exactly what he does. He literally "screams" his way through a song. Thus, the name, SCREAMIN' Jay Hawkins. In 1954 the great Fats Domino heard him "scream" and suggested Jay go on tour with Fats and his troupe. And, Jay has been touring all over the country since.

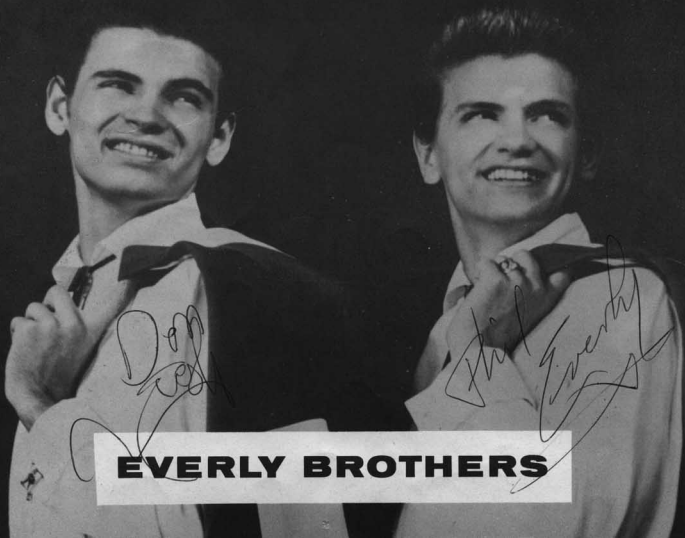


LEWIS LYMON and TEEN CHORDS

Teddy Randazzo



TEDDY RANDAZZO



EVERLY BROTHERS



JODIE SANDS

*My
Love
Jodie
Sands*

JOHNNIE AND JOE





*Best Wishes
Sam Taylor*



*Best Wishes
Al*

SAM (The Man) TAYLOR **AL SEARS**



THE DUBS