

ALAN

FREED'S

**CHRISTMAS
JUBILEE**

THE
OLYMPICS

CARLOS
BROS

THE
PENGUINS

H.B.
BARNUM

AL
KASIA

CHRISTY
CUMMINGS

BERRY
GRANAHAN

ROSIE


JOHNNY OTIS
AND HIS
BIG BAND

ALAN FREED

JACKIE WILSON

AND MANY OTHERS

219654
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PROGRAM

ALAN FREED'S

Christmas **Jubilee**

STARRING

JACKIE WILSON

THE OLYMPICS • ROSIE
CARLOS BROS. • AL KASHA
H.B. BARNUM • THE PENGUINS

GERRY GRANAHAN • CHRISTY CUMMINS

DON and DEWEY

JOHNNY OTIS and his BIG BAND

AND MANY OTHERS



**ALAN
FREED**

MUSIC



1st ANNUAL
ROCK & ROLL

Alan Freed
Soul Train

ALAN FREED

Alan Freed was born October 15, 1922 in Johnstown, Pa. After living for a while in Oklahoma City and Alliance, Ohio, the family settled in Salem, Ohio, which since Freed's rise to fame has looked upon him as a native son. Freed's parents still live there.

Freed showed some musical talent at an early age, and was introduced to the trombone at the age of 12. In high school, Freed organized a band, named it the Sultans of Swing after a famous Harlem orchestra of that name, and played dance dates in Salem and its environs.

In the last months of college, Freed, still infected with the radio virus, auditioned for stations for miles around and finally landed a \$17 a week job with WKST in New Castle, Pa. After graduation, Freed quit his inspector's job and went to work in radio, despite a hefty pay cut.

He stayed there for six months, a period which Freed calls the most important in his life. While at the station, he did everything from sweeping floors to writing his own continuity and acting as engineer for his shows.

Once, after auditioning for CBS in New York, he was told that his Midwest accent was too grating and that "if I had any other profession I should get out of the radio announcing business as soon as possible."

But Freed persisted and in 1945 landed a sports announcer job at WAKR in Akron, Ohio. Through an accident, he became a disk jockey.

"One night," as he finished the 11:10 sports broadcast he got a very quick call saying the disk jockey for the 11:15 show had not shown up. As he was the only announcer in the studio, he was elected.



He grabbed a stack of records, any records, and the engineer in the control room told him which ones were popular. So he did the show. The owner of the station did, too, so he fired the other guy and gave him the job.

In 1950, Freed attempted to leave WAKR for a better job and wound up in a court fight over a clause in his contract with the station, which kept him from taking another radio job in the area for a year. The court upheld WAKR, so Freed quit radio and got a TV job on Cleveland's WXEL-TV. The clause in the WAKR contract did not cover TV.

Eighteen months later, Freed returned to radio, on WJW in Cleveland at the urging of Leo Mintz, owner of Cleveland's largest record shop, who had noticed that "race" records—rhythm and blues—were beginning to get popular and believed that a R & B craze might be imminent.

Freed played only R & B records on his show, although he christened the style Rock and Roll to avoid the racial stigma of the old classification.

Early in the program, Freed developed his trademark—slamming out the beat with his hand. At first he whopped the table top, wearing a golf glove to protect his hand, until someone gave him the idea of using a telephone book, which was softer than wood.

In March, 1952, Freed decided to cash in on the success of Rock and Roll by staging a Moondog Ball in the Cleveland Arena, which has a capacity of 10,000. About 9,000 tickets were sold in advance, and the night of the ball 30,000 persons showed up, crashing the doors down and bowling over the outnumbered cops.



The show had to be called off, but it wasn't a financial loss. Everybody had such a grand time breaking into the arena they didn't ask for their money back.

Freed gave up the idea of staging dances in Cleveland, and instead ran eight reserved seat theatre-type shows in the Arena and in the city's public auditorium. All were sellouts.

At the height of his popularity in Cleveland, Freed almost lost his career and his life, in the tangled wreckage of his auto. In April, 1953, he fell asleep while driving home after a late broadcast and his car smashed into a tree near his home in Shaker Heights, an exclusive Cleveland suburb.

For the first 10 days he was not expected to live.

Forty-eight hours after the accident his heart stopped beating and they injected adrenalin directly into the heart to get it beating.

Five weeks after the crash, Freed had recovered sufficiently to resume his Moondog broadcasts, lying flat on his back in his hospital bed. When he left the hospital after 16 weeks, he went home for three months of convalescence, and did his broadcasts from a chair beside his bed.

But as a concession to his healing insides, he temporarily gave up beating time on the phone book to the rowdy rock and roll beat.

He continued promoting Rock and Roll dances and shows and built up a sideline as a record distributor,







"The Alan Freed"

So the program became simply, "Rock and Roll Party". Whatever the name, the beat was the same, and the teenage crowd began listening steadily. In January, 1955, after only four months on the air, Freed threw two rock and roll dances at the St. Nicholas Arena. In a way, these dances marked the turning point in the acceptance of Rock and Roll.

a sideline as a record distributor, while in his quieter moments he tried writing songs. In 1954, when New York, the biggest rat race of all, beckoned with showy displays of cash, he was ready to make the move.

Freed accepted the offer of WINS to put Rock and Roll on the local airwaves, in return for a contract calling for a guaranteed \$25,000 a year against a percentage of sponsors' fees.

Freed made his first New York broadcast on September 8, 1954. The program was an almost immediate success. But one of the interested listeners was the real Moondog, the Times Square character, who hauled Freed into court and got him enjoined from using the name "Moondog" on the show.

In addition to his work as Rock and Roll impresario, emcee, band leader, recording artist, movie "star," song writer and disk jockey, Freed is snowed under by chores that have resulted from his popularity in these fields.

There are more than 4,000 Freed fan clubs, mostly in the east, and each of them have from 10 to 300 members. And each of the kids seems to be impelled to write to Freed—he gets about 10,000 letters a week, in normal times, and twice that number when Rock and Roll and/or Freed is being attacked.





It was

LONELY

TEARDROPS

all the way

*It takes more than talent to become a star.
It takes luck and hope and courage — and
a bit of praying.*

by Jackie Wilson

IT WAS Christmas Eve and it was snowing. I stopped in front of a brightly-lit shop window and watched the happy, giftladen crowds rushing by. A Santa Claus stood on the corner gaily ringing his bell and smiling at the passersby. Everyone was in a holiday mood.

I turned and looked—for the hundredth time—at the tiny music box in the store window. In all my twelve years, I had never been able to give my mother what I really wanted to at Christmas time. I had always had to settle for a dime-store handkerchief or something we needed at home, like a new can-opener.

But this Christmas I had made up my mind: I was going to give my mom that music box and nothing would stop me. I mentally counted the dollar and ninety cents I had in my pocket. I needed two dollars more to buy mom's present.

I stood there in the cold for about an hour, racking my brain. *What can I do?*—I kept asking myself. Then I saw the Santa Claus gather up his things and leave. There was a cleared spot in the snow where he'd been standing. I walked over and stood there, and I did the only thing I knew how to do: I sang. I sang two hymns all the way through. I sang with all my heart and soul, and with my eyes closed tight—for I was afraid people would look at me and think I was crazy.

When I opened my eyes, a small crowd had gathered around me. They didn't applaud or say anything. They just stood looking at me. I almost died. Then a lady with tears in her eyes walked up to me. She opened her purse and thrust a bill into my hand. Before I could say a word, she hugged me and whispered, "Son, you sing like a real angel."

A man came up and gave me a quarter, and then another woman gave me a dime.

"How much you need, sonny?" someone asked.

"Sixty-five cents," I said.

"Sing another song and you've got it!" someone else cried.

My heart burst with joy. I took a deep breath and sang a lovely old Christmas hymn. This time, when I finished, they clapped. People pressed money into my hands and some even dropped it into my coat pockets. I saw the lights dimming in the shop window, so I rushed away. I made it just in time to get mom her music box.

Well, that was the beginning of my first long engagement. I'll bet there wasn't a street corner in Detroit on which I didn't perform. Besides singing hymns in public, and singing in church on Sundays, I started to sing pop songs.

On June 9, 1948, when I was 14, my mother gave me a record player and I began collecting records and learning to sing along with them. At the time, I was going to Highland Park High School and was on the boxing team. My favorite subject was history and my grades were average. When I was 15, I won the Michigan *Lightweight Golden Gloves Championship*—a thrill I'll never forget.

But singing was my world. I tried to get into some of the neighborhood clubs to sing—for nothing, naturally. I scored a perfect record by getting thrown out of each and every one of them. My first break came when my idol, Clyde McPhatter, decided to leave The Dominoes and go out on his own. He arranged for me to audition for the group. The Dominoes were all pros in their late twenties. I figured they had agreed to hear me to be polite. But they liked the way I sang and asked me to join them. Boy, that day I was strictly on cloud 103! The first record we made was *Rags To Riches*, on which I sang the lead.

I stayed with The Dominoes for five years, but I was never quite satisfied with my work. I loved the road, meeting people and seeing new places. However, as time went by, I felt a deeper and deeper need to go out on my own. Finally, I left the group and went back home to Detroit to start making my plans.



Some smart guy I was! Going "out on my own" turned out to be going back to the street corners. I was known as "one of The Dominoes"—not as Jackie Wilson, the singer. I couldn't even get another kind of job, for I didn't know how to do anything. I spent the longest, loneliest year of my life on the streets of Detroit. I did a lot of praying and soul-searching, and then I decided to give up singing and learn to do something else.

On my personal doomsday, my cousin dropped by the house. "Jackie," he told me, "I want you to come with me and meet a friend of mine. He is a music publisher and he may have something for you."

I told him I had decided to give up singing.

"Give up singing!" he exclaimed. "You might as well give up breathing! Get up and come on with me!"

He took me uptown and introduced me to his music man, Nat Tarnapol. Nat gave me a song and told me to sing it. I looked at the music and then laid it on the desk.

"Can't I just sing something myself, the way I like to sing?" I asked.

"Sure," Nat said, "Go to it, Jackie."

Since I felt that it was my "swan song" anyway, I vowed to sing it better than anything I had ever done. I sang a song I'd learned in church, years ago. I put everything I had into it.

When I got through, I saw Nat staring at me with a strange expression on his face. Well, I figured to myself, he thinks I stink.

Then Nat walked over to me and said in a low voice, "Jackie, if I hadn't stood here and heard it, I wouldn't believe anyone could sing like that. You've got something I've never heard before in my life—something great! Jackie, let me help you. Let's give that 'something' to the world."

That was the greatest day of my life. Nat and I sat down and mapped out our plans for the future. It would take a book to tell you all the hardships and tribulations we had to endure to reach our goal. Because of my singing style, I could only do special material, and work with musicians who understood my "sound"—the gospel sound.

After *Reet Petite* caught on, we spent almost a year looking for another song. We wanted to do something that would knock the world on its ear. One day, Nat came up with a ballad called *Lonely Teardrops*.

I played it through and I liked it very much. "The title sounds something like our theme song — the *Lonely Teardrops Boys!*," I told Nat. "Let's cut it!"

When we took the song to Brunswick, they tried to persuade us not to record it. They said that it was too unusual and would never catch on, but Nat and I decided to go ahead with it.

The session for the record was wild. The musicians ran through their arrangements and frowned. We worked and worked and cut seven takes before I was satisfied. When we left the studio, the musicians were still frowning. But Nat and I weren't—we'd never been happier. Somehow, we knew we had something wonderful, different, and exciting on our hands. That was the night my first hit was born.

I hope that there will be many, many more. But no matter what happens, I can never forget how my lonely teardrops turned to tears of joy.



Jackie onstage. Lonely teardrops turned to joy.

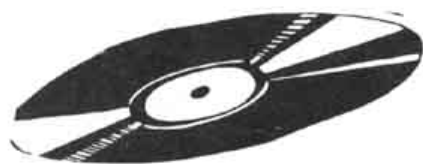


Today he's riding high, but the way up was tough.



Shop talk with RCA's rising star, Johnny Restivo.





X

Jackie Wilson has just gotta sing! Almost all of his young years have gone into practicing, training and developing as a singer. It's what he wants to do. . . .and he certainly does it well.

●

Jackie began his singing career in 1953, one year after graduation from Highland Park High School, in Detroit, by signing with Billy Ward's Dominoes as their lead singer.

●

Jackie Wilson had previously planned on a career in the sports world. In 1948 he entered and won a Golden Gloves welterweight crown at the age of sixteen, by claiming to be eighteen. A year later, sporting a mustache, Jackie was taking weekend singing jobs, by telling everyone that he was twenty one.

●

The school years passed between classrooms, boxing arenas and night clubs. His boxing career was short-lived due to his mother's insistence, and he gave it up for good upon graduating from high school. He found himself a job during the day as an assembly line hand in an automobile plant and continued singing evenings and week-ends.



Late in 1957, Jackie decided to leave the Dominoes and try singing on his own. He made the acquaintance of Nat Tarnapol, a young Detroit music publisher, who immediately recognized Jackie's talents and signed him to a personal management contract, and ultimately an exclusive recording contract with Brunswick Records. "Reet Petite", his first recording sold well over a quarter of a million records, and firmly established him as an artist that was here to stay. To have it recorded by Jackie Wilson is to have a hit, or so all the record seems to state. And he is gaining additional

stature with every recording, and personal appearance. He broke records of his appearance at the Apollo in New York, and has also appeared at some of the biggest and best supper clubs in the country, including the New York Copa, The Sahara in Las Vegas and the Fontainebleau in Miami. He is constantly in demand for theatre appearances, tours, has at present completed a tour of the West Indies, and has sung on such television shows as the Colgate Comedy Hour and the Ed Sullivan Show.

Hobbies? Jackie claims that singing is his work, his hobby, in short, his life. We learned though that he loves to swim and spends lots of time being a devoted husband, and father of four young children.

Jackie has also written several successful songs and looks to continue in this field. The tunes he pens are not necessarily for his own record and club dates. He is an ambitious composer with a desire to contribute to the musical scene.

His smooth and versatile voice is not his only asset, for Jackie is an exceptionally good-looking young man who chooses and wears clothes with a flair.

Jackie wants to sing and act. So far at home in any medium, the big "kick" for him recently was finding that he could also be at home doing both singing and acting in a movie. Jackie's many Brunswick records and albums have consistently appeared on the "Best Seller" lists, and his versatile showmanship has made him one of the most outstanding young talents in the field of entertainment today.





THE OLYMPICS



CARLOS BROTHERS



THE PENGUINS



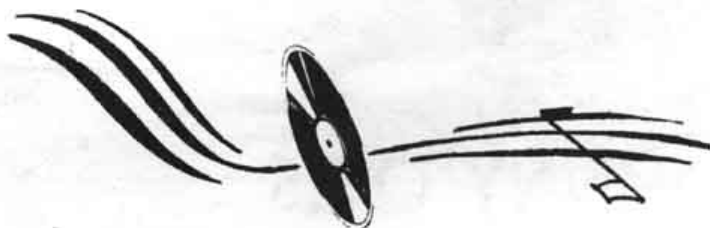
DON & DEWEY



CHRISTY CUMMINS



ROSIE





8/10
1 NEG OF JUST
X DICTIONARY
S/S

ROCK 'N ROLL DICTIONARY

- SOUNDS:** Music.
- CRAZY:** Very Good.
- BAD:** Excellent.
- SHOOK UP:** Emotionally moved.
- SKINS:** Drums.
- STACKED:** Measurements usually are 39 - 24 - 38.
- OFF LIMITS:** Squares.
- PAD:** Furnished room with atmosphere.
- CADILLAC:** Price of admission to inner circles.
- IN THE KNOW:** Groovy
- GROOVY:** In the know.
- DIG:** To understand — to like — to see, etc., etc.
- SOLID:** Substantial citizen who digs the rock.
- GREEN DOOR:** A cool colored door that lead to green loot.
- BREAD:** Money
- DISC JOCKEY:** One who makes much bread spinning discs on radio and gabbing friendly like.
- DOWNBEAT:** A mag with the most know in sounds.
- SQUARE:** One who digs Guy Lombardo.
- FAR OUT:** Ahead of the times.
- GIG:** A job.
- FLIPPED:** An emotion so strong as to dis-engage one's wig.
- A DRAG:** A gal who promises much and delivers little.
- COOL:** The greatest achievement.
- ALAN FREED:** The man who said "dig this beat — its the most" and found that the nation was listening and with it.
- THE SCENE:** Sparkling social surroundings where anything can happen and usually does.
- HEP:** Early Americana's expression for HIP.
- HIP:** Acute musical perception.
- WAIL:** Sounds expressing sorrow by instrument or voice.
- WITH IT:** Complete rapport.
- GONE:** Relating so intensely as to cause withdrawal from all else — or being with it the most.
- HIPSTER:** He who is hip and digs far out sounds.
- CHICK:** A female who digs the scene and is with it.
- SESSION:** No bread for the musicians but an opportunity for self-expression.
- HOT ROD:** Vehicle noted for high speeds and playboy owners who are frantic to make the scene.
- ELVIS PRESLEY:** A singin swingin hipster who found the wiggle plus male magnetism pays off.
- SIDES:** Records
- GOO GOO DOLL:** A far out doll with crazy sounds.
- WAY OUT:** Innovations.
- WILD:** Sensational.
- ON THE BALL:** Maintaining top position.
- TELEVISION:** Popular today because Rock 'n Roll personalities need to be seen as well as heard.

JOHNNY OTIS