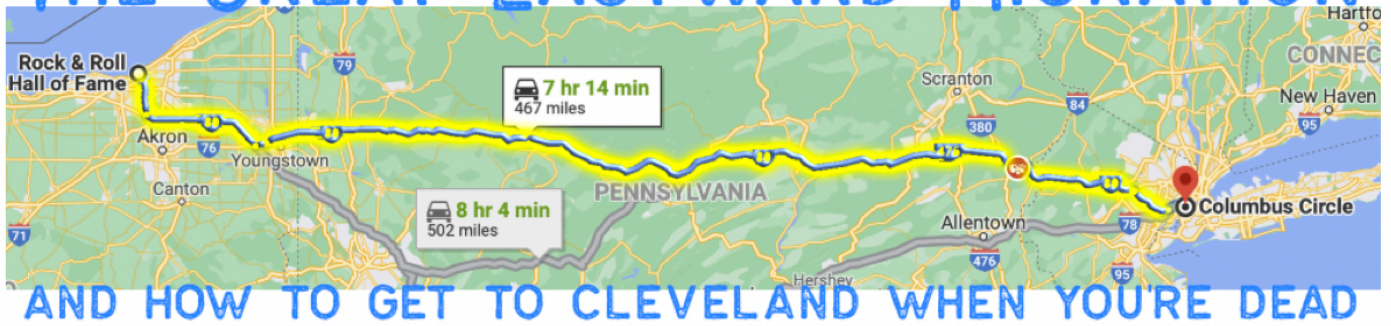


# THE GREAT EASTWARD MIGRATION



Sure, Alan Freed began in Cleveland... but he went to New York. So did “Mad Daddy” and Norm N. Nite, along with Johnny Holliday and Imus (though those two weren’t really rock ‘n’ roll). Big Wilson headed east to the Big Apple, but spun pop. Casey Kasem went west... and stuck to Top 40. Bill Randle? Became a lawyer.

Cleveland to New York. Seems so one way. Nobody appears to go back... unless they’re inducted into the Rock ‘n’ Roll Hall of Fame.

That’s where New York native Murray the K needs to be, but he’s not. Alan Freed is there, naturally. So’s Dick Clark, though *American Bandstand* was never exactly innovative the way that Murray’s *It’s What’s Happening, Baby* was. Tom Donahue’s in, though he’s lauded for doing in 1967 what Murray had already done a year before in ’66.

Those three guys are the only DJs in the Hall. They need a fourth to make a respectable group, even though Murray would have to do all of the singing and dancing himself.

February 14, 2022, will mark what would have been Murray’s 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. Hint: A nomination to the Hall as a non-performer would be a well-deserved gift.

So if you know anybody on the nominating committee, drop a subtle suggestion. Just remember what director Billy Wilder advised: Of course there are subtleties; just make sure they’re obvious.



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