

News from the editor.

*We are seeking those of you who want to tell their story about
“How I first Heard the Four Freshmen.”
I will publish them in future Fresh News depending on room.*

How I First Heard the Four Freshmen

by Barbara Meyers

I was in High School in the 50s when I heard *Day by Day* and my favorite *It's a Blue World*. I had a teenage crush on Bob Flanigan and that lasted for many years. I married Mel in 1956. He loved The Four Freshmen also. In the years after we were married we were able to see them in person several times.

A very good friend of ours whom many of you might remember, Roy Anderson, called us one day and told us about the Four Freshmen Society. He told us he had already joined and he was sending us a membership form. We joined and the three of us went to our first Convention. It was the 50th celebration in Vegas.

Over the years we have gone to most all of the Conventions and many cruises. We lived in Vegas for three short years. We became friends with Bob and Mary. How many people get a chance to be friends with their teenage crush and his wife?

by Chaz Cone

It was April 1958 and I was in my freshmen year at Georgia Tech. The Inter-Fraternity Council produced an entertainment weekend where there were parties and concerts to welcome Spring in Atlanta. IFC weekend was a big deal at an engineering school where there was no on-campus arts program. They brought in national acts; it was great.

I was walking across the parking lot of the Tech basketball coliseum when I heard something that made me stop in my tracks. Where was that sound coming from that a PA system was pumping into the springtime air?

I saw a flatbed truck at the edge of the parking lot with four guys playing and singing in a manner I'd never heard before. I looked around for the rest of the band and it was just them. I couldn't believe all that music was coming from just four guys who looked to be only a few years older than I.

I made my way through the crowd and stood at the feet of the little guy playing a standup snare drum and singing his heart out. I looked up at him, chin on my chest. I looked like some rube at a carnival midway; all I was missing was a bottle of milk and a straw.

I had never heard anything like this sound. It was thrilling. I didn't see how it was possible that so much music came from just four men.

When the set was over, I tapped Ross' foot and he leaned down. I'm sure I stuttered out my enthusiasm. He was most gracious. I asked if they had ever been recorded and he said they had a 10" LP out called *Voices in Modern*.

The Four Freshmen. Standing in front of me was Group #3, Bob, Don, Ross and Ken.

That afternoon I went to Jim Sallee's record shop in Buckhead and bought that LP. I took it back to the fraternity house and played it dozens of times. My fraternity brothers (some of them at least) became instant fans as well.

At the end of the Spring quarter, I returned home to Little Rock, Arkansas and the first thing I did was play the album for my mother. My eyes were wide and encouraging as "the sound" rolled out of our stereo, looking for her reaction. When the album finished I looked at my mom for her enthusiastic response. She said: "They sing off-key."

That's how my mother's ear heard harmony. I tried to convince her that this sound was fantastic but she just didn't get it. Some don't.

I do - and so do you or you wouldn't be a member of the Four Freshmen Society.

Though I heard The Four Freshmen a couple of times, I next met Ross face-to-face nearly forty years later at the FFS convention in 1996 at Lincolnshire, Illinois. It was just like 1958 again. We became friends over the years and I had the privilege of recounting this story when I spoke at Ross' memorial service in 2011.

And now, it's written down.

