

The Empty Envelope...



During the latter part of November and early December, most of the ATOS membership received an empty envelope, which should have contained the December issue of THEATRE ORGAN, but did not. The explanation is quite simple — the Postal Service goofed. Every year it is necessary, in compliance with Postal regulations regarding our mailing permit, to allow the Post Office to examine the mailing of a representative issue. For convenience, the addressed envelopes were taken to the Post Office before filling. In the case of the 1971 examination, (December issue), a postal employee, seeing the addressed envelopes, assumed they were to be mailed and proceeded to place them on the sorting tables, which automatically set up the unfilled envelopes for dispatch.

Within a day, the mistake was discovered, but it was too late! Nearly 4000 empty envelopes were already on the way to addresses throughout the United States.

Upon notification, the circulation department promptly ran off another set of envelopes and sent them to the publisher within the week. These were filled, sealed and mailed to members on or before the regular mailing date for the December issue.

Meanwhile, bewildered members, upon receiving an empty envelope, started sending inquiries to Circulation, Publication, and National Headquarters. Approximately 1500 letters, cards, and telephone calls were received within a ten day period. (Then we quit counting) With this many complaints and inquiries, the staff was swamped; making individual answers impossible.

Most of the letters and cards were considerate and understanding, although a few blamed circulation and came forth with some highly uncomplimentary remarks. Many were written in a humorous vein.

The various Post Office branches

were evidently kept busy trying to find the missing magazines for those members who assumed the copy had slipped out of an unsealed envelope. One branch P.O. in the Los Angeles area obligingly gathered up all the empty envelopes received at that station, and sent them back in one bundle, saving about 75 members the trouble of having to write, or to wonder what happened.



HOW IT STACKED UP!

A considerable amount of interesting reading developed from the inquiries received. Quoted here are some of the observations and comments made by members.

To: The Chief Shipper.

Some Houn Dawg in yore mail room is got a dry tongue. The envelope weren't even licked. So it come open. So I didn't get my copy an that is a revoltin development. Heres hopin you got a extry copy and some saliva."

Where, Oh, Where has my magazine gone?

A catastrophe of grave and serious consequence occurred today, Dec. 4. It is my unhappy responsibility to report this calamity to you . . . and hope that corrective action may be taken so that this terrible disaster will never be repeated . . . am attempting to survive without my T.O. Please do not prolong my agony.

Tragedy has struck! . . . to my deep sorrow — no Journal inside — empty envelope . . . Could this be the work of some disgruntled, tired envelope stuffer . . . or perhaps a "teed off" mail carrier who is tuned in to plug-ins . . . or the little woman who might be tired of hearing theatre organ morning, noon and night? . . .

Realize the cost of publishing THEATRE ORGAN has gone up — however, let's not cut costs to the point of sending out envelope without magazine.

I know this is mostly Volunteer labor, so I won't squawk, but. . . !

My local P.O. doesn't have it (they don't read magazines without center-folds) so it must have been omitted somewhere else along the line!

The envelopes are nice, but nothing in them is sort of like an organ with no pipes!

. . . eagerly search mailbox about this time of month for large brown envelope which proclaims "THEATRE ORGAN". Last week I became crashingly aware that it was not the envelope which I anticipated with eagerness, but the contents thereof, which were not present.

Since this is the first time this has happened, I have put the local Post Offices (downtown and branch) on the alert . . . And from now on, in my case at least, please seal each envelope! I don't care to go through this sort of thing again.

Sorry to relate, received empty envelope. Don't feel badly; it's the first time missed. What do you expect, 100% batting average? Time to say thank you for all the news and nostalgia.

Latest Theatre Organ arrived in not-so-good condition. In fact, it didn't arrive at all. Just an empty big, brown, envelope.

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Maybe there is an interested mailman out there somewhere.

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... received envelope of T.O. magazine without magazine! I would prefer the magazine without the envelope!

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Looks like someone in the Postal Service has the interest, but can't afford the dues.

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Now I know how a "little-one" might feel on Christmas morning to find his stocking empty!

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Enjoy reading T.O. very much. Good work in writing and printing the magazine, but not so good in circulation. Shame!

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... enjoy reading your envelopes very much, but the magazines are so much better yet that I would certainly enjoy having one.

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Is the news in this issue of THEATRE ORGAN that bad this month, or don't you like me any more?

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Can it be that Uncle Sam is starting his own collection at my expense?

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I thought it was a subtle frost job to get me to leave ATOS because someone found out I owned a (dirty word) *frequency divider* electronic!

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... usual anticipation ... empty envelope ... disappointment ... Either the "stuffer" goofed in your mail room, or some postal employee is indulging his love for THEATRE ORGAN.

•
Received this envelope, which I have enjoyed reading thoroughly. I would however enjoy the magazine which should have been in it even more. Please send it again. Don't care if you send the envelope this time, as I have already read it.

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The entire staff of THEATRE ORGAN magazine, especially Circulation, sincerely appreciates the favorable comments regarding the efforts expended in producing the journal. □



Hollywood Cavalcade

Directed by Lyle W. Nash

SIX silent movies surprised and enchanted audiences at the first Los Angeles International Film Exposition, FILMEX. Rarely shown films of Chaplin, Lloyd, Griffith, von Sternberg, DeMille and Lubitsch were screened with organ and orchestral accompaniment. *"The Last Picture Show"* was the premiere attraction. It is a brilliant black and white film with superb acting, direction and photography. But many over the 35 year mark may consider it a "disagreeable experience." If you think sex is a spectator sport, this may be your thing. Otherwise be forewarned.

OF all the film personalities of the silent era, no one is enjoying her life today more than exuberant Leatrice Joy. She came to the FILMEX and was an instant hit with radio, TV and news reporters.

"I HAVEN'T had such a birthday greeting in a long time ... and I love you all for it." That's how Miss Joy responded to a sustained ovation at the end of the screening of the 1923 *"Ten Commandments."* The Paramount picture created by DeMille holds up well. Its Red Sea parting sequence is still a very dramatic movie moment. The films social significance and moral lessons were tolerated rather than appreciated by the young audience. The modern sequel version with its blend of religion, symbolism and once-feared leprosy was laughingly rejected.

THE acting of Richard Dix, Rod LaRocque and Miss Joy was good.

"INDEED, I do enjoy hearing from friends and fans," Miss Joy told us. "They may write me at 487 "B" Heritage Village, Southbury, Conn., 06488." The star of many Paramount films in the 20s appears before clubs, ATOS events and anywhere people appreciate hearing about the old Hollywood. She's a delightful story teller, fine actress and apparently in love with life.

THE YOUNG audiences also acclaimed the "Lady of the Pavements,"

"Kid Brother", "Student Prince" and "Modern Times." One long haired teenager declared: "I'd no idea silent films were such visual treats."

IN 1928 critics said of *"The Docks of New York"*: "It has beauty, realism, power and tenderness ... Betty Compson does as fine a piece of acting as the screen has witnessed ... Imagine her combining, bitterness, womanliness and beauty in one strikingly artistic performance ... It is dramatic, living, powerful."

WHEN "DOCKS" ended and star Betty Compson took a bow from her audience seat the huge Grauman's Chinese Theatre shook with prolonged applause. It proved that a distinguished film is ever appreciated.

FOR NEARLY an hour afterwards old friends and young fans plied Miss Compson with questions. The autograph seekers were endless but a happy Betty signed for each.

"I LEFT myself in the hands of von Sternberg," Miss Compson told reporters. "He felt the films should have a serious tone throughout. Sometimes I felt a moment of lightness might have been added ... I'm pleased it is still accepted so well."

WHO IS WHERE ... Some fans write to Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller at the Swimming Hall of Fame, 501 Seabreeze Blvd., Fort Lauderdale, Fla., 33301 ... Fay Wray film buffs write her at 765 Tiger Tail Road, Los Angeles, 90049.

JOAN CRAWFORD, grandest film Queen of them all, offered a notable quote last month that was honest and loved by her millions of fans. An interviewer asked if she ever watched her films on TV. Said Joan: "The other night I saw 'Chained' and was enchanted with it."

CONTRIBUTIONS, comments and questions are welcomed to Box 113, Pasadena, California 91102.