



Organ in storage at Harold Lloyd's.

temperature cooperated by staying in the mid-90's. The truck responded by not heating up and the oil pressure stayed on zero the whole day.

We were home!

After notifying Neal Kissel, Liaison Chairman of the L.A. Chapter, of our arrival, it was early to bed. Only 30 more miles to the Lloyd estate, and "Little Mother" would be in her fourth home since leaving the factory.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25

We were at the Harold Lloyd estate at 9:00 AM. Neal Kissel (Mechanical Supervisor of the estate), Chick Lander (Chairman of the L.A. Chapter), and Gene Davis were there to greet John, "Little Mother" and me. Walter Dymond, Chief Grounds Keeper since 1931, along with Dennis James arrived shortly thereafter, and we had our unloading crew.

The organ is stored in a garage on the grounds just across from Lloyd's two Rolls Royces. I figured that if the garage was good enough for the Rolls it would be all right for a temporary storage for the Wurlitzer. In 2½ hours the organ was unloaded, the grand piano was in the main house, its legs were back on, and Dennis James was on the bench playing "The Maple Leaf Rag" – Wow!

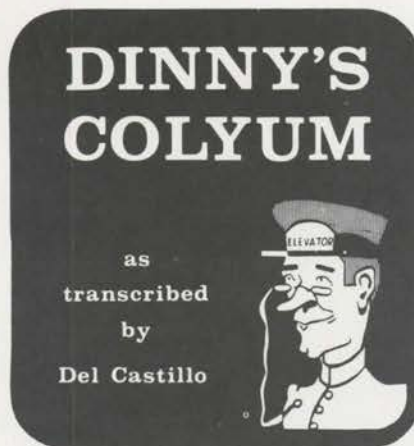
My last duty was to return the truck to a U-Haul dealer in Beverly Hills. You know that oil gauge read 60 lbs. of oil pressure all the way there!

The fabulous Harold Lloyd estate is now the permanent home of the late Ben Hall's prize possession, "Little Mother", a Wurlitzer pipe organ. ATOS has been invited to participate in the perpetuation of this instrument through donations, advice on the planning of the theatre to house it, technical planning and future maintenance.

Thus Ben Hall's dream will be

realized. A shrine for ATOS with his Wurlitzer organ as a focal point has been assured.

ATOS President Erwin Young has scheduled meetings with Dick Simon-ton and the other Harold Lloyd estate trustees to finalize plans for official ATOS participation. □



On acct. this here colyum dont come out every month, this is the first time I can say Happy Noo Year. I dont know why I say it anyways, when it comes to that. It dont seem to me like things is goin very good. I dont seem to be able to get up much enthoosiasm about the elekction or the govmont or the hippies or the way things is always costin more. But at that I guess I ruther be here than in Rosshia or Havana or Palestine or places like that there, so how about rememberin some of the things I liked pretty good like the weather in Calyifornia or the movies and musicals and concerts and quit thinkin about wars and earthquakes and floods and hi-jackin and muggins and gang killings and joovenile delinquince and stuff like that there.

First off on acct. this is a organ magazine I got a big bang out of some of the organ concerts, and maybe the biggest bang was the one Virgil Fox give that he called Heavy Organ. I aint goin to say much about it on acct. I rit it up in the colyum just before this one, but he sure sold me on how excitin a organ concert can be when he gets together with old Bach, Revelation lites or no Revelation lites. I notice in all the noospaper peaces I read about his concerts they all of them say they got as much of a kick about his talkin between peaces as with the peaces theirselves. I got to give a qquote from the Weekly

Variety where the riter says: When all the stops is pulled out on the powerful Passacalua (yeh, that's the way he spelled it, even I know better than that) the walls and seats litrally quake as screen explodes while a spotlight on the revolvin ballroom cristal above brakes into 1000s of lites dartin all over the hall – an absolootly incredible mindbender in total.

Well, that's the way I felt too, if I had the gift of gab to put it like that. Anyways it was one heck of a concert and I hope this Mr. Fox lives forever, and the way he looks and acts he just might. Then they is another organ player who kind of reminds me of Mr. Fox and that is Mr. Gaylord Carter who does these Flicker Finger concerts a-playin silent pitchers. I heard him do one awile back and on concert part of his show he put together a bunch of hurries like he plays in the chase scenes and it was a humdinger and his fingers and feet they was a-flyin as fast as Mr. Fox in some of his numbers. And then I get a kick out of the concerts some of these kids that are comin along so great like this Lyn Larsen who comes compleet with dimples, and Tom Hazleton who comes compleet by the yard, and dolls like Donna Parker and Carol Jones and Shirley Hannum to say nothin of the old timers like Ann Leaf who dont come by the yard on acct. she is the Mighty Mite. And besides organ players come by the foot.

But it aint only organ concerts I get a kick out of. They is symphony concerts when I can see guys like Lenny Bernstein or Zubin Mayta bouncin up and down on there toes and usin up energy like Mr. Fox and Mr. Carter, and now a noo young feller name of Michael Thomas who acts crazy the same way, and then they is the wild musicals like Jesus Christ Superstar which has got rithms and crowds a-yellin all over the stage like I never heard before, and operys like Suzzana by a guy name of Charlile Floyd with a lot of talkin and yellin in church and square dancin, and balletts like Cinderella by a Rooshian riter and then singers like Miss Joan Baez and Miss Arutha Franklin and Mr. Neil Diamond and I could keep a-goin on like this but all I started to say was they is a lot of good things to lissen to that takes your mind off the bad things, so I guess this is a pretty good place to live at that. □