



Bob Ralston brought along a fine vocalist, Mimi Boyer (right). Here Bob with 'bunny' Betty Pofert (left) who changed the stage billing signs between concerts.



Tiny James (right) introduces a glowering King Kong, still carrying a rumped Fay Wray, during the Costume Parade. Inside the monkey suit is a perspiring Stu Green.

Billed as the 'Worthless-Slow Duo,' Jonas Nordwall and Tom Hazleton sat in for the Worth-Crow Duo (Rodgers) who couldn't appear due to illness. Their encore was a triumphant 'Hallelujah Chorus' which somehow ran afoul of 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.'



sizer.

Yet, there is one very encouraging trend. Those who despair at the ever-increasing proliferation of gimmick switches in console side jams, and even across the front board under the bottom manual, may take heart in the trend set by two brand new models. Both the Rodgers "Topper" and the new Allen theatre organ have eliminated this slopover by placing all switches and voice controls on the stoprail directly in front of the player where they belong. Allen had to go to a double stoprail in order to evacuate the side jamb area, something knowing designers have encouraged "majors" to do for several years.

Weather for the Festival days was gray but dry, cool, crisp and definitely autumn, although the 1975 Festival dates (Sept. 9-15) were the earliest yet. As always, the meals supplied by the Park kitchens were tops, three times each day.

Part of the fun of any Home Organ Festival is the unscheduled events which take place in the showrooms, often through the wee hours. For example, where else could an organ buff enjoy the informal music of artists of the caliber of, say, Ann Leaf, John Seng or Del Castillo — for free!? Such happenings were transpiring in all of the showrooms at any given hour.

In addition to the concerts and showroom events, there were the usual diversions — swimming (ocean or pool), and Lorraine Cagle's well-presented "Clubs on Parade" (brief concerts by chosen reps of the clubs which make up the Pacific Council for Organ Clubs, the Festival's sponsor). Then there was the costume Parade, which plays to the "ham" in all of us — a chance to dress up as something weird and entertain the other Festivaleers. This year the variety was especially rich, with witches, ballerinas, be-wigged Mozartian court musicians, a team of perambulating Jello boxes, a walking golf ball, a gorilla and clowns galore.

Chairman Tiny James was well pleased with attendance and the general enthusiasm shown. He held a November dinner and post mortem for his crew of volunteers who staged the Festival, and plans were laid to make the '76 Festival even bigger and better. □



BOOK REVIEW

THE CHICAGO THEATRE, a commemorative brochure. Theatre Historical Society Production Review by Francis Hibbard.

The Chicago Theatre opened in 1921 as one of the earliest motion picture palaces and was the flagship house of the rapidly expanding Balaban & Katz Circuit.

The Chicago is unique in that in 1975 it is still a flagship. The Plitt Theatre Corp., present owners of the Chicago, have maintained the house as one of the few remaining deluxe theatres in the U.S.

This 24 page Theatre Historical Society Brochure presents the Chicago's history pictorially with an excellent selection of some thirty photos, four representative B & K institutional-type advertisements, and a reproduction of a program for one of the famous Chicago Theatre Sunday Noonday Concerts.

An interesting story on the 4/29 Wurlitzer is also presented with high quality photos to match.

Among the pictures in the brochure are six photos of stage settings used for specific programs. Of special interest is the use of an organ console onstage as part of the set.

The photos showing publicity displays or "fronts" are memory jogging examples of nostalgia which eloquently tell how it was in the "Golden Era" of the super picture/

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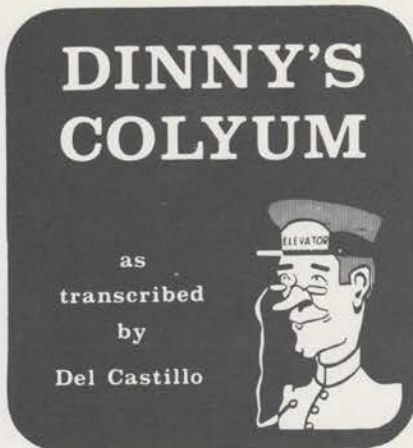
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stage show theatre.

A full time art department was kept busy designing new material for every change of program and coming up with new combinations of superlatives to convince the passer-by that he should spend his money to see the greatest show ever.

The Theatre Historical Society is to be congratulated for putting this little document together. With few words and many pictures they have successfully presented a trip down memory lane for the over 45 generation and given those who don't remember an insight on why their elders get misty eyed in describing the halcyon days.

This Theatre Historical Society brochure is well worth the \$2.00 asking price. It may be obtained post-paid from Fredrick Beall, P.O. Box 2416, Alameda, Ca. 94501 or from *MARQUEE* Editor, B. Andrew Corsini, P.O. Box 101, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. □



I got to lookin over some of the back copies of Theayter Organ the other day, on account I get a bang the way Mr. Thompson puts the paper together, and I dont say that jest because I work for him neither. Well, not entirely. But it seems like the magazine gets to lookin better all the time, with lots of good pitchers and with real interestin articles. And the of course they is all those regulars like Mr. John Muri who rites with a lot of good common sense, and Mr. Stew Green who gets off some pretty good stuff besides havin good pitchers and bein able to spell Mr. Henry Murtagh's name rite, and Mr. Lyle Nash who gives us old timers a kick out of diggin up stuff about the old stars we use to

see way back to the silent pitcher days, and of course The Old Perspexer Mr. Lloyd Klos who digs up all that stuff about the silent pitcher organ players, and that aint all because they is always peaces about the organs that is bein put back into shape and facks about all the prominent organ players that played them.

I wasnt goin to say anythin about me, on account I dont put me down as a professional riter like these other guys. But I got a start when I was lookin back to fine out I been ritin this column for four years now, and all I can say is Im sure glad to only comes out oncet every two months. I spose that's really why the magazine dont go broke, because if all the riters get paid the same as me they got to keep there books real careful to stay out of the red, as us riters say. Anyways, when I looked back to the one of December of last year I see I rit a lot about Xmas and Xmas musick and the Xmas sperit, so this year I decided I would let everybody else rite about Xmas if they wanted to and I would jest clear up some miscelonymus odds and ends, you might say. So here goes.

Did you know they is a town in Missouri name of Peculiar. You notice I dont say anythin about the town name of Santa Claus. Anyhow, this town has painted on the sides of the police car — they's only one — **CITY OF PECULIAR POLICE**. Somebody collected some of the headlines of the papers in the other towns around there when they is a weddin to one of the local gals, like Peculiar Girl Marries Young Man from Archie, or like Lone Jack Man Marries Peculiar Girl. Archie and Lone Jack are the closest towns jest down the road. All three of them is jest south of Kansas City, and the town aint very big but its got a Peculiar Post Office, a Peculiar City Hall, a Peculiar Bank and two Peculiar Churches. I wont say as to whether the churches got Peculiar organs, but I spose they have.

And while were on the letter P, they is the Performer, which is a kind of a combination synthesizer and a telyvision screen that makes zigzag pitchers of the music, and was invented by the Ionic company in New Jersey and the got a music man name of Alfred Mayer out of the Jowilyard School to take around the

country on account they get the teachers interested because they can hook the kids with it. Well, I dunno. Costs 2000 bucks, and teachers nowadays dont have no 2000 bucks to spend on gadgets that cost 2000 bucks.

So now I got another P for you. Mr. Lukas Foss, who is a good composer and conductor and likes to fool aroun with what he calls Aleatorick music which really means you can play any old thing that comes into your head and you dont have to stick to the music, he made up a piece that way by foolin aroun with a peace by Mr. J.S. Bach, and he called it Phorion which he says is a Greek word that means Stolen Goods. Pretty neat, huh?

And then they is the old argyment about Pipes and Plug-ins, and Mr. Martin Bernheimer who is the Music Critick on the Los Angeles Times, he dont think much of the Plug-ins, and when Mr. Andre Previn was the conductor at the Hollywood Bowl and he had to use a Plug-in organ for the beginnin of the peace by Mr. Richard Strauss called Zarathustra which is the theme song for a movie called 2001, only it turned out the orchestra had to play it alone because somebody, I dont think it was Mr. Bernheimer, had disconnected the organ, and Mr. Bernheimer rote, and I copied it down so I would spell all the words rit, he wrote — "Someone accidentally pulled out the plug which powers the electric monstrocity on the Bowl stage." So you can see what Mr. Bernheimer thinks of Plug-ins.

And that's about all, except that a couple years ago the PCOC up in North California, which means Pacific Coast Organ Club, they wanted to throw a doggy Party for Lee Lees new Pooch Schatzi, so they had a big Party for Schatzi and Lee and they called it Schatzi's Piddle Poodle Party and it was a big success. And sometime if I am let I will copy down what one of this magazines regular colyumists said about that. □

SAVE THE FOX

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