

played by the Tommy Dorsey swing-band. All the Dorsey arrangement's goodies are there, sometimes in grotesque relief.

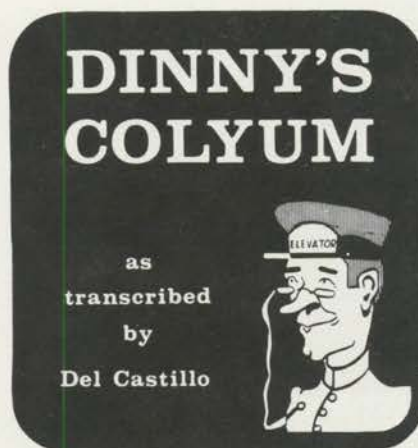
In sharp contrast there are three rather short ballads, Barbra Streisand's "Evergreen," delicately registered, and with interesting counter melodies; "Fernando" and "When I Need You," the latter registered solely on the organs three Flutes (Concert, Harmonic and Lieblich) with light percussion accompaniment. "Blue Skies" is given a light Crawford treatment. "Ruby" is mainly a bright Trumpet solo with "boom-trap" rhythmic piano accompaniment. For the Latin music buffs there are the rhythms of Ernesto Lecuona's "Gitanarias," not as well known as his "Malaguena" but just as "Espangol." Jonas has some fun doing hurdy-gurdy tricks with "12th Street Rag" and "Pineapple Rag," both of which are attacked with vigor and lots of registration changes, many involving the percussions, lots of Posthorny riffs (against that bright Glockenspiel, once more), and with absorbing melodic variations.

Again, in complete contrast is a bow to classical organ music, a composition of Flemish composer Flor Peeters. We doubt that the endlessly wandering melody line of "Aria" will sustain much interest immediately following that rocket-like "12th Street Rag."

Again, we've left the piece-de-resistance for last. It's a puzzling, absorbing, impossible-to-classify bit of fluff which covers one-third of the grooves on side 2. Named "Pinball Wizard," it might better be dubbed "The Kitchen Sink." There's a little of everything in it, all presented with great gusto. It, too, has a wandering melody line which makes little difference because the setting is the area of interest. There are thunderous claps of bass, Cymbal crashes, Tympani rolls and fanfares galore. It's a little reminiscent of the nervously active music Erich Korngold composed in the '40s for use under the titles of Errol Flynn adventure movies. Today they use about the same vigorous orchestration for *Star Wars* type movies. There's even a rock interlude. It could be classed as descriptive music, but the listener will have to decide what the picture is.

The organ sounds excellent in all combinations. It has about the nastiest Post Horn yet, and the way Jonas uses it sometimes conjures a view of tearing thin sheets of metal. The miking is good throughout. As for the review pressing, we encountered a spot half way through "Blue Skies" where very heavy bass modulation may tend to cause very light pickups to jump. While we do not advocate maintaining a monotonously constant modulation level, we encountered a very wide volume range between cuts. For example, if the volume is set at a comfortable level for "12th Street Rag," the next three tunes are almost inaudible in places, unless the volume is raised. Otherwise okay.

Dennis Hedberg's jacket notes add spice to the program. Here's variety with a capital "V" and Jonas Nordwall can chalk up another winner. □



I gotta give a salute to Mr. John Muri on acct. the ATOS made him the Organist Of The Yr. at the Convenshun this summer, and espeshully on acct. they aint so many of that generashun of organ players left. We got Rosa Rio and Don Baker in to play, and I spose maybe we should count Mr. Lowell Ayars and Mr. George Wright but I aint so sure about them they look pretty young to me. And then Mr. Tiny James who aint tiny at all who is on the Nashunal Bored and still looks pretty good. But then you start lookin through the list of organ players on the Hall Of Fame and it gets depressin to see how they aint many of them left. I started to count the ones who aint here no more and I got so discouritch I quit.

O well Time Marches On like they use to say on the newsreel and I spose we got to give the young fellers credick for pickin up and carryin on when the old guys aint got the gumpshun to keep on playin. Its a good thing we got records so as we can still hear Mr. Jesse Crawford and Henry Murtagh and Eddie Dunstedter and Dick Leibert and like that there. And of course the kids they are makin records like crazy so you can put them in with your collekshun and some of them is pretty good and some of them aint so good but you take the bad with the good as you might say and I certainly aint goin to claim that the old ones was all first class neither. If you like to lissen to organ playin it is kinda interestin to kind of pull it apart as you might say and see how they make there playin sound good. The first thing I notice is that the playin is a lot fancier now than it use to be. You take Mr. Jesse Crawford for instance and he played the tunes pretty much the way they was rote. Of course he practically invented the glissando and by golly I spelled that rite, I think, but mostly he played strate.

But now you take some of the noo batch of organ players like Mr. Jimmy Smith or Miss Shirley Scott and that is a different story. I aint sayin they aint good, they can grab a fistful of notes so fast a feller can get out of breath jest tryin to keep up with them. But I kind of like to hear a tune that makes a little sense and sometimes I cant even make out what the peace is they are playin. And then they is some of the young players and they fancy a tune up so that I aint sure jest what they are drivin at. First off they have to have a fancy intro as they say. Then when they get down to brass tax as you might say they have to show off that they can play the peace in a lot of different keys. Its like you was goin somewheres and you have to change cars every few blocks. And then they have a competishun to show off how much they can play the peddles. I got to hand it to a player like Mr. Hector Olivera and when he starts to play the Flite Of The Bumble Bee he sure makes a simpony out of it but I kind of wonder where that little bumble bee went to. He's more like those grate big insex that are bigger than you are that you look at in those horror movies.

Of course I am kiddin because I think that Mr. Olivera is a terriffick organ player. And besides the feller that I first off heard play the Flite Of The Bumble Bee on the peddles was a long time ago a concert organ player name of Richard Ellsasser. So I guess maybe it aint fair to criticse the noo batch of players when some of the old timers did the same thing. I guess thats what they call ad libbin which means you fiddle around on a tune instead of the way it was rit. And then you bang it around and step on it and tear it out of shape and add a tail to it and put on a lot of spangles and you got what you call a arrangement.

But jest the same it is kind of nice to hear a player like Mr. Ayers or Mr. Muri or Mr. Baker sit down and you recernise what the peace is rite away. And I notice they do pretty good too. Like Mr. Ayars who has been selected to play at ate (8) Organ Convenshuns. So I guess they is a lot of people like me that likes to hear a tune played strate. And if that makes me a square why thats OK with me. □

## IN RED WING, MINNESOTA IT IS A KILGEN

Our August issue carried a story from Red Wing, Minnesota and throughout the article the name of the instrument was of a non-existant make.

Every authority who has attempted to catalogue all makes of theatre organs ran for the reference books to find out about this "new" name. After a fruitless search, many then took to the typewriter for a letter to the editor.

Everyone, except THEATRE ORGAN, is cörrrect. There is no Kinder organ anywhere except on pages 44 and 45 of our August issue.

The story was submitted by Mr. Stuart Goulding who was with Lee Erwin when his concert was played on the Kilgen organ in the Sheldon Auditorium, Red Wing, earlier this year. Unfortunately, Mr. Goulding's hearing and knowledge of organ manufacturers is apparently faulty and our eyesight seems to be less than good.

In any case, we offer our humble apologies to the good people of Red Wing, to Land of Lake Chapter

members, and to a lovely little 2/8 Kilgen Theatre Organ. Since the afore mentioned chapter had already supplied the correct identification, all we can say is "How about a be kinder to the editor day?" □

*Editor's Note: 'Kinder' means children (small) in German.*



## the letters to the editors

Letters to the Editor concerning all aspects of the theatre organ hobby are encouraged. Send them to the editor concerned. Unless it's stated clearly on the letter "not for publication," the editors feel free to reproduce it, in whole or part.

Address:

George Thompson  
Editor  
P.O. Box 1314  
Salinas, Calif. 93901

Dear Lloyd:

This is to give you and the committee who worked with you, my gratitude and thanks for the honor they have given me. The award at the convention banquet was the culmination of a 53-year career, during which I was never without some kind of employment on theatre organ. Looking back on it, I find that a remarkable fact. Furthermore, I don't seem to be slowing up. I have bookings coming in through next winter. Time and nature have been good to me.

In the face of such good fortune, I am saddened by the reverses which some of our best organists suffered over the past 45 years. A few ended in poverty and mental depression. How I wished I could have helped them in those days! Such memories make me feel all the more favored

and fortunate today.

I can't conceive of any greater recognition and prestige than that which I received at the banquet. Wherever or whatever it may be, it will not exceed that which I got from you that Saturday night at the Palmer House. It was my ultimate great moment.

Best regards from,  
John Muri  
Jeddo, Michigan

Dear Lloyd:

We were so happy to see the article on Bob's mother, Gladys Goodding in the June issue of THEATRE ORGAN, and we thank you. You must have done some additional prospecting to get so much more into the article than what we sent you. The article on Gladys, and the pictures were really good.

Thank you sincerely,  
Bob & Carolyn Beck  
Davenport, Iowa

Dear Editor:

Since returning from the ATOS Convention in Chicago, my head still swims from the wonderful experience of the best convention ever. I would like to make a few comments about the ill fated concert at Joliet. Never in my musical life have I ever seen an artist confronted with more problems beyond his control. Only a Don Baker — a person of the greatest talent, artistry, musicianship, and the highest degree of professionalism could have gone through what he did with the grace and charm that could have come only through long years of meeting with any situation possible. Yet he overcame it all and gave us a most professional performance, typical of the Baker manner. Every member of the audience appreciated only too well the problems that were being thrust upon him, and the way he met them — like the real trooper he is. Any one else would have stopped the show when the lights went out and said "To heck with it." But not Don Baker — and the audience loved him for it. Imagine trying to play a show with a totally dark theatre, no console lights, no pistons, and half the stops not working. I don't know what he was trying to tell the audience in his selection of an encore, but I can tell you that there were not many dry eyes in that theatre at the conclusion of "My