

gan was not used, he would turn it on daily and run over every stop and key to keep it in working order. It was mainly due to his efforts the organ is still in use.

During the 1972 convention, he, as manager, was in the theatre at 7 a.m. to make sure the air conditioning was on before a 7:30 practice session took place.

As George Stitzer, the present manager, said at the funeral, "I don't know where Bob is going to be, but you may be certain that where-ever it is, he will be managing it."

As far as Bob was concerned, nothing was too good for the Wurlitzer or the men who worked on it or played it.

Johnny Mack (McCartney), over 50 years a professional organist, died of a massive heart attack in February.

Born in Metropolis, Ill., the family moved to Seattle in 1920, and it was in the state of Washington where Johnny's playing in the 1920's centered: Tacoma, Centralia and Port Angeles. He played the Blue Mouse Theatres in Seattle and Tacoma, and the Pantages, RKO, Paramount-Publix and Fox Midwest circuits.

When theatre-playing became passe, he toured the club and hotel circuit with an electronic, being based in Illinois. For eight years, he and his wife operated the Central Hotel in Metropolis, where, fictionally, Superman met his guests and entertained there.

His biography appeared in the August THEATRE ORGAN.

Harold Jolles, over 40 years a theatre organist, died in the Tri-County Community Hospital in Gowanda, N.Y., February 23. He was 81.

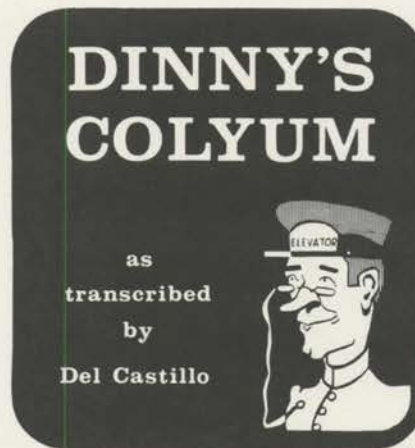
Beginning piano lessons at ten, he



Harold Jolles, shown at the console of the Marr & Colton in the Roosevelt Theatre, Buffalo, N.Y.

then became interested in the theatre organ. After some lessons with Henry B. Murtagh, he enrolled in the Eastman School of Music under John Hammond.

Following graduation, Harold played theatres in Jamestown, N.Y., New York City, and had a lengthy tenure at the Lerner Theatre in Elkhart, Ind. He turned to farming in 1935, but when the Marr & Colton in Buffalo's Roosevelt Theatre was restored in 1957, he played weekends there until the theatre's closing in the early sixties. Since that time, performed for Rochester, N. Tonawanda and Gowanda enthusiasts on several occasions. □



Maybe now Spring has come we canforget all about last winter, but wasnt it a dilly. I come out to LA so as I could get away from all that there snow and cold weather, but along about in Febuary they was times when it was a toss up as to witch was the worser, all them blizards in the east or the floods we was gettin in the west. Old man Noah would of felt rite to home the way those rains was pourin down. I had my old tin Lizzie out on the Freeway in one of them storms, and the rain was a-comin down so fast you couldnt see twenty feet in the front of you. And the wust part of it was that these crazy LA drivers was all tryin to prove that a little bit of rain wasnt goin to bother them so they jest slammed into it at 60 miles per hour and jest about knocked me off the road whizzin by and spashin me like I was in Niagary Falls in a barrel.

Rain storms and organ playin dont get along too well together neither. Jest ask Mr. Don Baker how he feels about it. I was to the Chicago

Convention the day they had the rain storm and that was the mornin he was givin a concert and all the the-ayter lites went out and the rain got into the cellar where the organ insides was and put em out of kilter and Mr. Baker he had to play in the dark with only about half the organ workin. If it had been me I would of told the people what was the matter but Mr. Baker he jest went rite ahead and did the best he could and I guess everybody appreshiated it. Later on that day after the rain had let up Mr. Lowell Ayers he give a concert and the first peace he had picked was On A Clear Day You Can See Forever witch was good for a laff.

Away back when I was still in Boston they was a theayter witch had put in a big fan in the roof like to blow cool air in on hot days, and they had been a big rain the day before and so they was a big puddle in front of the fan. They was a lady organ player and she was playin for the movies when they started the fan, and all that water swooshed down on top of her and drenched her so all her close was soaked. She had to stop playin while the stage hand rushed out with some cloths and soaked the water off the keys before it could get into the organ.

I remember they was a organ player there who was always comin in at the last minnit and one time durin the winter I was sittin there waitin for the show to start in the afternoon and the slide come on tellin what he was goin to play only he wasnt there to play it and all of a sudden he dashes in in his overcoat and galoshes and jumps over the footlites and lands on the organ bench and plays the whole peace with his galoshes on. Sounded pretty good, too.

I could never figger out how a organ player in cold weather like that could get his fingers limbered up enough to play anyway. You could drive a autymobile with mittens on and your fingers would still get so num they wouldnt be any fellin in them. And some of them organ players sounded like maybe that was jest what was the matter. Or maybe they was playin with mittens on, at that. □

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See Page 40