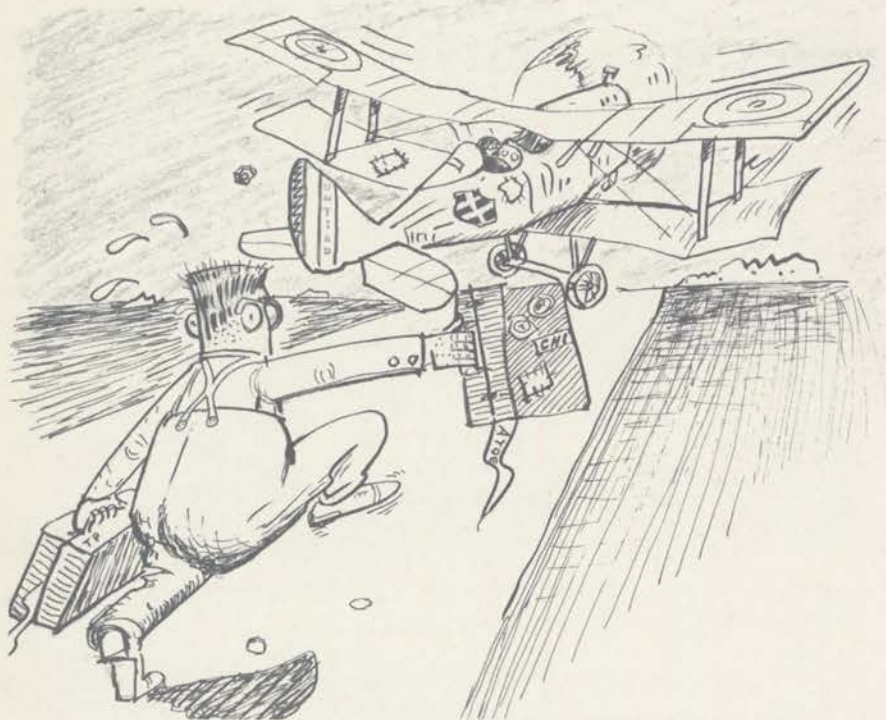


# Stuff Stolen From Stu



The trek Eastward got off to a bad start when the BOMBARDE editor missed the plane, although he managed to throw one suitcase aboard.

*(Convention color pilfered from Bombarde Editor, Stu Green's Notebook in the dead of night by his nefarious roommate.....this mag's laborsaving editor)*

Leonard MacCalin making the 2m/6r in Bob Mueller's basement sing exquisitely during an evening jam session (Bob's wonderful neighbors were phoning in requests past midnight)....An unidentified ATOER trying to teach the Mynah bird in the Holiday Inn (headquarters) lobby to say "Wur-lit-zer" and the resulting double take when the bird retorted in baritone Kunura tones, "My name is GEORGE!".... Dick Kline telling how he converted a stone quarry into a studio and adjoining lake to provide a setting for his future 28 ranks of which six are now winded, "Sounds awful," admitted Dick....Dr. Clay Holbrook arriving during the wee hours at the Holiday Inn attired in walking shorts. He has dimpled knees....Dick Smith entertaining late breakfasters at the Conn "Theatre" set up on the Inn patio while waitress Sandy Schaeffer vocalized. Her "Granada" indicated that her music major course at North Centra 1 College was sinking in even while the oatmeal cooled...National Secretary Betty Norvell distributing peaches she'd hauled all the way from Georgia--and outclassing them all herself....The editor of that other magazine\* taking it easy at events while I scribble furiously for the BOMBARDE. Wonder how he expects to remember all the details and names? Names, for example, such as those of "Late, late" arrivals Bob Fountain, Lynn MacCory and Charlie Walker who arrived at 4:00 AM Fri-

day with that exhausted "I've been walking for days" expression....Stu Green (that's me) clearing the Mont Clare Theatre of all human spectators during a jam session when someone, despite warnings, dared him to play the gorgeous 3-10 Barton. The exodus was complete in six minutes of Stu's best effort. On turning around and seeing the house empty. Stu (later) complained, "I'm slipping--usually takes only five minutes." Californian John Gallagher telling "Veep" Erwin Young that the third Fantasy label "Farewell to the (San Francisco) Fox" platter will soon be in retailers' racks. As before, Volume III sides are played on the gone 4-36 by Everett Nourse and Tiny James....Floridian Stevens Irwin explaining that a lexicographer isn't some kind of political extremist, just a compiler of dictionaries, in Irwin's case it's a dictionary of pipe organ stops....Delaware Cahpter's Dick Heisler sneaking a tape recording of the 3-9 Geneva in the Baker Hotel banquet room during registration while various artists, mostly kids, jammed at the gingerbread console....Leonard MacCalin using his musician's fingers to form a pincer in order to pull a whisker the razor missed from New York Chapter Secretary Al Rossiter's chin.... Lovely Vi Kykins, wife of Central Indiana Chapter Secretary Neil Dykins attending events solo. Neil couldn't make the scene....Young (13) Bill Taylor (Northern California Chapter), unimpressed by size or complexity, bravely tackling all consoles he encountered during jam sessions.... The much appreciated courtesy of CATOE



Raymond Taylor and family of San Mateo, California. Regular ATOE Annual Meeting Attenders.

in sending a delegation to the Holiday Inn a whole day before registration to greet early arrivals. On CATOEing duty were Bill Spencer, Larry Coleman, George Johnstone and Jack McCarthy to help new arrivals get their bearings....Jack's attractive Mrs. Val McCarthy, asking for my autograph and getting a pen sketch of my match stick figure trademark. Proved I could Friday morning with a big "X" on my registration form. CATOE had set up a registry table manned and womaned by Fern Coleman, Marty Morez and Bea Lankow. Bob Mueller (he of the cellarful of Wurli) was raking in the shekels while a sloe-eyed doll was typing out the identification badges. Hers bore the name Maryln Anderson....An ATOER stopping the Hunts (Dayton, Ohio) to ask the Mrs., "Didn't I see your photo in the BOMBARDE?" (He sure did; I put it there!)...Hollywoodian Walt Clough, on hearing the Baker Hotel 3-9 Geneva, "Wonder what it'd sound like through a Leslie Speaker?" ....Karl Warner (Phoenix, Arizona) explaining that absent glamorpuss Laurel Ruby had sold her 2-4 Style B Wurli to Don Rittenberg of Portland, Oregon, some time after she moved from the Northwest to Phoenix....A 40 mile trip to the other HQ, the Baker Hotel, revealed a similar registration line manned by VOX CATOE editor George Johnstone, Nancy Tahlman, Val McCarthy and her swain, John. The pad was jumping with music from the ballroom Geneva and the babel of several hundred organ-happy ATOERs....The thrill of meeting legendary Dan Barton who recognized me from an insultingly accurate caricature someone sent him years ago----in Virgil and Billie Purdue organgabbling over hamburgers in the Baker Hotel Coffee Shop....in Dick Simonton offering plans for a calliope in case I wanted to build one....steam powered, yet! My reply--that I've been getting by for years on air (Hot Air, Ed.)....Jon Brent at the 3-9 Geneva swamping the Board of Directors' meeting in the next room with loud music.

\*he means Theatre Organ