



THE ANNUAL BANQUET

This event is always a highlight of the Annual Meeting and this one being no exception. The meeting was opened by Vice-President Erwin Young in the absence of President Carl Norvell. A letter of greetings from President Norvell was read. V-P Young announced that 23 of the twenty-five chapters were represented and that 696 people were seated in the banquet room. He then introduced all those at the head table which included the Directors present, guest artists, the publications staff, the National Secretary, the newly-elected President, and all respective spouses.

Mr. Young listed the elected Board of Directors and read the financial statement. Ida James, Betty Norvell, and Vi Thompson were given special mention for the many hours each had put in on behalf of ATOE. Each of these ladies was presented with a model covered wagon which was the theme of the Portland meeting.

Traditionally, the Board of Directors selects a member of ATOE as Honorary Member of the Year. This year's selection was W. "Tiny" James, who received a standing ovation.

The newly-elected President, Dick Schrum, and his wife, Marilyn, were

introduced and Schrum was presented the signet of office (a second octave E-note Tibia Clausa pipe). Upon accepting the office, he reappointed George Thompson and W. "Stu" Green as Editors of the two official magazines of ATOE. Bill Peterson was appointed as Publications Co-ordinator and Dewey Cagle retained his position as Advertising Manager. Upon conclusion of the appointments, the meeting was turned over to M.C. Ben Hall.



STU GREEN receives a tribute from Ben Hall, while Betty Norvell and Erwin Young mirror the reaction of the Annual Banquet audience.

Hall made a special award to BOMBARDE Editor Green in the form of a large lolly-pop. Ben concluded these remarks by introducing Don Adamson of the Puget Sound Chapter who M.C.'d the entertainment for the banquet.

OREGON CHAPTER'S POST-BANQUET ENTERTAINMENT BRINGS REAL VAUDEVILLE STAGE SHOW TO CONVENTIONEERS

Immediately following the official business of introducing new officers, notables and even ATOE magazine editors, something quite new to ATOE conclaves started on a stage at the far side of the room, opposite the head table. The Puget Sound Chapter members had prepared a stage show spiked with fun to shatter any remaining hint of formality so often prevalent at banquets. In effect it was an old time vaudeville show with a 3-man stage band, a girl vocalist, a pair of well-sync'd Charleston dancers, organ solos (on a Rodger's horsehoe) and a number of talented instrumentalists.

The show was MC'd by Dan Adamson who was drawing from his war time experiences in doing similar troop entertainment chores. Appearing in a different chapeau for each intro, Dan drew much humor from crowd reactions as he kept the show moving.

First on the bill was a doll named Blossom Clinton who belted out songs such as "St. Louis Blues" and "Dinah"

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BANQUET ENTERTAINMENT

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In a style reminiscent of Ruth Etting, Blossom was accompanied by a trio comprised of Roger Johnson at the 88, Tom Hobbs on the skins and vibes and our then 15-minute-old president, Dick Schrum at the Rodgers. As one wag put it, "it didn't take us long to put the new President to work."

The ATOE banqueters were most appreciative of the entertainment and expressed it chiefly by beating the palms of their hands practically purple after each act.

Acts were identified by the traditional large-lettered show cards at the edge of the stage.

Next came Tom Hobbs' turn for a vibraharp solo and he announced his selection as "Love Walked Right In and Scared the Sh-shadows Away." Tom then made like Lionel Hampton with sweet and rhythmic vibe beating. His encore, "Back Home in Indiana," got a rise from the Hoosiers present. Then it was the new president's turn and he made with a "Quiet Village" almost (but not quite) devoid of our squawking feathered friends. His few bird sounds were coaxed from the manuals. The whole band (all three!) combined for a big "feature selection" which oozed sweetly from the instruments -- "A Taste of Honey."

"Junior Organ Solo Time No. 1" brought the talents of Miss Kathy Smith who gave out with a listenable "Old Man River" and "Wanting You." Kathy was followed by ace pianist Roger Johnson who stepped out of the band to solo a Debussyesque "La Mer" followed by a fast moving novelty tune whose title didn't come through, although it was in the style of "Dill Pickles Rag." (Sorry, Roger!)

If one act smacked of "show biz" more than the others it was the saxophobia offered by Otis Clinton, a guy who, with Lovely Blossom, has just got to be straight out of vaudeville. This pro played what the playbill described as "the meanest saxophone in the Northwest" and even that is understatement. His "Alexander's Ragtime Band" on the alto aroused memories of Rudy Weidoff and his "Marie" on the big baritone sax came through mellow and nostalgic. Otis was formally attired in a dress suit (yes, with tails) set off by a tall silk hat. His showmanlike presentation couldn't help but rouse some wonderful longings in the hearts of those who remembered. In fact, Ben Hall was seen wiping away a lone tear from his cargy visage during Clinton's final selection, "Five Foot Two." Otis nearly broke up the show.

Each time he had an announcement to make, MC Dan Adamson read a telegram which indicated that a personage, evidently an attraction planned as part of the show, had been delayed but was get-

ting closer to Portland. The telegram was signed "Martha Lake" -- and those who knew what was in store squirmed in their seats.

"Junior Organ Solo Time No. 2" introduced Greg Smith, Kathy's younger brother, who played a standard with such offbeat harmony that it caught Ray Bohr's ear and he listened intently.

Meanwhile, Martha Lake was getting closer, advised MC Adamson.

The stage band broke into a wild version of "Charleston" and in flitted a pair of hoofers straight out of the '20s, Woody and Lou Presho, costumed as this reporter remembers Hollywood versions of collegians from that period. They gyrated, high-kicked, twisted torsos, wrenched muscles, slung tibias (Ha!) stomped and generally made with all the unsubtle nuances of that barbaric bit of terpsichory which makes modern teen dancers appear to be standing still.

Martha Lake was only a block away when Blossom Clinton returned for a second song session, this time filling the hall with her full-toned "How Come You Do Me?" and an irresistible enticement to a guy named "Bill Bailey" to please come home. She not only sang beautifully but looked slimly lovely in her reddish ankle length dress.

Then it happened. Dan Adamson milked the intro for all it was worth and the anticipation was so thick one could smell it. "Miss Lake studied with Spike Jones" intoned the MC, laying her musical and other virtues (if any) on with a king-size trowel.

Then she made her grand entrance,

tripping merrily down the stairway at the end of the banquet hall, a ratty cloche hat pulled down around her noggin as she flailed the air with the remains of what might once have been a fur neckpiece. Here she was at last -- Martha Lake -- the biggest, beefiest broad ever to violate an innocent Hammond -- her short skirt revealing legs worthy of a Leonardo da Vinci mural, ambling toward the stage on high heel shoes the size of violin cases. There was a gasp from the audience as it got a look at her makeup job, lurid enough to turn Max Factor's hair white in minutes. With all the grace of a Great Dane trying to make like a lap dog, Martha seated her corset-bulging carcass on the Rodgers bench -- which sagged visibly.

Then she let loose with a few fistfuls of ill-chosen notes and the people in the audience fumbled in bags and pockets for something to use for ear plugs. Her rendition (and rend is the correct word) of an unrecognizable tune had color, all right, a sort of seasick green.

By this time the audience was learning to bear up under the dissonance. They might just as well go along with the fraud because there was no escaping so they watched Martha perform burlesques of many of the offensive mannerisms employed by some organists for "effect." She wriggled her blowzy 46-46-46 frame around on the bench, mugged outrageously for photographers, pulled up her bra, and threw her hands high in

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Puget Sound Chapter members present Annual Meeting entertainment. (Friensehner Photo)

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the air to "emphasize" the difficulty of the music she was playing -- if it could be called that.

Then she kicked off those enormous shoes, revealing ham-size pedal extremities which were applied voraciously to the pedals. This was music?

But there's little point in attempting to describe in mere words the impact made by this fiddle-footed floozy. It was bad enough to have been there.

The MC had promised an innovation before Martha had arrived, a new organ stop -- the "African Stringed Oboe." Of course it doesn't make sense but nothing else about Martha Lake did, either.

The "Stringed Oboe" was a wonder, indeed. As Martha stroked the keys the "Oboe" sounded forth in vibrations terribly close to the noises made by a beginning guitarist, and if we didn't know this act was 100% honest we'd swear that Martha had a confederate named Woody Presho concealed someplace feeding horribly off-key guitar sounds into a microphone. But no -- it couldn't be.

The "Stringed Oboe" was convincing evidence of the greatness of Martha Lake. No other organist had ever managed to coax guitar sounds from an electronic organ Oboe so she got a mighty round of applause which she ate up like the ham she is, curtsying almost low enough to split her bloated corset while swinging her fur piece.

Martha's appearance was the highlight of the banquet and it put the conventioners in a jovial frame of mind for the Ray Bohr concert at the Paramount just a block away.



MC Dan Adamson milks applause for his stars as they take their bows. Lined up are pianist Roger Johnson, Woody and Lou Presho (dancers), entertainers Blossom and Otis Clinton and organists Greg (hidden) and Kathy Smith. Missing is Martha Lake. She simply had to go. (Stu Green Photo)



MARTHA LAKE (Dick Schrum) seems to be in ecstasy over the sound of her own music.

HONORARY MEMBER

1966

As is traditional with ATOE, each year a person from the National membership is selected by the Board of Directors for special honor based on his contribution to the aims and aspirations of ATOE.

This year, W. 'Tiny' James was selected unanimously, as the Board of Directors, in reviewing 'Tiny's' record realized that here was indeed a true, dedicated devotee of the theatre organ.

Tiny is a Charter Member of ATOE, in fact, some of the preliminary organizational meetings were held in his Alameda, California home. Since that time he has served almost continuously as a Director, has been National President, (three times) and has carried the responsibility of Publications Director for several years. He has given himself unselfishly to the affairs of ATOE since its inception.

Somehow 'Tiny' has found time to make four excellent theatre organ recordings, his best known being the "Farewell to the Fox" series, released by Fantasy Records.



VP Erwin Young presents Tiny James the Honorary Member Plaque during the Annual Meeting program.