

July 9, 1983

Dear John,

Just have to get this first line started and then I can come back and write in between catching up on the washing and the newspapers and getting ready for a potluck we can't get out of going to this afternoon, etc. etc. We arrived home just before nine last night, and it seems like there is so much to do to catch up, but I don't want to forget everything to tell you.

The first person we saw when we arrived at the hotel was Dale Mendenhall, and my first question to him was how and when was I going to meet Bud. Every time we would see him, I'd have another question about Bud. I think he got the message that I was really looking forward to meeting Bud Taylor. Dale said Bud hadn't been feeling well and only gets out a little.

The first thing you do when you arrive is to check in at the registration desk and pick up your convention envelope with all the information about the organs and organists being presented. That little yellow schedule becomes a part of you for the week.

Already I'm ahead of my story. On the plane to S.F., as I was walking back to the lav, who should I see but Bob MacNeur. He asked about you, and I told him you had been working with Bill on some organs, and that you had just presented a beautiful concert on the Barton the week before. He told me the next convention was to be in Indianapolis. That sounded much better than N.Y. or K.C. which had been the venues being considered. On my way back down the aisle, Bob stopped me and had me listen on his ear phones to who was playing--it was Donna playing the Barton. She was following on a later plane. He said John Ferguson would be in S.F. too. We heard that some of those organs were being worked on up until the very last moment.

Harv ran into John F. soon after we arrived, and John told him that his doctor had advised him to get out of that job before he had another heart attack. When I saw him later, he said he wanted to get back into playing again, plus doing some organ work, as well as handling the brass trumpets (see envelope.)

I talked to Lois Segur along the way and asked her if we were to be accepted as a chapter, and she said the charter would be presented the night of the banquet. Before we were in the hotel an hour, Harv ran into a couple of people he knew from Upjohn's.

Well, on with the convention. Lyn's program was first and theoretically should have been the best. He was great, as expected, but the organ that turned out to be the star of the convention was in the Castro Theatre. The Paramount Wurlitzer had some beautiful strings among others, but the total effect wasn't as pleasing as the Castro organ. Later, I was delighted to find that this was the consensus of opinion of those most knowledgeable in such matters.

July 10, 1983

I didn't take my tape recorder with me this year. They ran into different problems last year with their recording and selling the tapes so they decided to let it be an individual effort this time and in the future. I made notes of some of the music played and it would be nice to have tapes of some of the programs. When you do it yourself, you have to do them all or else you might miss something special.

It's strange the things you remember about some of the concerts. The Cinema 21 Theatre was a small one, but being filled with people didn't help the organ sound. Larry played Sabre Dance to demonstrate its fast response. Black Moonlight didn't come off so well--couldn't compare with George's rendition. The balcony where we sat was an extension of the main floor, as it was in the Empress Theatre where we went next. This theatre was long and narrow and we sat in the balcony each time which probably was a mistake. This concert ended with some Viennese waltzes--like about 15 minutes worth (or so it seemed) of continuous music. It was a little much.

July 11

Yesterday was Harv's birthday so too many things interfered with my letter writing.

The organ demonstration rooms were well attended. Only Allen, Rodgers and Conn were represented. It kept me busy trying not to miss anything. Lew Williams, Carol Jones, Gerry Nagano, Jonas Nordwall, Lyn, Chris Eliot, Lowell Ayers all were taking turns that first day or two, and I probably missed some. I saw Henry Hunt and asked about Lyn doing a concert on the Barton. He said Lyn usually charges \$1500, but because we were just starting out and if Lyn had other concerts scheduled in the area, maybe they could do better--like a percentage of the house. All I can do now is pass the word along to D. and K. and let them worry about it. Incidentally, Duwain never did get a picture to me. He also had said that there would be a whole three months to practice for that Sept. 11 show and you know what the date is today. I'll be darned if I'll call him about it. Wouldn't do any good anyway.

Now for the pièce de resistance--Walt Strony at the Castro Wurlitzer. He started out with Ravel's Bolero, continued on with Waller, Saint-Saens, Gershwin, plus others and ended with the 1812 Overture. I wish you could have been there. There were over 800 people at the convention and more than 300 stayed for the encore.

The next morning we were off to Redwood City to hear Jonas Nordwall. Enjoyed his program and then it was time to board the bus for Serramonte. Dave Reese put on a real lively show. Harv enjoyed every minute of that one. Dave was funny and quick and really kept the music moving. It was another memorable one.

That evening we entrained on the Bart (their subway/train system) for the Paramount again. We could get on right in front of the hotel and the theatre was only a half a block

from the exit so that was our method of transportation for the Paramount shows. Bill Thomson played this time. I overheard someone say afterward that he had been very ill. Maybe that accounted for the feeling I had during his concert. I kept wanting to push the music along.

The next morning, we departed for the Grand Lake Theatre and David Kelsey. What a show he put on! He played a medley of music from "Cats," and he offered to leave "Memory" out as it had been played by practically everyone up to that point. Turned out to be the running gag of the convention. He was a good showman (Harv loved him, too) and toward the end of his program, he presented his "Trash Band." He had a group of young people playing a clarinet, trumpet, sax and drums and they finished up with a jazzy, even tempo version of Rhapsody in Blue. It was a real show stopper. Heard later that he takes his 'band' to Asilomar every year and they are a hit there too. Someone said that he played at a lounge in S.F. so we were going to try to find it later until someone informed us it was a gay bar. Then Harv had second thoughts.

Donna's concert was next. She played some of the familiar ones like So Blue, Music Box Dancer, Powerhouse, etc. plus Fanfare by Richard Purvis. He was there for her concert and also for Tom Hazelton's. After Donna's concert, Tim Needler presented a preview of the Indianapolis convention while John Ferguson played background "Back home in Indiana" music. The dates are July 7 through 11 and the location, the new Hyatt. They plan an encore in Cincinnati. John said afterward that he wondered how Donna had played as well as she did because he found the action of the keys to be so uneven when he started to play.

I think I found time for a short nap that afternoon--an almost unheard of thing at a convention. Anyhow, we were ready to go again that night. Harv did really well through the day performances, but those nights were a different story. Jet lag was still with him, and while it was 8:00 there and time for the evening show, it was 11:00 and time for bed for him. He couldn't help staying awake for this one though. You'll never guess the silent movie that Bob Vaughn accompanied. And why wasn't the complete film shown here. I about jumped out of my seat when "Hot Water" flashed on the screen. By the end of the movie I was literally in hysterics. Bob Vaughn used Honey, Get me to the church on time, Great Day, Turkey in the Straw, Home, Sweet Home, plus car horns and chimes. Thought you would be interested. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I liked yours better.

You know, words can't really describe these shows, and it is hard to remember without getting them all mixed up together. I'll keep trying. The Jim Roseveare concert at the Paramount was one of my least favorite ones. He talked too much and too slow and in a kind of condescending manner.

That afternoon there were three overlapping seminars. Talked Harv into attending the Concert Planning and Promotion one for me, while I went to the other two. The time spent with Chaumonde Porterfield consisted of hearing her qualifications and life history, but she did have some interesting handouts. Then there was Jonas Nordwall with lots of helpful hints on rhythm. That was very enlightening.

Finally, the night of the banquet. We had a delicious meal and then some speeches. Ashley Miller was named Organist of the Year, and "Fats" Waller was elected to the Honorary Member list. We were presented with our charter. Then without further ado we were on our way back to the Castro Theatre for the last concert on that beautiful organ. We heard that there are ten ranks all ready to be added to the organ, but if ever an organ sounded perfect to me, that was one. Tom Hazelton as usual played beautiful music. I think he announced that seven of the organists playing the convention had been students of Richard Purvis.

I wish I could stay with this letter. I've had so many interruptions that I can't keep my thoughts running smoothly.

Now. For the Encore. I was so excited about meeting Bud that I was almost sick. Shortly after we arrived at Arden's, I tried to call him and got no answer. I got nervous about that, but I had no sooner returned to my seat when Dave came up by the organ and paged me. I followed him back and he said there was someone waiting for me. I couldn't have been more thrilled if I were meeting a famous movie star. We had a few moments to talk before Bud was surrounded by friends who hadn't seen him for awhile. Ashley Miller came up to greet him and they reminisced for a bit. Bud said how much he thought of you and I told him the feeling was mutual. I told him that if I could have one wish come true, it would be to hear him play. He said He would make ^{a tape for} you and me a ~~tape~~. He stayed only a few minutes as the program was about to begin. He said his legs bothered him and he couldn't stand or walk for very long. He would try to return for the afternoon concert and I was to meet him at the door. Well, after that, I don't know how much of Emil Martin's program I heard. I tried but I felt like I did when I was a child just before Christmas. Positive thinking didn't do a thing for me--I didn't begin to feel a little better until we left there and went on the Museum and Old Sacramento. We walked around for a couple of hours and then it was time to board the busses for the Fair Oaks Clubhouse. I proceeded to get all nervous again. We found some seats for Harv to save and I went back out to wait for Bud. Dale came by and told me not to worry, that he would come. He arrived just shortly before the program started. Our seats were just behind Sue Lang (who plays at Arden's sometimes) and Mary Koury so they had to greet Bud also. (Harv had been talking to Sue while I was waiting for Bud, and she was telling him that because of the surgery he had had, it was difficult for him to walk. 0

Bud said there were a lot of things he wanted to ask me but couldn't think of them, and I told him I felt the same way. I did remember to tell him that you played a wonderful concert and played his "Blue Ice." I said you talked about him, and he said you didn't need to do that, but I think he was pleased. If I could hear my tape well enough to write down your exact words, I think he would be especially pleased. He still wants you to record the Barton for him. Please do (and one for me too) and then maybe he'll send us one soon.

~~Rex~~ Koury played the final concert. Bud said it was good, but I couldn't concentrate. The final moments of a whole year's anticipation and I practically fall apart. Oh well, it was still worth it.

We ended the day at the park for a delicious steak dinner. The weather was in the 80's that day when it usually is 100° I bought a cassette of Emil Martin playing the Arden Wurlitzer and a S.F. convention shirt I couldn't resist. (Did you notice we were in Wurlitzer country there--of course you did.)

It's interesting to recognize people that you have read about for years. Lorin Whitney sat opposite us at Arden's and gave me some advice about getting another cassette recorder. Every one (not quite) seems to have the small handheld Sony. Several people highly recommended them. Gordon Belt sat at our banquet table. He is the curator at San Sylmar. He was telling us about some of his experiences with people who call wanting an immediate visit there (I guess there is about a year's wait) and namedrop his name.

I've got to get on with this. I write something and then I start remembering and reliving and I forget I'm supposed to be writing.

We stayed over in S.F. one more day. We started out walking toward Nob Hill, and before we knew it, we were on our way up. As you know, the cable cars are out of commission. They are working on them fast and furiously to have them ready for 1984 Democratic convention. (Am I right about that?) We walked through Grace Cathedral. There was no concert scheduled there as part of the convention, possibly because of the condition of the streets around there. We walked around the outside and I wanted to take one last look inside. As I opened the door, I heard this one grand organ chord. I literally ran back inside and found a man seated at the organ telling another couple about it. The couple turned out to be ATOSers and the man was Ed Stout who has been maintaining the organ for the past 20 some years. He played a single Contre Bombarde note so we could hear the sound roll down and back. Then he played a note from the gallery and showed the 1/3 second delay. He said the organ had been changed over the years to Richard Purvis's specifications, and they were now trying to get it back to the original organ. Another man came in who was introduced as Dick Taylor. He took us up for a tour of one

of the chambers. We then found out that these two men were responsible for the wonderful sound of the Castro Wurlitzer. Ed said they really worked hard for the ensemble sound. Tom Hazelton said at his concert that the Castro organ was his most favorite of any around there.

I've got a whole packet of books and folders about the convention for you. If you are planning on coming to the Roaring 20's Sunday morning, I'll wait and bring them with me then. Hope you and Marilyn will be able to. Don't know if Harv has recovered enough yet to make it. ~~Anyway, if you can't make~~ it, I'll send them. Also, we came back to what looks like the beginning of a bumper crop of raspberries. If you think you might be in town during the next two or three weeks, come out and help us use them up. Hope to see you soon.

Love,

Betty

July 12, 1982

Dear John

Where do I begin. We returned yesterday from the best convention ever (I shouldn't say that - I love them all.) Let's see what I can remember.

Harv and Shirley and Chuck drove us to the Westin and then departed onward to the ball game. Happily the Tigers won that day as they are making baseball history as great losers. We all had breakfast/brunch at Elias Bros. at the hotel before they left. We had pecked up our convention material just before so there was a little time to look at it before it was time for the bus for the Don Baker concert. Everyone seems to like him and he doesn't seem to age at all. That evening we went to the cocktail party for a little while and then had our last fairly good night's sleep until last night. We signed up for the jam session for Monday night so the next day (Monday) was going to be a long one. We were part of the group that went to the Punch and Judy's first. What a beautiful little theatre. Had to wait outside for them to open it but it was a beautiful day. Enjoyed Lowell Ayres'

Dave said they wanted to get together
and bring Bud to the convention but
somehow it didn't work out.

playing and since we have the chance
to order recordings (cassettes) of the
various concerts, that was one I
ordered so you could hear the organ
again. For lunch we went to the Pied
Peper Pizza Peddler. Lance Luce and
Karl Cole played - this turned out to
be the better of the 2 pizza concerts.
The organ installation was superior
to the Theatre Organ Pipe + Pizza I was
told by Dale Mendenhall - I guess
I have to stop right here and tell you
that Dale works on the Arden Pizza
and Peper ^{peddler} in Sacramento and knows
Bud. He introduced me to Dave Marenco
and Dave said Bud was his best friend
and he lives only a couple of blocks
from him. ^{He sees him every day.} They were telling me how shy
Bud is. He won't play if anyone is
around, but if they all leave the room
pretty soon he'll be playing just like
there hadn't been anytime when he
wasn't in constant practice. They said
it was amazing. I asked Dale if they
ever considered Bud when they were
nominating their organist of the year etc.
He said he would bring it up when he
talked to them for next year. Dale is

vice-pres. of ATOS). (I think it's a case of — what's that biblical saying — a prophet is without honor in his own country, or some such thing.) While in quating Dale, he said all the organs at the convention were in real good condition for it — even the Fox for the ranks that were playing. The pizza parlor lunch/concerts weren't quite the same as the others. The artists probably thought they were playing to a typical pizza crowd as much talking as was going on. By the time we got back to the hotel, there was only time for a quick bite before bus boarding time for the Redford. Everyone (well, not quite) would be down waiting for the buses a half hour ahead of time. The Rex Koury concert was unique — everything from a slide show to a sing along (the only one in the convention) I ordered that tape too. I could have purchased it when they were first available but I was trying to be a little conservative. There was a Ron Rhode tape also that I couldn't resist, principally because we didn't hear him in concert — apparently he played the Theatre Organ Pipe + Pizza organ the day

A man had a heart attack at Samwell Ayres
second concert - the one they taped.

movement to the other pizza place. The tape
wasn't the best in the world but you
win a few - - - . After the Rex Kaury
show, a few of us brave souls boarded
a bus bound for Pontiac. There were
just a few of us that ended up at this
T.O. pipes + pizza. John Stelle and Fr.
Muller were there (the latter was the
M.C. for the convention) They didn't play
but for the life of me I can't remember who
did play a few selections before it was
open console and a few members played.
On the way home we watched the eclipse
of the moon - what a lovely way to spend
an evening. Which reminds me of some-
thing. I was in the record room looking
for the latest Lyn Sarsen record for
Mrs S - Evelyn - I've got to start calling
her Evelyn, when I overheard Lyn
and Rex and Samwell talking about the
things that went wrong at their concerts.
Samwell said he was about ready to sing "This
is my last affair" and Lyn said he was
ready to play "Everything happens to me".

There was a Rodgers organ placed
in a part of the lobby for the convention
and Lyn Sarsen played a mini concert
Sunday eve. and Karl Cole and Lance Luce

and probably others) played short programs at other times. Well, back to Tues morning after about 3 hrs sleep. This time we went to Lyn's concert at the Senate. What can I say - faultless as usual. My only regret is that I didn't bring my recorder. They had stated that all the concerts would be taped so we could purchase any or all if we chose. So guess which one didn't get taped. And guess which time they waived their rules about non-DTO members recording the Senate. Wurlitzer Lyn introduced Chris Elliot - a very young man - who played the organ while Lyn played the piano for a spectacular Blue Danube duet. It must take an organist playing to make me like piano music. because I really liked Lyn's playing and also Dan Semer's at the Baptist Church. Well, time to load up for Belle Isle for a picnic lunch and then back to the buses for the home tours. We went to the Brewer residence first - it was a basement installation. Doug Brewer played - we sat opposite Don Junction. It's so much fun to recognize the names on the name tags. Then on to the Harris' which was a living room installation

with the organ chambers across the vestibule and another open room. There was open console at this one. Then on to the Mumberg organ which was downstairs with a lot of room to move around in. John Sauter demonstrated it and we had time to walk thru the chambers. Then back to the hotel for a quick supper at MacDonald's (there's even one of those at the Westin) before the boat ride. Speaking of winning some & losing some, I won that night. There was a Conn 652 on deck for the dancing, a full moon outside, and people gathered around the organ. The first organist was Dale Zeiger. He worked the Conn room - their representative he had to be. Someone told me he played the St. Louis Fox a few years ago. Anyway he was a very good organist. Then came Ron Rhoad, John Ledwon, Tim Needler (he started out playing a song "Hey there, good times" that I've been playing exclusively for some reason for the past couple of months so it was real neat to see what someone ^{did} did with it), and finally Dennis James. Here I stand, about 10 feet away, for about 3 hours trying to absorb everything they were doing and enjoy listening to their music.

Wednesday, July 7. - We probably had a good night's sleep - that's 6 hours at convention time. Had a special breakfast in the ballroom and then a peaceful membership meeting. The two new board members are Allen Miller and Dick Sklener. Rex Kowry and John Sedwon were voted in again. They raised the dues to \$20. a year. The afternoon concert was at the Detroit Institute of Arts which was the only all classical program. Ty Woodward is another fine classical artist. Then onward to the Calvary Baptist Church for lunch and concert. The church is something else. Orange roof, bright green pews and carpet, mirrors all up the back wall and half way overhead so you can look up and see everyone in the congregation - a "swimming pool" at the front for the baptisms - it's a black congregation - and a beautiful organ and Dan Semer is a beautiful organist. Had to get that tape too. Some of the tapes weren't ready in time so we had to order them for shipment later.

That evening - Fr. Miller at the Royal Oak. Can that man play - everything from low down and dirty with a hand on his hip to the boom boom to the throwing on

article of clothing up and out ~~and~~ he descended into the pit. He played a Fats Waller tune "What did I do to be so black and blue" the way it's usually heard and then he recited the words and played it like a slow spiritual. Very moving. What a sense of humor he has too. He had Jerry Nagano introduce him and you knew he was behind the introduction because he had Jerry talking like a Japanese changing all his k's to r's. So when he finally got to the final introduction of Father Mirror, everyone was in stitches. (I had to have that one too so it's on order) It's a good thing the jam session tickets were all gone or we would have been tempted to go. You just never want the days to end there. I kept thinking you'd be in seventh heaven at a convention. On the buses that's all everyone is talking about - organs, and more organs, so you're saturated with organs from morning ^{till} night.

Thurs am. - the big one! Kay McAbee at the Fox. We heard it in the balcony here and our reserved seats issued to us for the Robin Hood venture were main floor just barely under the balcony. His playing was great (I already have that

tape) but Dale said there were such beautiful strings that he kept wanting to hear and there was just more full organ sound. But what a sound! and what a theatre! It must have been an indescribable thrill for you when you were playing there. While we^{were} waiting in the lobby to gain admittance to the theatre, someone was trying to play the mallet but the sound was almost completely drowned out, either by the conversation ~~and~~ by the condition of the organ.

Then back to the Theatre Organ Pipe + Pizza for a program by Pierre Fracalanza. He sang some songs also - has a beautiful voice - Marilyn would have enjoyed that. But the noise and chatter were terrible. I guess even organ buffs talk too much when they're hungry and there's food around. There were notices on the wall there that George Wright would be playing a concert there July 11. at \$15.00 a ticket. No one said if there were any tickets available though. I questioned his playing in a pizza parlor + someone said because he was probably a friend of the owner. I guess he had been there that morning

practicing but he wasn't at the convention that I know of. Dale said that installation wasn't nearly as good as the Pied Piper.

Back to the hotel for a fast shower before the cocktail party and banquet. The buses weren't all air conditioned and though they started for their destinations as soon as they were filled, there were some delays and Detroit was hot.

Ran into ^{"our"} friend Ken B. at ^{the} cocktail party. He had brought Dorothy earlier in the week and had to return home as she had a fainting spell. She had just had heart surgery recently and a pace maker installed so she is still getting used to it. He said the banquet was too expensive so they weren't going, the hotel was too expensive so they stayed in Windsor; — enough said.

The banquet was delicious — prime rib with all the trimmings and a pretty cake on each table with the ATO S logo on top. After dinner, they announced the organist of the year was Rex Kowry.

A Mr. Richardson and Terry James were elected to the Hall of Fame. And Del Castillo was the honorary member of the year. He is 89. They flew him there the night

before so he could be there for the presentation. (I'm getting writer's cramp - wish I had a typewriter. Maybe I could ~~trade~~ ^{trade} my old one in the basement in on one of these new ones) After the banquet, a small orchestra played for dancing. We stayed and watched them but quite a few left right after the presentations. Friday was Ann Arbor Michigan Theatre morning with Charlie Balogh. (That's on order too!) Wow! He had a drummer on the stage to accompany him and you could close your eyes and pretend you were listening to a big band. I said that wrong - you'd swear you were listening to a big band. A great performance. Just the right kind of organ ~~and~~ the right theatre for it. Superb! Then onto Greenfield Village and the museum. The organ was in ^{the} theatre and the set was a living room so the ^(organ) looked like it was part of the scene. Jerry Nagano played and somehow I felt something lacking. Maybe it was because it was after that spectacular performance in the morning. After his show, they announced there would be buses leaving for the hotel for anyone

not wanting to stay for Greenfield Village. So we jumped at the chance to return early. Even then there wasn't too much chance to relax before the Robin Hood show. They ended up with a real snafu there. ~~The~~ Our bus was already to leave when they had word that there were "thousands" of people thronging outside the theatre in a terrific traffic jam. So we sat and waited and waited for word that it was all right to come. Finally at 8:00, they decided to chance it. When we arrived the streets were bare and the show had already started. So there was more commotion as they searched for the reserved seats. I think it was a good show, all things considered. It was like a steam bath where we were sitting - so bad that Dalmat had to leave. Then at intermission some around us didn't return so it was better. The orchestra and organ worked together so well that you couldn't be sure which you were hearing. After the show we had to wait outside for quite some time for the busses. Some decided to walk in groups back to the hotel, but we waited. I stood there thinking How would he have fared if he knew me

were standing around in downtown Detroit at midnight. Motor City was feeling real bad that ~~the~~ ^{the convention} was ending so badly. Some people get real up tight when things don't go as planned. They don't take into consideration how hard it is to plan a one time deal for approx 700 people for a week.

But the final blow came Sat. am at the Redford - the final concert. It was a fiasco. Gary Resigh played - no, he talked, the playing was incidental. In between numbers, he told us how hard it was for him to get up that morning since he is used to playing at night but his baby screaming wake him up, then he introduced his wife and baby, told how he was in the labor room with her, related that he had to wear a jacket because he had gained 10 lbs, introduced a number & hoped he'd be able to play it because he hadn't in a long time, introduced another one and told us what a hard piece it was. Then they clapped at the end enough that he came back for an encore (all the artists gave an encore song.) He said he hadn't prepared one but he'd play his wife's favorite song, Blue Skies, Was she still there?

Look to see. She wasn't? (Smart gal!) Well, he'd play it anyway plus ain't no behavior! Would you believe after that that some people (we were in the balcony so couldn't see how many) stood up for a standing ovation? When he first started these between song comments, someone behind us, hollered out, "Less talk, more music!" I thought the same but I thought it was a little disrespectful to the artist. I changed my mind as time went on. It didn't phase him a bit. Now there is a monumental ego for you. That recording was supposed to be available. I'll bet (I hope) something happens to the machine so ~~it~~ they'll have to say, 'sorry, we can't supply it.' Anyhow, that was the official end to the convention. Later in the afternoon those that signed up for the afterglow rode the buses to Meadow Brook Hall. Had a delicious meal under the big top but as we were ready to eat our dessert a big wind came up and blew the tent flaps out and the rain in so we ran for the house. Later, John Steele played a mostly classical - semi-classical program. I don't know how he heard what he was playing. We had to get real close to

the chambers to hear. The rooms were all full of people, kind of milling around. Then back to the hotel for the first 8 hrs sleep in a week. Howard & Sharon came and picked us up the next morning. We all went up to the Summit for the view. There's no charge if you show your key. We'd been up at night too. Beautiful view. They kept telling us ^{we} were looking South at Canada there.

You would have enjoyed the organ rooms too. There were Allens, Rodgers Conn & Kimball. There was a black man really tearing the roof off one night on the Allen. He turned out to be Jimmy Palloch - guess he played RCMH for a time.

The Motor City chapter had ordered too many ATOS '82 coffee mugs so it was a running gag all thru about buying mugs. Fr. Miller at the end said they would have them at the check out desk - you would be required to ^{prove} you purchased one before being allowed to leave, etc. etc.

Now about next year. It's California here we come - July 1 - 5 with the after-glow in Sacramento and a paddle boat ride back up the river to see San

Francisco by night from the water. There will be a program at Redwood City and another pizza place, the Castro and the Oakland Paramount. In Sacramento there is the newly installed Werlitzer in the Fair Oaks Clubhouse and Mendenhall's live a couple of blocks away. They have a pipe organ and an Gulbrandson Real to I think and a piano and some will be invited to go there and play. Dale's wife was a ~~theatre~~ church organist for many years and she plays theatre organ too so I'll bet that will be one of the best home installations we'll ever see. And then there's Bud living nearby. You know what this is all leading up to, don't you? You guys just gotta make it to S. F. Some friends of ours want to go there for a visit next year and they said Harv could meet them part of the time and then he wouldn't be locked into the convention full time.

There were people at the Detroit convention from S. Africa. I think Spring Lake, Mich. ought to be represented too. C.A.T.O.E. was inquiring if anyone would be interested in a charter flight for

us midwesterners.

I didn't intend to write a book but I've been reliving the week as I write. The May Console was awaiting me when I arrived back home. I'll try to read it so as to include it also. The convention material - would you save it for me. The Senate Wurlitzer specs - I thought one for each of us for a souvenir. And I thought a mug!

You have probably wished this all were typed as much as I did.

I'm going to stop now. If I think of anything else, I'll have to add it later.

Must be you are down Indiana way. Anything new on the S.H. church?

Love
Betty