



**Los Angeles
Organists'
Breakfast
Club**

**Keyboard
Quarterly**

FEBRUARY, 1963 • VOL. I, NO. 1

bob garretson

organ and piano
instruction



8609 remick avenue
sun valley rogers 7-3706

HAMMOND ORGAN AND LESLIE SPEAKER EQUIPMENT
USED AT THE BENEFIT BREAKFAST HAVE BEEN
GENEROUSLY PROVIDED BY
THE HAMMOND ORGAN STUDIOS OF COVINA
216 E. Rowland Avenue * 331-0768



MORRIS CAFE
305 EAST VALLEY BLVD.
ALHAMBRA
(EXIT GARFIELD ON FREEWAY)
Nightly Except Sunday



nitely ex. sunday and monday
excellent food prepared to your taste

JIM DAY

**FRANKIE
DRUMMY**

SAN MORITZ INN
9030 Valley Blvd.
(Just east of Rosemead Blvd.)
ROSEMEAD



Wednesday thru Sunday

GIANINA
10955 S. ATLANTIC AVE.
(at Imperial)
LYNWOOD

now featuring
"BUD" TAYLOR

Gulbransen Rialto Theatre Organ

Nitely except Monday

NE 2-0247



KEY POPS

Thus begins our new publication, **KEYBOARD QUARTERLY**. Rising print costs as well as postal increases have brought about the necessity for the three month interval; a newsletter will still go out each month, with the players' directory. This issue of KQ is slated for distribution at the Benefit Breakfast and by mail thereafter. Subsequent issues will be mailed to club patrons and Associate Members. So if you have not yet become either and wish to continue receiving the **KEYBOARD QUARTERLY**, send us \$1 as patron or \$4 for Associate Membership (use coupon elsewhere in this issue) and that's that!

Visitors to the Benefit Breakfast may have noticed the absence of a regular raffle prize, a box of hand made chocolates, donated by longtime Club fan Pat Howery, who, prior to her move to Redlands, was a regular at most breakfasts. Word has just reached us that Pat died some months ago, for which we are very, very sorry.

Honorary member "**WOODY**" **WOODYARD** of Long Beach, who, in addition to her School of Popular Music, supervises bus tours to here and there and all over and back again, has just favored us with her latest prospectus; the Indio Date Festival, Huntington Library, Death Valley, International Flower Show, to name a few; she's at 182 Argonne Ave., Long Beach 3, ph. 439-6563.

MARIAN McCORMICK of LA and LB organ clubs, is now comfortably esconced, she writes, out in Lytle Creek, where she is able to enjoy among other things, 80 feet of running water in her backyard! She plays five nights weekly at the Regina, in Etiwanda....other out of towners include Mary Daly whose resignation was regretfully accepted by the club, **LORETTO LEE**, who has moved to San Francisco, **CARL McOSKER**, playing at The Farmhouse in Mountain View (wherever that is!).... other job changes: **JERRY HEIMAN** at the Jump 'n Jack, vacated by **HELEN DELL**, who moved to Swenson's; **DICK AURANDT**, the Golden Spur in Glendora; **NEVA CLARK** at the Sho House in Duarte; plus a couple of changes from this month's available list:

(Continued on Page Four)



Above is shown a corner of the Loren Whitney Studio in Glendale with **HARRY JENKINS** at the console of the Robert Morton pipe organ as he entertained Associate Members, patrons and guests at our Pipe Musicale on December 16 last. At the left below, new member **DEL CASTILLO**, distinguished radio, TV, recording and concert artist who also appeared at the Musicale. Del has been again appointed musical director for the Laguna Art Festival. At right below, honorary member **RICHARD ELLSASSER**, at one of our breakfasts. Dick has logged hundreds of thousands of air miles in his concert tours and just gave a great concert at the Wilshire Ebell on the Conn organ; he is continuing his concert tour with recording sessions and appearances in February at Phoenix and in Searcey, Arkansas.



KEY POPS -- Con't.

FRED HENNING now at the Mel-O-Dee, B'way & Brand, Glendale, nitely except Sunday. FRANKIE DRUMMY is featured at the San Moritz Inn, Rosemead. JANUARY BREAKFAST: Darlund's Fireside, altho tiny, was big with LAOBC-ers January 1st, the gala event being hosted by affable CARL SIMONE who shortly after took off for a Mexican holiday and who can blame him? Spotighting the program were appearances by RICHARD ELLSASSER, honorary member, and Dodger Stadium organist Bob Mitchell... DECEMBER BREAKFAST featured the effervescent Irene Vermillion and husband KERMIT DART, hosting
(Continued on Page 13)

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

The following are Associate Members for 1963, as of Feb. 1:
(One name frequently represents a married couple or family.)

Mrs. C. D. Anglin; Bob Bachler; F. O. Beane; J. C. Brand; James J. Brennan; Beatrice Buono; Lew Butterfield; Dean P. Calder; Dave Cates; F. C. Chizek; Ruth Conroy; George T. Covell; Harriet D. Croft; L. H. Cutter; Charles E. Daugherty; H. Carleton Doe; Steve Donner; Donald E. Dunn; Allan Freedson; Thomas R. Gay; Marion W. Goodrich; Steve Graydon; W. Stuart Green; Raymond L. Griffin; Dr. R. T. Hansen; Gerald Hartert; Robert E. Hauser; Mrs. Olen E. Herd; James Kennedy; Joe Koons; Dr. Kenneth B. Kullbom; Charles H. Lander; Charles Lewis; Mario Manigrasso; Mrs. Dewey Manning; Mrs. Mary Marcoff; Helen R. Martin; R. H. McLaughlin; Barbara McWilliams; C. W. Merville; H. F. Metzger; A. T. Miller; Louise Nadrasky; Harry F. Nichols; E. R. Nocita; Norm E. O'Neill; Dick Ozenbaugh; Clifford J. Park; Russ Patton; Polly Rayburn; LaVerne Riddle; Hulda L. Robinson; Seymour Miller; Helene Smith; Jim H. Smith; Reed Stevens; C. Stuart Stockton; Dr. Louise F. Swift; Bertha R. Vasquez; D. C. Webster; Mrs. Marian E. Welch; Ted Whitting; Beulah Williams; Lois Wolfe; Floyd E. Woods, Sr.

Anyone who has sent \$4 for Associate Membership prior to the 25th of January and is not listed above should notify us at once. A list of patrons will be found elsewhere in this issue.

DIRECTORY OF MEMBERS, FEBRUARY, 1963

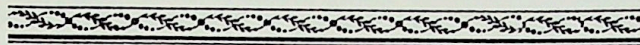


NEVA AMES - Woody & Eddy's, Huntington Dr. at San Gabriel Blvd., Pasadena. Wed. thru. Fri.
IOLA ARENDSEE - AVAILABLE. 845-5283.
DICK AURANDT - The Golden Spur, Highway 66, Glendora. Off Sunday.
BUZZ BARTON - No information available.
BETTY BEAN - American Radio Co., 212 W. 8th St., L. A. 14. Phone 627-9991.
PAUL BEAVER - Organ service, 462-3311 anytime. Fri. and Sat., The Outrigger, Laguna Beach.
LARRY BEYER - Tony's, 7308 Foothill, Sunland. Nitely except Mon. and Tues.
BERNICE BLONK - AVAILABLE. 371-7172.
MARY BLOWER - French Cafe, 2121 Whittier Blvd., Montebello. Fri.-Sat.-Sun.
TED CAMPBELL - No information available.
MARY CANAN - Hunters' Inn, 9446 Las Tunas, Temple City. Nitely except Sunday.
FRANCIS CARTER - Chateau Briand, 8528 S. Rosemead, Pico Rivera. Nitely except Sunday.
GAYLORD CARTER - Baldwin Organ Co., 3273 Wilshire Blvd., L. A. 5. Phone 388-3525.
NEVA CLARK - Sho House, 1413 Huntington, Duarte. Nitely except Sunday and Monday.
RITA COLLINS - AVAILABLE. 630-5684.
BEA CRIVYEA - AVAILABLE. 663-9413.
ROY DALLAS - TEACHING organ & harmony. 1661 W. 22nd St., San Pedro. AVAILABLE. Phone 832-8893.
KERMIT DART - Shangri-La, 9604 Whittier Blvd., Pico Rivera, Sundays. AVAILABLE, casuals. 662-7698.
JIM DAY - Morris Cafe, 301 E. Valley, Alhambra. Nightly except Sun. & Mon.
DEL CASTILLO - TEACHING. 223 N. Kenter Ave., L. A. 49. Phone 472-5145.
HELEN DELL - Swenson's, Manchester at Van Ness. Nightly ex. Sun. TEACHING, 1110 Englander, San Pedro. 832-6885.

ROSE DIAMOND - AVAILABLE. 389-5554.
CHUCK DIETZ - Vince & Paul's, 1521 W. 7th St. Off Sunday.
FRANKIE DRUMMY - AVAILABLE. 286-2747.
DICK DUNN - Hoefler's Steak House, 16400 E. Whittier Blvd.,
Whittier. Nitely ex. Sunday.
HARRY EDGE - AVAILABLE. 255-9769.
BOB ELLIOTT - The Cove, 825 E. Valley, San Gabriel. (piano).
Board of Directors, Local 47, A. F. of M.
BOB GARRETSON - AVAILABLE. TEACHING organ & piano.
8709 Remick Avenue, Sun Valley. Phone 767-3706.
JEFF GLEDHILL - AVAILABLE, casuals only. 293-2688.
SYLVIA GREEN - The Hacienda, 310 S. Western, San Pedro.
Nitely ex. Tuesday.
WES GRIFFIN - Santa Fe Inn, 10478 E. Valley, El Monte. Off
Sunday.
SHIRLEY HALL - AVAILABLE. 446-9691.
BOB HAMILTON - AVAILABLE. 633-1051.
TOM HANDFORTH - Organ service. 287-7491.
WARREN HARRIS - AVAILABLE. 341-7671.
TOMMY HEARN TRIO - The Palms, 1010 E. Orangethorpe, in
Anaheim.
JERRY HEIMAN - Jump 'n Jack, 2900 Coast Hiway, Torrance.
Nitely except Sunday. TEACHING, 600 W. California, Pas-
adena. 681-0167.
FRED HENNING - Bali Hai, 806 E. Colorado, Glendale. Nitely
except Sunday and Monday.
HARRY J. JENKINS - TEACHING, 11236 Adelphia, Pacoima.
AVAILABLE, casuals. Phone 366-9282.
KEN KECK - Red Barn, Van Nuys Blvd. at Parthenia, Panor-
ama City. Nitely ex. Monday.
GORDON KIBBEE TRIO - Miramar Hotel, Santa Monica. Nitely
ex. Tues. TEACHING theory & arranging. 789-3042.
REBA KIRK - No information available
GEORGE LANDRY - Owner, Lion d'Or, 11849 Lakewood Blvd.,
Downey.
HARRY LAWRENCE - AVAILABLE. 467-8436.
ANN LEAF - The Embers, 650 W. Duarte Rd., Arcadia, Sun-
day. The Hearth, 7857 E. Florence, Downey, Monday.
LORETTO LEE - Moved to San Francisco.

DOROTHY LEONARD - Woody & Eddy's, Huntington Dr. at San
Gabriel Blvd., Pasadena. Sun.-Mon.-Tues.
LEW J. LEWMAN - TEACHING organ, piano & harmony. 3670
Keystone Ave., L. A. 34. 839-9035.
BILL McCOLLOCH - Penny Owsley Music Co., 22011 Sherman
Way, Canoga Park. 346-8274.
MARIAN McCORMICK - Regina Cafe, Etiwanda.
JOY McCOY - West Wind, 9341 E. Florence, Downey. Nitely
except Sunday.
JOHAN McNEIL - Inactive.
CARL McOSKER - The Farmhouse, Mountain View, Calif.
JIMMIE MEANS - Sam's Sea Food, Surfside. Nitely ex. Mon.
BOB MORGAN - AVAILABLE, casuals. 733-7003.
BILL MOSSMAN - Penny Owsley, 3330 Wilshire Blvd. 387-7201
CLARENCE PARIS - Hickory Hill, Santa Anita at Mission Dr.,
San Gabriel. Wed. thru Sat., 7 - 11 p. m.
JERRY PAYNE - AVAILABLE. 661-1694.
JACK PHILLIPS - AVAILABLE. 396-9074.
TOM RORK - Thompson's, 7823 Pacific Blvd., Huntington Pk.
Nitely except Sunday.
NINA RUSSELL - Mama Mia, 230 W. Whittier Blvd., La Habra.
Nitely ex. Sunday and Monday.
CARROLL SAVAGE - Holyroc Paddock Room, 39000 W. Cen-
tury Blvd., Inglewood. Fri.-Sat.-Sun.
LARRY SEIBERT - The Embers, 650 W. Duarte Rd., Arcadia.
Nitely except Sunday.
CARL SIMONE - Darlund's Fireside, 2542 Glendale Blvd., So.
of Fletcher Dr., L. A. TEACHING, 10863 Bluffside Dr., N.
Hollywood. 766-8059.
LARRY SMITH - AVAILABLE. 763-8324.
VIRGINIA SOOTER - The Derby, 233 E. Huntington, Arcadia.
Nitely except Sunday.
MARGE STEWART - TEACHING. 1030 Hastings Ranch Dr.,
Pasadena. 355-9511.
BOB ST. JOHN - TEACHING. Hammond Studios in Montclair,
626-7409. Also Hammond Studios, Covina, 331-0768.
LORENE STRICKLAND - Five Torches, 11344 Crenshaw Blvd.,
Inglewood. Nitely except Sunday.
DORYCE TALBOTT - Officers' Club at Vandenberg Air Force
Base. Sunday thru Friday..

BUD TAYLOR - Gianina, 10955 S. Atlantic, Lynwood. Off Mon.
 JAY THOMAS - TEACHING, 4791 Whipple, Riverside. 686-5167.
 POMPING VILA - Silver Saddle Inn, 7339 E. Florence, Downey.
 Nitely except Monday.
 GRAYDON WAYNE - Michael's, 2425 E. Orangethorpe, Fullerton.
 Nitely except Sunday.
 TERRY WILCOX - AVAILABLE, casuals. 375-5434.
 MADELINE WILLEY - Owner, 488 Keys Lounge, 1710 S. Catalina Ave., Redondo Beach.
 BOYD WILLIAMS - AVAILABLE. 632-7424.
 EMILE WILLIAMS - AVAILABLE, casuals. 733-7491.
 MADGE WILSON - AVAILABLE. 464-7051.



PATRONS of LAOBC (as of Feb. 1st)

(One name frequently represents a married couple or family)

Lyle Allen; Nina K. Allen; E. H. Anderson; Eugenia Armitage; Ben Balliet; A. M. Barnes; Evelyne F. Barnes; Charles and Eula Barton; Eddie Baxter; Mrs. V. Beamon; Mrs. Edward A. Beanes; Sally W. Beckley; Alphonse J. Benoit; Noel and Naomi Berg; Lyle Blakely; Howard C. Bliss; Jack E. Bloom; Roy Bourland; Joy R. Boyes; Mrs. Garnet Brainard; Gladys Brown; V. R. Buckner; Mona E. Bussey; Billie Campbell; Marion H. Carey; Vince Carroll; Adele Cavaglieri; George F. Cavanaugh; B. W. Chesebrough; Thos. G. Chipp; George W. Chitwood; Dr. Elmer S. Clark; Dr. L. W. Clark; Tom Collins; Cheryl Corby; Alice D. Cormier; C. E. Cosner; V. M. Coston; R. H. Covey; Auverne Crane; E. E. Crutchfield; Donald R. Curtis; Marie Darling; Marion J. Davidson; Joe Davis; Leona E. Davis; F. F. DeMoss; Dr. June M. DeWire; Edwin I. Dillon; Ruth E. Dodds; Guy Dolfi; Marjorie Donovan; L. S. Doubt; Jenett K. DuFresne; William H. Durke; Charles M. East; Eunice Ellis; Richard Falcetano; Mrs. V. C. Fergen; Fae B. Field; Gordon Freeman; C. W. Gase; H. E. Gibbons; W. I. Giesele; Thomas B. Givens; Howard Green; Walter Green; A. K. Grimshaw; Leland V. Hall; Dorothy Hamm; James Handschiegl; Earl Hansen; Frances Hardy; Dean R. Hartlep; Eva B. Hazlett; Olive

(Continued on Page 12)

PREVIOUS BREAKFASTS

1949		
January	LAOBC ORGANIZED	THE BERRY'S
February	Veda Wright	THE MAYFAIR
March	Bob Barron	MARSAL'S
May	David May	PETER'S
June	Harry Baker	ANDERSON'S
July	BOB GARRETSON	THE WHEEL
December	ROSE DIAMOND	CAMEO ROOM
1950		
January	Veda Wright	THE MAYFAIR
February	Carmen Dunn	RENDEZVOUS
March	HELEN DELL	PEACOCK LANE
July	Harry Baker	ANDERSON'S
August	BOB GARRETSON	THE WHEEL
October	Bob Barron	MARSAL'S
November	BOYD WILLIAMS	COEUR D'ALENE
December	David May	EPICURE
1951		
January	HARRY LAWRENCE	MANHATTAN CLUB
February	JACK PHILLIPS	SWALLEY'S
March	ROSE DIAMOND	RENE'S
April	SYLVIA GREEN	THE ARSENAL
May	Carmen Dunn	ANDARY'S
June	MADELINE WILLEY	SERRANO
July	Midge Nazarian	IVAN'S
August	TED CAMPBELL	OLD DIXIE
September	Leonard Smith	RENDEZVOUS
October	Bob Hull	TILFORD'S
November	Lynne Heiss	THE TORCH
December	Hal Kearns	MILLER'S



1952		
September	David May	NEW RENDEZVOUS
October	MADELINE WILLEY	TILFORD'S
November	Carmen Dunn	ANDARY'S
December	Mary Daly-Don Mack	MANHATTAN

1953		
February	Jimmie Bates	TED'S BROILER
June	ROSE DIAMOND	SERRANO
July	Roger Hail	HOUSE OF IVY
August	BOB HAMILTON	TURF CLUB
September	JACK PHILLIPS	SWALLEY'S
October	Audrey Floyd	FOX HILLS
November	Florence Leedom	THE DEN

1954		
February	EMILE WILLIAMS	REISS'S
March	LORETTO LEE	CHATEAU
April	SYLVIA GREEN	THE MAYFAIR
May	Bill Mack	VINCE & PAUL'S
June	Bob Barron	DON'S MONTEREY
July	CARL SIMONE	PEACOCK LANE
August	RITA COLLINS	BURGUNDY ROOM
October	KEN KECK	SANTA LUCIA
November	David May	NEW MARC'S

1955		
February	TOMMY HEARN	MICHAEL'S
March	Jimmy Cowan	FOX HILLS
April	BOB HAMILTON	MORRIS CAFE
May	NINA RUSSELL	HOUSE OF IVY
June	CARL SIMONE	RAND'S WILSHIRE
July	Roger Hail	TED'S BROILER
August	MADELINE WILLEY	LINDY'S
September	HARRY LAWRENCE	THE PICADOR
October	POMPING VILA	VAGABOND'S
November	FIRST BENEFIT BREAKFAST (Moose Hall, Culver City)	

1956 -
(Con't on next page)

1956		
January	SYLVIA GREEN	ARMAND'S
February	EMILE WILLIAMS	REISS'S
March	KEN KECK	SANTA LUCIA
April	BOB GARRETSON	MORRIS CAFE
May	JACK PHILLIPS	HAPPY HOLLOW
June	BOB BROWN	JULIE'S
July	RITA COLLINS	TED'S BROILER
August	MADELINE WILLEY	LINDY'S
September	David May	COOK'S
October	Carmen Dunn	THE TAVERN
November	SECOND BENEFIT BREAKFAST (Moose Hall, Culver City)	
December	JIM DAY	HUNTERS' INN

1957		
January	BOB HAMILTON	SAN GABRIEL LANES
February	POMPING VILA	VAGABOND'S
March	Bill Thompson	SEQUOYAH
April	TOMMY HEARN	ENCORE ROOM
May	DOROTHY LEONARD	SANTA LUCIA
June	SHIRLEY HALL	RAND'S FIGUEROA
July	CARL SIMONE	RAND'S VENTURA
August	LARRY SEIBERT	THE CLOCK
September	KERMIT DART & TOM RORK	DART INN
October	EDDIE MEIKEL	SHANGRI-LA
November	THIRD BENEFIT BREAKFAST (Moose Hall, Culver City)	
December	LORETTO LEE	OAK ROOM

1958		
January	CLARENCE PARIS	THE CARAVAN
February	FRANCIS CARTER	HUNTERS' INN
March	EMILE WILLIAMS	LUND'S
April	BOB HAMILTON	PORT MARR
May	JOHAN McNEIL	RAFFLES
June	POMPING VILA	VAGABOND'S
July	JIM DAY	MORRIS CAFE

(Continued on Page 14)

Margery Stewart

HAMMOND

Graduate of
ERIE CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
and VILLA MARIA
FINE ARTS

INSTRUCTION

1030 HASTINGS RANCH DR.
PASADENA *** 355-9511

PATRONS - (Con't.) ---

Heischman; Barbara Hesse; Juanita M. Hetrick; Ann Hewes; Helen Hodges; Georgina Holt; William M. Huffman; Robert E. Humphreys; Hoyt L. Husted; Mary J. Jackson; Benne Jeffcoat; Bea Juhl; Sue Justice; J. N. Kallenberger; Grace Kay; Maxine Kendall; W. R. Kennedy; K. B. Kidder; Ruth K. Kinann; G. Stuart Krentel; Joseph W. Krentz; Hazel M. Kubly; Ross Lambert; Esther M. Lambrigger; Helen F. Larimer; George C. Lashar; Ernie Lewis; Irving C. Light; Lillian MacKay; Rolande F. Marti; Helen McConnell; Catherine McCullough; W. D. McHolm; Wilbur McMahan; Billy Mills; Elizabeth Moore; Georgia Morley; Gerry Moslin; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Nehls; Arthur H. Newmann; Louana Newmire; Grace E. Odden; Elizabeth T. Odgers; Jo Ogilvie; Dorothy D. Palmer; Phyllis Pavone; Eva F. Payne; Hall Perry; W. R. Pierce; Mearl and Maxine Pillsbury; Don Preston; Harlow J. Purtell; Dudley B. Ranger; Bill Reeves; Marian Reid; Carl A. Ricco; Dalton G. Rigby; Marian T. Ritchie; C. A. Roberts; Rowena Roche; Maxine Roush; R. W. Sampson; Lucille P. Sauer; John A. Schleppe; Lou Schurrer; Frances G. Scott; E. W. Shugart; L. Signor; C. E. Silbersdorf; Vera Skillington; E. D. Smeltzer; M. J. Smith; E. R. Stasneck; Lois V. Stensland; Carl L. Stiles; George H. Stoll; Grace J. Stratton; D. C. Tandy; Adele Thiele; Ray S. Thomas; Thelma Thomas; Bruce Thompson; Fay Thompson; Bill Tragler; Acie M. Valdivia; E. C. Wallace; Don J. Warner; Clifford Webster; V. E. White; Doris Williams; Mrs. Earl Williams; Vee Willingham; R. M. Wolford; C. D. Young; Steve Zbin; D. F. Ziegler.

KEY POPS (Con't.) ---

at his Sunday playing spot, the Shangri-La; TOM RORK aided with MC chores and guest pianist Sylvester Scott garnered lots of applause with duo stints with NINA RUSSELL. NOVEMBER BREAKFAST at Duarte's Sho House was notable for energetic and efficient organization by hostess SHIRLEY HALL; at all of the parties, the TOMMY HEARN TRIO broke things up, as per usual; many were delighted to see and hear DORYCE TALBOTT at January's event; she came in from Santa Maria for one of her rare appearances, says she may come back to town.

KEN KECK

at the

ORGAN BAR

RED BARN

VAN NUYS BLVD. at PARTHENIA
PANORAMA CITY — EM 2-1047



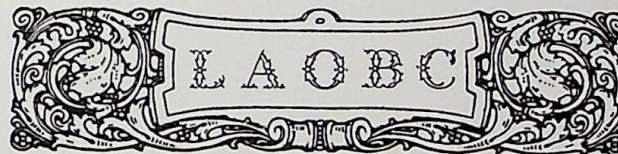
Nitely except Monday.

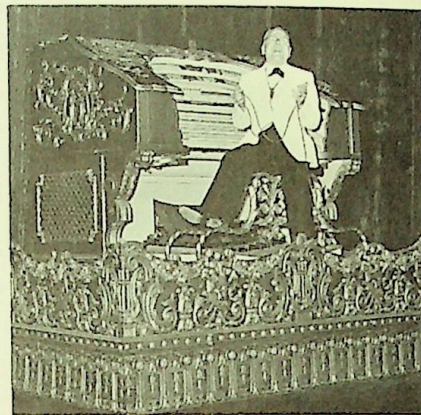
1958	DICK AURANDT	THE OTHER GOOSE
August	TOMMY HEARN	DINNERHORN
September	HELEN DELL	JUMP 'n JACK
October	FOURTH BENEFIT BREAKFAST	
November	(Elks' Club, Alhambra)	
1959	CARL SIMONE	HAPPY HOLLOW
January	LARRY SEIBERT	THE CLOCK
February	JOY McCOY	HODY'S N. H'WD
March	JACK PHILLIPS	BRECKINRIDGE
April	Breakfast replaced by musicale	
May	Roger Hail	BUSCH'S GARDEN
June	LORETTO LEE	SAPPHIRE ROOM
July	Breakfast replaced by screen show	
August	POMPING VILA	VAGABOND'S
September	TOMMY HEARN &	DINNERHORN
October	Harry Gibson	
November	Roberta Jayne	CLUB SEVILLE
December	FRANKIE DRUMMY	THE SHELTON
1960	LORENE STRICKLAND	KEITH JONES'
January	BOB HAMILTON	WEST WIND, Downey
February	FIFTH BENEFIT BREAKFAST	
March	(Elks' Club, Alhambra)	
April	JOY McCOY	ANDARY'S
May	Andy Andersen	THE VENISE
June	KEN KECK	TURF CLUB
July	LARRY SEIBERT	THE EMBERS
July	HELEN DELL	JUMP 'N JACK
August	JIM DAY	MORRIS CAFE
September	Breakfast replaced by picnic	
October	Breakfast replaced by screen show	
November	CARL SIMONE	HAPPY HOLLOW
December	CHRISTMAS PARTY - CIN-BAD'S	
1961	POMPING VILA	STADIUM ROOM
January	(Con't on next page)	

1961	LORETTO LEE	KOPPER KART
February	SIXTH BENEFIT BREAKFAST	
March	(Elks' Club, Alhambra)	
April	FRANCIS CARTER	STONEWOOD
May	TOMMY HEARN	DINNERHORN
June	MADELINE WILLEY	VAGABOND'S
July	JACK PHILLIPS	LE VAY'S
August	BOB HAMILTON	WEST WIND, Downey
September	BOB MORGAN	488 KEYS LOUNGE
October	JOHAN McNEIL	RAFAEL'S SIERRA
November	CARL SIMONE	DARLUND'S

1962	ROSE DIAMOND	MORRIS CAFE
January	Breakfast cancelled	
February	SEVENTH BENEFIT BREAKFAST	
March	(Covina Dinnerhorn)	
April	JIM DAY	CATAMARAN
May	BOB HAMILTON	LION D'OR
June	HELEN DELL	JUMP 'N JACK
July	FRANKIE DRUMMY	WOODY & EDDY'S
August	JACK PHILLIPS	HAPPY HOLLOW
September	MADELINE WILLEY	488 KEYS LOUNGE
October	POMPING VILA	SILVER SADDLE
November	SHIRLEY HALL	SHO HOUSE
December	KERMIT DART	SHANGRI-LA

1963	CARL SIMONE	DARLUND'S
January	EIGHTH BENEFIT BREAKFAST	
February	(Covina Dinnerhorn)	
March	BOB GARRETSON	CHARLEY'S





Midnight, December 1st and San Francisco's organ-film fans have turned out to give Carter a big reception as he steps off his private trolley car. Shortly after, the 200-minute performance began on the fabulous Fox organ, recently purchased by La Canada's Assemblyman Frank Lanterman, prior to the scheduled demolition of the theatre. Richard Simonton, Jr.'s great shot of the screen shows heroine of "Zorro," Marguerite de la Motte towering over Gaylord, dimly seen at console below. It was a night to remember!

OBSERVATIONS AROUND THE ORGAN BAR — Wm. Shakespeare

"We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart . . ." *HAMLET, Act I, Scene 1*

"Rumor is a pipe . . . of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads . . .
can play upon it . . ."

KING HENRY IV, Intro., Part II

"What . . . entertainment the players receive from you . . ."

HAMLET, Act II, Sc. 2

"Let me play the fool . . . and let my liver . . . heat with wine . . ."

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act v, Sc. 1

"My lungs began to crow like chanticleer
And I did laugh sans intermission . . ."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Sc. II, Sc. 7

"I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs . . ."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act II, Sc. 5

"It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve
the propositions of a lover . . ."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act III, Sc. 2

"You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops
. . . you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my
compass . . ."

HAMLET, Act II, Sc. 2

"Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?"

HAMLET, Act II, Sc. 2

"Music, moody food of us that trade in love . . ."

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act I, Sc. 5

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by
it will strike . . ."

THE TEMPEST, Act II, Sc. 1

"Cudgel thy brains no more . . . for your dull ass will not mend . . ."

HAMLET, Act V, Sc. 1

" . . . he outdells his hour
For lovers ever run before the clock . . ."

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act II, Sc. 6

"We have heard the chimes at midnight . . ."

KING HENRY IV, Act II, Sc. 2

"But soft! methinks I scent the morning air . . ."

HAMLET, Act I, Sc. 5

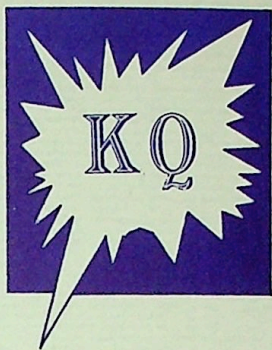
". . . who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?"

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act II, Sc. 6

"I am doomed . . . for a certain term to walk the night . . ."

HAMLET, Act I, Sc. 5



LOS ANGELES ORGANISTS'
BREAKFAST CLUB, Inc.

Box 405, Arcadia

Bob Garretson, Pres.
Harry Lawrence, Sec.

Rita Collins, Vice-Pres.
Clarence Paris, Treas.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL:

Ken Keck
Jim Day
Tom Rork

Bob Hamilton
Bob Elliott
Marge Stewart

SHIRLEY HALL, MADELINE WILLEY, Alternates



Del Castillo's

Alphabetical

Primer of

ORGAN STOPS

**DEL CASTILLO'S
ALPHABETICAL PRIMER
OF
ORGAN STOPS**

—A Completely Non-Authoritative Glossary From A to Z—

*Dedicated To The American
Theatre Organ Enthusiasts*

FIRST EDITION
\$2.00

Copyright Applied For

PREFACE

By Gaylord B. Carter

An Alphabetical Primer of Organ Stops like a simple cook book can provide you with the means for some mighty stimulating experimentation. But you must be careful how you combine the ingredients. The results can be disastrous. Too much mustard in the soup, like too much Trompette en Chimade in the coda can give you a deep sense of ill feeling and you'll know full well you've done something wrong.

Lloyd G. Del Castillo in this delightful little treatise takes us through the organ stop by stop and rank by rank and in jolly little tone pictures lets us know what they do and how they got that way.

Imagine yourself seated at the console of a four-manual one hundred-stop pipe organ—one that is completely new to you. What a thrill to try out the wondrous possibilities. But in doing this it's nice to know that a Rohrflote doesn't roar and that a Spitzprinzipal doesn't spit. And it's good to be sure that when you pull out a Regal you know just what you are getting into! And it's helpful too to know that a Choralbass won't sing unless you want it to.

Here is a world of strange names and strange sounds. Yet all can be fabulously beautiful if you know what you are doing—if you know how the flutes and strings and diapasons and reeds can be combined to give the creative or interpretive effects you want. Del Castillo starts us off in this direction.

Just as it is sometimes hard to see the forest for the trees, so likewise is it hard to hear the ensemble for the individual stops if they are not balanced as to pitch, tone color or intensity. Del Castillo calls this a Primer. Well you have to start somewhere—and this kind of start is great fun.



GAYLORD B. CARTER



AEOLINE (a-o-leen), the littsiest bittsiest stop on the organ making the tiniest sound; the closest thing to a dead stop. Also called the Aeolina. Its origin, according to Baker, was a set of small reeds bound together like a shepherd's pipe and played by mouth. He says it was invented in England by the Wheatstone Brothers in 1829. This looks to me like a sneaky attempt by an Englishman to make it an English invention, like the Russians saying they invented electricity. Because the Germans claim it was invented by Eschenbach of Hamburg in 1800. Personally I think it was invented by Pan in 5000 B.C. Who it was **not** invented by was the Aeolians, an ancient Greek tribe in Asia Minor. Or by the Casavant Brothers, for that matter.

But the subject is not yet exhausted, even if I am. Aeoline is Greek for wind, and you'd be surprised how its uses multiplied. There's the Aeolian Harp (strings set in a resonance box and hung in a window), the Aelodican (working up to the melodian), the Aelomelodican (adding brass tubes to the reeds), the Aelopantalon (which hooked it to the piano), the Aerophon (harmonium), the Aeolharmonica (didn't last, too harsh), and the Aeolian Piano Attachment (blowing against the strings so they'd vibrate longer). All these have nothing to do with the Aeolian mode, which is just the melodic minor scale. Now aren't you sorry you know me.



BOMBARDE (bum-bard). If you jump to the conclusion that the Bum Bard is a slam at Shakespere, you'd better un-jump. What it has to do with is a great big hunk of Pedal pipes that like to blow you out of your seat. A full scale Bombarde will make your false teeth rattle and maybe jar loose your good ones. Organists holding low C on the Bombarde too long have been known to lose all their loose change down in the Pedal keys.

Originally the Bombarde was the lowest and biggest of the Shawm family. Surely you remember the Shawm family. They lived way down by the railroad tracks. A lot of them were 'Oboes. Then there was the British branch, the English Horns, and the Bassoons, the Hecklephones, and the Sarrusophones. Honest!

Well, the Shawms are mostly all gone now—just a bunch of broken reeds. The ones that are left have gone respectable, joined the clarinets and flutes to become good little woodwinds. But the Bombarde, like the Oboe, remains, in the words of an anonymous critic, "The ill wind that nobody blows good."



CORNOPEAN (corps-know-pea-en) Cornopean means horn of plenty, which on the organ is reversed to mean plenty of horn. The Cornopean is really a pushy kind of character, being a little too brassy for his own good. Nevertheless, we're grateful to him for the guts he gives the organ, being of the noisy family called the chorus reeds.

All of the horn family are derived from "corno" which is simply horn in Italian. Italians are noted for large families. The Cornos are no exception: the cornetto, the cornettino, the corho d'echo and the corno da caccia, the corno di bassetto, and even the cornamusa, which is nothing but an old bag-pipe. And I haven't even mentioned the cornon or the cor alto or the Krummhorn, and what's more I don't intend to.

I could go on and on this way, showing off with a lot of stuff that just obscures the fact that all we're talking about is a trumpet stop which is (a) rounder and fuller than the true trumpet, and (b) like all organ reeds is always getting out of tune. And that, I guess, is more than one cares to know about the Cornopean.

Lou Maury says that the Cornopean in his church has been variously identified as the Garbage Disposal, the Electric Razor, or the Power Hedge-Clipper.



DIAPASON (Dye-a-pay-sun; also variously Diaper-son, Dye-apper-son, Dire-pass-on). But however you pronounce it, it's still just plain old church organ tone. Long ago in B.C. (Before Cinematography), the Diapason was King of the Stops. But then came the movies, which in the silent days needed a music background in the pit, and in the heyday of the Movie Organ Farney Wurlitzer deposed the Diapason with the Tibia, which just means Lot o' Lip. Then finally came the electronic organ in all shapes and sizes, with more fancy names than a Broadway chorus line, and the battered old Diapason gave way to the Gimmick, and sometimes even disappeared entirely.

Now don't ask me to explain this, but Diapason originally just meant Octave, from a Greek phrase meaning "through all the strings." If this isn't confusing enough, in French it means the compass of an instrument, or it can mean a Tuning Fork or Pitch Pipe, or it can mean International Pitch, which is lower than Concert Pitch, or if it's a Stopped Diapason it's not a Diapason at all but a Flute. According to Webster it can even mean "a swelling burst of harmony." Get it? The Beatles have been giving us Diapasons and didn't know it. So come on, Ringo, more Diapasons!



ENGLISH HORN (if you can't pronounce that, you don't deserve to read about it). We are now on a Horn kick, which really started two months ago with the Corneoan. From that, sometimes known as the Blatt Horn, we will proceed to delve into the mysteries of the English Horn, the French Horn, the Gemshorn, and maybe the Heckelphone. First, as to the English Horn. The English Horn is neither English nor a Horn. Originally named in France the *Cor Angle*, it meant an elongated oboe with an angle in it. No objection to that. Everybody has an angle. The objection is that some kook corrupted the name to *Cor Anglais* or English Horn, and it has stayed that way ever since. It's a nice organ stop, tho.

Ernest Skinner made up a dandy, almost as effective as his French Horn, which we'll investigate next month. It's got a throaty quality like a Cockney with a head cold. Maybe that's why it's called English Horn. I dunno.

Take your pick. It first showed up in 1690 under the name of Tenor Hautboy in Purcell's Opera *Diocletian*. A really good English Horn stop, like a good woman, is hard to find. But let's not get cynical. Nowadays blowing your own horn is essential, be it English, French, Baritone, or Nasal.

FRENCH HORN (frentsch hawn). When Hope-Jones and Wurlitzer developed the Circus Wagon console they called the "Unit Orchestra," they were only following a trend that had become well established in the 20th century concert organ. There was scarcely an orchestral instrument which had not already had its counterpart in organ stops with the exception of the percussion section, and the Unit Orchestra promptly filled that gap. Tympani, Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Cymbal, Tambourine, Castanets, Triangle proliferated in a mechanical population explosion which came to be dubbed the "Toy Counter." And on the symphony orchestra platform, directly in front of this display, sat the four to eight purveyors of the shinningly coiled French Horns.

Now the French Horn has always been the most unpredictable member of the orchestral family. The French Horn player is the only one who can burble a note and get away with it. A Trumpeter is expected to climb up above high C and never falter, but the French Horn player can fall over his own feet (or rather his own lip) making the same trip, and no finger of scorn is pointed at him. So the organ builders were faced with a peculiar problem. Not only must they design a stop that had that velvety cuddle-up-to-mother quality, but it had to have that characteristic built in "bubble."

Ernest M. Skinner solved the problem, later copied in other organs, and the trick was done. As Stevens Irwin says so simply in his *Dictionary of Organ Stops*, "the shallots are closed to subdue the reed's vibration into higher particles of the train." That is, I think that's what he means. Unless he's talking about onions. Or the Twentieth Century Limited. Anyway, it's a nice stop.



GEDECKT (Germ.: n., table cloth; plate; knife and fork; table cover). Now what do we make of that? Why, simply an organ stop that's a table cover, that's what. SO-O-O, a Gedeckt is a sort of a sound blanket over which other sounds may be overlaid. But let us hasten to add that in German organ terminology it is a "covered" pipe, which gives it that veiled woody sound like a bass flute coming from a sewer. So now, if we may compound the felony, it can best be summarized as a basic flute tone which, like all organ flutes, can be blended with all the other divisions of string, reed and diapason.

The Gedeckt which turns up most often is probably the *Liebligh Gedeckt*, or *Lovely Cover*, at 16' pitch in the Pedals, or 8' on the manuals. It's gentle, it's sweet, it's charming, it's darling, if we can trust the literal German translation. So use it freely. It will never bite back like the *Posthorn* or the *Flugelhorn*. German organ builders seem to have had a special affection for it. In addition to the *Darling Gedeckt*, they also turned out a *Tranquil Gedeckt* ("Still"), *Beautiful Gedeckt* ("Schon") a *Singing Gedeckt* ("Sing-en"), and an *Echo Gedeckt* ("Echo"), which was presumably the *Yodeller's Delight*. The only one to mar this peaceful group was the *Gross Gedeckt*, which is just as fat and hooty and overblown as you might expect.

There are of course a whole covey of flutes on most any pipe organ. A lot of them are disguised with names like *Clara-bella* or *Melodia*, to say nothing of *Gedeckt*. And then you have all the other pitches, high and low, like *Bourdon* and *Flautino* and *Fife* and *Piccolo*. And the Theatre Organ spawned the whole gamut of *Tibia Clausas* from 16' all the way up through all the overtones to 1'. Nevertheless, this glorified heart-throb, according to Irwin, is nearly matched by the *Gedeckt*. In his *Organ Stop Dictionary* he comes right out to claim that "only

the *Tibia Clausa* is a purer flute." I guess my favorite of all, tho, is the *Still Gedeckt*. Certainly a stop which means *Silently Covered* must be about as tiny a sound as you can get unless you shut off the motor entirely.



HECKELPHONE (*heckle*, v.t., originally Scotch; to annoy or confuse a speaker by interrupting with taunts). This figures. A heckelphone is a Low Oboe, which is about as far down the social scale as you can get. Earlier in this series, the Heckelphone was mentioned in connection with the English Horn. That figures, too. They are *Brudern* and *Sistern*; the English Horn being a fifth below the Oboe, and the Heckelphone a fourth lower than that.

This Baritone Oboe was invented by Joseph Ignatius Rumpelstitzken Heckel of Biberich, Germany, no kidding. He was one of five children and got even by having five of his own: *Artesia Heckel*, *Bimini Heckel*, *Cornelius Heckel*, *Dunkel Heckel*, and *Elfreda Heckel*. His father was *Ludwig von Trinken-Heckel*, the well known Bavarian souse and wine bibber. Joseph turned out to be quite a drinker and gabber himself, which is no doubt why he specialized in wind instruments—the Heckelphone, the *Bb Heckelclarind*, the *Eb Heckelclarinetto*, and the improved German *Doppel-Fagotto*. The Heckelphone came into its own when *Richard Strauss* wrote it into *Salome*, the Heckelclarind sprang into being for the express purpose of playing the English Horn solo in the third act of *Tristan*, and the *Doppel Fagotto* was developed to cope with the more infuriating passages in *Parsifal*. All told, Joseph Ignatius Rumpelstitzken Heckel was hot stuff in the woodwind department, and it is no less than his due to have organists salute him, however unknowingly, by drawing the Heckelphone.



INTRA-MANUAL COUPLER. Couplers are either intra-manual or inter-manual, according to the mood you're in. Couplers were first mentioned in the Bible ("My coupler runneth over" Psalms xxiii-5). The poet George John Whyte-Melville makes a more direct reference to couplers in his poem "Like To Like":

For everything created
In the bounds of earth and sky
Has such longing to be mated,
It must couple or must die.

Webster's Dictionary goes along with this kind of mush, defining couple as "a man and woman who are engaged, married, or joined as partners in dances, games, etc." Well! What do you mean, "etc," Noah? But then he gets more explicit and less romantic about the coupler, to wit: "In an organ, a device connecting two keyboards or keys an octave apart so they can be played together." And when he then goes on to add that a coupler is "a person who couples," you see what that makes you, don't you? You're just an old coupler, that's what you are.

Now an Intra-manual Coupler is if you want to take all the junk on one keyboard and add it to another keyboard like say you have a Krumet on the Solo and a Kinura on the Swell and a Chrysoglott on the Accompaniment and you want to mix them all up together with the Sleighbells on the Great so you push down the Swell to Great and the Solo to Great and the Accompaniment to Great and what have you got? Spinach.

But an Inter-manual Coupler, or maybe it's the other way round, is like when you want an extra finger to play in octaves but you're too lazy to stretch that far so you put down a tab that says something like Swell to Swell 4', or Swell to Swell 16', and it plays the extra fingers for you an octave higher or an octave lower or all three together if that's how you feel about things.

Of course if you were the proud manipulator of a Unit Organ you didn't have

to do any of these things. Hope-Jones decided that if you took all the stops and then put in a lot more stops that played the same sets of pipes at a lot of different pitches you accomplished the same thing and besides look at what a great big organ with thousands of stops you wound up with, daddy. A Wurlitzer Hope-Jones Unit Orchestra, no less. And no couplers. Well, maybe a couple couplers. So let's Couple. It's fun.



JEU CELESTE (Zher Selest). The French have a word for it, and how characteristic! In English, a pipe rank is coldly and negatively named Stop! But the French phrase, ooh la la, translates to Game or Diversion. How gay! How spicy! How garlic—I mean Gallic. So the Jeu Celeste takes on all the Continental seductiveness of a Heavenly Diversion. All kinds. There's the Jeu a Bouche (flue stop), the Jeu d' Anche (reed), the Jeu des Flutes (guess!), the Jeu d'Ange (angelic), the Jeu des Violes (strings), the Jeu de Mutation (harmonic or mixture), Jeu de Timbre (bells), Jeu de Voix Humaine (vox humana or human voice), and finally and fundamentally the Jeu d' Orgue (voice of the organ). Pretty d' orguey, huh? To say nothing of Grand Jeu (grand organ), Plein Jeu (full organ) and Demi Jeu (mf). Personally I go for Grand Jeu, it rolls off the tongue so majestically.

Of course the derivation of the word "stop" as applied to organ registers refers to the mechanism that opens or closes the valves admitting wind to the pipes. There was a time when these stops stopped the organist as well as the organ; they were so balky it took both hands plus a small boy, or even better, a big boy, to pull them. And no one who has ever played an old tracker action with the manuals coupled together can forget what a strenuous work-out that was. We were softies, tho, compared to the 10th

century organists who had to use their fists and elbows to rattle the keys down. I am happy that today the tracker action has gone to join the horse and buggy, the gas lamp, the horse-hair sofa and the straight edge razor. The Age of Electricity has made life so much easier and faster that we are now all having nervous breakdowns.

But enough of nostalgia. Let's get back to the Celeste. Organists are a romantic lot, I guess. They get into words like *voix celeste*, *viole aetheria*, *vox angelica*, *flute d'amor*, *clarabella*, *melodia*, *celestia*, and it soothes them. Of course on the other hand they love to cut loose with the serpent, the flugelhorn, kinura, diaphone, tierce, mixture, ophecleide and thunder drum. It takes all kinds. Oh yes, we were talking about the Celeste. Any register with a sweet veiled tone can be called a Celeste, but of late organ builders have used the term, mostly in strings, to describe the shimmering quality made by combining two similar ranks, one tuned slightly above the other. It takes a sharpie to do this. And that's all I know about the Celeste.



Kinura, Krumet, Krumhorn (Canoe-ra, Crumb It, Crumb Horn). The Ku Klux Klan of the organ world. The Ku Klux Klan is characterized by a snarl. So is the Kinura, Krumet and Krumhorn. The Ku Klux Klan is disapproved of by the church. So is the Kinura, Krumet and Krumhorn. The Ku Klux Klan is a manufactured name altered for alliteration. So is the Kinura, Krumet and Krumhorn.

The sound of the Kinura has been defined in print as "merely a brilliant daub of tone reminding the listener of a bee in a bottle." Other critics have compared it to a sick oboe. It must be admitted that all three of the above-mentioned beauties sound slightly constipated. Irwin, to whose Dictionary of Organ Stops we have repaired in the past for solace, reassur-

ance and information, says despairingly of the Kinura that "the resonators have almost no control over the motions of the reeds in the boots of the pipes, and the resulting tone is a great mass of inharmonic partial that only approximate the pitch of the notes." This strikes a responsive chord in the breasts of organists who have been shocked by hearing Kinura pipes slide off anywhere from a half-tone to a half-octave. The result is disastrous.

Nevertheless Irwin, having disposed of the Kinura, goes on to say of the Krumet that it was "introduced primarily for the enjoyment of motion picture audiences." This of course antedates to the Good Old Days when there were motion picture audiences, and workable pipe organs with which to entertain them. Today the consoles lie buried beneath their canvas shrouds, and the wind chests are the cozy homes of mice and rats.

This disposes of all except the Krumhorn or Krumhorn or Cronorme. I would gladly be of help here except that I don't know what any of those names mean. I have sometimes used stops bearing them, and then hastily drawn back in embarrassment as tho I had unwittingly goosed a dowager. Nevertheless, I stand up for them. They have their points. They add zest to organ playing. Three cheers for the Kinura, Krumet and Krumhorn. Long may they bray.



LARIGOT (pronunciation furnished on request). This is one in the long parade of harmonic pitches that are built into stop lists to re-enforce the natural overtones. To list all of these brings us into higher mathematics, calculus, trigonometry and hysteria ultimately resulting in schizophrenia. Nevertheless, here goes, and I would advise you to skip the whole thing.

The fundamental or basic pitch on an organ is the 8' stop, that being the length of low C, the longest pipe of that rank. From there we can go on to double its

all sounds as though you had read it before, you're right. You have. For the Nineteenth is the Larigot, which appeared in the alphabetical line-up two months ago. Well, I guess now you know what the Larigot-Nineteenth is.



OPHICLEIDE (Off it, Clyde). It has been left to the pipe organ to keep this prehistoric monster alive. Long before you were born, it was one the gang in the musical rat pack along with the Serpent, the Zinke, the Sarrusophone, the Russian Bassoon (which was neither Russian nor a Bassoon), and the Oliphant Horn (would you believe from an Oliphant's tusk, no kidding). Like so many organ stops, Ophicleide is a made-up word. Comes from the two Greek words for Snake and Key: in other words, a Keyed Serpent.

Ever see an orchestral serpent? Enough to give you the screaming meenies. It winds back and forth like a lady boa constrictor in labor, and it bellows like a wounded cow. Berlioz refers somewhere to its "frigid and abominable blaring." The hapless musician trying to play it in a marching band had a task equivalent to a fireman trying to coil a length of high pressure hose someone had forgotten to turn the water off from which. No wonder it's found only in museums.

Anyhoo, from that comes the Ophicleide, which looks like a Tube seen in a Fun House mirror, all skinny and elongated, with a long shank to the mouthpiece that coils around in a circle that comes out here. Or there. Or somewhere. But wherever, it cooked up quite a storm. Its roar could be heard twenty miles away on a clear day, and would put an air raid siren to shame. Berlioz, whose life-long ambition was to write the loudest music ever heard, used two in Faust, and Mendelssohn found a comic use for it with the clown's theme from *Midsummer Nights Dream*.

This is a long way around to the Ophi-

my grandfather.

The Melophone (no relation to the Melophone) is also a Flute stop. It is more brilliant, with a rich silvery quality, and is made of metal. Today flutes have a silvery quality and are made of metal. A symphony flute player showing up with a wooden flute would be drummed out of the corps. I guess they sound better. Personally I thought my grandfather's wooden flute sounded fine. But we have to progress, so now we have metal flutes. They look prettier, and they shine. I suppose it is only a question of time before we have metal clarinets, oboes and bassoons. But so far violines, violas, cellos, basses, xylophones, marimbas and batons are still made of wood. This is all pretty useful information which you ought to know about.

Now we come to the Mellophone with two ells. The Mellophone is made of metal. It is loud and brassy and it doesn't sound at all like a flute. In a brass band Euphoniums are sometimes called Mellophones. Semantically this is a euphemism. What I mean is, if I can just quit using hard words I just looked up, words that suggest sweet sounds are always being used to name organ stops or musical instruments. Look at Aeoline Celeste, Clarabella, Flute d'Amour, Dulciana, Vox Angelica, Unda Maris, Harmonia Aetheria, to name just a few. And look at the way instrument makers take a row of nasal sounding reeds hitched together so they can be blown through, and then sweeten them up with names like harmonica, melodeon and harmonium.

It's an easy out to make up names that are based on "melody." And inevitable, probably. So we have Melodia, Melophone, Mellophane, Melodica, Melodeon, Melodicon, and Melophiano, all Hail,—Melody.

length to 16', an octave lower, or cut it in two for a 4' pipe, which is, surprise! an octave higher. As long as we stay in these even multiples from the gargantuan 32' in the sub-basement to the penny-whistle squeak of the 1' in the attic, we get only the consonant octaves. But overtones unfortunately aren't that obliging. The harmonic series embraces not only the even octaves of 4', 2' and 1' (respectively one, two and three octaves above the fundamental), but also the 12th (an octave and a fifth), the 17th (two octaves and a third), and the 19th (two octaves and a fifth). These show up in such poor relations as the Quint, the Nazard, the Tierce, the Cornet or Mixture (which is several pitches all stewed up together), and—now we come to it!—the Larigot, which is the 19th.

If you've stuck with me this far, take heart, the end is in sight. The Larigot, which, if you've been doing your home work, you now know sounds two octaves and a fifth higher than the note you have your finger on, is a metal pipe of Diapason quality calculated to make your dog's hair bristle and his ears ring. Like all harmonic stops, it has presumably been carefully scaled in proper proportion to the fundamentals to build up in the organ ensemble to a round full organ sound.

But don't count on it. If you add it to a weak combination, you will think you have started to play in two keys simultaneously. Which, you must agree, is no mean feat.



MELLOPHONE. Originally I planned to inform an expectant waiting world of the Melodia. I will say this. The Melodia is nice to listen to, as its name implies. My grandfather, who was a postman, liked to come home, take his shoes off, and settle down to a session with his wooden flute. In those days flutes were made of wood. The Melodia is such a sound,—a mellow flute stop made of wood. So much for the Melodia, which I now dedicate to



NINETEENTH — No, Virginia, that isn't the day of the month. And no, Virginia, that isn't the number of this article in the series, which begins to seem to me more like the Ninetieth. What it is is the name of an organ stop, one in the long parade of harmonic pitches which go to re-enforce the natural overtones. To list all of these brings us into higher mathematics, calculus, trigonometry and hysteria ultimately leading to schizophrenia. But here goes.

The fundamental pitch on an organ is 8', that being the length of low C. This is also the first in the lengthy series of harmonics or overtones or upper partials (begins to sound like dentistry), of successively higher pitches which are what combine in different proportions (now it sounds like cooking) to make up the quality of a tone. These overtones come in even octaves like 4', 2' and 1, which are respectively one, two and three octaves above the fundamental. But they also come in off-pitch harmonics or mutation pitches like the Twelfth (an octave and a fifth higher), the Seventeenth (two octaves and a third), and the Nineteenth (two octaves and a fifth).

If you've stayed with me this far, take heart, the end is in sight. The Nineteenth, a metal pipe with a hard shrill tone of Diapason quality, will make your dog's hair bristle and his ears ring. Like all harmonic stops, it has presumably been scaled in proper proportion to the fundamental to build up the full Diapason chorus at all pitches to the heavy, brilliant, sonorous sound known as *Plein Jeu*.

But don't count on it. These mutations are tricky. They need to be custom built, which means that they should vary according to the stop specifications. By the time you get 'em all together—the Sesquialteras, the Cornets, the Ximbels, the Mixtures, the Carillon, the Scharf, the Fournitures—you may have a fine big organ sound or you may have a raucous cacophonous screeching bedlam. If this

...eide as an organ stop, but it gives you some idea as to what to be prepared for. It's a Gasser, it's a Juggernaut, it's a Tornado. At 8' pitch it assaults the ear drum, at 16' it makes your toenails quiver, and at 32' it shakes you right out of your seat. It goes along with the Posthorn, Tuba Mirabilis, English Horn, Trombone, Diaphone, and Bombarde as the Cellar Gang of the Stop Rail. They even make it of spotted metal so it will look like a hyena.

Ophicleides have been installed up to 100" pressure, where they classify as the Big Wind. The Ophicleide is generally the final step on the Crescendo pedal, tho sometimes it doesn't even show up there but is reserved for the Sforzando, where it hits you in the stomach like a medicine ball.

Beware of the Ophicleide. Its bark is as bad as its bite.



PICCOLO. Last month this column disposed of the Ophicleide, which is one of the biggest and loudest. So it's only fitting that this month we progress to the Piccolo, one of the smallest and tiniest. I can't really say softest, for the hysterical shriek of a piccolo can cut thru the biggest fortissimo a composer can dream up.

Words are funny things. A word will start out one way, and wind up six different ways. Take the piano. Piano simply means soft, but try to tell that to any parent of a 7-year-old boy taking piano lessons. And for that matter piano is simply a truncated version of pianoforte, which means soft-loud. Kind of a dumb way to name a musical instrument, since most any instrument can be played soft-loud. And then there's the cello, which again is half a name, cut down from its full patronym of violoncello, or cellar violin.

Piccolo is just such another abbreviated word. Piccolo simply means little, and its real name is flauto piccolo, or little flute. The Los Angeles Philharmonic, appar-

...ently believing that a grown man looks silly playing a piccolo, has taken to using feminine piccoloistas, if I may coin a word myself. Its previous piccoloista, by the way, was abducted by the Boston Symphony, where she is now piccoloing under Leinsdorf, so we now have a new piccoloista.

Words do get tangled up. The old masters sometimes wrote their cello parts an octave higher in the treble clef, when the part then became known as a violoncello piccolo. How involved can you get? Then there is the sad case of the English horn, which is a stretched-out oboe with a crook in the neck to take care of the added length. Originally called by the French the cor angle, or angled horn, it soon was corrupted to the cor anglais, or English horn. Like the man who came before the judge and said he wanted to change his name from Eddie Stanapopolous and the judge said what to, and he said Joe Stanopopolous.

And so it goes. Last month the printer of this esteemed periodical took matters into his own hands and called the Tuba a Tube, which it literally is, tho it didn't help to make much sense out of the sentence. Tympani simply means drums, not, you notice, one drum, as they always show up in pairs or sets. A simple tympani is properly a tympanum, but who has the temerity to call it that. The viola da gamba is a violin played from the knee, whereas the saxophone is a sound invented by Adolphe Sax. A graphophone, tho, is not a sound invented by Graph but a "written sound"; i.e., a sound produced by printing grooves on a disc.

All that needs to be added is that in today's electronic organs or "plug-ins," as the ATOE laughingly calls them, the Piccolo is a 2' Tibia (or lip), which makes it about 14" longer than its orchestral twin, or Gemini.



QUINT (Kwint). All the fancy derivations of "Quint" translate into stops in which the 5th above the fundamental predominates or sounds alone. For "quint" simply means 5 in any language, whether you call it cinq, funf, cinque, cinco or V. A basketball team is Quints. The Dionnes were Quints, or, if you will, Quintuplets. A flock of five instrumentalists is a Quintet. A Quintillion is more than stands thinking about: 1,000,000,000,000,000,000, to be exact. (Count those zeros, printer! All 18 of 'em) more years back than I care to remember I attended my college Quinquennial class reunion, years and years before I became a Quinquagenarian. I could, especially if I lived in Quincy, compose a Quinary suite of five pieces, meanwhile fortifying myself by eatng a Quince, which should contain five seeds, but doesn't. And if I developed a Quincy sore throat, I could of course take Quinine, or, if desparate, Quinacrine.

This is now becoming ridiculous, so let's go on to the organ stops, which range from the Quintadena to the Quintaton, with way stations at the Quint Flute, the Quint Mixture, the Quint Diapason and he Quint Bass. Of these my favorite is the Quintadena. This seductive little stop features the 3rd harmonic or Twelfth (the 5th in the second octave) so picuantly, or should I say piquintly, that it comes thru as an acceptable substitute for the Clarinet, which does the same thing. This characteristic need not detain us unduly, as the electronic organ designers always include the Clarinet, even if they only whip it up by combining the 8', 2 2/3' and 1 3/5' Tibias, before they even consider including a Quintadena, which, come to think of it, I can't remember ever seeing on a plug-in organ.

Now I'm sorry but I have to get technical. The Tibia layout on electronics appears on the stop-rail at 16', 8', 5 1/3', 4', 2 2/3', 2', 1 3/5' and 1'. Now the natural harmonic series runs 8', 4', 2 2/3' and so on. In other words, the quint harmonic first appears an octave and a fifth above the fundamental. What, then, of the little stranger of 5 1/3' pitch which pokes its head in where it doesn't belong, only a fifth above the fundamental, under the name of Quint. Obviously this must be the 3rd harmonic of the 16' sub-fundamental and should be used as such. If you doubt me, try this experiment. Set yourself a light 8' and 4' registration. Now add the 5 1/3' Quint. What do you hear? If you will be honest with yourself, and me, and if you don't have a tin ear, you will hear a light bassoon-like tone of 16' pitch, proving that the 5 1/3' is actually an overtone belonging to the 16' harmonic series. Pretty weird, huh?

This isn't all. In large pipe organs there sometimes appears a Bas Quint of 10 2/3' pitch, which is a 5th above the 16' Pedal, or a 4th below the 8' fundamental. By the same

logic that got so messy in the last paragraph, this 10 2/3' stop is actually the third overtone of a 32' pitch, and thus becomes the vital element of the Resultant, which is the organ designer's sneaky way of getting you to hear a 32' pitch without having to install a 32' pipe which there wasn't room for in the building anyway.

Just hold tight to the thought that any stop sounding a 5th higher than a fundamental is properly an overtone of a fundamental an octave lower. Aw, how confused can you get? Even I don't understand it. All I know is I have now talked myself out of using the Resultant for the letter R, so.



REGAL. I was originally going to let the letter R stand for Resultant. But it turned out that in the piece about **Quint** my thought waves had swept me onto the Resultant and left me stranded amid the debris of the Bass Quint and the Nazard. So then I grabbed onto the **Regal** only to find that I was in more trouble. The Regal, I soon realized, is of no importance to the contemporary organist. The original Regal, now obsolete, was nothing but a primitive kind of a harmonium worked by playing the keyboard with the right hand and pumping with the left. The foot treadles came later, after the Regal and the Regal player were exhausted.

It was a compact little thing, tho. Some of them were made so they'd fold up like a pitchman's suitcase. But in those days they didn't know about pitchmen's suitcases. To them it looked more like closing up the family Bible. So in all innocence they called it the Bible Regal. In fact it was so respected that in merry England there was a court officer who went by the impressive title of Keeper of the King's Regals.

Mostly these Regals had the dismal sound of a broken-down pitch-pipe. To compound the agony the larger ones had two reeds for each key, at which point to no one's surprise it was known as a Double Regal. How Regal can you get?

Well, we progress. The ice box becomes the refrigerator, the candle the electric

light, the horse and buggy the motor car. So the Regal gave way to the parlor organ and eventually the electric organ. In the pipe organ the Regal became a reed stop. The reeds in the old Regals were what they called beating reeds, flapping against a hole in a metal bar. In the pipe organ the reeds were added to the flue pipes, which had previously been built like a penny whistle thru which air was blown. It really didn't make much sense to call these Regals, so they ultimately came to be known simply as Reeds.

In fact I could have saved us a lot of grief by just heading this column **Reeds**. But having made my bed I will now lie in it, and careen grimly on with misinformation about the Regal. When the German designers introduced them in the pipe organ, they still kept their family name, like **Geigenregal** (string-reed!) or **Harfenregal** (harp-reed!!). But this was so kooky they soon abandoned it for another R, the **Rohr** or **Rohrblatte**, which is German for Reed. Except when they called it **Zunge**, which also means Reed. Eeesh: So then we get into more mad mad names like **Rohrflote** (reed-flute) or **Doppelrohrflote** (double-reed-flute) or for all I know **Ubersteinlichdoppelrohrflote** (oh-boy-what-a-double-reed-flute).

I know there's one thing we can now agree on—that we're both sorry I ever started this. So let's simplify the whole business. (a) A Regal is a Reed. (b) A Reed is a Rohrblatte. (c) All organ Reeds have a vibrating metal tongue, which is what I begin to think I have. (d) The Regals still showing up on organs are mostly short-resonator reeds which bite at you with varying amounts of zing or Zunge. (e) Let's forget the whole thing.



SALICIONAL. The Salicional, and its little brother the Salicet, have a kind of a medicinal ring, which is just the way they are apt to sound to the musical ear, sort of tinny and astringent. But they serve such a useful purpose in counteracting the cloying sweetness of the flute-tibia group that we welcome them in.

All good little organ students know that the four basic families of organ tone are the flute, the string, the reed and the diapason. In modern electronic organs the flutes, in the guise of the tibias, have pushed in more and more to take over the whole works. By adding the off-pitch harmonics of **Quint**, **Nazard** and **Tierce**, they are able to fake the other kinds of tone. Most makers have been guilty of combining the 8', 2 2/3' and 1 3/5' to counterfeit the Clarinet, and one builder even has the impertinence to combine the 16' and 8' Tibias and call it a Diapason. Curses of Johann Sebastian Bach and all the little Bachs!

So now is a good time to put in a good word for the String family, which has been given the bum's rush ever since Hope-Jones first glorified the Tibia by elevating it from a shin bone to a flute pipe. (This might be the time to point out that—no, I'll hoard that up for next month.) The fact is a well-balanced organ needs strings as much as flutes. A big throbbing Tibia ensemble may accelerate the heart and titillate the intestines, but it's like eating an avocado and lettuce sandwich—nothing solid. For the ham and bologna eater, we need the Gambas, the Viols, the Salicionals, to say nothing of the diapasons and chorus reeds.

That doesn't mean that all strings are gutty, or even catguty. The **Aelines**, for example, are the softest stops on the organ. They make an excellent final diminuendo to coast down to from the soft diapasons of **Gemshorn**, **Dolce** and **Dulciana**, and are the least stringy of any stop in the String division. Just as the **Aelines** are the most delicate, so are the **Gambas** the coarsest. I hasten to say this is a personal opinion. A Gamba-lover would disagree. Sort of in between are the Salicional group at all its pitches—**Salicional**, **Salicet** and **Salicetina**. And finally, maybe sweeter to the ear, are the orchestral imitative stops—**Violin**, **Viola**, **Cello**.

All of these stops can be altered in one of two ways. They can be muted to give an eery veiled tone by cupping or narrowing the top end, practically the same thing that a brass player does when he plops a mute into the bell of his instrument. Or they can produce a shimmering effect called the **Celeste** by adding a second row of pipes tuned a trifle sharp.

Whatever they do, they make an impressive group, and

have cut them down to next to nothing. One builder has added a Celeste tab, appropriately segregated with the Tremulants, which beefs up the Strings quite effectively. All this isn't meant as criticism. The electronic organ buyer gets a whale of a lot for his money, and don't let any died-in-the-wool pipe organ devotee tell you different. But if you can swing it, there's nothing that an organist will ever get a bigger kick out of than rassing a big 4-manual pipe organ to the ground. Popeye, Superman and James Bond can all take a back seat. Hi-ho, Silver!



TIBIA. The plural of Tibia is Tibiae, so let's get with it fellers, the Tibias in your organ are Tibiae, if you want to be cultured. As you may learn from Webster: "n. pl. Tibiae (L). (1) the shin bone, the larger of the two leg bones, joining with the Femur at the knee, and with the Fibula at the ankle." Or, in the words of the well known musical jingle:

The foot bone's connected to the ankle bone,

The ankle bone's connected to the leg bone,

The leg bone's connected to the knee bone,

The knee bone's connected to the thigh bone . . .

Need I go on? Only to say that tibias or tibiae often lead to osteomyelitis. This makes the situation pretty grim, as the way things are going, organists will all wind up with inflamed bone marrow, mostly in the left leg.

But to go back to Webster, the Tibia is also: "(2) an ancient type of flute, originally made from an animal's tibia." From such small oke horns do great aches grow, if I may paraphrase David Everett, who, sometime between 1769 and 1813, wrote:

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
Large streams from little fountains
flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Well, if I can't speak in public, I can at least hold forth in this column as long as my strength and your patience hold out. So let's learn more about this small ancient flute that grew and grew until it became a forest nurtured by Robert Hope-Jones and Farney Wurlitzer, from the shrill little shoots smaller than a pencil to the gigantic 32 footers nearly 3 feet across.

Tibias of course didn't start with the theatre organ, even if I did. They go back hundreds of years to the birth of organ building, and why wouldn't they? If our hairy ancestors could make them out of shin bones, certainly the Guild craftsmen of the Middle Ages could make them out of wood. And did. Irwin in his valuable Dictionary of Pipe Organ Stops lists types I never even heard of—Mollis, Rex, Sylvestris. Most Tibias sounded like an ocean liner in a fog, hooting away to reassure itself. I suspect most merry-go-round organs must be made with Tibias—oops, sorry, Tibiae.

What Hope-Jones did was to put stoppers on them, run a lot more wind thru them, make them quiver with a big, throbbing Tremulo, and combine them with an equally throbbing Vox Humana to dissolve you in sentimental tears while Francis X. Bushman made passionate advances to Gloria Swanson. The insidious allure of the Tibia spread like wildfire until no theatre organ dared be without a bevy of them. And when the blight of talking pictures condemned them to their shrouds, they became mute only until the day when the brash electronic organs brought them back to a new and more abundant life.

Today our plug-in organs have elevated the Tibia to new glory, designing the

whole instrument around it. It's literally true, as I can attest from personal knowledge, that a lot of home organ players never use anything else. This figures. They appear at every possible pitch, they have their own separate tremulants, tone controls, volume controls and speakers. In many organs they alone are provided with reverberation and percussion. They sound great in the middle and upper registers, but they get that fog horn quality below middle C, like blowing into a barrel. Yet far too many organists insist on sticking to them for accompanying chords, mostly ignoring the firmer strings and diapasons.

Beautiful as they can be, they have much to answer for. Faced with producing a popular organ for X dollars, the builders have thrown the other tone colors to the wolves, so that the Diapason becomes just a heavier Dulciana, the Oboe and the Trumpet bigger Kinuras.

All hail the Tibia. It has changed the King of instruments to the Queen—seductively feminine, enticingly appealing, and throbbingly emotional. A special arrangement of Fascination and The Birth of Passion, please, Professor.



UNDA MARIS. Wanna know what it means? I'll tell you. It means "wave of the sea." Now these waves are gentle, soft, undulating waves, because the Unda Maris has a gentle, soft, undulating tone, like being stroked with a feather.

Nowadays, with everyone using big and little tremulants and Leslie vibratos that speed up gradually from a standing start like the Old 5:15 leaving the station, it has less importance. But sometime in the past an organ builder found he could get a nice, wavering effect by inserting a rank of pipes tuned a trifle sharp or flat. Out of this discovery were spawned the Celestes, which the inspired designers termed Celestial or Heavenly. This ante-

dated the newest flap of the Avant Gardists who are now having a lot of fun playing with quarter tones by either building instruments in quarter tones or using two pianos tuned a quarter tone apart. Celestial pianos, I suppose. I've heard it demonstrated, but, having a square ear, it didn't titillate me. I prefer Cole Porter.

To get back to the Unda Maris, you may have it, like the Celestes, tuned a little off in a single rank, or in two ranks with one a little above or below the other. The real Celestes come in all sizes, some loud, some soft, some with a forceful beat, some subdued, especially when the off-tuned rank is a smaller scale than its mate. The Unda Maris is one of the softest, so don't count on it for anything more than pianissimo (ppp to you, and to you, too).

All Celestes are not intentional. Neglected pianos can assault the ear with not only two but three pitches from the same key. Most carousel organs will do the same thing. Even a well behaved pipe organ can be thrown out of tune by nothing more than temperature changes. A amateur orchestra can deliver enough Celestes to make the teeth ache. Many accordians are built with a similar device to give that "French" sound, like eating lemon rind. Still a good Celeste is a good Celeste, a thing of beauty warming the blood with a rich glow like bathing in maple syrup.



VIOL: a word of many uses, according to how you pronounce it: a glass container, despicable, a Dutch comedian's conjunction, a French village, a calf, a valley, a transparent covering. And finally, a fiddle and by extension any stringed instrument of the violin family, down to and including the Bull Fiddle, better known as the Dog House.

To that select musical fraternity known as organists it has a special meaning. We were originally trained to recog-

nize four basic kinds of organ tone (later the left wing branch popularized a fifth "percussion" group), of which "string tone" was one of the five. With the advent of plug-ins the strings even had their own distinctive color—amber on some makes, blue on others. This is just as well, since stop names like **salicional** or **salicet** sound more like the ingredients of a headache powder, which isn't so far-fetched at that.

Organ designers could have helped considerably if they had stopped at "viol" derivatives: violin, violone, viole, vio da gamba, bass violin, violoncello. In general, with the exception of **vox humana**, you're pretty safe in assuming that any stop starting with a "v" is a string stop. But unfortunately the designers as usual became enamored of fancy names, and soon we had aeolines, sylestrinas, aetherias, fugaras, voix celestes, vox angeleicas, and even pomposas, borrowed not from Bonanza but from a 5-string viola invented by J. S. Bach, no less.

As for the **Viola da gamba**, which just means a viola clenched between the legs, like an under-nourished cello, the name was presently shortened to **Gamba**, where it moved up to first place on baroque organ string divisions. So then we had a whole army of gambas: gross, bearded, muted, spitz, echo, bell, cone, contra. One of my unrealized ambitions has been to hear a Bearded Gamba that Spitz. The idea is horrifying, in a messy kind of way.

As for the Viols, they have settled down pretty much to a question of volume. The Aeolines are very soft, the gambas very loud, and in between you have the orchestral stops of Violin, Viola, Cello, Grand Viol, and the two Siamese twins, the Viol d' Orchestre and the Viol Celeste, tuned slightly apart to shimmer very prettily. Really. I wouldn't string you, not about string stops.



WALDHORN: literally, a Wood Horn. Well, we have wooden clarinets, wooden bassoons, wooden oboes and there are even a few wooden flutes left, I guess. Long suffering readers of this Primer may remember that my grandfather had one. So why not a wooden horn. In the next paragraph, I'll tell you why not a wooden horn.

A horn, except for those long straight ones you see in Aida, has to be curled up into coils and twists. On the other hand, wooden wind instruments are straight. When they have to be bent, like in English horns, bass clarinets or saxophones, metal takes over. A wooden tube bent into coils would be so crooked it would land in the clink. To say nothing of splitting. Put it this way. If a horn is English, it's wood. If it's French, it's metal. Must be the French are crookeder than the English. Oh well, in an organ they're both metal.

But the best reason I've saved till last. A Waldhorn isn't a wood horn at all. It's a forest horn. If it was a Wood horn it would be a Holz horn. There is here a subtle distinction between "wood" and "wood." Anything made of wood is made from a tree. A bunch of trees are called the woods. This seems to be a distinction without a difference. So let's quit all this foolishness and see if we can find out why a horn blown in the forest should be so different from one blown in the cellar, for instance.

There is no good answer to this, and I'm sorry I ever got into it. The Waldhorn is supposed to sound like the hunting horn, but so is the French horn. It is supposed to play only the open tones of the harmonic series, like when you sing "tantivy, tantivy, tantivy, a-hunting we will go," because the old hunting horns were made in a big circle without valves so the huntsman could drape them picturesquely over the shoulder and blow into them while going ti-gallop ti-gallop thru the forest. But both the Wald horn and the French horn play the complete chromatic scale, so

that's out. The orchestral French horn is so tricky that listeners except a few bobbles, muffs or bubbles. Skinner successfully built this bubble into his French Horn tops. But the Waldhorn doesn't go for that. It delivers a no-trickery quit-your-kidding round mellow tone, and give me none of your lip, man. If you want a trick lip, go play a French horn.



XYLOPHONE, popularly known as the Wood Pile, the Lumber Yard, and the Clatter Machine. In organs, also known as a member of the Toy Counter, or more legitimately of the Percussion family. Taken from the Greek, it literally means "wood sound," or a "wood voice." In Germany it becomes a Strohfiedel (straw fiddle) or a Holzernes Gelachter (wooden laughter!); in France it's a Claquebois (clacking wood), an Echelette (little ladder) or a Xylorganon (wooden organ); and in Italy it becomes a Gigelira (big lyre) or a Sticcado (you got me there).

Whatever you call it, and conservative church organists call it plenty, Baker's musical dictionary concedes that it's "capable of pleasing effects in the hands of a skillful player." Well, good for Baker. He must have heard it in the good old vaudeville days when stage performers pranced over and around it wielding four hammers. An agile xylophonist let loose on The Stars And Stripes Forever is something to listen to. Organists of course don't have the same technical problem. For them it's no harder to play chords (or should we say "cords"?) on the Wood Pile than on the Tibia Clausa, when all they have to do is to flick down a tablet. After that, if all goes well, the responsibility lies with the builder, who has to provide enough wind pressure on the repeating action to give out a solid, even roll. He must also be trusted to install a minimum of 37 of those tuned sticks. It is a little disconcerting to the performer

to find a tuned percussion that proves to be only two octaves with the upper octave doubling for a third so that from C to C Sharp the tone drops down a major 7th. And a really expansive builder, meaning one with a fat contract, will even give you four impressive octaves. Of course the top octave has no more pitch than a small screwdriver, but at least it's there.

There's always a sense of adventure for the organist venturing onto strange percussions. Do the Chimes run from A to E, C to F, or G to G, and in which octaves? Is the Marimba a personality of its own, or just a Xylophone with soft hammers? Is the Harp distinguishable from the Chrysoglott, and how many of the notes are dead? On the electronics, does percussion go all the way up or down, and if not, where does it stop? Pretty soon the electronic inventors will have reproduced every sound known to man, but in the meantime our feet and hands will continue to tangle with the Xylophone, the Marimba, the Chimes, the Sleighbells, the Glockenspiel and the Grand Crash.



YANG KIN (Chinese). Y is the 25th letter of the alphabet. There is very little musical activity stemming from the letter Y, altho a Swiss yodeler might give you an argument on that. Y is really more attuned to the sea, with yacht, yaw, yard, yeoman, yare and yawl. Musicians are scarce, once we have paid tribute to Eugene Ysaye, Vincent Youmans, Victor Young, and Sebastian Yradier. We could perhaps stretch a point and include rock and roll groups with their yammer, yak, yelp, yowl, yip and yawp. But let's face it, Y is an arid desert, in which we're lucky to salvage at least one instrument.

A Yang Kin, to put an end to this nonsense, is a dulcimer with brass strings. If you choose to build it into an organ, and why not, it turns out to be the piano with metal taps covering the strings. Usually called the Mandolin, it is then more like

a tin pan piano, which in fact is what studio tin pan pianos are. This, however, is not giving the devil his due, since the dulcimer, like its relative the cymbalom, is musically much more versatile. This is semantically as it should be, since **dulcimer** is a made up word meaning "sweet song." That is perhaps a little too visionary, since in the hands of an impulsive and compulsive Gypsy it can set up a vicious clang. Still and all, that same Gypsy can woo you pretty seductively, especially when he uses the soft end of the hammers with which dulcimers are played.

Dulce, or **dolce**, both meaning sweet, are almost an obsession with organ designers looking for sympathetically attractive names for stops. Thus we have a myriad of Dulcianas at all pitches from 16' to 2'. We also have the Dulcet, the Dulciana Celeste which further sweetens the tone with its two ranks tuned slightly apart, the Echo Dulciana, the Dulciana Mixture compounded of several pitches rolled into one, the Dolcette, and the Dulcian, Dolce and Dolcan. Some of these are strings, some flutes, some reeds, and some even soft diapason, but all are expected to soothe the ear and lull the senses.

Percussion stops like Dulcimers and its many relatives have intrigued organ manufacturers ever since the pneumatic valve made it possible to mechanically strike something other than a nail with a hammer. First restricted to harp and chimes, the development of the theatre organ expanded the list to include Chrysoglott, Xylophone, Marimba, Glockenspiel, Celesta and Sleighbells, to say nothing of the Toy Counter. Long live the theatre organ.



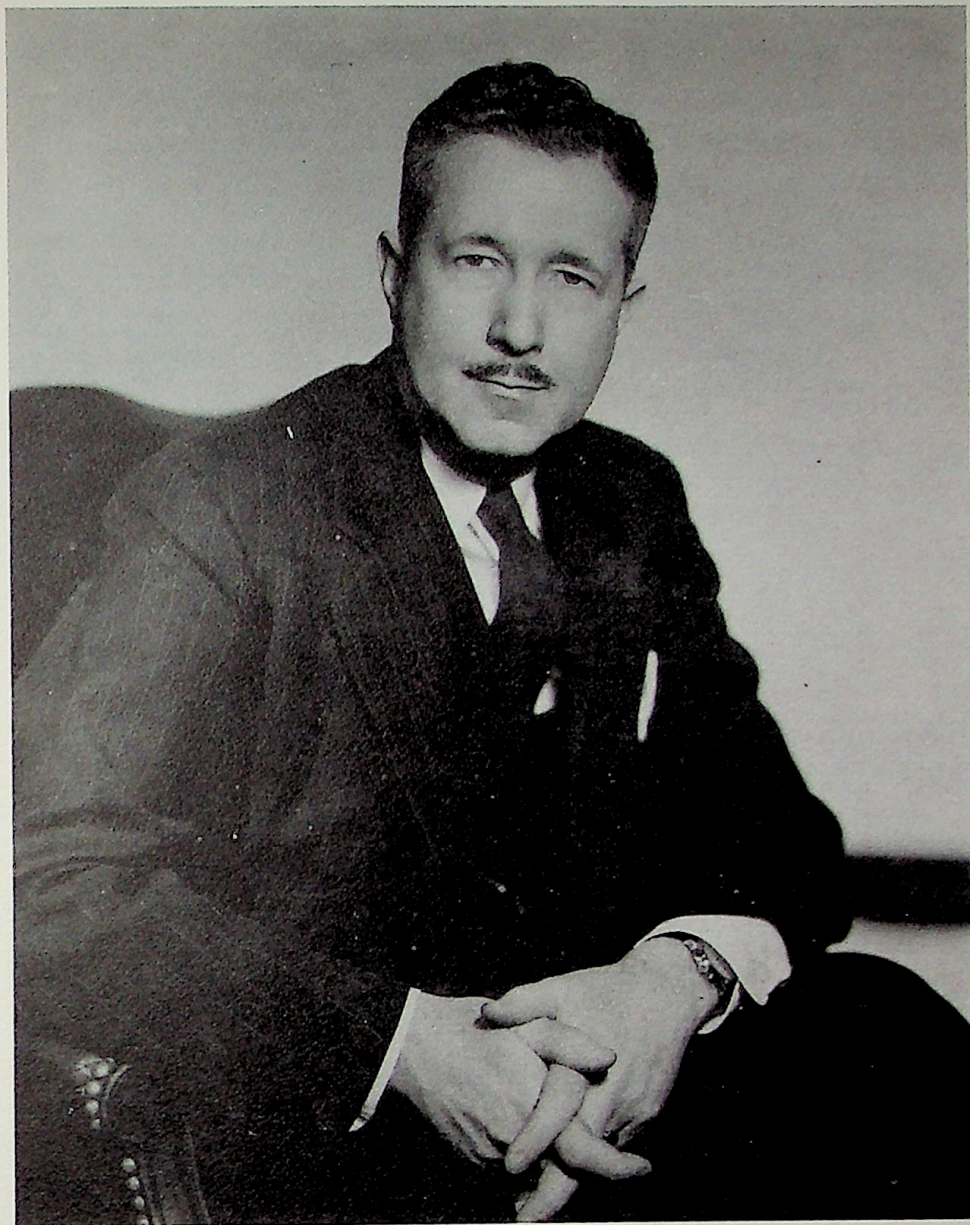
ZINK. You think I'm kidding? That I should have picked something more plausible like the Zimbel, the Zither or the Zillaphone? Possible, but the Zink seems more fascinating, somehow. It really takes a German influence to arrive at this, the final letter of the alphabet.

There is, for example, a whole slew of stops derived from the word for soft (**Zart**) or the word for magic (**Zauber**). But **Zink!** There's a word to arouse the imagination; and, having worked my way thru the entire alphabet, I think I have deserved a little indulgence in having thrown in everything but the kitchen **Zink**.

The letter **Z** is one of those off-beat characters that can't stand too much thinking about. The more you look at it the more unnatural it gets, like a letter **N** that has fallen flat on its face. Often it turns out to be a corruption of the letter **C**, or the letter **S**, like the Zaraband, or the Zimbalon. As for the **Zink**, or **Zinke**, or **Zinken**, maybe according to whether it is masculine, feminine, or plural, it is also allied indirectly with the letter **C**, since its Italian counterpart is the **Cornetto**. And if we track this down a little further, it brings us to the organ stop called the **Cornet**, which, like the **Zink**, is chock full of harmonics to spice up the fundamental stops it has to be combined with. At this point we must also drag in the letter **K**, since this also appears as the **Kornett**. Both the **Cornet** and the **Zink** could, I suppose, be classed as imitative stops, since their quality is taken from the obsolete 16th century **Cornett**. This, entirely unlike the modern brass instrument, was more like the **Recorder**; a wooden or ivory tube, slightly curved, with finger holes. And here's some more unusable information: if it had a detachable mouthpiece, it was called a **Gerader Zink**; if non-detachable, it was a **Stiller Zink**. Silly, huh?

The organ **Zink**, however, is a **Reed** stop with a metallic rasp much brassier than its 16th century instrumental ancestor. Its profusion of harmonics make it stand out like a **Reed** in a calm, to recoin a phrase. At a high pitch, it sounds like tearing silk. Its real function is to support a solid fundamental by giving it definition, which, come to think of it, is what I've been trying to do, for the last 26 weeks. And thank you for your kind attention.

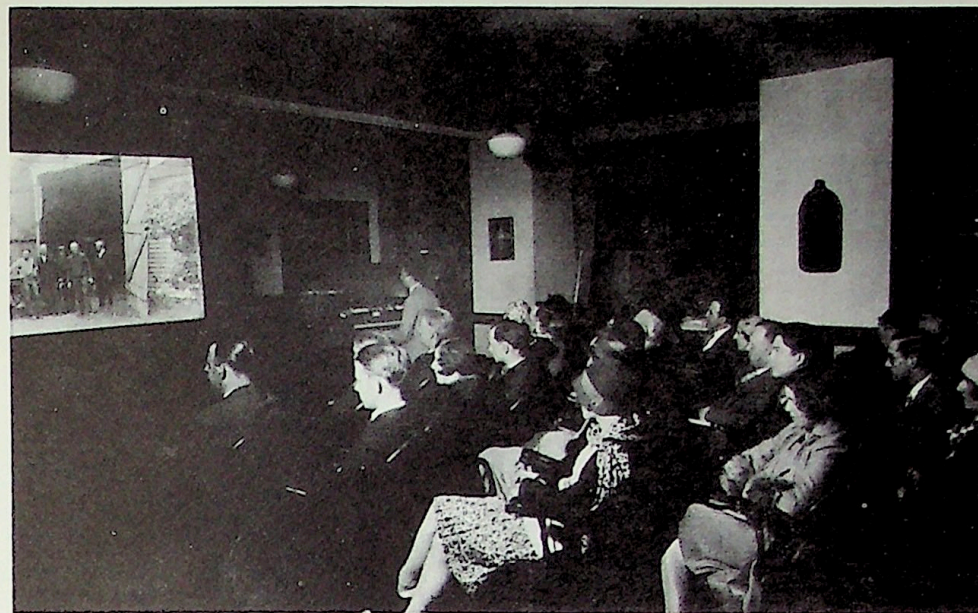
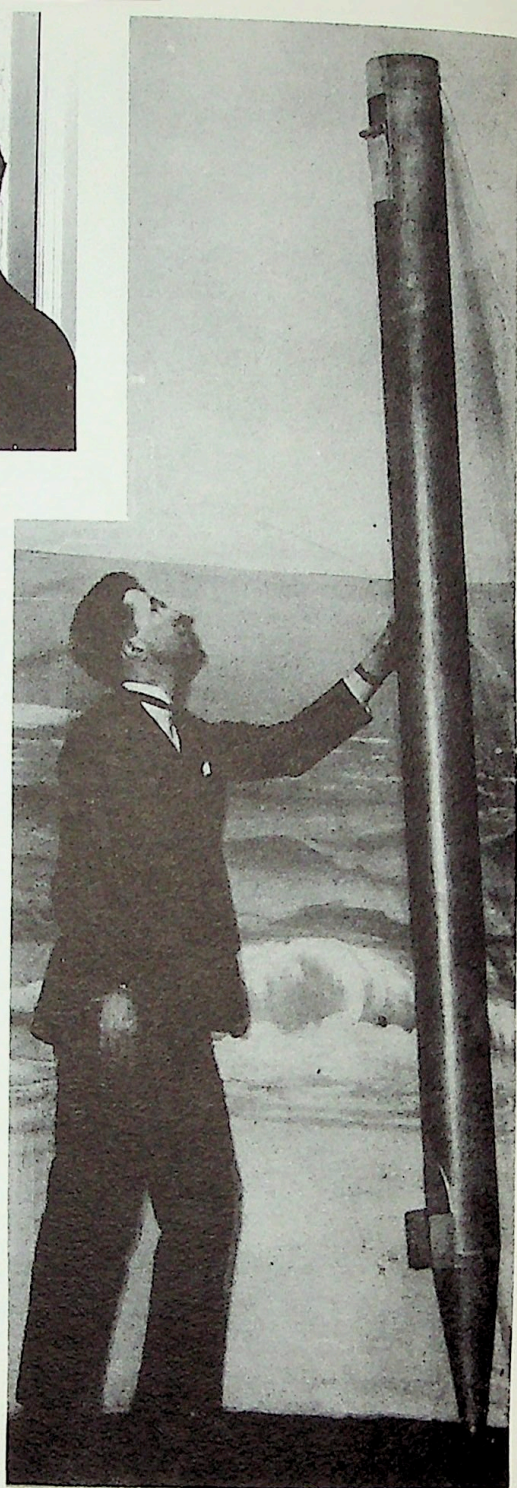
THE END.



INTRODUCING LLOYD G. DEL CASTILLO—author of "*Del Castillo's Alphabetical Primer of Organ Stops*" and internationally-famed theatre organist. On this and the following pages the reader will see a brief photo biographical sketch of 'Del.' The above picture was made in 1940 when he was a radio program producer and director.



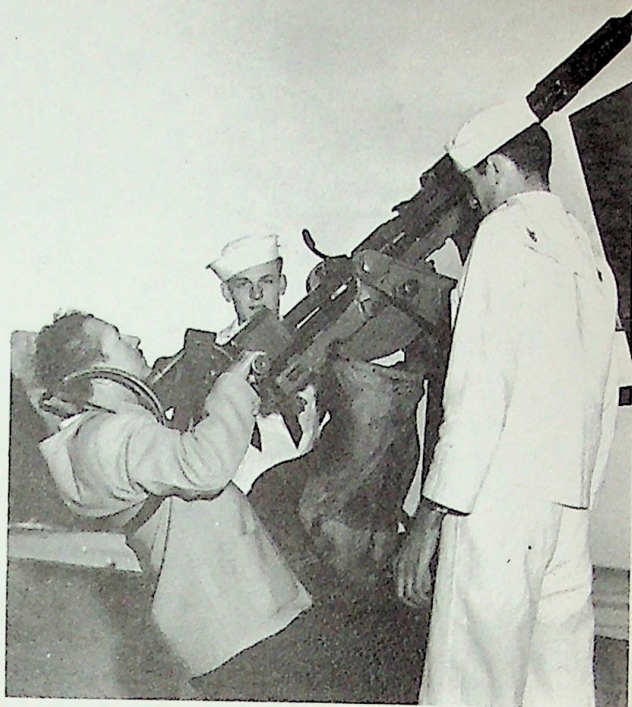
A Harvard man, Class of 1914, Del Castillo is pictured with a classmate of his, former Governor and Senator Levetta Saltonstall of Massachusetts, *upper left*; *at right* he appears in a vaudeville skit on the stage of the Boston Fenway Theatre, *and lower left*, at the organ console during his tenure there from 1920 to 1925 as solo organist.



Leaving Paramount Publix circuit as one of its leading solo organists—his name appears on the huge Boston Metropolitan Theatre marquee on the cover of this book—he opened a theatre organ school in 1928, which is shown above with 'Del' at the console instructing neophyte organists. When sound films scuttled his school, he went into radio. *Below*, Actress Ann Corio appears on his commentator program in 1938.

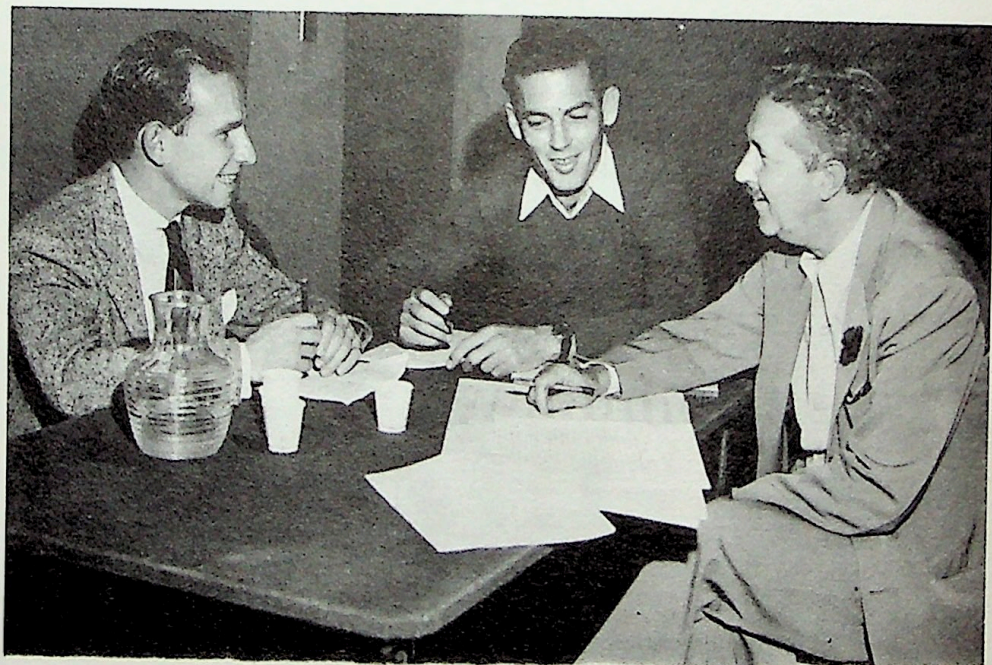


During the years of World War II, 'Del' wrote and produced service programs. *Pictured at right*, he "gets the feel" of an anti-aircraft gun at the Merchant Marine base in Southern California for the series he produced about this phase of the conflict.



Below he is pictured with Paul Pierce and Actor Hume Cronin during a conference concerning a show he produced. Concentrating on radio and television programs during the fifties, he also wrote motion picture scenarios.

Today 'Del' is back in music. He heads the organ department at the Sherman School of Music in Hollywood, and also has an extensive private teaching schedule. In addition, he is noted as a composer and has been music director of the Laguna Art Festival.



A Console Print