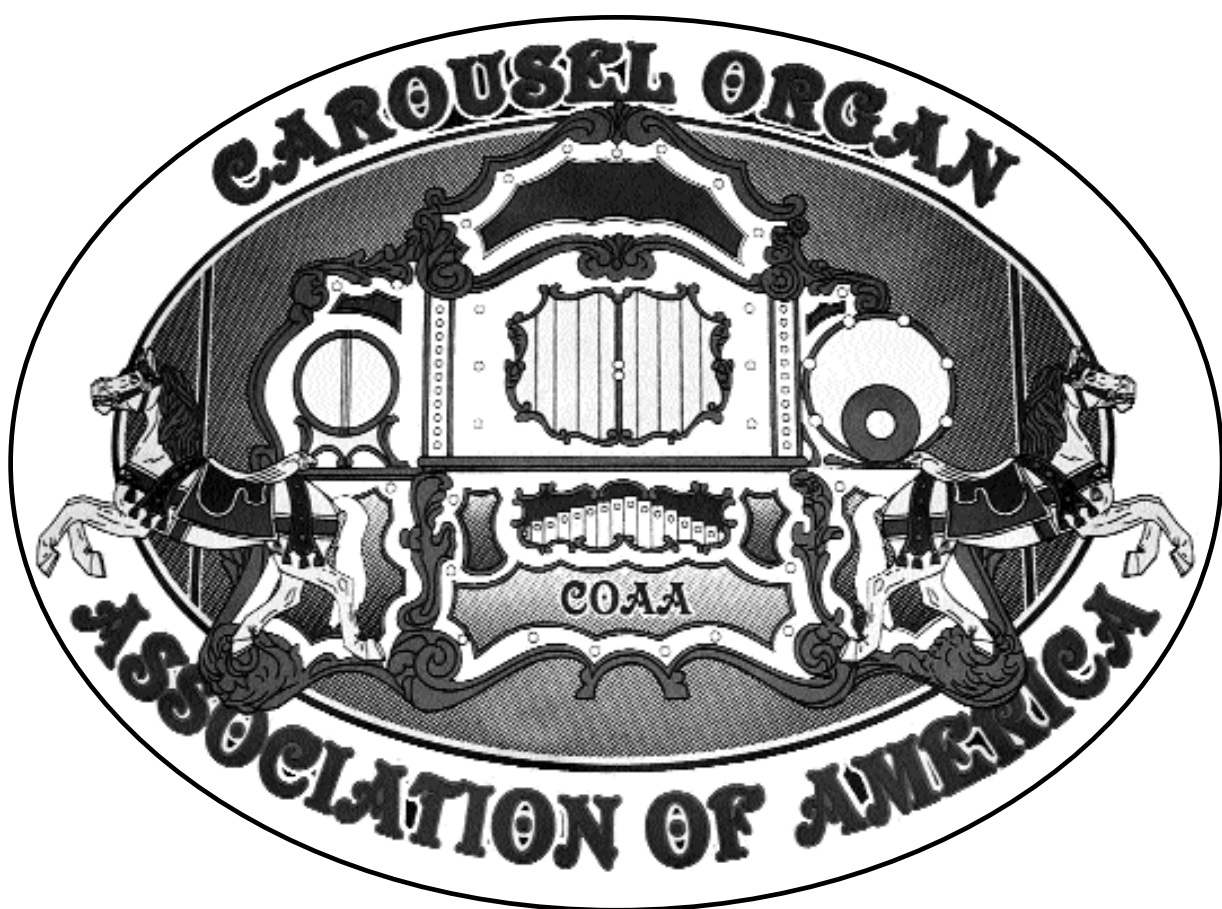


Issue #9
October, 2001

CAROUSEL ORGAN



**The Journal of the
Carousel Organ Association of America**

CAROUSEL ORGAN

The Official Journal of the Carousel Organ Association of America (COAA)

*Devoted to enjoying, preserving and sharing knowledge of all outdoor mechanical musical instruments,
including band, fair and street organs, calliopes, and hand-cranked organs of all sizes.*

Carousel Organ Association of America

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The President Speaks . . .

As I sit on the banks of the Ohio river in Gallipolis playing my Bruder I can't believe that the rally season is coming to an end. What a rally year we had. We played four different states with great response from our members. Thanks to all of you for your support. I wouldn't trade these rallies for a thousand yesterdays.

Looking ahead to next year we have planned yet another rally. Yes, FIVE rallies in 2002! So, mark your calendars and I will hope to see you at a rally next year. Thanks to all of you for your support in 2001.

Terry

From the Editor's Loft . . .

Changes, changes, changes! As you leaf through this issue of the *Carousel Organ* you will note many changes, most as the result of our hard-working board members and their meetings at the first two COAA rallies. First, is the addition of a stiffer, colored cover. We hope you like that. Second, more phone numbers for members to get in contact with us. Third, the beginning of a regular COAA page, *COAA Happenings*, on page three which will allow for more COAA information to be transferred to the members. And, on that page you will find out even more interesting information such as COAA merchandise; recording reviews, etc.

Of course, we have a great line-up of articles for this issue. We have been fortunate to have superior articles submitted by members, Matthew Caulfield and Bill Black (both repeats) as well as interesting articles from Australia, Holland (a great *De Tiet* story by Rein Schenk) and England (my like-position friend, Dave Smith, Editor of the *Key Frame*). In addition, two members submitted interesting historical articles on the organ grinder.

And for the future, again we have many great articles lined up for you. I won't spill the beans right now but I know you won't be disappointed.

Do you have something to contribute? Please contact me by phone or email (both ways are printed on this page) and I can help you in any way you wish.

Thanks, COAA members, for making this a great journal!

Ron

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angelorulli@edinarealty.com

Front cover: the new COAA logo has been chosen as the first photograph for the new cover of the *Carousel Organ*.

Back cover: the *De Gouden Engel (The Golden Angel)*, the organ referred to by Rein Schenk in his article, *Metamorphosis No. 16: De Tiet*, page 15.

Photo by Ron Bopp (Dutch Village, Holland, Michigan).

COAA Happenings

Since the last issue of the *Carousel Organ*, the COAA has had two board meetings as well as celebrating "The Happiest Music on Earth" with four rallies. A lot is going on behind the scenes with this fast-growing organization and it will be summarized as follows:

- Logo
- COAA merchandise
- Marketing Brochure
- *Carousel Organ* Cover
- Recording Review
- Special Rally Issue
- Contributions

Logo—

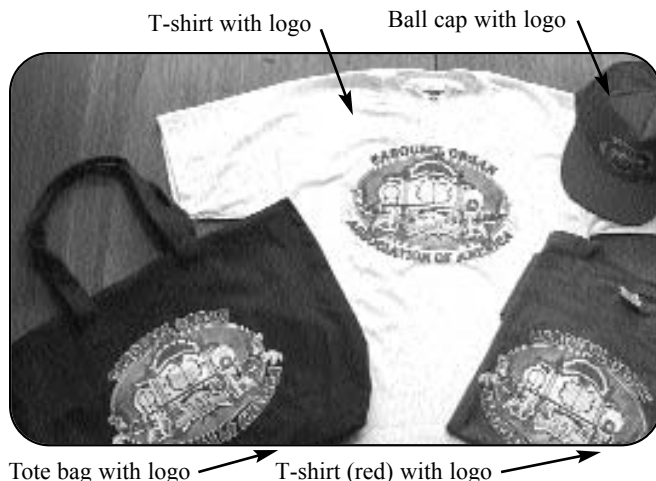
As everyone can now surmise we have finalized our logo, as seen on the cover as well to the right. The full color logo consists of various shades of red, blue, gold and white, and displays well on other background colors.

This has taken a year to develop but should be well worth the effort as it symbolizes the goals of the organization. The development of the logo allows other efforts to proceed.



COAA Merchandise—

With the development of the logo, COAA members can now proudly display their loyalty and membership to the organization by wearing shirts, hats, bags and other clothing items.



These items are available through Jo-Lin's Jeweled T's

•T-shirts (S - XL)	\$15.00	if jeweled, \$20.00
•T-shirts (2X - 3X)	\$17.00	if jeweled, \$23.00
•Sweatshirts (S - XL)	\$25.00	if jeweled, \$30.00
•Sweatshirts (2X - 3X)	\$27.00	if jeweled, \$32.00
•Tote bags	\$12.00	if jeweled, \$17.00
•Ball Cap	\$ 8.00	

Further information and order placing may be obtained through:

Jo-Lin's Jeweled T's
560 N. Garfield
Bloomdale, OH 44817
419-454-3671

Other merchandise such as trailer decals and future items to be explored will be made available later. Be proud of your COAA, order and wear a shirt or hat today!

Marketing Brochure—

Tri-fold brochures are now available (pictured on the right) for use when displaying your organ or on your coffee table or whenever you have a friend that might be interested in the COAA organization. One brochure has been included with this issue of the *Carousel Organ* and packets of 20 are available from the editor (no charge) simply by contacting me at 918-786-4988 or bopp@rectec.net. Many members have already set up plastic holders with these brochures when playing on location.

Included information is the goal of the COAA; a schedule of 2002 rallies and an application blank.



Do you like
Carousel Organ,
Calliope or Street
Organ Music?

If so . . . Join
The
COAA

(Carousel Organ
Association of
America)

330-334-1344

Carousel Organ Cover—

At the last board meeting members enthusiastically endorsed the use of a heavier paper cover to accompany our outstanding journal. This issue is the first to use this and hopefully, will be a stepping stone to even more refinements. Comments? Please direct them to one of the officers/editors.

Recording Review—

It has been suggested that the COAA begin to review recordings. Fred Dahlinger has been kind enough to volunteer as interim coordinator but volunteers are solicited from the membership (so do not be afraid to join in and help with this worth-while project).

We need a name for this portion of the *Carousel Organ*—Fred has suggested "Play It Again, Gaviman." Do you have any suggestions?

Any playback recording of any mechanical music instrument of the type included in the COAA mission (top, page 2) is appropriate for review. We will need volunteers to help develop the information template by which recordings will need to be submitted as well as volunteers to help review—please contact the Editor or Fred at afdj@g2a.net.

Let's make this a great activity of the COAA and its *Carousel Organ*. There is no other American group doing any routine recording review so let's get going!

Special Rally Issue—

The COAA board has endorsed the issuance of a fifth journal each calendar year, a special rally issue. This issue of the *Carousel Organ* will contain no technical or historical articles but rather only reports of the COAA (and maybe others, depending on available space) organ rallies.

(COAA Happenings continued on page 17)

Building a 43-note Calliope — Part II

Dave Kerr

The first portion of "Building a 43-note Calliope" appeared in Issue No. 8 of the Carousel Organ. This installment finishes out this informative article on construction of a calliope—ed.

Making your own calliope continues with the finishing touches of the pipes and cabinet. Although this was a huge project it seems somewhat less intimidating after I have spelled out these instructions.

Voicing Plastic Pipes

Plastic pipes need to have slots cut in the side to form the mouth. Before cutting the slots you will need to determine the width of the slot (mouth) which can be done by making a collar as in **Figure 12**. This piece of pipe, about two inches long with openings cut in it and with a vertical cut to allow it to be slipped over a base, again about two inches long into which a base plug is fitted. The collar should be glued to the base—this will then allow you to slide the main tube up and down to find the best gap for voicing as with the metal pipes. The bottom of the top tube should be beveled at an acute angle (less than 45 degrees). Once the best gap is found for that note it should be carefully measured with vernier calipers (one of the most useful measuring tools you can have) for this will be the width of the slot. For the larger pipes, six slots will need to be cut around the tube, reducing to three for the smaller pipes. The length of the slot is determined by measuring the outside diameter of the pipe and multiplying this by Pi ($22/7$ or 3.14285), and then dividing the result by the number of slots required. Leave 10mm between the slots for the supports, that is, the slot is 10mm shorter than the figure derived above.

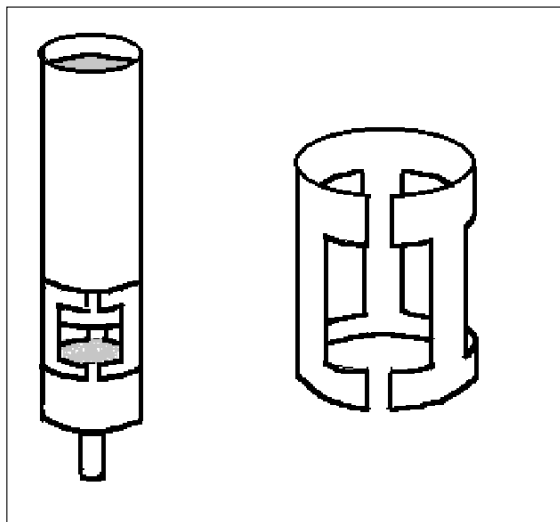


Figure 12. An example of a plastic pipe collar.

Cutting the slots

This is a delicate operation—I used a Dremel tool with a 3mm cutter to make the slots for the smaller pipes and a 6mm cutter for the larger pipes (**Figures 13 & 14**). First, mark the position of the slots on the pipe with pencil and then mount the pipe on

the lathe spindle. The Dremel tool was mounted on the lathe tool post, first at 90° to the pipe, advanced, cutting into the pipe with the cross slide advance at the lower end of the position of the slot. The pipe is then rotated by hand to cut the bottom part of the slot. As the Dremel is withdrawn, the pipe rotated to the next slot position and the process repeated for each slot. On the last slot the Dremel is moved to cut the top of the slot with the saddle advance and the process repeated as for the bottom of the slot (make sure you cut the slots slightly narrower than the required width because the final cut is done with the angled cutter). The Dremel is withdrawn and angled to cut the bevel at the top of the slot. First, position the cutter at one corner of the slot and rotate the pipe by hand to cut the bevel, withdraw the cutter using the compound slide, check the width of the slot with the vernier calipers, rotate the pipe to the next slot and advance the cutter with the angled compound slide. Repeat this process for all slots. I know this sounds complicated but once the process has been established, it only takes a couple of minutes to cut the slots in a pipe.

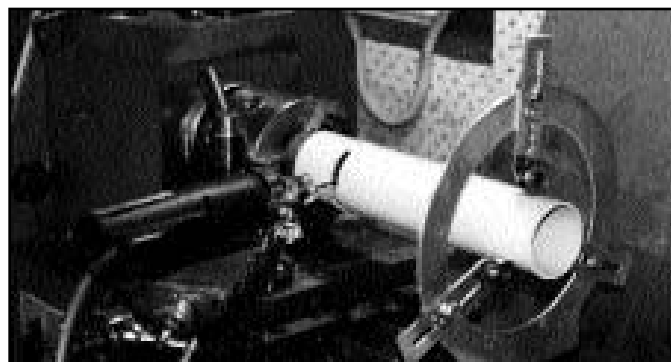


Figure 13. Cutting the slots in the plastic pipe.

Now, those of you who have been paying attention will ask “why bother with cutting slots in the pipe? Wouldn't it be much simpler to make collars for each pipe as in Figure 12?” Construction would be similar to the metal pipes. Voicing would be simple, just glue the collar to the pipe at the point

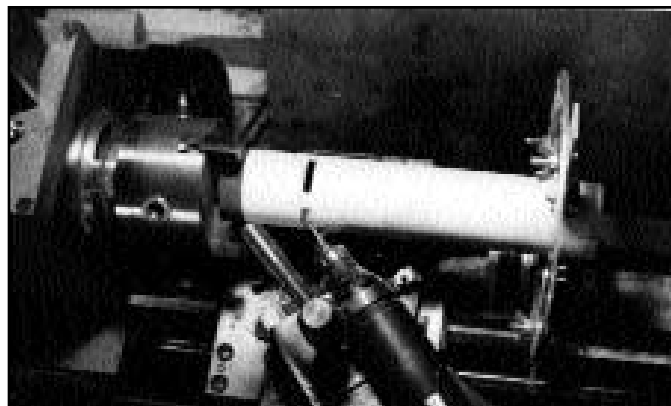


Figure 14. Cutting the bevel.

where it sounds best. No need to bother with the hassle of Dremel tool and lathe. The base plugs and tuning plugs could be made on a wood lathe by exercising sufficient care. Well of course you could, but you will need a glue which is shock resistant and I haven't been able to find one. The tuning slide needs to be tapped down in the pipe and if quite tight it sometimes requires quite a thump which is enough to break the bond between the collar and pipe. The second reason is one of aesthetics—a slotted pipe looks much neater and professional than one with a collar, but it's really a matter of taste.

Mounting the Pipes

The inlet pipes on most of the whistles are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch (12 mm) copper pipe except for the largest whistles which are $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pipe (20 mm). This means that the smaller pipes will sound much louder than the larger ones so you will need to fit chokers which are simply pieces of dowel with small holes drilled through the centre fitted inside the inlet pipe to reduce the inlet size. Some experimentation might be needed here but holes of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch (6.5 mm) or smaller will probably do the job. Once the whistles are complete they are fitted on the wind chest as in the layout diagram given in the wind chest section (**Figure 4**, pp 18, issue No. 8, *Carousel Organ*). This layout is not the only one, The Tangley calliope had the larger pipes arranged around the outside with the smaller pipes in the center (see **Figure 1**, pp 17, issue No. 8). This was to allow the larger pipes room to speak. If too crowded, they will not speak or speak poorly and need about one inch separation between pipe surfaces. The National calliope had a layout similar to the one given above but had the rows arranged in steps or tiers to overcome the same problem. You should have no problem with the above layout because of the lower operating pressure provided you have sufficient separation between the bass pipes. The inlet pipes should not protrude more than the thickness of the chest top below the base of the whistle. Tangley calliopes had threaded inlet pipes which screwed into the base plate. This firmly fixed them in place during transport in street parades etc. You could run a rough thread on the inlet pipes and screw them into the holes in the chest top.

Solenoid Power Supply

I made my power supply from a transformer from an old TV set, using a secondary winding tap to give approximately 10 volts AC. This was rectified by a solid state bridge rectifier with a large electrolytic capacitor connected across the output and gave about 12 volts DC. However, you should be able to get a power supply commercially which has an output current of about 3 amps. Each solenoid will pull up to 500 milliamps so you need enough current to drive about 6 solenoids since it is unlikely that any more than six notes will be sounded at a time. Alternatively, use a 12-volt car battery and a charger.

Mounting the Wind Chest and Keyboard

Figure 15 shows the chest and keyboard mounted on a temporary frame to enable final adjustments and tuning to be undertaken. Traditional calliopes had an angle iron frame covered with sheet metal and when the brass pipes were mounted the whole unit weighed about 200 kilos or more, and took four men



Figure 15. The temporary frame (with keyboard) allows for final adjustments and tuning.

to lift. By using timber and plastic you should get a calliope which weighs much less than 220 pounds. A cabinet can be made from MDF to enclose all the works (**Figure 17 - 20**). This also assists in muffling the noise of the blower. The way I have mounted the pipes and blower on the wind chest allows the whole unit to be slid in from the back, allowing easy removal for repair or maintenance. You will notice that in **Figure 20** there are actually 48 pipes and a pedal board. These were added as an afterthought to allow the instrument to be played like a spinet organ.

Tuning the Whistles

Tuning can be done using a portable keyboard to sound the notes for comparison. First, position the tuning slide so that the note sounds similar to the reference note on the portable keyboard. Then, sound both together. If out of tune the notes will beat against one another, the faster the beat the more out of tune. Try to get the notes sounding the

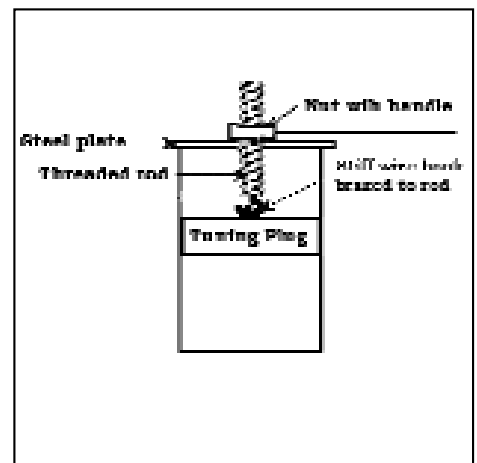


Figure 16. The pipe tuner mechanism.

same without any beats. There are alternative methods, the most accurate is an electronic instrument used by piano tuners but if hard pressed you could use a mouth organ or harmonica! If the tuning plug is very tight, you can use a lifting arrangement such as in **Figure 16** to lift the plug so the note is flat. It can then be tapped down to the right position with a piece of dowel or piece of pipe.

Painting the pipes

The whistles can be painted any color you like. I used paint spray cans (in Australia, "Taubman's Fiddly Bits") in gold to simulate brass pipes and I found it superior to cheaper varieties. Painting should be done after the whistles have been completed, tested and tuned because you will need to spray the inside of the top of the whistle to complete the illusion. Pulling the tuning plug up over a layer of paint is quite difficult so they need to be tuned first.

Making The Cabinet

The cabinet was made from Medium Density Fiberboard (MDF). I used 6 mm ($\frac{1}{4}$ ") thick board but you might need to use heavier (e.g. 12 mm or $\frac{1}{2}$ ") if the instrument is to be lugged around to fairs etc. The length and width depend on the size of the wind chest. The cabinet I constructed has an internal frame so that the wind chest can be slid in from the back. In addition the top of the wind chest is hinged at the front with a cupboard hinge (like a short piano hinge), and has a folding strut attached to the side. This makes it easy to service the solenoids and wiring without having to remove the pipes (**Figure 17**). The top is fastened to the chest with screws along the back and sides. The keyboard (i.e. the top of the white keys) should be from 32 to 34-1/2 inches from the ground depending on whether you have installed a pedal board or not. The rear of the cabinet is closed off by double doors, and casters are fixed to the base, underneath at the corners.



Figure 17. The nearly-finished cabinet revealing the cupboard hinge allowing for easy servicing of the solenoids.

Automatic Operation

I mentioned earlier that it was planned to convert the instrument to automatic operation using electronics. There are several ways of doing this but the current thinking is that MIDI might be the way to go since second hand computers with an appropriate sound card (e.g. an old 486 with a Soundblaster card) are quite cheap—all you need is a decoder and drivers for the solenoids.

There are several manufacturers of decoders. JW Electronics in the United Kingdom have 32 and 64-note MIDI decoders for about \$142.00. You will find them on the internet at <http://www.j-omega.co.uk/index.html>. I think Devtronics also market MIDI decoders but I understand they are quite expensive. MIDIlator Systems also produce MIDI decoders and their web site is <http://www.midiator.com/>. I have had no experience with any of these systems but, on the surface, the English one seems to suit my Calliope best.

... it was planned to
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ment to automatic
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go!

Modifying the Calliope for 48-note operation

Additional Pipes:

For 48-note operation you will need an additional five bass pipes from C to E. These are constructed in the same way as the other pipes with the dimensions as follows:

Note	Total Pipe Length	Pipe Diameter	Gap (mouth)
C	28 3/4"(730 mm)	3 1/2"(89 mm)	24 mm
C#	26 3/4"(680 mm)	3 1/2"(89 mm)	24 mm
D	26"(660 mm)	3 1/2"(89 mm)	23 mm
D#	24 1/4"(616 mm)	3 1/2"(89 mm)	23 mm
E	24"(610 mm)	3 1/2"(89 mm)	22 mm

If you are pressed for space, you may find that the bass pipes will not speak properly because of crowding problems (see "Mounting the Pipes," page 5) in which case you could employ an alternative pipe design which reflects traditional organ pipes with a single mouth. This may look odd, particularly if you are trying to present the instrument as a calliope with the traditional circular mouth of calliope pipes.

Alternative Pipes

Construction details for these pipes differ very little from the calliope pipes above. The greatest differences are (1) a single mouth which is a third of the circumference of the pipe and much higher (that is the gap or mouth is almost half as much again) and (2) The base plug has the air gap going only a third of the circumference (Figure 18).

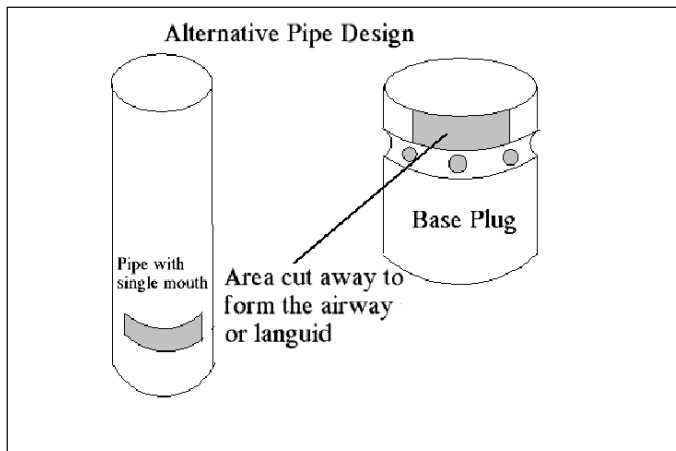


Figure 18. The alternative pipe design used for the pipes needed to make a 48-note calliope.

The base plug is turned in the same way as other base plugs except that it is the same diameter all around, except for the groove. The air gap or languid is cut with the Dremel tool in much the same way as the slot in the pipe except that the material is cut away with the front of the cutter. This air way must line up with the slot in the pipe when fitted together. If the pipe squeals when blown, it is overblowing and needs to have the mouth cut higher. The dimensions given are a guide only and will depend on the pressure used. You will probably find that the length of these pipes (i.e. from the languid to the tuning plug) is much shorter than the traditional calliope pipes.



Figure 19. On the lower left is the transformer for the power supply; on the lower right is the pedal board key-switch assembly and in the center is the box housing the blower. All can be seen more clearly in figure 17.

Enjoy Your Calliope!



Figure 20. The finished 48-note calliope.

Dave Kerr, an Australian native, helps maintain the Compton Theatre pipe organ and currently is helping restore a Gebruder Apollo carousel organ.

Wurlitzer “End Numbers” & Roll Identification

Matthew Caulfield

If you are so lucky as to find an old band organ or nickelodeon roll somewhere, it is quite likely that it will be missing its box and label. Many years of hard use have taken their toll on most really old rolls of this sort. The first thing to go is the leader with its label, then a few feet of the first tune, and a few more, until there is so little of the first tune left that someone cuts it away completely so that the roll can start cleanly with tune 2. But then the wear and tear starts in on tune 2! The better the music is on a roll, the more of it that is likely to be lost.

Knowing about the “end numbers” on Wurlitzer rolls goes a long way to getting an old mystery-roll identified. If you unroll the mystery roll all the way to its end and examine the paper just where it is taped to the roll core, you will almost always find on any Wurlitzer roll the roll number stamped, inked, or penciled there. The exception is if the roll has been damaged at its tail end, with the consequent loss of its “end number.”

But fortunately even the hardest-used roll is in good condition at its end because the end never gets exposed to damaging forces.

The one instance in which I was fooled by the “end number” was in examining an old green-paper roll owned by Steve Lanick, one of several which he bought from the late Jim Wells. I unrolled the roll, found an end number which indicated that this roll was one which nobody else owned—a unique roll find, a piece of lost history recovered! I took the roll home with Steve's permission, intending to have it recut and distributed. But playing the roll proved that it was one that had already been recut. How so? Well, what I failed to notice in my initial excitement was that right after tune 10 and before the rewind perforation was a splice. At some point in the past

the rewind footage of the roll must have become damaged, and the damaged end was cut away to be replaced by the rewind section of a different roll with a different “end number.” What became of the actual roll that did belong to that unique “end number” remains a mystery to this day.

I don't know whether other roll manufacturers put a roll's number anywhere other than on the leader—it would have been a good idea if they had—but the way the Wurlitzer company produced their rolls almost required

that they use “end numbers.” Wurlitzer perforators are the only ones I have ever seen that have as an accessory a clever automatic spooler which winds up separately each copy of a roll as the set of copies come off the perforator. Most production perforators seem to run off the pile of copies into a bin, leaving it for later to spool up each copy from its last tune to its first.

The Wurlitzer spooler necessarily spools a roll backwards, because

it starts spooling from tune 1 as it comes off the perforator to tune 10 (or whatever the number of the last tune on the roll is). The spooler uses temporary spindles rather than the actual roll cores that the rolls will later be sold on. But having the rolls individually spooled, albeit backwards, simplifies the later handling and re-spooling in the right direction onto real roll cores, followed by leadering, labeling, and boxing.

But the Wurlitzer spooling system does require that each backwards-spooled roll be temporarily identified at its exposed end, being the tail end of the roll as it sits on the temporary spool. That is why you should expect to find an “end number” on every original Wurlitzer roll. The “end numbers” I have seen are usually written in ink or pencil (though I have seen some early ones stamped),

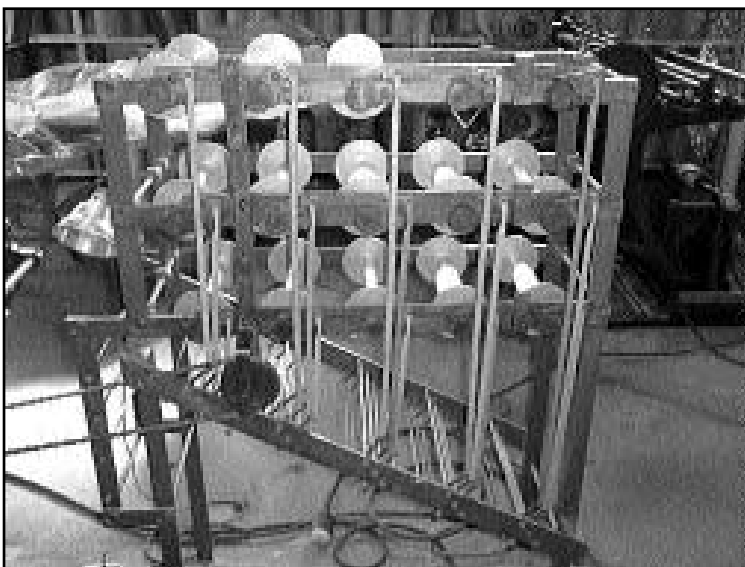


Figure 1. One of two spoolers in the Allan Herschell Carousel collection in North Tonawanda, New York.

and the number merely consists of the four- or five-digit roll number. One number, seen on a roll owned by Bill Black, was followed by a hyphen and one single digit. My only guess as to the meaning of that added digit is that it indicated the copy number of the particular copy of the roll, although I don't know why the company would have cared to note that information.

What good does knowing the roll number do you? Fortunately, there are virtually complete catalogs of all three common Wurlitzer band organ roll styles—125, 150, and 165—and there is extensive information on APP rolls preserved. Terry Hathaway has similar data for Pian-Orchestra rolls. Data for Caliola rolls and 180 band organ rolls are sketchier—180, because it was such a short-lived and poorly advertised style; Caliola, simply because nobody has yet bothered to collect the data.

Caliola and APP (Automatic Player Piano) rolls ought to be fairly interchangeable because the note scales of the two rolls are identical. But because the attack and decay characteristics of a hammer-struck string and a wind-blown pipe are different, a Caliola roll and an APP roll for the same group of tunes should be arranged somewhat differently. But this is theory. Whether Wurlitzer Caliola

and APP rolls were ever in fact arranged differently is debatable. Caliola rolls have a four-digit number; APP rolls have a five-digit number. Because the programs of the two roll series are not often similar, it is difficult to compare a Caliola arrangement of a tune with an APP arrangement of the same tune. The one case in which this was done (by Frank Rider) showed that the arrangements were identical. Bill Black has a Caliola roll with confirming evidence: two “end numbers,” one a Caliola number, the other an APP number. My guess is that when choosing tunes for an APP roll Wurlitzer chose those that lent themselves to piano characteristics, and when choosing tunes for Caliola rolls they chose organ-type tunes. That may explain why there are not so many rolls that share the same programs and why many APP rolls sound “choppy,” as Bill Black says, on his Caliola. Furthermore, it may be, that as economic pressures increased on Wurlitzer, the company made rolls do double duty with the only difference being the roll number on the label and whether it said “Caliola” or “Automatic Player Piano.” But this is sheer guess-work and enough to make Fanny Wurlitzer turn over in his grave.

Matthew Caulfield is a frequent contributor to the *Carousel Organ*. Living close to the Seabreeze Carousel with its new “165” organ gives Matthew chance to study many nuances of Wurlitzer roll production.

Waldkirch Organ Foundation (Waldkircher Orgelstiftung)

On December 20, 2000 the formation of the Waldkirch Organ Foundation occurred after five local Black Forest organ enthusiasts rallied around the idea of preserving the history and enthusiasm of instruments made in Waldkirch, Germany. These members include Mr. Helmut Hummel (President), Wolfgang Brommer (Vice-President), Heinz Jäger, Dr. Michael Thoma and Sepp Reich.

The foundation formed on July 10, 2001 the Waldkircher Orgelfreunde (friends of Waldkirch Organs) or Waldkircher Orgelförderkreis e.V. Memberships are solicited internationally and are available at \$20.00 a year.

Membership benefits include, besides helping establish an organization devoted to the many fine organs and instruments made in Waldkirch, Germany, advance notice of group happenings, and free entrance to the Elztalmuseum and collection of the Waldkirch Organ Foundation (organ hall next to the Jäger & Brommer Company)—the two great museums complete with many examples of fair organs such as Bruder, Ruth, Limonaire and Gavioli.

Memberships (and questions about membership) may be address to:

Wolfgang Brommer
Gewerbekanal 3
D-79183 Waldkirch, Germany
Fax: 0049-7681-9370
jaegerbrommer@t-online.de

Hurdy-Gurdy Society **Robert Cortes Holliday** (Illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan)

Photo of front
cover of Leslie's
Magazine

The *Hurdy-Gurdy Society* follows on the next few pages as it appeared in *Leslie's*, April 22, 1922. Article and photos courtesy of Cynthia Craig.

Page 1 of
Leslie's article
on organ
grinding.

Page 2 of
Leslie's article
on organ
grinding.

Page 3 of
Leslie's article
on organ
grinding.

. . . continued on page 22

Metamorphosis No. 16: *De Tiet**

Rein Schenk

For the first time in this series we deal with an organ which left its native soil long ago. *De Tiet*—the organ acquired its rather striking name in the 1920s, from the busty female statuettes on the façade—was a thoroughbred Carl Frei from the stable of Van Jaaren. After restoration, in the 1970s the instrument was relegated to a “farewell organ,” when it was sold to an amusement park in the United States (Dutch Village, Holland, MI—*ed*). It has remained there ever since (**Figure 1**).



Figure 1. *De Tiet* in its present state, as a featured organ in Dutch Village, Holland, Michigan. Photo recorded June, 2002. Photo: Ron Bopp

Tradition has it that *De Tiet* originated as a Gavioli barrel organ, which the firm of Koenigsberg rebuilt to a book organ after the First World War. It was then known as *Het Kindje van de Bakker* (“The Child of the Baker”), and in this guise became the property of the Amsterdam license-holder Hein de Munnik, nicknamed “Lange Hein” (“Tall Harry”). Hein Nuberg, owner of the well-known organ-rental firm, must have bought it from him in the 1920s. After first doing minor work on it himself, he later had it rebuilt by Gebr. DeCap in Antwerp, after which it reappeared as a DeCap street organ, from 1927 onwards. However, it is questionable whether this tradition is based on truth. The DeCap organ *De Tiet* does not resemble in the least the Koenigsberg organ in **Figure 2**. Also, as far as its musical specification goes, it was a completely different organ. *De Tiet* had more or less the same specifications as the other DeCap street organs of the time, several of which have already been looked at in this series. In **Figure 3** the typical DeCap registers can clearly be seen, including the wooden flute harmonique.

We can also see in this photo the original façade of *De Tiet* as a DeCap street organ: on the outer columns of the side cases are the Hermes (Mercury) figures with truncated arms (“Hermes-pilasters”); and on either side of the center opening, the two so-called caryatids, the carved female figures which gave the organ its name. In Greek architecture the caryatids fulfilled the function of a pillar; famous are the caryatids of the Erechtheum on the Acropolis in Athens, dating from the fifth century B.C.

For no apparent reason, these parts of the façade were later removed. Perhaps they were considered immodest? The wide side-wings also disappeared and were replaced with very narrow ones. This happened before the rebuild by Carl Frei, probably after Willem van Jaaren had become the owner. He rented out *De Tiet* for a while, still in this form as a DeCap organ, as seen in **Figure 4**. This picture was taken in front of van Jaaren's depot in the Vinkenstraat in Amsterdam; Van Jaaren stands beside it as the proud owner.

De Tiet—the organ acquired its rather striking name in the 1920s from the busty female statuettes on the façade—was a thoroughbred Carl Frei from the stable of Van Jaaren.

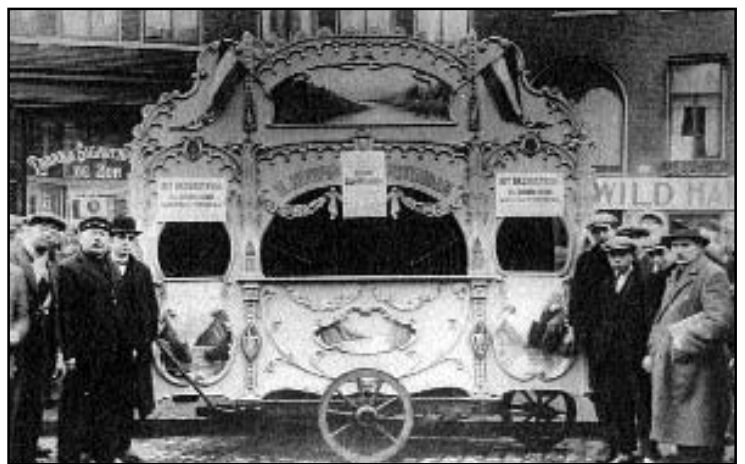


Figure 2. *Het Kindje van de Bakker* (The Child of the Baker)—forerunner of *De Tiet*?—Koenigsberg organ in the possession of Hein Nuberg.

Photo: KDV archives

*Appeared initially in *Het Pierement*, the official journal of the Dutch Society, KDV. Translation provided by Judith Howard.

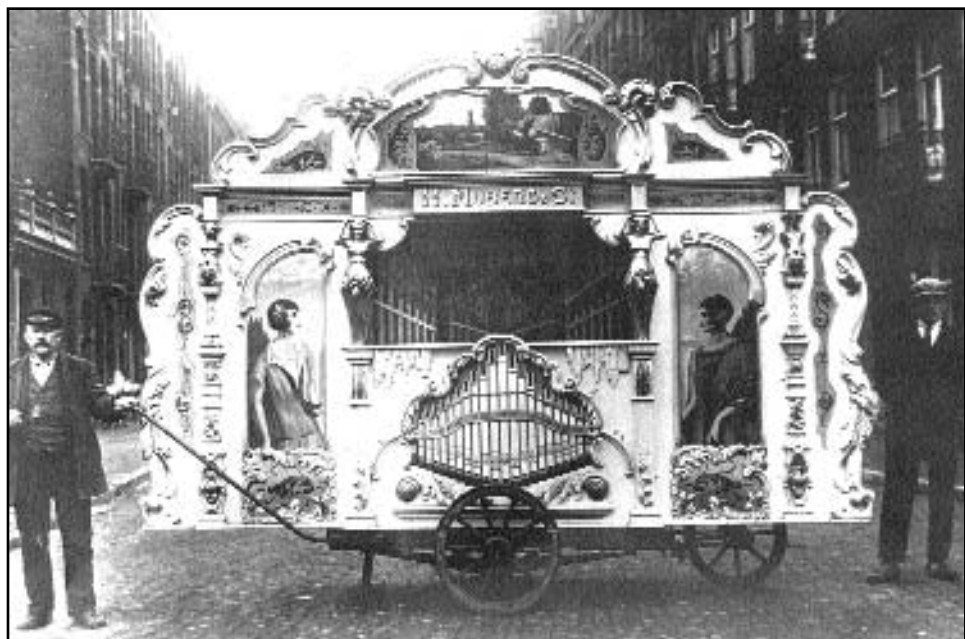


Figure 3. *De Tiet* as the new DeCap street organ with the wellknown Amsterdam licensee Jan Koers on the left and on the right, "Boeren" ("Farmer") Arie. Photo: F. Posthumus

Rebuilding to a 72-key Carl Frei

The organ in **Figure 4** dates probably from the summer of 1933. The rebuild by Carl Frei took place during the following winter. The organ was delivered in the spring of 1934, the same year in which *De Hindenburg* and *De Bloemenmeid* (the first two complete Carl Frei Biphone-organs) also saw the light of day. A signature found recently in the windchest of *De Schuyt* indicates that the work on that organ was also begun in April 1934. So 1934 was a very fruitful year for the firm of Frei. *De Tiet* was the third 72-key Carl Frei organ—after *De Sik* and *De Duif*—with Undamaris as the only register on the Countermelody. It's no wonder then that these three organs had so much in common. They were all straightforward Carl Frei pierements, robust and forthright in sound, with a tonal idiom which has never been surpassed!



Figure 4. *De Tiet* in 1933 as rented out by Willem van Jaaren.

Photo: F. Posthumus

With the rebuild, the front also underwent the necessary alterations. The wooden flute harmonique disappeared from the belly and was replaced with a painted panel. The painting in the centre section of the cap was replaced with decorative work, similar to that in the side sections. The results of the rebuild can be seen clearly in **Figure 5**. It is noticeable that the panels with the painted ladies, so characteristic of Belgian organs of the 1920s, were originally retained; later these were replaced, as usually happened, with open carved-work. We see this first in a photo from 1938, taken during the celebrations of the 40th anniversary of the reign of Queen Wilhelmina (**Figure 6**). In the centre, in front of the organ, stands the licensee of *De Tiet*, Klaas Swildens, who operated this organ for many years. Next to him stands Chris Engel, who was later to form an inseparable organ-duo in

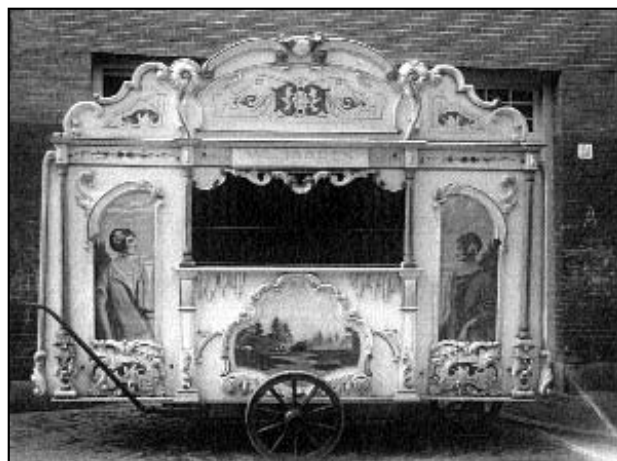


Figure 5. *De Tiet* after the rebuild by Carl Frei in 1934, in front of the depot of Willem van Jaaren. Photo: KDV archives

Amsterdam after 1945 with Coen Mulder, who can be seen (still very youthful!) on the extreme right of the photo. On the right, seated, is Jaap Tiepel, another genuine Amsterdam organ-man, who continued to play until well into his old age.

With the rebuild, the front also underwent the necessary alterations. The wooden flute harmonique disappeared from the belly and was replaced with a painted panel.

Figure 6. Amsterdam, Queen's Jubilee, 31st August 1938: *De Tiet* with open carved-work in the side-cases.

Photo: KDV archives



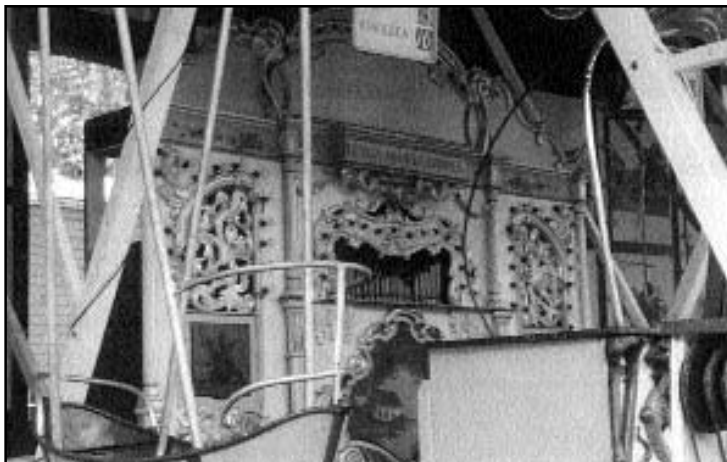
This photo shows that a considerable amount of extra carved-work was added in the centre-opening, too. The painted panel in the belly was meanwhile replaced with a somewhat more crudely painted landscape.



Figure 7. *De Tiet* in 1939.

Photo: F. Posthumus

The last pre-War photo (**Figure 7**) dates from somewhat later, and shows evidence of further work, as witnessed by the scenic painting in the cap. In this photo the licensee Klaas Swildens can again be seen, and next to him Coen Mulder. On the left is Joop Roeland, who was Klaas Swildens' regular colleague until July 1961, when both gave up working with organs.



It appears that Mr. Zwan of Texel bought the organ, which by now was due for a thorough overhaul, from Jan van Eyk. Zwan bought *De Tiet*—together with the 80-key Mortier (rebuilt to a street organ) *De Gouden Engel* (*The Golden Angel*)—“as a tourist attraction and for his personal enjoyment,” as he took care to announce in many interviews at the time (**Back Cover**). However, his “personal enjoyment” seems to have been short-lived, as, after restoration/rebuilding respectively, both organs disappeared shortly after one another to the United States. They ended up in the amusement park “Dutch Village” in the town of Holland in the state of Michigan—the town to which *De Vierkolommen* had already departed in 1947.

Figure 8. *De Tiet* as a fairground organ in the swingboats of Maas Leander, early 1950s.

Photo: F. Posthumus

Peregrinations(“Wanderings”)

It is not known who became owner of *De Tiet* when Willem van Jaaren sold all his organs in 1942. In any case, after the War it did not reappear as a street organ. Evidence that it found its way onto the fairground, comes from a series of photos taken in the early 1950s showing the organ in the swing boats of the firm Maas-Leander of Nijmegen (**Figure 8**). What condition it was in at that time is not known. It was probably maintained by Louis van Deventer, as the repertoire still includes a number of arrangements by him from that period, such as *Klappermelk met suiker* (*Coconut milk with sugar*) and *Je bent te dik voor mij* (*You're too fat for me*). We are also in the dark concerning the period immediately following this, up to 1964.

Restoration, tourist attraction, and export:

“*De Tiet* turns up again” is the title of an article by Feite Posthumus in *Het Pierement* of April 1964, in which the return of this organ to the organ scene is announced with unconcealed enthusiasm. At the time that was great news, because it meant that the organ world could be enriched by the skillful restoration of a genuine Carl Frei organ. Little were we then to suspect, that within only one decade, this stock of organs, so successfully renovated, would begin to be eroded—spoiled by unnecessary alterations in the name of so-called “improvement”!

Mr. Zwan bought *De Tiet*—together with the 80-key Mortier (rebuilt to a street organ) *De Gouden Engel* (*The Golden Angel*)—“as a tourist attraction and for his personal enjoyment.”

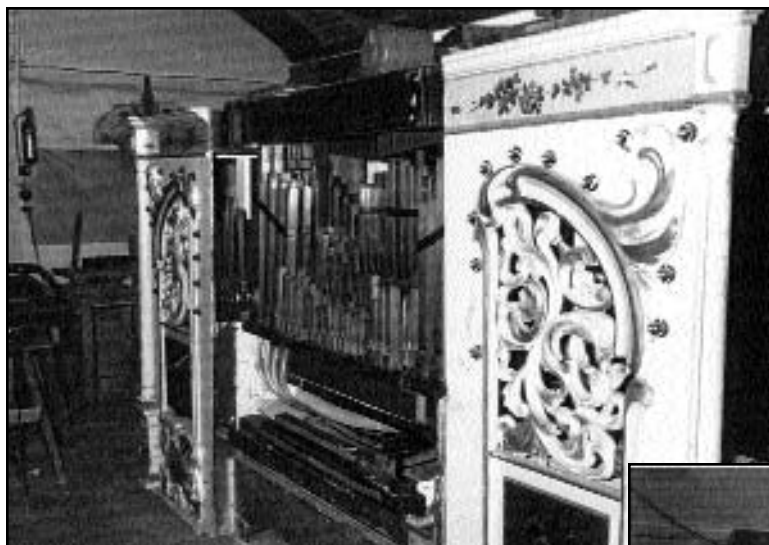


Figure 9. In the workshop of Carl Frei, Waldkirch, 1964.
Photo: KDV archives

Obviously, “personal enjoyment” was suitably fluid, when under pressure from a tidy sum of dollars!

Zwan sent both organs to Carl Frei in Waldkirch, where first of all *De Tiet* underwent a thorough overhaul. The old pipework was retained, so that the organ kept its tonal character. **Figures 9 & 10** were taken in Frei's workshop. The pipework—still in more or less flawless condition—can be clearly seen. The façade was restored in the Netherlands, and painted by the decorator Piet van Heerwarden. He introduced paintings symbolic of the Texel landscape: storks and a sheepfold in the cap, and in the belly the church at Den Hoorn.

The photo at the start of this article shows us *De Tiet* in its present state, featured as an attraction at the Dutch Village in Holland, Michigan.

At the same time an attempt was made to return the front to its original state, i.e. from the time of Nuberg; this was only moderately successful. The mermaid-like figures were a rather pale imitation of the original shapely ladies. It represented a well-meaning attempt. The organ was given three figures by the woodcarver Karl Rieber of Furtwangen, and was fitted with two new side-wings. Although *De Tiet* had, to the joy of the enthusiasts, clearly retained its Carl Frei character, no attempt was made to restore its musical repertoire to something like its former glory; it went no further than some modern arrangements of what passed for popular music in the 1960s. It would seem that the music was another area where the “personal enjoyment” of Mr. Zwan was rather thinly spread....

The result of the restoration is shown in **Figure 9**. *De Tiet* stayed in this form in the Netherlands for about 10 years, before making the journey in the mid-1970s to the “land of milk and honey.” The *Golden Angel* had already preceded it by a few years.

The photo at the start of this article shows us *De Tiet* in its present state, featured as an attraction at the Dutch Village in Holland, Michigan (U.S.A.). The owner of the amusement park, Harry Nelis, had his own name put on the organ in the course of a recent refurbishment. As can be seen, the front has not been altered since the organ left the Netherlands (**Figure 11**). Although the organ doesn't play to its full potential, as can be heard on a number of cassette recordings which



Figure 10. Carl Frei junior tuning the organ, 1964. Photo: KDV archives

have been issued, it is apparent that *De Tiet* has retained its Carl Frei tonal character; in the past 25 years the pipework has not been messed around with. (Just think, by contrast, what might have happened to it in the Netherlands....!)



Figure 11. *De Tiet* being painted for the last time in its current history.
Photo: Harry Nelius



Figure 12. *De Tiet* after restoration in 1965.

Photo: F. Posthumus

Epilogue

Taking everything into consideration, we must ask the question whether the departure of *de Tiet* from our land is really so regrettable. The KDV has always set itself fiercely against the departure of historic organs from the Netherlands. An important reason always given for this opposition is the fact that organs meet their doom when they go abroad. In many cases that has demonstrably been the case. But there are also organs which precisely because of their departure have escaped the organ-vandalism which has caused so much damage in the Netherlands since the 1970s. *De Tiet* is one such organ. There is a good chance that in the Netherlands it might have ended up in the hands of people who would have subjected it to their passion for “improvement.” Now it is far away and we cannot enjoy it, but it still has the

potential of being a thoroughbred Carl Frei organ. All that is missing in its present location is simply the expertise to turn *De Tiet* back into the familiar pierement of old. Who knows, perhaps we shall one day get the chance again in the Netherlands? Perhaps with the export of his two Carl Frei organs, Mr. Zwan (unwittingly) did us a service after all.

Figure 13. *De Tiet* as it sits today in the railway station of Dutch Village.

Photo: Ron Bopp



Rein Schenk, has written this history of *de Tiet* as one of the “Metamorphosis Series” in *Het Pierement*. Most of the organs he has described he has known for over 40 years. He is a member of the publication committee of KDV and as such, keeper of the archives.

(... continued from page 3)

COAA Happenings

Contributions—

Every organization depends on incoming monies to help fund projects, etc., in addition to the revenue generated by membership. The COAA is no different—however, the only project that the COAA has at this time is the production of the *Carousel Organ*. Improvements to the journal would include larger issues and hopefully, inclusion of color. At this time the COAA is not a non-for-profit organization but we are working on that. There will be two ways for members to contribute:

Memorial Donations

Members may contribute at the time, or later, in memory of a COAA member that has passed on. Our secretary, Marge Waters, will notify the family that such donation has been made to the COAA.

Friends of the Carousel Organ

Members may become a “Friend of the *Carousel Organ*” by donating an amount within a specified category and donations will be recognized each year by inclusion in the April issue. Contribution categories are:

\$10 to \$49	Wurlitzer 105 level
\$50 to \$99	Wurlitzer 125 level
\$100 to \$249	Wurlitzer 153 level
\$250 to \$499	Wurlitzer 165 level
\$500 or more	Wurlitzer 180 level

Contributions may be made to:

Marge Waters
7552 Beach Rd.
Wadsworth, OH 44281

Michael L. Kitner 1944 — 2000

Bill Black

Mike was born on November 22, 1944, in Danville, PA, and was brought home to Carlisle, PA, shortly thereafter. He was the son of Maynard L. Kitner and Edith M. (Knauss) Kitner. As I did not know Mike until about 1972, I would like to thank Mike's younger sister, JoAnn, for providing pictures and information about Mike prior to that time.

Except for the time he spent in Washington, D.C., at the Capital Institute of Technology, and in Texas while in the Air Force, Mike lived his entire life in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Mike was always an inquisitive child who was interested in mechanical objects and how they worked (Figure 2). As with most children, he loved to take things apart to see how they worked. JoAnn relates that the difference was that he could always put them back together again. Often they would then work better than before. In grade school he had an unusual thirst for information on technical and scientific subjects. At one point, his parents were called to school for a conference about Mike. It seems that the teacher was concerned because Mike preferred staying inside to read science books at recess instead of going outside and playing ball with the other boys. The teacher was firmly informed that while Mr. and Mrs. Kitner realized he was different, they did not see reason for concern or to change their son in any way. Time has proven them right.

Mike's first exposure to mechanical music was on a carousel. His parents noticed that he preferred to sit on one of the stationary interior horses instead of the outer horses that went up and down. It seems he was leaning in trying to get a good glimpse of the huge machine in the center, which was producing the wonderful music. Mike's cousin had an old player piano in the basement, which was a source of constant amazement to him. As with most mechanical things, one day it broke. He allowed Mike to take it apart unaware that he was opening the door to an illustrious career in the area of mechanical musical instrument repair.

Although Mike had an IQ in the gifted ranged, he chose to take the Vocational Shop course of study in high school. Since he was endowed with innate high level reasoning and problem solving skills, especially in the areas of math and science, he was permitted to take some of his science credits in college prep classes. This Vocational Ed. student was frequently asked by the college prep students to explain the concepts being taught and to help them with assignments.

After graduation from high school (Figure 3). Mike enrolled at the Capital Institute of Technology in Washington, D.C. While there he became noted for his intricate and clever electronically wired "room jobs." He would rig a friend's room to have lights going on when they should go off and vice versa, music would play when the door would open, etc. He received his Bachelor's degree from CIT in electronic technology.

Next, Mike spent three years in Texas in the Air Force. Since this was at the height of the Viet Nam War, he always considered himself lucky in that he never left Texas during his entire enlistment. It was while in the Air Force that he met his good friend, Art Reblitz. They discovered a common interest and became friends. Art was an accomplished musician and they later collaborated in the production of custom music rolls with Art doing the arranging and Mike punching the rolls. Art also opened a restoration business and they often shared information and assisted each other on restoration projects. Mike and Art also co-authored a book titled *The Mills Violano-Virtuoso*. Good friend, Harvey Roehl's publishing company, The Vestal Press, published this book, along with several of Mike's technical articles.

Following his time in the service, Mike returned to Carlisle to live in his parents' home and work in a local crystal manufacturing plant. During this period, he worked on restoring player pianos in his parents' garage and basement. A local restorer of player pianos, Russ Ostrander, served as his tutor in this endeavor.

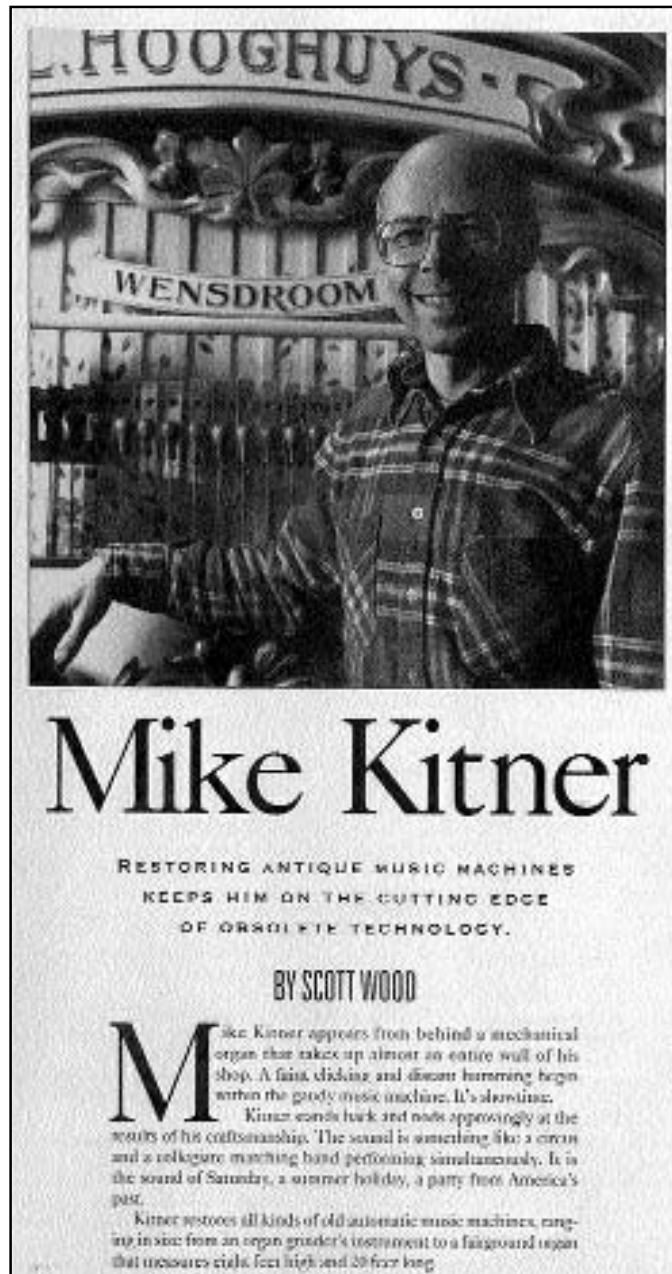


Figure 1. The lead page from an article which appeared in the February 1992 issue of *Apprise* magazine (written by Scott Wood of Carlisle, PA.).



Figure 2. Mike as a child

About 1971 his work came to the attention of Gene Zimmerman, who owned “Zimmerman’s Automobilearama” in Mechanicsburg, PA. This was mainly a collection of vintage automobiles in a multistoried building accompanying a motel, which he also owned. At some point he had acquired quite a large collection of mechanical musical instruments, including a 125 band organ, several Tangle Calliopes, and numerous automatic pianos. Mike was given the job of restoring and

maintaining these machines. His career was truly launched.

About this time I had acquired a Wurlitzer 146 band organ. A friend of mine, also a mechanical music enthusiast, told me about the collection of things at Zimmerman’s Museum and about the man who kept them running, Mike Kitner. I paid a visit to the museum and was enthralled with the machines and the beautiful condition they were in. I called Mike on the phone and asked to visit.

Mike had acquired his shop on Factory Street a short time before this. My first visit to the shop was impressive. There was the “Monster,” the Wurlitzer 155, which was owned by Jim Wells and was there for restoration. Mike had placed a bucket on the floor along side of the machine with a sign which read “Eye Teeth” for those of us who would have given our eye teeth to own this machine. He had also placed a sign on the organ which said, “Gee Dad, it’s a Wurlitzer!” This was Mike’s sense of humor.

Mike’s association with Zimmerman’s Museum also produced another friendship. Duward Center of Baltimore, Maryland, visited the Museum in 1971. He saw Mike’s small business card on one of the machines. He visited Mike and their common interest resulted in a friendship that lasted until his death.

Mike’s shop was located at 735 Factory Street. The shop was located in a section of Carlisle, which was the home to the Carlisle Tire and Rubber Company, just across the street. As you might imagine, there is a bit of noise involved with the manufacture of tires and this was an ideal location for the shop. Mike figured that the neighbors were used to noise and would not complain about the loud music when organs were being tested and tuned. On the contrary, the sound of the organs’ music would attract the children, and some adults, from

the neighborhood. They would come running to listen and marvel at these wonderful machines.

The main part of his shop consisted of three rooms. First was a display area where he kept the machines he owned including a Wurlitzer 146 (Figure 5), a 60 key Hooghuyts (Figure 4, pp 8 of *Carousel Organ* #7), a 43 key Frati (Figure 7), an 80 key Bruder (Figure 9), and a Link piano. Next a visitor would enter the main room which was his work area. In the far back was a small room where he had power tools. Since these produced considerable dust, everything was hooked up to a dust collection system, which was routed to a small shed outside the shop. He later enlarged his front door to allow the larger machines to be taken into the shop. He also built a second level on the front portion of the building for storage and later to house the music roll perforating business.

Alongside the shop was a small building which was a “mom and pop” type of restaurant. This had served the employees at the Tire Company. Mike was always concerned that the restaurant posed a potential fire hazard. He was later successful in buying the property after the restaurant went out of business. He tore the building down to expand his shop. His fears proved to be well-founded as the wiring in the restaurant was very poorly done. After much legal haggling with the town’s borough council, he was able to expand his shop with the construction of a large garage and storage area.

Mike liked to listen to classical music while he worked. Sometimes he listened to music on vinyl, tape, or CD, or he would listen to the local public radio station’s classical music programs. Drawing on his education in electronic technology, Mike constructed an elaborate surround sound system for this purpose. He also had a TV and VCR so that he could listen to the evening news, watch an occasional game show and indulge his sense of humor with some Monty Python and other shows of that nature.

When Mike opened his shop on Factory Street, he was still doing work locally for Zimmerman and beginning to do work for Jim Wells in the Washington, D.C. area. These gentlemen were his first major clients. Mike rigged up his pickup truck with a hand-crank winch, ramps, and side frames to load machines and secure them. A lot of the work in the beginning was fairly local and Mike and I moved a lot of machines to the shop and back to the owner when they were finished. I greatly enjoyed these trips and there was usually something interesting to see in other collections. I always marveled at Mike’s skill at moving these machines without breaking them or our backs. He was very skillful in using lifters, dollies, leverage, etc. to move these heavy machines. We always got the job done. Later, as his reputation in the restoration field grew, the machines were coming from greater distances. So, a moving company or the owner was now transporting them. Eventually, he was doing work for collectors throughout the US. He also did work for amusement parks, traveling shows and museums.

Mike eventually moved from his parents’ home to a house, which he had purchased. This was conveniently located two blocks from the

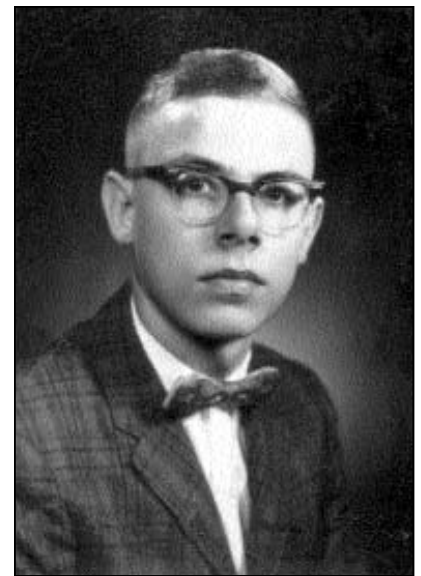


Figure 3. A high school graduation photograph.



Figure 4. Mike participating with a municipal band parade.

shop. Two elderly women had occupied this house. One lived on the first floor and the other on the second. There was a kitchen on both floors. Mike had the kitchen on the first floor removed and installed a Reproduco organ in its place. He had the upstairs kitchen remodeled to reflect a small kitchen circa 1930. He rarely did any extensive cooking here. Essentially, if he couldn't pour it, microwave it, or boil it he didn't make it. He was able to do some baking in a toaster oven, which he kept inside the oven of the old cast iron stove. He ate a lot of cereal. Mike took great pride in the house and everything was carefully placed and decorated with vintage household furnishings. The downstairs was used for entertaining and was something of a museum.

He lived mostly on the second floor. His personal machines in the house included the previously mentioned Reproduco, an Ampico grand, an Orchestrelle, a single Mills Violano, an Electrova piano, an upright Duo-art, a Wurlitzer Piano, a large collection of band and orchestra instruments, and many smaller collectible musical items. He also had quite a collection of old radios, a Victrola, and an old Wurlitzer juke box. He had a garage constructed behind the house. Here he kept his vehicles and machines waiting restoration.



Figure 5. Mike's Wurlitzer 146 military band organ on location at a picnic.

When Mike still lived at his parents' house he became aware of the fact that there were machines existing which could be restored but were lacking in usable, untorn music for them. So, music rolls would need to be created to bring these machines to life again. Collectors were willing to lend existing rolls for duplication. Mike went to work creating a machine to duplicate various types of music rolls. This machine was operated by a punch driven by compressed air. The machine had removable index bars which allowed it to punch rolls with a variety of spacing formats. While this allowed for the punching of a variety of different rolls, the disadvantage was that the machine was hand operated, punching a single hole at a time on paper which had the holes marked, also done by hand. This was a labor-intensive endeavor and Mike found that he preferred to spend the time on restoration. Mike's mother was interested in doing this punching work and for many years was the person who operated the machine. Mike then trimmed the paper, wound it on the core, and placed the tab. Many scarce music rolls have been copied and the music preserved which would otherwise have been lost forever. Usually, the collector, who was generous enough to supply the original rolls, received a copy of his roll at no cost.

The roll-making business reminds me of an interesting story. As I recall, Hugh Hefner, of *Playboy* magazine fame, had an orchestrion, which he had purchased as a gift for Barbie Benton, in the Playboy Mansion. There was a favorite roll for the machine, which was wearing out. Somehow, they had learned that Mike could recut this roll. Mike was contacted and asked if he could make a copy of this roll for them. Mike said he had quite a bit of work lined up for the perforator, but they persisted and Mike agreed to copy the roll. As a thank you for this favor, Mike received an invitation to attend one of the famous Playboy Bunny parties at the mansion. I was impressed and asked if



Figure 6. Debbie Smith and Mike enjoy a break while biking.

he was going to go. He said, "NO! I have too many machines waiting to be restored and I can't spare the time." I was disappointed, hoping to get a firsthand report on what that was like!

Later in his life Mike became interested in learning to play the clarinet. He took lessons and was a member of two local municipal bands. He greatly enjoyed this. On one occasion there was a problem. The one band decided to purchase uniforms to wear for parades and concerts. It was difficult enough to get Mike to wear a necktie; uniforms were going to prove to be a real challenge. Mike said they reminded him too much of his days in the Air Force. Eventually his love of the music won out and he relented. He wore the uniform once or twice before he got too ill to participate any more.

Mike entered the cyber world late in life also. Actually, according to JoAnn, he was somewhat dragged kicking and screaming into it. His friend, Don Neilson, presented him with a complete new computer outfit. When it arrived at the shop, I was anxious to help him set it up. Despite repeated pleas on my part to get it out of the box and play with it, he declined. He said he didn't want to set it up until he had decided exactly where it was to go in his house. He wanted to build a cabinet in a certain location in the house. This planning proceeded slowly, to my frustration. But, finally, the cabinet was prepared and we set it up. It was a marvelous gift! I spent several evenings showing him how to operate it. In the next few weeks, he was delighted to discover that his connection to the Internet and e-mail allowed him to correspond with many of his friends who had e-mail accounts. After awhile, he had accumulated a huge number of e-mail addresses in the address book in his computer. He greatly enjoyed this gift.

When Mike first opened his shop, it was his custom to work from nine in the morning until ten at night. The weekends he spent working on his personal machines or traveling with his friends. He was very health conscious and loved to ride bicycles. He worked out with



Figure 7. Mike, Durwood Center, Brian Jensen kneeling; Keith Green, George Epple and Skip Kahl standing in front of Mike's 43-key Frati fair organ.



Figures 8 & 9. Mike posing with his 80-key Bruder fairground organ. On the right is a photograph of the entire organ in all its splendor.



weights and seldom ate junk food. In the 1980s Mike was diagnosed with having diabetes. This required injecting insulin before every meal. He was always careful to monitor his blood sugar.

Eventually, he cut back on the number of hours he spent working on machines, preferring to sleep later in the mornings and not working so late at night.

In 1997 Mike was not feeling well. Blood tests revealed that he had a type of bone marrow cancer called Multiple Myeloma, which produces excess plasma cells. We were all shocked and hoped this wasn't what he actually had. Sadly, it was true. Mike researched this disease extensively and knew what he was up against. It was generally always a fatal disease with most victims seldom living beyond 4 years, usually less.

An intensive effort began to treat the disease with drugs, high doses of steroids. Eventually, a stem cell transplant was done which required a stay at Johns Hopkins Hospital and some recovery period in Baltimore, as they wanted him close to the hospital. Fortunately, Durward and some of Mike's other friends lived in Baltimore. They gladly looked after him during this period. Mike took his clarinet with him on this sojourn and quickly became known and loved by the staff at the hospital as the "Flute Man." They expressed to JoAnn, on one of her visits, how much they admired his talent and his courage.

During this time Mike had the opportunity to meet baseball great, Cal Ripkin. It seems that his father was also in the same ward as Mike. One afternoon, while Mike was in the floor lobby, playing his clarinet, a handsome, athletic-looking man sat down beside him and struck up a conversation. When he introduced himself, Mike was unphased. It seems Mike never had developed an interest in sports. (That same trait that concerned the 5th grade teacher way back when.) They went on to discuss Mike's condition and Mr. Ripkin's father. It must have been nice for Mr. Ripkin to talk to someone without being hounded by his celebrity. Later the staff told Mike who the man was and that he was of great renown. But, to Mike, he was just another kind person unfairly being subjected to the trials of the disease of cancer.

Multiple Myeloma's condition is measured by blood tests and the results of Mike's stem cell transplant looked good. He was back to work and feeling good. After about nine months, upon returning from a fantastic vacation in Italy with one of his closest friends, he was feeling tired again. Blood tests indicated the disease was back. Drugs were again tried, this time it was Thalidomide. It worked for the first

two or three months. Then the next attempt to beat the disease was planned, a bone marrow transplant with JoAnn as the donor. The time is now late 2000. Drugs were administered to prepare for the transplant, but there was a problem getting the blood chemistry just right. By this time Mike was getting very frail, but he continued to work in the shop.

Then, one weekend in December, Mike was feeling worse and spent the weekend at home with one of his friends. By Monday he was feeling no better but went to work in the shop that afternoon. He did a bit of work on a 146, which he and I had been working on together. One of the nasty side effects of what he was going through was a recurrent nosebleed. That evening, he had a bad one and called a local friend to take him to the hospital. The people at the emergency room told his friend to wait an hour or two and then he could go home. About midnight, the friend was advised that they wanted to keep him overnight. He was having severe abdominal pain and his abdomen was distended and rigid. They gave Mike a sedative to help him rest and something to ease the pain. He never regained consciousness. At around 3 PM on December 12, my friend passed away. He was blessedly with three of his closest friends and his sister when the end came.

We were all shocked again, never expecting the end to come so quickly. Mike always planned ahead and had made arrangements for this situation. He had asked Durward to take charge of the disposition of the contents of the shop, his collection of music instruments, and seeing that customers instruments under restoration or storage would be returned to the owners or to another restoration facility. The last machine that Mike completed was a Wurlitzer style 153 band organ owned by

Matt Jaro. Under restoration was a large Gavioli and a Wurlitzer style 146 band organ.

Durward completed this huge task in about six months. The collection of organs and pianos were sold to various collectors along with machinery and parts in his shop. The remaining contents of the shop and house were sold at a public auction, which lasted an entire day. The shop was sold at the auction and the home was sold later by a real estate company.

According to his wishes, Mike was cremated. A memorial service was held shortly after his death. Many friends attended, some coming from as far away as Washington state. Phil Jamison brought a small barrel organ to the service to provide music Mike would have liked. It was a service and memorial truly fitting to the man and his life. After the services everyone went back to his house and shop to listen one last time to the music of the man known at the Carlisle Post Office as the "Music Man."

In closing I would like to quote a passage Durward wrote in a memorial article for the carousels.com web site:

As all who knew Mike will agree, his kindness and generosity were invaluable. He was always willing to help anybody genuinely interested in mechanical music. Mike dearly loved these instruments and it was obvious in the quality of his work. His death is a great loss for the field of mechanical music. He was a very good friend and will be sorely missed by all who knew him. The instruments he restored over the years will speak highly of him for the years to come.



Figure 10. One of the last photographs of Mike, enjoying a favorite dogwood tree.

A Post Script: The following article was written by Mike's friend Gerald Robertson, who accompanied Mike on his final trip to the hospital. This article appeared in a local newspaper.

Carousel Music Man

Children and children at heart lost a dear friend on Tuesday. This was the man who restored and kept in service the band organ at Hersheypark. This man was Michael Kitner of Carlisle. I imagine that almost all of us have ridden the marvelous carousel that dominates Carousel Circle in Hersheypark. I asked my granddaughter, Stephanie, what was her favorite thing at Hersheypark. She immediately replied "The Carousel." We have all enjoyed the music that joyfully comes from the Wurlitzer band organ. A carousel without that fantastic music would be like ice cream without Hershey's Chocolate on top. Farewell to Michael Kitner, who passed away on Tuesday. He was a marvelous technician of mechanical musical instruments. He was my dear friend and we made a lot of music together. Every time you ride the carousel at Hersheypark, listen to the music and remember Mike Kitner.

Bill Black has contributed previously to the *Carousel Organ*. Those COAA members that attended the 2001 annual MBSI meeting in Baltimore and chose the his home tour were in for a real treat as many styles of Wurlitzer band organs were present as well as a well-restored 52-key Gasparini fair organ.

(Hurdy-gurdy Society. . . continued from page 12)

one of a roving instinct and an acquisitive disposition is that of a monkey organ-grinder. The monkey organs being manufactured right along are sold to traveling grinders, who commonly make, my authority affirms, as much as fifteen and twenty dollars a day. They get their monkeys very young and train them themselves. Where? Why, there is a place near by here. And, who are the talented men that are hatters and tailors to organ monkeys? The grinders themselves; each suits his own fancy as to handsome dress for a monkey. These modern minstrels carry their own skillets for bite and sup. When the first breath of chill arrives in this climate of rigorous winters, and pennied people begin to be concerned with indoor affairs, they may make Charleston a starting point, going thither in the steerage of a coast-liner, and from there make a grand tour, turning up as far north as Buffalo when spring arrives. Some organ souls with a spirit in their feet wander from town to town as far as the orange groves of far-off California.

A hurdy-gurdy is operated by means of hammers and strings, a monkey organ has little pipes and a bellows.

Most of us, I think, are inclined to regard the instrument variously known as a barrel organ, grinder organ, street organ, hand organ or monkey organ as very much the same sort of animal in its innerds as the hurdy-gurdy. In fact, the pedigrees of the two instruments appear to be quite different. The encyclopedias instruct us, in substance, somewhat as follows:

The barrel organ, or hand organ and so forth, is defined as a musical instrument, generally portable, in which the music is produced by a revolving barrel or cylinder, set with pins and staples, which open valves for admitting wind to pipes from a bellows worked by the same revolving cylinder. The pieces are played with an harmonic accompaniment. Elaborate instruments of this kind were early used in churches and chapels, and were in great demand for playing hymns, chants and voluntaries during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The origin of the barrel organ, it seems, is clearly established, and is found in the Netherlands as early as the middle of the fifteenth century.

In England these organs were known as "Dutch organs," and the name clung to the instrument even in its diminutive form of the hand organ of the itinerant musician. In 1737 Horace Walpole wrote of a thing that will play

eight tunes, Handel and all the great musicians say that it is beyond anything they can do, and this may be performed by the most ignorant person, and when you are weary of those eight tunes, you may have them changed for any other that you like. The organ was put in a lottery and fetched 1,000 pounds.

The hurdy-gurdy, whose name is now loosely used as a synonym for any grinding organ, you will find is a strictly a medieval drone instrument with strings set in vibration by the friction of a wheel. The hurdy-gurdy originated in France at the time when the Paris School or Old French School was laying the foundations of counterpoint and polyphony. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was known by the name of Symphonia or Chyfonie, and in Germany Lira or Leyer. Its popularity remained undiminished in France until late in the eighteenth century.

At the Bureau of Licenses in New York you will be told, if you ask concerning the matter, that only seventy-three licenses for hurdy-gurdies were issued last year. There has been a steady decline in the number for the past dozen years. In 1914 a hundred and nineteen licenses were issued for the city.

Obituaries

Wayne Cosper (1923--2001) recently had gone into the hospital for an infection in his foot. No one expected that he would not be coming home. Wayne passed away on August 11, 2001.

Wayne had been a farmer all his life as well as an active Stuben

County councilman for 30 years; a past board member of Angola State Bank and Norwest Bank of Hamilton; Hamilton Cemetery Board President for many years; and a corn salesman for the past 36 years.



Visits to Wayne were always interesting—one of his barns were filled with a collection of old vehicles and tools. He was very proud of his beautifully restored 1954 Corvette. It was in a special room on the house that also had an old marble soda fountain with back bar.

Along with his wife Wandalee, they were members of MBSI Mid-Am and COAA. At the organ rallies Wayne was always next to Wandalee and their 20-note Pell organ.

Wayne was a good listener and along with his white beard and hair this made him an excellent Santa Claus. At Christmas Wayne and Wandalee would dress as Santa and Mrs. Claus to the delight of many children.

One of the most spectacular things that Wayne did was foster the beautiful wetland restorations and ponds. He was very proud to point out a few of the ponds he had built. The wildlife of Stuben County has lost a wonderful friend as well as man of us organ grinders that had the opportunity to meet him.

Eugene Ceton of Brookfield, Wisconsin passed away October 19, 2000. He is survived by his wife, Joyce.

The Music of the Street*

Brian Flora

As a collector of organ-related material, I am particularly fond of vintage magazine and newspaper articles about organ grinders. Seldom written from the point of view of the itinerant performer, these articles reflect the social and political climate of the times.

Should you think that the life of the itinerant organ grinder in the “good old days” was romantic, just read the following bigoted article. Try to visualize the organ grinder's life along with the smell of horse manure in the streets! What a treat...

It certainly requires a very considerable quantity and a very brilliant quality of imagination to see any poetry in the life of a street organ grinder. And yet, easy and idle as the life appears to be, it is by no manner of means all sunshine.

The able-bodied organ-grinders of New York are nearly all Italians, who have left their native hillsides with strange ideas of this blessed land of liberty, and reaching here are very much astonished to hear the first official authority in the land declare that “freedom means the liberty to work,” and that men actually have to work for their daily bread. Naturally they seize upon pursuits that require no previous preparation or acquaintance with the language, and become either fruit-dealers, image-peddlers, or organ-grinders—generally the latter.



It has long been a custom both here and in Europe for speculative Italians to induce their countrymen to emigrate by paying their passage and loaning them organs for street music. The conditions are that a certain sum shall be brought home nightly, the over-plus being retained by the employee. This business has been conducted in past years with great success, and has in many instances realized moderate fortunes.

In this city there are establishments also where organs are loaned for about twenty-five cents a day, to itinerants, who often realize from two to three dollars daily by their use.

All these people are apt, on arrival, to betake themselves to the vicinity of the Five Points, where both sexes, to the number often of a dozen or more, occupy promiscuously one room, and sleep in an atmosphere of dirt, grease, and onions, mingled with the fumes of bodies more or less diseased. The floor, or a thin, filthy mattress, is their only bedding, with a covering either of their day-clothes or a ragged blanket of the most repulsive kind.

In the hot nights of summer they fly from this atmosphere of vermin and suffocation to the roof, while their fellow-lodgers, Irish and colored, resort to the carts lying in the street or to the sidewalk. Sometime for a brief hour of prosperity they escape from these purlieus, but oftener they have no roof of any sort under or on which to seek shelter or cooling breezes.

But everybody does not look on the subject in this sentimental light, as witness one of our poets on the same subject, but in a very different strain:

Yes, the war-whoops of the Indian may produce a pleasant thrill
When they're mellowed by a distance that one feels increasing still;
And the shrilling of the whistle from the steamer's brazen snout
May have minor tones of music, though I haven't found them out.

In the orchestra of Nature - in the wind, the wave, the cloud -
There are harmonies unnumbered, though the style is rather “loud”.
Nay, I'm willing to acknowledge that, throughout the realms of sound
With one dreadful reservation - there may melody be found.

But oh, human fellow-creatures, of the cheering faith possessed
That there lurks a charm in music to beguile the savage breast,
Now I put it to you meekly, did there ever bosom beat
With a throb of joy responsive to the Music of the Street?

Did you ever know a brother, whether civilized or wild,
From the pale-faced son of Europe to the dusky Africa child,
Who could find a charm of music in the strangulatory wheeze
That is twisted from the organ of the nomad Genoese?

Was there ever human tympan so inveterately hard
That it was not wrenched with torture by the strolling Savoyard,
When with grimy little talons he is plucking at the sharp,
Tintinnabulating catgut of his wretched little harp?

Ah! No wonder fabled Orpheus moved the stolid rocks and trees,
If his efforts “held a candle” to such fearful ones as these;
Nor that Pluto, in the anguish of his music-troubled sleep,
Sent Eurydice to stop him, and believed the bargain cheap.

Up and down the highways gathered in a heaven-ascending pyre,
Should those dreadful organs perish in a holocaust of fire,
And if any swarthy beggar thenceforth broke the rest of sound
I would grind him by the Powers, finer than the tunes he ground!

Additional images and information about the history of the street organ are available at the web site, www.floraco.com/organs.

*Harper's Weekly, October 26, 1867 (in the Flora & Company Collection)

After careers in radio, advertising, and performance art, mid-life crisis resulted in Brian Flora becoming an organ builder. Married to Jan, his child bride of 31 years, with two extraordinary children, Brian builds a variety of street and chamber organs in the high mountain desert.

How Did I Get Involved?

David S. Smith

Some time back, I received an e-mail from Ron Bopp, with whom I have been acquainted for some years—we have corresponded and occasionally swapped organ items. We met and became better acquainted at the last Waldkirch International Organ festival in 1999. At the time of the e-mail, the COAA was just becoming established and Ron announced that he had agreed to become the editor of the new society's newsletter, to be called, the *Carousel Organ*. He asked me if I would consider contributing an article for inclusion in a future issue of the magazine. I immediately agreed to do so, not knowing at the time that I was soon to be in a similar situation to Ron, and would find it very difficult to find five minutes to do anything for myself. To cut a long story short. I recently confessed to Ron that I felt guilty at not having fulfilled my obligation to him. His reply was that as I felt guilty, he had a lever to ensure that he got an article. So, not wishing to be guilt ridden for ever, I set to thinking what I might write about, and that is when I got to wondering, how did I ever get involved in the world of organs? I have been a fan of mechanical organs for as many years as I can remember and I have often been asked the above question. The truth is, I don't really know. I just seem to have liked them forever.



Figure 1 (left). Irvin's Gallopers—some of the horses are in white paint following their restoration after the ride was in a crash.

Figure 2 (below). The 89-key Marengi.



The first organ I ever remember is still one of my favorites. It is the 89-key Marengi on the set of gallopers which was until recently traveled and operated by Benny Irvin (**Figures 1 & 2**). I come originally from the riverside town of Henley-on-Thames which the more athletic of you may know as the venue of the

famous Royal Regatta the world's premier rowing regatta. This annual event is always accompanied by a large fun fair and when I was a kid., the gallopers, then owned by Benny's father, George Irvin, would stand in the center of the fair. I can't remember if they were operated by steam at that time, but I suspect that they may have been since my dad always said he couldn't understand how I ever got to be interested in fairgrounds and organs as he remembered taking me for a ride on the horses when I was very small and the operator, or riding master as he was known, insisted on sounding a very loud whistle on the machine every time I passed by (I became hysterical so that Dad had to yell at the guy to stop the ride and let me get off). Some years later, I got my first job on the fairground working on a bingo stall which was sited right next to the gallopers and I well remember listening to the organ's entire repertoire many times over during the week I was there.

As an art student in the mid 60s, I became a bit bohemian in appearance and manner. Who remembers beatniks? Well, there I was! A crowd of us danced in front of the organ one year and one enterprising member of our group passed a hat around and for some unknown reason, the fair-going crowd threw in enough money for us to buy a crate of beer. The party went on for quite a while. I then got married and moved away from Henley and lost contact with the organ until many years later when I had become an "enthusiast" (a word I hate). Some friends were operating the newly restored famous Switchback Ventures "Rodeo Switchback" at the Great Dorset Steam Fair and as there was no organ with the ride at that time, they had borrowed the 89-key Marengi. They invited my son Mathew, a friend and myself to become gavimen for the weekend. Can you imagine my delight to be standing at the key-frame of my favorite organ in the center of the ride everybody wanted to see and ride. Heaven couldn't be any better.



Figure 3. *De Lekkerkerker*, a 92-key Carl Frei Dutch Street Organ
Photo: Gerard Kattenbeld

Sometime just before I got married, I was off work ill and I was bored so Dad offered to take me into town. In the local record store I noticed an LP record of the Carl Frei Dutch street organ, *De Lekkerkerker* (Figure 3). I had always prided myself on having a broad interest in music, and so I bought the record and took it home to see what a Dutch barrel organ was. I was hooked. (The record still remains one of my all-time favorites). Pretty soon I was visiting steam rallies, which in those days were not so large or plentiful, and buying more records. I began to be able to differentiate between the different makes and types of organ, but as a reasonably shy person, I didn't get involved with anyone, so all my knowledge came from books and observation.

When I met my future wife, Sylvia, she lived only a stone's throw from the showman, Jimmy Williams, who at that time was travelling a set of gallopers. He was later to sell the gallopers (complete with 87-key Gavioli) to a buyer in the States who operated them in an amusement park in Atlantic City where I believe they still languish in disuse. Jimmy also owned the Rodeo Switchback, which he also sold to the same owner, but the story of the rescue and restoration of that ride is well known. At that time I was able to observe the work that was being carried out on the rides. Also, Sylvia had a rather nice camera and I began to take photos of what I saw, and so began a new facet to my hobby. Jimmy Williams was to sell the rides and later purchase another set of gallopers, with a 65-key Gaudin, which he restored to his usual high standard of excellence.

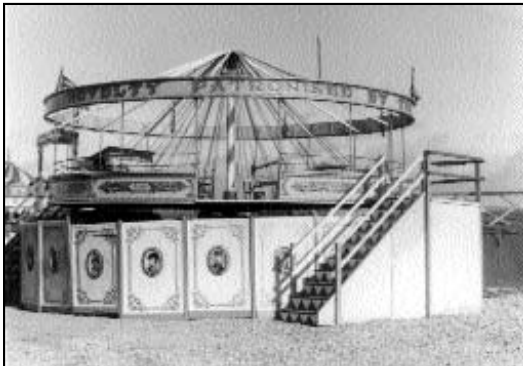


Figure 4. The unique Razzle Dazzle at Penwith Pleasure Park, built ca. 1908 by the Howcroft Carriage and Wagon Works.

maybe took them on too many as these days, their interest has waned but mind you, there are the grandchildren now!

At around the time I started taking the kids with me, I met Colin Middle, who was operating a sales stand for the FOPS and he gave me a membership form—foolish man! I joined the society, and I don't think my wife has ever forgiven me. Colin and I became good friends and when he became a member of the committee, it was Colin, who knowing that I worked in the printing industry, persuaded the committee to let me print the covers for the *Key Frame* in full color. That was a great success with the members and over the years we have expanded that to include calendars, postcards and so on.

I became even more involved in the world of organs and fairground one year when I was out in my car and very close to

my home, I spied a Showman's steam Traction Engine parked up on a low loader. Nobody seemed to know who it belonged to and I watched it until the crew came and drove off. I followed it to a place where a steam attraction had operated some years before, but was now closed. I couldn't follow the engine all the way as it was private property, so I got out of my car and climbed onto a fence to get a better look. There seemed to be several steam engines and a load of trucks with lord knows what in them. I was so absorbed in the sight before me, I didn't hear anyone behind me. A loud voice shook me out of my thoughts. "Who the hell are you?" I felt like a little kid caught stealing apples. It was Tom Lagar who had purchased all the rides and engines that had recently formed the Hollycombe Steam Fair and which were about to become part of Penwith Pleasure Park (Figure 4). 'Uh, I'm interested in these things and I was just being nosy.' "Oh," he said, "Do you know anything about organs, because we've got four of them and nobody knows a thing about them." Can you believe my luck? There I was with four organs, an 89-key Gavioli, a 48-key Bruder (Figure 5), a 35-key Limonaire and a 28-keyless Chiappa to play with, and Christmas had passed us a week previously. For the next three years I was in my glory with seven old-time, steam-driven rides, four organs and a load of old time attractions less than a mile from my house.

The attraction was not to last as it was in the wrong place and badly managed. It was sold again, but I suppose the best thing that came from my brief con-



Figure 5. The figures on the 48-key Bruder at Penwith Pleasure Park.

nection with the park was all the people with similar interests with whom I became acquainted. I made a lot of friends, many of whom I am still in touch with today. It was sad to see the rides leave Cornwall, but today they are in good hands and the rarer ones are destined to form part of the much-mooted English Fairground Heritage Museum.

The result of me having becoming involved with the printing of organ pictures has culminated in me becoming a member of the FOPS committee, and more recently, I have taken over the job as Editor of the *Key Frame*. But mostly, I value the friendships and acquaintances I have made with people all over the world who share the same interests and love of the *Happiest Music on Earth*.

When did I first become involved with fairground organs? I haven't the faintest idea!

(All photographs by the author except where noted.)

David Smith is the current Editor of the *Key Frame* (Fair Organ Preservation Society). He has produced many beautiful postcard sets of fairground organs from both England as well as Europe.

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Call for Organ Grinders to Flock to St. Louis

"Cranks and Pranks" is what the Gateway and Heart of America Chapters of AMICA are calling their October 19-20, 2001 street organ festival in the City Museum in the heart of downtown St. Louis. The City Museum, which is unlike any museum you have ever seen before, is a 100,000 square foot warehouse of adventure for people of all ages. As an added attraction, the Saturday evening banquet will be held at the historic Scott Joplin House and adjacent Rosebud Cafe where Ragtime will reign with the St. Louis Ragtimers presenting a program of Ragtime on Rolls, a sort of "Rollin' on the River" fest!

To make this street organ festival even more unusual, organ grinders (the Cranks) and their families are asked to bring along another of their hobbies/collections (the Pranks) in a kind of "show and tell" for the museum's Saturday audience. Those grinders who want to show off their particular crowd pleasing talents may wish to join the EveryDay Circus

for the day to entertain their child centered audiences during regular daily performances.

Registration is only \$20.00. The two-year old host hotel, Holiday Inn Express, near downtown St. Louis, offers an indoor pool and spa and complimentary breakfast all for \$64.00 single or double. This rate is extended for those who want to come sooner or stay later to enjoy the many convenient St. Louis attractions.

One more bonus—Friday night dinner will be hosted by Cynthia and Gary Craig in their outdoor grove (pending rain) in the historic German neighborhood, Compton Heights, just a few blocks away from the hotel. Need more information to be persuaded that this is going to be one hoot of a good time? Contact Cynthia Craig at 314-771-1244 or email cyncraig@greaterbaynet.com or pocoloco@greaterbaynet.com.

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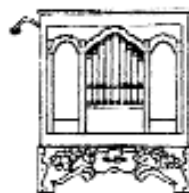
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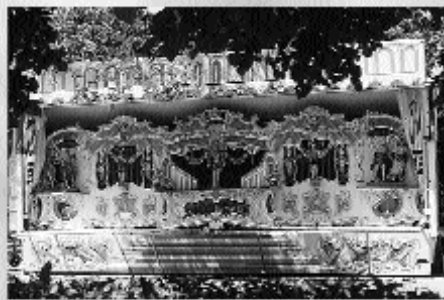
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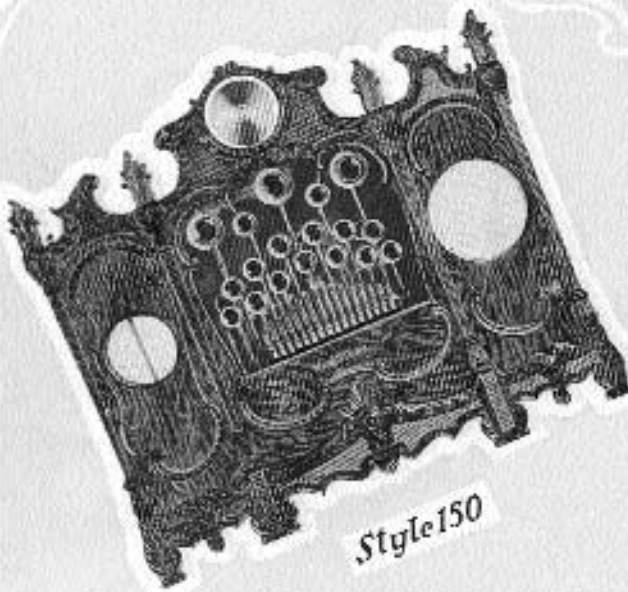


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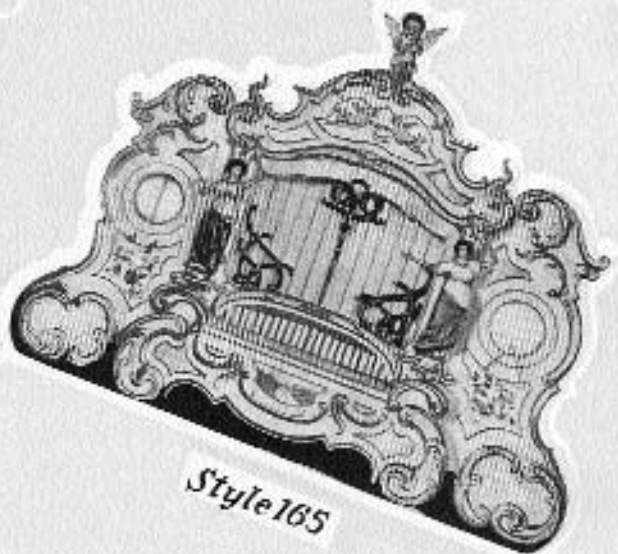
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Meet Your Member

I became very interested in band organ music in the late 1940s. I looked forward every year to the week of the street fair in our town and spend a lot of time around the merry-go-round listening to the band organ. I was always interested in music, taking piano and accordion lessons for many years. I shared my talents at many of the school functions and also with the accordion band, which played for organizations, etc.

After high school, I enlisted in the U.S. Navy for four years. Upon returning to Hartford City, Indiana, I was soon married to my wife, Ruth. From the Navy enlistment, I was able to use the G.I. Bill to acquire an education in piano tuning and repair. I sold my beloved Harley Davidson motorcycle to buy my first piano to learn on. Through the years, I branched off to include player piano rebuilding, reed organ rebuilding, and other mechanical pianos. Since I was new to piano tuning, etc, and raising a family, I had to have a "real" job to pay our bills. I worked for the 3-M Company in Hartford City. I took an apprentice program to become a machine repairman and worked in this capacity for 35 years until retiring in August, 1998.

As our three sons were growing up, we would take camping vacations and try to find places that had mechanical music. One of our earliest was in Michigan at the State Coach Stop in the Irish Hills before the first MBSI rally was held there.

Owning my own band organ had been a dream for years,



Ruth and Kim Pontius pose alongside of their beautifully hand-crafted Wurlitzer 105 military band organ.

but I didn't know where I could purchase one. I also figured I wouldn't be able to afford one if I found it. I decided I would just have to make my own. I learned of the MBSI in the early 1980s and we attended rallies as non-members while vacationing with our sons.

I learned that there was a book on how to build a Wurlitzer Style 105 organ by R.M. Stanoszek. I used this book and I also received guidance from Ken Smith, Steve Lanick, and others during the building of the Wurlitzer 105. This project took eight years to complete, as I was still working full time at 3-M, keeping up with my piano business, taking care of things at home, and

raising three sons. I became discouraged with the progress at times, but after investing so much time and money, I had no choice but to finish my project. Because I am so meticulous with my work, I chose to do everything myself. Even though I call it "our organ," my wife says all she has in it is "coffee."

Soon after completing the Wurlitzer 105, I knew I wanted to build a bigger organ. I have now spent nine years building a 63-key Ruth Organ. This will be "our" organ, as Ruth has already purchased the band director to put on it. Hopefully it will be playing by the rallies of 2002.

Since we have joined the mechanical music organizations, we have been amazed at the large number of new friends we have made. They are a wonderful group of folks with an interest in mechanical music in common.

2001—2002 Organ Rally Dates

Event	Location	Contact Person	Date
Organ Grinder Show and Tell Gateway/HOA (AMICA)	Children's Museum St. Louis, MO.	Cynthia Craig 314-771-1244	Oct. 19-20, 2001
COAA Rally #1	Dutch Village Holland, MI	Terry Haughwout 419-454-3671	June, 2001
COAA Rally #2	Bearcreek Village Bryant, Indiana	Kim Pontius 765-348-0107	July, 2001
COAA Rally #3	DeBence Museum Franklin, PA		August 2-4, 2002
Mid-America (MBSI) Band Organ Rally	Monroe County Fair Dundee, MI	B Bronson 734-529-2087	August 2-4, 2002
COAA Rally #4	Naperville, IL		September, 2002
COAA Rally #5	Applefest Zoar, Ohio	Ed Ditto 330-343-7697	October 4-5, 2002

