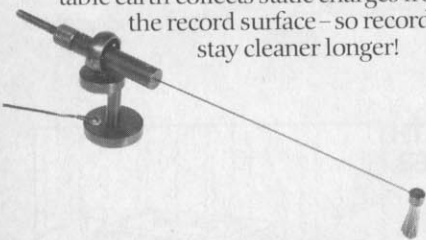


SWEEP CLEAN...

With a Keith Monks Record Sweeper. Built to provide day-to-day care for records, while they're being played, the Record Sweeper has low-friction all-metal pivot bearings and a solid metal pedestal.

And the Record Sweeper has a special non-ferrous static conductor built into the brush assembly. A simple connection to the turntable earth collects static charges from the record surface - so records stay cleaner longer!



SOUND CLEAN...

More than 5,500 Keith Monks Record Cleaning Machines are in use by professionals, throughout the world. And Hi-Fi Dealers can provide a record cleaning service too.

For keeping records in immaculate condition - the Keith Monks Record Cleaner is unbeatable! Known the world over as the only effective method of cleaning records.

...ON THE LEVEL

With a Keith Monks Turntable Levelling Kit. High-accuracy spirit level and precision screw feet give a level turntable in seconds. So anti-skating works efficiently, rumble is minimised, mechanical wear is reduced!

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have had to that diskery's continuing troubles. Interestingly, more than one Capitol bigwig has used his short-lived tenure there as a stepping stone to even greater glory (hopefully, in less volatile atmospheres).

Piracy - Then and Now

Thanks to the advent of magnetic tape and the considerable consumer acceptance of recordings in this form rather than on disc, record piracy has risen to major proportions, siphoning off untold tens of millions of dollars rightfully belonging to the recording artists and their respective record labels, music publishers, and composers. Sophisticated pirates using the finest of equipment secretly stashed in unobtrusive locales, not only avoid the difficulties in copying from disc to disc (most of this having been done in the Phillipines in the not-so-good old days of counterfeiting), but even have brazenly offered to pay royalties to all parties involved. But it must be remembered that these crooks make no investment in the costly recording session, take no risk, because they copy only the *hits*, and spend no money in building the stature of a heretofore unknown artist nor in promoting the sale of his records.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since the time Eldridge Johnson, with an assist from Emile Berliner, launched the Consolidated Gramophone Company in Camden, New Jersey, soon afterwards to be renamed the Victor Talking Machine Company (incorporated Oct. 13, 1901) in recognition of my grandfather's court victory over a former employee, Frank Seaman, who, in cahoots with a slick lawyer for Columbia Graphophone Co., Phillip Mauro, had used an obscure legal loophole to challenge the inventor's right to manufacture his own records and players. They'd miraculously obtained an injunction preventing grandpa from continuing in business. But Johnson, a top-flight machinist who'd developed the spring-powered turntables used in the trade mark model Berliner Gramophone, persuaded grandpa that he should be allowed to make discs and talking machines until the lawsuit was resolved. He then talked the court into voiding the injunction brought against him.

Emile Berliner won a year later, but was financially ruined, while Johnson was enjoying considerable success not only in filling the demands of the domestic market, but also in furnishing turntables to British Gramophone as well. Victor quickly became the most powerful label in the world, aided in

no small way by the use of grandpa's trade mark of the little dog listening to his master's voice on the gramophone. It has truly been stated that, "If Eldridge Johnson be king of Camden, Emile Berliner crowned him so."

Johnson enjoyed his newfound prosperity in regal splendor, particularly aboard his palatial 171-foot yacht, the *Caroline*, reputedly purchased for nearly a half-million dollars in the late 1920s. My father, Edgar, who headed Montreal's Berliner Gramophone, which became part of Victor in 1924, loved to tell of the directors' meetings Mr. Johnson liked to hold on board. One time Mr. Johnson asked the steward (the ship required a crew of 30) to pass out cigars after lunch. But before the men could light up he stopped them, saying he wanted to continue the meeting out on deck and since these cigars were too good to be "wasted" outdoors, he'd have the steward pass out some cheaper cigars. The cheaper ones were Corona Coronas selling in 1927 for \$1.00 each!

Nowadays Victor, owned by RCA since 1929, with said purchase being closely followed by the death of Emile Berliner and nearly that of the stock market as well, is not the supreme leader it once was, Warners and Columbia Records having long ago taken over dominance of the industry. Decca has been swallowed, and dropped, by upstart MCA (Universal Pictures). Other labels, unknown in the days of yore, have risen to prominence such as WEA (Warner-Elektra-Atlantic), and little powerhouses such as A&M and Motown have flexed their new muscles, with a host of other upstarts nipping at their heels.

Perhaps the following anecdote correctly characterizes the record business in a nutshell. Decades ago a number of Canadian Victor officials were visiting British Gramophone. They'd checked out of their hotel and had brought their luggage to the Gramophone Co. offices at Hayes for a final conference prior to catching the boat-train. Realizing they were late and unable to find a taxi, one of the group spied a group of workmen digging a ditch. With a wink at his associates, he sauntered over to the ditch-diggers and, affecting a (phony) British accent, asked, "I say, old chaps, would you mind carrying our bags down to the railway station? We're from His Master's Voice." With this, one of the workmen looked up and exclaimed in a typically British (understated) tone, "Oh, f_____ His Master's Voice!" Whereupon the ditchdiggers proceeded to chase the group down to the station. Enough said. A