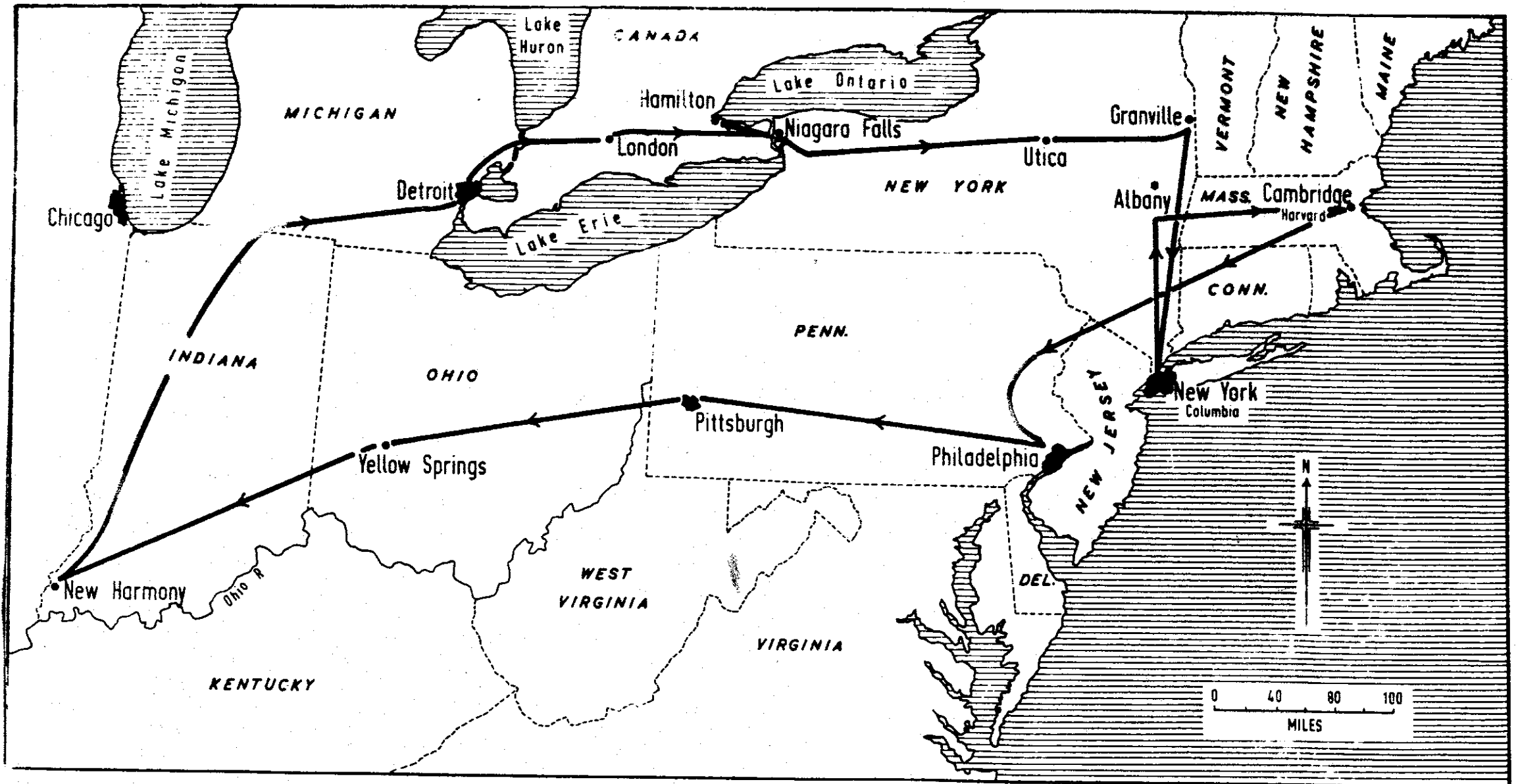


UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES
ABERYSTWYTH

SUMMER TOUR 1965 to
U.S.A. and CANADA

By

The ELIZABETHAN
MADRIGAL SINGERS



Members of the Mads who toured America in 1985:

SOPRANO —

ANNE DAVIES Newport, Mon.
ERYL GLYN EVANS Bolton, Lancs.
CARYLIN FAIRES Swansea
MARY JONES, B.A. Blaenannerch, Cardigan
DOROTHY ROBERTS, B.A. Ammanford

ALTO —

JOANNA DARK Cardiff
E. WYN JAMES, B.A. Maenclochog, Pembs.
VIVIENNE JENKINS Brixham, Devon
MARY WALLIS, B.Sc. Atherstone, Warwicks
ELIZABBETH WILLIAMS Neath

TENOR —

JOHN HEARNE Newton Abbot, Devon
GORDON MASLEN Newport, Mon.
KEITH MITCHELL, B.Sc. Maesteg, Glamorgan
JEREMY TIMMINS Birmingham

BASS —

MICHAEL BREWER Sutton Goldfield
GARETH MORGAN, B.Sc. Merthyr Tydfil
CLEMENT RAYMOND Maesteg
HUW THOMAS, B.A. Carmarthen
EIRIAN WILLIAMS Ammanford

Conductor

PETER JENKINS, B.Mus. Southampton

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THIS IS NOT THE BAGGAGE CHECK (LUGGAGE TICKET)
DESCRIBED IN ARTICLE 4 OF THE WARSAW CONVENTION.

There'll be a new world beginnin' from tonight!" (Cowboy Carol)

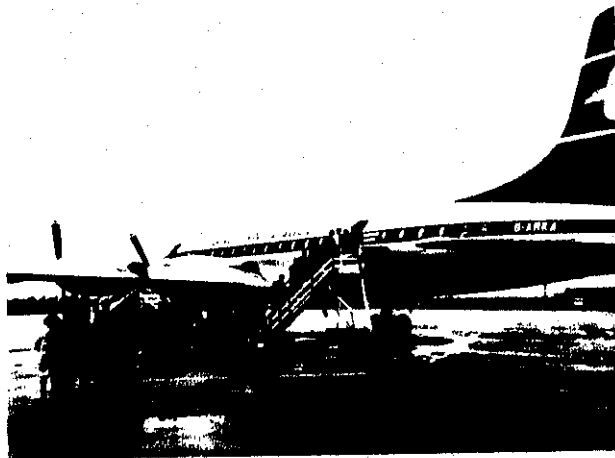
Aberystwyth, Saturday July 24, 1965, 11.15 pm.

A cool late-night breeze, a song before we go, several people to see us off, including a local guitarist, slightly tipsy. And Dai Bus, who took us to London. It was a long, cold journey overnight, a myriad stars, not much sleep on the bus, dawn over Evesham and stop for tea at 5 am near Oxford. A dull damp cold English July morning in London, and quite a lot of traffic for 6.30 am on a Sunday. We went direct to the British Eagle Air Terminal, and bade farewell to Dai Bus. All 17 of us had breakfast at a little café called the "Alpine", run by a bustling little bearded character who was a little overwhelmed but gave us good food.

In the Terminal, the boys had a good 'canu' in the Gents' Toilet where the acoustics were excellent but the audience sparse. The check-in of baggage was tedious, especially as many of us were almost asleep on our feet. Wyn and Eirian joined us here, looking well-rested. On to one coach, then off that and on to another; a weary canu, but a glowing rendering of "Steal Away"; everyone excited on the drive to the Airport; and we were very quickly on the plane, a Britannia, with two glamorous stewardesses, good enough for James Bond!

It was pouring with rain on take-off, which was at noon, but we climbed steeply to 18000 feet and flew in bright sunshine above the stacked-up clouds, which look much prettier from above! We were very pleased to learn that we flew over South Wales. We all wanted to sleep, but it was not easy among a hundred numb voices and the constant thunder of the engines. But the flight was very smooth until W. Atlantic. We were given a very good lunch, and then gave one song. But even Mitch's voice was drowned by the engines! This was a charter flight for students: there were about a hundred on board, incl. some other Aber. students, one of whom - Angela Belfield - was 21 today, and had her birthday announced by the stewardess.

Transatlantic flight is like a marathon in the dental chair: it was very boring with too much cloud to be able to see much. Owing to bad weather over Boston we had to land for a while at Gander, & one hour from here the flight became slightly bumpy as there was thunder about. They kept telling us what the time should be, but it never was! But it didn't matter much, for we had lost all idea of time. We had a very brief stop at Gander, barely time for a drink. Gander is a bleak hole, all pine trees and lakes, very pretty from the air but barren down below, and it was cold and wet!



BRITISH EAGLE



It was anyone's guess what time it was when we left. We flew again at 18000' but speed was reduced by strong headwind and a promise of some weather later. But we had a smooth flight all the way to New York, with occasional glimpses of the coastline far below - Long Island, boxy bungalows with swimming pools, but otherwise flat and uninteresting.

New York, Kennedy Airport; July 25, Sundown (8.30 pm??)
"Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrims' limbs affected slumber more." (Campian)

When we eventually left the aircraft, the heat hit us. It had been a humid 95° in the city that day, and was still steaming. Our first impression of America: a tall thin all-American air-hostess *with* sallow complexion and long nose, wandering languidly through the immigration queues drawling repeatedly: "Passenger Baldwiyun?", & accompanied by a little porter called Fruth (everyone has a name-tag, presumably as a safeguard in case of an epidemic of amnesia). We had no trouble getting into the country, in spite of innumerable questions as to the purpose of our visit; they seemed to be expecting us - even had our names in a big book!

Then came the Customs.

"O.K. OPEN UP! Any caindy, licker, gifts? Any meats?" (Do people really fly around the world carrying meat?)

Mary Wal declared some 'sweets'. "Huh?" - "Candy!" - "Oh, yeah?" - "Yeah. Barley sugar" - "Yeah. What's that? I'll take one. I'll take two. I talk a lot, get dry. Mm. It's not bad. Not too sweet." He pawed thru (sorry, through!) the cases, but was not too fussy. He was quite jolly, too. "Not bad. Not too sweet!" But some of our people had their cases ravaged by gum-chewing guardians of commerce looking for meat.

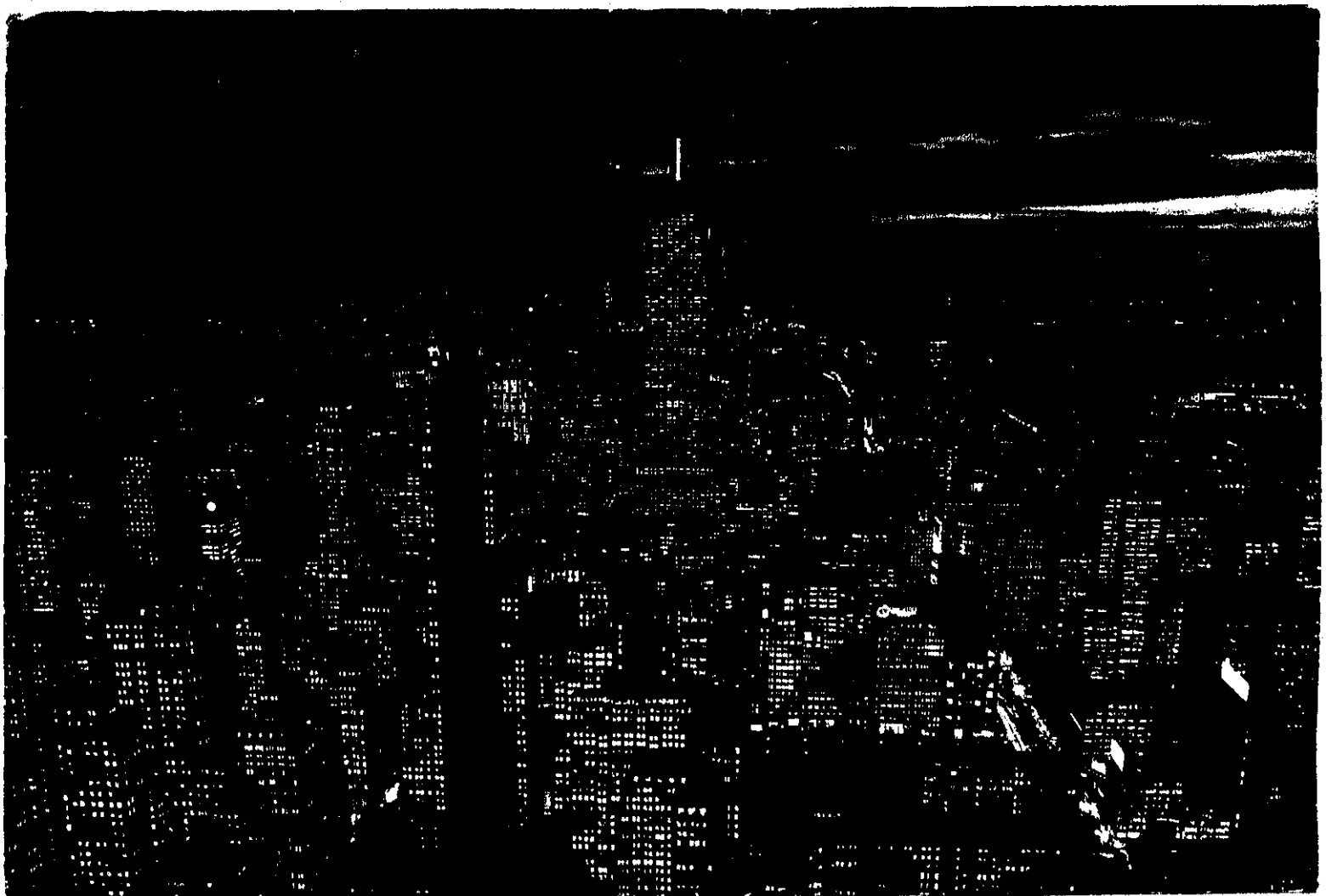
Next problem was to find the bus to take us to the Hotel. Clem led the way, baggage-laden, and was about to back through a glass door when it opened automatically for him and he reversed smartly through the gap! There was a long queue outside; nobody seemed to know anything, and an English airport official told us not to judge America by New York. Then the American scene began to dawn on us.

Bermuda shorts.

Tin-sided buses, all flashing lights and horns blowing.

Extra l-o-n-g airport cabs, 4 doors on each side. Horns blaring! Huge negro porters pushing trolley-loads of luggage, & shouting for a clear gangway. Vast cars, horns blasting.

We had a long wait, then were split into two groups, and rode in by bus along the expressways, past Worlds Fair, thru a mammoth 3-lane traffic jam, counting the British cars, thru a tunnel & into New York. Lights everywhere, bad road surfaces, adverts....



We spent the first night in the Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel, a huge place, 24 floors. The lifts did strange things to one's stomach. Our rooms were comfortable, if rather cramped, with 4 people in 2-berth suites. We had TV in our rooms, but the programs were so bad they were not even funny. "What's My Line" was even worse than the extinct GB version, and the commercials were imbecilical. We all had showers, and began to cool off.

Welsh Madrigal Singers Perform Here Wednesday

The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth will give a concert in McMillin Theatre, 116th Street and Broadway, at 8 p.m. this coming Wednesday, July 28th. It is open to the public and free of charge.

The program of sixteenth-century madrigals and folk tunes, motets, and soloist pieces will be presented at Columbia as the first stop in the Choir's tour of North America.

Relaxation

Made up of a select body of students from the University College, the Choir was founded in 1951 for the purpose of offering some relaxation from the ordinary College curriculum to a limited number of singers. During the last fourteen years the Choir has developed far beyond its original aims and has come to be known as one of the finest singing groups of its kind in the British Isles. It has acquired not only a national reputation in Great Britain, but has become well known internationally through its appearances at international music festivals and through its successful tours of France, Germany, Italy, the Soviet Union, the United States and Canada. This summer, on its second tour of North America, the Choir plans 14 engagements from New York to Chicago to Ontario.

Membership

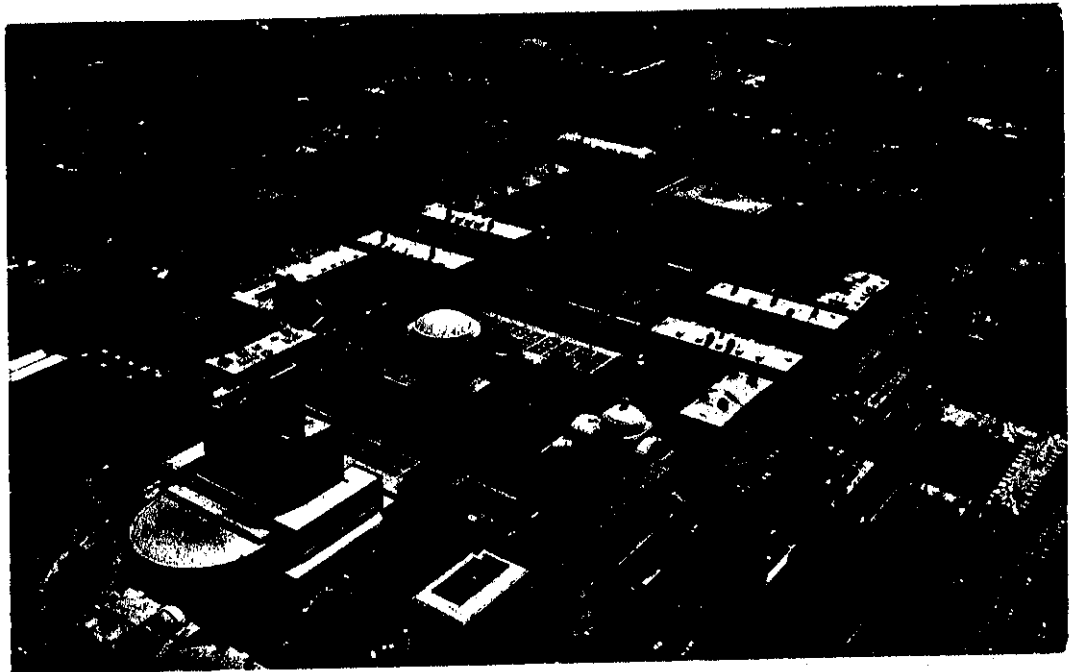
Ten men and ten women make up the membership of the Choir. They are drawn from different faculties of the College and the botanists and zoologists stand side by side with the historians and philosophers. Most of the singers are from Wales itself and the majority of these are Welsh-speaking. The Choir has always been conducted by a student of the College; the present conductor is Peter Jenkins, who holds a Bachelor of Music degree.

....and running in and out...." (Thomas Greaves)
Monday, July 26. To Columbia University.

Most of us slept well but were wakened early by street noise 14 floors below, and the usual excessive horn-blowing. We all had breakfast at a place called Medick's; eggs; reasonable.

It was very hot, but not too humid. Most of us went shopping: It was much cooler in air-conditioned shops! We bought postcards right under Empire State. Then we all met in the hotel & began to tackle the problem of getting to Columbia. 20 of us plus our luggage. Liz had joined us today, having flown in from Detroit at 8 am.

1. We went up the wrong street and had to turn back.
2. We tried buses but though they came every 2 mins. none seemed to go the right way.
3. We tried the Subway but no-one spoke English!
4. We all went by cabs, which cost a lot but was fun. Viv and John rode with a star driver who took them through Central Park and gave a running commentary on the journey. "This is the world's greatest maternity ward, Central Poik!" He pointed to a nearby building, vast and brown. "See that big sign, ESSEX HOUSE? Well, one night in 1929 the ES- didn't light up, & there in red neon was SEX HOUSE. They never lit it up since! There's the Guggenheim museum: the Ice Cream Cone Building. See that ice rink? An old lady used to ride thru Central Poik in a cab with her butler and noice, and too mean to give you more than a dime tip, but she left a millyun bucks to build that place. And there is a new swim pool specially for the negroes." Segregation, here?



We passed Morningside Park, and arrived safely at Columbia, where we were met by Prof. Owens, a genial Texan, and assigned to our rooms: all on 5th floor in new student building, and all fabulous with showers and all mod. cons. We had a tour of the campus, in two parties with two charming student guides. Summer school was in session, but we saw the vast new Law Building, the Low Library and Trustee Room, rather beautiful; St. Paul's Chapel, somewhat Romanesque in brick, and surprisingly warm in this weather. We were given iced tea (surprisingly palatable to most of us, esp. as it was free!) in the Foreign Student Center and had a chat with Prof. Owens & a colleague of his, who then took us on a tour of nearby streets, and showed us Morningside Park, from a distance - "Do NOT go into Morningside Park, at ANY time: for over that side is Harlem. Don't go there either!" We had several such warnings, mainly about parks at night. We found an old (1930?) Rolls, took photos of it and sang "Land of Hope and Glory" round it. We had more iced tea, then a shower and later a meal. In the evening we all went to a concert.

We had special student passes to a concert by the Met. (Opera Assn.) at the Lewisohn Stadium at City College. There was a great discussion as to how we should get there: most of us went by bus in the end. The pass entitled us to sit on hard knobby steps for 50c. There was a negro at the door crying that the "seats are hard and doity - buy a cushion!" and trying to sell pieces of polystyrene at about 3/6 a time! The music was very dull, Bizet, Puccini, etc., and was not very brilliant; but there were several amusing incidents. A plane went overhead at one point, and the conductor hissed "WAIT!" and there was a lunga pausa. People tried to clap between some items and couldn't. There must have been a real live opera taking place in a nearby tenement because someone was screaming blue murder! There was a comical negro peanut vendor. And the antics of the conductor during the excerpts from "Prince Igor" were nearly a one-man Polovtsian Dance.

Metropolitan Opera

Summer Concerts at Lewisohn Stadium

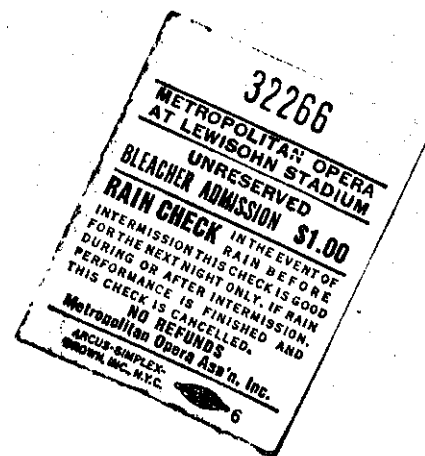
Monday Evening, July 26, 1965, at 8:30

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

LUCINE AMARA, Soprano
 BEVERLY BOWER, Soprano
 MARCIA BALDWIN, Mezzo-Soprano
 RICHARD VERREAU, Tenor
 GENE BOUCHER, Baritone
 Metropolitan Opera Orchestra & Chorus
 MARTIN RICH, Conductor

Overture, <i>Nabucco</i>	Verdi
Excerpts from <i>Les Pêcheurs de Perles</i>	Bizet
Au fond du temple saint	Messrs. Verreau, Boucher
Comme autrefois dans la nuit sombre	Miss Amara
Ton coeur n'as pas compris le mien	Miss Bower, Mr. Verreau
Excerpts from <i>Lakmé</i>	Delibes
Dôme, épais, le jasmin	Misses Amara, Baldwin
D'où viens-tu	Miss Bower, Mr. Verreau
Dance of the Seven Veils, <i>Salome</i>	Strauss
INTERMISSION	
Excerpts from <i>Turandot</i>	Puccini
Signore, ascolta	Miss Amara
Non piangere, Liu	Mr. Verreau
Tu che di gel sei cinta	Miss Amara
Nessun dorma	Mr. Verreau
Excerpts from <i>Madama Butterfly</i>	Puccini
Flower Duet	Misses Amara, Baldwin
Finale, Act I	Miss Amara, Mr. Verreau
Polovtsian Dances, <i>Prince Igor</i>	Borodin
	Metropolitan Opera Chorus

KNABE PIANO USED EXCLUSIVELY
 Musical Preparation: Alberta Masiello
 Miss Amara's jewelry by Richter's



In order to get to the Stadium we had had to pass through a very seedy area, like a set for "West Side Story". We saw a dead cat in the street. And we also passed a man lying on the 'sidewalk', writhing and groaning. There was a cop-car on the other side of the street, so Clem, feeling public-spirited, ventured to tell the gorilla-sized cop about the man. The reply he got was, "Yeah, son, we put him there!"

Earlier in the afternoon, we were in Broadway, just outside Columbia, when down the street came the most fantastic noise: a continuous "woop-woop-woop" like something from Dr. Who. But no Daleks appeared - simply a police van. It stopped outside some apartments. There were screams inside. An ambulance came, white and covered in lights, from the Knickerbocker Hospital, "supported by voluntary contributions", and out stepped a huge negro in white coat and orange trilby. But we couldn't wait to see what it was all about. We assumed someone had gone berserk.

Tuesday July 27. Anchor T-shirt day.

We had a comfortable night but the streets were noisy again. The dustman seem to come round for the 'trash' at about 6 am. Most of the morning was spent deciding what to do with it (the morning, not the trash!). Eventually most people went by bus to the Guggenheim Museum.

The buses are strange. All single deckers and one-man operated, they run on bewildering routes that do not seem to go anywhere. They have hard plastic seats and apparently deaf-mute drivers, and in this area were run by the "Manhattan & Bronx Surface Transit Operating Authority", whoever they are.

The trip to the Guggenheim Museum was quite amusing. Every so often the driver got out and went for a little walk. We decided that he was either doing some odd shopping or was most unwell! But at one such stop pandemonium broke loose and the local Fire Department did a turn-out. It was hilarious, a huge articulated fire engine with a big negro in a vast helmet sitting atop the trailer steering the back wheels! And of course, flashing lights and a stentorian siren!

Most of us were disappointed in the Guggenheim. The bus-driver actually broke his traditional silence to tell us: "Thar is yah mwanstracity!" It was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, in one continuous spiral, in bald concrete. It is like an enormous bathroom. The modern paintings are at the top of the helter-skelter, and there were very few of any real merit. Far more interesting were the French Impressionist works on the Ground Flr. But the building itself is very tiring: it must be the roller-coaster floor. You have to stand all the time on one leg!

Everybody went swimming in the College covered pool after lunch. It was a water-ballet of singing clowns! We also met Roger Morgan, one-time of the Inter. Pol. Dept. at UCW Aber.

We had a rehearsal at 4.30. It began very badly but we got warmed up as the vocal cobwebs were blown away. We almost all had supper at a local steak house, & it was pronounced good.

There was a Band Concert at 7 on the steps of the Low Library. The summer school band played Vaughan Williams, Holst & Prokofiev. It was of a high standard, informal and amusing as the breeze played tricks with the band-parts on the stands. Mike was on a wall overlooking the band - until a bear-sized negro cop got him off. For some reason he didn't argue!

Prof. Owens then invited us to see a Summer School performance of "The Plough and the Stars" by Sean O'Casey, so 10 of us went to that. It was very well done, with valiant and generally successful attempts at Irish and English accents. Afterwards we met members of the cast and 3 of us went to the Gold Rail Bar in Broadway after with a group of them and talked - about England! Britain is "IN" at the moment, thanks largely to the Beatles, MBE's notwithstanding, so we were well away till 2 am.

element
They're in their
worn by an elephant,
"I like Bermuda shorts, (sexy Bermuda shorts!)
Down to their knees.
In a Broadway breeze."

Tune: 'God Save the Queen'.....

7 p.m. - The Summer Session Concert
Band will give the second of its open-air concerts on the steps of Low Library.

WEEK-END PERMISSION

Name of Student _____

Name of Hostess _____

Street and Number _____

Town _____ State _____

Telephone Number _____

Departure: Date _____ Hour _____ Day _____ Night _____

To Return: Date _____ Hour _____ Day _____ Night _____

Returned: Date _____

Approved by _____ Hour _____ Day _____ Night _____

Student's Signature _____

EVENING SIGN-OUT SLIP

Name _____ Class _____

Date _____

Destination _____

Hour of Departure _____

Escort _____

Hour of Expected Return _____

Hour of Actual Return _____

Signature of Student _____

Signature of Student _____

Wednesday, July 23. "Sing we and chant it." (Morley)

The day began with another of our general conferences about the day's plans. In the end (which as usual was a long time coming) we decided on a brief rehearsal in the lounge, a run-through of solos, and an early lunch.

Then we went over to Riverside Church to make a tape for their own radio station. We sang in a little theatre half way up the tower; the views were magnificent. The hall had marvelous acoustics and was lovely to sing in. We could have sung much more but we were all tired (it was very close) & wanted to conserve energy for tonight's concert. But there is no doubt that this recording session was invaluable in "warming us up" and giving us confidence. We sounded good in there!

After the recording we went down in the lift and found ourselves in the Church porch. We walked into the main nave, and the organ was playing. It was very peaceful in there so we sat and listened, some of us for quite a long time. The bow-ended chancel with its fine deep blue windows was unusual to English eyes. The organ is magnificent, very clear and precise.

We gave our first concert that evening in the McMillin Theatre at Columbia. It was very hot! There was a large audience and a very congenial atmosphere, so the concert soon got going after a tentative start. And by the end the applause was overwhelming. We made one error: no intermission, so that by the end we were very hot and bone dry!

PROGRAM

Ballets and Madrigals

Never weather beaten sail.....Campian
Come away, sweet love.....Greaves
April is in my mistress' face.....Morley
The Silver Swan.....Gibbons
All creatures now.....Bennet
To shorten winter's sadness.....Weelkes

Solos, Mary Jones, soprano

Gweddï Pechadur.....Morfydd Owen
Panis Angelicus.....Franck

Welsh Folk Songs

Can Serch.....arr. Holst
Dacw 'nghariad i.....arr. Walford Davies
Suo-gan.....arr. de Lloyd
Morfa Rhuddlan.....arr. Evans
The Ash Grove.....arr. Llewellyn

Motets

Sacerdotes Domini.....Byrd
Alma redemptoris mater.....Palestrina
Sicut cervus.....Palestrina

Solos, John Hearne, baritone

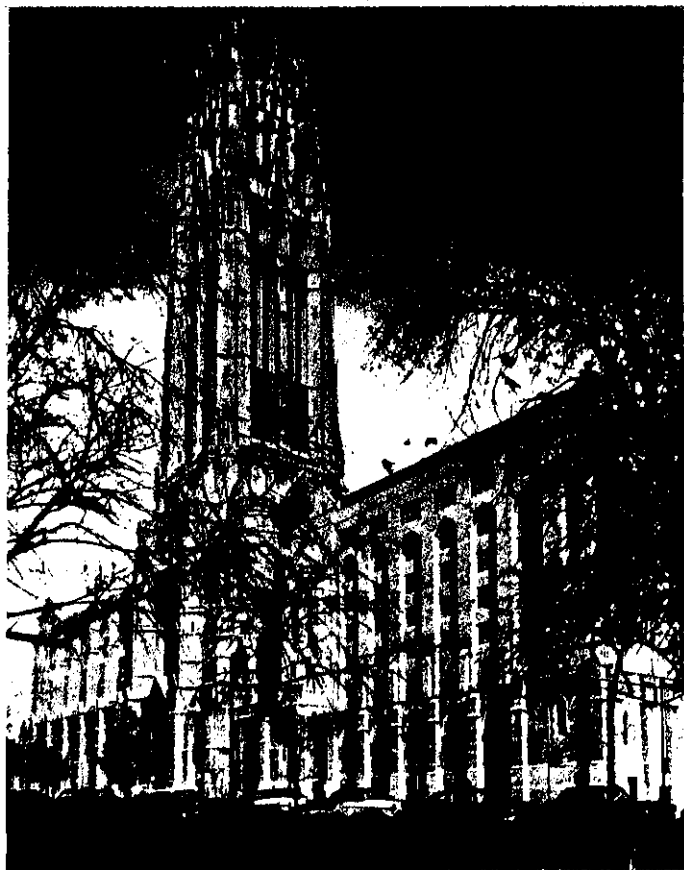
Songs from "Before and After Summer".....Finzi
Songs from "I'm going out".....Hearne

Part Songs and Folk Songs

Sweet was the song.....Smith
O can ye sew cushions?.....Bantock
The Turtle Dove.....arr. Vaughan Williams

Anthems and Negro Spirituals

Let thy merciful ears, O Lord.....Weelkes
Call to remembrance, O Lord.....Farrant
Oh, wasn't that a wide river?.....arr. Jacobson
Gwine to ride up in the chariot.....arr. Jacobson
Cowboy carol.....arr. Sargent



Riverside Church, New York City

Most of us then went to the Gold Rail Bar with several fans from Columbia. When we left there was a big problem over the bill because American bars have waiter service and no-one knew who had bought what! Some-one had suggested that we go on the Staten Island Ferry, so we all trooped down into the Subway & nearer to hell than we had ever been before - especially in the Express, which hurtled thru those tunnels like something cut of Peer Gynt, all dust and noise and steaming people and gusts of hot air. London Underground is civilised after that!

But the Ferry was much better. For 5c. one is taken across New York Bay to Staten Is., with fine night views of Wall St, and Statue of Liberty. We had a brief canu on board, and on the way back the ferry had difficulty in berthing against the tide so we sang "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore". The return subway trip was made palatable by a big canu all the way back - at 2 o'clock in the morning! The locals could not make it cut at all.

ELIZABETHAN MADRIGAL SINGERS



in concert

Thursday, July 29, 1965

8:30 p.m.

Brubacher Lower Lounge

Thursday July 29. From Columbia to Albany.
Up "yonder green valley, where streamlets meander."

We left Columbia at 10 am, and rode on that subway again to the Fort Authority Bus Terminal, which we left at 11.30 by Trailways Bus. It was very comfortable and quiet. The environs of New York are hideous - untidy factories, filling stations and road-houses, and 'billboards' everywhere. After crossing the Hudson by the Lincoln Tunnel, we went up through Eastern New Jersey on Route 17, past industrial estates and flat barren marshland, but eventually arrived at the N.Y. State Thruway. This is a spectacular road running through beautiful wooded hills and east of the Catskill Mts. It was reassuring to know that such lovely scenery could be found so close to New York City. From time to time we passed signs which said "Fallen Rock Zone". Americans love the word zone. It is dramatic. Here, it makes an ordinary roadside rock face sound like a suburb of Sodom or Gomorrah. The Thruway is more pleasant than the local roads because there are no ugly buildings by the roadside, and few hoardings. And Motorway Conditions, no stopping or turning; but there is a 65 speed limit, unlike British Motorways where many people charge up and down at 80-90.

The coach motored quickly and quietly, so that it was very difficult to keep awake; but the scenery was far too good to miss after the eternal bricks and mortar of New York City.

On the approach road to Albany we passed an all-American funeral in full cry, about 20 cars belting along at 50 with all lights blazing and little flags on the roofs, black-edged, marked "Funeral". A real cavalcade of death. They even have motorcycle escorts, sirens fortissimo, in heavy traffic!

Albany is the capital of N.Y. State. Our first impressions were of a scruffy city with appalling road surfaces and derelict buildings. But apparently there is a big redevelopment plan in operation. The old Dutch settlements of the area still have an influence on the atmosphere of this old town. We left the Trailways bus (which was driven by a Mr. Mel Gokey!) and eventually found the right local bus. Good thing it was'nt the rush hour, with 20 of us crowding on with luggage, but the driver was far more tolerant than his N.Y. City counterparts. "Who's got the kitchen sink?" It was a longish walk from the bus down to the State Univ. Campus. The girls stayed in Brubacher Hall, and the boys in Waterbury Hall. Our rooms were less luxurious than at Columbia and rather depressing inside, but the Campus was very pleasant with old style buildings around a grass area. And it was quiet.

We were given a snack and later had a meal. We got ourselves ready for the concert and had a run-through of solos and one or two choir numbers. We performed the same evening in the lower lounge of Brubacher Hall, complete with Draig Goch over the mantelpiece. There was a big audience (some people even came from Utica to hear us) and once again things went well. The first group of madrigals were not as good as we would have liked, but everything else went very well, in spite of our being very tired and hot. There was a reception in the lounge after. Apparently we were something of a sensation!

Then they dragged us all off to a local bar and we had a big canu and made more noise than they'd had in the place for four years! But we were early to bed - 1.30!

Friday July 30. "The Nymphs to sport invite thee."

Some of us got up for College breakfast, and one or two were even keen enough to go to a lecture! But the rest of us slept late and had a snack later in the Snack Bar.

It was decided to stay on another day. Most people played a strenuous game of volley-ball, all morning. It was very hot. We had lunch in the Bar. Viv tried to turn herself into a Dalek with a "trash bin" but it was too small!

In the afternoon some Albany students took us out in their cars to the John Boyd Thatcher Park. It was a nice drive out into the country S.W. of Albany, up a high ridge with a view north across Schenectady County with the Adirondack Mts. in the far distance. Swimming at the Park was very pleasant but the water was very cold.

We came back to College for supper. It was quite a good meal. We were dining late, and when the lights were flashed to clear the room all the Mads cheered and clapped and shouted "More!" & thus made comedy out of one of their standard college customs, as usual! There were no plans for the evening. Some played ball games until dark, others did laundry, and others relaxed in the lounge listening to records and talking to students.

Saturday July 31. From Albany to Boston.

Breakfast had to be in town, as the College Bar was shut. We were all packed and ready for off at 12:30, and all heavy luggage was taken down to the bus stn. by car; but we were all to go by bus. We waited. No bus came. In desperation we thumbed a lift, & we ALL got a lift downtown in a small pick-up truck, just in time for the Boston bus! No charge: "Your singing was your fare!"

We travelled by Greyhound to Boston. The driver was quite a character, smoking king-sizes in a long holder and blasting down the Mass. Turnpike like Boadicea. We went non-stop to Boston. The Mass. Turnpike has some spectacular scenery, miles of rolling wooded hills, occasional small lakes, and some patches of dead trees due to the drought, which is now four years old.

We arrived early in Boston. Later came Mrs. Evans, President of local Welsh Soc., who took us in tow to her flat, where we had a hilarious meal, all 20 of us. We then split up into groups for staying with families. 8 boys were with the Svensons and were off to a mad weekend by all account. Some of the girls had the run of a flat and two or three cats, but John and Huw and Wyn went with the Hutchisons and spent a very leisuredly weekend.

Sunday, August 1. "All things invite us Now to delight us".

A big day in the country. A "cook-out" had been planned by Janet Svenson at their country cottage down Milford way, some 20 miles S.W. of Boston. We all got there around midday, plus numerous people from the Welsh Soc. It was a wonderful spot, miles from anywhere. We had hot dogs and hamburgers cooked under the trees. Then most of the Mads went with Svenson to a local lake to swim; the others stayed and lazed and talked. The Mads had a canu at the lake, which was some compensation for no concert at Harvard, this having fallen through at the last moment. Everyone came back at 5 to play ball games. We had a visit from a man with a trotting-pony. We had more food, but the party broke up in the early evening and we came home for another evening of relaxation.





Monday, August 2. A day in Boston.

Boston seems to be a nice city. It is more refined than New York, distinguished and European in feeling. The City Centre has a fine park with a small lake. The people seemed to us to be more friendly and helpful than in New York. There is much history here, mostly anti-British Colonial, but the buildings are interesting. There are probably more hospitals to the square mile here than anywhere in the world! There is even a "Watch Hospital" in the city!

It rained all day so sightseeing was limited! Public transport is much better than N.Y. The M.T.A. buses & especially the subway and trains are easier to follow, cleaner, and far less noisy. But they are still below British standards!

The overhead railway gives good views of the poor side of the city, which is surprisingly run-down in appearance. In fact, the seamy sides of the U.S. cities seem to be much worse than in Britain. Old buildings are in poor repair and everywhere is grossly untidy. Even new buildings tend to have an air of impermanence, especially in the suburbs, and the wooden houses look makeshift, particularly as they are all on the open plan system with no gardens. But we were very comfortable. The Hutchison's house, for instance, was small but cosy, sumptuously furnished but in good taste. However, we were unable to use the rocking chairs on the porch because of the rain!

Having spent the day in small groups, we all met at the Bus Station at 11:30 pm, for the Trailways coach to Philadelphia.



Tuesday August 3. From Boston to Philadelphia.
"Yond bugle was well winded." (Bennet)

The Coach left Boston at 12:30 am. We really would have liked to have stayed here a week, having had marvellous welcomes from charming people. We ran through heavy rain on leaving Boston. We all tried to sleep on the bus but it was not easy for everyone. We travelled very fast but the Thruway in Connecticut was at first bumpy, then non-existent, and there was a long stretch over poor roads through a dismal industrial area. We arrived in New York through Bronx, a horribly seedy 'zone' at 4:30 am. We changed buses here for Philadelphia and left at daybreak. Once again we crossed the Hudson by the Lincoln Tunnel, and had a fine view of Manhattan in the morning mist.

New Jersey, the so-called "Garden State", showed up as a filthy industrial shambles, flat and featureless in the extreme. We ran into Phila. via Camden and over the Delaware River. The vast industrial cityscape was not a pretty sight in the early morning rush hour. We arrived in Phila. at about 7:30 am.

We had a long wait in the bus station until it was time to go to the WFIL TV station, so most people ate breakfast and all the boys took turns to shave with Huw's battery razor, much to local amusement. At 10:30 we found our way to the subway, after much palaver over looking for the right buses, etc. Later we found we could have been fetched! But the subway was clean and fast and eventually went overhead. Then we changed to bus and went way out to the WFIL Station.

Then began a display of American pressurised welcome, in direct contrast to Boston. Although we were tired and grubby after our journey, we were immediately hustled in to a kind of banquet and regaled with odious speeches.

Then a big noise named Rex Morgan came booming in and had to tell us how he won the war by hanging up a few nasty Nazis at Nuremburg - except Gbering: "he chickened out!" How funny! A clown named Healy was flitting about taking photos with a Polaroid camera. Then at 12:50 we were told we were on the air at 1 pm, and we had to get ready and changed in that time!

We sang between sickly solos on a Hammond orgel played by a smiling smoothie named Larry Ferrari: "Isn't he a delight?" We had no rehearsal nor even a warm-up - just on and off. So it wasn't good, but not that they noticed! Then we had to have a conducted tour of their little TV station, when all we wanted to do was kip, or even wash, or at least sit down! Eventually a sane man among them noticed our plight and we were taken in cars to Drexel Institute, not an infirmary but a college of technology where we were to sing that night. Here we were able to rest and have showers and prepare for the concert. A meal was provided at 5:30, much too big, and more speeches and photos & Happy Harry Healy in his element.

There was a big audience and they sang "Stars & Stripes" for themselves before we arrived. We were too tired and too full of food, but it went well nevertheless. We had our moments, the hall was big and dark and the audience difficult to fathom. And the piano was not very good, but they had all been bad so far.

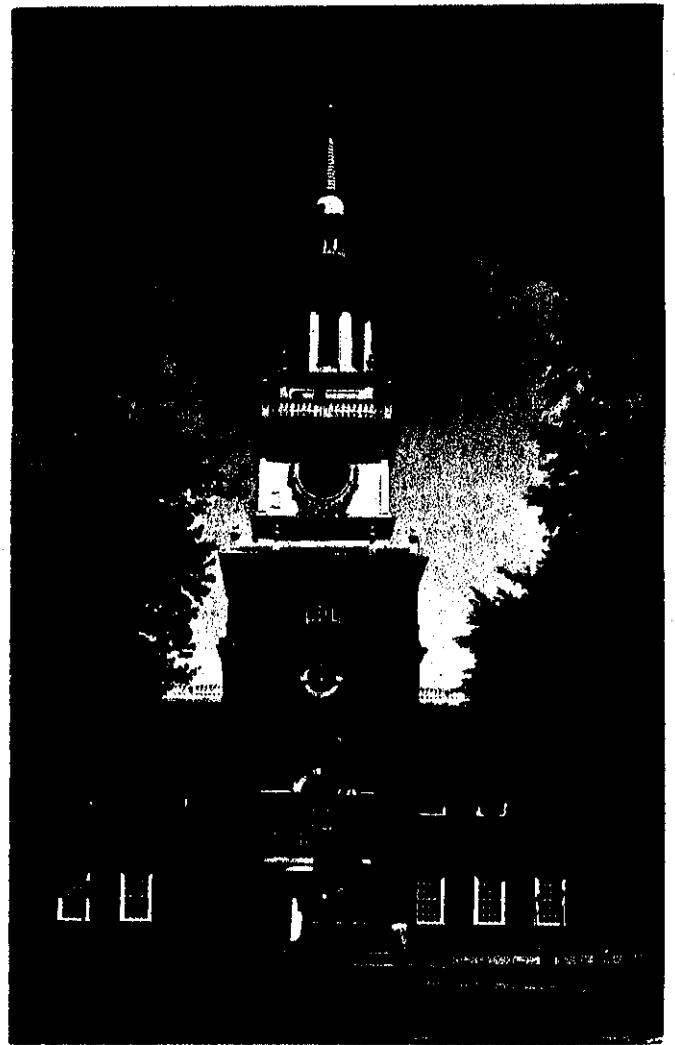
After the concert, which was warmly received, we were given atlas-sized Drexel year books. (We spent the rest of the Tour trying to decide how best to get rid of them!) Then we met our hosts. Some went with profs. from the College, others with students to fraternities or flats. And most of us just fell into bed and slept like logs!

PROGRAM

	I			V	
S	Sing We and Chant It	Morley	<i>3m</i>	I Will Give My Love An Apple	arr. Mullinar
S	Never Weather-beaten Sail	Campian	<i>4b</i>	The Blue Bird	Stanford
B	All Creatures Now	Bennet		Sweet Was The Song	Smith
	<i>Counting</i>				
	II			VI	
	Soprano Solos			Baritone Solos	
	III			VII	
	<i>Brathya Cartref</i> Can Lorch	arr. Williams			
F	Morfa Rhuddlan	arr. Evans	<i>C</i>	Lord, In Thy Wrath	Byrd
E	Dacw 'Nghariad i	arr. Walford Davies	<i>E</i>	Let My Merciful Ears, O Lord	Weelkes
B	The Ash Grove	arr. Llewellyn	<i>Eb</i>	Gwine To Ride Up In The Chariot	arr. Jacobson
	IV				
C	Sacerdotes Domini	Byrd	<i>f</i>	Oh, Wasn't That A Wide River	arr. Jacobson
	Sitivit Anima Mea	Palestrina			
	Super Flumina Babylonif	Palestrina	<i>!</i>	Cowboy Carol	arr. Sargent

INTERMISSION

L.C. David
no Gen
due for



Wednesday, August 4. "What do I care how far we roam?"

We met at Drexel at 9:30 for a conducted tour of Phila. Our host was Mr. Corcoran, ex-English big boss at WFIL. We were taken to Independence Hall and shown the places where all Phila. tourists must go, shrines of U.S. history - where they finally threw out the British. We had a tour round the old city, which is picturesque by American standards but would not be noticed in England. Then we went way out north to a place called New Hope, over a very poor road indeed. Our smiling negro driver Charles Neal was not happy about it, and it was not kind to the stomach! But we were given a good meal at a 'diner' near New Hope, and then went on to the village itself, which is a sort of American Bourton-on-the-Water, all very commercial and a tourists' purse-trap, but pretty in places.

We returned to Phila. through the evening rush-hour on the EXpwy, but Charlie said it was not as bad as usual. We insisted on having Charlie in a group photo when we left the bus, much to our hosts' surprise. We spent the evening with our hosts; some went out to meals, some to shows, and some to local taverns. There was a thunderstorm later, and some people got caught in it, while others saw it from a lofty restaurant in the city.

The student fraternities treated us splendidly. It was interesting to talk about our two countries and to surprise them with some of our impressions of America, and facts about Britain! Fraternities are kinds of secret societies, in some ways almost childish but generally with good aims. Each fraternity keeps together & often acquires its own lodging-house in a city. Most fraternities have a national set-up. Membership is strictly selective, and thus appears to make them organised cliques. It guards against loneliness and unpopularity, two dreaded diseases in America.

"ENGINEERED LEADERSHIP"

Universal Match Corp., Denver

The Fraternity
of
Delta Sigma Phi



Delta Sigma Phi

Please Close Cover Before Striking

Thursday August 5. From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

We all met at 10:00 in the Greyhound Terminal. Happy Harry was there, giving away badges and knives, and even radios and shavers. We left at 10:30 in a rather grotty Greyhound coach, sans rest-room. It went on and on and on along the Penn. Turnpike until the need for plumbing became so desperate that we had to persuade the driver to make an earlier than scheduled rest-stop, at a Howard Johnson roadhouse. These are designed to provide the worst food at the highest price, since there is generally nowhere else handy.

The Penn. Pike is a long long road, but the scenery is very pleasant and the road climbs into the northern end of the Appalachians and goes through several tunnels: as usual there are numerous signs of instruction and prohibition: "Remove Sunglasses", "Put Lights On", and decreasing speed limits. Then after: "Resume normal speed" and "Are your lights on?" Our normal speed was not overfast, but consistent and somewhat soporific.

Pennsylvania has vast tracts of woodland and much open farming country. There are many English names like Reading (it's even in Berks. County!) and Lancaster. The Susquehanna river at Harrisburg is broad and beautiful and dotted with small green islands. Who was that clown in a car towing a helicopter along the Turnpike?

Pittsburgh is a busy steel city, but is being redeveloped and cleaned up. We arrived at 5 pm and undertook to walk to the Hotel. Someone had been told that it was only 2 or 3 blocks away. It was about a mile, and people were amazed when we told them we had walked it, especially with the temperature where it was!

We were hot and shattered again, but we got changed and had a meal, most of us at the YMCA. Not the best place in town, but the nearest to the Sherwyn Hotel, where we were staying.

We liked Pittsburgh, for some reason. It's a busy place, but not mad like New York; and the people were quite friendly. In common with the other cities we have seen, the streets are very badly lit at night (apart from the eternal neon) but tall office blocks are very picturesque at night, esp. from the high points across the river, reached by funicular railway. Many streets are cobbled or blocked, and with tramlines make for uncomfortable riding. As usual the road surfaces are below British standard, and traffic signs on secondary roads abysmal.

But the girls are gorgeous and the city has a relaxed purposefulness about it that is refreshing. But the expressways in the centre are ugly, bewildering and filthy, and there is an unfinished bridge across the Ohio River which goes nowhere, and one night a drunken student drove over it, but so fast that he made it across the gap to the mud on the other side. The orange tramcars help to make the city friendly, and the streets are narrow and English-looking. But for some reason the trains steam!

ELIZABETHAN MADRIGAL SINGERS OF

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, Aberystwyth

Peter Jenkins, B. Mus. Conductor

PROGRAMME

PROGRAMME

Ballets and Madrigals

Sing We and Chant It	Morley
Since First I Saw Your Face	Ford
Come Away, Sweet Love	Greaves
Weep O Mine Eyes	Bennet
Dainty Fine Bird	Gibbons

Soprano Solos Mary Jones

Gweddï Pechaduz	Morfydd Owen
Porgi Amor	Mozart

WELSH FOLK SONGS

Morfa Rhuddlan	Arr Evans
The Ash Grove	Arr Llewellyn
Dacw Nghariad 1	Arr W. Davies
Can Serch	Arr Holst
Suo-gan	Arr de Lloyd

Audience Participation

Aberystwyth	19
Bryn Calfaria	5
Calan Lan	69

Announcements and Offering

MOTETS

Ave Verum Corpus	Byrd
Tenebra e factae sunt	Victoria
Laudate nomen Domini	Tye

Bass-Baritone Solos

Il Lacerato Spirito	Verdi
So Sir Page	Mozart

Part Songs and Folk Songs

O Can Ye Sew Cushions	Bantock
The Blue Bird	Stanford
The Turtle Dove	Arr Vaughn Williams

Anthems and Negro Spirituals

Hide Not Thy Face From Us, O Lord	Farrant
O Lord, Increase My Faith	Gibbons
Steal Away	Arr Jacobson
Little David, Play on Your Harp	Arr Sargent

Audience Participation

Cum Rhondda	42
Ebenezer	13
Rachie	2

A cup of Tea or Coffee will be served in the Dining Room on the First Floor. This will be your opportunity to visit with Young People of the Chorus.



Friday, August 6.

The Group were met by Mr Richards of the Welsh Soc. in the foyer of the Sherwyn, and had a canu on the spot, to a large audience incl. and ex-Mayor of Pittsburgh. Then everyone was treated to an expensive lunch in the hotel. Later we went on a tour of the Hilton Hotel, and were shown round various rooms. The managers were having to make the beds as the service staff were on strike - for petty grievances. For instance: the cleaners were obliged to clean 4 rooms per day, but only 3 if their trolley had to be taken up one floor (in a lift, of course!). But they were on strike because they were not being allowed to make phone calls from the rooms, but must use the public box! One employee had been found drunk on duty several times but the Union would not let the management sack him. The Hotel is built on what was once the slum of P'burgh, and looks out on to what still is! Single rooms are from \$11 a day. Conference rooms are decorated in different styles: all glass or steel or seeds(!).

We then went to rehearse in the Methodist Church and were drowned by the noise of traffic and fans.

The concert was not

our best. It was difficult - in a church, but there was no reverence nor even a proper concert atmosphere, and the audience had to have a minor cymanfa as well! There was a bun-fight after, then we walked through the streets armed with food, singing a bit.

Saturday August 7. From Pittsburgh to Yellow Springs.

We left at 11:00. All our cases were taken to the Greyhound Station by a big Welshman (in his car!) who led the hymn-singing last night. We walked, except 5 who took a cab for only 70c. We had our own coach to start with, then it was filled up. We had an expressionless driver who couldn't manage the gears. The journey to Wheeling is extremely tedious, through untidy P'burgh suburbs. The temperature was in the 90s outside. The roads were very poor and slow. We had a rest-stop at Wheeling, then a long trek to Columbus, across central Ohio. It was hilly and quite interesting at first but later was flatter and monotonous. Between Cambridge and Columbus, we ran into a tremendous thunderstorm, with torrential rain which stopped much of the traffic even on the expressway. Our bus got water in the brakes & the driver had to make an emergency detour through a filling station at a traffic light later!

Columbus is horrible. All neon signs and straight roads & shoddy buildings. "The Rummage Shop" amused us: everything had gone, even the windows. Closing down sale, no doubt. The town centre is ugly and untidy in the extreme. It was raining. We changed driver but not bus. It was a long stop. Then everyone seemed to go mad. Our second driver was a big leathery William Bendix type. We passed a Greyhound Bus on charter, apparently broken down, so there was a little conflagration here. Then we went on, "right across the prairie" of dull central Ohio, with perpetual roadside paraphernalia like Funeral Homes and Vets. and motels - like "The Nitey-Nite Motel". Oh! Then we overtook another charter Greyhound and stopped him so that the driver could confer again. much to the excitement of a local dog.

We arrived at Springfield an hour late, and were met by people from Antioch College and rode down to Yellow Springs in a Chev. Step-van with the luggage, singing our heads off. The driver was vastly amused. We were taken into the woods to look at our lodgings, but they were locked; so we went to the Union and waited (a long time) until we were taken into town to "The Tavern" for a meal in the attic. This was excellent. We had a brief canu afterwards, and presented Mary J with a mascot we'd bought for her in Pittsburgh: a little white fluffy 'clem'. We were then taken up to the Outdoor Recreation Centre in the woods at Glen Helen. This was an area of undeveloped woodland belonging to Antioch College and reserved for outside activities and visiting madrigalists.

A few people went back to the College to see a midnight film "The Big Country", but the rest of us turned in, after some frivolity. The girls were getting wild ideas about the cockroaches and assorted crawlies and creepies and things that were going "Agh!" in the night outside, and the boys were helping to quieten them. Gordon was a tower of strength: "No need to worry at all about cockroaches or anything like that. It's silly. But you must be careful of the little snakes that come up the drains!" Huw got into Wyn's bad books by rolling a cake of soap down the girls' dorm. Huw also had trouble with a light by his top bunk. "Will you turn it off please. I'm not used to sleeping 18" from a street light!" Someone suggested that we swop dormitories before the others got back, but we decided against it. so we slept, with fortissimo crickets making it feel like a Western set.



Sunday August 8. "Around us the gladness, the bluebells were ringing."

The boys awoke laughing. Mitch was asleep in a sheet, but nocturnal manoeuvres had rendered his beam end exposed to the elements! A couple of brave souls were up early for church - the rest of us crawled out of bed around 11:00. Later someone came to fetch us in the van and we all went to the Union for lunch. (We had all been given \$10 worth of meal tickets for use in the Union cafe & restaurant.) This was followed by rehearsal in the main auditorium; then swimming, and a snack, and back up to "Hickory Hall" to get changed.

Supper at 6:30 was preceded by "Little David" in the queue: a free commercial! We then had time to relax before the concert at 8:30. This was an outstanding success, the highspot of the Tour so far. The audience were great, and we were in good form, and the acoustics helped. Mary and Mike had to give encores. At the end we had a standing ovation and had to give two encores, of which "Cowboy Carol" brought the house down.

**** PROGRAM ****

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| 1. Ballets and Madrigals | |
| Sing we and chant it | Morley |
| Adieu, sweet Amaryllis | Wilbye |
| Mon cuer se recommande à vous | Lassus |
| Dainty fine bird | Gibbons |
| To shorten winter's sadness | Weelkes |
| Weep no more, thou sorry boy | Tomkins |

2. Solos - Mary Jones, soprano

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 3. Welsh Folk Songs | |
| Brethyn Cartref | arr. Williams |
| Cân Serch | arr. Holst |
| My mother-in-law | arr. Holst |
| Suo gân | arr. de Lloyd |

**** INTERMISSION ****

4. Motets

- | | |
|------------------------|------------|
| Laudate nomen Domini | Lye |
| Alma redemptoris mater | Palestrina |
| Sicut cervus | Palestrina |

5. Solos - Michael Brewer, baritone

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| 6. Never weather-beaten sail | Campion |
| All creatures now | Bennett |
| Since first I saw your face | Ford |
| Weep, o mine eyes | Bennett |

7. Sacerdotes domini
Super flumina Babylonis
The Ash-Grove
Dacw 'ughariad i

Byrd
Palestrina
arr. Llywelyn
arr. Walford Davis

**** PROGRAM NOTES ****

The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers are a select body of students from the University College at Aberystwyth. The choir was formed in 1951 for the purpose of offering some relaxation from the ordinary college curriculum. At first, the repertoire was confined to the works of the Madrigal period. The Madrigal form came to England from Italy in the sixteenth century and it is an unaccompanied secular vocal composition. Today its repertoire is by no means confined to any specific musical period, although much attention is given to works of the pre-classical period.

In recent years the choir has toured Germany, the United States, and Canada. In Italy they were invited to sing in an International Universities Choirs' Festival with choirs from Turin, Oslo, Sofia and Yale, being only the second British choir ever to receive this invitation. In 1964 the choir toured Russia, appearing on Leningrad television, and singing at Moscow and Leningrad. They have also made television and radio appearances in their native Wales. In 1957 they were winners at the International Elsteddfod at Llangollen.

This was followed by a canu in the Union cafeteria. Mads sat around a table and were given free Pepsi and hamburgers and we entertained a crowd of students until midnight. Then we all went back up to the Glen - except Gordon and Wyn and Huw, who had been invited out to a ranch by a man from Maenclochog! We all seemed to have gone mad tonight. The boys went to bed expecting to be raided by the girls, and vice versa. So barricades were put up, & Mitch went to sleep clutching a broom. But there were no raids!

Monday August 9. An extra day in Antioch College.

Mitch was still clutching his broom at 8:30 this morning - only beard and broom were visible! We had to be out of the Ed. Center early - most of us walked down through the Glen Helen woods and over the cascades, while the luggage went by van. We had to have other digs for the next night.

We spent most of the day relaxing - swimming, tennis, etc. After lunch a tape of the concert was played for our benefit. Unfortunately the tape did not last long enough to include the last two items and encores. Later a few of us were taken by a dog to find the Yellow Springs. These are in Glen Helen and get their name from the high content of iron in the water which leaves a golden deposit on the rocks. In the woods one has to be careful of poison ivy, and chiggers - minute bugs which get under skin.

Some students had planned a 5:30 cookout, a "Welsh Cookout", but the weather cut up rough and put paid to that. But we had already planned to eat at the Antioch Inn and treat our three student hosts on our meal tickets. We all had a splendid meal. We had then been invited to join the College Advanced Choral Group in a session of sight-singing. It was just hilarious. We had a warming-up session first: much head-wagging & complicated deep-breathing and "mee-mee-mee, maw-maw-maw." But the singing was fun. We sang some Bach, and Pete conducted the whole mob in one or two madrigals we all knew. But we were then shown how "Sacerdotes Domini" is given the Yankee treatment - VERY slow and extremely sentimental, and they just did not have the voices or technique to bring it off. But interesting. We were complimented on our sight-singing, esp. in some Hindemith. But tone in their choir was poor. Women singing tenor sounded like comb and paper.

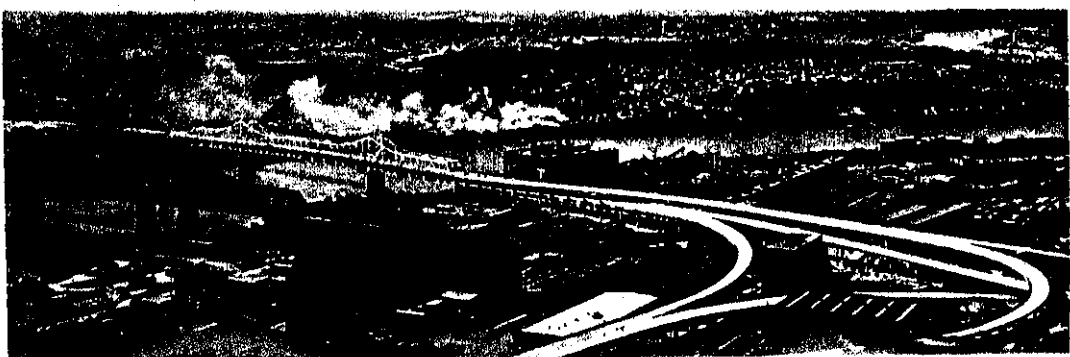
We all went down to the Tavern then for drinks and a canu. Afterwards some went to a coffee-party and played bongo-drums. But most went home to bed, ready for tomorrow's marathon.

Tuesday August 10. From Yellow Springs to New Harmony.

At our final breakfast in Antioch Union we used up all our meal tickets on people's food. Then we boarded vans to go to Springfield to get the Greyhound Bus to Dayton. We had to change here. Some of us were singing 3-part madrigals in the Waiting Room but were silenced as people could not hear announcements. Not that they were ever intelligible: Cincinatti came out like "Shinshinattaugh", and once we heard "Will the party from Wales, England reclaim their seats at Gate Four". (!)

Dayton exists mainly for the making of National Cash Registers. Anything that rings in the dollar is important in America, but Dayton is a nondescript place, indistinguishable from any other American city. Indeed, we were beginning to notice that all the cities we had seen so far looked alike, except perhaps Boston. Dayton seems to have a Church Zone to the south of the city; mostly new buildings in spacious grounds, wealthy-looking. The Americans are fashionable church-goers but are not conspicuously religious. South of Dayton the country became more pleasant. We had a bus more or less to ourselves and were not on an expwy, so although the journey was slower and more bumpy, it was less tiring.

We had a couple of hours' rest stop in Cincinatti, so we all went into a restaurant for some lunch, and met some members of a choir from the First Baptist Church in Little Rock, Arks. They were mostly teenagers. They rounded up the rest of their group (40 in all) and we swapped songs in the café, the conductors standing behind the counters! A pleasant interlude. They sang spirituals very well, of course, (they were a white church!) in particularly good arrangements. We were impressed by their attack and rhythm; they by our tone and diction.



We left *Ceti* at 3pm with a character of a driver - the first one so far who seemed to be a human being. We crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky and continued S.W. down the Ohio Valley. This was a beautiful trip. The green wooded hills and the winding rd. reminded us of home. We passed through Warsaw - even stopped there, much to the consternation of Viv and Wyn who got lost in Poland last year. Then we had a rest stop in Carrollton, a charming little town, all white wooden houses and green lawns and gracious trees, about the prettiest town we had seen so far.

The rest stop was very amusing. The boys discovered that the Gents' Toilets here were graded: free, 5c. & 10c. Puzzling. Investigation revealed that Free meant no lock on the door; 5c, you could lock yourself in (though any six-footer could look over the top!); but for 10c. you had a lock, and an ultraviolet lamp to warm your posterior while meditating!! We also found out why all buses stop at railroad crossings & the driver opens the door before crossing the track: if anything hits the bus the door is not jammed shut. So if a train hits the bus you just get up and walk out of the bus?! But we still had not seen a train in America anyway!

From Carrollton we left the river for a while and took to the hills, up through the peach and corn and tobacco country. The road was narrow and winding, the scenery interesting.

There were two English ladies on the bus with us. We compared our impressions of America. They were very amused that cemeteries were sometimes dubbed "marble orchards". The driver had Louisville radio on: very noisy high pressure advertising, largely unintelligible, and everlasting pop music. And it got louder & louder as we neared the radio station: these local stations have quite a weak signal.

We arrived in Louisville at 5:30 and there was no-one about in the city. Apparently their rush-hour is earlier than ours. We had a brief stop for food, then left with a different driver, and crossed back into Indiana. We climbed high out of the Ohio Valley and swung along through forests in the evening sun. The road was almost deserted. At one point we had a brief glimpse of a big bend of Ohio River, with a big red sun hanging down over the Indiana hills. As dusk came down the Mads became very lively in the back. We had the bus to ourselves and were letting off steam after the long, long journey, which altogether was about 350 miles. Fireflies whisked into the headlights and a full moon rose golden and cool over the deserted river valley.

It was 9:30pm when we reached Evansville, but the driver could not find the Greyhound Station! We wandered around the ugly town for 15 mins., everyone cheering. Apparently he was put off by roadworks and new one-way streets. He told us: "The streets on one side of town are named after presidents, on another after governors, on the other after states; but in the middle they are named after trees, and I always have trouble finding those trees!" We found the right tree eventually and met the folk from New Harmony; they gave us a meal in the Post House. Then we piled in to cars and went off to New Harmony. About 7 people went in one station wagon, with Mitch and Clem sitting in the back, facing backwards. And there was nothing so funny as Mitch, looking as if he was in the Royal Box, being whisked away backwards into the night, still clutching his Drexel Year Book!

We were distributed around the town: 7 boys in the Gatehouse, oldest house in N.H., restored (& resited!) 1960; 3 boys in the Community Centre; the girls in the Studio, Green Gothic, & the Poet's House, which was remodelled for Robert Frost. They were all very comfortable, with air conditioning, etc. And everyone decided to unpack completely.



Wednesday August 11. "All creatures now!"

Only Gordon got up for breakfast. We were having all our meals provided in the Red Geranium Restaurant. Everyone else had a lie-in, but most had coffee at 11:00

We had a look at some of the interesting features of the town, accompanied by Fr. Hadley, who was Chaplain of the Lee Blaffer Trust, which had built the Roofless Church and was restoring various old buildings. It was very warm, but pleasant and not humid. The Vicar told us that 3 weeks before it had been 110 degs. and foggy! "Then you just want to curl up & die!"

We walked down to the Wabash River, the border of Illinois. The place was alive with creatures: chiggurs in the grass and crickets in the trees and huge hornets and cowkillers & great big beautiful butterflies; and cardinal birds and bluebirds & squirrels and all. But the girls were scared of being bitten to death or stung into a shrivel.

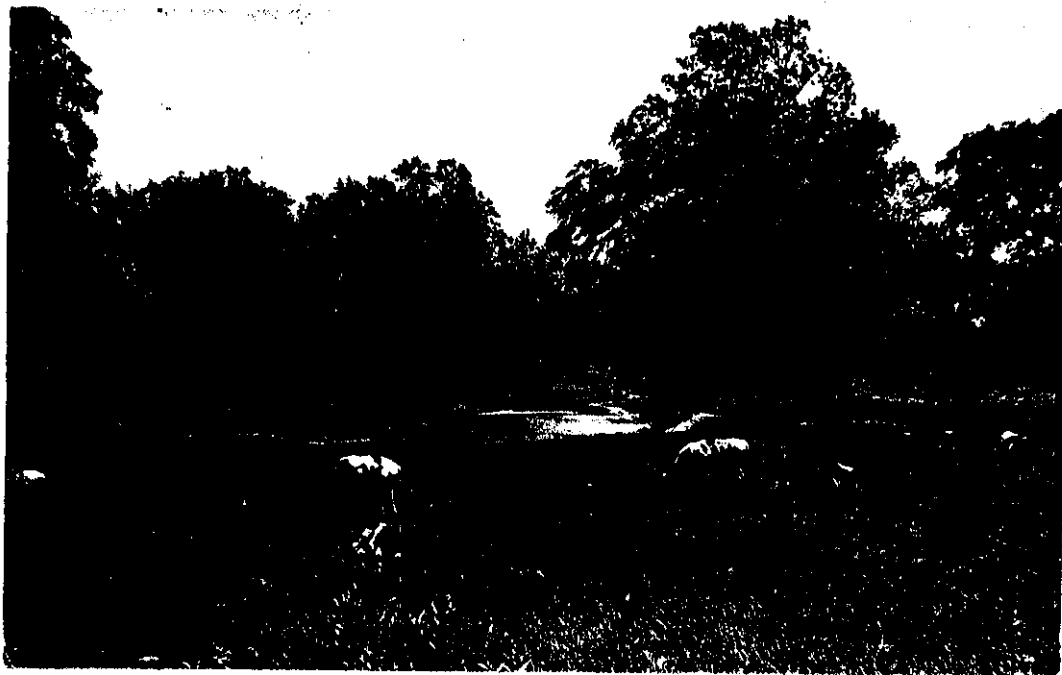
We had lunch at the Red Geranium: they had a complex about red and green. Red jelly and salad and pie, & a vivid red cake with a geranium stuck in it! After lunch a dozen of us raided the launderette in the town for a general dhobi. Later we rehearsed in the Roofless Church. It was very hot. A TV man took newsfilm. The acoustics were peculiar but adequate. Then we all went swimming in a private pool which was put at *our* disposal every day. We were on TV news at 6pm. The presentation was very funny and amateurish.



The evening meal was superb. Lots of red & green again, but T-bone steak and trimmings. A song afterwards, then a walk around the town in dusk and moonlight to be shown points of interest. We heard the story of the early settlers, Harmonists and Owenites (which is where the Welsh bit comes in!) etc. Our guide was a local bachelor girl named Linda who had "bin to the races today with mah daid and got all tanked up!" We were overawed by the clouds of creatures around the street-lamps, and the crickets were the noisiest yet. Then we had a little dance in the Community Centre, but some of us went in to the town and met some local people.

Thursday August 12. "Birds over her do hover, music
the time beguileth."

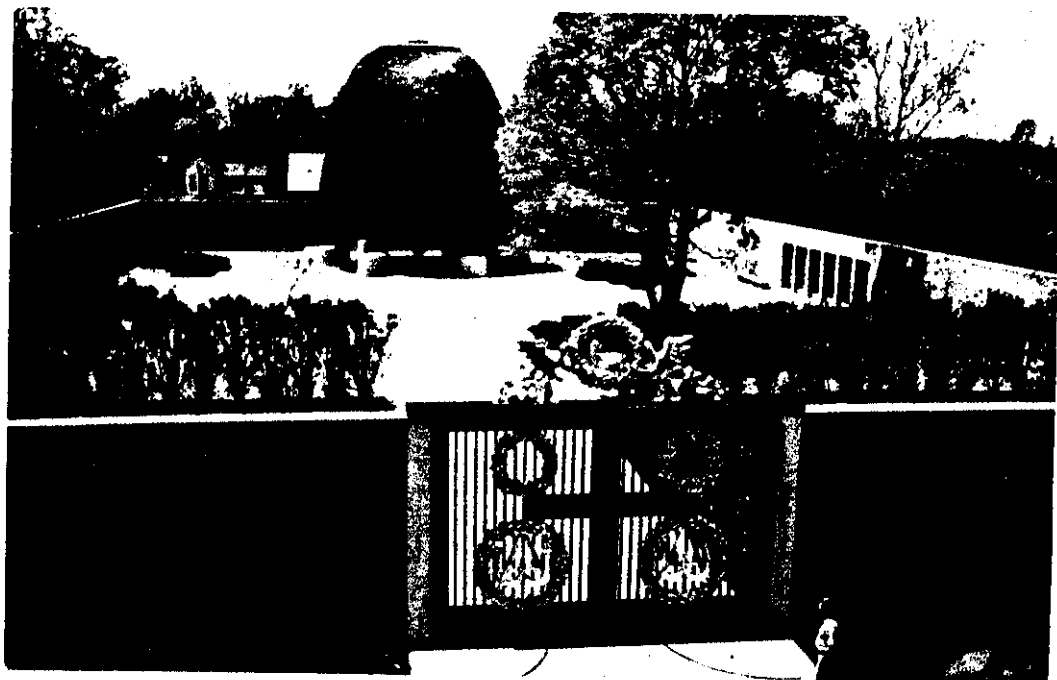
Most of us got up for breakfast and Linda came at 9:30 & took some of us out for a run in the country. We went to see Owen's prize beef cattle. The Hereford bull was a magnificent animal, worth perhaps 45,000 dollars. Their horse flies are so big here you can't tell which is horse and which is fly! We went on down loose gravel roads and through melon country. We saw a turtle cross the road, and a ground-hog. We saw corn fields and heard about deadly copperhead snakes. This was 'coon country but we didn't see any.



We then visited a farm where they breed "quarter-horses" - they do the fastest quarter-mile and are used for rounding up cattle. They are beautiful beasts and seem to love people!

Another rehearsal after lunch, and another TV film for a rival channel! There were men swarming everywhere spraying insect repellent and trying to rid the sparrows from the dome. Optimistic! Later most people went swimming, but some hired tandems to visit points of interest. We had an early meal & the concert was at 8pm. It was very well attended but conditions were awful for our singing. Floodlights which blinded us also attracted girl-eating mosquitoes. At the interval we were very miserable and thought it was the worst yet. But Pete said it was sounding quite good. The audience couldn't see their programs in the dark and didn't know if and when to clap. But the second half seemed to go better than the first, in spite of crickets & sparrows above us (!) and other creepy-crawlies. Then we heard a tape after and it was good!

A party was thrown in our honour down in the Antique Shop, so we had a canu until midnight, then dispersed to our various homes and talked. At the Gatehouse the Vicar and his wife were talking to the boys till 2am. And Mitch and Eirian phoned home to Wales!



Friday 13th. Not significant!

This day was spent relaxing, swimming and walking, etc. But several people visited farms and oil-wells or went down-river to see barges being loaded with crops.

A walk into a cornfield is a weird experience. From a few feet in amongst the tall plants you can't see or hear or feel the outside world. There are no weeds: a very selective weed-killer is used, and the crop is not touched once it is sown, until harvest, when one man with one machine cuts the ten-foot crop and extracts the kernels. This was cattle corn for silage, with cobs as big as marrows.

There are several oil wells in this area, mostly small. All that is usually visible is a pump, perhaps in the middle of a soya bean field, pumping away all alone and unattended, rather sinister. Some are electric; others diesel, run on natural gas. There are many empty and abandoned houses here. 50 yrs ago the population was 60% farmworkers. Now automation has whittled it down to 6%. The popn. of New Harmony is dwindling - it is now 50% retired people. The trend is toward big-city life. There are many acres of good arable land which are not to be used - by order of a government with overfilled storehouses.

This is a sober thought when other nations are starving. But if American wheat is sold cheap then Canada is hurt. So much is given away; some is even dumped.



We crossed the Wabash River on Webbs Ferry, a very old floating bridge which is doomed to be replaced two years hence by a new Interstate Expwy. A pity. It was a link with pioneer days. The river floods every year and sometimes alters its course. One of Owen's wheatfields is now an island. Local storms are often severe. A recent tornado missed New Harmony but wiped out a town further north. One group of people survived by hiding in a bank vault. The same twister wrapped up one family in their own living room carpet and then took away their house!

We had a delicious supper of Southern Fried Chicken and corn on the cob. Later we all went to the Vicar's house and had home-made ice-cream. Some of the boys were detailed to turn the crank on the freezer - it was worth it to be able to lick the mixer blades after! The ice-cream was delicious. We stayed till 12.

At 1:30 am the local cop was at the cross-roads in town, lying on the bonnet (the "hood") of his car, leaning against the wind-screen, cap in lap. "It's bin real nice havin' you kids around."

Saturday August 14. From New Harmony to Fort Wayne.

There was general panic as packing took longer than anticipated for some. A convoy of cars took us to Evansville. On the way in we passed a massive car dump, huge piles of dead cars 20 high over a canal: a sad part of US big business and the dollar race.

We left Evansville at 10:45. ("Next time stay longer!") The outskirts of the city are extremely drab and untidy. Then we turned on to a cross-country road, Hiway 57, through pleasant farming country. We stopped at Petersburg and saw another funeral on parade, all lights on and little blue "Funeral" flags. On to Washington. Some Hamish people were sitting by the bus stop, a horn-blasting wedding convoy went by, and a coloured woman got off the bus with about 9 cases. Good job she wasn't one of us! Then we saw a train, the first one in 3 weeks in USA! We saw it go across a rail/road crossing. But we still had to stop and the door had to be opened. Presumably the train might do a standing start of 80 mph in reverse! In America we don't take chances.

East then via Loogootee to Shoals, through some spectacular scenery, and stopped here for a lunch break. All the boys fell for the girl behind the counter in the Greyhound Posthouse, but but we didn't need to buy much to eat as the New Harmony folk had given us plenty of People's Food.

The folk at the back of the bus were being entertained by a couple of delightful coloured children who were travelling with their mother. The road swung through some splendid limestone country, but it abounded in roadside reading material. One shack selling tourist trophies and rejoicing in the name of ED'S GHOST TOWN was advertised by more billboards than there were trees. We also passed Mitchell & Co., "Stone Crushers": it raised a laugh! Between New Harmony and Evansville we had passed signs shouting the delights of eating at Fred's, one sign per mile for ten miles. Then: "You passed Fred's. Turn Here!" But Fred was on holiday anyway & his place was shut! At every bend was a succession of signs: "Bend". "Reduce Speed". "Do Not Pass". "Get Right With God". "Resume Safe Speed". "Pass With Care". But near Petersburg was a gem which baffled us completely: "DAY PIT. MINE RUN - LOW STOKER - LUMP". Beyond Bedford we passed through the villages of Oolitic, and East Oolitic. Limestone country, of course!

At Bloomington (where the driver told John to "jump on the brake if she runs away!") we picked up students from Indiana Univ. One young woman of learning was a 20-yr-old married student of linguistics who knew all the answers to educational problems, and all other countries except USA were somewhat archaic. At Martinsville the temperature was 98 and the bus air-conditioning was not up to much. Mrs. American Student found it hard to believe that in British Univ, we specialised in only one subject; and why should students not marry? "It's a wonderful time to be married: you have so much time together."

At Indianapolis the temp. must have been near 100° and it was very humid. We had a long wait and everywhere was hot and sticky, especially in the coach with the fridge turned off! When the driver eventually showed up we had a full bus. We had another student, but he was an enlightened law student who had been in journalism and was aware of America's problems. (Just outside I'polis the coach stopped and the driver made a phone-call, then informed us that no-one had remembered to refuel the coach and he would have to get some enroute!) We discussed America, and our friend was not surprised that the US image in Britain was not all it might be. He told us: by 1970, 40% Americans will be teenagers & 40% pensioners. "And if they lower the voting age like they want to, we could even have the Beatles in the White House." Quite a thought.

We stopped at filling station for our fuel. "Don't run away!".... "Americans are immature and the wrong ones travel. U.S. students cannot compare with British...." We began to be proud of our image! But we were all tired and hot when we reached Fort Wayne, "an overgrown village with no downtown section."

We all got taxis and chased each other Chicago-style out to the Van Orman hotel, red brick in the Grand Manner, pool and all. We were advised to eat at a nearby Chinese Restaurant. They had it ready for us, tables all together, etc. We had a very nice meal & they gave us each a pair of chopsticks to keep. We sang a couple of songs, then went back to the hotel and sang in the foyer, then most people went swimming in the pool in the dark.

Sunday August 15. Fort Wayne to London (Ontario).

We were at the Greyhound Stn by 10:30, but then came the first serious mix-up of the Tour. Mary had booked 20 seats to Detroit last night, but when the bus came there were only five seats! So 5 went on to Detroit and 15 waited for the noon bus. While Mary tore long strips off Greyhound officials we all made ourselves name-discs on a machine, which effectively whiled away the time. When the Noon coach came there was plenty of room. If not, we would have had to wait 3 hours while they sent another up from Indianapolis!

The driver was quite a character ("My ancestors came over in 1640.") and kept up a commentary on the journey, which took us east down the Maumee Valley. This was rich farming country, with big glass-lined silos that feed 3000 cattle in 8 minutes. And we had a new angle on the door-opening ritual at railroad crossings. 25 years ago the driver had to stop and get out and look up and down the tracks, then drive on. But sometimes they were too slow.... So now we just stop and open the door! The Maumee Valley is very pretty, wide with wooded banks and Dutch barns and almost quaint villages. The river was skimmed by water-skis. We delivered a box of blood at Napoleon, then went on to Toledo. Here we had a brief stop, too brief for most of us, who nearly lost our seats while getting extra hot dogs and drinks.

On to Detroit, a big ugly sprawling industrial metropolis, the motor-making Midlands of America. We met the other 5 here and had only 25 mins. stop before the next bus left for London. We went thru the tunnel to Canada, with a passport check at Windsor and no love lost between Wyn and the driver! They let us all in, anyway, and we had a long haul up through SW Ontario, through flat uninteresting land but with oddly familiar names near London: Chatham and Tilbury, and counties of Essex and Middx. The coach was full, with people standing, and with many local stops the journey seemed tedious even though the bus was ~~batting~~ along at a steady 65-70. But we had quite a reception committee at London and were all quickly fixed up and taken home to food and bed.

Monday August 16.

Although we all met at 2pm in Victoria Park we did not rehearse but most people went shopping. (We had met at the Kiwanis Meml. Bandshell, immediately christened by us the Bombshell.) We found the prices on gifts very high and an additional sting was a sales tax which was ^{not} apparent until purchase was made; thus no price tag could be believed. Sealskin fur hats ran to \$30 each!

It was hot and sultry so we dispersed early to make ready for tonight's concert. This was at the Elmwood Presbyterian Church Hall. We had been told originally that we were to share an hour's concert with the local church choir, but barely an hour before the concert we were told we were doing the whole lot. We had had no chance of a run-through or even a warm-up, but it went quite well in spite of being very hot and stuffy. There were no printed programmes so Peter had to announce each item. We were well received by the audience. The hall was small but full, the acoustics were good, particularly for the soloists, and the piano reasonable but as always, out of tune!

The London Free Press reporter was there. She had given Made a rave report in '61: "exquisitely lovely choral singing... tones as clear as crystal and yet always sweet... musicianship to the Nth degree... etc." The bun-fight after was the best yet - plenty of food and cups of Western Hemisphere tea. The Welsh Society were very pleased with the concert.

Welsh Group Sings Program Of Elizabethan Madrigals

By LENORE CRAWFORD
Free Press Art and Music Critic

Summertime of travel and tourism is responsible for the visit of the Elizabethan Madrigal Singers to London.

Twenty young men and women have brought sweet, pure-toned voices and the good musical training of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth.

They gave their initial concert in London last night at Elmwood Avenue Presbyterian Church Hall and tonight will sing in Victoria Park.

In 1961, the Elizabethan Madrigal Singers came to London, but since the singers always are university students, none of those vocalists are among this year's singers. Nor is the conductor the same.

Very much the same type of program is presented, which is to be expected when the group's title pinpoints the kind of music studied and performed.

If memory serves correctly, aided by a recording made in this city in 1961 by the previous group, the present ensemble is superior in several ways.

The voices seem better individually. There are, in fact, several very fine voices which are of tremendous help in the proper performance of madrigals, and other songs with rather similar demands, that every singer be able to "hold his own" in addition to blending into an ensemble.

Attention to time and intonation was more noticeable, with resultant improvement in all numbers.

Peter Jenkins is an excellent young conductor. He was a member of the ensemble for two years until graduation as bachelor of music in the spring.

He brings to his conducting a keen sense of phrasing and obtains from the ensemble excellent tone-shaping, clarity of pronunciation and enunciation without exaggeration, and admirable naturalness in interpretation and projection of a song.

Particularly good was the singing of madrigals at the start. The choir sounded fresh, the voices sprightly and young and yet nicely rounded.

The complexities of "All Creatures Now" and "Weep All My Eyes" were especially difficult compositions skillfully performed.

Disappointing to me were arrangements of Welsh folk songs, more because of the mediocre arrangements than because of the singing.

"The Ash Grove" and a Holst arrangement were acceptable, but the other left much to be desired. A Welsh choir should take more care to bring only the very best across the Atlantic to people who firmly believe Welsh singing is the finest in the world!

Palestrina motets fared much

better and this, I submit, should not be. Granville Bantock's "O Can You Sew" was a composition to compensate for the Welsh songs and was beautifully sung.

Just like madrigals sounded Negro spirituals "Steal Away" and "Little David Play on Your Harp." As songs from England or Wales they were enjoyable; as Negro spirituals they were a failure, lacking all those qualities which together are Negro spirituals.

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GET YOURSELF A COLLEGE

Tuesday August 17.

Free day until evening. Most people went shopping.

The evening concert was in the Bombshell. It was not a success, but this was not our fault, nor that of the Welsh Soc. The PAS was very faulty and the people just could not hear us, which was a great pity as we had regarded this as our main concert here & felt we were putting more into it than we did last night. But they had the same trouble in '61, so we are told. But we had a good write-up in today's paper. It was said that we are better "in every way" to the '61 Group! Many people left at the interval, unable to hear. The Welsh Soc. were very upset that the Public Utilities had let them down by installing inferior equipment.

Wednesday August 18.

This was a free day, but it rained from the afternoon onwards. We explored the area. Huw visited the W. Ontario Univ. and said the campus was very beautiful. John visited Kelloggs factory.

In the evening 6 of us went up to Pinery Park on Lake Huron and had a cookout and a swim in the rain. The beach was about the size of Cardigan Bay. We cooked hot dogs and hamburgers (what else?) on a charcoal stove and Gordon rigged up a shelter with 3 picnic tables with a plastic table cloth over the top. Wildly uncomfortable, completely mad, enormous fun. And we drove fifty miles to do this! The country around London is flat & agricultural and devoid of landmarks. Mixed farming: wheat and corn and cattle (dairy). In the late evening we came back into town and had a very jolly evening in the home of Tom and Enid Boughton.

Thursday August 19

In the late afternoon, after a free day in Town, we all met at a park for a "wieneroast" (Canadian cookout, with 'wieners') but this was not the success it should have been as each "family" kept to its own table. Some people went to see the nearby Univ. Campus. It is very beautiful, though new, all built in the same style in a wide park, inscholastic grey stone. It is in imitation of European style, of course, but very effective in that it produces an "old college" atmosphere, very difficult in a new univ.

Later several people went up to one of the homes in the Byron district of London, to chat and sing a little. Then 10 of us came home in one car!

London has little character as a city, but some of the suburbs are very elegant and even English in style. There is a lot of industry, and railway lines all over the place, crossing the streets willy-nilly with no gates, which can be quite amusing with night shunting of goods trains.

Friday August 20. From London to Niagara.

We had a charter bus to Niagara which left the London Hotel at 9am. The driver was a chatty old fellow and the bus was old but comfortable. It was a lovely morning and we had a great send off. We sped along Highway 401 - The MacDonal-Cartier Freeway, "the Cartier bit was tagged on to keep Quebec happy!" - which runs the 401 miles from Windsor to Montreal, through rather flat and featureless dairy farming country.

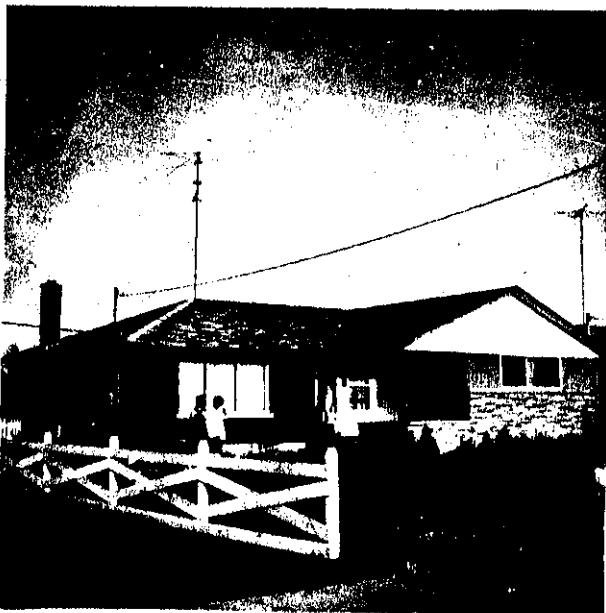
The driver talked of Canada, of the problem of Quebec, and of the size of the Country. He had recently driven a bus to Vancouver, 650 mls each day, but still two-&-a-half DAYS to leave the Province of Ontario! He flew back: 5 days out, 5 hours back! We had a rest stop near Kitchener, then went down Route 6 to Hamilton, through Morriston! The road was narrow and bumpy and not very interesting. Then down "The Mount", straight down the edge of a scarp, towards Hamilton, a flat steel mill city, Sheffield-by-the-Sea, the sky filthy. We by-passed it on the Queen Elizabeth Way, went over the soaring Skyway bridge and then down the west shore of Lake Ontario and past the great Ontario Fruitland. Peaches, grapes, and apples stretched away to the right to the Niagara escarpment, the 300' difference in height between the lakes of Erie and Ontario.

We passed St. Catharines, so-called "Garden City" though just why it was thus named was not evident, over another skyway bridge over the Welland Canal, and into Niagara to the Rainbow Bridge Bus Terminal. We had a brief view of the Falls one mile distant, but the Welsh Soc. were there to meet us and whisked us away, most of us back to St. Catharines!

Gordon and John were on CKTB Radio at 3pm. This was very amusing and made the Philadelphia TV Show look over-rehearsed. They walked in, straight in to a cupboard-sized studio, sat down & introduced themselves and were on the air! Then followed 30 gruelling minutes of question and answer about everything from madrigals, definition of, to Welsh economy, analysis of!

Saturday August 21. A free day and a concert.

The concert, at the Westminster United Church, St. Catharines, was a great success, in spite of somewhat cramped position for the choir and no warm-up to try the acoustics. It turned out to be nice to sing in and things went over well. Each item was ably announced by Lewis Edwards, Welsh Soc. President, and we sang 3 National Anthems, British, Canadian, and Welsh! Afterwards we had a big all-Welsh canu which was a great success.



The Canadians emerge as rather different from the Americans, but with many similarities from their closeness to the US here. But they do not like the Americans! They resent the infiltration of American ideas and big business, and have a different style of living in some ways but are still largely materialistic. They are forever asking how standards and costs and wages compare in "the UK" and this becomes irritating after a while.



With gusto, four swinging students loosen up their vocal chords. From left, John Hearne of Ipplepen, Devon; Elizabeth Williams, Neath, Glamorgan; Eryl Glyn Evans, Skewen,

Glam.; and Michael Brewer, Lichfield, Staffordshire; all members of the Elizabethan Madrigal Singers.

—Staff photo

Choir Marches On Its Stomach —With Help From Vocal Chords

By **TONY HODGKINSON**
Standard Reporter

The nursery rhyme character who sang for his supper has nothing on a group of Welsh students who are visiting St. Catharines.

They are "singing for their transit" — and getting places, too, even though it might take a lot of songs to obtain more than 2,000 miles of free passage around the U.S. and Ontario.

THE GROUP OF 20, with equal number of both sexes, arrived here yesterday from Windsor in the final stages of a six-week concert-singing tour.

Tonight they will render 16th-century madrigals, Welsh folk

songs, church music and Negro spirituals at Westminster United Church, Queenston St.

In return for the concert, the Welsh Society of St. Catharines and the Niagara District will pay for their journey to Utica, where the Welsh society there will give them financial assistance in getting to Granville, the last scheduled concert venue before the group leaves for home Sept. 2.

THE GROUP, averaging 21 years of age and all students at the University of Wales at Aberystwyth, have been travelling around the U.S. and part of southern Ontario, visiting Welsh organizations which previously agreed to pay their passage from one society to another.

Usually, this includes free food and accommodation during their stay. The students are currently staying at the homes of members of the local society.

The arrangement is similar to one undertaken in North America four years ago by former members of the Elizabethan Madrigal Singers of the University of Wales.

SAID JOHN Hearne, a music student, who at 27 is the oldest member of the party: "We have entered several singing competitions in Wales and have won a number of prizes.

"We have sung at Liverpool Cathedral and on television and radio in England and Wales." During their tour, which has

taken them to New York City, Albany, Boston, Philadelphia, and London, Ont., they have appeared on a number of radio and television programs.

John was quiet to explain that while membership is restricted to students at the university, but they don't necessarily have to be studying music.

"**WE HAVE** chemistry, physics, and geography students . . . anyone can join if he can sing," he said. "The society was formed in 1951 for the purpose of providing relaxation for students."

The score of students will board a bus (their usual form of transport) and head for their Utica engagement Tuesday.

Sunday August 22. "The lake lay blue...."

We made an early start for an afternoon picnic. We all drove down to Long Beach on Lake Erie, a fine sandy beach with good swimming. Sun and wind meant red faces and backs later for some, but a breezy wieneroast at 5pm was enjoyable, though some of us were caught off-guard by Canadian habit of ditching traditional Sunday roast & making do with midday toast & tomatoes & 5pm hot dogs, and precious little else to eat before Monday!

Later in the evening there was a party at one of the houses, with Mads arrayed in one corner and ordered to sing. But Mads were not in a singing mood and a canu had to be ground out with the aid of a palsied piano, and then it was all Welsh hymns with books and the singing very strained and tired. A dull affair after last night's spontaneous canu in the Church Hall.

Monday, August 23. "Oh wasn't that a wild river!"

Some time we had to see Niagara Falls! So most people made their way down in the morning, some via old Niagara-on-the-Lake and the Scenic Drive. The Canadian side is well kept - there is obviously some English influence on the quality of the gardens at the Queenston Golf Club. The US side is scruffy & industrial.

In spite of lurid commercialism the Falls are still a magnificent sight. Again the Yanks have done the worst job, with a hideous tower beside the American Falls, which are less spectacular than the Canadian Horseshoe Falls. Canada has kept its tourist toys out of the way of the views, the best of which are still free! The Refectory provided an excellent lunch.

Six of the boys went down to the Scenic Tunnels behind and beneath the Horseshoe Falls. Mitch managed to look like a "Skipper Sardines" advert, resplendent in black oil-skins. (The Yanks across the river wear vivid yellow for their spray-walking and look like some weird ritual march of druids or Klansmen!) The sight under the Falls is unforgettable and well worth \$1. You can stay all day if you can stand it, with no guides to fuss you about and no set tour. But everyone looks like everyone else, and the tunnels are horribly sepulchral with black-robed figures clumping about in chattering groups, and all dripping wet. The Great Falls Portal provides nothing but a drenching, but the Rainbow portals are magnificent, where millions of tons of water thunder down only feet away and provide a terrifying half-curtain across the view down-river, where "Maid to the Mist" wallow up to within soaking distance of the Horseshoe every few minutes for \$1.35 & a 30min. queue.

The various views of this splendid natural phenomenon deserve more time (and money!) than we had to spare. The plume of spray rose up a good 1000' into the sun and the rainbow was at its best in mid-afternoon. But what was a London Transport RTW Leyland Double-Decker doing belting down the Parkway en route to Cricklewood, or so it said?



P. Jenkins!



The Welland Canal is also worth a visit. It is a masterpiece of engineering. At Thorold the ships "climb the mountain", 326' up to Lake Erie, upstairs through 8 locks - big oceanic cargo boats from ports like Göteborg or Bristol, & long flat lakers from Duluth and Port Arthur, carrying anything from wheat to iron ore. There is always a queue of ships, and all day and all night they bark and bellow or just grunt politely as they are hoisted up and down the 8-hour journey.

There was an amusing write-up in the local paper on Saturday and a hilarious picture of Liz, Eryl, John, and Mike, airing their tonsils prior to the concert. And Mitch was on the radio on Saturday morning.



Tuesday August 24. From Niagara to Utica, N.Y.

We all met at the Rainbow Terminal for the bus to Buffalo, after final shopping sprees to use up Canadian dollars. The bus was like an ordinary service bus and we had it almost to ourselves, with just 4 other people who didn't know what to make of us! We did not cross the Rainbow Bridge but went up QEW to Fort Erie and across to Buffalo. So we had views of the River above the Falls, but the country was no more interesting than the rest of Ont. that we had seen. The Customs check at Buffalo was brief and there was no baggage check.

Buffalo is a horrible place, heavily industrialised, with the usual US love of jazzy signs and God's name up in lights. Religion is good for you - buy it today! We left Buffalo via the N.Y. State Thruway, after only a brief wait at the Greyhound Stn. The outskirts of the city were characteristically hideous, & the country at first was rather dull, but gradually improved and became more undulating. Later came points of interest such as small lakes, quiet rivers, a train(!), a wide marsh with much waterfowl, and the old Erie Canal.

The approach to Syracuse from the Turnpike was complicated: the overpass crossed the tpke twice, on 2 levels, with the toll-gate in between. Such an enormous waste of space would be frowned upon in England! We stopped in Syracuse at 2:15, long enough to have a decent lunch. Mitch re-appeared afterwards holding a baby, but there was no panic: it belonged to a passenger! From here to Utica took barely an hour.

At first Utica appeared to be a seedy place, and the Greyhound Stn was little more than a shed in a slum. We arrived early so had to wait a while for the reception committee to appear.

They came with a TV film newsmen who filmed us outside a bus (but not the one we came in on!). Allocation to digs was a shambles, with Pete being the last to be claimed, in hasty rectification of an error which had John and Mary Wal sharing a bed!! Finally everyone was fixed up and we dispersed for meals. Utica turned out to be a very pleasant city in most parts. Some of us were staying in New Hartford, a satellite suburb with shady side roads and delightful old wood houses, which were a refreshing change from the desolate bungalowish rash at St. Catherines.

We met in the evening to rehearse in Central Church. The local Welsh Soc. boss had already chosen his program and had it printed, with vintage Mads photo and one or two quaint misprints. He had chosen the same programme as he had heard at Albany, so Mike found himself singing a pagan prayer, a drinking song, & a comic aria from Falstaff - in church! The programme also was to include two beefy Welsh hymns and numerous preliminaries. Pete was detailed to conduct the congregation during the hymns, which he was understandably reluctant to do. After the rehearsal some of Mads went for a brief drink with local Welshmen.

Wednesday August 25. "Please not to applause."

Most of the girls and 3 of the boys went out to Cedar Lake for a cookout and swimming and boating. The weather at first was not promising but later cheered up and became warm. Others of the boys spent a day in the country, while the rest visited places of interest in the town.

The Munson-Williams Museum of Art was particularly interesting, carrying a current exhibn. of French Impressionist works, incl. two sculptures by Lipchitz, who had designed the altar-piece in the Roofless Church at New Harmony. There were several sketches by Cezanne, some Soutine, and a couple of T-L and a Manet. Other interests were US artists and some good contemporary works. The Gallery was pleasant and modern and well lit, with piped chamber music. It was more successful than the Guggenheim, more restful and varied. Downstairs was an auditorium where the Mads had sung in '61, and some exquisite Japanese prints. But a fat teenage girl in hair-rollers and Bermudas was somehow out of place.

Next door was "Fountain Elms", old home of the Procter, Munson, and Williams families, wealthy magnates with Welsh connections who contributed much to the cultural weaning of Utica in the 19th Cent. The house has been fully restored to Victorian style with faithful replicas of furnishings where the originals were not available. The decoration is lavish. Upstairs are two 100-yr-old box pianos, apparently quite common in US 100 years ago.

The strings of a box piano are horizontal like a grand, but at right angles to the keyboard like a spinet. The cases were in beautiful condition but the strings were weak and no longer tunable. There are many other lovely houses in Utica, & much spacious parkland; and an abundance of trees gives the city a sumptuous appearance at times.

The concert in the Central Church was very successful, although the numerous preliminaries were somewhat tiresome and at times hilarious, to our discomfort! Pete waved his arms at the audience during the hymns but they sang as they wanted to, which was not always just how we expected! No applause was allowed in the church so it was difficult to gauge the enthusiasm. But the piano was good, for a change, though as usual not in tune.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES
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Concert

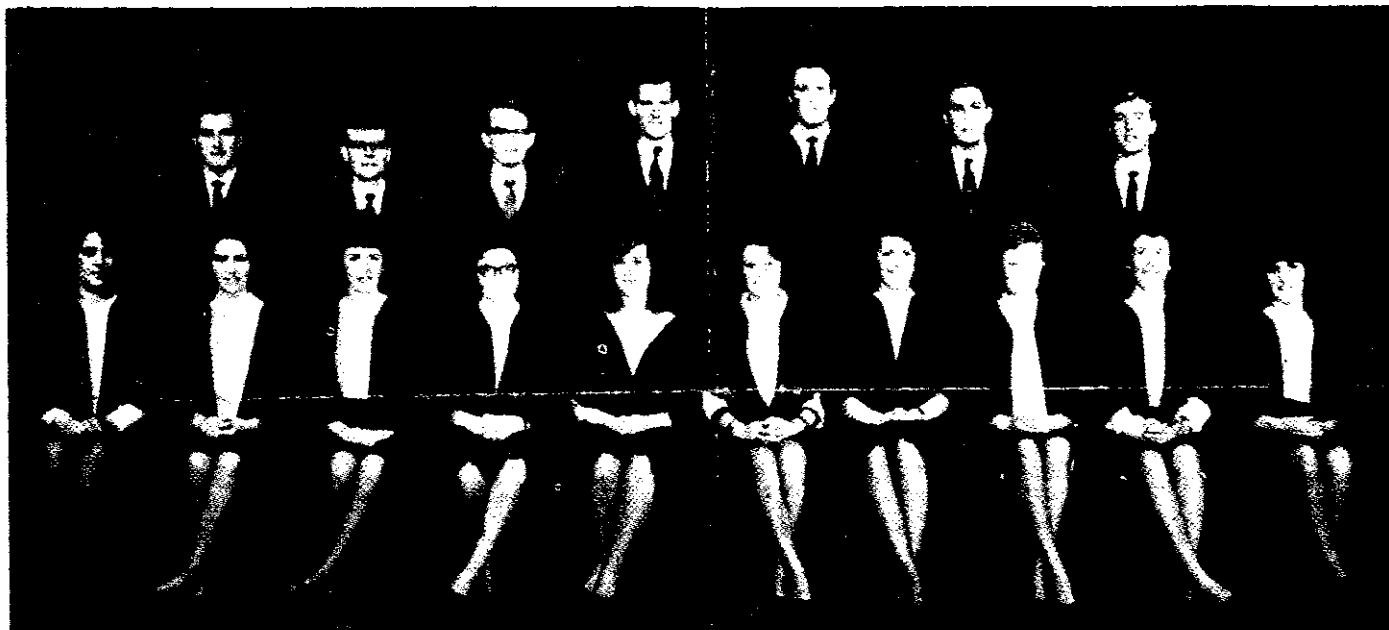
By

The ELIZABETHAN
MADRIGAL SINGERS

CENTRAL CHURCH
Utica, New York

Wednesday, August 25, 1965
7:30 P.M.

ROBERT H. WILLIAMS, General Chairman
PETER JENKINS, B.M., Conductor
RAYMOND D. ROBERTS, Organist



THE PROGRAM

THE PROGRAM

INVOCATION Rev. Robert Jones

*Executive Secretary of Higher Education of the
Northern New York Conference of the
Methodist Church*

HYMN 164, DIADEM, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"

WELCOME William Morris

President, Council of Churches

INTRODUCTIONS Chairman

1. BALLETS AND MADRIGALS

- Sing We and Chant It *Morley*
- Since First I Saw Your Face *Ford*
- Lord in Thy Wrath *Byrd*
- Dainty Fine Bird *Gibbons*
- To Shorten Winter's Sadness *Weelkes*
- Weep No More Thou Sorry Boy *Tomkins*

2. SOLOS—Eryl Glyn Evans—Soprano

- Ah Lo So—From the Magic Flute *Mozart*
- Widmung *Schumann*

3. WELSH FOLK SONGS

- Can Serch *arr. Holst*
- Dacw 'Nghariad I *arr. Walford Davies*
- Suo-gan *arr. de Lloyd*
- Morfa Rhuddlan *arr. Evans*
- The Ash Grove *arr. Llewellyn*

— OFFERTORY PRAYER —

— INTERMISSION —

4. MOTETS

- Laudate nomen Domini *Tye*
- Alma Redemptoris Mater *Palestrina*
- Sicut Cervus *Palestrina*

5. TWO SOPRANO SOLOS By Mary Jones

- 6. SOLOS—Michael Brewer—Bass-Baritone
- O Isis and Osiris—From the Magic Flute *Mozart*
- Captain Stratton's Fancy *Warlock*
- Quandero Paggio—From Falstaff *Verdi*

7. PART SONGS AND FOLK SONGS

- Sweet Was the Song *Smith*
- The Blue Bird *Stanford*
- O Can Ye Sew Cushions? *Bantock*

8. ANTHEMS AND NEGRO SPIRITUALS

- Hide Not Thou Thy Face From Us, Lord *Farrant*
- Call to Remembrance, O Lord *Farrant*
- I Want To Be Ready *arr. Jacobson*
- Steal Away *arr. Jacobson*
- Little David, Play on Yo' Harp *arr. Sargent*

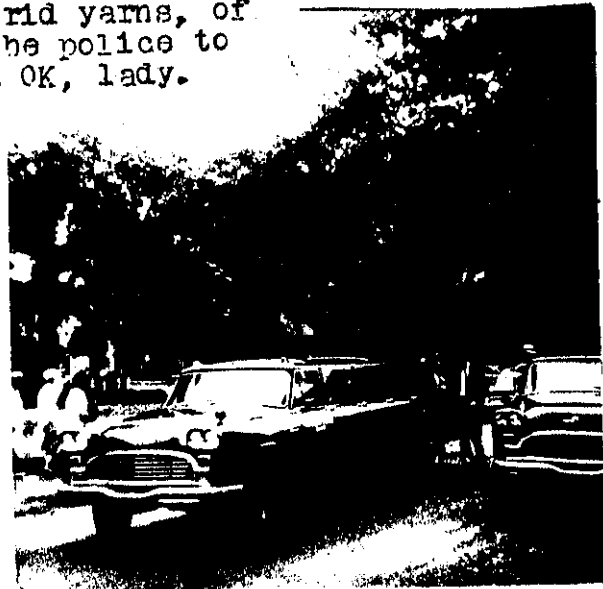
CLOSING HYMN—"Onward Christian Soldiers"

BENEDICTION Rev. Robert Jones

Thursday, August 26. From Utica to Granville, N.Y.

We left Utica from the home of the Welsh Soc. President, a colourful character with a most curious accent. He took group photos, then we left in two "limousines", those immense Checker 8-door taxis that we had seen at Kennedy Airport. We could sing en route because we had a complete choir section in each car.

Utica was in the midst of a police scandal: 5 cops had been caught robbing a warehouse! Our driver told us that Utica police were notoriously corrupt and told us one or two lurid yarns, of dubious authenticity of course. "A woman rang up the police to say she was being attacked. The sarge says: 'That's OK, lady. Just take his number!'"



We left Utica via a seedy Negro area and joined the Expwy. The journey through the N.Y. countryside was interesting, esp. for the geologists amongst us who were very pleased with the exposed strata in road-cuttings. We left the Expwy at Fultonville and stopped for lunch at Johnstown. From then on the journey was one of the prettiest of the Tour, in spite of indifferent weather. This was farming country, mostly dairy cattle, and even a few sheep; also much forest - 'coon country! We passed through Saratoga, big horse-racing center, with our Limousines causing a sensation for local children, who stood in the middle of the road and stared. Our drivers were strangers in these parts so we had to navigate! We crossed the Hudson at Schuylerville and then turned N. up Hiway 40 for Granville. The scenery became more & more "Welsh", even to the shapes of the hills. All the countryside was very pretty, with some trees just starting to turn to "fall" colours. But the drought was now four years old here and very serious; it was evident in the condition of the trees in some places. And we saw a man mowing grass with a horse-drawn mower!

Our arrival in Granville brought forth many remarks as to the Welsh appearance of the area. Yet it is also very much "New England, with white wood "doll's houses" and pretty Colonial churches. We arrived at 2:30, and the reception party soon had us sorted out but there was minor panic when they discovered Eryl was not a boy. A hasty readjustment of the sleeping plan was necessary!

Granville is a slate mining town of 2000 popn., right on the Vermont border and close to Lake St. Catherine, 7 miles long, the east side of which is remarkably like the area round Eglwys-Fach, just north of Aberystwyth. Around the lake are numerous chalets owned by townsfolk and people from downstate, and some of our group stayed in one of these. Slate heaps on the town border help to complete the Welsh picture. It is not hard to see why so many Welshmen came here years ago. But now the Welshness is dissolving the youngsters ignore the Welsh language and speak their brand of English with a hard, coarse accent. "Waycome to Greeyanville!"

They certainly made us welcome. In the evening we all went to a 'local' (sort of) called Bernados, and had a canu (sort of). But it was not very inspiring and we came home in the thick of a thunderstorm, which was short-lived. Previously some of us had been boating or swimming as dusk fell over the lake.

Friday August 27. "Now is best leisure, to take our pleasure

Most of us went over to the Lake for the day, boating, swimming and water-skiing. The latter was a new experience for us, & those who managed to get up on to skis - not many! - enjoyed a real thrill. Rain fell at lunchtime (hot dogs in a chalet) but quickly cleared. During the afternoon some of us climbed a hill behind the lake, much to the surprise of a lone chipmunk, and sat in the sun admiring the view. It was refreshing and a far cry from the garish eczema of billboards and gas-stations that plagues so much of U.S.

The evening was spent in a variety of ways. Some went to see 2 James Bond films in town. Some went to a dance, others to an opera, while John went for a 120mph ride in a Corvette Sting-Ray with a packet of Typhoo Tea rolling around at his feet! (A present from an Englishwoman in Granville: he and Huw had a real cuppa later!) That night another short-lived storm came clattering down the mts and more rain fell than had been seen here for quite a while. The Mads had brought Welsh weather again!

Saturday August 28.

No plans were made for the morning and many people were at the lake again.

At 3pm we had a rehearsal in the school hall. Acoustics etc. were favourable. This was followed by a final meeting of the present committee (of Mads) and a vote of thanks from President-Elect Mitchell to Mary Jones for all the work she had put in to make this trip such a success.

The weather turned quite chilly for the concert in the evening but we had a very large audience. It was evident from their reaction that some of the music we presented was quite new to them, but they nevertheless gave us a very warm reception and the concert was most successful, the choir being in good form. This was a major cultural event in backwoods Granville, and was organised by the Lions Club, an organisation of local benefactors who are seeking to bring some culture to the area. Our appearance was only their second event, and they were very excited about it and delighted at its success. After the concert we were taken out to a local restaurant, where we entertained the populace with some more informal songs. There was dancing, too, so "the kids had a good time".

LIONS CLUB OF GRANVILLE PRESENTS

ELIZABETHIAN

MADRIGAL

SINGERS



Saturday, August 28, 1965

8:00 p. m.

Granville High School Auditorium

in concert

Sunday August 29.

Keen golfers Mitchell and Williams were up at the crack of dawn and on the fairway when most of us had only just hit the bottom of the current night's sleep! We had been invited to sing at Morning Service at the local Presbyterian Church. This made a pleasant change for us and them. We sang 3 anthems, a little huskily perhaps! But it was gratifying to note that there were several young folk in the Church who had not been there for some weeks: they came to hear us sing, and they heard a good sermon too. We also gave some body to the congregational singing, the regular choir being on holiday, and we had THREE choruses of Gwm Rhondda to finish with! The Welsh organist was in his element!

Nobody did very much in the afternoon. A couple of the boys had free haircuts at Vic's Barber Shop (run by Lion Club Sec.)! A cook-out had been planned but the weather turned sour, so we had a buffet party at the sumptuous home of Jim Fraser, Lion Club President. This was very informal and most enjoyable. Some hardy souls went swimming in the rain. Later we had a canu, sitting on the floor by a log fire.



THREE is never a crowd when members of Washington County's Board of Supervisors take a short break between business sessions. Here, Board Chairman Clifford Rogers (center) uses both ears listening to Charles Fontaine (left), County Sealer of Weights & Measures and Supervisor Clyde Cook of Fort Ann.

Reserve Saturday Night

20 Welsh Collegians

By Victor Secc
This Saturday night promises to be a memorable evening in Granville. The community will host twenty Welsh collegians who will present a concert by Madrigal Singers of Welsh folk songs,

Motets, and Negro Spirituals, also many soles from their talented group. They will arrive here from Utica on Thursday and will leave our town Monday morning. (Continued On Page 8-A)

Drought Loss Outlined By Internal Revenue

Albany, New York — A loss caused by drought and affecting property not connected with a trade or business may be deductible as a casualty loss, William E. Williams, Albany District Director of Internal Revenue, which services North-eastern New York State, said today.

Several ingredients are essential to the classification "casualty," such as unusual, sudden and identifiable event caused by a hostile agent. These ingredients would be present if there were a loss related to a sudden subsoil shrinkage caused by an unusually severe drought. Foliage destroyed by subsoil deficiency, occasioned by an unusual and severe drought, would be a casualty loss as opposed to loss due to progressive deterioration from a disease, negligence or normal hot, dry season without any precautionary meas-

ment of the amount by comparing

"It Was A Ball"

The Big

Washington County Republicans staged their annual clam-steam Sunday at a fish and game club along the famous Hudson River and as Assemblyman Lawrence Corbett said, "It was a ball." The Assemblyman Doubles as chairman of the Washington County Republican Committee which gives him full authority to make such observations relative to what a good time his committeemen have at such an outing.

Unlike last year, it didn't rain. The distinguished counsel for the Washington County Board of Supervisors, Julian Orton of Salem, arrived to announce, "It won't rain, this is a victory year for the Grand Old Party and the sun is shining on us." Jane Tefft of The Greenwich Journal, a lady who prefers an elephant ear to a tiger's tail, pointed in at this point carrying an umbrella and hat.

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Correspondents, Note

The Sentinel ran head-on into unfortunate, but rigid, space problems this week necessitating a retrenchment in the normal program of publishing full reports by all correspondents. While the situation is regrettable no other course of action was possible. All things being equal, next week's Sentinel will be as desired and anticipated by its readership.

By Dr. Paul

Of all the men which have been the farmer, who for his every exis every form of le crimination so far is concerned, the Sales Tax, effectiv takes second place 1 The legislation been simply drawn farmers engaged in to purchase their

TH

Plans are being made for a December wedding.

Fort Ann Officials At Fire Conference

Two area fire officials are attending the 17th annual New York State Fire Instructors Conference in Schenectady this week. They are Richard E. Loehon, and Earl Robbins, of Fort Ann, Washington County Fire Instructors.

WELSH COLLEGIANS

(Continued from Page 1-A) They conclude their tour in Granville which included stops in New York, Albany, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Niagra Falls and Utica.

The Lions feel we are all fortunate to have obtained this group and interest is now mounting. Ticket sales are brisk. Tickets can be obtained from any Lion Club member, at Bascom's Variety Store or Vic's Barber shop. The purpose of bringing this group to Granville is in enriching the culture of the area and it is the second in the series which began last year with the Mine, Svelth's Ballet.

As late as 1888 the dried flesh of the viper was described as a drug in the authorized English medical dictionaries.

SPECIALS

RG' Dept. Store

Lori

The Camp. The Adironda Council brought crafts, games, bagging, campcraft a cooking under the experienced leaders. enthusiastic conversatio. the girls it was obvious camp was a most wort experience. Most of the look forward to continued Scouting. Leaders and Ass. ant leaders are needed. If anyo. desires to volunteer for this pro gram please contact either Mrs Forrest Evans or Mrs. Francis Labate in Granville and Mrs. Thomas Baker in North Granville or Middle Granville.

North Granville

Bessie Whitney, Corr.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dunckel of Fort Plain and Mr. and Mrs. James Weeks of Springfield Center were guests Saturday of Mrs. Caroline McGarty and Mr. and Mrs. Dunckel McGarty and son John.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Tanner and son John of Buffalo were weekend guests of Mrs. Wilma Jones and family.

Hebron

Mrs. F. B. Nelson, Corr.

Services at East Hebron Presbyterian church next Sunday at 9:30 A.M. Sunday school following services.

Miss Betty Ensign has returned home after spending a few days at Old Forge.

Mrs. Francis Wilson spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Owen Ensign.

Miss Bonnie Derway of Ft. Edward visited Mr. and Mrs. George E. Nelson and family. She enjoyed a trip through Howes Caverns with Mrs. Edward Montgomery of Belcher.

Monday August 30. Back to New York City.

Because the only bus to N.Y.C. left Glens Falls at 8:15, we had to be up at 6, meet in Granville at 7:15, and then drive in convoy to Glens Falls. This was the earliest start of the whole tour, all the more ironical as we were not pushed for time to arrive in N.Y.C. And of course it was a beautiful morning.

The usual sad farewells: you don't know quite what to say to people who have been so kind, or how you came to know them so well in so short a time. You wish you could stay longer, and yet you want to be going. And you know that somewhere up in the top right hand corner of the U.S. map is a little town that 12 months ago didn't exist as far as you knew, 6 months ago was just a dot on the map, but now is a real place, with people whose names you know and streets with houses you've lived in, and it doesn't matter that nobody at home has ever heard of it because you've got friends there.....This is true of so many places we visited, of course.

The Trailways Bus was clean and swift and was "operated" by Mr. R. La Tulip, a swarthy little man who managed his passengers with the dispassionate candour of a hard-bitten 'sec.mod.' school-master. It is odd how these U.S. bus-drivers give the impression that their mission in life is to drive an empty vehicle and that passengers are a kind of irksome imposition from a higher authority. Maybe it's because most professional drivers are independent men who generally prefer their own company to anyone else's.

The scenery of New York State takes some beating by any standards. The sun was bright and the air crisp and the winding, swinging Thruway offered up constant little surprises - the odd little lake with pattering waterfowl; intriguing roads that wandered off invitingly into the backwoods; the great grand bulk of Bear Mountain, woolly with trees. But all for viewing only. The Thruway is for "going places" and we don't stop to poke about. 25 miles from N.Y.C., at Suffern, where the bus leaves the Thruway, the Empire State Building jumps up suddenly on the horizon, then after a moment is gone again for another half-hour or more while Route 17 grovels through the drab suburbia of the Garden State of New Jersey. This must surely be one of the world's ugliest routes. There's enough raw material here to provide the Civic Trust with E.G.M.s for 30 years! The midday traffic here is as congested as anything in Britain, and probably more bad-tempered. We had an impressive view of Manhattan from across the river, then went thru the Lincoln Tunnel, noisy and acrid as a gas-chamber.

We rode from Port Authority Terminal to Columbia in cabs - a rampage through lunchtime traffic. NY taxis elbow their way along like bullying schoolboys trying to be first in the doughnut queue: right foot for go, left foot for stop; right hand to steer with, the left to blare the horn, elbow on window-ledge. Back to Carman Hall, and it all felt very familiar and didn't seem like five weeks since we left, esp. since many of us were in similar rooms to last time. Nobody felt very energetic. We had lunch and went shopping. The pool had been drained so there was no swimming. We renewed acquaintances with people we had met last time.

In the evening, after much speculation, some people went to a jazz club in Greenwich Village. Others stayed in Hall and talked. There was no point in spending large sums on cinema when the same films could be seen at home for a sixth of the price, & there were no decent concerts. Anyway most of us were tired after an early start to the day. Some of us went browsing in bookstores which are open until 9pm and have large supplies of paperbacks, some of which are not available at home (clean ones, that is!).

DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, on Liberty Island in New York Harbor, has greeted generations of newcomers to these shores. Now a national monument, this world-famous symbol of freedom was presented to the U.S. by France, and dedicated on October 28, 1886. It commemorates the alliance between the two countries during the American Revolution. The 152-foot figure, raised on a 150-foot pedestal, is the work of Auguste Bartholdi. The new **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF IMMIGRATION** is located at its base. Boats run hourly (more frequently in summer) from Battery Park, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Fare is 90¢ for adults; 40¢ for children under 12.

THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY, the only direct transportation link between Manhattan and Staten Island, provides excellent views of the world's busiest harbor and the famous lower Manhattan skyline. Other sights on the 5-mile voyage include The Statue of Liberty, described above; historic fortifications on **GOVERNOR'S ISLAND**, headquarters of the U.S. First Army; and **ELLIS ISLAND**, immigration center from 1892 to 1954. Boats leave at frequent intervals from a terminal near The Battery. Fare is 5¢.

Tuesday August 31.

No-one intended getting up very early but cleaners put paid to that idea! Some people went downtown shopping; others stayed in Columbia area. Plans for the afternoon were varied. One party went by bus to UN Building. The trip down Broadway went via Times Square, a very disappointing place, small shops and cinemas plastered with the usual garish signs, nothing to compare with the swirling hubbub of Picadilly or the spaciousness of Trafalgar. In fact, the world-renowned streets like Broadway and 5th Ave. are grubby and almost dismal by day and architecturally quite undistinguished. This is another of the surprises of New York - that the famous places look so ordinary.

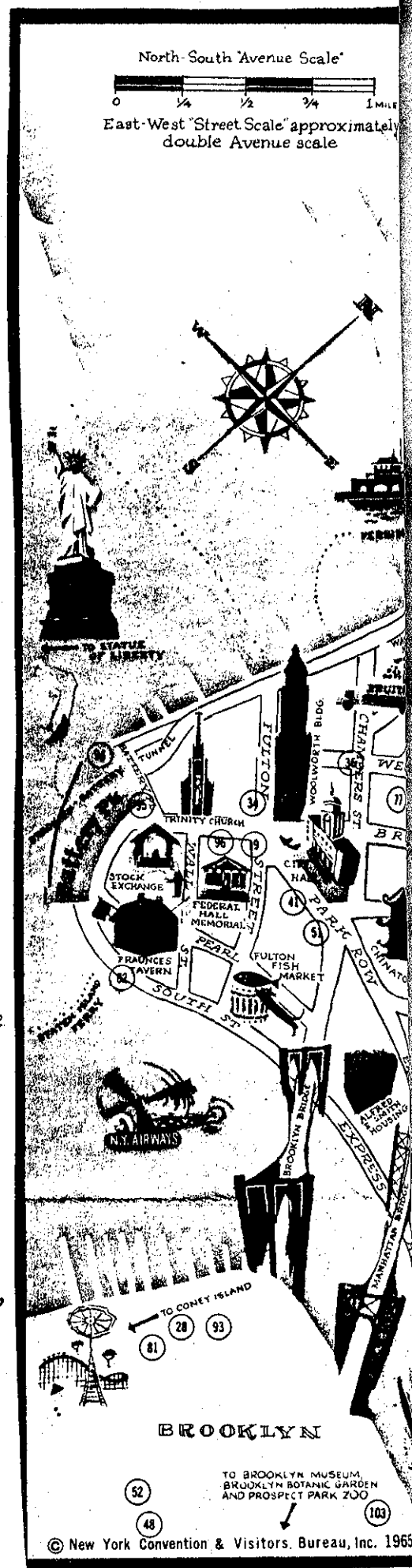
Even the UN Building loses its glamour at close quarters. It is a block of glass amid blocks of concrete and brick, & although all photos of it show it to be standing alone in a wide park area it is in fact hemmed in completely by sordid apartments and quite difficult to photograph except from one angle. And since it is not particularly tall by local standards it is soon lost among its neighbours and is not therefore a landmark. However it does contain what is probably the only decent gift shop in New York. Here are found goods from all the Member Nations, genuine and sensibly priced. But as always it was almost impossible to find anything characteristically American. Even souvenirs of UN were made in Europe: paperknives from Denmark, wallets from Austria. There seemed little point in our going to America to buy Greek pottery or Moroccan leather.

Some people went on a conducted tour of U.N. and found it most profitable and interesting. Most of the party then moved on to Staten Is. via Subway and commuter-jammed Ferry to see the Manhattan view by daylight. What a difference from the view by night! On this cloudy, blustery afternoon Manhattan and Wall St. showed up as a shabby forest of brooding towers, crowded, dirty and forlorn monoliths. From a distance they looked like a crowd of sad people - refugees even, - who had rushed to catch the boat only to miss it by a moment, and now they were huddled at the waterfront, watching us sail away.....

The Statue of Liberty, green and lonesome, is once seen and promptly ignored by day because of the dismal industrial panorama behind it. Grim Ellis Island glowers alongside it. The Statue is supposed to represent the Utopian ideals of the New World. Ellis Is., although no longer the immigration centre, is a reminder that liberty in America is still a gift and not a right.

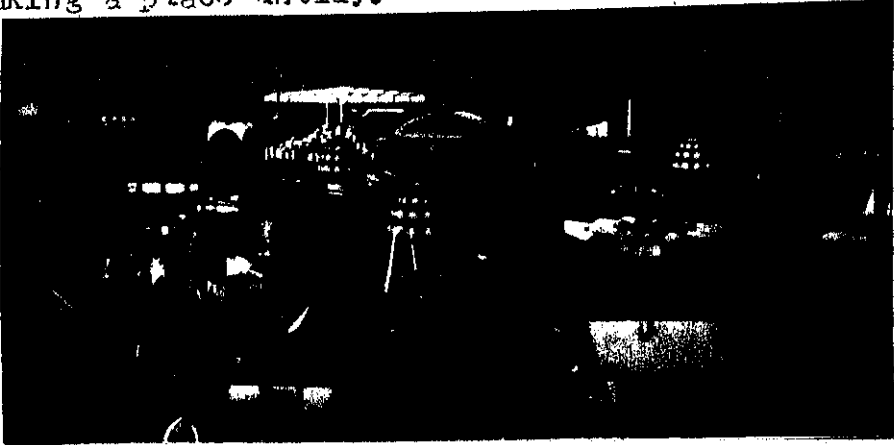
It is easy to be romantic about New York, to find it exciting, vigorous, challenging. But it is even easier to become cynical about it. Here is Manhattan, a granite island barely 13 miles long by 2 miles wide which has wound itself up to such a pitch that 10 to 12 million people swarm into it each day to chase their daily bread. Without the skyscrapers it would be featureless, yet stand outside a building and it matters little whether it has a dozen or a hundred floors. And while the US Govt. spends a couple of billion dollars pushing men around in space there are acres of slums here in this city, an acute water shortage, and Broadway badly needs resurfacing.

Thankfully we missed the Subway Rush Hour, and arrived back at Columbia in good time to have a meal and go out again en masse to a show in Greenwich Village. This was one of the highlights of the Tour entertainmentwise. We went to a tiny theatre beneath a church which is shared by Jews and Presbyterians. We saw 2 plays: Bertold Brecht: "The Exception and the Rule", and L. Hughes: "The Prodigal Son". The first was enjoyable for its prosaic production, dead-pan acting and cynical moralising. The second was a riotous feast of Negro culture, the real "rough" Spiritual and sacred dance that the Negro can claim as his very own. The Parable was told in song and dance and mime and verse. It was thrilling theatre, but was also at times very moving. The Negro is lucky that he can hurl himself into such things with such complete abandon. The immense happiness that radiated from this performance was a far cry from the eruption of hatred that had broken out in Los Angeles in recent weeks.



Wednesday September 1. "And eye as the winds blew....."

We all made an early start and took the Subway to World's Fair. This involved a change at Times Sq. in which Mary J and Wyn made a false start on one train minus the rest of us and had to come back and start again! The trains to & from World's Fair were clean - part of the image! But the route was depressing, on overhead fly, above the drab borough of Queens. We arrived at the Fair with mixed feelings. It is described in the blurb as "an exposition of Man's achievement in an expanding universe". Many of us observed that it is actually a superb demonstration of the American genius for making a place untidy.



Such enthusiasm as we may have had was quickly dampened by the general shoddiness of the buildings, the exorbitant prices of everything from food to tours of the site, & the monumental waste of money that the whole thing represented. We did not tour as a group, but went round more or less individually. Mexico had a spectacular dancing and pole-climbing display outside their pavilion, but almost everything else had to be paid for or queued for. At 12:30 we all met at the U.S. Special Events Pavilion. We were somewhat perturbed to find that this was a makeshift affair on the draughty side of the US Pavilion, with no dressing rooms. We were shown to a storeroom in the bowels of the Pavilion, where we made ready to perform, but this was a very long way from the "stage" & there was a very stiff breeze blowing which purposefully dishevelled us en route, and continued to harangue us during the performance.

This was an uncomfortable experience which was alternately amusing and exasperating. There was a PAS of sorts, but no-one made any attempt to introduce us, and we were little more than a side-show, with people even walking between stage and audience. The wind was so strong it took away our breath and tugged at our copies and upset chairs in the audience - to say nothing of passenger jet airliners and brass bands! The whole thing was a waste of time and talent, all the more distressing because several of the folk from Boston had come all the way down to hear us.

The afternoon was spent in trying to make the most of our visit to World's Fair, but the wind continued to blow and very few of us seemed to enjoy the stay. At 5pm we were due to sing at N.Y. State Pavilion. This was a huge garish affair with the intimacy of a railway terminal, open to the winds, and when we arrived the place was jangling with the wailings of an out-of-tune teenage rock-group. The thought of having to sing in this place filled us with forebodings, but at least someone took the trouble to try to make it as painless as possible, though some fool of a workman made himself a nuisance and told us: "We have a 160 foot ceiling here. Ya gotta project - no use mumblin'". We made him understand that we did not appreciate his advice.

The performance is best not mentioned in detail. We did our best against cruel odds. For our efforts we were given a free ride up a tower like a giant cake-stand, the top floor of which was a little hair-raising in that wind. But we had a good sing in the lift! We were then taken to see a film of N.Y. State on a 360 deg. screen, but those of us who had been to Russia last year gleefully announced that this was only half as good as a similar show there.

After this we split into two groups, the first of which went back to Columbia, the second staying to see the G.M. Exhibit & to drink beer (dollar a glass!) in the pouring rain in the middle of a Belgian village. It had been planned to have a canu in Columbia at 9pm but everyone was too wet or exhausted or both so we sat in the lounge and talked and made plans for the return trip.

Thursday September 2. The last day.

No plans were made for our last day in New York except to expend as little energy as possible. At 10:30 we met outside the Low Library at Columbia to have group photos taken. We then dispersed for the day and went shopping, etc. Some people went up Empire State as it was a clear day. Others spent the day relaxing in the Columbia area or down by the Riverside Church. And the view from the roof of Garman Hall was worth some good photos.

At 6:30pm we all took cabs to East Side Airport Terminal & deposited our bags here. We then were taken by bus to Chinatown by Pete Kahn, a Columbia Student who had done a great deal to make our stay in New York more enjoyable & profitable. Chinatown is fascinating, a Chinese Colony next door to Wall St., with its own Chamber of Commerce and even its curly-roofed phone-boxes. The quaint narrow streets were a refreshing change from the hurly burly of Broadway. The Chinese are a dignified race who conduct their little community with far more decorum than is apparent in other parts of the City. Chinese 'bums' are never seen on the streets, though occasionally deadlegs overspill from the nearby Bowery. We passed two human wrecks babbling at each other on a doorstep - and they were not Chinese.

We had a very enjoyable meal. The atmosphere in the little restaurant that Pete took us to was relaxed and cheerful & not outrageously expensive - until we came to leave a tip and the waiter expressed demonstrative contempt for the pile of money we had left him! This kind of treatment is common in New York.

Once back at the Terminal we lost no time in boarding cabs to the Airport. We said goodbye to Liz here. She was returning home later. Her fiancé had joined us at Granville and been with us for a couple of days. Getting to the right place in the Airport was a slight problem as British Eagle left from a shed a good way from the main Departure Buildings. No-one knew where it was, and some of our party had an anxious few minutes trying to find it after being left in the wrong place by their cabbie. It turned out to be a very makeshift affair with no home comforts. We were the last group to arrive, but it was a long wait nevertheless. We had a brief canu after passport check



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LONDON, W.1.
GERrard 7344

CHARTER PASSENGER TICKET and BAGGAGE CHECK

EACH PASSENGER SHOULD CAREFULLY EXAMINE THIS TICKET PARTICULARLY CONDITIONS ON PAGE 6

Baggage		Cabin Wt.	From	Via Carrier	Flight Number	Date	Time
Checked Pcs.	Wt.						
			LONDON				
			To NEW YORK				
1	50		From NEW YORK				
			To LONDON				
NOT TRANSFERABLE			Baggage Allowance	Kgs.	Name of Passenger		
					MR J. H. HEARNE		

PASSENGER COUPON
Not valid for travel.

Carriage hereunder is subject to the rules relating to liability established by the Convention for the Unification of Certain Rules relating to International Carriage by Air signed at Warsaw, 12th October, 1929, unless such carriage is not 'international carriage' as defined by said Convention.

We said Goodbyes to our Columbian friends, and took off soon after midnight. The lights of New York rapidly fell away behind us. For a while we swapped experiences with other travellers on the Charter Flight, some of whom had covered vast distances during their six weeks in the States.

The flight was uneventful. We had supper, and breakfast, & we saw the dawn break over the Atlantic. But when we arrived over England the clouds below us were thick, and when we landed London was having its wettest summer day for ten years!

The last thing we did together was to sing "Turtle Dove" very quietly, just before going through the Customs and leaving for home.....

"Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone
And leave you for a while....."

000000000000000000

JH. 1965