

**Mads Summer Tour of N. Germany, Denmark,
Sweden, and Norway**
also the Honeymoon of Mr. & Mrs. Havard

1971

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This is the only list of names I have - sorry it's not very comprehensive - but hope those who were there can recognise themselves!

Rightenant Rudder	Herr Dirigent Havard
Lieutenant Lloyd	The truly amazing Prune
Major Morris	Steve - still Stumpy
Private Pritchard	D.N.Womersley - Jo 90
Captain Havard	Pete - Mr. President
Herr General Gander	Dai - the all efficient foreign sec.
Admiral Evans	Mike
Squadron Leader Loveluck	Clive - Mr. Stubbs Sir
Fieldmarshall Fulford	Robert
Auxiliary Ace	Peter - Helmsman
Byron the Bus	

Monday 19th July

Left Roy's at 7.05 p.m. and arrived in Worcester just in time for a couple of drinks before retiring to a first class car park - slept the first night on or in one case (notably the Prune-) off the bus. From there we set off at 6.30 a.m. for Harwich and thus a crossing to Bremmerhaven arriving at 9.00p.m.. Where we stayed or what we did that night was not recorded in the diary! So on to:-

Wed. 21st July

In Hamburg. Waited and sang for one and a half hours while Dai and Sue 'phoned 4,651 youth hostels and hotels. All to no avail. Went left for the centre of Hamburg and eventually arrived after a few detours, due to somewhat deficient navigation. Arrived at the Hauptbahnhof where Dai and Sue yet again went off on their own (this is getting suspicious-) and we went on a circular tour of the main station - 6 times, because we couldn't find anywhere to park. Finally found somewhere to stay - looked remarkably like a converted light-house! 8p.m. -event of the tour so far - Jo wore matching socks , and off we went in search of foodand went.....and went.... and finally 3 hours later found somewhere we thought we could eat - wrong again folks. After a rather sauer encounter with our first Kraut we hastily left the premises and eventually found somewhere to have a meal. Some of us then made our way to Hamburg's famous Raperbahn. This provided the topic of conversation for many hours afterwards - details we thought better omitted!

Thurs. 22nd.

Ladies down to breakfast at 9.a.m. -the men had breakfast onthe coach where they had spent the night. Debated what to do for 1½ hours - whether to leave Hamburg or not, and then split up into groups to do a bit of sightseeing - art gallery, museum visiting and generally conforming to turoids. Picnic lunch on the coach and then a hasty trip across Hamburg to the Hochschule

von Musik where we were kindly allowed to rehearse in their choir studio (two Steinways and a harpsichord - plans and photos to be sent with complements to Prof. Parrot). Then began yet another round trip of Hamburg - and round, and round and round, trying to get through a maze of one way streets and roadworks to St. Michael's church. Generally considered to be more like an opera house than a church, the pulpit being of most spectacular shape and appearance. Had a quick sing and then back to the round house and down to the cafe at the end of the road for noch ein grosses bier. Swift wash and change and then into the centre of Hamburg for an excellent meal during which the quotes flowed freely - notably from Herr Dirigent himself, concerning his wife and himself - "Tell him that we want it together" - well it was their honeymoon after all!

From the restaurant we proceeded to a place where beverages could be obtained. The intention was a quiet beer and an early night, but it was after some of us had left (the others having been persuaded to stay....) that things started happening. It all started with a quiet song.....!!! And almost ended with a concert in Hamburg for the following evening. Schade - the studio was being reconstructed, so it was not possible. However the drink flowed freely and for nothing and a pleasant evening was had by all except for the rabbits which were chased round and round the park on the way back!

Friday 23rd July

7a.m. rise and well not so shiny. When Prune arrives we can set off for Copenhagen, already 1 hour 10 minutes late. Stopped at Lubeck for an hour or so and there visited the Marienkirche - another organ stop. This was a beautiful late Gothic church with three organs, one of which is the biggest tracker - action organ in Europe. Moved on and caught the ferry from Germany to Denmark and had a picnic lunch during the crossing. Gave our first concert to a neighbouring bus of Aussies on arrival at the customs control in Denmark and then proceeded to Copenhagen. Arrived at "Grot Palace" to find beds with hair mattresses and very primitive washing conditions. After dinner we went to the Tivoli gardens, where we split up into small groups and each went our separate ways to bars, gardens, dancing and the fair ground. Here four merry minstrels mistook a tunnel of love for a ghost train! The prices of beer (alcoholic and non-alcoholic) varied alarmingly from 5kr. per bottle to 1.50kr. for four! Well as Nina suggested we could always pretend to be tipsy!! Arrived back at the "Palace" somewhere between 12 and 10'clock after a very expensive, but enjoyable evening.

Saturday 24th July

Arose at 8.30, breakfast at 9. Practice at 10.30. After lunch we went to see the Gruntvigskirke where we gave an impromptu concert - superb accoustics. Quick trip to see the famous mermaid. 4.30p.m. another rehearsal. After dinner we set off for the Tivoli gardens again. Some of us went to quite an enjoyable concert. Then for our 2nd impromptu concert in Copenhagen, 8 of us standing on a bridge over the lake, singing quietly to ourselves, gathered quite a large audience. Then amid cries of "I've got one, but I don't want to get it dirty"

from Stumpy and "let's go and have a go on a canon" from Robert we ran off to watch the firework display. Then the animals went home two by two, some of them stopping off for a nightcap on the way.

Sunday 25th July

Breakfast 8a.m.. Left Copenhagen 9.30.. Caught the ferry across to Sweden. Pleasant short crossing during which we gave yet another impromptu concert which prompted one of our American friends to ask if we were members of a chorus as "we did it as if we were trained together"! Travelled down to Ystad, stopping for a picnic on the way. Special feature of the 1971 Mads tour seems to be going round in circles, so yet again we went round and round and round until we eventually found the youth hostel at 3p.m.. Weren't allowed in until 4 o'clock so we wandered along the beach. Had a couple of hours' rest before going into the centre of town for a meal (payed for by Mads as noone had been able to change any money much to Stumpy's distress). Had a surprisingly good practice in the santa Maria kyrka - perhaps the excellent accoustics helped to hide the fact that we were all very tired. Went up the church tower to see the little man blowing his trumpet (in the new moon?) - an old Ystad tradition by decree. Went straight back to the Y.H. where Dai declared to all "I'm too tired to do it. I've forgotten how I did it last time" - whereupon some retired immediately for a much needed good night's sleep while others stayed in the lounge playing bridge or chess.

Monday 26th July

9a.m. breakfast - the joys of cornflakes and boiled eggs! Yet another circular tour of the town centre trying to find the Sta Maria kyrka. Rehearsal from 11 'til one. Picnic lunch in the coach, during which Stumpy was heard to say "I've been and gone and done it and it's all over me" - he claimed it was something to do with a tomato!! Sat on the beach in the afternoon while Roy and Robert went into town to play the organ. Had to be in church by 6p.m. - Swedish humour? Concert - had its moments according to Herr Dirigent. Afterwards we were entertained to an excellent meal (with wine) in the Continental hotel. Sang a few songs in the hotel before going back to the hostel and giving another concert on the beach.

Tuesday 27th July

9a.m. breakfast. finally left the Y.H. at 11a.m. and caught the 2.30 ferry from Helsingborg to Helsingor - superb view across the narrowest stretch of water between Sweden and Denmark, looking towards the Kronberg castle. We were met by Dr. Christensen and taken to his house to a marvellous welcome - beer and fruit for everyone. After visiting Hamlet's grave we had time for a quick swim before dinner followed by a little celebration of Delyth's birthday - cake and port. We were then collected by our various hosts and taken back to our respective lodgings.

Wednesday 28th July

Everyone talking about the marvellous we had spent with our hosts. Rehearsal in the castle chapel from 9-10a.m. followed by a guided tour of the castle with a very humorous guide. After some refreshment in the cafe while waiting for a phone call from Jonkechirping to confirm our concert booking there, we went to Fredensborg castle - the king of Denmark's summer residence. We had a picnic lunch there and a tour of the castle to discover yet another organ in the castle chapel - we began to understand how the tour had been organised! Back in Helsingor by 4p.m., where we were met by our hosts and taken back to their homes for a light meal and to prepare for the concert. 7p.m. - candle-light concert in the Kronberg castle chapel, which according to Herr Dirigent (yet again) had it's moments. Pity we couldn't see the music by the end. Straight after the concert we went home with our hosts - some to a more comfortable evening than others. For one particular person suffice it to say that cherished memories of golden flutes and greying sideboards linger on....and on.....and on.

Thursday 29th July

Left Helsingor, Hamlet having definitely decided at last that it was not to be. Caught the 10.45 ferry and met Roy and Robert who yet again had been organ spotting. Very hot journey up to Jonkechirping, arriving about an hour before we found the Youth Hostel - in other words, yet again we went round and round and round the town ad infinitum, ad nauseam. However when we found it at long last the Y.H. was the most modern in Europe (quite a contrast to Grot Palace) and had excellent facilities for cooking and washing. In the evening we "did a spot in an open air show" - known from then on as the "quid a minute or penny a breath fiasco"! Still at least we were well paid and given a rose each. After a long search we found an open restaurant where Stumpy had an exciting experience with the waitress. He put his money down on the table, she nodded and that was it! The search for an open pub proved to be even longer than that for the restaurant had been and in the end we gave up and went back to the hostel where we all had a good night's sleep.

Friday 30th July

First big event of the day - lunch was cooked in the Y.H. - a welcome change to bread, cheese and tomatoes in the coach. Guided tour of Jonkechirping in the afternoon - beware of low flying clouds - sorry you can't see anything, but on your right ladies and gentlemen there is a lake. Went to see the Habokyrka, built of wood in the 1300's and where, surprise, surprise, there was another organ. Then on to the Y.M.C.A. for some sandwiches and a quick sing to a not very appreciative young audience. After that we were allowed to take part in various recreations - boating, swimming and the sauna at the Y.M.C.A.. Back to the Y.H. for supper - cabbage, followed by more cabbage and for sweet - would you believe - cabbage. Then followed a very high-spirited evening which continued well into the small hours.

Saturday 31st July

Rude awakening at 7.30., very rushed breakfast and exit stage right from the Y.H.. Short THREE hour wait outside the Y.H. during which some of us went shopping, others went organ spotting and others just slept, while the powers that be tried to find us somewhere to stay. Finally left at 12.30 and drove for about 1½ hours to arrive at the Ulrichamn Y.H.. Picnic lunch, game of football and then a rehearsal. Short rest before getting ready for dinner - great occasion - it was on Mads. Left the Y.H. at 7.30p.m. and on the way to the restaurant in the woods (where we had an excellent meal of liver pate soup, followed by liver pate - roughly translated as Swedish meatballs - and to finish with, liver pate flavoured ice cream, all washed down with 1963 liver pate wine in great quantities) Herr Dirigent treated us to a fairy story all about cucumbers and Saab trees.....! All in all a very pleasant evening was had by the whole company, walking down by the lake and joining in the dancing with a wedding party to which we sang a couple of ditties, before leaving to go back to the Y.H. at 11.30.

Sunday 1st August

Rise and shine for an 8.a.m. start - well almost. At least by the time everyone had risen and was, well not really very shiny at all, we had our breakfast - one very substantial cup of coffee..... it was 9.30. Very hot journey north. Picnic lunch. Stopped at the border to spend our remnants of Swedish money and take a photo of a fjord - the first of many I suspect. Picked up two Scottish hitch-hikers and took them into Oslo with us. For once, excellently navigated by Mike and Stumpy. We met Francis and her boyfriend who took us to our accommodation in the forest about 15 miles from Oslo. 21 starving Mads then descended on the restaurant at the bottom of the lane, only to find out that they had stopped serving meals and that all we could have to eat was a fried egg and a scrap of bacon on a piece of bread, garnished with a moth-eaten lettuce leaf - and all for the meagre sum of 50p. Thus still starving we left the restaurant to go deer stalking in the forest! Didn't manage to stalk a deer, but we did find a few wild raspberries and strawberries and convincing ourselves that we had had an elegant sufficiency we went to bed.

Monday 2nd August

Breakfast in a Norwegian transport cafe at 10.30 turned out to be as expensive as breakfast in a four star British hotel - one slice of bread cost about 8n.p.! Sat in the coach while Pete and Dai tried to find somewhere for us to rehearse. Eventually gave up the idea of a morning rehearsal. Sang a few songs in Oslo town hall - incredibly resonant acoustic; then Francis took us on a tour of the town hall - a post war building with rather overpowering wall paintings, said to be frescos, the dominant theme being the war. Yet another picnic on the way to Francis's house for a rehearsal, which went none too well. Quick change and off to the transport cafe for another meal on Mads: this time it was Norwegian meat balls which unfortunately made most of us feel rather sick. Extra speedy dash to the Vigeland museum to arrive three minutes before the

concert was due to begin. Sang in the courtyard of the museum, surrounded by erotic statues and in spite of the proximity of Oslo airport and a protesting crowd, we gave a surprisingly good concert. Afterwards we had a walk round the Vigeland park to see some more rather strange statues while some of the men spent a pleasant hour or so in a supermarket trying to persuade customers to buy us some beer - it was only sold to people who were buying food as well I seem to remember. Strange licensing laws they have! Eventually obtained enough beer for all and went back to our hermitage for a quiet party - strong beer we discovered.

Tuesday 3rd August

After breakfast we set off for Oslo, all feeling very tired and not much like facing the busy day ahead. Pete, Dai, Roy and Steve tried to find a church in which to rehearse while the rest of us took impromptu photos round the town hall fountains. Decided that a morning rehearsal was not on, so bought the inevitable bread, marg., liver pate and crisps and went back to the Vigeland park for our picnic lunch. Went to the Norwegian recording studio for a rehearsal at 2p.m.. Started the recording at 3.30 - not too wonderful, but we were very tired after all. Extra speedy dash back to the Y.H. to change and off back into Oslo for the cathedral concert. Very successful concert and the sopranos were complemented by an American on their non-vibrato singing!! Then a very enjoyable meal of spaghetti bolognese on the 20th floor of an Oslo hotel and back to bed for a 10.30 start the following morning.

Wednesday 4th August

Walked around the streets of Oslo in the pouring rain all morning - Roy and Robert had another organ stop at the cathedral. 1.30 - lunch on the bus and then on to Lillehammer. Very beautiful scenery all the way to the Nansenskole (folk high school), arriving about 6p.m.. We ate first and then went to the hostel to change before going back to the school for what we expected to be folk-dancing, but having missed that we joined in a short session of "bopping", had a quick sing and then went back to bed.

Thursday 5th August

Breakfast at 8.30 at the school followed by 2 hours free to see the town. Practice at 11.30. Lunch back at the hostel at 2p.m. - the dreaded sausage and swede! Restful afternoon; in fact nothing worth reporting happened until the evening's concert at the school. We had an audience of about 200 - one of the most receptive audiences we've sung to for a long time, as we found out in songs like "Fair Phyllis", which almost collapsed as we fell about laughing. After the concert coffee and cakes were provided and we finally left about 10.30.

Friday 6th August

Early start from the Y.H. at 8.30 a.m.. Breakfast at the Nansenskole and after reading the newspaper reports of our concert, we left Lillehammer in the pouring rain for our journey south to Augsbugde (?) near RJukan. Went through some

beautiful countryside - definitely Tolkein land - misty mountains, lakes and fir trees. The reception committee were out to meet us when we finally arrived at about 6p.m.. It took quite a while for all of us to shake hands with all of them, but this accomplished we could concentrate on the wonderful view from the mountain down to the lake. Having feasted our eyes we then went into the restaurant for hamburger and cheese butties. At 8p.m. we met our hosts and were taken to our respective homes in the hills, where most of us spent a very pleasant evening, had a shower and went to bed..... except for Sue and Delyth, who found conditions rather primitive and ludo a poor substitute for running water and a loo!

Saturday 7th August

Met down at the community centre at 9.30a.m. to start our tour of the community of Tinn. First event of the day was a trip up a mountain in a cable car overlooking Rjukan. Then we visited a power plant which was built in the mountain, followed by a quick look in the pouring rain at the Heavy Water Factory which had been sabotaged by the Norwegians during the war. Then, following a road with, on your right ladies and gentlemen a power plant and on your left ladies and gentlemen yet another power plant, we went high into the mountains to a place called Skinnarbu where we had our first meal for a fortnight and what a meal! It was a smørbrød i.e. we just kept going back for more. Staggered back to the coach and then back to Rjukan for the 6,350th organ stop! A truly amazing organ with a Spanish trumpet no less!! Back to Augsburg (?) for a quick rehearsal and then yet another good meal to the accompaniment of a Telemann concerto for horn, recorder and spinnet, followed by a swift prelude and fugue (suspected transcription from the Passacaglia!) on the spinnet by Roy. Concert with an interval with a difference - no organ recital!!..... Instead we were entertained by the natives playing the Harding fiddle, folk dancing and giving a dramatized presentation of a Norwegian legend. At the end of the concert we were thanked most heartily and presented with an engraved tin collection plate - for impromptu concerts?! Seem to have made quite an impression on the audience as one lady went out crying as we were singing "Now".

Sunday 8th August

Up at 6.45 for a 7.30 start, but as usual we were $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour late. All sad to leave after such overwhelming hospitality. We passed through some very picturesque scenery, but shall we ever get to Bergen on these mud tracks? All hope not yet lost - roast beef dinner on Mads. Then on through the snow, glaciers and fjords, the left hand side of the bus winning hands down in the waterfall competition. Suspect that the sight and sound of so many big, noisy waterfalls had a great effect on Delyth, who suffered the consequences of an unfortunate infection. and eventually after many, many tunnels of love and ghost trains we arrived in Bergen hungry and tired. Had to forget our hunger as there was no food in the inn and thus went straight to bed after a beautiful, but very tiring 14 hour journey.

Monday 9th August

Got up for breakfast at 9a.m. - bread of course and liver pate, but anything was welcome. Then went shopping in Bergen for an hour. Picnic lunch in the men's room at the Y.H.. RRehearsal in the church from 2 - 4.30 - never have so many Maria Callases been seen together on the steps of one altar! Yes believe it or not we were tired and the rather dry accoustic didn't help. Quick cup of coffee and then back to the Y.H. for the A.G.M., followed by a happy birthday to Prune and a ceremonious cutting of the cake. Yet another mad dash to arrive at the church on the dot of 7.30.- nothing like punctuality is there?! The first half of the concert went reasonably well, least said about the 2nd half the better. Had a meal and then went back to bed.

Tuesday 10th August

Your last Scandinavian breakfast. The dynamic duo (with Ann in tow) strikes again - this time in Bergen cathedral, while the rest of us payed a visit to Grieg who just happened to be out at the time. Back to the Y.H. and then into town for a couple of hours to have some lunch and do some last minute shopping. Down to the quay side by 4p.m. - "ooh look we're the first here", said Mike. But slowly it dawned - where's the ship - the final step in the big master plan had been accomplished. So you thought you were going home eh? Well we've experienced a few bongs on this tour, but nothing as big as this - and all N.U.S.'s fault. Even then little did we think that we should have to wait 48 hours for the next boat. But c'est la vie. Keep smiling and enjoy the excellent accomodation of the Alrek hotel - all on N.U.S. of course.

EpilogueWednesday 11th August

All went our seperate ways round town. A ^etrk was made by four merry minstrels into town (all 65 miles of it), in search of a birthday cake for our field marshal. After having fought our way through storms of snow and the usual Bergen rain a suitable glacier was found, from which we were able to chip such an object. This was then transported back to headquarters by truck and hidden until 9.30., when the cake was revealed to all. (Actually the mission was not quite as secretive as it might have been, owing to Jo's blunder - "Is there any cake left?". Anyway, a very pleasant evening was had by all to shouts of 'cut the cake Liz' and before this memorabl~~e~~ evening drew to a close we started singing and after one song we were given a beer each on the house.

Thursday 12th August

And at last we know that we are going to Newcastle. After an excellent lunch in the Hotel Norge we ~~were~~ went down to the quay side yet again, this time being absolutely certain of the time of the sailing. Fear and trepidation as the bus was lifted onto the ship by crane. First class accomodation was well worth waiting for.

Some time during the last 48 hours we said our fond farewells to Roy who at last departed on their real honeymoon to the Norwegian fiords - how we had kept the secret from Ann all that time I shall never know.