

1961 Russian Tour Log

This is a transcription of my diary from The University of Michigan's Tour Band's 15 week cultural exchange tour to the Soviet Union and nine Middle Eastern, Mediterranean and Eastern European countries. I played assistant 2nd horn during the tour and 3rd horn during the recording session at Carnegie Hall at the end of the tour. I've taken the liberty of correcting some misspellings, but have not made any other changes to the original handwritten words. My writing skills were somewhat under developed at the time so some of the phrasing is poorly worded. Where necessary, for modern understanding or to insert missing words, I've inserted editor's comments in square brackets, []. Nevertheless, I think the reader will sense the wonder in a young man, a boy really, that had hardly travelled more than a few miles from the rural farm where he was raised prior to this most amazing first journey away from home turf and his first exposure to jet airplanes, which were new technology at the time. By today's standards, a Boeing 707 jet is rather small, but back then it was HUGE. The idea that something that big could actually fly was beyond my comprehension. Playing in an ensemble widely acclaimed (then and even now) to be the world's best, meeting world leaders, and playing in the great royal concert halls of Europe capped with a performance and recording session in the awesome Carnegie Hall in New York City was the stuff of fairy tales for a poor farm boy from the backwoods of Michigan. It all happened because my parents saw to it that I learned to play a horn in my school band.

On the inside front cover of the original diary my name and address is written in English and printed in Russian:

Loren B Mayhew
4200 Perryville Road
Ortonville Michigan

Tour Band, 1961

Лорен Б. Маыхю
4200 Пърривилл Род
Ортонвилл, Мишиган

Поездка Лента, 1961

Thursday, February 16, 1961, 1st Day

Ann Arbor, Michigan

I have completed my shopping for the trip. We have band rehearsals all morning, afternoon and from 7:30 to 9:00 at night. Dr. Revelli has finally got so he lets us out in time for our meals.

Sent letter [announcing tour] to *Holly Herald Advertiser* [local newspaper].

My uniform no. is 11, trunk no. 31.

My instrument trunk no. is 3.

My roommates for triple rooms are Donald D'Angelo, key man, and Robert Dill.

My roommate for a double room is David Dexter, I am the key man.

Friday, February 17, 1961, 2nd Day

Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA

We have finished our rehearsals and our instruments have been sent to the airport. I finished my shopping and packing. Discovered a hole in my rubbers (for shoes), will have to try to repair it before I leave tomorrow. Called grandparents and said good bye. Called parents and discovered that they wished to take me to the airport tomorrow. Judy (my girlfriend) is coming with them.

Saturday, February 18, 1961, 3rd Day

Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA

Judy came with Mom and they drove me to the Metropolitan Airport in Detroit where our planes were scheduled to take off around 4:30 PM. At 5:00 PM, the planes had not yet arrived from Willow Run Airport and since Judy could not stay any longer because of a baby-sitting job that night, I kissed her good-bye. At 5:05 PM, an announcement was made that there would be a band meeting in Harris Hall at 6:30 PM. I met another member about to go back to Ann Arbor and rode with him. At the meeting we were told that we would leave early the next morning because it was impossible to land at Idlewild Airport (now Kennedy International) because of a heavy fog there. We stayed in South Quadrangle that night and had breakfast at 7:30 AM the next morning in West Quadrangle. I called Judy that night and told about my delay.

Sunday, February 19, 1961, 4th Day

Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA

We left Ann Arbor at 10:30 AM on University busses for Willow Run Airport. After some waiting there, we finally departed in two DC-6's for New York at 11:30 AM. Many people were there to see us off. We arrived at Idlewild Airport (New York International Airport) at 12:45, but we were unable to land until 2:40 because the fog had not yet lifted until then. Our altitude with these planes was 17,000 ft. About 4:20, we left the airport in chartered busses for the Seaway Idlewild Hotel which served us sandwiches. As the busses would not return us to the airport until 8:00 PM and since I had gotten some gum on my pants through some unknown manner, Rudy and I decided to locate a gas station. We found one across the expressway from the hotel. By the time we walked to the nearest cross bridge and back down the other side to the gas station, we had walked about a mile, but the gas removed the gum from my pants. After [returning to] the busses, we walked around for about an hour and a half. We returned to the hotel just in time to board the busses for the return ride to the airport. We arrived at the airport around 8:00 PM, but, because of congestion of the runways, our plane was not able to take off until 11:00 PM. We did not have to go through any inspection before we left the country.

On the way to New York from Detroit I saw some breathtaking cloud formations and the land looked blue from our plane and height.

The plane in which we rode to London was a Boeing 707 jet and when I boarded it, I couldn't believe my eyes. The jet was bigger than any house that I have seen. The seats were the size of comfort chairs, only more comfortable. The walls were decorated with murals and music was continuously being piped through a public address system. The announcements over the P.A. were made in English, Indian,

and German, respectively. The stewardesses were foreign, very attractive, pleasant, and well mannered and they spoke English very well. I was especially interested in the one stewardess from Germany because my ancestors are German. We had a most delightful talk together. There is virtually no noise as compared with the noisy DC-6s which nearly drove my ears crazy with their constant droning. The air over the Atlantic, in which we were riding, was a bit rough, but the plane did not jerk around at all. We were served a very delicious supper consisting of shrimp, lobster, boneless chicken, rolls, and a desert. I have somewhat of a problem as it is against my religious principles to indulge in drinking and all that was served to drink was Champaign. Coffee was served later, though. After that I went to sleep. The time was around 1:30 EST.

Monday, February 20, 1961, 5th Day

London, UK

I awoke about 3:00 A.M. EST (about 7:00 A.M. London time) and went to the back of the plane and talked with the German stewardess as I have already mentioned. I then visited the cockpit. Before I finished my tour, I had gossiped with every member of the crew except the two Indian stewardesses, who did not appear to take an interest in me because of my talking to the German lady. We arrived in London about 10:00 A.M. and had breakfast. We were divided into two groups because there were two Russian jets to take us to the Soviet Union. I was a member of the second group. The first group left about 11:00 A.M. while we stayed behind to wait for the second plane to be loaded. There was a delay of about four hours because there was not enough room in the Russian cargo hold to hold all of our instruments. In the end, it was decided that we would go ahead while our instruments would be sent later on a chartered plane. The Russian jet was advertised by the Soviets as being the most luxurious plane in the world. In actuality, this is not so, it is the most uncomfortable plane that I have ever ridden in. The soviet people seemed to be quite proud of it, though, so it must be something great to them. The plane was built on the order of a war plane and the jets let a loud whine throughout the trip. The trip was smooth though.

While we were at the London Airport, I noticed that every square of toilet paper was stamped, "GOVERNMENT PROPERTY."

Upon our arrival we were taken immediately to our hotel and fed some supper. It was a 4 course meal and it took about an hour to eat it. The first course consisted of all sorts of pickled things (even cabbage) plus a little chunk of meat. The second course was a large bowl of soup. The third course contained the largest portion of our meal, the potatoes, peas, meat, etc. The last course consisted of a mug of tea which you drank with your desert. After supper I took a shower and went to bed. Our room was a two bedroom affair with a full bathroom and a large window.

Tuesday, February 21, 1961, 6th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

First of all, I had breakfast. I was still trying to get used to Russian silverware; it must be at least twice the size of our American silverware. I took a walk with some other band members and I got some pictures of some Russian children playing. In the afternoon we had a rehearsal. At the rehearsal, we discovered that our instruments, which we had left behind in London, had not arrived yet. We were able to borrow some Russian instruments and in the end, we had everything except a pair of symbols. The

tympani that we had borrowed did not sound good at all. At the end of our concert the audience left their seats to come and stand in front of the stage and demand encores. Afterwards we found out that our concert was the first time that any Russian audience had stood in front of the stage for any visiting organization. The American newspaper correspondent in Moscow interviewed me during the intermission.

Wednesday, February 22, 1961, 7th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Before I had completed my before breakfast shave, I became rather sick so I went back to bed. About 11:00 A.M. the maid came in and we had a nice talk together — mostly about my trip. By this time I knew enough Russian to be able to get my point across. At 3 P.M., I got up and took a walk to the GUM store near our hotel (not the famous GUM, but another small store on the opposite side of the square in front of our hotel) and took some pictures. On the way, I met 3 young Russians who wanted to pay fantastic prices for almost everything that I owned. I talked my way out of that situation, though. In the evening, just before supper, I went to the GUM store near [on] Red Square, and bought a Russian hat. That night we boarded Russia's railroad pride, The Red Arrow, which took us to Leningrad. I have never ridden in a sleeper car before, so I cannot compare Russia's train with ours, but I could not think of anything else that would be needed in their trains. In Russia, it is common for men and women to sleep in the same compartments on this train. I was stuck with another boy and two girls, but Dr. Revelli straightened that situation as soon as he heard about it. (The two girls were Karen Hill and Ann Speer/Aitchison.) Apparently there were originally one boy and three girls in one compartment and three boys and one girl in another, but Dr. Revelli told Mr. Parker, our Austrian state department guy, to fix it so had rearranged the two compartments to two boys and two girls each before I had boarded the train.)

Thursday, February 23, 1961, 8th Day

Leningrad, Russia, USSR

9:00 [AM] — we arrived in Leningrad and were met by a reception committee from the Leningrad Conservatory. They gave us flowers (crimea) which we gladly accepted along with their wide grins. I took my flowers to my hotel and placed them in a flower pot filled with water. They look wonderful there. We were immediately taken on busses, chartered for our use throughout our stay, to the Hotel Astoria where we are to stay. My room is a suite for one consisting of a sitting room, a bathroom with dependable hot water, and a bedroom. The service here is absolute first class. My bed is made in the morning and in the evening it is prepared for my slumber. After we had moved into our rooms, we again boarded the busses and rode to the Palace of Culture for an early rehearsal. Our instruments did not arrive, so we took a guided tour of the city. The city is built on islands and there are about 360 bridges in the city. It is a very beautiful place; one can look anywhere and take a beautiful picture. There is only about as much traffic as there would be in an American town of 1000-2000, though. After dinner we returned to the Palace of Culture and had our rehearsal. At 7:00 P.M., we had the concert and after the concert, about 10 P.M., we had supper. This procedure is common throughout the U.S.S.R. After the concert, the audience demanded so many encores, that we played another forty

minutes. During the concert, we played the Red Cavalry March by Morton Gould. The audience so liked this piece that they demanded that we play it over again, which we did.

Friday, February 24, 1961, 9th Day

Leningrad, Russia, USSR

The sun shined today for the first time since we started the tour. I found out today that the weekly money that we are receiving is being given to us by the USSR government. It is becoming easier and easier for me to communicate with the Soviets. Today we visited the Pioneers, a group of children much like our Boy Scouts and YMCA and the equivalent girls organization. The girls made us do a dance with them which was a lot of fun. We were told that the Pioneers come to the Pioneer Castle after school for recreation, but I noticed that the pioneers were taught to be very fluent in at least one foreign language and they were taught astronomy. When we went to the Palace of Culture for our concert tonight, I noticed some young skaters skating on a rink near the Palace. They were very good too and were performing many difficult maneuvers. I asked the guide if they were training to be professionals and she said, "There are no professional sports in Russia." I then asked if they were training for future Olympics, and she said, "Some of them will probably be in the Olympics." During the concert the audience demanded that we play Rhapsody of Russian Folk Songs by Jerry Bilik over, which we did. They also wanted us to play Pines of the Apian Way twice, but we refused because of our lips. The responses that [we] are getting are tremendous

Saturday, February 25, 1961, 10th Day

Leningrad, Russia, USSR

After our morning rehearsal and lunch, we toured part of the Hermitage Museum. The museum is so big that if one were to spend two minutes at each object, it would take a week to see everything. The group that I was in mostly visited European art. My favorites were Rembrandt and I saw some Picasso, but I would not pay more than a nickel for them. They were very bad. I suppose that they are good for abstract art, but I do not consider that true art because art is not naturally abstract. (I now view art as an expression of thought, not an expression of object.) The museum is in a palace which is very beautiful. There is so much gold used in the palace's decorations that I would not be surprised if there is as much gold in the palace as there is in the U.S. Treasury. If there isn't, there probably will soon be, the way our gold is being used up.

We had a most responsive audience for our concert tonight. They wanted us to play four numbers over again, but Dr. Revelli decided not to do it. Even though, we still played longer than any other concert. After the concert was over, the audience came to the front of the stage to talk with us. They were very interested in us — mostly in what we were studying at the university, and if we were all rich. They thought all of us were rich! They also wanted to know how well Russian music was liked in the U.S. Leningrad (now St. Petersburg) is a great city. I only wish I could spend the rest of the time here.

Sunday, February 26, 1961, 11th Day

Leningrad, Russia, USSR

I didn't set my alarm last night and so I slept until 11 A.M. this morning. I did not go to church, but those who said they did, said that they were extremely overcrowded. They literally walked all over people. I did my first wash today. I did not mind it.

After dinner I went to a Soviet circus. It was much like our American circuses, except that there were not as many acts nor were as colorful as in American circus.

We performed our final concert in Leningrad tonight. We played the longest concert yet. Although we did not play any songs over, we played 8 encores, which accounts for the extra time. After the concert I talked to some people from the audience. The Soviet people are wonderful and if you mention the word "peace," they go wild in applause.

Monday, February 27, 1961, 12th Day

Leningrad, Russia, USSR

I rose early this morning and washed my dirty white shirt from yesterday. After breakfast, we boarded our busses for a trip to the Leningrad Conservatory. First we had a meeting with the heads of the conservatory. During this meeting two band members became so sick that they almost were unconscious. Soviet nurses took care of them until our own doctor and nurse showed up. Mrs. Revelli passed out in her room before the trip began and many of us felt "queasy."

After this meeting, we were divided into groups according to what instrument we played and we visited the appropriate classes. While I was visiting a horn class, I met a Soviet hornist who lives in Leningrad, Valledy Tvanov. He was studying for his first year at the conservatory. We traded some music and some pins, and we each played a little. We both used his horn because mine was already packed away to [be] shipped to Moscow. After lunch our band performed for the conservatory. When the concert was over, Valledy and I conversed for [a] while and we then went to a concert given for us by the Leningrad Conservatory Symphony Orchestra. They were very good except that not much attention to intonation was paid. After the concert, I took Valledy to my hotel suite and we talked another 2 hours until 8:30. Until we got to the hotel, we were talking through interpreters, but when we were in my room, when we could not understand each other, we used my English-Russian Russian-English dictionary to communicate. This was a slow process, but we understood each other and I learned a few more Russian words. At 10:45, we will board the Red Arrow again for the journey back to Moscow. We will arrive in Moscow around 9:00 A.M. tomorrow and we will stay in the Hotel Ukraine for a whole week this time.

Tuesday, February 28, 1961, 13th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

We arrived in Moscow on schedule this morning. After checking in at the hotel and having breakfast, I became tired, so I slept from 11:00 A.M. until 1:30 P.M. After dinner we had a rehearsal after which came our concert.

Although I did not feel that the concert was very good, we had the best reception yet. The audience left their seats to stand before the stage again and we had to play eight encores.

After the concert, I traded one of my American mouthpieces (Farkas model) for a Russian cup mouthpiece.

Wednesday, March 1, 1961, 14th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

This afternoon I sent my first letter home to Judy. I went to the Post Office to mail a package home to mother, but I could not understand the clerk and vice-versa. The expressions on her face [were] priceless. There were about ten Russians trying to explain to me what the clerk had said. The intentions were good, but everybody spoke only Russian!

There is nothing spectacular to our concert except that the solo cornetist (Don Tisan) got to the concert hall and discovered that he had worn a colored shirt! He was able to borrow a white shirt, though. The auditorium in which we perform holds 17,000 people. Last night it was almost full. We played better tonight, and we got the same kind of reception as last night, but there were fewer people. Tonight's concert was taped for national U.S.S.R. television.

Thursday, March 2, 1961, 15th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

This afternoon I attended the first reception of my life. The American Embassy had a reception for us at the ambassador's home. Some of the members of the band played for the emissaries. It was nice to talk to Americans, and they enjoyed us especially because we were their first direct contact from the U.S. in a long time. It was an odd feeling to hear everybody speak English again.

This evening, we performed our final public concert in Moscow. I think that it was the best concert of all of our Moscow concerts. The audience went wild over "The Victors."

Friday, March 3, 1961, 16th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

This morning we visited Moscow University. It was a very beautiful place, but the dormitory rooms were extremely small. We also visited a University swimming pool, but it appeared to be posed for us.

In the afternoon three of us went shopping. I bought some silver tea glass holders. We rode the subway to and from the store. The Moscow subway stations are very beautiful with marble walls covered with murals and mosaics. I don't think that the U.S. has anything that can compare with these stations.

I have not yet fully recovered from my sickness and today, especially this evening, I felt much worse. The whole band seems to have come down with something.

Saturday, March 4, 1961, 17th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Today we attended the Swan Lake Ballet at the Bolshoi Theater. It was very beautiful. I see now why this ballet company is considered the world's best — they are! (I remember that the troop we saw was the 2nd level as the 1st level troop was on tour at the time.)

We had our rehearsal today in Moscow Conservatory's auditorium. The auditorium seats 1800 people and it is very beautiful. It has a balcony with white edges and along the top of the walls are pictures of different famous composers. In the middle of the ceiling there was a mural. (During the rehearsal, which was mostly Bach's *Tacata and Fugue*, Conservatory students slowly filled up the

auditorium and then lined the walls when there was standing-room only. At the end of our rehearsal we got an enthusiastic standing ovation. Nevertheless, Dr. Revelli refused to program the Toccata and Fugue because he didn't think we played it to his standard of perfection.)

Sunday, March 5, 1961, 18th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Today was election-day in the Soviet Union. When we visited Moscow University, I asked our guide how a candidate is chosen, "The factories choose a candidate from their factory for the particular election." I then asked him how a candidate was chosen for the People's Congress and what qualifications a person had to meet before he could become a candidate. He did not know.

This evening we went to the circus here in Moscow. It was much better than the Leningrad circus — in fact it was excellent. In the Soviet Union, circuses have orchestras instead of bands. The acts consist mostly of different kinds of acrobatics, juggling and clowning. There is only one ring, and there are no lion, tiger, or elephant acts like in an American circus. (I remember talking with some of the performers backstage during the performance when I went to the restroom.)

Monday, March 6, 1961, 19th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Today we spent a most enjoyable day with the students of the Moscow State Conservatory. This morning was spent visiting classes. I visited a French horn class along with the rest of the horn section from the band. We listened to three solos and then Bill McCann played a solo for them. He had a little trouble though because he had to play on a Russian horn and it was harder to play than his own.

After lunch, we listened to a concert consisting of the Conservatory's orchestra and some of their soloists. We then played for them. Our playing completely gassed them much to our satisfaction.

After the concert, I met one of the horn players from the Conservatory and we conversed for awhile. In the end we decided to meet again in the morning.

This evening our band and the Conservatory had a mixer at the Friendly House here in Moscow. We played for each other and danced. It was a real good party and needless to say, some Americans and Russians became quite intimate (i.e. friendly).

During the concert, a most wonderful thing happened. The sun came out for about five minutes.

I also met two other horn players tonight. One gave me a pin and the other gave me a pin and some music.

Tuesday, March 7, 1961, 20th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

This morning, Susan, the interpreter, and I went to the Post Office to mail some packages home. It is an interesting but long process. First I gave my things to a clerk who sent it to be wrapped (the Post Office wraps all mail themselves so that they can inspect the contents), and she handed me four forms to fill out. I had to list everything that I was sending on three of the forms and the fourth was for the destination of the package. The destination was written on the fourth form for the Post Office records.

At 11, the appointed time, we met my horn player friend, Eugene, again. He had another horn player and their teacher with him, so we conversed for awhile about the type of music we learn, the

horns we play etc. As soon as the two left Eugene took us to a music store. Sue was coming handy all of the time, because none of the Conservatory's horn students or instructors could speak English. In the music store, we looked at horn music while Eugene sang them to me. This way I caught the tempos and phrasing of the Russian music. He also showed me a typical Russian method book, so I purchased that, too. We parted at noon because I had band rehearsal coming up.

Our band rehearsal was held in the Conservatory so three or four of the [Russian] horn players were there. After the rehearsal we talked a little more and I met another horn player who works somewhere in the city. We could not understand each other too well because there were not any interpreters around and I had left my dictionary home (at the hotel).

When we were in Moscow for the first time, three of us had a waitress with us for over a half hour teaching us Russian. When we came back to Moscow, she was not to be seen anywhere. I am a little afraid she was arrested.

This evening, our horn players had a little party for the Conservatory hornists and their teacher, Mr. Peloch. We mostly talked, but there was some playing going on too until the maid came in at 1:30 A.M. to tell us to quite. I got some more music and medals.

Wednesday, March 8, 1961, 21st Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

This morning was spent at the Kremlin. We visited the palace of the czars. The palace of the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries are restored because they were completely destroyed by the 1812 Moscow fire. They were not restored until the Soviets took over, so the restoration is only a good guess. The palaces of the different centuries have been made into one huge building that is as beautiful as anything that I saw in Leningrad.

This afternoon, we played a concert at the Aviation Institute in Moscow for the students there. They liked the concert very much.

We had another meeting with the horn players from the Moscow conservatory tonight. I received another pin and some more music. It was very hard to say "good-bye" tonight because this was the last time we would probably see each other and we all liked each other quite well and were good friends.

After the party when I was back in my own room, my roommate, Dave Dexter, informed me that my name was on the U.S.S.R. radio, but we do not know why because we can't understand Russian too well. (In case someone might think it was really someone else, I have since discovered that I am the only Loren Mayhew in the entire world.) I don't think it was anything bad because I was not arrested.

Thursday, March 9, 1961, 22nd Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

I spent the day taking pictures today and at noon I visited Lenin's and Stalin's tomb. I don't really think that they are real, but wax figures (in the glass coffin). I used the subway for my transportation all day and at 5, I ran into the rush hour caused by the workers who just got out. Once I got mixed in a crowd, there was no turning back. They just kept shoving me forward.

At 7 we left our hotel to catch the train to Minsk.

I am leaving Moscow with the impression that the people are or want to be friendly and are interested in anything American. I think that the city is a drab one, but I visited it during the break of winter.

Friday, March 10, 1961, 23rd Day

Minsk, Belarus, USSR

This morning we arrived in Minsk via the railroad. I spent the day walking around the city taking pictures. The day was warm and sunny — just like spring.

The city was completely flattened during World War II, and it has been completely rebuilt since the War. On my tour, I only saw about 3 buildings that had not been rebuilt yet, but they were being worked on. Most of the people seem to be afraid to talk to us, but everybody stares at us as if they would like to talk to us. They seem to be very curious about us.

In the evening, we attended a large reception given by the students of the city. When we arrived people literally surrounded us. They put on a long concert for us. I think that the highlight of the whole show was when an orchestra made up entirely [of] folk instruments (balalaikas?) performed for us. They played orchestral pieces and they sounded very well (sic).

After the concert, I met Tahna (Tanya) and she rode back to the hotel with us. I think that she is going to be our guide because she knew everything that we were going to do.

Saturday, March 11, 1961, 24th Day

Minsk, Belarus, USSR

Nothing unusual happened today. We spent the afternoon on a guided tour of the city, but I did not see anything that I had not already seen.

By now I have noticed that whenever we have a guided tour, the guide slips in so much detail that it is not long before one is fighting to stay awake.

Sunday, March 12, 1961, 25th Day

Minsk, Belarus, USSR

Most of us went to the opera today. It was a comedy in Russian of course, but we Americans seemed to laugh more than the natives. There were some good voices but the overall production was nothing great.

Our concert tonight completely gassed the audience. After the concert, I must have signed at least 30 programs. I did very well tonight, in fact I played the best in a concert that I have ever played.

I sent another letter to Judy today and a letter to the Herald-Advertiser (my local newspaper).

Monday, March 13, 1961, 26th Day

Minsk, Belarus, USSR

Our concert tonight completely gassed the audience. It was the best concert we had played to date. I played even better tonight than I did last night — making only 11 mistakes in the 2½ hours of concert. We played a concert for the Minsk Conservatory this afternoon — I only made 4 mistakes then.

The weather here in Minsk has all of a sudden turned cold and cloudy and it even snowed this afternoon, but the snow did not last. I am very sad about leaving Minsk. We leave tomorrow morning for Kiev.

(I remember the beautiful river through central Minsk and enjoying a performance of the Swan Lake ballet during our stay there, but for some reason I didn't record those in my diary.)

Tuesday, March 14, 1961, 27th Day

Minsk, Belarus, USSR

After boarding our train we all settled back for a long train ride; it took 15½ hours.

Most of the things that we have been seeing in Russia so far have been on the best side that the Soviet Union could offer. Today, though, I had an opportunity to see what the Soviet people are really like and what I saw made me cry. First of all they live in slums that make our slums look beautiful. On the train, they had to ride in second class cars. These cars have berths along the walls, but no partitions. The people must get ready for bed in full view of everybody else and the odor of the cars tells me that they can't even afford soap. What is even worse is the way people line up to board the train; it reminds me of the way stock cars are loaded at the stockyards.

For the first time since entering the Soviet Union, I saw some land that looked as if it was farmed. This was just below Minsk and extended all the way to Kiev.

The hotel that we are staying in here in Kiev is much like the rest of the hotels that I have inhabited. The key desk is on the floor of the room in which I stay. We arrived at the hotel around 3 in the morning.

Wednesday, March 15, 1961, 28th Day

Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Kiev is a beautiful city, but very hilly. There are many parks — one can always see another park by standing in a park. The streets are tree-lined and the buildings are nice. Kiev is more western than any of the cities that we have visited so far.

It rained all day, so I could not take any pictures. The temperature was almost freezing.

Thursday, March 16, 1961, 29th Day

Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Today was interesting. We spent the afternoon touring the city of Kiev. It is very hilly, but at the same time it is very beautiful. It has many, many parks and I did not see one unsightly building. As for the people, they wish to be called Ukrainians, not Russians.

As a point of interest, we visited what is left of the Great Gate of Kiev. [Actually it was another gate that the Great Gate was supposed to replace, the Great Gate itself was designed, an artist's rendering made, but the gate was never built.]

When we went outside to board our busses after the concert, we found that it was snowing.

Friday, March 17, 1961, 30th Day

Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

I mailed another letter to Judy this morning.

Our last two concerts and two rehearsals were so good that Dr. Revelli has called off tomorrow morning's rehearsal. This means that I will have all day tomorrow off.

Our visit to the Kiev Conservatory today made me boil because we were not allowed to visit classes. Some of the horn players from the conservatory met me after the concert and invited me to a horn class tomorrow. This action "unboiled" me.

Mr. Tuck came today from the American Embassy in Moscow with our mail. Everybody in the band received at least two letters except me — I just sat around and watched everybody read. This made me feel very bad, but the concert was so good tonight that it cheered me some.

When we started this tour, our concerts consisted mostly of the classics, but the Russians have demanded so much American music that we have had to change our programs. We now play like Lawrence Welk! (Without the bubbles!)

A young boy came to me today and asked for an address in the US, so I gave him my sister's address.

Saturday, March 18, 1961, 31st Day

Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

This morning was sunny and warm, so I went outside and took some pictures. In one of the parks I met a man who was a student at the Kiev conservatory. We talked for a long time, mostly about the different courses which we each had to study. He did make it quite clear though that he was proud to be a citizen of Kiev and I don't blame him.

Also while I was out I met a boy who was having trouble replacing his chain on his bicycle. I held the bike for him and he got it on easier.

This afternoon I visited the Conservatory alone. I had a wonderful meeting with the horn students of the Conservatory. They have to study for 11 years in a music school before they can enter the conservatory. In the conservatory they must study for five years. Their courses and methods are much the same as ours; but they have full time accompanists for the students' use, which we do not have.

After tonight's concert, somebody called my name from audience. When I went to find out who it was, I discovered that it was a girl [Alla] whom I had met at a music store on our first day in Kiev. She walked me back to our hotel where I showed her some pictures that I had with me. We mostly talked about electrical engineering because that was her profession. I mentioned that in America we have atomic reactors. She became very alarmed when I said this because she very strongly believes that we were endangering the world with atomic radiation from the reactors. When I tried to explain to her how we shield the radiation from the air, she retorted, "There is no way of shielding atomic radiation from the air. I am an engineer — I know!" (It is an interesting twist that some 20 years later, the atomic reactors at Kiev melted down and caused the biggest radiation leak the world has ever known not long after our own Three-Mile meltdown.)

One of the band members arrived at the concert tonight and discovered that he had worn brown shoes instead of black. He corrected the situation by playing the concert in his stocking feet because he had black socks on.

Sunday, March 19, 1961, 32nd Day

Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Today I spent the morning at a performance of Beethoven's 9th Symphony by the Kiev Philharmonic. The overall performance was great. The only time that any instability was noticed in the whole concert was in the brass during the first part of the second movement, but towards the end of the movement stability was again regained. I think that the temporary instability was caused by the hard use of the lips during the first movement.

In the choir, I saw a man who looked exactly like Frank Visgor, even his facial expressions. He was easily distinguished from the rest of the choir. At times I had a hard time trying to keep from breaking out with laughter. (I now have no memory of Frank Visgor or why this was so funny, but he must have had some significance to me in 1961, whoever he was.)

After the concert, one of the horn students from the conservatory invited me out to dinner. I had to refuse because we had to play an unexpected concert this afternoon at 3:30.

At 3:00, I met Alla again. She went to our matinee concert with me and afterwards we walked through some of the parks together. I mostly pointed out different items and told her what we called them in America. When she was with me, everybody thought that she was American. She expressed a desire to see me tomorrow before I left for Odessa, so we made an agreement for eleven o'clock.

Tonight's concert was unique. The auditorium was completely filled and there were still crowds of people who wanted in. In an effort to get the concert going, the outside doors were shut and locked, but just as we were ready to begin, the crowd outside broke down the doors. The riot squad from the police department finally came and restored order and the concert began 20 minutes late. (At our reunion in March 2007, I learned that one of our band members was on the outside when the doors were locked and couldn't get in to join us for the concert.)

Just before returning to my room, I met 3 Egyptians from Cairo. They told us that in Egypt, the people believe that Americans do not want to know about their country.

Monday, March 20, 1961, 33rd Day

Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Today was the 20th day of our tour. (I'm not sure what I was smoking; it was actually the 33rd day of our tour.)

This morning Alla met me again. She took me to a department store and helped me buy a Ukrainian shirt. They are very beautiful.

We then saw the panorama movie (akin to our modern Imax theaters) which was on the circus. I cannot compare the Soviet cinema with ours because I do not know what ours is like. The movie was shown on a huge circular screen. Three movie projectors were used and sometimes the three different pictures did not fit together exactly.

After the cinema we said good-bye to each other. It was hard for me to do, because, in effect, I was saying good-bye to Kiev. I had come to like Kiev — it was beautiful and even the food was good.

At 4:00 P.M., we were aboard our train and on our way to Odessa. I am writing this log entry on the train, which explains the writing.

(There is actually much more about Alla than I wrote in my diary. She had a family member, a brother perhaps, who got caught up in the Gulag. When a prison truck drove by us one day, she cried

pretty hard. I was pretty naïve back then and I didn't catch the whole situation till later, but I had to do some serious consoling at the time. I am pretty sure that Alla was desperately grasping for a way out of the overbearing communist torture. Her memory has haunted me ever since even until now. I often wonder what happened to her and even still cry a little at my inability to help, but I only know her first name and have no way of contacting her. How many more like Alla there must have been — as I was about to learn as we continued our tour.)

Tuesday, March 21, 1961, 34th Day

Odessa, Ukraine, USSR

We arrived in Odessa early this morning. I went out for a walk, but a storm was approaching, so I ran back to my hotel.

My hotel room has a beautiful view of the Black Sea, a washbasin, but no toilet or water!

I gave my coat to the maid to be sewed and five minutes later it was completed. I don't think that my sport coat is going to last much longer.

This evening, we attended a ballet by J. Straus. It was good, but not quite as good as the Bolshoi in Moscow. At the ballet, I met an electronics engineer. He bought me some refreshments, but I could not get him to say much that interested me. I wanted to know what kind of circuits were used in this country. I still do not know.

Wednesday, March 22, 1961, 35th Day

Odessa, Ukraine, USSR

Today is my birthday, but I had no party or anything because nobody knew about it.

Today was still a bad day for pictures, so I visited the conservatory and talked to some horn players. I was decorated with another medal and some more music was given to me. I learned that it is possible to enter the conservatory before completion of music school if one can pass the competition. Also, although one is assured a job upon graduation, he may also compete for the job of his choice. I saw a woman horn player today. She was the first one that I have seen in the Soviet Union.

Our first concert here was received quite favorably, but the people do not seem to be to talkative, yet. I was a little disappointed because I like to talk to them as much as possible.

Thursday, March 23, 1961, 36th Day

Odessa, Ukraine, USSR

Today we toured the city. Some students from the university came too and I became acquainted with one.

On the tour, we saw the boat harbor, some of the better buildings of the city, and then Black Sea. Odessa is nicknamed the "Hero's City" because of the heroic defense from the Germans during World War II. The city was so heroically defended that it took the Germans 89 days to capture it.

After the tour, my friend took me downtown and there I purchased a syetka, which is nothing more than a net grocery bag. I visited a bazaar with my friend. In Russia, a bazaar is where the individual sells his goods to make a personal profit, whereas an American bazaar is usually for an organization to make money. The way in which food was sold alarmed me. Nothing was sold wrapped and the fish weren't even kept refrigerated. (A few years later, I lived in Borneo for two years where food was sold

the same way. One learned very quickly to go to the markets before 10 o'clock if you wanted fresh fish or meat.)

At the end of our concert tonight I met a girl, oddly enough named Alla. She took me to the Sailor's Club where she mostly practiced her Eon me, but we did a little dancing, too. I met many Germans also at the club. They were from East Germany.

Tomorrow is Judy's birthday. I will call her if I can.

Oh, I finally got enough water to wash a few clothes with. Hot water to boot!

Friday, March 24, 1961, 37th Day

Odessa, Ukraine, USSR

When I purchased a syetka yesterday, it is interesting to note, I asked my friend where I could buy a syetka. He could not figure out what syetka was. I spent about 20 minutes trying to explain what syetka was. Finally I discovered that he thought that I was using syetka as an American word for something he did not know the meaning of. When I told him that I was giving him the Russian word for grocery bag, he led me right to a spot where I purchased a syetka.

I met the same person — I can't pronounce his name — again this morning after breakfast. We went to the telephone office downtown and I purchased an order for a telephone call to America. I was going to call Judy. My friend acted as my interpreter for me. I bought a 4 minute call for 14 rubles and 40 kopecks. After I paid for the call, I had to call the telephone company and have the long distance operator receive a call to America for me at 5 o'clock the next morning. Again, my friend came in handy. After completing these transactions, we walked around the harbor until noon. We were hunting for a way to enter the docks, but it proved impossible, so we headed back for the hotel. On our way, I was almost hit by a truck; only my friend's quick arm saved me, so I am forever indebted to him.

In the afternoon, we (our band) went on a boat cruise along the Black Sea Coast. The coast is very hilly and beautiful. On the boat with us were some English students from the local university. The same questions were asked as any other Soviet asks. Do you like jazz? Our city? And then, "Don't you wish that you could stay longer?" I asked her about her foreign language studies. I still do not know enough about the foreign language faculty of the universities, but I will interview more students in other towns. I think that a report on this subject will be interesting. One question that every English student asks is, "Do we speak like Americans?"

After the concert we had another one of those great moments — we received our weekly pay of 20 rubles.

I spent the remainder of the evening at the Foreign Seaman's Club. There, Alla met me again and we talked some more and listened to our jazz combo perform for the Soviets. I walked Alla and a girl friend of hers home from the club. On the way we met a man from Cairo who could not find his hotel, so the two of us walked the two girls home and afterwards I showed him where his hotel was. He mostly told me of what a good time that I would have in Cairo and that it was a pity that I would not be there longer.

Saturday, March 25, 1961, 38th Day

Odessa, Ukraine, USSR

At 5 o'clock this morning I called Judy. It was a long procedure. I first dialed the long distance operator and she babbled something in Russian and I said my Russian vocabulary back to her. I must have gotten my point across, because I was soon speaking to an operator who spoke English. Through her I was connected to a New York operator, but before my call progressed any further, I was disconnected and had to wait another half hour before an ocean cable was clear. This time I finally got Judy. She sounded completely flabbergasted at first, but gosh, it sure was good to hear her voice again. I called to wish her a happy birthday, but the connection was bad and I could not say much.

At 11 o'clock we left Odessa for Kharkov.

The Soviet Union's equivalent to our "state" is "republic." This I learned today.

I think I discovered the reason why Soviet buildings seem to deteriorate rapidly. Today our train stopped near a pile of building brick. The bricks are yellow and the chemical formula is CaCO_2 . I disembarked from the train and lifted one of the bricks. It was very lightweight and when I squeezed hard, the brick completely crumbled in my hands.

We crossed the Volga River today over a railroad bridge.

Sunday, March 26, 1961, 39th Day

Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR

This morning when I awoke on the train I say a strange thing. On one side of our train the ground was covered with snow and on the other side there was not a drop of snow.

We arrived in Kharkov around noon today. The first thing I did was to make myself at home at the hotel. Our room is a double suite with a bedroom, a sitting room, and a bathroom consisting of toilet and washbowl with water! There is no shower or bathtub though.

I spent the afternoon strolling about the city to observe what there was to observe. There are a few parks, but only a few. There are, however,, many churches and I decided to visit one of them. When I entered, I found that there was a service in progress — I think that it was Greek Orthodox. The place was jammed with people and they were all standing as there were no pews or seats of any sort. These people [are] very deeply religious as far as belief in their religion goes. Some of the band members have attended a few church services and they have said that there were not very many young people in attendance, but I found a large number of young people in the church service, but they did not appear to be as deeply religious as the old people.. One reason might be that in the Soviet Union, it is unlawful to attend a church or receive any form of religious instruction under the age of eighteen.

On my way back to the hotel, I found a zoo. It had bears, birds and a few other animals. It was not much really, but one has to admit that you can't say that the Soviet Union doesn't have any zoos.

Monday, March 27, 1961, 40th Day

Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR

Today I learned that we are going to play to all sellout audiences. Also, the arrival of our band here is the first big thing that has happened to this city since the War [WWII].

By now, I have noticed that wherever I go, I am the center of attraction, but if I say hello to somebody, the people all of a sudden stop staring and crowd around waiting to hear more, but by this point, I have used up my Russian vocabulary and must use a dictionary.

This afternoon a tour was made of a tractor factory, but I did not go because I was too tired. I slept all afternoon. (This diary is a good thing; As you may recall, I remembered the tractor factory tour occurring Minsk, Belarus, USSR. It seems events and places sometimes become jumbled a bit over time.)

Tuesday, March 28, 1961, 41st Day

Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR

One of us has a great uncle living in the city who told us that the arrival of our band is the first big thing that has happened to our city since the war. He is a retired engineer and he receives a monthly stipend with which he is able to live on.

I have learned some things about the condition of this country that is very interesting. First, so much money is being spent on rocket research that everything else is seriously lacking in funds, especially education. The universities and other high institutions are extremely overcrowded and they can't get enough money to build more buildings. There is a very great shortage of text books; many times three or four students must share the same text.

Wednesday, March 29, 1961, 42nd Day

Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR to Sukhumi, Abkhazian, USSR

Today was spent on the train. We are riding from Kharkov to Sekhumi. Most of the day, we had an electric locomotive up front, but late in the afternoon, we switched to a steam locomotive.

We passed many lime quarries today.

Around 8:00 this morning, we passed through Roston. The train that we are riding is the fastest train that I have ridden in this country. It must go at least 60 miles per hour.

Thursday, March 30, 1961, 43rd Day

Sukhumi, Abkhazian, Georgia, USSR

This morning, I awoke to find the Black Sea on one side of the tracks and the Caucus Mountains on the other. The shore came right up to the tracks and so did the mountain. In fact we traveled through many tunnels. Our engine was electric through the mountains. I saw many pretty valleys and one radar installation. There are many beautiful rest homes along this part of the coast. Also, everything is green now, and there are many ripe cabbages and a great many palm trees.

We arrived in Sukhumi at 2:30 in the afternoon in pouring rain. It never did stop raining so I did not go out and look around.

Sukhumi is situated in the Caucus Mountains [along the eastern shore of the Black Sea]. Our hotel room is a double with a washboard and cold running water. We also have a balcony which affords a beautiful view of the shoreline here.

Our community bathroom has seatless toilets which create quite a problem at times.

For the last four days, I have had a badly infected finger. It is getting better now — the infection has started to come to a head.

Friday, March 31, 1961, 44th Day

Sukhumi, Abkhazian, Georgia, USSR

Today we had our tour of the city. The original city, where Sukhumi is now, dates to 100,000 years ago. (So said the guide, actually the first settlements of the area were around 2,000 B.C.E. and those settlement is now under water as the Black Sea has been slowly encroaching upon the land there ever since.) The city is warm and humid. In fact, right now it is so humid that there is a heavy amount of precipitation outside. The temperatures range from 23°F - 73°F and there are about 220 days of sun. There is very little rain here, although at the moment that is hard to believe. Sukhumi is very green and beautiful with its many palm, pine and minosa trees. (I am not sure what minosa is, but I think it is a local word that means "trees with leaves.") We went to the top of the mountain where we were told that we would see a beautiful panorama of the city. What we saw was a beautiful panorama of nothing but rain and clouds.

The people here are much like the people of Kharkov. They are very curious about us and we are viewed as if we were kings when we go anywhere. They want very much to talk with us but they are bashful and if we do not start the conversation first, there probably will not be any conversation.

This evening we saw a performance of Georgian Folk Dances. It is a very colorful thing and the dances are extremely hard. When the people still lived in tribes, the young people used to gather around campfires and perform these dances. The race of people here is called the Acausians because they live in the Caucasian Mountains. This is the part of the world where the Caucasian race originated.

The rain today has not let up yet.

My finger has stopped paining and the head is becoming larger.

Saturday, April 1, 1961, 45th Day

Sukhumi, Abkhazian, Georgia, USSR

This afternoon, I went shopping with David Rogers. He bought a scarf and we both purchased playing cards. We did not know where to buy cards, so asked a native. He showed us to a shop, but when we got there, the manager had just finished locking the place up for the day. Our friend proceeded to say something through the glass door and soon the place was unlocked for us and we bought our cards. On our way back to our hotel, we had a whole procession of natives behind us and all around us.

On my way home from the concert, a man came up to me and thrust his hand in mine. His other hand grabbed my horn which he carried all the way back to the hotel for me. We are supposed to meet again tomorrow morning. We can't meet Monday because he is a student.

This evening, it finally stopped raining and it even looks as if it is going to clear up.

My finger has not changed any from yesterday.

Today was April Fools' Day, so on the downbeat of our rehearsal, we played every note except the right one. Mr. Cavender, the conductor at the time, got a bang out of that.

Sunday, April 2, 1961, 46th Day

Sukhumi, Abkhazian, Georgia, USSR

Today was sunny! The sun made the city look like paradise. I sure do wish Judy were here to see it. I walked all over the city and took several pictures.

Our concerts did not receive tremendous reception, but this is just a small resort city and there is not much opportunity for culture here.

The local citizens have told us that we are the first Americans to visit this city.

The infection in my finger opened up this afternoon so it should soon be better.

The people here seem to be much more independent of the Soviet Government than the rest of the republics that we have visited. They are not as loyal to Russia and they speak very little Russian. This is the republic of Georgia where we are now.

Monday, April 3, 1961, 476th Day

Sukhumi, Abkhazian, Georgia, USSR

The sun shone bright again today. The temperature was about 80°F.

This afternoon we went on an excursion into the country. There is nothing but mountains and more mountains. Our guide said something which I think is worth noting here. In one breath he said, "Sukhumi is the oldest city in the world, and in ancient times, it was founded by a citizen of Athens!" (I remember looking around the bus and noticing that everyone seemed to be asleep, so I don't think anyone else heard this, but I got a great big hoot from it in the context of the Soviet's penchant for boasting.)

My finger is now skinless where my infection was. Now I have a bad infection on my forehead and a nose that is running wild.

We left Sukhumi at 11:30 by train for Tbilisi.

Tuesday, April 4, 1961, 48th Day

Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR

When we arrived in Tbilisi this morning, we were greeted by the English speaking students from the University of Tbilisi. It was the first all English speaking crowd that we have seen since leaving America.

Our hotel is situated on the main street. I am rooming with Dave [Dexter] again. We have a bedroom and a wash basin room with hot water.

After getting situated in our room, I walked about the city until lunch time. During my wanderings, I met a strip tease artist. He is the kind of guy who will tease you until you are striped of everything that you own if you are not careful. I just pretended that I did not understand him and it was fun watching him trying to make me understand.

This afternoon was spent touring the city. The city is 1,500 years old this year and it is situated in the mountains. I saw the statue of the "Georgian Woman." It is a statue of a woman holding a sword in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. It symbolizes old times when Georgian women had to defend their country with swords and they served wine to their guests. The city has two main parts — the old section which has mostly oriental architecture and the newer section which has modern Russian or Soviet architecture.

This evening, we visited the University of Tbilisi. The University put on a concert for us. It was supposed to be short so that we could talk to the students more, but they pulled their old trick again and made us sit through a long concert which left us very little time to visit.

So far I have found the people in this city very talkative. All I have to do is to show my face in public and somebody will try to converse with me.

The infection in my forehead broke open today and half of the infection cleared up. My sinus is getting worse.

Wednesday, April 5, 1961, 49th Day

Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR

My infection on my forehead broke open again today. I think that it is completely drained now.

We had a rehearsal this morning and a concert this evening in the local opera house, but aside from that, nothing happened today.

This evening when I asked for my room key, I jerked my hand in some way and it knocked a bottle of ink over. It went all over my pants, hands and the floor. The maid would not let me clean it up, though.

Thursday, April 6, 1961, 50th Day

Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR

We visited the local conservatory today. I found it uninteresting this time— probably because I was so tired that I could not pay much attention to what was going on.

I spent most of the day writing.

Our boys played basketball with the local university's team and lost by a few points.

I have finally run out of ink. (At this point my diary is written in pencil; it would be ten days before we returned to Moscow and I could find ink again.)

Friday, April 7, 1961, 51st Day

Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR

I think that I have finally broken my habit of biting my lip.

Tonight at our concert after we had played "Relax," Dr. Revelli motioned for the soloists of the piece to stand. I was not paying much attention to what was happening and when I saw him motion; I jumped up with the soloists. Once I discovered my mistake, there was not much that I could do except just stand there and take in the jeering from the trumpet section behind me.

This morning I send another letter home to Judy.

Saturday, April 8, 1961, 52nd Day

Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR

The first thing we did today was to visit a rehearsal of the Georgian Dancers of Tbilisi. Some pictures were taken of them with band (our Tour Band) and then we saw a few performances. This [dance] company is the best of all the Georgian dancing companies. It will come to Detroit soon, and when it does, I am going to make sure that everybody at home sees them even if I have to tie them up and load them into a truck! (I remember we were standing against the wall of their practice hall. The swords were very real and very sharp; seeing those flying swords up close left an indelible impression of awe. I could not stand close enough to the wall!)

After seeing the dancers, we went for an excursion into the country. On the way one of the busses broke down as they do occasionally. We saw two things of importance. The first was a cathedral built in the 11th century A.D. which is still being used. There was a service going on when we were there. The second item was an old fortress on top of a very tall and steep hill which was built in the 4th century A.D. In old times when the Turks invaded this territory, the Georgians kept the Turkish army from

conquering the area by throwing stones at it from the fort. They not only held back the Turks for a long time, but also eventually defeated them.

We left early this evening by train for Yerevan.

Sunday, April 9, 1961, 53rd Day

Yerevan,, Armenia, USSR

Just before we arrived in Yerevan this morning, we viewed a high, ice-capped mountain (Mt Ararat). It is said that on the top of the mountain is where Noah landed with his Ark. Nobody can prove or disprove this, thought because of all of the snow and ice there now. The mountain is also visible from my hotel window here in Yerevan. (Mt Ararat in Turkey). (Since this visit, there have been many credible reports of sightings of the ark. It is usually completely buried in ice and snow, but occasionally there is enough melting so that parts of it stick out. At least two people claimed to have been inside it; one of those had pictures of the ark. In the latter half of the 19th century, around 1885, there was an earth quake which split the ark in two and now one half is downhill from the other. Scientists calculate that it is amongst the largest ships ever built, including our modern oil tanker ships.)

The hotel accommodations and service here is the best yet. I have a single suite with a complete bathroom. It has a bathtub, a shower, a washbowl, a toilet with a seat (such luxury!), and running hot water. This is the first time that I have had a toilet seat since Kharkov. I also have a plentiful supply of toilet paper which has been hard to obtain in the last couple of towns that we visited. And talk about service, they will even polish your shoes for free if one wishes!

This evening, our first concert was very well received. We played a fairly good concert too. The concert was our 36th. After the concert, I met some Armenians who had been lured over here to the Republic of Armenia by some process and then they were not allowed to leave. (When the Soviets took control of Armenia, they "invited" Armenian Americans to come to Armenia to visit their families. Once here, the Soviets took the Armenians' passports and would not return them so the Armenians were trapped with no way to get out of the country. The United States declined to intervene to save them.)

Monday, April 10, 1961, 54th Day

Yerevan,, Armenia, USSR

This morning we made an excursion to a nearby village where we saw an old Armenian church built in the 4th century. One of the deacons acted as our guide. He spoke English extremely well and he really knew his business and subjects. He could talk for hours about the history of the Armenians without touching a book or running out of detail. He told us that [who] we call Armenians are really Hai. The real Armenians live south of here in Turkey. Incidentally we are only about 35 miles from the Turkish Border.

After visiting the church we visited a collective farm. It has a control office building with an auditorium and club for the workers. The farm is mechanized! It has 2 cars, 40 trucks, and a few "powerful" tractors that look as if they would fall apart if they were touched. I saw only the most basic farm machinery such as a plow and a drag. The farm has 8,100 acres and 2500 workers. The total income of the farm is 1,900,000 rubles a year of which about 60% is divided among the workers for their wages. Each worker gets about \$447 a year on the farm. It raises cotton, corn, pigs and cattle.

On the way to our rehearsal we met another American who is trying to get back into the states, but the U.S. won't allow him to reenter. We found out why. He was a member of the Labor party which is the U.S. Communist Party.

Our 39th concert was great. We received a tremendous reception again tonight. When we finished a number, the theater sounded like Michigan Stadium when we make a touchdown!

Tuesday, April 11, 1961, 55th Day

Yerevan,, Armenia, USSR

Tonight we ended our string of concerts in Yerevan with a very inspiring concert. We received an even more thunderous applause than the last night's. This concert was our 39th and it was televised. This is our fourth televised concert and we have made one movie here. The most popular composer here seems to be Gershwin.

This morning trips were made to the local conservatory and university, but I did not go because I had stomach trouble again.

At 9:30 this morning, I ordered a phone call to Mom for 1 A.M. tomorrow morning. I hope that I get a good connection this time.

Wednesday, April 12, 1961 56th Day

Yerevan,, Armenia, USSR

After packing this morning, I became sick again so I stayed in bed until we left for the train station at noon.

My call which I ordered did not come through, but I do not know why.

The train travelled along the Iranian border all day. Most of the time we were only about 50 feet away from the border. The border itself is in the middle of a river. On the Soviet side of the river, there is a double barbed wire fence with a few strands of electrified wire. There were many soldiers with fierce looking dogs on chain leashes and many pillboxes in the hills. Once we saw a young boy, who somehow got near the border, being dragged by a soldier into an old building. On the opposite side of the river there was no barrier and people were fishing from the river's bank. We also saw many herds of camels on the Iranian side of the border.

There is not much to do on this, our last train ride in the U.S.S.R., so we spend the time playing hearts. My roommates on the train are David Rogers and David Elliot.

Thursday, April 13, 1961, 57th Day

Baku,, Azerbaijan, USSR

After breakfast, we played another game of hearts. I almost lost, but Dave Dexter came through with more points than I did. The train ride today is very smooth — I can hardly notice any movement as I write this.

I have just learned that when our band visited the university on the 11th, our jazz band played for the students. After we left, a full scale riot ensued and even knives were employed.

Upon our arrival here in Baku, I was handed a bunch of flowers — mostly violets, which I put into a flower vase in our hotel room. It really spruces the place up and man, what a wonderful smell it gives the room!

At our concert tonight a small riot ensued. The place was jam packed and people were still pushing past the guards. We finally played our concert as if nothing was happening. Our concert was not great, but it was good and we received a nice reception.

Friday, April 14, 1961, 58th Day

Baku,, Azerbaijan, USSR

Today I was sick all day. I played in the concert anyway, but the pain made me feel very miserable and I could not play much. This means that I do not have pictures of and have not seen [much of] either Yerevan or Baku.

Saturday, April 15, 1961, 59th Day

Baku,, Azerbaijan, to Moscow, Russia, USSR

This morning we got up early so that we would have time to eat breakfast before catching our planes to Moscow. We are riding in two turbo jets (Russian). They are not as big as the TU114 but they are pretty nice inside — much better than the TU104 that we rode from London to Moscow. This type of plane is a 11-18. I was a little on edge throughout the flight because these turbo jets are having the same troubles [as] our Electras — wings fall off. They flew slowly for us — only 400 mph — so the danger was greatly decreased. We made the trip without any mishaps.

This afternoon we were invited by the Ministry of Culture to a reception by them. It was nice, but not much. There were toasts and since I do not drink and because I was sick I left right away.

The families at the American Embassy here in Moscow each invited a certain number of us to their respective homes. I went with D. Rogers and D. Elliot to Mr. Jones, the administrator's home. We were fed a very wonderful meal consisting of Coke (Coca Cola); ginger-ale; hamburgers with buns; hot dogs with buns; relish; mustard; catsup; French fried potatoes; butter; a mixture of corn, peas, and lima beans; and cream puffs. It was our first American meal since disembarking from our plane in London and man, was it ever good! I stuffed myself so full that I shouldn't have to eat for a week. (I did not learn that some others had been invited for an American meal during our second stay in Moscow until this current pass through our diaries.)

Sunday, April 16, 1961, 60th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

(On this day I was able to secure ink again after several weeks of having to write my diary in pencil. It appears to be a ball point pen, so I must have gotten it from our embassy friends at our dinner the day before.)

Today is our last full day in the Soviet Union. We will leave for Cairo tomorrow morning.

I am still not feeling very well although I am able to do everything, sometimes with a little pain though.

Tonight was our 42nd and final concert in the Soviet Union and I think it was also the best that we performed. Mr. Thompson, the American ambassador to the Soviet Union, was there along with a Catholic priest.

Monday, April 17, 1961, 61st Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR to Cairo, Egypt

Early this morning we boarded our busses for the ride to the International Airport. On the way, I learned the reason why so many people walked the streets at night. They share apartments and it is not their turn to sleep.

At the airport we were handed our passports and plane tickets and we had virtually no inspection at all which surprised me greatly. I thought that I would have to smuggle my souvenir rubles out.

Our planes were two TU-104s again. I must have become used to Soviet things because they did not look so bad this time. Actually they were exactly the same as the ones that we rode from London to Moscow.

On the way to Cairo, we stopped off at Tirana, Albania; but we were not allowed to go anywhere because the U.S. does not recognize the communist Albanian government. We also [saw] the island of Crete on our way to Cairo. It took about 2 hours to cross the Mediterranean Sea.

At Cairo, it took us about an hour to clear through customs. They did not inspect anything, but there [were] some forms to be filled out and we had to declare anything that would be affected by duty. What we saw in Cairo made our eyes bug out and it made me feel like I was home almost. Everything , almost, is American — billboards, cars, food etc. We can buy anything here that we can buy at home, sometimes it costs more though.

Tuesday, April 18, 1961, 62nd Day

Cairo, Egypt

Today was the most exciting day of the whole tour so far. (Translation: My stomach pain was all gone and I'm feeling great again!) Also, I think I am very lucky.

After our early morning rehearsal at the fairgrounds (an international agricultural fair); I lost my wallet and my glasses. My wallet had many important papers in it along with almost all of the money that I had. I started inquiring around as to whether anybody had seen [it]. I did not expect anybody to tell me that he had seen it even if he had. One person whom I asked and who worked at the American pavilion led me to the general director of [the fair]. This man was the assistant to the head of [the] show and he was an Egyptian. He was also a very friendly man and we soon became very friendly. He decided that the best thing to do was to report my predicament to the police, but as we were on our way to do this, it was reported to me that my wallet had been found. I was very happy and thanked Mr. Ezzat very much for his troubles and he went back to work.

Since I was already there I decided to look around the American pavilion. It was good to see so many familiar things again. They had an exhibit that showed almost everything that could be purchased in a typical grocery store. As I was wandering around, an Egyptian boy stopped in front of my path and demanded that I take his picture so I did. He does not speak English so I had no way of getting his address to send him a copy of the photograph. Later on, I met Mr. Ezzat again. He introduced me to some Bergs who live on a Texas ranch. She writes to a newspaper back home and she read her latest article for me. There were many Egyptians listening too (almost all Egyptians speak and write English). Every time Mrs. Berg praised the friendly relations between America and Egypt, the Egyptians applauded her. They (the Egyptians) told me that they want to have nothing to do with the U.S.S.R. I

think this is quite a common feeling here, because 1) the Communist Party is completely outlawed, 2) there were hardly any people at the Soviet pavilion and 3) the workers who were assigned to the Soviet pavilion felt quite unfortunate that they did not get a different pavilion.

Around noon I decided to walk back to our hotel for lunch. On the way, a native, an old man he, came up to me and greeted me as [if] I was a lifelong friend. This is very common here, too. After a bit of conversation the subject got turned to his store. Then he wanted to take me to show me his store. I kind of suspected what was up, but I was hot for the experience, so I went. When we got there, I discovered that the store was a bazaar. I decided right then and there that I was going to get something just for the experience of bartering. The man showed me all kinds of cuff links and bracelets “for Mother and Father.” Finally I asked for the price of a pair of cuff links.

“150 piastos!”

“I want two pairs. I will give you 200 piastos for both and no more.”

At this, I was put through a softening up process, but it did not work on me. The clerk looked very surprised and almost hurt that I would try to bargain. This was to get my pity. The old man who showed me the store then proceeded to lay into the [clerk] with, “How dare you act like that! This is a student, not a tourist. We only do that to tourists — you know that!”

This was to make me feel that the old man was on my side, but I was cautious.

Then the clerk brought a bracelet that matched the cuff links. The price was set at 5 pounds for the 2 pair of cuff links and the bracelet.

I said, “4 pounds.”

He then dragged out an inlaid wood and ivory jewelry box and wanted 10 pounds for everything. He made it sound like a bargain because the box was “handmade and very expensive.”

And the bartering went on and on for another 10 minutes. Finally I wound up buying the 2 pairs of cuff links, the bracelet and the jewelry box for 4¼ pounds. Later I had my purchase evaluated by a competent person and I discovered that I should have paid 5 pounds, so I did OK. (I still have this jewelry box. Later my bartering skills came in handy when I lived on Borneo for a couple of years. One time I bartered a piece of batik cloth so low that I almost got the clerk fired; the hapless girl got a pretty good drubbing from the store owner after I left. Interestingly the store owner did not interfere during the actual bartering.)

This afternoon we went to see the Giza pyramids and I rode on a camel there. We also went inside the pyramid to [the] king’s and queen’s chambers. On the way our equipment manager met me and handed me my glasses which he found near our instrument trunks. Boy I was lucky.

This evening, after our concert, we had a buffet supper, actually a lamb roast, given to us by the local youth center. It was all Egyptian food and all I could eat of it was the lamb, bananas and oranges. Here, when the bananas are green, they are ripe and also very delicious.

So, all in all, I had a very exciting day today.

Wednesday, April 19, 1961, 63rd Day

Cairo, Egypt

Today we were confined to the hotel until 1:30 because of threats of anti-American demonstrations over the Cuban situation. We had a police barricade around the hotel man to man. At 1:30 it was deemed safe enough to go out again, but in groups of no more than 3, by the U.S. Embassy.

There [were] demonstrations, but they were very slight and hardly any knew about them and few people saw them. We did not see them at all. It was disappointing in a way because we all had a half desire to see a demonstration just out of curiosity.

In the afternoon, I went shopping with [Dave] Elliot and Rudy. I bought two leather bags, a fezz, a camel saddle, two letter openers, and a bolt of cloth this time.

Other than our concert we had no scheduled appointments today. They were all called off because of the threat.

This evening D. Rogers and I ate at the Hilton. We had hamburgers. It was good, but very expensive — \$12 for a meal.

Thursday, April 20, 1961, 64th Day

Cairo, Egypt

Today was my day of rest. Except for the concert tonight I did almost nothing. Once, though, I visited a bazaar and purchased a suitcase because mine was at its end.

After our concert, I went along with D. Rogers, D. Elliot, Rudy and Elaine Scott to have dinner at the Hilton Hotel. D. Elliot ate three hamburgers, but just barely.

Friday, April 21, 1961, 65th Day

Cairo, Egypt

I spent the morning taking pictures of the city of Cairo. This afternoon I went shopping with Rogers, Elliot and Rudy. I did not buy anything, but Rogers bought a swimming suit.

This evening we attended a performance of the Sphinx show. The Giza pyramids were all lit up and there were camel rides. Supper was served and afterwards a show of belly dancers was performed. (One of the belly dancers was one of the two most beautiful girls I've met in my entire earthly life; after her performance she came and sat down next to me and I thought I was in heaven for an hour. The other woman was in Borneo a few years later from an indigenous tribe known as the most beautiful people in the world.)

After the show, we returned to our hotel and packed for tomorrow's journey [to Jordan].

Saturday, April 22, 1961, 66th Day

Amman, Jordan

This morning we got up at 5 A.M. At 7 A.M., we were on our busses and ready to leave for the airport.

At 10:30, our plane left Cairo for Amman, Jordan. It was a small DC-3 run by United Arab Airlines. Here in Amman, we are living in the private homes of the Americans living here. I am staying with Dr. Waldee, who is working with foreign aid program as an agricultural research advisor to Jordan. His home here is very much like an American home along with a stereo phonic record player.

After supper, Dr. Waldee showed me a stone similar to the one that David killed Goliath with. Boys still use these same stones along with a slingshot to chase the birds away from the sheep. He also had a stone age hatchet and a "knife of flint" both of which he showed me how to use. He also had an olive oil lamp which he showed me. We (D. Dexter and I) also were shown some slides of Jerusalem and Greece. Afterwards we had a snack in Mrs. Waldee's American kitchen.

Sunday, April 23, 1961, 67th Day

Amman, Jordan

This morning, the local Arab Army Band, similar to the Black Watch Band, did their stuff for us. It was very stirring and colorful. I must admit, I used almost half of a roll of movie film on the show.

We performed a concert here this afternoon in an ancient Roman amphitheater. This theater is the largest in the Roman Empire outside of Rome. It can hold 30,000 people.

Across from the amphitheater is a hill where General Uriah, whom King David sent to battle, was killed. After his death, David took Uriah's wife as his own. [The Jordanian name of the hill is} Jebel Jophy.

I forgot to mention yesterday, that the giants of whom Goliath was the leader ranged from 9 to 12 feet in height and have since become extinct.

We ate our meals today at the Philadelphia Club. The club is named after the ancient city of Philadelphia which is mentioned in the Bible. (Modern day Amman is the site of ancient Philadelphia.)

Tonight, we roasted marshmallows over the fireplace. It was good to do such things again.

I received a letter from home today and apparently my first letter was finally received.

Monday, April 24, 1961, 68th Day

Jerusalem, Jordan

This morning, a former graduate of U of M and an alumnus of the band, who is now working under the .4 program, drove six of us to Jerusalem.

The first thing that we saw was Mt. Nemo from which Moses looked across to the Promised Land, which we also saw. In this same valley is the "mighty Jordan River." Also in this valley is the Dead Sea. It is called the Dead Sea because it does not go anywhere and there is no water life in it. It is spring fed and, because it can't go anywhere, it is continually rising. So far it has completely covered up two ancient Biblical cities which nobody can locate. On the shoreline of the Sea are the Qumram Caves where the Dead Sea scrolls have been found.

From the Dead Sea, we went to the town of Jericho where we saw the Mt of Temptation. The oldest known civilization was here. I saw an ancient Tower of Jericho built in 7,000 B.C. We also saw the remains of the ancient Wall of Jericho which at one time encircled Eliza's fountain which is still being used. All of these cities around here have been ruined many times and new cities have built on top of the debris of the old.

Upon sighting Jerusalem itself, we viewed the Dome of the Rock which is over the spot where Solomon's temple is. In fact, one can go underneath the Dome and still see Solomon's stables. Before arriving at our hotel we also saw David's Towers and the Mt. of Olives.

This afternoon, I visited the St. Peter's church built on the site of the palace of the High Priest Caiaphas. This is the spot where Peter thrice denied Jesus and it is also the spot where Jesus was tried, condemned to death, imprisoned, and [from which he was] hanged (crucified). The twelve disciples were also imprisoned here.

(My diary makes no mention of an incident that is indelibly engraved in my memory. During our concert, I was not able to stifle a yawn. In the dressing room afterwards, as luck would have it, I was dressing next to Dr. Revelli, who proceeded to verbally dress me down unmercifully. I thought there would be no end to this tirade. Eventually Revelli, in his anger, dropped something which I retrieved from the floor and handed to him without a word. He stammered a thank you and that was the end of

the verbage but the smoke lingered. I was pretty badly shaken and went back to our room at the St. David hotel where I secluded myself. We were supposed to attend an important diplomatic reception, but I would not come out of my room to get on the bus because I was still in a state of deep shock and could not face Revelli. Finally a small committee of bandsmen came to pull me out of my state and finally got me to go to the reception. I ended up enjoying the reception. I don't remember who the guys were, but I am thankful to them for what they did for me.)

Tuesday, April 25, 1961, 69th Day

Jerusalem-Bethlehem, Jordan

This morning we spent touring Jerusalem. We saw the garden of Gethsemane. Behind the garden on the other side of the Mt. of Olives is the village of Bethany. On the hill across from the garden stands the Jerusalem Wall with the Golden Gate. The garden of Gethsemane is at the base of the Mt. of Olives. It is where Jesus met his mother after he had risen from the tomb. His ascension was from the Mt. of Olives at its top. We also saw the area where the three crosses were and we saw a tomb that has been constructed where Jesus tomb is said to have been. These two areas are only about 20 feet apart. They also had a piece of the rock that is said to have guarded Jesus' tomb.

The whole area on which Jesus was tried by the Roman court to his ascension covers only about a square mile.

This afternoon, we made a trip to Bethlehem to play a concert there, but we also visited the Church of Nativity. This church stands on a spot filled with Biblical history. It covers the manger where Jesus was born and it contains the caves where the holy innocents are buried, where the angel told Joseph in a dream to move immediately to Cairo, Egypt, and the cave where St. Jerome translated the Bible into Latin. He is also buried in this church.

Our concert tonight in Bethlehem was the first concert ever played there by anybody or group. Consequently, the response was not tremendous, but the attendance was larger than expected.

Wednesday, April 26, 1961, 70th Day

Petra, Jordan

This morning, we left Jerusalem for Petra. On the way we had to travel through the desert. On the way, we stopped at an oasis called Ma'an for pop (soda). Because of U.S. aid, a lot of the desert has been transformed into green grassland.

When we had driven as far as we could, we mounted horses for the remainder of the journey into Petra. Petra is [an] ancient city, founded by the Nabataeans, which is [mostly] carved out of rock. The Nabataeans were at their peak in the first centuries B.C. and A.D. In the year 100 A.D., the Romans conquered Petra. Later on the Muslims ousted the Romans. In 655 A.D. the Arabs conquered and completely destroyed the city. When Petra was occupied, the people made their livelihood by selling protection to the caravans that passed through the area and raiding those who did not buy [their] protection.

Tonight, I slept in a cave in Petra. The air was rather misty, but I was too tired to let it bother me.

Thursday, April 27, 1961, 71st Day

Petra-Amman, Jordan

This morning I spent walking around Petra and exploring the area. How anybody ever got the idea of carving a city out of the rock amazes. What amazes me now is how anybody even conquered the place. It just does not seem possible.

On our way out of Petra we saw a spring which Moses had discovered when he was through here.

Tonight we are staying at our host's home in Amman again. We had a hamburger dinner again tonight, but they're still good. Tonight is our last night here before going to Beirut, Lebanon.

(The return trip in the taxi caravan to Amman from Petra was a special experience. I was in a group of about 6, myself, David Rogers and some others including a few of the women in the largest taxi. Revelli, Cavendar and some others of the staff had already gone on ahead. In order to keep order in their absence, our taxi was designated the lead and our driver was told to not let anybody pass his taxi and to maintain a safe speed. Thus we started out down the single lane of paved road. Yes, only one lane; when a vehicle approached from the opposite direction, you drove with the inside half your vehicle on the pavement and the outside half in the dirt shoulder until you passed. It soon became apparent that the second taxi driver was somewhat unhappy that he was not the lead. A battle ensued as he tried to pass our taxi and our taxi driver attempted to prevent him. Eventually number 2 succeeded and the chase was on as our driver, now in deep trouble because he lost the lead, tried in vain to regain the lead. The two taxis were careening down the road at 80-90 mph. It was a white-knuckle trip and there was quite a bit of shouting at the driver from several of us passengers. I prayed. Soon a vehicle approached from the opposite direction. Oh good, we thought with relief, we will have to slow down to pass. Nope. We hit the shoulder full speed and somehow did not roll over. And so it went the entire hour and half ride to Amman. As the outskirts of Amman came into view there was a noticeable sigh of relief knowing that we would finally slow down. Nope! Full speed right through the city! We finally pulled to a stop in front of the Philadelphia Hotel and were greatly relieved to discover that we were all still alive.)

Friday, April 28, 1961, 72nd Day

Amman, Jordan-Beirut, Lebanon

This morning Dave [Dexter] and I said a sad farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Waldee and went to the Philadelphia Club for dinner and a lecture and some movies on Jordan. The lecture was by the Under Secretary of the Foreign Ministry and it was about the present Arab feelings toward the Jewish people (especially Israel) and why they felt that way. The main point was that the Arabs resent the Jewish "aggression" and wish to see an end put to it.

After the lecture and movies, we flew to Beirut, Lebanon. (Our trip to Damascus was cancelled.) Beirut is a great trading city on the coast of the Mediterranean. It is possible to buy literally anything that one wants and the shopper can pay for his goods in any currency that he chooses. The buildings are very modern, but the sidewalks are extremely narrow — barely room enough for one person.

Saturday, April 29, 1961, 73rd Day

Beirut, Lebanon

This morning, we played a concert at the International Institute here. It was our first since the Bethlehem concert 4 days ago. Considering the shape that our lips were in, I think we did all right. At the rehearsal, I signed up for commencement band. I will get paid \$40 for 3 days for that. If I am in the recording session at Carnegie Hall, I will get paid \$42 an hour for that.)Where did this amount come from? We actually were paid \$16 an hour plus overtime.)

I went shopping, after lunch, with Rogers and Elliot. Dave Rogers bought two suits, D. Elliot bought some more chess equipment and I bought a new camera.

For entertainment, several of us saw *The Ladykiller* at a cinema house. (This is a funny story which I did not record in my diary. We all piled into a taxi to take us to the theatre; the concierge at the hotel told the taxi where to go, but we neglected to get a hotel card before we left. After the movie, we hailed another taxi, but nobody could make the non-English speaking driver understand what or where our hotel was. So we just pointed the way back the way had come. The taxi driver kept shaking his head NO. We kept pointing down the street. Finally after a lengthy exchange he threw up his arms in disgust and proceeded to drive where we pointed, muttering expletives in Lebanese all the way. Just as we got to the corner to turn to our hotel, we all looked up and noticed the One Way sign pointing the opposite direction. So we had forced the hapless driver to drive a couple of miles the wrong way on a one way street! We gave the driver a very nice tip and laughed all the way to our rooms.)

Sunday, April 30, 1961, 74th Day

Beirut, Lebanon

I did not much of anything today except write. After our concert this evening, we were given a reception by the ambassador here. It was nice, but I did not find anybody interesting to talk to except a bishop. He invited me out to his home, but I doubt that I will be able to go. I am still admiring my camera a lot.

(My diary entries for Beirut are boring. I do not now remember why, because I really enjoyed Beirut; it was a kind of vacation and I felt more like a tourist than someone on an important cultural exchange mission. The beach on the Mediterranean was wonderful and I remember going across the street from our hotel to swim in the swimming pool there. One had to leave one's shoes with a shoe clerk at the pool. When I was ready to leave, the clerk had given my shoes away. I had to walk barefoot across the street to the hotel, through the lobby and to my room; I was quite embarrassed about that. Fortunately I had another pair of shoes. I filed a complaint at the hotel desk, but I never got my shoes back. Another time I had walked for awhile and was hungry so I stopped at an Italian restaurant and had spaghetti. I still remember it as the best spaghetti I've ever had. The next day I returned with several of my band friends with me to the restaurant and we all enjoyed a fine spaghetti meal.)

Monday, May 1, 1961, 75th Day

Beirut, Lebanon

Today I went with D Rogers again, this time to see if he could buy an electric shaver. I bought some flashbulbs for my camera.

Tonight our dance band played for a dance at the American University here. I went along and took some pictures of it.

Tuesday, May 2, 1961, 76th Day

Beirut, Lebanon

The purchase of my camera is really making me scrounge here. I had to borrow more money today, but I do not regret it.

We are not doing much other than rehearsing and blowing concerts. Mostly we lay on the beaches here.

Wednesday, May 3, 1961, 77th Day

Beirut, Lebanon

Today is a free day. I found out that we are going to Frankfurt, Germany and I will try to contact John Kling and say hello to him. {John was a friend of my father's who was a singer in the Metropolitan Opera choir. He was studying under a famous German tenor in Munich, but I don't remember the man's name.]

I went with D. Rogers again today. This time, he became a jobber for goat-hair rugs and Persian rugs.

Thursday, May 4, 1961, 78th Day

Beirut, Lebanon – Nicosia, Cyprus

I had [to] get up at 4:00 this morning because our bus left the hotel for the airport at 5:30.

When we arrived at Nicosia, we went to the beach [on the Sea] right away and spent the day there. (I got the "black crud" on my feet, which is a mixture of oil slicks from the oil tankers and sand. This goo stuck onto my feet better than any glue I know of and was nearly impossible to remove. I cut off what I could but the stuff was impervious to scrubbing and I walked around with these lumps on my feet for many days before they eventually wore off.) Cyprus is a very quiet and beautiful island and also very expensive.

This evening we were given a reception by the ambassador here. It was nice, but it was not any different than any of the other receptions we have had. I met a Mr. Hutchinson who is a teacher of Bible and history here at the local American college.

Friday, May 5, 1961, 79th Day

Nicosia, Cyprus

We were almost rained out of our concert today. I am glad we were not because we played for the president and vice-president of Cyprus. The president, [Makarios III], is an Archbishop also.

Saturday, May 6, 1961, 80th Day

Limsasol, Cyprus

We went to Limasol for our concert today. We were supposed to be at a reception there at 3:30, but our bus drivers did not know where to go and we did not arrive until 5:30. {The tension on the bus was very high and unflappable Fred Moncreiff "lost it," became quite angry and red faced and shouted at the bus driver.} The government here is trying to fight communism and it was said that our late arrival helped the communist cause because there were 300 people waiting to greet us. They did not know why [we] were not there and accused us of being snobbish. Our concert tonight appeared to have made up

for everything, though. We had to play in an ancient [Roman] amphitheater that lay in ruins. It was a 25 minute drive from Limasol and then we had to walk for half a mile.

We did not get back to our hotel here in Nicosia until 1:45 A.M.

(This concert's purpose was to kick off a restoration drive to restore the amphitheater. Around the year 2002, there was a documentary shown on television about this amphitheater. It is now fully restored to its original condition and it is very beautiful. Lots of credits for the project were given, but I was disappointed that our "kick-off" concert was not mentioned at all.)

Sunday, May 7, 1961, 81st Day

Nicosia, Cyprus

I slept in today until 10 A.M. When I got up, everyone had already left and I was alone so I went for a walk around the city. Hardly anyone was about but while walking along the river park along the Pedieos River which runs through Nicosia I came upon a peaceful scene of a lone elderly man quietly sitting on the bank with his bare feet dangling in the water. It looked like a good idea so I did the same and sat next to him. As with the maids at the hotel, I just smiled at him because I could not speak or understand the local languages. The man spoke to me in very good English. I of course told him that I was with the University of Michigan Tour Band. He said he had enjoyed our concert. So we carried on a conversation for about 20 minutes until he said he had to get back to work. As we parted he shook my hand and introduced himself as Mouskos Makarios, President of Cyprus. (This exchange remains among my most treasured memories of our tour.)

I spent the rest of the day back at the hotel writing until we left for our plane at 4. I even wrote on the plane.

We flew on a British Viscount with Rolls Royce engines to Ankara. From Ankara, we flew to Istanbul. When we were preparing to take off from Ankara, our plane was delayed because of technical reasons. Once we were in the air, we had a safe flight, though.

Monday, May 8, 1961, 82nd Day

Istanbul, Turkey

I wrote today. We played a concert at the American University of Istanbul.

Tuesday, May 9, 1961, 83rd Day

Istanbul, Turkey

We toured Istanbul after our rehearsal today. There seem to be many ruins of past cultures. I saw an old Roman aqueduct, a Byzantine tower and many morgues. Occasionally, I saw among the old buildings ultra modern structures. Istanbul is 3,000 years old. The police booths in the street [intersections] are sponsored by Fay and Puro. I would label Istanbul as the city of banks. There are banks wherever one looks, sometimes as many as three are next to each other.

We ate dinner at a fish restaurant on the shore of the straits. I had shrimp, but most of the band had swordfish. The one sad thing about the tour was that it was raining and we could not take pictures.

Our concerts here are receiving ovations like the ones we received in the Soviet Union. There is a great desire in Turkey for Western items and cultures and the Turkish people are very enthusiastic over Western music.

Wednesday, May 10, 1961, 84th Day

Istanbul, Turkey

After our rehearsal, I went with David Rogers and Barny Pearson to our favorite hamburger joint and had lunch. After lunch I went by myself to the post office to mail several letters and send a telegram to home asking for John Kling's address in Germany because we are stopping in Frankfurt to catch our plane to New York. I was going to send the telegram to Dad's office in Detroit, but the price was notoriously high because of the long address.

Because I could not get 6 pictures yesterday, I decided to walk around a bit. On my way I found a woodworking shop which I entered and photographed with permission. I continued my walk towards the aqueduct across the bridge and then returned back to the Plaza Hotel where I was staying. I must have walked about 6 or 7 miles, but it was a beautiful day for taking pictures, so I enjoyed it.

Thursday, May 11, 1961, 85th Day

Istanbul, Turkey

I used up my 17th roll of film today. Our concert tonight was unique. Just as Mr. Cavender was bringing his hands down for the downbeat of the second half of the concert, all of the lights in the city blacked out. While we were waiting for the return of power our barbershop quartet sung in the dark to the audience. This was very much enjoyed; in fact it received the best applause of any number on the program.

Friday, May 12, 1961, 86th Day

Athens, Greece

On our way from the airport to our hotel in Athens, we were driven through the worst section of town. I must say that the worst section of Athens looks better than any homes that I have seen anywhere on the tour. The whole city is a very clean city. Even the ruins are kept in a clean state.

The food is extremely good. I am not afraid to eat anything at all.

Saturday, May 13, 1961, 87th Day

Athens, Greece

Around here there is nothing except blocks and blocks of motorcycle stores, but I hardly ever saw any motorcycles on the streets. I bought myself a shirt and a model and an engraved telephone directory for Marvin's (my cousin's) wedding.

After my shopping spree, I walked to the Acropolis today and the surrounding hills. They are in the process of rebuilding the place now. The Parthenon is very impressive when seen from the adjacent hill.

On my way back to the hotel, I passed a shop where coffee is made. I only wish I could in some way capture the aroma to take home with me so that all my enjoy it.

We played a concert in a movie theater tonight. The sound was deadened a lot because of all of the carpeting and draperies. We finished at 12:00 P.M.

Sunday, May 14, 1961, 88th Day

Athens, Greece

This morning we blew a concert in Piraeus, a suburb of Athens. After the concert, we ate dinner at a nearby restaurant on the seashore. The Sixth U.S. Fleet is here now and we could see the ships from the restaurant. In fact, one of the sailors ate with us.

I rained almost all day so I stayed in my hotel room when we returned to Athens. Dave Dexter and I went out to eat, though. We had a very good meal at a nearby restaurant for very reasonable prices. The prices in Greece are generally quite good for everything.

Monday, May 15, 1961, 89th Day

Thessalonica, Greece

We flew from Athens to Thessalonica this morning. We stayed on an American farm school there. It is a farm where we teach Greek farmers the best way to farm with the available materials. It looks to be very successful.

We played a concert in Thessalonica tonight in a makeshift auditorium.

At the farm we were fed all of the milk, bread and jelly that we wanted. The jelly was apple butter with a honey base.

Tuesday, May 16, 1961, 90th Day

Braşov, Romania

We flew in Czechoslovakian IL=18's to Bucharest, Romania. After we cleared through customs there we proceeded by bus to Sinaia where we were served a dinner in the former king's summer palace (Peleş Castle). After dinner we travelled to Braşov where we will remain for two days. The total time spent enroute from Bucharest was around 5 hours.

Braşov is situated in the [Southern Carpathians] mountains [in the Transylvania region]. There is a tall hill projecting into the sky only a few blocks from our hotel room.

Wednesday, May 17, 1961, 91st Day

Braşov, Romania

A few of us took a tour of "Braşov." (A local man had a station wagon and offered to show a few of us around the town; I was invited by David Rogers to join the group.) It turned out to be a tour of several nearby villages, one in which we had lunch in a very fine restaurant. Unfortunately, the service was very slow. After lunch our local friend drove as fast as he could but we were late getting back for our rehearsal. Revelli has threatened to charge each of us \$5 which is against the rules. (We apologized profusely, but when we reminded him of the rule, he then threatened to put us on a plane home.) I hope he will calm down and change his mind.

Our concert here was well received. There were a lot of good moments and some bad moments, but it was fairly well liked.

When we order a dinner in this country, we must wait for two hours before we are served. It makes one mad, but I don't dare say much for fear of leaving a bad impression as we are told.

I am very tired I will go to bed now.

One more thought. Today as usual, I had to watch everybody else read their mail from home. I guess being away from home like this really shows up what one's parents really think of their children. Everybody else receives letters all of the time. I have received the least of anybody in the band. (This

was one of the very few, if the only, time I sniveled on the tour; perhaps I felt rejected because of the run in with the Chief and the lack of comfort from home compounded my hurt that day.)

Good night.

Thursday, May 18, 1961, 92nd Day

Braşov, Romania

This morning we visited a Lutheran church. It was built in 138r or rather started. It was not completed until a hundred years later. When it was built it was used as a Catholic Church. Later when Luther reformed the Romanians, the church became Lutheran and was named St. Mary's. Still later a town fire in Braşov blackened the walls of the exterior of the church and melted the gold plating off from the various statues along the outside wall so now the church is called The Black Church. Inside is still beautiful thought. One end of the church is where the organ is and where the sermons are delivered. The other end is where communion and baptismal exercises are performed. The back rests on the pews are reversible so that the congregation can sit in the proper direction according to what is happening. Braşov is a city of merchants and these merchants have collected rugs on their journeys and have been donating them to the church. The result is an excellent collection of rugs from the 17th century.

Weather has been cold and rainy. We need our coats again. I guess we are doomed to lose our suntans that we acquired in the Middle East. We were supposed to retreat to a mountain resort for the day, but it was cancelled because of the rain.

I was visiting David Rogers and David Elliot when D. Rogers decided to shave. He had shut the bathroom door behind him. First David's roommate and I taped a "Do not feed the animals" sign to the door, and then we moved a large closet in front of the door. The expression [on] D. Roger's face when [he] opened the door was priceless.

After our afternoon concert today, we rode by bus for 3½ or 4 hours to Bucharest. I rode in the back seat and I bounced around like crazy throughout the trip. The result is that I now have a back so sore that I can hardly move it.

I talked to some people after the concert. They were mostly amazed at the length of our tour.

As usually, the sun shone in Braşov until we arrived and did not shine again until we were leaving on the bus.

Friday, May 19, 1961, 93rd Day

Bucharest, Romania

I slept 10 hours last night, but it was very uncomfortable because of my sore back. Every time I moved, I felt it.

At rehearsal, when the mail was handed out, I did not get any again.

We played in a very beautiful auditorium today. It has 50 amplifiers built into the walls and a speaker for every seat. The lobby is designed for efficiency. The concert goers can quickly get his coat after the concert. Everything in the hall is luxury — even the dressing rooms.

After the concert, we were given a reception by the local American Charge d'Affairs. There were some Bucharest students there, so it was rather enjoyable even though I was so tired that I could hardly stand.

Saturday, May 20, 1961, 94th Day

Bucharest, Romania

We were given \$32 in Rumania and we have to spend it, so today after the rehearsal I ordered a scrumptious meal. It cost me \$4 and it was good to eat so much again, but even at that rate, I won't be able to use all of my money.

The whole day it rained so I did not do anything notable except play a concert this evening.

Sunday, May 21, 1961, 95th Day

Bucharest, Romania

The first thing we did today was to blow a concert in the morning. It was our last concert in Romania. All of our concerts here were well played and all of them received a wild and thunderous applause. We were informed at the concert that we would be able to exchange our money, but it would be done very secretly like it was done in the Soviet Union. It is illegal to exchange Romanian currency for American currency, but the American Legation will give us American dollars for the Romanian Lie because they can use Romanian currency.

After the concert, I walked about Bucharest on a picture taking session. The weather was very funny — I would be standing in one place and it would be raining, but if I moved a couple of feet, I would be in the sunshine. As usual, several people wanted to buy my cameras. I met some curious children and gave them some gum much to their delight.

The airlines threatened to crack down on our weight because some of us are overweight. So I redistributed my weight so I had 18 kilograms in my suitcase and 6 kilos in my handbag — well within the limits. Our cameras are not supposed to be weighted.

Tonight, we attended a very wonderful party given by two of the Legation families who live in a two family house. It was a wonderful party. The many different kinds of cakes, tarts and cookies were very good. We were allowed the run of the house, and there were many late American magazines around, so I spent the evening reading. I liked this party even better than the one in Athens.

Today was another mailless (sic) day for me, but I am getting used to it, I guess.

Monday, May 22, 1961, 96th Day

Warsaw, Poland

This morning, we drove to the airport to board our planes to Poland. For the first on the tour, some of our suitcases had to be opened for customs inspection. I did not have to open mine. While we were waiting for the plane to be loaded, Dr. Revelli played catch with a few other band members. Our planes are Czechoslovakian planes like the ones we flew from Thessalonica, Greece.

In Warsaw, we were put through a customs check that included everything except opening the suitcases.

On the way to the American Embassy, where we went because the hotels were not ready yet, we saw the destruction of the last World War. Almost every other building lay in utter destruction. Many Buildings that are not destroyed are full of bullet holes. At the American Embassy, we were served hamburgers and Coca Cola and then we went to our hotel. I am rooming with five other people. Outside our window are more war torn buildings.

We are back to food similar to the Russians again. The salad is terrible, but the rest seemed okay tonight.

There was a stack of mail two feet thick today and not one letter for me. I would think that at least my telegram would have been answered by now.

We learned today that we are to spend a day in [Frankfort], Germany before returning to New York. (Because Frankfort is a financial hub and the River Main runs through it, its nickname is Mainhattan. So you could say we returned to Manhattan from Mainhatten.)

Tuesday, May 23, 1961, 97th Day

Warsaw, Poland

I went window shopping today. Almost every window has some American products in it — one even had a Lionel Train. The prices here in Warsaw are very high, almost 4 times as much as at home even for local Polish products.

I wish I could get at least one letter before I leave Europe, but I guess I might as well give up all hope. Something must really be wrong at home because I have not even received a reply to my telegram yet and the time when I will need the address is rapidly approaching.

Tonight after the concert, a horn player from the Polish Radio Orchestra met me, introduced me to a conservatory student, and drove me to my hotel. He promised to see me again when we are back next Monday.

Wednesday, May 24, 1961, 98th Day

Katowice - Zabrze, Poland

We left Warsaw early this morning for Katowice where we will stay for two nights. We stopped several times. The first stop was about 2 hours from Warsaw. Several people needed to make a “pit stop” but the bus driver just kept on driving. Our State Department official, who could speak 6 languages but not Polish, tried telling the bus driver in each language that we needed to stop. The bus driver kept on driving. Finally, he leaned forward and said, “Pee pee!” The bus stopped immediately. There were berms on each side of the road — the girls went over one berm and the boys over the other. One place we stopped was filled with school children who were coming from school for the noonday meal.

As soon as we had eaten dinner and were situated in our hotel rooms in Katowice, we left by bus for Zabrze to play a concert. After the concert we returned to Katowice for supper. I am tired so I am going to bed without supper. Maybe I will get a letter now that I am not around to collect it.

Thursday, May 25, 1961, 99th Day

Katowice - Krakov, Poland

Yep, I got a letter from Mom. I guess I can forgive her for all the letters that I did not receive because it was twice as long as usual.

We played a concert in Krakov in a gymnasium there. I did not do very [much] playing because my nose was stuffed up and I could hardly breathe.

Friday, May 26, 1961, 100th Day

Katowice – Auschwitz – Wroclaw, Poland

We saw a very pitiful site today — the infamous Auschwitz concentration camp of the Nazis where over 4,000,000 people were killed in World War II. We saw where they lived and where they were burned. There are no gas chambers left. There were many pictures of the life of an inmate and many articles such as hair, teeth, gas cans, shoes, clothes, shaving brushes etc. which the Nazis took from their prisoners. Our guide was a former prisoner who was saved because of the liberation. The look on her face was enough to scare even the "hardest" individual.

Most of the day was spent on the bus, both to and from Auschwitz and, after lunch, to Wroclaw.

Wroclaw was destroyed during the war when the Soviets drove the Germans back. It was fought over block by block. The Soviets have built buildings out of the war rubble so now the city looks very bad. One has to be careful of falling bricks all of the time.

Saturday, May 27, 1961, 101st Day

Wroclaw, Poland

Our concert today in Wroclaw was very odd. There were three parts. The first part was played by the Symphony Band. We played very light music. The second part was played by the Jazz Band and for the third part the Symphony Band played classical works. Nobody in the band liked the programming and so there was not much enthusiasm in our playing. The Jazz Band was liked the best. After the concert, we boarded busses for Łódź. The trip was very long; we arrived at 3:30 the next morning.

Sunday, May 28, 1961, 102nd Day

Łódź, Poland

We have been rehearsing our music for the recording session lately. The music is very good and most of it is arranged by Jerry Bilik which ensures that it is good.

We played an ordinary concert tonight and it was good.

After the concert while I was waiting to board our bus for Warsaw, a girl came up to me and asked me all kinds of questions about our way of life. She was a piano student and was soon going to move to Canada to live. She explained to me that it is very easy for women to leave Poland, but it was impossible for men to leave.

Our ride tonight was not so long; we arrived in Warsaw around 1 a.m.

Monday, May 29, 1961, 103rd Day

Warsaw, Poland

I have been able to loan out all of my money except for 30 [groszy]. I will be repaid in New York with American dollars. This is the only way that I could exchange my Polish money because it is illegal to exchange Polish currency for American and the American Embassy does not need any more. Our Polish money was given to us at the tourist exchange [rate] of 24 [złoty] to the dollar instead of the official rate of 76 [złoty] to the dollar. The reason for the tourist rate is because the Polish government imposes a tourist tax on tourists. Thus a tourist actually pays 3 times what a Polish citizen pays. When we pay the same as the Polish citizen, the prices are very good. Some things then become half of what they are at home.

We played the last of concerts overseas. Both concerts today featured both the full band and the jazz band. Immediately after the concert we packed our instruments carefully for the trans-Atlantic

flight. We will not see them again until New York. At the conclusion of our concert, we were so happy that this was the last concert overseas that we jumped for joy and shook hands with each other in full view of the audience. We also received one of the most enthusiastic applauses of the whole tour.

Tuesday, May 30, 1961, 104th Day

Frankfort, West Germany

I forgot to mention [that] yesterday I made out my customs declaration list for when we arrive in New York. The total value of all of my goods that I bought comes to \$219.00

I also forgot to mention that after the second concert last night, the horn player from the Warsaw Philharmonic, whom I met in Ann Arbor last February, met me. We talked for about 15 minutes or so.

I wrote some more to my last newspaper article, but other than that, I did not do much except wait around for our plane to Frankfort.

Our plane flight was the most enjoyable yet — especially the meal. We had very delicious chicken dinner with as many cokes as we wanted. The meal was so large that I thought that I was going to blow a gasket.

Frankfort, as we saw it at night when we arrived, is the most lit up city that we have seen on this tour. I thought I was in New York for sure. Even the autobahns are just like our expressways. (Our landing in Frankfort was unusual in that there was no customs inspection at all; we simply walked right through the air terminal to our waiting busses.)

Enough for now — I must sleep now so I can rise early tomorrow to see the city.

Wednesday, May 31, 1961, 105th Day

Frankfort, West Germany

Today is the longest day of the year for me. It will last 30 hours because of our transatlantic flight.

On my hike through Frankfort, I saw a great many camera shops. Many members of the band bought German cameras, but I already have a fine Japanese camera so I did not. Parts for Japanese cameras are extremely hard to get in Frankfort. I wanted to buy a lens cap, but I could not even find one Japanese camera. Frankfort is very interesting. Downtown there are many fine shops of all kinds and the prices are good. Downtown the stores are very modern. Getting away from the nucleus of the city, I found the old quaint German style which was very pleasing to look at.

This afternoon we boarded our Air India jet for New York City. It was sure good to see such luxury again. On the plane I was informed that I was to play in the recording session Saturday. At 6:00 P.M. New York time, we made a bouncy landing at Idlewild Airport.

The first thing that I noticed about the people was that they are all bossy. It is hard to take when I am not used to it.

I did not have any trouble at all getting through customs. I thought I would have a hard time with my camera, but that was not even mentioned. My suitcases was opened, but no inspection was made of it.

Thursday, June 1, 1961, 106th Day

New York, New York, USA

We had our first rehearsals in Carnegie Hall today. It is very good hall to play in and it is also very sensitive.

On our free time I did some walking about New York. There is nothing but skyscrapers and more skyscrapers.

For my meal today, I had waffles with syrup and an ice cream Sunday.

This morning, I saw the Broadway production of My Fair Lady. It was a very inspired I liked it very much even though we have played it in nearly every concert.

Friday, June 2, 1961, 107th Day

New York, New York, USA

I spent the morning waling about Manhattan. I walked by Radio City on my way to the United Nations building (where I was chased away by guards). From there, I went past the Empire State Building and Macy's. I did not think that Macy's was bigger than Hudson's; it looked much smaller to me. From Macy's I walked up Broadway to 7th Avenue and back to our hotel. The walk took me about 2 hours, but it was very enjoyable.

This evening we blew our Carnegie Hall concert. It was so well played that it even inspired me. I say that because after having played most of the music 60 times or more, I was a little tired of it. Many people came up to us afterwards and told us how much they liked it. There were many important peop0le there too. Morton Gould, Osier, and Persichette were among the composers there. The Russian ambassador to the U.S. was there and so were many state department officials. A.N.T.A., the organizations that sponsored our tour, had most of its members there also. I think that this was our best concert to date.

Saturday, June 3, 1961, 108th Day

New York, New York, USA

The papers this morning had nothing but praise for us today. There was not the least bit of criticism which is unusual for New York critics. They said that we played *Pines of the Apian Way* better than the original performance.

From 8 A.M. to 12 A.M. today, we played in a recording session for Vanguard Records. It was frun, but my lip is so shot that I don't think I will be able to play for a few days. Incidentally, we each received \$16 an hour plus a little overtime. This is the highest rate that I have ever worked for to date.

Immediately after the recording session, we left for Idlewild airport to catch our plane to Detroit. We took off about 3:30 P.M. and we have not landed yet. We are now over Lake Ontario...

(This is the last entry in my diary. The very next page was signed by Alla, the woman I met in Kiev, the one whom I realized after we left there was looking for a way out of the oppression her family lived under. It is pretty amazing that she signed that particular page because it was not possible to know how many pages there would be in the diary when she signed it. She signed it Alla Mayhew, cha cha cha. Over the years, I've often wondered what became of her, but she left no address so it was not possible to correspond.)

THE END

