

Russian Tour Band

Version 2, June 11, 2008

Collected memories, letters, notes and diaries from the famous, 1961 108 days (15 weeks) cultural exchange tour of the University of Michigan's Russian Tour Band to the Soviet Union, Middle East and Eastern Europe.



Russian Playing Card, Jack

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Fred Moncrieff

Frederick Edward "Ted" Moncrieff



Moncrieff, Frederick Edward Ann Arbor, MI

Died March 6, 2008. His friends will miss his sense of humor and optimism, and his family will miss his overarching love. The firstborn child of Frederick Edwin and Kathleen Garnet Moncrieff, Fred-

known as Ted by those who loved him best-worked his way through Wayne State University, graduating with a degree in English. An avid golfer and tennis player, he said he played so much golf in college that he was surprised he finished at all. The greatest pleasure of his college years, though, was meeting sweet blue-eyed Jean Denis. She became and remained the love of his life. They married in 1945 and never spoke a cross word to each other during the 58 years of their marriage. Jean died in 2004, and her Ted missed her every moment of every day that passed. Now they are together again. After college and a stint with the Associated Press, Fred went to work for the News Service of the University of Michigan, starting as a photographer. Although he claimed that that was because he was the first person at the News Service to find the camera, he managed within months of finding that camera to take what is to this day the most famous photograph of the University. The Bentley Historical Library still gives distinguished visitors copies of Fred's photograph of the Diag-the one with students hustling to class as the sun streams down through the trees-and the Ann Arbor News still prints it. Fred soon added writing and editing to his services to the University. He delighted in interviewing and photographing faculty, staff, students, and visitors-whether they were heads of state or high school scholars-and producing articles, press releases, photos, and films of all that was newsworthy. A high point of his career

was organizing the press conference at which Jonas Salk pronounced the polio vaccine safe and effective, to the relief of the world. Except for two years as a partner, with his mother, in the administration of Cadillac Nursing Homes, Inc., in Detroit, Fred worked for the News Service from 1946 until 1966. He was its manager by the time he left the University to become director of public information and assistant director of development at a newly formed school. Cleveland State University was so new when Fred got there that the campus didn't yet have sidewalks-Fred said administrators wanted to see first where students walked, so they would know where to put the concrete. Fred and Jean moved the family back to Ann Arbor three years later, when Fred accepted a job as manager of communications services and educational development at the Commission on Professional and Hospital Activities, a nonprofit research and information center dedicated to the improvement of hospital and medical care. After three years at CPHA, Fred-ever interested in something new-became a real estate broker. With that credential, he not only sold houses but founded and edited Michigan Realtor magazine and contributed frequently to national trade journals. Further, he went to work for the advancement department of St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, securing, managing, and marketing gifts of real estate made to the Mercy Heritage Program and, of course, editing fund-raising publications. Fred said the best job he ever had was as business manager of the University of Michigan Symphony Band on its four-month tour of the Soviet Union and Near East in, 1961. That trip was the first cultural exchange of the Cold War and a life-altering experience for all who were privileged to participate. Fred documented it in photos, films, slides, press releases, stories, audio tapes, and letters home. In one of those letters, Fred asked Jean, in the depths of his loneliness and hers, to remind the children he was making this trip on their behalf and that

it was a job that must be done. The world needed individuals willing to extend themselves to promote understanding among peoples. Fred unfailingly praised the band members as excellent ambassadors of culture and good will. "There is no pretense on their part," he said, "just genuine friendship." He made it his job to keep the students' spirits up, and they responded with 47 years of affection. Fred's records of this historic trip may be found in the Frederick E. Moncrieff collection at the Bentley Historical Library. In retirement, Fred directed his writing skills to fiction, producing stories of his boyhood in Detroit and *Sister Angel*, a collection of short stories based on the work of his dear sister-in-law, the Angel of the Cass Corridor. Fred loved being busy and involved himself in a wide variety of community services. He served on the governor's special public health study commission. He was president of the Ann Arbor Board of Realtors and director of the Michigan Association of Realtors and taught real estate courses at the University of Michigan. For decades, he headed the building and grounds committee of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, and he served three terms on St. Andrew's vestry. He also served on the Ann Arbor Public Library Advisory Board, the board of the Washtenaw County Chapter of the American Red Cross, the Michigan Nursing Home Association, the PTO, the Boy Scouts of America, the United Appeal of Cleveland, the Cleveland Welfare Federation, and the Housing Bureau for Seniors and wrote numerous articles for the United States Information Agency. The true center of Fred's life, though, was his family. Jean was his ever-present comfort, and he bounded out of bed cheerful every morning, ready for whatever wonders the day held in store. He came home for lunch every workday, to Jean's and the children's delight. He attended every concert, play, and recital in which those busy children participated and as many of their athletic events as possible. He rejoiced in what made his daughters happy, and grieved with them in times of trial. He and Jean raised them all in the love of Jesus Christ and spoke of them and their husbands, families, and accomplishments with

admiration, respect, and love. Fred is survived by his brother Bruce Moncrieff (Elizabeth), his sister Norah Williams (Jack), and his sister-in-law Sister Mary Andrew, R.S.M. Fred and Jean raised five daughters: Sue DeMars, Nancy Moncrieff (Edward LeBaron), Carol Rose (Paul), Marilyn Moncrieff (John DeBrosse), and Janet Steuck (William). Their girls had six children, one of whom died in infancy, and three stepchildren. Fred also leaves behind special friends Eugene Bossart and Audrey Mitzelfeld. Cremation has taken place. A memorial service to celebrate Fred's life will take place at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church at 10 a.m. on Saturday, April 5, 2008, with a reception to follow at Glacier Hills from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to one's favorite charity.

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Jazz Notes

Anne Spear/Atchison

The Band contained, within it, jazz groups: Big Band, Dixie Band and small group, and they held "open rehearsals" where Russians could come listen. As a jazz fan, I know I went to listen, and the visitors gave members the names and locations of where jazz could be heard in Moscow. I remember taking a cab with Karen Hill, Michael Mark and Curt Chase, to go hear a group that was pretty good. My overall memory is that we went to various jazz clubs at

Loren Mayhew

I remember going to a jazz or dance band at the Friends House, I think it was. As I recall, jazz and dance band was "black market" music and you advertised it in whispers. It sounds like you found more of it than I did. I got

Dave Wolter

According to my diary, on the 4th our di-
xieland band went to the American Club and we had a wild party.

Barnie Pearson

On Tue, Mar 4, 2008 at 7:10 PM, Byron Pearson <barnie@i2k.net> wrote:

Yes, we went to a couple of jazz clubs in Moscow. Does anyone remember the "Ameri-

Marty Gurvey

Barney--You old goat. Those of us that went to the Americanski club got hammered out of our minds, remember? (How could you?) Then, somehow, we staggered into taxis

different times, but lacking a diary I can't be sure...Jazz was "bourgeois" and "decadent" so it was not easy to hear. Does anyone else recall the jazzy side of Moscow?

At our 45th reunion I heard Charley Martyn say after reading some of Rudy's diary "was that the same tour I took?"

a hoot when the Poles forced Dr. Revelli to include our jazz band on our concert program. Years later I heard (I'm not making this up) Revelli admit publicly at a concert he was conducting that jazz was OK but only for a little while.

cansky Dome" (sp)? It was a nice club with bar and other accoutrements for the American Embassy staff.....I know I went there with several others but I don't remember who.....

and told the Russian cab drivers what their mother's looked like, except we all smiled when we said it, and they smiled back. We were lucky they never took English.

Leaky Bugle by Jerry Billik

THE 'LEAKY BUGLE' - SPECIAL INTERNATIONAL AIR MAIL EDITION - VOLUME II, Week of February 27

VARSITY BAND LEAVES FOR RUSSIA JAMES SHORTT makes STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT

PERSONAL MESSAGE DEPARTMENT

To: Don Hints
From: E. V. Chasterville (Pres., Am. Soc. of Photo)
Re that photo of you taking pictures in front of St. Basil's which made all the front pages--Gaskill, Matthus, Livingston, Etheridge all are photographic but your photography is quite deplorable, and unless improvement is seen in your camera stance you will be dropped from our membership.

To: Carl DePhouse
From: F. J. Sznabensup (Pres., Allied Van Lines)
We are happy to inform you that you are the recipient of this year's "Shove-and-Grunt" Award. This entitles you to a full year of graduate study at the Institute for Furniture Movers (back door, Waterman Cyn).

To: Dr. Revelli
From: Ruth Lehman
Chief, we have a slight problem. It seems the printing plant made a mistake and substituted Feb. 30 in place of Sept. 30 in the first Band Day letter. The plant dept. called and asked what they are supposed to do with the ten thousand bandmen camped out in the snow by the Stadium.

To: George Cavender
From: Mrs. Cavender
What did you do with the car keys?

To: Willie Curtis
From: Seismographic Institute, Yale Univ.
Please take it a little easier on your fortification accents. You are throwing off seismograph machines all over the world and starting an earthquake panic.

CAMPUS NEWS

OR
OH, WHAT YOU MISSED!

A LECTURE ON MUSICAL COMPOSITION BY USE OF A HIGH-SPEED DIGITAL COMPUTER. (Don't laugh; it writes better than half of the composition students here! And the editor has hired it to do a couple of half-time shows for next fall.)

FOUR OR FIVE NEWS LOGS BY THE BASKETBALL TEAM Nov that's really novel! SWIM, TRACK, HOCKEY, AND ESPECIALLY GYMNASIUM ARE DOING VERY WELL.

You will be interested to know that last week you were being heavily covered in the news, including re-broadcasts of interviews over Radio Moscow. Even the Michigan Daily gives you a little varacrensh awe and then.

ANN ARBOR, Feb. 27 (CP) (Clothes Press--to you)
James Shortt, the "Mr. Clean" of the Univ. of Michigan called in reporters today and gave the following news statement:
The University of Michigan Varsity Band, under the direction of Messrs. Lilly Huanstein, Stout, Scrubbins, Mueller, Hall, Luceni, Cooper, and Teal (with special assistance by R. Lehman), left early this morning on two courted Luftwaffe dirigibles for first leg of their flight to Moscow. The band had been delayed two days by good weather, but the typical Ann Arbor winter returned today and they were able to take
HEAVY BAGGAGE

The band is traveling with forty-six matched metal filing cabinets (the contents of which were emptied onto the library floor to make room for the instruments) and a first-aid kit.

The purpose of the trip according to Shortt was to go and find out whatever became of another group of musicians which Ann Arbor earlier this month. There is speculation that members of this first group (known as the HARRIS HALL GANG) may have commandeered their Air India jet and forced the pilot to ditch somewhere about thirty feet off the coast of the French Riviera. At any rate the whereabouts of the Harris Hall gang has become virtually unknown, and it is hoped that the Varsity Band will be able to "bring 'em back alive."

LATE NEWS BULLETIN---IT HAS JUST BEEN DISCLOSED THAT UNKNOWN MEMBERS OF THE U. S. VARSITY BAND HAVE COMMANDEERED THEIR DIRIGIBLES AND HAVE MADE THEM CHANGE COURSE IN THE DIRECTION OF CANNES, FRANCE. IT IS FURTHER REVEALED THAT MATCHED BOXES HAD BE SUBSTITUTED FOR INSTRUMENTS IN THE FILING CABINETS.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR DEMANDING AN END TO APPROPRIATE DEMONSTRATIONS IN FRONT OF THE GIRLS' DORMS. (No, don't rush back; it's being taken care of here. They've tarred and feathered the author.)

Memories and Notes

Ann Arbor News, March 6, 1961

On March 6, the following article was published by the Ann Arbor News. It was the first in a series written by Ken Oyer.

All our apprehensions about the USSR seemed to be perfectly represented by the stark appearance the Moscow airport in the dimness of the runway lights. There was no reception for our plane which arrived 90 minutes after the first half of the band. The fatigue caused from waiting in terminals had taken away our ability to get excited about anything.

We were too tired to be happy, but were glad to see our hotel rooms at last. (The accommodations have been very satisfactory, contrary to what we had been told to expect.)

A pleasant surprise was in store for us at our first concert. The rhythm clap, which we Americans associate with poor taste and displeasure, is used in this country to express great gratitude and appreciation. It was thrilling indeed to hear this very dynamic ovation the first time, a new kind of music to this musician's ears. During the applause and the early encores people filed up to the front of the auditorium and packed themselves around the stage in a manner which our guides had never seen before. This sort of behavior has been common at our concerts.

Our first stay in Moscow was only two days because we were delayed in Detroit and New York. Leningrad was next on the agenda, due for a five-day stay.

It is difficult to compare the two cities. Moscow is a very hard-working city with far more trucks than cars, and a great deal of construction underway, a fact which mars the appearance of the city. Leningrad, on the other

hand, has a marvelous residue of nobler grandeur in the Hermitage and multitudes of historic buildings. The atmosphere is more westernized, perhaps even a little liberal, so we enjoyed it very much.

But the people in the Soviet Union... Marvelous! One evening after a concert three of us decided to exit through the front door in hopes of catching a taxi sooner, but the people recognized us and began to ask questions about ourselves, the band and our homeland. At first the three of us were back to back, and finally we were separated by some distance and a number of people. Everyone we spoke to was sincere and genuine in his interest. The curiosity these people have about America is burning and, I believe, uniformly shared by all of them. One of the most interesting questions I was asked was if it is difficult to leave the United States to visit other countries. The group was silent when I said no.

This question and answer period lasted 45 minutes on a cold windy street at 10 in the evening. Some 50 or 60 people stayed the whole time.

The Soviet people have good humor and laugh readily at simple things. They appreciate small favors and have a generous nature. Those who have attended our concerts exhibited a sincere love of good music as well as a thorough knowledge of the literature and a desire to hear all the American music they can. (Perhaps they would request French music if we were Representatives of France.)

The language barrier is sometimes a problem, but it is being handled very well by our University students Sue Evely and Dale Winkels, came along as interpreters. Some of us

have made our own attempts to learn something about the Russian tongue, and not without humorous results. A certain member of the

Curtis Chase

The Russian Tour and playing for Dr Revelli was something that changed my life. I was a middle school band director for 34 years-

last 22 at Amherst Middle School near Buffalo NY and I tried to live up to Revellis standards of excellence throughout my career. He even came to work with my band. i lost about 5 pounds and thought he might walk out-told the kids he loved them & sent me a great letter-I damn near DIED after the tour when hardly anyone had a good word for him!

It has been hard for me to keep in touch-missed the last reunion due to surgery& aftermath. Am fine. Missed a semester of school.

I was married on the trip-still am-with Ivy and 53 years, 4 kids & 6 grand children. We are all in good health. I'm 75-don't believe that.

Susan Evely/Schuur

Hi Lauren (sp),

It's Susan, your interpreter that day at the post office! I remember going with you (but not where it was in relation to the hotel) and helping fill out those lengthy postal forms. I also remember your horn class at the conservatory and I think I was at your party that evening.

Don D'Angelo

This awakened some gruesome memories of just how often we played in the open in these wonderful amphitheaters built centuries before by Romans who understood acoustics

Sometime during the visit to Athens.

band mistook the word for "hello" to mean "thank you" and during the course of one meal, he said hello to the waitress a dozen times.

I worked with Mike Mark-he was my boss, at Auburn, NY for a year. Mike was my roommate on the trip.

I am still very much playing trumpet-8310 custom. Lead in 2 big bands-remember great lessons with Mr L(illya). A wonderful teacher and friend.

I have a picture of the band & one of Revelli in my den & there isn't a day that goes by when I Don't think of that band, that trip & Revelli conducting "Elsa". I really can't play in concert bands around here. Not that I'm too good, but after Revelli it's hard to take some conductors seriously.

Thanks again David — I do have a dory — can't find it — but I do have one and a ton of pictures.

I didn't keep a diary of the trip, so I'm really enjoying reading yours and the other diaries.

Susan (Evely) Schuur

PS I kept up my Russian for quite a while, but now it's very rusty. I can still understand it, but I wouldn't be able to say much more than the simplest things.

well. The concert in the old Roman theater in Amman, Jordan stands out in my mind so clearly. And the old theater in Crete also will last until I take my last breath.

Here I was in the heart of Grecian Democracy. I could hardly believe my eyes as I awoke to a bright sun filled room. Looking outside I could see the Acropolis and was determined to spend the day on that historic ground. As a fourth grade student in Arbutus, Maryland (my home town at that time) I had studied Egypt and Greece and had looked at the National Geographic Magazines and dreamed that one day I might see it in person. And finally after Egypt, when so many of us in the band crawled into the pyramids to see the burial chambers of the Pharaoh Chiops and visiting the Sphynx, I was about to fulfill my dream of seeing the Acropolis. Skipping breakfast, I hailed a taxi and directed him by shouting "The Acropolis." He smiled and off we went. After about 20 minutes we arrived and I paid him and started the long walk from the bottom of the hill up to the Propylaeum. As it came closer and closer, I remember how anxious I was to get there, almost forgetting to pay the entrance fee which could have been hundreds of Greek dollars, but in actual terms was a very small amount (as I recall). From the scaffolding and ladders the archaeologists were still putting the fallen columns back into place. Their shapes were massive but beautiful beyond any I had seen. I remember that the original architects, Phidias, Ictunus, and Callicrates had designed these columns so that they appeared straight, but were actually bulged in their shape. I stood for a few minutes just inside the 24 columns which make up the Proylaeum and wondered whether the restoration would ever be completed. (In 1985, Karen Swall D'angelo, my two children [16 and 17 years of age] and I would revisit Greece and see the progress which has been made.) Just to the right of this gateway was the tiny temple of Nike just on the edge of the Acropolis. At that time visitors could go inside and view the temple, and I must have spent 30 minutes just awe struck to be there. In 1961 the Parthenon was not even being reconstructed and had only the outer columns suggested. Marble debris lay everywhere. Only a few of the figures left by Lord Elgin were visible in the architrave but still re-

mind me of the glorious history they told of Athenian history and mythology. Once again in 1961 visitors were not forbidden entry into the innermost rooms of the Parthenon. I had bought a guide to the Acropolis and began to read about the buildings and their history. Some of what I read was familiar and much was new, but I was determined to read it all surrounded by this architectural marvel, created by one of humankind's most advanced cultures. Finally at three o'clock, I was fully satisfied and descended the steps of the Propylaeum to return to my hotel. How blessed I felt at having this once in a lifetime visit to the wonders of Egypt and Greece. (In 1985, my son and I took the trip to Delphi to see the Greek ruins there with much of the same awe and wonder I experienced in 1961).

Here we were in Frankfurt, West Germany. What a difference from the Soviet Union and the Eastern Republics we had visited. If there was any doubt about capitalism, this surely was the way to convince us of the fastest way to development, and communism surely couldn't compare. I thought then as I do now that eventually humankind would choose capitalism and not communism, and I have lived long enough to see it happen in China and India.

After a night of rest, I had one more experience in the downtown area of Frankfurt. Before leaving for our concert tour, I had promised my dad (who was a barber and who had taught my twin brother and myself the trade) that I would bring him a German straight razor. Soligin (sp.?) Germany produced some of the finest razors and I was looking for a special brand, called Zwi Kinder (two children). So off I went in search of a cutlery. The clerk at the hotel had described a store not far from the hotel, and I quickly found it.

Upon entering, I tried some of my best German only to be told, "I speak English. It won't be necessary to use your German," the owner said. I thanked him and apologized for my poor German, which I said wasn't intelligible anyway. We both laughed and I continued ask-

ing whether he had the brand of razor I had described earlier. He said yes and then questioned me about what I was doing in Germany. I quickly described our concert tour of Russia and the Near East and told him how much I admired Frankfurt. He sighed and said, "Had it not been for America and its Marshall Plan, we would be speaking Russian and be under the Communists. The Russian Army was on its way deep into Germany as World War II was ending, with the aim of bringing Germany into Communism. That system which Karl Marks had first defined didn't allow for capitalism and freedom. You can see the difference between the two systems right here in Germany when you compare Eastern from Western Germany. The East just doesn't develop. It is a backwards country and the work ethic so much a part of German culture and progress isn't there. Everyone is lazy with no ambition to do anything but the minimum. They won't do anything without a boss or higher up to tell them what to do." But surely that would change, I asked, if given the opportunity (which came when the Russian empire fell in the 1980's). He shook his head and said, "No, I don't believe it would. Once you've been raised under this system of government and social order, you really are stuck. Communism teaches young people to think not as individuals, but as a member of the group. When given a choice to either improve yourself or the whole society, they would choose the latter. The system doesn't emphasize the individual. It emphasizes the group and discourages individualism and self improvement. If change is to occur, in the system, it is from the top down and not from the bottom up. Their system of thinking and ours is completely different." When I married my second wife in 1989, we traveled to Munich where she had friends teaching at the University. We stayed at their home during our vacation. After dinner, we met our guest's brother who was supervising the switch over from western gauge tracks from the eastern narrow gauge tracks. He told us a very interesting story of how he had come across a group of workers responsible for mak-

ing the change. "They were sitting around talking when I arrived. I asked them why they weren't working, and they said no one had told them what to do. I asked whether they had called their supervisor for commands, and they said, no. I then asked whether they had any idea about how to prepare for the change over, but they had none. It's easier to use western labor than to teach these ex-communists how to work,"he said. I remembered my conversation with the cutlery owner in 1961 and thought how insightful he had been way back then.

Well, I'm almost finished with adding to the things we remembered about this once in a life time musical tours. I distinctly remember the musical "My Fair Lady." The theater was packed although the original cast had been replaced with equally fine actors and musicians. And the taste of American food was such a pleasure after all that foreign food. I, like you, lost 15 pounds. When my mom and dad saw me they took me to a restaurant in New York and told me to eat as much as I wanted in order to gain some weight. I introduced them to Karen Swalls folks and we had a good visit, knowing that this was to be my future wife. So you see the tour gave me a double bonus.

The thing that really impressed my folks was that concert at Carnegie Hall. Dad told all the customers in the barber shop that it was the best music he had ever heard. And on our way home that's all he could talk about. I remember how depressed I was after getting home and not having any of my Michigan Band friends to talk with. Al Werner lived in Pennsylvania and I would call him and go up to see him, but the sound of our band really stuck with me a long, long time. What a joy it was to see you all in '91 at the reunion. I have the video and watch it often.

And so it ended, but the memories live on and grow with the passing of years (which are flying by so quickly). I am forever grateful for this tour and the friendships it gave me. God blessed me with a fabulous tour and a

wonderful life. God Bless you all for being a

Bruce Galbraith

I agree with Howard Toplansky. Meeting the people that heard us has been an endorsement of all we accomplished.

The principal cellist in the Indianapolis Symphony was the first for me. There have been several more: Just this past year the string teacher at Hackley School in NY (I was consultant for them) was another. But the best of all for me is the conductor of the Ft. Wayne (IN)

Marty Gurvey

Katchaturian was staying at the same hotel in Cairo as we were (Hotel Semiramade?). I got two autographs, which I still have. I wish I knew what to do with them. He drew a large treble clef, and then signed his name.

Fred Heath

I found my own diary on exactly February 19 due to a radiator leak forcing me to move some boxes in the basement, and there it was! Still looking for Susie's, as female input was lacking initially, but fortunately is now increasing.

Bill Hettrick

Here's a story that I'm sure took place in Odessa, but if it was in another city we visited, I'll be happy to be corrected. At one point some of us were walking through an outdoor market, and we saw Noelle Papsdorf noticeably taking pictures of a peasant woman. Suddenly a policeman approached her and started to take her away. I (chivalrously) walked over immediately so that she would not be abducted alone. Someone else was with us, but I'm sorry that I no longer remember who that was. We were taken to a very small police building and put into some sort of interrogation room. It was

part of it.

Symphony - where my son plays horn. He raves and raves about the Univ. of Michigan brass - and asks, 'Why can't we get that kind of sound'? Then he goes on "Let's see, who is it in our orchestra that had a father in that band?", and my son ducks for cover - never letting on. (You know the relationship between conductor and troops, right? We learned it in '61, if not before. Stay below the lights - avoid the glare - pun intended.)

Note: Howard Toplansky noted that the hotel was Semiramis Hotel (Semiramide in English).

Mine is mostly shorthand jottings, one of which included a snowball fight with a group of railway yard workers when the train to Kiev made an extended stop in the evening. Sinta was one of our top guns. Everyone was laughing on both sides. We launched the only U.S. guided 'cold'-war missiles at the Russians.

very plain, I remember, and a big splatter of ink was prominent on the plaster wall, as if someone had thrown an entire inkwell while being tortured. I'm sure my imagination could have turned the stain into blood, but it was just plain ink. The policemen were polite enough, I remember, but firm. We were given the impression that someone who spoke English was being sent for, and sure enough, the man eventually appeared. I had read somewhere that you always have the upper hand in confrontational situations if you can tower over your opponents, so I stood up during the session that en-

sued. The man explained to us that photographing (almost everything in the Soviet Union) was not allowed, and that (and I clearly remember this) he feared that we would go back to the U.S. and show these pictures and Americans would get the impression that everybody in the Soviet Union was poor, etc., etc. Of course, the poor part was largely true, but I couldn't say that, so I stretched myself up to full height and explained that we had enjoyed seeing their beautiful city and meeting the wonderful, friendly people, and that my friend was just taking a picture of the market with all of its won-

Larry Livingston

As luck would have it, I had the opportunity to conduct in the great Atheneum Hall in Bucharest in 2006 and 2008. I led the George Enescu National Orchestra of Romania in two different subscription concerts. I did Pictures, Shostakovich 5, Candide Overture, Nabucco Overture, the Mozart Clarinet Concerto with a renown Romanian clarinet player, and perhaps of interest to jazz aficionados, a reorchestration of some pieces Bill Evans recorded with his Trio and Orchestra from the 1960s. The latter I did with the American jazz wizard, Shelly Berg, along with a Romanian bass player and set drummer. We did the Faure Pavane, Bill's tune, My Bells, and a 7/4 setting of the Beatles' Blackbird. The Orchestra is very good and it was a great adventure to bring some American music to them.

I asked the Orchestra if they had attended our concerts performed in that same Hall in 1961 and several remembered vividly having done so. They raved about the quality of our Band and about the beauty of sound (a real comment about the old man and his sonic image). Obviously, we left a truly indelible impression.

Rich Longfield

Kiev. I remember the crumbled gate ruins & the man's "whiz." I may have a slide - only of the ruins - will take a look.

derful produce, and that we would tell our friends at home how wonderful the Soviet Union was and how happy and wonderful the people were, blah, blah, blah. Well, it must have worked (or maybe they had never intended to detain us long), for we were released. They kept Noelle's camera, and when we got back to the hotel (I remember that we got in late to a meal) we explained everything right away to Harry Barnes. Noelle's camera was eventually returned, sans film. Does anybody else remember this?

The Atheneum is still unbelievably beautiful. Huge circulation spaces in elephantine foyers, elaborate, baroque stairways of marble and gigantic pillars with gilded Gold filigree adorn this souvenir from a time long since passed. The Romanians are terrific people, kind, gregarious, and mostly fluent in English. (My Romanian is pretty primitive, though the Orchestra both appreciated and seemed to find something quite human and ingratiating in my attempts, especially since the standard Romanian maestro is given to flights of intolerance and haughtiness.) The economy is a problem but there seemed to be some hope for improvement. I was there in the winter and it reminded me of trudging from West Quad to Harris Hall in the unrelenting February cold. Something bracing and purifying, that, though I confess to being fully spoiled by LA.

Thanks to all of you for sharing your reminiscences, piquant and redolent, and for the very notion that we actually were as Merlin said to Arthur, "the stuff of future memory."

Barney came to my hotel room to play a few rounds - I'm not sure of the city, but it was one of those after Moscow. Since there was no

desk, we sat on, and used the bed, upon which Barney placed an ash tray, and smoked a cigarette. Neither of us noticed that the lit cigarette rolled off onto the bedding. Do you all remember those duvet-like set ups which we commonly found - a top sheet-bag with a wool blanket inside, and there was an oval opening in the top where one could reach in and stuff the blanket to the corners? Well, Barney's cigaret made a small, charred burn through the upper sheet cover and into the wool blanket. Barney exclaimed "ratsky!" (perhaps), and wet his finger tip, rubbed the spot a bit, and we finished the game. When we boarded the busses to leave for the next city, George came to me with a hotel employee and our interpreter, Dale. He said I owed a sizable amount of money for the replacement of the entire set - which had to be

Michael Mark

Does anyone remember a fine system that was announced on March 15? Three rubles deducted from pay for losing a uniform tie, los-

Charlie Martyn

I remember none of the hotel inconveniences which are often related by various members though I did hear them at the time. Perhaps its because I did not have any. There is no mention of them in my many letters to Ruth. Maybe I was that oft described "good traveler." As we used to say in the army, if someone was not complaining it would not be safe to walk down the company street. Did anyone in this outfit ever qualify as a good traveler? Who judged? What criteria? Was there a ballot or poll?

I remember well our visit to Auschwitz and the reaction of band members after that unpleasant side trip. Reading the "Arbeit Macht Frei" sign over the entrance started the big lie and the continuation of exterminating a people. One surprising fact about our seeing that infamous place to me was the groups of small children perhaps 7 or 8 years of age who were being taken through as well as our group of uni-

paid before we could leave. When I asked for an explanation, the hotel person-to-Dale-to-me version was: the blanket cannot be repaired - pay for a new set. I responded: "If I'm paying for a new set, it sounds like I've actually bought the old set - so, I'll pay the rubles, but I want the damaged set." George thought that sounded quite fair, and after Dale's relay of this proposal to the hotel person, which was followed by a very furrowed brow and a certain amount of consternation, the hotel person told us the blanket set "problem" was ended - no payment due, and we were free to leave. I have wished from time to time that I had that most unusual souvenir!

ing music, and being late for rehearsal. Five rubles for missing rehearsal. Was anybody actually fined?

versity students. In my entire time with the band, I had never seen the personnel as somber and serious as after that trip. Of course as Jane noted that whole phase of W.W.II was so long ago, but for me as a teen-ager as the war ended I still remembered the newsreels of the concentration camps and the horrors they represented.

Other anecdotes about Poland were that we were asked to do more jazz shows and I tangled with the Chief when he told me we stayed on stage "too long". As I looked at my watch I observed to him we had done forty minutes like we were told and no longer. We were also asked to go to a jam session and I did with WDR in tow. He sat there looking like his lemonade was extra sour and it seemed an extra challenge to get started playing with the Polish musicians. Gad, the sacrifices we made for our art!!

In subsequent trips to Europe, Ruth and I saw Dachau twice and the Nazi efficiency was structured the same way there. Our battle with one man rule would soon be ending with a totality of education for most participants and a world class tour that would be unlikely to be duplicated ever again in band history simply because of the cost.

I remember our last day in Warsaw very well. Those of us participating in the jazz portions did double duty with four programs the last day at their Philharmonic Hall. Jazz, Symphony, Jazz and Symphony. I was heading toward a spiral staircase to get to the instrument cases really dragging and the Chief stopped me. With that inimitable Revelli gaze he looked squarely in the eye, and put his hand out and simply said "thank you".

As we got to New York , he motioned for Gene and I to get off first which we did. I could see Ruth standing there holding Jeanne and waving and smiling and yes, pointing to that beautiful daughter of ours. As luck would have it I was first off and last through customs as I recall because of that white leather bag Stubbins had given me to carry the spare clarinet and the woodwind repair materials. When I finally got to Ruth and Jeanne I handed that bag

You got some of it right [getting break time at Carnegie Hall recording session] but inadvertently gave me more credit for controlling the Chief than I deserve. I still had my Local 6 card from S.F. and the Local 625 card from A2. We had been recording for an hour and I knew the brass were getting tired. The old man had been raising his particular kind of hell, fuming, fussing, talking, etc. when I quietly leaned forward and suggested "Chief, the brass sound tired, perhaps they could use a break" I was confronted with "'I'll decide when this group has a break" The Vanguard people and probably some Local 802 rep came down to talk to him. Very quickly he was advised in 802 recording sessions there is a break every hour. The conversation continued they only had three tunes in the can from an hour. If we were going to get

to the first person nearby and said "hold this" The luggage attendant was none other than the entrepreneur who had it made and gave it to Bill Stubbins, the President of the G.Le Blanc corporation, Vito Pascucci. I was too excited to think and ran all over the airport with Jeanne in my arms. I still relate to our service personnel when they come back from a deployment to see a child born while they were off fighting some war. In my own mind we fought the "Cold War" with our instruments, musicality, able representation of our nation and great University by all that we did and performed.

There is a letter I wish to send to all of you colleagues after Dave completes his task. He deserves special attention from all of us for this disciplined labor of love!

Ruth tells me that early in the day we wives and family got on a bus and went to the airport to meet the band, we waited and waited and no airplane, as we-baby Jeanne, Mary Gonzalez and I-were standing there, I had my first brief moment of panic-that maybe the band and Charlie would not return, however, they announced that there had been a delay and we re-loaded the bus, returned to the hotel and did the whole thing again later, this time we saw Gene and Charlie come off the plane—HOORAY.

this recording done in the next two hours some changes were going to have to be made. I remember one voice saying, "if you don't like it take it again, we'll do the rest".i As recording pros they could fix it, make it work, cut and splice etc. etc. If you all remember, we got our break and the next two hours put that record in the can.

Now more recently I heard from Roger Nixon since I had sent him a letter from the U.S.S.R. advising of the response from the Soviet audiences about his Elegy, Fanfare and March .I told him of the audience murmurs, nyet, not that Nixon, meaning the former V.P. My observations were the audiences responded positively to his work since the march style was reminiscent of Prokofieff with its melodic shift-

ing much as Sergi had done in Opus 99 which we also played. Roger had joined the San Francisco State faculty after I graduated but I had met him a couple of times when we went back to play on the west coast in the summers. He was totally elated according to reports I got from State when I wrote of the fine reception of his work. My mentor at State was a Michigan grad band director Ed Kruth who encouraged me to earn a D.M.A. at "M" and was very supportive of Roger's works and encouraged him to write more band literature. Ed told me Roger ran all over campus with my analytical brief.

Loren Mayhew

Near the end of our stay in the Soviet Union, we were at dinner at our hotel where we, one by one, went surreptitiously to an upstairs room where we gave our leftover rubles to Fred Montcreif which were then sent to the US Embassy via diplomatic pouch. As I remember, this was illegal to exchange rubles for dollars in the U.S.S.R., but the embassy did it under the noses of the Soviets so we didn't get stuck with useless rubles which they could use in their daily business. We received equivalent US Dollars when we returned to US soil. Strangely, I did not write about this in my diary, probably because we were still in the Soviet Union and I did not want to be the provider of illegal evidence. Does anyone remember when, where and what event this was? Rich Longfield says this event actually happened in Bucharest, Romainia.

On another note, the magnitude of what we did just "hit" me. How many go

Jane Otteson/King

I think you're [Ann Speer/Aitchison-ed.] right. I have a slide of a wall of newspapers inside glass cases, and the whole newspaper is about Gagarin. And when we got back to Moscow wasn't there something about Kruschchev having been scheduled to attend one of our concerts but going to a re-

Recently ,Roger wrote when I sent him a copy of our '61 concert in Hill. and was most appreciative. He vividly recalled my letter which he described as the FIRST news of the reaction to his music. "Later Revelli wrote a most flattering note which no doubt helped Carl Fischer to decide to publish the music eventually".Roger looked for my '61 letter but his files are much like mine--a mess. He knew the letter had not been thrown away ---he'll let me know if it does turn up. I do see Roger at A.B.A. when we both attend. He picked my brain last year when we conventioned in San Luis Obispo, California.

through their entire lives and never have the experiences we have already had in just under two months and we aren't done yet! Awesome!

As it turned out, I got my winter coat "shipped" home for free. It was an old coat and served me well in the U.S.S.R. because it made me look as drab as the Russians which proved to my advantage on many an occasion there. But I was embarrassed to wear it anywhere else so I thought I'd ditch it in Cairo knowing that I would not have any further need of it on the rest of our tour. So I simply left it in the hotel room when we left for Amman.

As we were setting up for our first rehearsal in Carnegie Hall, in walks George holding up my coat for all to see in that teasing way he was good at. It seems the hotel returned the coat to the American Embassy in Cairo instead of throwing it out and they sent it by diplomatic pouch to New York to await our return there.

ception or some other celebration for Gagarin instead?

I remember ... as we were preparing to leave the USSR and would no longer need flannel pajamas, long underwear, etc. Try as we might to hide them until we were long

gone, some hotel employee would come running out to the buses waving them in the air because we had "forgotten" them. Bar-

Kenny Oyer

Red Star train road on tracks known as the Red Arrow line, designed & built? by Whistler's father (who was married to his famous mother).

Noelle Papsdorf/VanEtten

Dear Dave,

Thank you so much for forwarding this to me. It is fun to read and relate to the events mentioned. It sure brings back memories. How are you and your family? I am fine--working hard teaching at the University. Just think, we were young once -- actually I was a freshman when we went to the USSR.

Did you know that I was living in Berlin when the wall went down? I and my son were there and walking over to the East. We made a trip that week-end over to the East all the way up to the Baltic. Later I actually worked in Rostock and Stralsund for the German gov. training the Eastern youth in the ways of the West--how to make phone calls, take interviews, speak English, sing and act and shake hands properly, etc. etc. It was rewarding. I am still in touch with many of those young people. It was a huge adjustment for them.

Byron (Barnie) Pearson

I believe that on the train ride to Kiev.....Rich Longfield and I played for the cribbage championship of the "Known Universe".....ha ha.

Rich Longfield's Response:

Barnie, Barnie - it wasn't even the cribbage quarter finals. I suspect you declared it as "CKU" after you won, and must herewith dec-

nie, wasn't there something about your trying to leave behind some Old Spice deodorant?

Astoria was truly breath-taking. First breakfast there I liberally spread orange marmalade on my nice thick Russian XLEP, only to be shocked by the fishy smell of caviar. Nothing but the best for guests of the State.

I actually miss Europe very much. I raised my son over there. He speaks fluent German and Italian. I was living in Italy when 9-11 occurred and it was that horrid event that drove me back to the US--my son was here attending University. He had been attending the University of Pavia in Italy and decided that he wanted to return to our home in NY to continue his studies. He came to Florida to visit a friend, got a job, took a course at USF, got a scholarship and stayed here. That is how I happened to be here now. (six years). In May I will be moving either to NY or California--OR EVEN MAYBE BACK TO ROME!!!!

Thanks again for sending me the letter and I would certainly be interested in receiving anything more that you or anyone else wants to send.

Warmly,
Noelle

lare that I feel like clay pigeon #'s 1-50! I will reveal the ultimate cribbage story involving you - to be documented before we leave USSR!

A brief note on the good traveler thing.....The "tour" provided me with the patience of a saint when it came to band tours and I was always grateful for this fact.....As Dave Elliot will doubtless concur the U.S. Marine Band tours were a real test of one's traveling

ability.....the first tour I went on with the Marine Band was 67 days long, 2 concerts EVERY day, in a different city every day and covered the northern half of the continent out

Rudy Radocy

Good question, because I wonder myself! Unfortunately, I do not have a copy of what I wrote as the official band log in a spiral-bound notebook. I gave the notebook to Dr. Revelli in Ann Arbor about a week after the band returned. Somewhere along the way, in the preparation of the typed copy that Dave is using verbatim, there probably was editing and deletion. I cannot believe that I wrote such

George Riddell

Dave: Thanks again for a great project. This particular installment brought up a couple of issues in my mind: Skeet Shooting and Communism (Socialism gone rampant). The first issue is that of Barney's acuity in trap shooting. I recently participated in a skeet shoot at a range in Dallas. I shot more shells than I had shot in my life. My record was somewhat close to Barney's except for it was more to the left of Barney's. My record was that in 1000 (at least)shots I had 0 consecutive hits,

Ann Speer/ Aitchison

A member of my church here is a grad of U/ Wisconsin who plays bass clarinet, and he tells me that their band also "auditioned" but "lost" to UM. I don't know what basis there is for his claim, but since he's my age and a Big Ten bandsman, I can see his point.

(I thought we "auditioned" when we played Carnegie Hall the year before...I know we knew it was a Big Deal concert.)

No doubt, we'd not have gone if WDR was not such a hard worker.

I think we learned about it [Yuri Gagarin's space flight-ed.] in Baku. In fact that is al-

to Seattle and back along a southern route.....I played Bugler's Holiday 134 times (!!!!) on this trip.....sounds awful now but I was young then.....

simplistic descriptions, and I know that I made various observations above and beyond "We went there and did that" descriptions. I do know that Dr. Revelli felt that I was too sparse regarding such things as all of our encores and too verbose regarding feelings about politics and the cultural milieu. Of course, 47 years later, so what? Historians can piece together what "really happened," good and bad.

but did manage to hit 3 clays, and knocked one aerial off of a parked car. The other observation is that we were children of capitalism. We saw the dirty truth of the Soviet Socialist Republic. We experienced the opulence of the Russian heritage as well as the poverty of the Russian people at that time. I'm glad that we also got the chance to see the dead bodies of two of the perpetrators of their system of government.

most all I recall of Baku--that we learned this amazing thing there. There were remnants of a big ticker tape parade in Moscow when we returned after Baku. There were several very exciting events while we were on the tour!

You recall that when we were in Cairo, an Embassy man and I organized the shipping back to Ann Arbor, of all our winter clothes. There were 3 huge crates of them, and you "bought" them back from me after we got home. (I am sure my parents helped with the financing!) There was nothing left except a couple of bits of long underwear when we were finished.

I met my husband the summer after we got back, and he says one of his first memories of me was the huge pile of clothes in my apartment.

We were what they call "young men and women", and we were on our best behavior because we were representing our nation abroad. That sounds corny, but it was true. Remember the lectures, before we left, from the State Department and the University? And didn't our parents all tell us to do a good job and make them proud? We came out of the 50s, where life was lived a certain way. (No jeans at high school, remember?) By the time I graduated in 1963, the dress codes were gone, and that was a mixed blessing.

The other generational thing is that in an earlier day the women would be married by then; in fact, several of the men in the band had wives back home. I have 30 first cousins, and all

Cynthia Tilkin (Richard's wife)

To all of you involved with the Russian tour: It is heart breaking for me to know that Dick died so suddenly 2 years ago (probably from an aneurism) and that he is not here to read all your memories!!!! He was such a loving and sentimental guy that he cherished every tidbit regarding that tour and talked so often about it. Several things were especially poignant for him. Meeting his relatives in Kharkov with Susie as the interpreter was quite amazing. Four adults and two children lived in 2 rooms; shared a toilet down the hall with 6 other families (waiting in line holding the family toilet seat); and shared a tiny kitchen with one stove, 1 burner to a family. The KGB had visited them to say that they were being moved to a larger place (obviously because Dick's upcoming visit was imminent). Siah the grandfather, said, "Richard will see us as we are." and refused to move. Susie may have some input to my memories. These relatives were very educated and still had to live in a tiny space. Dimitry holds 16? patents and Mitia was a metallurgical engineer. Eventually, they emi-

I congratulated myself on avoiding getting sick on the tour--but after I got back to Ann Arbor, I got sick! And it was dysentery.

the women older than I married early; I was the first to go to college, and many of the younger women also went. We really WERE "men and women" even though we all saw through that fiction to know we were young and not always sure of ourselves.

I still say those are cool sunglasses [from the pictures at the Acropolis in Athens, Greece – ed.].

I had the pleasure of a lunch visit with Susan Evely Schuur this weekend, and she has also been enjoying these missives. She talked about how a lot of her translator work in Russia was Post Office visits. It took a very long time to get things mailed due to paperwork.

grated to Philadelphia. Another amazing memory was regarding the band going to the Middle East and the Jews were going to be left behind. Do any of you have details on how the band met and said we are the Michigan Band and we will stick together? The 3rd memory has to deal with Lee Harvey Oswald. Dick was sure it was Oswald that he talked to briefly back stage somewhere! Moscow? I'm hoping that someone of you was also there. Later when we were living in Ann Arbor, Marina Oswald came shopping in Collins Shop where I did the windows and the advertising. It would have been between, 1961 and 1964 or 65. Dick and I got married very soon after you all got back and he was so, so thin from the sickness that many of you also had. We had 9 years before and 45 years after marriage that were very wonderful and magical. I am so grateful to him and also to the part that you all had in enriching his life. If any of you might like to visit the Seattle area and would like a free bed on our beautiful Whidbey Island just let me know. Dick and I

built a rather magical stone cottage for guests and it has a view of Puget Sound.

Don Tison

I remember especially liking the bread in Kiev - and the overall feel of the city.

Bruce, Seeing your picture reminded me of a faded memory I have of the occasion which may have affected my lack of appreciation for the sight. I seem to remember that there was a drunk taking a "whiz" on the gate as we were gazing at the structure. Does anyone else remember that?

Hey, Bruce! I will never forget one of the travel times (on a bus I think) when you whipped on my Coke-bottle-thick-lensed glasses and imitated everyone of my mannerisms while

George Riddel

I was late two times for concerts while on the tour. The first time was in Kiev (I'm almost sure it was Kiev.) I was extremely tired after a rehearsal. When we came back to our hotel, I went to my room and zonked out. I was awakened by rather loud knocking. I answered the door, and there were two men in long, dark overcoats and rather large fedora hats. The one who spoke English said, "we have been notified that you are missing from the concert hall. We are taking you to the concert." With that, the men, took me by the arms and escorted me down the stairs, through the lobby, out the front door and into a four door auto parked in front of the hotel with the motor running. I looked out the window and saw people stand-

Don Tison

Anecdote from Sukhumi: In Sukhumi after receiving chicken and rice (Chicken Kiev - the golden brown cocoon that when you carve into it with your knife your plate is immediately fooded with grease) for the 3rd time in a row, Dave Wolter called the waiter over, held up his

Fondly,

Cynthia Tilkin

pretending to play the "La Virgen de la Macarena"! I couldn't see much of what you were doing but I could sure hear the barrage of laughter coming from our colleagues!

Thanks for honoring me with that little escapade.

I still have my green corduroy coat hanging in my closet that I wore in the USSR in, 1961. I wonder if anyone else still has theirs. (I never wear it - don't really know why I haven't tossed it out decades ago) Harold Jones wore a coat exactly like mine on the tour.

ing on the sidewalk, shaking their heads, as if they knew that I was being taken to prison, or possibly, Siberia! When we got to the auditorium, they escorted me to my bari sax case, helped me put on my uniform. George Cavender got to me and said when the piece was finished and the band stands for the applause, you crawl through the set-up to you chair. I did, and when the band sat, Dr. Revelli looked at my spot. I melted. At intermission I went to him and apologized profusely for being late. He was very kind, told me that he was afraid that something bad had happened to me. Then his demeanor changed and he added, "This will never happen again, RIGHT!" I said, "No sir!" We finished the concert.

plate, pointed to it and with a "thumbs down" sign and shouted: "NYET KARASHOW, NYET KARASHOW!"

Anecdote from Poland: On a bus ride in Poland Joan Forster said: "George Heller really

has a good ear! He was always the first one done on taking harmonic dictation in our class. He had all the notes down upon the first hearing". And with no hesitation George Heller

Howard Toplansky

I would like to share with you a recent experience I had which will demonstrate the real impact of the U of M Symphony Band in Russia. About 18 months ago I met Anatoly Selianin from Saratov. I had been looking for Russian band music repertoire and had many conversations with him via email. Anatoly was one of the first virtuoso students of the legendary Russian trumpeter Timofey Dokshitser. Selianin is now about 70 years old and has been the head of the wind department of the Saratov Conservatory, the principal trumpeter in the Saratov Symphony Orchestra and the director of the Volga Piharmonia Wind Orchestra, the foremost non-military band in all the Russias.

When I met him in Glassboro, NJ at Rowan University, he had come to attend an International Trumpet Guild Conference to give a presentation. While I and some mutual friends were having dinner and after exchanging music with Anatoly, I mentioned that I had been in Russia many years ago. He inquired why and where. I explained (in English) that the U of M Symphony Band had played in the USSR for eight weeks and given many concerts. This did not register with him at all, so I tried saying it all in Russian.

This fellow looked at me with wide eyes and an open mouth and said, "Revelli!, Revelli!, Revelli!" He proceeded to explain that, as a student, he had heard us play a concert at his school. He said that our program was the finest concert he had ever heard in his life and pro-

Mary Waitkus/Boulton

I stayed at Michigan for one year after the tour, but in Liberal Arts. After that I went

came back with: "Yeah, and Joan really has good eyes! She was always the second one done".

ceeded to name every piece we played by title and composer. He was especially impressed by the D'Agostini and the Rachmaninov. He said he heard parts in the Italian Polka he never knew existed. Selianin said that our concert was the single event that interested him in wind band music and, at the time I met him, he was the leading authority on this type of music and the director of the finest band in Russia.

I will tell you that to meet someone who was in the same place at the same time and who remembered every detail of a concert so many years ago is almost unearthly. I am sure our performances had a great effect on many folks we will never know; however, I feel that we can be proud to have had such a profound impact on the musical life of such a far away place.

A special thanks to Dave, Rudy (my doubles roommate) and all the scribes who are generously sharing their memoirs with us.

Khatchaturin was in Cairo at the Samaramis Hotel. We played the Athletic Festival March by Aram Khacaturian at the USA Pavillion on the Nile. The event was the International Agricultural Fair. I believe the date was April 20, 1961 with the composer present. As I recall he sat in a folding chair in front of the band. This was the same week as the Bay of Pigs invasion and Tito and Nasser had a state visit at the time. I got the composer's autograph on hotel stationary (my prize tour memento).

back home to Western Washington, where I completed my BA in History and German in

1964. I'd been very impressed with Harry Barnes, and giving some thought to a Foreign Service career, I applied to the East-West Center at the University of Hawaii to do a masters degree in "Overseas Operations," a program to prepare one to work in Asia. This was a very generous two-year grant sponsored by the US State Department (the band tour and grad school - they have been good to me). After a year and a half in Honolulu studying Japanese and Asian studies, they sent me off to Japan for a year. Instead of going home after I finished, I spent 6 months traveling from Japan to Germany, where I decided to brush up on my German (two foreign languages would be required for a doctorate). Incidentally, during a week's stop in Katmandu, I discovered that Harry Barnes was stationed there. Unfortunately he was out of the country.

I stayed in Europe for a year and a half, including a full year at the University of Heidelberg, and spent a good bit of time traveling. I took multiple car trips in my VW beetle, as far north as the top of Norway, and south well into Morocco. I also went back to Moscow, St Petersburg and Warsaw with a German student group.

In August '68 I finally went home, intending to start work on a doctorate in Japanese history at the University of Washington. But first I needed to work on my Japanese again, and in Japanese language class I met Bill Boulton. We had a lot in common, and quickly decided that since we both wanted to go back to Japan, doing it together would be much more fun than doing it alone. In two months we were married, and six months after that we were back in Japan. Bill and I spent the next 7 months in Japan, Taiwan and Thailand where he did research for his MBA thesis. In Singapore we picked up the VW camper we'd ordered, and spent the next 6 months driving from India to Liverpool, where we caught a ship to take us and the VW to Montreal. After completing his thesis in Seattle, Bill joined GTE International. We spent three months each in New York

and Hong Kong, then settled in Japan for two and a half years, where first son, Greg, was born. (Seventeen years later, Greg met his wife-to-be in a Japanese language class in Japan. They both did MBAs at Keio Business School in Yokohama.)

Bill completed his doctorate in Business Policy at Harvard Business School in 1977. While we were in Boston, our second son, Michael, was born. Bill spent 13 years on the faculty of the University of Georgia, then 17 at Auburn University. During those 30 years we continued to travel a lot. In 1986 we spent 6 months in Japan with Bill on a research Fulbright and the boys being home schooled. This adventure included another trip from Japan to Europe, this time by plane with the boys included, a wonderful experience for all of us. During the '90s Bill taught three fall quarters at Keio Business School in Japan, spent one summer at Japan's Ministry of Finance Policy Institute, and six months teaching in Germany at an executive training institute (in a medium sized castle with a moat.) He has also completed 9 technology studies for US government agencies in various East Asian countries. We also continue to travel for pleasure.

As for me, I never did do a doctorate, and I never worked for the State Department, but I certainly have lived up to my ambition of being a world traveler. It's been a great life. Bill and I will celebrate our 40th anniversary next December, and we are proud grandparents of four wonderful children. Music has continued to be an important part of my life as well as of our sons. Greg was an excellent cellist, but majored in Math and Japanese in college. Michael studied violin, and they both studied piano. Michael's daughter is now studying piano.

I was slowed down for a good many years with Rheumatoid Arthritis, which came on like a freight train two weeks after Greg was born. It mainly attacked my hands, but thanks to seven operations by an excellent surgeon in Atlanta, and a new medication that came out in 1998, I'm doing very well now. I have been

heavily involved in quilting for many years, so, you might say, having hands has come in very handy. Quilting and my long-time interest in Japan have complemented each other nicely. I use a lot of Japanese fabrics in my work, and a few years back I took a group of quilters to the Yokohama Quilt Festival and to explore Japan for an additional 12 days, with special attention to textile arts.

2007 was a big year for us, completing the construction of our retirement home on Lummi Island, across the bay from Bellingham,

[Dave Wolter](#)

I came across the May 13 Saturday Review article by Marvin Kalb titled "The Fine Art of Exchangemanship" which shows WDR shows WDR accepting applause from the audience as we stand applauding the audience at the Sports Palace and another picture of Patty Parker and I meeting students in Baku. I plan to pass this on to Professor Mark Clague to add to our band web site. The article details much of the machinations that took place arranging our tour as well as other US/SSoviet exchanges.

I too have noticed many references to the facilities we were given in the various locations. My only reference in my diary entries and letters to Jean has been about poor maintenance of same. My only vivid memory was the public facilities in one auditorium that consisted of two foot pedestals and a hole in the floor, and maybe a pull chain for the flush. I have been quiet about the subject because I have been convinced that my pig pen attributes were never fazed by lack of facilities. I can almost swear that I can walk in one door of a hospital sparkling clean and come out the other side looking like I worked in a muffler shop (you all recall Charles Schultz's 4 frames of pig pen walking and going from pristine to filthy in four frames of walking). So I have begun to think I may have never taken a shower or bath on the trip.

As to good traveler, my nightly diary entries have an occasional bah! or I was really

Washington, where I grew up. The view of the mountains is spectacular. Bill retired from Auburn University as Emeritus last June. He is spending his first two years of retirement as a visiting professor at Western Washington University, enjoying teaching without the extra load of working with doctorate students, and the publish-or-parish grind. We look forward to much more travel in our future, and are really enjoying catching up with old friends and family who also live in the Northwest. If you're ever out this way, do give us a call.

grumpy but I think I vacillated between curious explorer, lonely husband, hanging on by my fingernails band member, exhausted band member and second place naive traveler and just faded into the crowd.

One of my "life Lessons" of the tour occurred after a concert in Minsk. I was walking out of the concert hall with Charlie Martyn and was feeling really good about the performance because my chops had revived from the bug bite incident and I felt I could really play again. I was just opening my mouth to say "what a great concert" and Charlie grumbled, "what a terrible concert" and went on to describe the travails of he and his clarinet compadres that evening. All of a sudden I realized that performers often judge a performance on their experience and have a difficult time separating their perception from that of the audience. By the time I reached Erevan I was seasoned to be able to separate my experience from the audience and group. The evening concert this night was my third performance and I opined that I played poorly, but the band did well and chief was pleased with these four concerts.

On one of our train trips three of us gave up the ghost late in the evening and retired to our bunks to sleep. Eugene Gonzalez was still ready for action so he disappeared to a remote location. You may recall that these small rooms had hooks by the door that allowed you to hang your clothes which we did. During the

course of that evening the door would periodically open as someone would peer in looking for action. Every time they did this and left, clothes would catch in the [?], it would not shut, and I would stumble out of bed, rearrange the clothes so the door could shut and crawl back in bed. About the fifth time this happened, I

In the summer of '63 I was back in A2 working on my masters degree and taking marching band arranging with Jerry Bilik. i was fumbling along trying to find out how to make my tiny 48 person HS band sound good outside with 1 trombone a baritone 3 horns 6 trumpets and 3 tenor saxophones etc. Jerry said no problem! Those tenor saxes were my trombone section.

shouted close the door clod. Not more than 30 seconds later Eugene returned to the room and said hey guys Revelli is going down the train checking all the rooms. All I could think was "boy am I going to get burned by Revelli for calling him a clod". He never breathed a word to me and I went military and didn't ask or tell.

I then backed up and said, where did you discover the principals of the sounds for your arrangements? He said 'Bill Revelli.' He arranged a piece for marching band as a freshman at UM and gave it to Revelli. Revelli looked it over and then called him in and explained to Jerry how to treat the instrumentation and the ranges of all the instruments to produce the most sonority. Jerry followed those principals and became the most copied marching band arranger ever.

Russian Airplanes

Paul Ganson

Our concerns about those Soviet planes were not out of order. On our safe return to Moscow I had the good fortune to dine at the home of the U. S. Air Attaché. We mentioned the hair-raising rides we had on occasion and he told us that the Ilyushin on which we had returned to Moscow was of a type that had been grounded recently for six months for investigations into its tendency to fall suddenly, inexplicably from the sky--sometimes following an ex-

plosion, sometimes not. I expressed my relief that their safety record would thenceforth be improved, only to have him say, in a very matter of fact way: "Yeah. They just lost two more last week over Czechoslovakia." Needless to say, I was happy to learn that we would fly the old workhorse TU-104's to Cairo; however, if I am not mistaken, we did fly the Ilyushin one more time before we finally flew BOAC (now BA) from Frankfurt.

Karen Hill/Reynolds

We were told it was because of so much luggage -- this we learned when it was too late to do anything about it. I remember

being fairly terrified and especially concerned about the landing we had to make with the same amount of luggage aboard...

Rich Longfield

As for thoughts on USSR (& perhaps later as well) air travel: I remember at least one of our band members telling of the need to write a letter or card home just before departure - in case it was their "last opportunity!" I also recall

being very concerned about Russian air craft captains descending to dangerously low altitudes - and too early - for safety. It seemed we were "screaming" along not too far off the ground for miles.

Jane Otteson/King

In the scrapbook I made after the tour I have a long, narrow cellophane tube marked "used on planes to protect clothing against leak-

ing pens"; I must have found it in the seat pocket. I don't remember using it--I should have lent it to you!

Ann Speer/Aichison

I recall that Russian planes went "straight up" and "straight down", pretty scary!

Don Tison

I remember that the cabin pressure must have been weird because I had a fountain pen in my shirt pocket that leaked all over me,

and I had never had any problems with it before.

William D Revelli Memories

Dr. Revelli was apparently born in a coal mining camp named Spring Gulch. If you pull up a google map and ask for Spring Gulch it will give you an arrow about 7 miles east of Carbondale (28 miles east of Aspen). Nothing ex-

Excerpt from Michael Mark's Published Article

WILLIAM D. REVELLI:
PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED CAREER

Michael L. Mark
The Early Years: 1902-1918

Giovanni Revelli became part of the huge wave of Italian immigrants to the New World when he was sixteen. His father, an affluent stock rancher in Ponte Canades, near Turino, wanted Giovanni to become a priest, but the son wanted to strike out on his own. Disappointed but understanding, the father gave his blessing as his son left for the United States in the late 1880's.

Many Italian immigrants to America became miners, and Giovanni (Americanized to John) went to Ironwood, Michigan, where he found work in an iron ore mine. He later moved to Calumet, Michigan, continuing to work as an iron miner, and then to Coal City, Illinois, where he was a coal miner. John had a deep love of Italian opera, which he passed on to his son William, who said:

His father [William's grandfather] took my father to the opera in Italy. My dad used to say, "We went there like you go the movies here." He could sing the arias from the Italian

Marty Gurvey

Reading these past e mails about the old man's glares, tantrums, etc. are probably funny now, in retrospect, but when I was working on the '91 reunion, I discovered at least two people who never wanted to hear the words

ists at the location but a system of trails and from the letter Charlie sent indicates that there are the usual mining artifacts there and a small cemetery.

operas. He knew them ? the libretti, the scenes. It was an education. Our home was filled with cylinder recordings. He had the records of Caruso and all of the other opera stars of that period, as well as many symphonies. We had quite a cultural background in our home.

It was in Coal City that John met Rose Bonino, his future wife. She had come to America with her parents when she was two years old. John and Rose were married in Coal City, but shortly before the turn of the century they moved to Spring Gulch, Colorado, where John worked in the new mines being sunk. It was in Spring Gulch that William Donald Revelli was born on February 12, 1902. He lived there for the first two years of his life. Two other children were born to the Revellis in Spring Gulch ? Lena in 1893, and John in 1900. In 1904 the family returned to the Midwest and settled in Panama, Illinois, where John had been offered a job as a mine foreman. Two children were born to the Revellis in Panama ? Melvin in 1909 and Lorine in 1919.

"Michigan Band" or anything about the tour. One of them told me never to try to contact him again and to take him off my e mail list, which I said I would do. I remember having discussions with Larry Livingston well after we all

graduated on whether or not the old man's behavior was justified in getting the results he got.

I found Curt Chase's letter of April 18th very interesting, especially since he hadn't seen our previous e mails from the beginning of Dave's project. Curt speaks for me when he says (about Revelli) at the end of his first paragraph ..."after the tour when hardly anyone had a good word for him." Throughout the tour, he was cruel and demeaning to many of us, many of whom were fragile. I remember countless tears from the women in the flute section; I remember the threats of being sent home. I remember that he held each of us accountable for every mistake, but he never once admitted to any of his own. There's a reason Roger Howard and Bob Cecchini aren't on our mailing list. As to his moral behavior as described by Howard Toplansky, to leave the Jewish members behind while the rest of the band went on would have been unthinkable. He was no hero. He just did the right thing. I had many extremely pleasant and memorable experiences with the Chief, but

William Hetrick

Loren's account brings to mind two things I remember. One is that I was also in a group that came late to a rehearsal, and WDR was not at all amused. But I'm sure it was in Greece, so that sort of thing happened at least twice on tour.

The second thing is what I did in a performance right after WDR had gone publicly into his "hell with you all" act. I'm sure it was after somebody prominent had made a slight error, but had been very ill and had barely been able to muster the strength to play the concert. I think it was Don Tison, and he'll be able to say if it was. I was so incensed at WDR that I did something that I had never done before and

I have never underestimated his ability to hurt, and, in some cases, destroy people. There were times when he was kind and generous, but he was a tyrant. The people I know in our band who have gone on to great fame and respect in the music business have not had to resort to humiliating people to get results. I merely ask that we keep history in perspective and remember what was important that we all got from each other, including Revelli. But I for one will not deify him.

Phil Georger asked, "Someone mentioned an outdoor rehearsal in Cairo. Was that the rehearsal where the old man announced that we would be doing the Pines of Rome and Marty blurted out "Oh no!"? As I remember, Revelli took Marty aside and told him he would be on the first flight home."

Phil--I think it was outdoors in Beirut that I blurted out "Oh no" when he did that. He scared me to death when he said he was going to send me home. I kept my mouth shut the rest of the trip, hard as that is to believe.

would never do again: I used my instrument as a (sonic) weapon to get back at him.

I'm not proud of this, but it shows what someone in that kind of circumstance can be brought to. In a second I determined to lash out at him in protest during a loud chord with the strongest note I had on my tuba (A-flat), a note that didn't belong to the chord at all! I was going to show HIM! Fortunately for me (otherwise I would surely have been on the next plane back to the US), he didn't hear it, and, my anger now vented, I was able to play the rest of the concert like a good boy.

I wonder what that chord sounded like out in front.

Karen Hill/Reynolds

Thank you, Larry (and others) for your second long and thoughtfully reasoned communication on the subject of Revelli, our relationships to him, forgiveness, etc.

While I certainly observed how Revelli wielded his “power” into a tuneful discipline built on fear, I was neither emotionally struck down nor really very mystified by his behavior. Let’s say, he was not a person of much interest to me. I chose instead to dwell upon—as memorable examples, Don Sinta’s ethereal evocation of “Summertime”—the vast richness of mind and the skills of Harry Barnes—the happiness that Marty Gurvey instilled in me and others, outwardly effervescent no matter how he was feeling, and, of course, my roommate, Anne Speer. How lucky was I. To so many others—my thanks for how we stood together, for your companionship, your ideas, your ideals, your resilience, your observations, your musicianship; all of it.

Larry Livingston

Yes, Marty asked me about Dr. Revelli’s behavior and whether or not it was necessary to get those results. Answer? Absolutely not! However, we need to remember that the American culture in those days was completely different from now. Besides being insecure and determined to see himself as victim whenever a problem arose, Revelli had as models people like Toscanini, Reiner, and Szell, all of whom had tyrannical control of their orchestras and none of whom would last a minute today. It is not my intent to diss nor elevate the Old Man, but rather to clarify my view of the m.o. we were subjected to. I feel that every time I step on the podium, I should write a check to Revelli for what he taught me about sound, rehearsing, balance, etc. That said, I have left on the historical doorstep any of his “stuff”. One can harvest the wheat without the chaffe. I suspect the

The tour was about so many things, and about all of you. Much of this I understand far better now. I see that we were really “in government service” and that we, as a team, helped each other through it in the ways that we could. It sometimes wasn’t easy at all, particularly, just as a personal example, when I was literally and decidedly “swept away” by Mediterranean rip tides. But it was often a lot of fun.

I am so sorry to learn now of the emotional pain—some of it healing and some not healed—that some of us experienced and, in some cases, continue to experience. Forgiveness is one way out, but it may not be the way out for everyone. So I diverge from Larry’s case at this point. It is not unthinkable to structure an online Revelli support group for ourselves—something apart from the privilege we are all having of reading the journal entries of a few. I am dismayed to think that just as Revelli had his way with us on the tour, he might now still be having his way in 2008, not allowing us to move on and away from him.

same is true of many of the U of M band grads from that era.

No doubt that WDR felt he was on a missionary crusade. The intensity of his delivery gave us all pause. But it must not be forgotten that we are all now older than he was when we did this tour. Think of the pressure, the expectations from the State Department, the alien environs we traversed, the weather, and the political turmoil in the Middle East. How would we fare today having to lead such an expedition over fifteen weeks. We were more than fortunate to have made this extraordinary odyssey and WDR was the reason it even happened. Thanks for your input and sharing your impressions of what made the Chief a giver of life lessons.

Having read the e-mail messages from Marty Gurvey and Ross Powell, I offer the following:

The commentary about Dr. Revelli is spot on. Marty and Ross concede those points which we all agree were WDR's assets but they are not willing to overlook the liabilities. I fear that that some of us have re-imagined our days under his leadership. WDR was capable of kindness and cruelty, neither of which was dispensed only on or off the podium. I am thankful I played for him and learned a great deal, at least some of which is still apt in my work now. However, he was driven to the point of irrationality which helps explain his obsessive commitment to excellence and, as well, his inability to keep his temper in check. Having spent a lifetime on the podium, I can say almost without exception, when a conductor gets mad he/she is either using anger as a rehearsal tactic (rare but does happen) or he/she is afraid of being found out (happens ALL the time.) The latter was the case with WDR. It does not take anything away from him to acknowledge this. Each of us has a "boogey-man" or two, and we struggle to manage and cope.

Dr. Revelli's private demons owned him and I believe he never understood that. Thus, his public displays of rancor, ridicule, and disdain were all about him. What he achieved in his truly extraordinary and invented life still echoes in Harris Hall, in the green rooms of Hill

Auditorium, wafts up and over Michigan Stadium every autumn when the sun traces its inevitable arc across the spectacle of leaves turning, and, not least, lingers like some susurrant memory of days so filled at once, with sweetness and terror, that they can only be found in reverie. For what he gave us, we carry an unrepayable debt. For the abuse he rained down on us there need be no revisionist coating. It was and remains a hurt. It is not necessary to deify him for he was spectacularly human. Perhaps it is time, though, to forgive him, helpless as he was to do other than inspire and rant, raise up and destroy, bless and curse, anoint and condemn, and move on.

I hope that these observations will find purchase among those of you similarly disposed and not disaffect those who understandably may have a different view. We are all marked with the magic intaglio of that voyage unforgettably freighted with experiences which to this day elude full grasp. While we re-traverse that time of such innocence and wonder, we still have each other, perhaps now loosely knitted together, but together nonetheless. For this bond, I am deeply grateful.

Hearing now of your separate odysseys, some unbidden, some calculated, I am all the more aware of my great good fortune to have known you once when we were young, the fantastic only a heartbeat away.

Michael Mark

Thank you Howard and Larry for expressing my own thoughts and feelings about the Chief so eloquently.

It might have been unpleasant at the time but it was also wonderful. In my case, he made me reach higher than ever before. I came to know myself better for the experience, and I think he definitely had an influence on my career. After I got home from the tour, a wise friend told me that I'd forget all the bad stuff in a while and just remember the good. That's exactly what happened and I've been grateful ever since to the Chief and to the University of Michigan for one of my life's great experiences.

In 1979, when I was pursuing tenure, I decided to write Dr. Revelli's biography. I wrote to him to ask if he'd let me interview him several times. He agreed, I got a university travel grant, and I traveled four times from DC to Ann Arbor for the interviews. I was nervous before the first meeting, but he couldn't have been more congenial and helpful. We met at Revelli Band Hall each time--he never let me come to his house; it was being painted, they had company, etc., etc. The last time, it snowed so heavily that the university closed for the first time in 100 years (or so someone said). I'll always remember him valiantly wading through 18 inch snow drifts to meet me.

Charlie Martyn

BRAVO to Rudy,,Loren.,Rich and Don for keeping diaries.I wrote to Ruth virtually daily! I was so lonesome. Jeanne's birthday is a couple days off so at minimum I was a bit edgy. More on Minsk: At the visit to the Technological Institute, I remember the olive drab paint with "made in U.S.A. stamped on their equipment. These were lend lease things they still used 16 years after the "Great Patriotic War" ended. One machine that measured stress was made in Illinois. The Balalaika Band: I was standing in back of W.D.R. when they played "La Gazza La-

I enjoyed the project and was very happy to have gotten to know him better, but there was one exchange between us that especially stands out in my mind. I asked him, as tactfully as I could, about his relationships with his students. I mentioned "difficulties," and "harshness." He looked surprised and said there were never any problems between him and his students. When there were disagreements, he always sat down with the student and talked things out. Everything was always resolved and there were never hard feelings. We all have selective memories about certain things, and if that was his memory, so be it. I certainly didn't challenge him.

The project resulted in a long article in the Journal of Band Research. And yes, it helped me get tenure.

The article was written before the days when everything (or anything) was online. It was published in the Journal of Band Research, Vol. 16, Fall 1980, Number 1.

Keep the memories flowing. They mean a lot.

dra". He muttered something like, "Rossini would have rolled over in his grave." I thought to myself, "What's the difference between a wind band or a Balalaika band playing the transcription of an orchestral overture." I silently concluded to myself, "He was probably pissed off because they played it faster than we did!" By the way, does anyone remember the short epic poem that went around the Band in Moscow, "Lets zoom down to the Tomb by Gum" When we were put at the front of the line at the Tomb Harry Barnes told me the local

folks were used to that. We were honored visitors. He also advised us they were renovating inside St. Basils so it wasn't safe. He did not put much credence to that party line. So enough for now! I'm getting warmed up

To Rudy and other responders: You brought up an interesting point how Dr. Revelli kept negotiating to increase the size of the tour band. I remember that but also that Gene and I were asked by "Chief" to hear some clarinet auditions to reduce some members" not up to our standards" in the overall clarinet section. We listened and made recommendations. He concurred with our observations! How many of you have ever considered what he had to do to even get the band evaluated for this trip? How much time, effort and energy did he expend in behalf of the band. What kind of lobbying, political maneuvering and requests were made? For that matter how did he learn of the suggested cultural exchange? Where and to whom and what influences did he use for our consideration? We all know of his competitive nature and the extremes he would endure to make a point! It is my opinion when we performed that "audition" in Hill Auditorium for the State/Cultural small group of specialists, we were already going! The audition was a formality to confirm how well we really performed and to secure a rationale. I treasure his experience, too, Rudy and admired John Wakefield's observation about the stress he had to deal with coming from a voice of experience. Larry, Howard,

Byron (Barnie) Pearson

Time and selective memory have done their respective jobs.....I do not remember losing my temper with WDR but I can see how it might have happened.....

I feel that I must say that I was not a "Revelli Hater". I respected the man and to this day I feel honored to have been mentored by him. His approach to the band prepared me well for a much more "Tyrannical" leader in the form of Colonel Albert Schoepper of the United

Dave, Don, Jack, Anne, Rich, Bill, Jane and many others; your shared insights are why I believe an excellent book can come of this accumulation of non-traditional education. I shall be sending all of you a letter through Dave Wolter to invite your participation. I am most grateful for Dave's willingness and for all of your inclusion, to date! It seems we have something yet left to say about our adventure.

How many of our colleagues have thought of the program changes whereby much Russian music was deleted. We also added the Georgian, Armenian, and Azerbaijan anthems. I can only conclude one source deciding to use these non-Russian anthems. I still remember the smiles of those other nationalities and their sneers (quietly of course) while we also followed protocol with the U.S.S.R. tune. Greg had mentioned earlier about spending hours all night getting those arrangements done or readied for us to play. Lets face the facts. The man was perceptive and did listen, observe and decide for the success of the group who often were not sure about him. Dave, if you would have made a fine architect he'd have been an excellent Psychiatrist. As Bo said at his funeral he'd have made a coach like Lombardi, (who we often heard about) but "fortunately for all of us, had a higher calling". Howard you have him described in such beautiful, poetic, thoughtful prose.

Thank you! I'd like to be at that rehearsal with you. We'd all learn more!

States Marine Band, the meanest man I ever played for. I must also say that the approach that Dr. Revelli helped to instill in me regarding practice and performance habits served me well throughout a lifetime of performing and teaching.

Having said all that.....I do remember that WDR was extremely hard to get along with on the tour. I have such fond memories of all that we went through.....

Ross Powell

Thanks, Marty, for a thoughtful look at the man who gave us so much experience, be it negative or positive...or both...and sometimes inadvertently, humourous. WDR's last words as [I] graduated were: "You'll never get a job...and if you do, I'll see that you lose it!"

Armed with this accolade I set forth into the world with my Bachelor of Wind Instruments degree and was superbly fortunate to win a clarinet audition for the Buffalo Philharmonic, Josef Krips, Conductor. I was soon appalled to hear that WDR was taking credit for my achievement and saying "I taught him everything he knows!" Arrrghhh! Truly a man of many conflicting paradoxes.

Josef Krips was Hitler's favorite conductor at the Vienna State Opera and a friend of the Fuhrer before coming to Buffalo (of all places!). He was a tyrannical leader, valuing musicians as his personal slaves, telling us "I am not afraid of your Democracy!" I was well prepared for him by experience with WDR and survived my freshman year in Krip's orchestra where others did not. Thanks at least for that Chief!

My own teaching was diametrically and oppositely informed by WDR's example which seemed to feature fear, degradation and humiliation as primarily important educational tools. Attacks on character were especially devastating to many, and based on a true misogyny in my estimation in the case of women.

Jane (Otteson) King recently wrote of his curfew increase for women as their "carrousing was causing dysentery"...which was a

Rudy Radocy

I feel the need to add to the "misbenevolent chief" discussion.

Dr. Revelli was a study in contrasts. Off the podium, he could be sweetness and light. I never had a problem with him as an advis-

medical breakthrough for its time I am sure. I wrote Jane that he leaped from behind a potted palm on a train to confront Sandra Hosmer and me for missing curfew, finishing a long rant with: "IF YOU HAD ANY RESPECT FOR THAT GIRL YOU WOULD HAVE HAD HER IN BED BY NOW!!!!" — which left us speechless to say the least.

Funny as that moment was (later, not at the time) I believe such stories are indicating a tortured personality with Napoleonic power complex, and a fear of not measuring up. He was not a great musician; he was a fanatically driven power junkie. Any disagreement was a danger.

And yet I am grateful. With all the pain, anger and anxiety he generated, he did take us around the world on a historically important voyage...one I will always feel fortunate to have experienced. Unfortunately, I believe the negatives did drive many from music and taught others to emulate his tyrannical methods.

I spent a career as a performer working with a variety of ego maniacs, self centered idiots, and a few absolutely magic making geniuses who changed my life for the better. WDR was not in the last category but he did toughen me up enough to survive most of the bumps. Again, for that I am grateful. The magic of music, which keeps me fascinated to this day, came via others.

er. After I graduated, he was available to help with some decisions. On the podium, he could be mean, petty, and, at times, unmusical. He could change history. He also could be appropriately demanding and get amazing results. Despite his hissy fits, he never used pro-

fanity. He had a powerful ego. He could be inspiring.

I was fortunate to receive a few honors late in my career, and, in the acceptance speeches, I always recognized three mentors, one from each of my three schools: Donald McGinnis from Ohio State, William Revelli from UM, and Frances Andrews from Penn State. While only Dr. Andrews related directly to what I eventually did, the others all shaped me and gave me important opportunities.

I have heard criticism of Dr. Revelli over the years. When it came from someone who was there, that was one thing. When it came from someone who was not part of the UM Band family, it was insulting. I remember a job search at Kansas when we were hiring a music education professor. One finalist was George Heller, who mentioned during the interview process that there were reasons that he left the Michigan Band. OK, George was there, and he developed other priorities that led away from an authoritative band position. The other finalist was a man from Arizona State, who shall re-

Anne Speer/Aitchison

Before I forget--my favorite "Old Man gets Mad" memory was at an amphitheater somewhere in the Near East. We 3 piccolos were out front & center for "Stars & Stripes" when a big gust of wind blew right into our faces, effectively canceling the sound. Truly! Nothing came out! As soon as we knew it was happening, we did a right face so the wind was coming over our shoulders, and sound resumed.

But The Glare was incredible! And poor us (Karen and Karen and me) were trying not to laugh because then nothing would have come out either....

I am not making this phenomenon up. It has happened to me in several outdoor performances over the years. It may only be a

main nameless. He criticized the Michigan Band and Dr. Revelli (I really don't remember the basis); his transcripts also showed Cs in applied music! That was part of the reason we hired George!

Would Dr. Revelli work in today's world? Could he deal with undergraduates that whine to their parents about any grade less than an A? Could he continue the constant "Oh good job!" "I like the way you did that!" positive reinforcement, even for trivial accomplishments such as opening a book, that many students have grown up with? I doubt it. But when he complimented you, you knew it must have been really good.

In arranging for the tour, Dr. Revelli kept negotiating to increase the size of the tour band. Some of us would have stayed home if it were not for his use of charm, bluster, tact, and other characteristics.

So, despite some miserable moments on the tour and elsewhere (I never could play *Pines* to his satisfaction), I treasure the experience of Dr. Revelli.

flute problem, since we blow across rather than into a mouthpiece....

His tactics are like those of some conductors everywhere, and I am glad for the thickening of my hide that took place on that tour. On the other hand, I never wanted to play in another band, ever again!

I agree with Marty. It is also true that many old style directors were horrible on the podium. Louis Stout, who taught horn at U/Mich, was once principal horn with Chicago and was broken by the conductor and could not play in public anymore when he came to Michigan. Sure, Revelli could make you strong (the old adage, "If it doesn't kill you, it will make you strong" does hold true) but why do it that way? If you want that sort of treatment, join

the Marines. (In fact, Barney Pearson did, and says the Revelli experience was great preparation for that.) Music making can be collaborative and respectful, and I have had the blessing of a lifetime of that.

His ego also was what made us have to get woodwind instrument majors if we wanted a performance degree. Why was I a Theory major, for heaven's sake? Because I was terrible on secondary instruments and was not allowed to pursue a flute major.

And I never played in a band again after, 1961 (except one year, in my 50s, when I

Don Tison

He was surely under immense pressure for that entire trip, worrying about the quality of our playing, trying to live up to our fantastic reputation as a great music ensemble, worrying about the band members carousing instead of getting enough sleep to do our best at all times,

Howard Toplansky

To all my Band Friends,

Regarding the Chief, consider this:

Reasonable people do not become legends. If Revelli had been a reasonable man, we would not have exceeded our potential. He made each of us better than we thought we could be and the bands we were in are still being talked about in the most superlative terms. Last year I was asked to give a presentation to the advanced conducting class at Rutgers University and the main question was how the U of M Symphony Band played so well and how we prepared for performances. I cannot speak for everyone; however, I believe that with all the difficulties we can list, we are still very lucky folks.

On another note, I have been interested in the reflections by many on the behavior exhibited by Dr. Revelli during the Russian

did a summer band for money--and marched in a July 4 parade for cash! You would have laughed your heads off--I had to practice walking and playing at the same time); I instead joined orchestras and formed small ensembles and taught flute (kindly, you can be certain). I think I was the only band member who was demoted for conduct--never for my playing, but for my partying (which was SO mild) but he never threatened to send me home.

worrying about any sexual escapades going on, responsibility to parents, knowing we were doing something historic, etc. etc. I think maybe all of us can cut him a little more slack now that we are more mature, and older than he was at the time.

tour. Having been subjected, as most were, to the Chief's wrath from time to time and with 47 years of introspection, I have come to several conclusions.

Revelli believed that his missionary zeal was justified by the correctness of his principles; the results bear this out. We all "exceeded our potential" as we understood it to be and we were forced to assess ourselves inwardly to be able to stand up to him when he was wrong. This awareness has made most of us very strong mentally and psychologically. Anyone who survived a confrontation with WDR probably has a mental Teflon coating which counts for a great deal of life experience. I, myself, learned never to answer a question I did not fully understand or say something without sufficient thought. The Chief was a great behavior modifier; a one-man basic training course for the mind.

With it all said and done, I would give a great deal to have one more rehearsal with that man.

After reading the diary entries about the Middle East, I am reminded of the genuine concern that the Jewish students had to deal with in Cairo. As mentioned, the visa problems presented by the Jordanians might have left six band members behind in Cairo. This was a scary prospect to say the least. To Dr. Revelli's most honorific credit, he would not allow any division of the band to take place because of the pathological anti-Semitism of the Arab governments in the area.

Once again we have an indirect measurement of the true quality of this incredible man. For the most part, the Chief's tyranny was

Dave Wolter

On the last year of WDR's life we had Bill and my daughter and son in law over for dinner. He was a warm gracious guest and charmed my son in law (present UM Marching Band Director) with his stories. After dinner and his thank yous for Jean's wonderful dinner we sat and talked and he admired our friendly poodle and the house. He looked around and said "you should have been an architect" (so much for 36 years building a music program in Saline). Jean says her Turkey tetrazini (a new eating experience for WDR) killed him.

In the late spring of Bill Revelli's final year, Jean and I invited Bill to dinner at our place. It was not only an effort to touch base with him, but also to introduce him to our son in law (whose currently UM Marching band director) to Bill. My daughter Amy had several contacts with Revelli through the years, including being Bill and Mary's personal chauffeur and guide on their visit to the U of Illinois campus late in the 80's, but Scott had never met the legend.

It was a wonderful evening. I drove to A2, picked up Bill and brought him to our place

confined to matters of musical performance and not on more personal considerations. Some men masquerade as human beings and are tyrants on the inside. Revelli was quite the opposite, in that; he was quite a compassionate person on matters not related to music. When he met with the Jewish students, my recollection is that he was prepared to give up the tour rather than allow anyone to be targeted by prejudicial policies. This to me was a high point of true character and principle. No matter how difficult an encounter with Revelli might have been, and I had several, this episode was a true picture of his patriotism and nothing could ever diminish his standing with those of us who were affected by these insane circumstances.

in Chelsea. He had never had turkey tetrazini which Jean did well in her previous heart dumb meal life (she swears her meal killed him now that she adheres to a heart smart regime and he died within weeks of her meal). He loved the dinner which was certainly many steps above the meals on wheels he was eating at that point. His conversation with Scott and Amy was lively and filled with anecdotes from Hobart and Michigan. Scott has always said that this gentle 94 year old and his vivid descriptions were a complete break from the stories he always heard of the Revelli person. After dinner Bill sat by the fireplace, scratched Golly's (our dog) appreciative ears and looked around and verified my expertise as a band director and music administrator by saying "You should have been an architect." I took Bill home and he invited me into his house. He played some Hobart recordings and would name the students playing solo's from 60 years ago. Then he sat at his piano talked about Mary and played the song he played for her every night before she went to sleep for the last few years of her life.

Certainly facets of Bill Revelli not seen in, 1961.

My experience with WDR and the birth of a child was different. Unfortunately I was a member of a featured trumpet trio with a guest artist, Don Jacob, at a football half time show when my son was born. On the morning of the game Jean went into labor so I drove to Wines field with Jean in labor and ran to tell WDR that I was taking Jean to our Dr in Detroit to have a baby and would miss the rehearsal. He said 'can't you find someone else to take her?' I replied, I thought it was my responsibility but I would get back for the show. I drove her there in a faltering car, gave her to my brother in law to take to the hospital, traded cars, put my uniform on as I drove 70 mph on small roads, and joined the band on the way to the stadium. He did give me permission to leave after halftime to go join my wife at the hospital. Son Mark was born minutes after I arrived. No Champaign for me, but then I was 19 and too young.

WDR did take care of his guys/gals. Bill Scribner may remember when we parked next to Harris Hall for one of our pre tour rehearsals and came out to find that our cars were about to be towed. WDR came upon the scene and when he found out Bill's car was being towed offered to pay for Bill's parking or the towing. When he found out my car was also involved I think all I got was one of his famous harumphs!!

So the stories will flow of our experience and the man that made it happen. Suffice to say we were all molded by WDR and the experiences he wrought. How we all responded is a book that may never be finished, but will continue on as long as we/his students and our students and their students play in wonderful sounding bands.

Itinerary

Date	Depart from	Time	Arrive at	Time 2	Date 2	Means of Travel	Milage	Hours
19-Feb	Ann Arbor	10:00 a.m.	NY Idlewild	2:30 p.m.	19-Feb	DC 6	535	2
19-Feb	NY Idlewild	10:45 p.m.	London	6:30 a.m.	20-Feb	Boeing 707	3465	11
20-Feb	London	10:30/2:30	Moscow	1:30/9:30	20-Feb	Tu 104	1549	
22-Feb	Moscow	12:00 a.m.	Leningrad	9:00 a.m.	23-Feb	train	393	9
27-Feb	Leningrad	12:00 a.m.	Moscow	9:00 a.m.	28-Feb	train	393	9
9-Mar	Moscow	8:00 p.m.	Minsk	8:16 a.m.	10-Mar	train	412	12
14-Mar	Minsk	11:00 a.m.	Kiev	2:31 a.m.	15-Mar	train	275	15
20-Mar	Kiev	4:05 p.m.	Odessa	8:00 a.m.	21-Mar	train	286	16
25-Mar	Odessa	11:05 a.m.	Kharkov	11:35 a.m.	26-Mar	train	358	24
29-Mar	Kharkov	9:28 a.m.	Sukhumi	2:29 p.m.	30-Mar	train		29
3-Apr	Sukhumi	11:30 p.m.	Tblisi	9:30 a.m.	4-Apr	train		10
8-Apr	Tblisi	6:45 p.m.	Yerevan	8:00 a.m.	9-Apr	train		13
12-Apr	Yerevan	1:00 p.m.	Baku	2:00 p.m.	13-Apr	train		25
15-Apr	Baku	9:30 a.m.	Moscow	12:45 a.m.	15-Apr	IL 118		3
17-Apr	Moscow	9:15 a.m.	Tehran	1:00 p.m.	17-Apr	TU 104		4
17-Apr	Tehran	2:30 p.m.	Cairo	4:00 p.m.	17-Apr	TU 104		1.5
22-Apr	Cairo	11:30 a.m.	Amman, Jordan	12:30 p.m.	22-Apr	Comet 4C		1
24-Apr	Amman	9:30 a.m.	Jerusalem	11:00 a.m.	24-Apr	taxi		1.5
25-Apr	Jerusalem	1:00 p.m.	Bethlehem	3:15 p.m.	25-Apr	taxi		2.25
26-Apr	Bethlehem	9:15 a.m.	Petra	5:30 p.m.	26-Apr	taxi/foot/horse		8
27-Apr	Petra	12:00 a.m.	Amman	5:30 p.m.	27-Apr	foot/horse/taxi		5.5
28-Apr	Amman	4:30 p.m.	Beirut	5:30 p.m.	28-Apr	DC-6		1
4-May	Beirut	11:30 a.m.	Nicosia, Cyprus	12:00 p.m.	4-May	DC-4		0.5
7-May	Nicosia	5:30 p.m.	Ankara, Turkey	7:05 p.m.	7-May	Viscount		1.5
7-May	Ankara	9:45 p.m.	Istanbul, Turkey	11:00 p.m.	7-May	Viscount		1.25
12-May	Istanbul	6:05 a.m.	Athens, Greece	7:45 a.m.	12-May	DC-6B		1.5
15-May	Athens	12:35 a.m.	Thessalonica	1:30 p.m.	15-May	DC-6B		1
16-May	Thessalonica	11:30 a.m.	Bucharest	1:30 p.m.	16-May	IL 18		2
16-May	Bucharest	8:00 p.m.	Brasov, Romania	9:30 p.m.	16-May	Bus		1.5
18-May	Brasov	7:00 p.m.	Bucharest	11:30 p.m.	18-May	Bus		4.5
22-May	Bucharest	1:30 p.m.	Warsaw, Poland	2:50/3:50 p.m.	22-May	IL 18		1
24-May	Warsaw	9:00 a.m.	Katowice, Poland	3:00 p.m.	24-May	Bus		6
26-May	Katowice	3:45 p.m.	Wroclaw, Poland	7:15 p.m.	26-May	Bus		3.5
27-May	Wroclaw	10:25 p.m.	Lodz, Poland	3:30 a.m.	27-May	Bus		5
28-May	Lodz	10:30 p.m.	Warsaw	1:00 a.m.	29-May	Bus		2.5
30-May	Warsaw	1:50 p.m.	Frankfurt, Germany	4:30 p.m.	30-May	Brittania 102		2.5
30-May	Frankfurt	2:45?	New York	4:45 p.m.	31-May	Boeing 707		

Diaries

Thursday, February 16, 1961, 1st Day

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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. Маьхю
4200 Пъррывилл Род
Ортонвилл, Мишиган

Поездка Лента, 1961

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

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Dave Wolter's Opening Comments

Greetings tour band members

Here is the first installment of our tour memories. It is turning into quite a trip for me. I spent time organizing folders of memorabilia into daily folders. Even a quick glance at each item brings back floods of memories. This date has a collection of photos and articles that preceded the trip as well as the information that we had been delayed by fog and a strike. I have pictures and articles from the Michigan Daily, The Detroit News and my local paper the Daily Tribune (Detroit suburb-Royal Oak) Noel Papsdorf and Brenda Bencks made the front page of the Detroit News in a posed state of dejection over waiting with suitcases at the airport. George Cavender, Bill Wilson, Ann Speer and I had been shown a few days prior to the trip in the Daily Tribune. Several articles talk and show the Winklemans on their way to a "honeymoon" with the Michigan Band.

Of Course I have pre tour organization, my hand written list of all my possessions (including two combs which have long ago become unnecessary) my draft board permission to

leave the country (they didn't want me anyway as I was married with child), vaccination certification, but alas no passport.

My sparse diary does not start until tomorrow, but apparently 95% of the information I have about the trip is in the letters I sent to wife Jean and family during the trip. I will paraphrase some of it as we go.

It occurs to me that the yellow tour reunion book put together by Marty Gurvey has stories and humorous anecdotes that are worth reliving and I will try to transcribe those at appropriate times throughout this exercise. **All of you are urged to communicate your stories to me as we go so that I can add them to the web site for everyone's enjoyment. I find the easiest way to do this on my end is an e-mail. Please copy and paste into the body of the e-mail rather than send as an attachment.** You will find that the three pictures presented by Rudy, Loren and Rich as well as my comments all show different perspectives of the shared

experiences of the tour and the more we have, the more valuable this record becomes for encouraging this activity for future generations of

Don D'Angelo's Diary

Perhaps you could call this a PRE-LUDE, article to the trip as I remembered it and entered into my few notes taken during the tour

John F. Kennedy had been elected President of the United States by the slimmest of margins with Lyndon Baines Johnson as his running mate. The Democrats had chosen Johnson because it would give the important state of Texas to them during the elections. No one at that time knew just how important a choice this would be after Kennedy's assassination four years later. Evangelical Christians as well as many liberals were concerned about Kennedy's Roman Catholic background and how it would affect his presidency should he be elected. His speech to the Baptists did little to assuage these concerns and many feared that Sunday Blue Laws would be enacted by the Congress, which never happened and given this country's wide political system probably never will. I distinctly remember some of the literature handed out prior to the elections.

Ever since the Soviets had launched Sputnik I and II in 1957, America and the world had been trying to assess whether Capitalism or Communism was to be the wave of the future. Cuba under Fidel Castro had established a communist state 90 miles from Florida and many people feared the world's underdeveloped countries would follow suit. Many students were studying Russian and its history. Boris Pasternak had written his novel entitled *Dr. Zhivago* which had been surreptitiously smuggled out of the Soviet Union and published in the U.S.A and Western Europe. Because the Russians had banned it, I took two copies with me to Russia never expecting them to be stolen the first few days I was there. I hope it got to the right people in Moscow.

band members, It would be wonderful if we could help cause a 50th anniversary tour of equal significance for the present UM band.

Following Joseph Stalin's death in March, 1953, Nikita Khrushchev became the Secretary of the Communist party and things had begun to change in the Russian Empire. Dwight D. Eisenhower had invited Khrushchev to the U.S. for a tour in September, 1959, and when he addressed the Congress, he emphasized his speech which promised that Russia would bury the WEST in economics and social development by taking off his shoe and slamming the podium with it. Only time would prove him not only wrong but terribly backward. The Iron Curtain which Churchill had so vividly described as falling over eastern Europe, and effectively shut out information from the west to the peoples behind it, and we would soon experience its manifestations as we toured the Soviet Union.

Along with John and Robert Kennedy (who became the Attorney General under his brother), came a wonderful group of thinkers and diplomats one of whom spoke fluent Russian, Arthur Barnes. Among this group were some alumni from Michigan and somehow, this group had convinced the new President to choose the University of Michigan Band as the cultural exchange group to tour Russia while the Bolshoi Ballet would tour our country. This was the first cultural exchange ever attempted by the two countries, and its effect would be huge on us and them. When we learned that we had been given this privilege a group of us took lessons in Russian and were taught by a person whose name I have forgotten. We also had been briefed about never exchanging money with strangers or selling anything to them. I remember the meetings vividly about what justice under the Communists was like and how frightening it sounded. In Odessa, Ukraine, we would experience just how this system might affect us in a very uncomfortable way.

One of the most privileges we would be allowed was the opportunity to meet with fellow Christians during the tour and it would inspire many of us upon our return to rededicate ourselves to the Freedoms we often had taken for granted.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Today was the big day, the day we had been eagerly awaiting. We were scheduled to depart from Detroit Metropolitan Airport in two American Airlines chartered planes at 4:30 and 4:45 p.m. on our 15 week, 10 nation tour of the Soviet union and Eastern Europe.

Some of the band members journeyed to the airport on their own with parents, wives, friends or relations, but the majority were brought to Harris Hall by bus from the dormitories where they had been staying during the past week of rehearsals to await the embarkation of buses for Metropolitan Airport.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

THE HISTORIC, 1961 CULTURAL EXCHANGE TOUR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN SYMPHONY BAND. A PERSONAL ACCOUNT FROM THE DAILY LOG, LETTERS AND MEMENTOS OF RICHARD LONGFIELD.

The University of Michigan Campus, Ann Arbor, Michigan

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #1

The original departure date and time: 4:30 p.m.

This day started off with hopes and dreams of our departure on "The Tour" - the

It was against this background that 104 musicians started the most fabulous concert tour anyone could ever imagine and how it would result in so many of us gaining an understanding about not only Russians, but the world outside the United States of America.

Mother Nature, however, failed to cooperate: New York International Airport was fog-bound, and we had to wait for it to clear before there was any point in leaving for New York. After part of the band was contacted in Harris Hall and part at Metropolitan, we all assembled in Harris Hall at 6:30 p.m. for a meeting. The band had the option of waiting it out at metropolitan or getting a good night's sleep and trying again tomorrow. DR Revelli wisely chose to have us get our rest. The morale of the band remained high; everyone accepted circumstances for what they were and looked forward to another night of farewells.

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.

long awaited experience of our lives. Fog, caused by unusually warm weather, canceled all

flights out both Detroit Metro and Willow Run air terminals. My entire immediate family - Lois and Mark, Mom and Dad, and Mom Welberry were all there waiting with us in A2 on what eventually proved to be a "false alarm." The family all had to leave for home before the de-

cision to cancel was made because of the care needs of baby Mark. After the decision, Lois and I returned to Mom Welberry's home (after dark - surprise!) with the news that we had orders to return on Sunday morning.

1961	Sun, Feb 19	Mon, Feb 20	Tue, Feb 21	Wed, Feb 22	Thu, Feb 23	Fri, Feb 24	Sat, Feb 25
	NEW YORK	LONDON	MOSCOW	MOSCOW	LENINGRAD	LENINGRAD	LENINGRAD
9 AM		8:00 AM arrive in London					
10 AM	10:00 AM Leave for New York			10:00 AM tour city	10:00 AM tour city	10:00 AM rehearse	10:00 AM rehearse
11 AM		11:00 AM leave London					
Noon							
1 PM			1:00 PM rehearsal in Sports Palace with some inst missing				
2 PM		2:15 PM leave London			2:00 PM rehearse at Palace of culture	2:00 PM visit pioneer palace	2:00 PM visit Hermitage & winter palace
3 PM							
4 PM		3:30 PM travel to Moscow					
5 PM							
6 PM				6:00 PM train to leningrad			
7 PM							
8 PM			8:00 PM Concert at Sports Palace		8:00 PM Concert	8:00 PM Concert	8:00 PM concert
9 PM							
10 PM	10:00 PM Leave for London						
11 PM							

Sunday, February 19, 1961, 4th Day
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dave Wolter's Diary

My introduction to flight began today. I found the prop plane much more powerful than

the 48 Dodge that wife Jean drove to Willow Run. The 707 was another story altogether. I

was astounded by this wonderful, clean new plane. In addition I was granted first class seats as a married man. I started the tour with a resolution to drop my picky eating habits and grow up and eat all that was given to us. When the stewardess brought an exotic meal of Indian food I was taken aback. I looked and smelled all

Don D'Angelo's Diary

February 11st dawned partly cloudy and cold. The sun looked like a light bulb shining behind a sheet of white. After showering and shaving and having a bite to eat, I packed for the last time here in America and walked with my two suit cases towards Harris Hall. As a graduate student, I was domiciled at Owen Cooperative which was a block and a half from Martha Cook Dorm for women. As I cut across the Diagonal in the middle of the campus, I came across an outside temperature reading 19 degrees Fahrenheit and thought, "At least it isn't 10 below 0 two weeks ago when we had gotten one of Michigan's horrible ice and snow storms." A second thought was how that temperature could be converted to centigrade (the standard which was used in Russia), but what the hell was I thinking about such dribble. I was about to take my first airplane trip from Willow Run, across Canada, and into New York Idlewild Airport and then on to London where we would be met by two Russian Aeroflot planes. Well, that's what the Russians called them. I had another opinion which I will describe on February 20th.

I was carrying my barbering equipment in my left hand packed in my second suitcase. In addition to playing second trumpet, I was to be the tour's barber. Some called me "Slash" and I quickly thought this very appropriate. My father had trained me since I was in junior high and barbering had afforded me

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We are off at last! After a brief 8:30 a.m. meeting at Harris Hall we climbed aboard

the unfamiliar things and immediately resolved to at least try everything. I made a stab at that for a few items and then reresolved to study carefully all food presented to me. Needless to say I awoke hungry in the wee hours and walked forward to the watch the sun rise in with the pilots.

many wonderful opportunities in addition to being a musician. Friends at home used to call me the Perry Coma of Baltimore (my birth town). On the tour I would meet some very interesting people as well as cutting the hair of the four Communist party members who would accompany us throughout the Soviet Union.

Arriving at Harris Hall, I joined the group assembled to board the busses. Some weeks prior to this departure, we had a bowling party where the band had paired off in groups of 4. Joan Forster, Don Tison, Karen Swall, and I were to bowl together. Little did I know what this would lead to in the future. I believe that George Cavender had organized the event. Do any of you remember this bit of trivia?

The trip from Ann Arbor to Willow Run was uneventful and once there we boarded two turbo prop American Airlines planes which were to take us across Canada and into New York. Those planes were the noisiest engines I'd ever experienced. I remember the pilot telling us to look out at the snow of Canada and to see the Niagra Falls as we passed into N.Y. Our arrival in the Big Apple was to be a 13 hour wait and when we did take off, aboard the Boeing 707's I quickly fell asleep and remember nothing of the flight across the Atlantic. We were to fly over Iceland and Greenland, but I wouldn't have noticed a thing until we arrived in London on February 20th, 1961.

the buses which were to take us this time to Willow Run Airport. Excitement grew and ten-

sion mounted now that we really seemed on our way. Our chartered planes were scheduled to leave at 9:45 and 10:00 a.m.; they left almost an hour later.

For some, this was their first flight. They were counseled to sit toward the front of the plane and leave the tail section to the more experienced travelers. No one seemed to feel any ill effects from the trip; we all thought it was a pleasant flight, although most of the scenery was confined to cloud formations and beautiful sky. We circled Idlewild International Airport for approximately an hour before fog cleared enough to permit our landing, and soon afterward we discovered that our scheduled departure for London had been postponed to 9:30

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 as 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

p.m. We were taken to the Seaway-Idlewild Hotel for a light supper designed to moderate our appetites until the scheduled meal to be served aloft. After our snack we went back to the terminal to wait it out, and wait it out we did.

Because of the take-off congestion on the runways, we did not depart until 11:15 p.m. However, when we were at last airborne, our view of New York made the waiting worth while. As the myriad twinkling lights of the city below faded into the distance, their beauty plus the realization that we were flying into new lands and unknown surroundings, and wonderful adventures lay ahead of in the next three and one-half months before we would see New York again.

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

**The University of Michigan Campus, Ann Arbor, Michigan
To New York City, New York
From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #2**

The actual departure and flight to New York

Lois, Mark, Mom and Dad returned with me and learned of the plan for departure from Willow Run at 10:00 a.m. We had to wait for weather clearance in New York, though, and flight "A" (mine), was finally called about 10:45 a.m. Final good byes had to be quick. We entered the American Airlines DC 6, taxied to the strip, but had to wait for an incoming jet. Take off time... 11:15 (I took a picture).

We very quickly entered and passed through the cloud bank... into bright sunshine. The first break in the clouds gave us a view of Lake Erie, covered with ice. Then, we could see ground most of the way across Pennsylvania (picture). So, after an easy flight, we arrived over New York on schedule, but circled about an hour over Long Island and the Atlantic along with many other planes waiting for fog over Idlewild to clear (picture). After clearing, we had to wait our turn, we finally landed at 2:25 p.m. - now more than one hour late. Flight "B" somehow landed before us, but the first step of the adventure has been completed.

The unscheduled stopover in New York City

Our 707 Air India aircraft (a flight from Canada) had not yet arrived. We were taken by bus to the BOAC departure and arrival area to wait. Soon, it was announced that Air India had

landed, but we would not be able to leave before 7:30 p.m. Again, we boarded busses - this time to a location for a quickly arranged lunch... at the London House. On post cards I wrote home, I noted that our snack came about 4:30, that I was very hungry by then, and that it was reported to us that our first scheduled concert in Moscow was canceled. After sandwiches and coffee, we remained there until around 7:00, receiving a one and a half hour briefing from State Department personnel. When we returned to the BOAC area, we learned of a likely 9:30 departure, settled down to visiting, writing post cards, and card games, and were finally issued flight tickets. Staff and grad students were given priority for the first class section (fortunately)! I tried to phone UM '57 classmate/New Yorker Rocco Polera several times while we were waiting, but never succeeded. We also finally learned of the cause of our continuing delay... regularly scheduled flights have departure priority, so we must wait for an opening. At last, after 10:30 we began to board the plane. The group was very impressed with the Air India aircraft and happy to again be under way. The take off is still technically on Sunday - 11:20 p.m. - fast and smooth. We were thrilled by the lights of N.Y.C. - mostly green, red and yellow - they were a gas!

Monday, February 20, 1961, 5th Day

London, UK

Dave Wolter's Diary

My introduction to world travel for today brought some new revelations. Apparently world travel would have much hurry up and wait. We would rush or be rushed to some new destination and then spend much time waiting. Russian jets take off seemed like a long taxi, and

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We started the day off with a midnight supper served in elegant style, complete with Champagne. It was delicious; our first contact with non-American food was quite an experience.

Most of us settled back for a nap as we sped above the clouds and water. The thought that we were going to cover 3600 miles from New York to London in six hours was staggering. It had indeed become a small world.

Morning brought a beautiful sight; the quick sunrise over the Atlantic. The blues of the sky and sea contrasting with the pink of the clouds made a matchless color combination. We touched down at London Airport at 10:15 a.m. (GMT). We were taken in buses to our waiting Soviet planes only to discover that there had been some difficulty in loading equipment onto the Soviet aircraft. However, one plane

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

when it finally lifted off barely cleared the red tile roofs of the English houses. Russian bus drivers or was it a taxi from the airport drove around town with their headlights off much of the time.

was boarded and departed for Moscow. The rest of us stayed behind as guests of Air India to await departure of the second plane. We were fed and sheltered, but, unfortunately, we could not get into London because we had not cleared customs.

Finally those of us assigned to the second plane took off for Moscow also, leaving some of our instrument cases which had been so carefully designed and constructed for the tour. The flight itself was uneventful, but it was our first contact with Russian people, who seemed cold and formal to us upon first impression.

We reached Moscow, passed through customs, went to the Hotel Ukraine, had dinner and wearily settled down to a night's sleep in surprisingly comfortable accommodations.

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #3

The flight to London

At first the flight was rather rough, yet we in first class had it easier than those at the back of the aircraft. We got settled, and dinner was served after midnight.. what a dinner! Shrimp cocktail, roast chicken, peas, curried rice (with raisins and almonds sliced in a thin sauce), roll and butter, a whipped pudding desert and champagne (which was a rather strong to me - my first).

I went to sleep about 1:30 (a guess), but woke up when the sun first lit the horizon... did go back to sleep though until about 4:00. We were over clouds with seldom a break. Then, at 4:30 (these are USA times), a break revealed the first view of land: Ireland. We were at 33,000 feet - I believe I took a picture - and also took one of the open cockpit. The Air India crew was extremely cordial. Descent began about 5:00, we broke through the cloud cover to see suburbs of London (picture), and landed at 5:15 US - 10:15 a.m. in London (more pictures).

The stop- over in London

We did not go through customs. Instead, we were taken in busses to two Russian jets - TU-104-A's with two jet engines (pictures). After waiting for a while on the busses, we were driven to a building for a snack, but

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.

those on the first two bus loads never even got out before returning to one of the Russian jets to board for the first flight out to Moscow. Those of us who remained got out, went into the building and got sandwiches - for lunch (?) - by this time I was way off schedule! My watch - and my system - was still at 6:00 a.m. USA, but it was 11:00 a.m. in London. After eating, most of the guys found time to shave & clean up a bit. Then we learned that the first flight had departed... along with all the personal luggage, and our flight was to take all 44 trunks of equipment. When all of them wouldn't go through the aircraft's cargo doors, there was continued delay, with time again taken up at cards, etc. Eventually we were told that some equipment would be left in London - to be picked up the following day, and since some poor weather conditions were predicted, that it was time to be bussed to the remaining aircraft. We soon boarded into a whole new world. At first view of this very different looking aircraft interior and flight hostesses, our first USSR experience had begun, and I felt an immediate sense of being swallowed into the unknown. Also in view - evidence of an attempt to solve the equipment problem - the small tympani was out of it's travel crate and strapped into a passenger seat.

The flight to Moscow

I found a seat as far forward as possible - just in front of the wings. We lifted off at about 2:30 p.m./London - 9:30 a.m./USA, with what seemed to be less speed/power than with the 707. The plane's interior was not what I would describe as modern - even compared to the DC-6. There were plain, open racks overhead, fabrics and design seemed "old fashioned" (perhaps a preview of coming attractions!). The hostesses seemed rather uneasy - as were we - but spoke English quite well. They gave us some fruit flavored hard candy before takeoff, and after we were at cruise altitude, began the serving of supper. It consisted of chicken, peas, a roll and butter, cheese, crackers packed in the USSR, bottled water (ugh!), an apple and some wafer cookies.

Afterward, I read a Soviet magazine, like our 'Life,' then went to sleep. Once when I awakened for a while I got a glance at land. Could it be Denmark or Sweden? Later, when fully awake, several of the guys were visiting with one hostess. I joined them, taking along my small battery powered slide viewer and some slides of family, homes and UM. She and another crewman really enjoyed looking at them, asking a lot of questions about the photos and the viewer, and she finally wrote the viewer info down for him... perhaps he would shop for one on another trip. She eventually sat and allowed us to take photos (we had been told on boarding that no photographs were allowed). Soon after, we began our descent, which was rather deceiving - in and out of clouds. We traveled for some distance at what appeared to us to be a rather low altitude, but finally came to the outskirts of Moscow, landing in full darkness at 9:00 p.m./local - 1:00 p.m./USA.

Moscow Arrival

Arriving after dark added a bit of mystery to the event, along with curiosity about the winter weather we might experience. The temperature was reported at -4 centigrade, which some of us speculated as between 20 and 25 degrees Fahrenheit, but there was less snow

visible than I had imagined. George met us and brought our passports - which took about 15-20 minutes. We had to turn them over to a uniformed man as we left the plane, then walked across the edge of the air field to a well-lit building. Here we made a monetary declaration of both cash and traveler's cheques. Other paperwork included a form for the reason of our entry to the country! After another wait for the return of our passports, the group loaded on busses, each of which departed as they filled. I was the last person on the next to last one. As we traveled into the city, I had several first impressions of Moscow:

"Later! Too far from home; bulky, drab clothes; big fur hats; lots of uniforms; very few smiles; and - we're actually here!"

The trip took somewhere between 30-45 minutes, starting with a rather desolate area which turned to ramshackle homes with TV aerials, then bigger rundown buildings with many TV aerials (must be apartments), to areas of construction and finally the city of Moscow. Here, again, some first thoughts: "everything looks old; much rebuilding; few cars, many busses and trucks; many apartment buildings; subway stations; streets getting wider." Finally, we saw a large, decent looking towered building, and we stopped there. our hotel.'

The Hotel Ukraine

Hotel entrance was through very tall, large front doors. We gathered in the lobby, met band members who had arrived an hour thirty minutes ahead of us, looked at the natives - and were "looked at" by them. Here we handed our arrival slips to a US Department of State man - Mr. Tucker, given our room assignments and were instructed to go to our rooms, clean up and return to have our supper. Ken Oyer and I are on the 27th floor, which we ascend to by elevator - with a woman operator. On this floor there is a desk with a floor attendant who gives us keys to room 2515, and

we are told to leave the keys with her each time we come or go.

After shedding coats and hats and a quick clean up, we went down to supper in a large dining room. Everything smelled quite differently than any previous experience. We were surprised to learn that the hotel is four years old — instead of 34! Supper included an appetizer of bread, butter and meat, then soup,

beef, cabbage, potatoes and a desert of canned cherries in light juice. There were three courses in all, with the desert and appetizer on the table when we sat. Ken and I ate the desert along with the appetizer!

We finished, visited a while, then returned to our room - finally - to bed about 1:00 a.m. local time, quite exhausted.

Tuesday, February 21, 1961, 6th Day **Moscow, Russia, USSR**



Location of Moscow in Europe

Dave Wolter's Diary

It was nice to get up this morning (February 21, 2008) in Chelsea Michigan to a sunrise at 6:30. The thermometer tells me that it is 2.5 degrees outside, even colder than Moscow in, 1961. When the alarm went off in Moscow Don Tison and I stumbled out of bed to pitch black. Seemed like we went to bed in the middle of the night and were getting up in the middle of the night. Did we get any sleep? Don and I cleaned up and headed to breakfast. When we got downstairs it turned out to be 6:30 a.m., not 7:30 a.m. I had set my alarm on the wrong

time! We looked around the gloomy deserted lobby and decided to go for a walk and explore Moscow before breakfast. We looked at the rows of tan 8 story buildings and headed out. After a short walk we spied young children entering a building, an elementary school. Let's visit it we decided and entered the building. We got introduced to Russian. NYET!! Apparently we were not welcome so we stumbled out into the darkness and headed back to the hotel for another stab at breakfast.

Bruce Galbraith's Diary

This was from our first day in Moscow:

The large instruments didn't arrive - so there were no tubas, euphoniums, etc. And yet, we were going to have a rehearsal!

I ran into Dr. Revelli on an early morning walk outside our hotel, and trying to score some points, I guess I said,

"Dr. Revelli, most of the euphoniums also play trombone, and I know we brought a spare trombone.

Should we cover the baritone parts at the rehearsal that way?"

Ruday Radocy's Diary

Today was a day of complications. As mentioned, our instruments were delayed; some of them didn't arrive in time for the evening concert. Various groups around Moscow provided us with Euphoniums, Tubas, snare drums and Timpani. However we were unable to secure a pair of cymbals. The borrowed equipment was not destined to help our performance.

Already we found damage to some of the instruments, there were dents in the tubas and the tension rods of the tympani had been broken. Personal baggage had been damaged also.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 sym-

I will never forget his response - it was classic" He said "Harummph!" (I think that's an Italian pejorative.) He continued: "If I were a baritone player in this band, I would have gone out this morning and found four baritones!"

Somehow I think he felt he could have done that, but after all these years, I still can't imagine John Wakefield, Fred Heath and Jim Meretta or yours truly walking around Moscow saying "Ya kachoo euphonium!", to the Soviets.

What an amazing personage he was!

We went to the Sports Palace for the first rehearsal. How difficult it was to play without full instrumentation or adequate rest---and the chairs were most uncomfortable.

We looked forward to playing our first concert on foreign soil. The thought of performing the "Star-Spangled Banner" before a Russian audience made quite an impression on us. The concert was a qualified success. The audience asked us to play 30 minutes of encores.

Most of us spent some time getting acquainted with the city and observing the people. This phase of our tour proved to be an education in itself.

bols. 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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

When Ken and I went down to have breakfast we hoped we would find the dining room (after a series of hall ways and turns). We got there to find a meal mostly of mashed potatoes, sausages and cabbage - made me wonder if this is a normal breakfast for most people in this country?. Afterwards we returned to our room, put on our coats, hats and gloves, and decided to wander about outside. It was very windy with a temperature we guessed to be about 10 degrees F. Walking across the bridge over the river in front of the hotel we met a boy of about 14 who wanted to exchange some small badges he had for our gum or pencils. "Chewing gum?" - he asked. We had none, but he gave us badges anyway. By the time we got across the bridge we decided it was too cold to continue, and returned to the hotel. I started on my first letter home describing the travel, arrival and day's events.

At lunch we received some surprising news - along with the baritones, four tubas and some drum equipment, a trunk with 4 cornets had been left in London - including mine! Since three of the guys had brought trumpets along to play in the jazz band, they would provide

John Wakefiled's Diary

Others have written about the late arrival of some of our instruments from London, which included the euphoniums. I encountered Dr. Revelli in the hallway on the way to breakfast that first morning and he snarled, "Well, have you found instruments for your section yet?" As I stammered, "Umm . . what? . . , Ummm . . where? . . . ", he informed me that any responsible section leader would have been out looking for instruments early that morning. He proceeded to sit across from me at breakfast, scowling his disapproval through the meal. (After 40 years as a college band director and numerous trips encountering travel problems with my groups, I have some sympathy for

three of us with instruments for the first rehearsal and concert. At the rehearsal in the afternoon (which I described as "lousy" in my first letter to my wife), there were tubas, baritones, one cornet and the necessary percussion - borrowed from Moscow University (?). The baritones had an odd, oval shape, but all proved satisfactory enough to be used, and after rehearsal, we returned to the hotel for tea - the custom here is to have dinner after the concert.

The Sports Palace, which is very large - holds about 15,000 - had supposedly been sold out for our canceled concert. We still drew between 6-7,000 people - perhaps half capacity for our first concert - certainly more than would fill Hill Auditorium. We did all our warm up away from the stage area - the custom here. The reception wasn't great at first, but got better as the night progressed - the band began to relax somewhat, and it ended up being a fine concert with three encores. I wrote home: "it went quite well, especially considering all we'd been through - including the food: lots of cabbage, beef, potatoes, poor water, no milk and 'so-so' coffee. I'm going to take up drinking tea!"

the stress he was under on this important trip - but of course that didn't help me that morning).

After breakfast, I joined Marty Gurvey, Phil Georger and Bob Garrels on a walk in the area around our hotel. We wandered several blocks away into an area of tall apartment buildings. As we were going along we were approached by a man with an overcoat and Russian fur hat. Speaking English, he asked if we were Americans and we told him who we were and he said "Oh yes, I heard you were coming." He introduced himself as John Chancellor, head of the NBC news bureau in Moscow. I remember he pointed out the apartment building across the way as where he had lived for the last several months and noted the large net of

screening above the entrance. He said most newer buildings in Moscow had those nets to protect tenants from falling bricks and blocks when entering and leaving the building. He wished us well and we went on our way. After several more blocks we found ourselves in an area of very shabby looking one story buildings, connected like row houses. We observed that, despite the unpainted and run-down condition of the buildings, the windows were sparkling clean, with white lace curtains. There were no people to be seen on the street. Then when we turned a corner we saw several Russian children playing. They were so cute, bundled up for the cold, with good looking warm clothing. We all wanted pictures and with some sign language, persuaded them to pose for us. After taking several photos, remembering that State Dept. briefing at the London airport, we gave them each a penny as a souvenir (not having any gum or pins). The children seemed pleased. Suddenly an elderly woman came out of one of the houses and started shouting at the children, taking the pennies away from them and gave them back to us. She raised quite a fuss making enough noise that people started coming out of houses to see what was going on. Most looked curiously at us, instantly realizing we were foreigners. One fellow took the lead in trying to communicate with us, and again through sign language and primitive expression we got across the message that we had just taken pictures and given the pennies as thank you sou-

venirs. The fellow and others smiled and seemed friendly. Then suddenly the old babushka started yelling again as she spotted a policeman who came around the corner down the block. As more people now came out of their houses, the policeman came running up. After a few attempts at explaining, Marty discovered that he spoke German and was able to understand from the policeman: "Go wait over there and we will go to the police station." He then proceeded to take out a pad and copy statements from the old lady and several others in the crowd. The helpful young man also gave a statement. We thought we had really blown it: First day - arrested by police - necessary call to the embassy, etc. Finally the policeman finished, dispersed the crowd and joined us moving around the corner. When he was out of sight of the people he began to laugh. And communicating through Marty's German said that he would walk us back to the hotel. As we approached the hotel we ran into Dale Winkels, our UM interpreter, who talked to the policeman. He told Dale that it was a "Capitalistic" custom to "pay" people for services, like posing for a picture, and that Russian people did not approve of that. Later Harry Barnes or someone explained that the old babushka, having lived under the Stalin regime, probably feared that any contact with foreigners could get you thrown in jail and she was afraid for the children. On wobbly legs we (at least me) went back to our rooms.

Wednesday, February 22, 1961, 7th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

On this day in Moscow I purchased my first gift. A fur hat for my son Mark. It seems like

we still have it around the house, but at this moment I don't know where.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

As no concert was scheduled this day, we spent our time touring various sections of Moscow. We all boarded buses and toured the

city proper, noting its famous buildings and Landmarks. One of our stops was the Kremlin. There are many different types of buildings

within the Walls of the Kremlin, but one of the most fascinating was the museum.

Later in the day many of us explored Moscow on our own. Our very wise precaution when doing this was to carry a piece of hotel stationary in our pockets. If we got lost we could show this to a taxi driver and manage to get back to the Ukraina, We also had an opportunity to shop the G.U.M. Department Store, the largest and most famous of its kind in the Soviet Union.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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,

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #5

Washington's birthday. After breakfast we all boarded busses for the Kremlin. We had guides who spoke very good english (ours was a woman). The weather - cloudy, dark and windy. I took a lot of pictures of sights and buildings we went through, including 2 or 3 old churches filled with murals, tombs, etc., also a museum (the Armory) which held gifts and articles of Czars and Czarinas, including many guns. We had to wear big, floppy slippers over our shoes. I took a picture of school children all

In the evening the buses picked us up at the hotel and took us to the Leningrad Railway Station. There we boarded the Red Arrow Train bound for Leningrad. This train is reputed to be one of the finest trains in the Soviet Union. Four stayed in a compartment, which was extremely small. Each compartment had four small bunks and a table in it--to makes us as cramped as possible. We must try hard to be good travelers tonight.

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.)

in lines to visit the Kremlin, and saw one man point toward us exclaiming "Americanski's, Americanski's!" Some people stopped to look and asked questions (one was "how much did the camera cost?"). Leaving the Kremlin, we went into Red Square to a most impressive sight - St. Basil's Cathedral. There was also a very long line of people visiting Stalin's and Lenin's Tomb - I heard you can see the bodies!

We were very tired from the travel and events, so after dinner I started on the log en-

tries, Ken slept, and a good share of the group went out - heading for the GUM department store (lots of fur hats showed up).

Our suitcases were picked up between 8:30 - 9:00 to be taken to the train for Lenin-

grad, and we got out of the hotel between 10:30 - 11:00 p.m. The train - the Red Arrow - was quite modern - very nice in the sleeping compartment. We had very little extra room, but were quite comfy. After some cribbage, we went right to sleep.

Thursday, February 23, 1961, 8th Day **Leningrad, Russia, USSR**



Location of Leningrad in Europe

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We arrived in Leningrad at 9:00 a.m., after a long and uncomfortable train ride. A group of students from the Leningrad Conservatory were at the station to welcome us with bouquets of goldenrod. A strong bond was created between these warm and friendly students of the Conservatory and our students of the University.

After checking in and eating breakfast at the hotel Astoria, we were taken to the Palace of Culture for rehearsal. There was only one slight problem: our instruments had not arrived from the railway station yet. It was a

real "hurry up and wait" situation, which was ameliorated by a tour of the city. Unfortunately most of us were so exhausted that we were not in much mood to appreciate the tour of Leningrad.

Our rehearsal did not show much promise for the evening to come. Fatigue was sitting first chair in the band that night, and unfortunately we did not play very well. This was the worst concert of the season. Even so the Leningrad audience demanded 40 minutes of encores. We left the palace of Culture exhausted and disgusted.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #6

Prelude: it is very evident now in reading my log & letters home, that I knew very few band members before we left. I was teaching a half day at Saline, including the HS marching band without assistance; we were parents (Mark was 4 months in Sept.) & lived upstairs in a house across a road from the cemetery on Ann Arbor/Saline Rd. I knew Ron Bell - a freshman in '56-'57, my senior year - and Chief, George, Jim Salmon & Wubby from under grad years. After marching season I got to know our section members better. Ron, Dave Rogers & Mike Mathews assisted me on my MM recital just days before we left. My first log or letter reference to a band member other than roommate Ken was on this date.

After passing through some very depressing suburban areas - both living and industrial, we arrived in Leningrad at 8:50 - the city itself looked fine. I wrote home that although we had seen a lot of poverty and run-down areas so far in Russia, this city (the capital before the 1917 revolution) seems to be much more cultural, with many parks, museums, etc. On the bus ride to the Hotel Astoria we saw many fine buildings, and arrived eager to see more. For the most part, the hotel rooms were very nice. Yet, six of us got single rooms - with a portable bed placed in them, without

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.

either a bath or toilet, but we survived. In a letter home I drew a picture of a very 'sagging' bed, but didn't say who slept there. We heard later that the Astoria at one time was one of the finest hotels in USSR, built in 1907.

We were supposed to rehearse at 11:00, but our instruments had not been transported to the site. So, after breakfast we were given a bus tour of the city - with English speaking guides. It was very impressive, but I think all of us were also very tired. Before lunch I wrote in a letter home: "Don Sinta showed me a telegram he got from his sister - congratulating him for his solo on our first concert - there must have been some publicity back home!" Also wrote that breakfast at the Astoria included "eggs - kind of beat fluffy and fried - real light," and that we also "had a soft-boiled egg one morning in Moscow." In fact, the food there was much more attractive and tasty - with a better variety.

The performance site was called the House of Culture - evidently a common name here, as we have seen several. The acoustics were good, we all had our own instruments again and enjoyed playing there, but to me the concert was a little disappointing - not as good as at Moscow, yet the reception was better (5 encores!). (concert #2)

Friday, February 24, 1961, 9th Day

Leningrad, Russia, USSR

Don Tison's Diary

Today we started out with a pretty good rehearsal from 10:30-12:30 pm compared to all of our previous rehearsals. At 3:45 pm some of us took a tour to the Pioneer Palace which is the equivalent of our YM-CA/YWCA. At least, they teach the Russian kids dancing, how to speak English, arts and crafts, music, etc. We had the pleasure of hearing a fantastic performance of Franz Liszt "Hungarian

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We finally got some rest last night. With clear minds we began to realize the tremendous responsibility that we owe the Russian people as well as the American people. We cannot afford another performance like the one last night.

The morning rehearsal was disappointing. Dr Revelli was driving all the way, but he could not seem to pull the band with him. Some of us were still in the doldrums.

In the afternoon about fifty members of the band went to the Pioneer Palace. Here we came in contact with the Communist Youth Organization, which is almost a parallel to our Boy

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rhapsody No. " by an accordion class of about 35 players. It was a nearly perfect performance in every way - precision and musicianship was miraculous for such young kids. (I had never before heard an orchestra of accordions in USA!) Tonight's concert was the best so far - we are finally beginning to sound like the Michigan Band that left A2 a week ago! My solo also went well. Everyone was very happy tonight!

Scouts and Girl Scouts. The rest of us did individual sightseeing or rested.

Leningrad is so rich in history. Most of the Russian Revolution took place here. Events which changed the course of the world occurred at places which we pass daily on our way to the concert hall. It supplies the mind with a great new wealth of material to question.'

The evening's concert was our best thus far in the tour. Although it wasn't our peak. We played forty-five minutes of encores. Jerry Bilik's "Rhapsody on Russian Folk Songs" commanded a repeat performance.

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #7

We rehearsed in the a.m. - a beautiful day. After we returned, I went out into the nearby square to take some pictures - there is a fantastic church - and equally fine equestrian statue there. A Chinese man came to me with his camera and asked me (in Russian) to take his picture. Not being familiar with the camera, I asked if it was all set and focused, and what button to push. He showed me, then went in front of the statue, and stood with one hand placed inside his coat front. As I clicked the shutter, the view of him vanished - my first experience with a 'through-the-lens camera, and don't know if it actually was set right. When he returned to me he asked if I was Czechoslovakian, and when I said "nyet - Americanski," he turned and left me without another word. I wondered if he'd ever had a conversation with an American before, or if he told anyone else about it.

After lunch there was a tour to the Pioneer Palace (for Communist youth) - evidently what they have rather than Boy Scouts. I didn't go, instead walked (a long distance - partly alongside a river) to the Czar's Winter Palace,

Saturday, February 25, 1961, 10th Day Leningrad, Russia, USSR

David Elliot's Comments

I was so young when we went on this wonderful tour. There is much I don't remember and I didn't keep a diary. I do remember the experience in Leningrad. Most of the group stayed at the Astoria but a very few of us stayed in a strange hotel type arrangement directly

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

looking about the huge square there and taking several pictures. There was a tall, round column in the center of the square - a memorial - with bronze plates on the four sides of the base. When I returned to the hotel there were several guys leaving to visit a music store. We ended up walking (again - ouch!). The store was closed, so we went to a department store instead. It had many entry doors - all led into one hall running length ways across the front. Off this hall were many arch ways which led to the different departments - each completely separated from the others. I only saw the departments on the first floor, and bought Mark some little tan slippers - using sign language only. My boo-boo was - I took the slippers with me to make payment at the pay booth, and found I had to return them, pay first and take the receipt back with me - then they were wrapped in paper and given to me. Lesson learned.

I still have had no milk to drink, but the tea here is surprising - in that I'm drinking it (with sugar) and actually liking it!! Our concert tonight was much better. (concert #3)

across from the Winter Palace. I remember getting up in the morning and looking out the window at the magnificent structure across the very large square. I also remember how the people in this beautiful city seemed down trodden.

In June of 2006 I had the great fortune to return to this wonderful city now known as St. Petersburg. The faculty Brass Quintet of the University of Kentucky was there to play at the Romantic Trumpet International Conference. We stayed in a hotel only a couple of blocks from this huge Winter Palace square. I remembered a magnificent arch that was over a street that led into the plaza. This arch was right beside the place where I remembered staying.

The change in the city was amazing. People were happy and extremely upbeat. There were lots of folks walking up and down Nevsky Prospect at all hours of the day and night.

I was able to spend a whole day in the Hermitage and was indeed blown away. They have made great progress in developing the collection.

[Dave Wolter's Diary](#)

The tour was to take us to many amazing sites and buildings, but the Hermitage we visited on this day was the single most impressive intact building we visited in my eyes. The scope of the building, its vast, still uncoun- ted at that day art collection, inlaid wooden floors that looked more like elaborate furniture, over 1000 rooms, its size required a whole village that did nothing but cut wood and feed the fires in the building. It wasn't until many years later that I found when reading the 650 page Colin Eisler book, "Paintings in the Hermitage" that the

[Martin Gurvey's Remembrance](#)

Reading of your tour of the Hermitage brings back a memory for me (unfortunately, I can't find my diary). The day the band went to the Hermitage, I (and maybe Larry Yurdin came with, as well) went with a Jewish young man named Max who offered me a guided tour of Leningrad. We saw many sights, but what I re-

member has been made of the huge shopping center on the Prospect. It is still huge and rivals almost any shopping mall in the USA. The food is still excellent in St. Petersburg. Since I was there in summer, there are many restaurants with seating outside. It was great fun to eat and watch the folks go by.

My wife, Merrilee was with me on this trip. She knows a lot about Russian history so we visited most of the important historical sites. What a remarkable city this is.

Our quintet played in a concert hall built by Peter the Great for his me's chorus. Later Glinka performed in this hall as his home base.

I really feel blessed to have visited this great city twice especially since I feel that I have seen the before and after.

I hope many of you have the opportunity to visit St. Petersburg again.

building we viewed was never intended as a residence and had been constructed as a separate building after the Winter palace burned down in 1837 and was replaced by a new Palace. The Hermitage was completed in 1852 and was to be the place where Russian artists could study all the world's best artists. The collection while huge, grew immensely with the nationalization of private collections after the establishment of the Soviet Socialist Republic. I still hold a dream of taking my wife there someday.

member most is that I gave him a blue, long-sleeve wash and wear shirt and a pair of pigskin gloves, and he gave me a book that Russians used to learn English, in which it said they invented the radio, the airplane, etc. I heard a year later from someone from another tour, that he was arrested for trying to sell goods on

the black market. Kathy and I were in Leningrad about a year ago, and it was then that I saw the Hermitage for the first time. We went back to the Astoria, as well. It is now a 5 star hotel, the

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This morning's rehearsal finally showed some signs that our band was coming alive. We are continually building our repertoire.

In the afternoon we were privileged to tour the Hermitage Museum and the Winter Palace of the Czars. The priceless works of art by Rembrandt, Picasso, daVinci, and Greco are magnificent. The vases, tables, staircases, decorated ceilings and other pieces of applied art create quite and indescribable impression.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #8

Prelude: after reading my entry of 2-23 from Dave's e-mailing, I realized the reference to our meals was worded poorly (much of my log is in outline form, so I fill in some missing words) - it should read that the meals at the Astoria were far better than Moscow.

lift is gone from the lobby, but, otherwise, I remembered the layout, including the dining room in the back. Leningrad is still one of the most beautiful cities I've ever seen.

The people of Leningrad seem to be friendlier than those in Moscow. We are beginning to feel a greater bond between Russians and ourselves. Perhaps we are beginning to adjust to the Russian customs as well as the people themselves. The concert tonight was another success; it brought thirty minutes of encores. "Elsa's Procession to the Cathedral" was a real crowd pleaser.

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.

This is our 9th day. We visited the Hermitage in guided tours, entering through the Winter Palace, which is itself a full city block in size with a courtyard in the middle. Guide books in English were provided, and we were very impressed, but it would take many days to

soak up the amount of work on display. There was one whole room just full of Rembrandts, saw two pieces by Leonardo da Vinci - and much, much more.

I wrote to Lois: "If only you were here!! I think of that over and over - there is so much to see in this city - almost unbelievable! But, it just doesn't seem right to see it alone. I still haven't had a bath since we got here, which hacks me!!! Don Tison and Dave Wolter also have no bathing or toilet facilities. W.D.R. said from now on the freshmen get the "lower" accommodations." [sorry! - does anyone remember if that actually happened later?] "There are a lot of people around here who speak English - young and old. This is a very large city (3,000,000), also a sea port ... and a long way from the Kremlin!! The kids here - little 2-3 year olds - are cute as can be. They wear the biggest darn coats and furry hats - look like little walking barrels! The babies are also bundled up - in big quilted blanket bags wrapped tight - all you can see are their faces. Yesterday on my walk I saw mothers with babies out in the sun. We've seen only a few snowflakes in the air since we got in the country. There is a dance band here at the hotel (not for our enjoyment, unfortunately) - a very good one, too."

Ken spoke with a young girl (20) who gave him the address of the city's best jazz spot, so he, Tom Gaskill & I planned to go there after our concert. I wrote Lois: "we played the 'Three Trumpeters,' and when the audience really enjoys a piece, they clap all together - in rhythm. "My Fair Lady," "Summertime," (Sinta's encore) "Red Cavalry March" and Bilik's "Russian Folk Songs" are also favorites." At the end of the concert, band members made a lot of contact with members of the audience from the stage. We visited for about 15 minutes with them, then 'we three' decided we'd better pack up and take a taxi to the jazz spot. We went out the Hall's front door. That did it!! We were completely surrounded in a matter of seconds [by waiting audience members], and had a wonderful time answering all kinds of questions. Also, got out snap shots to show them. Finally, we did take the taxi, and went right past the hotel! When we got there we were too late to hear the band, so we attempted to talk with two trombone players - both knew no English. Afterward, they ended up getting us on the correct bus to get back to the Astoria - for two kopeks - the bus was crowded.. We were really squashed in! (Concert #4).

1961	Sun, Feb 26	Mon, Feb 27	Tue, Feb 28	Wed, Mar 1	Thu, Mar 2	Fri, Mar 3	Sat, Mar 4
	LENINGRAD	LENINGRAD	MOSCOW	MOSCOW	MOSCOW	MOSCOW	MOSCOW
9 AM	9:00 AM Barber of S		8:00 AM arrival in Moscow		9:00 AM Rehearsal	9:00 AM visit Mosow University	
10 AM	10:00 AM Eugene O	10:00 AM visit conservatory		10:00 AM Rehearsal			10:00 AM BOLSHOI BALLET SWAN LAKE
11 AM							
Noon							
1 PM	1:00 PM Russian Circus						
2 PM		2:00 PM concert at conservatory	2:00 PM rehearsal		2:00 PM Ambassador's Reception		2:00 PM rehearse at Moscow Conservatory
3 PM							
4 PM							
5 PM							
6 PM							
7 PM	7:00 PM Concert		7:00 PM Concert at Sports Palace	7:00 PM Concert at Sports Palace	7:00 PM Televised Concert at Sports Palace		
8 PM							7:45 PM Friendshi p-house reception
9 PM							
10 PM		10:00 PM train to Moscow					8:00 PM Dixieland performa
11 PM							

Sunday, February 26, 1961, 11th Day
Leningrad, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

We had a late breakfast this morning. Afterwards we were free so I walked across the

street to St Isaac's Cathedral with Longfield and Curt. We walked to the top and took pictures,

however it wasn't too impressive because of a hazy day. Afterwards we picked up our interpreter [Dale Winkels] and went on a long walk & ride around the town-to the bastion where Doskeovsky was kept and other places. After

Michael Mark's Diary

According to my diary, you and I visited a Russian apartment in Leningrad on February. 26. We were escorted there by a Russian student, whose name, I think, was Ghena. On the way, a drunk stopped us and began to get ab-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Today we had our choice of three outstanding entertainment features. We could elect to see Rossini's "Barber of Seville," which was presented by the professional opera company at the Kirov Theater; Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegan." which was done by students of the Leningrad Conservatory; or a Russian Circus. All of us came back with favorable impressions of the performances.

Our Last Concert in Leningrad lasted three hours with intermission and encores. We

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #9

This morning I went across the square to St. Isaac's Cathedral (333 feet to the very top of the dome) and paid 10 kopeks to climb some 200 steps to observe the city from above. It has

lunch we went to the circus. We went directly to the hall and played. Ron got sick and I played his part. After I went to the married couples apartment we discussed America and Russia.

usive. Ghena pushed him and he fell backward, then we got in a taxi and went to the apartment. We had a nice and interesting visit with a family, talking about life in the two countries. Does this jibe with your notes for February. 26?

have certainly enjoyed our stay here. It was impossible to express how we really felt to the audience, but we did our best by saying CEEB (Russian for "thank you") three times in succession at the end of the concert.

Becoming accustomed to Soviet customs, we find late meal hours are not bad--once we get used to them. One of the harder adjustments to make was eating some of the new dishes. Communication with the populace is becoming easier as the days go by.

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.

a walkway around the outside of the dome for views from every direction, and I saw several sights I had seen on my walk Friday to the Winter Palace: the Admiralty (built by Peter the

Great), the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul (from 1740 - burial place of Czars), the Winter Palace and that granite Victory Column (over Napoleon - 165 high). It was quite windy, so I didn't stay long. Did take several pictures.

We each had our choice from three types of entertainment to attend in the afternoon: a professional opera, the Leningrad Conservatory opera, and the Leningrad Circus. I went to the circus (one ring), which started with an aerial act, had a lot of different acrobatic acts, an oriental magician, a bicycle/unicycle troupe, and also excellent trained horses, dogs,

Monday, February 27, 1961, 12th Day Leningrad, Russia, USSR

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Today the band visited the famous Leningrad Conservatory, which was founded in 1862 by Rubenstein. Our original plans were to attend a few classes and present a concert of symphony band music and a recital of chamber music in the morning. Following this, they were to perform a concert for us.

We visited the classes and found them quite interesting. However, complications set in when again the trucks did not arrive with our instruments. After much confusion and delay, we played our concert at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The concert was extremely well received. "Elsa's Procession to the Cathedral" and "Rhapsody on Russian Folk Songs" were particularly enjoyed by the students. After the concert Dr. Revelli presented the assistant director of the Conservatory with a certificate which greeted the Russian People from those in Michigan and spoke for peace. In return, Dr. Revelli was presented with a token of appreciation.

monkeys, etc. Because of our concert, we had to leave early and didn't see the trained bears - darn! Did get a program, and will try to keep all the things I feel I can save in my log book to take home.

Our concert was better - Don Tison's solo was a gas! [that means *the best*, Don] We had to do the *Three Trumpeters* without Ron Bell - he is really sick. Again, we visited with people from the stage after the concert. I autographed several programs for people, and when one person handed me one to keep - it was one I had signed! (Concert #5)

The chamber music recital which Michigan Band members performed consisted of: Trio--Donald Sinta, alto saxophone, William Scribner, bassoon and Patty Parker, piano, and woodwind quintet--Karen Hill, flute; Louise Scheldrup, oboe; Ross Powell, clarinet; William Scribner, bassoon; and David Rogers, horn. Bill Scribner played a solo accompanied by Patty Parker.

It is interesting to note that the fame of our two soloists is spreading. Donald Sinta and Donald Tison are greeted with wild applause before they begin to play.

After the concert by the Conservatory Orchestra, we proceeded to the Hotel Astoria. Our bags were packed and our rooms were vacated by 9:00 p.m. We were fed in the hotel and then taken back to the railway station, where we boarded the train for Moscow. Most of us settled back for a long, uncomfortable trip.

Loren Mayhew Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #10

I wrote Lois on this day: "I'm still behind on keeping my log current - I may not write so much each time!!" [Then came this most eventful last day in Leningrad, and the log/letter entries]:

The plan of the day: visit Leningrad Conservatory, first attending the various wind instrument lessons; play a band concert and recital program for students and faculty; eat lunch; return to visit more classes; hear the Conservatory Orchestra in concert; return to the hotel for dinner and prepare for the overnight train travel back to Moscow.

But, a virus started through the band - with Ron the first victim - then this a.m. a freshman bass clarinetist just plopped over - out cold as a fish - white as a sheet. About 5 minutes later a euphonium player just made it out

the door before it hit him. Poor Doc W. and wife are very busy! Then, the instrument transfer got held up, followed by shortened visits to what ended up being a master class lesson format (at least for us - 10 in the trumpet class of all performance levels).

The Russian's trumpets were all rotary valves with small cup, large rim mouthpieces. The students played with big sounds, but sounded harsh to our standards. Everyone was very friendly. We also looked at music, and 3 of us got autographed copies of a collection of solos by the Conservatory Director - the composer.

The concert, in a small, jam packed hall, was a huge success. Don Tison again was really perfect, and the *Three Trumpeters* also very successful. We really got warm during the performance! After the concert - a huge success -

one young man I talked with had spent a year at Harvard. He spoke good American English, and his father was a stage director and voice coach for the opera. The Conservatory orchestra concert was very good - especially the strings from top to bottom. Their program included *Romeo and Juliet*, and Shostakovitch's music from *Gadfly*.

After dinner, a group of about 25 of us went to the dance spot we had tried to see on Saturday night. We had to pay an admission, and it took place on the 4th floor. It was a full big band, playing jAmerican charts - probably written out while listening to records or the radio. They were swingers - the best in Leningrad, which may be best in USSR! [I remember we were warned not to talk to any of them, but during a break one of our guys placed a box of

sax reeds on a stand, which resulted in a big smile on the player's return]

I also wrote Lois: "There has been much grumbling - WDR has not been in a good mood. Hope everything is straightened out quickly ... with over 13 weeks to go! Ken is a great help when we visit with people here who have limited English - he speaks French. He is going to try to make a phone call home today. I think I'll try to get some rest before we leave - we may not get a lot of sleep tonight." Then, when we got to the Red Arrow for our midnight ride to Moscow, Don Tison and I were placed in the VIP car. [aha! Perhaps this was WDR's response to our poor accommodations at the Astoria. But I didn't write if Dave & Ken were in the same compartment with us - does anyone remember?] (Concert #6)

Tuesday, February 28, 1961, 13th Day **Moscow, Russia, USSR**

Dave Wolter's Diary

It was a rather uneventful day. We were greeted in Moscow with a breakfast of sausages and mash potatoes. [No German fries, French fries or hash browns to be found]. The afternoon was free so I finished my letter to Jean. We had a late afternoon rehearsal which was another put down session. The concert was very coolly accepted until the second half. Afterwards

they were more generous with their applause. [47 years later I am spotting a trend. Do these people adore us or do they just not want to go back to their cramped apartments?] After dinner I went for a walk in the new snow. Moscow looks much better at night with new snow on the streets.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

The train ride aboard the Red Arrow--affectionately designated as the "Broken Arrow"--seemed a little more comfortable than before because we knew what to expect. We reached Moscow around 9:00 a.m. and were taken by bus to the Hotel Ukraina, where we had stayed before.

made at this time. After breakfast we had a little free time, which most of us used to catch up on some lost sleep.

At the breakfast table this morning, there was a great deal of excitement: the first delivery of mail from the United States was

The afternoon rehearsal and evening concert were held in the Sports Palace, where we appeared the last time we were in Moscow. It was difficult for us to play here, for the structure is like a gigantic barn. Such a tremendous amount of sound is required to fill the Palace

that we had to use amplification--by microphones placed in strategic points in the band.

The first half of the concert was disappointing, but the second half was better. After Leningrad, the response of the audience seemed light, due mainly to the respective sizes of the halls. They demanded forty-five minutes of encores.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #11

We were awakened by Doc W. as the train was almost at the station - at 8:55 - and then got a 'cheerful' word from WDR, yet we made it out the door by 9:00!! We are back to the Hotel Ukraine - this time in room #531. The room was cold; we were tired, so crawled into our beds and took a nap. There is No Mail for any of us yet!

Wednesday, March 1, 1961, 14th Day Moscow, Russia, USSR

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After Breakfast we had a short rehearsal. Confusion reigned as we attempted reorganize our folders.

Lunch was held at 1:00 p.m., confirming the announcement of yesterday. This was a popular change for the band.

The startling news that tomorrow's meals would be served more in accordance with American eating habits was announced. This may help our health as well as our dispositions. Most of the band members do not care for lunch at 2:30 and supper at 11:00 p.m.

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.

Our rehearsal was lousy today, but the concert at the Sports Palace went well - with a very receptive audience - especially at the end. Again we spent 15-20 minutes talking with the crowd from the stage, signed some programs and got some souvenirs including a kopek covered with mercury. (Concert #7)

The free afternoon was spent shopping, sleeping, and laundering. After a dinner which was ornamented by another mail delivery, we departed for the Sports palace.

The audience was slow to warm up to our music making; it was the coldest Moscow audience we had encountered in this series. Certainly the band was not plying its best; how-

ever, as the concert proceeded they became more enthusiastic. We played thirty minutes of encores.

At the concert tonight a videotape of our performance the "Victors" and "Freelance March" was made to be televised throughout the Soviet Union. It was announced that tomorrow's concert was to be broadcast live.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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)

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #12

There was a morning rehearsal - my lip felt stiff when we warmed up and then didn't play for some time. We have the afternoon off (now). The meal schedule is going to be changed starting this afternoon, with supper at 5:00 and tea after the concert - Hooray!

We waited this afternoon for two young men in uniform (quite possibly air cadets or at least connected somehow with air force) who were to visit Ron Bell - but they did not show up.

Thursday, March 2, 1961, 15th Day
Moscow, Russia, USSR

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Cameras taking shots for newsreels and Television programs were the highlight of

From clippings we received in our mail, it is apparent that we are being well covered by the American press. We certainly have a tremendous obligation both to the people back home and the Soviet public as well.

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.

Our concert went quite well - many people crowded around the stage for autographs and questions. There was one man, however, who we later figured was a 'plant,' who thanked us very nicely, wished us good luck, etc., then said "good night!" When we didn't leave, he said it again, and told us we should all go home and have dinner. We should have told him we had plenty of time, but he began to disperse the crowd, and we all left. (Concert #8)

the rehearsal this morning. The organization was such that we were compelled to rehearse

the "Victors" most of the morning while they got close-up shots of the various sections.

In the afternoon a reception was given by Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson at the American Embassy. It was good to hear the majority of the people around us speaking English again. Many different personalities were there, such as the embassy staff workers, teachers, newspaper correspondents and Moscow conservatory instructors. Formal entertainment consisted of a recital and Jazz concert given by a few members of the band. However, the room was not well suited for this performance and attentive listening. After the concert we en-

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #13

What a day! We went to the Sports Palace at 11:00 for news reel shots. The sound crew taped us on the *Victors* last night, and doing the pictures took about an hour today since just about all sections were included. *Victors* is going over with audiences very well. The news reel is to be sent for showing all over the USSR - and USA as well.

This afternoon there was a reception party for us at the US Embassy. The building is magnificent! We were in a central section of the house - two connected rooms - they could almost be one room [very open]. Several band members presented solos and ensembles, then the 'Dixieland Band' played. They proved to be very popular with diplomatic staff. Everyone was very nice to us - much food and drink

joyed another hour of social activities before we left for the Sports Palace.

From the Embassy we journeyed directly to the Sports Palace. This, our last concert of the series in the Sports palace, turned out to be the best of the series as well. The audience was one of the warmest we had encountered and demanded 50 minutes of encores. The "Victors" is gaining in popularity. This evening we had to repeat its performance.

Fur hats are becoming the fad of the band. Everyday someone shows up with a new one. Books and music are another favorite purchase of the members.

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."

passed about, and we all enjoyed the company of Americans for a change although I felt a little 'out of my element' there.

Everyone was still happy and relaxed (almost frighteningly!) for the concert - for a change. During intermission I wrote in a letter to Lois: "It's 8:10 - Intermission and we just got mail - one from you - so I just had to find a spot to sit down and write some more on this. For the third concert in a row, I've had to play two parts in the *Three Trumpeters* - Curt Chase has been sick. The first half has gone quite well" [from the log]: It went really well; we played many encores - the *Victors* twice. The crowd really raised the roof!! They clapped in rhythm during the last strain and kept it up for applause when it was over!

Afterward, I signed many programs – it's good to see the joy on so many faces - makes it all worthwhile. The crowd had to push its way through a line of large, uniformed women tonight - they were not even supposed to get near the stage. We stayed close, though, and soon they 'broke' through - that made me very happy! When we went out to board the busses for the hotel, a professional trumpeter handed

me a stack of music - solos and books - but since he spoke no English, I got Dale to help out. He was very nice, and said he wanted to give the music to me as a gesture of friendship. [His current job was playing incidental music for a drama in a Moscow theater, he had the night off, and hoped he would be able to get close enough to make the presentation. A true highlight! (Concert #9)

Friday, March 3, 1961, 16th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

This was an uneventful day. I practiced and stayed in bed all morning. I didn't eat breakfast or lunch.[editors note: That's why I had to buy two pair of size 28 waist pants in Egypt.] I got a strange yearning for oranges. I dressed and took a cab to the American Embassy. When

I got there I found the store was closed. Back home I went. Had long talk with Laura our interpreter. I tried dinner, but nyet! Played duets with Jack McKimmy, talked with Tison.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We Learned a great deal about Russian education on our tour of the Moscow University this morning. The building itself is impressive and powerful, housing twenty-eight stories of classrooms, lecture halls, study areas, libraries and museums. All the students have scholarships, in addition to a monthly allowance. They pay a nominal fee of three rubles a month for their rooms and must buy their own meals. Unfortunately we saw very little actual class activities. Most of the time was spent in the museums, the dormitories and the cafeteria. Nev-

ertheless, we had quite a bit of time to talk to the students themselves.

Letter writing, laundry, shopping, sleeping and recovering from virus attacks occupied the free time of our afternoon. Danger still remains for those who have not had an attack of this virus.

It has been possible for individual groups to attend concerts and plays in Moscow. Mr. Barnes can make the arrangements for us.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

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.

In the afternoon three of us went shopping. I bought some silver tea glass holders. We

I have not yet fully recovered from my sickness and today, especially this evening, I felt

much worse. The whole band seems to have

Michael Mark's Diary

When we were at the American Embassy, we learned that the Jewish members of the band were invited to the Israeli Embassy on March 3 to celebrate the holiday of Purim. In fact, the Embassy invited all Jewish visitors in Moscow to the party. It's mostly a children's holiday, with kids dressed in costume, good food, etc. It was a pleasant and interesting affair, especially meeting other visitors to Moscow. We met Israeli Ambassador Harrel and

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #14

Prelude: 1 - in a letter of 3/2 I wrote: "Barney went to the American Embassy, and found a store there - so several of the guys took 'orders,' and most everyone is buying American goods this week! I'm getting some soap and stationery." Do you remember that, Barney?

2 - Listening to the CD of our Hill Auditorium concert is a real treasure - thanks again to Dave!

3 - I had a phone conversation today with Jack McKimmy - from a resort in Sedona. He'll drive to our house Monday, March 3 and we'll all go have lunch together. How cool is that?!

No concerts - no rehearsals. We visited Moscow University today - even though we were promised a 'true tour,' we got the old "soft poop." [They showed us] very little other than the beautiful entrance, main auditorium, a 'sample' private living quarters (which appeared all "put up"), and a small museum of rocks on the 29th floor. We weren't allowed to look around on our own. Oh, yes - saw an empty gymnastics room and a group of kids learning to swim in a pool (their school was nearby).

Spent much of the afternoon writing cards and letters and playing cribbage!

come down with something.

First Secretary Pratt, and we also met Mattie Kalb, the wife of the Marvin Kalb, the foreign correspondent for one of the television networks. By coincidence, Mattie and I had several mutual friends in the US. The food included humantashen (the Purim pastry) and hors d'oeuvres, and there were Israeli cigarettes (I can't believe I smoked then). I think that all of us had a good time there.

After supper, George Riddell & I took a bus to Red Square (had planned to shop in GUM, but it closed as we got there). We walked around, saw other band members - joined them, got ice cream sandwiches, then walked to see the changing of the guards at Lenin-Stalin Tomb. It was very precise. About 2 minutes before 9 we saw 3 bayoneted rifles appear, then the guards stepped from behind a wall (they came from the Kremlin). They were very 'snappy' - taking long strides. They came up to the gate, flanked, and then after one opened it, they marched up the walk. Really 'stomped' up the stairs, and went right between the two guards on duty. Not more than 10 seconds later, the chimes from a Kremlin tower struck 9 - a little melody sounded first, though. In a flash, the guards presented arms very precisely, and in very sudden flanking movements, the exchange took place. It was very closely timed, and obviously drilled to perfection. [In my log I drew - using "x, o" & arrows - an illustration of the position and movements of the guards and the exchange. The third guard seemed to serve as an escort - both to and from, staying in the middle at the top of the exchange and opening/closing the gate]

We found the same bus (same number displayed, anyway) to return to the hotel.

Saturday, March 4, 1961, 17th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

According to my diary, on the 6th our dixieland band went to the American Club and we had a wild party.

Don D'Angelo's Diary

After the train ride back to Moscow, I remember striking up a casual acquaintance with a gal at the entertainment desk in the Lobby of the Ukrainie hotel. Determined to try out the Bolshoi and a performance of Swan Lake, I ordered two tickets (5 rubles apiece) for Al Werner and myself for that night. The performance started at 8 P.M. and I was able to hail a cab to get there. After arriving, the driver asked in pigeon English whether I had any American money. I had only about 75 cents, but you'd have thought I gave him a hundred. I later learned from Harry Barnes that the driver probably exchanged that bit of change for at least 5 or maybe 10 Russian Rubles in the black market.

After ascending the many steps to the front doors, Al and I handed our tickets to the usherette who gave us the once over from head to foot. I thought that rather strange, but followed her down the aisle thinking that she would stop somewhere near the back seating, but she continued into the middle and then lead us further forward. To my amazement she motioned us to the front row two empty seats in front of the orchestra, between two Russian generals who frowned at us and stared at us the whole overture. Al whispered, "Where in the Hell did you get these tickets?" I answered also

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After breakfast, the band attended the internationally famous Bolshoi Ballet, where they were performing "Swan Lake" by Tchai-

kovsky. It was a magnificent performance in a splendid theatre. For many of us this was our first experience watching a professional ballet

in a whisper that the gal at the entertainment desk got them for me. He said, "Well, tell her I hope we didn't take some General and his wife's seats when we get back to the hotel."

The performance was the best I had ever seen: excellent ensemble work, leaps that you couldn't believe with grace like none I had ever experienced. The orchestral playing was exciting and impeccable and when the last scene came with the suicide of the prince and white swan jumping off the cliff ending the reign of the evil wizard climaxing the ballet, both Al and I stood in appreciation. It was a never to be forgotten evening.

The next morning I met the gal who had gotten me the tickets and thanked her profusely for them. She smiled and said that as a guest of the Soviet Union we Americans would be given such seating and an opportunity to view Russian Ballet at the Bolshoi, but she cautioned that this was the second company and wasn't as good as the first. Boy, I thought, if this is second best what must the first look like. Many years later, Karen and I would see the first company of the Bolshoi in San Francisco. And I can tell you they weren't any better than the company I had seen that memorable night in Moscow.

group. This, in addition to the impact of the historical significance of the theatre itself, made a very unique event.

In the afternoon we were taken to the Moscow Conservatory, where we are to play Monday evening, for a rehearsal. This is the

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #15

Prelude:

1. We had a great visit and lunch together with VerJean and Jack McKimmy today. Reading these daily log entries made it seem very natural to just keep the memories flowing in person - what a fine time we had! Thanks to all of you who are responding!
2. Lois & I just returned from a concert by the US Navy Band - a terrific band & program. We've heard almost every major service band & jazz band here in the last 20 years.

In a letter written late on 3-3 I wrote: "Since last night's concert was the last public one scheduled now in Moscow, I figure that we've had over 40,000 people at the 8 concerts - 4 here and 4 in Leningrad. ... On January 1, the Soviet government decided to change the value of the ruble. It still gets 20 cents on the interna-

same auditorium that the Boston and Philadelphia Orchestras played while they were here on their Soviet tours. The acoustics were marvelous compared to those of the Sports Palace. They presented a balance problem--at least, some of us had to quit trying to fill a barn with tone.

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 *Tocata and Fugue* because he didn't think we played it to his standard of perfection.)

tional market in Switzerland, but they give us only 9 rubles for \$10 here!! Before Jan. 1, the rate was 10 rubles for \$1!! Several of our group have been contacted in stores or on the street with offers to trade [rubles] for US dollars at 15 to 1, or with offers to buy clothes at ridiculous prices (500 rubles for a top coat!). But - [this could lead to] big trouble! It's now 11:45, and tomorrow is a big day - Bolshoi at 11:00 a.m., and rehearsal from 4-6 p.m."

The Bolshoi Ballet performance of *Swan Lake* was really beautiful ... music quite exciting - sets remarkable - dancing very nice - and the story easy to follow. [it was my first live ballet experience] So exciting, and we were very impressed to learn that most of the performers were understudies!! The top stars are on tour. [I remember we were in box seats, and a gentleman from the embassy was near us to provide assistance in understanding the story and techniques as they progressed.]

Our rehearsal was at the Moscow Conservatory performance hall ... a very live hall and much better for music than a sports palace (holds considerably less audience, natural-

ly). We have the evening off - but I think I'd better get some rest, as I'm not feeling real spunky.



Sunday, March 5, 1961, 18th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Letter to Jean

Gads, where did the time go? I would have written you sooner but the Moscow Moans kept me fairly inactive all day Friday and last night I didn't go to bed until 3:00 a.m., so I woke up at 12 with the thought that I better get this letter off pronto or..... so here goes.

Friday was nothing. The Moscow Moans had my stomach in turmoil and had my head boiling or something. Its strange stuff, you feel sick but not really sick. You don't think you will vomit but your stomach is nauseated. Your head aches and you have the runs. So I stayed in bed, read and practiced my trumpet. I hadn't eaten dinner the night before, but I still felt no desire for breakfast or lunch. About one o'clock I decided I wanted an orange so I dressed and headed to the American Embassy. The Embassy has a store which sells all sorts of supplies to all embassy personnel, items which are specially flown in to enable the people to eat and live with the type of items which they are used to in America. These include soaps, fruits, and vegetables, anything you would find in a supermarket at the same price in the USA.

After much talking I had to tow my cab driver into the hotel and have the service bureau (they speak English and Russian) explain to him that I wanted to go to the Embassy. He got me there in no time short and I walked in with a gleam in my eyes, only to discover that the store was closed. Bah! I went outside with the hope of finding a bus to the hotel, it would only cost me 5 kopeks(cents), but after much wandering I had to settle for a cab. This time I didn't have as much trouble. Hotel Ukraine sounds similar in Russian and English.

When I arrived at the hotel I sat down for a cold bottle of Russian soda pop which for some reason appealed to my stomach. I met Laura the Russian interpreter and talked for over an hour about Russia. I hope I get many

such opportunities to talk with her because she or her counterparts who speak good English are the only way I am going to dig beneath the surface veneer of this country and find out what these people really think and why.

Laura sat at the dinner table with me to continue our talk, but we were not able to keep a conversation going between the other people present and eating of which I did little. Tison, McKimmy and I played together (trumpets) after dinner and then talked til about 1:00.

Saturday was an interesting day. After breakfast we left for the Bolshoi Theater which is where some of the world's finest ballet is produced. We saw the Swan Lake ballet and it was so magnificent that I had shivers running down my spine. Their scenery was magnificent, beautiful trees, a gorgeous lake with a fantastic castle on one band. The lighting was superb. I hope you get a chance to see the Russian Dance Company that is touring the US while I am gone. They are really unbelievable.

After lunch we had rehearsal at the Conservatory concert hall, it is beautiful. We will play a concert there Monday for the students.

After dinner I went to my room to close the hamburger deal that had been offered to me by a married couple that are employees of the Embassy. I got their number from the Embassy and called. Fifteen minutes later I had an invitation for six people to eat hamburgers and chocolate cake. After this was closed I went to the lobby and met some fellows. They said they were going to the Embassy's American Club. I decided to tag along. It really snowed me. We walked into the beginning of an American movie. After this was over our Dixieland group (which had been invited) opened up with some swinging tunes. The place really swung! They

had a bar in the back with American liquor, pop and beer. Down stairs was a sandwich buffet with American meat and cheese and sauces and coffee. This was free, the drinks were moderately priced. I just ate, didn't drink. It was hard to believe that this was going on right in Moscow. In fact there were Russian guards outside to keep the Russians from getting in.

I left about 12:00. Dale the interpreter left with me. We walked about a mile the wrong

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Our concert at the Moscow Conservatory has been canceled today because it is Election Day in the Soviet Union. The people elect members of the Supreme Soviet, which is nothing but a rubber-stamp body.

Some of the students attended the Glinka opera, "A Life for the Czar", this morning. The afternoon was another free period. Boredom is beginning to appear among the members.

During the evening, members of the band saw a fine performance put on by the Rus-

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 Lenin-

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #16

From my letter home that day: "We have the whole day off, and although I could have gotten tickets to an opera and a circus, I

way, then went back past the club and all the way to the Kremlin. At this point we were sick of walking so we hailed a black market cab which took us to the hotel. The Dixieland group was just getting home. Time 2:30. I hit the sac at 3:00. So I missed church this morning. Band scene.

Enough for now. I love you an awful lot!

sian Circus performers. We saw the leading clown in the Soviet Union, spectacular gymnasts, bareback riders, and animal acts. Here in the Soviet Union they have special buildings that house the Circuses. In the audience could be seen many foreigners watching one of the famous pastimes of the Soviet people.

Prices in the Soviet Union are either ridiculously high for luxury items. State economy! As the days go by, we become more appreciative of what we have at home.

grad 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.)

just decided to schedule nothing! So, here I am at 11:00 a.m., free for the day. To remind you of where I am - Dr. Winkleman received a letter

yesterday that had been opened before he got it ... the end of the envelope was torn off! Also, I've noticed that they don't send mail out of [hotel] until the mail box is jammed full ... which usually takes several days. So - you may get letters in a bunch!

The rest of our schedule for USSR has been posted ... pretty much the way we thought.

We travel by train until we leave Russia ... here's the switch: no planes enter or leave USSR except through Moscow. So, we fly from Baku (on Caspian Sea) to Moscow, then Moscow to Cairo. Clever, huh?

We get a news report from the Embassy most every day ... some US news, but mostly international. So, you'll have to let me know what's happening in Michigan and at home. It is snowing and blowing a little outside today. I haven't been out, so I don't know how cold it is. Ken got lost on a 'wrong way' bus the other day ... he says some terrible housing conditions lie on the outskirts of the city. I don't know that I care to see them.

We get very little fruit. I've kept an orange (very small) we got in Leningrad and 2 apples we got here ... think I'll have a party today. These things cost over a dollar each at the little buffet on our floor. Ken even paid 33 cents for a darn cookie!

Monday, March 6, 1961, 19th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Michael Mark's Diary

My notes about March 6 include a performance of the Moisieff Dance Company, which was magnificent. They were getting ready for a tour of the US, and Sol Hurok, the famous international impresario, was in the audience. I loved the folk dancing, and at the end of the

I plan on going shopping this afternoon ... also must practice. We are going to have another recital program this week [Moscow Conservatory], and the quartet (from my recital) is going to play. We've been told to rest up, because we'll be either playing a concert or traveling by train each night when we leave Moscow. We are eating in a different dining room - since the elections have taken over the other one."

[Log]: Mark [our son] is 10 months old today ... we left home 2 weeks ago ... I'll be home in less than 3 months. [was I lonely and thinking of home?] Our concert at Moscow University is cancelled - elections taking place. We practiced trios this afternoon. [Then, a change in plans]:

Mr. & Mrs. Leo Moser - (US Embassy) offered an American meal to Dave Wolter and several of his friends. Ken, Jack [McKimmy], Don, Joan & I joined in 2 cab loads to their apartment. We had cheese burgers, shoe string potatoes, beans, chocolate malts and two kinds of cake for desert. Also, we really enjoyed ourselves with the intelligent, talented Mosers. We took our horns along. [Do you others remember - did we play them - and if so - what - with 5 cornets/trumpet and bass clarinet?]

program they did a parody of American rock 'n roll. I remember them shouting together, "Beat me daddy, 8 to the bar." That broke up the Americans in the audience. We were lucky to see them before their American audiences did.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After an earlier-than-usual breakfast, we proceeded to the Moscow Conservatory. We visited different classes according to the instruments we played so there would be reciprocal experience between the Moscow and Michigan students. In this manner, we played for them in the classes and as they played for us, there was a mutual learning experience. The general consensus was that the students enrolled in the Moscow Conservatory are more proficient than those enrolled in the Leningrad Conservatory.

In the afternoon we were honored to hear a concert given by the Conservatory Orchestra, performing two pieces written by students of the school. A brief recital of piano, clarinet, trumpet, flute and trombone followed the orchestra. Afterwards we took the stage to give a concert which was well received. People were actually jumping in the air with excitement. "Elsa's Procession to the Cathedral," Donald Sinta's solos, and the Victors were the biggest hits.

The Conservatory students showed their heartfelt thanks by presenting music to individuals and sections of the band. At some

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

time during the day they congratulated practically every one of us individually.

At supper we discovered press clipping from home on the bulletin board in the dining room. We certainly were well covered on the trip over!

In the evening the majority of the band went to the friendship House for a reception given by the Union of Soviet Societies for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. After an exchange of greetings by Dr. Revelli and Professor Ginsberg of the Conservatory, we mingled with our hosts for a time. We soon proceeded to the recital hall. Here we heard prize winners of Soviet International Competition in violin, voice, piano, piano, clarinet, trombone, concertina, and balalaika. We followed with our woodwind quintet (Karen Hill, Louise Scheldrup, Ross Powell, William Scribner, David Rogers), a clarinet solo by Ross Powell, a tuba solo by Stanley Towers, a trio (William Scribner, Donald Sinta, Patricia Parker) and a brass quartet (Richard Longfield, Ronald Bell, David Rogers, and Michael Mathews). Afterwards there was dancing to Charles Martyn's Dixieland group and some impromptu improvisations.

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 to-night. One gave me a pin and the other gave me

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #17

In my letter of 3-5 I had written: "There are still band members getting sick ... all with same virus, I guess. I've remained OK ... except for not being very 'regular' since we returned to Moscow" [Do you all remember WDR's pre-tour presentation that included helpful hints on avoiding problem foods, drink, and activities? He also told how he 'kept regular' by downing a glass of hot water each morning.] In the letter I wrote 3-7, I told more of the Embassy family 6 of us visited On Sunday night: "Their very nice apartment was on the 1st floor - I remembered meeting the wife at the Embassy reception, but hadn't met the husband. Several couples [we evidently weren't the only guests that evening] joined us after dinner when we got out our horns. We had a good time, but the food went right through me!"

[Log]: Troubles - diarrhea started for me last night. I missed the bus to Moscow Conservatory this a.m. because of it. [I didn't write how it was that I eventually got there!]

Our concert at the Conservatory was much the same as at Leningrad Conservatory,

Donald Tison's Diary

Yesterday there was nothing for the band to do so Rich Longfield, Dave Wolter, and I got together and blew trios in the hotel room. At night Joan Forster, Jack McKimmy, Ken Oyer, Dave Wolter, Rich Longfield, and I went to the Mosers (US Embassy people) and had a great time eating American hamburgers and chocolate cake. We trumpet players blew some trios for them which they thoroughly enjoyed. What a tremendous evening we had!

Today we visited the trumpet class of the Moscow Conservatory in the morning and

a pin and some music.

but in a much larger hall - a huge success. [by letter: "The audience just about went wild!"] The evening reception turned out to be a recital of about two hours ... we heard the best student soloists in the USSR on violin, piano, voice, clarinet, trombone and balalaika - also accordion! We had five performing groups, too - including my recital brass quartet [Ron Bell, Dave Rogers, Mike Mathews & I - Hindemith's *Morgen Musik*]. In my letter I wrote that their soloists were all "national level prize-winners of very high caliber, and some of us thought they had attempted to make a competition of it. Our groups performed very well. I explained to one couple afterwards that in the U.S. we have many fine schools of music and conservatories that include programs for those who plan professional performance careers. I was asked if our band was going to turn pro when we graduated! ... They just have trouble understanding [our total system of music education]. To them, [they train for] performance as pros - never as amateurs." (Concert #10)

exchanged concerts in the afternoon. The Moscow trumpeters blow very much like the Leningrad trumpeters - LOUD and a bit rough! Their orchestra was very good.

Tonight we had a reception at the House of Friendship which included a recital given by Moscow students and Michigan students. The Dixieland band played and was well liked as people danced. I didn't dance because I had never danced before. I was never allowed to dance because my religion which was against it.

Tuesday, March 7, 1961, 20th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

I got up this morning only because I was to meet a friend. When I started to move I felt sick. He didn't arrive [I wonder if this was the friend that gave me the ring I retrieved from my desk yesterday]. He didn't arrive so I ate breakfast and felt fine. Greg Munson & I went shopping. Greg bought a fur hat and I looked at some furs but didn't have enough money.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Only ten people, plus our Intourist interpreter, attended the planned tour of the Trentovsky Museum of Russian Painting. Most of the bandsmen slept in. Those of us who did go found a large, rather similar collection of nationalistic paintings. The collection of Russian Orthodox icons here is the most complete in the world.

The afternoon rehearsal was held in the auditorium of the Moscow Conservatory. Our next scheduled public appearance is tomorrow.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Looked for books and music too had a nasty rehearsal after lunch. Went to the American Club after dinner, we saw a farce of a movie. Came home right away on the Metro. I saw some exciting sights such as 120 ft long escalators and gorgeous walls, etc.

In the evening about twenty people attended the concert of the Moscow State Orchestra, which is the best orchestra in the U.S.S.R. The all-Moussorgsky program included "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Boris Goudonov" selections and "Night on Bald Mountain." After the concert we were able to talk to members of the orchestra. The Soviet musicians were every bit as eager to talk with us as we were to talk with them.

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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #18

Slept in until 10:30 - got up at noon - ate very little - still having troubles.

Our rehearsal was two hours - had little for supper (half a bowl of soup, some bread and some ice cream) - spent the evening in bed - read, played cribbage with Ken - he's under the weather too.

[I also wrote home]: "I feel just lousy ... have for 3 days ... I can hardly wait to leave this place! Ken even missed the rehearsal today. Enough belly aching. We have seen very little of the sun - in fact, none since we left Leningrad. Hey - I weighed myself Sunday night [at Moser apartment] - have remained about the same, which surprised me. [We've been given] the rest of our schedule in USSR [including length of train travels] - leave:

March 9 - for Minsk (12 hours)
14 - for Kiev (15.5)
20 - " Odessa (15.5)
25 - " Kharkov (24.5) (grunt!)
29 - " Sukhumi (29) (double grunt!)

Don Tison's Diary

Some people took the buses to see an art gallery but Joan and I stayed behind and went to a music store instead. The band rehearsal in the afternoon was a real drag! - We worked on nothing but "La Gazza Ladra" the whole boring rehearsal! A group of us heard an

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.

April 3 - " Tbilisi (10)
8 - " Yerevan (13)
12 - " Baku (12)
15 - " Moscow by air, then fly to Cairo on the 16th.

[Adding these and about 17.5 for the Leningrad round trip - totals almost 150 rail hours!]

I never heard Sukhumi (on the Black Sea) even mentioned before this was posted. Some snow has fallen - [in Moscow] snow on the streets is taken up in two ways - its common to see women (older) with shovels putting the snow in piles, then a truck comes along with a scoop ... and carts it to the river. Or, trucks with big round brushes move along the wide streets [then I drew a formation of 3 trucks - one next to the center, 4th to the right & behind #1, 5th similar position to #2 - with brushes at an angle], so that the bottom one gets the snow from the others [each passing it down to the one on the right]."

all-Moussorsky concert by the Moscow State Orchestra tonight. We didn't think the concert was all that good. I thought the trumpet players really butchered the "Goldberg-Schmule" section of "Pictures at an Exhibition"!

Wednesday, March 8, 1961, 21st Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

Meanwhile as I reminisce about our tour on this USSR International Women's Day, I can't imagine how different a tour of the all male Michigan Marching Band would have been. Definitely a bummer without the neat ladies we had in the Symphony band. And on another irreverent note, did I ask you Bernie if they gave all the 50 year old snow shoveler ladies new snow shoveling boards on this day?

Rudy Radocy Diary

Our visit to the Kremlin was completed this morning when we saw the Great Palace. It was built in by sections in the 16th, 17th, 10th and 11st centuries. Among other objects and room we saw the private apartments of the Czar and the royal family cathedral. Another portion of the tour showed us the government quarters of the Kremlin. We saw the reception rooms and the great hall where meetings of the Supreme Soviet and Congresses of the Communist Party are held.

The afternoon concert, given to an audience of students at the Aeronautic Institute,

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

I guess my most vivid memory of this day was taking the metro on the whole circle of Moscow and stopping at every station and taking pictures of each distinctively different and beautifully decorated station. My wonder was tempered by the stark reality of the poorly constructed apartment buildings above ground.

was well received. Dr. Revelli presented the school with a certificate of greeting, and they presented him with a bouquet of flowers.

International Women's Day in the U.S.S.R. honors all women everywhere. This being the day, the women of the band were presented with gifts and cards.

During the free evening, band members did various things, such as a trip to Don D'Angelo, the "band barber," writing to people back home, housekeeping, and going out on the town.

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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #19

Today is International Women's Day in USSR, and all women have the right to ask anything of a man. The sun was shining quite a lot today - 3rd time since we returned from Lenin-grad. However, it was snowing and blowing during supper - a surprise!

We've had a long day - it started with another visit to the Kremlin - this time to only one building. This was the palace of the Czar before the revolution, but now is called the Supreme Soviet., and [is used] for both legislative function and political receptions. It had one very beautiful reception hall - very large and decorative - with much marble, etc. The floor was all inlaid wood - 20 varieties - [with patterns] that looked like a highly polished carpet. Also saw the legislative chamber. [was it here where there was a very large portrait of Lenin posed with one arm forward?] We saw the private chambers of the Czar ... kept like a museum..They were surprisingly small, although very decorative.

After lunch we went about 50 minutes away from the hotel to play a concert at some sort of an air academy ... it went quite well, but I felt lousy - sick to the stomach and head. At least I think I'm on the mend. We didn't return to the hotel until after 5. Supper was at 5:30, and we had white wine! I had my first solid food since Monday.

Thursday, March 9, 1961, 22nd Day **Moscow, Russia, USSR**

Fred Moncrieff died on Thursday [March 6, 2008]. His long obituary included this

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.

After supper some of us rode around on the Metros for one and a half hours - saw many nice stations - all different levels underground - some with very long and steep escalators. Stations have mosaics, statues, figure reliefs, etc. Fun!

[I wrote home]: "Charlie Martin (whose wife is expecting on March 15) has really been 'clutched' - that is, until yesterday ... he hadn't heard a word from his wife!! The letter he got from her was long - written each day for a week and sent all in one [envelope]. He almost cheered! I am finally getting to know more band members ... being a bus captain has helped. We have permanent bus assignments - I take roll, make announcements, etc. Rarely is everyone present since we got here [back to Moscow] - because of illness. There have been members absent from every performance [this week] in Moscow!

I still don't know for sure which way is north! Haven't since we arrived. Boy, am I confused! I could figure it out, I suppose, if I saw the sun rise or set. We have many news clippings posted on our bulletin board that have been sent to us from home. Most are from our first time in Moscow - fun to read them just the same." (Concert #11)

passage about Fred's involvement with the '61 tour.

“Fred said the best job he ever had was as business manager of the University of Michigan Symphony band on its four-month long tour of the Soviet Union and Near east in, 1961. That trip was the first cultural exchange [of University students] of the Cold War and a life altering experience for all who were privileged to participate. Fred documented it in photos, films, slides, press releases, stories, audio tapes and letters home. Fred asked Jean [his wife], in the depths of his loneliness and hers to remind the children he was making this trip on their behalf

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Dr. Revelli, Anne Speer, Roger Howard, Eugene Gonzalez, George Etheridge, Janet Worth, Rudolf Radocy, Richard Longfield, William McCann and Robert Simms visited the Anglo-American School in Moscow. Each of these bandsmen played a little on their major instrument to show the students what the instruments looked like and how to recognize their sound. The School is operated by the British and American Embassies for the children of all foreign diplomatic personnel in Moscow. About 45 percent of the students are American, 12 percent British, and the rest from around the world. Most of the children were quite fascinated and worked at their questions with enthusiasm. The average age seemed to be 8 or 9 years of age.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #20

and that it was a job that must be done. The world needed individuals willing to extend themselves to promote understanding among peoples. Fred unfailingly praised the band members as excellent ambassadors of culture and goodwill. "There is no pretense on their part," he said, "just genuine friendship." He made it his job to keep the students spirits up, and they responded with 47 years of affection. Fred's records of the historic trip may be found in the Fred Moncrief collection at the Bentley Historical Library.”

In the afternoon the band visited the tomb of Lenin and Stalin on Red Square. This is one of the most sacred edifices of the Soviet Union. We were slowly ushered down into the tomb, past the glass-enclosed, uniform clad bodies of the two dictators, and out again into the Russian sunlight. A strange silence was over most of the band as we left the tomb. It was a combined feeling of awe, skepticism, and humor. Certainly there was considerable doubt as to the authenticity of the corpses.

The spirits of the band rose as departure time for Minsk drew near. We had been in Moscow over a week and were growing restless and anxious to move on to new places and things. We left the station at 8:10 p.m. and headed west.

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.

[My better account is from a letter]:
"This is the nicest weather we've had here ... it's quite bright - the sun has shown often - but it's still cold (below freezing). I was part of a group of 9 plus WDR that went to the Anglo-American Embassy School this morning to take part in an instrumental program for the kids. We each demonstrated tone production, etc. on the different instruments for kids from grade 1 - 8. Most were quite young - 20 nations represented, and they had a lot of fun. WDR [presided, and] made it a bit too technical and long. I did about the same thing that I used to do for my 6th graders [when I introduced various instruments before they made their choices from song flutes to beginning band]. There is no high school here for Embassy kids - they must go to an army school in Germany or England, to a school in Switzerland, or go back to the USA.

In the afternoon, we visited the Tomb of Lenin and Stalin. It is about the most modern [building] I have seen - and was built before 1954 ... we arrived just before the hour, so were

[Don Tison's Diary](#)

Yesterday we took the remainder of the Kremlin tour, played a concert at the aviation school, and after dinner Dr. Revelli, Mary Revelli, Ernie Caviani, Dave Wolter, and I took a round trip on the Metro Subway. The underground stations turned out to be the most impressive part of USSR so far for me. Each station has a different style of decorations - very beautiful and clean - very colorful - even the tracks were clean! There were escalators that descended for a fantastic distance - longest I have

able to see the guard change event again. [I remember feeling odd about being bused right to the tomb, and entering in front of an incredible line of darkly dressed people - most of whom had probably been waiting for hours] The bodies lie in large glass showing cases, seem quite well preserved, yet I wondered if more than the actual head and hands were there. [As I remember, we went down several flights of stairs, there was a sound like a pump running in that cold lower room - Lenin was dressed in a suit - Stalin in uniform] I could only think of all the people who have been murdered by those two - ugh - depresses me very much. Enough about that!

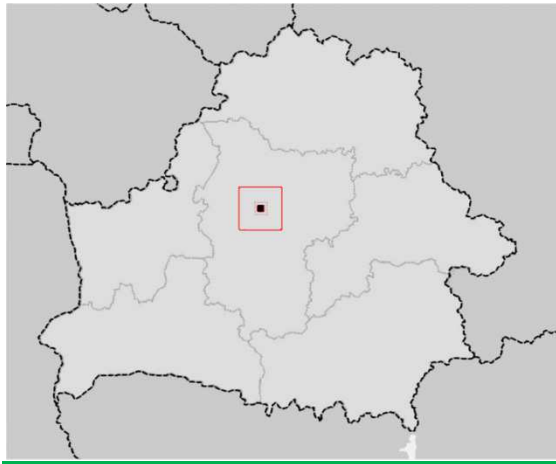
I'm almost packed - will take just a few more minutes, as I'm waiting for the iron to cool! Everything I have except for what I have on was just washed. I'm getting better at packing, I guess, because it gets easier each time."

[The log]: Our suit cases go out at 4:30 ... we leave for the [train] station at 7:00 - leave for Minsk at 8:00. I'm feeling much better today - thank God!

ever seen anywhere. Dave was our guide and was a gas!

Today I took Joan Forster down to the Kiefski Metro Station and showed her the subway. At 12:30 pm we all went to the Mausoleum to see the preserved bodies of Stalin and Lenin. They looked like they could still be alive! Another train ride took us to Minsk - had Jack McKimmy, Ernie Caviani, and Bill Hetrick for compartment roommates.

Friday, March 10, 1961, 23rd Day
Minsk, Belarus, USSR



Dave Wolter's Diary

In Russia, I griped about the size of the accommodations on the train last night. Please understand that at home Jean, Mark and I were sharing an 8X32 ft house trailer. All 5ft 8 inches of me felt cramped. How did Willie Curtain or any of the 6 ft people in the party fair? I hope I don't come off as a complainer on this wonderful experience. Here is some of what I wrote to Jean:

Here I am in a new city, Minsk. We got a great introduction, because today was very warm and sunny. It seems to add a whole different element to the city. There is even a little green grass appearing in the small parks and parkways dotting the city. I took a walk with George Cavender, Mr. Salmon, and Kola one of the Russian interpreters. We walked down the main drag, but sadly enough it is just like that of other cities, even to the identical goods with the identical prices. We went inside a few but there is little more to see than we have already seen. I was surprised to see the gigantic statue of Stalin. It wouldn't have been so unusual if it hadn't been that since the de-emphasis of Stalin, many statues have been torn down. Those that were too large or hard to move (as the ones in the subways) have been stripped of his

name although there is no doubt who is being immortalized by the statues. We walked over to the auditorium where we will be playing to check some details. The auditorium holds 1000 and is sold out all three nights. We meandered back enjoying the warm sunshine.....

Our rooms are adequate. I have a single with bath, but it is poorly organized. I might move the furniture as Ken (Oyer) is doing if his turns out well enough. We have 220 (volts) so I have to start using the good old safety razor. I hope we have hot water in the morning. This morning there was none.

There is a slight possibility that I might be able to rent a bike, It would be fun to take off and see a good portion of the city (500,000) in a few hours. Minsk was completely bombed out during the war, population went from 300,000 to 30,000. Now a large portion is new but it looks like it is about 75 years old. Strange construction techniques. Possibly they rebuilt buildings, it is hard to say.

Ken Oyer came in. We decided to do calisthenics together.....

We went to a technical Institute which teaches the sciences. They have about 5000 day students. We were taken into a few rooms but I wasn't at all impressed..... Almost every bit of their equipment is American....

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Our train ride into the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic terminated at 8:18 a.m. We chugged along behind an old-fashioned steam locomotive through fields, forests, and marshes. This area has been conquered time and time again. Across these same fields and marshes and in these same forests the Russian, Swedish, Polish, Tartar, French, Prussian, Austrian and German legions have marched.

Minsk is more colorful than Moscow. Americans are more a novelty here than in Moscow or Leningrad. The People were very curious about our clothes, especially the girls' spiked heels.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #21

We arrived in Minsk at 8:15 this morning after an uneventful all night trip, and found the weather to be rather mild. There is no snow at all - even in the country - although it's quite windy, the sky is clear and the air too - it's

After we saw some classrooms, we went to an auditorium where they had a program planned.They were quite fascinating to watch. I was charmed by their dance group...

Today's rehearsal was quite a hard one. The facilities in the house of officers, where we are to perform are quite adequate.

In the evening we visited the Polytechnic Institute of Minsk. We were greeted by the head of the school, shown laboratories, libraries and study rooms. The students of the institute gave us a short concert. A band of folk instrumentalists, singers, a chorus, and colorfully costumed folk-dancers performed. The spirit of the entertainers was wonderful.

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.

a beautiful day! Our stay is to be 4 full days - the Minsk Hotel is 12 years old, but appears to me more like 42!! Many of us have single rooms (most of the older guys).

[In a letter]: "We are now in White Russia. The language - both written and spoken - is enough different to give our interpreters the willies! Also, Minsk was demolished in WW II - so everything we see was [built] since 1945. People seem to stare at us ... there have been very few Americans here.

This morning I was in a small group with Fred Moncreiff (our UM photographer) for movies. He takes about 100 feet of movies when we first arrive in each city. We walked the main street (my longest walk in ages!), took pictures of buildings, statues, kids and a crowd on Stalin

Street. Fred uses different band members each city. So, I'm in the movies!

We had a rehearsal in the afternoon, with a reception and concert to attend in the evening at the Polytechnic Institute. [In my letter]: "the reception turned out to be 3 and a half hour of everything but a reception!" ([log]: it was more of a tour followed by a very lengthy concert. The only things I really enjoyed were the folk dancers and instrumentalists. We got back to the hotel late - I was very tired, and went right to bed.

[Katherine Mallory's Report](#)

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(Affidavit of Katherine Mallory)

1. In, 1961 I was a sophomore at the University of Michigan. In March of, 1961, I was a member of the University of Michigan band which toured Russia and the Near East.

2. We arrived in Minsk, U.S.S.R. from Moscow on March 10., 1961. While in Minsk, the band gave some concerts at the Minsk Polytechnic Institute. We stayed in a hotel in Minsk. We left Minsk on .March 14 and proceeded to Kiev, U.S.S.R.

3. There was an evening in Minsk when members of the band were divided into small groups, each of which was assigned a Russian interpreter. for the purpose of going on a tour of the facilities of the Minsk Polytechnic Institute.

4. Near the conclusion of this tour, at about 10:00 p.m., when the band members were boarding a bus, I became surrounded by Russian students who were asking me questions. Although one student was interpreting I was having difficulty communicating with them.

5. At this point, an American approached and offered to act as an interpreter. I accepted the offer. While I never really had

a chance to talk with him, he mentioned. that he was an ex-Marine from Texas. Sometimes he spoke with a Texas accent and at other times he spoke with an English accent. Somehow I got the impression that he was working in Russia and that he never intended to return to the United States.

6. This American appeared well dressed. I think he wore a camel hair coat and possibly a tie. He did not indicate if he had been at the concert.

7. After just a few minutes of further questions from the Russian students, with the American interpreting, I boarded the bus. I never again saw nor heard from this individual. I noted in my diary something about the incident, and I wrote that this American seemed to be a crackpot. I did not meet any other Americans in Minsk.

8. I have seen pictures of Lee Harvey Oswald in the newspaper, and the individual I saw in Minsk very much resembles Oswald as pictured. I recall that the person I saw seemed to have more hair and was heavier than Lee Harvey Oswald as pictured in the newspapers.

9. Except possibly for this one occasion in Minsk, I never saw nor communicated with Lee Harvey Oswald.

Signed the 20th day of July 1964.

(S) Katherine Mallory,

KATHERINE MALLORY.

Affidavit of Katherine Mallory

The following affidavit was executed by Katherine Mallory on July 20, 1964.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON THE ASSASSINATION OF AFFIDAVIT PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

STATE OF NEW YORK, County of Broome, ss:

I, Katherine Mallory, 412 East Main Street, Endicott, New York, being duly sworn say: Following my telephone interview on July 10, 1964 with Mr. Richard Mosk, I rechecked my diary of the University of Michigan Symphony Band Tour and letters which I sent to my parents. Therefore, I append the following minor corrections of statements in the interest of being as accurate as I can. Statements 3, 4, and 5. I made no mention of the tour of the Institute and therefore cannot verify the de-

tails of the arrangement, i.e., small groups. However, I recall that the tour preceded the talent show. The following is a statement from my diary; "Tonight the students at the Bilo (sic) Russian (White Russian) Polytechnic Institute put on a talent show for us (description of performance) Afterward Jerry Anderson and I missed getting out with our crowd and we were mobbed by the students. I met a boy from Texas (now a Russian citizen) who translated questions and answers for me." In a letter to my parents dated March 17, 1961, "The first night we were there, the students of the Polytechnic Institute gave us a reception and put on a very nice talent show. Afterwards, we all were mobbed by the students. I met a young man probably about 26 who is from Texas but after the war he became a citizen of Minsk. It was rather weird meeting an ex-American but he did come in handy as an interpreter for me and the other students I was talking to."

Statement 7. While I am sure that in conversations about this incident I applied term "crackpot" I did not note it in my diary. All other statements prepared on the basis of the telephone interview are true. Signed the 20th day of July 1964.

(S) Katherine Mallory,

KATHERINE MALLORY.

Saturday, March 11, 1961, 24th Day
Minsk, Belarus, USSR

David Wolter's Letter to his wife

Hi Honey

At this moment (8:20 p.m.) the band is probably just starting the second half of their concert. The concerts start at 7:00 and there is a 20 minute intermission at about 8:00. The reason I can sit here and write to you is rather strange. I took a nap yesterday at about 4:30.

At five o'clock I woke up and started to dress for dinner at 5:30.

Suddenly I realized that my upper lip had a swollen spot. I went to the mirror, Ken [Oyer] was in the room with me and looked at it. It didn't hurt or itch, it was just there. I tried playing my horn and found I could with some difficulty play, although my range was somewhat hindered. I went down to dinner where I talked to the doctor [Winkleman]. He didn't know what it was but had a pill that could possibly reduce the swelling. I took it and picked at

dinner. I told Cavender and he said to just try and play as best as possible. Revelli just said to take the pill. I played the concert although strange things would occur at unexpected moments. I didn't try to play at all today until 5:00. My lip was still swollen, not just one spot but in a more general over-all swelling. When I tried to play I actually broke down and cried. It didn't hurt at all, I just couldn't play a note. I tried and tried but my lip wouldn't produce a single sound. I talked to the Dr and he got Harry Barnes (our Embassy man) to get me some ice for my lip to take down the swelling. I couldn't find chief but told Cavender and he said he would pull my chair for the concert. I was given a little ice which I took and held in a handkerchief to my lip.

It lasted about an hour. More was supposed to be delivered to my room but so far I have not seen hide nor hair of a soul. I can't do anything until our interpreters return with the band from the concert.

Today has been a strange day for me. I woke up early with the urgency of diarrhea upon me. I hustle tail first for the john. I went back to bed but had to get up at 7:30, 8:00 and 8:30. At 9:00 I got up for good but still kept having to rush to the john. At 9:30 I pulled the doctor out of bed and he gave me some pills. This stopped the flow till this evening which has reoccurred several times since 6:00. [Sorry for all this, must have been a new experience for me] I spent most of the day sleeping, passing up an opera which, I have been told was lousy, and passed up a trip to a war museum in the afternoon which was also pretty bad. I finished Falkner's "The Hamlet"....[long description] I think that now that I have finished the book I will give it to one of our Russian interpreters, perhaps Kola.

Kola is a fellow of about 26 yrs who is always warm and friendly, quick to laugh and quick to help. Yesterday I wanted to find a shop to rent a bike. Kola took me (we walked) all over Minsk trying to find a shop, only to find that the only place in town that rented things was closed for the day. (shops here have an assigned "free day" not necessarily Sunday, on

which they close). We continued walking, we had to get back home, but went via a beautiful park which I had looked at on the way to the rent-it shop. Tomorrow I will call the shop and see if they have bikes, if the weather is good.

Minsk, as I have already said is a completely new city since the war.

However, they have some unique building process which makes their buildings look like they are 50 or a 100 years old, even though they may have a cornerstone bearing the inscription, 1953. Our hotel is two years old and yet my bathroom door handle is falling off, my towel rack is hanging by only one loose screw instead of two, soap dish is broken off, the handle is missing on the toilet [a real emergency at this point], ken's sink is falling off, and another's small verandah outside his room is a mass of chips and cracks (if I had one I wouldn't use it). Indeed Russian technology is amazing, their automobiles look like copies of American and British, their trucks look just like the Dodge trucks of World War II which were left behind by our troops all over the world. They have motor scooters exactly like an Italian model sold by Sears. They have motor cycles built in the exact style of the German Zundap. You may go to the nearest apartment store and buy a 15" TV, the same size of an American 27" TV The price-320 Rubles or about 355 dollars in US currency. This is about 2 1/2 months wages for a married couple, if both are working at fairly decent jobs. Ridiculous! So here I sit with a bad lip and diarrhea, soured by this system which through its insidious means of mass communication, has turned all of its citizens into believers of communism, because people are now living with the prospect of living in the future in two room apartments instead of one room to two families. This is progress, to move from a venerable but solid apartment house that is 200 years old, to a new one which in three or four years has to have wire nets strung around the bottom to protect pedestrians from falling rubble. Buildings which (as in the apartments of the Embassy couple that fed us hamburgs) is so poorly plastered that the corners are all crooked and wavy as if viewed from a fun house mirror. Walls that

even after covered with three coats of the finest American rubber based paint look as if the finish coat of plaster was never applied. It gives the room a rather arty appearance as if some architect planned to oppose this with soft colored rough weave fabrics such as burlap-or maybe even contrast smooth silks and highly polished floors with the walls, but got sick before he finished and left the rest to his laborers who were working for the first time after having

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After we had a morning rehearsal and lunch, we were taken on an extended sightseeing tour of Minsk. The city has been almost entirely built within the last fifteen years. During World War II eighty percent of the city was destroyed by bombs and artillery fire. The people are fiercely proud of the progress and rebirth of the city. A visit to the Minsk Society for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries ended the tour. Here we were welcomed

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #22

Dale helped me make arrangements to place a telephone call home [from our hotel] ... it is confirmed [and is to be] completed after lunch. After a morning rehearsal we all went out on a tour of Minsk by bus - with the sun roof open - a beautiful day! The tour ended about two miles from the hotel - for some movies - so Dale and I walked back for the telephone [appointment]. It came through about 5:25 (9:25 a.m. at home). The connection was loud [enough], but the words came out "jum-

been farm hands or what ever. [Sounds like my illness was affecting my brain]

I was just interrupted by a rather pleasant looking young maid who had the long overdue ice. She brought enough to last about 15 minutes. Oh well, in about 30 minutes our interpreter will be back. Does it sound like I am sour? Just because I dream of walking into a store and seeing rows of peanut butter and American cheeses.[final platitudes and greetings to family]

to Minsk, presented with pins and a book of pictures of Minsk. They also showed us movies which told and retold the story of Minsk that we had been hearing all afternoon.

This evening we gave a concert at the House of Officers. Forty minutes of encores were demanded, and Dr. Revelli was presented with a bouquet of flowers. We left the stage smiling at the impression we had left.

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.

bled," so it was very frustrating - yet worth it for me to hear Lois' voice!

Our first concert here was not so good in the first half - some open "flubs," but the second half was a gasser!. [I felt that] the Band tried [to succeed], but the attitude "up front" was questionable. [Perhaps as I read my entire log and letter entries, I may find that first concerts after all night travels tended to be less successful, and that I longed for WDR to provide a more positive approach.]

[In a letter written after the telephone call]: Dale's help in setting up the call was necessary because there have been so few Americans here - no one knows how to go about it. He stayed right in the room with me until

Don Tison's Diary

Yesterday we had a rehearsal and then were invited to the Polytechnical School of Minsk for a concert and a look around. We heard a glee club, a balalyka orchestra, singers, a cembali soloist, an accordian soloist, and saw ballet and folk dancers.

Today was another sight-seeing tour - this time of Minsk, which ended with some movie watching. We had beautiful weather today - great for taking pictures!

you answered. Just after the call ended it started to rain a little - then we even had some lightning and thunder - sure sounded good!"
(Concert #12)

Ron Bell stood up in front of us all today and made a thought-provoking speech, hoping to help shape up the band. I guess a lot of us were becoming disgruntled and unruly by this point in the tour.

Tonight's concert still wasn't up to par - better luck tomorrow night.

1961	Sun, Mar 12	Mon, Mar 13	Tue, Mar 14	Wed, Mar 15	Thu, Mar 16	Fri, Mar 17	Sat, Mar 18
	Minsk	MINSK	travel	KIEV	KIEV	KIEV	KIEV
8 AM			8:00 AM travel to Kiev	8:15 AM sleeping in			
9 AM	9:00 AM Opera The Thorny Rose	9:00 AM visit Minsk Conservatory			9:00 AM Rehearsal	9:00 AM rehearsal	
10 AM							
11 AM							
Noon							
1 PM	1:00 PM visit Minsk war museum	1:00 PM exchange concert at Conservatory		1:00 PM rehearsal at Palace of Culture	1:00 PM tour Kiev	1:00 PM exchange concert at Kiev Conservatory	1:00 PM visit Kiev State U
2 PM							
3 PM							
4 PM							
5 PM							
6 PM							
7 PM	7:00 PM Concert at Hse of Officers	7:00 PM Concert at Hse of Officers		7:00 PM televised concert	7:00 PM concert	7:00 PM concert	7:00 PM concert
8 PM							
9 PM							
10 PM							
11 PM		11:00 PM leave for Kiev					

Sunday, March 12, 1961, 25th Day

Minsk, Belarus, USSR

Jane Otteson/King's Diary

After breakfast Dale took me across the street to the Post Office to send a telegram home for Mom's birthday, and I got spectacularly sick all over the place. They took me upstairs to an incredibly dirty little john where a very kind old lady gave me a Mason jar of water. By the time I came back down they hadn't cleaned up the horrible mess yet.

A parade consisting of eleven men playing musical instruments and a couple hundred children passed the hotel today. I don't know what it was all about.

That damned Revelli! Everything was going fine for the first two numbers tonight--we were really blowin' up a storm. Then Tison inconspicuously missed something in his solo, and

Rudy Radocy's Diary

A small group of bandsmen attended the performance of the contemporary Byelorussian opera "The Thorny Rose." It was different to say the least.

A visit to a war museum in the afternoon made us realize just how badly the city of Minsk had been hit in the Second World War. It is hard to blame the people for their fanaticism

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

the dirty looks began. Naturally, when Revelli gets mad at something like that, the kids sit there and hate him inside, and he stands there and glares and pouts and, for all practical purposes, quits directing. Something has got to be done--morale is at an all-time low. All the adults in the group, even those assigned us by Intourist, sympathize with the band, but the only person who will ever open his mouth to Revelli is Curt, and I doubt if even he can change the old man.

After the concert the people crowded up around the stage to talk and have us sign their programs. Everybody was having a very nice time when the big wheels turned off the lights and told them to go home.

towards their city with this evidence before us. After the war the city had been a mere shell of its former self, now, fifteen years later it has become a thriving city of 500,000 people.

Our second concert was well received; it was one of the better concerts of the tour thus far. The increasing applause demanded thirty minutes of encores.

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).

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #23

Prelude: My log for today's date is very sparse - a few bursts of words on what we were going through in rehearsals and concerts - and related to Don Tison's entry of 3-11. I wrote much more about Sunday in a letter to Lois on 3-13, and it is even a bit painful to transcribe now, but it discloses my thoughts and feelings of that day (sorry!):

Last night's [Sunday] concert was another first half flop - I'll give you the whole story: On the [entire] trip WDR has been an SOB on the podium during the concerts ... very [negative] remarks to soloists and other individuals, as well as nasty faces for anyone who makes the littlest flub.

In Moscow, before we left for Minsk, a group of 3rd chair and older members was called together by Ron Bell - Band President. We reviewed all gripes [that had been expressed], and Ron told us he had [presented] several of them [to WDR] all ready - and, got half 'torn-apart' for expressing them. So, we asked for a full band meeting without WDR, and

Don Tison's Diary

I missed the opera and the visit to the war museum today. But!... I fazzed a spot in "La Virgen de la Macarena" tonight, and somebody in the cornet section missed a note or two in "Pines of Rome" which really had the chief rant-

Monday, March 13, 1961, 26th Day Minsk, Belarus, USSR

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This morning we visited the Minsk Conservatory. We were able to see some actual teaching taking place in the various classes-- something we had not been able to see in Mos-

aired the whole thing out - Ron presiding. We asked for [our instruments - until now always left in the travel trunks after rehearsals and concerts, and] individual practice time, more warm up time before rehearsals and concerts, and for a better attitude on the podium!

Well - the better attitude lasted exactly two numbers on Saturday's concert here in Minsk. Then, last night Don Tison made a flub [one!] on his solo, which was followed by our trio [the encore - performed] without Dave Wolters [see Dave's 3-11 entry] - Barney filled in, but made some flubs, and [WDR] got very hacked. During intermission WDR gave Don much H[ell] - and then just lit into Barney. Barney [lost his temper] and told WDR off - and the second half went much better (its also lighter music).

So, things are still the same - most everyone's very hacked at WDR - he is abominable on the podium - and we have more than 11 weeks to go!! Something must break!"

(Concert #13)

ing and raving! He asked me afterwards: "Just how long does it take to learn a 5-minute solo - and why do the missed notes always start with the damn cornets?" I just gave him a blank stare which further pissed him off.

cow or Leningrad. Again we came in contact with the tremendous enthusiasm which is characteristic of the Russian musician.

The two school of music presented an exchange concert in the afternoon. The conservatory presented several soloists and an interesting orchestra of folk instruments. One of the orchestra's selections was "Gazza Ladra," which is also part of our regular repertoire. Our concert was typical of those we presented before.

Our evening concert was the best of the tour so far. After 30 minutes of encores, the

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #24

Prelude: While looking through a box of manuscript paper this morning, I was amazed to find two original programs. The first - Saturday, January 14 at 9:00 a.m. for the Midwestern Conference in the Michigan Union Ballroom: WOODWIND, BRASS, AND PERCUSSION SOLO-ENSEMBLE RECITAL. Those solos and ensembles must have included some we performed at the various Conservatories and at the Embassy, etc. on tour. One that certainly didn't go on tour was a horn ensemble of 18 horns! Can't help wishing the solos by John Wakefield and Stan Towers - and the *Ritmo Jondo* featuring Gene Gonzales, Don Tison and percussionists Gary, Bill and Harold was used on tour. I had forgotten this program (our brass quartet was included) - do other participants remember that one?

The second is of the Symphony Band concert of January 15 which Dave was able to get in CD format & sent to us. Surprise! I appre-

band was presented another bouquet, and the citizens of Minsk were in turn presented with the Michigan greeting certificates.

The weather was very pleasant during our stay in Minsk. This, in addition to the novelty of the atmosphere, made our stay here very enjoyable.

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.)

ciated all the comments sent around today ... this is truly incredible!

[Log] Very windy today, with a little rain - mixed with snow at times. During hours of travel and in the hotel when there is free time I've been reading Michener's *Hawaii*, which I brought for that very purpose.

[In a letter to Lois I wrote]: "The people here are beginning to thaw out - they have seen very few Americans, so all they know about us is the 'old party line' - war mongering capitalists! After last night's concert many came to the stage to visit. It's now after 1:00, and I must leave - we are to give a program at the Conservatory soon - and hear one, too."

[Log] - We visited the Conservatory - and enjoyed it!! At our studio visit, their trumpet students didn't "blow their brains out," and we heard a very nice adult chorus with sounds

that reminded me of Norman Luboff! [as I remember, they met during their lunch time, and had their sack lunches with them ... the Luboff comparison referred to the stunning sounds of their low basses and high tenors]

The afternoon concert by Conservatory students was quite good, with an outstanding pianist - a girl. Also, heard a folk instrument orchestra of mostly cembali - a stringed instrument played with mallets - capable of very fast

Tuesday, March 14, 1961, 27th Day

Minsk, Belarus – Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

I was fascinated by finally seeing the terrain by virtue of traveling during the day. My diary observations were similar to those that follow. I did learn that there is smell that can be associated with poverty. My observations of the

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Today we travel aboard another Russian train. We left Minsk this morning at 10:30 a.m. and will arrive in Kiev at 2:30 a.m. tomorrow morning. It takes the train 16 hours to reach the capital city of the Ukraine--only a few hundred miles from Minsk.

For the first time we were allowed to witness the panorama of the Soviet Union out-

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

technical passages - there was also a bass bala-laika! They played *La Gazza Ladra* [very well].

Our concert went very well, but Ron Bell and Dave Wolter were both unable to play. We finished the concert at 4:35. The evening concert was our best yet in USSR - just a few flubs - but not really open ones. I was really tired at the end. We're packing tonight - to leave for Kiev at 10:00 tomorrow a.m. (Concerts # 14 and 15)

country side and the lack of infrastructure (roads), paint for the small houses, apparent squalor of some of the small towns began to confirm that this "great society" was having a difficult time prying the masses out of poverty.

side the city in the daytime. We saw gently rolling hills, level farmlands, forests shanty towns (officially known as collective farms), factories, rivers and marshes. Everywhere there was evidence of poverty and the fact that modern Russia is, as old Russia was, a land of contrasts.

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #25

[*Prelude*] The reflections expressed the last two days on WDR certainly have provided us some needed insights. Its certain we would not have even been considered as tour candidate material without the performance level that had become part of the Revelli legend, and yet, this 15 week exercise is providing the opportunity for us to "write it the way we experienced it." I appreciate and learn from every comment - more, more - "bis- bis!"

A travel day - we left Minsk at 11:00 a.m.(the most hours of daylight travel we've had), saw much barren land, mostly flat or gently rolling, and many swampy areas. It got colder and colder until we finally came upon quite a lot of snow. We ate two meals on the train - had to pass thru 3 or 4 cars full of people - what an experience! Many were peasants, some soldiers; others looked [like those we've seen in other parts of the country]. The smell in those

Don Tison's Diary

Yesterday we visited the Minsk Music Conservatory. The skill standards were not quite as high as either Moscow or Leningrad. The vocal group was enjoyable to listen to. A large band of cembali gave a superb performance. One exciting number was "La Gazza Ladra"!! Our evening concert was very good all the way around. Dr. Revelli was fairly relaxed (but still gave out too many dirty looks).

Joan and her roommate Sue had a double date with two Russian French horn players on this night.

Today (14th) was a train-travel day - took us 15 and 1/2 hours on a somewhat

the room in which I stay. We arrived at the hotel around 3 in the morning.

cars was terrible, and everything appeared quite dirty. Men and women were mixed - not separated - in what I would call an 'open sleeper' coach.

We passed through some small, dirty towns with unpainted, small houses (perhaps 1 or 2 rooms) and even shacks. No paved roads - just mud. We did see one paved road near the tracks - out in the country.

[In a letter to Lois]: "There don't seem to be many lakes [on our routes] - I've seen nothing but a few rivers, and all the cities we've been to so far have been on big rivers." [I must not have remembered how important rivers were for life and commerce historically over much of the world - quite essential for cities and towns]

[The day ended as we continued toward Kiev]

scroungy train from Minsk to Kiev. We left at 11 am and arrived at 2:30 am Wednesday morning. Among other things done during the trip I played checkers with Karen Swall, Linda Hancock, and Joan Forster. Going to the dining car was an amazing experience! We had to scramble through 5 or 6 cars filled with Russian peasants- or at least, very poor people. If you could keep your eyes open in the stench you could see people sitting and lying around in rags for clothing. One person had rags around his feet for shoes! The cars were packed with people.

Wednesday, March 15, 1961, 28th Day
Kiev, Ukraine, USSR



Dave Wolter's Diary

I got up at 10 because a lady was roaring around the hall with a vacuum cleaner. I went for a walk to see our newest city. Kiev is the best looking city we have been in. It actually has many western style buildings. There are also many venerable buildings; at least they

look like old buildings. I'm anxious to learn. We had an afternoon rehearsal in the hall. It was a neat hall, capacity 2200. Our concert was very well received. The audience is the warmest yet. There were many attractive women. Barnes was right about this city!

Ross Powell's Memory

I am still looking for all my band memorabilia and notes that I took, but I think I can recall this Kiev experience fairly well even now. Noelle and I missed the bus that took the band to the concert hall. So off we set in our uniforms and dress shoes down the hill toward town. We had tried to find out from the hotel staff where to go, but we couldn't make ourselves understood. As someone has said, it was raining slightly and I think we were carrying our horns as well. I wonder how long we wandered around, trying to ask the few pedestrians we saw where the hall was. Finally we came upon two young men who comprehended our plight

and we hustled off with them. Unfortunately they took us to the Philharmonic Hall. Oops wrong place! All this time the clock is ticking and Noelle and I were getting pretty anxious. The guys then figured that it must be the opera house and they got us there, but then we had to push through the crowds up the steps (it was on a hill remember) thru the lobby and then someone must have guided us to the stage. We were mud-spattered and out of breath, the band was already assembled and we DID get the WDR glare for being late. What an adventure!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After a good morning's sleep, we were ready for our afternoon rehearsal in the Palace of Culture, an auditorium designed in the horseshoe style of the 11st century. We were eager to make our first Kiev performance a good one.

Movie cameras were grinding away all during the performance tonight; lights were constantly being switched on and off. Despite all the extraneous activities, the concert went well. Thirty minutes of encores and the "Victors" closed the concert, receiving a tremend-

ous response. The people in Kiev had heard American groups before, and they had been

Loren Maynew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #26

We arrived in Kiev at 2:30 a.m. - could see very little of the city - went directly to the Ukraina Hotel, and went to bed as soon as we could. [In a letter to Lois]: "Our hotel is very weird - the rooms don't follow the number order very well ... we (Ken and I are together again) had to walk up short flights of stairs a couple of times, turn this way and that, and eventually found ourselves [our room at what seemed like] miles from most of the band! [It was room 336 - I saved the colorful room slip with an attractively illustrated rendition of the Hotel on the front] Some of the rooms have a shower [unit coming out of the wall] ... with no tub or shower stall - just a drain in the bathroom floor! Our toilet seat is on the floor - it leans against the wall when not in use!"

[Log]: We woke up after 11:00 - breakfast was not until 12:30. It rained today - the city is very hilly, quite pretty, with many trees. We rehearsed in the afternoon - the hall we play in is the nicest of the tour so far - large and very pretty.

Thursday, March 16, 1961, 29th Day
Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Dave Wolter's Letter

Dear Jean,

expecting us for some time.

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.

[Letter]: When I spoke to you on the phone [Minsk], you asked if I had bought anything yet. You can't imagine the prices of things here. [I wrote earlier about our exchange rate - everything should have cost us about a tenth in dollars of marked prices in rubles - yet I evidently had already lost that concept!] I don't see how people even dress themselves. Men's suits and top coats [would cost us] from about \$75 - 80 to about \$150!! And, shoes are ridiculous - \$20 - 30 for summer style sandals! ... Well - its 20 minutes before we leave for the concert, so I'll get my axe - and continue this later!

The concert was not one of our best - but far from our worst - and very, very successful! We played in a gassy concert hall ... it was full, too ... and there were movies taken of both the band and the crowd. We signed programs and spoke with some of the people afterward - they were very eager - about like Leningrad in that respect." (Concert #16)

It's at moments like now that I miss you most. The band played a great concert, I even

played some good moments. Then i botched on the very last number because i hadn't been with the band in Minsk when they played it. So I played a beautiful solid blooper right in a silent spot. Gads how depressing. I felt on top of the world and now I feel like crying. I would have taken a walk but it [is] too sloppy out because it snowed during the concert. I don't really feel like I have anyone to talk with, [editors note, did i think 93 band members were rejecting me because I ruined the concert and drove Revelli to speaking Russian at the end of the concert?]

.... family stuff

Today I bought a little pin like those that are given to us by boys in the streets for sticks of gum. I am enclosing it in a card (for son Mark) that says happy birthday in Russian because I could not find anything better

.....family stuff

A few days ago I gave Kola a book which I had just finished reading. Today he came up to me at dinner time with a book. It has all sorts of picture sequences of animals. It is in German but the pictures are certainly cute. It kind of gives me a lump in my throat. That crazy guy!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Real progress was made in this morning's rehearsal. We worked on expanding our concert-ready repertoire, for we were beginning to tire of the small bit we were working with.

A surprisingly well organized tour of Kiev was the activity for this afternoon. We saw many sights old and new, including the remains of the Great Gate of Kiev, the monument to the Ukrainian national poet and hero Shevenko, the St. Sofia Cathedral, mammy parks statues and buildings.

We were in the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, which is theoretically an indepen-

He wrote in front "to dave, with hopes that our friendship will not be forgotten and will be strengthened from year to year. Kola" He is a great fellow.

Tomorrow is our big day. We get mail. We only receive it once during our stay in each city because a person must be disputed from the embassy to the city where we are with our mail.....family stuff.

Today we went on a tour of Kiev. This city is certainly different from those we have visited. It is the first city built on hills. The whole city seems to have an aura of friendliness and familiarity which Moscow (in particular) didn't have. Kiev is much older than most of the Russian cities, including Moscow. It has an active history starting in the 11st century. We saw the remains of the Great gate of Kiev which are all that remain of a wall that completely surrounded Kiev at the time. We saw a cable car which started operation in the 11st century.....Kiev has lots of churches and monasteries.... I saw a real live (closed for the winter) amusement park. I also saw what looked like a whole fleet of private pleasure craft out of the water for winter.....

dent nation similar to the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic. Historically, there has been opposition to Communism and the central government of the USSR, but that is all under the surface in Ukraine today. During the Second World War, the German invaders were welcomed with open arms by many Ukrainians; if the Germans had not mistreated the local populace the Ukraine would have been more difficult for the Soviets to reconquer.

Perhaps the most encouraging part of the concert was the enthusiastic reception given to the serious parts of the program. Dr. Revelli pleased the audience by announcing the thirty minutes of encores in Russian.

Charlie Martyn's Remembrance

Kiev: At about 2:00 AM, I got a call from Ruth via a London male telephone operator and overseas phone station in White Plains, New York. Ruth would talk, static, he would relay information; "you have a daughter" more static "her name is Jeanne Marie." I (in frustration) "know what her name is, let me talk to my wife." After a lot of trying we finally disconnected. I probably didn't sleep much the rest of that night and brought American cigarettes to dispense in lieu of cigars. Where would one find cigars in Kiev at 2:00AM? I was among the earliest at breakfast announcing my joyous news.

When telling the Chief and Mary, my new status, I know the frustration of the poor phone connection was a part of my conversation. Quietly and with no one nearby he

handed me a 20 ruble note and said, "go call your wife back." Kola and I tried to get a call out of Kiev from the post office but to no avail. So - I sent her a telegram which, we still have, to try to contact me at Hotel Krasnia (sp?) in Odessa. That was a bust, too, so my solution was to wait until Cairo.

The evening meal the 18th was followed by a bottle of champagne bought by the Chief, and a toast to my wife and daughter for staff and faculty only. The blue laws still prevailed.

That's what I remember.

[I quit smoking 12 or 13 years ago, thankfully.]

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #27

There has been more rain today. We rehearsed in the morning.

Barney and others were told [while visiting with some Ukrainians] that some 2000 people died in a land slide [somewhere in USSR, or not far from Kiev? Does anyone remember?] within a week before our arrival [and that these kinds of events are not reported in news papers or TV news ... word-of-mouth is a common way of learning and passing on information in USSR].

[In a letter to Lois]: The regional language here is again quite different from both Russian and Byelorussian. This is the Ukraine - and has a history dating far before Moscow was even founded. Of course, 'straight' Russian is taught in the schools [and used as the official USSR language], so most people [of Ukrainian heritage] are able to speak both. An example is - "hotel" in Russian sounds like: "gasteneetia," while in Ukrainian it sounds like: "gotelia," [I

remember thinking of the "g" in Kiev as an "hard/aspirated," perhaps guttural sound]

I should explain about some the stamps [on my letters and cards] - those that are over 14 kopeks, and have a date before, 1961 are now worth only 1/10th of the value on the

Don Tison's Diary

Sight-seeing tour - Kiev seems to have the most modern looking buildings of all the cities we have visited so far. Sue, Joan Forster's roommate, said that the people of the Ukraine are wealthier and this explains the Western look of the cities. This city is very hilly with many nice buildings. Our tour included a

Friday, March 17, 1961, 30th Day Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Dave Wolter's Letter

The crowds are just gassed by our trio. Tison really has been playing well-I'm just beginning to play better myself. I played the best overall concert I have played. My little chop scare is through.....I had my picture taken tonight. Charley Martyn, first clarinet just had a

Bruce Galbraith's Remembrance

As the recipient of a Revelli 'Harrumph' (because I should have been finding 4 euphoniums on our first day in Moscow), I knew I'd never forget that sound. But I didn't think I get one again - for trying to lighten things up - but that's what happened on St. Patrick's Day on the tour.

As the missives have been saying, the tension was growing - many were sick - the

Rudy Radocy's Diary

St. Patrick's Day is upon us; Bruce Galbraith greeted Dr Revelli in his Irish Brogue to

stamp. So - the post cards with both 10 K. and 40 K. stamps [has cost me a value] actually worth 14 K. over all!"

[Log]: Our concert tonight was fine ... people [audiences] are very receptive.

(Concert #17)

glimpse of the "great Gate of Kiev" - what a let-down after what the imagination would conjure as we were performing that movement for "Pictures at an Exhibition by Mousorgsky - nothing but a small pile of rocks! Excellent concert tonight! (and I don't remember any mistakes on my "La Virgen de la Macarena")

baby girl-his wife did. AP wanted a picture of him with other band fathers. Jack McKimmy, Rich Longfield and I, all trumpet players, are the only fathers. We posed with Charley showing him how to fold a diaper....."

pressure was on. So - on St. Patrick's Day, I stood up at the very start of rehearsal and, in my best Irish brogue said "Dr. Revelli - the band would like ta wish ya a Happy St. Paddie's day.

His response: "Harrumph!"

Oh well.

start rehearsal. We seemed to accomplish quite a bit today.

In the afternoon we visited the Kiev Conservatory to participate in an exchange concert. The study of folk instruments and singing is a serious matter in the USSR. Native folk culture is quite colorful in the Ukraine, as we witness[ed] today at the conservatory.

Charlie Martyn's Remembrance

I do not remember the diaper folding photo op, but Ruth, the resident pack rat, said she saw it and doesn't know why she doesn't have a copy. Charlie, I have a picture of Jeannie in your wife's arms as she "talks on the phone" to you. I will bring it with me when I come to CA on Friday. We also would like one if anyone has it.

I'm surprised no one commented as we got to the Great Gate, which was little more than a pile of rubble, there was a guy taking a "wiz" there. Charlie, I think he was paid to reenact the Rome fountain that has a boy doing same. Oh, the pleasures of world travel.

Does anyone else remember the public breaking in the glass doors of the theater in Kiev to hear us? Somehow my memory is of being

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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. Every-

Our evening concert brought warm response, demands for forty minutes of encores, and bouquets from the crowd. Every night after the concert, people crowd the stage front, the exits and our buses to come close to us and occasionally speak with us. Americans are well received in Kiev.

told about it after, however I do have the Bill Wilson's article in the *Royal Oak Tribune* where the headline says Russians Break Down Door to Hear U-M Band Concert. The Soviets heard our big band rehearsing and asked me if we could play a concert at the University. My answer, "that's up to Dr. Revelli, not me." He asked me and I said we could come up with an hour program, yet untested under fire. He, of course, had his best harumph look on, sitting dourly in the front row. We did play and they did a folk music exchange for us. I never got a critique from the Chief about our program but seeing in my letters to Ruth how many jazz programs we played and the fact the State Department used these events as a precedent to get Louis Armstrong and Benny Goodman into the USSR, we helped with another breach in the cold war with music!

body 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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #28

Snow and cold today - we rehearsed in the a.m. - then Tom Gaskill & I walked back to the hotel. I took a picture of the St. Sofia Domes from the concert hall area. This afternoon we did some sightseeing by bus - almost froze! I did get a picture of the St. Sophia Tower before I ran out of film.

Mail!! Its been 12 days since I got one from Lois - 10 days since one arrived from Mom. Today I got 5 from Lois and 1 from Mom - sure was great!

[I wrote Lois - in answer to her questions]: First, the people enjoy all of the music [of our concerts] very much ... they would rather hear American composers though, because this is an opportunity they almost never get. They all say they can hear Russian compositions any time! As for the popularity of Gershwin [*Summer Time*] and *My Fair Lady* ... productions of *Porgy and Bess* (with a colored troupe) and *My Fair Lady* came to the USSR [from US - previous to our tour]. They were

extremely popular, so [audiences] feel they "know" some American music and are happy to hear it again. All of our music has been very [successful] in Minsk and Kiev - especially here, it seems, because these people are even more shut off from the rest of the world than Moscow or Leningrad.

Second, I have been to all the places you have seen in [news paper reports] pictures - I just haven't been in the groups pictured! They always divide us up into several smaller groups for the sightseeing tours. I imagine by the time you read this you will have seen me [in a photo] - because one was taken tonight of the "dads" in the band - Charlie's wife had a daughter! [Does anyone have one of those that was saved for them?]

Our concert tonight was another great success ... and the crowd even sang "la, la" to the *Victors* the second time we played it! They really get excited!" (Concert #18)

Saturday, March 18, 1961, 31st Day Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

No rehearsal this morning, so the 17 piece group rehearsed for 2 hrs. After lunch the whole band went to the University for a short concert or recital and a visit to some classes. Instead we got 2 movies, speakers and folk dances. Then two of our brass quartets played, the barbershop quartet sang, the Dixieland band played and the 17 piece group played. About 2 1/2 hrs worth. I talked with many students backstage. One fellow gave me a pin. I

was interviewed by local paper & shot by several photographers mostly with a bevy of beautiful girls hovering around. I hope the pictures don't reach home. Joan Forster wants me to find one of the girls so she can talk to her. Will try tomorrow. {Is tomorrow's diary going to have me wandering around Kiev shouting beautiful girl, Joanie wants to talk to you.) Concert rather spotty, the audience was wonderful. Chief made bad error, actually apologized to us.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

With the cancellation of a scheduled morning rehearsal, the band members used their time to sleep, explore the city, or do a host of miscellaneous activities. Kiev has much to see; people who wander away from the main downtown area will see picturesque, filthy market places, slums, all sorts of shops and an interesting populace.

We visited the Kiev State University in the afternoon. Among the graduates of the school was the former diplomat, Andrei Vishinsky, who was responsible for many UN vetoes. An exchange program was again presented, with films, folk singing, and dancing from them and small ensembles and the band

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

of Charlie Martyn from us. Greetings were exchanged between Dr. Revelli and the director of the school as well. We received some books of pictures of Kiev and presented the certificate of greeting.

During the evening concert, a young lady presented Dr. Revelli with a bouquet of flowers. All sorts of encore requests were literally shouted out at will by the more vociferous members of the audience. We played a total of 45 minutes of encores, and the people would have gladly stayed for more. Many good-byes were waved to us as we journeyed in our buses to the hotel for a well-earned rest.

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #29

[Prelude]: Can it be? March 18 - a month has passed, and it seems to me quite likely a shorter passage of time now than to us in, 1961! Some thoughts: Sunday we had our monthly local concert by the Phoenix Symphony, with clarinet soloist David Krakauer on Golligov's *The Dream and Prayers of Isaac the Blind*. Not having heard the work before, I was stunned with the klezmer style, the overall technique and drama of the work - a definite "Wow!" Second half was Tchaikovsky's 4th, & I had to admit that since my mind has been "on tour there" for a month, it was quite fascinating to think of some of our experiences during each movement. Question is - perhaps especially to those of you who have had careers as orchestral performers or have studied the works of the Russian composers - what work(s) might you declare as most capable of speaking to our range of experiences?

How many day time programs did we play in Kiev? It may have been on the 10th at Kiev U., or after another day time concert or rehearsal where I - and several other band members - visited with some "American English speaking" young men dressed very much as the locals. One told me he sounded "American" but was really from Canada ... I didn't believe him (had experiences with Canadian's speech habits in Ontario and Alberta), and was suspicious of their activities in USSR. Not knowing about the "Minsk encounter," for years after "1963" I thought Oswald had been in the Kiev group, but knew I didn't personally see or speak to him

there. Do any of you remember that type of encounter in Kiev?

[In a letter to Lois]: "The weather was just about perfect today - about 45 - 50 degrees, clear sky, et al. Tom Gaskill and I rode on the Metro (not yet complete - opened in 1960) as far as it went, and [at the end] watched construction of a bridge to extend it over the [Dnieper] River." [Log]: It was cold down there! We got off [the trains] and went up to see 4 of the 5 brand new stations [and surrounding areas] ... at one station, we were under a hill, and we had to go up two very long escalators - great fun!

We also walked through the department store - finding high prices and poor goods. Then we went into a book store, and I got a book of short stories in English.

[Letter]: This afternoon we were invited to Kiev University - and promised the opportunity to visit any class, as well as have time to visit with students. But, the same old story [prevailed] - long winded talks, overly scheduled programs and no time for anything that was planned. This time, they showed us movies for 45 minutes - in Russian, yet! Our short program for them was started by my brass quartet, and ended with our 17 piece jazz band that Charlie Martin leads. Some range [of programming] between Hindemith and jazz!

[Log]: The big band sounds good! (Concert #19)

1961	Sun, Mar 19	Mon, Mar 20	Tue, Mar 21	Wed, Mar 22	Thu, Mar 23	Fri, Mar 24	Sat, Mar 25
	KIEV	Kiev	ODESSA	ODESSA	ODESSA	ODESSA	travel
8 AM							
9 AM	9:00 AM Kiev State						
10 AM	10:00 AM Kiev Ballet			9:30 AM rehearsal	9:30 AM rehearsal		
11 AM	11:00 AM Circus						
Noon							11:00 AM Odessa to Kharkov
1 PM				1:00 PM visit Odessa Conservatory	1:00 PM tour Odessa	1:00 PM Odessa harbor tour	
2 PM	2:00 PM concert	2:00 PM travel to Odessa	2:00 PM rehearsal in cold hall				
3 PM							
4 PM							
5 PM							
6 PM							
7 PM	7:00 PM concert		7:00 PM Great Waltz Ballet	7:00 PM CONCERT	7:00 PM CONCERT	7:00 PM CONCERT	
8 PM							
9 PM							
10 PM							
11 PM							

Sunday, March 19, 1961, 32nd Day
Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Remembrance

When I married we lived on Whitmore Lake for 12 years. Michigan summers are the

best! Here in the south, summers are nasty and humid. Spring makes up for it to some extent

(long & beautiful, with strange new flowers...) I never minded winter in Mich except that the lake froze and unless we got out the iceboat, we could not sail. Now we can sail any day of the year as long as there are no hurricanes. Trade offs are everywhere.

Don D'Angelo's Diary

Like so many of you on this date, I remember being in the audience rather than on stage. I had gotten an allergy shot from Dr. Winkleman (sp.?) and had developed some symptoms of coughing and wheezing, so he had advised me to stay out for this concert. It was the first time I had heard the band from the audience, and I remember the crowd breaking the doors down to hear us and then filling up the isles because there were no seats left.

As the band played our national anthem, I stood and sang along. Those Russians surrounding me looked admiringly and smiled as we finished. There was an architecture student who was seated nearby who spoke impeccable English and we struck up a conversa-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

For morning and early afternoon entertainment, the band members had a choice of a performance of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," by the Kiev State Orchestra, a ballet, or a circus. The Symphony concert was the most popular.

We had a matinee concert this afternoon which was enthusiastically received. Some of the band members were presented with

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 in-

Recall that we sent home 500 lbs of winter clothes (to my apartment!) after we left Russia!

tion at the intermission. He offered to show Karen Swall and I around the city, especially the Great Gate of Kiev. Ha,ha. It was a pile of bricks and mortar resembling nothing like the paintings we had seen of the exhibit Mousorgsky had modeled his Pictures At an Exhibition after. When we played the Great Gate in the concert that evening it was magnificent, truly one of the highlights of the tour for me. By the way, this student asked me to send him some magazines on architecture from the west. He told me that in Russia they weren't interested in innovation or modernity and he was terribly frustrated creating buildings that were like the monstrosities we had seen in so many Russian cities up to this time on the tour.

gifts; Karen Hill was given a toy dog. There were many flowers and more speeches.

After a successful evening concert, the president of the Kiev Philharmonic Society gave us a speech and a token of his esteem. The citizens of Kiev, in general, seemed to be the most genuinely appreciative of our efforts thus far.

stability 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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #30

We left home 4 weeks ago. Today was another pretty day ... didn't even take my hat off the hook!

[Letter to Lois - written at noon]: "Well, I didn't plan on sleeping in - but Don Tison and Dave Wolters had to wake us up at 9:30 - so, we [Ken, too] just made breakfast one-half hour late! I got a ticket to a concert (Beethoven's 9th), but ended up going shopping [took too much time] and missed the bus. I went with one of the girls (Patty Parker - English Horn) who said she could find some nice blouses [for me to check out] ... and we met several others going to the same little shop. And sure enough, I got one for you that you'll have to put together - only the sleeves ... then you know they'll be the right length.

Also bought 2 wooden glasses - carved with decorations - that were surprisingly inex-

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.

pensive. Hope I can get all these things in my suitcase!

We've seen many more peasants both here and in Minsk, but the people seem much happier. [Some] are dressed very poorly ... big, heavy, quilted clothes - not very clean.

[Log]: Our concert this afternoon turned out to be more than for kids [which was my understanding] - although for George [Cavender] it was his biggest chance yet [on the podium] - he conducted about 3 or 4 numbers. He had conducted only one march previously.

Our night concert was a gas ... as was the audience (all have been here). We've enjoyed our stay very much. (Concerts #20 & 21)

Don Tison's Diary

"Since today was my birthday, Joan and I skipped the Kiev Orchestra concert and went walking around the city. We walked to the park and down by the river since it was a beautiful sunny Springlike day.

Later the kids sang "Happy Birthday" at the lunch table. [I don't remember what kids!]

We played a childrens' concert at 3:30 pm and an evening concert also. George Caven-

Jane Otteson's Diary

Went to hear the Kiev Philharmonic play Beethoven's 1st this morning. I didn't think the orchestra was so hot, but I thought the choir was a gas. Everybody else thought just the opposite. They didn't provide transportation for us so some took taxis and buses and the rest of us walked. The sidewalks were so packed with people that it was hard to thread our way through. Of course the stores were all open, and all the sidewalk stalls were doing a brisk business. We stopped and bought some delicious donuts. The weather was very warm and springy, and a lot of boys were running around bareheaded. I think a lot of them were just out because the weather was so grand. I don't understand how, if there is no unemployment, so many men could be walking around the streets on a working day.

This afternoon we played a "surprise" young people's concert. George directed the 4th half and the people just loved him because he was so bouncy. Revelli got jealous and took

Monday, March 20, 1961, 33rd Day
Kiev, Ukraine, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

My tour diary said little. It did describe the packed lunch as 1 bottle of soda, 2 boiled eggs, 3 apples, a chunk of cheese, a piece of

meat and 1/2 loaf of bread. I determined that the bread and eggs were good. I guess I never did warm up to those pieces of meat with the

dar conducted a march or two including the Kabalesky. WDR seemed to get jealous or something when George kind of stole the show with his fiery tempos and flashy gestures (flashy gestures must be in the blood of percussionists - I always liked watching Bill Curtain on that bass drum and cymbals), Anyway, Revelli then came back and proceeded to conduct "My Fair Lady" and the Victors at tempos about half as fast as they should go! (It was painful!!!)

the encores unbelievably slow, in direct contrast to George's tempos.

Tonight's concert started half an hour late because the mob outside who wanted to get in but couldn't had broken down a door. Curtin said the cops were out there with guns, but I don't know if he was serious or not.

After this afternoon's concert a girl of about 12 ran up on stage and gave Karen Swall a bunch of violets and Karen Hill a stuffed dog which she named after our interpreter Kola. Then a little girl of about 6 ran up and gave Carol Ober a little doll.

Mrs. Revelli was saying today that while we were eating dinner the other night a woman came in with a 6-year-old girl and was having the kid show off by saying, "My name is Mary. They call me Marie. My government is the Kremlin. My country is the Soviet Union. I love my country because it is very big and the fields are green..." all in English.

meat and 1/2 loaf of bread. I determined that the bread and eggs were good. I guess I never did warm up to those pieces of meat with the

big chunks of fat in it. And unfortunately I was still in the peanut butter and velveeta cheese

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Our last morning in Kiev was spent with a late breakfast and optional films or by resting, which was by far the most popular activity this morning. It has become customary to present our waitresses with a little token of appreciation for their services, although the service in Kiev was not up to the other cities.

We slowly assembled in the afternoon and departed for the Odessa railway station to board another slow-moving, southbound train.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #31

No electricity until after 11:00 a.m. - I got my first haircut at 9:30 from Don D'Angelo - without clippers.

stage at that point in my life.

The hotel in Kiev furnished us with a sack lunch and a bottle of soda, which would serve as our supper on the train.

Aboard the train were some Soviet troops, with whom some of the band members had interesting conversations. They actually believed that their country is in grave danger of attack by the United States. They feel that we murdered Patrice Lumumba [Dictator of Cuba] and bombed Cuba with Air Force planes.

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.)

It was cold, with some snow in the air ... I packed and relaxed until we left at 4:00 for

Odessa. Tom Gaskill, Barney, Don Sinta & I taught Don Tison cribbage.

[Letter to Lois]: My haircut was before breakfast - [since] there was no electricity anywhere in the hotel, [Don] cut it all by hand (just scissors and comb), and did a very good job!

The concerts in Kiev were by far the most successful of our tour. The people were very receptive ... we had a full house for all six concerts. Last night we were on stage 15 extra minutes before the concert started ... because the people who wanted to get in to hear us - and couldn't - broke in the front entrance. I don't know how they forced their way in, but we couldn't start until they got it all settled. There were many people standing.

Many touching contacts were made here ... during concerts (encores) people shouted out for their favorites (including *Three Trumpeters!*), and also passed requests to the podium. Also, several times here girls have come to the flutes with flowers (just run right up and hand them over!), and yesterday one girl brought both flowers and a toy stuffed doggy! They've enjoyed having us here - and we've really had fun too.

My lip has really felt weird lately. Probably because of 21 concerts in 27 days. I

sometimes think it's going to dry up and fall off! [I remember having taken several chap sticks - had them stashed in horn case, pockets and suit case.] I'm afraid I've lost a little weight the last two weeks. Even since I've felt better I haven't eaten a big meal. I think my stomach has shrunk! Guess I'll gorge myself and stretch it out again!

Ken tells me he has been sending [mailing] his small souvenirs home ... so, these in this letter are the tickets, etc. that I've accumulated so far. I've written on each one what it is, and in my log I have the record of what I saw - where - and all that jazz.

The attitude of the band - and WDR has gotten much better, I'm happy to say. We've played good concerts here, which helps. George [Cavender] still sits most of the time - and conducted for only the second time yesterday. [I think] He's quite bitter about it.

... I miss you ... even missed an entrance in last night's concert thinking about New York! Hope you're thinking of me, too!" [What a confession - but I'm quite certain more than the married guys - and fathers - were missing some special ones by this time]

Tuesday, March 21, 1961, 34th Day
Odessa, Ukraine, USSR



Rudy Radocy's Diary

Odessa was not the warm city that we had expected; actually it was quite chilly and overcast. We were taken to the Hotel Krasky, where we found that it was getting a little more difficult to be a "good traveler." Many of the rooms were without bathrooms and the public washrooms were filthy. And it was so cold! The central heating was very inefficient and the windows didn't fit well, keeping the rooms well ventilated.

The rehearsal hall was right across the street from the hotel. It was difficult to play

precisely because, like the hotel, the temperature was sub-zero here also. The auditorium was once the barn for German horses--but it is being renovated now.

In the evening the sun came out just before sunset and we walked to the Opera House to see a ballet, "The Great Waltz," based on the life of Johanna Straus. It was rather colorful, but plotless. To put a very fine ending on the day, Tom Tuck came down from Moscow with our mail.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #32

[Letter to Lois]: On the train to Odessa there were no dining facilities, so we all carried a sack lunch and a bottle of cherry soda. Tom Gaskill, Don Sinta and I played some cribbage - Barney played poker and slept! The trains go very slow ... pulled by old fashioned "puffer-bellies." We got into Odessa at 8:00 a.m., [after check in] had breakfast, and then I went to bed until lunch time. Accommodations here are in general quite poor ... many [members] have no bathing or toilet facilities. Ken and I lucked out ... a suite with a large living room about as big as our whole Saline Rd. apartment, a small bed room and bath. We will obviously be [sharing] with visitors!

Jane Otteson/King's Diary

Spent 15 hours on the train seeing the same landscape. We couldn't go to the diner because between that and our car was a car of Russian troops. The quartet went up and sang for them, and quite a few of the guys stayed and talked politics.

I learned on the train that a couple of days before we got to Kiev a bunch of apartment houses slid down the hill into the Dneiper River killing a few hundred people. It didn't make any papers, not even Soviet ones, because I guess it's supposedly due to faulty construction of relatively new buildings.

Arrived in Odessa around 8 a.m. and checked into the hotel Krasny. I thought our room was really bad until I found out that a lot of kids don't have private bathrooms. Some have a shower and sink but no stool. In one corridor the men's john doesn't work. In our room one of the windows is broken and the other doesn't close all the way. We slept for a couple of hours before rehearsal--in our coats.

[Log]: They [hotel] turn on the hot water just a few hours a day. The weather is cold - dark - damp. We rehearsed this afternoon - [letter]: in a great big auditorium that's as cold as a barn ... the Germans were supposed to have used it for stables during the war! It was very ornate at one time, I'm sure, but as yet hasn't been renovated. Its rather dark and dingy.

We have no concert tonight - will go to a ballet instead. Wednesday, Thursday & Friday we play concerts, and leave on Saturday. I must get dressed ... we leave at 6 for the ballet. [Later]: I didn't care for the performance.

The concert hall is right across the street from the hotel. It is in the process of being reconstructed, or as our guides pronounce it and as it is more apt, wreckconstructed. It looks as though it were once a cathedral. The stage was certainly not there in the beginning--it was added later. The room where we play is high and of dark wood, very ornate. Over the doors are beautiful paintings and some of the walls are frescoed. There is a stained glass window behind the stage backdrop.

We had a hellish rehearsal, probably because Kamarov and the others got Revelli drunk last night and he probably had a hangover. (After supper) most of us went to the ballet, "The Great Waltz" by Strauss. It wasn't terribly good, except for the prima ballerina, and the hall was freezing, almost as cold as the hotel room.

We had tea after the ballet, and Tom Tuck was here with mail from Moscow. He also brought peanut butter from the Embassy commissary--one jar for every two tables. I got cus-

tody of what's left of our jar and I don't know if I can trust myself to stay out of it.

They shut off the hot water around here at 11 o'clock. Guess that means dirty hair

Anne Speer/Aitchison's Note

Note the date: March 21. I was under the impression that the Soviet system simply turned off the heat when spring arrived. Maybe that is why we were so cold! But I do know that

Wednesday, March 22, 1961, 35th Day **Odessa, Ukraine, USSR**

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Breakfast was followed by a short rehearsal. Odessa is traditionally a cultural city. All the concerts we were to present were sold out long before we arrived in town. It is important we play well.

Those who wished to do so were able to visit the Odessa Conservatory in the afternoon. The visit was similar to those in Leningrad, Moscow, Minsk and Kiev, with the exception that the director's remarks of welcome were considerably shorter. Those who wished

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

tomorrow. Damn--this place is getting me down. And Tom Tuck said at dinner that Khar'kov will be worse.

I only ever used my long underwear in Odessa, in spring. We were well heated everywhere else!

to visit classes had a choice of oboe, horn, flute, clarinet, trumpet, trombone and piano classes. The equipment of these musicians was poor, but their enthusiasm for the musical and technical content of the pieces they performed was a great boost to their performance.

Our concert was not as good as it should have been, but we played 20 minutes of encores, nevertheless. The "Victors" was again the biggest hit of the night.

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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #33

It's cold and rainy!! [In a letter to Lois]: "I am now in the great city of sun (we all thought!), a tropical play-land (we had hoped!). But - it's too darned cold to go outside without our top coats ... it can't be any warmer here than it is at home ... and is probably much like Michigan is all year around. [I remember looking at a world map, and finding Odessa to be equal in latitude to the U.P. - Brr!]

We had another visit from Moscow by Tom Tuck, and he brought that big, wonderful bundle of mail again! I got 2 of yours, 1 from Mom & 1 from John Neztek. Again I was very pleased. We'll get our next mail in Sukhumi in about a week. Tom also brought many jars of peanut butter ... to celebrate the end of the first half of our tour in Russia. The kids had a gay time at tea last night! We had no hot water at all this a.m. We do now, though, so I may

take a bath this afternoon, and also must press my uniform."

[Log]: We rehearsed in the morning. I cleared somewhat in the late afternoon, so I walked down 5 blocks or so to the bay, but it clouded over heavily again, and I returned to the hotel. Our first concert was not bad - but some wild flubs came from the horns!

[Letter - after the concert]: "People [in visits after concerts or at other opportunities] find it almost impossible to believe we can leave our country any time we wish. Also, that [Americans] own houses and cars - common, ordinary people, that is. When I sent the telegram to Dad on his birthday, the woman asked, 'What apartment?' [I often got out my slides of home, family and UM to show on the little viewer I took with me] (Concert #22)

Thursday, March 23, 1961, 36th Day Odessa, Ukraine, USSR



Odessa boat trip

Dave Wolter's Diary

Apparently I have a genetic flaw that sends me out by myself when I reach foreign territory. My tour diary describes my solo forays, including going to the sea and putting my hand in it. I apparently went to a seaman's club

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We had guests at our morning rehearsal; they were members of the Odessa Philharmonic Orchestra. (I described rehearsal by saying Revelli showed off by rehearsing soloists.) After rehearsal several of our players, particularly double reed players were surrounded by curious musicians who were eager to exchange ideas.

The Intourist people arranged a tour for us in the afternoon. Odessa is a leading port and resort area; there are excellent vantage points for viewing the harbor and Black sea. A large portion of the time was spent at a rest

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

where I met some Russian students and in a moment of sociality exercised with some of the band guys where Kola taught me some new exercises.

home. (I also mention rest home and wonder if their "rest home" was a "vacation home").

The evening concert was much better than that of the previous night. Odessa audiences traditionally are somewhat discriminating; therefore the warm reception they gave us had some extra meaning.

The bath and shower problem created by the lack of these facilities in most of our rooms has been alleviated by the use of the baths of the "have nots." Cooperation and peaceful coexistence!

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!

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #34

The day began cloudy, cool and windy, then the sky began to clear - until afternoon it was quite pleasant and sunny (stayed cool). Our sightseeing event [by bus] in the afternoon was not too productive, although I got pictures of the bay, sea and opera house.

[Letter to Lois]: "I'm feeling fine now, but just can't get too interested in the food, so I've continued to lose a little weight - all my pants are now too big! If the weather is OK Friday we will have a boat ride out into the Black Sea." [I remember one of the gals - from Cali-

fornia - tell us while we were still on the train that she was excited to be able to again "smell the sea." Friday's boat ride would be my first time out on salt water, so we were looking forward to it!]

[Log]: It seems that the only time I can be in the room when there is hot water is after our concert. Bath time has to follow the concert instead of start the day. We've been told that all of our concerts here have been sold out for some time.

Tonight's performance was fine, with a very warm reception, too. (Concert #23)

Friday, March 24, 1961, 37th Day **Odessa, Ukraine, USSR**

Dave Wolter's Diary

I was one of many band folks that mailed packages (a huge box for the newly purchased mandolin) home. I missed lunch and got on the boat cruise. I was hoping to be closer to shore to see sights and was distressed to have us stop at the same "sanitarium" that we saw

on our bus tour. After a successful concert I accompanied Susy Schumacher to the Seaman's Club. She snared some Russian girls in conversation and I spent time talking to a Russian boy who seemed cynical.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Many people have collected books, table linen, and other articles which they wished to mail home, so after breakfast a party of bandsmen walked to the main post office. The citizens of Odessa must have had mixed thoughts when they saw that procession of Americans walking through their streets carrying boxes and books.

Due to erroneous reporting there appears to have been a misconception back home that the band had changed its repertoire to accommodate listeners who wanted lighter programs. This feeds the furnace of those who advocated sending the Marching band instead of the Symphony Band. Dr. Revelli, in a telephone call to CKLW, set the record straight.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 try-

ing 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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #35

I missed breakfast this morning ... not feeling real peppy!! The weather is dark and cool - I stayed in the hotel instead of going on the boat ride [Rats!]. Later I felt better, so Tom Gaskill and I walked to the department store. We found an unusual artist working at a small stand there, and watched him do caricature cutouts of people's profiles with scissors on what appeared to be black construction paper. We were impressed enough that we each had ours done. [I have mine in front of me now, and showed it to my family and friends after our Easter dinner today. The size of a post card, the figure is mounted in the center of an oval on a photo finished illustration of Odessa as viewed from the bay - with a light house

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.

lower left, and a ship right. My initials - "ROL" in Russian - are attractively done in a calligraphy script under the figure. Tom, do you still have yours?]

I was told that the local newspaper had a review of our first concert (Thursday), found a copy to purchase, and had one of our interpreters read it for me. [I also have that entire newspaper section in my log notebook, will try to get it translated & make it available for all to read in a future log entry. Does anyone else also have that copy?]

Our concert was another very successful one. (Concert #24)

Saturday, March 25, 1961, 38th Day
Odessa, Ukraine, USSR



Boarding the train to leave Odessa

Dave Wolter's Diary

My education was continuing in Russia. According to my diary I packed in record time. Ho hum. And I wrote several letters which must be at home at this moment and I enjoyed the beef stroganoff. The train was the same as

usual. I believe I was calling them milk trains because it seemed like they had to stop at every tiny hamlet all night and I would see very little activity so I felt they must be stopping to drop off or pick up milk.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After our last meal in Odessa, we went by Intourist bus to the station, where we were to board the train for Kharkov. We had some time to stretch our legs on the platform before departure time. Many sections of the band had informal pictures taken at this time.

The train ride was long and hard. It went so slowly! Fortunately, we were fairly used to it by now, and we saw some spectacular scenery, such as, acre upon acre, of Black Belt farmlands. The Ukraine is traditionally the breadbasket of the USSR.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #36

We left Odessa about 11:00 a.m. - the trip is another long one - 24 and a half hours.

With so many hours of daylight I often watched the landscape as we passed. There was much productive farm land - although in general it looked quite dry. Many fields were all worked - ready for planting. We also saw some nicer looking towns, orchards and a grave yard with wooden crosses. [In a letter to Lois]: "there were also miles of very flat land, and

At 11 o'clock we left Odessa for Khar-kov.

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.

then some that we were told looked like the Steppes of central Asia. It was quite rolling, with long, low valleys running through it ... quite nice! The trip was especially long because there were many stops, and the train never went very fast - probably 35-40 mph at it's fastest" [Log]: The meals on the train were very good. Several of us spent some hours at cribbage and a lot of pinochle. [Letter]: "I probably won't want to look a card in the face by the time I get home!"

1961	Sun, Mar 26	Mon, Mar 27	Tue, Mar 28	Wed, Mar 29	Thu, Mar 30	Fri, Mar 31	Sat, Apr 1
	KHARKOV	KHARKOV	KHARKOV	TRAVEL	SUKHUMI	SUKHUMI	SUKHUMI
8 AM				Breakfast			
9 AM		9:00 AM Rehearsal					9:00 AM cold rehearsal
10 AM				10:00 AM travel to Sukhumi			
11 AM							
Noon							
1 PM		1:00 PM Kharkov Tractor Factory				1:00 PM sight seeing	1:00 PM Visit Monkeys
2 PM			2:00 PM matinee concert				
3 PM					2:30 PM Arrival		
4 PM							
5 PM							
6 PM					6:00 PM Mail Call		
7 PM	7:00 PM Kharkov Circus	7:00 PM Concert	7:00 PM Concert			7:00 PM Georgian Dancers	7:00 PM Concert
8 PM							
9 PM							
10 PM							
11 PM							

Sunday, March 26, 1961, 39th Day

Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR



Dave Wolter's Diary

We arrived at 11:35. The weather was really beautiful out. A little cool, but at least the sun was shining. I went for a walk after lunch. I saw a zoo which seemed to be fairly large. Their exhibits leave much to be desired, but they certainly have a good start. [I spent two summers working at the Detroit Zoo, and had great ap-

preciation of well set up zoos that display the animals in recreations of their wild habitat] I was especially interested in their eagles. Kharkov has a very large park right next to our hotel. This is about all I saw except for a [very rusty] meteorology set up. We had great ice cream today. Met two Russian technical translators.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We reached Kharkov shortly before the noon hour. After a mix-up among the bus drivers as to just which hotel we were scheduled to stay in, we were delivered to the hotel Kharkov. Some of the accommodations were not very choice. There were plenty of "no shower or tub" situations, as well as out of order plumbing problems, Most people were in no mood to care, however.

The two performances that we were to give in Kharkov would be before 2,700 people; however, there were 12,000 applications for tickets to hear the Michigan Band. We played an extra matinee concert, but still the demand far exceeded the supply.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 num-

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #37

Our arrival in Kharkov was right on schedule - 11:30 a.m. A lot of people were standing outside the station - probably to get a look at the largest group of Americans here in many moons!

Hotel Kharkov is quite large, and the rooms are also large (mostly suites). But - few have bathing facilities, including ours. The bed is very uncomfortable - I think I'll try sleeping with the mattress on the floor!

[Letter to Lois - I used the "dip-in-ink-well pen that was on the desk in our room, and the script was alternately dark, then light]: Kharkov is a large city - about 1,000,000, and very industrial. [Our hotel] is not right down town, but within walking distance. We are taller than most of the people in USSR ... there are some very big men - and women - but most are shorter [than us]. Most of our girls look [very tall] beside [the average] Russian women! The weather here is cool, but a very

ber 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.

pretty, sunny day. We play 3 concerts here - one Monday night and two on Tuesday (afternoon and evening), then leave for Sukhumi Wednesday a.m."

[Log]: I slept much of the afternoon (until dinner at 5:00), and went to the circus in the evening - it was a gas! There were good acrobats, a trained horse and bears. [Letter]: The horse was a beautiful white one - ridden bare back - and it was a better dancer than I! (That doesn't mean much, does it?!). One acrobatic group used a swing to send a girl up to the shoulders of a guy - who was all ready standing on the shoulders of another - way up! The final act was three bears - the trainer looked Japanese to me. They were a complete gas - walked on a large ball which rolled on two rails between end stands [I drew an illustration on the letter]; walked on front feet; roller skated; rode on bikes and motor cycles, etc. ... really good!"

Monday, March 27, 1961, 40th Day
Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Rehearsal was held in the Palace of Culture. Again we met with problems. The stage was too long and narrow to serve our present seating arrangements. Sections were moved freely about until a plausible seating arrangement was secured. The auditorium was very cold, too.

In the afternoon a group of band members were sent to the Kharkov Tractor Works. The factory employs 30,000 people; it is the largest tractor factory in the Soviet Union. It is interesting to see, especially for those who had worked in factories. A worker's starting wages are usually 40 Rubles a month. When you realize that a pair of shoes costs 30 rubles and a decent coat 150 rubles, it makes you realize the standard of living and buying power of the

Loren Mahew's Diary

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,

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #38

Our meal schedule is beginning to turn out wrong ... breakfast is hardly ever before 9:00; lunch 1 - 1:30, and supper at 5:00. I'm never hungry at the big dinner meal.

worker. The lack of safety conditions in the plant was appalling. There were women working over sparks without goggles; the floor was so coated with grease that it was treacherously slippery. But tractors are turned out at the rate of one every 12 minutes, even though many are left outside to be partly rusted before shipment.

The evening concert was very successful. The debut of "Bugler's Holiday" brought enthusiastic applause and a repeat performance. The audience demanded 30 minutes of encores and presented us with two beautiful bouquets.

A very flattering article translated from the Odessa newspaper review of our concert in that city appeared on our bulletin board. We certainly are a hit.

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.)

We were told we would see both ancient and modern types of transportation [as we got further away from Moscow & Leningrad] - and we have - side by side. In Odessa and Kharkov - but especially here - there are large numbers of horse drawn wagons. Odessa had a

large number of motor cycles - with side cars on many of them.

There haven't been nearly the number of trucks in any city as there were in Moscow - but we've seen quite a lot of construction or reconditioning of buildings all over the country.

The concert tonight was not very good compared to some of the others, but we're not

Don Tison's Diary

After morning rehearsal we took a tour of a tractor plant in the afternoon - nothing very exciting. Their machines in the factory looked pretty much like ours in USA - they manufactured two types of tractors - 50,000 tractors a year with 30,000 employees. Workers work 7 hours a day, 6 days a week. Minimum wage is 40 rubles a month - maximum wage is 95-100 rubles a month.

We played "Bugler's Holiday" tonight for the first time. The crowd was so gassed that

Tuesday, March 28, 1961, 41st Day Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

In Russia Victor and Eugene, two Russian fellows that had befriended me in Kharkov would be a prominent part of my diary entry. During our long walk and talk after the concert I would be amused by their giddy use of British slang, one of their favorites being "cheerio"

Prospects of an interesting day squelched by rain. Since no rehearsal, I spent the morning washing and mailing books and souvenirs back home. It always ends up taking a long time. We had an afternoon concert. It

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Mr. Cavender conducted the first half of the extra matinee concert. We played many works such as "American Overture for Band" we

in a desirable setup because of a very shallow stage. We're [cornets] right on the outside [front edge of the setup]. The crowd was very receptive - especially to Bugler's Holiday, which we played for the first time. There was so much applause that we took many bows, but [that] still didn't [quiet] them down for the next announcement (for Three Trumpeters), so we played [Buglers] a second time! (Concert #25)

we had to play it twice! Good concert tonight except everyone was kind of bugged with the new and different set-up of the band. Greg Munson was sitting directly behind me and he really PARTED MY HAIR on the "Elsa's Procession to the Cathedral"!! (mercy, what a powerful but good sound!)

[Nobody should ever have to sit close to and in front of trumpet players - right gang?] 😊

went well. The brasses rested and everyone was happy. Victor and Eugene met me at the evening concert. With Harry Barnes aid, I got both of them and a friend into the concert. The concert went well. I fazed out at the end. Victor and Eugene were very enthusiastic about the concert. We went for a walk after — they seemed uninterested in America, just wanted companionship with an American. They were great!

had not gone over for quite a while. When all was said and done, we came through with another successful concert.

This evening's concert was the most successful of the three we performed here in Kharkov. Flowers and greetings were exchanged during the 30 minutes of encores.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

One of us [Richard Tilkin] 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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #39

A rainy, but not cold morning, but by lunch time there was some wet snow. I didn't get outside until leaving for the afternoon concert ... which was again very heartily received. George conducted the first half. "Bugler's" was again very popular, but we did Victor Herbert's "Just For Fun" trio for an encore - just about perfect!

[This was also a first timer - I remember Susan Schumacher telling me after the concert that when I stood up alone to play the opening notes she thought: "He's lost his mind!" That was the trio where I played the first phrase - snare drum did "shave and a hair cut - two bits" - Dave rose and did the opening phrase while I did phrase two - snare again - Don rose - all three of us doing several phrases together - in-

Don Tison's Diary

This morning Joan Forster and I went for a walk in search of a church that we never did find! Although we didn't find the church and were drenched in the cold rain that steadily increased as we walked along, we still had a good time. Joan kept on singing: "Everytime it rains it rains.....kopecs from heaven"!

Some more illnesses have appeared. Throughout the tour thus far we have been bothered by players missing concerts and rehearsals because of these illnesses.

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.

cluding the bridge, and then the piece was completed by a reversal of the order until I was alone before the final snare pattern. But, to make it more "fun," the three of us joined the snare for a rather strong "two bits!" Unfortunately, the Chief did not share in our enthusiasm! - hope I had the trio order right - correct me, guys!]

The evening concert was quite good ... the crowd was very receptive - "Bugler's was again a gas ... but the encore was *Three Trumpeters*. [Lesson learned!] We had very few opportunities to talk with people at the concerts here. The stage setup wasn't too conducive for visiting, and there didn't seem to be as many English speaking audience close by. (Concerts #26 & 27)

The matinee concert was a thrill, and George Cavender conducted the better part of the first half. Our trumpet trio played for the first time *Just For Fun* by Victor Herbert as an encore to *Bugler's Holiday*. We then gave them the Agostini: *The Three Trumpeters* as a grand finale of trumpet trios for the day. The overall

concert tonight was very good. Everyone

wailed.

Wednesday, March 29, 1961, 42nd Day

Kharkov, Ukraine, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

Big Sweat! Got up at 6:30 and just barely got my suitcase packed on time. I got back after breakfast and just had enough time to pack my trumpet case [I was carrying a quad case with two horns and had the other half stuffed with small stuff.] We had the same type of train as always, except a little older and more

odiferous. The train was exceedingly rocky so I was unable to write. I read a little more of "Face to Face with America" and started a new book. I paid little attention to the countryside as it was quite ordinary. I was able to practice a little. My bug bites acquired the night of the 29th (in bed) were increasing and itching more. Damnation!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After a 7:30 breakfast, we were taken to the railway station to board the train for Sukhumi. The 26 hour ride was smoother than

our previous ones because the railway was electrified through this area. We were served 3 meals on this trip.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

Today was spent on the train. We are riding from Kharkov to Sukhumi. 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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #40

[I must have written this part on the night of 3-28]: Breakfast is at 7:30! We leave the hotel at 8:30, and the train leaves for Sukhumi between 9 - 9:30 - on a 29 hour trip!! Later!!

noon. The meals were fine, and it rained all day. [In a letter to Lois]: We're looking forward to Sukhumi because we will get our next mail delivery! The travel isn't as bad as I had thought - the night and sleep breaks it into two [day time] parts.

[And later - on the train]: I slept in the morning and played pinochle in the after-

Thursday, March 30, 1961, 43rd Day
Sukhumi, Abkhazia, Georgia, USSR



Dave Wolter's Diary

The land became very beautiful on the way into Sukhumi this morning. We even saw some houses which looked quite cozy and livable.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We found ourselves traveling along the Black Sea coast when we awoke this morning. Although it was rainy, we could see many picturesque scenes, such as muddy river deltas, stony beaches, and tunnels with guards and machine guns at their entrances.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

This morning, I awoke to find the Black Sea on one side of the tracks and the Caucas 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.

The greenery has turned tropical and really spruces up the country. We arrived late in the afternoon. I practiced a little when we arrived.

When we arrived in Sukhumi, we were greeted by those people who were brave enough to come out in the rain. A few band members were presented with goldenrod.

We received mail today, the first in nine days.

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 Caucas 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 in-

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #41

Pinochle again became part of our morning routine as we traveled along the Black Sea coastal area. Fog hung low over the water much of the way ... when it did clear we saw a very Black Sea. It's said that's where its name came from - storms make the sea appear black.

As we traveled south there was more and more greenery visible ... the change in vegetation finally included a short, stubby palm tree ... then palms were a common part of the landscape.

Sukhumi, with about 67,000 population, is the USSR's southernmost city on the Black Sea. My pictures will show how much different it is here from all our previous stops ... there was rain here as well, as we arrived at 2:30 p.m.

At the hotel [which I thought of as quite attractive outside], we found our room to be quite odoriferous! There is no bathroom - just a sink with cold water [in the room] ... [there are] "community" toilets - that have no seats - with a shower on each floor.

[In a letter to Lois written at 10:00 p.m. - after our introduction to the area]: "Sukhumi is a gas, except it's been raining steadily. [Our hotel is] right across the road from the Black Sea, and there are very high hills all around — many strange kinds of trees — types of palms

Friday, March 31, 1961, 44th Day **Sukhumi, Abkhazia, Georgia, USSR**

Dave Wolter's Diary

Charlie stepped up the heat by calling two rehearsals for the dance band, sectional

ected finger. It is getting better now — the infection has started to come to a head.

and other plants I've not seen before. It's beautiful even in the rain and low clouds which cover the tops of the hills. This is subtropical ... I did notice purple iris in bloom outside the hotel ... we can hardly wait for the weather to break. I'm sure I'll get many beautiful pictures here!

We had to set our watches ahead one hour ... and will probably remain in this time zone until we return to Moscow on April 15. Our hotel room is smaller than any we've had. I guess most of the girls have rooms with baths. I took a shower this afternoon, and got white paint on some clothes - the rats probably just painted everything yesterday! [The rainy weather could have delayed the drying process - but I evidently didn't appreciate the recent attempts at beautification.]

There was mail for us [as we had hoped] - I got an Easter card and note from Mom, and four letters from you - the last one opened was written on March 19. [I especially enjoyed receiving pictures - the first of my family since our arrival, and I showed them to any who would look!]

We have no concert scheduled for tomorrow - we'll have the whole schedule posted at breakfast."

and full band. Still had time to enjoy the trip to the top of the hill to view the city in the rain

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Sightseeing in Sukhumi was kept to a minimum because of the rain. Nevertheless, we had the usual Intourist bus tour of the city in the afternoon. We discovered that Sukhumi stands where some civilization or another has stood for 6000 years. At various times it was under the rule of Greece, Rome, Byzantium, the Ottoman Turks, and Czarist Russia. Today it is the capital of the Abkhazian Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic within the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic. The Soviet Union makes an effort to preserve individual minority languages and cultures. The Abkhazians are a sub-group of the Georgians.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #42

and the Georgian Dancers and Singers.

The area around Sukhumi is quite mountainous We traveled from the seacoast, up many steep hills to a famous lookout point atop the highest hill in the city. From here we could see all over the city. We were told that on a clear day one could see snow capped mountains in the distance.

In the evening we went to see the Georgian State Singers and Dancers. This was a brilliant, colorful, energetic and breathtaking performance. The unusual Eastern-influenced singing and dancing thrilled most of the band.

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.

Our morning was free - I practiced and gabbed with others.

Afternoon - we had a sightseeing tour by bus ... the "high" point [literally] was attained when the busses climbed to the top of a small mountain overlooking the town. Unfortunately, it rained harder and harder as we traveled, and we could see very little. We thought it would have been a beautiful sight on a clear day.

In the evening we attended a performance by the Georgian Folk Dancers. It was a gas! The women [in long skirts] seem to move with a "floating" presence, never display-

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Comment

I remember and have somewhere a photo of going back to that mountaintop with a few members and maybe Harry Barnes--someone had to arrange it!--when the weather improved.

ing action in the manner of the men. The men are very active, often on the tops of their toes, and leap in the air - landing on their knees! Costumes are very elaborate. One dance was a sword dance - very dangerous and real. Sparks really flew [as swords struck], and the timing was all-important.

[In a letter to Lois]: We are in a special part of Georgia - Abkhazian. There is a very different language - even culture - here; the written language uses symbols unlike any I've ever seen. The people look very much near eastern - the folk music sounds so as well. Many of the men have mustaches - they are dark complexioned and have black hair.

Also, the Georgian Dances came to Ann Arbor when we were still living at Whitmore Lake, and I took my kids who were suitably impressed after fussing about being taken to a dance concert. A gas, indeed!

April 1961						
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
26 KHARKOV • travel to Kharkov • Arrive • Kharkov Circus	27 KHARKOV • Rehearsal • Kharkov Tractor • Concert	28 KHARKOV • matinee concert • Concert	29 TRAVEL • Breakfast • travel to Sukhumi	30 SUKHUMI • travel to Sukhumi • Arrival • Mail Call	31 SUKHUMI • sight seeing • Georgian Dancers	1 SUKHUMI • cold rehearsal • Visit Monkeys • Concert
2 SUKHUMI • Band Easter Service • Matinee Concert • Concert	3 SUKHUMI • Boat Trip • Country Trip, visit restaurant, hut, • Leave for Tblisi	4 TBLISI • Arrive Tblisi • Tour Tblisi • Visit University	5 TBLISI • rehearse at Opera • Concert	6 TBLISI • Rehearsal • visit conservatory • Concert	7 TBLISI • BB UM vs Stalin State • Concert televised	8 TBLISI • visit Georgian dancers • afternoon ride to old churches, mountain • leave for Yerevan
9 EREVAN • arrive in Erevan • visit Erevan Phil rehearsal, Armenian	10 EREVAN • visit old church, collective farm • Rehearsal • Concert	11 EREVAN • university w/Jazz band concert or • Matinee concert • Concert	12 EREVAN • train to Baku	13 BAKU • train to Baku • arrive in Baku • rehearsal • Concert	14 BAKU • rehearsal • tour Baku • visit Polytechnic • concert	15 BakuMoscow • breakfast • fly to Moscow • lunch/ • reception by ussr • meals at embassy
16 MOSCOW • shopping • rehearsal • concert • final ceremony dinner	17 MoscoCairo • Flight Moscov Tehran Cairo • arrive in Cairo • Embassy breifing free	18 CAIRO • rehearsal • visit pyramids • concert • buffet reception	19 CAIRO • rehearsal • jazz band performance at Cairo • concert	20 CAIRO • anti American demonstrations • Cairo shopping • concert rescheduled	21 CAIRO • FREE DAY • CAIRO, free day • desert dinner • desert dinner	22 CairoAmman • travel to Amman • meet hosts • dinner dance at
23 Amman • concert by Jordan Army Band • rehearse in • concert	24 JERUSELUM • taxi travel • concert at girls school • reception at American school of oriental re	25 BETHLEHEM • MORNING • reception IN • taxi to Jerusalem • concert	26 PETRA • taxi/ride/walk to	27 AMMAN • explore Petra • walk taxi to Amman • dinner with hosts	28 BEIRUT • lunch and program at hotel • fly to beirut	29 BEIRUT • concert • free day
30 • Beirut afternoon • Ambassadors	1 BEIRUT • Sectional Rehearsals • Concert at St Joeseph • New Event • Dance band at	2 BEIRUT • Rehearsal UNESCO • Concert at Unesco	3 BEIRUT • optional visit to private music school	4 Beirut/Cyprus • leave for Cyprus • leave for Cyprus • reception at American Club	5 CYPRUS • rehearsal at stadium • CONCERT at stadium	6 CYPRUS • leave for Limosal • visit site • reception • dinner • CONCERT • travel

Saturday, April 1, 1961, 45th Day Sukhumi, Abkhazia, Georgia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

In Sukhumi we were rehearsing in an auditorium without central heat and at dinner I was served my famous 3 piece turkey neck for dinner. I became a bad traveler and arranged my turkey neck in a row, mustered my meager

Russian vocabulary and told the waitress as I pointed at it "NYET CARA SHOW." She didn't offer to replace it so I went to the concert grumbling.

Don D'Angelo's Diary

What a wonderful memory I have of this subtropical Black Sea resort at the eastern

end of the sea. It looked so much like Santa Barbara with palms and steep hillsides sur-

rounding the buildings which were of the concrete types we had experienced in all of the Russian cities.

Rain had accompanied us on our train trip and there was the promise of some sun but it remained just a promise. The Georgians are a beautiful people with olive skins, black (or near black) hair, and delicate features which reminded me so much of the Italians and Greeks who peopled my neighborhood in Baltimore. The native dancers who presented us with such a wonderful performance the first night really were so much of a difference from the Mossieva (sp.?) dancers we had seen earlier in the trip. I have some wonderful slides that Karen and I took of the city, but unfortunately, I don't have a way of putting them on the internet.

The one thing I distinctly remember was a trip Bruce Galbrath and small group of us took to the local Christian Church which was located on a very muddy unpaved street some distance from the hotel. We sang some hymns and Harry Barnes translated for us. These people really

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We rehearsed in the hall where the dancers performed last night. The auditorium was so cold we could see our breath, but the spirits of the band remained high.

The band celebrated April Fools' Day by playing a dissonance on Mr. Cavender's downbeat to the B-flat major scale. We quickly settled down to work, but the temperature was not conducive to good performance.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

were suffering for their faith under the Communists. Many told of how difficult it was to find work because they were Christians and not Orthodox Russians as most of the older people were. We hugged them and I tried so often to write them, but got no response. I'm sure my letters were censored. In Moscow I had gone to a Sunday afternoon (or was it Saturday afternoon,?) service held in a cold hall, with only long wooden benches, and how I tried to pray with the people (my Russian is very limited), but I do remember an old woman coming up to me as I departed and asked (in Russian) whether I had a bible. I told her mine was printed in English. With tears in her eyes she asked if she could have it, and I gladly gave it to her. You'd have thought I had given her something forbidden. I later learned that it was against the law to distribute bibles in Russia. But, I will always remember her tucking my bible into her shawl and hurrying away. You know, so many people take the freedoms we enjoy for granted. Surely one of the greatest lessons I learned on this trip was just how wonderful a country you and I have been given.

In the afternoon some of us toured the monkey museum just outside of Sukhumi. Monkeys are raised there for scientific purposes. They were cute, squealing little things of various breeds, imported from their native habitats. It was an amusing excursion.

In spite of the temperature conditions, the concert was fairly successful. The audience looked as cold as we felt.

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.

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #43

This morning's rehearsal was in the same hall where we attended the Georgian Folk Dancers program last night, and it has continued to rain - for four days now.

In a letter to Lois]: "We walk the few blocks to the hall, so the rain coat is quite necessary, and I have been using my rubbers to keep shoes and feet dry. I left them on the train when we got to Minsk, but train employees always look through every compartment for belongings, and later I found them on some luggage at the hotel! Several of our group have even left their wallets behind, but all have gotten them back ... we're lucky!

The food here has been about the best of the whole tour ... in variety, preparation and

Easter Sunday, April 2, 1961, 46th Day Sukhumi, Abkhazia, Georgia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

My diary and memories of this day included not only the band student Easter service described below, but a visit to a Baptist church service celebrating Palm Sunday in a 10 by 20 ft structure that was at one time a chicken coop? I

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.

also in [presenting] foods that we like and accept better. Eggs are prepared right, for a change! In Moscow they were fried, but just raw ... in the other cities they were boiled - but raw. Here they are scrambled or fried ... usually with ham pieces mixed in."

[Log]: In the afternoon we were given an opportunity to visit a research lab where monkeys are part or all of the study program. I opted to stay at the hotel and finish my reading of Hawaii.

Our first concert here tonight went very well, but the audience was about the coolest we've had. We wailed on both *Bugler's Holiday* and *Three Trumpeters!* (Concert #28)

remember the tiny foot pump organ reminiscent of the antiques from American livingrooms. In any case, between church services, exploring and two concerts it was a busy day.

Bob Garrell's Diary

This is my first memory I've thought might add something to the great richness I've been enjoying in this, 1961 memory journal. Easter! Yes, you would think that now having been a Lutheran pastor for 38 years, I would remember all about that wonderful Easter morning service. Thanks for reminding me of the details. They had slipped me. I went back to my letters home and see that I said quite a bit about the service. There was another experience on that day, not quite what I would call a Resurrection Experience, that overshadowed in my memory, that marvelous morning worship.

I think I have the right night pegged. Wasn't it Easter evening that we were invited to a restaurant that was on a wharf on the Black Sea? As I remember, and I only really remember parts of the memorable eve, we were invited by local music students to come to this place for eating and drinking. I think they wanted to thank us for giving them musical things--as I remember, some of us clarinet players had given them some reeds. We went and the drinking far exceeded the eating part. I remember being fascinated by all of the different kinds of wine we were offered and I think there were also a number of vodka toasts we drank. After much conviviality and singing of songs in slurred English and Russian.....I thought it time to head back to the room. I've drunk my share of spirits in my life. I've not been skunked that often, but that was a night. As I staggered from restaurant to hotel, I remember looking up at the starry sky, or was it cloudy? Or was I looking at the ground and thought it was the sky? Whatever, it was, it was spinning like a roulette wheel. Somehow I found my way to the room, turned on the lights, lay on my back staring at some strange spinning Soviet light bulb in the ceiling.

Byron Pearson's Memory

Bob [Garrells].....

I must have managed to doze lightly for a while. The next thing I knew I saw my roommate Phil Georger staggering through the door, coming toward me yelling, "Bobby!" I remember him falling on me, and my head making a quick jerk to the right. From that point I was out until the next morning.

Before all of this happened, earlier in the afternoon, I had called my home for the first time. How far were we from Michigan at that time? It took forever for me to go through operators and wait and wait a bit more---It was good talking to the family, but I remember that it sounded like talking to them through miles of a storm sewer.

Back to the evening. Good thing my head turned, for upon his falling on me, he succeeded in cleaning everything out of my stomach in efficient Old Faithful style. He tried to wake me up, but I had entered the Zombie zone. I can imagine what a stinking mess it was, Phil staggered around and cleaned the whole thing up(Dutiful Catholic and good friend he was!)---then managed to get cleaned up himself. Knowing that I had gotten through to my parents, he'd try too. I think I've got this part right Phil, you never got any further than the Paris operator and then you had to go take care of your stomach problems and by the time you got back, connection gone? I think that's how it went---I don't know--I was elsewhere.

The next morning I got up, bright as a silver dollar. Phil.....wasn't quite that bright that morning....."You wanna know about last night?.....he managed to get out. It's amazing we continued as friends and roomates.

I remember the night on the wharf well.....as I recall, in addition to the students there was a group of "Georgian" sailors there

that insisted we drink toast after toast to peace and friendship between the United States and Georgia. There sure were a lot of toasts and thank goodness one of our young tour

Martin Gurvey's Memory

Barney--I think it was the fact that it was cheap, red wine. I remember Mike Matthews kissing me on the cheek. That really shocked me. Also, I just spoke to Gene Winkelman a few days ago, and he wondered who it was that had splinters from the dock in their

Ann Speer/Aitchson's Memory

I know I came home with fond memories of Georgian red wine. So much so that, for Christmas a year ago my husband found a wine dealer who could get him several bottles of Georgian red--now sold through a consortium

Karen Hill/Reynold's Memory

I'm relieved to know that I wasn't the only one to find myself in new and unfathomable lands back then, learning some lessons, how else? - the hard way (not the wine, perhaps, but

Rudy Radocy's Diary

On Easter Sunday, 1961, we band members attended a student planned Easter service held in one of the larger rooms in the hotel Abkhazia. Ronald Bell, Kenneth Oyer, Janet Worth, Patricia Parker, Linda Hancock, Noel Papsdorf, Brenda Bencks, John Wakefeild, Bruce Galbraith, Thomas Gaskill, Phillip Georger, Ross Powell, and Sandra Hosmer participated as singers, greeters, pianist, scripture readers, or sermon deliverer. The service was very touching and well organized.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

band ladies, who shall remain anonymous, saw me home and saw me through the worst of it.....lol.....I never again indulged in vast quantities of wine.....

foot that Jan Winkelman had to remove that night. Bob Garrels, you have such a talent to put words together. I also recall that Larry Livingston might have some additions to the perils of drinking that night.

of Georgia and Bulgaria!--and sure enough, it tasted just like cheap red wine, although rather sweet. (It didn't cost a lot even with importing it...) A nice gift and many memories.

there seem to be, even still, new lessons to learn by the day). We made it, young as we were...

Today the sun came out in full glory. Picture taking, beachcombing, and mountain climbing were treats to the bandsmen today.

Mr. Cavender conducted the matinee concert today. The hall was warmer and we were much happier. Dr Revelli conducted the evening concert in a once again cool hall. Both concerts were well received.

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

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #44

[I have tried to make the service entry in column form, and hope it "sends & receives" as well!]

Easter Sunday - our morning Church service was extremely well prepared, and very effective - with about 50 - 55 in attendance.

[I have a very faded service copy, and intend to get it enhanced & distributed as soon as possible]:

Invocation 100th Psalm Ken Oyer
Hymn Holy, Holy, Holy (sung by all with much spirit)
Scripture Mark 15: 17- 47 Bill Hetrick
Mark 16: 1 - 20 Rich Longfield
Prayer (with choral Amen) Don D'Angelo
Anthem Hallelujah Chorus Double Quartet:
Noelle, Brenda, Linda, Pat
Bruce, Phil, John, Tom
Message Ron Bell (well prepared, well spoken)
Prayer - with Lord's Prayer Janet Worth
Hymn Jesus Christ Is Risen Today (sung with much spirit)
Benediction Ron Bell
Choral Amen Double Quartet

The service was simple - everyone took part in it not only by attending, but also in the obvious emotional impact of the service. The hymns would have made [my wife] Lois proud! And, the Double Quartet did a marvelous job - a cappella, yet! There were many of us choked up, some in tears - it was one of the most spiritually packed 30 minutes of my life ... a needed lift for all of us. And - Sun shine!!

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.

[In a letter to Lois]: "Our service planning began about two weeks ago. It began at 8:30 ... in our State Department official's (Harry Barnes) suite - we used only the living room. The hymns were sung beautifully harmonized, there was concentrated attention and participation evident for everything - the scripture was listened to almost eagerly. The Double Quartet had really worked hard - all a cappella - very accurate and clean. It was the beginning of a beautiful day ... we have begun our 9th week."

[Log]: I walked about town until breakfast ... the noon hour was spent on a sunny balcony, and included playing some cribbage.

[I have a slide of Al Werner taken from the balcony - I think he was changing the film canister in his movie camera (?), and completely surrounded and intently observed by residents out enjoying the lovely day]

Concert # 2 here was entirely conducted by George ... it was quite good - the audience is definitely less demonstrative.

People are out walking in the sun... there are high mountains 140 Kilometers - over 50 miles - away - the highest in Europe. They can be seen from the hotel, and are very much covered with snow. What a setting!

Concert #3 was in the evening, with about the same response. (Concerts #29 and 30)

Don Tison's Diary

Today is Easter, but on Good Friday after breakfast Karen Swall, Don D'Angelo, Joan Forster, and I went for a long walk up into the hills of Sukhumi. We saw some real beautiful sights along the way - also some not so beautiful. On the way down from the hills we got off the main blacktop road somehow and ended up having to walk through many people's backyards! (Joan had torn her coat the day before) Sukhumi is surely a nice looking city although, so far, we haven't seen it in the sunlight. There are many tropical plants growing around the city - especially in the many little parks where everything is kept wonderfully trimmed.

Today is Easter. I tried to buy flowers for Joan but couldn't find any decent flowers anywhere to buy. The one flower shop I found had nothing but wilted-looking weeds! Our little Easter service was really fine. First we all sang "Holy, Holy, Holy" as a congregation with Pat Parker at the piano. Then Bill Hetrick read some passages of scripture from the Bible followed by Rich Longfield, who also read some verses from the Bible. After the readings Don D'Angelo offered a prayer, which was followed by the singing of Handel's Halleluia Chorus from the "Messiah" by a double quartet of 4 men and 4 women: Bruce Galbraith, John Wakefield, Phil Georger, and Tom Gaskill, and the women were Noel Papsdorf, Brenda Bencks, Linda Hancock, and Pat Parker. Ron Bell then gave a little sermonette which was very good followed by a

choral response "Amen". Janet Werth then said a prayer and the service was ended by all of us singing "Christ the Lord Has Risen Today".

After the service was over I hung around and snatched one of each kind of flower from the bouquet that was presented to the band for the service.

Ross Powell and Don D'Angelo then followed suit.

George Cavendar finally got to conduct an entire matinee concert by himself this afternoon. It was a good concert and a pleasure to persue. I am happy for him.

Before tonight's concert I told the chief that we cornet players had tired chops but that we would try our best anyhow. At the intermission he caught some us blowing "te-ahs" and horsing around a little, so he commenced with a big, fat, hairy put-down session! He talked directly to me but I smiled and let the words go in one ear and out the other. When he couldn't get a rise out of any of us he was bugged and stalked off like a "little Caesar". [Note: I still have great respect for the man and his accomplishments, and I am forever grateful for the privilege of having had the opportunity to do a lot of great music-making with him and the Michigan Band. WDR's "very high standards years" of experience made it relatively easy for me (for one) to be successful as a performer in the professional orchestral world].

Monday, April 3, 1961, 47th Day
Sukhumi, Abkhazia, Georgia, USSR



Harry Barnes and ?

Dave Wolter's Diary

In Sukhumi I was enjoying the beauty of Sukhumi and the weather. I arose an hour before the alarm went off and spent an hour writing letters before breakfast. At 11:30 Charlie had called a dance band rehearsal. Apparently we all made it, even those guys that spent the previous evening convivially debriefing. We fi-

nished in time to join the band tour of the country side in the afternoon. Apparently the dinner served to us that evening was not to my liking so I went to a Russian restaurant. I had not learned to point to what someone else was eating as what I wanted and nobody spoke English so I left hungry.

Ah the memories of growing up while in

Rudy Radocy's Diary

A hastily arranged boat trip took place this morning. Many members, unfortunately, missed the boat. We went a half mile off shore and returned. Once out in the harbor we could see the full beauty and splendor of the snow capped mountain range which stretches across from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea. It was a really beautiful sight.

This afternoon we took a trip into the country. We were shown a unique restaurant which is built into a ravine. It is completely out-

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 any-

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #45

The sun was again bright. In the morning we had a great boat ride out into the bay. From there we saw how completely perfect the setting around Sukhumi really is - I took some pictures. [The snow covered mountains were an incredible sight as a backdrop to the palm lined shore and city.] We also saw a school of porpoises (I think) which seemed to enjoy racing along in front of and beside the boat.

There was an afternoon excursion by bus to New Athens ... up through the foot hills. We stopped 2 or 3 times - once to look into a dwelling which had been preserved and

a foreign country.

doors, operating only in the summer, and has a waterfall going through it. We also saw a typical hut of the shepherds of many, many years ago and visited an old monastery in a city near Sukhumi.

Shortly before 11:00 p.m. we boarded a train for Tbilisi, the capital of the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic. All the baggage had been thrown into one compartment. After the band had rearranged the tons of baggage, they settled down for a long evening's ride.

one 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.

which displayed ancient customs ... more pictures!

We left for Tbilisi about 11:30 p.m. ... I slept very well on the train!

[In a letter to Lois - written as soon as we settled in on the train]: "Sure hope you'll be able to read this - because I think this train has just run out of track! [it was evidently a rough ride]

This has been a terrific day - beautiful weather, and very different things to experience. First, I overslept, and got up just in time to make the boat ride on the Sea (10:45) ... the

weather was absolutely clear, and as we got out farther from land, what we thought previously were small mountains [close beyond Sukhumi] turned out to be small foothills for a very long, high range of snow capped peaks ... really beautiful. The cruise took 2 hours.

The afternoon bus excursion took us about 12 miles out of Sukhumi - our bus had a sun roof, so - more sun! ... Fun! - it reminded me a lot of Montana [during summer of '56 I was a tour/driver in the red & black busses (a jammer!) in Glacier Park]. New Athens is even more mild than Sukhumi ... it's surrounded by

protective mountains. The Sea was very calm all along the way.

When we got back I walked along the shore. Now - I have a sunburn - but not as bad as some of the kids!! (none are really suffering) This train is really rough ... don't know if I'll be able to stay in bed! Poor Tom Gaskill has a bad case of hay fever, so he's really having some troubles. The Doc said here they don't believe in even taking a pollen count. (Later with this bouncing train - I'll finish this in the morning!) [Yet, I had remarked in my log entry that I had slept very well.]

Tuesday, April 4, 1961, 48th Day

Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR



Dave Wolter's Diary

The Beautiful weather is holding out. On the way we saw two different castles and I saw a very quaint looking shaped tending sheep. We were welcomed by a bevy of quite attractive girls from the U. Breakfast was really great! We all ate heartily. Afterward went for a walk. Went on tour of city. Saw buildings of 13th century and earlier. Ended tour on top of hill overlooking Tbilisi. Beautiful! Some of us walked down. Saw shrine on the way, also daredevil sledders. I described these to Jean in a letter with awe. These guys rode on boards they

had built with skate wheels on the corners and a handle on the front. They would sit on the board and just scream down the street. The hillside street ended at a T intersection that required them to leap off their board at the last second and run abruptly to the right or they would crash into the window of the storefront at the end of the street.

After dinner we went to the U. Saw more dancers and heard the orchestra. Bad winds & intonation, interesting numbers. The students were great to us.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

In Tbilisi we were welcomed to the railway station by English language and literature students from the Stalin State University of Tbilisi.

They had been given time off from their classes while the Michigan Band was in Tbilisi to

give them an opportunity to practice their English.

The Hotel Tbilisi was another filled with ornate furnishings but few bath or toilet accommodations. It became difficult to be the oft-repeated "good traveler."

Our University friends accompanied us on our afternoon tour of Tbilisi. They pointed out many things which our guides missed. They are proud of their city, and rightly so.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 wom-

Rich Lognfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #46

We arrived on time in the morning ... [went to the hotel, found our room, and -] once more there is no shower or bath - and also no hot water or toilet seat! The city is old (1500 years) and quite industrial. The setting is mountainous, with the city in a valley [with a river

The Georgian people seemed to be somewhat independent minded. They are more willing to talk of mildly controversial things.

In the evening we had a well-planned visit at the University en masse. We were entertained for an hour and a half by the amateur orchestra of the Stalin State University, dancers, and various soloists. Afterwards, we were able to circulate among the students and have friendly discussions. They welcomed the opportunity to try their English.

an 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.

running through], but spread out into the foothills - quite nice.

Our sightseeing trip in the afternoon was unusual - we went to the top of a mountain right beside the city (took pictures) of the

view. The weather - more of the same - nice and sunny. I skipped the visit to the University in the p.m.

[In the letter begun on the train]: It's now just past noon, and we got off the train at 9:30. We had a delicious breakfast [at the hotel], and have just finished unpacking. I did sleep well last night, and don't feel tired at all - which is unusual! I woke up about 8:00, and looked at the mountain scenery until we arrived ... we are getting all the gassy scenery in the last two weeks in this country.

Wednesday, April 5, 1961, 49th Day **Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR**

Dave Wolter's Diary

There's no justice. From no playing to 5 1/2 hours, yet I felt great after the concert. The weather is still beautiful. I wandered around the main drag. The stores are really quite interesting. I didn't go to the movies at the friendship house because of the dance band rehearsal. The concert wasn't very well accepted. They

Rudy Radocy's Diary

In Tblisi we rehearsed and performed in the Opera House, which is an excellent auditorium to play in. It resembles La Scala in Milan. The first rehearsal showed us just how sensitive it was as we worked over the coming concert, as well as prepared for more distant concerts.

The band was extended an invitation to the friendship house this afternoon but it was declined. Most of us went exploring. Here in Tblisi we encountered many people wanting to buy American clothing and obtain American

Our room is on the 7th floor, and I can see two big ridges - on either side of town ... there is about 1,000,000 population. I don't know as yet how many concerts we play here. The weather is very clear - and quite warm, with many trees in bud - but no leaves yet. There are some small palm trees. [I'm enjoying reading the letters I wrote Lois, and also looking at the stamps. Some are missing - Lois was teaching 3rd grade in Milford, and often took stamps and mementos to show students and fellow teachers.]

were enthusiastic at the beginning but got less so as we played. After the concert I met the first trpt of the Georgian Symphony and a U student named Omara. He talked with me for some time. He is going to bring me some music tomorrow.

currency. The black market is very flourishing here, and one must be careful.

The concert this evening was successful. One interesting thing occurred. It was our custom to play the anthems of the USSR, the province we are in and our national anthem. On this particular evening, the Georgian anthem and the American anthem were greeted with enthusiastic applause, while the Soviet Anthem was received in stony-faced silence.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #47

We had a rehearsal in the morning, and a "goodwill" visit to The House of Friendship was planned for the afternoon. [I wrote in a letter to Lois]: "This afternoon, a group of us were somewhat 'urged' to play diplomat - by attending some movies of the Georgian Republic.

It seems the 'deal' was all arranged, and only 5 or so [of the band members] expressed an interest in going. So - about 20 - 25 of us [agreed] to go to save face!" [Log]: The films showed much of the Georgian Republic [like a travelogue], but it was all in the Georgian language. [Letter]: "I do believe that if we [Lois & I] ever had a chance to visit the USSR in the future, I'd want to come to Georgia in the spring. It [in the films] is really beautiful."

[Letter]: It is another beautiful day - we haven't had to wear more than our sport coats out side so far. We're playing in an opera house that's about 150 years old - very beautiful - it has four balconies, and they all seem to be very close to the stage. After the rehearsal I stopped in an interesting store (with pottery, paintings, wood carvings and loom work), and bought a pair of vases - now all I have to do is get them home! Also got a cute little wooden flute [which I thought of as a folk 'shepherds' flute] - it's just for display, because it is decoratively carved. [I have just played its scale - it is a 25 mm length piccolo with 5 holes, and plays whole tones from 'e to d'. And it still looks new! I also still have the two beautiful dark

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.

green vases with lovely decorative glazing patterns - I'm going to get them out for display right away!]

I have been stopped by people as I walked along the streets today - three times - with attempts to visit! Once was from 4 or 5 members of the local orchestra (including 2 trumpeters) - and only one of them knew any English at all ... we were able to get quite a lot of thoughts expressed. Also, two girls kind of giggled and asked me for my address! And, a man who was from Cairo stopped and talked with me. He knew Arabic, Georgian, Russian, French and English languages, and was quite surprised to learn we were soon to be in Cairo. People here - even the very intelligent - have a difficult time finding out what's happening in the USSR - let alone the world. I read that 'Voice of America' broadcasts in this area are 95/100% jammed if they're in the native language.

We have no hot water again - I haven't had a bathroom with bathing facilities since Odessa! This is the life! We are having some laundry done here. ... I weighed myself yesterday, and found I weigh just over 156 lbs.. dressed (no sport coat). [about 5 lbs.. under normal] I have been eating more of late, so I think I'll pick up a few lbs.. as we go along. I'm reading a book of Ron Bell's now - on Chinese thought - Confucius to present time. Haven't gone far enough yet for a public (or private) statement!"

[Log]: I met the [principal] trumpeter from the Georgian Orchestra on the street - he is also the trumpet teacher at the Conservatory. We got along pretty well in our conversation - he was a very nice guy, and played a new 'Bach.' He thought Don [Tison] was a gas! Our

Don Tison's Diary

Yesterday after a real fine breakfast the section leaders had a meeting to talk over matters pertaining to the success of our concerts. It seems that during the past quite a few concerts the percussion section has been going overboard on showmanship, kind of stealing the show,, thus distracting most of the attention from everything else that might be going on (according to the feelings expressed by various people present). We decided that group pressure was the solution - as we did at our last meeting, which hopefully would help to restore the morale of the band members somewhat. The added effort by key band members hopefully would alleviate the dirty looks from our leader.

Thursday, April 6, 1961, 50th Day **Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR**

Dave Wolter's Diary

We started the day with a bang. Dance band at 9:30 to 10:30 and band at 10:30 to 12:00. My chops are shaping up. (Do you wood winds or percussion players go on about body part functions as you play?) This afternoon was spent at the conservatory. We heard more loud trumpets. They gave an hour recital of voice, piano, and violin students. They really were fan-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We had a hard one-and-one-half-hour rehearsal this morning. We are having quite a problem with projection in this auditorium.

first concert was to a full house, but no reception! Especially the Russian things didn't go over. We figured they just like different music here. [Now I'm more convinced the Georgians were less enthused about anything Russian.] (Concert #31)

Today we saw a movie at the Friendship House about Georgia and went shopping. The audience tonight was very unresponsive. The only thing to receive rhythmic applause was "Bugler's Holiday". (The audiences in Sukhumi were somewhat less responsive too.)

After the concert tonight some of us signed autographs on the sidewalk where we also met the 3rd trumpet player of the Georgian Philharmonic Orchestra. Personally he was so gassed that he planted a big smooch on my cheek! {I am not quite used to that - at least, from another guy!}

tastic. They ended with a man who sang so loud it gave me a headache. Our concert was very warmly received tonight. Presidium and Allegro laid another egg. But the concert was well played. I met Omaha after the concert and he and I talked about our university and America. We had a crowd around us where ever we went. Several people spoke good English.

Perhaps it is the fault of the rugs they use to cover our risers.

There seems to be a high pro-American feeling in Georgia. People congregate at the

entrances to the Opera House and at the Hotel to talk to us.

After lunch we made our way to the Tbilisi Conservatory to visit some of their wind classes and hear a recital of their personnel. Again, students play with sincerity, zeal, and

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #48

There was another morning rehearsal today; followed by an afternoon visit to the conservatory - which is rather close to the hotel - it was quite successful.

Our second concert brought a much better reception. The hall (Opera House) is very live and sensitive. [In a letter to Lois]: The concert went over very well - in contrast to the first

Friday, April 7, 1961, 51st Day **Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR**

Dave Wolter's Diary

Last night's concert (our second in Tbilisi) was a big success. Chief pulled out everything we had to show them. We played Damnation of Faust, Chester. Don's solo La Virgin, + 3 trumpeters, La Fiesta Mexicana and Pines of the Appian Way. Second half was Elsa's Procession, Preludium and Allegro, Jerry Biliks Rhapsody on

Rudy Radocy Diary

This morning we had a little intercollegiate competition between basketball teams.

enthusiasm, but have inadequate equipment to work with.

This evening's concert went well, but helped the band to be more determined to do better next time. Pay was given out at tea, and our health cards were checked.

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.)

one. The Georgians don't care to hear Russian music - they don't even like Russians! So, there were no Russian works on this program, and the audience really went wild! *Bugler's Holiday* was an encore - really brought down the house. The audiences here are very noisy - they have been all over, but especially here. 'Buzz - buzz' — all the time!" (Concert # 32)

Russian Folksongs, the E flat clarinet solo and some lighter numbers. They really enjoyed us. I almost think Chief was beginning to think that we had lost our touch. We played 3 concerts in Sukhumi and one in Tbilisi that were not enthusiastically accepted.

Yes, some of the girls and boys played a game of basketball against the students of Stalin State

University. Our group must not be in the best condition, for both teams LOST!

Mr. Cavender again conducted the matinee concert, given for the University students. The concert went well--and we were off to eat and be back for the evening concert.

Michael Mark's Diary

When we were in Moscow, a few of us wandered into the Ukraine Hotel restaurant to hear the dance band. I think I was with Ann Speer, Curt Chase and Howard Toplansky. We were approached by somebody named Tomas, a friendly engineering student from Tbilisi who was studying in Moscow, and who I'm pretty sure was there to pick up girls. I'm also pretty sure that he had no luck. But his English was good and he was a nice guy. He and I talked for quite a while. Weeks later, when we were in Tbilisi, Tomas walked into the lobby of our hotel and greeted me. He was home during his spring break. He introduced me to his sister, and we all took a walk on the main street. Soon, a car that was barreling down the street screeched to a halt. It turned out to be one of the Georgian Dancers who had just returned from the USA. He was one of Tomas's best friends.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #49

[Prelude: The conservatory teacher/symphony trumpeter I wrote of meeting in yesterday's entry had a noticeable scar on his

The evening concert was televised regionally in the Caucasus. We did several difficult pieces for this performance.

After they hugged and exchanged greetings we all piled into the car and they gave me a tour of the city, including the suburban dacha that Tomas's parents left to him and his sister and the cemetery where his parents were buried. Tomas's friend drove as wildly as he danced and it was a pretty scary ride through the winding mountain roads.

When we left Tbilisi, Tomas and his sister came to the railroad station to say goodbye. The sister gave me a beautiful ring, which George Cavender witnessed and teased me about quite a bit for a couple of days.

Nice people and they gave me a really good time. We agreed to correspond but they never replied to my letters.

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 sent another letter home to Judy.

upper lip. When I inquired, he let me know that in the USSR, when your chops are tired, and the

conductor says to keep on playing - you keep on playing, even if it injures your lips!]

I had lots of fun today - Don Sinta, Jack Kriple, Ron Bell, Tom Gaskill & I walked up to the ridge overlooking the town where there was a 19th century castle ruins. We met a young fellow (18-19) named Edvard who spoke some English, and he offered to serve as our guide. It was a very enjoyable morning.

[In a letter to Lois]: "We walked up roads, then paths until we got to the top ... the ruins are on the edge (it was more like a cliff), and we had to climb to get up on the different walls and towers still standing. Edvard had graduated from the 10 year music school - where he also studied English - and plans on going to the university to major in languages. We really had a good time, although we got quite dirty, and some were not at ease climbing the walls in the first place! We came down on a little trail until about half way, then came to houses built on the hillside, with winding steps

Byron Pearson's Anecdote

I was a member of the band's "basketball team" and all I can say is: I think they took it easy on us.....

I remember the Georgian team as being very large and very well versed in basketball. I

Don Tison's Diary

This morning Joan Forster gave me a rough time even though I had brought her a breakfast roll up to her room from the breakfast she had missed, so I went for a long walk with Howard Toplansky. Come afternoon some of us walked around ending up in a park where we tried to play checkers. It was impossible to do in this country! Soon we had two dozen people crowded around us trying to talk to us. One fellow considered himself a jazz expert on American jazz artists.

The first two tunes on tonight's concert went just fine. Then everything went to Hell

going down to the street. Edvard said this is an old Armenian city (he is Armenian himself) ... many of the people looked like gypsies to me!

We saw a building with many antennas above it on top of the ridge ... and several people were there. One spoke English and said it was a radio station - but he also said the people there were all physicists!! It just didn't add up!"

[Log]: We played two concerts today - at 5:00 (for the conservatory and school kids) and 8:00 p.m. [We had told Edvard that we would try to get him in to the early concert, took turns waiting for him, but by the time we had to get on stage he had not appeared.] The reception was OK on the first concert, but the second concert fell apart during the Creston. WDR miss-cued - we got blamed. Otherwise, the concert was a success. *Bugler's Holiday* is going like clockwork. We were on regional TV. (Concerts #33, 34)

was amazed at Eugene Gonzales' energy and basketball capability. A good time was had by all.....

during Sinta's solo! [not his fault] The chief goofed up the beats in the 4th & 5th bars which started it all. After few fazzes and sniltches the chief finally goofed on the last full brass section 16th-note passage - therefore nobody came in!! Then for the entire rest of the concert the chief conducted in very subdued fashion - like a little tyke who had just had his marbles taken away from him. [I guess we should have all glared at him - maybe we did 8-)]

[Barnie Pearson commeted, "Can there be any two terms on earth that describe mistakes as well as 'fazzes and sniltches'?" To which Don replied, "Nope!----and I think they

were your originals (unless you got the ideas

from Don Martin of the Mad Comic Book)"]

Saturday, April 8, 1961, 52nd Day

Tbilisi,, Georgia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Anecdote

Roommate Don T. touches on my conversation with Chief. I think, at this point in my life, that most of you would not have let Chief bait you, but when he looked at Charlie Martyn walking into breakfast and said directly to me "there is the only person in this band I can depend on" we were off to the races. No person, group or sub group of band members I mentioned were reliable, and when I said our performance was a team effort and all the good things and bad things were the sum of his and our efforts, he denied any responsibility, positive or negative. Hobart just miraculously occurred as did the Michigan band phenomenon while he was there. I am afraid that my youthful indiscretion did nothing to smooth the group's relation with Revelli and for that I am deeply sorry.

Marty Gurvey's Comment

I'll never forget Dick Tilkin walking up to our bus driver and slamming him on the shoulder and telling him to slow down. I was never so scared as I was on those winding

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This morning we went to visit the famed Georgian Dancers at their rehearsal Hall. After the bus drivers were finally straightened out as to where they going (after one-and-one-half hours). We arrived at the hall and were greeted by their director. The dancers performed for us, doing one very exciting dance by the men. They danced with swords swinging in all directions. It looked dangerous. The folk instruments and paying were very interesting, the drums in particular.

My memories of the Georgian dancers centered on the sparks thrown by the men's swords, their scarred hands and the beautiful ladies. I think I was ready to import the ladies if given permission by wife Jean.

My memories of the bus ride up the mountain [were] that at one point I thought we were on a suicide mission as two busses raced side by side up a narrow 2 lane road.

And after viewing churches and ruins from 4th, 6th, 9th and 11st centuries I thought I was ready for a bottle of wine, but after buying it and taking it and lunch to the top of the hill I found I could not stand the wine and surreptitiously emptied it on the hillside so I would not reveal I was unable to consume wine.

roads. Dave, I'm not sure what you're sorry about. The old man was mean bastard plenty of times on that trip.

From here, we proceeded to ride out into the country. At the first church we visited we had to abandon one bus with engine trouble and double up. The churches were very interesting--still in use--and we heard some ancient chanting taking place. The structure was erected in the 11st century.

After touring the countryside we began to climb. The buses finally arrived on a summit where stood a monastery dated from the 6th and 8th centuries. Over the precipice we could

see the church we had just visited below us. We ate bread, cheese, wine, soda, eggs and apples here in the fresh air. When finished it was time to return to Tblisi.

Fred Heath's Remembrance

Our first morning in Tblisi.

I went to early breakfast to eat with the staff, prior to setting up the hall while the rest of the band ate. No one was there, so eventually I went down the street to the Opera House, perhaps because a staff member came and got me, as there had been a change and the staff was to set up prior to breakfast.

Feeling somewhat chagrined about being late, I grabbed an empty chair next to the stage door as I came through it and smoothly went over and set it in the 5th row. I then went quickly into passing out folios onto the stands. The staff seemed rather sullen, then Dave Elliot suddenly said to me "hey, where were you when Revelli was tearing into each of us?" It turned out that Revelli had just had his biggest tirade of the tour, at the staff of all people. He told band president Ron Bell, who had been voluntarily helping with all work of the paid staff, to mind his own business. WDR then accused Head Librarian, the uber-organized Greg Munson, of organizing the band against him and so on. I never came near Reveli

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Once back and packed, we headed for another railway station. This time we were bound for Yerevan.

that morning, and he may have never known I wasn't there, for which I will always appreciate the solidarity of the library and equipment staffs.

In retrospect, I wonder if the teasing of Mary Revelli about the Caucasus, which occurred as we approached Tblisi the previous day, had something to do with the tirade and the general negative tone of the Tbilisi concerts.

Another Tblisi story, involving the basketball 'challenge' caused me to ask the former Susie Schumacher about a game in which the buzz had her as the star player on the band women's team. She thinks they played their only game in Tbilisi. I understand that it was about as competitive as a Harlem Globetrotters game, but with the USA being both the certain losers and the comedians. Perhaps the Georgia girls who challenged our guys had gotten bored playing our girls, who only knew American girls rules where they had to stay in their own part of the court and take only 3 steps before passing.

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #50

[In a letter to Lois]: "We're really surprised at the number of people here who speak English - more common than any previous place. One older man (79) was in America 45 years ago - for 12 years, and had worked in gold mines in Colorado and California. Some say they learn English] by listening to 'Voice of America.'"

[Log] Today started off bad - with a lousy bus ride around the city (to eat up time?). Then we visited the Georgian Dancers for a special performance - a real gas. The drummers were very good, and the girls beautiful.

The busses headed out of the city. First we stopped and visited an old church in a valley - as we entered, we were aware that it was very cool inside, there was a strong presence of incense, and there was a mass under way. [Our

Don Tison's Diary

This morning at breakfast was rather different. We were all sitting there at long tables eating and WDR was sitting right across from Dave Wolter and me. The subject of last night's concert came up and Dave very bravely took on the old man right to his face with all of us as witnesses. He said exactly what he thought about it all. The essence of Dave's little speech was something like: "Chief, you always tell us that the way a band performs and acts is a direct reflection of the band director". (It

We left early this evening by train for Yerevan.

guides ignored the parishioners and service, and gave comments on the various points of interest as if it was a museum.] From the church our attention was directed to the top of a ridge, and we were told that was our destination for the site of an outdoor picnic.

The picnic was beside a church [or monastery] ruins on that mountainous ridge, and consisted of bread, cheese, hard boiled eggs, apples and wine. [Some band members had planned ahead - shopping in a sports store for a soccer ball.] We also played (?) some soccer in a pasture. [It seems I remember we were told some story about a cable strung down from the church in earlier times to a spot in the valley, and used as a method of escape - but I certainly can't recall the details. Can someone fill us in?]

We left Tbilisi for Yerevan between 6 - 7:00 p.m. The weather was still a gas.

suddenly fell very silent in our vicinity) The chief didn't seem to agree in this case, however (to say the least). [Dave is still alive to this day!]

We had a nice picnic out in the country in the grass surrounding an ancient mosque. There was beautiful scenery surrounding the area with hills and valleys and rivers. We witnessed an Eastern Orthodox Church service in session and saw buildings from the 4th, 6th, 8th, & 11st centuries - caught a train back to Yerevan at 7 pm.

Sunday, April 9, 1961, 53rd Day
Yerevan, Armenia, USSR



Rudy Radocy's Diary

The overnight train ride to Erevan went through mountainous country. When we awoke in the morning, our train was passing Mt. Alagey

Erevan is the capital of the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic, which was opened to foreign tourists two years ago. Armenia has many Americans living there.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

The Hotel Arinia was the finest since Moscow. Hot water was used so rapidly by the hot water starved band members that by afternoon there was none.

We were treated to the end of a rehearsal by the Erevan Philharmonic. When they left the stage, The Armenian State Jazz Orchestra took over, and they were followed by the Armenian Dancers.

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #51

[In my first letter to Lois from Yerevan]: "On the train last night I played pinochle for about 3 hours, then I couldn't sleep because I got so cold. I imagine I slept about 4 hours all night. When I did get up, we could see Mt. Ararat – it's in Turkey - from the train, and I can see it from our hotel room. It's completely covered with snow. [I remember it being quite spectacular.] We're on a 3 cornered border - looking into both Turkey and Iran, and again it is a very beautiful day.

We have not only hot water, but a tub and shower! I think I'll take 2 showers a day - and, we can do laundry again. My soap is holding out very well ... both hand soap and my little envelopes of laundry detergent. I do wish I had brought along some of the little envelopes of bleach that I saw [in Michigan]. I guess I'm doing all right.

Monday, April 10, 1961, 54th Day **Yerevan, Armenia, USSR**

Dave Wolter's Diary

In Russia on this day between touring, rehearsing and performing I would meet an American born boy and girl (brother and sister) that would invite me to their house. Apparently

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.)

Our diet has changed a lot [as we have traveled south] ... we have completely different kinds of bread in each location - kind of local products. Breakfasts are much more inviting - scrambled eggs, etc., rather than mashed potatoes and sausages. Also, not the common creamed carrots, peas, fried potatoes and strange cuts of beef [for dinners] that we usually had most of the time in northern cities. We do have some very interesting (wild looking, usually spicy) soups, but no more borsht (cabbage and beet soup) like we did up north. As for the diets of the common people, it's almost impossible for us to know." [Lois had asked in a letter about our, and resident's diets.]

[Log]: There is a bath in every [hotel] room!! We heard a local orchestra, dance band and folk dance group before our afternoon rehearsal. The hall is very live. Don [Tison] and I talked things over with WDR.

Our first concert here was a gas!! (Concert #35)

many of us would experience these contacts with American Armenians that were unable to return to America after coming back to their old homeland.

How many of us met "Americans" in Erevan? My diaries mention "a girl and her brother who came with their parents when young. Another day It is Michelle and her sister June who take me to their house to meet their

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After a breakfast of pancakes, we boarded 4 busses for a morning excursion. First we visited an old church which was originally founded in 301 A.D. by the first king to be converted to Christianity. It is recognized as the center of the Armenian Orthodox Church, which claims to be the oldest Christian church in the world.

A bearded clergyman who spoke excellent English provided us with the history of the church and pointed out the significant parts of the structure. He also guided us through the museum housed within the church. Some pieces in the museum dated back to the first century.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

This morning we made an excursion to a nearby village where we saw an old Armenian church built in the 6th 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

mother. Was anyone with me? I remember having dinner at a house with a family and feeling uncomfortable because I felt like they were trying to match me up with a daughter. No mention of this in my letters to Jean or my diary.

Next we visited a collective farm or "kolkhoz". After an introductory statement of statistics in the characteristic Soviet manner, we were taken to an area of hotbeds, where we were shown tomato and watermelon plants. Mount Ararat could be seen in the background as we toured the farm.

Because of our wanderings, we were late for our dinner as well the planned rehearsal time. When rehearsal finally began we were 45 minutes late. But we patched up a few pieces scheduled for the evening performance. The concert this evening was a good one, and well received.

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 31st 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!

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #52

Today we visited a very old Armenian Church - the first building at this site was in 301 a.d.. [My photographs include one of a gray bearded (with robe and head dress) Priest who looked like a perfect Patriarch.] Our next stop was to a large Collective Farm ... the worker's village looked quite rough, but most flat-roofed, small houses had a garden. We were told that there were 2,550 workers, who shared 60 to 70% of a total earnings of 1,900,000 rubles last year. Also, we learned that collective farms are being phased out - being replaced by State Farms ... no shared profits, and that over 50% of the USSR is agricultural. This Collective Farm raises cotton, corn and wheat, etc., and the fields appeared ready to plant. [I remember we were shown one huge old tractor - the only one I saw - and that it was successfully started, which brought great joy to the few workers we saw there!]

[In a letter to Lois]: "Things got pretty wild (between WDR, Don Tison and I) during yesterday's rehearsal ... [after, when we went to talk with him] he talked a bit in circles, then said that he had been forced to cue us early (we had not responded to the cue, and that led to the problems at the end of the Creston). He then said there was no animosity between us, and ended up patting us on the back! Far different from his attitude just 10 minutes earlier

Howard Toplansky's Remembrance

I am reminded of a particular incident in Yerevan, which made a strong impression on many of us. After one of our performances, a small gentleman with a prominent moustache came up to several of us with a set of clarinets in his hands. He kept saying "Boehmsky, Boehmsky, Boehmsky." We figured out that he wanted to find out how to play French model instruments (The Soviets used German System clarinets of several types at that time).

... at least he attempted to show friendship to the opposite extreme ... what a turn about! I think things build up inside of him until he breaks loose, then someone has to go and talk with him, then everything is OK ... in Moscow Ron Bell did the deed!"

Our second concert was another very successful one. The audience was as receptive as any we've had anywhere. Several of us walked back to the hotel with some Armenians who had been born in Detroit, New York, Rhode Island (and more). There were three or four around each of us as we walked, and they told quite a story on the conditions - both now and when they got here between 1947-49. Really a bad scene ... they felt duped into coming to a "free Mother Land" after the war - then couldn't get out when they discovered the truth.

There are about 300 in Erevan with similar backgrounds. It was good to hear American English spoken by people - who looked entirely "local." [I remember being asked to go to one person's apartment, but declined. It seemed too risky since these people were aware of being watched by authorities. Instead, I arranged to meet again, and gave them some things - including a pinochle deck.]

(Concert #36)

This fellow was the principal clarinetist of the Armenian National Symphony Orchestra and received a gift of two Buffet Clarinets (Bb and A) from a visiting French Orchestra. While he was trying to inquire about his new instruments, two KGB officers lifted him up by the arms and arrested him for the crime of "speaking to foreigners."

I have never been able to forget that event. The realization that the U.S.A. is the "Promised Land" was indelibly imprinted in my mind ever since. I am sure others also remember all of this quite well.

Ann Spper/Aichison's Recollection

I recall the American Armenians weeping when we played the Star Spangled Banner, and that they made brownies for us!

Jane Otteson/King's Remembrance

I remember that at the old Armenian church, after being shown the piece of wood that had allegedly come from the ark, our Lead-

Byron (Barnie) Pearson's Remembrance

I remember that supposedly we saw the head of the spear that pierced the body of Christ while he was on the cross.....this also was at

Don D'Angelo's Remembrance

I distinctly remember us traveling aboard trains with armed guards with submachine guns on every car. We were in first class, but to get to the dining car, we had to pass through third class and seeing just a box car with straw and hearing the peasants singing made a deep impression on me. They smiled and we reciprocated. I lingered to hear them and marveled at their pitch and harmonies. Sounds that reminded me of Mussorgsky came from that group of peasants (serfs). I also remember talking with our male communists and having them tell us how the border had to be mined and raked so that foreigners couldn't

Charlie Martyn's Remembrance

I met some of the Armenian Americans whose parents bought the "return to the homeland" pitch by the Soviets. They were marooned there since the Soviets considered them

Also, I was very happy to see some of my favorite people at the Lewis Hugh Cooper Memorial Concert in March. I got to see the special places and folks in Ann Arbor who changed our lives so much.

Hail to the Victors

er asked somebody (Harry Barnes?) what body of water Noah had sailed on for the ark to end up on Mount Ararat....

the church in Erevan.....I have a photo of it.....

enter the Soviet Union. We all thought that to be the reverse of what was the true case. The two communist (Felix and Kolia) drank a lot of alcohol on those long train trips and the more they drank, the more they loosened up. They freely talked about how stupid we Americans were to send diplomats to countries with no knowledge of the languages and customs of that country. They both were planning to enter the corps and to be sent to countries where they spoke the language and knew the customs well. I wonder what ever happened to them after the tour. And I wonder how life is now for them in retirement??

citizens of the U.S.S.R. according to Harry Barnes. One guy stopped me on the street and asked , "hey man ,how are things in Boston"? Explaining I'd never been to Boston, I got his

story and plight. Americans in Armenia. A sad tale of the cold war which we saw first hand. Some years later I read an article in the "Reporter Magazine" which described the entire situation. These American born citizens could not get out and return to the land of their birth.

Tuesday, April 11, 1961, 55th Day
Yerevan, Armenia, USSR

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This was the morning of a scheduled visit to the Yerevan University and the Yerevan Conservatory. Half of the band was to go to the university and half to the conservatory. Those who went to the university were able to visit classes, speak with many English-speaking Russians, and hear our own jazz group. The conservatory visitors were treated to various instrumental classes and a recital of contemporary Armenian music. The recital included an especially talented young violinist who performed the second and third movements of the Khataturian violin concerto,

Today we gave two concerts. Mr. Caverder conducted the matinee. Actually it was the best matinee we have given on the tour. The audience lacked the size of the evening audiences, but did not lack any enthusiasm.

During supper we were informed that we must each make up a complete list of our

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 31st 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.

I met an Armenian in Cairo whose family got that far in returning and decided to stay in Egypt. Letters from Armenia claimed "Uncle Harry" was fine, and he'd been dead for years. They got the message and did not continue back to Armenia. Unfortunately many did.

possessions to facilitate our entrance in Egypt. After everyone resigned himself to the task, it was decided that it was not necessary after all.

The evening concert was televised and parts were filmed. When we entered the stage we were greeted by a "sea" of lights and microphones. Cameras were placed at strategic points all over the auditorium. We played two and one half hours very well. At the conclusion of the program, Dr. Revelli presented the director of the Philharmonic Society with one of our greeting certificates, he, in turn, was presented with a picture album of Yerevan.

Yerevan is an interesting city in many ways, not the least of which are the hundreds of former American citizens who returned to their land of national origin to help rebuild it. Many of them would love to return to the United States, but they cannot do so.

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #53

[I appreciated all the comments sent along today, yet this project brings both log/letter entries portraying thoughts and reactions as the events took place, as well as our perspectives of today. All have value - the more, the better! When I retired in 1993, Lois and I took our first fall trip since I started my teaching/conducting career. This included participating in the UM Alumni Band, and at half time, Chief was driven on to the field in a golf cart, where he got a huge ovation. When I approached him he met me with exclamations of joy and a big hug, and we had a good, short visit. Later that day Mary Revelli passed away.]

Jane Otteson/King's Diary

Tonight after the concert Mike Matthews, Karen Hill, Bernie Pearson and I went to the home of some former Americans who have been trying desperately to get out of here for four years. It seems pretty fishy that they could still have Oxydol and Cut-Rite after 14[?] years, but other than that they seemed very sincere. The woman, Louise, was particularly bitter. Their place is a little worse off than our cottage and is only a couple of rooms for the three of them--a bedroom and a combination living-dining room. I gathered that the bathroom (stool plus rat poison) and "kitchen" were sort of community affairs. They fed us American coffee and very good pastries and sardines and ripe olives and caviar and hoarded candy and bread and butter, and showed us copies of the letters they have written to Kennedy and

Marty Gurvey's Comment

I can only add that, after meeting two men on the walk to the concert hall, they gave me addresses in Brooklyn and asked that I con-

Charlie Martyn's Comments

We've had rain today. We visited a University 6th year English class - the "king's english" was used [rather than American]. Both the Big Band and Dixie Band played.

This was a two-concert day - George conducted the matinee concert, both went very well. The second one again was on regional TV, but went much better than the one in Tblisi! There were 14 microphones set up for the band - we could hardly see out!

(Concerts #37 & 38)

Gromyko trying to get help to get out of here. We heard a Voice of America broadcast on their radio.

Louise has been "caught" by the police, whatever implications that may have, several times, and certainly was cautious about getting a taxi in front of the hotel. Their home is right near the University and her mother said that after our crowd left (including the jazz group) this morning, a riot broke out over something, presumably the music. They were using rocks and knives and a couple of guys were cut up pretty much.

There is a meat shortage here. While we've been eating it three times a day, the people haven't been able to buy it for three weeks.

tact the people so that they could write letters helping them get out. As soon as I left them, they were arrested.

Rudy's observation coincided with mine as we looked out upon that "Nevada Desert" like dull, dreary, sage brush filled expanse. Yet there were guards with machine guns at the beginning and end of each tunnel, the sweat sox aroma as we went through the 5th class serf coaches and the foreboding plowed ground, barbed wire fences with an occasional gate to let the sheep and shepherds through. I'd gotten a bottle of scotch from one of the embassy guys on a mail delivery and was entertaining Kola with drink exchanges --his vodka neat-my scotch neat and we both agreed the others booze tasted like medicine. I pointed to the fence and asked, "Kola, what is the fence for? To keep the bad guys out or the good guys in?"

Bruce Galbraith's Comments

Regarding Yerevan: I first heard about this from Harry Begian - a passionate Armenian. After the war, families went back to the 'homeland', taking their children. Then the iron curtain came down, and they were stuck. It was amazing to hear some one walk up to us in Erevan and speak in a NY accent "I used to live at tirty tird and tird" in New Yawk!" I remember being told not to take letters from them (to mail

Brenda Krachenberg's Comments

Re: Harry Begian. I bought an album of records of Armenian music for Dr. Begian and I must have lugged them around for the rest of the trip. (I can't imagine having tried to mail breakables). He was so appreciative. I wonder now if he had relatives or any acquaintances who were trapped there. I can't remember who I was with, but we were given

Wednesday, April 12, 1961, 56th Day
Yerevan, Armenia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

In Yerevan at this point I was packing to head to Baku. I would meet Michelle

His answer was immediate, "that's not Canada over there!" I also discovered he read and wrote Balinese. I asked why he would study such a different language. "Because I get ahead." To this day I do not favor a vodka martini over a gin derived treat and I gave up scotch years ago. Kola's answer showed me how sophisticated the Soviets were about our presence and activities throughout the world. They lacked the economic power to compete with our system as history has demonstrated. This was a huge lesson for me. I gave Kola Philip Wylie's "a Generation of Vipers" as a parting gift. The book flatly states communism is a dismal economic failure.

back in the States), etc. I know it was a small part, but when the Berlin wall came down, I felt we had had a little bit to do with that unforeseeable change. I didn't think I'd see the end of the mighty Soviet Union in my lifetime. I have a plastic encased chip of the Berlin wall on my desk right now - and I am proud that I had a tiny role in that amazing change.

brownies also, and someone mentioned the sacrifices they must have made to give them to us, since sugar, chocolate, butter etc. was in such short supply to them. How they must have felt when we just got on the train or plane (?) and they couldn't do the same. I wonder if any of them lived long enough to return.

and her sister June at 10:30m and go with them to their house to meet June's daugh-

ter and mother. The apartments were gray stone and described as quite depressing in my diary. The inside of the apartment was clean and spare.

The train trip showed the immensity of some of the collective farms and I was taken by the ironic contrast of seeing a single worker out in the midst of a huge farm field doing some task by hand, and the recent space accomplishments of the Soviets.

I was not looking forward to another evening of trying to sleep on the tiny bunk with the skinny pad that slides around and being awoken throughout the night as the train stops and starts. My roommates on the train were Charlie, Eugene Gonzalez,

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This morning was free for most of us, but Mr. Cavender and Mr. Neuman, our ANTA representative, left for Moscow, where they would settle things and leave for Egypt to make advance arrangements for us.

The noon hour marked the halfway point of the 15 week tour as well as the halfway point in the day. Home seemed a little closer even though we were headed toward the point farthest away from home on the tour: Baku

The Train left for Baku shortly before 1:00 in the afternoon. We rolled along and

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

and Kola. In the late Evening Kola proposed a final night together on the train toast. He opened his suitcase and produced bottle of cognac. It was the first time I had actually seen a bottle of the stuff up close. He poured four half glasses of cognac and then lifted one glass said some toast in Russian followed by bottoms up and drank the whole thing in one gulp. I naively said bottoms up and followed suit. I immediately felt like one of those TV ads that shows Pepto Bismo flowing down and coating all parts of your digestive tract. I never realized you had so many things down there that could light up and hurt! About 8 or 10 hours later Charley Martyn shook me and said Dave wake up, we are here. Smoothest train ride I ever experienced!

came to the mountainous frontier area between the USSR and Iran. Soldiers armed with submachine guns boarded the train and rode at strategic places ready to fire on anyone who desired to leap from the train to try to cross the border. The border scenery included high mountains, deserts, camels and valleys, as well as barbed wire, electric fences, mined lands and watchtowers. On the Iranian side of the border there were no fortifications; the whole purpose of the guard is to keep Soviet citizens from escaping to freedom.

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #54

It was raining when we began the day. Our last train travel in USSR has taken us along the border with Iran. The trip is to be 25 hours from Yerevan to Baku. There is much barbed wire, all land near the border is plowed, and there are lookout towers all along the way. At times we were very close to the border, and could see an electric wire along the fence.

The natives we've seen are very dark, some women covered their faces, and some of the kids were naked from the waist down. [I have a slide (taken while we were stopped on a side track waiting for a freight train to pass) of some boys in school uniforms evidently headed for home along the tracks. It is a rural area, and in the background is a stone or block house with an opening on the right gable. When my Dad

saw that slide, he said he had seen many dwellings like that in Europe during his time in W.W.I - the opening was likely an entrance for the storage of hay, and the house was also partly a barn. On a bench in front of the house there are two women sitting - one is busy with a hand spindle spinning yarn. As I view it now, this back ground could have been the scene of a centuries old painting.]

We passed through some beautiful, but dry, barren mountains. As night drew near, a group of military joined us - one machine gunner on each car! They evidently don't take chances [of possible escape from the train] along the border. I saw quite a few camels and horses loose along the way. [Finishing this entry in the morning]: I slept quite well!

Thursday, April 13, 1961, 57th Day

Baku, Azerbaijan, USSR



Dave Wolter's Diary

Our arrival in Baku, city of the black gold was heralded by huge apparently unorganized, ramshackle oilfields. The weather was very windy and stirred up the sand making it difficult to see. Our Hotel here is quite nice.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

As morning greeted us, our train was winding through the Azerbaijan Soviet Socialist Republic. We passed many oil fields.

Our arrival in Baku was greeted by another flower laden reception. We were taken by bus to the Baku Intourist Hotel; where things were slightly confused--a typical scene in the Soviet [Union].

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 11st, our jazz band played for the students. After we left, a full scale riot ensued and even knives were em-

Looks western in many ways. We had good meals today also. Our concert was well accepted, although we were playing in an even smaller hall. It is egg shaped the stage on the side. Rather unusual and quite pretty.

We assembled in the Philharmonic Hall at 6:30 p.m. for a short rehearsal; before the concert. The hall was very small, seating only 700 people. Once again Gershwin and the "Victors" were the most appreciated pieces we performed to the standing room only crowd.

ployed.

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #55

Our arrival in Baku was at 2:30 p.m. with cloudy weather. The hotel room (567) is large and comfortable, but no bath or toilet - just a sink. Meals and service are good. George and Kurt left Yerevan yesterday for Moscow - then were to fly on to Cairo to check out the final arrangements for the next part of our tour. [I've thought for some years now that we could - perhaps should - refer to our events as two tours - so much changed when we left the USSR].

Brenda Bencks/Krachenberg

I celebrated my 11st birthday on this day and was surprised and delighted to receive a birthday greeting written on the ubiquitous pink TP. Here's what it said,

"We looked for cards and looked some more,
Until we came across a door,
And there inside our eye did spy,
Hanging neatly, not too high,
A bunch of cards upon the wall,
All rolled up into a ball.
We're very sorry, you've no doubt noticed,
This birthday card does stretch,
The credit, however, is not all ours

Friday, April 14, 1961, 58th Day **Baku,, Azerbaijan, USSR**

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This was a typical day for the Michigan band in the Soviet Union. There was a morning rehearsal (in which we tried to revive Morton Gould's Symphony for Band"). In the afternoon we were taken on a tour of the city and visited the Polytechnic Institute of Azerbaijan. The Institute did not appear to expect us, but, after a

we received a nice reception.

The first concert here was good - the hall is very pretty inside - quite small though. The reception was fine and the people very friendly. [Loren has been on a different number for our USSR concerts than I - my entries are just following what I wrote in my log at the time, and do not include the earlier shared recitals or jazz events.] (Concert #39)

For the pazhahlstah lady did fetch.

Then on the inside it said (all this was done neatly in ball point pen)

On this trip things may look blue.
You might feel in dismay, but even though the chief may frown,
Have a happy birthday!

Then it was signed by 29 women including the interpreters. What a wonderful memento!!

wait, they performed a folk culture concert for us.

The evenings concert was used as a warm up for the forthcoming concert in Tchaikovsky Hall in Moscow. There were more flowers and another happy crowd. The celebration of the USSR's feat of putting a man in orbit and

bring him back alive included fireworks which were plainly visible and audible while we were playing "Praeludium and Allegro." The rockets glare through the windows was distracting to the Americans. At the conclusion of the concert,

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #56

We rehearsed in the morning, and in the afternoon visited the Polytechnic Institute. Hardly a person there was able to use English! Student folk musicians and dancers performed for us. The weather was cloudy, with rain at times - we can see very little of the Caspian Sea.

[In a 3-14 letter to Lois]: "On the train to Baku, some of the members got bitten by bed bugs! I don't believe I got any, but some guys are just covered with bites. Here at the Intourist Baku Hotel, Dave Wolter and I are together - most of the regular rooming groups got split up. Instead of the usual very old fashioned looking wall paper, the plastered walls have a tan base, and figures have been painted on by hand - quite a job, but very nice. It appears patterns were used. The floors are wood, made up of short pieces - about 2.5 inches wide, laid out in a 'zigzag' pattern (I drew the pattern on the letter).

Here, again, there is a different regional language than we've seen or heard previously. One of our Russian interpreters said there are about 60 different languages spoken in the country. [After Moscow] Our two UM interpreters will be going all the rest of the way with us. They will be needed again in Romania and Poland. Harry Barnes, our terrific State Department Russian expert, will leave for home

Dr. Revelli was presented with a picture book of Baku, after having presented the director of the Baku Philharmonic with a greeting certificate.

After the concert we packed and prepared for our flight to Moscow on the morrow.

means that I do not have pictures of and have not seen [much of] either Yerevan or Baku.

when we go to Cairo. He plans on making our Carnegie Hall concert, though.

The names of our Russian interpreters are: men - Felix and Koila; women - Lora and Lida (pronounced Leeda). Lida was the championship horsewoman of USSR some years past. She is married to an actor-director and has a 9 year old daughter. Lora and Felix are more often used of the four [Felix often announced for the concerts], but our UM man - Dale Winkels is by far the best ... he speaks like a native, and learned it all at UM." [I remember one day when he asked some native residents a question, & they wanted to know if he had been raised in a Russian speaking home - even teased him a bit!]

[Looking at my three slides taken during our Baku stay, one is of some ships on the sea, one shows a darkly lit street scene with a woman and child - taken from the bus when we were on our way to the air port, and the best is of Ken Oyer visiting with Lora - our Russian interpreter - during what appears to be a more brightly lit time of day. It was taken on a walkway with the sea and ships in the background, and Dick York is observing on the left. All have big smiles - a great photo to share when I get them in digital form.]

[Log]: Our second concert here was quite good, but there didn't seem to be much spirit displayed. [I wonder now how we all were feeling that night about the reality that

Paul Ganson's Anecdote

Our last concert in Baku has always held a special poignancy for me. On tour I did not often go to the front of the stage after concerts to greet the members of the audience who had gathered there. But in Baku the stage was rather small and there was not much distance between the middle of the stage where the bassoonists sat and the front; and, for some reason, Bob Simms and I happened to be the last two on stage. I may have been helping him collect some trombone mutes and stands. At any rate, as we were preparing to leave we were hailed by a number of people who had come forward to the stage—actually, young women of about our own ages, give or take two or three years either way. They were wonderfully enthusiastic and very beautiful. I might describe them as "Mediterranean" in appearance but we know now that they had to be "Caspian." After about five or ten minutes of our mutually unsuccessful efforts to communi-

Michael Mark's Anecdote

I visited book stores in every city whenever I could, and in a Baku bookstore I found two books printed in Yiddish. They were especially interesting because they were printed in Russia. Since it was government policy to suppress the Jewish religion, it seemed odd to find these books. I don't read Yiddish but I recognize the printed language and was sure somebody at home would like to have them. When I finished buying them, an old Jewish man approached me with a big smile on his face.

our USSR experience was almost finished.] In preparation for our flight to Moscow tomorrow, we must pack and have our bags out tonight after tea. (Concert #40)

cate in three or four different languages, someone — was it George? — shouted from backstage that we had to move on. As I turned to leave, one young woman took a ring from her finger and handed it to me with the words: "I love you." It was the first English to pass any of their lips during our brief encounter and it was completely disarming. I tried to hand it back to her, making a feeble effort to explain that I had nothing to give to her in return; but she would have none of it. The ring appeared then to be silver, with spaces for hallmarks and a Russian motto in silver against a green enamel background. The next day Lara told me the translation is "Memories of Moscow." Today the amount of actual silver it might contain seems smaller each time I look at it and the enamel is not quite cloisonné; but it grows more precious each time I pluck it from amongst its shinier companion pins of a Kremlin tower, the sputnik and Gosconcert.

Apparently he was thrilled to see a young Jewish foreigner in his city. We communicated a bit with his few words of English and my very limited Russian. He asked me where I was from, and I said "Michigan." His face lit up even more—he didn't know the word "Michigan," It sounded like "machine gun" to him. He pantomimed a machine gun and made a noise like one with a big smile on his face. He must have thought that American soldiers had come to Baku to liberate its Jews. It was a funny, poignant incident.

Saturday, April 15, 1961, 59th Day

Baku, Azerbaijan to Moscow, Russia, USSR

Dave Wolter's Diary

In Russia we were to fly to Moscow on this day. My most vivid memory of the day was the poor pressurization of the planes and the noise of the engines that had some of the band members in tears. As you will read we had meals at embassy personnel homes. My meal was spaghetti and I was thrilled. I enjoyed the movie *Inherit the Wind* shown by my host and was inspired to write to my critic teacher, Don Mattran as well as to Jean. I went to bed at 5:00 a.m. as the sun was rising.

FLIGHT

I'm on a Russian jet (TU104) on my way to Cairo. We have a stop in Tehran in 3 and 1/2 hours. We will stay there 1 1/2 hours (to fuel?), then continue to Cairo. We will land in Cairo 2 1/2 hours later.

REMINISCE

Its hard to believe that I probably will never set foot on Russian soil again. I have to admit that most of us were quite glad to be leaving the place after 8 weeks. We were sad to see our Russian friends, Felix, Kola, Laura and Lita left behind. They were good companions and very helpful in their role as interpreters. I'm not sure if I ever took time to describe our Russian interpreters, so I will do so now.

KOLA

Kola is the fellow who gave the book to me. Before I left I gave him my copy of Hemmingways *The Sun also Rises*. Kola has very curly brown hair topping off a short but very muscular build. He is 25 years old, a student of foreign languages and an acrobat or Gymnast. I was surpassed to learn that he had been in all but one of the cities (Yerevan) we visited, in competitions with gymnasts. This fellow always had a smile for you and was always available to help you. I believe I mentioned how he took me all over Minsk trying to locate a bike. I think that

Kola was the most popular with the band. He seemed to have a pretty good hold of gymnastics. One night Jack McKimmy, Don Tison, Ernie Caviani and I were doing exercises together. Kola walked in and started fooling around. He showed us about 6 different exercises that none of us could even begin to do. Most of them added balance to the problem of strength.

FELIX

Felix is a slim light haired fellow. He dresses a little oddly in respect to his shoes which are all of the pointy pointed variety. He was a little slow to show a smile in the beginning and never did show as much of the flighty camaraderie that was Kola's trademark. Felix was a little harder to understand than kola, but I believe he had a little more solid academic background than Kola and was, consequentially, the interpreter more times than the others of Dr Reveille's short speeches.

LAURA

Laura was the band's sweetheart. At least this was her role for the first week or two until all the fellows became aware that here was a career woman, age 25, destination the Communist Party and the wife of some high echelon party member. Although she has never openly said this, all her actions carry this aura. Laura's role as band sweetheart was because of her surprisingly good looks, fairly good figure and her good dress. She probably had the best looking coat i saw in 8 weeks of touring. It was black with a brown fur collar. She told me it was quite old and had belonged to her mother. The cost? 1400 rubles. Of all the interpreters she probably has the best conversational English. She was the one who picked up the most idioms of the group. We were all sorry she had so

much ice water in her veins because when she smiled she was quite attractive.

LITA

Lita is the oldest of our 4 friends. I'm not sure how she became involved with the job of interpreting. She is probably about 30 or 32 years old. She has blond hair, is quite buxom, has a nice smile when not brooding and is married to a very famous Russian movie star. They have a child about 8 years old. Before their child was too old she was an avid horse rider. She was the national champion lady of the USSR a few years back. This is quite feat when you consider the popularity of horse riding in this country and the fact that Russia and Mexico are the top horse riding places in the world. So much for our interpreters.

HARRY BARNES

I believe the saddest thing about our departure from Russia is that Harry Barnes of the US State department is no longer with us.

Harry won the heart of the Michigan band. I cannot really describe how we felt about this fellow. He had previously spent two years in Moscow with the Embassy. He had a really unbelievable amount of knowledge about the USSR tucked away. He seemed to know the intricacies of every situation that could confront us. He knew why the people acted like they do,

Rudy Radocy's Diary

The night flew by all too soon. Sleepy bandsmen went through the motions of eating the usual Soviet breakfast, characterized by undercooked eggs.

An uneventful ride brought us to the Baku airport, which is fairly far from town a la Chicago Midway. Upon arrival some band members thought that it would be nice pictures of some airport scenery and a....indecipherable line...people had their film confiscated and exposed. The two turboprop planes took off a little later than scheduled. We were served a

and he knew how to get results despite the beauracracy they might muster. i heard him say that he [had] only gotten mad at a Russian once. He said you must realize that most of the short comings you meet are not a fault of the individual and you cannot do a situation any good getting mad at an individual. (ED.-Does this sound like "its the fault of your high school band director?].

Harry was a great boost to the band because he was always ready to intercede in our favor. He would not let rehearsals run overtime and was constantly working with the chief to reduce the number of rehearsals we had scheduled. He also learned all our names in an amazingly short period. He never had a condescending air when he talked with any of us, and he never would refuse us help or aid if he could render the services desired. A really great guy!

EMBASSY AMERICAN CLUB AND PERSONNEL

MEALS FOR ALL THE BANDMEMBERS W/SAME

LONG FUTILE QUEST ALL OVER MOSCOW FOR BOOKSTORE

TURNING IN RUBLES

TCHAIKOVSKY HALL DESCRIPTION

CONCERT

meal aloft. The ride was fairly smooth, except for a rough descent over Moscow.

The room assignments were not ready when we arrived at the Hotel Ukraina for the third time of the tour. During lunch we had a mail delivery, and then room assignments were made.

At 4:00 we assembled in the hotel for a reception given for the band by the USSR Ministry of Culture. This was the 6th meal of the day!

Toasts were exchanged, compliments paid and food and drink were consumed.

The American Embassy staff invited the band to have an American meal in their homes.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #57

[Prelude: I don't remember if any of us knew that our train ride to Baku would be the final one of that type for us ... and it was the only one that I wrote about bed bugs - were there others?]

An early call got us up for breakfast by 7:00 - yet, after days of good food, the soft-boiled eggs were almost raw! We left the hotel before 8:00, and after seeing veritable "forests" of oil wells in the sea (oil must be the natural resource of the area) on the ride to the airport, there was a most interesting experience at the airfield. [This account is mostly from memory]

We had signed for our choice of hosts earlier. A bus took us to the necessary location. The meals were fine beyond description. The saga of the glorious pseudo-return to America is best left to dreams.

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.)

As we stood by the aircraft waiting for the order to board, we heard the sound of a band - looking under our aircraft, we could see that a military plane had landed some distance away, and the officers or officials who got off were being greeted by both a band and a Special Forces unit, which marched with "goose steps!" Some of our band members kneeled and took some photos, but others stepped away from our aircraft for a more clear view for their photos. The uniformed police who observed them yelled "Nyet fotografia!" Several cameras were opened and the film ruined as a result.

[In the air, I wrote]: In the small front compartment of this plane - ahead of the four

prop engines - it is very noisy with much vibration - I'll sit in the back next time!! [In a letter to Lois]: "When I wandered to the back of the plane to visit, I found it was a rougher ride, but at least you could hear yourself think! My ears were still ringing when I went to bed."

[Log]: We landed about 12:45 - it was sunny, but cool. [We left Baku under cloudy conditions, but it had cleared, and we saw snow on the ground as we got closer to Moscow.] [At the hotel] Each of us received a printed invitation to a Gosconcert Reception, and learned we would have dinner at the U.S. Embassy [in members apartments].

[In the letter to Lois]: "When we arrived (about 2:00) at the hotel [Ukraine], the room assignments hadn't been figured out yet, so we went to lunch, and received mail for the first time since Tblisi. I got your letters through April 4, and Mom's of April 7. Mom's was the speediest yet received in USSR - mailed the 0th and arrived Moscow the 12th ... the arrival date is stamped on the back. There is always much confusion at this kind of mail call - eight days since the previous one - because everyone forgets meals or conversations and just "eats up" his mail!

We finally got our room assignments about 3:00, but there were only 90 pieces of luggage on the first flight, and our suit cases came on the second flight (it landed 30 minutes

Byron Pearson's Anecdote

I am remembering an incident that occurred when we flew out of Baku headed back to Moscow.....I remember standing on the runway watching the first plane full of band members taxi down the runway for what seemed like forever and barely clearing the fence at the end of the runway as it took off.....does anyone else remember this?

later) ... we didn't get ours until almost 4:00. The Gosconcert Reception (here at the hotel) was at 4:00, and I stayed less than an hour ... I just had to have a shower [before going to dinner]!! I went to the Morrell's - they were very nice - he is an economic adviser, and we really enjoyed the evening. There were 3 others - freshmen and sophomores - in my group. Dinner was very nice - it included a whole roasted turkey with dressing, baked stuffed potatoes [this was probably my first experience with twice-baked potatoes], Jell-O, rolls with salted butter, good gravy and milk!! [It was mixed from powder - I thought it was terrific!] All [dinner menu] we haven't had since we arrived here! For entertainment we saw a movie (Last Days of Pompeii - it wasn't very good!) — right in their living room. All the hosts got movies for the occasion ... some were very current. Ours was even Cinemascope, and there was a cartoon."

I actually didn't write in either my log or letters to Lois about Gagarin's flight or return festivities in Moscow - have no clue as to why!

I remember it as Charlie describes it, but I certainly wasn't interviewed by anyone. I still have my entire copy of the English language *Moscow Daily News* with pictures (some which appear absolutely phony), interviews and accounts of flight, return and gala Moscow festivities. Perhaps that copy ought to get donated to the UM archives of our event.

Dave Wolter responded, "That was my first impression from the day we left London on their TU104. I remember taxiing along and thinking we sure taxi a long time and then thinking we are going a little faster and then lifting off and barely missing the red tile roofs of the English row houses at the end of the runway."

Don D'Angelo's Comments

Like so many of you, I will never have a soft boiled egg again in my life. Nor will I ever travel on a Russian train for fear of getting bed-bugs. But the thing I remember about Baku was that sea filled with oil derricks. Little would we know that Russian Oil would make the country rich in the [21st] century. That flight aboard the turbo-prop planes was the noisiest and slowest I had ever experienced. Much later I had read about how some of those Russian built planes crashed killing all aboard. I was glad they didn't have those problems on our return to Moscow.

The meal at the American homes still lingers. I would stay at the home of an American diplomat in Amman Jordan and it was an eye opening experience which I will explain in a later article. But during our American meal in Moscow (prior to our concert at Tchaikovsky), we discussed many things about the Russians and their way of life. You have to admire Communism for the advances they made in the society following the Revolution. Here was a country where 90 percent of the people could neither read nor write in 1917. By the 1940's illiteracy had vanished. The most crowded store was the book store. Whereas most cities before the revolution had no universities, under the communists all had (at least the major cities) universities. Whereas health care before the revolution was only for the wealthy, under the communists, there were clinics available for all the people. The quality of care might not be up to American standards, but it was certainly

better than the serfs had under the Tsars. It was no wonder that people who compared what Russians had before the Revolution thought the Communists had brought prosperity to the society as a whole. Given the level of change, in the relatively short time (approximately 25 years) they had, I came to believe that the Soviet Union came from a very late form of feudalism into the modern age in a very short time. Yes, it was at a terrible price in lives lost, but they built roads where none had existed, homes where only thatched huts once existed, and any army and air force capable of taking on the Germans. They had a right to be proud of their accomplishments, and as we departed Russia, I remember saying to Laura and Irina that I could never ever consider them as anything but friends. I thank God we had that opportunity to see their country, to have performed to the many audiences who appreciated our music (as attested to by the hours of encores we played), and the hospitality they gave us, knowing that their sacrifice to give us their best resulted in a better understanding between our two countries. They have come even further since our visit in, 1961, as many of you will see should we cruise from Moscow to St. Petersburg. And they will continue to develop long after we are gone, but Russia surely isn't what it was either in 1917, 1961, or in 2000. Hopefully, it will develop a strong middle class, and a true democracy which will serve all the people and not just a few at the top of the social ladder.

Charlie Martyn's Comment

I'm surprised no one has yet mentioned we missed the parade for Gregarin by one day or the post cards available with his picture on them for sale in the Hotel Ukraine.. The red bunting was still up and we were interviewed by John Chancellor of N.B.C. news. I told Chancellor I would deny it if quoted, but I wanted to know how many of those things they burned up

before they got one down, Then I offered our congratulations like our president for their achievement.. I was never quoted to my knowledge on either response. Certainly just as well!! Didn't our Dix group play at the Embassy this time before we left. I have a vision of Barnie starting out on "Battle Hymn" with the Amba-

sador Mr. Thompson present .We were on a

small stage front and center.

Sunday, April 16, 1961, 60th Day

Moscow, Russia, USSR

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Last-minute souvenir shopping occupied most of the free time remaining in the USSR this morning. The late afternoon and evening were spent in Tchaikovsky Hall in rehearsal and concert. The hall is rather modern and has excellent acoustics.

The capacity crowd was pleased with our concert, and rightfully so. The Michigan Band came through under pressure. The encores alone lasted for over half an hour. The final appearance in the Soviet Union was an appropriate conclusion to our 8 weeks in that nation.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

(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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #58

Our final full day in USSR. I had some rubles to spend - bought 2 books of stamps, and ordered a phone call home (my second). It came through OK to me - but not to Lois!!

[In my letter to Lois]: "(9:30 a.m.) - Since I just woke up, I'm sitting in bed right now - back in the same hotel where I wrote my first letter to you almost 8 weeks ago. When we got

When we returned to the Hotel Ukraina, we held a short ceremony to present Harry Barnes of the US State Department, who had accompanied us during our travels in the USSR, with a token of our esteem. He was an invaluable man. Gifts were presented to Laura, Lid, Kola and Felix, our four Intourist guides as well as Messrs. Kamerov and Ivanoff of Gosconcert, the Soviet Union's concert tour agency. A very special gift, a promise to finish the tour with the finest concerts we are capable of, was given to Dr Revelli.

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.

back to the hotel last night, it was 12:30 a.m. [Thus the late wake-up] Doesn't seem possible, but today does make the beginning of the 9th week since we left Ann Arbor.

I sure hope our concert tonight is a good one - many Embassy people will be there, and they're all very proud of the job we've done - both musically and "ambassadorial." It will be

our 41st band concert. [In answer to a question she had asked]: As for your hope that WDR doesn't overwork us ... things haven't been too bad at all, so far. Although at times I'm tired, I usually get as much rest as I need, and now that we'll traveling by air, things should be easier in that respect. Unfortunately, now that we can eat the food here OK, we're just about to start on a schedule of new diets at least once each week! I haven't gained my weight back - but feel fine." [In this letter, I sent her a sheet of the

infamous toilet paper, a receipt for a package sent, and my ticket for the train from Leningrad-Moscow.]

[Log]: Our final concert in Tchaikovsky Hall was a very good one - and very successful ... we had to play *Bugler's Holiday* twice! After the concert, at our final dinner, we presented all the Gosconcert people gifts. In addition, I got several posters we had seen advertising our concerts. (Concert #41)

Monday, April 17, 1961, 61st Day Cairo, Egypt



Dave Wolter's Diary

In Cairo I was to experience orange juice for the first time since leaving the USA. I was fascinated by the vender that had a pile of oranges, a spigot with running water, a large knife, lots of glasses and a juicer. He would grab 3 oranges in one hand, take a swipe with a knife, narrowly missing his fingers and then

have 6 half oranges (3 in each hand) that he would run over the juicer. As people finished their juice he would grab the glass, rinse it in the stream of water put it under the juicer spigot and fill the glass with juice. I bought 3 glasses of, I would guess, germ laden orange juice at 2 cents a glass. I loved it!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We were off to Cairo! We bid farewell to Moscow this morning, traveled to the airport in our last ride in Soviet busses, and boarded

two TU104 jets after surprisingly little red tape [pun intended, Rudy?].

Once we were airborne, reflections on what we had seen seemed appropriate. We had been in the USSR for 8 weeks--8 weeks spent in the leading member of the Communist bloc. We saw much to be impressed with; concentration, seriousness of purpose, cultural atmosphere. But we also saw slums of unbelievable poverty, populated by people who were kept content by ignorance. The USSR makes issue of the fact that more reading matter is sold in the Soviet Union than any other country. But all of it is what the government says shall be sold! There are foreign newspapers, but they all mimic the Soviet line. The New York Daily Worker is available, but the Times is not, except through the American Embassy.

From the technological standpoint, the Soviet Union is ahead of the US in space projects; but it is difficult to find paint that does not brush off the wall with a gentle touch of the finger, hot water with dependability, or window glass that does not distort the view. Privately

owned automobiles are few and far between. The lack of private enterprise has resulted in inferior products and a lack of understanding the value of money. The strides made by Soviet industry have been tremendous, but they are a long, long way behind America's industrial might.

Our flight took us over Budapest and Belgrade. We landed in Tirana, Albania, for fuel. We were able to see a good deal of the countryside from our short stay in the airport. Various activities occupied the band during this wait: exchanging our money for Albania money, refreshing ourselves, and lizard hunting.

Cairo looks like a very interesting city. It has quite a mixture of exotic appearances and American sights. Advertisements in English were especially a novelty for us after 8 weeks. After a briefing session by the American Embassy in Cairo, we were given free time in which to view the night life of Cairo and rejoice in American Coca-Cola and magazines.



Larry Livingston, Buddy and Gary Olmstead

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the daily log of Richard Longfield: entry #59

[Post card (of Bolshoi Theater) to Lois - 9:30 a.m.]: "We are now at the airport - will leave shortly on two planes - same as those we came in on from London. In Cairo we'll be only 6 hours ahead of you - and will keep getting closer - thank God! I love you very much!

'Bye until Egypt, Love Rich" [My "hour facts" now seem unlikely, but hopeful! One of the stamps on that post card illustrates a pair of dogs and a swishing rocket - the first dogs in space - it is a pretty blue, orange and white, and had cost 1 ruble]

[Log]: I left on the second flight - a TU 104 B - at 10:30, and sat with my cribbage buddies, naturally. We flew over Kiev and Bucharast as we headed south and east.

We landed at Tirana, Albania [my passport, which I still have, stated it was not to be used to enter Albania - and also several other countries], in 72 degree weather, and had an enjoyable one hour stop over. [I remember well-armed, uniformed officers, a very small

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.

and sparse building which served as a passenger terminal, exchanging some money and buying a couple souvenirs. I also wondered how many Americans had been there recently!]

We passed by Crete and an island of Greece ... as we approached Cairo we could see the pyramids and desert beyond ... [it was almost unbelievable to see that sight!] ... and landed Cairo at 4:30 p.m. [I remember George greeting us at the airport, and as we boarded busses to our hotel, telling us there was just as much military presence there - if not more - than we had seen in USSR. I personally didn't find that to be evident.]

[My first Cairo letter to Lois]: "We first saw Egypt passing over Alexandria - then quickly down to Cairo. What a sight! This is just one big oasis! The desert is very close [to the city], but everything is irrigated on both sides of the Nile, and it's a beautiful green patchwork from the air ... we landed right out in the desert. It was really warm and nice.

Our entry and customs was quite easy - the first flight was in 30 minutes ahead, but had to wait because all the baggage was on our plane. [On the bus ride into Cairo, we saw typical, large roadside ad signs - some for American products.] It was quite late before we were finally free to eat supper (on our own in Egypt).

I had a beautiful 4 course meal [at our Hotel Semiramis] for \$1.40 (plus a Pepsi!) Gene Gonzales and I had our picture taken at supper [I still have it] ... I'll send it as soon as possible (we've been told to send nothing here - for various reasons). Then, after supper Gene and I walked out around the open shops (bazaars) for two hours - really saw some sights ... little kids sleeping on the sidewalks in doorways - [some] begging - quite bad. There are more flies than I

Don Tison's Diary

We arose at 6:30 am and boarded a plane (USSR TU 104) at 9 am - left at 9:30 am and arrived at Tirana, Albania at 1:30 pm for an hour lay-over. We found it very warm there with little lizards slithering around in the grass.

When we got over Cairo we could see the pyramids and the Nile River from the plane. Upon landing we found it to be very hot! Inside of the terminal where we had to wait for so long, there was nothing but a lot of flies! It was the first time I remember seeing any flies on the tour. We finally clambered onto a bus and after much waiting and climbing on and off a few times for pictures and marking baggage, we were off to the hotel "Semirames".

Ron Bell

When we stopped in Tirana, I and two others got off the plane, and went into the terminal to get our passports stamped with the

Howard Toplansky

I had my passport stamped also. I still have it with the illegal entry.

knew existed - keeps you busy brushing them off. People chase after you for blocks trying to sell you things ... I hate to buy anything, because you just know if you don't haggle like mad you're being taken! Also, people [I saw men] do their filthy elimination right on streets [and sidewalks] - double uggh!

I'm rooming with Don Tison this time, and we have a very nice room - nothing plush, except a much nicer bathroom than anywhere in Russia. Seems odd to have common sheets - instead of the top sheet like a bag that holds a blanket - like in every hotel in Russia. Also, there is a long, flat pillow on the bed - in addition to a more conventional pillow." [I also remember huge, plush bath towels.]

I am writing now from a terrace which overlooks the Nile River and is a block from the Nile/Hilton Hotel. We were paid 10 pounds apiece (apx. \$ 20.00)

Tonight Karen Swall, Don D'Angelo, Joan Forster, and I went for a walk along the Nile and looked over the lobby of the Nile/Hilton Hotel. All the way along we had to fight off all the peddlers, who were so pesky! They tried so very hard to sell you their wares. They might start at 1 pound for an item and keep coming down in price by increments to where you might ultimately get the item for 25 piasters! This is the way they do business here - barter and barter - and barter some more!

Albanian stamp! We knew it was illegal at that time; but we wanted the Albanian stamp in our passports; and we got it!

Ann Speer/Aichison

Well, I have an Albanian stamp on my old passport, so I must have been one of them.

Byron Pearson

What an amazing thing that I found myself in Cairo, Egypt.....

Little did I know that I would awaken at dawn to the sound of on of the "priests" (actually a muzzein (spelling incorrect)) calling the faithful of Islam to worship. It gave me chills and excited me no end..

Ken Oyer

I also got off in Tirana, changed some money.

Mary Waitkus/Boulton's Diary

Jacques Smilas, a man from our Embassy, took eleven of us to a night club in King Farouk's old palace.

There was a floor show, including performers on roller skates, very sexy Japanese dancers, and belly dancers. We had drinks (my ginger ale tasted very strong) and very good nuts. After the floor show we went to a smaller room, lower ceiling and darker, where you sit on camel saddles at low tables. The waitress was Greek. Jacques footed the whole bill in-

I remember buying a swim suit in Cairo.....the person who waited on me in the store did not speak English but I managed, with my high school French, to make the purchase and man did we enjoy the swimming pool!!

I also have an Albanian stamp on my passport.

cluding taxi. We got back to the hotel around 2:00 AM. Interesting experience.

Cairo is fabulous - modern stuff mixed with ancient. Neon signs in Arabic and English. Cadillacs and donkeys. Things are looking up.

I didn't record who the 11 people were. Anyone remember this?

In part, Mary Waitkus, Karen Hill, Brenda Bencks, Noelle Papsdorf. — Loren

Tuesday, April 18, 1961, 62nd Day
Cairo, Egypt



Karen Hill, Bill Hettrick, Anne Speer, Greg Munson

Dave Wolter's Diary

I was busy. Besides the a.m. rehearsal, the dance band played at the American

School for girls, we played a concert and then the dance band played again after the buffet.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Form the cold of Moscow we had come to the heat of Cairo to play outdoor concerts on the pavilion in front of The American exhibit at the International Agricultural Exhibition. (By coincidence we were also across from the Soviet exhibit.)The morning's rehearsal was complete with conductor's stand and clothes pins. The sun felt good, but soon became a little too warm. And the flies in Cairo are so friendly!

is an odd concept for us to adjust to when they ask a higher price for their merchandise than the actual value or amount they expect to receive. Some of the bandsmen are better bargainers than others; it was distressing to find that someone had bought for less the same thing you had bought.

After rehearsal the band members explored the exhibition and walked to the hotel. On the way we met street salesmen that we had been warned about the previous evening. It

This afternoon we took a tour to the Sphinx and Pyramids (which have become quite commercialized). Our guides led us around the maze of pyramids, camels, and beggars. We climbed halfway up the inside of the great pyramid of Cheops, over very slippery foot grips

which had been affixed to ramps against the stones. In the tomb we saw both the room of the queen and the room of the King.

Once again at the hotel we picked up our freshly cleaned uniforms from the basement laundry room and proceeded to make ready for the concert. Tonight's concert in the

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Cairo twilight went well. The Egyptians, as well as the foreigners visiting Cairo, really appreciated the music.

After the concert we were guests of the Youth Fellowship group for a buffet served on the ground Arab style. After the meal we were entertained by some Egyptian performers.

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

Rich Longfield's Memories

While several of us were standing at the base of a pyramid, a very sturdy native walked over, and asked if we would put tips in his hat if he could successfully climb that huge pyramid and return in 7 minutes or less. We agreed, and watched as he scaled that amazing number of chest high square stones to the very top. He then stood tall, waving his hat at us for a moment, then almost ran down from stone to stone and made it in 7 minutes flat! Naturally, we complied - each one of us put tips in that hat - with great admiration!

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.

About the roast lamb dinner after our concert that night, I wrote, "There were 6 [lambs] on spits over charcoal, plus native dishes." We ate sitting on rugs [placed] on the ground - at low tables. There's a nice breeze here all the time - I imagine this is the best time to be here [in Cairo].

One other memory: on one of the flights - Arab Air Line - when the cabin got stiflingly warm, an attendant walked the length of the plane spraying a sweet fragrance which just about gagged us - was that flight two from Cairo-Amman?

Don Tison's Diary

This morning we had a rehearsal outdoors in the blazing sun in the fairgrounds where the concerts will be given. Some of us forgot our sunglasses! Boy - was it ever a rehearsal "La Hotte"! Afterwards Joan and I went shopping and each bought a bathing suit 140 and 350 piasters. On the way back we had hamburgers and milkshakes at the fountain counter in the Nile Hilton Hotel. WHAT A REAT after being deprived!

The afternoon was the long-anticipated experience. We went to the Sahara Desert and

Don D'Angelo's Diary

Dear Band Members: Thank you all for so many memorable remarks which have awakened my failing mind. Truly, this was the trip of a lifetime.

What I remember about the arrival into Cairo was the view from the air of the pyramids and sphinx. In my fourth grade history class, I had seen pictures of both and now I was about to see them. I could hardly believe my eyes. The Russian pilots commenced their approaches much as they had taken off, straight up and straight down, no passenger comforts for them. I could still hear those stewardesses saying, "These soft Americans. They always are complaining." The weather in Albania and in Egypt was downright HOT. But the hotel (Semiramide ?) was right along the Nile. Built by the British, it was the model of comfort, with a bathroom, shades, and sheets, white sheets, and an electric fan. Boy, we were living in the lap of luxury.

The front veranda of the hotel caught the evening breezes and the palms in front provided shade and coolness the whole day. Don Tison, Joan Forster, Karen Swall, and I went for a walk along the Nile and thought we would check out the Cairo Hilton. To make a long story shorter, that place was for the "tres riche." Back at the hotel, we got fresh salad, something we NEVER received in Russia and fresh fruit. I

saw for ourselves the Sphinx and the pyramids. Some of us took camel rides, and most of us climbed up into King Cheop's Pyramid, which was a long hot climb! Tonight we were invited by the Youth Center to an open-air barbecue – roast lamb. (Ugh!) I got a bad piece of meat and a bad orange, too! When I peeled and opened the (orange?)it looked like cotton! - or at least like an old mop! I couldn't eat it. We saw very unusual entertainment afterwards.

wolfed down so much I couldn't hold any more. The food tasted soooo goood. And Coca Cola, all that you could drink. That night, I went to bed a happy camper.

In one of the days following Karen and I decided to visit the bazaars. Taking a taxi from the hotel, we were let off at the biggest one in Cairo. As soon as we left the cab we were picked up by a street urchin, unshaven and smelly who promised to take us to the best merchants. Well, for the next three hours, we visited almost all of the shops, and I haggled and haggled, but bought nothing. Finally, tired and hungry, we hailed a cab and got some angry talk from the street urchin, to whom I gave the equivalent of \$1.00 (American) and we drove off, but I saw this fellow unlock a Mercedes and get in and drive off. So much for judging a person by his appearances. This guy obviously was what he appeared to be. I would later learn that the morals of the Near East were not those of the West.

The Bay of Pigs blew up while we were in Cairo, and our trip to Alexandria and to Damascus, Syria had to be cancelled. We were restricted to the hotel for fear of rioting from demonstrators. A group of protesters passed by the hotel and I remember a small group broke away from the march and greeted us on the

veranda. They said that some of them had studied at the University of Michigan a year or two before and had returned to Egypt before gaining employment. I asked about the demonstration and the anti-American feelings of the group. One laughed and said that most Egyptians love Americans and that this kind of demonstration was a way of making some extra money. "How so," I asked. Ah! He exclaimed. "The Russians pay us to carry these signs and

Byron (Barnie) Pearson's Remembrance

I remember flying from Cairo to Amman on a DC-3.....the only time I ever flew in one of those.

Wednesday, April 19, 1961, 63rd Day Cairo, Egypt

Dave Wolter's Diary

Rose bright and early to write letter. Never finished. Rehearsal at 9:00. Dance band played at Cairo University. We played well. Heard rumors of anti-American demonstrations. We were told to stay near hotel. Gesan took 4 of us to the musky. Great place, went on wild

Rudy

Radocy's Diary

The distorted propaganda-news items which Moscow and Havana present to the world about the Cuban situation have brought a wave of anti-American demonstrations, Such a demonstration was scheduled today in Cairo. After our rehearsal this morning we were told to return to the Semiramis to avoid any disturbances which might arise. The jazz group performed at the American University of Cairo and were well received, with no casualties.

chant anti-American slogans, and to make some noise so that the radio and TV channels will carry the story." Here we were thousands of miles from home and we were being taught the ways of politics of the COLD WAR. I thought of Kolia and Felix and wondered if they would be paying for the same services in the countries to which they would be assigned. No doubt that they would do the same as here in Egypt.

spending spree. Played a concert marred by chief's glares. Band is becoming rebellious. Had great dinner at the Shepard hotel on the 10th floor dining room. Went to night club where a really great sounding group played. Also saw belly dancer.

After 1:30 we were allowed to leave the Semiramis Hotel, although we were cautioned not to go too [far] away. Many police, including cavalry were in the area.

Aram Khachaturian was present at the concert tonight and heard us play his "Field Day March." It was a concert with many side distractions, such as flickering lights and outside disturbances from those not attending the concert.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison's Diary

Rehearsal in the morning at the fairgrounds. Rich Longfield forgot completely about his camera and left it under his chair after rehearsal. Joan saved it for him. We were then confined to the hotel until 1:30 pm because of anti-American demonstrations around the em-

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Recollection

I recall using the down time to hang out with Susan Evelyn and do each other's hair! It was hot & sunny on our balcony, which acted as a hair dryer. We had splendid new "dos" for

Jane Otteson/King's Diary

After rehearsal this morning we were confined to the hotel until 1:30 because of anti-American demonstrations in the wake of the Cuban affair. From the balcony I could see the demonstrators as they crossed the river. This whole place crawled with cops all day long. I guess most of the demonstrating took place around the corner at the Embassy, but a couple of our kids were hissed on the street. Somebody who saw papers said the Cuban thing was played up real big and looks bad. Our tour this afternoon and trip to a show at the Pyramids tonight were canceled.

After the ban on going out was lifted Jack [from the Embassy] took a bunch of us

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.

bassy area. Some of us then went shopping and bought some leather items. After the concert we tried to eat in the Tower Restaurant but the line was too long. So we ate at Shepard's Restaurant.

one day. (We both were fighting naturally curly hair at a time when women needed to wear smooth hair....)

down to buy bathing suits. Since stores close for a siesta from 1 to 4 we walked around for a while and ended up at an outdoor ice cream place in a little courtyard. Three of us finally bought suits--nothing much, but something to sun in, at least.

They were afraid there might be a demonstration at the Fairgrounds tonight but everything went very well. The anti feeling doesn't seem to be universal.

I visited the Soviet exhibition today. It's supposed to be an agricultural fair, but one huge section was devoted to Gagarin's flight into space.

The view at night from our balcony is grand. The new tower across the river is spot-

Mary Waitkus/Boulton's Diary

On Wednesday the 19th I wrote: "Our afternoon tour was canceled. We went to town with Jacques to buy bathing suits. We had ice cream at a little courtyard restaurant."

Again, I don't know who the "we" was. I guess we knew each other so well by

Thursday, April 20, 1961, 64th Day Cairo, Egypt

Dave Wolter's Diary

Why do I get up so early? Arose at 7 after going to bed at 3. (Seems that at 7:00 a.m. the night silence would get broken by the blasting of car horns outside our second story balcony. It seemed like the empty street would have about 20 cars silently fill up the street and then at some prearranged signal they would all start honking). Thought I would shop. Ate breakfast, then wandered for 40 minutes before coming back to hotel for meeting. After the meeting I went shopping for clothes. I found some that should tide me over till June. (I bought two pairs of 28 inch waist trousers which I soon outgrew

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Because of the anti-American demonstrations, our concert in Cairo has been canceled as has been our trip to Alexandria.

Egypt is filled with ignorance. It is a different source of ignorance than we saw in the USSR. The Soviet government keeps its people ignorant by isolation; the Egyptian masses are ignorant as a result of lack of education. The news printed in the Arabic papers is quite distorted from the news printed in the English and French papers.

lighted--spectacular!

then, that it seemed impossible we could ever forget names and faces. Ah, the confidence of youth . . .

"We" appears to be, in part, Mary Waitkus, Jane Otteson, Noelle Papsdorf, Brenda Bencks. — Loren.

when back to the USA.) Finished in time for lunch, then a short trip to the Muscy. I didn't buy anything, just looked. Had thrilling ride through streets in cab. Visited shops where jewelry was being made. People working like bees in a hive. (Did anyone else wander up into the labyrinth of hallways above the shops where one room might house a family, another would have kids making elaborate wooden inlay trays and another would be people making jewelry) Barney was busy buying a ring & made us late to dance band rehearsal. I played a good concert.

The day was spent by most in bargaining with the natives. Camel saddles, jewelry, brocades, hassocks, Ivory letter openers, and other Egyptian sundries were being purchased by the travelers. By some coincidence, after our stay in Cairo the personal baggage of many bandmen is considerably heavier.

An extra concert was arranged this evening at the International Agricultural exhibition tonight.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison's Diary

The rehearsal was called off at the Cairo University for the reason of exhibits of anti-Americanism again. Dave Wolter, Joan Forster, and I went shopping again. We went back to Hannaux but the one dress Joan wanted was gone. So we wrote letters on the terrace overlooking the Nile for awhile. In fact, it was quite awhile because Joanie set up for business evaluating and appraising everyone's purchases which everyone was more than willing to show off to Joan as they filed by. Dave Wolter was bracing at the bit to show Joan all his loot to which she said: "very nice! Your wife Jean should really be happy when you get

Brenda Bencks/Krachenberg

Does anyone remember the parade that passed right in front of the hotel? I stood on my balcony and saw Nasser and Tito together. I thought it was a pretty big deal, but no

Friday, April 21, 1961, 65th Day

Cairo, Egypt

Dave Wolter's Diary

In Cairo in 1961 I was busy moving between the hotel and the Muscy making my final purchases, much of it to be shipped home. The evening dinner and entertainment got bad re-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Today was a genuinely free day. All the uniforms and instruments were packed for the coming plane trip.

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.

home." (For most everything was for Jean.) Ernie Cavianni bought a fezz, and Charlie Martin dumped Joan's lap full of crud from the bazaar! - a bolt of material that Joan "just loved" - carved camels, etc. She also just loved Rich Longfield's 2 bolts of material.

Don D'Angelo and Karen Swall went with us to the Nile/Hilton Hotel for lunch and afterwards to the Egyptian Museum. I was excited about that - seeing real mummies, tombs, pottery, rock schulpturing, weapons, etc. - very intriguing! I would like to go back maybe tomorrow.

one's mentioned it. And I don't remember which day it was, maybe the day everything originally planned was cancelled.

views in my diary. I politely waited for everyone to go through the buffet line and when I attached myself to the end, I was greeted by one shriveled orange.

This evening we went to a nightclub on the Sahara Desert. For two pounds (approx. 4.60) we had dinner, a camel ride, and some entertainment. We were hoping to see the illu-

mination of the Sphinx and pyramids; however, Nassar and Tito were attending a closed performance this evening. The food was prepared

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

I remember the Pyramid evening's food and entertainment as it has been described - but, that it ended when the belly dancer threw her skirt over the Chief's head. Both he and Mary closed that event down in a hurry, & we were on busses in record time!

I also was in the group with Dave (by taxi) to the night club. The same performers played jazz on modern instruments, a sound system with foot pedals, etc., and then with Arab instruments for the belly dancer. Unlike the Pyramid event (which I believe the Chief got

Tison's Diary

Everything was cancelled today for the usual reason. Originally we were to take a 3-hour bus ride to Alexandria for a day, ending with a concert. Instead we've had the entire day free to entertain ourselves as we please. Most of we band members have been trying to get rid of our Egyptian money. I have been kidding Joan Forster about being as trusting a soul with the peddlers as she would be in Nelson, Wisconsin!!! She bought a tie clasp and cuff links for her brother and I bought a bracelet and keychain. Tomorrow we leave Cairo at 6:30 am.

in the Egyptian cuisine, and Egyptian belly dancers provided our entertainment.

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].

sold as an authentic, "once-in-a-life experience" - didn't that cost us \$10 each? - an incredible amount at that time) that Club belly dancer was a beautiful, class act!

There is also the memory of being told that we should expect our white shirts to come back from the hotel laundry with the bottom button missing. Since the workers were paid the equivalent of 5 cents per day, the collected buttons could be sold for a day's wages. My shirts did return like that.

Never have I ever experienced such consistent weather. Every day is sunny, clear, and the same temperature - hot & dry - I like it!

We were shopping in a famous big bazaar called "Muscy". This is the older section of the city and is a real educational experience in itself. Many victims of poverty sit along in the crowded and narrow streets carving combs out of plastic, shaping metal into different utensils, painting, etc. Everything is hand-made that they sell. The taxi driver got us there somehow!

- Nearly killed a couple dozen people who were as thick as hasty pudding in the narrow streets. Every shop seemed to have about the same crap. I wouldn't give 5 piasters for the whole Muscy and Khan Kalili put together!

Tonight was a very unique experience but turned out in the end to be very distasteful for me. On the way to the pyramids the buses seemed to get lost, or at least they acted like they couldn't find the tent where we were going - had to turn around 3 or 4 times! (About 18 people had to remain in the hotel because of having the "Egyptian Crud") (sick)

The first thing everyone did when we finally got there was take a camel ride, or a horse ride. By the time I got Joan onto a camel and on her way all that was left for me to ride was a scrawny little donkey! Two "creeps" took me way out on the desert away from the tent and everyone else and demanded a big tip. (I had already paid the fee, as we were instructed not to give tips because everything had been covered by the 2 pounds we paid)

Charlie Martin's Cairo Remembrances

I had several items of significance in Cairo that seemed important to relate.

1. I know it was mentioned but the "agricultural exhibit" that had all the Soviet propaganda about their space achievement with Gagarin, the mock up of the space vehicle. The headlines, the photos of their hero, the total opposite of the fair seemed to be a huge issue in the cold war situation we were in at the time. I saw oranges at that fair the likes of which we did not see or enjoy in the U.S.S.R. I remember the kids "bitching" about having to pay a ruble (\$) for one orange in the southern area and the exhibit played up their marvelous production which we knew was not true.
2. My favorite dinner by myself was at the top of the Semaramis Hotel where I ordered a medium rare steak, a green salad, a bottle

We were then entertained by a male dancer with wooden flutes and drum accompaniment.

The meal left much to be sired. Nothing tasted good to me except the Pepsi-Cola! The worst part of the evening for me was when the belly dancer came out with a little ensemble of drum, accordion, and other instruments accompanying her. Joan and I sat down early in the front row of chairs. That was a mistake. Right away the belly dancer threw her white cloth over my head, around my neck, and after dancing a bit she tugged me out there with her and tried to get me to do the splits, shakes and shimmies. What a horrible drag! I felt really stupid out there with her for I had never danced any kind of dancing in my life before. My parents were against dancing - thought it was sinful. I'm glad they weren't there to see me sleezing and slithering around with a belly dancer. Right after I managed to tear away from her Joan and I snuck out the back of the tent - mortified. She was disgusted because she said it looked like I was enjoying myself! I assured her I was not! Blik!

- of Heineken beer followed by strawberry shortcake for dessert. The cost was immaterial; the civilized menu without the putrid Russian beer was beyond description.
3. I called Ruth from the hotel which was still unsatisfactory and I became more disenchanted with world communications of that era.
4. I personally became irritated with the Chief with a crack he made about all of you "no one in this group cares about music" I did not speak to him for three days and our opening the door again was about a real serious question he had about the band going on to more Arab countries. He privately asked me about the Jewish members of our entourage and he honestly was ried. My answer was sincere, honest and direct. "There is no Star of David on any-

one's passport and this should not be a problem as long as we could keep Marty quiet. I did tell Marty this and of course he was quite hip to the smart side of the issue. I added, if my colleagues did not go, then I would not. The issue never arose again although we were all cognizant of the seriousness of the matter in the perspective of our time. Later, Auschwitz reminded all of that devastating problem as projected through the era of W.W II.

5. I did barter for the beautiful bolt of brocade which was described earlier which Joanie had passed on as a fine purchase. The junk jewelry was a passing fancy which was all over the place. I did get a photo of Nassar and Tito as they passed our hotel
6. Does anyone not remember the fine outdoor dinner sponsored by the University of Michigan Cairo Alumni chapter? Lamb roasting on a spit, all kinds of great food and beverages courtesy of our fellow "M" grads. The catering service even had the fel-

lows with the curly toed shoes. There is a term but I do not know it!

7. We are about to leave and the several ill members of our entourage have to be left in Cairo because of food poisoning. A restaurant that looked clean and ?sea food? Really!
8. George told me as we arrived it was another totalitarian state. Though severely governed, it was a far cry from our previous two months. Thanks to those of you who kept diaries. I learned of two more gigs the jazz bunches did. By the way, I am noticing the different terminology used about us. We were a big band, a dance band, a jazz something and obviously somewhat in demand. The Wolverine title I borrowed because Bix Beiderbecke played a tune called the "Wolverine Blues" and being the jazz fan I was, taught something like it to our Dix outfit. It was not a Polish Jazz journal creation. We were Wolverines!!

Saturday, April 22, 1961, 66th Day Amman, Jordan



Dave Wolter's Diary

They all knew we were leaving. We must have had 20 last minute peddlers trying to sell their wares. It was a riot watching people barter from inside the bus. The peddlers trying to stick things in the windows, etc. We hurried up and waited again. When we had trouble with passports, Moncreif sicced chief on the instruments. Then they were able to whisk us through with no trouble at all. We flew a beautiful Comet 4C. Amman had glorious 70 degree weather when we arrived. We learned that Damascus had been canceled. Our host was a girl and her mother who have built a house and will be renting to tourists someday.

As we experienced the wonders of Egypt and took the opportunity to purchase gifts and souvenirs one of the conversation items was comparing costs from one person to another. I can't recall getting involved myself, but I had little money to spend and the majority (from my meticulous records) occurred in Cairo

* means I can find it,

** means on display now.

Many of the items went to other households, I out grew, wore out, or simply are stored in some mysterious place that will puzzle my children when I die.

As a matter of curiosity, I researched some items from my past to compare with today's costs to see how we did on our Egyptian purchases. Here is my comparison chart

1961 dollar = \$7.08 in 2008

1961 cashews @ 1.00 a pound = 6.99 at Meirs

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After an early breakfast we boarded the buses that were to take us to the airport. We waited for the departure time inside the air terminal. We were a rather sorry looking group, with many of us afflicted with the usual gastrointestinal disturbances. Two band members, Larry Livingston and William Ronsaville were

(On sale yesterday for 5.99)

1961 family house sold in Ferndale in 1960 for \$10,000 , price in Dec 07 = 150,000

1961 UM Tuition for senior \$210 ,for spring 2008 = \$5793

So take those 1961 costs and choose a factor;

official = **7.08**,

cashew = **6.99** or sale 5.99,

real-estate = **15**

College Education = **27.58**

1961 prices

brass tray**	10.35
coffee set*	7.70
brass bowls *	1.80
lamp**	4.60
material?	9.00
necklace&bracelet	2.60
3 bracelets	3.00
wooden platter	6.33
shirts@`	1.66
shirt	1.93
slacks	3.33
ring	.46
camels saddles@**	4.60
cuff links@	1.84
2 wooden platters@	6.90
gong	3.45
camera bag	2.88
5 ash trays@	.46

Whatever dollar cost you put on these items in today's dollars, the one indisputable fact is that the experience for all of us was (sorry to sound like a credit card commercial) **PRICELESS**

left at the Semiramis hotel because of illness. Customs were surprisingly easy; some spot checks of luggage, but no one had to fill out any long forms.

By DC-3 and Dehaviland Comet we flew to Amman, Jordan, where we were to stay in

private homes. Our hosts were waiting for us in the air terminal when we landed. Customs again were not rigid, so we were speeded on our way after receiving our pay and our mail. Most of our hosts were embassy personnel or members of the Point Four program's mission to Jordan.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

My log entry of April 22 listed my purchases as: two "crushed" silver coins - ca 300 A.D.; two small bolts of silk brocade; 1 small bolt of cotton material with a "pharaoh print;" one boxed deck of playing cards with ancient art prints; one plastic-material (faux leather) camel. Also, I wrote that I was on the

Don Tison's Diary

Revellie - 6:00 am, Bags out in hallway - 6:30, Buses leave - 7:00 am

What a fight! Ten or fifteen peddlers must have known we were leaving this morning and would have left-over money to get rid of. The whole side of our bus was one big bargain counter - bargaining and bartering was at its best, with bracelets, wooden camels, knives, and lots of junk and money going in and out of windows!

In the evening we attended a dinner dance at the Zherka Officer's Club, where our dance band played for the entire evening and did a good job.

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.

second flight when we left Cairo at 11:00 a.m. I certainly didn't know then that the combination of Cairo salads and strawberry melba desert was at work on my system, and that I had some pretty nasty health days ahead of me - Abdul's Revenge!

We are now on a jet (Comet 4C) United Arab Airlines on route to Amman, Jordan.

We arrived in one piece and were taken to our hosts' homes, which turned out for Rich Longfield, Ken Oyer, Dave Wolter, and I to be a newly built quarters above the home of the native Jordanians who lived below. We have only beds - no furniture, and no hot water unless you ask ahead to get it heated up.

Dance at Zerka.

Ann Speer/Aitchision

The family Karen Hill & I stayed with were very unreliable, made us late for everything. I also remember the hostess washing all her produce in a big tub to get it clean and

avoid dysentery--which many of us got anyway. This was the only time we had a complaint about the accommodations on the entire tour. Nice folks, but too laid-back.

Sunday, April 23, 1961, 67th Day

Amman, Jordan

Dave Wolter's Diary

We awoke with just enough time to make it to the army camp. They gave a very impressive show, complete with precision drill, bagpipes and concert band and bugle corp. The morning was one of confusion wrought by a false cancellation of our Beirut performances. We were actually asked for an extra performance. We ate at the Philadelphia club and had a short rehearsal;. Our concert took place at 4:00 in the amphitheater. It was thrilling except

for the noise of the audience. Met Charley and Sam after the concert and they have invited us to the Black Sea for a dinner and a dance. Sam has invited me to his house in Beirut. Dinner at the Philadelphia then we got lost going home.

From last night's dinner I have the invitation signed by Sami and Charlie Nassar with the following menu:

Royal Scotch Broth with Rice
Salmon Egg Roll Hulac
Filet Steak Ann Arbor
Peas & Carrots Jordan-American Goodwill
French Fried Potatoes Michigan
Variation Salades de Zerka
Hummous Urdoni Rolls Americani
Chocolate Souffle Revelli
Fruit Basket Jericho
Mocca Macomber

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This morning we visited the Jordan Band. They put on a review and presented a concert for our benefit. The pipers with the band were very colorful.

Some of meals in Jordan were eaten at the Philadelphia Hotel. These were a bit disorganized and took up a good deal of our time. The water here is not potable and drinks are not included with the meal, so many of us were

surprised to find ourselves paying for beverages.

After lunch we crossed the street and entered the largest Roman amphitheater outside of Rome. We held a rehearsal under the blazing sun--but found conditions much better than we had expected. By concert time we were in the shade. The audience enjoyed the performance--particularly "The Stars and Stripes For-

ever," conducted by the director of the Jordan

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Larry Lingston's Story

Okay, here is the story of Buddy and Larry. You may recall the admonition from the State Department about not eating fruit in Cairo. Buddy was taken to dinner at the Cairo Hilton and, if memory serves, blithely ordered strawberry shortcake for dessert. He contracted food poisoning and was virtually handcuffed to his bed or the bathroom for several days. Now, it remains a mystery why any of us would have found the food in Cairo so inviting. After all, we had just spent eight weeks feasting on Russia's finest haute cuisine. Who can ever forget cold tongue, cabbage, and raw eggs for breakfast, or the effluvia of grease oozing from "chicken on a stick", or watery borscht consommé? One would think we would have left the USSR sated. I know I never once thought of my mother's chicken and dumplings, cinnamon rolls, or chocolate chip cookies.

Still, Buddy succumbed to the Temptation of St. Ronsaville. Once it was decided that he was too sick to go to Cairo with the band, someone had to stay and take care of him. I was chosen, in part, because Buddy, Gary

Army Band.

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.

Olmstead and I roomed together in the three person arrangement. Second, being the youngest person in the band, I could then have a "growth" experience in trying to manage this problem. On the other hand, my not going with the band created an artistic crisis of the highest magnitude. After all, how could the 94 piece ensemble sustain its legendary performance standard without the vitally important, 13th chair clarinet player? I believe your concerts in my absence were the supreme test and, although I am sure that the critics noticed, somehow you pulled through and with the kind of dedication, sincerity of purpose, and non tam pares ...for which the Michigan Band is famous. Of course, the Chief would never have consented to make any recordings of those concerts, fretting over the palpable deficiencies of the group without yours truly leading the middle of the 2nd clarinet section to ecstatic perfection. My most heartfelt congratulations and thanks to all of you for weathering those days in extremis. Also, a special kudo to Bob Garrels (according to Dr. Revelli, pronounced "Gorrels"), for his gesture of insisting that my chair

remain in place and adorned with a laurel wreath symbolizing my consequence. I am told that Bob actually turned pages on our stand as though I were still there.

So Buddy and I were then ensconced in the hotel waiting for our exit to be organized by the State Department. Meanwhile, it turns out that during one of our early outdoor concerts in Cairo, a young Egyptian woman of striking and exotic visage had become smitten with Buddy as he exuded the kind of seductive allure reserved for percussionists. She claimed to have fallen in love with Buddy, whom she never actually met, while watching him bang on stuff in the back of the band. She then proceeded to call our hotel room about 20 times a day wanting to see him. She was also quite uneasy about being found out. Apparently her father was very wealthy, a point which tempted me to offer myself as a consolation prize and which led me to ponder the possibility of changing my major to percussion in light of the incontestable mastery I had already demonstrated on the clarinet. I resisted that notion right away because I knew Professor Stubbins would never forgive me. Plus, I was almost as sick as Buddy. In her phone calls she even offered to give Buddy a string of Arabian horses if he would consent to see her. At one point, she was so adamant that

she knocked on the hotel door. I came out into the hallway and was finally able to convince her that her quest, honorable as it might be, was not to be realized. She left disappointed but resigned to the fact that Buddy was not interested. It also helped quell her ardor when she saw that I looked like death warmed over myself.

You may have wondered how Buddy and I caught up with the group. Jacques Smilas of the US Embassy staff took on this assignment and got us out of Cairo on a small prop plane headed for Amman, Jordan. Thus, we missed out on going to Bethlehem and Jerusalem. After a brief respite in the hotel in Amman, we were driven by taxi into the Jordan desert to rendezvous with the band. We were dropped off at a previously agreed upon location in the desert and were told to wait for the supposedly imminent arrival of busses carrying the rest of you. We stood there, just the two of us, for what seemed like hours, wearing Arab headgear, baking in the heat of mid-day sun. Ever since that experience, my friends have referred to me as "Awrence.", as in "of Arabia." Finally, the band arrived and we all proceeded to Petra, some on foot, some on horses, all escorted by Bedouin tribesmen.

Monday, April 24, 1961, 68th Day

Jerusalem, Jordan

Dave Wolter's Diary

We were on the stick and ready to go (Don, Ken O, and I, Rich was indisposed) but our ride didn't pick us up. Our hostess ran down the road to a phone to order a cab and we arrived 45 minutes late which was 15 minutes before we would leave. The ride to Jerusalem took us by the Dead Sea. We were so low our ears had a hard time adjusting. We should have taken pressurized cabs. We arrived in Jerusalem with enough time to eat and sight see.

Our concert was at 4:00, outdoors with a reception after. I left early and went to a movie "It's a private's Affair" which turned out to strike me as trite.

In a 16 page letter to Jean I fill in many details. This concert was given in a school yard. Afterwards a reception was given by a University of Michigan Alum who was working on a doctoral thesis. I wonder who was funding his doctoral work?

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Shortly after 9:00 a.m., in a caravan of taxis (22 in all) we left Amman and headed for Jerusalem. We crossed the River Jordan where it empties into the Dead Sea. Here is the lowest land in the world: 1297 feet below sea level.

Jerusalem is the city of Moslem, Christian, and Jewish religions. Israel and Jordan both seek control here, causing many strained feelings. Tourists cannot cross from one country to the other and back again; it is a one way trip from Arab country to Israel. Our band had some

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

difficulties in the situation. We have six Jewish members with us. At first Jordan was not going to give these six people visas; however, the governments were able to straighten this out, and all of us entered Jordan, The band has learned a great deal concerning these people and their problems.

In the afternoon we performed in Jerusalem; this one was doubly appreciated. After the concert we attended a reception at the American School of Oriental Research.

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 recep-

Don Tison's Diary

We loaded into taxis after breakfast with our hosts and took an hour and a half ride to Jerusalem. Joan Forster was sick and slept all the way. The countryside is quite hilly with mostly dirt and rocks - not too much greenery - no trees for shade.

When we got to Jerusalem we noticed a big wall separating the Jews of Israel from the other part of Jerusalem. From a distance (so far) we have seen the Mount of Olives and the Church of Gethsemane.

The bazaar here is a lot like Muscy in Cairo - long narrow streets of shops crowded

tion. I don't remember who the guys were, but I am thankful to them for what they did for me.)

close together. One difference is that in Muscy cars drive down the street and there is no roof over your head, while here in Jerusalem there is a roof and the narrow streets are for pedestrians only. They sell everything imaginable in the bazaars - everything needed to sustain life, and then some. You might see a meat market with halves of beef hanging in your face (with flies and odor) right next door to an ice cream and candy place!

We played another outdoor concert this time at a girl's school (see Barnie "cutting up" in the attachment) followed by a reception.



Rich Longfield's Diary

Rich finds himself studying the efficiency of Jordanian plumbing during the next few days.

Jane Otteson/King's Journal

Dr. Revelli lowered the curfew on the girls and imposed one on the guys because our dysentery is caused by "carousing around".

Byron (Barnie) Pearson's Remembrance

An emotional (for me) experience occurred in Jerusalem. I was in the city that espouses many of the sites that are of paramount importance to my Christian Religious beliefs and was privileged to actually see them. We were in a hotel that was across a street from the palace of Caiphus. I went up on the roof of the hotel to discover many of the Jewish people in the band

looking across the wall and into the Jewish sector of Jerusalem, into which they were forbidden entry. I knew the anguish they felt and my heart went out to them. I recall having a long conversation on that roof with Larry Yurdin about the situation and was saddened that my colleagues could not go into the area they longed so much to be in.

Howard Toplansky's Appreciation

After reading the diary entries about the Middle East, I am reminded of the genuine concern that the Jewish students had to deal with in Cairo. As mentioned, the visa problems presented by the Jordanians might have left six band members behind in Cairo. This was a scary prospect to say the least. To Dr. Revelli's most honorific credit, he would not allow any division of the band to take place because of the pathological anti-Semitism of the Arab governments in the area.

Some men masquerade as human beings and are tyrants on the inside. Revelli was quite the opposite, in that; he was quite a compassionate person on matters not related to music. When he met with the Jewish students, my recollection is that he was prepared to give up the tour rather than allow anyone to be targeted by prejudicial policies. This to me was a high point of true character and principle. No matter how difficult an encounter with Revelli might have been, and I had several, this episode was a true picture of his patriotism and nothing could ever diminish his standing with those of us who were affected by these insane circumstances.

Once again we have an indirect measurement of the true quality of this incredible man. For the most part, the Chief's tyranny was confined to matters of musical performance and not on more personal considerations.

My sincere thanks to Barnie for his meaningful and thoughtful remarks.

Lillian Stevens/Armstrong's Recollection

I recall that when we landed in Jordan, I was able to meet up with my older sister, Nadia, who was a secretary for the UN general who was in charge at "No-man's land" between Jordan and Israel. Nadia had been a French major at Oberlin and after graduating was hired at the UN. Nadia and I and the general's chauffeur,

Max, were able to do some sightseeing in Amman, Jericho, and Jerusalem during my free time. I am so glad they could travel around a bit with me. I would have been afraid to go to those places on my own. Nadia worked at that location for about two years.

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Comment

Lillian Stephens [Lillian Stevens/Armstrong] had a sister working in the Jewish side, and they were allowed to meet in a

no-man's-land for a brief time. I know I was struck by this so much.

Tuesday, April 25, 1961, 69th Day **Jerusalem-Bethlehem, Jordan**

Dave Wolter's Diary

We were given another super dooper Michigan band tour. Once again it was a farce (I apologize for this teenage outburst). Paid 50 file(?) to look at a rock that Jesus had left his footprint in. You didn't know that J.C weighed enough to leave footprints in stone? Did get a good panorama of Jerusalem. Gave concert in Bethlehem minus Barney (and Rich?). Had

another reception after the concert? I enjoyed it very much. Met the Mayor of Bethlehem. He may visit Jean and I when he comes to the states. On the way back I came across an overturned truck which made me think perhaps one of our cars had gone over the mountain. Went window shopping and bought Jean a tablecloth.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Jerusalem is a commercialized city. Postcards are sold in the churches, and crosses made of olive wood are sold on the Mount of Olives. With all due respect to the fact that the local businesses are entitled to make an earning from tourism, the commercialization here approaches sacrilege to Christian and Moslem alike. We saw this commercialism at close hand today on a tour of the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

church proper, as well as the now subterranean cavern which contains the birthplace, manger site, site of the Three Wise Men's gifts and St. Jerome's tomb.

This afternoon the taxi caravan was again organized, and we were on our way to Bethlehem. The first stop was at the Church of the Nativity, which stands over the spot of Jesus Christ's birth. We were taken through the

Our next stop was the concert site. There is no concert hall in Bethlehem, so we gave the third outdoor concert of our stay in Jordan. The audience was very receptive--and unique, since it was composed of a good many people who did not know how to react to our music making because they had never heard a concert before.

We attended another reception in Bethlehem before the caravan returned to Jerusalem and supper.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 Geth-

semane 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

Wednesday, April 26, 1961, 70th Day Petra, Jordan

Dave Wolter's Diary

What a hell of an anniversary! We had to hurry up and wait again. The trip to Petra was the same. We made so many stops to regroup I couldn't keep track of them. The trip was miserably hot and dusty. I walked the last two miles to the camp. I tried to beat the horses

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Today the band prepared to "rough it" at Petra, the ancient city of the Nabataeans. It is mentioned in the Bible. The suitcases and the ill bandmen were sent to Amman; the remainder started their desert journey with appropriate clothing. Many men had purchased Arab head-dresses; girls managed to find slacks.

The taxis delivered the band to a point an hour's ride from Petra. The novelty of plod-

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

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.

but could not get past them because the first 4 insisted on running. The place was magnificent. It was a city of 50,000 on the trade route from Egypt to Damascus. Was forgotten when the trade route changed. We ate lunch at 6:00 and dinner at 11:00. Sacked at 11:15 in a tent.

ding along on a horse appealed to most of the band members; a few chose to walk in. Many who rode in walked out.

Petra is a place of rugged scenic beauty. The ruins are carved in dark red rock. We entered the city through a narrow gorge and found a small hotel, tents, and caves. After our lodging was settled, it was a night of relaxation with our fellow band members.

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

Rich Longfield's Remembrance

Although ill with dysentery, I made all of the Jordanian events (including the concerts) in Amman, Bethlehem, Jerusalem and Petra - but my Petra experience was certainly not as I've enjoyed reading from all the accounts this evening. Not all of those who were ill were left behind in Amman (I've always wondered why I wasn't given that option). By the time I had walked in with others, I could hardly hold my head up, and since the girls were all placed in the regular rooms of the hotel, a very small - perhaps emergency - space with a bed was found for me, and I stayed there - with only some water to drink - until it was time to trek out. My memories of the hikes in and out are vivid enough that I've never regretted having had that opportunity, and listening to all the stories from others on the hike out, I realized

Don Tison's Diary

This morning at 8 am we loaded into our taxis and started out from Jerusalem to Petra (7 and one half hours). It was a long, hot, and dusty ride with nothing to do but sit. At various intervals along the way we would stop and buy warm(!) sodas to drink - never cold as we desired!. The scenery was mostly dirt and rocks with not much greenery except for occasional cactus plants.

At a point that seemed like 2 or 3 miles from Petra we were given a choice of walking the rest of the way or being led on a horse. Some of us chose walking because of

area and raiding those who did not buy [their] protection.

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

that especially the guys had incredible tales. Wow - thanks for the memories!

While at the Roman Amphitheater in Amman, I remember the Chief asking about my health. When I told him, he went to his bag of personal goodies, came back with his bottle of "Pepto," and told me to take a big slug - which I did! Except for being sick in Jordan, our experiences around the Mediterranean were fantastic - perhaps because I had learned more about those areas in school. Unlike Jane, I had never heard of Petra, and understand that it is quite a common destination in recent years. I'll bet that little hotel is long gone, though - along with our whole series of 1961 experiences - another great testimonial to this opportunity to relive day by day never-to-be-repeated events for all of us.

faulty information- that walking would take half the time and would be a different route. Not! We walked on the same trail as the people riding. What a rugged trail it was, winding around the dry rocks, sand, and in between huge walls of solid rock, and at the bottom of a canyon. On the way we saw many deserted cave dwellings, an old amphitheater, and a temple carved in the solid rock.

By the time the ones of us that walked arrived at the main part of Petra we were too tired to much else except drink liquids!

Ann Speer/Aitchison

I don't hear anyone recalling the "taxi race" across the desert. Maybe it was only our taxi and a few that were close to it, but my recollection is of a very speedy trip, fear for our lives and that ours "came in second" which was scary in itself.

I remember the girls going to shop for jeans. I rode in a (full) skirt, which wrapped my legs well enough to protect my skin, and was one of those who chose to walk out. What none of us had was good hiking shoes!

What a beautiful, amazing place Petra was. Any time I tell people I was there, they say how lucky we were. It surely was a good respite from the rigors of travel and performance. I know, it was because we had a hole in our schedule due to the Bay of Pigs and cancellations, but it was welcome all the same. Calm. Peace. Beauty. Shade, even.

And of course the girls had to sleep in the hotel, none of the cool caves or tents. Gotta protect the women.

Thursday, April 27, 1961, 71st Day **Petra-Amman, Jordan**



Petra Taxi Caravan

Dave Wolter's Diary

Woke up to a beautiful day. Breakfast was served at 7:00 a.m. so we could go explor-

ing. Ken, Sue, Brenda, Mike Mathews and I walked to the old temple. We went without a

guide to give us more freedom. They had a pop stand waiting for us (at the temple?). We walked to the top of a mountain where we could see for miles. Upon the arrival of other band members we left (sounds rather anti social doesn't it). We stopped at a small pool to cool our feet on the way back. (I also recall exploring a bit on my own and thinking I was finding hitherto unknown places when way out on this trail a little old lady was waiting brewing

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Among the many things to be seen at Petra are the spring which allegedly was started when Moses tapped a rock with his staff as well as some carvings on the cave walls. A Roman aqueduct, arches, imported stones of unknown origin; castles on the sides of cliffs, crowned by

hot tea to sell.) I ate like a horse. Everything tasted good. We left at noon for Amman-the taxis drove like a bat out of hell, but had to stop every half hour for some unknown reasons. And of course the speedometers read in kilometers so we were being terrorized by speedometers that were reading 130 to 140.

Spent the evening at the Dead Sea at a very enjoyable dinner dance.

the SPQR eagle, and a former treasury building are among the most impressive features.

After a morning of exploring we returned to the station where we were picked up by the taxis. The caravan took us back to Amman, our hosts, hot water and good meals.



Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.)



Don Tison's Diary

All during the taxi ride yesterday I had my right arm sticking out the window and ended up with a bad sunburn! Thirteen of us slept in the tent I was in, some were in caves, and the girls were in the hotel. After breakfast we walked around looking into cave dwellings, at interesting rock formations, and chasing lizards. It is interesting to realize that Petra was located on a trade route between Syria and Jordan and once served as a stopping off place for the caravans for a long while around 100 B.C. At one time Petra had 50,000 inhabitants, but when the trade route changed it became a forgotten city.

The weather in Jordan seems about like Cairo - very consistent - hot - never cloudy or

rainy (at least while we have been in the Middle East) - and cool at night.

Coming back to Amman the taxis stopped at the spring in the rocks where supposedly Moses struck the rock to elicit water. We drank freely of the water. [Did we? I don't remember that!]

We had supper with our hosts and Ken Oyer and I went outside to turn some handsprings, flips, and run around for some exercise. I have felt as healthy as can be this whole tour except for Moscow both times, which gave me dysentery.



Dr. Revelli showing off his Ohio State banner.

Ross Powell's Remembrance

I remember the ride from the perspective of another cab. We somehow heard there had been a wreck down the hill and were terrified it was one of our cabs.. (it, thankfully, was

not).. Of course my memory on this must be suspect as what I got out of Petra was rather severe heatstroke that kept me cuckoo for the whole trip, (and probably later as well!).

Friday, April 28, 1961, 72nd Day

Amman, Jordan-Beirut, Lebanon

Dave Wolter's Diary

Our last day in Amman. I arose at 6:30 even though I went to bed at 3:00. The Majas had a very good breakfast for us. We left early so we could get a chance to walk around the business district. After lunch we had a very interesting talk about the Jordan situation

and saw two movies on the holy land.

Our arrival in Beirut was very pleasant. First we saw the beautiful country from the air, then we received money from Moncreif at the airport, then we arrived at our beautiful hotel and had mail waiting for us. It was neat!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

The morning passed quickly, and we soon found ourselves saying goodbye to our hosts and their wonderful hospitality. The band reassembled as a unit at the Philadelphia Hotel for lunch and a brief program. The program consisted of a talk by the Jordanian foreign mi-

nister on the local view of the Arab-Israeli problem and two movies on Jordan.

The short plane ride to Beirut brought us to a lovely city situated where mountains meet the Mediterranean. Here we were scattered in 3 hotels.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Byron (Barnie) Pearson's Remembrance

I didn't get around to this earlier but I have a story about the drive to Petra. The driver of the taxi I was in spoke some English and asked me if I could drive. I replied yes and he stopped the car, motioned for me to drive and

proceeded to ride shotgun in his own taxi for the next two hours. Fortunately it wasn't in the mountainous part of the trip. That would have terrified me, it was bad enough when he was driving. ☺

Saturday, April 29, 1961, 73rd Day

Beirut, Lebanon



Dave Wolter's Diary

Spent day trying to contact people (I came to Beirut with phone numbers of people I was to try to contact. Jean's cousin Wright spent a year in Beirut at the American University and I was given names and phone numbers of people to contact) and trying to contact Jean. We had a short morning concert. My phone call from Jean arrived at 3:30. It cost me \$33 for a little bit of sound. Jean's voice sounded great!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Our first concert in Beirut was at the International College. The concert, in mid morning, was played for children of the secondary schools there. They seemed to enjoy us very much. The rest of the day was free; the band

Loren Mayhew's Diary

This morning, we played a concert at the International Institute here. It was our first

After the phone call I went for a walk, met a Britisher and went sailing for an hour. The sailing was rather poor because of irregular winds. Found the swells a little hard on the stomach. I took a walk to Uncle Sams for dinner. I spent the evening waiting for a call from Sami (Halaby, the person that I met in the Jordanian night club who had a house in Beirut).

found that the beautiful blue Mediterranean Sea was quite the place to swim. The American University of Beirut invited band members to use their beach while we were in Beirut.

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.)

1961	Sun, Apr 30	Mon, May 1	Tue, May 2	Wed, May 3	Thu, May 4	Fri, May 5	Sat, May 6
		BEIRUT	BEIRUT	BEIRUT	Beirut/Cyprus	CYPRUS	CYPRUS
9 AM					8:00 AM leave for Cyprus		
10 AM		10:00 AM Sectional Rehearsals	10:00 AM Rehearsal UNESCO Hall		10:00 AM leave for Cyprus	10:00 AM rehearsal at stadium	
11 AM							
Noon							
1 PM							
2 PM							2:00 PM leave for Limosal
3 PM							
4 PM	4:00 PM Beirut afternoon concert	4:00 PM Concert at St Joeseph College					3:30 PM visit site
5 PM							4:30 PM reception x
6 PM							5:30 PM dinner
7 PM	7:00 PM Ambassadors Reception		7:00 PM Concert at Unesco Hall	7:00 PM optional visit to private music school & Buffet			
8 PM		8:00 PM Dance band at American U			8:00 PM reception at American Club	8:00 PM CONCERT at stadium	8:00 PM CONCERT
9 PM							
10 PM							10:00 PM travel
11 PM							

Sunday, April 30, 1961, 74th Day

Beirut, Lebanon

Dave Wolter's Diary

A beautiful day with the morning and afternoon free brought most of the band to the AUB beach or the hotel pools. Many of the kids were burned. I saved myself by not staying out long and using Coppertone. I did burn on the part of my back where I could not get the lotion (I was apparently too shy to ask one of you pretty ladies to put lotion on my back). I met 4

interesting people, 1 from AUB and 3 world travelers. After swimming I ate and prepared for the concert. It went well except for chief's irrational behavior. He hates Don (Tison) now. Had a reception where I met Faizi Itani after. The dance band played here, then on a TV program at 10:00.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Beirut offered a great variety of inexpensive recreation. The glowing red complexions of some of the band members showed our over-enthusiasm for the sun and salt water. Elaine Scott, our redhead, had second degree burns.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Don Tison's Diary

I went to a Roman Catholic mass with Joan Forster [Fitzgerald] at Saint Louis Church. About 20 or 25 band people went swimming at the AUB Beach behind the Beirut University. It was a very picturesque place to swim. The water of the Mediteranian is deep blue except for close up where we were swimming, where it appeared green on account of coral growing on and around the rocks.

The afternoon concert in a field was not so good! Revelli got real bugged at Rich Longfield and me for talking during "La Gazza Ladra". I suppose we shouldn't have done that. However, after hearing a few clinkers

The principal event of the day was the late afternoon concert on the field of the University of Beirut stadium. Once the sun had disappeared behind the stands, we found this outdoor concert quite enjoyable. Afterwards, there was an ambassador's reception on the campus.

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.)

from the group he was ready to blow up the whole band! His intention was to not let the cornet trio play the "Buglers Holiday." Unfortunately, we had established the habit of immediately jumping up after the tune before "Buglers Holiday" to stand behind the chimes at the side of the stage. Well, after a pregnant pause, which we thought was never going to end while he mulled it over, he finally reluctantly and grudgingly beckoned for us to come out. He told us on the spot that he had not intended for us to play the piece (but it was awkward, to say the least, for him to go on with the show with three of his cornet players standing there on the corner of the stage looking puzzled at each other).

Went to a reception after. We saw "Lady Killers" at the Granada Theater, but we were

so tired that we could hardly stay awake - too much sunburn!

Monday, May 1, 1961, 75th Day
Beirut, Lebanon



Russian Tour Dance Band

George Riddel's Anecdote

Actually, this is called the "missing side man" formation. We had warmed up and were waiting for the show to begin. At the last

minute, nature called me. I told someone "don't start until I get back!!" I made it back in time for the show!

Dave Wolter's Diary

On this day Sami Halaby took me to an afternoon ride in the mountains. Part of the plan included a trip by rubber raft into some caverns. On the way we saw a Bedouin man washing lettuce in an artesian spring. Sami

stopped to ask him about the conditions at the cavern, and the man explained that the water was too high. So he invited us to lunch. Sami refused as we had just eaten, but I was indelibly imprinted by the concept of asking total stran-

gers to eat. I was to find out much later that Bedouin tradition is to always ask passing travelers if they would like to eat and the tradition still was in place in 1961.

After our evening dance band performance, Sami took me to a beautiful casino on the shore of the Mediterranean. There we had the most wonderful fresh fish I had ever eaten. This was followed by a stunning show that concluded with a dance act that finished in an

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We used the facilities at the American University of Beirut for Sectional rehearsals. The woodwinds under Dr Revelli, worked on "Halka Overture" by Moniusko, while the brasses rehearsed the "Gould Symphony for band."

The day's concert was a twilight affair on the campus of St. Joseph College in Beirut.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Tuesday, May 2, 1961, 76th Day

Beirut, Lebanon

Dave Wolter's Diary

Woke up 10 minutes after the bus left for rehearsal. Don and I dressed and had breakfast before finding a cab to the hall. Chief wasn't happy!! After lunch I was very tired so I took a nap until time for band. The concert went fairly well. I played better than I have played before. I met Mr. Italy after the concert. He invited the Revellis, Mr Cavender and I to tea tomorrow. He took me to a very good native restaurant. The meal was very good. I got home at 12:30 and didn't feel sleepy so I read and wrote until 3:30.

enormous aquarium that looked like stage scenery but was all underwater with a glass side 10 by 40 feet that the dancers dove into and finished the act as underwater mermaids.

The evening ended watching the gambling. Sami took me to a room where high stakes gamblers played a card game holding two cards and doing all their wagers with 500 and 1000 pound chips. I would never again personally see such high stakes gambling.

For an outdoor site, the acoustics were quite good. After the concert our dance band played for a dance at the American University of Beirut, to which the rest of us had been invited. Those who went had an enjoyable evening mixing with the students of the American University of Beirut.

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

In my 8 page letter to Jean I go into details about the beauty of Beirut at night when viewed from the hills overlooking the city, the small villages outside Beirut with each having impressive churches and large church schools. Sami said that Beirut is 98% literate and 96% of the students attend church schools. The nightclub casino was apparently only a year and a half old and was considered to be one of the largest in the world. It had 20 dancers in the floor show, many from Paris, a Brazilian band as well as the house orchestra.

Apparently the band had reached the point where our music was memorized because whenever Chief looked at the cornet/trpt sec-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This morning's rehearsal was held in the UNESCO Hall. Most of our time was spent on "Halka Overture" which we hope to play in Poland. In Beirut we were no longer the curiosity that we had been in the Soviet Union. However there was always a large crowd expecting the American touring band.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the letters and "highlights" log of Richard Longfield: entry #62

Hi Dave and Jean - our spring has changed to days of strong winds, still lots of sunshine, but it was about 40 degrees this morning, and didn't get above the mid 60's. This is common when living in the AZ mountains - we've got records of freezes and even snow for May in the past. Lois and I have spent two days in the past week at the latest Habitat house... 6 hours wears me right out! Hearts!

[The day after we arrived in Cairo I ceased writing a daily log, but have letters to Lois and kept other sources which provide information and accounts. Today's report begins with a short Itinerary - provided by the American Embassy - 24 hour times were used. In a previous letter, I had written that we were being treated more like adults for these Mediterranean stops - with much unstructured time.]

Itinerary for Beirut Visit
of
University of Michigan Band

tion he had a dozen pairs of eyes staring at him so his response was not to look at us at all.

Our UNESCO Hall performance was quite satisfactory. Included in the audience were several couples from Oakland County, Michigan, who were touring the middle East. To talk to people who are from your home was quite refreshing after being away from home for so.

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

May 2: 0800 - Leave hotels for rehearsal at Assembly Hall, AUB
1930 - Leave hotels for concert at UNESCO Hall.

[From my letter to Lois that night - started at 2355]: The end of another day ... at least I got a letter from you, although it was a little old (mailed April 19), having been sent to Syria. Today was very hot ... the wind did a reverse, and came off the hot deserts from the south rather than from the sea. It was really uncomfortable! Luckily, it was cloudy much of the day.

I spent several hours shopping today, and clothes are extremely nice, but sky high in price ... they're all imported. [If Dave's 1961-2008 price comparison is used, multiply the following figures by 7.] Knit cotton pullovers run from \$5 to over \$20. Sweaters start about \$20. I ended up getting a swim suit made in Germany that cost just under \$4.

Our concert last night was outside, but in a very good location with adequate lights. It

was a very good concert, as was tonight's - which was inside ... our first since leaving USSR! WDR told us we will have a recording

session in New York on Saturday ... for Vanguard Records. I think we'll each get about \$40 for it [the entire session], so that's cool.

Wednesday, May 3, 1961, 77th Day

Beirut, Lebanon

Dave Wolter's Diary

A free day. Woke up at 9:00 and contacted Mmd Ferrer and the Makzumis. (I had contact names and phone numbers given to me before we left, some from a cousin who studied in Beirut for a year and the others from an Ann Arbor couple who had a lifetime of friends. The Meyers had adopted Jean and I as friends of their daughter that worked with Jean at the Old St. Jose Hospital) Made an 8:00 appointment with the Malzumis. Walked around town till 12:30 when I met Mr. Itani at his office. He walked me around the business district showing

me the buildings he had designed and describing features of other buildings as well. I ate at Uncle Sams and then purchased some gifts. My late afternoon was spent catching up on my log and napping. When I met Mr. Maxim that evening it was obvious I had contacted the wrong person however he treated me to a royal dinner that consisted of 35 appetizers spread over two tables. I ate and sampled more different foods than I had eaten in the previous 21 years of my life. Mr. Makzumi was a fascinating host with many interesting insights.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This was our last free day in Beirut. The Sea was rough today, but a few brave souls fought the mighty breakers. Others swam in the numerous pools, shopped or slept.

Mr. Salmon and a few bandsmen visited a private school of music and art in the evening.

They were served a Lebanese buffet while they were there. There were many students of the school who were excited at the possibility of having their questions answered, especially since there is a critical shortage of music instructors qualified to give sound advice on wind and percussion instruments.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the "highlights" log of Richard Longfield: entry #63

(Free day) [This account is from memory - plus looking at my slides - I hope it will bring

corrections and/or additions from the others who shared in this special day.]

Timing is important. Since we had nothing scheduled for the day and Ken was out pursuing his own plans, I took my time leaving the hotel La Beryte. As I left the elevator and came into the lobby, Charlie Martyn called to me, asking what my plans were. When I told him I had none, he invited me to join Pat Parker, Don Sinta and him on a special drive to see the Roman ruins of the Temple at Baalbek ... two students from AUB had offered to take him and friends as a special gesture of friendship.

The young Lebanese man and woman (whose outfit included a long skirt, long sleeved blouse and a head scarf) drove up in an early 50's Mercury, we piled in, and headed east, gaining altitude as roads lead us up over the coastal mountains and across a wide, desert plain. After a distance of some 40 - 50 miles, we came to the ruins, which were large and included quite spectacular rows of standing columns, cornices, etc., and views of the Lebanon Mountain range to the west - tops covered in snow. There had been major destruction of the site in the distant past, but it was evident that this had been an incredible structure, reminding me of photos I had seen of the Acropolis. One of my 8 slides has all five of the group framed in a large opening - perhaps a window - with some shadows from the bright sun, and the mountains visible miles away. There were very few - if

any - other people at the site. [One of my regrets of the tour is that I took photos of band members, sights and places, but without a tripod, there are almost no slides that include me!]

I don't remember if we took some food along, or if we stopped for a meal at the town, but as we drove back toward Beirut, the young man (our driver) told us he would like to take us to his home when we got back to the city, and that his mother would have some treats for us. When the road climbed back into the mountains toward Beirut, we entered into fog - a cloud bank which we eventually passed through as the route descended into the city. We had been under clear, sunny skies east of the mountains, and the city was completely clouded over ... it was quite a sight to look across the city to the sea!

We were driven to the host's home (I don't remember if it was an apartment or a house), where we met the mother, visited a while and were served some traditional goodies and small cups of rather strong, thick coffee. I had become a tea drinker in the USSR and wasn't all that fond of coffee to start with, but surely enjoyed that opportunity which marked the end of a most memorable rience. Thanks, Charlie - for all four of us!

Thursday, May 4, 1961, 78th Day

Nicosia, Cyprus



Dave Wolter's Diary

Our flight this morning was short and comfortable. We left the hotel at 9:15 and were in Nicosia for lunch at 1:00. After lunch we were taken to Kyrenia for swimming but were fouled up with disgruntling weather. Our swimming party ended up being a sitting party.

Entertainment for the evening was a reception by the Ambassador at the American Club. Typical reception: stood around and ate their peanuts & potato chips & drank their coke. We got a look at their pool. I believe many band members will be here tomorrow.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

The Michigan Band traveled to Cyprus in two flights via Lebanese International Airways. One flight left quite early this morning; the other was made in mid morning. Upon arrival in Cyprus we were given the opportunity to spend time on the North coast near the town of Kyrenia.

In the evening an excellent, lively reception occurred at the American Club. Many interesting people were there; all of them were happy to welcome the Michigan Band to Cyprus.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the "highlights" log of Richard Longfield: entry #64

0530 & 0900 - Leave hotels for Beirut International Airport. One plane will leave Beirut at 0700, the other at 1100. [flights to Cyprus]

[I ought to read the letters I wrote at least one day before our "report date," since I find some information about the previous day's events. This is one of those days! I wrote this in Nicosia, after an afternoon nap, on Ledra Palace Hotel stationery - the stamps on the letter show both Cyprus scenes and the Queen of England:]

"Here we are once again in a new place ... for the first time since we left Russia, we don't hear any Arabic [language]. We said "good bye" to the Arabs at 11:00, and landed here at noon, after a slightly uncomfortable flight in a DC 4 (they don't make 'em quite that old anymore!). At least we're here safe and sound.

It's a rather strange mix-up here, with English-type money [pounds] (and other customs, such as driving on the wrong side of the road) but Greek language and atmosphere. ... [I

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.

continued the letter at 10:00 p.m.] I had to leave for a reception at the American Club - which was quite a drag - ended up eating Fritos and peanuts galore! I'm going back tomorrow, though ... to use their pool ... then we had a late dinner, and now I'm [writing this] in bed.

[The letter discloses some slight corrections to my Baalbek report for May 3: I had started out at the pool, until almost noon, then had showered and come down to the lobby, where I met Charlie. Also, he had met the young Lebanese man at our concert at the French University.

My letter continued - adding more to the events of May 3rd]:

Then, in the evening ... Charlie called and said he had promised some different acquaintances that he would bring some friends [to their place] for dinner, and now he was in need [for me to be one of those friends]. ... I ended up [with Charlie] at a nice apartment for about 3 hours of a bull session - and no supper! Oh well - you can't always win!"

Friday, May 5, 1961, 79th Day
Nicosia, Cyprus

William D Revelli's Bio from Program

For more than thirty years, the name of William D. Revelli has been synonymous with the bands of America. His vision and ideals are responsible for the degree of perfection the The University of Michigan Bands have attained. His insistence upon quality of performance and his constant search for new and better band music have earned him the reputation of being one of the country's leading conductors.

Dr. Revelli's musical training reflects his driving determination and his high ideals. He has studied with such outstanding men of music as Leon Sametini, L. V. Saar, Charles Spadoni, Felix Borowski, H. A. Vandercook and George Dasch. In 1915, he began studies at the Beethoven Music Conservatory at St. Louis, and in 1919, after graduating from high school, continued his musical education at the Chicago Musical College. He also has studied at the Columbia Music School and at the Vandercook School of Music, both in Chicago.

In 1925, he was appointed Music Supervisor in the Public Schools of Hobart, Indiana, where he organized the Instrumental Department of that city, and achieved the feat of winning five consecutive National Championships with the High School Band. This accomplishment, and the ensuing successes of the Michigan Bands, exemplify the results of the vision and ideals of Dr. Revelli.

In 1935, Dr. Revelli was appointed as Head of the Wind Instrument Department and Conductor of Bands at The University of Michigan. Under his guidance the Wind Instrument Department has grown from a faculty of one, to today's staff of sixteen. The Band Department itself has been enlarged from a band of 96 members to three bands with a combined membership of 350.

Upon his appointment at The University of Michigan, Dr. Revelli saw the need for an organization of college band directors such as the organization at the high school level, with which he had worked during his career at Hobart. In 1941, he founded the College Band Directors' National Association and was elected President of this group.

Recognized as one of the truly outstanding figures in the concert band world, Dr. Revelli has appeared as guest conductor in nearly every state in the nation. One of the top adjudicators in the field, his comments are always analytical, keen and concise. His uncompromising standards of musicianship, coupled with his boundless energy, have left their marks on all students who have been in contact with him, from the grammar school students to the most mature college musician.

In addition to his studies at The University of Michigan, Dr. Revelli is founder and Honorary Life President of the College Band Directors' National Association; Past President of the American Bandmasters' Association; member of the Advisory Board of the Music Journal; member of the Editorial Staff of The Instrumentalist Magazine; Editor of The University of Michigan Series; member of Alpha Kappa Lambda, Phi Beta Mu, Kappa Psi, and a host of other musical societies.

He was born on February 12, 1902 in Spring Gulch, Colorado, but spent most of his youth in Illinois. He attended high school in Panama, Illinois, for two years and was graduated from Donnellson, Illinois, high school in 1919.

He received a senior diploma from the Chicago Musical College in 1922 and a Bachelor of Science degree in 1929 from the Columbia School of Music.

In recognition of his outstanding work and reputation in the music world the Chicago Musical College, in June of 1947, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. In May of 1953, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Oklahoma City University. In August of 1956 Western State College in Gunnison, Colorado conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Public Service.

George Cavendar's Bio From Concert Program

Assisting Dr. William D. Revelli with both the Marching and Symphony Bands is Mr. George R. Cavender. Mr. Cavender came to his University post in 1952 from Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he had been Director of Instrumental Music in the Ypsilanti Public Schools since 1947.

Mr. Cavender serves as Assistant Conductor of the Symphony Band, works with the Marching Band, and conducts the Varsity Band, which plays for basketball games and other campus functions.

In the years that he has been at The University of Michigan, he has continued to add to the fame and prestige of these organizations. During Dr. Revelli's absence from February to July of 1956, while he was in Europe

studying and conducting. Mr. Cavender was in charge of the The University of Michigan Bands.

Together with Dr. Revelli, he organized and conducted the World's Largest Massed Band of over 12,000 members at The University of Michigan on September 27, 1958.

Traveling throughout the nation as a clinician, adjudicator and conductor, Mr. Cavender works untiringly for the improvement of bands and band music wherever he goes. Unique is the fact that his experience includes widespread work in both the marching and concert fields. In addition, he has written quite extensively in the area of marching bands for many of the leading professional magazines.

Concert Program: Nicosia Stadium

George Washington Bicentennial March: Sousa
La Virgin de la Macarena, Donald Tison, Trumpet soloist: Koff
The Pines of Rome: Respighi
Symphony for Band (Epitaphs Marches): Morton Gould (program spelled it Bould)

INTERMISSION

March, Opus 99: Prokofieff
Suite of Old American Dances: Bennett
 Cakewalk,
 Schottische,
 Western One-Step
 Rag
The Great Gate of Kiev (from Pictures at an Exhibition) Moussorgsky
Selections from My Fair Lady: Lerner-Loewe-Bennett
Comedians' Gallop: Kabelevsky
University of Michigan March (The Victors)
(Program subject to change.)

Dave Wolter's Diary

Morning rehearsal, Don Tison had a slight tiff with the chief. Most of the rehearsal was spent blowing our brains out on prospective fanfares for Cyprusian VIPs. Immediately after rehearsal many of us went to the American Club pool. As we arrived the hot sun that had scorched us during rehearsal disappeared behind clouds. The day was spent eating hot

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Cyprus is an Island which has been able to stay on the world scene for a long time because of its strategic importance. It was a British colony from 1878, when it was acquired from the Ottoman Empire, until 1958, when it was granted independence. The British fortified the island and stationed troops and planes there, using it as security for the Suez Canal and the Middle East. The Islands population is 827 Greeks and 187 Turks. For decades there was considerable agitation for union with Greece, against the wishes of the British rulers or the Turkish minority. In 1958, Cyprus's present status was achieved, and Archbishop Makarios, a

dogs and hamburgers and swimming when it wasn't raining. Our evening concert was pre-saged by an argument between Tison 7 chief. The concert was fair, but cold. We had a reception dance at the American Club. Chief disap-proved and the Don Sinta had it out with the old man.

Greek Cypriot leader returned from exile to become president. Thus the Michigan Band stepped into an only-recently-cooled-down situation.

There was a morning rehearsal in Nicosia Stadium, where the concert was to be presented that night. We had a problem finding suitable fanfares for the president and vice-president. It was solved by using sections of Kalinokov's "Symphony #1" and "Procession of the Nobles."

The recreational facilities of the American Club were made available to the band for our free time. Many bandsmen elected to take

advantage of this kind offer to swim and play basketball or tennis.

The concert was delayed by rain, but once we were under way it was a good concert.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Don Tison's Diary

We had a rehearsal this morning after not being able to touch our horns for two days! The rehearsal was not very pleasant. He said: "There is no leadership in the cornet and trumpet sections". There happened to be a guest conductor there with he and half of his band listening to the put-down! I was embarrassed by the remark. Should not good leaders praise in public and reprimand in private? Oh well.....

The Applause was high-for an outdoor crowd so far removed from the band. Archbishop Makarios was there clad in his Greek Orthodox robes. He was the first head of state to hear one of our tour concerts.

Cypress. The president, [Makarios III], is an Archbishop also.

Joan and I went shopping in Nicosia in the afternoon but didn't find much to buy. She is going to let me know if her brothers like the jack knives that I recommended. [Don't think she ever did, however]

I had a talk (rather, a "listen") with WDR before tonight's concert. Not too rewarding.

Saturday, May 6, 1961, 80th Day

Nicosia and Limassol, Cyprus

Concert Program: Curium Ancient Theatre

(By kind permission of the Munistry of Communications and Works and of the Department of Antiquities):

Marche Hongroise – Rakoczy: Berlioz
Cherster Overture: Schuman
Second Concerto for Clarinet, Ross Powell, Clarinet Soloist: von Weber
Aztec Dance from La Fiesta Mexicana: Reed
Stars and Stripes Forever: Sousa

INTERMISSION

Toccata and Fugue: Bach
Irish Tune from County Derry: Grainger
Russian Sailors' Dance: Gliere
Chorale and Alleluia: Hanson
Selections from Gigi: Lerner-Loewe-Bennett
Marche Sarcastique from Hamlet: Shostakovitch

The Victors
(Program subject to change.)

Dave Wolter's Diary

I spent the morning riding a bike around Nicosia and then visited a museum. Our afternoon adventure is well described by Rudy, Loren and Don.

Our afternoon was a farce! We were to leave the hotel at 1:00, drive two hours to Limoges and attend a tea. From there we were to go to dinner at 6:00 at a hotel in Limoges. After dinner we had a concert at an old amphitheater..... Our day ended up considerably altered.

It started out with the busses arriving an hour late. We got on our way and traveled for 50 minutes when the driver pulled to a stop and said we would have a 10 minute rest stop. We resumed travel with about 5 minutes to go before we were to be at the party. Our bus driver (bless him) didn't know where we were supposed to go so he took us to the amphitheater which was 10 miles on the other side of the city. When we arrived there was nothing but an equipment crew and George Cavender setting up for the concert. GC told the bus driver where we were supposed to be going. We went 10 miles to town and 5 miles past it to the place which was now deserted by the 300 people who had come to greet us. And this was on the same road we had taken into the city 45 minutes earlier. What a farce! We went in, went to the john, grabbed a glass of lemonade, had a little desert and rushed over to the local hotel to eat and change into our tuxes. (Was this the place where the guys started changing and were standing in skivvies when the curtains were pulled and 300 people in a banquet hall sat and stared at us?) We left for the concert about 25 after 7:00. I was dismayed to find out upon arriving at the road to the amphitheater we could not move because of all the cars. We were forced to get out and walk a half mile over a pitch black, rocky road. I really can't see how the girls made it with their high heels. Upon

arriving at the amphitheater we had to pick up our instrument and then pick our way to the bottom and set up in a small circle, which thanks to a portable generator at the top of the hill, was lit up.

The concert was a farce in that Revelli scheduled every single number that was hard on the brass. We started right out with "Procession of the Nobles" which was a disgrace. It is very difficult to play any time, and when we had to play it with little warm up and bad chops it is disgraceful. I was able to play it through with very few bloopers, but Longfield had a rough time and even Tison goobered where he never does! We played nice and loud for chief and the audience was gassed, but we have played so many outdoor concerts we were beginning to sound quite wretched. This was the concert Don Sinta did not play. Perhaps the biggest farce of the evening was leaving the amphitheater. We were all requested to carry our stand and music out. (A reasonable request.)

It seemed like we were dreaming or having a nightmare. The way out was fantastic. Over rocks, up occasional steps, meanwhile trying to help the girls who were even in more desperate straits than we with their high heels. To help things out they had lights shining to illuminate the area, but all the lights did was shine in our eyes making the shadows around our feet even more treacherous. Somehow we all made up and through the barbed wire fence and into the busses. The fun didn't end here because we had to stop at the hotel in Limassol and change and then make a 2 hour trip back in our school bus like vehicles. This was a nightmare. I was tired from having 5 hrs sleep the night before and when I would doze off I either slipped off the seat or banged my head on the window. What fun. When Tison and I made it

home we just lay back in bed and laughed it seemed so funny!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

No rehearsal was scheduled for this morning in order to give the band a chance to prepare for the rigors of the day. After an hour's wait for buses, we left the Ledra Palace Hotel for Limassol shortly before 2:00 p.m. We were due at a reception at 3:00, but our late departure prevented our reaching it on time. We were driven out to the amphitheater at the ruins of Curium, west of Limassol. What a place! We couldn't believe we were actually going to play a concert among these ruins. We returned to the reception and proceeded to the hotel, where we changed into our uniforms and ate our supper. The busses took us close to the

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Don Tison's Diary

Joan and I rented a couple of bicycles this morning after breakfast and pedaled around the countryside. At the end of our first half we stopped at a little country store and bought cookies, ice cream and some pop [so-

concert site; because of all the traffic the buses could not get near the instruments. It was necessary to walk along a rough rock road in the dark and climb down ancient pockmarked stones to a relatively level area where the chairs had been set up. It was bad enough for the men in the band, but for the women with their high heels it was downright dangerous. Somehow we came through the evening with no broken bones (but torn uniforms). The amphitheater had a certain unique charm about it.

It was a sleepy bedraggled band that finally returned to Nicosia between 1:30 and 2:00 o'clock in the morning.

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.)

da]. I borrowed the nice fellow's pipe wrench to tighten the nut on my pedal crank. I never thought I could enjoy riding a bike so much at the age of 26!

Starting around 1:00 pm was an experience that I could never forget! After eating lunch we boarded buses which unfortunately had very uncomfortable seats. They were too close together and too bolt upright. We bounced around for two hours on the roughest roads imaginable (which must have been what jarred out the screw from my new glasses frames).

Toward the end of the journey we were beginning to think that this was Petra trail act II! The buses took us to the concert site by mistake, so after a bus embark/disembark drill we unwound back to some hotel where there was supposed to be a reception. But, nobody was there! Ironically, with dinner one half-hour away, we were served ice cream, jello, lemonade, and orange juice. After we were nicely filled with dessert, now we were to have the main course! The meat was good.

Another half hour of bouncing and ricocheting brought us to the ruins of an old Greek amphitheater. It was so dark around the place that we couldn't see the ground we were walking on. We stumbled along, tripping on rocks, stepping in pot holes, and fighting an iris battle with an occasional car with its headlights aimed directly into our eyes. After ten minutes we began to see light bulbs suspended over piles of rock. Then the familiar sight of big blue grotesque-looking (in the zany lighting conditions) instrument trunks. The worst part began after we had our instruments in hand and started our

descent into the snake pit. It was jet black and Joan had to grab my arm to keep herself in an upright position (assuming I was in an upright position at any given moment!). What could be worse than scaling rocky ruins in high heels and tuxedos?

Somehow we managed to avoid the pits and landslides and ended up in a familiar semi-circle of chairs with hundreds of dimly lit people staring at us. Each of us would seek a level place where we could stand and warm up a bit without skinning shin bones. Rich Longfield and I shuffled around in a cloud of dust until we had cleared a flat place to wedge our feet. Then we proceeded to blow our brains out as usual.

Getting back up to the buses took longer than getting down from the buses. We felt our way along with those stupid lights shining right into our eyes. I think we might have seen better with no lights - just moonlight. At the top of the mess we bottled-up on account of the barbed wire which required one-at-a-time passage at the point we were at. We compacted ourselves and made for the buses.

Two more hours of bumpiest ride from Limassol to Nicosia and we were back. The uniforms still had to be stowed away and regular clothes be put on at the hotel. Everyone was bushed! As we hit the hotel my glasses fell apart and one lens glanced off the floor! What a way to end the day! %&*#@!!

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Remembrance

This is likely the amphitheater where, when we played Stars & Stripes, the 3 piccs had wind blow into our mouths and shut off all

sound for a few seconds. We did a left face and it righted itself. Our only "glare" situation....



Sunday, May 7, 1961, 81st Day

Nicosia, Cyprus

Dave Wolter's Diary

This might have been a fairly agreeable day, but rain made it impossible to utilize the American Club Pool, or going sight seeing be-

fore we left. Spent all day sitting around wasting time. We left the hotel at 3:30, proceeded to the airport and waited, waited in Ankara,

then had some minor plane trouble to boot. Our plane was quite comfortable and well pressurized. Arrival at Istanbul was well organized

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Our rooms at the Ledra Palace Hotel were vacated by noon. After dinner and a long period of waiting, we went to Nicosia International Airport for Departure to Istanbul. Mr. Cavender and Carl Dephouse had gone ahead early in the morning; and the bulk of the band was

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 mi-

Monday, May 8, 1961, 82nd Day

Istanbul, Turkey

Dave Wolter's Diary

Woke ready to explore and glad to get out of my rather shabby hotel. Our hotel was separated from the other three. It was a pleasure to find that the old covered bazaar was right across the street from us. Went wandering in it in the morning when I had no money. Took bus to the Hilton at 12:00 (to buy ice-cream) and was informed upon arrival that that milk

and prompt considering usually formidable customs regulations. Was struck by Turkey's modern roads. Hotel was quite shabby.

divided between an Olympic Airlines charter flight and a Turkish Airlines scheduled flight. The flights made one stop each, one in Rhodes, the other in Ankara. By the time everyone was in Istanbul in widely separated hotels, it was late in the evening.

nutes 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.

products were verboten because of an epidemic of undulant fever.

We gave a concert at 6:00 at Istanbul U. When we finished we were informed that those of us in the Otel Teras were to move to the Pera. This was good news! Move went smoothly.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Turkey loves bureaucracy and its own products. Those two factors caused consternation in our band during our stay in Istanbul. Customs and currency regulations were the strictest we came across; there are more forms involved in Turkish business than one can imagine. Coca Cola is just not available, and food is hard to find.

Loren Mayhews Diary

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

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the "highlights" letter/log of Richard Longfield: entry #65

Our flight yesterday from Cyprus was on a DC 6 - Olympic Airline (Greece). We flew to the island of Rhodes (stopped there), and then all the way around [the southern coast of] Turkey (over the sea) to Istanbul. So, we left at 4:45 p.m., and didn't get in until 9:15 ... four and one half hours. [We were placed in several hotels - our first one we stayed in just for one night - I remember the bedding seemed damp from the humidity, I was cold all night, and I wrote]: A real loser - cold, damp - no flushing mechanism on the john - and no place nearby to eat ... we packed up after the concert tonight and came to this hotel [the stationery reads: Pera Palas Oteli - Istanbul (Turquie)], which is not nearly as nice as Beirut, but much more civilized [than hotel #1]!

I had quite an interesting day. [For breakfast] We were served tea, bread and jam at the first [hotel] flea trap - then several of us spent close to one and a half hours in a gassy bazaar, where everything under the sun was

Don Tison's Question

Anybody else remember that cruddy-tasting "Kola-Koca" that you could buy there?

Our first concert in Istanbul was given at the Istanbul University. This was the first concert indoors since our appearance in UNESCO Hall in Beirut. We stayed in the hall for the rehearsal and concert with no break. A pleasant delivery of mail was experienced. The audience was very enthusiastic. After the concert, greeting certificates were exchanged.

sold ... furniture, clothes, food, jewelry - even antiques! Then [we] came across the river [by bridge over the Bosphorus?] to this part of the city [of our present hotel] to find something to eat. By inquiring in KLM Airlines offices, we found a reliable restaurant (a real problem here), and ended up having "shish-ka-bob."

[I remember that when we realized the menu was entirely in Turkish, we had a brain session for what might be a recognizable dish for Istanbul - that was what we decided to try first, and it arrived with all veggies - no meat. None of us knew the words for meats, and wished we had been given some language aids on arrival.] It wasn't bad ... at least I've had a national dish here!

Our concert this evening was at Istanbul University ... inside, and was received very well. Tomorrow and Thursday we give concerts in the sports palace. Wednesday is the Dance Band concert, so I'm free all day.

Tuesday, May 9, 1961, 83rd Day
Istanbul, Turkey



Dave Wolter's Diary

Much better! Slept very well in my large Victorian bedroom. Wish it had closets. Rehearsal in the Sports Palace was very disconcerting. This is undoubtedly the worst hall reverberation wise I have ever been in. F# echoes for at least 5 seconds. They band is nothing but mud. Ate lunch at the Hilton, then wandered around the

main section of town with Tison and Longfield. The trip was cut short by the runs. I made a rather agonizing trip back to the hotel. I must not be as hardy as I thought I was.

Concert well received by about 2200 in the 4000 seat "Palace."

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Today we played at the Sports Palace, which was really a giant gymnasium. Pigeons and smaller birds roosted in the rafters and flew around constantly during our morning rehearsal. "Hulk Overture" and "Symphony for Band" sound a little different when accompanied by wing-flapping. There also was a 7 second echo.

the Turks captured Constantinople. we had lunch in a small restaurant on the Bosphorus that specialized in sea food. After the tour, the women of the band were guests at a reception given by the American College for Girls in Istanbul.

The late concert was well received by the audience. Fifteen minutes of encores were demanded in spite of the lateness of the hour. The concert had begun shortly after 9:00 and lasted for 1 1/2 hours. When the band resumed their seats for announcements after the concert, the people began to applaud again.

We were taken on a tour of Istanbul by English speaking Turkish student guides. The high spots of this tour were the castle overlooking the Bosphorus and an ancient church [St. Sophia], built by the son of Constantine the Great, which had been converted to a mosque when

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 whe-

rever 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.

Rich Longfield's Remembrance

Do you all remember waiting for departure from the big Sports Palace parking lot, where we watched a man zoom his large, tethered, prop driven model airplane? He guided it 'round and 'round, until a taxi driver drove into the lot - "smack" - right into the windshield!

Also, I think Dave and Don were with me this day when we entered a linens store. Having heard of "turkish towels" growing up, this is what I considered to be a necessary gift to take home. The clerk brought out samples which looked like "Sears" specials, and I asked for "better."

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Remembrance

Karen Hill & I went to a beauty parlor to get our hair "done". I was always wanting straighter hair due to the prevailing styles of the time, so I got a straightening permanent; Karen got her straight hair done in a true "beehive". It was certainly a big change for both of us.

We also went shopping for clothes. I got a top I wore until it fell apart, I liked it so much.

Wednesday, May 10, 1961, 84th Day Istanbul, Turkey

Dave Wolter's Diary

Double rehearsal can be awfully frustrating, particularly when there is much to be done. Chief spent an awful long time on the trials and tribulations of this trip. I'm afraid this lecture was to reassure himself because he no longer has contact with the band.

After several more samples, I repeated the request - until he brought their best - which I bought, and we still have (rather worn, but not ever to be sent to the rag bag by us).

Since Master Barber D'Angelo was booked, I wandered alone until I found a native shop. When I sat in the chair, the barber asked a question to his barber companion, heard his answer, turned back to me and asked: "shampoo?" I declined, since my fine hair would blow wild in the breezes. He cut my hair using the hand-squeeze clippers, and I've regretted the decision ever since - should have added that shampoo to the "never-to-be-done-again" Tour experiences!

I remember going to an opera (!), Menotti's "The Medium," a good production.

We also met a student, in the bazaar, who claimed jokingly to be "such a diligent student, I come from one continent to another just to go to school". An able guide. In fact, Karen & I were totally lost in the bazaar and needed his help to get out!

Jack (McKimmy) and I spent a couple hours at the bazaar before our 5:00 jazz band concert. It was quite depressing trying to play a decent concert in that doggone echo chamber hall. We time our echo at 3 seconds. The audience dug us. had a delicious meal at a Chinese

restaurant. The best I have had. Afterwards, Mike, Brendas and I had a talk with an English

Rudy Radocy's Diary

One bus ran a shuttle service to take the band to the Sports Palace for a rehearsal. The pigeons were in their element again, but by now we were accustomed to their cooing and flapping. Through lack of planning somewhere along the line, the transportation budget had been excluded, and it was necessary for the men staying in two of the three hotels to walk back.

A tour under the auspices of a group of university students was made in the afternoon. Turkish students have a keen, sincere interest in politics. The present regime in Turkey was set

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 Frankfort 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.

Thursday, May 11, 1961, 85th Day Istanbul, Turkey

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We had another morning rehearsal in the Sports Palace, complete with pigeons. Most of the work was on the Gould "symphony for Band"

Our stay in Turkey seems to have been well received by the Turkish citizenry. Turkey is a strong ally and supporter of American policies. Turks will have nothing to do with communism because it is considered a Russian creation;

fellow.

up after a revolt which was instigated by Istanbul students.

The jazz band presented a concert in the Sports Palace 5:00. Jazz may be questionable from an aesthetic standpoint (in some peoples' minds-ed.), but it is an American innovation which has spread all over the world to find adherents everywhere.

Carnegie Hall was but 23 days away. The time was flying, and the people of the Michigan Band were really beginning to grow restless at this stage of the tour.

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.

Turks are traditionally strongly anti-Russian. From a backward, corrupt country, the Republic of Turkey has grown to be a progressive, democratic nation in 40 years. The Michigan Band was able to see this for themselves.

Excitement prevailed at the concert given in the Sports Palace tonight. Just as Mr. Cavender was about to give the down beat to begin the second half of the program, there was

a power failure. The illumination given by the lamps which drew their power from emergency generators was not ample for reading music. The Barbershop quartet of John Wakefield, Phil Georger, Bruce Galbraith and Tom Gaskill was hastily revived to entertain the audience until power was restored. (It seems I remember the

trumpet trio and snare drum thing stood up and played also-ed.) They were successful, as was the remainder of the concert.

There were many graduates of the University of Michigan present in the audience tonight, so we sang the "Yellow and the Blue."

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 sang 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**



Dave Wolter's Diary

Who ever heard of leaving your hotel at 3:30 a.m. to make a flight? Only got 2 hours sleep last night. Having an early flight assured us of getting a flight that served breakfast (the stomach rules). We-even had eggs. Arrived in Athens early enough to wander around-a great city, very clean and friendly with many nice

stores. Had a picnic lunch in our room of ham and cheese sandwiches and pop and fruit. Sacked out in the afternoon because I was pooped. We had a jazz concert at a local theater. It was well accepted. Afterwards we were treated to a Greek meal-it was all cold which made it rather unpalatable.



Dave Wolter and Lillian Stevens

Rudy Radocy's Diary

The band arose at 3:00 a.m. to be transported to the airport for a 5:30 flight to Athens by Olympic Airways. The drawbridge that we had to cross was to be lifted for a half hour at 4:00, causing the early departure for the airport. "Beat the Drawbridge" is our motto.

Good fortune smiled on us again; there were no customs formalities at the airport. We had expected quite an ordeal because of the rigid rules on currency.

The early flight reached Athens at 8:00 a.m.; the Air France and Lufthansa commercial flights arrived around noon. We were taken to

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 sec-

two hotels, the National and the Atlantic. Both are excellent hotels; after Istanbul, they were real luxury.

Athens is a modern city. All foods could be safely consumed, and American products were readily available to the band. Yet the ancient splendor of Hellenic culture is still to be seen in the ruins of the Acropolis.

Our jazz group played a concert this evening which went very well.

tion 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



Marching band for the blind.

David Wolter's Diary

Because we played in a movie theater, we could not have a rehearsal. Spent the morning at the Acropolis. Greek culture was certainly advanced from all indications. It is too bad advance cultures often are at the mercy of less cultured aggressive cultures. The Turks should be shot for bombing the great ruins of Greece. I carried this misinformation for more than 40 years until reading the Smithsonian article I referenced for you yesterday.

Was going shopping when I returned except I could not get any money. Then the doggone shops closed on us. I managed to reserve

some things which I will pick up early on Monday before I leave.

Had a reception at the ambassador's house — met many students, also American Embassy students.

Our concert snowed the people — started at 10:00.

I remember walking down from the Acropolis and being amazed that so much marble had been quarried for ancient buildings that many of the street curbs were made of marble,

made, I assumed, from remnants of old build- ings.



Ken Oyer, Harold Jones, Greek guide, ? and Roxy Bates

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Sightseeing, shopping, and mailing articles home were the big activities of the day. This evening some of the band members were the guests of Mr. Albert Harkness, Jr., at a reception at his lovely suburban home.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

The concert at the Orpheus Theater was delayed by the movie on the theater's screen. In spite of the lateness of the hour, the audience demanded many encores.

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 fi-

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Remembrance

Susan Evely & I went to the Acropolis and were astounded at how remote it seemed when we were up on it. All vendors were kept below, and since it was high up to begin with, it

Lillian Stevens/Armstrong's Remembrance

I believe it was on May 13th that my roommate, Diane Matson, and Carol Ober and Linda Hancock took a cab to the Acropolis and visited the ruins as many others in our band did. Afterwards we went back to the city and looked for a restaurant. We finally got in a cab and asked the driver where we could find a nice restaurant. I think we specified seafood. He immediately said, oh yes I know of a very good

George Riddell's Remembrance

The first long walk I took after getting to Athens showed me just what a beautiful city it was. While walking I found a neighborhood that had townhouses painted bright colors. I stopped at a shop that featured hand woven clothes. I bought a pull-over shirt with a beautiful. The shirt became an oft worn reminder of our trip. It now hangs in my closet, however, I am unable to wear it--I can just barely pull it over my head! Another interesting thing was while on my tour, I rounded a corner and walked down a wide sidewalk. I noticed people at the end of the block waving their arms and

nished at 12:00 P.M.

seemed as though we were in the past. Red poppies grew through the cracks in the paving. Peaceful, beautiful, amazing....

one. So, 20 minutes later he dropped us off at his cousin's nice seafood restaurant at the port, Pireus. It was an outdoor cafe on the water. A lovely setting. The food was very good. I remember the cats at our feet eager to get scraps. It was really quite nice though waaay out of town so to speak. We have some pictures somewhere.

yelling at me. They were shooting a movie scene and I was in it! The last thing on this walk was a marching band consisting of blind men. The middle file was made up of guys holding the musicians' arms to keep them from tripping over obstacles. The band didn't sound toooooo bad, except the clarinetists played with the most awful tone I had ever heard--something like a high-pitched banshee scream combined with fingernails scratching across a blackboard. I bet they played on reeds made of sheet iron!



Lillian Stevens, Carol Ober, Linda Hancock, and Diane Matson

Brenda Bencks/Krachenberg's Remembrance

I have a picture taken of me at the Parthenon and I was practically alone there. Last fall I toured Greece and went again to the Athens Acropolis. Even though we arrived there at a little after 9 AM, there were 1000s of

people already and it got worse and worse as the hour grew later. No peace there anymore! I'm sure glad we had the opportunity when we did!

1961	Sun, May 14	Mon, May 15	Tue, May 16	Wed, May 17	Thu, May 18	Fri, May 19	Sat, May 20
	ATHENS	THESSALONIKA	travel	BRASOV	BRASOV	BUCHAREST	BUCHAREST
9 AM	9:00 AM CONCERT			8:15 AM tour brasov with lunch	8:00 AM cancelled tour		
10 AM		10:00 AM flight to Thessloniki	10:00 AM flight to Bucharest				10:00 AM visit Bucharest Conservatory
11 AM	11:00 AM seaside lunch					11:00 AM REHEARSAL	
Noon		12:00 PM flight to Thessloniki	12:00 PM bus trip to Brasov				12:15 PM Rehearsal
1 PM							
2 PM				2:00 PM rehearsal			
3 PM							
4 PM					3:30 PM Concert		
5 PM							
6 PM			5:15 PM dinner at summer royal palace				
7 PM		7:00 PM CONCERT			7:00 PM travel to Bucharest	7:00 PM Concert	6:15 PM Reception
8 PM			7:15 PM Arrive at Brasov	7:30 PM Concert			7:15 PM Concert
9 PM							
10 PM						9:45 PM reception at Palace hotel	
11 PM							

Sunday, May 14, 1961, 88th Day

Athens, Greece

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We played our first morning concert of the tour at the Municipal theater in the suburb

of Piraeus. The theater looked like a nineteenth century opera house; it was shaped like a horseshoe and had 3 balconies.

Several American sailors from the sixth fleet, which was anchored in the bay, attended the concert. The entire audience received the concert very enthusiastically.

After the concert we were taken to a seaside restaurant for lunch. The atmosphere

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison's Diary

We performed a concert at 11 am this morning and it was a good concert and good audience. After the concert we were taken to a seafood restaurant where my experience wasn't so good. Nothing was very organized there and afterwards we had some trouble paying our bills. My stomach wasn't in the mood for seafood (which I don't like anyway) so I didn't eat dinner. But as we were leaving they were trying to charge me for a fish dinner that I didn't eat! I told them over and over that I didn't have a fish dinner but they wouldn't believe me! (Why in the world would I try to pull a stunt like that to save a small amount of money that was sup-

plied to me, anyway?) Finally Dr. Revelli heard the ruckus and came to my rescue. He stood right up to the proprietor with all of his 5 feet of stature and said: "I KNOW this man did not have a fish dinner!" That is all it took to get me off the hook. (That made me feel a little better about all the bawlings-out I had received during the tour).

was quite quaint, but there was some mix-up concerning what was paid for and what was not.

Our last afternoon and evening in Athens were a pleasure. With the proximity of a return to the other side of the Iron Curtain, we wanted to enjoy the luxury while we could.

It 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.

Dave Wolter, Joan Forster, and I went to a movie house and saw "The House of Seven Hawks" that evening. Right now I have chills and feel sick. I am going to bed. We leave tomorrow morning for Thessalonica, Greece by plane.

Monday, May 15, 1961, 89th Day
Thessaloniki, Greece



Dave Wolter's Diary

We flew to Thessaloniki (Salonika) morning. The two flights were several hours apart. When all arrived, the women of the band were taken to a local hotel while the men were treated to a stay at an American Farm School. The country seemed peaceful after weeks of city living. Food was plentiful and delicious; the men had all the pasteurized milk they could drink. Dr. and Mrs. Revelli also stayed at the farm.

Loren Mahew's Diary

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 re-

Rich Longfield's Diary

Today we flew for a very short stay in Thessaloniki. The airlines loaded newspapers in some of the [cargo] space on our flight, and 20 suitcases were left behind - including mine! I got mine just before concert time. The men are

The concert was a howling success. Such events are rare; visiting artists are always well received, but the Michigan Band had more applause than other groups.

Twenty-five band members, Dr. And Mrs. Revelli, Mr. Moncreiff, Mr. Salmon, and Mr. Cavender attended a reception given by the American Consulate in Thessaloniki. This was the only reception of the tour in which the receivers outnumbered the received.

main 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.

not boarded in Thessaloniki - we're at a large farm school right near the sea south of the city. It's an American sponsored school for Greek boys, and we are in a barracks-type dormitory. The girls are in town in a hotel. We've

(the guys) had all the milk we can drink here. [I also remember our dormitory's "facilities" - a hole in the floor with two "foot - tracks," but I remember nothing about the city itself or concert facility.]

Greece is really beautiful ... here there are very high, snow covered mountains on the

far horizon. Hills around here are covered with crops or wild flowers (lots of red poppies). I would like to revisit (Greece) some day with my honey [Lois]! The concert was quite good ... very successful.

Tuesday, May 16, 1961, 90th Day

Braşov, Romania



Rudy Radocy's Diary

In two Czechoslovakian Airlines chartered IL-18 turboprop jets, we flew from Greece to Bucharest, Romania. Because of runway construction at the Bucharest International Airport, we were forced to land at another airport, from which we were taken by bus to the International Airport to go through customs-which seemed to be mostly a matter of sitting in a room for a short time.

We boarded buses bound for Braşov, a city northeast of Bucharest, situated in the foothills of the Transylvania Alps, where we were to give our first two Romanian concerts.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Outside Sinaia we stopped at a castle which had been the summer palace of the King of Romania when Romania was a monarchy. Here we had dinner in elegant, almost fairy tale surroundings.

Night was falling fast, and the mists were creeping down over the mountain as we rode along after dinner. Transylvania is the legendary home of the vampire, Count Dracula. In the eerie surroundings we were driving through we could see how the peasant folk could imagine such things. When we reached Braşov we were housed in the hotel Carpati.

Braşov is situated in the [Southern Carpathians] mountains [in the Transylvania re-

gion]. There is a tall hill projecting into the sky only a few blocks from our hotel room.

Rich Longfield's Diary

From the "highlights" letter/log of Richard Longfield: entry #67

We've had a very long day. I woke up at 7 when the equipment staff made much noise leaving "the farm." Just as well - we arrived at the airport two hours early, and were there in time to see our Czech Airlines planes arrive (Russian turboprops ... the same as our flights from Baku to Moscow). There were two flights to Bucharest - 11:30 and 12:00, and I was on the first ... it took a little over two hours - we landed at 1:00 p.m.

The country around Bucharest is very flat - it was quite warm, and all the trees are fully leafed out - lots of flowers around too. We didn't go into Bucharest, but got on buses about 3:00 and started off for Braşov — north of Bucharest. What a trip - after about one and a half hours traveling through the flat country we came to beautiful mountains (not at all high - more like Pennsylvania or New England). Our dinner stop was at a former mountain palace that's now a museum. We ate at the lodge, which was probably a guest house in [earlier] times. It was really a "storybook" place and setting ... it had become a bit foggy and rainy by that time, so it reminded us all of a setting for a Dracula movie! It was absolutely beautiful.

[I remember that after the dinner stop, we traveled in the dark. The bus driver clicked his lights to "parking" level when we met oncoming traffic, and the lower 6 feet or so of the

trees along the road were painted white - perhaps to keep from getting too close to them in those circumstances. Also, at one point, the driver slowed rather quickly - we had come upon a horse drawn "Gypsy" wagon with a lantern swinging on the back.]

[I wrote this letter in our Braşov hotel - starting it at 10:30 p.m. while lying in bed.] I just finished marking my nice Air India map for the last couple of trips - I'm keeping track not just to see later where we've been, but also to try to get into my head where I am now! I also marked off day #16 of May ... tomorrow is just two weeks away from New York. There was a lot of mail here today that had been forwarded from Moscow, and also some recent mail (none were for me).

My telephone call home from Athens cost \$28 - we talked 7 minutes. I'm not sorry one bit, except that after paying cash, I had no money left to buy the beautiful things I had been planning to get in Athens. Just before we left the hotel for the trip to Thessaloniki, I cashed a travelers check, and then we didn't get into the city there until the stores were closed. We'll just have to come back! [Using Dave's multiplier, $28 \times 7 = \$196$ was the cost in today's economy for that telephone call - could that be possible?!]

Wednesday, May 17, 1961, 91st Day **Braşov, Romania**

Dave Wolter's Diary

Typical first morning. Up early to explore. Had a disconcerting breakfast at the hotel in which I paid 80 cents for coffee, bread and

orange juice-later! Took over 50 minutes and I was one of the first persons in the restaurant.

Took a quick tour of mainstream and found it ruined by socialism. Bought a hat, wore it back to the hotel and everybody jumped on me, including Cavender. I think at least 25 fellows bought similar hats. (In the Clements tour file there is a picture of me and 3 others showing off our hats to George Cavender.)

Ate lunch in native wine cellar restaurant. Was so good I went back for dinner. (This place had a huge barrel protruding from the wall. When customers ordered wine, the waitperson would dispense wine from a pitcher that had been filled from the bung spigot on the bar-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Romania is a satellite country of the USSR, but the external evidence of it is not obvious. There are more individual houses to be seen here, but the drabness common to the Soviet Union can also be seen here.

A small group of band members elected to take advantage of an offered tour of the Braşov area. They were driven around the

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

rel. The waitperson always filled the customers used glass, but would place a clean glass next to the used glass. I saw customers with 6 or 7 clean glasses next to the one from which they were drinking. I don't believe I tried the wine as I had a rehearsal and concert to play). Had a marvelous atmosphere, appeared to be frequented by college age customers.

Played a good concert. Afterwards went to a local place with the fellows for a drink. Had two delicious lemonades. Bugged out early to get some sleep.

countryside and taken to dinner in a village restaurant. Service was slow, and the meal consisted of many courses; as a result they were late in getting to the scheduled rehearsal through no fault of their own.

The concert was rather successful. The audience was appreciative of the arts, but skeptical of some of the pieces we played.

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.

Charlie Martyn's Anecdote

I remember having some fun with WDR outside that castle as it got foggy and rainy. It was dark and standing near him I did my best Dracula evil laugh along with some other mysterious noises and cackles until he responded with, "Now cut that out"! Ah the pleasures of

being world travelers. Does anyone not remember the wolfbane and crosses in the peasants' houses' windows along the way to ward off vampires? I asked our Romanian guide and she said, "they're peasants".

Don D'Angelo's Anecdote

These memories are highlighted in so many ways. I remember so much of Romania when we traveled there in '61. In 2003, my wife and I were part of a river cruise from there to Pasau, Germany on the Danube River. Chaicheschue's (Sp.?) Palace was truly amazing, but even more amazing was the transformation of the country from communism to capitalism. Everywhere you see shops advertising western made goods and travel bureaus with pictures like the one advertising a visit to San Francisco.

Funny, how we advertise seeing their country and they in turn paint a beautiful picture of ours. The people there are very friendly and want to talk, so Betty and I had lots of conversations with the locals who were selling hand made goods (which we bought because of their beauty). They claim that they will never return to communism, but there is a lot of poverty still in the countryside and gypsies are discriminated against still today.

Thursday, May 18, 1961, 92nd Day

Braşov, Romania

Dave Wolter's Diary

I found the trip to Bucharest fascinating. The snow covered mountains and the mountain with the cross on top were notable. I also mentioned all the native wagons and beautiful villages. When we arrived in Bucharest I met two students who were interested in buying clothes.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Rumania is beautiful, especially the forested mountains. Today we were supposed to drive through the scenic woodlands and have lunch at a mountain resort, after visiting a 14th century church to hear its baroque organ. We left a half hour late because of a delayed breakfast; the organist never came to the Black Church; and the remainder of the tour was canceled.

Another unusual concert was given late this afternoon. We deleted the "Rakoczy March" but performed our anthem after talks with the management of the theater.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

This morning we visited a Lutheran church. It was built in 1381 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 though. 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 3 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.

Tom Gaskill's Portraid



On Mai 18, 1961, a delightful Art student came back stage to paint a portrait of yours truly, Tom Gaskill. See picture at left. However she said do not tell anyone or her life would be in danger. So...very secretly I thanked her for my gift, and, I still have it in a beautiful frame 50, yes fifty years later.

Friday, May 19, 1961, 93rd Day

Bucharest, Romania



Dave Wolter's Diary

Got up early to look into the intricacies of mailing. Spent all morning just trying to get organized. Went to the post office and spent 2 1/2 hours just getting permission to send a package out of this country. What a bad scene!

Had rehearsal in beautiful 3000 seat auditorium. This is the best bit of Soviet architectural achievement I have seen. Money and mail was received after rehearsal, but I drew a blank, bah!

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After a long sleep, we proceeded to the Palace Hall, one of the most modern in Europe, for a rehearsal. Individual speakers are available on the back of every seat. As it is only two weeks until the Carnegie Hall concert, we again worked on the Gould number.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

I had a steak in a little outdoor restaurant. I miss the little place in Braşov .

Concert was well played. We got the best reception we have had since USSR.

Had reception by Ambassador afterwards but the food was a little too local for my taste (come on, grow up Dave!).

An audience of over 3000 people greeted our concert enthusiastically. The Ovation was the same as in the Soviet Union. After the concert there was a late reception given by the American charge d'affaires at the Athenee Palace Hotel.

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

George Riddell's Anecdote

Dave: You made the statement that the food served at the Ambassador's reception was a bit too "local" for your taste. I think that this might have been the reception where they served delightful (yummy) grilled spiced meat patties on a slice of bread. Platters of these were on the tables, and continually being refreshed. I for one loved them, as did others. They went well with whatever we were drinking. There was smoke wafting through the

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Comment

I would expect those intestines were stuffed with some nice meat and spice filling....

Saturday, May 20, 1961, 94th Day Bucharest, Romania

Dave Wolter's Diary

Yes, we visit a conservatory this morning. Was quite pleasant. These students could really play, better than any of the Russian conservatories we visited. Missed the bus to the conservatory and had to go through typical taxi blundering before we found our way. Had rehearsal at 12. Spent afternoon wrapping pack-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

We had the privilege of visiting the Bucharest conservatory, known as the Ciprian Porumbesan Conservatory. Those who went saw a well organized, high-caliber institute of musical instruction. There are 161 teachers for approximately 500 students. In applied music each wind student receives two hours of individual instruction and two hours of ensemble instruction weekly. Composition requires a six year course of study. The other courses of study of

it was rather enjoyable even though I was so tired that I could hardly stand.

cedar trees. I went behind the trees and there were women preparing these tidbits. They had washtubs full of sheep's intestines. They were "spooling" the intestines around metal spits, basting and barbecuing the intestines over an open fire, then slicing the cooked intestines into thin patties. They put a slice on a piece of bread. Put them on platters, then hurried them out to the tables. They were gobbled up pretty fast!

age. Still haven't sent it. Hope to have it done by the legation (what is that)? Had reception by local Philharmonic society, they gave us a tremendous spread which even included strawberries. Ate too much and played a gassy concert. I thought I would blow up if somebody lit a match. Bad scene!

the conservatory are of five years duration. Wind players and other non-keyboard majors must study at least three years of piano. In visiting the classes we found that the wind students were more proficient musically than they were in many Soviet conservatories we visited.

Immediately after the conclusion of our visit we went to the Athenium Hall for a rehearsal. The final two concerts in Rumania were

scheduled there. It was a small, domed hall which was quite reverberant.

Prior to the concert we were guests at a reception given by the Bucharest Philharmonia Society at the Athenee Palace Hotel. As always, there were interesting people, American and local; to meet.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison's Diary

We got up in the morning and spent some time looking for a cardboard box to send some of our things home. At this point the combined weight of all the band members' luggage is becoming crucial. The pilot of the air-

Ross Powell's Anecdote

I found myself "volunteered" to be on the Mailing Team to send all those packages of souvenirs, etc, back to the U.S. (Who else was with me on this adventure?) We had a truck take it all down to a post office where it all had to be weighed. This became the problem:

The measures used were medieval. Different shaped weights seemed near random and all had to be painstakingly recalculated into the English system. It took forever, this with the help of Romanian staff who became equally irritated.

William (Bill) Hettrick's Comment

It must have been the University-owned tuba trunks that contained WDR's stuff. I remember that mine got slowly filled with band

The concert was a long one; with encores it lasted two hours and forty minutes. When it was over the audience would probably have been glad to remain for another hour. Dr Revelli and the band could have had far more bows than they took without overdoing it, so enthusiastic was the response to our performance.

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

lines complained on our last trip that there was too much weight on the plane. Each passenger is allowed 40 pounds, but we average about 45 pounds per person. The souvenirs all piling up!

Now here is the rub. It took us 5 or 6 hours of work to get this all done...and later we discovered:

W.D.R. HAD BEEN STUFFING THE TUBA TRUNKS FULL OF BOOKS AND STUFF HE HAD BOUGHT! THIS COMPRISED ABOUT 50% OF THE OVERWEIGHT PROBLEM! ARRGGHH!

I had the pleasure of asking him to ship some of HIS stuff home. He simply roared at me that it was none of my business. Ah, duplicity.

members' purchases. Why let all that space go to waste when it could be used in a good cause?

1961	Sun, May 21	Mon, May 22	Tue, May 23	Wed, May 24	Thu, May 25	Fri, May 26	Sat, May 27
	BUCHAREST	TRAVEL	WARSAW	WARSAW	KATOWICE	KATOWICE	WROCLAW
9 AM	9:00 AM Concert		8:00 AM VISIT WARSAW PHIL REHEARSAL	8:00 AM travel to Katowice		9:00 AM visit Auschwitz	9:00 AM rehearse Bilik pieces
10 AM					9:00 AM explore Katowice		
11 AM		10:30 AM Leave for Poland					
Noon							
1 PM							
2 PM	1:45 PM many visit museum		1:15 PM REHEARSAL			1:00 PM travel to Wroclaw	
3 PM		2:45 PM Arrive in Warsaw					
4 PM				4:00 PM travel to Zabrze	4:00 PM travel to Krakow		
5 PM							
6 PM	5:00 PM Party at the Morrils and Moselys	5:45 PM American Embassy greeting, mail					
7 PM			7:00 PM CONCERT	7:15 PM CONCERT	7:00 PM CONCERT		7:00 PM CONCERT
8 PM	8:00 PM Dixieland and Barbershop perform	8:00 PM arrive at hotels					8:00 PM jazz concert
9 PM				9:00 PM return to Katowice	9:00 PM return to katowice		9:00 PM CONCERT
10 PM							10:00 PM leave for Lodz
11 PM							

Sunday, May 21, 1961, 95th Day
Bucharest, Romania

Dave Wolter's Diary

Another early morning concert. These people have strange tastes. 11:00 a.m. is church

time! I played quite well by the end of this concert, was pleased after a couple jazz sessions in a row.

Spent afternoon sewing and loafing.

Two embassy (apparently the term is legation) couples gave us another reception tonight. This featured a complete meal with ham, beans, potato salad, cakes, cookies all

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Romania is a satellite country and "toes" the communist line. Communism has worked pretty well economically in Romania; the country even manages to export things such as well drilling machinery, This is quite an accomplishment for an agricultural country. The outward identity with the Soviet Union is somewhat concealed internally. The traditional Romanian names are being quietly restored to cities and villages, which had previously had their names changed to Russian and communist heroes' names, to give the people a feeling of nationalism.

Our last concert in Bucharest was this morning. It was another success musically and diplomatically. Again greeting certificates were exchanged and gratitude expressed.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 Lei because they can use Romanian currency.

After the concert, I walked about Bucharest on a picture taking session. The weather

sorts of drinks ad infinitum. Was a huge spread but the band made short order of it. Was really great!

I tried to seduce (boy did that word scare me when I started reading this) a young embassy girl into showing us one of the Embassy's stack of 15 current American films. She was too busy dancing to strains of our dixieland band.

In the afternoon some bandsmen went to an outdoor museum which contains reassembled houses, cottages, churches and windmills, etc., from all parts of Romania. Inside each house is a display of costumes, embroidery and pottery appropriate to the time and place of the dwelling.

An informal party was given jointly for the band at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Morrill and Colonel and Mrs. Mosley, legation personnel (there's that word again, now I remember it). The delicious spread of American style food was well appreciated by all the band. Our Dixieland band and barbershop quartet performed.

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 weighed.

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

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Comment

As I understand it, an Embassy is located in the capitol of a nation and a Legation is in another city. Please correct this if anyone knows better.

Monday, May 22, 1961, 96th Day

Warsaw, Poland

Dave Wolter's Diary

We set some strange kind of record today. We were to leave our hotel at 9:30 and arrive at our hotels in Warsaw at 12 Warsaw time. Arrived at hotel at 7:00 Warsaw time. We waited in the bus to leave the hotel, in the bus at the airport #1, in terminal, in bus at airport #2, at runway, in busses at Warsaw and at Embassy.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Romania bid the Michigan Band farewell. For the first time of the tour we had to go through customs formalities. After examining two suitcases, the minor officials decided it was more trouble than it was worth and called off the proceedings. Loading the two Czechoslovakian Airlines IL-18 turboprop jets took longer than expected. Ernie Caviani, Barney Pearson, Dick Longfield and Dr Revelli amused themselves by tossing a ball around.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

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.

If Bucharest is indeed the capitol of Rumania, perhaps we did not have an Embassy because they were a satellite of the USSR?

We were treated to hamburgers and coke at the embassy. Also had very good ham sandwiches. Was a real treat!

Our hotel was silly, quite new, but only two johns and one tub for 20 people. Girls were put up in hotel which even had a pool and we paid the same amount they did!

Had dinner on top of burgers.

Early in the afternoon we departed for Warsaw, Poland. Our arrival here was covered by local press, television and newsreels. We were taken to the American Embassy for a briefing session, mail, and hamburgers with cokes. The band stayed in three different hotels; the Grand, the Saski, and the Officerski. All meals are served at the Hotel Warszawa.

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.

Tuesday, May 23, 1961, 97th Day

Warsaw, Poland

Dave Wolter's Diary

Had a chance to see a little of Warsaw today. Wandered for 2 hours and never found a large business district. Warsaw was so completely destroyed that almost all of its shops are new. They have beautiful gifts here, but they are terribly expensive.

We had a rehearsal here that was pretty bad, the brass are sulfuring. The Hall was very sensitive.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After breakfast, several bandsmen went to the Philharmonic Hall where the Warsaw Philharmonic was rehearsing. We had heard the group when they were in Ann Arbor earlier this year. Kurt Neuman, our ANTA agent, had also been their impresario for their recent American-Canadian tour.

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 Mainhattan.)

Met an English man traveling from London to Moscow in his Rolls convertible.

Concert was poorly attended. Many left halfway through. Remainder were enthusiastic at the end. Disappointing concert.

Played cards until the wee hours.

The Michigan band held a rehearsal in the same hall in the afternoon. We are still driving for the Carnegie hall concert.

There was a relatively small audience for our concert in the evening. However, what the people who heard the band at its initial Warsaw performance lacked in numbers they made up in enthusiasm. The more we played, the more they wanted.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 re-

Don D'Angelo's Anecdote

To see that the native Poles and Russian occupiers had not yet (1961) cleaned up the rubble from the Second World War saddened me deeply. My grandmother had described how beautiful Warsaw was and how cleanly the Poles had kept their capital city. To see it in this dilapidated state only proved just how incompetent the Russians really were. I thought at the time, "How could anyone seeing these conditions ever trust the Communist system of ever improving the daily lives of the people under their rule?"

I had promised my mother that if possible, I would bring her a cut glass souvenir from Poland, and so I went looking for a shop which sold antiques not far from the hotel. I entered the shop and was looking at some possible buys when I was approached by an older man whose breath told me he had been drinking even at this early hour of the morning. He spoke with a thick accent, but I understood him clearly. "Are you American?" he asked. And I answered yes. "And what are you doing in our sad, sad city?" he asked. I told him about our concert tour and he smiled. At that moment two Russian soldiers entered the shop. The old man's expression changed to deep anger. "These Rus-

sians have ruined our city. They don't care one kopec for the Polish people. All they want is our crops and taxes. They do nothing to improve our lives, he said loudly. I whispered that he could get into trouble saying things like that in the presence of Russians. He replied, "What can they do to me, Kill Me? That would be a relief from the misery we suffer under their occupation." His hate was evident, but the soldiers remained oblivious to his tirade. I said nothing and picked out a small cut glass statue and paid the clerk for it. She wrapped it carefully and I left the shop leaving the old man to mutter alone. In the days that followed, we traveled by bus to some other villages which displayed the same devastation. (In later years when the Polish Steel Unions rebelled against the occupation and eventually gained Poland its freedom, these memories would flood my mind and I would realize just how precious liberty and freedom was to those who had experienced it and then lost it.) The tour was quickly coming to an end, and I was anxious to return to our HOME in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, THE GREATEST COUNTRY ON EARTH. But I would have one more wonderful experience in [Frankfort], Germany on our way home.

ceived 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

Dave Wolter's Diary

We are going to develop calluses on our tail bones with all the rough road/city bus travel. We left bright and early. I got a very graphic picture of why the Weir mach moved through Poland so fast. No natural barriers of any kind. Just flat slightly rolling countryside. This countryside looks like much of Michigan.

Stopped at a very quaint roadside bar for

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After an early breakfast, the band boarded two large and two small buses for a long ride to Katowice in Southern Poland. Some people accidentally boarded a Soviet bus which was going to Moscow, When they discovered their error, they hastily left that bus!

The trip through the rolling Polish countryside was scenic, but not very comfortable. We were delighted when we finally reached Katowice. After our meal we moved into the

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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, [Kurt Newman], 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 —

Don Tisons Diary

What a bus trip! - about 5 hours worth. We had to have a rest stop about an

hour and a half out for some of the cats in the back of the bus, including George Cavend-

beer and soda pop. Ugh!(Obviously this was before I learned to like beer).
Ate dinner in Katowice, left luggage, then headed for concert hall. Was on a small bus that arrived at hall 20 minutes earlier than the group. Was good boy and set up equip. Concert was dug by the people.

hotel Polonia. Not one room in the hotel had a bath! But, with America 7 days away, so what!

The initial concert in the Katowice area was scheduled for Zabrze, a smaller industrial city, but eventually we reached the hall where the equipment and library staffs hurriedly set the stage for the concert. The concert was played before a packed house, which responded well to our selections. More flowers were presented, and only the final closing of the curtains ended the applause.

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 m going to bed without supper. Maybe I will get a letter now that I am not around to collect it.

hour and a half out for some of the cats in the back of the bus, including George Cavend-

er. Too many liquid refreshments, I suppose. As soon as the bus stopped they SHOT out into the woods wasting no time and looking for a wide tree! Again we eat in one hotel and sleep in another. Rich Longfield, Dave Wolter, and I have a small triple with no bathroom! With no time for a rehearsal we blew our concert which was a little below par. Rich pro-

voked some snickering in the cornet section with all his "ble-ahs"! He was so mad he kicked his mute all around under the music stand, which was quite humorous. This was truly his "off-night" because usually he was "right-on", with all the notes in the right places, and with a gorgeous sound!

Thursday, May 25, 1961, 99th Day

Katowice - Krakov, Poland

Dave Wolter's Diary

Spent the morning walking around the business district of Katowice. Although they have many nice things. I felt only the art books and/or books were worth spending my drachmas. Bought children's books for Mark and art prints for Jean and I. Didn't find anything else of interest. Saw three genuine chimney sweeps. Was really gassed!

Our trip to Krakow was quite uneventful. This trip was interesting in that it took us to the only large city in Poland that was not destroyed by the war.

We gave a rather mediocre concert due in part to the very live hall (sports arena). We were very well received.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

This morning many of us explored Katowice in our free time. Unlike the provincial cities of the Soviet Union, the presence of Americans attracted little attention.

Arena in Krakow was not filled to capacity for our concert; however, there was a large, interested crowd present. The hall was quite resonant, but it was not a deafening resonance. Marches, in particular, had a fine, ringing quality in the arena. Flowers were presented to Dr. Revelli and Mr. Cavender; encores were demanded.

This evening's concert was scheduled in Krakow, a city 50 miles to the East. It took another rough bus ride to get there. The Sports

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison's Diary

This morning I went shopping after breakfast until I had spent 143 drachmas. This town is a terrible place to quench your thirst - that is, if you don't like beer and tea like me. We are not supposed to drink the water

and I can't stand carbonated mineral water or their coffee. The only kind of soft drink is atrocious! So, last night I drank the local water straight down. See you at my funeral. We had another two-hour bus ride to Krakow and

cranked out "My Fair Lady" again for the au-

dience. Snaffle.

Friday, May 26, 1961, 100th Day

Katowice – Auschwitz – Wroclaw, Poland

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Many people had expressed a desire to see the famed Auschwitz concentration camp which is near the town of Osceichim, about 15 miles from Katowice. The tour was arranged for this morning. The camp was in operation from 1940 through 1944. Thousands upon thousands of people from all over Europe were herded together for slave labor, experimentation, and ultimate extermination. The sights of the crematories, remains of clothing, hair, teeth, electrified barbed-wire fences, and actual pictures of atrocities really made an impression on us.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison's Diary

We took a 23-mile bus ride to Auschwitz, which was a Nazi concentration camp used during world war II to persecute, underfeed, over work, and kill Jews. At first glance there were many brick buildings built by the Nazis for housing of the army personnel which caught our eyes. There was the main gate which read: "Arbeit Macht Frei" (work makes freedom) with barbed wire surrounding the camp. Inside the

After lunch at Katowice we departed for the city of Wroclaw, about 115 miles to the West. Wroclaw is the former German City of Breslau. After World War II, Poland was shoved westward when the USSR annexed its Eastern and northeastern territory, while much of East Germany was ceded to Poland. Once we arrived in Wroclaw, we had dinner and settled down in a relatively comfortable hotel since no concert was scheduled for tonight.

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.

buildings we saw many pictures and displays. In one building were offices and sleeping quarters just as the Nazis soldiers had used them. There were cells downstairs and a few crematories close by. In another building was a warehouse full of human hair, hairbrushes, shaving brushes, people's eyeglasses, clothing, wooden legs, shoes, suitcases, teeth with gold fillings, and rugs made out of human hair. In one cell the

quilts used by the prisoners were still there with an actual enlarged photograph on the wall of the people who had used them. The crematory we took a close look at had a body-loading device that resembled a gun mount. There were still ashes of burned bodies on the door of the oven.

Jane Otteson/King's Diary

This morning we went by bus over brick roads to Auschwitz. Almost everything is still there except the gas chambers--barbed wire, barracks, crematorium, etc. Many of the barracks make up a museum with pictures, documents in German, etc. One building has been preserved about as it was found, and another houses huge showcases of shaving brushes, shoes, women's hair, baby clothes, and suitcases taken from the condemned. There is a mo-

Don D'Angelo's Reflection

If there is a lesson all humanity can take from Auschwitz, it is that we are all family and when one of us is hurt, it affects all of us. I came close to complete hysteria when I viewed the ovens and saw the collect personal articles. I couldn't help but cry. Why do humans do this to each other? How can we not feel the pain and humility in such actions? When will we collectively outlaw such despicable brutality? Rather than kill the Jews, Germany and humanity should thank them for all the knowledge, discovery, beauty, and blessing they have given to us all. Rather than thanks, they used these poor people as scapegoats for their own failings and shortcomings. I for one will never treat our so called enemies this way because of

We had a 5-hour bus ride to Wroclaw and checked into our hotel at 8 pm all tuckered out and emotionally wrought. Gazooks! Dave Wolter and I have a bathtub!! Now we can scrape off a few layers of crude. Goodnight!

nument in one room containing ashes and the flags of the 28 countries whose citizens died there. It was all so long ago and unthinkable that I could not feel the significance of the place, although some, particularly the grad students and Jewish kids, could.

After lunch we took a 4-hour bus ride to Wraclaw, where we are in a hotel with a few private baths. Mary and I were not among the lucky ones. However, we do have 3 sinks.

what I saw at Auschwitz. No terrorist, or Iraqi, Iranian, should be treated with the indignity we have given them and if writing words would change attitudes, I would gladly write until my last breath. Thank God, for America and the freedoms we enjoy. Thank God, for the Human Rights our forefathers delineated after our Declaration of Independence, and our Constitution. Let us work with others to build a better world, where all have the opportunity to live and worship as they choose, so that one day we all can call all humanity our brothers and sisters. May all one day enjoy the same democracy, freedoms, and human dignity we enjoy in AMERICA.

Saturday, May 27, 1961, 101st Day

Wroclaw, Poland

Dave Wolter's Diary

Day of mourning-poor little axed (on the previous day I had apparently dented my cornet while it was laying out on my bed in the hotel room. I believe I must have hit it with the hotel key which came attached to a rather large wooden fob that I tossed on the bed when I came into the room.) I woke bright and early. I would have written letters, but had no stationary. (My letters to Jean constitute a surprising collection of stationary starting with pre tour purchased airmail stationary, and ending with a collection of hotel stationary and tour purchased note pads.) I took a short walk and pur-

chased postcards and wrote and sent 5 postcards before breakfast. I spent all day rehearsing or sitting. We had rehearsal in the morning. I went directly from rehearsal to lunch and from lunch to dance band rehearsal. I returned from rehearsal just in time to pack and get dinner. The concert in this city was scheduled to be jazz. Chief insisted on the band playing. The concert consisted of 3 sections, popular-jazz-classical. I'm afraid the concert was a flop. We played in a large, impressive, circular arena built by the Germans.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

In Wroclaw is a huge dome-shaped auditorium which was built in the 40s, when Wroclaw was still Breslau. Adolf Hitler was supposed to make the dedication speech, but war conditions prevented that. In this hall we performed.

We rehearsed for the Vanguard recording session, which was only one week away. Most of Jerry Bilik's arrangements of collegiate fight songs had arrived. (A recording by a symphony band of specially adapted arrangements is a new idea.)

The concert had been billed as a jazz concert, which made a unique program necessary. The Symphony Band played the first part, filled with light numbers. The jazz groups performed next, and the concert was concluded by the Symphony Band. Since the majority of the people had come to hear jazz, the concert's conclusion seemed anticlimatical.

Immediately after the concert we left for Łódź. The trip took 4 hours; signs of dawn were beginning to show in the eastern sky when we were able to go to sleep.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

Out 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.

Don Tison's Diary

Morning rehearsal was a real farce. We blew through all of Jerry Bilik's great arrangements of college football songs that we just re-

ceived. Revelli proceeded to put down everything and everybody. Jack McKimmy pointed out an "F" against an "F#" and Revelli reamed

him out - said that was irrelevant! Rich got mad and blew excruciatingly loud! Joan Forster got mad and boiled inside all to herself. Our bags have to be out at 4:30 pm - dinner at 5 pm - concert at 7:30 pm.

Ron Bell, Bernie Pearson, Joan Forster, Don D'Angelo, and I discussed the possibility of purchasing a clock in Frankfurt as a gift for Cliff Lillya that went "tee-ah" on the hour instead of "cuck-coo".

Concert was pretty good - "Buglers Holiday" and "the Three Trumpeters" didn't faze

the audience one iota! ?? It was the dullest and most unresponsive audience of all audiences. This was a joint concert with the jazz groups, and not even the dixieland group which is usually the most popular of all, could bring the people out of their shells. Jack Kripple wailed up a storm!

The four-hour bus ride to Łódź was a real drag - tight, cramped, stuffy, smoky, and uncomfortable. Such is life.

1961	Sun, May 28	Mon, May 29	Tue, May 30	Wed, May 31	Thu, Jun 1	Fri, Jun 2	Sat, Jun 3
	LODZ	LODZ WARSAW	TRAVEL	WARSAW	NEW YORK	New York	New York
9 AM	arrival in Lodz						
10 AM		9:00 AM travel to Warsaw	9:00 AM FLIGHT TO FRANKURT		9:00 AM rehearsal in Carnegie	9:00 AM rehearsal in Carnegie Hall concert music	9:00 AM RECORDING SESSION IN CARNEGIE
11 AM				10:00 AM Flight to New York leave 10:45 Frankfurt time arrive 4:45 NY time			
Noon							
1 PM		1:00 PM TV CONCERT					
2 PM	2:00 PM REHEARSAL	2:00 PM TV CONCERT			2:00 PM rehearsal in Carnegie Bilik arrangement	2:00 PM rehearsal in Carnegie Hall Bilik arrangement	
3 PM							
4 PM							
5 PM							4:00 PM RETURN TO ANN ARBOR
6 PM							
7 PM	7:00 PM CONCERT		6:30 PM FLIGHT TO FRANKFURT				
8 PM		7:15 PM FINAL CONCERT			8:00 PM attend Broadway show	8:00 PM CARNEGIE CONCERT	
9 PM							
10 PM							
11 PM							

Sunday, May 28, 1961, 102nd Day

Łódź, Poland

Dave Wolter's Diary

We arrived in Łódź about 2:30 a.m. We must have really been a sight as we stumbled off the bus. The trip was a lot of fun because we did a lot of singing and clowning. Set my alarm for 9:30, but did not wake until 12:30. Ate lunch at 1:00, had rehearsal at 2:00. Packed for trip to Warsaw, ate dinner, played cards and played

Rudy Radocy's Diary

After the weary trip from Wrocław, few bandmen desired breakfast. The ever-busy equipment and library staffs composed most of those who wished the morning repast.

We played in a small box-shaped hall in Łódź. It was evident during afternoon rehearsal that all dynamics would have to be underplayed.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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

Don Tison's Diary

Dave & I slept until 12:30 pm since we didn't get to bed until 4 am. We had lunch at 1 pm and a rehearsal at 2:30 pm. Since we have a very live hall to perform in we had the chance to "cool it" and blow nice and soft, which was a pleasure and quite in contrast to what we usually are required to do.

concert. Very eventful day! (Do I hear traces of sarcasm coming from that young pen ?)

Our concert was very well received. It's too bad we [don't] have two pseudo-jazz concerts to give in Warsaw. This would have been a very nice send off.

The concert was somewhat parallel to the Carnegie Hall tentative program. For the first time on the tour we performed the Gould "Symphony for Band" in its entirety. The psychological boost this gave the band was evident. The audience liked the piece; they enjoyed the entire program. Again the "Victors" was a great favorite of the crowd.

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.

The six cornet tongue-ers of the Gould piece stayed afterward to rehearse which really impressed the chief. He wanted to be friendly, so he walked back to the hotel with me.

Here I am in bed after a 2½ hour bus ride from Łódź to Warsaw. This ride went by fast.

These polish beds seem ridiculous to me - a big wedge-shaped pillow under the sheet - a big fat pillow plus another little pillow - and the mattress is as hard as a rock! The blankets are wrapped in a sheet like in the USSR.

The concert tonight was a gas - my chops felt great! - wailed "La Virgen de la Macarena". But - Bernie Pearson's chops were shot (I

Ann Speer/Aitchison's Remembrance

Those bus "singalongs" were terrific. I was particularly amazed by Curt Chase's seeming knowledge of every single "bridge" in every song we tried. We were good at filling time

Monday, May 29, 1961, 103rd Day

Warsaw, Poland

Dave Wolter's Diary

Did a bundle of nothing. Started the day with a bang. Saw George and got changed to the first flight to Frankfurt. Went with Don and Joan to spend our last Zloties. After much wandering, we each made slight purchases. Don was bugged so I took off on my own. I made many stops at book stores. Just before lunch I found a good store, but had no money, so I went to lunch. After lunch, I met a student who exchanged \$5 for me so I could make a couple purchases. Made it back to Hall for the 1st of our two concerts. I'm afraid the band was more popular than the jazz band. Got a standing ovation.

At dinner I learned I was put on the second flight.

(In Don's diary he alludes to a music problem with George Cavender. When we re-

Rudy Radocy's Diary

It was a short bus ride from Łódź to Warsaw. We stayed in only two hotels in War-

suppose from all the playing he has been doing with jazz bands +concert band) so we couldn't do *The Three Trumpeters*. Good audience.

Our room has only a sink - no bathtub or shower. ☹

with music. The airport improv sessions on ouds, balalaikas etc. were memorable, especially to this "I can't improvise" person. (Still can't...)

turned to the hotel after the last concert George handed me the stack of music that I had accumulated during the Soviet part of the tour as trumpet players gave me music. I had stored it in the empty half of the quad case that carried my trumpet and cornet. I would guess that it must have been about 10 pounds of music at that point. Now I was confronted with an additional 10 pounds to cram into my already bulging suitcase. When we loaded our suitcases into the truck for the final time at the hotel, I tried to one arm, nonchalantly lift my really heavy bag onto the truck. I tore something in my shoulder as I lifted it. That injury plagued me for 46 years until I completed the injury while working on my little sailboat last spring. I had rotator cuff surgery in August of 07 and can now happily report that my right arm/shoulder no longer keeps me awake at night.)

saw this second time, the Warszawa and the Sasy.

This morning a luncheon was given by Ambassador and Mrs. Beam for a group from the University Band and some Polish musicians. In attendance were Dr. and Mrs. Revelli, Mr. Cavender, Kurt Nueman, Ronald Bell, Gregory Munson, Patricia Reed, and Susan Schumacher, Mr. Sliwinski, the director of the Warsaw Philharmonic; Mr. Sikorski, director of the school of music; Danilowicz, Vice-president of Cultural Affairs; Mr. Korezowski from Pagart, three Polish students. The luncheon was very nice, and the congenial discussion after the meal was most refreshing.

The tours final two concerts were scheduled for today. They were played at Philharmonia Hall, which was a fine hall. The afternoon concert was divided into two halves. The Sym-

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 [zlotych] to the dollar instead of the official rate of 76 [zlotych] 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

Don Tison's Diary

Everyone seemingly has been in good spirits for the last couple of days. New York is just a day away and everyone is eager with anticipation. Various people sang hymns and a few imitated WDR and the soloists on the bus trips. Bruce Galbraith did some real funny imitations — had our mannerisms down to a "T".

phony band performed a light program; Charlie Martyn's jazz groups played the second half. Both were televised. It was possible to watch our colleagues perform on the television set in the lounge.

The evening concert was again close to that we are to play in Carnegie Hall. Because it was the last concert of the non-American series, the band was at a high level of excitement. We played a good concert. The audience was delighted; the band was even more delighted than the audience. The "Victors" brought the house down in this, the Symphony Band's farewell to Poland and Europe.

Flight assignments were made for the flight to Frankfurt, West Germany.

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.

Today we had 2 joint concerts with the jazz groups - one at 5 pm and one at 8 pm. Both went pretty well. Dave Wolter had a little trouble with George Cavendar concerning books and stuff in his trumpet case.

Tuesday, May 30, 1961, 104th Day

Frankfort, West Germany

Rudy Radocy's Diary

There was only one airplane chartered to fly to Frankfurt, Germany. The BOAC liner left Warsaw in the morning with the first group and returned to the Polish capital early in the evening to fly the remaining group. This was indeed a fine flight.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 Frankfurt.

Our plane flight was the most enjoyable yet — especially the meal. We had very deli-

The band is in a very elated mood. Most went out to "do the town." The highways. The neon signs, and over-all atmosphere of the West German city gave the band a preview of the glories of our homecoming.

cious 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 to New York, New York, USA

Dave Wolter's Diary

Jean was waiting for me at the airport. When we deplaned, she could hardly recognize me. The weight loss combined with the large overcoat hanging on my skinny body with 28

inch waist trousers purchased in Cairo and my new Romanian hat was a sight for which she was not prepared.

Rudy Radocy's Diary

Although Frankfurt was a very exciting and enjoyable city, we were all glad to board the Air-India Jet at the airfield. The stewardess was greeted with wild applause when she said that we were taking off for New York.

The flight was the longest of the tour; covering four-thousand miles in 8 hours. Time went by slowly. Dr Revelli studied scores; band members played cards, talked, caught 40 winks, read books, papers or magazines, or day dreamed.

When at long last our 707 jet landed at New York International Airport, a crowd of relatives and friends was on the observation plat-

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison'd Diary

Here we sit at 1:10 pm in the Frankfurt airport waiting for the word to board our Boeing 707 Air-India for New York City - good old USA! It has been a long time since we breathed American air. I picked up a cuckoo clock downtown before we left for the airport where we ate lunch. Here at the airport I picked up a couple of bracelets - one for Joan and one for my sister June. Everyone is getting impatient

form to witness our arrival. Customs inspection was rather rapid; soon many people were reunited. James Short, the University's public relations man, had an itinerary and a food allowance waiting for everyone. It was a most warm homecoming.

Collectively, there was great joy at being once again in America. Our country with its freedom and opportunities is the finest place in all the world in which to live. The Privilege of saying, "I'm an American," will surely mean more to every person who was with the University of Michigan Symphony Band on its 1961 International Tour.

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 suitcase was opened, but no inspection was made of it.

now that dinner is over. We have all been comparing our purchases and getting rid of our "[German) marks".

Finally we blasted off for NYC. What a wonderful sight that was to gaze upon a Boeing 707 sitting there ready to take us to our homeland! We had a couple of nice meals on the

plane (I'm not fussy) and I read my book on Auschwitz.

After storming into the airport we proceeded through customs like a breeze. Wow - what organization and efficiency! We checked into the Victoria Hotel which was a bit bad news. Everyone (I think) had only 2 beds for three people - had to add cots.

Thursday, June 1, 1961, 106th Day

New York, New York, USA

Rudy Radocy's Diary

New York was work as well as a good time. Ruth Lehman the band's secretary, had brought the balance of the music for the recording session for Vanguard, which needed to be rehearsed; and we had two rehearsals of the Carnegie Hall concert. Carnegie Hall is a wonderful place in which to perform because of its acoustics.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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.

Don Tison's Diary

Had our rehearsal in Carnegie Hall this morning-rehearsed our music that we are performing tomorrow night.

The rehearsal in the afternoon was entirely on marches-football songs that we are recording on Saturday. I talked awhile with Mr. & Mrs. CP Lillya and called Frank Bryan, who is the conductor of the Asbury Park Municipal Band of which I am usually trumpet soloist (but

We went out to a drugstore and had a hamburger and a hot fudge sundae first of all, followed by Wintogreen Mints. Next visit was a Woolworth Dime Store where we bought popcorn and Spanish peanuts. We were pigging-out on stuff we had missed. At least our room has TV, but I'm too sleepy to look at it — been up 20 hours - lost 6 hours on trip.

In the evening we were presented with tickets for a Broadway show; most people went to "My Fair Lady" On almost every concert abroad we had played selections from "My Fair lady," so it was good to listen to it for a change.

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.

not this summer. I think he got nervous, not being able to get in touch with me, and hired Steve Chenette of the Minnesota Symphony.) [However, after 1961 I continued being the trumpet soloist with the band for the next five summer seasons-10 weeks each].

Went shopping and then went to see "My Fair Lady". We were so tired with the jet-lag and all that we almost slept through it!

([In my journal I entered the label "Fri. June 2, 1961", but added nothing more for the rest of the trip. I, for one, was so happy to be back in the good old USA having all the things I

was used to that I wasn't interested in writing another word!)

THE END

Friday, June 2, 1961, 107th Day

New York, New York, USA

Rudy Radocy's Diary

By elaborate maneuvering we managed to schedule an afternoon rehearsal in Carnegie Hall. This undoubtedly contributed to the success of our concert.

When the time had passed that the concert should begin, the Michigan Band found itself in uniform on the Carnegie Hall stage before a capacity audience. Morton Gould, William Schuman, Vittorio Giannini, Vincent Persichetti, and Glenn Osser were in the audience to hear their music played. After each composition had been performed, the composer was recog-

nized. The concert was a nice balance of marches and orchestral transcriptions, as well as the original works of these contemporary composers.

The "pressure" of the Carnegie Hall concert was greater than it had been abroad because people here knew fine band music, and the medium is no novelty to them. Tonight, before a critical audience, The Michigan Band under the direction of Dr. Revelli and Mr. Cavender presented an outstanding concert.

Loren Mayhew's Diary

I spent the morning walking 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 in-

spired 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 people there too. Morton Gould, Osser, 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.

Ann Speer/Aitchison

I'm sure many family members were in that audience. I know my parents came, and they were able to swap their balcony seats for front row, which they thought would be better. Wrong! When we did Stars & Stripes, and

the 3 piccolos (including their daughter) stood up to play, all they could see was our legs...the music stands were in the way. They laughed about it ever after, but they were chagrined at the time!

Saturday, June 3, 1961, 108th Day

New York, New York, USA

Dave Wolter's Diary

In New York, 72 of us spent the morning recording the Bilik arrangements. I remember a little commotion that occurred during the session as we reached the end of an hour or so of recording. Dr. Revelli was determined to continue uninterrupted. I can't recall if it was band

Rudy Radocy's Diary

The final activity of the 1961 Symphonic Band was to make a recording of special arrangements of college songs and marches, which will be titled "Touchdown, U.S.A." For one day, the 72 members of the recording band

Loren Mayhew's Diary

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 fun, 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

members or Carnegie Hall union members that said we must take a break, but Revelli was about to brush them off and Charlie Martyn stood up and said something quietly to Dr. Revelli and walked off. Revelli then demurred and said take a break.

were members of the American Federation of Musicians local 802.

Some people left the tour in New York; the majority returned to Detroit Metropolitan Airport.

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