“My Trip Abroad”
The travel diary of Jim Homstad during the 1936 Luther College Concert Band Tour

Transcribed by Barbara Nasby
October 2014
FOREWARD
By Barbara Nasby ’74

In late 2013 with the help of the Luther College Archives, I completed the documentary film “The Trip of a Lifetime” which recounted the memories of Willard Linnevold ’37 during the 1936 Luther College Concert Band’s tour to Norway under the direction of Dr. Carlo Sperati. In the summer of 2014, Emily Homstad Bodensteiner ’64 and her brother Wayne Homstad ’67 donated to the Archives their father’s (James “Jim” Homstad ’38) collection of memorabilia from that same trip. When looking through some of the wonderfully preserved materials, I was drawn to Jim’s diary, which he kept for the duration of his travels. I was fascinated by what he might have experienced during the trip and I asked if I might transcribe the words to a more readable form. Having received permission from Emily and Wayne, I started the process.

Some of Emily’s and Wayne’s notes which I would like to share give the reader a better understanding of what was happening at that time of their father’s life and therefore those of the young band members who traveled together on this tour.

Emily writes:
“In reading my father’s diary, I am struck by the youthful reactions of a small town college boy to all of the people and places my dad was exposed to on the LC Band Tour of 1936. I hope, with my brother, that readers of the diary transcription will take the following factors into account:

(1) 1936—an extraordinary time—pre WWII.
(2) The age and experience (or lack of experience) of the author
(3) The awe with which the author views important places, people and events
(4) Jim Homstad served in the U. S. Army during WWII and became a world traveler later in life.”

With these thoughts in mind as I read Jim’s words, I often found myself feeling as if I was on that trip with them. Through his eyes, I was able to see what Willard Linnevold and my father Helge Nasby ’39 who was also a band member on the tour might have experienced as well.

Many thanks to Emily Homstad Bodensteiner and Wayne Homstad for sharing their father’s collection with the Luther Archives and giving their permission for allowing us, the reader, to share in their father’s experiences.

Also to Sasha Griffin and Sarah Wicks of the Luther College Archives for their expertise in helping with the translations.

Barbara Nasby ’74
My name: James E. Homstad

My residence: Cashton, Wisconsin

My telephone: 39

ITINERARY:
[This is an incomplete itinerary list of his travels.]

Minneapolis—June 3
June 4—Eau Claire, Wis.
June 5—Red Wing, Minnesota
June 6—Fairfax, Minnesota
June 7—Mankato, Minn.
June 8—Albert Lea, Minn.
June 9—Austin, Minn.
June 10—Decorah, Iowa
June 11—La Crosse, Wis.
June 12—Westby (and Cashton) Wis.
June 13—Spring Prairie, Wis.
June 14—Madison, Wis.
June 15—Stoughton, Wis.
June 16—Milwaukee, Wis.
June 17—De Kalb, Ill.
June 18—Ottowa, Ill.
June 19 and 20—Chicago, Ill.
June 21—La Grange, Ind.
June 22—Kalamazoo, Mich.
June 23—Ann Arbor, Mich.
June 24—Cleveland, Ohio
June 25—Indiana, Pa.
June 26—California, Pa.
June 28—Baltimore, Md.
June 29—Easton, Pa.
Date: June 3, 1936  
Place: Minneapolis, Minn.

We arrived in Minneapolis and set up immediately in the late afternoon. We had a splendid audience (received a collection of $400) in the large and beautiful Central Lutheran church.

Brad and I worked luggage and it was one of the toughest spots I've ever seen. We didn't finish until nearly midnight.

We stayed with Brad's uncle Ronald. His little girl cousin, Charline called me a "dead egg" but I think that her rascally cousin put her up to it.

His aunt was a splendid person and she hauled us all over Minneapolis so Brad could buy a trench coat—I decided to write.

Date: June 4 and 5  
Place: Eau Claire, Wis. and Red Wing, Minn.

Joe and Iverson stayed at Celgos while Brad and I stayed with an old couple nearly a mile from town.

While we were in a Drug Store downtown we saw "Big Chris" (Christopherson) who came down from Pidgeon [sic] Falls to hear us.

I regretted not having brought my raincoat because I got wet on the way home from the Red Wing High School. Had a good night's sleep and a delightful breakfast listening to Brad ("I've been there") Finch tell the lady of the house all about the Bad Lands and the Western National Parks. (He told it with a new variation)

Date: June 6  
Place: Fairfax, Minn.

Fairfax is Hustad's home town which is a credit to neither of them. At the supper (another batch of meatballs) Mr. Hustad made a few cracks about the band boys which I resented along with 71 of the seventy-two members.
We stayed with a lovely hostess which more than compensated. After the concert we had cookies and cake. Brad ate eighteen cookies which proved he was a bigger pig than I for I only ate ten. We washed dishes and enjoyed it after such a lunch.

Went to church, a German Lutheran, and heard the best sermon I’ve heard in years.
Date: June 7, 1936
Place: Mankato, Minn.

Only the fifth day out but it seems like a month. Joe and I stayed together out at Benton Lee’s. We had a very interesting visit and a splendid dinner.

The morning after the concert we went down town and bought trench coats. We got late for the morning rehearsal at the Armory and will have to work extra baggage crew.

Fifteen criminals escaped from the “booby-hatch” at St. Peter and everyone was excited in Mankato. Personally I think they should examine a few of the guards and find out who really is crazy.

Date: June 8, 1936
Place: Albert Lea, Minnesota

Doc Kaasa’s home town. Brad and I were two of the very few who stayed in town. 80% of the band was farmed out and they really were farmed out—Ed Iverson and Vern Knutson stayed in a small Iowa town 20 miles away.

Brad and I visited the Oasis dine and dance and each blew ourselves to a ten-cent beer—the first of the trip. We had quite a bit of fun in spite of the undesirable prescence [sic] of three freshmen with their juvenile-osities.

We were hauled all over Albert Lea by our hosts and though I saw all of it I still think it’s a good place to be from.

Date: June 9, 1936
Place: Austin, Minnesota

Joe, Iver, Brad and I were all invited out to Luskow’s for dinner. (Evening meal usually known as supper. We went out there early and really made ourselves at home (at the invitation of our hostesses (all three of them) of course). Mrs. Luskow prepared a swell meal and we all ate heartily. The meal was thoroughly enjoyable in spite of the fact that we four were all at the same table. Afterwards we took pictures and enjoyed the rural wit of my beloved roommate, my brother and his roommate.
We played a good concert to a large crowd. Pulled out for Decorah after the concert—we worked baggage.

Date: June 10th  
Place: La Crosse, Wis.

We played out at the La Crosse State Teacher’s College. Brad’s folks were down from West Union and Dad and Elinor came.

Fred and Ed Homstad were there and I saw them both. Learned that cousin Ed had very recently become a grandfather.

Brad and I stayed at the La Crosse Hotel. After the concert we went to the Winter Gardens where we danced for 2½¢ a dance. All Luther men were admitted free. Several of the Veroqua “boys” were there but that didn’t keep us from getting home early. Spent a good share of the time with cousin Fred.

Ate at the Y.M.C.A. and had a swim there in the A.M.

Date: June 11, 1936  
Place: Westby and Cashton, Wisconsin

In Westby we were met by flags, the Westby High School Band, and best of all—C. N. Homstad. Quite a few of us stayed in Cashton. Lank Reagan, Bob Smith, Joe, Iver, Brad and I stayed at our place. Dad was well prepared and we did not suffer from lack of hospitality. Brad still insists that that was the biggest and best meal he’s ever eaten and I’ve seen him eat some big ones. The concert was O.K. and twenty of us came back in a bus which parked in front of our house.

I bid farewell to the folks and the rest in the morning and we were off—some of the fellows who stayed in Cashton, (quite different from the usual form) had any[sic] thing to razz us about.

June 12, 1936  
Place: Spring Prairie, and Rio, Wis.

We played in the afternoon. The place was beautiful but we had meatballs again for dinner. Brad and I worked baggage but it was easy as it was an outdoor concert.
At night we played at Rio and were met by good friend Col. Johnson. Afterwards we stayed with some swell people on a farm near Spring Prairie. Brad told the story about the two bachelors that had lived near West Union. I hadn’t heard this one before and I will hear it again I’m sure.

Brad ate eight pieces of fruit bread for lunch. All I could eat was two. His appetite belies his appearance.

Date: June 13, 1936
Place: Madison, Wisconsin

I spent a happy half-hour showing the boys through the most beautiful state capitol in the United States. We ate lunch at a resturant [sic] where Allan Lawton was working. I hadn’t seen him for several years and it was good to see him again.

Col. Johnson was there with his car so he, Bob Smith, Joe, Iver, Brad, and I went over to the U. where Col. knew a guy and we went swimming in Lake Mendota. Bob and I rented a canoe and rowed for over an hour. That night I got violently ill and threw up about an hour after I went to bed (11 o’clock). The people were very nice and did everything they could. I think it was from the exertion in the hot summer on the lake.

June 14, 1936 and 15th
Place: Stoughton, Wis. Milwaukee, Wis.

Brad and I had to travel in sweaters because we left our jackets at Cashton. I didn’t go to church because I was still sick. I spent the afternoon and evening in bed missing my first concert in over two years in the Luther College Concert Band. It was sad because I couldn’t at least go to hear them because I haven’t heard the band for 3 yrs.

The morning of the 15th I was o.k. again and tip top. I didn’t get to see much of Stoughton but met some nice people. Our hosts were old but very nice & considerate. In Milwaukee Joe and I ate supper at Uncle Al’s house. Brad and I visited the lakefront and Washington Park.

Date: June 16 and 17
Place: De Kalb, and Ottawa.

We played at a Junior College. A bunch of us stayed at a Tourist home run by a middle-aged German couple who crabbed about our leaving the water run etc. We got a late start because of a mix-up in rooms.

At Ottawa the next day we went to "Starved Rock State Park". We were received royally by the mayor of Ottawa and his wife who sang.

We spent the day climbing all over Starved Rock Park. Near there Chief Pontiac was killed. Father Marquette also held the first religious meeting in interior U. S. there. We saw where La Salle had located his fur-trading post. We also looked over the fairly new $12,000,000 dam on the Ill. River.

June 18 and 19
Place: Chicago, Ill

We arrived in Chicago about 3 p.m. and were met by a motorcycle escort. It was fun to whiz down Michigan Blvd. through stop-signs and everything behind two speed cops.

We went out to the Olson Rug Company and looked over the plant. We had our pictures (some of which appeared in the Chicago papers) taken and went to a Y.M.C.A. where we had a chicken banquet burnished by Olson Rug Co. They also made the band a present of a charcoal drawing of Sperati and $100.

We reached the Y.M.C.A. hotel at about 11p.m. Eddie Nelson and Dale Hout were there. Best of all, Howard Hesselberg was there. I hadn’t seen him in 6 yrs. and hardly recognized him. We went to the Blackhawk and heard Joe Sanders “The Old Lefthander”. I had my first taste of Champaigne [sic].

On the 19th we had our pictures taken and practiced at Orchestra Hall. Howard Hesselberg stayed with us at the Y and was with us. After the concert (very successful and thrilling to us all) I met Howstad who now lives in Chicago. Brad’s dad also happened to be in Chicago.

Brad, Ruby Boyle (visiting in Chicago from West Union) another girl and I went to the Silver Forest room at the Drake Hotel and heard Horace Hunt and his orchestra—that was really swell.

Date: June 20, 1936 and June 21
Place: La Grange Ind. Wainwright Band Camp.

We played an outdoor concert to a bunch of “hayshakers”. Some of them didn’t even wear shoes. They speak of the “wild and wooly” West but any one of these could pass for a pioneer. A kid asked Butch Tysberg [sic] if he could ride a horse and Butch said he couldn’t. Whereupon the kid said “I thought all cowboys could ride horses.” We have now reached the point were [sic] people say that we are from out West because we hail from Iowa.

The next afternoon we played at the Wainwright Band Camp—first organized in the U. S. We went boating and swimming there in the morning. They have a pretty nice set-up.

Date: June 22
Place: Ann Arbor, Michigan

We went directly out to the U. of Mich. field house where all of us went for a swim in the largest indoor pool I’ve ever seen. The seventy some odd of us didn’t fill it to capacity. The U. is very large and excellently equipped. We looked over the campus and the football stadium which will hold 75,000 people and is the best I’ve ever seen. We also visited the beautiful new Law buildings.

Six of us stayed in a house that night and no one else was home. Brad rode downtown with the local manager and Brad and I dined on toasted sandwiches and drank lemonade which I concocted from some lemons found in the icebox.

Date: June 23
Place: Cleveland, Ohio
(impt. date) I start my moustache

We played to a very small audience in the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church (a huge building). Cousin Alice Berg was there and Joe and I went out to her apartment to stay. We had lunch and met some Alice’s friends who were very nice. I was supposed to work baggage but came later and had to do a repeat performance. I am now one of the best baggage men in the band having had so much experience working on the so-called emergency crews. My roommate—“The only boy from Fayette County going on the European Diamond Jubilee Tour with the Luther College Concert Band”. Finch is my only competition.
Date: June 24, 1936
Place: Indiana, Pa.

Played at the State Teacher's College. Finch and I worked baggage. He packed his blue uniform trousers in our trunk and we were supposed to travel the next day in blues. As a result he had to wear an old wash pants with his coat. The people we were to stay with were not home so we stayed with a rich old couple in a mansion in Indiana. Some of the lucky fellows got to go to Johnstown and see the results of the flood. Joe didn't get there either. We were in the flood region but no results were visible. Started out at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 25th which is practically in the middle of the night!

Date: June 25, 1936
Place: California Pa, Alexandria, Va.

We arrive at California at about 10:30A.M. We played our concert, ate dinner and started for Alexandria Va.

This was our first contact with the mountains. Frankly I was dissappointed [sic] because they are only large hills and there are no rocky-snow-capped hills (where I got that impression I can't imagine). The going was tough and we had to stop often to let the buses cool off. By six o'clock we were but a fraction of the way. To pour coals on the fire we had several flat tires as that by 12 o'clock (p.m.) we were but a little better than half-way. The scenery was beautiful, however, and it was all right during the day but I caught a bad cold that night. Arrived at Alexandria (just out of Wash. D. C.) at 5 A.M. after driving nearly 24 hours.

Date: June 26, 1936
Place: Washington, D.C.

Went to bed at the Congress Hotel (Alexandria) at 5 A.M. and got up at nine. We went to the Capitol and played on the steps at eleven. After the short concert we went through the Capitol and saw the Senate and House Chambers. After dinner we visited many places on a planned tour. We first went to the Library of Congress where I saw many other things—Lincoln's original draft of his immortal Gettysburg Address—The Declaration of Independence in original—The first book printed on a movable press—original transcripts by Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Victor
Herbert, and the other famous composers,—Washington’s & Lincoln’s Bibles—original sketches by world’s famous artists. The Library of Congress is a beautiful building and is supposed to be one of the best in the world. (Very interesting method of drawing out books).

Smithsonian Institute—Saw Lindberg’s “Spirit of St. Louis” and Post’s “Winnie Mae” White Steamer, all sorts of old cars, fire engines and exhibits showing the development from years past in everything from medicine to sewing. I would like to spend about two weeks there.

New Supreme Court Building. It is white marble inside and out and was built at a cost of $12,000,000. It is the most beautiful building I have ever seen (22 k. gold leaf decorations on the ceiling).

Washington Monument. It is as wonderful as it seems in pictures. Did not get to go up in it because of lack of time.

Date: June 26, 1936 (cont.)
Place: Washington D. C. & Annapolis Md.

Arlington Cemetery—The largest and most beautiful I have ever seen. We visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Memorial Amphitheater of which I have some pictures.

Lincoln Memorial—a simple but beautiful structure in which is housed the famous 18’ statue of Lincoln by French. (It is in a direct line with Washington Monument and the Capitol.

After leaving Washington at 5 p.m. we stopped in Annapolis, Md. at the Naval Academy. We didn’t stop there long but we got an idea of the lay of the land and happened to be there just in time to see cadets (lowering the flag at sunset). Left there for Baltimore and arrived at Baltimore about 9 p.m. in time for a show.

Date: June 27, 1936
Place: Philadelphia and Easton Pa.

We left Baltimore about 9 a.m. and stopped for dinner at Jackson where they where [sic] having a centennial celebration. (I am still surprised at the large number of negros in Wash. D. C. and other Eastern cities). We arrived in Philadelphia in early afternoon and passed the Convention (Republican) Hall. The city was full of flags.
We visited Independence Hall where the first Congress of U. S. met in 1774. Saw the Liberty Bell with its famous crack.

Left Philadelphia for Easton. Played a concert at a State Teacher’s College to a very small audience and stayed in the college dormitory.

Date: June 28, 1936
Place: Mount Claire, New Jersey

Played a Sunday matinee concert at Mount Claire State Teachers College. It is a new college and has a beautiful campus. The New York skyline was plainly visible even at a distance of twenty some odd miles. We were treated swell and had to play a morning concert on the 29th because they liked it so well. The food was “par excellence”.

For the past few days there has been no country regions. It seems like we pass through one small town after another between the large cities.

Brad “Guide” Finch led the way to a theater in Bloomington where we saw the Louis-Schmeling fight pictures. He took us on a bum steer going home and we wound up 2 ½ miles from our destination. He paid dearly.

Date: June 29, 1936, June 30th.
Place: Perth Amboy, New Jersey   Wagner College

Played at the High School. Chris Preus is minister here. Had a fine crowd. We left right after the concert for Wagner College on Staten Island to stay for the night. New York City lights were all alight and it was very impressive.

On the morning of the 30th Brad and I went to New York on the ferry. We got our first good look at tall buildings. We walked all over lower New York along the Battery, looked Wall Street over. Saw the famous Trinity Lutheran Church, Sub. Treasury Bldg., etc. We went through the aquarium and returned to Staten Island.

That evening we played a concert in the auditorium to a good sized crowd.

Date: July 1, 1936
Place:  Wagner College, Staten Island
Went to N.Y. City again about 10:30 a.m. Saw the Normandie pull out for Europe from the ferry. We went up to Times Square and looked the place over. This was my first ride on a subway.

A bunch of us went to the Automart for dinner and from there to Minsky's.

At 6 o'clock we left Wagner College by bus for Brooklyn. We played a concert in a tent to a large crowd. Someone suggested the name Luther College W.P.A. (We play anyplace). Ted Harmon had an accident with his pants due to physic [sic] and could not play in the concert.

Returned again to Wagner College after the concert.

Date: July 2, 1936
Place: New York, City.

We left Staten Island for good at 8 a.m. with the band. As a part of a sight-seeing tour we went out to the Statue of Liberty. We went up inside the statue and looked the thing over from top to bottom.

We went through the business district again and visited New York's Chinatown. In the afternoon we went through Harlem and looked over northern New York City. We visited Grant's Tomb and the mem. by Rockefeller—Riverside Church a very very beautiful building. We also visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine which is as yet uncompleted but will be the largest in the world. It is as yet only about 1/3 complete and has cost around $10,000,000. It is very beautiful and is larger than any fine churches I've seen.

After supper we went though N.Y. Daily News plant—the first time I have ever been in a large news paper plant. They use enough paper each night to stretch [sic] home and back.

From there we went to Radio City. We went thought the C.B.S. (Columbia) and saw the studios where famous broadcasts originated. (Major Bowes etc.) We saw sound effects etc. and plans of the building showing how the station works. Some of more fortunate fellows got tickets to the broadcast of Show Boat. The building and garden at Radio City are very modern and beautiful.

Afterwards we went to the Roxy Theater.
Slept nearly all morning. Went to “King Stays out in Afternoon”. After supper Smith and I went to Radio City to see the Lyton Tea program with tickets we got at Y.M.C.A. Joe, Finch and others went to Fred Waring. Smith went to “Irish Delight”—(Lunt & Fontaine) while I went to the Belasco Theater and saw the play “Dead End”. (Excellent performance the first and only stage play I’ve seen). I went to Dempsey’s Bar and had one very small beer for 15¢.

Walked up and down Broadway and Times Square looking at the signs and lights. Especially the Wrigley signs and the moving headlines around the old Times bldg. Looked in vain for the Von Hindenburg to go over.

We bid our German friend at the Y. (who made me anti-Jewish) goodbye and left for the docks at 8:30 a.m. Got our first look at the Bergansfjord at about ten. We bid our bus drivers “Howie”, “Speed” and “Mealy-Mouth” goodbye and waited until about 11:30 to come aboard.

At the time it looked like a pretty small boat to cross the Atlantic but I don’t think I’ll get sick.

Our cabins are positively [sic] minute. Til Halvorson and Harm Alstad are our roommates.

As we pulled out it was quite a thrill. The people on the dock sang Norwegian songs and the band played several marches and faked “Ya Ve Elskar”. Smooth sailing the first day out. Ran around like a fart in a mitten.
Foggy today. The food on the boat is very good. This is our first contact with the unique Norwegian institution the “odd table” consisting of very numerous cold meats, salads, sauces, etc. Coffee every afternoon at 2p.m.

Played chess nearly all afternoon and enjoyed myself to the fullest extent. Old time dance was held in the recreation room but I played chess instead of going.

Mon. July 6

Heavy fog and the fog-horn has been blown for 15 seconds out of every minute.

Played shuffle-board nearly all afternoon.

Tues. July 7

Still foggy outside and so were Brad and I when we rolled out for 10:30 rehearsal. Several fellows are confined to their rooms for going to a dance on Tourist Class. Another old time dance and I still stick to chess.

Wed. July 8th

Beautiful morning. The ocean is very smooth and its [sic] warmer than usual.

Sig got up a German band for the Masquerade and put on a little act for the people. It really went over big.

We’ve set our watches ahead 40 min. every night except Saturday so we are now nearly 4 hours ahead of the time at home.

Thurs. July 9th

Another beautiful day. Played a concert on deck at 3:30 p.m.

Because of the good weather the ship has been making very good time in fact we’ve averaged 400 nautical miles per 24 hours. Brad and I took several pictures.

Fri. July 10th

This morning the sea was really rough. Most of us went right up on deck immediately after “frokost”. About half of the band was sick and the maids were busy down below. Brad, Joe and I are among those who can take it. We didn’t
contribute a drop. Doc Kassa and Joe gave every one the “cure” until Doc got sick himself. Hib Miller and Nasby were sick nearly all day. No practice this morning.

Sat. July 11th

Today the ocean is calmer. Some of the boys, however, are still recuperating. Pfister holds the record with about 12 times at the rail. Brad got a lot of good pictures of the boys in action.

Received by the Captain this afternoon before the farewell dinner. It was quite a feast and we were each given a souvenir [sic].

Tomorrow we land at Bergan at 10: o’clock and will see Norway for the first time.

This afternoon we sighted three English battleships off to the South. It seemed good to see something other than water.

Sighted Orkney and Shetland Islands yesterday.

Date: July 12, 1936
Place: Bergan Norway.

We sailed into the beautiful harbor at 10 in the morning. The rocky cliffs were very beautiful. It is one of the most impressive sights I’ve seen. As we passed the houses in the hills the people would dip their flags in salute and every-one waved. Words can’t describe the beauty of the rocky cliffs almost covered in spots by green fir trees. We were met at the dock by a band from Bergan and we returned the compliment by playing from the dock of the Bergansfjord. There were thousands of people there to see us and we marched with all of them following and preceding us to King Häkon’s Hall. (See pamphlet). The building is nearly 700 yrs. old and it really surprised me. It is just what you should imagine the hall of the famous knights like King Arthur would be. We were bid welcome by the officials of Norway—Forbundet and the band played for us. (A reversal of the usual form). The director played one of the finest violin solos I’ve heard. At times he sounded like a string choir.

From there we were taken on the incline (funicular railway) up to Florian where we were received by the Am. Consul and other Bergan big shots. This is the largest railway of the kind in the world and from the top you get a breath-taking view of Bergan nestled in the valley and the harbor surrounded by rocky peeks. We walked down the mt. for exercise and walked all over Bergan. The streets are very narrow
and there are few automobiles. There are no traffic signals and the man who toots his horn first has the right of way.

Through a misunderstanding on Lank's part Joe's and my trombones were left at Florian. I had to go back up for them making no.2 ride on the funicular.

We marched through the streets to the park with several thousand people following and ahead of us. A slight sprinkle didn't have any affect on the audience so we put on our slickers and finished the concert. Afterwards we marched back to the restaurant to a reception singing as we marched. The people cheered after the concert and everyone we met tipped his hat. We slept in Pullman cars because we could get no hotel rooms due to the congestion of tourists.

Visited Ole Bull’s grave in the p.m. also. Brad and I held round-table discussion deciding that we were both “slow”.

Date: Monday July 13
Place: Bergan to Oslo trip.

Note: I forgot to mention that our concert in Bergan did not end until 10:15 p.m. and in spite of the rain and heavy weather it was still light enough for us to read our music. You could read a newspaper at 11:15. Night lasts about 45 min.

Monday—Up betimes and off from Bergan to Oslo on what is supposed and must be the most beautiful railway trip in the world. We passed fjords, mountain streams, numerous beautiful water falls, lakes and snow-capped mountains for nearly 12 hours. There are nearly 200 tunnels cut through solid rock. The railway went through Gol, Geilo, Ustaoset, Finse (highest station on the line, 4007 ft.) and in plain view of the mountain tops with glaciers mainly visible, Voss, Myrdal, etc.

We arrived at Oslo at around six after the most complete day of sight-seeing I've ever done. Every one of us was thoroughly enthused over the Norge Mts. We were met at Oslo by Minister Morganstiener. (Norway to U.S.) and other dignitaries. We marched down Karl Johansgaten with two mounted police splitting the crowd that numbered thousands and extended many blocks to the University of Oslo where we were welcomed. We then marched through the crowd to Skansen, one of the best restaurants in Oslo and had a reception. The president of Normans-Borbundet [sic], Minister Magrusturne, U.S. Minister Patterson, and others were there. The Pres. Of the Storting --(Norsk Congress) was to have been there but had an impt. meeting.

We slept on the Bergansfjord which is in port being loaded. Gripe session was held.
Finch and I caught up on rest until 11 o’clock. The band went out to the American Ligation at 12 for another reception. Minister Patterson proved to be a very genial host and we enjoyed a special buffet lunch (I had my first caviar and still don’t know what it tastes like) and some very special coctails [sic] from the American bar. Butch Tysberg [sic] even had a couple. The boys were in the mood so they went ahead and nothing was done. They were sick of having the Norwegians beg us and having to say no to the surprised hosts.

After that I got my shoes fixed and Brad got shorn. We ate supper at the Y.M.C.A. which is known here as the K.J.U.M.

After supper I went into a barbershop and discovered too late that it was operated by three women. The lady couldn’t talk us “snarka” English and I can’t speak Norsk so I got my hair-cut “and how”.

We played at the Colesium and had the second packed house in history (Some great Norwegian Singer was the other). The audience was very very enthusiastic. Dr. Sperati received a commandship in the Norwegian Singers (or some such) and also given a medal and made commander of some Student Musical organization. Two very high honors and two beautiful medals. The concert really went over and we assured another full house when we return.

After the concert Bob, Joe, Iver, Brad, and I went to the Red Mill which is American enough to be in Minneapolis or Milwaukee. Nearly everyone you bump into can understand and talk a little English. It is taught in all of the higher schools. Brad tried to ask a man for a match in Norwegian and the fellow answered in English (he had lived in New York for 6 yrs.) We had a good time talking with he and his friend.

Going back to the ship in the beautiful semi-twilight of two o’clock we hired one of those unique horse and buggys and rode through town for half an hour before turning in. (No hours tonight). As we’d go by people would salute and we’d salute back. Iver could talk a little Norwegian so we had the driver point out places of interest. We saw Ibsen’s gaten, Oslo U. etc.

Date: July 15, 1936
Place: Eidisval [sic], Elverum
At 8 a.m. we took a train for Hamar. We stopped off at Eidisval [sic] for about two hours in the morning, however, and visited the historical place where the Norwegian Constitution was born. It was a very beautiful place, with a large, well-built, house. We visited the room where the group met and saw the table of the Constitution was written on May 17, 1814. The place is covered with portraits of the signers of the Constitution. The home had been that of a very rich man and everything was of the best quality. It is now sort of a museum and has been restored to its original state. The furniture and everything was very beautiful. There were numerous stoves—a billiard table, etc. We were given dinner at another building as a part of the reception. The band boys were transported in private cars and our driver was a direct descendant of Ging (the immortal composer)—he was a newspaper editor and he interviewed us in broken English all the way over and back for his paper.

We arrived at Elverum at about 4 o’clock. Here again I thought was the most beautiful spot in Norway but it seems they all are. We were taken to what is called Glomdalsmuseet where there is a collection of old buildings preserved in natural state showing peasant life in centuries past. There were buildings that were over 700 years old. In the museum proper they had many things like we have at ours in Decorah but much more. I was especially interested in a student set up of the universe in a school room there.

We were first of all given a very delicious meal—for desert we had strawberries served in soup bowls and soup spoons to eat with and cream in pitchers a foot and a half tall. We all ate about two of these and staggered from the table to see the museum. At 1 (our last meal, the biggest I’ve eaten for year) was through at six and now we had coffee. With the coffee we had about 15 different kinds of Norwegian cake each better that the other and we all ate all over again. Their cakes are usually made only for Christmas, etc. but they prepared all this especially for us.

The concert played out-of-doors was very successful and the Norskies went in a big way for our “Death of Custer”. Their custom of giving cheers was again used and we returned with a (?). We road buses over to the Grand Hotel at Elverum where we stayed for the evening.

Date: July 16, 1936  
Place: Hamar

The cars at the hotel inspired my joke which is now classed among the inspiridosities [sic]. “Who was that ledig I saw you with last night?” “That was no ledig that was an uptat.” Or the saying if you were broke in Norway you’d be up the proverbial creek without an ore.
We slept all morning except for the brief period spent in rehearsal. Our concert was in a pavilion which was packed with a capacity crowd of a 1000.

Brad and I tried to get dates but we couldn’t “snacka” good enough.

We just missed seeing the man who set a new record by walking from Trondheim to Oslo in 4 days 7 hrs. & 40 min. or some such. In the afternoon Hasbjor, Toureshted [sic] and had lunch and then went to see the ruins of the Hamar Domkirken which was built in 1152 and destroyed in 1500 by Swedes.

Date: July 17, 1936
Place: Gjovik

We arrived in Gjovik by crossing the lake in a boat from Hamar. The pier was covered with people waiting for us. We were met by a band and marched to our hotel with another crowd following us. In the evening we played at a Norwegian fair and there was an audience of between 4 and 5,000. There were plenty of good looking gals there but we couldn’t hang around. We went up to another mountain-top resort and had another reception. We had to walk all of the way up and back down but I think it was worth it. I would have liked to have spent a little time at the fair, however.

Date: July 18, 1936
Place: Lilehammer [sic]

After taking a sight-seeing tour around Gjovik and seeing some very beautiful country we left for Lilehammer [sic] on the only side-wheeler in Norway. It is about 80 yrs. old but looks swell and ticks right along. Dr. Sperati piloted the boat for about half an hour and got a big kick out of it. They had a kids band on the boat and they played quite well on some of the oldest instruments I’ve seen.

We were met at the dock by a band and a mob of people. We marched up to a swell restaurant where we ate. We were given strawberries for about the 7th time.

After the meal we visited Maihaugan [sic](one of the largest and most famous museums in Norway). There we saw——

1. A minister’s home dating back to 1650. The minister’s home was Prestegard. There were three rooms—kitchen and dining room—drawing room and bed
room. The dining room contained a large collection of old copper and silver utensils. It must have been a beautiful home in its day.

2. The Capitain’s [sic] house—dating from 1759 decorated by the captain himself. At first I thought the Norskie must have been very small judging from the size of the beds but I learned that they slept sitting up.

3. Old peasant house dating from 1440. It was the oldest type of dwelling. It had one big room with a fire pit in the center and no chimney except a hole in the ceiling. There was a cover for this hole attached to a long pole. There was also a shooting hole near the floor.

4. First church in Gudbrandsdalen dating from 1021. There was a great deal of woodwork carved by a 17 yr. old farm boy years back and it was very well done. There were special box pews and one special one above floor level with an outside entrance for the richest farmer in the valley who did much to build the church.

5. Another old dwelling place dating from 1600 representing a bit of advancement over the others. It had a fireplace but no chimney and the beginning of a wooden floor. The beginning of wall half-way up and decorated the rest with chalk.

6. First school-house in the valley—it was used up to 1930 (built in 1860. Before that time the tutor traveled from house to house. He had a room right in the school.

7. Armory—200yrs.old—among other things there was a suit of Swedish armor dating from 1300—an execution sword with too many notches to count—and a wooden pistol (barrel and all) with such a complicated mechanism that nothing less than a machinist could fire it.

There was also a collection of Scotch arms captured from a Scotch army led by a Lord Sinclair to help the Swedes in war against the Norskies. The Norwegians cornered the Scotch and anihilated the army losing only one man who was killed by Lady Sinclair—(They were even dangerous in those days).

8. Four buildings from Sjaak arranged in typical old farm arrangement [drawing]. Included a storehouse, a summer house, winter house and a feast house. In the summer house there was a special 3 decker bed. Top deck for grandparents, middle for kids and the bottom one was for cats and dogs.

The table ran along one side of the large room. At one end a wooden snake hung from the ceiling (symbol of the shrewdness of women) and the other a wooden cock (symbol of the pride of men).
On top of the houses there were little pent houses (so to speak) which were called maiden’s bowers in which the girls slept. It was from such a place that Per Gynt eloped with Salveigh.

Afterwards we played in a natural amphitheater to several thousand people. We had coffee in an old building served by Norwegian girls in costume. Skaaled to Preus with “ol” (some of us got it in spite of--). Off to an all night ride to Trondheim behind the largest engine in Europe.

Date: July 19
Place: Trondheim

Arrived here after an all night ride through some very very beautiful country. It was dark for but a short while and between naps I witnessed some scenery that will view with anything imaginable. Marched from the train to the Mosken (our coast steamer) and rested until 12:30. We were escorted by a City Band that really murdered “The Star Spangled Banner”.

At 12:30 we left for the Domkirken. It just consisted of a little Medeval [sic] spring which rose beside St. Olaf’s (Olav’s) burial place. The place of the spring (long since dry) is still a shrine for pilgrims.

In 1070 Olav Kyrre built a cathedral church as head church of the bishops and it has been destroyed and rebuilt since. It was a beautiful and expensive building. (Pamphlet containing pictures & history). There was a beautiful Russian icon there which was 500 yrs. Old.

Before we left for the church a tug-boat sank very near the Mosken. Three of the crew were saved by members of our crew but the fourth (in the engine room was drowned).

On our return from the church we stopped at a hotel for a luncheon, and again had strawberries.

When we returned to the ship we passed a wharf fire which destroyed 4 large buildings before it was stopped (one of the worst in recent years).

The concert was held in the King’s Garden. Another big thrill for all of us when we were given the signal to stand and play “God Save the King”. He was a very tall handsome man and he looked less than sixty while he is 75 this yr. His son and an attaché accompanied him. Though it rained slightly he stayed for the whole concert
and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. He shook hands with the members of the management and their wives. He sat in an ordinary chair in front of the crowd and I sat within 25 ft. of him. In the line-up I was still closer.

After the concert we went to the Britannia Hotel (the coyest and the swankiest in Trondheim) where we had another reception (managed to get “ol” again).

After the reception Arnie Eide, Joe, Brad and I went out looking for a glass of Port before retiring. It was raining so we didn’t know where to go. Arnie talked Norwegian and he got a couple of Norskies to take us to the Theater Restaurant. There was a “corny” dance band there so we decided to stay a bit. Later we discovered that my ticket was winner for the door prize and we got a bottle of the best Port in the house. We took a cab and arrived at the ship at 0:15 (12:15) after a very long, happy and interesting day.

The ship lay in port until the following morning and we, needless to say did likewise.

Date: July 20, 1936  
Place: Christiansand, Norge

The boat sailed from Trondheim at 8 A.M. and Brad and I slept all morning. We traveled with land on both sides all morning between the lower islands that dot the coast of Norway. We landed at Christiansand with the usual crowd waiting to receive us. We docked at 17 o’clock, and marched up to the church behind the best city band we’ve heard.

I took “guide” Finch, allong [sic] with me to a shoemaker and with gutteral sounds and gestures at his watch we made the shoemaker understand. I wore his own Sunday shoes from then until 8:30 in the evening while he half-soled mine.

We played a new church program in a small wooden church. Afterwards the crowd waited outside the church and followed us up to a Hotel on top of a large hill where we had a reception. The people payed to get on the grounds just to see us eat and listen to the “pep” band. We marched back down with a mob of at least 2 or 3 thousand people crowding in on all sides of us. Just for fun the front rank pulled in some kids to march with us. These were soon substituted for girls. I looked around a little later and you couldn’t see the band—there were about two girls to every band man. We marched that way all the way down to the boat. We would have to leave at twelve on a night like that. I think the girls were as disappointed as we were.
Date: July 21
Place: Rosendal

Rosendal is a typical tourist town in one of the most beautiful fjords we’ve been in. The Orion (English ship—a classy tourist boat) was there too. We talked with a few “bally” Englishmen and had quite a laff [sic]. Brad, Joe, Iver, and some other fellows and I took an auto trip into the mountains. It was beautiful beyond words. This was my first real contact with a mountain and I loved it. We had a snowball fight at the top and drank ice-cold mountain water while according to reports its over 100 degrees back in U. S. We took a bunch of pictures and I hope they turn out o.k. because words can’t describe such beauty.

At 2:15 we left for Molde back up the fjord where we were to play the evening concert. We took an auto ride through the country and ended up at the church at Molde which houses the famous painting of Christ’s Resurrection by Axel Ender. It was positively the most beautiful painting I’ve seen. The characters seemed to live and the texture of the coloring was so excellent and beautiful that it cannot be soon forgotten. I spent about half an hour just looking at it.

We had a good crowd at the concert and they all seemed satisfied although the concert was far from up to par. We sailed at midnight with the consolation that we would at least get a good nights sleep.

Date: July 23, 1936
Place: Allesund—Geraniger {sic}.

We sailed past Alesund in the morning and went further up the fjord to Andalsness {sic}. This was the Storfjord (we went up the Romdsdal [sic] fjord yesterday) and is the most beautiful one we’ve hit. The mountains are straight up and down for about a height of 1000 ft on each side of the fjord. Andalsness [sic] is a tourist town nestled in the mountains and the Orion was in port. We took another auto ride into the mountains and were within a 15 min. walk of one of the largest glaciers in Norway.

We sailed by the beautiful Seven Sisters and Bridal Veil Falls which drop from a height of at least 1000 ft. There were thousands of beautiful falls on each side.

We played in a beautiful auditorium upstairs to a capacity crowd. Sailed out at 0 o’clock.
Date: July 24, 1934 [sic]
Place: Floro

We pulled into Floro about 10 o’clock. When we docked about 50 people got on the boat and we went to an island on which Kinn Kirke is located. It was a small stone church nestled in between two sheer cliffs. We had to walk about a mile and a half to reach it. The inside was quite plain but in front there was a large archway of wood-carving which could have been sold to the museum in Oslo for 50,000 crowns. It was a beautiful piece of work and is the only one of its kind in Norway. It depicted the 12 apostles and Christ. We held services in the old church and it was very impressive. The church was built in the 11th cent. and is now restored just as it had been.

We returned to Floro and played an out-door concert which in my estimation was the worst I’ve ever played in. Personally I think the band is getting kind of stale.

It rained before the concert was over but as usual it wasn’t enough to stop the concert. We played “Death of Custer” and just when we came to the serious part in the end, Sig’s tymph [sic] stick flew out of his hand and the crowd roared and most of the band with them.

There was a dance at the place we played afterwards and all of the boys crashed it. The floor was lousy and the music was terrible but it was a novelty to dance with the Norwegian gals. Brad went to the ship early and I left before the thing was over. Some of the boys were sick.

Date: July 24
Place: Bergan

We pulled into Bergen again about 10a.m. It was raining slightly and generally ungood because we were all pooped out. We took an auto ride and visited the home of Christian Michelson who was one of the leaders in dissolving the union between Norway and Sweden. He is the outstanding man of his time and is revered by all good Norwegians. The house was very beautiful and is now used as the King’s home while in Bergan and we were told that nearly every living monarch has been entertained there at some time or other. Chris had a case full of medals—enough to decorate a regiment. He must have been quite a guy because he had decorations (highest honors) from China, Japan, Russia, Germany, France, etc.

From there we went to the modest home of the late Edward Grieg, greatest of Norwegian composers. All of his music sprung out of his love for his country. He
revolutionized the music in Norway and through his masterpieces the world has learned the spirit of Norway and has appreciated and understood Norse culture. We listened to his music played on his own piano and it was very inspiring. Johannsen, eminent Norse violinist, played for us also.

We played an evening concert in a large modern theater to a capacity crowd. The concert went pretty good and everyone was satisfied except that “Prexy” went out and grabbed the flowers and all the glory. Brad and I worked baggage. When we returned to the ship we each drank two bottles of “ol” and toasted to Prexy’s absence.

Date: July 25  
Place: Odda

We sailed into Stavangerfjord to Odda where we landed about noon. We ate a very good dinner at a hotel and had from 2:30 until 8:30 free. Joe and I bought some Hardanger handwork and a little wall hanging for mother and Brad bought a sweater for Ruby. We had to wait with practice until 5:30 because of a wedding in the church. We were so damned crowded that we could hardly play in spite of the fact that “Nib” was vacationing for two days and there were only 5 of us in the trombone section.

After the concert we were entertained by a young people’s society in their own hall. We had sandwiches, cakes, coffee and Rommegrot. There was a girl between each of us and they were all dressed in their beautiful native costumes. The one between Brad and I was old enough to have been at the 1914 reception they told us about. The one on my left however, was “ikke sa atig”. Several couples showed us some folk dances and then we cleared away the chairs and tables and joined in. It was great fun and the gals really entered into the spirit of things. The old-timers must have really enjoyed themselves even if the only music was their own singing because we did.

Afterwards Brad, Irv Larson, George Thompson, and I walked four of them home or as near home as we could get. (Strange people these Norwegians). They couldn’t talk English and we couldn’t talk Norse but we got along with sign language and my limited vocabulary. We passed the cyanimid plant where they produce carbide. One of the largest in Europe. Beautiful sight.

Date: July 26  
Place: Oystesa
I forgot to mention that yesterday we passed the largest power plant in Norway. There are huge tubes drilled through the mountain top and draining a huge mountain lake that supply water power.

We sailed up the Stavangerfjord to Oystese. The view was very beautiful. On either side there were snow-capped mountains. There was a huge crowd of people on the dock to greet us. Most of them (even the little kids) were in their national costumes. We were escorted to the Ingebrigt Vik museum where we were welcomed officially and shown through the museum. (Vik was Cliff Vik's uncle). He was one of the greatest of horse sculptors and has an international reputation.

After that we were taken on our auto trip in the most beautiful morning to a waterfall dropping right off a ledge on the side of a mountain. There was a pathway and we all walked under the waterfall and watched thousands of gallons of water pour down in front of us.

We returned to the city and played an outdoor concert at noon. It was hotter than blazes but it went pretty good. This was second out-door concert with no rain. Brad and I and some others went back and went swimming off the Mosken until sailing time. Mrs. Sperati had a semi-fit because so many of us went in with just trunks. The water was cool and slightly salty but it sure was refreshing.

We sailed at 2 p.m. for Eide where the boat ankered [sic] and we took a train for Voss.

Date: July 26
Place: Voss

We took the train about 6 (18 o'clock) o’clock for Voss and went through a very beautiful valley. We arrived at Voss at about 7:15 and played an out-door concert in a park at 8:30. It rained a little bit but had no effect on the crowd or the concert.

Walking back “Doc” Kassa and I fell in with a young fellow who spoke good English. We had quite a talk. He introduced us to one of his teachers (a prof. at the gymnasium (compares with our college)) who was also an associate editor of some newspaper. I promised him I would write and tell him what I thought of Norway and he would print it and send me some copies of the paper. We took the train back to the boat at Eide and sailed at 2 o’clock.
Date: July 27
Place: Haugesund

We landed at 10 a.m. and I had to play in the band as no. 1 band played. There was another large crowd to greet us and we were immediately taken to the monument erected to Harold Harfager who was the first king to attempt to form a union between the small kingships in Norway. We also saw the spot where he is supposed to have been buried.

We had the greater part of the afternoon free so “Gut’s” Finch, “Pogo” Joe, Iver and I ate goodies purchased at 5 ore apiece at a bakery. At 6:30 we walked, or rather marched about two miles to a park way out of town where we had another out-door concert and as usual it rained a bit. The crowd was good and was very responsive. We fell in with a couple of chaps that had lived in Brooklyn for about six years and we had a very interesting discussion on the way back. The fellow I was with was a splendid fellow and we mutually enjoyed a visit in good old Brooklyn style. I guessed immediately that he had lived in U. S. because they don’t teach English like that in Norse schools.

After we reached the ship we went to another reception where we were served those fancy cold sandwiches. There was a fellow at each table and the chap at our table was really swell. He is the only reason why I enjoyed the reception. They had sort of an impromptu entertainment and they all called for Brad and I to sing so we had to deliver our special number—Just Before The Battle Mother—Even received compliments.

Date: July 28
Place: Stavanger

The boat docked at Stavanger at 11 a.m. but I being pooped-out and having a severe head cold decided to remain in bed for the day. With Brad’s help I convinced myself and took a day vacation.

The band went to Sandnes for an afternoon concert and came back to Stavanger for the evening concert. There was a reception after the concert so the fellows didn’t get in until 1:30.

The band was also taken on an auto ride visiting the place where Harold Harfager’s best battle uniting the kingdom was fought. They also visited another old Cathedral which was built in the 12th century. It was a beautiful day but I caught up on sleep.
Date: July 29
Place: Egersund—Flekkefjord.

We landed at about 10 a.m. and played a concert at 12 noon in an old church.

At 11 a.m. we went through a chime factory which is 100 years old. It was quite interesting to watch them work and I suppose they got just as much kick out of looking at us.

Spiro and Sig had another tangle just before the concert. Sig has been getting pretty smart lately.

During the concert Sperati caught Joe laughing and he hollered at him. It made him so mad, because of that and then other things that he really blew up.

We sailed for Flekkefjord at 3 p.m. arriving there at eight. We were met by a fleet of approximately 100 small motor boats with a large one containing the city band. I played in the pep band so I had a ring-side seat.

We had to march about a mile and a half to reach the place where we played—on top of a large hill. We played “Death of Custer” and it went over big. Afterwards we were given a reception with more sandwiches. The Toastmaster was very clever and the program was excellent except for the fact that we (Brad and I) had to sing our little song again. It seemed to make a hit, however, because we were requested to sing after the reception.

The band was presented with a key “to all the hearts in Flekkefjord” in a beautiful engraved silver case. Preus accepted it but all of the fellows said “Sperati” so he passed it off by presenting it to Sperati.

Afterwards we couldn’t dance so we played games which were as close to dancing as possible with musical accompaniment. We thought that all of the management had gone and some of the fellows started dancing. This was stopped, however, by Dr. Sperati himself.

Brad and I didn’t get on the ship until 3:30—we stood on the dock and talked to a very attractive young lady and her mother who spoke good English. Joe and Bob were having a round-table discussion with an intelligent young lady who could speak French-German-Eng. and Norse. Many of the fellows stayed out until 4 a.m. (sailing time). Mrs. Sperati glowed onto several of them and told them off. Irv Larson made her admit he wasn’t drunk before he’d let her go to bed.
We arrived at 11:30 a.m. and were taken off on an auto trip. Moen, Brad, and I spent most of the time [?] at Prexy. On the trip we passed a log mill where the logs were carried for about 8 miles over the mountains by cable-car to the mill from the stream they were floated in.

Sperati had a little chat with Brad after dinner just on general principles—he was a little worked up about the boys staying out.

The concert was held up on a hill in a wooded park and we had a good-sized crowd. We were given a splendid reception afterwards but it was too damp so Finch and I left early and went down to the ship.

Saw a mechanical hen today. You put in 10 ore and she lays you a boiled egg.

The ship docked at 12 and after the necessary speeches by the welcoming committee and the music by the pep-band we were served a chicken dinner on the boat. We had the afternoon off but we stayed in because of the rain. They had a swell boat trip lined up for us but it had to be called off.

We played in a church with the usual church consul. Afterwards Brad, Babcock and I went up to a restaurant and had some delicious ice-cream. The waitress was very beautiful but she didn’t seem to be in the mood.

Most of these Norwegian towns close at 10:30 or 11 o’clock so its [sic] pretty hard to do anything even to get food.

We talked to a man in the restaurant who said there had never been such lovely music in the town before. (His own words).
Beautiful day for a change. Boat docked at 11 a.m. Ten minutes after Brad and I got up. We played our concert 12 noon at a fair and Brad and I worked baggage. The fair consisted only of exhibits of handwork. Joe and I bought a jacket for Marion. The boat left at 3 p.m. and we had to "sling fanny" to make it.

We arrived at Larvik at about 4:30 and there was an unusually large crowd on the dock to greet us. We dashed out to get something to eat and got back just in time to march to the concerts. We played in a theater and played "Wedding of the Winds" for the first time—a really enjoyable variation.

Swell reception afterwards with no sandwiches. Afterwards Arnie Eides and Brad and I wandered around. It started to rain again so we wound up at the ship early.

Date: August 2
Place: Porsgrunn, Skien.

Docked at 12 and left almost immediately to visit a porcelain [sic] factory—it would have been better had it been in operation. Lovely products—we were given an ash tray for a souvenir [sic].

Brad and I went down to the fair grounds which like all other Norwegian fair grounds consisted of a few stands and a building filled with handwork. (We bought some gloves).

Left for Skien at 5 and arrived before 7. I had to play in the pep band. Brad went up on the hill and took a picture of the crowd and nearly broke his leg (?) when he came down.

We had to march about a mile and a half to reach the concert place on top another hill.

We had sandwiches again afterward and Brad and I ducked out early but it didn’t do us any good.

Date: August 3, 1936
Place: Sandefjord—whaling center

We arrived at noon and left immediately to visit a museum which was quite interesting. Brad and I went out and had some lunch and set out to find a place to
take a bath but were unsuccessful. We were given a meal at the Atlantic Hotel which was positively colossal. I had eaten a full meal just on the first course.

At 5:30 we visited a large whaling vessel. Between 1400 and 1500 whales were taken back on this one “floating factory”. Each boat of this sort is accompanied by eight small boats which hunt down the whale and kill it. The wales [sic] are filled with air and a flag is stuck in them and they are left floating until several more are killed.

There are about 350 men with an outfit such as this and in one year they mfg. about 200,000 lbs of oil. Most of it is used in mfg. of (?). Eng. & Norge are chief countries but Japan will not agree to their terms. It takes them about a month and a half to reach the Antarctic regions and the season is open about 4 months. The deck of the boat was as large as a football field and covered with large cranes and wenches.

Returning to the Mosken we dressed and marched to the church in the rain. I went home almost directly after the concert but Brad and “Shrink” Eittreim took a couple of [?] home.

Date: August 4  
Place Forsberg

We left Sandfjord at 8 a.m. and stopped on the way for a swim. Almost everybody went in and it was really fun. Even Sperati went in and the water was pretty cold.

We arrived at Forsberg at 12:30 and left immediately on an auto trip to “World’s End”—a large restaurant located on the rocky shore of the Atlantic. We had a very fine dinner given by a man named Christiansen. Brad forgot the camera but we’ll get other pictures.

We (the baggage crew) had every thing ready at the church and they decided to have the concert in the park so we had to reset everything.

After the concert Brad, Haakon, Babcock, and I went out together. Babcock & I picked up two of the best looking girls I’ve seen in Norway. Needless to say we hiked several miles and didn’t get in until early morning. One of the sailors threw a scare into us but it was just a joke. The girl’s name was Anna Jepsen and she was a honey.

Date: August 5  
Place: Horton—Norwegian Navel Base
We arrived about 11:30 a.m. and marched from the Mosken to the shipyards. We went through a nautical museum and part of the armory. Norway has only 4 30 yr. old battleships and about three torpedo boats for a Navy while she has one of the largest Merchant Marines in the world. They mfg. their own airplanes here and their own torpedoes (which they also sell to Eng. & Holland at $10,000 per.).

In the afternoon we took a motorboat trip to an island and visited the ruins of another old church. We were told a local story about 12 robbers and a girl (telling the fact) which I remember grandmother H. telling us. We had coffee and cakes here and returned passing a girl's school on the way. Our pilot went close to land and all of the girls came down to talk with us. 6 of them were from Georgia and they came to the concert that night. Joe and 5 others took them home walking 4 miles.

The concert went fine but Brad and I worked. We returned to the ship though it was the most beautiful night yet.

Date: August 6
Place: Moss

(I forgot to mention that when the band marched we were peppered with flowers—they even threw boquets[sic] at us after “Stars and Stripes”—Every one wore a flower and Sperati had about 5 boquets[sic]). Horton.

Left Horton at noon and arrived at Moss at 13:00. Left on a sight seeing tour and returned to the Moss Hotel at 3:30 for dinner. We dressed and played a concert in a small park behind the hotel. After the usual sandwiches Babcock and I went out together. We walked around for quite a while and finally went out walking with a pair. I left early because I was tired but Babcock stayed out quite late. Brad was with Handy and he did all right. He came back to the boat and raved about her as if he were in love.

“Dutch” Solberg and Holleque went out on one and I had a difficult time getting them to bed.

Date: August 7
Place: Sharpsburg
We were scheduled to leave at 9 but we left an hour early and Brad had made a date with his g. f. for 8:30. He was up, shaved, dressed, etc. when we pulled out at 8. Boy he was sore. He wrote a letter and Carlsburg translated it and he sent it back to Sigmund explaining.

We arrived at Sharpsburg before noon and left immediately for a paper mill. We marched about 3 ½ miles to the largest p. mill in Norway. It took us about 2 hrs. to go through and we returned (by taxi for 25 ore per) to the Festivetat where we had lunch.

We played in a park to a very good audience and Dr. Sperati received many bouquets [sic] as usual. Brad and I walked around a bit but were both in favor of going to the boat. I beat Chellis a game of curvarse [sic] and called it a night. We met Olaf Olsen internationally renowned [sic] figure skater on the boat.

Date: August 8
Place: Fredrickstad.

Up betimes to rehearse on the dock. Not a bad rehearsal in spite of our unwelcome audience and Sperati’s temperament.

Left at 11 and arrived at Fredrickstad at noon. Left immediately for the old town of Fredrickstad where we ate lunch in an old fort built in 1562 which is still gas & bomb proof.

After sandwiches we looked over the fortifications—one of the few remaining as such—and also the remains of an old Swedish vessel sunk in a Norwegian Swedish battle.

Returned to the Mosken dressed and went to a hotel to be greeted or rather repulsed by sandwiches. Bob Smith, Brad, and I went to an in [sic] and partook of part and did render our parts in the concert right well.

Sandwiches in a would-be reception so Brad and I went to the ship.

Date: August 9—Sunday
Place: Kongsberg-Drammen.
Arrived at Drammen about 11 and proceeded [sic] by bus to Kongsberg. We played an afternoon concert 13:00-14:00 in a very large and beautiful old church. Fayette boy—Thore Thompson met Finch and said the music made him cry.

We had a nice reception after which we pulled out from K. to Drammen.

The evening concert was in a large park. Being early “Ace” Mosbo, Babcock, & myself took a complimentary ride on a little merry-go-around, being the only ones to ride one in Norway.

Brad’s gr. f. from Moss cycled down to see him in the aft. but had to return so he didn’t get to see him. It’s a little matter of about 25 miles.

Played to a crowd of about 5,000 and had a very nice reception afterwards in a large new hotel. Returned to ship early.

Date: August 10
Place: Honefoss

Left Drammen by bus for Honefoss. On the way we stopped at a very nice hotel for “(?))” and a bit of a “breather”. The best scenery we have seen for some time (since Northern Norge).

We visited a large farm and were greeted by a group of young people (members of a Y. P. S.) who sang for us in an old church (ruins). This church was said to have been built by Harold Haroldson (first Norse King to accept Christianity).

We heard the tale of the race between Olaf and the Troll and how Olaf’s church was built before the Troll’s bridge and saw where the Troll threw rocks and where her big bone landed. We also saw the burial mound of an ancient king.

We played a concert in a beautiful park and our crew worked and it was really bad. My stomach was upset so Joe worked for me. Good concert & crowd.

Had a reception at the Hotel we ate at in the afternoon. There was a plaque with one of the famous people that had stayed there listed on it and Dr. Preus—Ove’s father—and Dr. Sperati were listed from the 1914 tour. There were about 20 names and some of the others were Baron Rothschild—Pres. Grant & Harding—Louis Napoleon—etc.

Mrs. Chellis (“Zazu”) pulled her prize dumb one by asking if all of these people were there now.
We returned by bus to Drammen and one of the biggest bull sessions I’ve been in on was held in our bus on the way back.

I guess Brad, Joe and “Personality Kid” Bjerke entertained the other bus.

Date: Tuesday August 11, 12
Place: Oslo.

Landed at Oslo at 11. At 12 we serenaded the American Consul, had refreshments and proceeded [sic] to the Skansen where we dined. A great meal for there was no management present. One friend Olaf Olsen (the skater) helped show us around.

Went to the U. Oslo and set up for the concert. We were free until six when we dressed on the Mosken.

The concert was broadcast and we had a capacity crowd. The Crown Prince attended.

Afterwards Iverson, Babcock, Brad, and I visited a Spisehallen where there was fine music and fine wine and we ate and drank with great pleasure. Babcock and I also went to the Red Mill where we were invited out on a party. Declining we returned to the boat after escorting two young ladies home. Met “Fat” Hoegh on the way and nearly had a scrap with him because he was pretty ugly.

Babcock and I returned to find that it had been quite a night for the boys and though we came at 1:45 we were among the “first” in.

Several fellows in the hall got sick but “Christy” carried off all honors by craping in bed.

Woke up with a headache and tried to pack. We left the Mosken at 11:45 for the Student Hotel and after going the wrong place first finally got located. (“Guide” Finch has had taxi trouble in nearly every country).

Joe and I went out to Rev. Eichmund’s place and after much difficulty with the Norse house numbering system we found them. We spent a very pleasant 2½ hrs. visiting with the Rev. who evolved a great deal of pleasure from reminiscing. Had lunch and went down town to shop. We bought some coffee spoons for mother and I set out to find Brad. He was to meet his g. f. from Moss who was coming to Oslo but didn’t after all.
Went out to the P. T. fair for the evening concert which was pretty much of a joke in spite of the large crowd. Most of the fellows didn’t give a darn because we were supposed to have vacation. I wanted to see Per Gynt and it made me sore.

Left after the concert for the Red Mill where I was to meet Brad. He wasn’t there so I waited a while with “Wimpy” Reagen and “Honk” Jacobson and finally left about 12:30 for the hotel only to find Brad in bed thoroughly disgusted because the Moss gal didn’t come.

Date: August 13
Place: Copenhagen

We left Oslo at 9:50 for Copenhagen. There were 22 in the party all headed for Germany. It was raining but it did little to spoil our trip because we were now on our own with no management.

We went through part of Sweden which was very flat and I was very surprised to see the many large windmills which I had before associated only with Holland.

At Goteborg we all got out for 10 min. and I mailed a card home. When the train pulled out Ing Sorenson was left and he had to wait until that night the next train.

We arrived at Copenhagen—a surprisingly modern city—especially by night—at 10:30. Ate—bathed and retired on our first real night of vacation.

Date: August 14
Place: Copenhagen to Berlin

We left Copenhagen at 10:30 and all of the members of our party were present. De Noyelles pulled a prize one by smashing a fellow’s bicycle and consequently was ostracized by our clique. Hack, Joe, “Warfy” or “Goon” Knutson, and “Pretty-Boy” Iverson all had straw sailor hats purchased in Oslo and called themselves “the straw hat club”. There were quite a few pills in the crowd so we just experienced the H. C. boys etc.

We stopped at Warnemonde to get tickets and cash our checks and nearly lost “Kip” Weihe head from group.

We saw many old castles and old buildings. There were many houses with thatched roofs and also many “Dutch” windmills. It seems that Denmark and Germany are
way ahead of U. S. in having projects. We saw them everywhere “You don’t need money for a house” is the rule—just work.

Date: August 14, & 15, & 16  
Place: Berlin, Germany

We arrived in Berlin about 8:15 p.m. and it was raining very hard. We found our hotel with little difficulty and we were all located by 9:30.

“Blackie” Nack, “Warfy”, Ed, Joe, Brad and I went out to get something to eat. We visited a few gardens and retired comparatively early.

Brad and I got up early to see if we could get tickets for the Olympics. We walked all over town and found that we couldn’t. We cashed our traveler’s cheques, ate breakfast, and started out to see something.

Unter den Linden was decorated with very many large Nazi flags. It looked nearly like the avenue of flags at the World’s Fair. The street was extremely wide and very busy as it is Berlin’s main street.

We succeeded in getting up to a 3rd story balcony of a store and took some pictures. We got a few hotel stickers and started out for the Olympics. We could get in to any of the events so we looked around us much as we could, sent a few cards, bought some souveniers [sic], and returned to the city.

Brad and I did some shopping until supper and then returned to the hotel. We ate supper in the Winter Garden Café—one of the best in town and then went to a musical comedy which was supposed to have been one of the best ever shown in Berlin. It was so bad we left when it was half over.

After the play we happened to drop into Lang’s Café where we had our first taste of German fruit juice the night before. Nack and Ed were there so we joined them. Some German students joined us and we had a great time. Two of them could talk fairly good English so we discussed everything about German problems. We gave them our College yell at intervals and they reciprocated with theirs. We sang German songs and every fifteen minutes or so the 3 piece orchestra would play “Stars & Stripes Forever” for us. We moved on about 4 and broke up about 5:30. Brad got a Nazi pin and Joe got two of them from the fellows.

Three of the students called for us at the hotel at 10:30 so we all went out for breakfast. After breakfast—(12) we went out to see the sights.
We visited the Olympic fire, The Kaiser’s home, The tomb of the German unknown soldier, the university bldgs. and then walked down Unter den Linden.

The streets were massed with people waiting to get a glimpse of Adolph Hitler as he passed on his way to the Olympic games so we joined the crowd. After ¾ of an hour of waiting and several false alarms the signal was given and we knew he was coming. The brownshirts locked in a chain hand-to-belt as far as we could see either way held the pressing crowd back from the streets. I stood just back of the police line. Hitler rode by standing in the front of his auto in a brown uniform giving the salute and all of the people responded nearly going mad. It really was good psychology because even knowing as little about him as I do and thinking how I left with the feeling I had been priviledged [sic] to see a great man.

We then went down the street of Triumph and saw the large movement at the end. We also looked over the Reichstag. We then all boarded a street bus and went to Western Berlin which is very pretty. We visited a few more outdoor restaurants and started back. All of us met at the hotel and checked out and started for the station. Joe, Brad, Ed, Nack, Warfy and our German friends stopped for supper however and we ate Weinershitzl [sic], which in my very humble estimation is “par excellence”.

After more cheers on the platform we assured each other we’d correspond and the boys stood on the platform waving as our train pulled out.

The evening wore on rather slowly but rather enjoyably as we spent most of our time talking with an attractive young German-boy who was a member of the anti-aircraft and some German girls doing their period as workers.

We had to take two ferries and as a result got little sleep. Arrived in Copenhagen around 6 a.m. and went to our hotel.

Date: August 17
Place: Copenhagen

After eating breakfast we went to bed and slept until noon. Brad and some others went on a sightseeing tour but I stayed home and cleaned up. Arne Eide and I visited the Tivoli for awhile and enjoyed ourselves drinking coffee and listening to a marvelous string orchestra.

The evening concert was held in a good sized gymnasium and was somewhat ruined by the poor acoustics (too much reverberation). Afterwards the rest left and Brad and Irv and I had to carry all of the trunks and heavy baggage down two flights of steps and load it. (The worst night I’ve ever spent). We went to the Tivoli again just as it was closing. We did get to hear the band for a few numbers, however.
Copenhagen really surprised me first for its modern business section and then for its thousands of bycyles [sic].

Date: August 18 & 19

We left Copenhagen by train about 7 a.m. We arrived at Esberg at about 2:00 p.m. where we boarded a small steamer. Brad and I were lucky enough to draw 1st class so we rode in comparative comfort. Most of our time on the boat was spent in sleeping.

We arrived at Horwich England about 5 p.m. and boarded a train for London. We had the best 3rd class compartments I’ve seen in Europe. It took us about 2 hours to get to London where we immediately boarded some buses and rode to the Endsleigh hotel.

Ted Norman, “Kip” Jacobsen, Stig Holleque, “Butch” Solberg, “Howie” Babcock and I walked down town to see what it was like. We went down as far as Trafalger Sq. by bus and “Ted” and I walked back. The other fellows were all “ket” up about going to Colleix [sic], France, next day.

August 20

Slept late and decided to go on sight seeing tour in the afternoon. We went on a 3½ hr. tour which was very good.

We visited or rather viewed Buckingham Palace, the Victoria Memorial, Scotland yard, Cleopatra’s Needle, London Bridge, where we viewed the magnificent crown jewels and saw points of int. (where Raleigh was held, where two princes were murdered, etc.), Bank of England, Trafalgar sq., Piccadilly Circus, Albert Hall and Memorial, Houses of Parliament, Big Ben, the Cenotaph, Old Baily, etc. We also went into St. Paul’s Cathedral and Westminster [sic] Abbey where we visited the Tomb of the Eng. Unknown Soldier. Westminster incidentally is the oldest and perhaps the greatest and best known monument to antiquity and is truly a sepulcher of the great.

After supper “Ace” and “Pug” Mosbo, “Houk” Edwall, Bob Smith, Iver, Brad, Joe, Ira Larson & George T. and myself went to the outdoor theater and saw Shakespeare’s “As You Like It”. The play was very very excellent and gave me my first appreciation of Shakespeare. The costumes, background, and acting were very good.
August 21

We were given a trip by Sir Karl Knutson consisting of a trip into the country visiting Windsor Castle (built by Wm the Conqueror) (and the oldest of royal residences in Eng). Eton College, Runnymede—where the Magna Charta was signed—Staines—where Raleigh was tried and sentenced to death. Hampton Court Palace—built by Cardinal Wolsey and Kingston-on-Thames wherein all the English or rather Saxon kings were crowned.

Lastly we visited Stoke Poges where Greig wrote his immortal Elegy. A beautiful place and truly inspiring. The church is very old and had an interesting window called the “Lepers Nook” where Lepers were permitted in old days to listen to the sermon from the outside and partake of communion.

At Eaton we also visited the old courtyard and learned many of the rules of the old school still existing. Boys have to be registered at birth now in order to get in because of the waiting list. Discipline is enforced with a birch which is charged against the students acct. as medicine at 716.

Phamplets [sic] discuss these very interesting much more fully—(I only hope I can keep them).

Spent the afternoon at a movie and the evening walking around with Ted Norman.

Brad and several others went on a trip up to Stratford on Avon in the Shakespeare Country. It was a lovely trip I guess and I would have enjoyed going except—

August 22

Boarded a train for South Hampton at 8:30, and arrived about 1:00. Came on the boat about 2:00.

Brad and I roomed in E14 with John Hyelle and Edgar “Whataman” Diddams. Spent the day resting, playing bridge, and eating. The Georgic is really a nice boat and it makes the Bergansfjord look like a tub.

August 23

Band practice 2 times a day with Chapel after the morning rehearsal. Took life easy sleeping, etc.

August 24
Very fine weather so far and a thoroughly enjoyable trip. It’s great having nothing to do but practice.

August 25

Celebrated Mr. & Mrs. Sperati’s 45th wedding anniv—by an informal party. Also W. A. Moen’s birthday.

August 26

Nice day—more rehearsals and bridge—made a grand slam.

August 27

Another peaceful day with a good practice and more bridge. Worked catching this dang diary up.

August 28

Hot water pipe burst while I was washing out my socks. Had a heck of a time but nothing was hurt.

Played a concert for 3rd class in the afternoon and it went o.k.

Sig Sperati, and his German band, Celligious, sax quartette and Elon Nack appeared on the ship’s concert. Thore Thompson—“the other man from Fayette” told how to raise hogs and gave a few hog calls to demonstrate. Brad’ll never hear the end of this.

August 29

Elected our new band president this morning. Oscar Tysberg [sic] was elected and he certainly deserved it.

Prexy bid us good bye as he’s leaving us at New York (too too bad). Our European tour is drawing to a close but it’s great to be back.

This afternoon we play a concert for first & 2nd class. Just wrote a letter to Leigh & Dad.