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Eastern Singers Turn Over Vermont Fall Leaves

By Herbert H. Lundquist

Verdandi Male Chorus, Providence

Another year has passed and the leaves are turning our New England area into a multicolor spectacle and it's time to take a trip to Londonderry, Vermont to Magic Mountain.

It is Friday, September 23, and I decide to take the day off and get an early start so I will have time to gather with other singers and wives of the Eastern Division of AUSS. By 10:30 a.m. wife, daughter and Scribe are all set to take off. A more beautiful day could not be wished for.

While rolling along the spectacular countryside and feasting our eyes, I became so fascinated I missed the exit I had intended to turnoff for Londonderry from Route 91. My wife reminded me we had gone too far, with which I had to agree. What else? We made our departure at the next exit. This allowed us an extra 50 miles of nature's glorious creation and we traveled until we observed a sign indicating we had arrived at Londonderry. Within a few minutes we were at our destination, Dostal Lodge at the foot of Magic Mountain.

Oops! I had hoped to have arrived early enough to greet some of the other Eastern Division members when suddenly that incredible and remarkable "Packman" (Parker Chapman) appeared with a box of neatly stacked, addressed envelopes, and pulling out the envelopes for Mr. and Mrs. and daughter, I was in for \$70.00 worth of hospitality and other privileges. (This, brother singer, sure keeps us on the straight and narrow.) With this greeting and welcome to the 1983 Singers Foliage Festival, I was off to another year of E.D. Fall Foliage Concert, etc.

Now, back to the room for awhile where my wife had the unpacking done and the room was decorated in a hospitable decor. After some Ton Vatten was dispensed with for atonement, and

if nothing else, to lure mind and body to react favorably to the environment around us.

It is time for the Worcesterites to gather in that nice little lounge in the Lodge's upper story. Here we have a nice little moment to realize how fortunate we are to be a part of this E.D. program. Oh, abruptly the dinner bell interferes and brings our thoughts back to food. A real group gathered for a well deserved dinner and a chance to meet and converse with singers and friends we don't have the opportunity to see very often.

In the next few minutes we are parading into the dining room at Dostal's Lodge where we are asked by our friends from New Jersey, Karl Ove Granell and wife Mary, together with Arthur Lundquist and wife Astrid, to join them at their table. And as you all must know, a most delightful time was enjoyed by all of us.

Just for information, Ove Granell and "Scribe" were in the 10th Mountain Division Ski Troops at the same time in WW II. We learned this only

a few years ago as we sat talking at an Eastern Division get-together.

It's time to break up the table talk and get ready for our concert rehearsal and I'm beginning to sweat, realizing I only brought the covers of the music we're supposed to use. There will be no mercy from "Packman" this time! I reasoned that somehow I'd be helped since we were going to sing for the Lord and His sheep.

At 8:30 p.m. we congregate at the little church in the valley of Londonderry. The usual goofed up procedure begins. It seems to be a constant at pre-concert rehearsals — noise, babble and more confusion and we talk about women and their gabbing, huh!

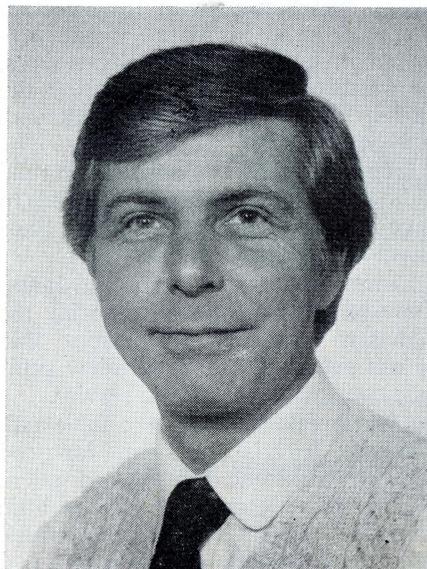
Finally we are on stage in our designated places ready for tune-ups. We go through our program as was selected, singing songs like Vikingarna which tells of daring, courageous men as "Viking på drake djärv." I must admit we're daring and courageous by doing this song and really not knowing it by heart after so many years.

My sympathy and respect goes to the director, Bob Read. He is the most courageous. To my knowledge he isn't of Viking heritage, but he is willing to give his time and talent to teach and direct us.

I personally derive great satisfaction from being a member of AUSS and its effort to preserve and perpetuate male chorus singing and I'm especially partial to Scandinavian male chorus music and singing. Perhaps others feel likewise.

Friday rehearsal comes to an end and we have learned that we must do better. Back to Dostal's to relax and concentrate on the Saturday morning rehearsal.

Saturday 8:00 a.m. After a good breakfast with our previously mentioned friends, we are ready for our final rehearsal at the little church. After the usual lineup we are ready for in-



ROBERT READ
Eastern Division Director-in-Chief

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Eastern Singers in Vermont

(Continued from page 1)

structions from the director and have to be reminded to "watch me," which by now, we should not have to be told. This rehearsal was an improvement in general and gave hope that the concert would come off satisfactorily and put us in the good mood to enjoy the evening.

With the final rehearsal behind us, it is time to gather at "Vårt land." The property I understand is owned and shared by those hospitality-plus Sånbröder Ken Andreason, Vince Johnson, Kåre Anderson and the "Big Cheese" Carl-Erik Westberg (E.D. president).

Personally, while I have the stroke of the pen, ett hjärtligt tack for the Worcesterites, C. A. Johnson and wife Marie, Carl Sundholm and wife Lillian, Carl Lysen and wife Ellen, Charles Harmon and wife Evelyn, Arthur Stenstrom and wife Anna, Clarence Flodine and wife Ingrid, Mrs. Sara Lundberg, and the Scribe's wife Mae and daughter Karla.

Near the base of the mountain those four Apollo members have a real creation, and for us to participate and enjoy the spirit of songs, good fellowship and the God given nature of those Green Mountains is fantastic.

Time waits not, and all too soon it is time to return to quarters for a change of attire and be ready for the main event, the concert.

As customary at the Congregational Church, we assemble in the basement to line up for the marching order. All is well and we're on the way up to our designated seats in back of the altar. Everybody is now watching the director and I hope we get the pitch. We go on with the first number, The Creation, followed by Nocturne, Vikingarne, Morning, Linnéan, Tonerna, America the Beautiful.

After a selection of songs by Ms. Birgitta Åkerblom, it was time for our second part of the program, which was: Visa kring slånblom, Björnebor-garnas marsch, Naturen och hjärtat, En sommarlåt, Battle Hymn of the Republic (arr. Wilhovsky).

The program was well received by a very appreciative audience.

Very little time remains for us to gather at Tater Hill Country Club We rush off to socialize with wives, singers and friends.

My critique here is not perhaps accepted by all, but nevertheless, after a long afternoon and concert, the spirit had accelerated somewhat in anticipa-

tion of a nice little banquet and togetherness. Getting a few drinks was no problem but "magsaften började plaska" for some solids. Sitting there feeling lost a very noticeable, notable, Mr. Olch, in person, approached me and informed me he was on his way to a very important meeting, but stopped for a moment for encouragement and well wishes. Mr. O. looked a little fidgety, unusual I thought for our new AUSS president, so with a thank you I said "you better get going," and as I watched him disappear down the hallway, I realized it was a very important meeting. For a man of his stature, the doors in such places aren't always too accommodating.

My sympathy went out to that waitress at Tater Hill C.C. She was buzzing by with those trays and drinks like she was robotized. One waitress (?) was all I noticed for all those tables. Unbelievable!

Finally the robot placed a few dishes before us. You know the saying, "If you are waiting for something good, you are not waiting in vain."

Well, talk of surprises, I kept looking at the plate and right in the harvest season, with vegetables all around, I counted about seven thin carrot slices, and a baked potato. The salad was not for me. Some of my friends didn't even get carrots as they were short on vegetables and the roast breast of chicken must have suffered from dehydration.

But I do remember, thinking back a few years at Londonderry Inn, a more superb dinner and brunch would be hard to duplicate, a once in a lifetime experience. The young chef there was fantastic. So things even out.

The one-man band did a really great job of entertaining with his selection of music. And his dance music persuaded many of the AUSS members, their ladies and friends to enjoy the dancing. Excellent! Thank you, Maestro.

Since my spirit was not fully in tune with things that eve, we decided to leave for the Lodge and rest for Sunday morning church service.

Now to undress and get a few hours of sleep. Soon it will be time for the chimes to signal for breakfast so that we can get some staples to allow sufficient energy for the church service.

After breakfast and some table talk with good friends it was time for good behavior and some serious meditation. Off we go to congregate at the little church's basement where we, as usual, have some last minute tune ups and then get in marching order. The chorus has shrunk somewhat, but enough show

up for a well balanced group. This time it's the first tenors who forget their marching order but somehow enough chairs and places are found.

It didn't matter too much anyway since it was the first time I ever remember singing in a church behind a vegetable stand with the director standing in front of it. In honor of the harvest season, there were more vegetables piled up in front of the altar than you see at most roadside displays. Oh, now I know why they were short on vegetables at Tater Hill Country Club on Saturday night!

Perhaps I should mention that I was sitting next to the Tenor Section on this occasion, and it was very inconvenient. It seems as though a step-up had been placed between the last two rows of chairs to elevate the singers in the back row, so when I sat down, my knees were almost in the way of my face. Looking to my right, all I could see was a row of knees with heads barely reaching over the knees. I don't know how my 94-year-old friend, C.A.J., could manage to get up as many times as he did. It was remarkable.

The service went well and we ourselves provided a good size audience to sing for.

We or I, personally, must express my gratitude to my friends from New Hampshire. Rune Wärme and wife Maggie and Sammy Carlson and wife Verna. They certainly made the cocktail hour we had before the final brunch very memorable.

As we were lingering around the beautiful Dostal swimming pool on that glorious sunny day, Rune W., though he already packed away everything in the car, spoke out, in his customary nervous pace, "I've got some booze left and I don't want to drag it back to New Hampshire. They'll have plenty there when I get back." So out comes the Absolut and its relatives — Scotch, Rye and so on. Boy, you should have seen how many thirsty souls there were.

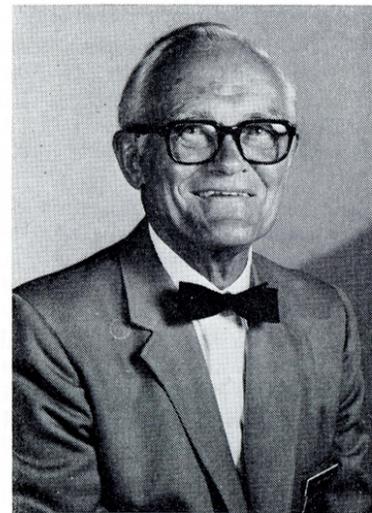
Now we let go with all our soul rendering singing! It reminded me of Oscar Lind. He took charge at 12:00 midnight but this happened to be high noon. It turned out to be a real nice kickoff for the journey home, with Carl Richmond doing the directing.

The brunch was served and it was the last chance for one and all to satisfy their desire for food. As it turned out, it was a most delectable meal, and with a few words from Carl-Erik for a safe trip home, the AUSS E.D. Fall Foliage '83 trip came to an end.

Meet Gunnar Nordstrom, AUSS Financial Secretary

Gunnar Nordstrom, efficient and energetic financial secretary of the AUSS, has found time, at age 85, to undergo knee surgery twice this year, most recently in late October. He is now at home and making rapid strides toward his recovery.

In between dates with the surgeon, Gunnar has still managed to get out all the notices to the choruses for their AUSS dues and subscriptions to Musiktidning. He has also remained very active with Svea Male Chorus in Seattle. Gunnar is now in his third



GUNNAR NORDSTROM

term as financial secretary, having been first elected at Minneapolis in 1974 and then re-elected at Bridgeport in 1978 and at Seattle in 1982.

Gunnar is used to a full schedule, with a background during his working years in the bakery and food service businesses. Gunnar was born in Malmö, Skåne, Sweden, and came to the U.S. at age 23. He met his wife, Mildred, in northern Minnesota, but for many years they lived in the Bronx in the New York City area.

Gunnar and Mildred eventually tired of New York City life, and they picked Bellevue, just east of Seattle, for their new home. They have two sons, Bertil and Carl, a daughter, Ann Josephine, and 10 grandchildren.

Gunnar may not be quite ready to start dancing the hambo again, but knowing him, all things are possible!

McDonald's hamburgers are readying a challenge to Scandinavia's traditionally street-corner varm korv. According to *Advertising Age*, there were 12 McDonald's outlets in Sweden and four in Denmark at the end of 1982, and the first Norwegian unit is scheduled to open in November.

Svenska Sångarförbundet Goes to Gothenburg in '84

The Swedish Singers Union (Svenska Sångarförbundet) will hold its National Festival in Gothenburg during June, 1984. It is expected that singers from all parts of Sweden will come to Gothenburg by land, sea and air.

Scandinavianum, the largest inside stadium in Gothenburg, will be the center of activities during the Festival. There will also be appearances at Liseberg, the prominent theater and concert hall, well known to some AUSS choruses, outstanding acoustically, and a beautifully located hall.

The city is called the gate to the West. Looking at the 1350 foot long bridge, linking the central part of Gothenburg to the island of Hisingen, one gets the feeling of being in a world metropolis, but it is easy to locate one-

self in the downtown area and almost all activities during the Festival are within walking distance.

Gothenburg and the adjacent coastline have inspired several well known ballad singers over the years, among them Evert Taube who was born there. Vinga Light House has always been a main attraction for home coming emigrants. During the many years of the Swedish American Lines' sailings across the Atlantic it was a must to be on deck when passing "Vinga Fyr" regardless of time of day or night.

Hospitality and friendliness toward visiting singers will no doubt be overwhelming and if any AUSS member should have the opportunity to visit Gothenburg in June, 1984, we feel sure that spending the days at the "Riks-sångarfest" would be very memorable.

— Translated from *Sångartidning*.
M. A.

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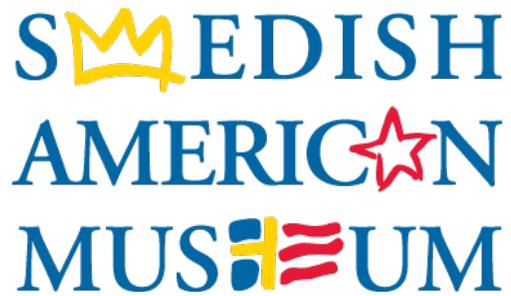


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