

Crossing America

In the Spring of 1965, I was notified of my acceptance as a student at Emory & Henry College, located in Emory, Virginia, some 350 miles from my parents' home in Annandale, Virginia. Four years, many courses and professors, countless friends and untold adventures later, I traveled across North America from East to West and then from West to East. Traveling more than 5500 miles as a passenger on a bus taught me more about my country and its people than I could've earned in another year of classroom study.

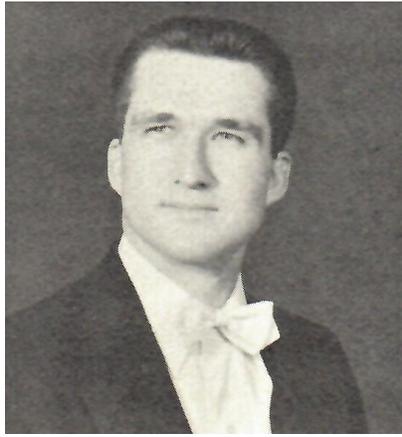
May 19, 1969

This was my first full day as a college graduate, but I didn't have time to celebrate that fact. I was the first member of my family to earn a college degree, and I was proud of that too, but I was not able to immediately cut those educational ties and begin a new, post-graduate career.



Wiley Hall on the Emory & Henry campus

For the next three weeks I was committed to representing the school from which I had just graduated as a performer in its premier choral group: The Emory & Henry College Concert Choir. As an E&H freshman in the Fall of 1965, I did not qualify to sing in this choir, otherwise known by its director as the "Varsity" choir. The director, Charles R. "Chick" Davis, was a nationally known athlete. During his own years at Emory & Henry, Davis played football, had played quarterback in two Tangerine Bowl Games and won personal recognition as a "Little All American" in 1951. Musically, he went on to earn his BMus and MMus degrees in Choral Music at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, New Jersey and his DMus from Indiana University. He was my vocal "coach".



Dr. Charles R. "Chick" Davis

In the Fall of 1966, at my first group voice lesson with Dr. Davis, I had already been properly identified by his "substitute", Mr. Henley Denmead, who managed E&H choirs while Dr. Davis was completing his doctoral work at Indiana University during my freshman year. So this was, in effect, my "audition" for the Concert Choir. Chick agreed with Denmead's assessment and told me, "You are definitely a second tenor."

Now, fast forward to Monday, May 19, 1969.

The bus carrying the Concert Choir left the Emory & Henry campus at 7:25 am, 25 minutes late. We soon traveled through the Cumberland Gap, headed West. I had never been in Kentucky before, so I was surprised that I didn't see any blue grass. I did see lots of groovy horse farms and nice, white fences. The land here seems much like my home in Northern Virginia. Here, West of the Appalachians, the land is starting to flatten out for the plains. At home, East of the mountains, the land is sloping toward the sea. No pine trees out here – all oak, maple and the like. We crossed the Ohio River into Indiana at Louisville, a bustling city with numerous steel spans across the water. I actually slept through much of Indiana, as that part of the world became more flat with every mile. In spots, the land looks as though a giant level was used on it. Indiana University in Bloomington is gigantic – 28 thousand students – a far cry from E&H and its 863 students. It seems strange to see kids studying after I have already graduated.

The bus stopped on the IU campus in front of the Jacobs School of Music building. We quickly moved inside to the recital hall. We sang our program to a mix of students and faculty, including two of Chick Davis' former faculty members at Westminster, Julius Hereford and George Krueger. Mr. Krueger gave me a nice compliment on my solo in a spiritual titled "Ain't Got Time To Die". I also spoke to an acquaintance I'd studied with at E&H: as mentioned above, Henley Denmead had taken Chick Davis' place during my freshman year so Davis could do his required on-campus doctoral coursework at IU. Now Denmead was at IU, apparently jumping through those same hoops.



One of the recital halls at Indiana University's Jacobs School of Music

My hosts for the evening after the concert at IU were Mr. and Mrs. Richey. Unfortunately, being new to “journaling”, I neglected to capture any information about this couple in my journal, and resolved to do a better job during the rest of the trip. I have noted that my evening activities included learning to play the chord progression to the Glen Campbell recording of “Galveston” on both guitar and piano, playing a 12-string guitar that someone brought along and watching fellow choir member Yao Yew Kii’s slides of his Borneo homeland. All told, despite my journaling neglect, it was an interesting and educational day. Only 20 more days to go!

Tuesday, May 20

This morning, we left Bloomington, Indiana and headed for Moline, Illinois. Our route took us to Bloomington, Illinois, where we stopped for lunch! So far, every state we’ve traveled through has boasted a city named Decatur. We went through Peoria, Illinois and crossed the Rock River at Rock City, Illinois.

While we were in Moline, I purchased film and guitar picks. I also stopped for a Coke at the Woolworth luncheonette, where I met a waitress named “Red” – a talkative person who had “been around”. She had an opinion about everything! People are so interesting. I wish I’d had X amount of time each day meeting and talking with different folk in each town we visited.

The Moline concert that evening was, in my humble opinion, was a carbon copy of the concert we sang in Bloomington the night before: e.g., good first half, poor second half. We also sang the Sikorski duet for the first time in eight weeks. The choir received a standing ovation at the end. To me, that accolade was undeserved, but it was welcomed.

My host in Moline after the concert was an educator – he was the superintendent of public schools in Moline and a collector of antique cars. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter also have artifacts from Brazil, including wood carvings, a ten-foot long boa skin, a real Brazilian Gaucho outfit and a beautiful llama and alpaca rug.

The city of Moline rests on the Southern bank of the Mississippi River, which runs East-West at this point on its path to the Gulf of Mexico. Across the river, on the Northern bank of the Mississippi, is the city of Davenport, Iowa.

At this point in my life, I’m excited to see the “Old Man” of American rivers. I haven’t seen any of our country West of the Appalachian Mountains. It should be a more

interesting crossing farther South on the way back home. Farms are the big thing here – large and spread out. Where do kids go to school? “The soil is dark and rich here”, explained in an on-bus lecture by “Professor” Henry Stout, fellow choir member, recent graduate, tenor and amateur geologist. Flat, plowed fields as far as you can see.

Thursday, May 22 (noon)



This is not Mr. Baxter's '29 Ford; however, his Ford looked like this one

I neglected to make an entry yesterday (May 21). However, on that morning, we rode to our sponsoring church in Mr. Baxter's 1929 Ford. We boarded the bus, left Moline and traveled across the entire state of Iowa on the way to Wahoo (which means “burning bush” in one or more of the six native American tongues in the area), Nebraska. Our destination was JFK College, an all-black school obviously named for the young, popular and beloved President who was assassinated in 1963.

It rained all day and I either slept or read most of the way. We ate lunch in Des Moines, Iowa, and went through Omaha just after entering Nebraska by crossing the Missouri River. We drove through the grounds at Boy's Town*, Nebraska, and it is that; e.g., boys doing everything. No adults in sight.

This symbol () will appear within this document as a sign that the point of view of the narrative is changing from that of a 22 year-old on his first trip West of the Appalachian Mountains in order to tell you a story or impart some knowledge from the perspective of a 77 year-old who has spent more than 40 years living in the upper Midwest, far from the place where he was born, raised and educated.*

I sat up and paid attention as the bus rolled slowly through Boy's Town, because I felt like I knew all about it. After all, I was a fan of the movies and I was a member of the first “TV generation”. Every day after school I walked home, had a snack and turned on “The Early Show” at five o'clock, which specialized in showing black-and-white movies from the 1930s and 40s. One of my favorites in that category starred Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney: Boy's Town. I was impressed by the story of the tough-but-

understanding priest (Spencer Tracy) who founded the school and tried to help the boys who lived there become productive citizens. Little did I know that seven years later I would be an Assistant Professor of Theatre at the Maryland College where Edward Joseph Flanagan earned his BA degree.



*Father Edward Joseph Flanagan, founder of Boy's Town
(1886-1948)*

Mount Saint Mary's College (now University), founded in 1808, is the oldest independent Catholic college in America. The seminary on that campus boasts the largest independent student body studying for the priesthood in America. The term "independent", as applied here, means that the priests who are ordained from this seminary are not affiliated with any specific priestly order, like the Jesuits, the Franciscans, etc. The college campus is roughly ten miles south of the Gettysburg, Pennsylvania battlefield and ten miles north of the Maryland presidential retreat known as Camp David. During the battle of Gettysburg on July 1, 2 and 3 of 1863, most of the college's buildings served as hospitals for both Union and Confederate soldiers.

Mount Saint Mary's was also, for a time, the home of Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton, founder of the first American congregation of religious sisters, the Sisters of Charity, and was canonized as the first American Saint in 1975. In 1809, Seton also founded an academy for women, a mile away from "the Mount", which became Saint Joseph's College. Both schools were in the state of Maryland and close to the city of Emmitsburg.

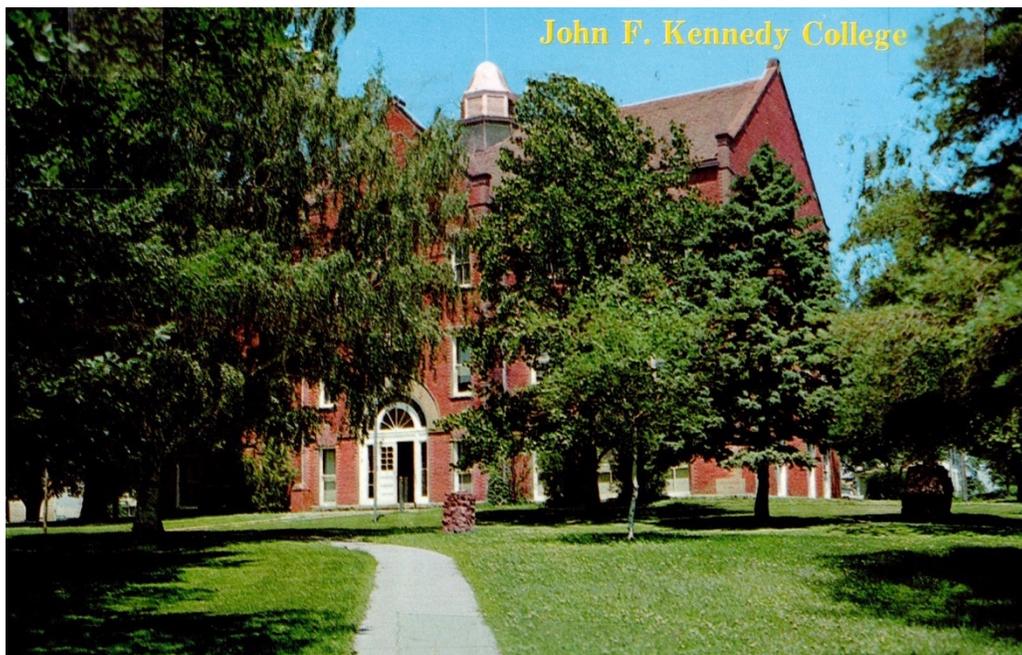


*Sister Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton
(1774-1821)*

Shortly afterward, we crossed the Platte River, arriving in Wahoo, Nebraska within the next hour. Most of us ate in the JFK College cafeteria and were put up in their dorms. Many of us went out. Our student hosts, Terry and Zero, took us to a farmhouse (complete with farm) that they'd rented. We had a little party in their empty basement.

Friday, May 23

Tom Reynolds, Sam Smith, Larry Creswell and Nick Hetman were amongst those present at the farm. Today we arose and sang for a convocation of the all-black student body at 10 am. We were well received and responded to. There was some apprehension about the black students' potentially negative reaction to the songs in our program related to their race. However, those songs were much enjoyed, even to the extent that the audience stood while applauding for the spiritual. After our standing ovation, Dr. Davis conducted us through the Lutkin benediction to end our concert at JFK College.



"Old Main" at John F. Kennedy College

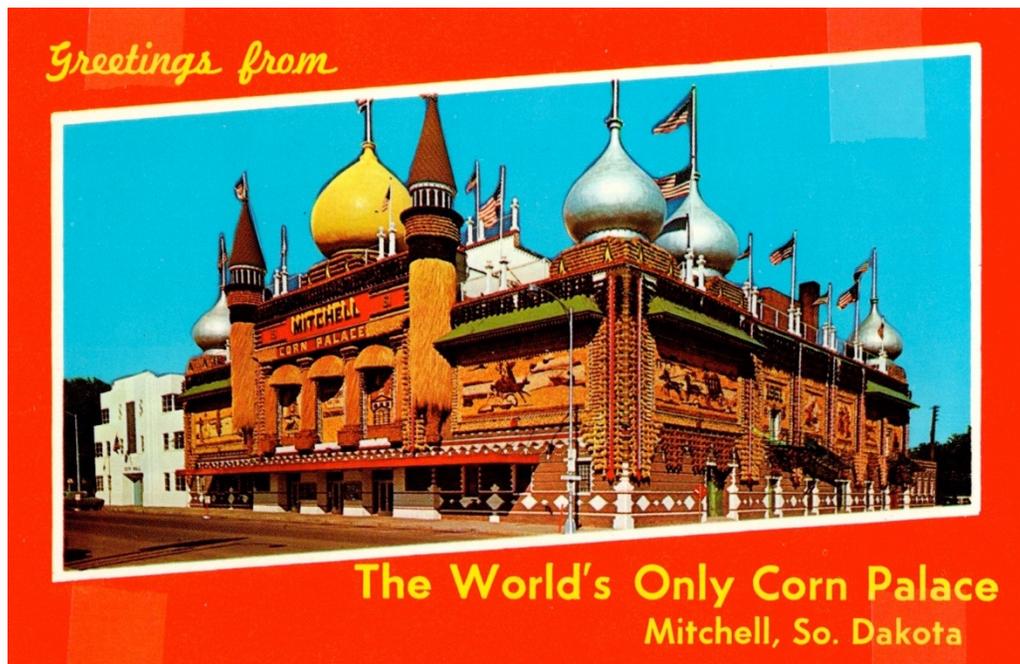
I found J.F. Kennedy College to be an interesting place. Unfortunately for them, the space they were using for a theatre was worse than the theatre spaces at E&H. I located and talked with members of JFK's Alpha Psi Omega (National College Dramatic Fraternity) chapter about their activities. I had just finished a year's service as President of the Alpha Mu Cast of that organization at E&H. The JFK Cast were offering their opening performance of Come Back Little Sheba tomorrow night. Unfortunately, we were leaving for our next concert in a different town later this morning. Such is life.*

In revisiting many of the stops included in this story, I discovered that JFK College closed in 1975. Such is life.

Saturday, May 24

On the road to South Dakota, it struck me that we were constantly crossing rivers, and all of them were WIDE! I couldn't remember when I'd last seen what I'd call a "crick". We entered South Dakota by crossing the Sioux River on our way toward Mitchell. As we arrived in Mitchell, South Dakota, the bus driver pulled into the parking lot of the civic auditorium, known far and wide as "The Corn Palace". The moniker derived from the

fact that the exterior of the building is designed to be decorated by colorful corn cobs and even corn KERNALS (yes, uncle Joe, corn comes in hundreds of colors, and they're not all yellow)! I wanted some pictures. Or "pitchers" as they pronounced it in uppermidwesternese. Designers annually come up with pictures for the exterior walls of the Palace. Teams of 20 workers were then responsible for changing out the murals. The workers use 12 different colors of naturally colored corn, plus other locally grown grains and native prairie grasses. The annual cost of redecorating the Corn Palace was about 15,000 1969 dollars.



For what it's worth, Mitchell is also the home of Senator George McGovern AND the location of our next performance, Dakota Wesleyan University (where McGovern studied for one of his degrees). From what we could see, DWU is like E&H through its affiliation with the Methodist church, but it has larger and "nicer" buildings and a more conservative attitude. Yao and I stayed with the school's head basketball coach, Gordon Fosness and his wife, Carol.



Gordon and Carol Fosness

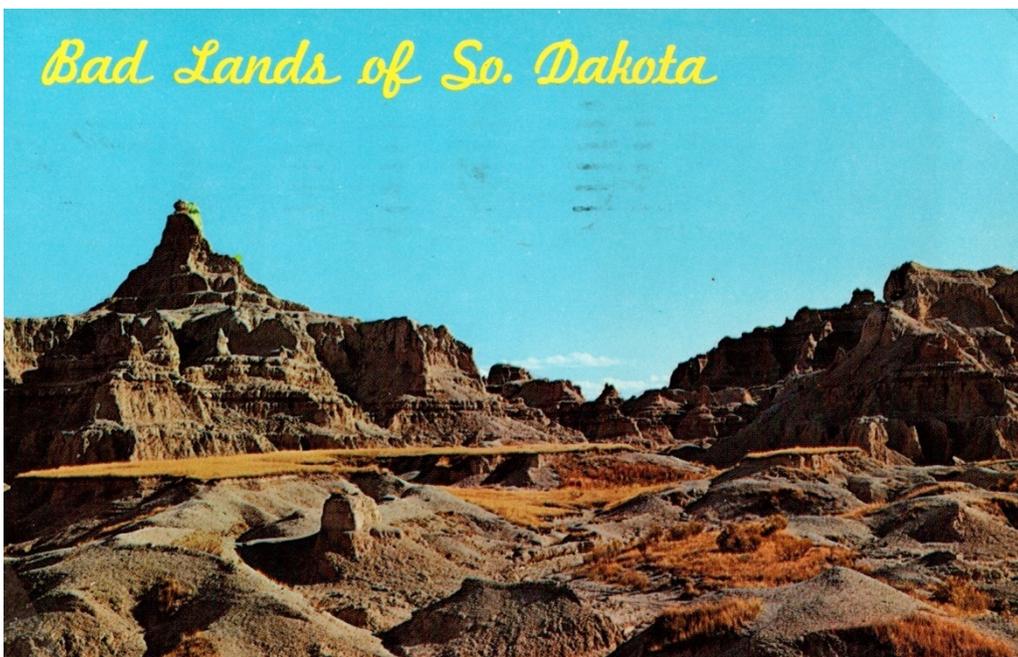
Sunday, May 25

Today was a fine day. It was also a busy one. We spent 12 hours on the road after leaving Mitchell, headed for Sheridan, Wyoming and the Trail's End Motel. We took the scenic route through the South Dakota Badlands.

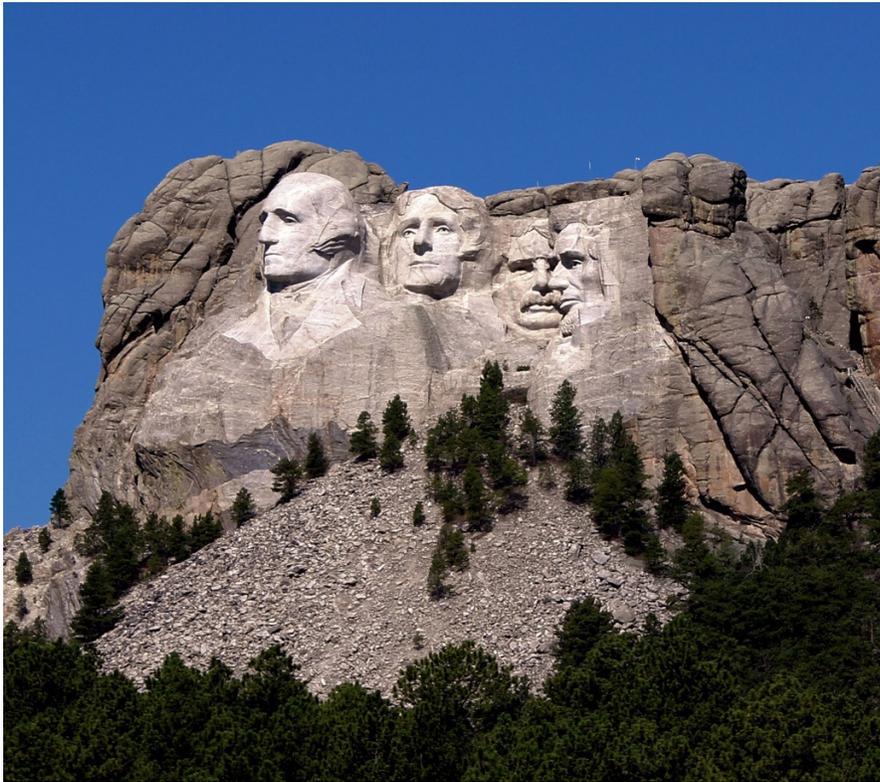
WHAT A SIGHT! I've never seen such a wild and desolate place. Any mis-step could put the careless sightseer at the bottom of a deep chasm that would require a rescue team (and more rope than I care to contemplate) to extract.



We stopped once, and several of us climbed above the lookout post to take pictures. And the rivers again. Between Mitchell and the Badlands, we crossed the Missouri River three times!



The whole Badlands area (244,000 acres) is dirt (practically no green vegetation), like the dirt clods I used for pretend “battles” as a kid in the 1950s (throw a dirt clod and when it hit, it burst apart like a hand grenade). I thought about the outlaws who hid out there and later wrote a song about them. Later on, we entered the Black Hills to get to Mount Rushmore in the shadow of four great American Presidents.*



Looking back, Mount Rushmore was very rustic at this first visit in 1969. To my recollection, there was no paved parking lot; visitors parked wherever they could find space and walked through a small forest of evergreens. You couldn't see the mountain immediately when you got off the bus. When you got through the trees, you were a couple of hundred yards away from the rubble that sculptor Gutzon Borglum and his team chipped away (with chisel and hammer) or blew away (with dynamite) from the granite of the mountain. After fourteen years of carving, you had the heads and faces, the rubble, left to rest where it fell, a low (2 feet tall) stone wall, perhaps placed to restrain visitors from scrambling up the rubble pile, and a flat, rough patio of stone between the trees and the wall. There was no Visitor Center, only a couple of National Park employees hanging around Borglum's studio and Port-a-Potties for visitors' convenience. Dr. Davis gathered the choir near the center of the wall and quietly announced that we should sing the National Anthem. We did, and I had goose bumps while I sang.

That was 1969. My next visit would have been at least 13 years later, after I had moved to Minneapolis to teach at the University of Minnesota, to show the sculpture to my young son. I had also spent almost five years working for the state of South Dakota as a recruiter in the Twin Cities area of Minnesota for Northern State University in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Residing closer to Mount Rushmore made subsequent visits possible, so I can report that many “improvements” have been made (see picture below).



Despite the lack of conveniences, I honestly prefer the sights, sounds and feelings I recall from my first visit there over any subsequent visit to the “modernized” site.

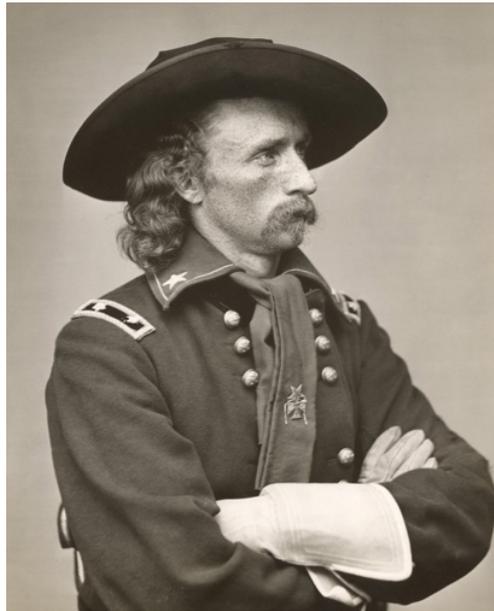
In the Black Hills, we are no longer lacking the sight or smell of evergreens. We are also back in mountain country again. The Appalachians are like rolling hills compared to these younger, rougher, granite mountains of the West!

As we left the natural oddity of the Badlands on what was then US Highway 90, we stopped outside its northern edge of to experience a man-made oddity, that being a town called Wall Drug, South Dakota. In this strange municipality, tourists could find stuffed animals called “Jackalopes”, apparently a cross between a Jackrabbit and an Antelope (imagine a rather large jackrabbit adorned with antelope horns). The “animal” was dreamed up in the 1930s by the Herrick brothers, who were hunters with taxidermy skills. Since then, Jackalopes have appeared in published stories, poems, television shows, video games, and are available in most retail outlets on t-shirts, sweatshirts, baseball caps and other wearables in South Dakota and elsewhere in the North Central United States, where tourist-stop proprietors simply want to “make a buck.”



The infamous Jackalope

On the way to Sheridan, we went past Big Horn mountain, near the site of the Battle of the Little Bighorn, where an overwhelming force of Native Americans surrounded and killed General George Armstrong Custer and more than 200 men of his 7th Cavalry on June 25, 1876.



*General George A. Custer
(1839-1876)*

We pushed on from Rushmore to Sheridan, Wyoming, where we stopped for the night. The Trail's End Motel had an indoor pool, and the swim we took was a perfect way to unwind from a long day on the road.

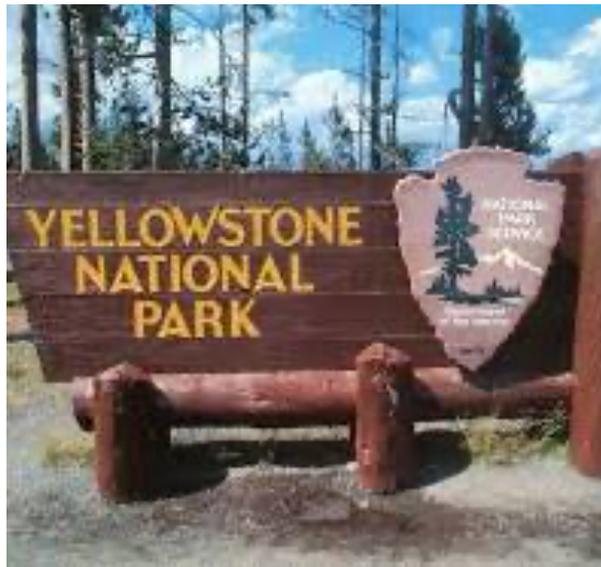


The Trail's End Motel, in the wide-open spaces of Wyoming

Monday, May 26

We were up at 6 am, leaving Sheridan to head for Yellowstone National Park. About halfway there, according to a road sign, we officially entered the Rocky Mountains. It is impossible to describe the unrivaled majesty of the Rockies. Their beauty makes me appreciate the ongoing efforts to conserve them for posterity. The mountains of the West are younger and taller and consist primarily of stone, unlike the mountains of the East, where crops can actually be grown in many places. Although the Western mountains yield up vast stretches of timber, that “crop” is not planned or planted by farmers. However, those same mountains are cherished by humans who want to get away from it all, especially crowds, cities, pollution, etc. So, it seems that the Rockies have only two crops: timber and beauty!

Chick Davis had a short respite from the stress and worries of managing a 40-voice choir on tour when we visited his sister’s home near the entrance to Yellowstone National Park. Mrs. Lily Brunson’s home contained some fine paintings from Europe and some wonderful works by the lady herself. She also has an enviable collection of musical instruments (over which I went wild) that included an organ, a harpsichord, a zither, two types of mandolins, a Goya Guitar, a lute, a balalaika, a Guarneri violin (!), a dulcimer (not the Appalachian kind), a lira (lyre?) and a harp.



When we got to Yellowstone, we were treated every few minutes by a glimpse of some Western fauna or another, including moose, antelope, deer, prairie dog (AKA gopher), elk, buffalo (AKA American Bison) and even sea gulls. One of the women in our troupe saw a white wolf. Yellowstone Lake is huge. Then the bus stopped for pictures as a black bear appeared on the roadside, as if posing. We also crossed the Continental Divide today, at an altitude of more than 8,000 feet. Finally, we got to see the Old Faithful geyser.

Old Faithful is a “fan favorite” at Yellowstone National Park. One reason for this is because it’s not very far from the Visitor Center. Another is that it has been very consistent, regularly erupting every 60 to 90 minutes for centuries now, long before explorers first discovered it in 1870. Most of us left the Visitor Center with a narrow piece of paper (3.5 x 8.5 inches) in our hands that described what we were about to see. It described the first of many natural wonders offered by what is actually a huge, active volcano site! If the Yellowstone volcano ever erupted, as it is certain to do at

some future point in time, it would decimate all forms of life for hundreds of miles around the site. We managed to navigate what sounds like a very dangerous parcel of land by staying close to a well-constructed BOARDWALK (right, like the one you walk on at the beach). One mis-step off that boardwalk will have visitors slipping into pools of superheated water or LAVA, both of which are not meant to support human life.

What follows is the text of the aforementioned narrow piece of paper given to us by National Park Rangers as we first entered Yellowstone National Park. Yes, we were excited, but this printed narrative sobered us up in a hurry. It read:

OLD FAITHFUL

A symbol of our National Parks.

Soon a towering column of water will surge out of the earth as Old Faithful continues its unbroken series of eruptions. The eruptions occur 21-23 times per day every day, year after year. Others of the great geysers have been dormant for months or years between their periods of activity. Old Faithful has never stopped. Other geysers erupt to greater heights, but at erratic intervals. Old Faithful is regular enough that careful observation of an eruption enables us to predict the time of the next one.

Old Faithful behaves as if it had two water systems to draw on. If only one is tapped during an eruption, the eruption will last about 2 minutes. The interval until the next eruption will be about 45 to 55 minutes. However, if both water systems contribute to an eruption, it will last 3 to 5 minutes. The next eruption will then follow in 70 to 85 minutes.

What makes a geyser work? It is a matter of three things – water, heat and a plumbing system strong enough to withstand the pressures that are generated during an eruption. The water has been heated by contact with hot rock deep underground. As the hot water rises, steam bubbles form, then grow larger, pushing water above them as they rise, forcing it out of the geyser vent. Pressure is reduced on water further down in the geyser tube, just as if the safety valve on a pressure cooker had blown. The hot water explodes into steam which drives the water above it out of the geyser tube, producing an eruption.

Vital Stastics:

Height of eruption: 106-184 ft. Average: 130 ft.
Shortest interval between eruptions: 33 min.
Longest interval between eruptions: 96 min.
Average interval (1968, May through Oct.): 65.4 min.
Temperature: 204°F just before an eruption. (Water boils at 199°F at this elevation.)
Gallons of water in an eruption: 10,000 – 12,000.
Altitude: 7366 feet above sea level.

For details about Old Faithful, we recommend “The Story of Old Faithful”, by George D. Marler. That booklet and others about park features are available at the Visitor Center.

For your safety and to protect the delicate features of the geyser basin, **stay on the boardwalks.**



Old Faithful, only one of the wonders of Yellowstone National Park

And, no surprise to us, we saw four fellow Class of '69 graduates of Emory & Henry College who were NOT members of the Concert Choir! It was no surprise because Heath Jones, Bob Fyke, George Crump and Bill Williams told us they planned to shadow our route to the West Coast and occasionally surprise us at or near some of our stopping points. By golly, here they were! It was good to see them and talk with them.*

This was before the days of cellular telephones, so although it wasn't really a surprise to have them physically show up to say "Hello!", it was delightful to see these men, each a reminder of the place where we started and the place to which we'd eventually return. I wondered then when (or IF) I would see them again while we were on tour.

Tuesday, May 27

We are now en route to Idaho Falls, Idaho and we are way behind schedule. Chick Davis is very upset. Davis, who was once a National-class athlete, told us that it takes any member of a choir as much physical energy to get through a one-hour concert as it takes any football player to get through 60 minutes of football!

In Idaho Falls, I had the distinct pleasure of staying with the president of the local "barbershoppers" (otherwise known as the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, or SPEBSQSA), Mr. Leo McVean. He shared some stories of annual competitions in which he had participated. Below is a picture of typical costumes worn by such groups during their shows.



Members of SPEBSQSA ply their trade

Mr. McVean's son has quite a few guitars, so we plunked on them for awhile, then went out for an evening view of the falls in the Snake River, which flows through the town. The falls run length-wise to the river and fall into a gorge that is a quarter-mile deep. However, the falls only drop 25 to 30 feet. Local lore claims that elephants have drowned in that deep, swift water! It's difficult to know if this is true or a fabricated fairy tale for out-of-town strangers; however, the story doesn't do much to promote river swimming among tourists visiting Idaho Falls, Idaho.

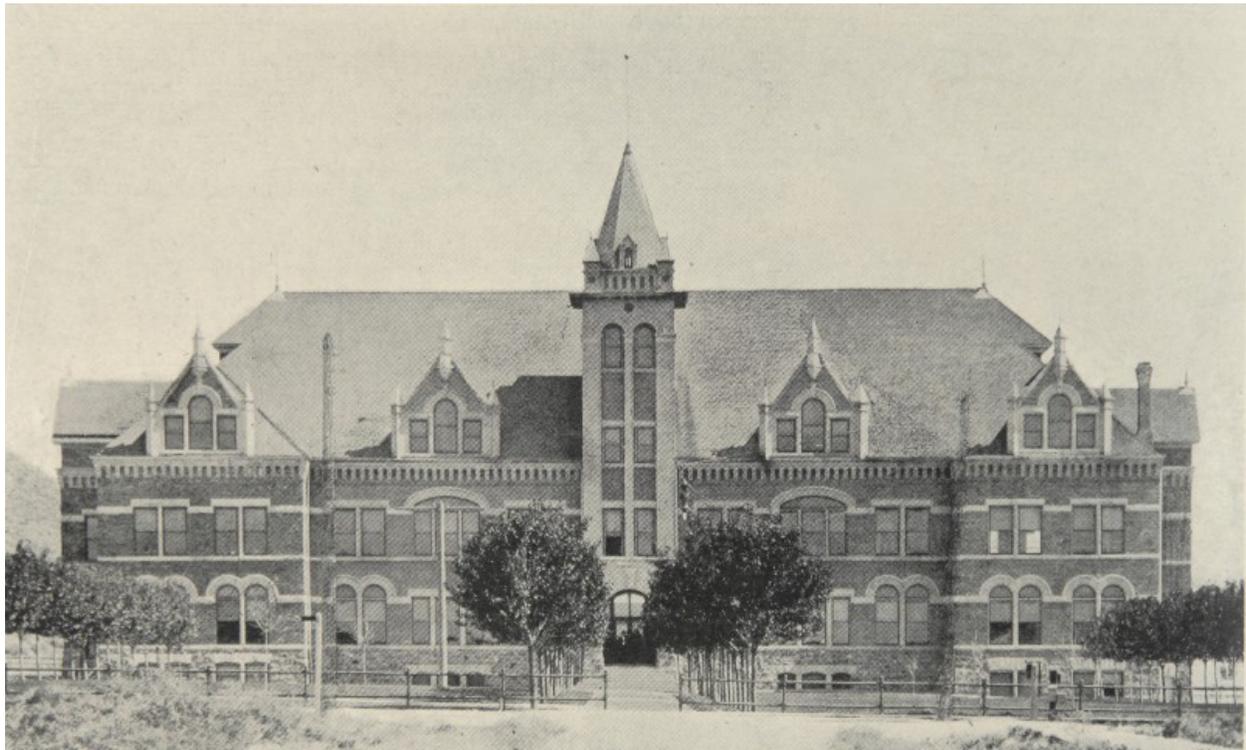


The falls in the Snake River at sunset in Idaho Falls, Idaho; Mormon Temple in the background

We have heard that the predominant faith groups in the Midwest are Catholics and Lutherans. However, we are now in Mormon country. This is the faith group otherwise known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

May 28

At our next stop in Pocatello, I stayed with Mr. Johnson, a Math instructor at Idaho State University. This gentleman had built his own home. He is a fine carpenter, and his workmanship is impressive. When we sang at ISU, we didn't have a big crowd; however, the acoustics were superb and we gave our finest concert to date.



Swanson Hall, the first building constructed at Idaho State

We saw wild-looking lava land between Idaho Falls and Pocatello, and today we have seen no small amount of sagebrush territory. Since entering Idaho, we have experienced numerous long, Quonset-like buildings called “spud cellars” covered with dirt where they store potatoes. They are called cellars even though they are above ground. As we travel, we keep crossing and recrossing the Snake River.



*Spud Cellars near Shelly, Idaho
Photo by Pastelitodepapa, Wikimedia Commons*

We are now en route to Pendleton, Oregon via Twin Falls and Boise, Idaho. We have passed through several Indian reservations on this part of the journey. The Indian tribes here are looked upon much as people of color are in the South, and many of the same injustices and scornful behaviors are committed against them.*

Again, looking back after 40 years of living in the Midwest, it seems ironic that Federal law has stepped in to favor the Native tribes, after many decades of unfair treatment toward them. Today, all over America, Indian reservations are constructing, with the support of legal systems in their respective areas, casinos, hotels, family-friendly parks and other recreational facilities that earn their native residents millions of dollars each year.

The land is dry and dusty; dust tornados are visible on the fields. Watering of crops is done by irrigation and much sprinkling. We have seen evidence of strip mining twice in this area.

May 29

Pendleton was the location of the woolen mills that produced the material for the currently popular Pendleton shirts. We had dinner almost as soon as we arrived in town, then checked into the Temple Hotel in beautiful downtown Pendleton.*

At this point, we have been on the road for 11 days. It is also evident at this point that the author of this epistle (at age 21 in his first attempt at keeping an accurate journal) is a complete amateur. The tour schedule assists me in keeping track of where we are performing sequentially; however, dates and times of day are completely lost from this point forward. I offer my apologies for this inadequacy; I hope you can follow the trail of events through what I call “Phase 2” (touring Washington state and Vancouver) and “Phase 3” (touring America from West to East toward home).

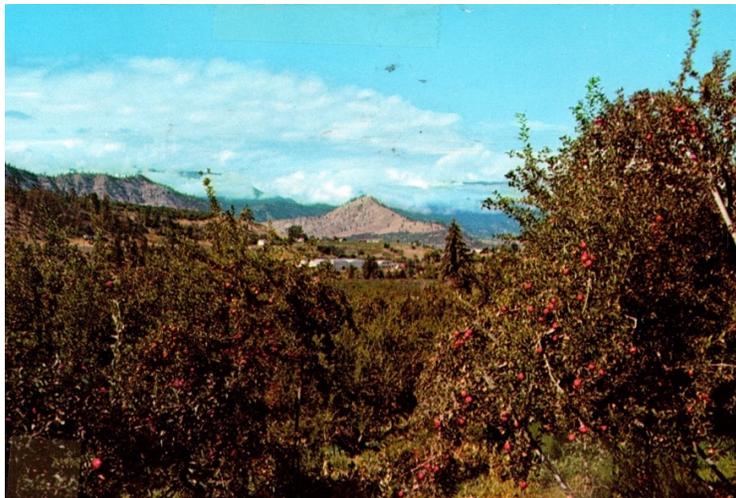


*The Temple Hotel, built in 1900, as it appeared in 1969
Sketch used with the consent, in 2025, of the building's current owner, Mr. Albert Plute*

I noticed a shoe repair store near the hotel, so I walked over, got my sandals repaired and chatted with the proprietor of the shop while he was working. When I returned to the hotel, I discovered that my roomie, Larry Creswell, was hosting a party there. Cool! I found a quiet corner and watched as half of the choir flowed in, mingled for awhile, then moved on to whatever other celebrations were also happening that night. Even our bus driver, Rufus Lowe, stopped in to party for a time. Larry and Dwight Dunbar had acquired cowboy hats earlier that day, and it was decided that the remaining crowd at the gathering would pitch in so we could buy Rufus a cowboy hat as well!

Next Day

This morning, we checked out of the Temple Hotel, boarded the bus and headed North toward a town called Wenatchee, to sing at Wenatchee Valley College, almost 200 miles away in an entirely different state. Wenatchee is famously referred to as the "Apple Capital of the World". Geographically, it is also near the CENTER of Washington state. However, as we crossed the Columbia River, which marks the southern border between Oregon and Washington, most of us were either catching up on sleep or focused on our upcoming performance later that day.

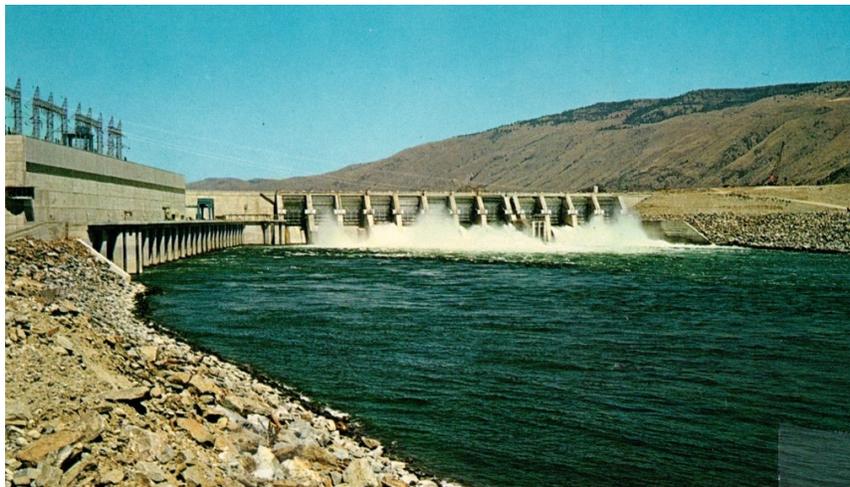


Fruit from the Apple Capital of the World

Either way, this “Crossing of the Columbia” marked the beginning of the next segment of our tour of America, in the middle of which would take us into an entirely different country. We would spend the “middle segment” of our tour here in Washington state and end it in the Southwestern corner of our Northern international neighbor, Canada.

HOWEVER, our transition from Oregon into Washington did not go as smoothly as described above. In the first place, our scheduled “morning” concert at Wenatchee Valley College was, for whatever reason, cancelled. Therefore, we took the time to visit a Columbia River Dam. What did that mean?

It meant that we had an opportunity to actually go INSIDE the hydroelectric operation center of the dam. We saw the huge generators and touched the steel shafts as water from the river spillway turned them. This was a local-independent project energy generation project, which supplied electricity to Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, selling them \$2.5 million worth of power per month! One hundred and forty cubic feet of water per second went over the spillway, and there was terrifically turbulent white water for nearly 200 yards downstream.



Rocky Reach Dam on the Columbia River

Within the dam, they had a museum, which included an art exhibit, featuring many very interesting works of art (presumably by local artists). They had built a “salmon ladder” at that point on the river to help ensure the continuance of salmon reproduction. This ladder also allowed researchers to “mark” the salmon for scientific studies.

Deep inside the dam, they had transparent walls that allowed exhibiting fish in the river, but we only saw Rainbow Trout. But what trout! Egad! Those fish were HUGE! I asked a museum guide about their weight; he estimated the average size to be 12 to 15 POUNDS. Any one of them was capable of consuming their cousin Virginia trout for breakfast!

Despite our cancellation of the morning concert at Wenatchee Valley College, we still had another scheduled performance this evening at the First Methodist Church of Wenatchee. Afterward, the consensus among choir members was that we sang poorly, but the audience seemed favorably impressed by what they heard. In summation, the concert was “ragged”. We felt we had done much better in earlier stops on the tour.

After the concert, I stayed with a retired couple, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Morris. Mr. Morris' hobby was raising Rhode Island Red chickens for show. He had three huge, handsome roosters and a few nice-looking hens. Honestly, though, I wouldn't know a nice-looking hen from a plug-ugly hen. But the roosters seemed to spend most of their time preening themselves and strutting around. My grandparents had some chickens on their farm, but they were there strictly for providing breakfast and cooking eggs, nothing at all like those beauties I met in Wenatchee, Washington!



A Rhode Island Red Rooster

Next Day

The next morning, we gathered back at First Methodist of Wenatchee and Rufus had the bus there waiting for us. He drove us through Stevens Pass on the way to Shelton, Washington. I was very impressed by the wildlife, the fast-moving rivers and most of all, the beauty of the Cascade Mountains. I took the picture on the left below and was amazed by the amount of snow still on the ground in late May. We even saw an entire town (Leavenworth, Washington) modeled after a Bavarian village.



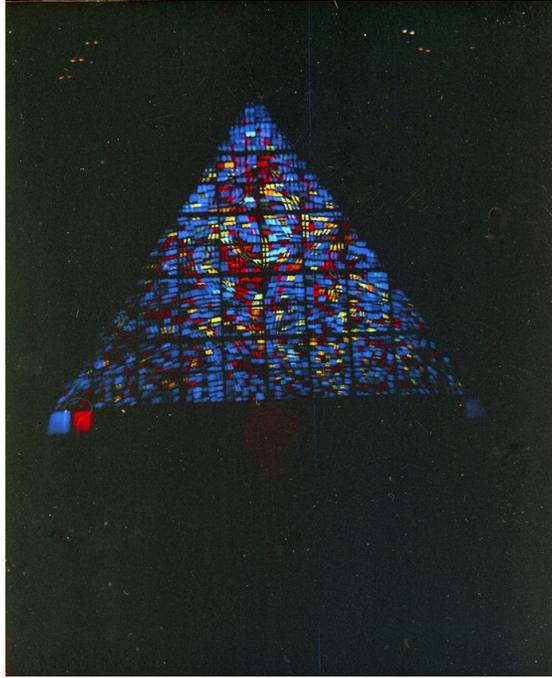
Snow skiing in May?



Leavenworth, Washington

Next Day

When we arrived in Shelton, we found ourselves at a beautiful church with a modern design that included a huge triangular stained-glass window. My hosts were Dr. and Mrs. Franklin W. Herrick. Frank's Ph.D. was in organic chemistry. He collected Spanish folk songs, sang tenor and had a fine collection of classical music. He had a guitar and spoke Spanish. Frank asked me to play some songs on guitar so he could sing along while I played. He claimed he didn't play very well (but I somehow doubted that). His son played piano, clarinet and recorder. Dwight and I played a midnight game of pool on their miniature table and I sat up working on another song.



The triangular window in Shelton, Washington

Next Day

Our next stop took us to a church in Tacoma, Washington. We heard rumors that this church had a gentleman who wanted to hear a tape of the choir before he would confirm a performance date. When we met him, he was very reserved, but later gave us generous compliments. Their choir prepared a post-concert meal at the church that was delicious!

One of our choir members expressed some unhappiness with fellow choir mates and with our director. She had some relatives who lived in the area who heard the Tacoma concert and were impressed, which calmed her down a bit. We are nearly halfway through our itinerary and disgruntled feelings are on display among performers. Singers are starting to snap at each other. Some choir members believe that long rehearsals prior to concerts are unfair.

It's understandable; nerves are raw and people are too hung up on their personal discomforts to think about the group as a whole. I don't feel that we are pulling together any longer. Personally, I can't remember when I felt like I did a good job.

The Trumbulls were my hosts in Tacoma, and they treated us like celebrities! She was from Mississippi and he was from DC. Coincidentally, they had lived in our Nation's

Capitol (where I was born) a long time ago, very near Mount Pleasant Street, where I once played in a trio at the popular Crosstown Lounge! Small world.

Next Day

We just had a short trip the next day, so we slept until 10 am. The Trumbulls fed us, DID OUR LAUNDRY, and then took us shopping in beautiful downtown Tacoma – I bought a new grip and suit bag. The Trumbull home was beautiful – it overlooked the Puget Sound. I had never seen a more beautiful, better-kept yard. They had an ancient wisteria held up by wires, which covered their driveway. It was the most relaxing time we'd had so far, especially in light of the tensions that were going on among colleagues.

On the way back to the Tacoma church, we saw the University of Puget Sound (2300 students at that time). Again, the grounds, shrubs and buildings were well-kept and beautiful. I was impressed.



The “short trip” I referred to in Tacoma was the distance to our next concert in Everett, Washington. Our fellow choir member, Carol Hurlock (Section Head for the First Sopranos), had worked at this church during the summer of 1968, so she was our direct connection to this performance! Carol was affectionately known as a “PK”, meaning “Preacher’s Kid”. She had used that connection and some political savvy with a Tacoma gentleman named Peterson, who, in turn, put her in touch with churches throughout Washington state to arrange most of our concerts there and in Vancouver, British Columbia. So, THANK YOU, Carol! After the concert in Everett, I was hosted by a very sweet and very old couple named Shoultes, who put me in a small, quiet room in their basement. We said goodnight early.

Next Day

It was a busy time singing our way through Washington state. But we'd finally made it to our promised FREE DAY in the big city of Seattle! We gathered at the church in Everett, climbed aboard the bus and Rufus got us the short 30 miles to the old World's Fair parking lot in no time at all.

The Century 21 Exposition World's Fair had taken place from April 21 to October 21, 1962. It excited visitors by showing them what a future American city might look like. They had a monorail and a 605-foot "Space Needle" with a rotating observation deck and restaurant at the top. The needle was still in operation when we arrived seven years later; indeed, it had become an icon of Seattle.



My "You're too close, Wayne!" shot



"The Whole Megilla"



The Seattle Monorail as shown on a US Postmarked Post Card

From there, we rode the monorail (remember, this was 1969!) into town, then took a short bus ride to Sick's stadium to watch the brand-new Seattle baseball team, the Seattle Pilots, play the World Champion Detroit Tigers.



By the time we got to our seats in the left field bleachers, Detroit was taking batting practice. Soon, their left fielder, Willie Horton, was smashing long hits into every part of the outfield seats. One of them flew toward me, bounced around the empty seats behind me, and came to rest behind my left elbow. I simply had to reach down and pick it up from the concrete floor of the row behind me. I didn't even have to stand up!

Then the game started and I (for one) cringed during the National Anthem (the singer, to be kind, was "less than adequate"). Everybody's a critic, right? It was a close game, right up to the ninth inning. Seattle started a rally in the bottom of the ninth and won the game by one run (8-7)! Everyone got sunburned.

Later we did a little shopping for family gifts and had a great outside meal at a cafeteria. We took the monorail back to the World's Fair Center. I fooled around in the amusement park at the shooting galleries, won a mini-mug at the dart throw and almost saw a fight between a hippie and a soldier (*remember those days?*). We also saw some interesting Seattle architecture, like the beautiful white arches in the picture below at the Pacific Science Center.



Seattle's Pacific Science Center

When the bus arrived to pick us up, we went to Edmonds, Washington, where we were scheduled to sing the next day, and met our hosts. I was scheduled to stay in one of two empty houses with a crowd of guys in the choir. However, for some reason I was invited to stay with the Cal Thompson family, who had a stable with five horses, a beautifully spacious ranch-style house, and three lovely daughters. We went horseback riding for about an hour, played “Jarts” on the lawn and had a great time. They served delicious homemade ice cream and chocolate brownies. Their household pets included four cute kittens and a playful border collie.

While we were enjoying the brownies and ice cream, I told the family the true story about my college roommate, whose father purchased an award-winning Tennessee Walking Horse named “Big Story”. He had bought this remarkable animal in order to hire him out “for stud”. The youngest daughter disappeared during the conversation and returned with a very accurate pencil sketch of Big Story! She asked me to please take her drawing to my friend in East Tennessee, where the animal was earning his keep at a professional stud farm.



This is a bad photo of a painting, but Story was a handsome chestnut color in person

Despite a fantastic evening with a wonderful American family, I was very much looking forward to making the first international border crossing of my life tomorrow morning. Though we wouldn't be there long, I was excited about a visit, however short, to another country: CANADA!

Next Day

True to my expectations, Canada was amazing! We crossed the border with only a ten-minute delay for inquiry and no incident other than the brief perusal of Yao Yew Kii's papers. He was a resident of Malaysia, a fellow student at Emory & Henry and a member of the Concert Choir.

We approached Vancouver through Stanley Park, which was crowded on Sunday with people who were enjoying picnics, playing with children and grandchildren, lounging in the grass, kissing, walking, etc. It was a relaxed-looking scene. Continuing our path toward the city, the scene was the same at another park that contained “The Peace Arch”.



The Peace Arch at the Canadian Border

The Vancouver church where we sang was magnificent. To me, it was very reminiscent of the National Episcopal Cathedral in Washington, DC, but on a smaller scale. It was the United Church of Canada (AKA St. Andrew's Wesley United), a conglomeration of the Methodists, Presbyterians and, later, the Congregationalists. We learned that the Anglicans were scheduled to join this union next year (1970).



The Americans (US!) waiting to get a look at tonight's concert space

The original "binding" was done in 1925, a date indicating how far the Protestant churches in America are behind those of Canada. We were fed at the church before we sang. The concert that evening was attended by nearly 500 people, and we sang well.



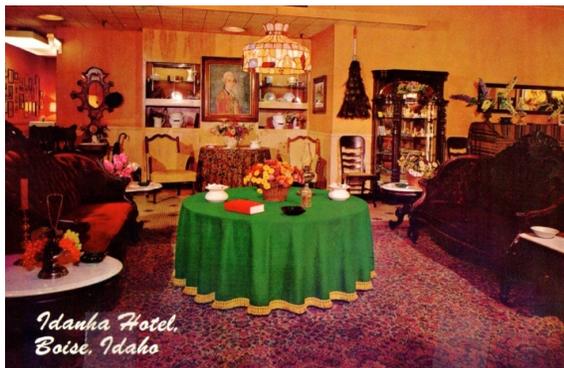
I had the good fortune to have the minister of the church and his wife as my hosts, the Reverend Dr. and Mrs. Robert Cunningham, who came to this Vancouver Parish fifteen years earlier from Ireland. I could listen to them talk forever! Their home was built around a courtyard, and their yard was a fenced-in, isolated golf green dotted with fruit trees. The yard included a berry patch.

Their son, a professional accountant, took us to the church the next morning. While we loaded the bus and prepared for departure, several of the men in our choir were busy taking pictures of the mini-skirted young women of the congregation. In my humble opinion, the girls in Vancouver and Seattle were the best-looking I've seen on this trip so far. But who am I to say?

While we were in the Pacific Northwest, we made a special point of visiting a beach somewhere in northwest Washington state where we could all get off the bus, take off our shoes and wade, however briefly, in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. As an individual who grew up an easy drive to the Atlantic Ocean, this was an especially meaningful stop for me.

Next Day

We left Vancouver at nine o'clock and arrived in Boise, Idaho around midnight that night, our longest hop yet. The Idanha Hotel was in the bar district of Boise, rather reminiscent of downtown DC: cops patrolling in pairs, etc. One drunk (the place was loaded with 'em!) tried unsuccessfully to pull Yao into his room. The accommodations were clean and cheap, but the bath facilities and the run-down area of town left a lot to be desired. I think I got three hours of sleep that night.



Next Day

We were up early and on our way to Salt Lake City this morning. We went straight to the Temple Square area downtown. We walked around taking pictures of the temple and were allowed inside the tabernacle (two separate buildings), although a commencement exercise was about to begin.



My photo of the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, Utah

I harbored a hope that we might have an opportunity to actually sing something inside the tabernacle, where any/all choirs would like to sing, but it was not to be.

Dwight Dunbar and I were paired up to stay with the same host after supper and the concert, Mr. and Mrs. Brunswick. They took us for a drive around and through Salt Lake City. We went to the state capitol building (which was at a geographical point higher than most of the city) to take in the view. The city is amazingly spread out, divided into districts, all of which are very brightly lit. The city seems small in daylight, but at night looks huge, though flat, and its lights shimmer as the Earth's heat rises from the desert valley floor. State Street, the main drag, starts at the capitol building and goes in an absolutely straight line for seventeen miles (all of them lit) before its first curve.

We were enjoying the view when I noticed a well-dressed young couple emerge from the main door of the building. We investigated and soon discovered that just-graduated high-school seniors were having a celebration dance in the rotunda of the state capitol, complete with a live band! Since Dwight and I were still in our concert tuxedos, we decided to go inside the rotunda and enjoy mingling with the recent high-school graduates during their party for a short time. No one raised an eyebrow and we quietly left the party a short time later.

One other interesting fact discovered through conversation: it seems that followers of the Mormon faith find it hard to accept people of color!

Next stop: Denver, Colorado.

Next Day

Denver was nice. Perhaps, in my case, that's because it reminded me of my home town of Washington, DC. That might have been because it houses so many federal agencies and employs so many federal workers. We stayed with a man who works for the Internal Revenue Service. He and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Hill) literally gave us the run of their house.

The concert in Denver was one of our high notes (pardon the joke – Denver is the “mile high city”), although we were late, rushed and had spaghetti for supper before we sang. Nonetheless, we received another standing ovation.

We were on the road the entire next day, headed south out of the mountains of Colorado into the low, unbelievably flat plains of Kansas. It was everything I expected it to be, except that the wheat was new and green instead of yellow. Only an occasional farmhouse or tree jutted out of the vast green sea of grain. The landscape was boring, but marvelous in its level monstrosity. We rode all day, trying to keep our minds off the heat, since the air conditioner in the bus had lost all its freon from a slow leak. We stayed at the Tops Motel in Topeka.



Not our finest hotel, we focused on getting some sleep and getting back on the road

Next day

Barely refreshed, we arose extremely early only to face another sweltering day. Leaving Kansas, we entered Missouri. Again, the fields are different. They sit lower than the houses and roads, like rice paddies, and they all hold water. Perhaps this is the reason I couldn't tell what crops were growing. I could sense the East Coast coming. The landscape is a little more rolling, and deciduous trees, not evergreens, surrounded us.

We crossed what seemed to be the junction of the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers – no one seems to remember crossing the Mississippi specifically. Later, I napped. When I

woke up, I found myself in Illinois again as we headed for Kentucky. Shades of Kansas! Things were flat once more, but in a different sense. It didn't have the depressing flatness of the wheat state.

We had some trouble with lunch. At almost two, we stopped, deciding to push on in the bus after a rest stop. We'd bought a mass order at McDonald's and hoped the station wagon would catch up to us. But they never did. That is, not until they found us at a second rest stop in Southern Indiana, but that didn't happen until 4 pm.

Shortly thereafter, both vehicles crossed the Ohio river into Kentucky and we all made our way together to Crofton. We ate the not-too-desired meal prepared for us by the church and prepared to sing. As evening approached, the air outside cooled to a comfortable temperature, but the church sanctuary remained hot. Consequently, Dr. Davis conducted us in shirtsleeves, and the men wore no coats. We had a fan behind us (which didn't help much), but we went outdoors during intermission and were served ice water. I felt in poor voice that night.

Eight of us stayed in a huge home with a gracious, talkative, eager-to-please childless couple, Mr. and Mrs. Harper Blakeley. They had beds enough for all to sleep alone, some on the large, cool porch. The house had varnished floors and wood rafters. In short, I fell in love with the woodwork, all of which was varnished and finished to the same shade, just like the wood I want in my own house someday.

We brothers sent a telegram to George Crump today. He and his fiance Ellie are to be married tomorrow and we must miss the wedding. I feel sure they will have a long, happy life together. Jokes and laughter are a constant with those two. Their happiness is obvious because it is always bubbling over.

Next Day

This morning, we left for Knoxville. Kentucky was nice, as we were truly back to the South, hearing familiar drawls, enjoying familiar customs (iced tea), and relishing the mountain terrain. As we crossed into Tennessee, every passenger on the bus applauded loudly. Today we will arrive early, have some free time, then Dr. Davis wants to record for awhile. I'll meet my hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Peake, eat and spend the night in their home, then sing tomorrow in their church.

Next Day

It is over. We sang our program for the last time this morning. My throat was sore and hoarse (after three weeks with no trouble!), and I had to "mouth" much of it. We then recorded a few numbers after lunch at the church, and all I sang was the spiritual. I can't wait to hear the record. I silently cried throughout the Lutkin, tears streaming down my face, my throat tight, unable to hit the notes. Thank goodness Dr. Davis didn't lose his control (though he almost did)! To realize that this will be the last time...

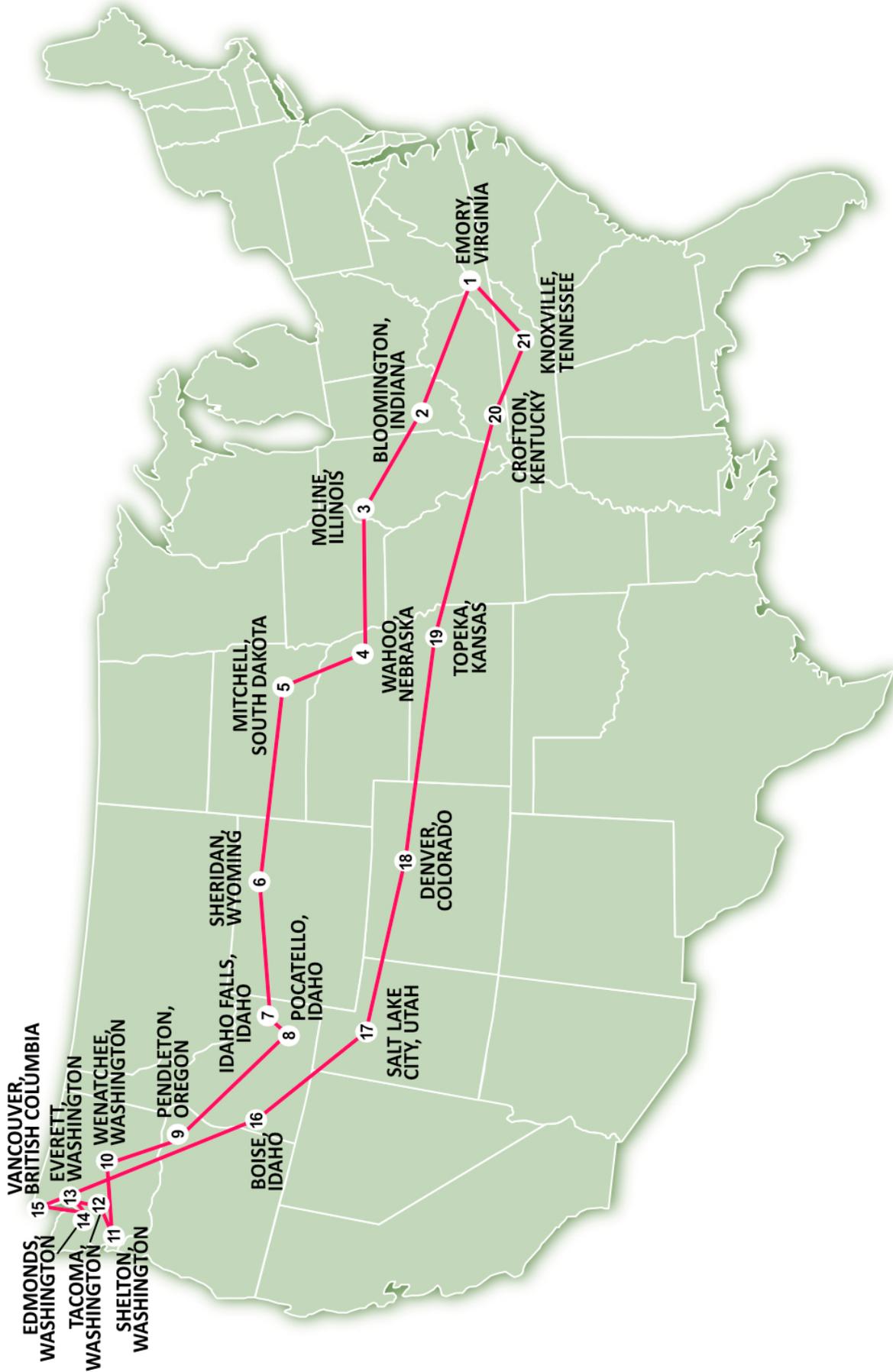
I am usually not sentimental, despite my sensitive nature. As we take the final leg of this journey on Interstate 81 toward Emory, I internally recognize that I am about to begin a new phase of my life, long or short, and leaving something priceless behind.

But there will most certainly be memories, for which I am grateful.

CONCERT STOPS & MY HOSTS

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA	Mr. & Mrs. Richey
MOLINE, ILLINOIS	Mr. & Mrs. Baxter
WAHOO, NEBRASKA	JFK college Dorm & Farm Terry Scherer & "Zero"
MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA	Coach Gordon & Mrs. Carol Fosness
SHERIDAN, WYOMING	Trail's End Motel
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO	Mr. & Mrs. Leo McVean
POCATELLO, IDAHO	Mr. & Mrs. Johnson
PENDLETON, OREGON	Temple Hotel
WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON	Mr. & Mrs. William B. Morris
SHELTON, WASHINGTON	Dr. & Mrs. Franklin W. Herrick
TACOMA, WASHINGTON	Mr. & Mrs. Turnbull
EVERETT, WASHINGTON	Mr. & Mrs. Shoultes
EDMONDS, WASHINGTON	Mr. & Mrs. Cal Thompson
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA	The Rev. Dr. & Mrs. Robt. Cunningham
BOISE, IDAHO	The Idan-ha Hotel
SALT LAKE CITY UTAH	Mr. & Mrs. Brunswick
DENVER, COLORADO	Mr. & Mrs. Hill
TOPEKA, KANSAS	Tops Motel
CROFTON, KENTUCKY	Mr. & Mrs. Harper Blakeley
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE	Mr. & Mrs. Sam Peake





MEMBERS OF THE 1968-69 CONCERT CHOIR

indicates a Section Head

Section	Class	Major	Home Town
<i>First Soprano</i>			
Carol Hurlock #	Senior	Music	Knoxville, Tennessee
Lynda Dyson	Junior	Math/English	Petersburg, Virginia
Brenda Ward	Sophomore	Math/Physics	Mountain City, Tennessee
Ruth Young	Junior	Psychology	Maryville, Tennessee
<i>Second Soprano</i>			
Beth Perkinson #	Senior	Music	Chattanooga, Tennessee
Brenda Dunn	Senior	English	Lynchburg, Virginia
Nikki Herrington	Sophomore	Music	Waynesboro, Virginia
Virginia Potts	Senior	English	Roanoke, Virginia
Gay Troth	Senior	Biology	Williamsburg, Virginia
Julie Unger	Junior	Math	Gulfport, Florida
<i>First Alto</i>			
Phyllis Quillen #	Senior	English/Spanish	Harrisonburg, Virginia
Kathy Cole	Sophomore	Psychology	Galax, Virginia
Jan Culbertson	Sophomore	Music/Psychology	St. Paul, Virginia
Kit Charlton	Sophomore	Music	Narrows, Virginia
Becky Epps	Senior	English	New Brunswick, New Jersey
Susan Jones	Sophomore	Sociology	Kingsport, Tennessee
<i>Second Alto</i>			
Suzanne Christmas #	Senior	English	Grafton, Virginia
Elizabeth Davis	Senior	English	Roanoke, Virginia
Judy Eller	Junior	Music	Marion, Virginia
Ann Helm	Sophomore	Spanish	Remington, Virginia
Sheryl Rawls	Sophomore	Math	Johnson City, Tennessee
Linda Willett	Senior	English	Virginia Beach, Virginia
<i>First Tenor</i>			
Henry Stout #	Senior	Political Science	Big Stone Gap, Virginia
Tom Reynolds	Sophomore	Music	Waynesboro, Virginia
Sam Smith	Junior	Music	Church Hill, Tennessee
<i>Second Tenor</i>			
Wayne Hamilton #	Senior	Economics	Annandale, Virginia
William Eanes	Junior	Philosophy	Roanoke, Virginia
Yao Yew Kii	Senior	Biology	Kuching, Malaysia
<i>Baritone</i>			
Frank Trotter #	Senior	English	Knoxville, Tennessee
Larry Creswell	Senior	English	Talbot, Tennessee
Dwight Dunbar	Sophomore	Chemistry	Chattanooga, Tennessee
George Freeman	Senior	Biology	Manassas, Virginia
Charles Garnett	Sophomore	Psychology	Charlottesville, Virginia
Jerry Newberry	Senior	English	Bland, Virginia
Jim Philpott	Senior	Biology	Petersburg, Virginia
<i>Bass</i>			
Nick Hetman #	Sophomore	English	Waynesboro, Virginia
Grif Anderson	Senior	French	Richmond, Virginia
Rick Geoghegan	Senior	History	Rocky Mount, Virginia
Jody Huskey	Junior	Economics	Newport News, Virginia
Bob Mahan	Sophomore	English	Arlington, Virginia
Tony Newberry	Junior	English	Bland, Virginia
John Weaver	Junior	Biology	Houston, Texas

Jane Osborne, Accompanist, is a Junior from Galax, Virginia.
She is pursuing a double major in music and religion.

About the Concert Choir and the Music Department At Emory & Henry College

The text below appeared in the program that was made available to everyone who attended each of the performances we offered in every town and state we visited during those three weeks in 1969. I include it here because I was proud then and am still proud to have been a representative of the school all those years ago. To be sure, the school has undergone MANY changes since I left there after graduation. But if I had to point to one single event that I carry with me that fosters the most memories, this would be the one that stays with me as "most memorable." As you read the copy below, you may come to understand some of the pride that many Emory & Henry students carry with them after they depart from their alma mater.

“Founded in 1836 by the Methodist Church, Emory & Henry College is located in the highlands of southwest Virginia near historic Abingdon. A major in music has been offered at the College since 1958. Although the department is small, it can claim the following among its products: the present director of the famous Desoff Choirs of New York City and choral director at Cornell University; a Woodrow Wilson scholar who continued his work in theory at Yale University and composition at Indiana University; a Doctor of Music graduate and one D. Mus. candidate at Indiana University; a Doctor of Music graduate and one D. Mus. Candidate at Indiana University; several who have earned Master’s degrees; a soprano who recently won the district Metropolitan Opera Auditions in Chattanooga, Tennessee; the vocal coach for the three national casts of the “Up With People” show; a bass who is presently soloist for the Navy Chorus in Washington, DC; and several who are engaged in full-time musical employment in churches and schools.

Professor Ludwik Sikorski, composer, conductor and violinist, is the chairman of the department who has guided its growth through the past 18 years. He recently was named by Yale University, his alma mater, to receive in October, 1969, a special commendation “for outstanding service to music.” Others on the staff include Joseph E. Williams, Assistant Professor of Organ and a recitalist, Pravda Sikorski Carruth, Instructor of Piano and winner of the 1968 Old Dominion Symphony’s Young Virginia Artist’s Competition, and Associate Professor Charles R. Davis, who teaches voice and is director of Choral Ensembles.

There are five musical ensembles at Emory & Henry. The Highlands Chamber Orchestra includes both students and residents of nearby communities. The Chapel Choir and Women’s Chorus provide music for worship services and serve as laboratories for vocal and choral techniques. These two choirs join with the Concert Choir to comprise the Oratorio Choir, which performs two major choral works each year. Performances in recent years have included the Haydn *Creation*, the Vivaldi *Gloria*, the Handel *Messiah*, the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony* and the Mozart and Brahms *Requiems* (with the Virginia Symphony Orchestra) and the Bruckner *Te Deum* (with the Kingsport Symphony Orchestra).

The Concert Choir is the “varsity” choir that officially represents the college in off-campus appearances. Their annual tours have taken them throughout the eastern part

of the country from New York to Florida. They have been sponsored by churches, colleges, and universities; they have sung on both radio and television; and they have appeared on the Community Concert Series in two cities. In 1964 they were invited by New York's Christ Church Methodist to present a concert as part of their celebration of the World's Fair festivities.

They have been selected this year by *Music Ministry* magazine, the official music publication of the United Methodist Church, to record the Hymn of the Month series for 1969-70.

Only eight members of the choir are music majors, but every member is engaged in class or private voice study and many take music courses as electives. The choir rehearses one hour each week on its tour program and another hour as part of the Oratorio Choir. Many of the members are leaders in other campus activities and many are honor students academically.

These young people value highly both the educational and the spiritual stimulation which results from their involvement with great music, and they are seriously dedicated to the pursuit of musical excellence in performance."



The 1968-69 Concert Choir of Emory & Henry College

The 1969 Concert Choir Program The Music We Sang All Over America

Included: Select Audio Files (click on underlined web links or speaker icons)



- I. **Voix celeste** (publ. 1910) *Gilbert A. Alcock*

(In each of the first four sections, please withhold applause until the end of each section.)

- Achieved Is the Glorious Work** (from *The Creation*) *Joseph Haydn*
(1732-1809)



- II. **Ave verum Corpus** *William Byrd*
(1543-1623)

“Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary; truly suffering, sacrificed on the Cross for man; whose side was pierced, water flowing with blood; be Thou to us tasted beforehand in the trial of death. Oh gentle, oh loving Jesus, son of Mary, have mercy upon me.”

- Kyrie Eleison** (from the *Missa Brevis*) *Dietrich Buxtehude*
(1660-1723)

“Lord, have mercy upon us.”



- Virga Jesse** *Anton Bruckner*
(1820-1888)

“The Rod of Jesse has flourished: a virgin has given birth to God and man. God has restored peace, reconciling to himself the lowest and the highest.”

- Missa Brevis in D**, Op.63 (publ. 1959) *Benjamin Britten*

Kyrie Eleison (“Lord, have mercy...”)
Gloria (“Glory to God in the highest...”)
Benedictus (“Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord...”)
Agnus Dei (“O Lamb of God...”)

- III. **Once to Every Man and Nation** (publ. 1951) *David S. York*

- Lord, Make Me Thine Instrument** (publ. 1955) *David S. York*



- Hospodi Pomilui** *Alexis F. Lvov*
(1798-1870)

“Lord, have mercy upon us.”

From the End of the Earth (publ. 1961)

Alan Hovhaness

Kyrie eleison (from the African Mass) (publ. 1964)

Norman Luboff



Ain't Got Time to Die

arr. *Hall Johnson*

INTERMISSION

IV. **Excerpts from “Music and Dance for the Passiontide”** (1963)

*Ludwik Sikorski**

Processional

Passion Song (quartet and chorus)

Lord, Have Mercy Upon Me (Peter and Judas)

Mary's Lament (Mary, Pilate, and the crowd)

(*Chairman of the Music Department, Emory & Henry College)

V. **Trio from “St. Paul”**

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Trio from “The True Story of Cinderella” (1955)

Warren Martin



Trio from “The Impressario”

Wolfgang Mozart
(1756-1791)

VI. **John Henry**

arr. *Ostrus & Leyden*



He's Gone Away

arr. *Arthur Lief*

Ol' Man River (from *Show Boat*)

Jerome Kern

These are the musical gems we offered to each of our audiences. However, there is another piece of music that was always, without fail, performed at each and every one of our concerts. And, oddly enough, it was the last piece of music our audiences heard us perform. But it wasn't listed on the program because it wasn't really part of the program. However, it's the last song each audience heard us sing:



Benediction

Peter C. Lutkin



Peter Lutkin

That last piece was our way of saying thanks for coming, thanks for listening and above all else, take care of each other. That song is entitled “Benediction”. It was written in 1900 by Peter C. Lutkin, who was born in Thompsonville, Wisconsin in 1858 and died in Evanston, Illinois in 1931. Some music historians have classified “The Lutkin” (as we called it) as more of an anthem than a hymn. Call it what you will, it became, at least to me, one of the most moving parts of what we did as “the Concert Choir of Emory and Henry College”.

About Emory & Henry College

The text below was also part of the Concert Choir’s program. Obviously, without the college, we’d have no music department and thus no sponsor for this three-week, nationwide journey we’ve undertaken. At the time of this writing (April 2025), the school is only eleven years away from celebrating its 200th anniversary. That alone should indicate that the school has been doing something right for all these years. Perhaps inclusion of this story, which is now fifty-six years old, will give the reader a sense of perspective about the college, its programs and its students.

“MACTE VIRTUTE – Increase in Excellence – has graced the seal and challenged the constituencies of this liberal arts institution from the time of its inception in 1836. Symbolized in its name are the ideals of Christian service embraced by Bishop John Emory and the commitments to responsible citizenship identified with Patrick Henry.

President William C. Finch, in enunciating in a recent address to the faculty the goals of ‘competency, concern, and commitment’ reaffirmed the traditions of the college in a contemporary context. Today with a faculty of 77 and a student body of 870, the college seeks to enrich the experience of individuals in community through new directions in academic, cultural, and campus life.

To this end, the new ‘Emory & Henry III’ is an academic plan which provides opportunity for concentrated work in three courses during each of three terms. Independent and honors study complement interdisciplinary major and other special programs. Student-directed seminars for academic credit, the Emory & Henry Summer Seminar in Germany, Artist-and Post-in-Residence programs, Asian Studies, and a student originated Excellence-in-Teaching Award, are among recent innovations in the academic life of the college. Four students have received English-

Speaking Union awards for study in British Universities in as many years, and this year's senior class includes two recipients of Woodrow Wilson National Fellowships.

A distinctive adjunct to the academic enterprise is the cultural program, which this year brings to the campus such personages as Adam Yarmolinsky, Marx Wartofsky, John Ciardi, Harold Schilling, Viveca Lindfors, Lamar Dodd, Michael Harrington, Roger Shinn, Nathan Scott, and Peter Bergmann, twelve art exhibitions, outstanding film and concert series, and a wide-spectrum of lectures. Coffee House discussions and Great Issues seminars enliven faculty and student dialogue.

Campus life is enhanced by the activities of some fifty student organizations, ranging from radio station to spelunker's club to literary magazine. A biennial symposium in contemporary issues, financed and planned by students, has attracted wide attention and is perhaps the most creative contribution to student life in the recent history of the College. An impressive intercollegiate athletics program which has produced a disproportionate number of Little All America players, together with a diversified intramural program provides diversity for an active student body.

The ecumenical thrust of the religious life program seeks to express serious and sympathetic support in the student's quest for a center of values. In addition to the sizeable number of students who enter church-related vocations, a majority of the graduates enter service oriented professions in teaching, medicine, government, and similar fields.

The leadership of the College's alumni is represented in a broad spectrum of service to Church and community: early ecumenicist, Bishop Walter Russell Lambuth and contemporary Bishop Lundy of Malaysia; pioneer nuclear physicist, Dr. Fred Allison, and the score of recent graduates now with National Aeronautics and Space Administration; Confederate cavalryman, J.E.B. Stuart and members of the present U.S. Congress; a local teacher-of-the-year and a roster of 24 college presidents. Five Federal judges and six Methodist bishops are numbered among the alumni.

Emory & Henry's Program for Academic Thrust – EMPACT – a ten year, ten million dollar program designed to enrich the academic experience of students and to meet the need for the future is well ahead of schedule. Since its inauguration in 1965, a physics and mathematics building, a new library with a collection approaching 100,000 volumes, and a fine arts building have been provided. A new \$1 million health and physical education center will be completed in 1970.

When alumnus Frederick T. Kelly made the generous gift which made possible the impressive new library which opened this year he expressed a sentiment which sums up both the best of the past and the future goals of the institution:

'In the early part of the century Emory & Henry College planted within my mind and heart certain ideals of the Christian faith and certain principles of right and wrong to which, looking across the years, I attribute whatever measure of success I may have experienced in this world. Therefore, I am merely undertaking to repay an indebtedness of long standing.'

The College recognizes that its engagement in the demanding enterprise of liberal education in the context of the Christian faith does not always succeed to this impressive degree. Yet we find great challenge in the opportunity to serve and to be

enriched by the kinds of persons represented in the 1969 Emory & Henry Concert Choir. We aspire to that quality ascribed to the College by Dr. Kermit Hunter, alumnus and Dean of the School of Arts, Southern Methodist University: 'a quality which keeps reaching down the years, not only blessing and hallowing this mountain country, but also sending out tides of influence that touch the whole hungry soul of man.' Emory & Henry, he said, 'is more than a college; it is a way of thinking, a way of living.'"