

**Musical Summer**

**Glee Club In Europe**

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the shoddy renovation performed by the communists. Fred North, of Islamorada, Fla., was nervous as he stirred great chords from the organ that Bach was supposed to have composed his works on.

The men were told that the brick in the nave was original Roman brick, only, the Carolina men found that the brick had been painted on the walls.

In Wittenburg, the rain still fell on the men as they viewed the door where Martin Luther posted his 95 Theses. Then, in a few hours, the Club was in East Berlin. Ancient cars and shabby-dressed people swirled about the shiny new bus.

Bus driver Bergman, looking aghast at the pre-war cars, raised his eyebrows in disgust. "Mein Gott," he

breathed sadly. Hardly any traffic could be seen even on the most modern streets of East Berlin.

The men of the Club were getting eager to get to Checkpoint Charlie, the allied crosspoint into the free city of West Berlin. After a short border inspection, the bus was allowed to cross over into west Berlin.

The whole busload of Americans cheered, yelled, and in general, went out-of-its mind glad to be back in free country. "Wow, I've never been so glad to see an American Flag before," yelled John Black of Whiteville as the bus zipped into the modern city.

Immediately the difference was apparent between the two cities. Cars and advertising were everywhere. Color and sound filled the streets. It was like coming home.

The several days in Berlin were a time of unwinding from the stifling atmosphere that seemed to pervade the air of East Germany. Little things, like washing clothes and getting haircuts were activities that could be enjoyed without fear.

The inspection of the Berlin wall was perhaps the most sobering activity that the Club engaged in. Barbed wire and steel were molded into a wall that was many more yards wide than it was tall.

Guards stared and peered from slit-eyed concrete bunkers at the men of the Club who climbed the ramp that allowed them to look over into the barbed wire jungle of the order area.

"The whole world is watching you," declared a sign facing the East for the East German guards to see. Nothing much was said by the Glee Club members as they watched the guards and peered into the bricked-up houses that stretched along the sinister concrete wall.

The club did a complete tour of the city and even went back to Checkpoint Charlie to see the crossing from the safe side.

To get to the boat that was to carry them to Denmark, the Club had to re-enter East Germany to get to Rostock. Again, the fields of the communes slid by the yellow and blue bus. The Baltic Sea town of Rostock was un sinister and actually quite cheerful beside the sparkling waters of the Baltic.

The monster boat swallowed the bus and several freight cars to boot before it wallowed out into the open sea to carry the men to Denmark. At supper, the men sang audaciously, "Oh Say Can You See," on the East German boat. The other people in the ship's dining room enjoyed the show and clapped for more. The men stood by their chairs singing while the red rubber ball sun plopped into the grey-green Baltic.

By 11 p.m. the Club rolled into the magic city of Copenhagen. The lights of the Tivoli Amusement park seemed to light the skies. But really it was just the last rays of day, which never seem to die that far north in Europe. The Club stayed in a student dormitory that was comparable to the New York Hilton in luxury.

For several days, the crew relaxed from the tension of East Germany. Singing songs like "God Bless America," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," seemed no longer "Mickey Mouse." East Germany had taught the men of the Club the value of being American.

North from Copenhagen, the club ventured up the peninsula to the fjord town of Aalborg. Out of town on July 4, the Glee Club sang for the international gathering that was celebrating the American Independence. It was the famed Rebill festival where the people of friendly little Denmark turned out to honor the Danish friendship for the American nation. Jens Otto Krag, the Prime Minister of Denmark, made an impressive speech to the huge crowd that coated the rolling hills of the festival grounds. U. S. servicemen were there in abundance, too. Danish and American flags rimmed the lip of the surrounding hills. Down the main path stood the 50 state flags of the United States.

"There's ours!" went up a cry from the men when they spotted the North Carolina flag.

In the dusty happy afternoon, it was good to be American. The men sang



*On The Rhine—Don't Jiggle That Camera*

lustily for the sweating crowds on a festival show that was broadcast and televised by the Voice of America and the Danish Television Network.

Quickly, the tour seemed to be gaining momentum. It was gathering steam for the international singing competition that was going to be tough to face at the Eistedfodd in Wales.

The tour quickened, almost in anticipation. The bus whizzed through Southern Denmark and then on to Hamburg, then back to Amsterdam for a short stop.

Then, almost magically, the Glee Club was lifted into the air and an hour later were in London. After a short wait in London, the train clickety-clacked north with the Glee Club aboard for the quaint town of Llangollen, Wales, the site of the international singing competition.

After long days of waiting, the climax of the trip was at hand. For days the tight practicing went on. Groups from all over Europe swarmed the meadow that served as the grounds. Costumes from every imaginable nation graced the Welsh green hillsides. Finally, when the singing competition was done, the judges cleared their throats, the announcement was made that the UNC Glee Club had come in with a third place in the international group singing competition behind a strong Bulgarian professional group and a Welsh choir.

Bedlam broke loose; the overjoyed men of the Glee Club could not be restrained. Outside the big top that served as the auditorium, happy Bulgarians and Americans clapped each other on the back and exclaimed what a good guy the other was.

Steve Wilson of Madison stuck three fingers in the air and chanted, "Number three, baaabeeee!"

Director Joel Carter got a shoulder-high ride around the back of the big tent. The boys couldn't get over the victory. In itself, it was sort of amazing. The tour wasn't sponsored by anybody. The Seventh Army Soldier's Chorus placed fourth behind the college men. All of the money was raised by the blind energy of the leaders of the Glee Club and the big-hearted response from Glee Club alumni.

The joy of the victory would not wear off. The men of the Club would never forget the moment of triumph. It was not so important to win as it was important that the trip have some climatic focal point where the men could say, "here, this was the high point."

From the green hills of Wales, where the hospitality flows as clear as the River Dee, the Club returned to London to wind up the singing tour with a vesper service in famed Westminster Abbey. A standing-room-only crowd packed the darkened abbey as the club whispered the strains of sacred songs that seemed to chase themselves about in the teetering heights of the dusky vaults high above the crowd.

"I think I'm gonna cry," admitted John Hutcheson of Winston-Salem as he reviewed the experience. It was a fitting end for the grand tour that should end only in a grand manner.

Even though the main singing part of the tour was over, the Club went on for a resting six days in Paris where the 40 men enjoyed Bastille Day, the French celebration of independence.

Paris and the surrounding countryside held joys of their own for each of the Glee Club members. As a unit the group ceased to exist. The boys went out now only as tourists.

All too quickly, the tour seemed to come to an end. On just such a morning that the Glee Club left Chapel Hill, the big jet swooshed upwards from Orly Airport in Paris and began the long journey back to America.

After stops in London and Shannon, Ireland, the Glee Club was almost magically transformed back into the American states, only to find the airlines strike still going.

By sheer luck, the club hitched a ride with some benevolent ladies who had chartered a bus heading for North Carolina. Ten hours later, at 4 a.m. the bus hauled into the Hill Hall parking lot and the tour was done.

It was a marvelous success. Each man will have his own story to tell, his own lessons he learned. But most significant, all the Europeans that met the men of the club will have a warmer memory of America because of the 40 Carolina ambassadors.



*Courtyard Singing For Berne's Mayor*



*Big Hit With German Girls—Larry Stracbridge*



*Stewardesses Enjoy Impromptu Performance*