NAHA Camp Little Norway Association Papers
MSS 1943

1943



COMMEMORATING
NORWAY'S INDEPENDENCE DAY • SPONSORED BY THE
NORWEGIAN SINGING SOCIETY
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
CAMP LITTLE NORWAY



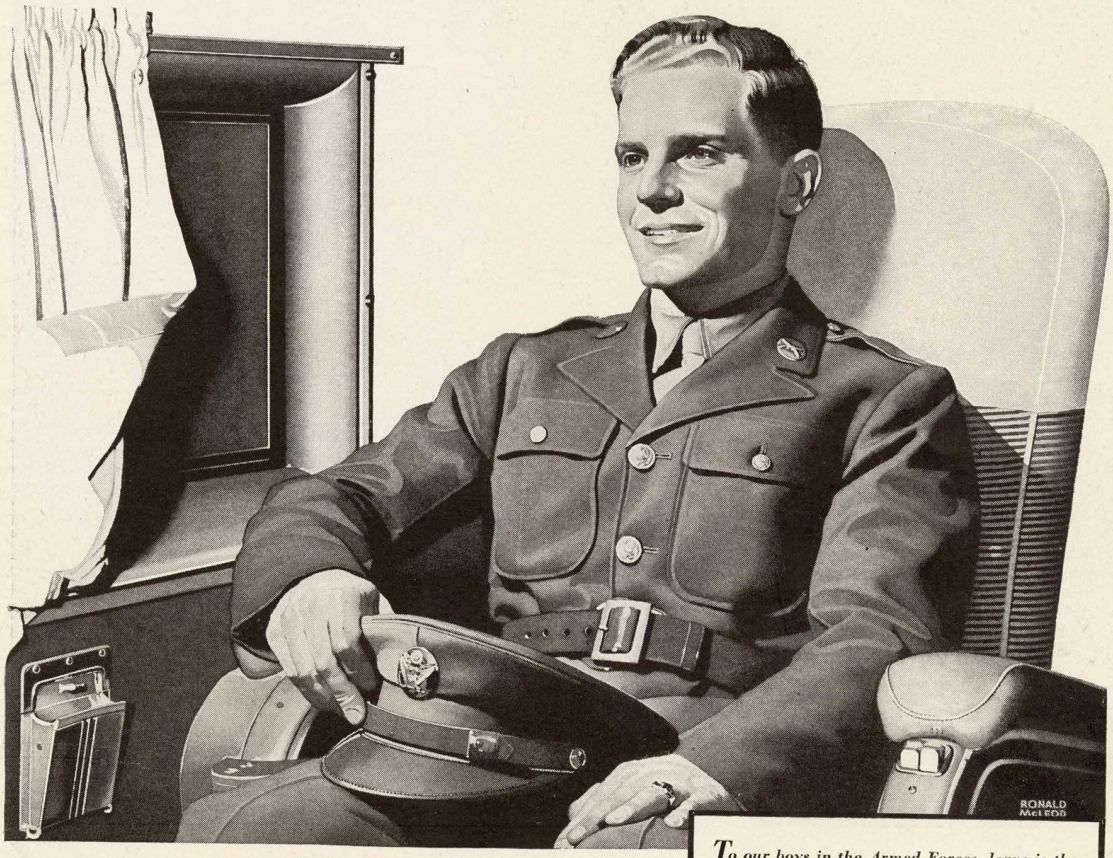
Cleanliness is next to loveliness



MONTEIL'S CLEANSING CREAM liberates your loveliness from its mask of grime and lends your skin that dewy clarity so highly prized by women who cultivate beauty.

MONTEIL'S SKIN FRESHENER rouses your skin from its torpor and makes it feel cool and clean.

Germaine Monteil



GOING HOME

This is Flight 44.

It shortens the distance between places by many hours.

It makes possible a trip for busy people who otherwise would not have time to go.

☆ ☆ ☆

Like this boy in uniform—going home.

Going home, on a furlough for just 30 hours.

Going home, to a piece of Mother's apple pie...a few hours with Mary ...a heart-to-heart talk with Dad.

Going home, to sleep in his own bed...to take a long look at everything he cares about.

☆ ☆ ☆

He thinks about these things now ...and he thinks about the man who, ten minutes ago, gave up his seat in the plane to him.

He remembers that the man looked important, and busy.

But the man overheard him say he couldn't get home at all in 30 hours unless he got on this plane.

And the man had stepped up and asked to be changed to a later flight ...and he had said something about a responsibility to men in uniform.

And something about...one of the reasons we have an America to fight for is because Americans take time to think about the other fellow.

☆ ☆ ☆

The boy felt warm and good inside. A stranger knew how much it meant to a soldier to be going home.

Going home...maybe for the last time in a long while.

Maybe for the last time.

To our boys in the Armed Forces, leave is the most precious thing they can have. Maybe they're only coming home from camp. Maybe they're coming back from the hellholes of the Solomons or Africa. Every hour, every minute of that leave means more to them than they can say. For many of them, with the little time they have, the only way they can get home, the only way they can see their folks again, is to fly. We of Eastern Air Lines would like to give each one of them an "unofficial priority." But we can't. So we're going to leave it up to you—and we don't mean that you should stop traveling by air for the duration. Just continue to make plane reservations—and if your business is important or your trip is urgent, travel as usual. However, if you find you can take a later plane and there's a soldier, sailor or marine waiting—who can't get home and back in time any other way—why not give him your seat?

Eddie Rickenbacker

President and General Manager,
EASTERN *Air Lines*





—send my brother the airplanes he needs *quick!*

THE SCENE—America—the home of millions of decent men who are willing to sacrifice their lives for freedom.

Surely, these ungrudging, unselfish millions who are giving their lives—surely these heroes are not only worth *praying for*—but *paying for*, too.

Before Victory and Peace we've got a war to *pay* for first. You, me, every single American.

10% of our pay? Yes. Every payday. At least a dime out of every dollar—a dollar out of every ten. More if we can. We're in this together. So let's pay for it together.

The Management of your company will save your 10% for you. Every time it adds up to $18.75 they'll put a WAR BOND in your hands, worth $25 in ten years. That's $4 back for every $3 you put in.

Your money will help buy those planes sister is praying for—it will help buy the tanks, guns, and ships that will ram this war right down the throats of the bullies who started it.

And when the final curtain rings down on the Axis you'll thank your lucky stars you saved while you could. You'll feel good all over for having *more* money to enjoy the Peace.

The fight is on. The battle line runs through every home—every office—every factory—every farm. Do your part with at least *a dime from every dollar every payday.*

DO YOU KNOW?

When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!

These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semi-annually!

Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes saving easy!

Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for WAR BONDS for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.

You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in WAR BONDS every payday NOW!

You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents. So start today!

EVERYBODY—EVERY PAYDAY 10% IN WAR BONDS

This page paid for by firms wishing to further the work of Camp Little Norway

Norwegian Underground Song

We're Norsemen! The Nazis shall feel how we hate:
They've stolen our bread, laid our land desolate.
Against tank and plane our resistance seemed vain,
And they thought that old Norway would fall without a blow.
We fought though outnumbered a thousand to one,
We fought for our homeland beneath the midnight sun;
With rifles and knives, with pitchforks and scythes,
For freedom, for loved ones, we fell upon the foe.

We're Norsemen! The Nazis shall feel how we hate,
A worm-eaten Quisling we'll soon liquidate;
Just keep your head steady and hold your arms ready,
Ere long the command for rebellion will sound.
We gather in secret by mountain and fjord;
The courage of free men is mightier than the sword,
And once more, we know, old Norway will grow,
And freedom victorious will rise from the ground.

Condensed Translation by Dr. Frank Nelson

Courtesy of ESQUIRE

TOLLEFSEN BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1914

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128-132 BEARD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME. THERE IS DYNAMITE...AND LOVE...AND HUMAN COURAGE IN IT. I SALUTE EVERYBODY WHO HAD A HAND IN THE MAKING OF IT." —Carl Sandburg

John Steinbeck's THE MOON IS DOWN



A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

with
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
HENRY TRAVERS · LEE J. COBB · DORRIS BOWDON
MARGARET WYCHERLY · WILLIAM POST, Jr.
Directed by Irving Pichel
Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



MAY 17 CONCERT

Commemorating Norway's Independence Day

SPONSORED BY THE NORWEGIAN SINGING SOCIETY

For the Benefit of Camp Little Norway

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His Royal Majesty,
Haakon VII

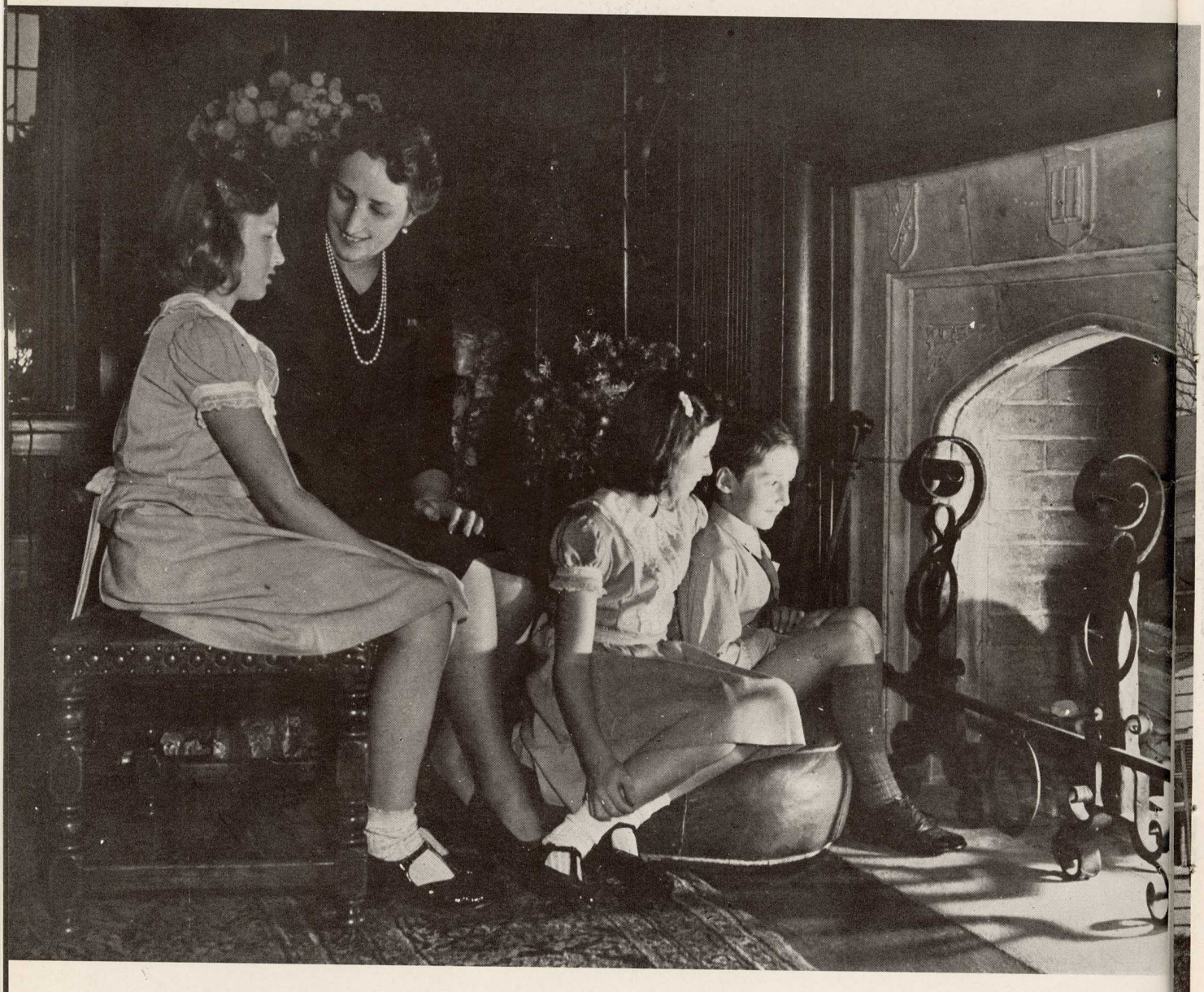
ALT FOR NORGE

"When the Germans come ashore in Norway, they torture, injure and kill the country's citizens and go on their way without any regard to God's Word or the prevailing laws, and without any thoughts of giving compensation to those who have suffered. Where they stop, they wreck public and private buildings for firewood without asking permission. Thin beer, paltry flour and hops are all that they export from German harbors, whilst they themselves take home with them both corn and other good things at pleasure."

(The Norse King, Magnus Erikson, in 1351)

THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL FAMILY—
IN EXILE

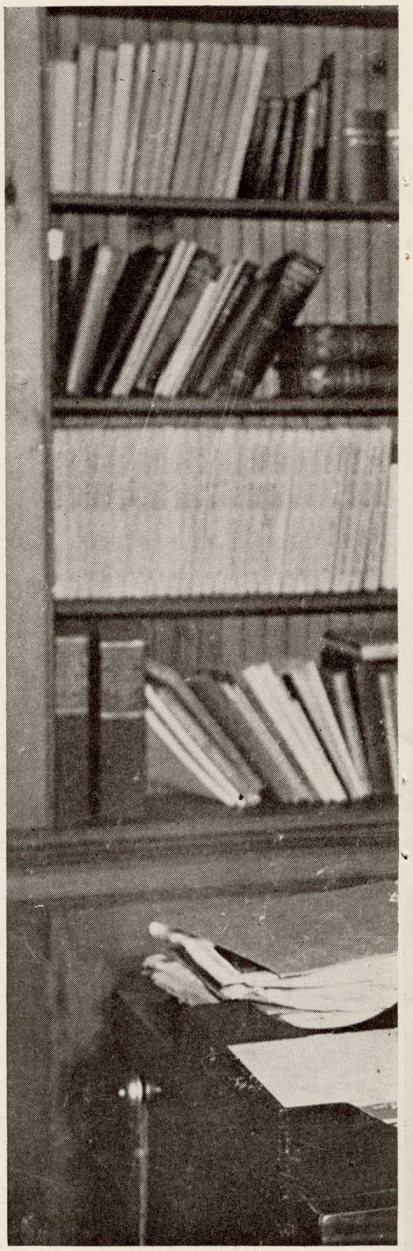
Left to Right:
Princess Ragnhild Alexandra, H.R.H., Crown Princess Martha, Princess Astrid and Prince Harald





H. R. H. Crown Prince Olav and H. R. M. Haakon VII in their temporary home in London where they direct efforts to free their country from invaders

EN VARM TAKK



Det er med glede jeg efterkommer Deres anmodning om å sende en hilsen til Nordmændenes Sangforenings programhefte.

Ingen som i en årrekke har vært i kontakt med den norske folkegruppe i Greater New York, kan ha unngått å få en sterk følelse av den store innsatts som Nordmændenes Sangforening har gjort. Det er et ordtak som sier, at "hvor ord hører opp, der begynner sangens tale". Bedre enn noen har kunnet gjøre det i ord har våre norske sangere i alle disse år tolket norsk lynne, norske lengsler, norsk kulturarv.

I disse siste 3 ulykkens og trengslenes år har tonene fra Norge betydd mer enn noensinne for alle av norsk herkomst. Fedrelandet selv er midlertidig stengt for oss, — men ingen barbarer og undertrykkere kan stenge oss ute fra de åndens og kulturens skatter som er en del av vår norske arv. Tonene fra Norge har i alle norske sinn funnet en gjenklang som aldri før, de er blitt oss kjærere og nærmere enn noen gang tidligere.

Ennu har vi hårde tider å gå igjennem, først og fremst hjemmefrontens menn og kvinner som dag ut og dag inn kjemper sin seige, ubøyelige oppofrende kamp mot overfallsmenn og forrædere. Men det lysner av dag. Vi har nu den visshet at det ikke vil vare altfor lenge før den endelige seier er vunnet over mørkets makter.

Da vil sangens toner stige jublende som aldri før fra et norsk folk som har gjenvunnet friheten og livet og fedrenes jord. Vi skal ikke glemme dem herute som i disse trengslenes år ga oss hjemlandets sanger.

En varm takk til Nordmændenes Sangforening og tillykke med den store 17. mai konsert som foreningen forbereder.

Washington, D. C., April 1943.

WILHELM MORGENSTIERNE.



His Excellency Wilhelm Morgenstierne, Ambassador of Norway.



New York, mai 1943.

Nordmændenes Sangforening synger norske sanger på Norges nasjonaldag til fordel for Norges Flyvåpen. Gamle mor Norges sønner herute nytter Norges kulturelle verdier til å samle vår egen stamme og dens venner til å støtte opp om et av de organer som skal være med å fri Norge fra åket. — Et vakkert ledd i det arbeid som gjøres av nordmenn over hele verden for å bringe det midlertidig bundne norske folk tilbake i de frie nasjoners rekke.

Mange gjeve menn og kvinner har forlatt Norge for å søke et utkomme — eller sin lykke — under fremmede himmelstrøk, og mange av disse var det som fant denne lykke fordi de førte "kraft til andre". Men denne kraften var fedrelandets og de gamle slekters gave. Det var en gave så stor, at nordmenn der hvor de seilte og der hvor de slo seg ned maktet å stå som små festninger midt i det fremmede folkehav. Jo lengere borte de var og jo lengere tid de var ute, desto større ble Norge i deres hjerter, desto rikere ble det Norges-billede, som de bevarte i sin bevisthet.

Engang en nordmann — altid en nordmann. Landets preg på våre panner kan vi aldrig miste, og dets preg i våre hjerter blir nok sterkere fremhevet ettersom årene går. Der hvor norsk diktning fremføres, der hvor norsk musikk lyder eller norske sanger synges, der samles nordmenn. Det er morsmålets malm i ord og toner, som gir gjenlyd i sjelene, og vi slår gjerne ring om dem, som bringer slektens stemningsverden tilbake til oss. Vi slår dobbelt ring om de Norges sønner som nu på vår gamle frihetsdag synger for at det nye Norge skal få makt til gjenvinning — og forsvar av friheten.

R. CHRISTENSEN, Consul General

May I take this opportunity to express my thanks to Nordmennenes Sangforeningen for the way in which you have kept love of the homeland alive through song and for your contribution in spreading knowledge of Norwegian music in America.

My best wishes to Sangforeningen for success in your great concert on the 17th of May.

TRYGVE LIE
Foreign Minister of Norway





The Norwegian Singing Society, Frederick J. Axmann, Director; Henry Bjork, President



Dr. Rygg

AN APPRECIATION

by Dr. A. N. Rygg

For more than thirty years I have been in intimate contact with the Norwegian Singing Society of Brooklyn, and for twenty-three of these years I have been an honorary member of the Society. It is no exaggeration to say that I have appreciated this distinction very much for the simple reason that the Norwegian Singing Society has always been a worthwhile organization with high aims and purposes and of distinct cultural values.

Ever since 1890, the Society has been a festive and cheerful element in the Norwegian group of people in this Metropolis. As it is a direct descendant of the



Henry Bjork

Henry Bjork has been an active singer for twenty-one years; seven years a member of the Arbeiderpartis Sangforing in Tonaberg, Norway. He became a member of the Norwegian Singing Society in January, 1929 and became president in 1939. He still holds this office.

During his incumbency the Singing Society has participated in several large affairs: The Sons of Norway Day at the World's Fair, twice at Carnegie Hall in memory of April 9, Madison Square Garden for the Russian War Relief, and at Grand Central Palace.

Frederick J. Axmann

Frederick J. Axmann was born in Soderhamn, Sweden. He studied violin and viola in his early youth, playing well at the age of seven. At fourteen he came to America studying organ and piano under Dethier and Friskin. Upon graduation, he toured Europe giving concerts in various important cities. He became a member of the Norwegian Singing Society in 1939 as conductor. Under his able and stimulating influence, the society has given brilliant performances.

Norwegian Singing Society of New York which existed in the seventies and eighties, it might, as a matter of fact, go all the way back to 1893 for its birthday. During the seventy years since then, it has been a faithful and colorful part and parcel of our Norwegian community. We are happy to note that the Society, in spite of this venerable age, still is as vigorous and youthful as ever.

We, members of the Norwegian race, delight in listening to the old melodies from our homeland. They are part of the sweet memories and traditions which we brought with us from the beautiful country across the sea, and we are thankful to the Norwegian Singing Society for its admirable rendition of the works of the great Norwegian composers and of our folk songs at its concerts and on important occasions in our community life. The Society has, in fact, to a great extent been the backbone of our musical endeavors, not only within our own group, but also in the musical life of the Metropolis at large. It has been an efficient factor in spreading knowledge of Norwegian tonal art and culture among the American people, and along these lines, it has been a representative of which we have every reason to feel proud. As a Men's Chorus it has always set the highest standards, and it has won admiration and acclaim, wherever it has appeared.

May idealism and the love of singing never die out among the membership of the Norwegian Singing Society of Brooklyn, and may the banner of song always flutter high and gaily in the breeze! My best wishes for the future of the organization!

Allow me at the same time to pay my respects to the conductors of the Society, Ole Windingstad for 28 years until 1939, and F. J. Axmann since this date.





Lieut. Col. Reistad

NORWAY SHALL BE FREE

By Lieutenant Colonel Ole Reistad—Camp Little Norway, Canada

TIME after time peace-loving people have been defeated in the first rounds because they were not prepared. But through those defeats and looking upon the gangsters practising their methods, they have been more and more sure that there will be only one thing that can win in the long run and that is the case of truth.

Yes, knowing absolutely for sure that the truth will win if they do their utmost, the defeated people from the first battle have grown to a strength of such an extent that they have turned out to be superior in the fight towards the gangsters—it may be in hand-to-hand fighting or in the will to suffer and sacrifice.

I do not need to prove that with my own words. I can only refer to what our Allies are saying about the hand-to-hand fight of the boys who came from "Little Norway."

One Norwegian squadron that fought at Dieppe had the highest score of any Allied squadron taking part in that battle. It shot down nine enemy planes, damaged seven without a loss itself. The two Norwegian squadrons together shot down sixteen planes and damaged eleven with a loss of four themselves that day. At Dunkirk, several months later, one Norwegian squadron was credited with seven of the ten planes which the Allied squadrons shot down in that fight. Almost every Norwegian Squadron Leader has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. The English Wing Commander for the Norwegian squadrons in action gave the statement that "there are no better fighting squadrons in Southern England today." Other statements are quoted as follows, for instance from Associated Press: "Among the most daring and skillful Allied pilots are the Norwegians. After escaping from home, most of them went from England to Canada for training at "Little Norway," their huge flying school at Toronto. Now they form a powerful unit in the R.A.F., operating from bases in Iceland as well as Britain.

These Norse "hedge-hoppers," of whom the Vikings of old could well be proud, do just about everything with a plane except fly in and out of windows. It is a saying of long-standing in Iceland that if the ceiling is only three feet, it is enough for those Norwegians.

Iceland, with its tricky winds of frequent gale velocity, fast descending fogs, quickly changeable weather and barren, mountainous terrain, presents some of the world's worst flying conditions.

The Norwegians, like the avengers of Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, Belgium and the Netherlands, are determined to fly over a free homeland some day. Meanwhile, all they want to do is bomb everything Nazi.

According to announcement from British Air Ministry, Norwegian squadrons shot down six and probably damaged seven German fighters during their attack on London in March. All of the German planes that were shot down and damaged that day were credited to the Norwegians who had no losses themselves.

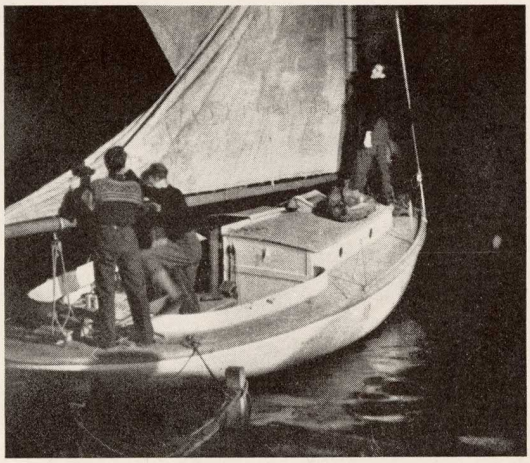
As far as the homefront in Norway is concerned, I need only to mention the boys who have managed to kill themselves after weeks of Gestapo torture because they would not talk or obey their oppressors.

It is not necessary to say much more to impress upon everybody who is responsible that we all must be as equal to them as possible in our sacrifices. And the reason for that is not just a gesture towards those who are suffering and sacrificing unlimitedly.

It is a pure necessity. Even if we know that all of us are fighting in the name of humanity and freedom, we will not gain without sacrificing to the utmost.

The boys in the Air Force who have already been fighting overseas, and done it so well, have their successors training at "Little Norway" burning with the same eagerness to fight. We can assure you that all proofs from you that you are standing behind us will be appreciated more than we can tell. Everything you like to give us as a proof of sympathy for the fighting boys of Norway today will be used to increase that fight. When you are celebrating our Independence Day this year, we will be with you in our own celebration in the Air Force and we will join each other in the common promise that Norway shall be free.

NORWEGIAN CRUSADE



They steal away at night from the Norwegian Coast in a small boat



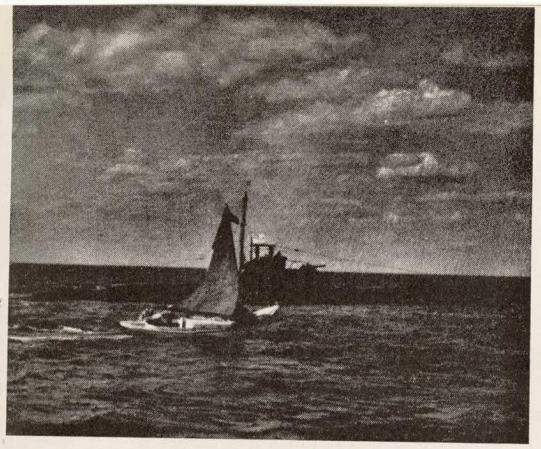
The morning in the choppy North Sea brings cheer—they are safely away from the Nazi—so far



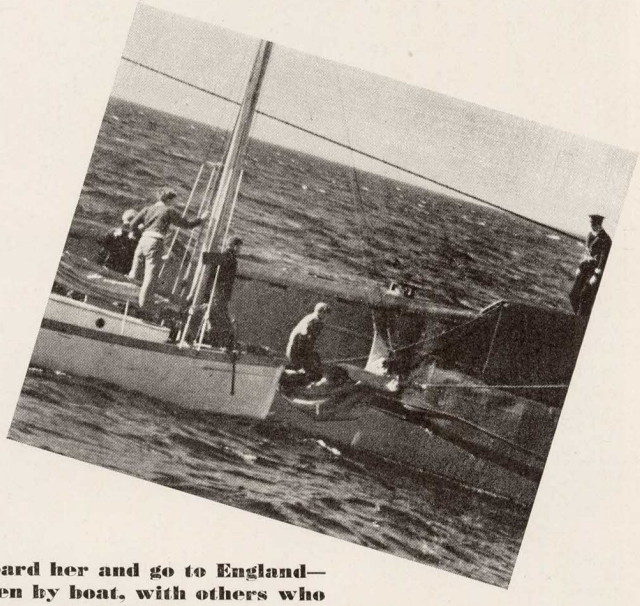
Is it a plane I hear?



Yes, but is it friend or foe—will he warn the navy or bomb us?



He warned the navy! But the right one—we are picked up by a Norwegian Sub



We board her and go to England—and then by boat, with others who have escaped, to Canada

We are airmen now—like these in Camp Little Norway





TRAINING CENTERS OF THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE IN CANADA

by Catherine Groth Sparrow

AT the very edge of the city, on the shore of Lake Ontario, opposite the Island Airport, lies Camp Little Norway, in Toronto. A fresh breeze from the lake blows over it and the lawns are green between the light grey barracks. The Norwegian flag waves from the flagpole and the tall fair-haired sentinels exchange remarks in Norwegian with khaki or blue-clad soldiers who come with one question or another. The atmosphere is cordial, the manner efficient. Camp Little Norway is a bit of Norway.

Although the first founded and best known, Camp Little Norway is only one of the three Royal Norwegian Air Force Centers in Canada. At present only advanced instruction in aviation is given there. Elementary flying instruction is given pilots at Camp Muskoka, some 120 miles north of Toronto, while "Vesle Skaugum" some thirty miles farther north is a recruiting center as well as a rest and recreation camp.

The animating spirit of the Norwegian aviation camps in Canada is the Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Ole Reistad. His energy and initiative, aided by a strong personality slightly reminiscent of Nansen's, and his experiences as an aviator in the Battle of Norway have combined to make him the brilliant leader of Norwegian aviation abroad. He is aided by a staff of capable, enthusiastic officers all of whom fought in the Norwegian Air Force during the German invasion of Norway. Most of them expect to go back to fight again before long. These men, as well as their commander, know what fighting the Germans in the air means. They do not teach from theory only. By their skill and determination they have not only organized Norwegian aviation schools; they have crystallized a people's will to survive into a definite, concrete undertaking. From a small and more or less temporary beginning the Royal Norwegian Air Force Centers have developed into a

permanent institution. "They are here to stay," as Colonel Reistad says, and whether in war or peace will have an influence on Norway's aviation, military or commercial.

Camp Little Norway was opened in November, 1940. Its founders were Colonel Bjarne Oen of the Royal Norwegian Air Force and Rear-Admiral Riiser-Larsen of the Royal Norwegian Naval Air Force. When, after two months' heroic resistance to the Germans, the King of Norway and the Norwegian Government decided to leave for England to carry on the fight from abroad, Scotland became the base for the Norwegian Army; the Norwegian Navy joined the British; the officers of the Royal Norwegian Air Force went to Canada. Canada was chosen because it lay on this side of the Atlantic, where most of the planes which Norway had ordered in 1939 at a cost of some twenty million dollars still awaited shipment. The Norwegian officers came to take over those planes, and, as the United States was neutral at the time, the only place where a Norwegian aviation center could be established was Canada. After negotiations with the Canadian Government the Island Airport at Toronto was leased by the Norwegian Government, together with the site on the mainland.

This was the origin of Camp Little Norway. Since then several squadrons trained at Little Norway are flying as separate Norwegian units in the R.A.F. in planes belonging to the Norwegian Government, painted with Norwegian colors. They are in action principally over Iceland and Great Britain. Many individual pilots from Little Norway are flying as fighters in the R.A.F. Many others are in the Ferry Command, taking planes across the seas. Everywhere the Norwegian pilots have received the highest commendation for their ability and audacity. "Cat's Eye Norsemen" some of them have been called for their cleverness in night fighting.

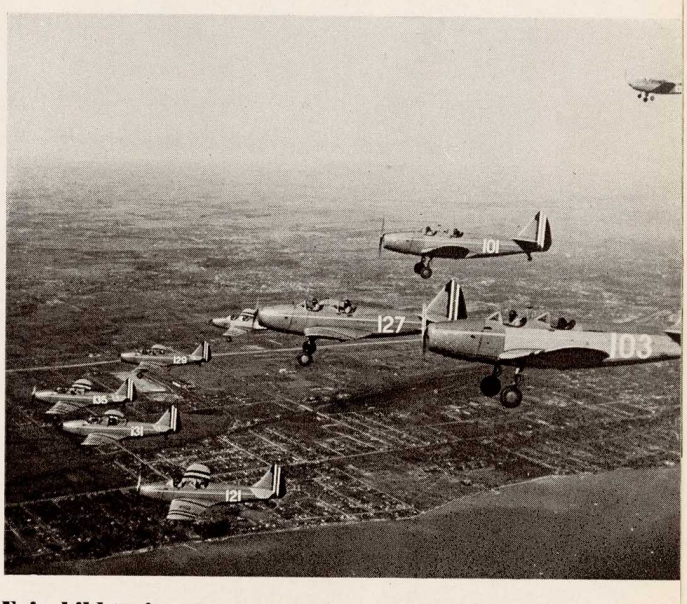
No figures can be given as to the numbers of the men in training, but they include pilots, ground crews, and workers in the various services of supply. All receive a certain military training aside from instruction in their own special branch. About half of the pilots train as fighters, the others for bombing.

All of the men are volunteers, most of them Norwegians who escaped from Norway after the German occupation. A few Americans of Norwegian descent joined up when Little Norway was first organized, but since the United States entered the war these men naturally enlist in the American forces. Many men come from torpedoed ships. There are some Swedes, a few Danes, and even a Finn among the recruits, proving that Scandinavian solidarity is still strong.

The system of instruction followed in the Norwegian Training Centers is that of the most up-to-date American and British aviation camps. Consequently, both Little Norway and Muskoka are equipped with schoolrooms, chart rooms, instrument rooms, Link trainers, radio apparatus, etc., of the highest order. At the airfields are large hangars and Fairchild, Curtis, and Douglas planes, all of which have been bought by the Norwegian Government and carry Norwegian colors.

The camps are permeated with an air of comradeship and quiet efficiency. There is something about the way the men move and work that makes you feel they are not just soldiers, but co-workers, partners in an enterprise. Officers are saluted with military precision, but more as comrades of a higher rank than as superiors to whom a show of exaggerated respect is required. You feel that the men are proud of their camp, proud of being Norwegians. And when you consider how much Norway with her three million inhabitants has contributed to the cause of the United Nations, and that of all the entirely occupied countries Norway is the only one to have organized anything comparable to these training centers, you feel that their pride is justifiable. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the men are proud of their appearance, their blond hair, their usually fine physique, their attraction for the girls.

When you see these good-looking, young, healthy boys on their way to airfields or barracks, it is hard to believe that they have been through all the hardships you read about, that they have escaped the Gestapo at the risk of their lives, sailed across the North Sea or Atlantic in open boats, swum for life in seas of burning oil, floated for days on drifting rafts. It is only when you try to get them to tell their experiences that you realize it. To get them to talk is like pulling teeth. To them it is an old story—the past. These boys are young; they don't live in the past. They look to the future; they want to get overseas, to get into action. So much has been written about their adventures that they are tired of hearing about them. They don't want publicity. Their attitude is very similar to that of soldiers back from the front line trenches, in the last war. They did not like to talk experiences, either.



Fairchild trainers over the shores of Lake Ontario



Even airmen, for reasons best known to the army, have got to learn to march

And yet, just as civilians in the last war talked heroics, we feel that the exploits of these boys should be told. "Why did you leave Norway?" I asked one of the boys. "Didn't you realize the risk you were taking?" "Oh yes," he said, "but I just had to." And in the way he said it you realized that had he stayed in Norway it would have been just as dangerous; in escaping he ran a chance of helping his country. "A young man can't live in Norway now," said another, and in his words you felt that pent-up resistance must burst forth, sooner or later.

Many of the boys made their escape to England across the North Sea in small fishing-boats. "Six boys in a 22-foot boat were machine-gunned; one was killed, one was badly wounded, only one was not hit at all," an officer told me. "Their boat was riddled with holes and stuffed with rags. They worked the pump day and night but got to the Shetlands. One boy was almost a year on the way. He came by way of Finland, Sweden, Russia. He went across Turkey to Baku, across the Caspian Sea to Basra on the Persian Gulf, to Bombay, Capetown, and Liverpool. In England, he found his younger brother who had crossed the North Sea in a little fishing-boat, had got to Toronto and trained as a pilot and had been sent to England. A nineteen-year-old boy came from a whaling ship in the Antarctic, another in the Pacific. One was taken aboard a German raider and escaped. Another was taken to a prison camp in the Orient and escaped." As the chauffeur of my car remarked, as he pushed his cap further to the side and front of his head until he almost touched his nose, "They've all had some excitement, I guess." He himself had sailed the Seven Seas to join up.

At Muskoka, near Gravenhurst, the airfield is leased from the Canadian Government as at Little Norway, but the camp grounds—some 300 acres—are the property of the Norwegians. This aviation camp, too, is admirably equipped with hangars, schoolrooms, chart



Just before takeoff: final flight instructions

rooms, instrument rooms, while an imposing array of planes is lined up in the field or spread like birds in the air. Elementary flying instruction is given the boys at Muskoka, and as it is impossible for the Norwegian Government to get planes for intermediate training, instruction at the intermediate stage is given under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan at schools in the Middle West. The Norwegian Government pays the cost of training the pilots. When they finish their immediate training, they return to Camp Little Norway where they take advanced training on Curtiss fighters and Douglas bombers before going overseas.

It is interesting to see how everything has been taken advantage of at Muskoka. The old farmhouse has been transformed into a modern clinic—dental and medical—with infirmary. The barn has been turned into sleeping quarters with a large Finnish steam bath and adjoining showers installed underneath. The men, by the way, sleep in double decker bunks and each man has a large locker for his clothes. The most striking building at Muskoka, however, is the beautiful log house used as mess and recreation hall below and sleeping quarters above. It was formally inaugurated last May by Crown Prince Olaf and Crown Princess Märtha. It is built in the old traditional Norwegian style, but the plan is modern and extremely practical. It is the work of the young and talented Oslo architect now known as Second Lieutenant Engh. As the logs were taken from trees hewn on the place, and as the joining was done principally by Finns many of whom belong in the camp, the cost of this really magnificent building was reduced to a minimum. I was fortunate enough to visit Muskoka at the time when the Norwegian Prime Minister Johan Nygaardsvold and the Norwegian Minister to Canada, Mr. Daniel Steen, were received by the Commanding Officer of the Camp, Lieutenant Hans Lund.

A most excellent but simple luncheon was served—delicious Norwegian *koldt bord* with cold meats and vegetable salads, followed by perfectly grilled chops and wonderful dessert. I could not help remarking about the food to my neighbor. He happened to be the camp doctor and informed me that the most important thing about it was its carefully planned nourishment and vitamin content. This, he said, was true of all the food served in all the camps. "It might not be appetizing for all that," I remarked. "Well, we're lucky in the camps. Many of the cooks come from ships noted for fine food. A great many in fact were on whale-boats."

Muskoka has a mascot—the drollest possible little bear cub, caught in the woods right near the camp, a gift from a Canadian friend. He was solemnly introduced to the Prime Minister and eyed him with much misgiving. After considerable bribing with sugar and milk, however, he condescended to rise on his hind legs and give a paw.

Most of the boys in the Norwegian camps have their parents and relatives in Norway. Very few indeed have any close connections on this side of the ocean. So, al-

(*Continued on page* 46)



Radio operators for the bombers in classroom

NORWEGIAN SNUG HARBOR

"EIDSVOLD"



THE beautiful "Eidsvold" home for Norwegian seamen is only one-half hour's trip by train from New York. It is only a few months since it became Norwegian property, but through the sincere efforts of the committee, it is already beginning to have the Norwegian appearance which such a place must have in order that the guests may be happy. Down in the valley where we find workmen and even a farmer and his family from "Vestfold" busily at work, one can only see the immense veranda between the trees. (For God's sake don't cut down the trees!) And then we begin to explore—up on the hills are attractive little cabins, real Norwegian style, and one can easily imagine that the swimming pool is a pond in Nordmarka, and that one is at home in the vicinity of Frognersaeteren.

There hasn't been time yet to finish everything as planned. The houses are to be decorated, farming and landscaping are to be arranged. Seamen are glad to combine their stay at "Eidsvold" as vacation and work, and have come to look upon the place as their own.

This beautiful home in Katonah (take the train from Grand Central) should be uppermost in the thoughts of the seamen who come here in convoys, both those who are leaving again soon, and those who need rest. Those who go there need not fear any hotel atmosphere. Each seaman gets his own room, and he can roam at will over the promenades and shady lanes, all of which should be appreciated by one who for several weeks has learned the tediousness of close quarters on shipboard.

Here will be no sports under pressure, but some hours of tennis or soft ball and football. Indoors the men can find facilities for reading, bridge or chess. Four or five men can also find one of the cabins where the scene from the windows is not entirely un-Norwegian.

One who understands Norwegian organization cannot easily be aware of the efforts behind the erection of a vacation home such as "Eidsvold." But think of the fact that there are not many of the Allied Nations who have solved these problems as broadly as Norway is doing it.







NORWAY LIVES FOR THE HOUR OF REVOLT

by John Haugland



IN the nearly three years since the Germans swarmed across Norway after their treacherous attack in April, 1940, the Norwegian people have had a bitter awakening. Their military unpreparedness, in that first Spring of the war, was as nothing to their mental unpreparedness. A peaceful, contented little nation whose only desire was to be left alone, Norway did not fully understand the implications of war; even more tragic, it did not, until much later, understand what "occupation by the enemy" really means to a civilized people.

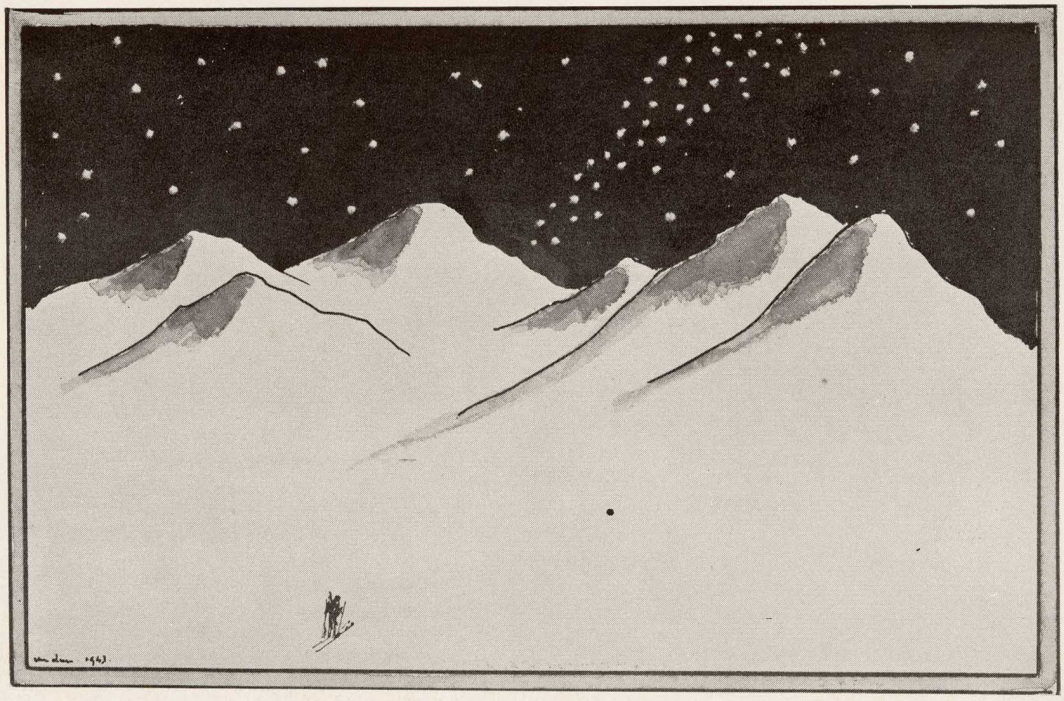
Now we have learned. The Germans have proved excellent teachers. Norway, physically, is still much the same old country it was before the tramp of German boots was first heard in Oslo's streets. But the people living in Norway are a different people entirely. These long gray days of waiting, these long dark nights of fear have left their mark upon us. We have learned to see and act clearly. A richer and stronger spiritual life has developed to sustain us in our slavery. Our leaders today are our clergymen, our school teachers, as well as our students and our stage folk. Political factions have disappeared. The entire Norwegian people are one family, united into one clenched fist. We have only one political aim—the liberation of our country. And one social policy—the helping of one another. I was in Norway until only a short time ago, when I had to escape to save my life. The picture of life in Norway that I brought out with me is not a pretty one.

From the very first we had to stand by and watch as the Germans looted our country of food. Gradually we saw our freedom destroyed. Our press was strangled or controlled. Ninety leading newspapers were ordered to stop publication, and many of our best-known writers and editors were thrown into jail—where they still are today. We saw our country's civil administration handed over to a small gang of professional crooks and traitors led by Quisling. We saw concentration camps being built throughout the length and breadth of Norway, and then watched them being filled with thousands

(*Continued on page* 48)



Norwegians, awaiting deliverance, see in the British
Commando raids a preview of things to come



TO THE YOUNG MEN IN "LITTLE NORWAY"

by Hendrik Willem van Loon

IN two respects, I envy you. It is true I am not obliged to get up at six o'clock in the morning unless I want to. I don't have to risk my ancient bones in an animated kite, and I don't have to listen to official speeches when I would much rather read a newspaper. But you probably have steak for dinner much oftener than I do and you don't have to discuss politics. You can always offer the excuse that soldiers are not supposed to discuss politics while in uniform. I can't even offer the excuse that civilized people should not discuss politics in their pajamas. The other day a misguided neighbor actually appeared before breakfast to ask me what I thought about Ely Culbertson's plan for the brave new world that is supposed to rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of the present one. And that same evening, at half after midnight, New York called up. The chairman of a society, the name of which I never caught, wanted a 5000-word article (and before next Friday, if you please) in which I would kindly explain what I thought should be done about reestablishing a west-Asiatic tribe (of which I had never heard) on territory which had belonged to them in the twelfth century and been lost by them in the thirteenth to another tribe, the name of which had also escaped my attention during the three score years I have spent on this planet.

From all these worries you, young gentlemen, are free and I congratulate you and I count you happy because you have got a job that takes "doing" and not "talking" and you know exactly what that job is. You have got to undo a wrong that is so vile that it shrieks to Heaven and you have got to set your own people free from the yoke of a foreign usurper who stinks to Heaven. I realize that this is most unelegant language but I have long since given up trying to be polite (either in writing or speaking) when I have to mention the obscene names of Adolf Hitler and his henchmen. They have murdered my relatives and having disposed of those, they are now *systematisch* killing off my friends. They have destroyed the town in which I was born and the town in which I spent the happiest years of my life. I realize that these are not cosmic wrongs but merely personal ones. Very well. In that case, I shall stop thinking in cosmic terms until the personal score is settled and I shall make very sure these hideous people will

never have another chance to repeat the bestialities of the last four years for the simple reason that they won't be there any more.

If I have made myself clear (as I hope I have), you will understand why I envy you. Fate has chosen you for a mighty task, a noble and magnificent task, to be the saviours of the land of your fathers. Once that has been done, we shall see what we shall see. But until that glorious purpose shall have been achieved, the less we say the better for all of us. And the more we do, the better, too, for all off us. Wherefore I won't utter another word except to wish you Godspeed and happy flying and may you live through it all that when the day of freedom comes you will be there to give your strength and your courage and your love for FRITT OG UAFHAENUG NORGE.

"If there is anyone who still wonders why this war is being fought, let him look to Norway. If there is anyone who has any delusions that this war could have been averted, let him look to Norway. And if there is anyone who doubts of the democratic will to win, again I say, let him look to Norway!"—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



H. R. H. Crown Prince Olav, President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Nygaardsvold and Ambassador Morgenstierne

MAY 17th

by André Maurois

OUR Norwegian friends celebrate today the anniversary of their Declaration of Independence. The constitution they adopted on May 17th, 1814 was framed partly upon the Constitution of the United States and partly upon the French Revolution. So there is nothing artificial in uniting the names of three great countries which were bound together of old by such strong ties.

When I was a child, in Normandy, I was told beautiful stories of the Norwegian sailors who had created and civilized that province. Young Norwegians attended our school, at Rouen, and we loved them for their frankness and their simplicity. We were taught then to respect the Vikings, their courage, their patriotism, and the beauty of their sagas. The descendants of the Vikings are worthy of their ancestors. When they were attacked by the Germans in such overwhelming strength, we thought the Norwegians had not a chance to resist. They loved peace and had not prepared for war. But they did resist. The Norwegian soldiers fought admirably. The Norwegian sailors joined the Allied Navies and daringly challenged the German submarines. As to Norwegians in Norway, they too went on fighting secretly, dangerously, often at the cost of their lives. They never yielded.

What held them together? What made the German threats and promises unavailing? Simply the fact that the Norwegians love their freedom. They want to be themselves, and nothing else. They have a great tradition, one of the most ancient and beautiful of Europe. They have a wonderful literature and no nation can boast of greater writers than Hendrik Ibsen and Bjornstjerne Bjornson or Sigrid Undset. Why should they bow to any other culture? Also their writers have been among the best exponents of the new freedom. The part played by Ibsen in emancipating European minds has been tremendous.

Norwegians can celebrate proudly their Independence Day. They will remain free because they defend their freedom. They will remain free because, since 1814, they showed themselves worthy of their freedom. They always made good use of it and were an example of wisdom, of order and moderation to all democratic nations. They will remain free because the free nations of the world will win this war. I am glad to write this on the day when America, France and England have won together a great victory, prelude to the liberation of Europe.

THE VOICE OF NORWAY

by William L. Shirer

ALTHOUGH Norway is a small country, its influence has reached out to the four corners of the earth. Before this war, it was known all over the world for its enterprise and daring on the sea, and at home for its law-abiding, democratic ways. Many people believe that the first white men to sight the coast of the New World were Vikings. There is no harbor on the Pacific or Atlantic oceans where Norwegian ships have not put in. From Shanghai to Baltimore, from Melbourne to New York, Norwegian sailors have long been a familiar spectacle in port. And in every country, wherever people have been concerned with good government, justice, fair distribution of riches, and sober, constructive living, Norway has stood as a symbol of these achievements.

Now, since the battle in which the Norwegians tried so gallantly to hold back the German onslaught, Norway has added a new saga to its treasury of brave tales. On both military and civilian fronts, both at home under the yoke of the Nazis and abroad, in Canada, Scotland, and England and on every sea, Norway is fighting as steadfastly for freedom as before it worked for peace.

In the last Order of the Day, at the end of the campaign in Norway, General Otto Ruge said: "No nation can rise again merely by waiting for something to happen, for some help to come from the outside. You must be ready to help yourself when the time is ripe. Wait, keep the faith, and be ready." These steadying words, spoken in Norway's darkest hour, still sound on the air. There is no doubt that when the time comes to strike the final blow for liberation, Norway will be ready.

Norway's contribution to the United Nations' war effort is by no means purely a defensive one. While during the actual defense the Norwegians cost the German army 50,000 casualties and upset Hitler's time-table, on which the attack was to have lasted only a week, by prolonging the battle 62 days, since Norway's fall the Norwegian armed forces have swelled on land, in the air, and on the sea and have made a contribution to the United Nations' war effort far beyond what could be expected from such a small country.

Although the number of Norwegian soldiers being trained is a military secret, there are already thousands of (*Continued on page* 50)





Fjord just South of Trondheim

BEAUTIFUL NORWAY



The 900-year-old Church at Fantoft



The Fish and Vegetable Market Bergen

Opposite: Geiranger Fjord

SPIRIT BUT ALMOST NOTHING ELSE

by Else Margarete Roed

THERE is an old Norwegian proverb which says, "shining without but ailing within." If we reverse this proverb and say, "ailing without but shining within," we will have a vivid picture of the people back home in Norway today, in our towns and villages, high up in the mountains and down by the sea. Three years of agony, insults, oppression—three years of systematic plundering, have stolen from the Norwegians back home the high standard of living for which we had worked and struggled of which we were proud—have stolen from our country all our raw materials, ruthlessly exploited our resources, torn down what we had built up through generations. And this looting has been carried out with German thoroughness, not only with the idea of plundering us as long as the war lasts but for all future time.

But even though the German gangsters and their hirelings, Quisling and his bandit crew, attempt to make all Norwegians serfs, their efforts have been in vain. The people on the homefront do not bow their backs nor bend their knees. The spiritual revolution which had taken place back home has cleansed and brightened the Norwegian peoples' character, has strengthened their morale, has refined all the dross which may have existed. Never have the Norwegian people been more united and strong than now; unarmed and under a foreign yoke. Never has love of country and people been stronger, never has willingness to sacrifice and helpfulness found more beautiful expression than now. Never have I seen a people more united. And Quisling and his gang, the jumping-jacks who kick and jump at the Germans' orders, have helped purge the bad which is found in society, they have cleaned out themselves. They are outside the pale, the home front, a front welded together like an unbreakable chain of brothers, people of all walks of life, of all parties, of Norwegians who have only one purpose and goal for which they are willing to offer all: Norway's freedom!

But the reason the home front manages to maintain courage and optimism, the reason the people do not lose faith under the pressure of the daily difficulties, is because of a spiritual change, a revolution inside themselves. If they had been like they were before the war, they would have found it difficult to endure the trial of strength which a passive resistance is—year after year. In this connection, I might say that I do not like the word "passive resistance" very much to describe the resistance the home front puts up, it is so far from passive in so many ways. To be sure, they do not have arms. Nevertheless they do not merely hold a defensive position, they also go to the offensive, as, for example, in the fight of the teachers and the church against Nazism. Only last autumn we saw the way the various organizations succeeded in upsetting Hitler's and Quisling's plans for establishing a puppet Parliament. Fortunately, there is relatively little open sabotage, experience has shown that the results that can be obtained that way are at present too costly to be worth the price. There are lists of hostages ready in every town, lists of the town's best men.

"Soon nothing will be left but spirit," one of the last reports from home says. But even though the body begins to be weak, the soul is still strong at home. The average adult has lost ten kilograms in weight. But nevertheless they try to keep in as good condition as they can, in preparation for the day when it may be necessary to have the best possible physical condition.

As long as it was possible, people tried to keep a well-dressed facade. It irritated the Germans to see that Norwegians still looked well-dressed and prosperous after one and two years of occupation. But the clothes ration which has been reduced to a ridiculous minimum, is not sufficient to permit one to buy a new article of dress, if such were obtainable. All it does is allow one to fix up the old a little bit. A new shirt hasn't been obtainable for a year. The old collars flap loosely around thin necks, three numbers too large. Shirt tails and other more or less invisible places on the shirts are used for new collars and cuffs. But the winter overcoat, which perhaps had several years behind it when the war came, has not become any younger. Suits are shiny and threadbare, and the seat of the pants does not always hold. Shoes and stockings are the worst of all. It is patch upon patch and half-sole upon half-sole, and heel irons and sole-savers on the half-soles, and when that is no longer possible wooden soles which

may be all right for those whose feet are young and pliable and who have short and good roads to go. But where are there any good roads in the winter time? The snow lies in the streets until it is worn away, and the snow which falls at Christmas remains lying alongside the edges of the sidewalks like black blocks of steel until the spring sun melts it away.

The women find it easier to keep up the facade than the men. Men's old frock coats and dinner jackets become smart suits, sheets are turned into blouses, portieres and laprobes into coats, bedspreads into summer dresses. But it is a constant struggle.

Unfortunately, the times have put their mark on more than the outward appearance of the people. There hasn't been a brushful of paint for private use in the last two years, no oil or varnish for the floors. The houses stand there and cry aloud for paint. They will suffer from this neglect as long as they stand.

If a water faucet goes to pieces, or a washer wears out, there is nothing to do about that. The faucet simply has to drip and the water pipes to sing until the day comes when it is once more possible to buy things in the shops. If you wish to repair something in your house there is not a nail or a screw, not a board to be bought. No roofing material or linoleum or anything of the sort.

If you are lucky enough to have a little boat—you cannot use a motorboat and the larger sailboats have been confiscated—just a modest little rowboat, and you want to go out fishing in the hope of getting a little fresh fish for the table that way, you spend more effort bailing than rowing. For two years it has been impossible to get linseed oil or anything else necessary to calk the boat—not even tar. Not a meter of canvas can be found, if you dream of increasing your speed with a modest mainsail. No ropes. Indeed for that matter, it is impossible to get a decent fishing line, it is difficult enough to get fishhooks. It is hopeless to try to get nets. Even the fish are almost impossible to catch. What has become of them? It appears, at all events, that they do not feel comfortable in occupied waters, and who can blame them for that?

But our houses are not disintegrating merely for lack of paint and repairs. It has become a problem to keep them clean, for there are no scrubbing brushes and no washrags, not even a sack which can be used, and the scouring powder you can buy only helps get rid of the little paint that is left. It is no easy task to keep yourself clean either. The little piece of so-called soap which you can get each month is not enough for a daily wash, and the "plus-soap" you can buy in addition is a good deal like sandpaper. Not a wash cloth or a sponge, not a nail brush or a hairbrush or a comb is to be found. It was possible though, to get a little "louse comb" of wood now and then. The bald are almost to be envied at home.

Hair is not the only thing it is an advantage to have little of. Those who have little of all earthly goods are those who most often are left in peace by the Germans. For where there is little, there is little to steal. An old-fashioned apartment is somewhat of a security. As long as there are modern apartments to commandeer, the Germans prefer them. Hundreds, yes thousands of Norwegian families have gone through the experience of being thrown out of their own homes on one or two days' warning. The feeling of not being able to be safe within the four walls of one's own home is so stifling, it makes one so nervous and uneasy. One lives in the steady fear of "When is our turn coming?" "When is our house or apartment's turn to be taken over by a 'deserving' Quisling or a German family?" Such uneasiness wears one down as much as does the daily anxiety over not getting enough to eat. If the apartment is requisitioned (not for the use of the German civilians, German women who come up from the bombed cities to bear their children or to rest) then one may keep his furniture only under exceptionally favorable circumstances.

Another vacant apartment is not to be found for Norwegians. One must be thankful for whatever roof over his head he can find.

This breaking into the sanctuary of a home, breaking up the home, dividing the family—these things do not move the German woman, she a woman of the "master race" is no better than the "masters."

Not only are Norwegians robbed of their apartments and town houses, cabins and vacation places are not safe either—unless they happen to lie on islands in the mouths of the bays. The Germans do not feel happy on islands. But it is difficult for our own people to journey there, yes, impossible for anyone except those who are the owners of the house. To take guests along is out of the question. By and large, it is extremely difficult to travel in Norway today. The whole country is divided into zones, and to enter certain "danger zones" is forbidden altogether. In order to get permission to travel from one zone to another one must stand in line at the German control offices. One day in line is not enough, one must count on two days at least, and even so one may possibly not get permission. The reasons one gives are weighed on goldsmith's scales by the most gracious masters—and as a rule are found too light.

People at home have become masters of the art of standing in line. The majority of housewives spend five hours a day in line in the attempt to get hold of the things the ration cards theoretically allow them to buy. One must line up long before the shops open and wait until the goods come. Even then you perhaps get nothing. Perhaps no goods come at all, something which often happens in the fish markets, for example, and even when goods come the fish are rarely if ever fresh.

It was impossible to celebrate Christmas in Norway this past year in traditional Norwegian fashion. We had few of the traditional dishes, no roast ribs of pork, no boiled fresh codfish, no herring, no rice pudding with cream—but we did have dried codfish prepared in the traditional manner and most of us had saved up enough from our tiny liquor ration for a Christmas

(*Continued on page* 68)



Lionel Green from Frederic Lewis

Norway has thrown her merchant fleet into the fight . . .

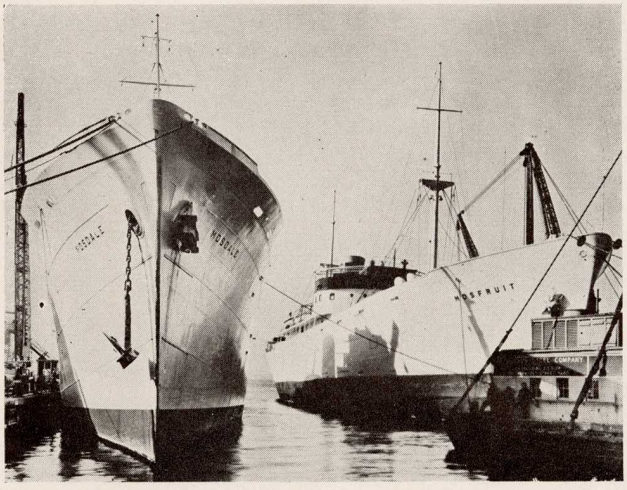
TRIBUTE TO LITTLE NORWAY

by Oivind Lorentzen

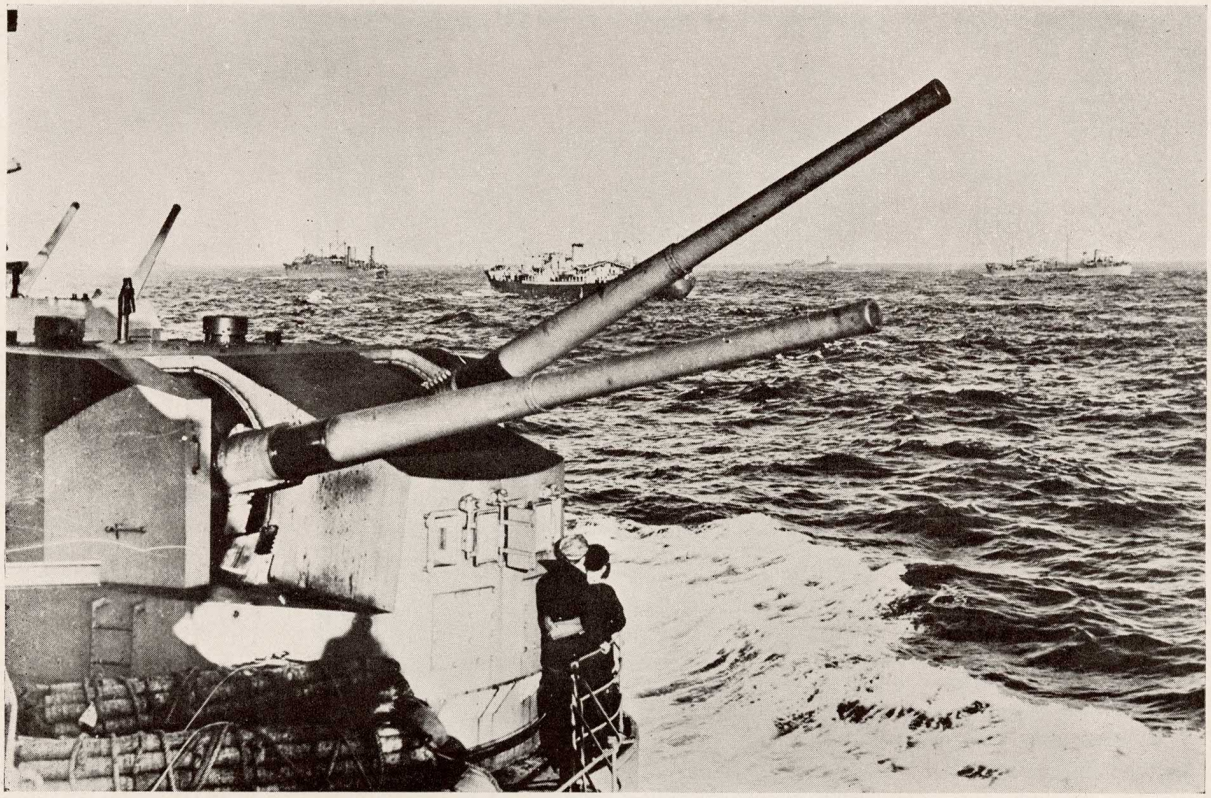
Director of Shipping, Curator of Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission

The Norwegian airmen who are trained at Camp Little Norway have, through their skill and efforts, multiplied the financial contribution which the Norwegian Merchant Marine has made to the Norwegian cause for more than three years.

I should therefore heartily endorse any initiative aiming at giving them better facilities during their training.



. . not stopping to count the cost.



In April, 1940, 1000 merchant vessels answered the call to support King Haakon

A STATEMENT BY JOSEPH CURRAN

President, Nat'l Maritime Union

to the Norwegian Singing Society

On behalf of the National Maritime Union, I extend the heartiest greetings to the Norwegian people who, on many fronts and in many parts of the world, celebrate their historic Independence Day.

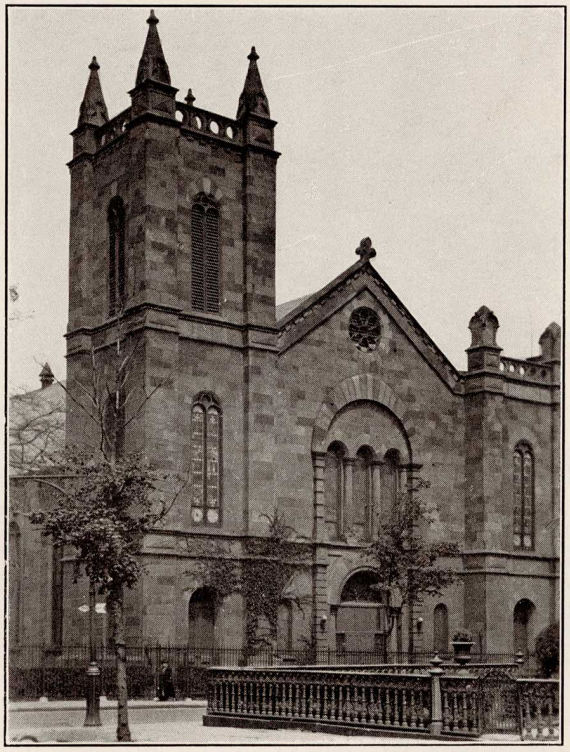
The same spirit of freedom that was displayed at Eidsvold in 1814, where the Norwegian Constitution was created of the same ideals that prompted America's victorious struggle for freedom, is visible again this May 17. That same spirit flared again in 1905 when the Norwegian people, regardless of class, united and created an independent nation. That same spirit is evident in this war against Fascism.

We see it daily in the brave Norwegian seamen with whom we come in contact. These heroic men, in the spirit of the real Norway, have joined with their Allies to deliver the goods to the far-flung fighting fronts despite the dangers of submarine warfare.

Such spirit can never be dulled. Such spirit will once again create, with the cooperation of the United Nations, a free Norway and the unconditional defeat of our Fascist enemies.

It is to this day that all of us dedicate our energies, our resources, and our strength.

COURAGE AND FAITH



The Norwegian Seaman's Church of Brooklyn

Our merchant seamen are being praised these days for their efforts and for their achievements in the present war. And the men of the sea, themselves men of few words, certainly deserve all the thanks and praise we can bestow upon them. Let us only pray that the seamen may also be remembered in thankful hearts when the war is over, that we may always be fully aware of what we owe these men!

When we admire them today and try to thank them for what they are doing, far away from their homeland, with no connection with their dear ones, it so happens that some of the main characteristics of the seamen may be considered under a double heading of *courage and faith.*

Gunnar was a young eighteen-year-old boy who used to come to us in our church frequently up to a year ago. He had left Norway on a whaling expedition, landed in New York on account of the invasion of Norway and shipped out from here again. For some time he sailed between United States and South America on a ship he liked very well—but one day in 1941 before United States entered the war he came to us and said he had taken another ship. His friends in the church asked him why he left his good ship in the South American trade; he had now joined a tanker plying the dangerous North Atlantic. "Why" he said, "simply because I felt it was not right of me to stay in a safe trade while my comrades fought for England and Norway in the Atlantic." He made a trip or two to England. And then, one day, we got word that our friend's tanker had exploded after having been torpedoed. Most of the crew had lost their lives, among them Gunnar. But they do not die in vain; their works do follow them.

There is another young man among us these days. His name is Knut. He is married, has his wife and little son in Norway. Knut was A.B. seaman on one of the first Norwegian merchantmen lost in the war. It exploded after being struck by a magnetic mine in a British port a few months after the outbreak of the war. Knut was one of the few survivors. Months passed while he was hospitalized in England. After having been discharged, he signed on another of his country's ships —only to be severely hurt in an accident, falling down one of the hatches. A number of weeks followed in

by Rev. Leif T. Gulbrandsen

another hospital. For almost a year after this he performed his duty on a third ship of the same company, until the ship was torpedoed and machine-gunned in the South Atlantic last April. Knut was on wheel duty when the torpedo struck—and he was the only survivor from the bridge. After more than two months in a hospital in Brazil he came here to us. He was limping on crutches, with a bad scar on his head after a fractured skull and concussion of the brain. But he was cheerful, smiling, polite as always. Not a single complaint came over his lips. To the contrary: One of his shipmates told me the other day that the carpenter on board the torpedoed ship was very careful and anxious about his tools—and when Knut lay in the bottom of the lifeboat with a broken leg, blood streaming down his face and bruised here and there, he looked up on the carpenter and said dryly: "Well carpenter—what happened to your planes, your hammer and screwdrivers?"

It is their homes and their dear ones these men are fighting for. One day on a ship, I sat in one of the men's cabins and I noticed that under the glass top of his desk were a dozen or more small photographs. Some of them of a young lady—his wife—others of his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter whom he had not yet seen. During our chat about our native country and our home, I told my friend that we now could send brief messages home through the Red Cross. He asked me to send one for him, and I will always remember the first line of the text. His wife and daughter both had the same first name, and the pet names Daddy used were Sol and Little Sol. "Dear Sol and Little Sol" the message started. *Sol* means *sun* in Norwegian —and it struck me that in the midst of all grief and suffering, there is a sun shining: The Sun of God's Grace in Christ Jesus. And there are individual lights shining on our paths: Our love, our hope—and our faith. May God give us all strength to help each other keep these lights shining.

An engineer on a Norwegian steamer that has been plying the seven seas writes to me every so often. We try to keep up our correspondence, for mutual pleasure and friendship. His letters always testify to his deep-rooted love of his homeland and his eagerness to help liberate it. And it has been a great experience to see how his thoughts have become more and more centered around God and His power, around the faith and the necessity of praying. In his last letter, he writes: "Against all these evil powers we must use this wonderful weapon: Prayer. Then there will be no doubt about the Victory."

Verily, he is one of the many who bear witness today of the real power, the real foundation of our lives:

—When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, O abide with me!

And these thoughts lead us to the main aspect under which we must see the present conflict: The spiritual, religious and christian aspect. The power behind our human power is the main source of strength. Christ is our salvation; His cross is the sign of victory and it assures us of a plan and a purpose in the seemingly meaningless chaos. Behind death and destruction is a new dawn and achievement of a lasting peace.

Therefore: Our greatest treasure today is embodied in our childhood's faith, which lives in the hearts of men; sometimes faint, sometimes stronger—often as a permanent longing.

My seaman friend Karl was one of the finest witnesses of this truth I have ever met. Barely nineteen, he signed off his ship in New York with a deadly disease that step by step got an ever stronger hold of him. It was always a great pleasure to visit Karl in the hospital, even if it was clear that his strength ebbed out. Never a complaint, never a bitter word. He was sort of a pet of the whole hospital ward. One of the last nights he lived, he asked for and got Holy Communion. I shall never forget that midnight hour. May be it was an even greater experience to the minister than to the patient, as we both felt the presence of the peace that passeth all understanding. A few days later he passed on. One of his last words were these, "My regards to all at home. Tell them I am happy."

Men fight. Men suffer. Men display a courage for which we can never render any adequate reward.

But beyond all misery, all unmeasurable suffering, we sense a new world. The first heaven and the first earth shall pass away, and there shall be no more sea. And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.



COMMITTEE FOR THE 17TH OF MAY CONCERT
Left to Right: Standing, Peter Midland, Carl Henry Hjerman; Seated, Anton Wetlesen, Martin O. Lien, Chairman, Carl Torp. Henry Bjork is also a member of the Committee.

IN APPRECIATION

by Martin O. Lien

EARLY in 1943 members of the Norwegian Singing Society decided to commemorate Norway's historic Independence Day with a gala concert. Through the kind cooperation of leading Norwegians in Washington and New York and through the splendid efforts of the Norwegian Singing Society members, Mr. Frederick J. Axmann, conductor, also the kind cooperation of Madam Karin Branzell, Mr. Herbert Janssen, Mr. and Madam Augusta Tollefesen, Mr. Lawrence J. Munson and other artists, the plans have finally become a reality.

1943 is, of course, an important year in the annals of the 53-year-old Norwegian Singing Society, marking as it does the 100th anniversary of the revered Edvard Grieg, Norway's greatest composer.

Perhaps more than any other organization, the Norwegian Singing Society has kept alive in the hearts of all the Norwegian-Americans the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and hopes reflected in Norwegian songs.

When the matter of the disposition of the proceeds from the occasion was discussed, the unanimous vote was to turn them over to Camp Little Norway.

As almost everyone knows, Camp Little Norway association has done, and is doing, most magnificent work in aiding the rehabilitation, recreation and rest of the Norwegian aviators.

These men have come from their homeland to Camp Little Norway in Toronto, in every conceivable way. Some across Russia, others in open boats across the rough North Sea to England, and thence to Canada. Nothing was too difficult, (*Continued on page* 66)

THE MUSIC OF WAR

by Lehman Engel

A WORLD in the midst of war is concerned of necessity primarily with marshalling men and materials. In the present crisis involving the entire world, the United States is the only first-magnitude power outside the theatre of war-action. Because of this, we in the United States have an even greater responsibility than at any other time in our history to raise the largest possible armed force, train it, feed it, clothe it, supply materials of war for it, feed the people at home, and produce enough additional food and clothing above what is needed by our fighting Allies to take care of the starving people in occupied countries as soon as the men of our armed forces free them from the enemy.

This is a very large order and one which is certain to occupy the complete attention of the entire citizenry. When we consider the war, we think of these things and of these things alone. But even out of the bloody sacrifice of war many good things will come. They always have in the past. We are all aware of the more obvious potential results in this category: freedom of enslaved peoples, assimilation in peace times of new inventions brought about by the war, closer international cooperation, and so on. The average person, however, has little opportunity of knowing the importance of so tenuous a thing as music to the war effort and the benefits of the war, in turn, to music. In every war in history this has been true, and history is nothing if it is not a good teacher. In World War II the conditions are different but in effect the employment of music is the same as it always has been and the results will be the same.

The most obvious and active use of music is its application to marching. In parades, the bands dominate coordinated movement of feet and create a military spirit that could not be as successfully induced in any other way. Often on the march when a band is not available or practical, the men themselves sing to produce a similar effect. In many ways this method of building "spirit" and making music is superior: it demands the participation of all and improves discipline in that conversation is rendered impossible. If on these occasions the words of the songs become personal, local, or "smutty," it is so much the better because it prevents the singing and the idea behind it from becoming mechanical.

In all branches of the Armed Forces, there are songbooks which are distributed among the men at every recreational or religious assembly. These books usually contain only words: original lyrics of well-known songs or new words (frequently comically unflattering to military life) which can be sung to familiar tunes. In most cases the men already know the songs. Away from assembly in the barracks or around the grounds, small groups of men can be seen together gathered around a guitarist, a harmonica player, or a piano. Together they sing, and most frequently it is the songs of home which they turn to: cowboy songs, southern songs, college songs—and the newest popular tunes which they learn as quickly as Broadway issues them through the medium of the radio. This music arises spontaneously. It serves a personal need and it promotes fellowship.

There are formal entertainments, too, everywhere: Horowitz and Heifitz, Bob Hope and Jack Benny, Ginny Simms and Deanna Durbin, Myra Hess and Josephine Baker. In many places (the Great Lakes Naval Training Station for example) the appearance of these people stands always at the core of an evening's entertainment that begins and ends with mass singing and includes highly proficient performances from some of the men in training who, in civilian life, were themselves leading professional musicians and entertainers.

Aboard ships, radios cannot be used because they aid submarines in locating the ship's position. Entertainment, then, must be had in other ways. Bands play concerts, entertainers create shows, phonographs and record libraries supplement the "live" talent.

In the midst of war-torn London, civilian morale is the great problem, and one of its most successful solutions has been brought about with concerts. Myra Hess remained there throughout the countless visits of the Luftwaffe playing free recitals daily at noon in the very heart of London. Symphony and chamber music concerts flourish and it is reported that audiences no longer leave the halls when sirens warn of approaching raiders.

In the United States more and more music is being presented to workers in war plants. During noon recess in many large plants some of the leading performers

(*Continued on page* 76)



Edvard Grieg with Bjornstjerne Bjornson, author of the national anthem, at the composer's home, Troldhaugen, outside Bergen.

EDVARD GRIEG

The Genius Who Put Norway Into Music

EDVARD GREIG was born at Troldhaugen, outside of Bergen, June 15, 1843. In his youth he was nurtured and admonished in music by his mother, an excellent pianist and a woman of great taste and culture.

In 1853 he matriculated at the Conservatory of Leipzig, at the suggestion of Ole Bull, then the greatest living violinist. While in the conservatory, Grieg studied under Richter, Reinecke, Moscheles and others.

Despite the influence of his masters, Grieg maintained originality, a characteristic technic which became—and is recognized today—as unique. His music was virile, strong. With Richard Nordraak he began a musical campaign against the effeminancy that existed then in all Scandinavian music. In this crusade, Grieg developed the strength and vigor in the rhythm and timbre of the North countries. His accomplishment marks his work with immortal distinction.

The composer of Peer Gynt was not a traveler. He loved his homeland and the inspiration it gave him. He left Bergen but few times, touring the continent on musical journeys with great success.

Grieg died suddenly at Troldhaugen September 4, 1907.

THE BROOKLYN CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

FROM a mere handful of musical enthusiasts of hardly more than 100 people, five years ago, to an audience which packed the Brooklyn Academy of Music from pillar to dome on March 7th of this year is the story of the rise of the Brooklyn Chamber Music Society.

Vision, coupled with the ability to plan brilliant and colorful programs enlisting the continued interest of the audiences, is perhaps the basic reason for this success.

The founder, Carl Tollefsen, nationally famous violinist, had for many years carried on his work in the field of chamber music through the medium of his trio, but always back in his mind was the desire to head an organization which went beyond the confines of trio literature and took in the many and varied forms in which the great composers have penned their thoughts.

At a time in life when he might have been content to rest upon the laurels achieved by the Tollefsen Trio through its concerts locally and throughout the United States, and step aside to watch another generation take his place, he decided to form this organization with no other backing than a firm faith in the purpose and the good will of a few staunch friends.

The concerts began modestly in the small and intimate Neighborhood Club of Brooklyn and completed two seasons there with growing audiences. The concerts of the third and fourth seasons were transferred to the small hall of the Brooklyn Academy. Audiences grew larger with each succeeding year.

In the summer of 1942 the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences recognizing the merits of the organization and the growing appeal to Brooklyn music lovers invited the Society to give five concerts during the season which ended glowingly in March with a program entirely devoted to Grieg as a tribute to the One Hundredth Anniversary of that great master's birth.

On this gala occasion they were honored by a visit from their Royal Highnesses, Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha and other distinguished Norwegian notables.

The Brooklyn Chamber Music Society is now an integral part of the music life of Brooklyn through the sponsorship of the Brooklyn Institute and thus a long cherished ideal of its founder, Carl Tollefsen, nurtured by faith and patience has been realized.

The Chamber Music Society with the Singing Society at the One Hundredth Anniversary Grieg Concert





Karen Branzell

Karen Branzell was born in Stockholm. She was "discovered" by the Crown Princess Martha in the little church at Hjirthagen. Her Royal Highness adopted Madame Branzell—then a girl with flaxen braids—as her protege and tutored her under Madame Teckla Hofer. Karen Branzell made her debut in "Aida" in Stockholm. She appeared as the leading contralto with the Berlin State Opera. She made her debut with the Metropolitan as *Fricka* in "Die Walküre."



Herbert Janssen

He was born in Cologne and as a child had a great love for the theatre and singing. At the age of ten he had a marionette theatre with a complete stage and performed "Oberon" and "Waffenschmied." His family wanted him to enter a military or business career, but at his entreaties they finally consented to let him study singing under Prof. Oskar Daniel. His first engagement was at the State Opera of Berlin, where he sang leading roles after the first year. He remained at that theatre for sixteen years, in addition to appearing as guest artist in Bayreuth, at the Covent Garden of London, in Barcelona, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Copenhagen, Vienna, Hamburg, Dresden and at Salzburg. He is well known also as a concert singer.



Ellen Repp

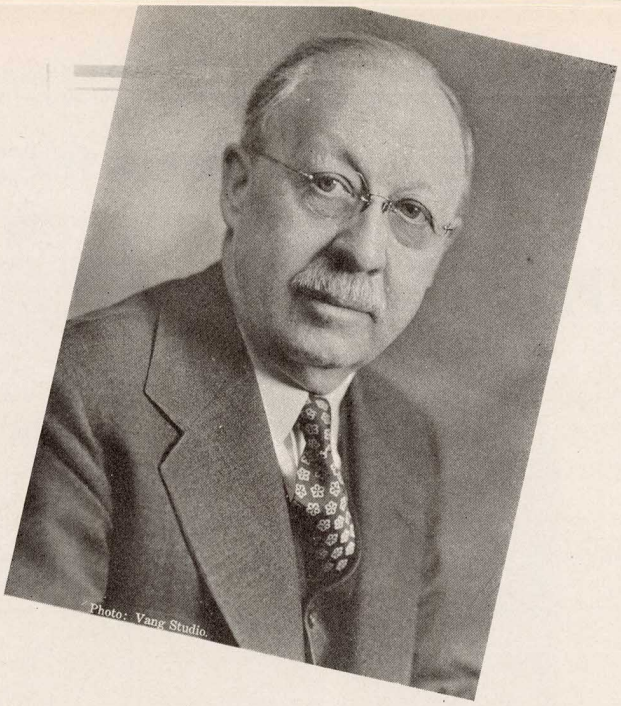
Ellen Repp was born in Seattle, Washington, of Norwegian parents. She attended the University of Washington and later studied with Professor August Werner, for many years baritone with the Norwegian Singing Society.

Miss Repp has concertized at Carnegie Hall with the National Orchestra. She gave two Town Hall recitals, has sung in two Westchester Festivals and Berkshire Festivals. She has even made seven concert tours in Alaska.

Lawrence J. Munson

Lawrence J. Munson was born in Christianssand, Norway, and came to New York with his people at the age of six. Educated in the public schools of Brooklyn and Metropolitan College of Music, New York. Took a post graduate course at Julliard School and later a Master Course at Paris, France, under Moszkowski (piano) and Guilmant (organ).

Founded the Munson School of Music in 1915. Has made many Scandinavian records for the Victor Company. Has appeared on many important occasions as a concert organist. He has been the organist and Musical Director of the Old First Reformed Church, Seventh Avenue and Carroll Street, Brooklyn, for many years.



PROGRAM, MAY 17th CONCERT

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

FREDERICK J. AXMANN, Conductor

TRIUMPHAL MARCH FROM SIGURD JORSALFAR.....Grieg
LAWRENCE J. MUNSON, Organist

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER....JA, VI ELSKER.....Audience
WELCOME.....Martin Lien, Chairman
INTRODUCTION...Henry Bjork, Pres., Nordmændenes Sangforening, Master of Ceremonies
INVOCATION.....Rev. C. O. Pedersen
NORWEGIAN FOLK MELODIES.....Lawrence J. Munson, Organist
VI VIL OSS ET LAND.....Sinding
HJEMOVER FRA LANGREIS.....Wendelbo
OLAV TRYGVASON.....Reissinger

NORDMÆNDENES SANGFORENING
GUEST SPEAKER (Speech for 17th of May).....Ambassador Wilhelm Morgenstierne
SOLVEIG'S SANG.....Grieg
MED EN VANNLILJE.....Grieg
VAAREN.....Grieg
OG JEG VIL HA MIG EN HJERTENSKJÆR.....Grieg

MADAME KARIN BRANZEL (Metropolitan Opera)
(Miss Lois Haydon, accompanist)
JEG ELSKER DIG.....Grieg
SOMMERFUGLEN.....Olsen
VAGUE MEMORIES.....Augusta Schnabel Tollefsen

MADAME AUGUSTA SCHNABEL TOLLEFSEN
LORD'S PRAYER.....Malotte
TONERNA.....Sjoberg
INVICTUS.....Huhn

HERBERT JANSSEN (Metropolitan Opera) (Miss Sally Leff, accompanist)
ENGLISH GROUP:
JOHN PEEL—Old English Hunting Song
COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING
ROLLING DOWN TO RIO

NORDMÆNDENES SANGFORENING
(Maria de Vries at the Piano)
ROMANCE.....Svendsen
AT THE CRADLE.....Grieg
NORWEGIAN DANCE.....Halvorsen

CARL TOLLEFSEN, Violinist
KJÆRRINGA MED STAVEN—BARNDOMSMINNE FRA NORDLAND

NORDMÆNDENES SANGFORENING (Miss Ellen Repp, Soloist)
LANDKJENNING.....Grieg

(Mr. Herbert Janssen, Soloist)
MR. LAWRENCE J. MUNSON at the Organ

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TRAINING CENTERS

(*Continued from page* 23)

though the Canadians have been extremely kind and hospitable, it was felt that a rest and recreation center where the boys could go on leave in Norwegian surroundings was really necessary. Funds were raised through the profits of the boys' own camp canteen. They pay for everything they buy at the canteen and in this way made a profit of $6,000. With this, and a gift from a Norwegian in Central America, they were able to buy what is now known as Vesle Skaugum. Little Skaugum was named after the residence of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess near Oslo and it is like a bit of Norway. It lies in the mountain and lake region of Ontario, near Huntsville, some thirty miles north of Muskoka. The main guest house and cabins—remains of a former summer camp—are of old age-darkened logs. The grounds spread out between two lakes bordered by deep, somber forests. A more ideal spot for recreation, summer or winter, could not be found. Hiking, swimming or fishing, skiing or skating, can be carried on as in Norway and here come boys on leave, boys needing a rest, as well as pilots waiting to be sent overseas, their training completed. While Vesle Skaugum is not strictly speaking a military unit, it is used as a recruiting center for new arrivals. Here they can recuperate after their exhaustive journeys across the world while learning the rudiments of the soldier's art. Here, too, Second Lieutenant Engh has built a beautiful log house to serve as mess hall, reading room, and sleeping quarters for the men. The soldiers have handed over this new building to the Air Force for use as a recruit school and other courses for the duration of the war as an expression of interest in the Air Force.

One of the most striking things about all the Norwegian Air Force training centers is the absence of waste. Everything necessary for good functioning has been provided, but there is no extravagance. In visiting the camps I was all the time reminded of descriptions of Roald Amundsen's careful plans for his Antarctic expeditions, or of Nansen's *Fram* near Oslo. You felt there had been great thought and foresight in the construction of the camps. There was no trace of the insane spending which characterizes so many government projects. Instead of the "d—— the cost, the government pays" attitude you felt a determination to make every dollar yield its utmost. In the clothes depots, for instance, the new uniforms hang in place, neatly arranged, ready for use. New shoes, boots, rubber boots are likewise in readiness. But in adjoining rooms tailors are employed mending and repairing worn uniforms; in another, cobblers are busy patching or re-soling shoes; in a third, women are darning socks. Each man hands in his soiled socks and is given a pair of clean mended ones. The woolens—sweaters, socks, mittens, and scarves —received as gifts are carefully put away with mothballs until the time comes to give them to the boys

(*Continued on page* 56)

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GREYHOUND LINES

THE HOUR OF REVOLT

(*Continued from page* 26)

of loyal Norwegians. We learned how brutally our husbands, fathers, sons are treated there. And, day by day, we saw how the Germans systematically plundered our country of most of its resources. What they did not take outright, they controlled for their own benefit.

Perhaps the most terrible thing we had to watch was when the Germans began their reprisals against innocent Norwegians. These sometimes followed the British Commando raids on our shores, or some act of sabotage committed by one of our patriots. Entire villages were burnt down and the population sent away—the men folk to Germany as prisoners of war, the women in one direction and the children in another. We saw some 250 of our best patriots executed or killed in German prisons. Between the beginning of last Spring and the end of last Summer hundreds of Norwegians—women as well as men—were tortured, some of them to death.

Take my own town, a small provincial town of only 3,000 inhabitants. What happened there after the Nazis came is probably typical of what happened nearly everywhere in Norway.

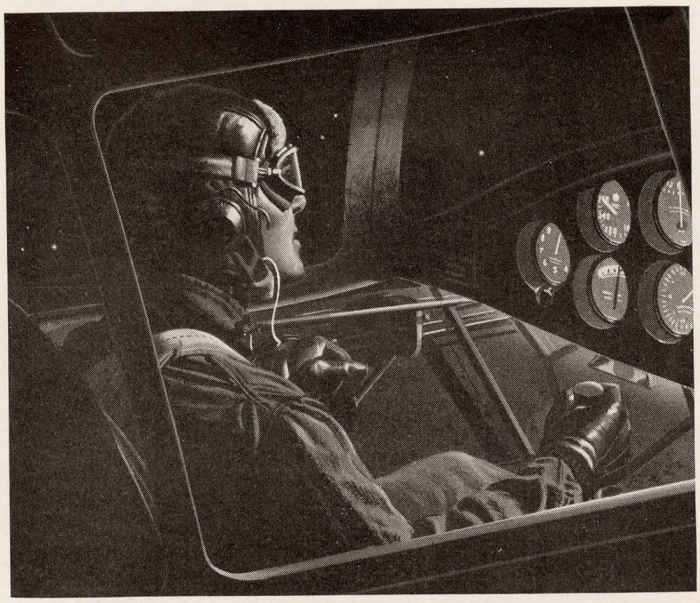
During the first few weeks after the invasion we saw only a few German soldiers. Then an "Ortskommando" was set up in the town meeting hall and we began getting orders about blackout, rationing, and so on. But, generally speaking, we were left alone and the townsfolk took the occupation pretty philosophically.

The first upset came when the Germans ordered the local papers to knuckle down to German policy. When my townspeople saw the first copies issued under the "new order" they were alarmed. Their first tendency was to blame the editors. They didn't know that the papers had been produced with German soldiers, with their guns drawn, practically standing over the editors and reporters. Later, of course, we learned to lay the blame where it belonged and the papers were read only for the advertisements and official announcements they carried. For real news we turned to our radios, listening mostly to London.

In the Fall of 1940 our Town Council and Mayor were replaced by a handful of local men who, for one reason or another, had turned traitor. We also had two or three German officials who represented the Gestapo, watched over the town's behavior and dealt out occasional punishment—none of us had learned to hold our tongues yet and every now and then there would be an arrest. These arrests, the latest Quisling scandals and the growing shortage of food formed the main topics of conversation in my town.

The Germans moved into all our public buildings. There were no more meetings, public debates, concerts or church suppers. Our one movie theatre showed mostly German pictures, which bored and disgusted us. So people began staying at home more and more in closely knit family groups, where the latest gossip could safely

(*Continued on page* 56)



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THE VOICE OF NORWAY

(*Continued from page* 31)

them in Canada and Scotland—intrepid youths who travelled on foot over the wooded mountains to cross the frontier in Sweden or rowed themselves in tiny craft across the 400 miles of dangerous waters to the English coast. These are the soldiers who make Commando raids upon their homeland such as the one in March, 1941, at the Lofoten Islands which was so successful that it brought down terrible Gestapo reprisals on the local population. Thanks to these raids, and to the detailed information which the Norwegians at home are able to pass on about the German fortifications, the United Nations are perhaps better informed about enemy plans in Norway than in any other occupied country.

The Norwegian navy, largely built up in exile since the war, and the air force, also composed of young men who have escaped from occupied Norway by miraculous exploits, are already in the thick of battle. Norwegian sailors patrol the Atlantic seas for the submarines which, today, are the chief menace left on the United Nations' road to victory. Norwegian fliers, whose training in Canada has long since been completed, have already achieved a record in the U-boat hunt off Iceland. Many of them also serve in England, and it was due in large measure to these Norwegian pilots that, during the raid on Dieppe last year, so many German planes were felled.

But of all Norway's outside forces, the United Nations owe perhaps the most to the merchant fleet. Before the war this fleet stood fourth among the merchant fleets of the world, with completely modernized ships and many tankers. At the time Germany struck against Norway, 80 percent of the ships were either at sea or in foreign ports. If there were no other proof of Norway's spirit to be given, the fact that each of these ships responded to the German orders to return by sailing immediately through the war zones to friendly shores will stand forever as a symbol of unyielding steadfastness. Only a year ago ten Norwegian ships stole out of a Swedish harbor where they had been interned and made a break for freedom. At Dakar, for instance, where Vichy authorities removed the pipes to keep some Norwegian ships in port, one of the crews constructed a set of false pipes, then asked for the good ones to be brought on board for a test of the ship's machinery. When the Vichy officials left the ship again, they were carrying the false pipes, and that same night, the ship set sail for England. The tale of such escapes as these will become a by-word for future generations.

Not only by dramatic exploits, however, does the Norwegian merchant fleet emerge as a powerful weapon in this war. It was a Norwegian ship which carried into Casablanca the first American troops to land in the North African campaign. Half the oil and one-third of the food supplies for England travel aboard Norwegian tankers and freighters. This fleet has actually paid all

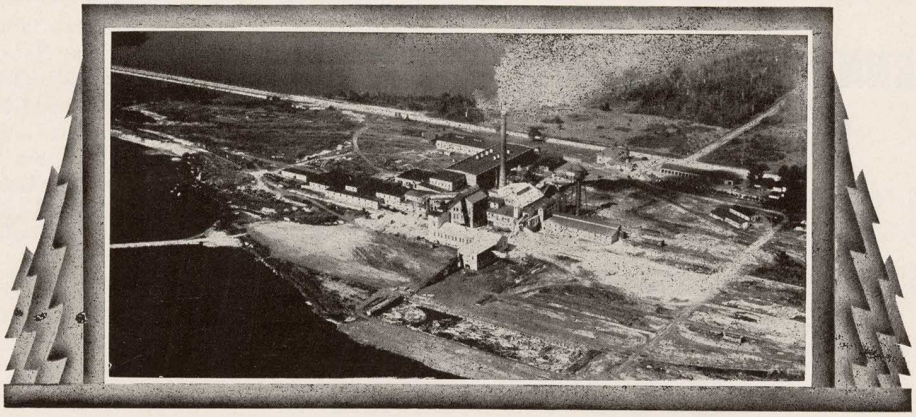
(*Continued on page* 52)

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THE VOICE OF NORWAY

(*Continued from page* 50)

Norway's expenses in the war so far, including the upkeep of the armed forces, the diplomatic corps, and the information service. This fleet has assumed the responsibility of paying the national and municipal debts, so that as yet Norway's reserve of gold has not been touched.

While the outside forces of our Norwegian ally carry their fight across the world, the people at home are defending the principles of the United Nations in a manner peculiarly their own. It will never be forgotten that Norway, which was offered a position of equality in the Nazi-dominated order—a footing which would have allowed the Norwegians to live in peaceful compromise—refused categorically, on legal grounds. Throughout Norwegian history, the decisions of the people have followed an unbroken tradition of legality. The open resistance which the little country has put up in these dark years, a resistance which has kept at times as many as 500,000 occupation troops on the job, has been based on this tradition of justice. Norwegian judges have gone to prison because they not only refused to recognize the legality of Nazi regulations but also their own legal right to pass on them. The seven great Bishops, headed by Berggrav and followed by a vast majority of the clergy, resigned together, for the sake of "the Christian life of the congregations" and now barely subsist in their hunger-blighted, stricken parishes. The Norwegian teachers, almost in a body, refused to sign up as members of the Nazi-created teachers' organization because they knew that the youth for which they were responsible was Norway's chief treasury for the future, and many have died, while others are doing hard labor, but the principles of free education, thanks to the teachers' united stand, still survive. Such a resistance as this, more even than the secret sabotage by which most of the German industrial plants in Norway have been sprung, is the kind of testimony to democracy which justifies the faith of the whole world.

Norway has a vital strategic importance in the battle for Europe which is to come. Although the Germans have considered the fortifying of the Norwegian coast so imperative that, instead of deporting Norwegian labor to fill the slave ranks at work in Germany, they have drained every source of manpower in Norway and even taken as much as 30 percent of the white-collar workers from towns and cities to hew and dig and build along Norwegian shores, it must not be forgotten that it is impossible to completely fortify 12,000 miles of coastline and that Norway can never be made impregnable. Curiously shaped and situated, the land of Norway tapers out above the Arctic Circle into a region which, except for the port of Narvik, is sparsely inhabited, without railroad connections and without an interlocking system of roads. Up here in the north, it would be possible for the United Nations to hold a

(*Continued on page* 54)



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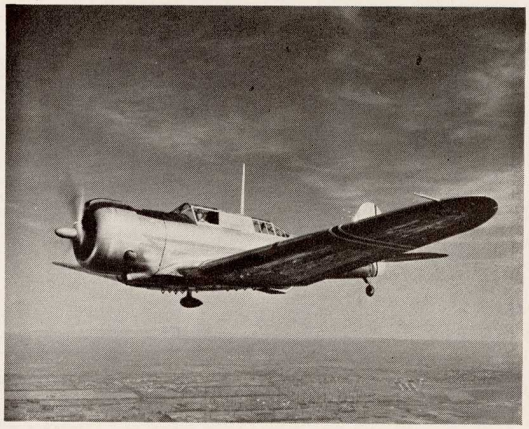
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One of the Douglas 8A5's used by the Norwegians in Canada

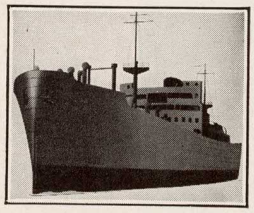
THE VOICE OF NORWAY

(*Continued from page* 52)

bridgehead indefinitely, while the enemy still clung to the southern regions of the country, though the difficulties of fanning out from the bridgehead would be obviously great. Yet much could be gained by a United Nations force in the far north, since the 10,000,000 tons of Swedish iron ore which yearly go to Germany from Narvik could be intercepted, the danger to allied shipping on its way through Arctic waters to Russia could be allayed, and the transport of German troops along the Arctic highway to Murmansk could be checked. The Germans are busy rushing work on the connecting roads in northern Norway, planned long before the war by the Norwegians, but the most useful links have probably not yet been forged. In the south, on the other hand, the coast of Norway bristles with guns from the old Maginot Line, with submarine bases of which the most important one is at Trondheim, and with airfields among which Sola, near the port of Stavanger, is the most often used for bombing raids on England. If, however, the United Nations were planning to make the actual invasion of Germany by way of Norway, they would be more likely to invade this southern part in force.

Just as there is no doubt about the importance of Norway strategically in the coming reconquest of Europe, so there is no doubt either about Norway's importance on the moral front of the embattled democracies. By its long history of adherence to law and order, its undeniable success as a healthy society in which people put into practise the four freedoms, its efficient enterprise in fighting, and its magnificently stubborn, high-principled resistance, Norway belongs for all time to the family of free nations. The saga of Norway in this war belongs to the world's heritage of lofty purpose and noble achievement.

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THE HOUR OF REVOLT

(*Continued from page* 48)

be exchanged. We were learning that we not only had to fear Quislings or semi-Quislings—striped ones we called them—but also those careless friends of ours who couldn't hold their tongues.

Our town had its Quislings too, of course. Realization of this was something of a shock to my townspeople, who are a pretty independent and self-respecting lot.

In a way it was fascinating to see how a Quisling was born. Rarely, as we learned, is a Quisling one of those sinister creatures portrayed in the movies who had been plotting for years for the overthrow of his country. He is nearly always just a weak man afraid of losing his job. And usually he comes not from the working classes or from the wealthier or intellectual classes but from the middle classes.

Reprinted from the New York Times Magazine.

TRAINING CENTERS

(*Continued from page* 46)

going overseas. Even in the kitchens, right after a meal, there is no waste or disorder. The kitchens are as bright and clean as one would have them in one's own home and scrubwomen are at work with soap and water while the chefs look over the food that is left and plan how it may be utilized.

Perhaps one of the reasons for the fight against waste is the fact that the funds for these camps do not come from some anonymous taxpayer or government source; they come from the life and blood, so to speak, of Norwegian sailors. It is the money earned by the Norwegian free merchant marine which enables the Norwegian Government to pay for all the activities of its Army, Navy, and Air Force, training in Canada and in action overseas, for planes as well as men, besides meeting all other expenses of the Norwegian Government, including the cost of the Embassies abroad and the interest due on Norway's bonds and loans. It is not an exaggeration to say that every man in the Royal Norwegian Air Force feels that the privilege he enjoys are paid for by the sailors at the risk of their lives and that therefore it is his plain duty to make best use of his opportunities. The most casual visitor senses this feeling of cooperation, even if he were not informed that men and officers in the camps voluntarily give from $2 to $20 a month according to their pay towards the purchasing of more planes for training. Each plane costs about $15,000 and one has already been bought by money raised in this way. It has been christened *Spirit of Norway I.* Some $35,000 have already been collected by the boys for this purpose. In their paper, *Lille Norge Avisen,* one of the contributors even suggested that all officers and men give up their entire pay for this purpose, with the exception of a dollar a month for tobacco and stamps.

(*Continued on page* 58)

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War Bonds and Stamps on sale at A&S Victory Booth

TRAINING CENTERS

(*Continued from page* 56)

In connection with the purchase of planes for the R.N.A.F., the generous movement started by Swedish friends of Norway should be noted. In their magnificent "Wings for Norway" campaign the goal of $300,000 has been set to purchase planes for training Norwegian pilots, and a most hearty response has been forthcoming. Danish-Americans, too, made substantial contributions.



Wings, Final Diploma for a Group of Naval Airmen

It was at Vesle Skaugum that I met a group of pilots who had just won their wings and were waiting to go overseas. I had had visions of talking to these boys and hearing their experiences. But in seeing them there, before me, all in a group, so smiling, reserved, and polite, so young and yet so self-contained, it was impossible to ask questions. I could only scan their faces and wish them well and unconsciously look for a mark of predestination—for greatness or tragedy. I was shown a picture of the last squadron to leave, not very long before—boys as good-looking, clean-cut and fine as those before me—and was told that this one had been killed, this one had been frightfully wounded, this one had been registered absent. Which one of the boys in front of me would meet the same fate?

The sun set slowly on St. John's Eve, *Sankthans Aften*,

(*Continued on page* 60)

Congratulations to Camp Little Norway Association for their splendid work in helping to achieve Peace and Independence for freedom-loving peoples.

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PETER M. KINDBLOM

TRAINING CENTERS

(*Continued from page* 58)

Prime Minister Nygaardsvold was at Vesle Skaugum and the dinner at which he presided had a significant solemnity. He brought the boys about to leave a greeting from their King and their Government. The hall was decorated in Norwegian colors and the boys in their blue uniforms seemed to become part of an intangible Norway. Three elements, said the Prime Minister, counted in Norway's resistance: the fighting forces abroad, the Norwegian merchant marine, and the people at home. The fighting forces would be instrumental in liberating Norway, but without the merchant marine, no such efforts could be made; however, neither the fighting forces nor the marine would be of any avail if the people at home did not have the indomitable spirit which enables them grimly to support the hardships which they face, day after day. "You must not fail them," said the Prime Minister.

Fail the home front? Not these boys. If Norway is not helped, fed, and saved, it will not be the fault of the pilots of the R.N.A.F.

"It's hard to see them go," I said to an officer as the boys passed by, moved and eager. "It's not hard to go," he said, "the hard thing is to stay behind."

On the shore of the lake the boys had built an enormous bonfire, and as dusk came on it glowed as fires glow all over Norway on St. John's Eve. Around the huge leaping flames the boys grouped to sing their favorite songs led by an officer and the Army Chaplain. A girl from a neighboring village came and played the accordion. Some of the boys slipped into canoes to watch the scene from the water.

In a description of the Norwegian camps, the women connected with them should not be forgotten. Among the secretaries, nurses, and switchboard operators are many girls who escaped either alone or with brothers or husbands by the so-called "easy way," i.e., through Russia and Japan or Turkey and India. Many of the striking photographs of the camps we owe to a woman photographer, Mrs. Katrine Aas. A great many Norwegian women from Canada or the United States work in the cleaning and repairing squads. And it should be remarked that much of the cordial, homelike atmosphere of Vesle Skaugum is due to the tactful and efficient presence of the manager-housekeeper of the recreation center, Miss Hildur Vik.

In looking back at the visit to Little Norway, Muskoka, and Vesle Skaugum, two main impressions dominate. The first is admiration for the achievement of building up on foreign soil, a real "Little Norway" which Norwegians all over the world look upon as their home for the duration. The second is unbounded confidence in the future of a nation whose children show such stamina and courage.

Reprinted from American-Scandinavian Review

A Salute To Norway's Patriots!



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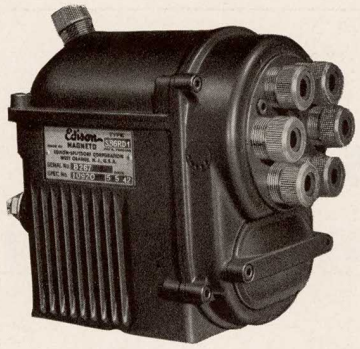
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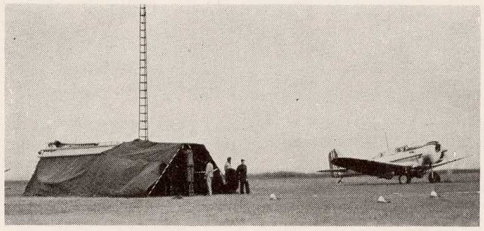
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SOCIAL WELFARE AMONG NORWEGIANS IN N. Y.

A Greeting to the Norwegian Singing Society

UNLIKE so many other groups, Norwegian immigrants to the United States did not emigrate for reasons of religion or political persecutions or because of social inequalities. Norwegians were prompted to leave their homeland by an age-old inner urge, somewhat akin to the spirit which prompted the early Yankee ever to set his course westward in an endless, restless trek to the unknown beyond, or of Leif Ericson, who a thousand years ago dared the stormy ocean in his desire to explore distant lands.

Norwegians came to America fully conversant with its democratic way of life. They were endowed with the Spirit of America before they came. For the Spirit of America is the spirit of free men everywhere, and the Norwegians were free. More than that, they came with a highly developed sense of personal, social and political responsibility. And so before they had acquired a working knowledge of English, they formed a Norwe-



gian regiment and fought for the preservation of the Union. Today history repeats itself in the Norwegian speaking regiment now in training in Colorado, ready to serve the cause of the Stars and Stripes.

Norwegians in America quickly realized their obligation to their adopted land. No paragraph expresses this better than the following taken from the annual report of the Norwegian Lutheran Deaconess' Home and Hospital, issued fifty years ago.

"THE NORWEGIAN LUTHERAN DEACONESS' HOME and HOSPITAL. Said name signifies to us the duty which we, as Norwegians and as Lutherans, owe to the community and the country in which we live. If we share the blessings of our adopted land, it is certainly also our duty to help carry its burdens and to shrink from no responsibility resting upon us."—*From the Report of* 1893.

(*Continued on page* 64)

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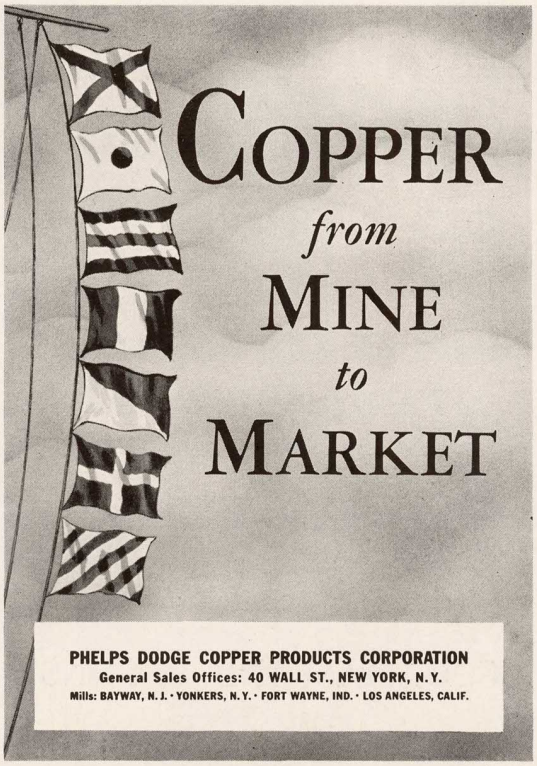
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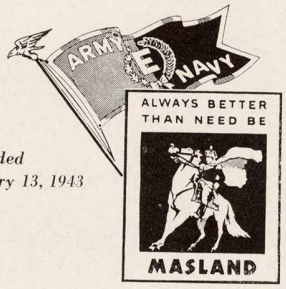
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SOCIAL WELFARE

(*Continued from page* 62)

This, in brief, is the social philosophy of Norwegian Americans throughout the land. We came to give as well as to receive, and to give without stinting.

Norwegians in New York are no exception to the rule. As a matter of fact, few national groups have given so generously to philanthropy and other services. Aside from taking their share in the general welfare of the community, Norwegians have readily assumed the burden of caring for those of their own people who otherwise would have become a burden of society in general. As far back as 60 years ago, when only a handful in numbers and scarcely more than 15-20 years in the country, Norwegians founded the hospital which bears their national name, and which since then has grown to be of community importance. This institution, more than any other, has evidenced the spirit of the Norwegian immigrant and his qualities of self-respect and good citizenship.

In addition to a hospital, Norwegians in the Metropolitan area have established two old people's homes and two orphanages. Also they maintain a Seamen's Home, a home for travelers, two homes for young women, an institution for homeless men, and numerous organizations active in religious-social work. They also maintain a Day Nursery, a Children's Summer Camp, and a limited family welfare service. Most of these institutions have as their particular charges members of the Norwegian American group, but all of them, in particular the hospital, serve the entire community without regard to creed or race. The Norwegian Singing Society for more than 50 years has been a valuable friend of these institutions, giving generous assistance whenever called upon.

We are happy on the occasion of their concert for the benefit of a great national cause, to voice our appreciation of their many years of faithful service to our people, and to wish them success in their endeavor.

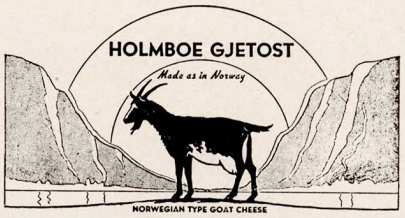
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Michael Larsen, *President*



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We salute gallant Norway, a nation whose sons have for centuries followed the sea. We also extend our sincere wish that with our courageous allies we shall soon again come into our rightful heritage of sailing upon seas of peace.



Best Wishes
for the
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Association

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IN APPRECIATION

(*Continued from page* 40)

to their determination to live and fight for Norway.

The funds we raise here will bring happiness to all these gallant men. It will give them a breathing spell and further prepare them for the work they have chosen to do—to bring back the Norway they once knew, a free, proud nation of fearless people.

I am sure that all those attending this concert and all those firms who have helped to make this publication possible will feel that what they have done is like bread cast upon the waters; that it will be returned to them a hundredfold.

Like many others here who were nurtured in Norway, I, too, am touched by the bloody fingers of the Hun. Several of my kin are now behind barbed wire enclosures waiting for aid that for them and me cannot come too soon. I know it is folly for me to think of taking up a gun and to fight physically against the Nazis. But I can fight—all of us can fight—in other ways, and even when we lift our voices in the peaceful folk songs of Grieg it is gratifying to know that we are at the same time forging a barb that will one day pierce Hitlerism to the heart. May God grant us the right to do our duty, the power to see it through and the help to guide us in our might.

As the Chairman of the Committee of the Norwegian Singing Society, I wish to thank most deeply my fellow committee members for their untiring efforts, the artists who have made this event possible and all the individuals and organizations who have assisted in every way whenever they were called upon. —*by* MARTIN O. LIEN,

Chairman of the Norwegian Singing Society's 17th of May Concert. Active Singer for 30 Years. Vice President of the Bergen, Norway, Singing Society. Representative to the Norwegian Singing Society of Norway.

Born in Bergen, Norway, July 1st, 1894. By trade a jeweler and diamond setter. Took the degree as master jeweler of arts and crafts in 1914. Received an honorary scholarship from the Norwegian government in 1918. In addition was given scholarships donated by C. Sundt and Dan Huuns funds, for further studying outside Norway.



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SPIRIT

(*Continued from page* 35)

"skaal," so we kept Christmas after a fashion nevertheless.

There is little to eat at the Christmas table and that little is bad, but the Norwegian housewife has not given up. She sets the table as prettily as she did in happier days. Even though there are no longer candles for the table and no melted butter to pour over the dried codfish, and the white gravy is no longer white but gray-brown—still, one forgets all that. The tablecloth and the dishes, the glasses and the silver are the same as before, and when the coffee substitute is served hot and brown in the thinnest cups from a shining coffeepot—what of it? The humor and the spirit are the things which count. And those things one has.

There are more small intimate parties in the homes than ever before. No one goes to the movies, for who is willing to see German films voluntarily? There are no clubs or societies, no dances or any pleasures like that. You do not have the company of the radio. The newspapers which come out are read in a couple of minutes, the only things which are worth the trouble of reading are the advertisements and the death notices.

But people need companionship, and people seek each other out. It is easy to have guests at home now. You no longer hear the old discussion about what to serve the guests. "But, darling, we cannot possibly have guests again this evening, can we? I haven't a thing to offer them." There is no one who has any refreshments to serve now. Everyone takes his own, and when each puts his share in with the others, and if anyone perchance has gotten hold of some dainty, then I assure you he is happy to share it with others. "All that we have we share" is the motto of the day. People have never been better friends. Friendships have never been so close before. Never have helpfulness and the joy of giving found more beautiful expression than that which one sees at home in Norway today.

By everyone sharing, by those who have given to those who have little or nothing, the Norwegian people have been able to keep things going better and longer than many expected, and on that account it is not the poor who starve while the rich thrive. All are the same. The good emergency stores of food that a good part of the population fortunately built up when the Germans first came swarming in over the country have been well spent. They have gone to the prisons and concentration camps every time the Germans have given permission to send a little food to the prisoners—to those from whom they have taken everything.

Unfortunately, a good part of the peoples' last reserves were eaten up a year ago at Christmas time, when the Germans began to raid the private homes and confiscate everything they found in the larders there. No home felt safe. And so we thought, why not eat it ourselves before the Germans take it? There was one

(*Continued on page* 70)

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SPIRIT

(*Continued from page 68*)

week of festal dinners—you could literally smell fried tinned meat balls over the whole town. But then the German raids on private houses stopped, just as suddenly as they began. But then it was too late to repent, the meatballs had been eaten up.

Last summer, when we had come through the long, cold and dark winter and the hard spring, we breathed easier and said: This time we got through it, but another winter must not come. Now another winter has passed and we know that conditions have not become easier, that the food situation is even more desperately difficult. And I shudder when I think of the hard time ahead before the first crops are harvested. I know that the optimism is there, that the spirit is there, but a whole people cannot live by the spirit alone.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE NORWEGIAN SINGING SOCIETY

The Norwegian Singing Society was founded February 17, 1890. Its first president was Hans Olsen, its first conductor, Joseph Hagstrom. There were only seventeen singers. They had the courage of their convictions, however, and performed in 1893 at the Chicago Worlds Fair.

In 1895 Arvid Aakerlind became conductor and wielded his baton to an ever growing group until 1913. He rested on his laurels and his place which he held for those long years was filled by Ole Windingstad. In 1914 the Norwegian-American Society, then comprising 190 members, twenty-five of whom were from the Norwegian Singing Society, sailed for Norway. They again sang in Norway in 1926 with the Norseman Glee Club. The combination, under the name of the United New York Singers gave more than 50 concerts. During the leadership of Windingstad the Norwegian Singing Society sang at Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan and the Academy of Music in Brooklyn.

Just before the fiftieth anniversary of the Society, Frederick Axmann became conductor and now carries the grand tradition of his predecessors. The active members of the Society are as follows:

Aagesen, Aage S.	1943
Aarsand, James	1937
Akselsen, Rolf	1932
Andersen, Alf B.	1939
Axmann, Frederick	1939
Bentzen, George	1936
Berge, Theodore	1912
Berntsen, Oscar	1942
Bjork, Henry	1929
Carlsen, Chris	1937
Christiansen, Egil	1943

(*Continued on page 72*)

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Norwegian Singing Society

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE NORWEGIAN SINGING SOCIETY

(*Continued from page 70*)

Ellingsen, Frank	1943
Eriksen, Harold	1939
Groll, Camillo	1927
Gundersen, Ivar	1941
Gundersen, Marcus	1943
Hagelund, George	1932
Halvorsen, Haakon	1943
Hansen, Bredo	1937
Hansen, Hjalmar	1909
Hansen, Olav	1928
Henriksen, Henrik	1930
Hernes, Yngvar	1924
Hjerman, Carl Henry	1941
Homme, Oscar	1939
Hornes, Lars	1938
Hull, Alf	1939
Johannesen, H.	1937
Johannessen, Johs	1929
Johnson, Eric S.	1940
Jorgensen, Karl	1910
Karlsen, Bjorn	1940
Kornbrekke, Arne	1942
Larsen, Lars	1927
Lien, Martin O.	1942
Markussen, Adler	1932
Melin, John	1935
Mellevold, Bjarme	1931
Midland, Peter	1936
Nielsen, Birger	1943
Nielsen, Eric P.	1940
Nilsen, Chris	1935
Nilsen, Thorvald	1943
Olsen, Olaf	1933
Pettersen, Arne W.	1937
Ravnevand, Syvert	1941
Samuelson, Arne.	1940
Simonsen, Einar	1939
Spilling, Dagfin S.	1941
Spilling, Egil B.	1940
Syvertsen, Ole	1939
Taxeraas, Gunnar	1938
Tharaldsen, Alebt	1938
Tharaldsen, Sigurd	1923
Thompson, Nils	1938
Torp, Carl	1909
Werner, Norwald	1939
Wetlesen, Anton	1906
Wikso, Olaf	1932

HONORARY MEMBERS

Fay, Hans	Norwegian Minister, Mexico City, Mexico
Koch, William—Director	Oslo, Norway
Hanssen, C. A.	461 Ovington Ave, Bklyn.
Rygg, Dr. A. N.	974 - 52nd St., Bklyn.

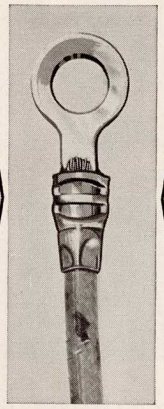
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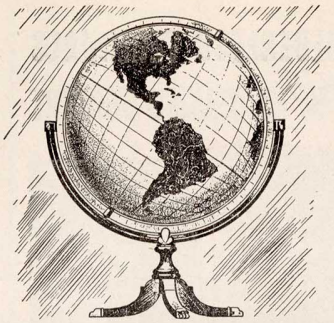
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THE Sons of Norway have always and on every occasion had excellent support by the Norwegian singing societies in this country, and we all know members of these choruses as real song lovers. Our organization is working toward the goal of gathering all Norwegian men and women together in our interest in the homeland, and as citizens of this counrty, America, to acquaint our fellow American citizens with that which is good and ideal in the Norwegian character.

Since April 9, 1940, all good men and women of Norwegian descent have worked toward one goal: freedom in the land to the North from the oppressor and aid to the Norwegian people, at home as well as abroad.

After Pearl Harbor and our country's entry into the war, we have resolved to spare no effort to win this war. Let us remember that we are American citizens and that it is this country which must be the deciding factor in all other countries' freedom. We of Norwegian descent have our own sons in this war in all branches of the Army and Navy by the thousands. They will fight side by side with men from Norway and other United Nations.

It is therefore necessary to gain an understanding of the work which we on the American side have endeavored to do in these difficult years we have gone through, since the invasion of Norway.

Kind regards from the members of the Sons of Norway everywhere.

E. B. HAUKE,
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in admiration of the Courage and Valor of the people of Norway in their fight against the oppressors of freedom

THE MUSIC OF WAR

(*Continued from page* 41)

make appearances in abbreviated but first-quality concerts. Because in time of total war men and women who comprise the armed forces and plant-worker rosters are from every background and every walk of life, it follows that especially in this country a majority of them will never before have had the opportunity, the money, or the inclination to come in contact with these kinds of experiences. Given this new opportunity, a new world is being opened to many and when the war is won, musical artists and entertainers in general will have a larger audience of their own making than ever.

* * * *

All of this indicates sketchily the role music plays in the war effort. There is another side of the picture which shows the results of the war upon music itself. The results are natural and therefore good. They grow as folk-art always has, out of the deep emotional surge of the people themselves.

In the present war, Broadway has given us some new songs—some of them good ones in their way. These songs, through radio, movies, and records, reach our fighting men wherever our men go. Certainly they create for themselves the finest opportunities for familiarity. It is this writer's experience that these songs, like most everything else that comes out of Broadway's commercial faucets, enjoy a certain vogue, then disappear rapidly into oblivion. In the residue we always find "Battle Hymn" still plugging along or "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Tipperary," or "Home on the Range." The new songs fall by the way—left with the girls of the U.S.O. back in the dance-halls.

THE SONG of this war is yet to be written, just as the war itself is yet to be won—but both are in progress and certain. This writer believes that the song will come from the fighting men themselves. Probably it is being written at this moment in the blood and sweat of Tunisia or Guadalcanal. Like "Battle Hymn" it will spring from the sight of battle itself and not from the professional "Morale-builders" at home.

The Revolutionary War stimulated some of the finest hymns this country will ever know. We had forgotten them but in time they will be relearned. The Civil War —won for the establishment of Democracy at home— produced the most superb of all our nation's songs. "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was the strongest and with many different sets of words it served the men of the South as well as those of the North for whom it was created. There were songs other than the martial ones which were brought on by the war and the necessity of war: the music of Stephen Foster and "Listen to the Mocking Bird" for example. "La Marseillaise" and "The Internationale" came out of battle, and Haydn's Austrian Hymn and the words of the "Star Spangled Banner." Obviously war makes people sing and makes them sing with their souls. In turn the singing makes them fight with their souls, for these songs that live, without exception, are created from the forces of victory.

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War Bonds will help us win the war, and help close the inflationary gap. And they won't stop working when victory comes! On the contrary—they will furnish a reservoir of purchasing power to help American business re-establish itself in the markets of peace. *Remember, the bond charts of today are the sales curves of tomorrow!*

You've done your bit  Now do your best!

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