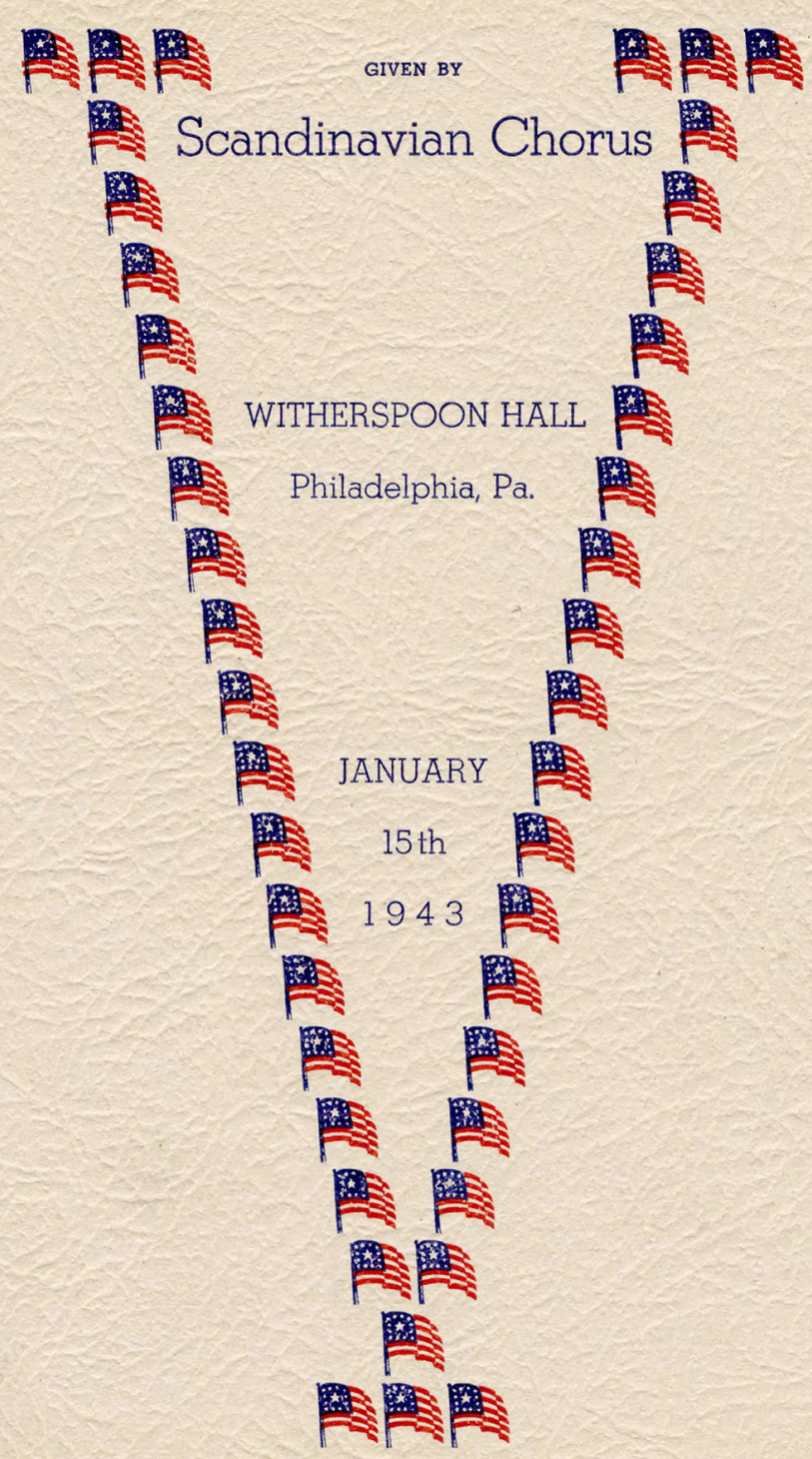
VICTORY CONCERT



GIVEN BY

Scandinavian Chorus

WITHERSPOON HALL

Philadelphia, Pa.

JANUARY

15th

1943

Souvenir Program 25c

With Compliments and Thanks

TO

The Scandinavian Chorus
of Philadelphia

For their co-operation in sponsoring

This Concert for the benefit of

"THE FIGHTING NORWAY"

in affiliation with

The Camp Little Norway Association
Philadelphia Chapter

22 South Third Street Philadelphia,

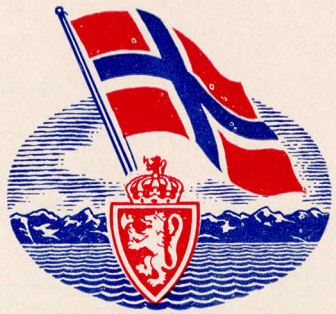
ALF HERSCHEL, Chairman

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Inspired by the magnificent spirit displayed by the brave flyers of Camp Little Norway and the heroic men of the Norwegian Merchant Marine, the Scandinavian Chorus of Phila., is asking the people in Philadelphia and vicinity to support its endeavor to raise funds for the benefit of these two groups of unselfish and freedom-loving men.

Many of these have given their all. May their sacrifice inspire our generosity.

All proceeds of this concert will be forwarded through the Camp Little Norway Assn. of Philadelphia.



Greeting from Lt. Col. Ole Reistad

I think CLNA will live in the history of the Norwegian-American relationship. I feel sure that everyone in the "Second Army" will be able to assist Norway today effectively through the CLNA.

On behalf of the Training Center, I would like to send our heartiest thanks for what your organization has done and I hope it may increase to such an extent that the final goal set up in the beginning may be reached. CLNA can have the satisfaction of knowing that the money they have given is being used in a way to give the best possible results. It is also indicative that any activity bearing the name "Little Norway" is responsible and of a high standard, which standard was built up by the boys fighting overseas with their blood.

All the boys at Little Norway and those now in action overseas send you their best wishes for the New Year, and all of us trust that through our united efforts, next year, the whole world may be at peace.

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CAMP LITTLE NORWAY ASSOCIATION, Inc.

PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER

The Camp Little Norway Association, Inc., of Minneapolis, Minnesota, operating under U. S. State Department License No. 513, was organized by spirited Norwegian-Americans in 1941 for the purpose and aim of becoming the U. S. O. of fighting Norway. Since its organization, it has branched out in numerous chapters thruout the United States.

The Philadelphia Branch of this organization was organized in the Philadelphia Norwegian Seamen's Church on November 19, 1942 in the presence of Lt. Col. Ole Reistad, commanding the Royal Norwegian Air Force training in Canada. This chapter, which is incorporated in the State of Pennsylvania, elected the following officers:

President	Alf Herschel
Vice-President	R. A. Gravdahl
Treasurer	Peder Kristiansen
Secretary	Johs. Aardal, Pastor of the Norwegian Seamen's Church, located at 22 South Third St., Phila., headquarters of the association.

The church was filled to overflow during this organization meeting, and the prospect of now being able to make a concerted effort to assist the training Fighting Forces of Norway was greeted with enthusiasm. Approximately 150 of those present indicated their intention to become active members in the organization.

The purpose of the organization is to aid and assist the Norwegian training forces in Canada, as well as the Merchant Marine sailors with comfort and recreation, including hospital and recreation homes in Canada. Any contribution given to the Association for this purpose is deductible from the federal income tax in accordance with U. S. Treasury Department ruling dated July 14, 1942.

During the month of December, 1942, our Philadelphia Chapter has received more than $2000 cash in contributions from Norwegian-Americans and Friends of Norway in our territory.

It is the intention of our Philadelphia Chapter to arrange lectures and moving picture entertainment for this purpose.

Prospective new members are requested to notify Rev. Johs Aardal, 22 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is our hope that all Norwegians and friends of Norway in Philadelphia and surrounding territory will gather around the work carried on by the Philadelphia Chapter of the Camp Little Norway Assn., so that we may be able to render effective assistance to Norway's Fighting Forces.

Patrons and Patronesses

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Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Carleen
Mr. and Mrs. Olav Kvalheim
Mr. and Mrs. Caruthers
Mr. and Mrs. Peter N. Selvig
Mr. and Mrs. Peder Jacobsen
Mr and Mrs. Julian Toulson
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Miss Helen P. Bley
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Mr. and Mrs. John Lund

Mr. and Mrs. Einar M. Andersen

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Norway's Honor and Glory

As far back as we can follow in Norway's history, our country has been known as a maritime nation. This is particularly so during the past 100 years, a period of national development which has plainly shown that Norway's very existence, economic and social, yea, her honor and her fortune, as we would say in Norwegian, is inextricably bound to the sea.

This is quite natural and understandable as 60 percent of the total boundary of our country is bathed by the waters of the sea, hence a great majority of our people inhabit a rugged coast where a boat is the most convenient medium of transportation and communication. But whereas the cliffs and mountains along the greater part of Norway's coast line form a barrier, the sea has been no barrier; it has been like an open plain, which strange as it seems, has enticed our people through the ages.

The sea has been no barrier for our people and their contact with other lands. The sea has enabled our homeland and its flag to be known in all parts of the world. It has been the means of and for the high standard of living enjoyed in Norway before its tragic invasion. It has through our seamen reflected the glory and honor upon our country.

At the time of Norway's invasion, April 9, 1940, its total tonnage of merchant ships was the fourth largest in the world. Our ships conformed to the most modern in type and efficiency. Our tankers, which composed approximately 40 percent of our total tonnage, were considered among the finest and best equipped in the world. These were of particular pride to our country and its people.

One-fourth of the world's most efficient merchant marine—such was Norway's position at the time of the invasion—think of this. Think also what a colossal triumph for Hitler had this great fleet of ships fallen into his hands; think what a catastrophe this would have been for Norway and the world. Be assured that attempts to accomplish this were not lacking, and on a level with their despicable invasion of Norway, so the Germans attempted by false radio messages to entice our ships to steer for Norwegian or German ports. They reckoned wrongly. Yes, Hitler reckoned wrongly, for the reply of the Norwegian Merchant Marine was an emphatic refusal, a refusal so sharp and positive that it stands as a sparkling page in history of Norway's contribution in the fight for freedom.

Norway, under its free King and its free Government, is making a mighty contribution to freedom's great and holy cause, and in this our Norwgeian seamen are acclaimed as Norway's front line soldiers, their contribution being equal to an armed force of 1,000,000 men, and Norway's flag, notwithstanding the might of Hitler's war machine, flies high and free on our Norwegian ships, bringing to all the same message.

Norway at war.

Norway is not conquered.

Norway will again arise as a free and self-sustained country.

Johannes Aardal,

Norwegian Seamen's Church

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History of Camp Little Norway Muskoka — Vesle Skaugum

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 gray barracks. The Norwegian flag waves from the flagpole and the tall, fair-haired sentinels exchange remarks in Norwegian with the 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 crystalized 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

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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 for a camp 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 Britian. 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 uncannay 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, 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 with 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 the 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 exaggeraed respect is requird. 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 in 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 the soldiers back from the front line

trenches in the last war. They did not like to talk of their experiences, either.

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 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 a 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 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 the way of Finland, Sweden, Russia. He went across to 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 may car remarked, as he pushed his cap further to the side and front of his head until it 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 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 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 intermediate training, they return to Camp Little Norway where they take advanced training on Curtis fighters and Douglas bombers before going overseas.

It is interesting to see how everything has been taken advantage of at Muskoka. The old farm house has been transformed into a modern clinic—medical and dental—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 Martha. 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 minmum. I was fortunate enough to visit Muskoka at the time when the Norwegian Prime Minister Johan Nygaarsvold and the Norwegian Minister to Canada, Mr. Daniel Steen, were received by the Commaning 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 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, although 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 $6000. 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 the 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 over-seas, 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 exhausting 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 a 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 their special interest in the Air Force. Lieutenant Erik Bjorneby is Commander of the Recruiting Center.

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 fo rhis 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, new uniforms hang in place, neatly arranged, ready for use. New shoes, boots, rubber boots are likewise in readinss. 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 woolen—sweaters,

socks, mittens, and scarves—received as gifts are carefully put away with mothballs until the time comes to give them to the boys 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 the 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, 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 privileges he enjoys are paid for by the sailors at the risk of their lives and that therefor it is his plain duty to make the best 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 cost $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 offiers and men give up their entire pay for this purpose, with the exception of a dollar a month for tobacco and stamps.

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, have made substantial contributions.

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. 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 be 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. Time seemed to stand still for a moment.

* * *

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 "Litle 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.

This article appeared in the American-Scandinavian Review

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Signe Rosenquist
Ragnhild Vassallo

ALTOS

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Betsy Kvalheim
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PROGRAM

THE SCANDINAVIAN CHORUS, Director: Valdemar Olsen

PROFESSIONAL MEN'S ORCHESTRA, Conductor: Gorden Kahn

SOLOIST
Baritone—ALLAN WAHLQUIST

1. Orchestra
   (a) Serenade, Opus 7, (Russian) . . . . . Alexander Glazounov
   (b) Serenade, Opus 11, (Russian) . . . . . Alexander Glazounov

2. Chorus
   (a) "The Star Spangled Banner"
   (b) "Ja, vi elskerdette landet" (Norwegian National Anthem) Nordraak
   (c) "Gud sige Norigs land" (God bless Norway's land) . Oscar Borg

3. Address by a pilot from "Camp Little Norway"

Verse added to "Ja Vi Elsker" Since the Invasion

Norske mann i hus og hytte,
Meget staar paa spil,
Vi har Norge aa beskytte,
Leg din evne til,
De som vil vor frihed Öde,
Og som svek vor sag,
Skal betale vore dode,
Naar vi reiser os en dag.

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PROGRAM

4. Chorus
   (a) "I Östen stiger solen op" (The sun rises in the East) Nils W. Gade
   (b) "Paa solen jeg ser" (The Saetergirls Sunday) . . . . . Ole Bull
   (c) "O, dyra land" . . . . . Sibelius
   (d) "Hor oss Svea" (Hear us Sweden) . . . . . Gunnar Wennerberg

5. Orchestra, Lyric Suite . . . . . Edvard Grieg
   (a) "The Shepherd Boy"
   (b) "Peasants' March"
   (c) "Nocturne"
   (d) "Procession of the Dwarfs"

6. Chorus
   (a) "Vila vid denna kalla" (Let us rest by this Spring) . . . . Bellman
   (b) "Muntra musikanterna" (Jolly musicans) . . . . . Riccius
   (c) "Den store hvide flok" (The great white throng) . . . . . Grieg

   Baritone Solo by Allan Wahlquist

7. Baritone Solo, Chorus and Orchestra
   "Landkjending" (Landsighting) . . . . . Edvard Grieg

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OUR DIRECTOR



MR. VALDEMAR OLSEN

That Scandinavian Song has been able to survive in the Norwegian colony in Philadelphia is mainly due to the untiring effort of Mr. Olsen. He has been imbued with a passion for organizing and directing Norwegian choruses reaching over a third of a century; and often under most difficult conditions and circumstances.

When the choruses, sometimes were able to achieve a high degree of musical success, it was because of his patience and tenacity, together with his love and thorough understanding of the richness of Scandinavian folk music. He can be said to have kept alive the interest in the old and new songs which we all love.

After organizing the Scandinavian chorus last year by merging the newly-formed Norwegian Women's Chorus with the remnants of two other disbanded choruses, it was he who proposed that the first concert should be given for the benefit of "Camp Little Norway".

The Scandinavians and particularly the Norwegians, of the city of Philadelphia, are indebted to Mr. Olsen for his great interest and contribution towards the establishment of a permanent chorus in our city.

We of the chorus especially appreciate his many splendid qualities as a leader and friend.

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It is our hope that you feel well repaid, as we of the Chorus do, for whatever contribution we all may have made towards the good results.

May this year see us all well on the way to a lasting peace on earth.

Sincerely,

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