

To Gunnar
Söderlund

Warmest Wishes —

John

When Our Roads Come Together

Sing-Outtm and Up with Peopletm

1965–1970 Unplugged

Third Edition

John R. Ruffin, Editor



Santa Barbara, CA
2016

Third Edition, September 2016

ISBN-13: 978-1532786686

ISBN-10: 1532786689

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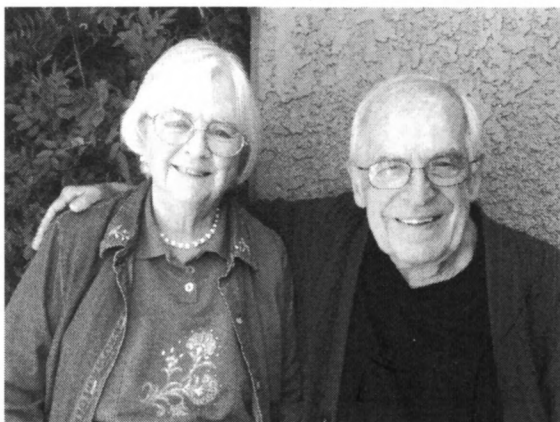
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Dedication

This Third Edition of
When Our Roads Come Together
is dedicated to

Herb and Jane Allen



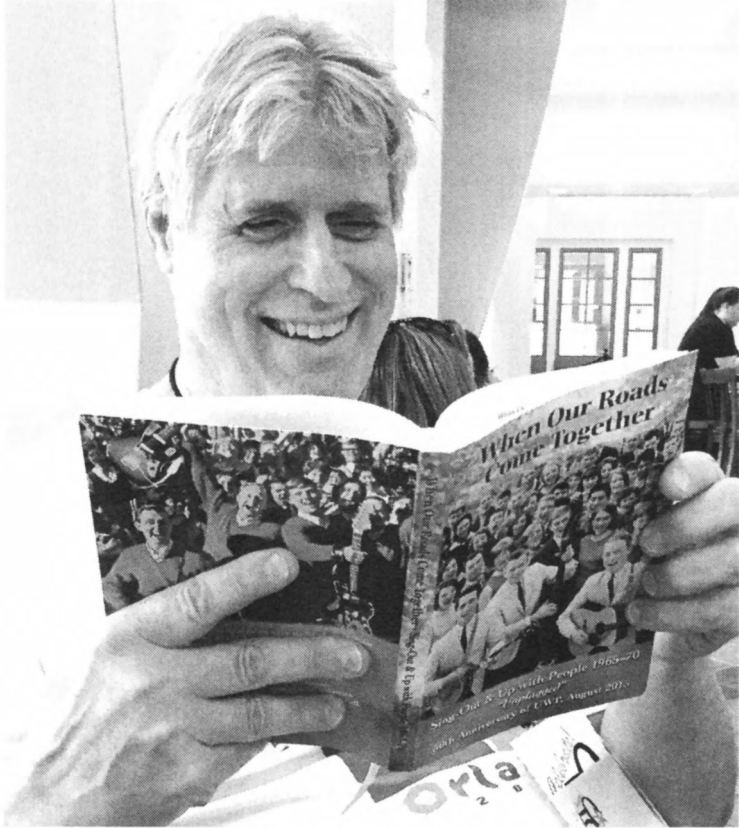
A Couple for All Seasons, who have touched the hearts of countless UWP Alumni over 50 years with their talents, wisdom and love. **Herb Allen** is the Founding Music Director of Up with People, whose genius in song writing, orchestration and xylophoning, has thrilled millions worldwide and whose mentoring has been the stimulus and guiding hand in many successful music careers.

As with the first two Editions, all royalties and other proceeds from this Edition will be donated to a fund specifically set up for **Herb and Jane Allen**. It's small return in light of the riches they have given to all of us.

"Nobody Doesn't Love Herb and Jane!"

Order their brilliant new CD's at herbandjaneallen.com

Public Reaction to the 1st Edition



J. Bruce Parker

“This is wonderful reading”

Graeme Hardie, PACE Staff

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Forewords

***“Nobody told these kids
that it was impossible,
so they did it!”***

Paul Colwell

***“We were the luckiest kids
in the world!”***

Tom Coulombe (68-69A)

“THIS is the stuff books are made of, the what happened to who and where, and how, hopefully we can all laugh now, when back in the day, any given episode could have cleared out almost entire casts, if our chaperones or teachers, ever found out!”

Bonnie Quaintance (70A)

Acknowledgements

The principal acknowledgements for this work go to **YOU**, the authors of the stories and tales within. The editorial staff hasn't added much, as your own stories are **WAY** better than anything we could make up.

What we have done is simply try to find a framework, or corral, for this collection, but in final analysis it is just "a happening", so please accept that and forgive us.

That said, very special kudos go to our sorely-missed **Tom "TC" Coulombe** for his diligent archeology in searching out the Yahoo scripts, also to Cookie Pletcher for having taken it all in a lump and painstakingly spread it out and organized it into these "chapters", Polly Pattison of **PACE** fame who has been our layout advisor, and to Debbi Lawrence and Bruce Parker for their exceptional gifts in proofing.

And finally, gratitude to **Karyne Richardson**, who has been the de-facto co-editor and who has submitted a truly remarkable chapter from her forthcoming book, as the concluding segment of this collection of stories.

Tom Coulombe
Lynda "Cookie" Pletcher
Polly Beal Pattison
Karyne Richardson
John Ruffin

Introduction

What This Book Is:

The following is a compendium of recollections, reflections, and just streams of consciousness, true and mostly true, from individual alumni from *Sing-Out '65* through *Up with People in 1970*, recounting those special and memorable moments of our time “on the road” during this first Era of UWP.

This is a forgivingly edited series of stories and offerings, willingly submitted by alumni, much of it coming from the fast and furious banter on the early Yahoo forum many years back.

We’ve tried to make the size of this volume portable enough for you to put in your purse, take to the bathroom or put in the basket of your walker. Nonetheless, you will find here narratives ranging from the poignant to the hilarious, to the truly unrestrained and unplugged.

Some of these offerings may make you laugh out loud, and some may make you cry, or to simply scream out in agony, because you finally realized that it truly hurts too much to smile anymore! ☺

But what we’ve found on reading and re-reading your contributions, is that this is an “every-alumni” retrospective, and it doesn’t matter what cast or year you were in, over 5 or 50 years, the essence of these experiences, challenges, emotions and growth is very much the same, and it’s still happening today.

The Title: It’s an obvious play on one of our favorite lyrics, with the implication of a present view, hoping that our “roads come together” now, before we’re all “up the way”! “Unplugged” is simply being “acoustic, off-the-mike and free-range”, which these stories certainly are.

What It Is Not:

These pages are in no way an attempt to present a proper history or detailed chronology of these early years of UWP; and who the heck would even try that unless you'd been a media executive? Nor are they an attempt to offer clarification, justification, critique or apology for the times that we all gave our hearts, our minds and most of our bodies to in order to make a difference in the world.

This is not a documentary, but rather a “conversation” about the joys and challenges that we found in those early years, as we endeavored to “change the world” and pave the way for those to follow. As an editorial staff, we've tried to offer some structure or continuity to this body of babble, but that's not even a guarantee, and a coffee-table book was never our objective.

Editorial license has been exercised only where commentary has strayed from one's own personal experience to ideological views or offering extra-personal critique. And if we've overlooked any insufferable pomposity, other than our own, just deal with it.

Enjoy!

In The Beginning..... and Before

Day Ravenscroft, (MRA, SO'65, UWP) – I date from 1930 when my parents met **Frank Buchman** when I was 2 yrs. old. That was before "MRA" which was itself, a 1938 modification of Buchman's "First Century Christian Fellowship" because of WWII's looming threat & fact that growth meant that not everyone who was part of the fellowship was Christian by then. We included everyone who could hear the still small voice inside including atheistic communists who choose MRA's bigger idea. My specialty in college in 1947-51 was the Middle Ages. So my perspective is very long.



May I suggest that large inspiring movements of enthusiastic people swell up in the world periodically by some Grace of Nature or Nature's God. They always start with the vision & sacrifice of one person --- Abram-Abraham, Gautama Buddha, Moses, Jesus Christ, St Francis of Assisi, Frank Buchman, Martin Luther King Jr., **Blanton Belk** and I wonder who will be next.

These movements always draw to them people who want to be of service but don't share the exact vision of the charismatic founder. These movements always grow beyond the ability of the founder to guide and "control."

Take St Francis of Assisi as a classic example: he started alone committed to ABSOLUTE poverty, chastity & obedience; his first followers, while not fully understanding his vision, did also stick rigorously to his plan. They each owned absolutely nothing and wandered as they felt "led"

(guidance?) begging their sustenance and praising God and God's beautiful gifts even Sister Fire and Brother Wolf.

Well, the joy in their hearts drew more and more crowds after them until some were not even committed to the original vision and strong-minded, organizationally-gifted Brother Bartholomew broke St Francis' heart by making rules and owning buildings and controlling the leading. Same thing happened with Buddha (the monasteries in Tibet used to have wars, killing fellow monks, over which monastery owned the best "Truth.") In my observation, MRA-post-Buchman basically killed **Peter Howard** by trying to force the free-spirit into a box. S-O was totally spontaneous explosion of desire to help the 60's passion for CHANGE to express in a constructive way and was not a reaction "against" post-Buchman, but of necessity became a reaction in order to be free.

The joyous "ending" to all movements like these, whether Abraham's vision of justice, history, self-giving, a single over-arching, loving, creative power instead of terrifying fornicating greedy multiple powers, or Sing-Out's vision of "If all people were For People" --- the joyous continuation is that some killings were averted, some good was done, some permanent changes evolved in some people who were involved, this old world has not yet blown itself up AND there is still the opportunity for the next vision and the next charismatic leader of love and creativeness to arise on some continent and move us all forward a bit more....

Thank God for past explosions of love and creativity. Thank Heaven for future ones after we are gone. This material world will always have "everything changing"--- even continents move with tectonic plates, mountains move with erosion & earthquakes. So why do we keep trying to make people stay the same? Either we grow or we shrink. We don't stay the same.... As Jack says, "People are more fun than anybody!"

Cyddia Rodrigo (65A,67C,D,68E,A) -- From MRA to UWP: In order to best outline a timeline that encompasses the journey including MRA and transitioning to UPW is to chronicle it via my own personal journey.

My parents and I became acquainted with MRA in 1960 at the invitation of a family friend; we were invited to attend a dinner held at 833 S. Flower Street in Los Angeles. I don't remember what we ate, as I was completely enthralled with the surroundings. Never having been in a building so architecturally rich and amazing, my eyes darted about trying to soak it all in.

The most fascinating thing that evening was the ceiling of the banquet room. It was covered with golden cherubs, each face completely different from the other. This was one of the many unique and interesting things I would soon discover, as regular trips to 833 became a part of my family's routine and eventually it would extend out into my life changing me forever.

1960 – 1964 -- During this time frame, MRA was thriving in the Los Angeles Community. 833 was the hub of all the activity: dignitaries from all over the world, the rich and famous and the not-so-much were gathered together for banquets, conferences or presentations of movies and/or plays produced by MRA.

The pool in the basement had been converted into a theater so it was there I saw for the first time some of the most amazing productions, *The Crowning Experience*, *Music at Midnight*, *Voice of the Hurricane*, *Space is So Startling* to name a few.

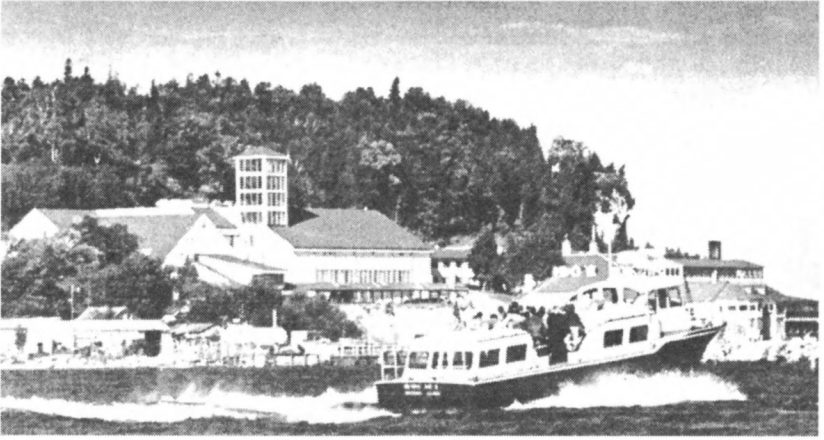
I was privy to hearing speeches by **Frank Buchman**, **Peter Howard** and many more of the powerhouse MRA leadership. It was during one of these banquets that **Peter Howard** spoke of gathering youth from all

**we
started
here**

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over the world to come together in order to effect change. This was the catalyst for the first Mackinac Conference in 1964.

1964 Mackinac – I arrived with the delegation from LA and joined youth from everywhere. Highlights of the conference were the morning meetings in the Great Hall, with strong wood beams that formed a teepee. Here we heard from many speakers who inspired and encouraged us to do great things. There were morning calisthenics and afternoon games; one of the favorites was the big gigantic pushball!



Mackinac Island

We participated in many workshops, my favorite was the musical workshop where we had a chance to learn songs from the plays and perform. At night the Colwells and Herbie Allen along with other musicians put on a Hoot-enanny. By the end of the summer a movement had been born.

1964 – 1965 -- Mackinac was such a success that the second conference was already being planned. Out of the conference came a newsletter called *Tomorrow's American*, which chronicled events during and after Mackinac. In an effort to generate enthusiasm and sponsorship, **Herb Allen**, **Dan Skuce**, **Linda Blackmore** and I would meet

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with LA City Officials as well as others in the Pasadena/Los Angeles Community that were able to fund scholarships for students. We called ourselves Tomorrow's Americans and would sing a few songs and share our testimony.



The Great Hall at Mackinac Island

During the time between the two conferences MRA produced two more outstanding plays, one a musical Give a Dog A Bone (side note: **Ken Doran** at one point played the dog) and Mr. Brown Comes Down The Hill. Special performances were held at 833 with the intent of raising additional funds and sponsorships.

In preparation for the conference a cooking class was coordinated by, **Brenda McMillan, Gay Cook** and several other of the amazing cooks, whose recipes are included in one of the best cookbooks ever. I moved into 833 for 2 of the best weeks of my life and learned how to cook for the masses.

1965 Mackinac – The format was similar to the previous year with a few additions, the most significant was of course the Show Boat (another product of the music workshop). They hit upon the idea to sail up and down the coast

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singing newly written songs and it was met with such enthusiasm it gave birth to Sing-Out. Students were invited



Push-Ball at Mackinac

to give up a year of college to come on the road and travel the world with the idea that through music we could affect change in human nature which would then result in world peace.

1966 Estes Park – Third conference gathering youth of the world together, many of whom were part of the local Sing-Outs that had begun to pop up in response to the impression left behind by Sing-Out '65. Cast B was born out of this conference.

1967 Fort Slocum – By this point now had three casts on the road and local Sing-Outs all over the world. Everyone gathered here at Fort Slocum, many local SO members hoping to join the National Casts. This is where my personal journey took off completely. Up till this point my travels with Cast A and B had been during the summer months as I was still in high school.

I was one of the founding members of Sing Out Los Angeles, along with Linda and **Peggy Blackmore, Linda Drysdale, Marti Snyder, John Tracy, Eric Payne** just to name a few and in '67 I joined Cast C and began my fulltime on the road journey. Our time at Slocum was awesome because we had a chance to mix and mingle with

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other casts, develop new shows as well as performing in NYC doing street shows.

1968 – This was the turning point for UWP. **Frank Buchman** and **Peter Howard** had long since passed away and **Blanton Belk** was now at the helm. It was at this point that a decision was made to become officially Up with People and sever the connection with MRA. For many of us this was huge as we had our roots in MRA and this separation was difficult. However, we forged forward with new direction and purpose.

1968-70 -- The casts grew in size and we soon added strike forces; Cast D was sent to work with local Sing Outs; Cast E was splintered off from Cast A, the first year they went to Italy and remained behind to perform at colleges. I participated with both groups and rejoined Cast A in 1969 (after 3 months at home having my tonsils removed).

This is a high level view of this time frame but it should give you an idea of how we metamorphosed from MRA to UWP.

Maarten de Pous (66-67B, 68D) – In November 1959 I arrived on Mackinac Island, having just finished High School in the Netherlands, as one of 150 volunteers



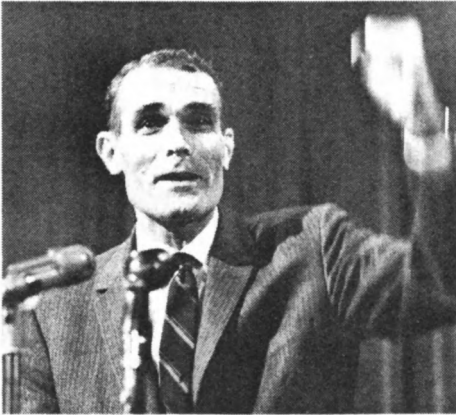
from around the world to help build what turned out to be the most modern TV-studio at that time in America. This incredible project (not just building a studio, but on an island, which would be isolated from the mainland by ice for several months!) was typical of the courage and vision that had characterized MRA's undertakings ever since its beginning.

Peter Howard and other colleagues had the conviction that MRA should be able to make its own feature movies. Which consequently happened! I was involved there as assistant cameraman for several years.

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I also learned to make documentary films and travelled across America with various plays and musicals.

During the winter of 1963-64 **Peter Howard** toured some seventeen American universities. As one of his travelling party I filmed many of his speeches. It was great to see how Howard challenged and inspired these students with his vision for what young Americans could contribute



Peter Howard, British author, playwright and journalist, who is in charge of the world program of Moral Re-Armament, made the Inaugural Address of the conference, "God, Guts and Genius."

to the world. The Conference for Tomorrow's America in 1964 brought thousands of high school and college students to Mackinac Island, and many from other countries as well. The rest is history!

Also vivid in my memory are the evenings, pre-Sing-Out, spent in **Frank Fields** parental home

on Airport Road in Santa Fe, listening to Frank and his father playing guitar and singing songs. Frank's Dad had a similarly enchanting, raspy voice as Frank!

Being part of the very first Cast B, with "The Colwell Four" as the lead group, was another unforgettable experience. Following that I was part of the team training local Sing-Outs in different parts of the US, until I returned to the Netherlands at the end of 1968.

Fast forward. In August 2010 I was able to organize a two-hour concert given by Steve, Paul, Ralph and **Ted Colwell** and of course **Herb Allen**, at Mountain House in Caux, Switzerland, one of the main Conference Centers of *Initiatives of Change* (formerly MRA).

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What had inspired us to take this initiative was reading the book “A Song for the World”, written by **Frank McGee** and published by **John Ruffin**. Frank and John also came, as well the wives of most of the people mentioned above.



Forty people from the IofC network had together contributed the money for this undertaking. For me it was a moving and deeply rewarding experience to welcome this fantastic ‘delegation’ of musical ambassadors back to Caux, from where the Colwell Brothers had started their journey some fifty years earlier. Ref: *A Song for the World Special Concert: The Colwell Brothers & Herb Allen* 14 August 2010, Caux, Switzerland- More at: <http://www.iofc.org/node/8156>

Stephen J. Dickinson – (*MRA/IofC, Cast A’65*)
“*Another View*” from *Oxford*, – In 1963-64 the dynamic British journalist, activist, author-playwright **Peter Howard** traveled to university campuses across the US, challenging students to engage with the issues facing the

nation and world: the civil rights struggle and poverty; the Cold War; the Vietnam War. Howard had become the leader of MRA following the death of its founder, Frank Buchman, in 1961.

Hundreds of students responded positively and in 1964 came to the large MRA conference center on Mackinac Island, Michigan to gain training and start taking action together. From Oxford I joined them for the conference. This was the summer of President Lyndon Johnson's "war on poverty," of race riots in Harlem and Rochester, and of Congress passing both the Civil Rights Act outlawing segregation and the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution greatly expanding US involvement in the Vietnam war. A young black leader from a southern university said he had come to Mackinac because he believed the MRA practices provided a way for people to realize and live out Martin Luther King's vision.

On Mackinac Island in 1964 the American students engaged with many talented young Europeans, and with the Colwell Brothers, who were at the height of their international musical touring career with MRA, and with multi-talented Herbie Allen and others. Together they created a Showboat that performed at Lake Huron port cities.

A year later, aided by British theater director **Henry Cass**, they launched Sing-Out '65 with its infectious energy and signature songs *What Color is God's Skin?*, *Freedom isn't Free*, and *Which Way America?* I was again at Mackinac during my summer break from Oxford and I accompanied the first Sing-Out cast to the West Coast.

After touring in New England, the Sing-Out '65 troupe took a train across the country to accept an invitation to perform in the community of Watts in Los Angeles. This predominantly black neighborhood had erupted in a six-day race riot, which resulted in 34 deaths, just five days after President Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act in August 1965.

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The Sing-Out performance was the first post-riot public event at Jordan High School in Watts, and its impact was deep. Young men who had looted their neighborhood's stores decided to apologize, to return what they had stolen and make reparation. People saw the hope of a different, non-violent path to greater freedom and multi-ethnic equality.

When Sing-Out '65 returned from its very successful tour in Japan, it was already receiving multiple invitations to perform in different cities across the US. As more local groups wanted to start their own Sing-Outs, all stops were pulled out to multiply Sing-Outs across the country as rapidly as possible.

The next year Sing-Out '66 was invited to tour in Germany. I was still studying at Oxford and launched a student initiative that resulted in an invitation signed by 26 Rhodes Scholars and the Mayor of Oxford, for the show to play also in Oxford. The response was that Sing-Out only accepted national government invitations.

I wrote a letter requesting reconsideration, raising the following issue: there were tensions and differences of visions between the MRA leadership in the UK and the US after the sudden death of **Peter Howard** (English) in 1965,

soon after the death of founder Frank Buchman (American) in 1961.

On both sides of the Atlantic these tensions were perceived increasingly as a power struggle for the leadership of the whole movement. Might the coming of Sing-Out to Oxford be an opportunity to bridge differences and open fresh dialogue? And what might be the long-term positive results worldwide if a number of Rhodes Scholars and other Oxford students took up the vision and commitment Sing-Out represented? I don't remember receiving a response; Sing-Out did not come to Oxford.

When the Sing-Out incorporated as Up with People in 1968, the differences between MRA as it was organized in Europe, and MRA in the US, became formalized in an organizational split. The MRA legal body in the US had become the supporting organization of Sing-Out and now transferred the majority of its funds to Up with People.

In 1976, while Up with People continued its successful expansion with international touring and major US performances, US MRA ceded its name and the remainder of its funds to Caux Challenge USA, a group that worked closely with Europeans and was operating from a small base centered in Richmond, Virginia.

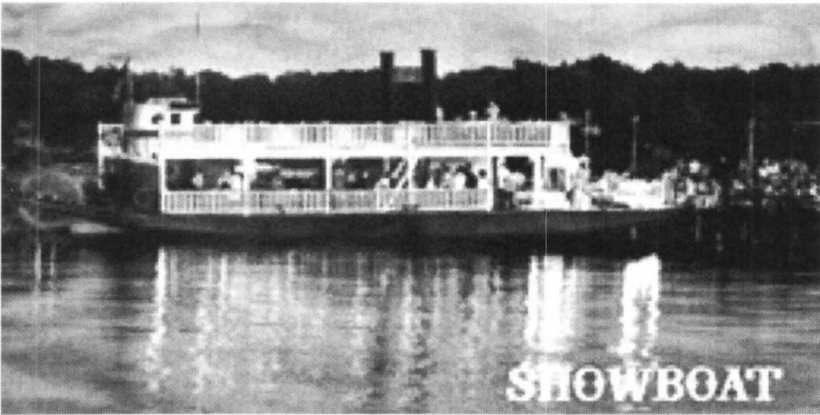
Up with People and Initiatives of Change share a common history and many of the same objectives, including the inclusion of "all people everywhere," and bringing positive change to society and the world.

And my commitment is to continue working through my teaching and writing to help enable people to become activists who can engage effectively with the many new challenges of our post-cold war world. Those of us who have worked with UWP and IofC are inheritors of effective activism: inner listening, strategic thinking and courageous action. We can all continue to develop it. And like the Florida reunion, it can bring us together.

There's No Boat Like A.....

The Captain of "The Showboat" – Bill McLaughry –

During the summer of 1965, the hard-working "Beaver" [Mackinac's trusty, flat-decked, diesel-powered barge] suddenly became a celebrity, complete with music, lights, and fresh, bright paints. The second summer of a "Confer-



ence for Tomorrow's America" was in full swing at Mackinac. Hundreds of high school and college students from many states had decided to develop an agenda to answer the negative, divisive voices then so fashionable and strident with a new voice of hope and commitment to the best that their country stood for.

These students already knew the contagious power of music, and had written many new songs to carry their message, but they needed a "vehicle" to connect them with their audience. Realizing that many towns in northern Michigan are little ports with little harbors, somebody struck on a brilliant notion.

With some lumber, lights, paint and stove pipe, a crew of eager young builders soon transformed the plain,

workaday Beaver into "Showboat America," complete with two stages, lights and sound system, a very convincing replica of the great old Mississippi sternwheelers. The stovepipe became two tall "smokestacks," white picket railing surrounded two levels of deck, and at the stern a huge paddle wheel was attached. Painted fire engine red, the wheel was eight feet in diameter and sixteen feet long, attached from its axle to the stern of Beaver on huge hinges, so it could be raised and lowered by block-and-tackle systems. The color scheme was completed by Beaver's bright blue hull, creating a very patriotic picture indeed.

A few rehearsals were necessary to acquaint the performers with their new setting. Meanwhile arrangements were made at several picturesque port towns, and publicity began appearing to draw audiences. The result was a series of explosive evenings of song, joy, excitement and challenge that lit up the summer nights in north country towns like Charlevoix, Petoskey, Mackinac City, St. Ignace, and Sault Ste. Marie—events that kept residents and visitors talking and recalling for months afterward.

There wasn't room on Beaver to transport the whole cast to each show; they were carried by ferry and buses, after watching Beaver's departure from its Mackinac Island dock with horns blaring and pennants flapping, with its normal crew of three plus several stage technicians to complete final adjustments. Upon nearing the entrance to the evening's port, Beaver was stopped so that the paddle wheel could be lowered. With its bottom paddles just submerged, it caught the propeller wash of Beaver's actual propulsion system, turning majestically, throwing spray, and looking for all the world as if it were doing all the work. After the show, people were constantly asking me "Does that paddle wheel actually push the boat? It looks so *real!*"

Upon arrival, Beaver's square bow was securely moored to a dock or harbor bulkhead, and the stage crew scurried to erect lights and sound equipment at each side.

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The audience would take seats on the dock or on surrounding park grass, or moor their own boats near enough to see and hear. No admission was charged, but some cast members circulated through the audience during intermission with baskets for contributions to cover our expenses. Of course, the spectators on private boats were out of reach!

One particular evening was especially memorable for the disaster that very nearly happened. The fabulous Jamaican steel drum band was a central feature of the show, and for extra visibility they played on the upper deck, part of the temporary superstructure that looked so real. Unfortunately, when those guys got wound up in their great rhythms, they swayed in perfect unison from side to side with the music.

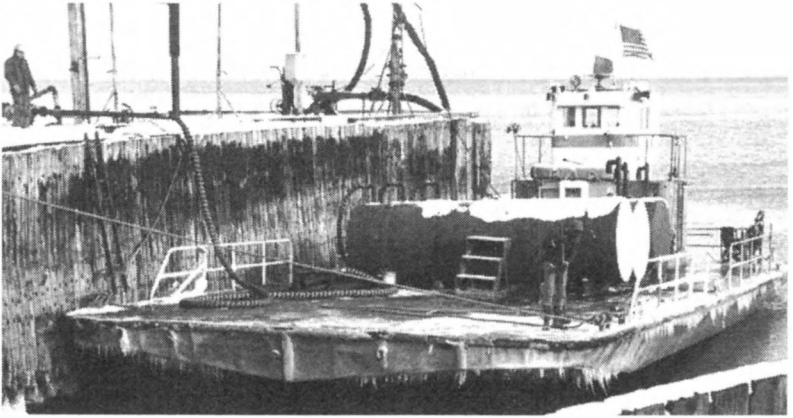
Quickly, the stagehands could see that the structure was picking up the sway, and needed help fast, before the drummers and the drums ended up in the harbor. While the band took an unscheduled break, the crew spiked some extra planks into place for bracing and the show went on. Subsequent programs called for the Jamaicans to perform on the main stage, on Beaver's solid steel deck!

We of Beaver's regular crew, who operated it as the workhorse supply boat as well as in its evening finery, always liked to get into the act on these occasions. As Captain, I found an old navy officer's uniform in the costume trunk, and tried to come across as an old-time Mississippi skipper.

One of my deckhands was particularly creative, and I cherish the memory of him as a youth, as I proudly watch his present career and national prominence unfold. He is **Michael Parfit**—author, writer, editor, explorer—As a teenage deckhand on "Showboat America," Mike was Huckleberry Finn, with straw hat, checked shirt, ragged bib overalls and bare feet, expert fingers wrapped around a working fishing pole. Mike was and is a genuine

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outdoorsman: when we had to moor Beaver overnight after a show so we could make a safer return trip in daylight, Mike was on deck at first light with that pole and a can worms and caught breakfast for the whole crew. I never think of Mike without recalling the overalls, the fish, and the infectious grin.



The Beaver Out of Show Costume

That summer of '65, Beaver was the stage for a new adventure in theater of the heart. It made possible some excellent experience in public performance for those young men and women. That fall, calling themselves "Sing-Out 65," they hit the road: the first cast on the first tour of the first production of Up with People.

*(Ed. - There was in fact also a Showboat in 1964, that plied the lakes to shore towns with Mackinac conference performances, and captained by Mr. **Fred Shipley**)*

Up with People's Musical Heritage.... *Sing-Out's* Early Song-Writers

David Bliss Allen (65A,B,66B) – The dozen song-writers who contributed their songs to the original *Sing-Out '65* were long-time friends and contemporaries. For the previous ten to fifteen years they had written full-length musical plays, concert-like musical revues and “special occasion” music – working together or alone.

By August 1965, they sensed they had combined the best of their music in a promising musical review. Yet none of them could foresee that *Sing-Out '65* was destined within a year to become a runaway “hit” on three continents, a critical success that one New York music reviewer called “one of the most exciting musical reviews experienced theater buffs have seen in decades”. Nor did any of them *dream* that, from its opening performance on August 7th in a small Cape Cod town, the show would be in continuous production for the next 34 years, making it perhaps one of the longest running musical productions in America and the world in the 20th century.



Sing-Out took off like a rocket. In three months, it traveled from Cape Cod to the New York World's Fair where it performed to 20,000 people – then to Washington DC where 96 Senators and Congressmen hosted a performance for 4,000 in the Washington Hilton ballroom.

Crossing the country by train (the “*Sing-Out Express*”), the cast performed in the Hollywood Bowl for 15,000. Next came two national television shows and the first 500,000-copy *Sing-Out* album. This was followed by a lightning trip to Japan to perform in Japan's traditional

Kabuki Theater – and then before the Prime Minister of



Japan and a crowd of 12,000 in the Metropolitan Gymnasium, then to Korea to perform before the Prime Minister, and more thousands.

By the end of two years it had toured to 17 countries on five continents. An estimated 150 million people had seen their shows live and over repeated national television specials in many countries. And what came to be known as “the Sing-Out explosion” was fully underway. Within the first year after “lift-off” in Cape Cod, 150 regional Sing-Outs had sprung up from coast to coast – and 100 more around the world. Everyone, it seemed, was now singing “*Up with People*” and the *Sing-Out* songs. During one record week in September 1966, regional *Sing-Outs* across America performed before 100,000 people.

World-wide, there were eventually 400 local and regional shows with an estimated 60,000-cast members. To give examples, by 1966 in America, there were 14 casts in California, 4 in Florida, 3 in Idaho, 5 in Kentucky and Ohio, 2 in Wyoming, 11 in Tennessee. Overseas there were 16 casts in various parts of Germany.

It was *Harambee Africa* in Kenya, *Sing-Out Korea* in Seoul, *India Arise* in India, *Sing-Out Venezuela*, *Sing-Out Panama*, *Sing-Out Jamaica* and five casts of *Sing-Out Puerto Rico* in Latin America. “Down under” it was *Sing-Out Australia*. In Tokyo *Let’s Go '66* was performing

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weekly on national television. By late August, 1966, a Pennsylvania editor told the *Sing Out '66* cast, "You are on the verge of becoming one of the world's most powerful forces."

This was the explosive beginning of *Up with People* in the 1960s. But who were these original writers of the show? And where did the inspiration, ideas and the essential "magic" of their songs come from? Every "Uppie" alum knows the names of **Paul Colwell**, and his brothers Ralph and Steve – and the "musical genius", Herb Allen. The four are near-legendary figures who deserve the major credit for creating and producing the music of *Up with People* at the beginning and through the years.



The Colwells burst on the scene in the mid-1950s, leaving behind a promising career in Hollywood, recording for Columbia Records and performing on NBC's weekly "Tex Williams Show" and in the dozen years before creating the music for *Up with People* they traveled 174,000 miles to 37 different countries on six continents. They sang songs in 47 languages – Zulu, Maharathi, Navajo, Japanese, Swahili, Maori to mention a few.

They performed before such world leaders as President Eisenhower; Chancellors Adenauer and Erhard of

Germany, Prime Ministers Kishi and Sato of Japan; Presidents Kasavubu and Prime Minister Tshombe of the Congo; the Queen of the Netherlands; President Prasad of India – all in all, a total of 27 heads of state, prime ministers and presidents.

The “special occasion” music they wrote was varied and eclectic – songs for the important people they were meeting, songs of hope and inspiration for the world, songs for entire countries. One of them, *Vive le Congo*, became something of a national anthem for the former Belgian Congo as it gained independence from Belgium – the Colwells spent 14 dangerous months in the often-violent country, giving 483 broadcasts over the national radio, singing in every language of the Congo. The Minister of Information later said, “... without the work of these men, there would have been far worse catastrophe following Independence.”

Paul Colwell developed his songwriting genius during these adventurous years, singing before kings, queens, presidents and ordinary people. Years later, celebrated cellist **Pablo Casals** spoke of the “inspiration and delicacy” of the music of *Up with People* and asked, “Who is your chief composer?” When told of Paul Colwell, Casals said, “He is a precious genius. Bach and Beethoven would have loved his music.”

By 1964, the first recognizable prototype of the *Up With People* show was performed on Mackinac Island, Michigan. Hundreds of young Americans, Asians and Europeans flocked to Mackinac for an MRA conference called “Tomorrow’s American”.

Musical evenings became nightly “happenings” in a big tent down by the shores of Lake Huron. Called “hootenannies”, these big-tent shows in 1964 gave rise to many spontaneous songs, later staples of *Sing-Out* – “*What Color is God’s Skin?*”, “*Which Way America?*” and “*Don’t Stand Still*”. The hootenanny “cast” took their show on the road briefly that summer, converting an old gravel barge into a

rather strange-looking Mississippi-style “showboat”. At harbors around the lower peninsula of Michigan, they sang their hearts out to dockside crowds. It was the first genuine “sing-out”.

A year later, the talented young people at the MRA conference on Mackinac Island were ready to create a more ambitious show. They called on the help of theatrical professionals – notably the distinguished British producer and director, **Henry Cass**. Paul and Ralph Colwell wrote the song *Up with People* early that summer, creating a “theme” for the conference. Next they wrote *Freedom Isn’t Free*. Songs were added to the show from the gifted pens of MRA’s most seasoned writers, **George Fraser** and **Cecil Broadhurst**.

And here I’m proud to record the names of *all* those writers as they appeared in the original *How to Create Your Own Sing-Out* book (1966): **Paul and Ralph Colwell, Herbert E. Allen, Thomas Wilkes and David Stevenson, Glenn Close, Cecil Broadhurst, Ted Colwell, George Fraser, Kathe Green, Effie Galletly, Pamela Hyde and David Bliss Allen**.

In the first 60 months on the road, *Sing-Out* evolved rapidly; new music was written daily. Each time a cast rolled into a new state or a new city, a new song emerged. Everyone on the back of the bus seemed to be strumming a tune, scratching out a lyric, developing new concepts as the cast traveled the long miles across the country. In this incredibly creative period, new songwriters were born as we circled the world.

The “second generation” of writers included some brilliant artists – **Bill Cates, Frank Fields, Ken Ashby, Dick Smith, Cabot Wade**. So *many* people contributed to the ever-changing show, which, by 1968, had even changed its name to *Up with People*. There were “giants” yet to come, like writer/performer **Pat Murphy**, choreographer/director **Lynne Morris**, record producer **David Mackay** and the great writers of the ‘70s, ‘80s and ‘90s.

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As you know, *Up with People* was always **more** than a show. The spirit that ignited the words and music and was the explosive energy behind the *Sing-Outs* became your legacy. But *Up with People* didn't just appear out of the void. The inspiration, power and energy had sources going back 20 years before.

Among hundreds of tributes paid the early show, this came from former **President Dwight Eisenhower** who received *Sing-Out '66* at his Gettysburg farm before he died:



“I wish I could tell you personally how truly proud I am and how inspired by all of you. If I were young enough, I would come down to one of your recruiting offices myself. ... I understand there are 600 of you now on the road. I wish there were six million of you. If we can wake up people to reach out again for the kind of idea that you have been singing about, this would be a truly great country. We would understand the world of men because of our brotherhood under God and as sons of God. We would really have such a nation as has never been on earth, and could stand as an example for all, reaching out a helping hand intelligently and usefully and making us all a finer people.”

How Did It All Begin for You...?

Cyddia Rodrigo – I became involved with MRA at age 12 along with my parents. I have wonderful memories of going to the plays & movies they produced. Great dinners at 833 S. Flower with **Peter Howard** and then a very young **Blanton Belk** addressing the issues of the day and the need for change. I heard all about the 4 principals we should live and yes, I even had guidance (also had a little notebook to write down my thoughts). Didn't understand much of what was going on, but I didn't care because I was having fun.

By the time I was in high school the idea of having a youth conference in Mackinac was in the works. The idea was to effect change using young people with music as the vehicle. That first year we had Hootenanny's, put on great shows, and listened to the leadership share their ideas for world change. Their intensity gave us pause and made us want to commit ourselves wholeheartedly to the cause. We left to return to our homes to share the powerful message of change.

Locally (in LA) we formed a group called Tomorrow's Americans (Herbie on xylophone, **Linda Blackmore Cates**, **Dan Skuce** and a few others myself included) the prequel to Sing-Outs. We returned to Mackinac the following year filled with enthusiasm, guided along the way by ideology set forth by MRA. That summer we did the Show Boat and the response was overwhelming and the leadership knew



Cyddia

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they had struck gold. Kids travelling around singing about changing the world by first changing yourself. Wow what a concept!

In Santa Fe, Sing-Out was born on both a national & local level. Sing-Out '65, '66 and finally UWP was born. Although UWP no longer referenced MRA, the message was originally still the same. I can remember green rooms with guidance, directors that had all been a part of or exposed to MRA "being led" to direct us in some way or the other. However, with time as in any business things changed and many of the original "moral" values that were



the foundation of the organization went away. Today, the UWP that we knew is long gone.

Okay now that I've given a bit of history, let me say this ... while I may not have agreed with how the directors dealt with us.. in retrospect I can understand it. When you have responsibility for 200 + teenagers & young adults you have to have rules. They did what they thought was best for us to keep us in check. Many of my friends were sent home, I almost got sent home myself. When **Chuck Wansley** was sent to Cast D, I was already there. Was any of this right, maybe not, but I look at it this way ... the good, the bad, the

huh? and the real ugly were well worth it when I think of the experience that we had.

How many of us would have had the opportunity to travel (in my day practically free) all over the world? Meet royalty, heads of state etc..? Experience the culture of so many nations? And most importantly to meet people who impacted our lives and became our friends for some our mates. UWP became a business, money was made and yes it was perhaps at our expense, but look at what you took away.

I've had this conversation with many of my UWP friends, and most of us agree, that what's past is past and best left there. In life things happen for reasons, and they're not always pleasant and sometimes they are downright painful. Each and every experience makes you who you are. So I say, shake off the all that "old stuff" and focus on the good times and memories you made and celebrate those friends you thought were lost and now are found.

As for me, I grew up influenced by both MRA & UWP and if I had to live my life over, I wouldn't change a thing. My time involved with this organization is one that I cherish and in part has made me the person that I am today.

Barbara Mitchell Hutton (66-68A) -- Here's how it began for me. I believe it was the fall of 1964 and I was a senior in high school in Derry, New Hampshire when **Kathe Greene**, and several other people (I can see them... can't think of the names, oh, the **Hipps, Jack and Sheila** were among them), came to my school. They made a presentation about MRA (imagine a high school allowing that now!) I was taken by the opportunity to change the world. I may have changed the world in some small way in the past three decades, but more, their presentations set me on a path of change, challenge and adventure.

Later in the school year I joined them, **Ken Doran** and a few others on a trip to DC. We spoke to our Congressional reps about changing the world; I recall staying in an MRA house but am pretty fuzzy on the rest. I think I have

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pictures from that trip stuck away somewhere. That summer, '65, I flew, for the first time ever, to Mackinac Island. I was there at the birth of Sing-Out, cruising around the lake on the showboat, writing songs, and getting guidance. I remember the barn/field house we practiced in, the athletic fields and world balls, cooking for armies of people.



Steven Davis

I remember two incidents most vividly. Derry was a small town and though it is only 40 minutes from Boston, in '65 the greatest diversity was French Canadians. Imagine my surprise when two of my roommates were African Americans. I remember my shock when I opened the door. I remember my shock at my own shock. I was embarrassed at my response. Here I was

campaigning for equality and civil rights and at my first real meaningful interaction with a person different than me, hesitancy, doubt, and discomfort and, shall I say it, fear of the unknown, reared its ugly head. As usual, building personal relationships soon replaced all that with the warmth, trust and comfort that comes with shared experience.

The second experience was yet one more in humility. My family was one of humble financial means. I came to the Tomorrow's American conference with little disposable income. There was some event that required more money than I had. I don't remember any of those details. What I do remember was **Tina Close**, one of my roommates, offering me \$10. I refused it. She insisted. I refused.

Finally, she said, "It is as important to learn to accept a gift or help as it is to be willing to give it." She thrust

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the money in my hand and walked out of the room. I realized then that if I could not learn to receive, I would never be able to truly give. I took the \$10 and never forgot the lesson, although it is still sometimes hard to act on it.

So, back to the story, since my parents wouldn't allow me to go to India with the grandson of Gandhi to work with MRA, I figured at the end of the summer I'd go to Cape Cod with Sing-Out. My parents had another notion – something about college... For the next year and a half I kept in touch with Glennie, Vee, Cindy, Ken and others.

I saw the show and reconnected whenever the show was in New England. I finally wore out my welcome at college and worked for four months before making the trip to Ft. Slocum. There I interviewed and was accepted into Cast A. It remained my home base for the next two years. I was one of the famous back row singers. I learned that “watermelon, cantaloupe” can be sung to any tune in any language and you actually look like you know what you are doing. It wasn't too long before the musical team figured out that my gift of gab was well suited to set up.

My first advance work was in San Antonio. I flew there from someplace on a prop plane. **Cati Colwell**, Quinn then, met me at the airport and announced that I was responsible for selling 5,000 tickets in two weeks! I'd never even sold a candy bar. Well, I “took it on” and we sold out. I learned to talk my way into free hotel rooms, free cars for two weeks, civic club engagements, radio and TV talk shows and a free lunch and housing for 180 of my closest friends.

We were creative, energetic and resourceful. Skills I honed then and use to this day. I helped train the advance crew for Casts B and C, lived at Dellwood for a while traveling into NYC to do something (anybody remember what that might have been?), and worked at 833 S. Flower Street on PACE for a several months before, with three days' notice, I rejoined Cast A for the Italy tour.

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There are so many stories to tell. Remember when Dr. King was assassinated and we walked the neighborhoods of Cleveland to try to minimize the rage and possible damage? Remember traveling across the American south where the battles were taking the “whites only” signs off the bathroom doors and water fountains before we would perform?

I remember riding across Italy seeing bombed out villas remaining from WWII and realizing that I was riding, living and creating bonds with German and Japanese young people. I remember trying to find an open bar in Monaco at close to midnight for hot water and lemon so **Linda Blackmore** would have a voice for the performance for Princess Grace and Prince Rainier. I left UWP at Christmas in 1969 or 1970. We were in Santa Fe or Tucson. The details are fuzzy. I do remember listening to Linda and Bill do their first run through of “The Wonder of it All”. Then I was gone.

Ron Welborn (66-67C, 68-69B) – “Sing-Out”, that was the song that was being sung when my class walked into the assembly at Catalina H.S. in Tucson. I have never forgotten the sound, the words, the faces. I remember coming home, still excited, telling my parents and siblings about what I had seen and heard. Soon thereafter was another show at the air force base in Tucson, I talked my dad into taking me and I met **Cameron McGregor**, who lit a resolve in my heart that got me to Estes Park, and changed my life.

Pam Henderson Murtaugh (68B,69C) – I saw who ever performed at McCormick Place in Chicago first. (There were Chinese (?) gymnasts or tumblers somewhere in the show and testimonials at the end.) I don’t remember faces (exception: Green Glenn Singers) so much as all the colors and feelings. I was enthralled in part because it was the first thing that made everything else make sense.

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I grew up in an Archie Bunker household knowing from as young as I can remember that most of what I heard was wrong...but having no outside voice that matched my inside voice. Until Up with People. It wasn't until the Symphony Orchestra shows in the Fall of '67 that I found a way to link up...and then it just easily became one of the most important things in my life. I was ready. Dan and crew were there...Sing Out Chicago was formed...

Lysa Loew Erkenbrack (66-69C) -- I recall a summer replacement or special on television either in 1965 or 1966. It may have been that Schick Special mentioned on



the cover of the first album, I'm not sure. But I know that I was aware of the existence of Sing- Out and Up with People long before I was able to make contact. They were always in the back of my mind over the next few years, this group of my contemporaries who sang what they believed for the betterment of humanity.

I knew that if I could find out how, I would do everything I could to join them. They struck a chord in my heart and I felt a kindred spirit like I had never known. Almost three years later, the roads came together again. Cast A, fresh from their 1968 tour of Italy, performed what might best be called a super assembly at Seton Hall University's Student Center. It was probably about the same time in April as the Carnegie Hall concert.

As I recall, it was a matinee. I guess the majority of the cast was there. They performed most of the show over about an hour and a half but the UWP stage and lights were not set up and there was no cyc behind... just 150 folks on risers with the **Colwell Brothers** stage right, front.

Then, at the end, a couple of folks went to center stage and start talking. One of them invited anyone who was interested in participating to meet with a cast member after the show. **Am I the only person who joined UWP without ever seeing a show?**

Gay Clark Jennings (69-70A) – Dirk Launt was home on break in the summer of 1969, and he told me what he was doing. I thought it sounded cool, so I drove to Jamestown, NY where Cast C was performing, stayed in the Chanticleer Motel, had an interview, drove back home to Syracuse, NY, and joined up with that cast a couple of weeks later. The first show I ever saw was my first one as a cast member.

Tari Torch Sweeney (67C) – Gay, No, you're not the only one who never saw a show before joining. I couldn't afford the cost of a ticket (a full month's allowance at that time) so I never saw the show when it came to Chico, California in spring of 1966. Next day everyone was talking about it.

I went to an organizational meeting for the local Sing-Out and onto Estes Park in the summer of '66. Having just turned 15, they wouldn't accept me without my parents' permission, which I got over the phone. For me, the first time I saw a cast perform was there at Estes Park. I left directly from there for Douglas, Wyoming and three years of Cast C. Like many of you, it was life-altering.

Yeah, Lysa - me, too. I remember wanting to get up and travel the world as far back as 5th grade. UWP was PERFECT for me! I was like, "What? These people will take me traveling with them, and all I have to do is wear those clothes and sing each night on stage?" I love travel, new people, new experiences, new airports, etc....

Bonnie Nyberg Quaintance (70B) – No, there are at least three of us, now. I was just accompanying friends

one Saturday, to their appointments for interviews. I remember what I wore, right down to the Yardley eye shadow. I was allowed, thanks to my father's employer, to leave home and join UWP,... you have no idea the JOY I felt when I walked up the steps of the plane that was going to take me to a place of my dreams and I went back home just long enough to decide that the world would be my real home....

I had never heard of UWP until that Saturday in 1969, but after looking over the literature..., where the cast was holding the interviews I became very interested..., and UWP appeared to be the family I had always hoped I would have. Well, I did get that great family and so much more....

Linda J. Lemons (68B) – No, you aren't the only one. I also joined without really seeing a show. I had planned on seeing the one at Carnegie Hall late spring 1968, but for whatever reason, didn't actually see the show but talked to a girl named Star from Hawaii who encouraged me to go to Fort Slocum that summer. I went, got interviewed that week and joined cast B late August!

Lynda Cook (Cookie) Pletcher (66-68B, High School, 68D, Mackinac College) – I can also remember the first show I ever saw...It was January of my Junior year, Winter Park High School Auditorium 1966, Winter Park Florida. (Lynne C. you must have also seen it there) I was absolutely captured, first of all by the energy, then the message in the music and then the people. (loved the music!!) **Bill Saul** and **Bill Pensoneau** and **John Ruffin** spoke.

Then they said they would do interviews of people wanting to join on Saturday. I drove a friend who wanted to go with them but I didn't think I could (my mom had died in June and I had a 14-year-old sister and 3-year-old sister I felt I was mothering) and then I was sure wouldn't take "me". (In those days I was still a bit shy and quiet...) While

my friend was interviewing, I sat in the auditorium and the Entwistles came over to talk to me and after a half hour they invited ME to join the cast and even met my dad later in the day. I ended up remaining behind to do "Sing-Out LA." with **Bill Saul** and **Jane Pepia** and I think **Phyllis Kirk** for 5 months until, the school semester was over.



Then a whole group of us headed to the Estes Park gathering where I was promptly named "Cookie" and the comments on my less than 5 foot-height began. ("Oh stand up; we can't see you. Oh you are standing up!" **Gert Clausen** thought that was so funny.)

And I was hooked, convinced I could change the world and make a huge difference. So off I really did go for 2+ years and then on to Mackinac College. And I still have my "Up with People" guitar that I think **Mike Redman** you used until the Fenders came to the cast. I hauled it off with me to Force D when I started Sing Out Chicago, Minn. and Indiana and all over the Midwest with the Skuce's, Kathy and Donna and others

Maggie Inge (67-70A) –

As to the precise moment in the show that I was bitten by the UWP bug, I have lost the memory. But, there is no doubt that it changed my life. My story, however is something like this: My best friend's parents bought tickets for their 5 kids and one came down ill (God bless poor sweet William who stayed



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home), so they invited me to join them. It was the spring of my senior year. I had a full scholarship to Harvard for the Fall and my parents were so proud that they let me go on a school night-- an extraordinary event in itself for Margaret & George (the parental units) to agree to. Something turned on inside me during the show and by the time it was over, I knew what I wanted to do. **Dave Garcia** and **Bill Crutchfield** interviewed me that night and Sing-out Topeka became my obsession until I left for Ft. Slocum. I never looked back, even though when I took that first ferry ride I was still planning on Harvard. Instead, I got the most amazing education on the road.

Dwight Morgan (67A) -- As a student at California Lutheran College in Thousand Oaks, CA. I went with a group from the college to the Hollywood Bowl to see a show called "SING-OUT '66." The trip was organized by a Junior at the college who had been to Mackinac Island for the MRA conference and wanted to share the adventure with others. I loved the show up until the time they started pushing the sales of "propaganda" and asking for donations. At that point I took the attitude that this was quite the scam and looked as though it might even be successful.

That was all I thought about the show from then until September when a show called "Up with People" showed up on campus and one of the cast members was boarded in my room. As a Tech Theatre major I was involved in the set-up of the show in our Gym/Theatre and was impressed with the professionalism of the road crew (I had worked the summer as a Stage Tech in Hollywood). After the show we went back to the dorm and spent the rest of the night talking about MRA and UWP.

In the morning we went back to the theater to strike the show and load the truck. It got stuck in the mud as it was trying to leave and I got to use my Jeep to help pull it out (BIG SMILE). I applied to travel and was interviewed by **Dan Skuce**, but turned down for unknown reasons. I

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hitchhiked to Pasadena, CA for the show there a week or two later (got a citation each way for hitching on the free-way).

In December I heard that a neighbor had offered his warehouse in LA for use in constructing a new stage for UWP and I talked him into taking me down to talk to the crew. I spent my whole Christmas vacation working with them and was invited to join Cast A when they left LA after Christmas.

I jumped at the chance and toured the Southwest, Hawaii, Washington, DC and Montreal and then New York from Ft. Slocum as a mike runner in the show and general Stage Tech otherwise. I was back in CLC for the beginning of school in 1967 and in the U.S. Navy in January 1968 since I had given up my deferment to travel with UWP.

It was a great experience and I had lots of individual adventures within the Big 9-month experience. It is one of the few times in my life that I can remember my first impressions being very wrong. I went to the shows whenever they were in town after I got out of the Navy, and I worked with Sing-Out Hawaii during the two years I was stationed in Honolulu.

Kelly Piepmeier (66-67C,68BC) -- I saw Sing-Out '66, Cast B, in March (I'm pretty sure!) of 1966 at (then) State College of Iowa, where I was a freshman Music Education major. I had heard about the performance the morning before at Convocation, but almost didn't go because of a play rehearsal that was scheduled for the evening of the performance. Several of the cast members were staying with some of the women on my hall in the dorm, and we stayed up late the night before the show talking, so I got a foretaste of what the show was about, and when the rehearsal was cancelled I was able to go.

I LOVED it. I was so inspired that I didn't sleep at all that night. I prayed and prayed about what to do, and finally called my mom and told her I wanted to go with

them. She said, "Could you at least stay until the semester is over? Then you can go this summer."

I met with **Rusty Wailes** and **John Sayre** the next morning for an interview, and was invited to go to Estes Park, Colorado, in June, to attend the first International Sing Out Conference. Several of us from SCI traveled together in 2 cars, arriving (coincidentally!) on Lee Piepmeier's (my future husband's) 19th birthday, June 2, 1966! At the end of the conference I was invited, with about 150 others, to go to Jackson Hole, WY, to join Cast C.

I don't remember how many weeks we were there learning all the songs and choreography, etc. I do remember all the friends I made then and in the next two years. I traveled (mostly) with Cast C. We quickly became known as the "Cast with Heart". We were very close, and very committed to carrying the message we had so recently learned and taken very much to heart.

What a life-changing experience we all had! The Volunteers were our lead group, **Mike Reynolds** was our Stage Manager, and our Cast Managers were **Ray and Leslie Purdy** from Scotland. He played the bagpipe while she danced a Scottish jig in many of our shows. (I'll try to remember her name before I finish this.) We took off through the Rockies to Canada, to Banff, Lake Louise, and Calgary, Alberta, then across Canada to NYC. Then back to Nova Scotia, Ontario & Quebec, before heading back to the U.S.

This was, maybe not the beginning, but a big turn in the road of my spiritual pathway. Knowing people from all over the world with many different religions opened my mind, and expanded my concept of God. I learned in UWP that we can only change the world by changing ourselves, and I still very much live that truth. It also gave me the confidence to trust my own viewpoint. In our little town of Cookeville, TN, we were the 2nd couple to have a "natural" childbirth (with Lamaze training); I became a La Leche

League leader, then Association Coordinator of Leader Applicants (a National office); Lee and I were instrumental in a group that formed a very small but innovative private school when our "gifted" daughter became bored with school; when that school had to disband we began home-schooling our boys; we were leaders in a food cooperative for years.

Many things we did - and do - were counter to the norm in our small city. Our UWP background gave us the courage to stand on our convictions, and see positive changes because we saw a different way and believed it was possible.

Dennis Schneider (70A) – I became a member of Cast 70A after being in Local Sing Outs and having been a subscriber of Pace for a long time. I was at Camp Tapakawitha where they held a workshop with "National Cast" members. **Bonnie Knight, Dave Martin, Don Mastin**, I think one of the Campbell sisters, **Dick Couchois, Anne Buffington**, Oddly, I never saw a show till I saw the preview show of my cast in Lancaster, Calif. I would have been in that first show, but **Buki Wright's** new costume had not arrived and he and I were exactly the same skinny size and he was the show's MC. I was mostly a tech sort of guy, my singing voice.....would never have put Sinatra out of work.

I was first met by **Brad Saltzman** at LAX on a Friday night at about midnight in late July of 1970. We then headed to the Pace building where I was going to stay while I worked on repairing equipment, building equipment boxes, assembling audio and light snakes. I arrived famished.

Brad had worked a long day, and I had my first meal at the Pantry Cafe on 9th street a block away from 833 So. Flower. It was my first lamb dish, a curry. Being in what was fast becoming a run-down downtown, the weeks spent there was a big culture shock for a small town Wisconsinite.

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Living in the Pace building, was sort of living with the almost surreal influences of the folks who had come and gone there.

There were those huge photos of Steve McQueen in the lobby that once graced the cover of Pace. There were photos of all those musical heroes I had heard on Sing-Out and UWP records. **Ken Doran**, **Herbie** and the **Colwells**, The Volunteers, **Finis Fator** Four, The Pizzazz Group, various Strike Forces, the various members of the Smithfields, **Pat Ector**, Green Glenn Singers, **Linda Blackmore**, **Glenn Close**, **Bill Cates**, **Dick Smith**, **Dan Skuce**, photos at the National Conventions in Chicago.

It was a heady feeling living in those hallowed halls. **Jeff Peterson** was there, **Terry McCreary**. I worked with folks like **Rudi Kuepfer** from Switzerland, **Tim Stump**, Mike who later played trumpet in the cast, **Bruce Hanlon** who had had been very active for years in Pasadena Area Sing-Outs.

Mike Little came and went on assignments and his mission travels. **Dave Martin** who interviewed me weeks earlier showed up for a week or so to help on Cast C's Equipment. **Dave Bentley**, **Mark Trotter**, Mr Steffan (he carried scissors at all times), **Paul Johnson** (PJ), **Larry Mosely** and who knows who all came and went. Some local and former female cast members made food for us each day. I do not recall any of their names.

We were apparently the first not High School or College Class that had to pay to travel. A mere \$50.00 per month!!! We were sometimes called the Disaster Cast. During staging, the equipment for the show almost did not make it because of fires in LA and the freeways were closed for a time. I forget who braved it and circumvented the authorities to make sure "the show went on."

The first stop on that tour was in Saugus-Newhall at the new High School. The early fall heat was horrid. Santa Ana winds created havoc for rehearsals for the outdoor am-

phitheater show. A light tower painted pink for a Nancy Sinatra Show a week earlier fell down on a vocal group the first afternoon we were there. I can't remember who it was that got knocked for a loop.

That night, after spending hours with a green crew setting up the stage, lights, sound and backdrop many went to bed; in Bozak boxes, in the cyclorama or in the few covered places we could find. Then the winds came up and made it look like the aftermath of one of those Florida hurricanes.

I had rolled up in the cyc curtain to shield myself from the wind-blown sand, not the best place to be!!! I was picked up in that curtain and blown about twenty feet and dropped on my head. I have been dingy ever since. The fires had been burning all over the area for days, but that night's winds had fires raging all around us.

The cast rehearsed for that night's show for those who lived in the area affected by fires. There was talk of canceling that night's show because of an expected low attendance. Well, the show must go on. So it did, despite the smoke and ash and visions of flames we were all seeing in the hills. I seem to recall it being planned as a 7 PM show that finally got started about 7:30. We were about 20 min into our show and had launched into Ashesthen it happened...the fire crested the hill to the rear of the audience, not too terribly far away.

The Fire Department ordered a precautionary evacuation of the school. The audience had nearly dissipated to a handful of hosts at that point. So a crew of the guys hastily struck that show. About a third of the Cast headed off immediately for a Strike Force show in San Francisco scheduled the following day. Not an easy task in any conditionbut a green crew.....the equipment was struck, packed and the truck was loaded in about 45 min. I then had a ride to my host's home who I had not seen since being dropped at the High School two days before. I stayed up all

that night helping them and their neighbors load up cars and water roofs.

The next morning, we loaded buses for San Francisco. Upon opening the truck at the Cow Palace, smoke and ash poured out of the truck and every equipment box was full of ash. There were in short order other events that earned that Cast its nickname: "*The Survival Cast*"

Andy Parrish (67B) – Lo and behold, there are two of the first people I ever met in Sing Out--Mike Redman and John Ruffin. That was at Fort Slocum in the summer of '67 when my rowing coach, who had rowed with **Rusty Wailes** and **John Sayre** in two Olympics, brought the Penn freshman crew to the Island from the Pan Am Games trials being held in New Rochelle. One show and I was a goner.

Candy Jones shortly thereafter issued me my first stage "outfit" and told me just to sing "A-B-C-D" over and over. I'm now reading all these postings and decided to take the plunge myself. The best people I've ever known have been in UWP and in rowing, and they have a lot of the same characteristics. Energy, determination, teamwork, excellence, selflessness.

Pat Walloch (67-68B,69A,70D) – I started traveling with 67B in Jan of 67. My parents first touch with UWP was 833 S Flower when they took me there to join. On to Upland CA where cast B was learning the new show. I remember walking into the gym and seeing the cast rehearsing. Herbie ask me what I sang I said I wasn't sure. He said learn Bass and go stand up toward the top of the risers on the right. I said now, I had just got there remember, and he said how else are you going to learn. Well that was my introduction to Showboat choreography.

Three days later it was off to see the world. I like most bounced around with different cast for short periods. The army got me in April of 68 and I rejoined UWP in Jan of 70. Some of you remember Ft. Slocum 67. I was one of

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the first guys on the island. The grass on the parade field was 6-8 feet tall. The mess hall was just that. No furniture, no food, no beds. How we kids got it ready for thousands who were coming from sing-outs around the world in a couple of months was a miracle.

J. Bruce Parker (67-70A) – I believe it was Cast B that came to Indianapolis in February 1966. I did not see the show, but was invited to attend some meetings to create "Sing-Out Indianapolis" later on that year. Our help came from **Steve Woods** and **Bill Saul** and we became a force in our area with an eye on going to Estes Park, Colorado that Summer. I met people there like **Cabot Wade**, **Dick Smith** and **Larry Tinsley** (and many others). I remember hitting the basketball court there with the Colwells and others to play some hoops. Having a cheeseburger/FF/Coke at the Rustic Cafe (or whatever it was called).

"After the Red Rocks performance, my Dad drove out to Estes Park and picked me up and we drove home in two days. When I got home, I told my parents that I was invited to Douglas, WY to help put the new show on the road. The only problem was... I had no such invite from anyone in charge.

My mother purchased a bus ticket for me to go to Douglas, WY. Several days later I showed up and **Mike Reynolds**

put me to work building the new stage for Cast C and provided me with room and board. Looking back, that was so out of character for me, but it shows how much I wanted to be a part of the Sing-Out experience. When Cast C was ready to go on the road, Mike provided me with a bus ticket



Bruce and Chuck Wansley

back to Indianapolis. I will be forever grateful to Mike for not sending me directly back home the day I arrived.

I returned to Indy, finished HS and worked with my local Sing-Out. Less than a week after HS graduation, I was on a plane for NYC and Fort Slocum. We had to "set up" "THE ROCK" as we liked to call it. Donations were coming in from all over the place and I was part of many crews who went to pick stuff up.

My most vivid memory of that time was going into NYC and picking up used lockers from a newspaper that was going out of business. We loaded a semi full of lockers, took them to Slocum and then distributed them to all the various building where we were housed, thus we all had "CLOSETS!"

I also spent time making airport runs in the new Chevy Impalas and other cars that were donated for our work there. In mid-summer I got my opportunity to interview and was accepted into Cast A. Our initial start that Fall was to the Midwest. St. Louis was a highlight. We then moved Southwest and toured Texas ending the year at Leakey. 1968 began with a move to Canada followed by UWP's first tour of Italy. What wonderful, spontaneous, loving people live there. I've been back many times since, including UWP's next one in 1969 and most recently, this past April.

My FONDEST UWP memory (and there are SO MANY) was during my last year in Cast A. **Dan & Carla Skuce** were our Cast Directors, **Alister Wilson** handled Finance, I was Transportation and **David Garcia** was our advance man. While those were ALL important and worthy contributions to UWP, the four of us were clearly focused on any free time we could muster to play a board game known as ACQUIRE. If you ever saw Dan, Alister, Dave or I a bit sleepy or weary, it was most likely because of a late night game of ACQUIRE.

Within the past year, Alister, Dave and I had a chance to play together again at Alister's home in London, England. We also were able to speak to Dan on the phone as well.

One of the hardest things I ever had to do was say good-bye to UWP. In January 1970, my draft status changed to 1A and I got my “Dear Bruce” letter from Uncle Sam. My last show was in Canton, Ohio. While Cast A headed onward to Canada and then Spain, I was doing pushups in the rain at Fort Knox, KY.

Gay Clark Jennings (69-70A) – I joined UWP right after I graduated from high school in the summer of 1969. **Dirk Launt** was the one who told me about UWP and I thought it would a great way to spend a year since I didn’t really want to go to college yet. ... I had never heard of MRA – I was joining for adventure and to see the world. They sure didn’t take me because I could sing! In fact, now that I think about it, I have no idea why they accepted me. I joined Cast C and was with that cast for a few months.

If I remember correctly, they sent 8 or 9 of us to Cast A. I don’t remember the particulars. I think I might have been sent because I was getting too close to a particular boy. I remember him coming to my host family’s house the night before I left for Cast A and making out on the couch. Names have been omitted to protect the innocent!! I can’t remember our route, but I certainly remember our tour of Texas and singing at half-time at the Cotton Bowl.

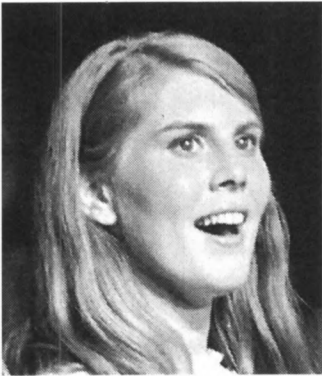
Mexico was an incredible trip in October of 1969.... My sister was studying in Mexico City so I actually stayed with her rather than with a host family. Got in quite a bit of trouble – Dan almost sent me home. If he’d known what I was really up to, he would have sent me home for sure.

I will never forget our tour of Mississippi. I was a northern gal and had never been to the South. We were in Corinth and **Frank Davis** and I were refused service at a fountain in a drug store. I was stunned. Later we were walking down a road just outside of town. A pick-up truck started following us very slowly. Frank told me to walk with my head down and not say anything. I was not known for being quiet, but Frank was adamant. A guy leaned out the

window and said "Get out of town." The hatred was palpable.

Then came the amazing show at the University of Mississippi that was disrupted by protesters. I was so proud of our cast. We had a message and we got it across so powerfully that night. **Bob Motz** is shown singing – he then gave the mike to Eric Payne. You can also see **del-Monte Davis** in the picture and **Debbie Wilson** (or maybe it is **Sandra Cumberbatch** – I think it's Debbie.). Just last year I met a man who was a student there and he was at the show. He said he has never forgotten that event and how amazing it was.

Ane Christensen (66A-68C) – I was a hippy art student at The University of Tennessee, Knoxville, nearing the end of my third year back in 1966. An ardent folkie, I sang in coffee houses and swanned around with my too cool artsy friends – intellectual, philosophical, metaphysical and creative. I had been aware of an event happening soon on campus -- a group of kids coming to put on a big show. I had seen their advance guard around – a guy (turns out it was **John Parker**) with a blond



military-like flat top wearing a blue blazer with a West Point Pin on the lapel. A big turn off to an art student, too squeaky clean -- I wanted nothing to do with it.

Shortly after that, I was down in the indoor basement golf driving range as part of my Phys Ed requirement when a friend ran in shouting, "Ane, you Gotta see this -- a black guy's singing an aria from Rigoletto!" (Everyone knew I loved opera, folk music and all things international.) Well, I told myself, I want to see this but I will not pay to see it – so I sneaked into the auditorium. On stage was the incomparable **Wardell Woodard** passionately

ringing out “La Donna E Mobile”. Then came The Green Glenn Singers with their original folk songs followed by a troop of Scandinavian dancers (I’m half Danish)! Holy... I was hooked.

At the end of the show, the whole cast jumped off stage, flooding into the audience. By that time, I’d made my way closer to the stage and first to reach me was one of the Scandinavian dancers – from Denmark no less, accompanied by a Norwegian girl and a Finnish guy. Soon a Japanese girl joined them and as we talked, they found out about my semi-pro folk singing. “Why don’t you come with us?” they enthused. Well, I was flattered: these kids from Sing Out ’66 who had been on TV wanted me from nowhere to join their show?!

The university agreed to hold my place in the class of ’67 for one year. Now I just had to win over my family. A coalition of Sing Outers went with me to my grandparents’ farm to meet my parents and grandparents – **Emiko Chiba, Willie Storey** and I can’t remember who else. They were quite effective.

Willie Storey was a burly, ebony black, very enthusiastic guy from the South Side of Chicago – he was impressive no matter how you looked at him – what a guy! I’m sure he was the first person of color ever to visit my grandparents’ home socially. Willie approached my grandmother confidently held out his hand saying in his inimitable south side accent, “I just want to thank you for Ane!” Granny was speechless and touched.

My grandparents had lost their only son (of two children) in WW II – killed in Holland. My grandmother hadn’t been able to move past the fact that her first child and only son had been killed by the Germans. She had such a hard time with this that she wouldn’t allow our Volkswagen bug to be driven onto the farm property. Sing Out ’66 had just received an invitation to tour West Germany (remember the country was still divided then) and after the life changing visit by that Sing Out delegation, my grandparents

were more than supportive of my joining the cast and traveling to Germany.

I joined Cast A, Sing Out '66 in March of 1966 – one of the best (and most unexpected) things I ever did!

Helen Hitchens Hill ('66-68C) – Cast A was in Raleigh, NC in 1966 several weeks before Spring Break and Easter. Loving music and singing, a friend and I decided to see Sing-Out 66 at NC State. We were so excited about the



show we wanted to see it again the next night. We took a cab as far as our money would take us and walked the rest of the way. Sing-Out Tarheels was born following that show. **Cati Colwell** and **DJ Scott Willard** as well as Tom and **Susie Wilkes** were our organizers/mentors. We washed many a car to raise enough money for 2 of

us to attend the Action Now Conference in Estes Park, Colorado organized and run by Cast B.

Two weeks after seeing the show, the cast was in my hometown Williamsburg, Virginia at Phi Beta Kappa Hall. I was home for Easter break and took my family to see the show. I desperately wanted to go to Estes Park. Since Cati and Dorothy were there, I invited them to have Easter dinner at my home. That summer with a \$29 airline ticket in hand, I flew to Chicago meeting up with **Bob Scott** and other Sing-Out members to fly together to Denver and Estes Park.

It seems as if I spent most of my time there with **Enid Slack** promoting a show by Cast A, I think. Although I had applied to Mackinac College for the fall, when the opportunity arose to interview for a 3rd cast, I jumped at the chance. Once accepted, I was even more excited to be "invited to set up" Douglas, WY. fairgrounds for Cast B and the soon to be formed Cast C. under the guidance of **Herb**

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Allen and the famed **Henry Cass**. Upon completion of endless rehearsals and staging,

Cast C was ready to leave dusty Douglas, WY behind, hitting the road in 4 repurposed Greyhound buses with our 1st stop in Calgary where the mosquitoes were as big as horses, followed by Banff, Lake Louise and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Academy in Regina, SK. Guided by our beloved **Mike Reynolds**, **Herb Allen** as well as **Ray and Leslie Purdy**, Cast C "*The Cast With Heart*" was on its way...



Wardell Woodard, Ray Purdy, Herb Allen

On The Road ... And More

Los Angeles – Watts, September 1965

Alister Wilson ('65-70A, Crew, HS Principal, Bus. Mgr D – Letters home) – Sept. 22, 1965, Dear Mum and Dad, Things are really boiling up here in America in a fantastic way. You know that we were invited to come to Los Angeles by the County Board of Supervisors. They have extended their invitation because of the valuable work we have done in the last ten days.

Watts' Students



Jordan High School students represent a generation that eagerly responds to the chance to participate in building a new America.

We put on the Sing-Out '65 show in the Jordan and Markham high schools, which are two of the most important schools in the Watts area of Los Angeles. They really want to demonstrate something other than the violence which has been tearing the city apart. There is a colossal amount of tension in the city and I think Moral Re-Armament is the only force that is coming up with any real solution.

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Later that same day we staged a performance of the show on the steps of the new music center. In the afternoon the cast went to one of the TV stations to get the show filmed and it was put on the following evening and the night of the actual performance in the Hollywood Bowl. The turnout was amazing – 15,000 people came to see what was going on. Many of them came up afterwards and asked what part they could play, so we are going to prepare another sort of Sing-out 65 with the people who have stayed in America.

We want very much to work with the students from the Watts area. Tomorrow a group of us including myself are going back there to see the headmaster and to invite the school band to come to one of our meetings on Sunday. We also intend to get other schools represented.

Sing-Out 65 left for Asia yesterday. It was an interesting time for the cast to leave what with all the trouble brewing up in that continent. The Prime Minister of Korea gave \$5000 out of his own pocket to help the expenses of the cast. Vice President Humphrey has said that he is sincerely interested in seeing the cast when they return from Asia.

There was a letter from the White House in which Mrs. Johnson sent her best wishes to the cast. We just received word this morning that Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, has asked the American Embassy in Japan to show "every courtesy to the Sing-Out '65 cast when they arrive in Asia."

The cast returns to America on November 1 and then makes an appearance in the Los Angeles Sports Stadium, which holds about 18,000 people. On November 3 it goes to Long Beach California, then to San Diego. We also have a definite date for it to be shown in the University of Southern California, Santa Barbara College, San Jose State college, Stanford University, and Berkeley university where there were great riots in April this year. This is only the beginning!!

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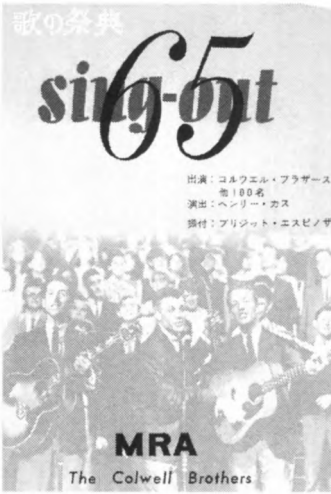
What goes on in California will set the pace for the rest of America. After we are well and truly launched from California we are going to set out across the country again by train and take Sing-Out '65 to many of the major cities of the United States starting in Nashville, Tennessee. We will be moving right into the heart of the colour problem of the Deep South. On October 14 and 15 there is going to be a worldwide move by students to get America out of Vietnam. What we are intending to do is to demonstrate something far bigger than violence and riots. There is nothing at all to fear but everything to gain from such a move.

I am sure we will get plenty of talent from the Los Angeles kids that can be redirected to give an answer to the racialism of California instead of adding to it. Some of the group are meeting with the fire chief to see how best we can use our show when it comes back from Asia. He wants each of his battalions to raise \$1000 to help this work forward. One of the Supervisors of the County said "You have injected an optimism into the situation here". Yours ever, Alister

Japan and Korea, Sept/Oct, 1965

Carmen Sterba- (65A-66B, Mackinac College 66-68) – As the flight of the original cast came close to the Japanese islands, we sped over silos and wide acres of farms. I remember saying in confusion, "This looks like Wisconsin!" We were not closing in on Tokyo or Kyoto; instead we were over the outer reaches of Sapporo, the main city of Hokkaido Island. This area had only been developed under the influence of Japanese who had studied agriculture in America less than 100 years before.

After Japanese host family adventures with hot baths and large English toast, we performed a show in Sapporo before flying to Tokyo. In Odawara, the cast and crew had their longest stay at the MRA Center where we had a lovely view of Odawara Castle, Mt Fuji and the Pacific Ocean. Sen Nishiyama, the personal translator of the American Ambassador, taught us some Japanese phrases and guided us in three Japanese songs: Sakura (Cherry Blossoms), the Waseda University fight song, and the Japanese anthem, Kimigayo.



I remember staying with an Odawara host family, who owned a tangerine farm and ran a fruit and ice cream shop. They gave huge breakfasts that only a sumo wrestler could eat, including *kamaboko* (Odawara's specialty of a spongy white processed fish dyed around the edges with bright pink). During our trip in Kamakura (the former military capitol), we sang at the North Kamakura Girl's Academy and at the Kamakura Buddha. In front of the huge statue, the cast

sang, "Don't stand still, life's too short for that!"

At the American Embassy, Ambassador Edwin Reischauer and his wife, Haru Matsukata welcomed all the cast and crew. He had grown up in Japan as a missionary kid (MK) and became one of the world authorities on Asian history and culture. We also met the Prime Minister Eisaku Sato.

To prepare for our main show at the Budokan in Tokyo, we sang at three major universities: Waseda, Nihon and Sophia (Jochi). At Waseda's Okuma Hall, we gave a show with Japanese superstar, Kyu Sakamoto of the famed song, "Sukiyaki;" Sakamoto-san was so enthusiastic that he

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made a surprise visit to our rehearsal at Sophia to see the cast again.

At my host family in Tokyo, I made a terrible mistake. The second day, as I went outside to enter the chauffeured car, I realized I left something inside the house. With my shoes on, I rushed inside, went up and down the stairs, and rushed out again to the gasps of the family.



Japan's Prime Minister Sato, Ramos Sanchez, Bob Quesnel

I had forgotten to shed my shoes in the entryway. Later we took the Bullet Train (Shinkansen), gave a show in Kobe, and resumed the train south. When passing Hiroshima, I personally noted the eerie lack of tall trees in the landscape (the lasting results of the A-bomb).

From Kyushu, we prepared to go on an over-night ship to South Korea. I was one of the first people to arrive at the gangplank, and overheard someone saying that the Americans would be lodged in a separate compartment from the Japanese. Immediately, I turned to **Bob Cook** and told him about the arrangements. Then and there the plans changed regardless of nationality: all females on one side of the ship and males on the other. Whew! We landed in Pusan the next day after a "rocky" night.

We had been in Japan for over three weeks, but our trip in South Korea was one week. My first impression of

Seoul was a difference in temple designs and that large trees were absent (from the devastation of the Korean War). Again, we were graciously welcomed, met the Prime Minister Chung Il-kwon, and gave a successful show.

The Korean native costumes were in vibrant deep green, purple, red and yellow. The dances with drums were full of vitality. The cast and crew went to Panmunjom, the 38th parallel. On the south side, UN soldiers joined the South Koreans, but on the north side, soldiers from the Soviet block guarded with North Koreans. It was very sobering.

There's another shoe story. Since we always moved in a cast and crew of 150, we all left our shoes in the wide entryway of a large restaurant. After we were done, the cast and crew struggled and fumbled walking in their socks on many shoes trying to find their own, while perching precariously on one foot to slip them on. Afterwards, I wondered if everyone got the right shoes.

All in all, the Asian trip was a life-changing experience. While, I was in Odawara, I made a decision to return to Japan to study. Three years later three American 'Uppies' left Mackinac College to make Japan their second home, including **Robin Powers, Bill Crutchfield** and me. I'll never regret returning to Japan and living there for 30 years. For me it all comes down to: "If all people were for people, all people everywhere, there'd be a lot less people to worry about and a lot more people who care!"

Earl Bud Linthicum (65-67A) – While not much on languages, I did register that Mao's "Red Guard" was supposedly setting the template for a whole new generation of Asians.



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Also, being 1965 and only 20 years since the end of WWII, I realized that Japan had a whole host of repairing to do with other nations. The "Up with People" spirit seemed to address both.

Sing Out '65 made its first overseas trip to Japan in November 1965. While we were in Tokyo, the Lowe brothers, **John Parker** and I stayed at Waseda University in a dorm room. Waseda was noted for being the hotbed of the Communist youth movement in Japan. The place was unkempt, the saki flowed freely and we were the object of curiosity in our sheepskin jackets and cowboy hats. We decided to buy cleaning supplies and clean and organize our quarters.



Waseda University, Tokyo

We also got up at the crack of dawn to do calisthenics. Their curiosity grew. We invited anyone in the dorm to join us one night for cookies and milk. About 30 brave souls (most of whom gratefully spoke English) came and among them were 3 thoroughly radicalized students who had gone to China the previous summer for Communist training. We fielded many questions and had the opportunity to state our positions and beliefs unlike any other time off stage that I can remember. As a whole, the group warmed to us and the 3 China travelers lost a lot of credibility that night.

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We were performing the show the next night at the University's main auditorium and some of this group decided to attend. Many Waseda students were still very hostile to our being there, however, and wanted to drown out our show that night. We typically began the shows in Japan by singing the Japanese national anthem and this would have been fuel for the Communist contingent.

But that night we surprised the audience by opening our show with the popular and rousing Waseda University fight song, complete with the correct arm motions. The crowd leapt to its feet, roared with approval, and drowned out the hostile element. The night was ours, as *Sing Out '65*, and our message, in Japan.

As a result of that show and the personal involvement and leadership of Robbie Wada, one of Japan's most famous entertainers at that time, the new show "*Sing Out Japan*" was created and became the number one prime time program on Japanese television.



At the DMZ in South Korea

Day Ravenscroft — I remember in 1965 when the first cast came back to LA from doing Japan I could see as you each came down the stairs from the plane's door who liked the food in Japan as their travel suits buttons bulged & who hated it as the jackets sagged over gaunt frames.

Germany, Austria, Spain 1966

John Ruffin, ('65-67A, 67-68 Mackinac College Staff) – In Jan. 1966, six of us (below) from Sing-Out '66 were invited to Germany to the 90th birthday of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. We subsequently met with leaders in Germany, Switzerland, France, Holland and England to prepare for the first tour of Sing-Out to Europe coming in Mar. 1966. Amazing time for us all.



Linda Cates, DJ Willard, Bill Pensoneau, John Ruffin, Willie Storey, Vee Alexander

Kathie Emrich ('66-68A,B,C,D/PACE68-69)-

Half my ancestors through my father's family have deep roots in Germany dating back generations. So it was thrilling for me, as part of Cast A, to be invited to West Germany by Chancellor Erhard in early May 1966. After WWII,



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Germany was divided into two states...East Germany, controlled by the Soviets, and West Germany, controlled by the Allies.

Over a five-week period, the cast traveled 4,000 miles to 24 cities and gave over 30 performances. We spoke with dignitaries and students, performed before the West German Parliament and had the honor of meeting Konrad Adenauer, the country's first post-war chancellor who presided over the reconstruction of his country and helped reconcile Germany with its former enemies.

As the cast traveled around the country, we were struck by how the Cold War impacted the daily lives of individuals. The division of Germany was like a knife, which separated families, loved ones and friends. Many of the families we stayed with had relatives in East Germany who were suffering under the communist regime. The song "Freedom Isn't Free" had new meaning and urgency.

I recall we sang it at every performance and audience members stood up and cheered. We sang it in front of the Berlin Wall at Checkpoint Charlie, which was the crossing point between East and West Berlin and at other venues.

One particularly poignant moment was when the cast was standing on the edge of a riverbank near a small town. We were singing songs to a group of East



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Germans citizens who had gathered across the river. Even though there were border guards looking on, the Germans waved to us the entire time we were there. We waved back at them and I thought that freedom was truly precious.

After our tour, **Blanton Belk** told us that Chancellor Erhard stated that Sing-Out '66 not only helped to unite Germany and America, but woke up the conscience of a nation to the fact that freedom isn't free.



I was fortunate to be invited, along with several other cast members, to stay behind for two and a half months in order to help form Sing Out Deutschland and other local groups. We found that the German youth were positive about the future, wanted desperately to unite their country and saw in Sing Out a vehicle to get this message across. Sing Out Deutschland ultimately performed on national television, traveled throughout West Germany and other European countries, as well opening up Brazil.

The Caribbean and Latin America, 1966 – '69

Staffan Wennberg – I was traveling with the very first cast to go to the Caribbean - Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Venezuela, Panama and Mexico. It was probably late autumn 1966 or perhaps 1967 - we had the first Christmas in Santa Fe that year and we went almost straight there from Mexico. In Puerto Rico my hosts had a young lady of 21 or 22 helping them in the house. She already had 7 children - living in a shack with one light bulb. From this she had just pulled a cord to a new fridge right in the middle of the room, her great new pride!

Jamaica: shows in the huge sports stadium and lived in a family in Kingston. Today this would be difficult - the population has more than doubled as have the troubles! I had Jonathan Edwards' car one afternoon and was late to pick him up and he drove past everything, through gas stations etc. at about 50 mph! to get to the show.... We had a beautiful time at his family's beach house (the beach since confiscated) and **Shigeko Kondo** teaching us to eat raw sea urchin, raw, right from the water! Most of their property was confiscated about ten years later.

Jean Bransford (66-68B) – In Venezuela my host worked at Exxon and at his office he showed me the bullet holes in his filing cabinet from "rebels" driving by... We had armed guards both from and back of the busses. We played in the presidential palace one night, and again, armed guards patrolling on top of the walls.

Panama was pretty much just a swamp and we performed at the military base just outside. Not many buildings - what a dramatic change! On one walk I met a boy, perhaps around 8 or 10, who had caught an iguana, to take

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home and eat, I assume. It was so large he held it by the tail and the head was just over the ground.



Landing in Haiti on the way to Mexico we were not allowed to leave the plane - through the plane windows we could see hundreds lined up again a fence, just staring at us! The airport buildings were more or less just shacks. It was a pioneering tour for about 2 months. What a different world then!

President's palace in Venezuela ... show.... We were asked to not run on and the guards were not only with us on the bus, but with us as we walked along the path to the stage.

I remember well the outdoor show at the Presidential Palace - with guards along the wall... My host had a bullet hole in his filing cabinet at his office. And we visited the Hilton on the hilltop by cable car - it had never been opened - all the curtains were faded and all pottery in the kitchen unused for ten years.

Dorothy Donaldson (66-69B,C) -- I remember being on stage in Venezuela and Panama where **Cati Quinn** was so popular with those audiences. She would be introduced as Anthony Quinn's daughter and she sang a song with the Colwells. I think Debbie and Lynn (the other two wives) also sang with this group. Anyway, one night Cati

was ill and Paul asked me to stand in for her so the audience wouldn't be disappointed.

He explained that my mike would be turned off so I just had to mouth the song. A guy by the name of "Bill" (I can't remember his last name but I think he was from Florida) was sitting on the front row and he knew I couldn't sing worth a darn and he didn't know the arrangements made with Paul so when he saw me stand up and walk to the mike he yanked me back by my skirt to get me to sit down and as the lights went on I was slapping his hand away. He about pulled me to the floor but we pulled it off and I even signed autographs as **Catalina Quinn** that night.

Mike Redman (66-67B, Mackinac College) – I did both advance and follow up work in Puerto Rico in 1966. In December before I was to rejoin Cast B at the conference in Santa Fe I was staying with a family that owned one of the larger rum producing companies.

I had a lovely dinner and they were serving eggnog, which was never one of my favorite drinks, but to be gracious I took a glass. It was the best eggnog I had ever tasted, so I requested a second serving. We talked well into the night and they continue to provide me with that lovely beverage.

When I found it difficult to walk to my bedroom I realized my sense of well-being was not a result of my scintillating conversation. In fact, by morning I had very little memory of the conversation! My hosts laughingly told me they knew I was not supposed to be drinking alcohol, but didn't want me to miss out on their holiday tradition.

Buki Wright (67-74B) – I was in several casts from '67 to '74 - from A to whatever. It gets a bit fuzzy. I remember being in Obregon, but not the experience you mentioned. I remember staying in a hotel there. I also have a separate memory of recording a show for a Mexican album in either Ciudad Obregon or Hermosillo.

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Somehow I was in Tucson and then drove down, I believe with **Brad Salzman**, in a Chevrolet sedan with the recording equipment - then drove back to Tucson in the middle of the night after the show. I remember being asleep and waking up.

We were stopped on the "highway" next to a bonfire and there was someone with a gun looking in at me just waking up in the back seat. As I recall (fuzzily) they were looking for drugs or something, and after a brief conversation, we were allowed to pass. I also remember trying to cross the border into Mexico at Nogales with a lot of equipment.

The border guards didn't want to let us in with all our stuff. I had been in Nogales with another cast a few months earlier and had sung "God's Skin". A while into our conversation with the border guard, he recognized me as he had been at the show.

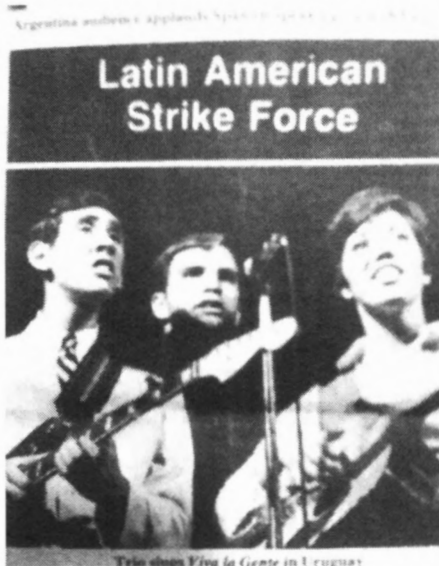
He said if we would give him an autographed album, things would move much more quickly. We had albums with our "stuff", so we went and got one, signed it, and got right through.

Tim Stumpp (Crew,67A,68C,70A) – I remember that one very well. I think Brad was driving, I was sitting in the front passenger seat, when we accidentally passed that roadside checkpoint, marked by an oil fed smudge light--and the commotion that ensued after we passed it and eventually stopped and surrounded. I'll never forget having that rifle aimed in my face.

I decided the glass wouldn't be much good and remember rolling down the window and saying some kind of greeting in Spanish. All that didn't seem to help as he said nothing but gestured with his rifle for us to get out of the car. "Oh boy," I'm thinking, and we have all that recording gear in the back seat and no more money to bribe anyone with, as we did, when we came down earlier that day. I distinctly remember someone telling them that we were with

Viva La Gente and one of the guards said, 'Oh, Viva La Gente, si! Are you carrying any drugs?'

I think we would describe the situation in today's lingo as a major Maalox moment. We said no and he smiled and said we could go. That was truly a moment of great relief as I was envisioning all of us in a Mexican Jail, never to be heard from again.



John Gonzalez, ?, Karyne Richardson

Brad and I were at around 3am in the morning putting a phone line back together. Now there's an adventure I hadn't thought about for a very long time. Funny I could remember some of those details, but not everyone who was in the car!

Mike Redman – I was part of a special task force to South America, sponsored by Sears in the fall of 68(?). I stayed with a single man in a small town in Argentina. The home was 3 rooms with a dirt floor. My host insisted I sleep in the only bed, and fed me well. He had a shelf of family heirlooms including his father's knife, mate cup and spoon. The knife and spoon were silver.

I also remember, after dropping everyone off, that Brad and I were going to some small motel up in the Catalina foothills, by now, very much in the wee hours of the morning and for some reason I don't remember, we ended up in the old baggage truck that used to follow Cast A all over the country.

Pulling into the motel, the top of the truck snagged their phone line. Who needed sleep anyway? There

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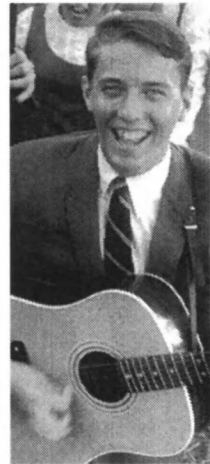
I expressed great admiration for his treasured possessions without a thought of the nuances of his culture. The next morning after a filling breakfast (though he ate little), with tears in his eyes he said he was unable to follow his own tradition because he could not give me his father's things, as they were all he had to remember him.

He then handed me a mate cup and silver spoon that he had apparently gone and purchased and asked me to accept them in place of those I had admired. No apology or my insistence that he return the gifts would do. So I have among my own treasured things a black mate cup, a silver spoon, and a memory of a gentle man who grew up in a culture where you give away that which is admired by others.

Indonesia, 1967

Cabot Wade (66-70C) – The year was 1967. A revolutionary leader of a student group in Indonesia had needed hospitalization in Japan. While there he saw a group called "Let's Go Asia!" on TV. He contacted that group to come to his county to share what they had to say. Let's Go Asia contacted Sing Out '67 in the US and the invitation was extended for "The Volunteers," to go along with PACE Magazine and 6 other Sing Out cast members.

I was a member of "The Volunteers", a lead singing group, along with **Dick Smith and Ken Ashby** and we were in LA at the time of this invitation. I called home to share my excitement with my parents and yet I had to pronounce the country's name in French so that my mother could process where it was that I was going. All I



knew is that we were headed so far west on the globe that it became east and it was tomorrow there today. I don't remember Ken's parents' reactions but I do remember Dick's Dad asked at least twice, "Now, where you goin'?"

Fast-forward two weeks: we found ourselves stopping over in the Philippines. We loaded up our bus and headed for a public clinic for inoculations to prepare us for our destination country, Indonesia. To our dismay, we arrived at an open dirt lot and learned that our clinic was on the opposite side of this lot, populated by hundreds of unemployed, tattered, destitute, desperate workers hoping someone would drive up and offer them a day job.

After working our way through the "madding crowd" in the 90 degree, 90% humidity heat, we arrived at the two-room cement block medical clinic where we were told that all 9 of us Americans would be inoculated with the same needle! Gasp! Fortunately, we won that battle then worked our way back through the barefooted legions to our bus. Whew! That was a close one.

On to Indonesia. Our cast of 40 was comprised of 9 Americans and 31 Japanese. We were bivouacked in dorms built for the Pan-Asian Olympic Games. We woke up to street vendors selling wares they carried on their backs. They would shout out words of goods they had for sale in strange new tones of voice, in an unfathomable language. "Toto! I don't think we're in Kansas anymore!" We were escorted by Indonesian military guards dressed in camouflage fatigues who carried automatic rifles and bowie knives, ready for combat. There were up to 300,000 young people rioting in the streets daily and we were their guests. Go figure!

The Indonesians were hungry for anything from America, especially American music. Brenda Lee was a superstar there! They had been force-fed Marxist marching band music over piercing outdoor speakers in public areas for years by Sukarno's Marxist leaning regime. Our host students wanted him out of power. The students despised

Sukarno, the George Washington of his country, because on his idle watch the Communist Chinese had tried to take over their country by military coup.

Looking back, this was the most intense two weeks of my life. I was so suspicious of the foods offered to us that I lived on peanut butter and Krupuk, fried shrimp chips.

One morning, as we loaded our van with our guitars, my circular tuning pipe fell out of an overfilled pocket in my beloved seersucker jacket. I have always been a fanatic about playing a tuned guitar, and in the midst of Indonesia's civil war there were no alternatives other than my pitch pipe. I watched as my pitch pipe rolled in sloooooowwwwww motion towards an open sewer that ran in front of our quarters. "Nnnnoooooo!!!!" I shouted, as I watched it plop down in the brown water.

Not even hesitating, I rolled up my sleeve and searched down in the muck and found my tuner. (Now that I think about it, no one wanted to borrow my tuner after that.) I handed it to our "houseboy," who spoke 3 words in English..."Tea hot, meeester?" I asked him to boil the tuner. I washed my hands and then jumped in the van. Six weeks later, after we had returned to our casts in America, I turned yellow with hepatitis.....that's another saga.

Earl "Bud" Linthicum – In the late fall of 1966 I was asked if I would join Ken, John and Cabot and the Green Glenn Singers and link up with "Sing Out Japan" to do shows in The Philippines and Indonesia (both formerly occupied by Japan during WWII). I was intrigued at the concept of young Americans and Japanese together bringing a message of hope, joy and healing to these two nations.

In the Philippines, Ferdinand Marcos had recently been elected president and wanted a new start for the country. We strategically learned Imelda Marcos's favorite song and watched as the musically talented youth of the country took enthusiastically to our own music and message. I saw

no animosity....only enthusiasm. I thought "Wow, ideas are powerful. I wish we could go to China"

On we went to Indonesia. This country had been a Dutch colony for 350 years and had then been occupied by Japan in WWII when 4 million Indonesians lost their lives. Talk about resentment! President Sukarno, who took office in 1949 and maintained power by balancing the opposing forces of the military and the Communist Party of Indonesia was under house arrest at the time we arrived. He had grown increasingly authoritarian and corrupt.

In September 1966 the military led a violent anti-communist purge wherein 500,000 people lost their lives. Military personnel in tiger fatigues were everywhere. I wondered how it was, in this environment, that a cast of young Japanese with some young Americans in attendance could be invited to do their show there?

The two principal Indonesian student "unions" numbered about 3 million and were each led by young Indonesian patriots. Some of these young leaders had actually visited Japan, and had seen "Sing Out Japan". They saw the need for regenerative ideas to restore democracy in their country and had issued the invitation for us to come. They were our hosts. "*You've got to pay a price, you've got to sacrifice*" took on a deeper meaning as we got to know these men.

We stayed in the "Olympic" village next to the stadium Sukarno had built for his Pan-Asian games. The stadium was occupied by a large military contingent along with their families. The shows both indoors and out had at least 50,000 or more in attendance and were enthusiastically received by all.

That is, except for a Russian attaché who had unkind words for me personally, which may have demonstrated his concern for the impact we were having. Once again I understood the power of Up with People and the concept of liberty. Indonesia went on to re-establish its democracy...., more than once.

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Near the end of our stay, and while in Bandung, I received my draft notice. I flew back to the induction center in LA and bussed up to Fort Ord. I reflected on the various ways battles are fought. The spirit of Up with People and experiences such as these have framed my life and I am grateful.

The Congo, 1968



Tim Stumpp (67A,68C,70A) — The Congo.....Long trips through the day and sometimes nights for the crew in a bus that was missing one of its front windows, roaring through the countryside. It also seems we were short on nails and one of the jobs everyone helped with was to straighten out bent nails, so that they could be re-used. I seem to remember that the crew was well taken care of for food.

We didn't always know what it was we were eating but it was usually quite good. I'll never forget the little kids that would come up to us and try to rub the white paint off our skins. And the reaction of the audience to **Cabot Wade's** guitar solos! I seem to remember they called Cabot "The Doctor".

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I'll also never forget that overloaded WWII vintage DC 4 cargo plane that hauled the crew and our gear a few thousand miles south to Lubumbashi, the copper mining capital. We barely cleared the trees at the end of the runway taking off and I remember observing a river of oil running out the cowlings of one of the engines.



Concerned, I went up to the flight deck to make sure they knew. The pilot, an old ex-us air force guy, looked up at a winking light, unscrewed it and said, "yeah that happens" I then observed lots of other empty warning light sockets. . . . needless to say, we made it, but I've always felt there was a divine presence looking after us. I also remember the lunch trip on Mobuto's boat up the Congo.

Ane Christensen (66A-68C) -- I remember the 8th Independence Day Parade in Kinshasa where the cast sat on bleachers lining the main street to watch the parade... We were all so tired and foot-sore after being on our feet for ever that most of us took our uniform shoes off to rest our feet. At the end of the parade when we had to move off to our next destination we went to put our shoes back on but -- NO SHOES! Someone had come along under our bleacher seats and stolen all our shoes from the riser we'd left them on.

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I can't remember what we did for shoes after that. The first day we got there we were fed a green soup with black specks in it. We recognized the black specks as some sort of insect. No one ate their soup. The next day we were served the same soup with the same black specks. We picked the specks out and ate the soup. The third day we just ate the whole bowl specks and all.

I remember the fabulous markets in the towns we visited -- all the wildly colored fabrics, the Mobutu-designed special cloth we were given and feeling like some sort of alien with my unhealthy-looking white skin next to all that rich brown and blackness. I also remember trading my gold uniform buttons and some pierced earrings for beautiful ivory and malachite jewelry and copper relief platters and trays. I also remember someone being given a parrot at dinner in a remote jungle village.

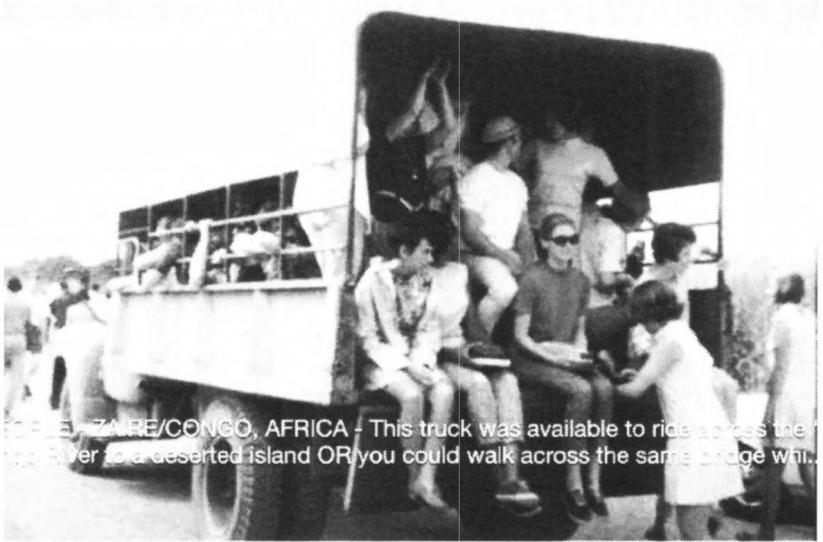
I remember the reception at Col. Bumba's house with dancers, huge carved ivory tusks given away to cast members and Col. Bumba's round, shining black face with his enormous good-natured, beaming white smile. We had a great time there and met Israeli paratroopers who were training the Congolese army.

We also met Belgian and Egyptian diplomatic families. We visited Mobutu's compound with his leopard and sprawling house/palace. The girls were staying in the dormitory at Luvanium University and a local guy tried to break in.... The rumor was that he'd been sent back to Belgium. It makes no sense but ...

Dan Lawrence (67C-68C) -- We had an 'only-in-the-Congo' experience that occurred when one of our outdoor shows was being broadcast live on Congo National TV in the summer of 1968. The regular stage used in the United States was deemed too heavy to ship so the stage crew built a stage on arrival in country. Due to some weak points in the stage we would post crew members nearby during shows with hammers, nails and 2x4s to make quick

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fixes as needed. During this outdoor performance I was running the light board a few rows back stage center in the audience and on my immediate left was the TV camera and cameraman broadcasting the show. On the first drum beat the lights went out and the cast members ran for the stage from every angle.



FOR THE ZAIRE/CONGO, AFRICA - This truck was available to ride across the Congo River to a deserted island OR you could walk across the same bridge while...

As the lights came up, one of our female cast members leaped onto the stage and went right through it with her leg, stage center, right in front of the camera. The cast continued to run-on and launched into their first song while crew members were alerted and headed under the stage to help free her while hammering in new support.

Looking over the cameraman's shoulder at his video screen I could see that he was oblivious to the rest of the show as he stayed with our stuck gal the entire time it took to free her.

Jan Rodgers Harbaugh (67,68C,70A) - The night we arrived in Zaire, they served us what the students ate in the university cafeteria – probably something like posole (hominy) and some sort of meat-flavor reminded me of

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corned beef, but the texture of it all was like somebody had already chewed it and spit it out (really).

We ate lots of thick slices of bread with butter and sugar that night and the next day they fed us in a separate room--discrete pieces of meat and salad (mine had a butterfly--real, living – nestled in the lettuce). That was both a shame and a relief.

Mike Blair (67,68,69,C) – Housing in the Congo was a religious experience, I say that because I often found myself praying, (To an unspecified deity/the universe/mother nature/adding it to my list of goals - please check which ever one you are most comfortable with!) to be safely returned to the Cast in the Morning! I recall very well the night in Kinshasa. Several of the guys were hosted at a place that seemed to only cater to gentleman, although there were several "ladies" working at this establishment as "Hostesses."

There was one grizzled looking expatriate sitting in the "Lobby" with two young ladies hugging him from either side. Being too stupid to catch on right away **Steve Blades** and I sat there and talked to him. Seems he was living there because he would have been put in prison if he returned home, Steve and I decided to turn in after the guy mentioned being innocent of the homicide, apparently the courts in Great Britain disagreed with his perspective.

Seems like there were 10 or 12 of us staying there for the night, did I mention there were no locks on any of the doors? So most of us piled all of our suitcases against the doors and slept in shifts. Who can forget the walls with the jagged glass covered with manure along the tops to keep out unwelcome guests. The next morning had to be a first that not one guy was late for the bus when it finally showed up.

Tim Stumpp – Seems like we had curtains for doors in the men's rooms. Also remember the little pipe sticking

out of the wall that was the shower fixture. One temperature, as I recall, cold. I remember being so grateful when we went down south to Lubumbashi and the crew was staying in some kind of resort. It was an opportunity for the first hot shower all tour, only to find scorpions in the shower tub. Didn't take long to dispatch them.

I remember the giant anthills there, mounded up against trees and telephone poles. I also remember that we performed in a very beautiful theatre, nearly acoustically (you knew I would remember those kind of details..) perfect. Anne was mentioning the stolen shoe incident during a parade. I think the crew must have missed that.

Dan Lawrence – The stage crew arrived ahead of the cast in the town of Matadi to scout-out the electrical and staging logistics for an outdoor performance. That night we checked into a 5-story hotel. Three of us slept across two beds we pushed together but at least our room had a bathroom, even though it sported lots of cracks in the tiled walls, ceiling and floor. Wouldn't you know that in the middle of the night I awoke to the call of nature and made my way to the bathroom and switched on the light. Every cockroach in the Congo was surprised to have their convention interrupted. All surfaces of white tile were cockroach brown until they disappeared into the cracks. Within 30 seconds the bathroom had white tile once again - but I wasn't sticking around. I turned out the light, closed the door, and went back to bed.

Dusty Araujo (67,68C,71A) – Also remember very well singing *What Color is God Skin* and hearing people laugh in the audience....of course....to them there was no question about it....God was black!!!!!!! I do not remember the shoes incident at the parade but what I remember is watching with horror when after all of us got seated at the presidential stand and there was a lot of space left and the end of the stand and the police giving the OK for people to

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sit there, there was a stampede and the police hitting and punching people to keep them in place. Also people in the parade that went on for hours marching without shoes.....hey!... maybe that is where the shoes went..... The Congo was certainly an experience for me and one that I remember the most vividly.

Mike Blair – Let's not forget that we left for the Congo on graduation day for Sing-Out High School class of 1968. Talk about a graduation story, Breakfast and lunch on Ft. Slocum, graduate from Sing-Out High, immediately from the stage walk to the dock, take off the cap and gown, put on our travel jackets, leave for the airport, dinner over the Atlantic, a second dinner during a brief pit stop in the Canary Islands, (where we weren't allowed to get off the plane) onto the Congo for a snack after arrival. We may not have had a Prom, but it was one hell of a Graduation Day!!!!!!

Alister Wilson, Letters Home - July 20, 1968 – Dear Mum and Dad, Well, we are all back safe and sound in the United States after a thrilling time in the Congo. It is most difficult to evaluate our time there at the moment, but it is certainly a new dimension of operation for “Up with People”. I think the thing we learned was how to be gracefully received in a country and to let our host plan our moves since he knew what the country needed the most.

So often we are accustomed to going in to a place and setting up our own programme with pace and vigour, and in a highly organised and industrialised country like the United States it is that quality that wins people. But in the Congo things are not like that; yet we were able to reach the whole country through our TV performances, the university show, the military shows, the performances in the industrial areas of Katanga, and of course for the president himself and his Cabinet.

The Congo is wide open for all sorts of people who are ready to go there and give any practical training that they have. There is so much investment that could be put into the country – in terms of industry, agriculture, education, communications, and simple, plain ordinary, unreportable hard work that will never hit the headlines. “Up with People” has been a new diplomacy coming out of the West that Africa has never before experienced, and it is only the beginning, a crack in the door into that whole continent.

Then we were in Likasi in Katanga province, the mayor spoke at the end of the show and said “Citizens of Likasi, the president has placed a special confidence in our province to produce in the rest of the Congo the spirit you have seen on stage tonight.” And the hundreds of miners in the audience roared their approval. The governor of Katanga came to the show twice in Lubumbashi and met with the cast just before we went back to Kinshasa. He even tried to keep us on in the province for another day.

Our time there was an experience I’ll remember all my life. The president arranged for us to fly 1200 miles down to Katanga in a charter jet plane and all the way back again. Last Tuesday the day before we left, he met with six of the cast in his home for an hour and a half. Can you imagine the significance he places on the cast and the work we are doing!

He spoke all the time about the needs of his country and what our part in dealing with them would be over the next twenty years. He wants us to return, not necessarily as a cast, but as trained men and women in the ideas of “Up with People” and go to every commune with a practical programme of building up his country. As we were waiting at the airport to take off, we were all given the official membership pin of the Mouvement Populaire de la Revolution and an MPR headscarf. We also got a huge piece of material with the president’s portrait woven on it. – As ever -
Alister

Tom Coulombe (68,69A) – I remember being EXTREMELY jealous of Cast C when they went to the Congo while we in Cast A were traveling the Midwest of the US. Tomorrow's American was FULL of Cast C and the Congo, and Casts A and B were out there somewhere.... Now, I relish the memories of that tour and don't mind not having gone to the Congo as much as that bratty 20 year old did.



France, Belgium 1968-69

Susan Keeley Wollner (67-69C) – Paris, 1969 -- Pandemonium and a precious person were two special memories of our time in Paris. In a letter I wrote home to my parents I told of our show for the Shriver's [US Ambassador to France] and how they had invited special guests and a thousand university students. The students started protesting during our show. The louder they yelled, the louder we sang. I was working the lighting board at the time. I wrote to Mom and Dad that as they waved communist flags in front of the spots we just switched from one spot to the other always keeping the stage lit.

I then proceeded to tell them how their high school daughter was delivering pamphlets to newspapers throughout Paris on her own and lost her way trying to find the auditorium where the cast was performing. What must have been going through their minds, I can't imagine.

As with most UWP stories the goodness of people came through. A young woman saw that I was lost and didn't speak French. She went out of her way and rode the metro with me to the show. Although I don't remember her name I will always remember her kindness.

Graeme J. Hardie (65A, PACE and UWP 69-70)

My most exciting time with Up with People was when 16 of us went to Paris in early January 1969. We had one contact, a girl from Northern Paris who had seen the show and invited us to come. It was a grey misty day when we arrived there and we stayed in small houses of working class French on the edge of Paris. It was a sobering introduction.



Our task was to set up shows in France, Belgium, Italy and Spain. I had an introduction to the Minister of Sport whom **Stew Lancaster** had met in Mexico at the Olympics. I knocked on his door and somehow in short order we were singing in his home. He introduced us to the Youth Houses of Culture, which were under his direction, – and so began the planning and an eventual tour of France. It was a tough tour as Americans were not welcome, and I can remember Bill Saltzman telling of apples being thrown at the cast in a university cafeteria in Liège.

Then our group moved to Brussels Belgium and, through **Judy Erickson** and her father, the Americans living there opened their homes to us. We had use of a Hilton hotel meeting room and watched the Nixon inauguration there together. We had one introduction in Belgium, from a lady in New Jersey I had met when I worked at the PACE office in NYC. When she heard we were going to Belgium she said, “You must meet Johnny!”

I went out to see this man Johnny Wittouck and he too invited us to sing in his home and assembled an amazing array of people: the leaders of Belgian industry and finance, to hear us sing! So began what were to be many tours of Belgium. It was extraordinary how the doors opened. Judy was on the radio asking for beds and more.

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We toured the country and ended our tour with a performance in the Royal Palace, and my friend from New Jersey even came over to join us. Mr. Wittouck insisted that I sit with the King and Queen of Belgium during the show and tell them about the cast members. They were captivated by the show as well as the cast. One Spanish speaking young man said to Queen Fabiola after the show "one can see how much you and your husband love each other!" Wow, no young Belgian would dream of saying that, but this guy spoke from his heart, and she was touched! It was extraordinary!

Another high moment for me was when I knocked on the back door of the famous Olympia Theatre in Paris and who do I meet but Bruno Coquatrix, himself, the owner. I invited him to the US Embassy to see the HJ ChockTim-Smithfields perform, and he came. Up with People soon thereafter played at the Olympia Theatre for 2 or more weeks!

These were crazy happenings! We were not afraid to knock on any doors, and usually they opened. And in 3 months we had shows going in 3 countries.

Judy Erickson Anderson (68-69A,70-71College Cast) – I had just spent a year in Kinshasa, Congo, and after travelling in the US, I had enrolled in Brussels Belgium for my Junior Year in University. I was at the Carnegie Hall show, and when talking



with **Cati Quinn** afterwards, she said, "Would you like to join us?" I said, "Sure". "What would you like to do?" I chose PR. A few days later I sent a telegram to my family in Brussels saying I wouldn't be coming for a month or so...

I am really thankful for my four years, yes years, in Up with People. Because I spoke fluent

French and Lingala, I had the opportunity to set up in French-speaking countries...the trip to Congo, then Quebec (68), France (remember the 16 of us who went to “set up Europe...3 tours?”---we are friends forever!) & Belgium (69, 70, 71) as well as many other places in North America and in Europe.

At the start my first roommate was **Linda Blackmore** (Cates). How many people did she ease into this life on the road? Thank you, Linda! I was only there for a few days, trying to learn the show, when I flew to Minneapolis from St. Louis. I remember reading the “Readers’ Digest” article before going into a high school principal’s office to schedule an assembly...learning on the go! That was the way we learned; plunge in. I am thankful for the many who offered wisdom and guidance along the way.

The first time I went with a group to set up Paris was January 1969. Our contact was a young girl who had written or met someone in UWP...she met us at the airport and we all went to her town on the outskirts of Paris, Ermont. We were lodged with their friends and neighbors. We knew that there were no big names or big bucks on the horizon. So we went to work.

The second time we went to Paris (January 1970) was for 7 days at the Olympia. I vividly remember the first meeting with the manager’s daughter, Patricia Coquatrix, and asked gently how the housing for the cast of 150 was going to be handled, since they had handled all the arrangements (and we were a little nervous). She seemed surprised, and said, “We have no plans for that”. It was a busy week! The most incredible time was a radio show on RTL called “SOS”. I was interviewed for about an hour and a half, and more than 150 people called in with amazing stories, many about their experience with Americans in the Second World War and offered to house our cast members.

Everyone was housed. And the night of the first show I kept meeting people who’d called in and were hosts; it was like old home week. One woman, who’d listened to

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the radio show, had come to see the show at the Olympia but didn't keep someone, brought a silver 5-franc piece and put in my hand, "thankful for the Americans". That experience revolutionized my emotional attitude to Paris and the Parisians!

I also graduated from the University of Hartford (The College Cast) during my last 2 years with Cast C.

Italy, 1968–69

Tom Coulombe – When Cast A went to Italy in '69 we staged in Milan. The "theatre" had a unisex bathroom - - three or four stalls... and a "trough" urinal. The urinal had a "wall" that started about a foot above the floor and went to about 5'10" in height. The stalls were similar to those found in a typical public restroom in the U.S. (fortunately



we didn't get "introduced" to the hole in the floor with the footprints until after we left Milan).

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No choice -- guys and girls standing together in line in the rest room. Tall guys ducking down behind the wall (silly, but true) in order to try to get a little more "privacy". I still remember one time when we had finished a meeting or rehearsal and **Sue Hubbard's** father approached her and asked her to accompany him to the toilette...they walked off, arm in arm, to the smile of all present.



Carole (Jax) Jackson Stevens – I think it was Milan, although I may be wrong. I just know some of the girls were staying in a convent, where there were strict curfew rules. I got talked into climbing out of the 2nd floor window and going to get ice cream for everyone. When I got back, there was this rather large looking nun at the front door. She wouldn't let me back in.

Now my experiences in Italy had already been a little overwhelming, with my train trip with what seemed to be the entire Italian Army, after my host mother in Rome turned off my alarm, because "I looked tired". Anyway, back to the convent. My "friends" tied some sheets together and

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somehow I managed to climb back up to the 2nd floor window. I absolutely cannot remember what happened to the ice cream. But as if scaling the convent outside wall was not enough, I decided to fill a Dixie cup with shaving cream and place the lip of the cup under the door directly across from me. And then, for whatever "youthful burst of energy" came across me, I stepped on the cup, and ran back into my room, thinking the girls in the room across would start screaming and pounding on our door.



No such luck, it was absolutely quiet. I opened my door, just enough to see that same large nun at the end of the hall. I closed the door and waited about 5 minutes and opened it again. She was about 1/2 way down the hall. I closed the door again, and when I tried to open it the next time, she was right outside my door.

She NEVER said a word. She handed me a towel and pointed to the wall right outside my door. The stupid Dixie cup had backfired and the shaving cream ended up on the wall and not in the expected room across the hall.



Zandria LeRoy Bernhardt (67-69A) – I think the nuns' convent was in Padova. Do you remember how we washed our clothes in the bidets because we didn't know what they were for? And the straw beds. I also remember that the first night there we had something that tasted like chicken, but later found out it was rabbit...hmmmmm.

Susan Keeley Wollner (67-69C) – The Italians Take The Cake- Busto Arsisio is where baking was a blast. Lysa Loew and I decided we should make a cake for our Italian bus drivers as we neared the end of our Italy tour. My host arranged for us to visit a bakery to bake the cakes. We arrived at 2:00 in the afternoon and didn't leave until midnight.



Lysa and I were estimating as we converted our recipe from ounces to grams and planned on measuring after we had all the ingredients assembled. Little did we know the baker was pouring our estimated amounts into the mixer. He was also doubling the recipe several times to

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make sure there was enough for 200 people. As he presented us with the cakes that were as heavy as bricks he let us know that his recipe was better.

Then the fun began. We cut one of the cakes into the shape of a bus and placed it on top of another sheet cake. They had never seen that done before. We had enough cakes left that we could make one in honor of the **Mr. and Mrs. Marchetti**.

For their cake we cut out a cake in the shape of Italy and placed it on another sheet cake. The bakers let us know we didn't quite have the shape of Italy correct. We had a few good laughs and left at midnight with smiles on our faces. The bus drivers loved their cakes when we presented them the next day.

Barbara Hutton – Northern Italy, summer, 1968, Cast "C" arrived in Italy, Sing-Out High School was studying and the guys were staying in a partially closed down Monastery. The Monastery had been mostly shut down except for one restroom on the first floor, which was designated for the girls to use, needless to say this was many years before the concept of unisex restrooms, the Brothers would have none of that!

I remember that convent! I had my first artichoke there. I could not for the life of me figure out why people were peeling leaves off a plant and sucking on them. If ever there was an artichoke in a grocery store in Derry, New Hampshire, I sure had never seen it. Then there were the "blood" oranges. And the bathrooms with the feet, and the showers with the chains to pull to get water.

Needless to say, we weren't in Kansas anymore! It was all too weird. It was on the Italy tour that Jan Scudder, the finance person with cast A, and I stayed at a very ritzy home with the family that owned all the flower vender operations. Every night they had neighbors and friends over after the show to "meet the Americans".

I felt like an animal in a zoo. And there was the night we were eating dinner with the family and their daughter who was studying English in high school commented that the dish we were eating was made with mice. Jan and I grabbed our English Italian dictionaries and after a few heart stopping moments trying not to swallow, discovered that the word she meant was maize. It got a big laugh all around and became part of the nightly discussion with "the Americans."

And who remembers going with a group of young Italian people after a show as I recall. We walked for a fairly long time through some older parts of whatever city we were in. We ended up in a roof top apartment with a group of 8-10 young people who wanted to argue American politics. They opposed the Vietnam War and assumed we supported it because of the show and being American.

They cooked a big pot of seafood, including octopus and squid, and served it as dinner. I don't remember who was there. I just remembered a little anxiety about getting back in time for the show so maybe this happened on an afternoon between shows.

delMonte Davis (69A,C70C,71B) – A fabulous dining experience a group of us had as guests of the Italian newspaper, *Corriere della Sera*. This was in 69 or 70. Anyway, while about a dozen of us were being feted to the best of Italian cuisine, at what was a very famous restaurant, several languages were attempted to facility communication between ourselves, the servers and our hosts.

Quite an evening and when the main dish arrived, it included a variety of seafood. Between having fun, sorting

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out languages, being sufficiently polite with our important hosts, and being offered a very exotic main course, someone mentioned that they could swear something on the platter moved.

Well, we spent the rest of the evening in fits of laughter and still trying to conduct ourselves as proper guests. The more we laughed, the more explaining we had to do. I laugh every time it think of that evening. I'm laughing right now.



Bruce Parker



Buses, Planes, Trains and Automobiles

J. Bruce Parker – Longest bus ride? I don't remember, but I do know that we went from Leakey, TX to McGill University outside Montreal, Canada to prep for our departure for the first Cast A Italy tour. It seemed like all we did for days (4 or 5) was drive. That was one trip I envied those riding the bus, because even though there were two of us driving the van filled with **PACE Magazine**, records, buttons, bumper stickers, etc., I was **READY** to get on an airplane and fly for a while after all that cross country driving. And ohhhhhh our Italian bus drivers... the funny one's name was Enzo, but that's another story for another time...



Pam Henderson Murtaugh The longest one I remember was 13 hours from Trondheim, Norway, to Stavanger through the mountains filled with millions of tiny waterfalls as the spring snows were melting and rushing down the face of the cliffs.

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Cyddia Rodrigo – Does anyone remember the never ending bus ride to Sharon, PA (and forgive me but I can't remember which cast I was with at the time). We were on the east coast and what was supposed to be a short ride turned into this nightmare because we took a wrong turn.

By the time we arrived at our destination hours later, it was the middle of the night and we were spilling off the buses with rollers in our hair, totally disheveled and cranky beyond belief. I think that was when my aversion to bus rides began, 'cause I can't bear to be on one now for more than 30 minutes at a time.

Ron Welborn – I guess I had better take some responsibility for some of these infamous long rides....I think on my very first trip out of Ft. Slocum as the transportation guy, I gave the drivers bad information, and the trip took WAY longer that it should have. I remember being on the lead bus, frustrated, tired, drivers mad at me, cast members/directors mad at me.

I learned a lot that first trip. The most important one I learned was to involve the drivers in any decisions with regards to route and driving time. I got better at it in time, but I think back on it, and that was pretty wild stuff for a 17-year-old to be responsible for. We did some amazing things!

Jan Angier (68A,69C70C) – If we can ever get Carole Jackson to this site, she has a stellar story to tell about missing the train in Italy with Cast A in '69. I think she went to the wrong train station. She ended up on a train transporting half of the Italian military. Some sight. A 6' redhead with a platoon of 5'5" guys! The other transportation nightmare was Cast C's train trip from Paris to Brussels in '70...the morning after the Olympia theatre last show.

We had been very polite to our host, Bruno Coquatrix, when he opened his champagne cellar to us for a cast party.

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After all, we couldn't insult him by turning down his hospitality. **Carl Clay** pulled the emergency stop cord on the train...and we discovered that the French train conductors have no sense of humor. (I think it was **Jerry von Teuber** with us, and I don't remember him being amused either.)

I recall, during our rehearsals and meetings the subject was discussed many times over a period of several weeks. **Eric Miller**, our show director, the late **Bob Cook** and his then fiancé **Gay Morrison**, encouraged and trusted each of us to be responsible. For many of us, it was a trust- privilege new to our lives, and I think there was unspoken honor that we all discovered with each travel-day's success.



Frank Fields (66-72ABC) – We were told that any hanky-panky of a serious nature would result in the parties involved getting sent home. We were also informed that Cast C and Cast A sometimes segregated the bus rides and if we abused our privilege we'd have to un-coed our travel days. I could hardly wait for travel days: Listening to **Sandy Dimon** rehearse her stuff was a treat for all of us. Learning Beatle songs from **Fred Morgan**. Betsy was always playing her guitar. Our day-to-day honor system became a Cast B SOP. Coed bus rides became a Cast B signature.

Maggie Inge – It does seem to me that in my first year, Cast A still had coed buses but by the time we got to

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Italy, we just sat wherever we could find a seat. I think that was because we kept coming off the buses and going straight into a performance somewhere and it was too confusing to find your place in the show if all the girls were coming from one place and the guys another. It may also have been that the rules were relaxing, but it seemed more practical a change.

Dirk Launt (68,69A,70,71C) – I remember the 63-hour trip from Bangor to DC. We got the news from Pan Am and left at night. **Pat Hogan** and I drove the instrument van all night, got stopped by the cops for speeding and they had already stopped the other van for the same thing but winked at us and let us go. The train trip from Paris to Lisbon was brutal (no showers) so when we finally arrived we were definitely unpresentable for our host families. The same trip today would probably kill me. I still have the "Coimbra" song memorized..... -

Ed DeMarco and Connie Jewell DeMarco -- What I remember most about that train trip is that two or three people (**Scott Curfman and Paul Scaglione**, I think), slept through the changeover coming into Spain! And someone jumped off the train while it was moving to avoid getting left behind. And that except for plane food and a few hard rolls in the Paris airport, there was no food between Bangor and Lisbon.

I recall how we flew out of the "new" airport in Washington (Dulles) it had just opened and the planes weren't really that full. We slept in the hallways and slept standing up on that train. It was really the norm for the Portugal/Spain trip, long hours and little sleep. Connie and I want to thank you....it has taken over 30 years together and we finally got that song "Coimbra" out of our heads.

Jan Rogers Harbaugh – The first day we were in Rome I missed the bus. Walked right around Vatican City and about four miles out Via Aurelia to the meeting point.



Tom Coulombe – Coming back from Italy in '69 was the only time I've ever been "mildly concerned" in an aircraft -- and it was while we were on the ground! We were limited to 22 kilos of luggage each. I would wager that **EVE-RYBODY** on the plane had an overage and was closer to 30 kilos or better. I remember wondering how long the runway was in Milan and if that Ward Air 707C was going to clear the trees -- **IF** the bird managed to get into the air. I recall a combined sigh of relief in the passenger compartment as the wheels finally left the pavement and the trees passed under the wings. I also remember that the interval of time between going airborne and the passage of the trees was not very long.

Lynn (Hutner) Colwell – I was involved in our own train story with **Gloria Barbero** and someone else I'm not sure. We had been sent to Switzerland for a "rest" at a home owned by **Hanni Kupfer's** aunt (funny stuff about that too). We were to leave and I got on the train with everyone's suitcases etc. The others got off to spend the last few coins. Just as they left, the train started up. I had their passports,

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money etc. Too long to report here, but ended up throwing all our stuff off as the train made a "mail stop" a few stops later and waiting for the others to find me.

Also spent a hilarious night on the train going to Rome from who knows where with oh my gosh, just forgot their names, but we shared a room with bunks with a couple of Italian men who got undressed and climbed into the bunks below us with not even a nod in our direction. Finally, there was the time I spent the night in the wrong house in Argentina, having been dropped in the wrong block where all the houses looked EXACTLY alike and it was dark and I had no luggage and when I walked out the next morning and saw strangers sitting at the table...well, only in UWP.

Cyddia Rodrigo -- As far back as I can remember we always had coed buses. There may have been a few occasions when they may have been segregated, but they were few and far between. Strangely enough, I can remember some of those bus rides like they were yesterday.

Keith Frohreich (66C) -- Okay, so now we learn that Cast C was the only Male/Bus, Female/Bus Cast in 1966. Just can't trust those upstarts. Worse yet, they appointed Bus Captains. I was one. That was really neat way to make friends...Not.

Marylee Delaney Terrano (67-69A,B,C,70B) -- I remember the bus rides so well. The girls' bus and the boys' bus, being separated to keep us "pure". However, if you were a songwriter, you got to go on the songwriting bus, which was a mixed boy/girl bus. I instantly started writing songs. Those bus rides were precious to me. I remember sitting with **Ken Ashby** and song writing with **Ken Doran** and **Finis Fator**. The best time on the bus was always at night.

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The lights would be turned out and the bus grew quiet. I can almost see it the way it was then...some people sleeping, someone playing a harmonica, someone lightly strumming on the guitar, and a few of us in back talking quietly, writing and creating the songs that spoke of the determination we had in the late '60s and early '70s, to change the world and make it a better place to live.

Sandy Dimon (66-68B) -- I remember being on a bus in Puerto Rico when Bob (now Bobby) Cates felt like practicing... He asked **Lupe Martinez** to stick his leg across the aisle, then he let fly with the sticks. Until that moment, I had not realized Lupe had a plastic leg - I nearly had a heart attack!



Gay Clark Jennings -- It never occurred to me why I can so easily fall asleep in any vehicle when I am a passenger. I get in the car, put on the seatbelt, close my eyes and I'm gone in a matter of moments. I can also do that on boats, planes, subways, trains – even once on a ski gondola! My family has teased me for years. Now I understand – it is a conditioned response from all that time on the UWP bus!

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Keith Frohreich – I have a different bussing experience. I can't sleep on planes but I can sleep on buses.

Ed DeMarco – I dare say we have all been conditioned to sleep on a bus... or when we aren't driving. I find that the only time I stay awake as a passenger is if I know the driver is tired and needs company. I guess that comes from riding and/or sharing the driving the instrument van with **Bill Berry, Cobb Plunkett and Bruce Parker...**

Tom Coulombe – I recall **Ardel Ruiz, Johnny Busch** and later, **Stoney Burt** throwing people off the "stage crew" bus so that we could sleep. I felt bad for the HS kids who were on crew (Yeah, you **Brian Anderson!**) who had to stay up to study and participate. I think it would've killed me... even at the ripe old age of 20.

Diarmid Campbell – I knew **Bill Radke** over a number of years. He never seemed to get flustered or uptight. There was an internal strong peacefulness about the guy that was impressive and yet he was always ready for a joke.

Ron Welborn – We had some interesting drivers...Wayne, Stan, the Jenkins brothers, as you said, several named Bill. A wild bunch for sure!

Jan Rogers Harbaugh – We went directly from Ohio to Leakey, Texas. Had our smallpox vaccinations backstage (I had just gotten over strep throat over Thanksgiving, but never mind). I had the receipts for the last show in my purse. But I was soooo sick when the bus arrived at Leakey, I left my purse on the bus. And as soon as everything was unloaded, the buses went off to Austin for maintenance. Perry found my purse on the floor and locked it in his locker. Delivered it to me with a big smile when they got back. I could have kissed him! -

Ed DeMarco – On our tour of Spain for the Festivals of Spain (the county fairs of Spain) in 1970, Cast A had one "crazy" bus driver. He always smelled of booze and a hefty amount of body odor. Anyone who rode on this bus knew they were putting their lives at risk, but we always ended up about an hour ahead of the rest of the cast. No cast directors would ride the bus, except for Ilsa, the nurse.

So...it became the unofficial "couples" bus. Before a really big show in Ciudad Real, there was a pre-show dinner party, given by the mayor. Each cast member was honored to receive a collection of three small bottles of booze from the town's local spirit maker and each table two big bottles of wine.

There were a few (most) cast members who sang with a little more "spirit" that night. The show got a great review, but the next morning there were more aspirins passed out than normal. I saw that a couple of "someones" had decided to forgo their bounty and give it to our crazy bus driver. We made great time that day. As a parent and little wiser, I realize I must have been nuts...but I was 19 and the cast directors were in the other buses and we got to each town so much earlier and we felt a little freer, and after all, *Freedom Isn't Free*.

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – SUITCASES! At the airport I saw someone with an "American Traveler" logo on their suitcase. It seems that may be the kind I got for high school graduation to take on the road. I remember picking it out thinking "Oh, it'll be good and sturdy!" Never once picturing how heavy that sturdy thing was to begin with...let alone before it was jammed full... Never mind the fact that WHEELS wouldn't come along for 30 years and we had to CARRY THEM EVERYWHERE!!!!

Because I did some writing on the road one of my suitcases also contained a typewriter!!!! I can remember flying into LaGuardia with **Laurie Kleeberg** (first time in New

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York), being confronted by pay phones that needed area codes even within NYC, and being completely flummoxed as we tried to call whoever at Ft. Slocum (...to say WHAT, I wonder..."come get us?"). And then carrying those suitcases (three as I recall), thinking I was going to die.



Many years later when I was moving to Connecticut, I remember landing there and having the same feeling, as I had suitcases, trunks, etc. All way too much. But that very first time, it was a test of will to get each bag picked up and moved... well, let's picture: Probably, if we were lucky, into one of those Impalas (but I really don't remember), then out of the car and onto the dock, then onto the ferry, then off of the ferry, then (oh, God) to the dorm???

There must have been at least one stop in between as we got sorted out. And, of course it was an ISLAND...so the walk across the quadrangle, etc., wasn't short. I can even remember packing a not-small box of laundry detergent. It was as if I was leaving the known world forever. Which, come to think of it, was sort of how it felt at the time. Yup, gotta have a good sturdy suitcase if you're packing up and leaving the known world. The lesson I've carried with

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me as I've travelled hundreds of thousands of miles since?? Pack LIGHT. Even with wheels, don't take more than you can carry...

Maggie Inge – Ah, American Tourister! I was given two of the smaller versions and they carried me the whole 4 years I traveled, then on to England for the end of college and eventually NY. I have often wondered how I did it. Such small spaces to hold all my worldly belongings for so many years. there was a time on the road when they also contained my textbooks.

I still have my Civilization book from which it seemed we learned everything with **Dr. Martin**. Now that's a man who changed my life forever by sharing his love of history. I graduated a History major almost as a testament to his efforts. It was useless as a degree in terms of the eventual job search, but I wouldn't change it for a minute because of the perspective it continues to lend to my world view. I am almost embarrassed by the fact that today those two bags wouldn't hold even my shoes (just call me Emelda). At least my shoes these days are of the more sensible type than those Thom McCanns.

Day Ravenscroft – I, and all my colleagues, lived in exactly 20 kg for several decades, summer-winter-desk—toiletries & family photos all in miniature—no sport clothes or equipment. I still travel that way although my meds for old age hassles must weigh 5-6 pounds now. An exchange student came for a winter at our house with 33 containers of beloved belongings so I understand that our old way is not a normal way to live.

Ron Welborn -- I still travel like I did with UWP. My family is amazed that I get everything in one small bag, and somehow have the right clothes, and the right equipment for our trips. I learned from the best!

Tom Coulombe...Ahhhhhh, but Ron, the important question is "How do you coil your electrical cables?" **Ron, Tom**, Oh so true.—

Jan Rogers Harbaugh — At least you didn't get the plane ride we did coming home from Italy! Worst thunderstorm of the summer. We had to fly to Montreal to refuel, then got back in the landing pattern. Somebody (can't remember who) was in a window seat on the wing. I was sick from our last meal, but couldn't get up. She asked me if I'd trade seats, and since I was sure I was going to die anyway, I said "Sure." Sat down, looked out the window, saw lightning strike the wing (which was bobbing up and down like crazy), closed the shade, pulled down my tray and put my head down.

Tove (our nurse) was running up and down the aisle like a madwoman (with the stewardesses behind her) because the Italian woman who was a new recruit was hysterical. **Provi Camejo** had her rosary out and was going through those beads faster than anyone I'd ever seen. I sort of passed out and the next thing I heard was the pilot's voice, saying, "Well, they've landed us in some God-forsaken corner of this airport, but with any luck, we'll have you in the terminal eventually." Which they did, but, of course, it was another hour to Ft. Slocum. I grabbed my room assignment, and just did make it to the john before exploding. Ahh, the Good Old Days!

Ron Welborn — What a trip! I remember being so tired, sore, and, we just kept flying around and around... One of the drops the plane made tossed me right out of my seatbelt and I hit the overhead. I could not wait to get out of that plane. I have never been so glad to step onto solid ground in my life.

Barbara (DeSwarte) St. Louis — Norway in January 1968 was the coldest place I'd ever experienced up until

that time, with lots and lots of snow. I was on the Cast B High School bus driven by the cutest Norwegian you could imagine. The snow banks on both sides of the road were at least 8-10 feet high as we travelled to our next destination.

Suddenly, we all became aware that the bus was starting to slide and the entire bus began leaning to the right until the top edge of the bus hit the side of the snow bank and slowly, very slowly, slipped down until the bus rested on its side in the middle of the road. We all had to climb out the side windows. Thankfully, no one was injured. I really can't remember how the bus was righted....but we resumed the trip on another bus.

Lysa and The Bus

Lysa Loew Erkenbrack – Yes, I did miss the bus just after Cast C was formed and had gone to Calgary at the start of a tour of the Canadian Forces bases. We stayed in the dorms at the University there. There are people who, to this day, will swear I woke them up in the morning for the buses. All I remember is that I woke up to an empty dorm and everyone was gone.

I was barely 15 at the time. I went downstairs and found a policeman and told him what had happened. Keep in mind this was the first tour of Canada and no one knew who we were. I told the policeman that I knew the cast was going to Moosejaw (actually, I guessed. I'd only been told by a cast member from there that she was excited to be going home, I didn't know when we were going there!).

The policeman took me down to the Salvation Army who bought me a charity fare ticket on the bus to Moosejaw. I arrived in Moosejaw late at night and called the police (hey, I figured it worked once, why not try again). The policeman who answered promptly answered that he'd never heard of Sing-Out, but he'd look around and get back to me. The next thing I know someone (I feel badly that I can't remember who) from the cast came to the bus station and picked me up. The story became embedded in Cast C lore

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probably because we were so new and there weren't many stories to tell or remember.

The amazing thing to me, even now, is that I was never afraid and, from the beginning, felt it would all work out. Yea, God! Others can probably add their versions and



tell about the mad rush back to find me when they figured out I had been left. Because I had been on the cook crew, the cast thought I'd gone ahead with them and the cook crew thought I was with the cast in the buses. Apparently, it wasn't until everyone stopped for lunch that they realized I'd been left.

Wes Cornelson – That was before I joined the cast and I remember hearing the story...but if memory serves me, it wasn't the only time you missed (or just about missed) the bus. I vaguely remember pulling away only to stop a half a block away to wait for you running down the street. Correct me if I'm wrong, and I don't recall exactly where this happened.

Ron Welborn – Yes, our Lysa created more than one bit of UWP folklore....

Lysa Loew Erkenbrack – I'm afraid I was a pretty goofy 15-year-old kid at the time and I still hear people talk about the scrapes I got into almost constantly, it seems. Yes, I remember it wasn't the only time I missed the bus, but I can't remember the others nearly as well. Only that it all seemed to provide great entertainment for the rest of the cast!

Tom Coulombe – Not just "the cast", Lysa.... You were FAMOUS throughout the whole organization for many and various reasons! ... There were stories of Lysa lost, Lysa left, Lysa the cook, Lysa the musician.... just all kinds of little girl lost tales which made their way through the organization. None were bad or malicious or anything like that, but as Roseanne Roseannadanna said, "It's always something!" SOMETHING was always cooking with Lysa and it didn't necessarily have ANYTHING to do with a kitchen.

I must add that there were also stories of Lysa the Tasmanian Devil who would find something that was done incompletely, improperly or not done at all. Then she would perform like a little whirling dervish and all would be right with the world. You had one bodacious reputation, Lysa!

Letters from The Road

Alister Wilson (65-70, Crew, HS Principal, Business. Mgr. Force D) [Alister wrote **letters home** at least once a week regarding every significant event from '65-70 where he travelled. "*Fortunately, my folks kept every letter I sent and I have been busy transcribing and editing them for my daughter Fiona, and also that they may be of some use in the UWP archive.*" It's a classic journal and he's allowed us to include many of his letters throughout this volume. Thank you Alister! Ed.]

December 28, 1965 -- Dear Mum and Dad, we have had an absolutely superb Christmas here in Los Angeles with most of the cast of Sing-Out 65. Some went home for Christmas. We had a barrel of fun last Thursday in the living room and then sang carols and had the Cowboy Christmas on Christmas Eve. (*It was a western cowboy play written by Canadian Cecil Broadhurst (1908 – 81) who travelled as a theatre director in the early days of Sing-Out 65. His son Dan travelled with UWP until drafted into the Vietnam War where at 18 he completed a tour of duty as the youngest tank commander in Vietnam. Cece, as he was known, also wrote the "Cowboy Carol" "There'll be a new world beginning from tonight" which was used for many years as the finale in Malcolm Sargent's Christmas Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, London.*)

I spent Christmas day with the President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Hollywood and had a great time. I'll probably be staying with them till the end of the year. For the last two days we have been bulging at the sides during our conference trying to get everyone accommodated. A busload came from Phoenix and Tucson to participate, and also from all over Los Angeles County.

They are all good kids who want to take on the whole of the West of America and raise their own Sing-Out. Last

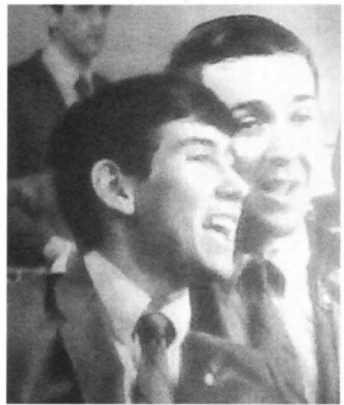
Wednesday was the premiere of "Sing-Out Los Angeles" and we will see "Sing-Out Phoenix" tonight. In Colorado Springs on Wednesday & Thursday there is another conference in a hotel [The Broadmoor] where ice hockey teams from Russia and Czechoslovakia are also staying. It will be interesting to see how they respond to the conviction and discipline of these Americans who will be there.

Meanwhile, great things lie ahead for 1966. We leave for the Deep South on January 1st. As our Southerners say, "there is a great hunk of humanity down there" and actually much of the South has been grossly maligned. A lot of the cast come from the South and are looking forward to taking Sing-Out 66 there.

By December 31 we will have a completely new show written with new choreography and all sorts of additions. This is so that we can be prepared for further TV performances. We are absolutely convinced the whole nation will respond to the first showing of Sing-Out. We will be going through Texas, Oklahoma, Little Rock in Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, as well as for a week's booking in Tennessee. Don't worry, the south is not all what you see on television!

I am going to be responsible for the sound of Sing-Out and I'm tutoring in Latin. -- Yours ever, Alister

John Gonzalez (67-68C) - In December 1967, as a youngster of 15, I left Panama to tour with Up with People. I was recruited to join Cast C because they would soon be touring Latin America and could use a Spanish-speaking guitarist. I joined the cast in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Four months later, however, our travel plans changed.



When Our Roads Come Together

The letters I wrote home best tell the story:

March 3, 1968 – Sarasota, Florida. I just came back from a meeting with **Mr. Belk**. He told us the bad news – we're not going to Latin America. Pretty disappointing! But here's the fabulous part. In a month we're going to Italy! So much for speaking the language! We're all so excited. Pretty soon we'll be eating spaghetti twice a day like we're getting fried chicken here in the south.

April 7, 1968 – Milano, Italy. God Bless America - and English! I've been here about three hours and I'm about to go crazy. My hosts don't know a word of English and their son only knows a bit. I've mumbled my way so far by saying "bene" and "grazie". They say Italian's sorta like Spanish. But not when they talk fast! A couple of minutes ago my hostess arrived with a bag of groceries jabbering in Italian. All I understood was "fame o sete" - so I smiled and said "mezzo-mezzo." They brought me a beefsteak, a hot dog and oranges. I pointed to the bright orange fruit.

She cut it open and the inside was dark purple - almost black. Well, it's rotten, I figured. But no - she squeezed it and ended up with about an inch of black, oily liquid. Then she shoved a wine bottle and a bowl of sugar in front of me. I didn't know what to do, but acted like I did. I poured from the bottle of what turned out to be mineral water, stirred in some sugar, half expecting it to explode, held my nose and drank. It tasted like the most delicious Florida orange juice ever, only stronger and tangier. Yummm.

April 8, 1968. Everyone told about their first day experiences. One Korean guy only knew the word 'Si,' so that's what he said to everything. Unfortunately his host was asking how many eggs he wanted for breakfast and he ended up with five! Another guy wanted to take a shower, but there were no drapes or blinds to cover the huge window. So he turned out the lights and washed away in the dark. Another thought he was pulling the light cord only to have the butler come running in - it was the emergency call bell.

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April 9, 1968: ***Don't worry!*** . . . but last night's show at Universita Politecnico turned into a riot. There were about 100 communists in the crowd and they started chanting and protesting while we sang. We kept on singing, but a couple of our guys got roughed up. It's the first show I've held hands with a girl through. **Glennie Close** was next to me, and she wouldn't let go, she was so scared.

May 20, 1968 Venice - I've been in Venice with a few others setting up for the cast. I've had the most exciting week of my life here – like a wonderful dream and a nightmare all in one. We're giving mini-shows at schools to publicize the show and to get homes for the cast. We arrived Monday and it poured all day.

The next day we woke up to beautiful sunshine and I finally got a real good look at Venice. There are absolutely no cars, so you walk or take a ferry. Everything was going fine, although we had a little opposition from the Maoist students the first few days.

Then a leaflet came out warning the public that we were here to Americanize their city. That was great publicity for us, but we would put posters up and the Communist students would write all over them with graffiti. On Thursday we decided to tackle the University. The Mayor told us not to, the police told us not to, but we did anyway. We gave a half hour show for about 300 students. About half way through, they brought in three huge flags - the Chinese flag, a big hammer and sickle banner, and a Russian flag. As we went out they brought in signs about Vietnam and made us duck under the three flags.

As I brushed them away and walked through, they started chasing me and I thought my life would end right there. I heard them on my tail so I ran and eventually got away. I knew we were supposed to meet later that afternoon at the University of Architecture, so I found the others there. After waiting about 15 minutes we were allowed to address the student council that was debating our being on

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campus. They told us they didn't want to hear us sing, but wanted to debate the Vietnam War.

We tried to sing anyway but two huge guys came jumping over a desk and waved an upside down U.S. flag stained with blood in my face. The Italian secret police appeared out of nowhere and rushed us out. None of us were hurt, but it came close.

Funny thing was that one of our directors was at the police HQ talking about protection for the whole cast when the call about our predicament came in. By this time the entire city knew about what happened at the University. It couldn't have been better publicity for the show last night, which was absolutely packed!

Each of our experiences in Up with People were unique, but we who traveled in those early years share an absolute bond that no one else can ever fully appreciate. These adventures in Italy were just the first of many during my two years traveling the world.

Each day had its joys, each hardship taught a lesson, and each second built lasting memories. Those years, more than any other, made me who I am.

The Great Spirit

Long before the white man set foot on the North American continent, the Indian people worshiped The Great Spirit.

In the years leading up to the Sing-Out explosion of 1965-66, the Native Americans of Southwest and Midwest played a crucial role in the unifying message that was to become the signature of *Up with People*, involving and caring for all people.

There was no one group more significantly represented in the early casts than Native Americans, from many different tribes, pueblos, and nations within North America. They brought an extraordinary presence to those performances, and a cultural awakening for so many members of the casts as well.



Abel Sanchez, Jose Juan Montoya Sr., Miguel Martinez

The Great Spirit

*The Great Spirit with His own hand,
Painted the mesas, painted the sand,
The mountains rose at His command,
And He called it His own land,
And He called it His own land.*

*Then He brought the wind and it did blow.
The highest peaks He covered with snow.
The sun shone down on His country so,
He called it His own land,
So He called it His own land.*

*When the day is dawning, when the night is falling,
You can hear Him calling once again.*

*Then He made a people strong and free.
He made them straight as a cedar tree.
And He said that ev'ry single one shall be
The children of My land.
The children of My land.*

*Then said the Great Spirit, listen to Me.
My great warriors you shall be.
A voice that thunders sea to sea,
Till the whole world is My land.
Till the whole world is My land.*

*When the day is dawning, when the night is falling,
You can hear Him calling once again.....
And He called it His own land*

Paul and Ralph Colwell

Maarten de Pous – In 1964 Peter Howard addressed a conference in Albuquerque*, where he outlined his vision for the role he felt Native Americans could play in the future of this country. I had the privilege to be part of an MRA team that was welcomed by Native American leaders to come and work in the South-West. It was a wonderful group of people: **Don and Maya Saul, Barbara Blue-jacket, Phyllis Limburg, John MacLennan, Roger Claassen, Sylvianne Mottu** and myself. We operated from a home in Santa Fe that had been put at our disposal.

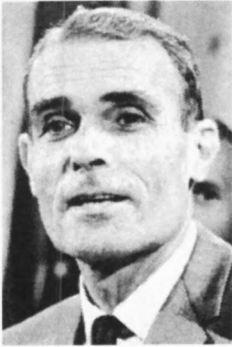
Together we engaged with Indian leaders and young people across New Mexico and Arizona, speaking at schools, tribal events, etc. This resulted in major delegations going to Mackinac Island in the 1964 and 1965. Many decided to join one of the Sing Outs. People like **Ardell Ruiz, Betty Tsoie, Frank Fields, David Garcia, Mike Baca, Lonnie Alexander, Gilbert Sanchez** and many more.



The years in the South West, especially the exposure to the Indian traditions, culture, art, humor, their closeness to nature, and most of all the friendships we developed, form the most meaningful memories of my nine years in America. They last until today. In fact, just before coming to this re-union, my wife and I spent a few days with our dear friends **Ramos and Gerdie Sanchez** in San Ildefonso Pueblo.

Another good friend from that same Pueblo was the artist Popovi Da, the son of the famous potter Maria. One day, Popovi Da presented **Don Saul, John MacLennan, Roger Claassen** and myself with beautiful silver belt buckles, which he had made, with our initials on it. Boy, were we proud. I still wear this buckle practically every day!

[*At the Conference of American Indians in Albuquerque in 1964, **Peter Howard** said, in part:



"You won't get promises of material advancement from me. You will get an offer to play an equal part in shaping history. The Indian can be a prophet voice in a prophet nation. We cannot allow white men from the privilege of state position to tell Indians what they should or should not do in matters of conviction and commitment. I want the Indians to speak up now with a voice of authority, because for a century they have been some of the greatest men in America and they have

remained silent." (From 'Peter Howard Life and Letters', by Anne Wolrige Gordon, Hodder and Stoughton Limited, London, 1969.)]

Connie Tsosie-Gaussoin (66-70A,B,C) – A Witness to History - I am Connie Tsosie-Gaussoin, a Native American from the Navajo (Dine) tribe and Picuris Pueblo in New Mexico. I grew up in the relatively small (at the time) town of Santa Fe, New Mexico, but spent my summers on the Navajo reservation in Black Mountain located in Arizona which reinforced my family's cultural and heritage.



The men in my family served honorably in the military. My late father Carl Tsosie Sr. landed on the beaches of Normandy, on D-Day; my uncle the late Carl Gorman was a Navajo Code Talker; my father's twin brothers John Nez & Robert Nez served in the US Army. Today, this proud tradition continues as one of my sons is currently serving as a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Army at the Pentagon in Washington DC.

In 1965, there were several attempts to recruit me to join Sing-Out. My parents were hesitant and did not want me to leave home. Finally, they relented and let me attend a weekend conference in Estes Park, Colorado. I returned home - *four and a half years later!* I traveled in Up with People in Casts A, B & C. I was also in Sing-Out High School and attended the UWP Cooking School. I lived in the PACE Building in Los Angeles on South Flower Street and lived at Dellwood, Armonk, NY.

Wearing my traditional Navajo outfit, I was placed in the front row at various UWP shows. I also had a prepared speech that I delivered before many audiences and dignitaries including King Olaf of Norway, the President of Panama, and many other celebrities of various countries. One Christmas in Leakey, Texas, U.S. Astronauts Alan Shepard, Buzz Aldrin, and Ed White, were in the audience.

My travels took me to Scandinavia, Panama, 45 states in the US, and five Canadian Provinces. In Panama, I experienced the extreme living conditions of this country. At one point, we stayed in a magnificent high-rise, which was the residence of an American CEO in the heart of Panama City. And on the same visit we made our way through a jungle to reach the San Blas Indians. I could identify with the Panamanian Indians who were a gentle people.

At another time, we were staying in some school dormitories in David, Chiriquí Province, Panama. We were told as we checked into our rooms not to look out of the windows at night or you might get shot at. Needless to say, we did not look out of the windows.

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I feel like I was a witness to history. One week after we performed at Kent State (a concert that was well-received by students and generated some good conversations) anti-war protestors started rioting and four students were shot by the front entrance of the University.

Another time, our group of UWP HS students was in the school library in Berkeley, CA, when campus police with gas masks on told us to get back on the buses and go! Student riots were breaking out just as we were leaving the campus.

Students asked us if we were left wing, right wing, or members of the John Birch Society. They were relieved when they learned what we stood for. Although the civil rights movement was growing, I did not face the racism that some of our cast mates faced in the South. I found the people to be so generous and giving and full of southern hospitality. But I will not forget what others encountered.

Another experience that I would like to forget was the time I slipped on stage and was taken to a hospital in South Hampton, NY. While there, a family from the area came to visit me on Sunday afternoons. I was apart from my cast for a month or longer. I had to re-learn how to walk and was finally able to rejoin my cast in upstate NY. The cast I was with at the time traveled to Fort Benning, Georgia. I still have my certificate from the "Buddy-Seat" ride, which is jumping from a tall steel tower with a parachute on our backs.

A memorable experience that could have been a disaster, but instead contributed to success in my adult life, was setting up the logistics in the town of Lillehammer, Norway. A cast member, who spoke the language, was supposed to help me set up but did not show up until two days before the cast was to arrive.

There I was, trying to make the necessary final arrangements on my own, not speaking a word of Norwegian, and I still needed to procure 50 beds for cast members. I was able to contact the mayor's office, get his support, and

make all of the final arrangements. And, I was only 17 years old.

Reflecting on this experience, it is probably the reason I am an effective fundraiser and have organized events for the Santa Fe Opera, The United Way, and the Santa Fe Indian Market, the Institute of American Indian Arts, several NM Governor Gala's and numerous museums in Santa Fe, NM. I am comfortable around celebrities and dignitaries and I don't take "no" for an answer (in fundraising, that is)!

My transition back to Santa Fe was not so traumatic. I went to college, met and married the man who is still my husband 45 years later. We have four wonderful children and four lovely grandchildren. I am a recognized jewelry designer, Native fashion designer, sculptress and the recipient of several awards, including: Living Treasure Award; Museum of Indian Arts & Culture, Santa Fe, NM; City of Santa Fe Mayor's Award for Arts Education; Santa Fe New Mexican's Award "10 Who Make a Difference" and the Governor's of the Eight Northern Indian Pueblo Council Recognition - "Outstanding Native American Artist for her achievements representing Native American Women."

I know my time with Sing Out/ Up with People contributed in many ways to the person I am today. I am very honored and thankful to have been a representative for my people in this wonderful worldwide organization.

Charmain Pensoneau Billy (65-67A, Local S-O Germany, Florida) – During the 1965 Mackinac conference, a truly amazing experience occurred and I'm not sure I know how it all unfolded. In our Tribe, the Ponca Tribe, we give gifts to people who have travelled long distances to take part in our celebrations or activities. My mother had come to Mackinac bringing a gift of a Pendleton blanket, which is very finely woven, costs more than a regular blanket and is recognized as a sign of respect in our Tribe.

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I don't know if she had anyone specifically in mind but was probably just showing how happy she was to be a part of an occasion where there were people from all over the world. It's something like a Thank You to God with a physical gift to someone from far away. It's like, we're overwhelmed with gratitude to be Blessed like that, and signify it by a sacrifice, a material offering that is worth something, such as a Pendleton blanket.

I believe we were in the middle of a general session in the Great Hall at Mackinac when we were called up to the stage (by Mr. Belk?), and the Ernst Family was also called up. My mother then presented the Pendleton blanket to the Ernsts who had all come from Germany for this conference, as a gift of gratitude in our tradition.



The other people in this picture are from left to right, **Dorothee Ernst**, an unidentified Native American man, **Martin Ernst**, **Siegfried Ernst**, me, and my mother, **Harriet Collins Pensoneau**.

My mother was descended from two chiefs: Big Elk and GivesWater. We also had an Irishman in the lineage named Charles Collins. The story was that he was a cook in the party of Lewis and Clark and when they came through Nebraska, where the Ponca's lived at that time, he

and my great grandmother wed. My great grandmother was the daughter of Chief Big Elk.

Wes Stevenson (67C) -- In 1967, I completed my high school sophomore year in my hometown of Wolf Point, Montana and that summer I was accepted into a college bridging program called Upward Bound. The program was established to help underprivileged students make the transition from high school to college and it was offered at Eastern Montana College in Billings, Montana

While in the program, an Up with People cast member came to Billings recruiting Native Americans. His name was Veston Warrior, a Native American himself from Ponca City, Oklahoma. He spoke to a large group on campus and a few of us remained afterwards to ask him more questions. He told me that a “rich lady” in Oklahoma would pay my way if I traveled with the group. He even helped me fill out an application, which I took home for my parents to sign. Without the generous support of this woman, whom I never met, I would not have had the opportunity. (I did send her postcards and “thank you’s” along the way.)

Coming from a troubled family and an Indian reservation wrought with its own problems, it was easy for me to make the decision to leave home at 16 years of age.

Fresh off the rez, my first stop was NYC. Since my little Montana community with a population of 1200 and just had one stop light, NYC was overwhelming to say the least. But being young and having nothing to go back to, I decided I was going to stick it out. I arrived at Fort Slocum, NY, where I met people from all over the world with a single purpose – to change our world for the better. At this point I knew very little about Moral Re-Armament and Up with People. I just knew it was better than what I had left behind.

Those first months were surreal as we left the Island for Chicago under the invite of Conrad Hilton. We stayed in his hotel, which had 29 floors and housed more patrons

than the entire population of my hometown. From there we traveled west, stopping in Colorado Springs and a few other places before arriving in southern California.

I ended up staying for two life-changing years and had the opportunity to meet wonderful people and see a lot of the world. I also learned how to play the guitar which eventually put me into some of the Strike Forces that were sent ahead of the cast to set up cities.



Wes Stevenson

For those of us in Up with People High School, we were always on the periphery of the action because of our studies. I look back and remember we were the young, immature ones, bubbling with energy and enthusiasm, but always with homework and testing deadlines. We only showed up for rehearsals and shows, and consequently I feel we missed out on a significant amount of the experiences that the older cast members shared. However, given the circumstances, I wouldn't change a thing.

I remember an event that still seems very clear in mind, although most others are quite vague. **Harry Harris** and I were to be roommates in one of the southern Georgia towns. We hadn't met our hosts and we arrived quite late that first night after our show. The host came to the door with a smile and when he saw who we were, he slammed the door in our faces. I guess a Native and a Black American were too much for some families back then. But we marked it down as just one experience and one person because the majority of Georgians accepted us and treated us like kings. They were warm and they opened their homes to us.

Another experience that seems more like a miracle...Christmas 1968, all three casts decided to stay together in Santa Fe. My mother and father decided they

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were going to drive from Montana through the snow to come and see me. This was a pretty big deal because my dad pumped gas for a living and my mother cleaned other peoples' homes. So money was hard to come by.

A bank of pay phones was placed in the gymnasium where we were performing in Santa Fe and each cast had a specific time for rehearsal. On the first day of rehearsal, I was walking to the gym with my good friends, **Steve Dee, Joe Madison, Jim Wiseman and Lamont Black** (a true "United Nations" friendship.)

One of the payphones was ringing and no one was picking it up. So I walked over to the phone and said "hello". To my surprise, coming from the other end, the voice said, "Hi Wes, well we made it." It was my Dad! When I hung up, one of the guys asked, "Who was that?" I said nonchalantly, "Oh, it was just my Dad." Almost fifty years later, I am still amazed that he found me that easily!

We all had to return home at some point and when I did, I left ahead of the cast from Madrid in the summer of 1969. When I arrived back on the rez, I realized that I had changed considerably, but my friends, family and community had not. It was a difficult adjustment, which I have since learned from other Uppies that they shared similar experiences upon their return home.

The opportunities I received while traveling with UWP gave me the building blocks to envision a better life and the ability to climb out of the poverty and dysfunction I grew up in. For me, the cycle was finally broken, and I have always thanked Up with People for the experience. I also thank the "rich lady" that I never met.

Gilbert Sanchez (64,65-67A) – I went to the first Tomorrow's American conference at Mackinac Is. in 1964. My father, **Abel Sanchez**, had met **Peter Howard** and others from MRA and Howard had invited my whole family to go to the conference that summer.

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Peter Howard stated his vision for Native Americans during his speech, at the Conference of American Indians in Albuquerque in 1964, and captivated the Native American's view of the future. Howard challenged our commitment, as the First Americans, to a new voice and leadership for this country and the world. We had strong people and a strong culture, but we had been quiet too long.

While not promising riches, Howard did hold out the offer of a partnership between MRA and Native Americans going forward toward that vision. This is the first time that Native Americans had felt welcomed into leadership ranks of creating a new order and a new world. Interestingly, as a European, Howard had an apparent depth of understanding for our condition and perspective for Native Americans that was sorely lacking in this country, for more than 200 years.

Not many of us younger people knew a whole lot about MRA, but the strength of Howard's insights to our way of life and convictions got our attention. We knew too well the disappointments and struggles of our People in the past and this might be the time for a new direction. But it was predominantly Howard's voice, as the leader of MRA at that time that was driving this vision and promise.

At the suggestion of my father, I was encouraged to go to this conference. I was the only young person from my Pueblo, San Ildefonso, to go. It was a big deal for me, as it

was the first time that I had ever flown in an airplane or been in a boat. We even had hot food served to us on the airplane (imagine that).

At Mackinac I met many other young people from all over the country and around the world. I especially remember **John Sayre, Rusty Wailes and Dan**



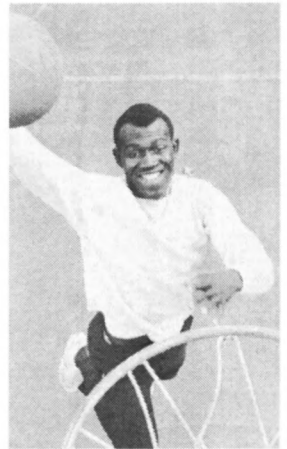
John and Rusty

Skuce, and I think I even roomed with Dan. There was always a lot going on with interesting speakers, including Howard of course and he would even talk with us around the table at breakfast. I was impressed with how he related to me and the other Native Americans there. And so many people from other countries wanted to talk with me; it was an amazing time.

Among other people that stood out that summer was a guy named **Willie Storey** from Chicago, who befriended me and invited me to come out to play some basketball with him in the big sound studio. Willie and I became close friends that summer and finally re-found each other 35 years later when he had moved to Phoenix. He has passed away, and I miss him.

At one point during the conference, Willie and I, along with **Dan Skuce, Malcolm Roberts**, and a few others were sent out to Detroit and Chicago to meet with a number of CEO's of companies and other donors to raise funds and get grants for this conference. I just could not believe that we could go out, as inexperienced young people, and talk directly to those CEOs and ask for all the things we did. It was astonishing! It all whetted my appetite to come back the following summer.

However, the great tragedy that occurred in the Spring of 1965, was the unexpected death of **Peter Howard** while he was on tour in South America. This was a significant blow to all of us Native Americans, as Howard had been such a champion of the Native American cause and rebirth of our leadership. Nonetheless, I think we believed that his vision and commitment would be carried on by those who had worked with him, and the leaders to follow.



Willie Storey

In 1965, on the strength of the '64 conference and Howard's inspiration, the Pueblos began to open up. And for the '65 summer Mackinac conference there was a larger contingent of Native Americans, coming from the Southwest, including **Ardell Ruiz, Alice Singer, Ron Hopper** and many others from the Pueblos. **Bill Pensoneau** came from Ponca City, OK, and he had begun to take a significant leadership role in national Indian youth affairs.

One of the unforgettable experiences for me, as an Indian at the conference, was meeting Chief Walking Buffalo from Canada, who I think was 116 years old. He arrived at the conference site on his horse. I never found out how he got that horse there, but he spoke powerfully about his concerns for the world. He'd seen a lot of it, and what an amazing person he was. I also met **Rajmohan Gandhi**, the grandson of Mahatma Gandhi. I never imagined that, at my age and from my Pueblo in NM, I would have the chance to meet people like this from around the world.

Another highlight for me that summer of '65 at Mackinac, was meeting a fellow named **Bill Bradley** who had played some basketball in college [All American from Princeton, Olympic Gold Medalist, Rhodes Scholar, later NY Nicks twice NBA Champion, Basketball Hall of Fame, 3 term US Senator, twice Presidential candidate] and who came out to the basketball court to give us a little demonstration. He called me out of the group to do the demo with him. It was incredible for me. We actually struck up a friendship at that point that lasted over many years.

After I got out of the Air Force, I would often go back to Washington DC to speak on behalf of Native American issues. On one of those early trips I went to see Bradley, then a US Senator, in his Senate office. He remembered me and, among other matters, invited me to go down to the Senate Gym for a little basketball! Me playing basketball with a Senator in the Senate Gym, wow! Senator Bradley

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was very supportive of Native American issues that I proposed, and I continued to visit him on other trips to Washington.

Back to that summer of '65, I was invited to stay on as a member of the new cast of Sing-Out '65, and we took off in August on a tour throughout Cape Cod. We stayed in the homes of other families, which was new to me. I think my most memorable host during all my travel years was there in Falmouth, MA.



The father was another Native American who went by the name of Chief Jefferies. He had been a football teammate of the great athlete Jim Thorpe, also of Indian heritage. He had remarkable stories of what it was like

playing alongside such a legendary person. He said Thorpe was so strong that he would carry several defending players on his back into the end zone. What an experience it was for me to be able to stay in a home like this.

There were quite a lot of Native Americans in the UWP show over the next two years, and we were featured in many stage performances.

However, after Howard's death, the commitment from the new MRA / Sing-Out leadership in the US to Howard's vision for Native American leadership seemed to rapidly slip away. This was particularly so with the incorporation of Up with People in 1968. It appeared that the main interest was in our roles in the show, but not our roles or future in leadership, certainly not on the scale of what Howard had proposed. We began to feel like an afterthought in this Up with People revolution.

The resulting effect in the Native American ranks was that of great disappointment. Once again there was the feeling that the white man in America looked upon us

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as second class citizens and not partners in creating a new world. The leadership in the Pueblos and the Tribes began to pull back from Up with People and our participation in the casts dropped off.

For our elder leaders who had been so inspired by the authenticity and understanding of our way of life they saw in Howard, they are to this day no longer welcoming to the long time leadership of Up with People. For those of us younger leaders who were in the program, the path forward seemed isolated and less hopeful. And for those who were heavily invested in it, it took an emotional toll.

Having said all of that, and in spite of the lost opportunities for cultural and maybe global change, the personal effect for me over the long term has been remarkable.

The experience of being at Mackinac and traveling with the first Sing-Out was positive for me in all respects. It brought me into a worldview and a rapid maturity that I never would have had otherwise. This was also true for many of my friends from the Pueblos and other tribes. I was comfortable with John and Rusty as they personally challenged me to get involved and do something that mattered. They still had the belief. Young Indians returned home having learned things that they never would have learned anywhere else.

Many of our other Native American UWP alumni went on to individual leadership roles and made a real difference. **Ardell Ruiz** headed up the important Gila River Water Project, and **Roy Bernal** became governor of the Taos Pueblo and Chair of the All Indian Pueblo Council.

This experience and exposure to issues at an international level actually brought out in me the ability and confidence to express myself, to address dignitaries at any



Ardell Ruiz

stage, and to give leadership to my own People. I would likely not be who I am today, with the ability to speak my mind and say what I have to say (if you hadn't noticed), if this experience hadn't helped me find that maturity.

Over the past 45 years I have played an active role in leadership in my Pueblo, San Ildefonso, serving in numerous capacities in all areas, including two years as Governor of the Pueblo. I have served as the Director of Resources Protection for the tribe, and also as the Director of the Pueblo-Los Alamos Project in the 1990's. I held various posts with the Bureau of Indian Affairs including that of a probation officer.

I also became increasingly involved in national affairs and interests of Native Americans, attending hearings in Washington on legislation affecting us. The involvement that I am proudest of came during the Congressional hearings on the legislation proposed by President Reagan on Native American Reparations in the 1980's.

This bill would have effectively eliminated many of the Indian rights guaranteed by prior treaties, back to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and allowed the protection of tribes as entities and guarantee of land rights to disappear. The deeper issue was that of Indian heritage and relationship to the land which was not "up for sale" and that was the principal point that I put forward to Senator Jackson and Congressman Bill Richardson, later Gov. of New Mexico. My arguments and evidence held and the hearings on this bill were terminated.

My life since those UWP days has been given to issues that matter, principally to Native Americans and this territory we live in. Even without the continued partnership that Howard had offered us, the truth is that I gained so much through it all, as a person and a leader, determined to move forward. I never would have dreamed that I could do the things I've done at this point in my life.

Charmain Pensoneau Billy – When we were in Germany for the first time with Up with People in 1966, I was a guest in the home of the Ernst family. It was a house full of children (six), most, younger than me.

What I remember is, in the evening when their dad came home from work (he was a doctor), he would sit on a stool and play his accordion and they would sit at his feet circled around in front of him. I was on a chair somewhat to the right of him. So, I could see his expression and theirs as he played and sang to them.

It was so beautiful, seeing the love from his eyes going to each of them and they in return, loving him back with their eyes. Moreover, I could truly feel the love. I felt honored, uplifted, seeing such tender and true emotion... and blessed to be in the same room with them.

What was astounding about this is that I had never seen such emotions in non-Indians and didn't believe they were capable of having these emotions. Needless to say, this changed my life, in my perceptions of non-Indians. The only looks I had been given in my growing up years were those of people who seemed to believe they were different from me and treated me accordingly.

Now that I knew other people were capable of true love, it changed the way I interact with people. Now I give them a chance; I act like I'm not different from them and if they treat me the same, we get along. If not, I treat them the same and back off. There are still some people who treat me with stone hearts based on my looks but I know that they do not represent all people in the world.

People with brown skin will know what I am talking about. What I was taught that day was that the power of love is not bound by skin color.

Bless you, Ernst family. May your Father rest in peace in the highest of God's heaven. (Now I can see why you are all doctors). I hope someday you can come and we can share cultures. That ray of light that shone in your house that day is something I will always remember.

"I dare you to make me study!"

Betty Pensoneau

Betty attended three Indian schools in Oklahoma, near Ponca City, until her mid-junior year. She was expelled from the last one where she had made grades of C's and D's,



Up with People spelled hope to Betty. She joined the cast and began to study again. She completed high school with a B- average while traveling across America eight times, and to Germany, Austria, Spain and Hawaii.

In the summer of 1968, after six intensive weeks in the *Up with People* food management course, she helped to train 1260 girls in cooking. Seven days a week for nine weeks with 20 untrained girls at a time, she produced one meal a day for 1400 delegates to the World Up

with People Festival at Fort Slocum, New York.

When Betty started with *Up with People* High School her first comment was "I dare you to make me study!" In her evaluation of her education recently she had these comments to make:

"In a teaching system you need communication. If you have no motivation to work or cause to learn, you lose respect for your teachers, they lose respect for you, and there is a lack of discipline in the classroom. The end result is nobody cares. In *Up with People* you communicate. Teachers teach because they want students to learn what they know. It is presented in a way that makes you want to learn. It is put in perspective.

"You are motivated because teachers trust and respect you at whatever your level of ability. They believe you have a capacity for learning. They use your good points. They motivate you by being motivated themselves. They give you a perspective of what students are meant to do for the future, what America is meant to be like, what we need in the thinking of this generation all over the world if we're to be responsible for it."

Article on Betty Pensoneau Primeaux

Betty Pensoneau Primeaux (66A,67B,68A) – [A few years ago], my older brother was here for a visit. He left a small piece of paper on my table at home, with the following words. I wanted to share it with you because it speaks with eloquence, and relevance to the Ponca people. In this hour of need, we owe it to our children to be warriors.

WHEN WARRIORS DARE

Bill Pensoneau 1945-2002

When Warriors Dare
To face their most magnificent foes in
Splendid last-ditch combat,
Self-tethered to a single ring of valor,
Then the People will have a chance to survive.

When Warriors Dare
To fast and listen and watch for the spirits,
Then the People will have
hope to continue singing.

When Warriors Dare
To share the bounty of their hunt and harvest,
Then the People will have
harmony to find a common vision.

When Warriors Dare
To tell the old stories of creation, humor, and mystery,
Then the People will have
knowledge to defeat a million lies.

When Warriors Dare
To imagine a time of beauty and fulfillment and peace
Then the People will have
their dreams unleashed.

When Warriors Dare
To show their fierce love and compassion
For the smallest, the lonely and forgotten,
Then the might of a thousand nations
will not threaten the future of the People.

When Our Roads Come Together



Bill Pensoneau



Thomasine Hill



Wes Stevenson



Unidentified Princess

Fort Slocum, David's Is., NY Summers, 1967 '68



Lynda Cook Pletcher – I was on the Island both summers. I arrived in June 1967 after traveling with Cast B for a year and completing my senior year with Sing Out High School. Holy cow! it was an abandoned, overgrown WORLD WAR II military base, sort of a ghost town with numerous barracks, mess hall, theater, chapel, administrative center and lots of officers' houses and a large parade



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field all separated from New Rochelle by the very polluted Long Island Sound. NO SWIMMING ALLOWED.



I don't remember how long it had been vacated but obviously for many years. Somehow all the cast members pitched in to be the manual labor to do the major cleanup, procure what we needed including food, get boats to run so we could ferry people and stuff back and forth and in general get this place up and running to welcome youth from all the local US Sing Outs and around the world.

I have no idea and little clear memories of how we did it but we did! My jobs the first month consisted of cleaning, scrubbing bathrooms, removing dead things like squirrels and few wharf rats and lots of dirt, hanging shower curtains to make bathroom and shower stalls for the "women's quarter, oh and painting walls, lots of walls.... We had Army cots, and green army blankets and sheets, army lockers and an occasional "procured" chair or small table.

I don't think rooms really had doors..... It was passable as ready for the first groups to arrive mid-June and the combined High School graduation July 1st 1967 welcomed

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lots of outside visitors who marveled at what we had done. We closed it all up in September and then reopened for the second summer “World Sing Out festival” in a lot better shape for June 1968.

The second summer at the ripe old age of 18 I was now considered staff and in charge of all the “women” arriving from local and international Sing-Outs. That summer is more of a blur. I think it all eventually burned down or was torn down in the ‘80s, again long abandoned.



Andy Parrish – My assignment was to report to the south end of Fort Slocum and to report to one **Rudy Miick**. Bright and early I headed that way and came upon this guy with longish very blond hair wearing a very loud Aloha shirt with hibiscuses all over it. This stuck in my mind because my Air Force dad had been stationed at Hickam when I was in grade school so I knew all about such things.

Also, because this blond guy was the color of a lightly toasted marshmallow. I introduced myself and asked him what we were supposed to do. The assignment was to drive an old red John Deere tractor dragging an antique hayer and to cut the long grass on the big south fields which were needed for recreation as more and more Sing Outers arrived on the island.

OK, how hard could that be for two smart guys? So we pushed the starter and after some chug-chugs and lots of smoke we were off with Rudy driving and me standing on the hitch on the back. If we'd thought about it, we'd have

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noticed that this old tractor had a very narrow wheel base and that, perhaps, if you weren't paying too close attention while you were cutting sloping terrain it might become top heavy. Well, FT Slocum's south end had some pretty steeply sloping banks, especially for those untrained in contour farming.

All of a sudden the tractor is riding only on the downhill wheel and Rudy and I are yelling "oh s----- t!". As we climbed to the uphill side the tractor barely righted itself. The two smart boys jumped off and stood staring at it. We spent the next fifteen minutes or so trying to decide if we dared get back on to right the situation.



Fortunately, we had not yet been fully imbued with the UWP "Take it on" spirit and decided to go get help. I know I was summarily relieved of all further tractor duty and never saw that machine again. I don't know about Rudy. On our tours throughout the US, Norway and Finland we never spoke of that day again.

Lysa Loew Erkenbrack – I'm a little mellower in my old age, but I do remember it being a bit nerve wracking at 16 being responsible for cooking for 2000 and managing 40 kids assigned to KP on any given day. I was supposed to

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have a partner, but she never showed, so I did my one-meal-a-day by myself. I was young enough I didn't realize what I didn't know! Ignorance really is bliss sometimes. That kitchen was challenging, but VERY fun!



Tom Coulombe – That is the only reason that I know you, **Lysa Loew**. I was working in the kitchen under the tutelage of Sharon Wise, cleaning out the steam pots -- oat-meal in the mornings, mashed potatoes at lunch and supper. I remember you running around telling me I had to hurry with the cleaning so we could start the next meal....

Dave Martin (68-70C) – Three memories of Fort Slocum come to mind, as I read other peoples' stories of their time there. Spraining both ankles at the same time while playing basketball! I walked very slowly for a few days, because a cane or crutches really only offer relief if you have one limb injured, not both. Watching people play volley ball, using only their heads to hit the ball back and forth!?!?!?

I often wondered why. Hearing a young man (boy) from Boston, standing in the auditorium yell "All Boston kids over here!" in a nasal accent, the likes of which had never been heard in Massillon, Ohio.

Tania Williams (66-68C) – Fort Slocum...what another world...I arrived in the summer of 1967 and joined Cast C...I spent most of the time in the kitchen wondering what to do with all those raisins that someone had "procured" for us...why not chocolate.. catching flying toast out of that great toaster...etc...



I also remember cooking late into the night for the other casts returning from performing at other venues to a point we started calling the kitchen...the Cast C Diner...I joined the high school there and the studying so hard...and why have school in August...we were the forerunners of what now is the norm...little did we know...

What I remember the most is the people and the other sing-outs from around the globe...Brazil, South Africa, Africa, Panama .etc...where else could a girl of 17 get such an education that would last a life time...I do remember returning home and cooking my first meal for my family and trying not to convert it to feed 2,000 people...great memories y'all.

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Lynn (Hutner) Colwell (66A-69A) – When Steve [Colwell] and I got engaged, a friend asked my mother whether I knew how to cook. "Yes," my mom answered, "but she has to divide all her recipes by 1,000!" And was that TRUE! I'd never cooked a thing in my life and truth be told I spent a lot of time at Ft. S trying to get out of two things-cooking and calisthenics!



Many of you may not know this (since I don't remember half the stuff you all are discussing), but we had a radio program that emanated from the bowels of somewhere on Ft. Slocum. Three of us were "in charge."

Dave Martin – One of my lasting images is of Tim Stumpp, sleeping in a chair propped up against a table in the "studio." I'd come in the next morning and the chair had fallen on its back and Tim was still in it fast asleep with his legs up in the air! I would go in very early so I would miss the aforementioned calisthenics and cooking detail. My daughter now lives in Monterey, but lived for a year in Fresno from whence I believe, came the raisins. It's a wonder any of us ever made it out of the bathrooms

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to accomplish ANYTHING, going through a ton of raisins as we did!



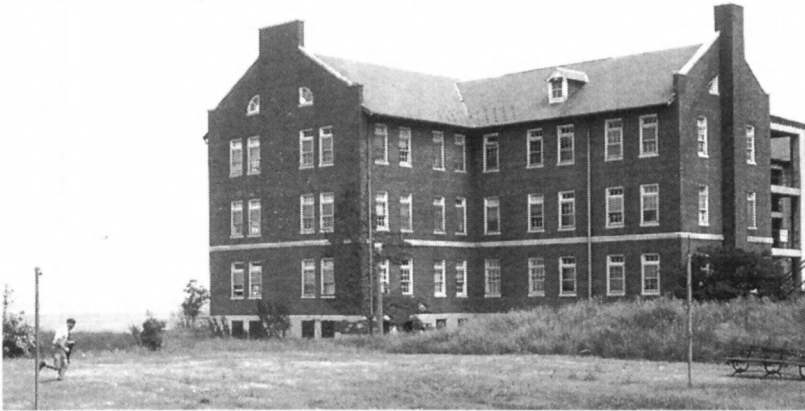
Ron Welborn – I worked in transportation then, took delivery of all of the new Chevrolet's that had been donated for the summer program. Drove to the N.Y. airports every-day, into Manhattan to pickup furniture, I don't know how we managed to put so many miles on those cars, without any more mishaps than we did. Had some incredible meals at the 'Pelham Diner' in New Rochelle.



The nights when those of us on the dock missed the boats and had to spend the night at the dock. Or getting across on the last boat, and crawling up to my room and falling asleep with the windows open, the sound of the water putting me to sleep. Waking up early, and doing it all again. We had some awesome people on the island that summer.

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I learned what my physical limits were and exceeded them. Some of the people who had an impact on me are no longer with us. Marcia Holland handled our money for the transportation crew, I learned so much from her about ethics. We made music that summer, the likes of which that area had not heard before, and has not heard since.



Mary (Caughey) Colwell -- I was on cooking duty at Fort Slocum and of all things, was making ratatouille for hundreds of teenagers. Imagine offering that to teens today!!! So we chopped and chopped eggplant, zucchini, onions, garlic and tomatoes to fill two humongous tureens that were hung over gas burners. There must have been 50 gallons of ratatouille in each tureen.



I was stirring that boiling cauldron nonchalantly not realizing it had to be locked in place. Suddenly, it spun upside down and scalding ratatouille sloshed everywhere! How no one was badly burned I don't know. Maybe because there was a concrete curb-like surround of this cooking area which would have prevented the spill getting to our feet which probably were in sandals. Cringe!

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Tom Coulombe -- Do you remember the evening gatherings at the North seawall just outside the theatre where many of us would hold conversation until "Taps"?

Jean Branson -- Oh My...I certainly do. I think a few of us even hid out inside the theater on a late-night rainy evening, to talk...until "TAPS=.



What Color Is.....?

Maggie Inge – I stayed with a family who gave up their bed (the only one in their home with six children) so that I might sleep. I have never seen poverty from the same perspective since. I was young way beyond my years and super-naive when I joined the cast and fragile and extremely vulnerable. While traveling, much of that was hardened by being thrown into situations way beyond my ken. Yet, we/I turned many of those around.

I think about the home in the South (I think Miss.) in which I stayed, returning late after the show I found my host, who had not attended the show, waiting for me with a shotgun. It was his intention to kill the nigger that was soiling his home by her presence. [This is the first time I have told anyone about that night because I was sure the set-up team would catch ?\$%@## if anyone knew what had happened.]

Not knowing what else to do, I started talking to him. We talked through the night (Thank God, we could sleep on those buses) and during the course of that time, I sang "God's Skin" to him. While I was singing, his wife and 3 children, who had been to the show, joined us and the kids started singing with me. He broke down into tears....

When I left, he drove me to the bus and thanked me for being a guest in his home. He gave me a hug and said he would never forget the night. This is but one small example of the many ways who I am became solidified through my UWP experience.

Lynda Cook Pletcher – It was April 4th, 1968. I was 17 years old, working with Force D supporting the local Sing Outs, and living with **Dan and Carla Skuce** and several others in a "borrowed" house in the suburbs of Chicago.

Late one morning I left the house and took the train and then Elevated Train ("the El") to the south side to work with a newly formed high school Sing Out. I was by-myself with just my guitar.

After working my way through the city and to the south side and walking several blocks, I went to the auditorium to wait for the dismissal bell and the kids to arrive as they had the week before. Instead the principal came running in clearly upset and informed me that Dr. Martin Luther King had been assassinated. She helped me pick up and said I should leave quickly as trouble was about to break out. I remember feeling horrified that another great individual had been shot and taken from us.

I'm not sure I had time to respond to her as she bundled me out the door and on to the street and told me to hurry to the train. On the street it dawned on me that I was a small, white female, on my own, in very rough, segregated black neighborhood that had just experienced a travesty to one of her own. Guitar in one hand and head-down I walked quickly to the El- station and found myself surrounded on the platform by angry people. For the first time in all my UWP travels I felt real fear.

Out of nowhere a large black women appeared next to me and asked where I was going. She grabbed the guitar and literally put me into her coat with her and held me tight, the coat covering my very white face as she pushed our way through to the boarding area. In this awkward manner she boarded the train with me and shared the same seat keeping me closely wrapped in her raincoat at the various stops.

As the train pulled away the sky was turning black and orange as fires began and the angry voices seemed to rise with the flames. She sat peacefully, humming various gospel tunes that seemed to calm us both. As the train approached the center of downtown, she finally stood, handed me the guitar and said I was okay now to continue on home. She would not give me her name or address saying she saw

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a need that she could fill and that was thanks enough. She took my hand as she left and just told me her thanks would be that I would do likewise sometime for someone else in my lifetime.

I watched her leave the train, and waved as she crossed the platform and boarded the train headed back to the erupting Southside. I continued northward to the suburbs where all was as I left it in the morning, seemingly a world away from where I had been. Arriving back at our house everyone was in front of the TV watching the riots as they unfolded in the neighborhood I had just left an hour earlier. Carla was visibly relieved as I walked into the door. Dan's comment was he figured I was okay, which was only true I explained to everyone thanks to unnamed women who "saw a need that she could do something about". We never went out alone again; Dan's orders.

I have thought of her often over the years and hope I have done her justice in the small needs I have tried to help others with. She was my most profound lesson from the road and there were many but none that impacted me in the same way she did.

Cyddia Rodrigo – When I was in Calloway Gardens, GA. my host family was expecting a "Panamanian girl" to be their guest and when I in all my golden bronze glory appeared, they wouldn't even look at me. I tried to explain to them that Panamanians come in all colors & flavors, but to no avail. They turned me away from their home. Having lived in LA, I was new to prejudice and it hurt. But I grew stronger, I often think of that family with great sorrow because they missed out on the opportunity to learn and grow.

Mike Redman – I think it was the fall of '66 or spring of '67 I was with Cast B in Tennessee. I needed a haircut and **Anatole Scott** overheard my message to the director and said he would join me. We asked for directions

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and found our way to a typical barbershop, and as we sat down there seemed to be a bit of a hush. Finally the lone barber said in our direction, "You both lookin' for a hair-cut?" We said, "Yes." He replied, "Well, I would cut yours (looking my way) but I never cut a colored head and I don't plan to start today." I said in that case, he wouldn't be cutting mine either, and could he direct us to a shop that cut "colored" hair.



Leon Ross - In Harlem, NYC - photo by Staffan Wennberg

Directions in hand, we soon found ourselves on the black side of town. Along the way we had remarked how neither of us had considered the potential racial issue because of the way we had been living together on the road. We found a big shop with 3 barbers and lots of customers, and sat down again. A similar hush occurred. The conversation went about the same as in the white shop but with reverse implications. Finally, the oldest barber said, "Well I haven't ever cut a white man's hair before, but if you're willing to take the risk, I'm willing to give it my best."

At that point the chatter started up again; we made a lot of new friends who said they would come to our show, and I was reminded that important change usually comes slowly. And the haircut was quite satisfactory.

Rudy Miick (68B) – Throughout much of the southern US, there were still segregated bathrooms and water fountains. **Harry Harris** and I were roommates on one particular journey... Harry was lead guitar of Cast B at that time, I was something in the lead group... as roommates, our host family took one look at Harry and said, "NO way"... amazing. He and I shifted homes... sad beyond words, and very real for the day and time.

Willie Knowles – I remember Monett, Mo. And walking into the little town market across from the high school after the bus arrived and getting the stares like I was from another planet, and as I made my purchase, the clerk looked me dead in the eye and said, "you ain't from round here are you?" as only they can say in the Ozarks.....

This was the first city on our tour and I remember thinking " what the hell have I gotten myself into here?" This was NOT in any of the UWP propaganda....People are supposed to love us.... I think we increased the black population in that town by 12,000 percent.

Bonnie Nyberg Quaintance – I had the blessed opportunity to stay with an African American family of five, mom, dad, two daughters and a son, in Louisville, Kentucky in 1970, I think. They had a rich home life, but because they were black, they only had water and power between the hours of 5 pm to 7 am and their charges for these services were three times the price that the "white" people, living nearby paid.

I felt outraged and I asked them what I could do to help them, but I was just a young white girl (a blonde Swede-US mix???) It just does NOT get much whiter, unless

you are Edgar or Johnny Winter). They said they didn't need anything, unless I happened to know how to put in a zipper.

Well, since my parents had made me make my own school clothes from the sixth grade on, a zipper was a piece of cake (and by the way, I used one of the tutor's hotel rooms to take my showers, because I did NOT want to cause this family, whose last name happened to be Quaintance---and there is a WAY cool reason for me to remember their last name, it is almost prophetic and by now I hope some of the "B-Hive" will have figured it out).

Well, they had a very old sewing machine and no zipper foot, but I made do and put the zipper in for the eldest daughter and I really enjoyed the party we all went to afterwards and the daughter looked great in the pantsuit I had put the zipper in---BTW, that was where I learned the "Funky Chicken..." I thought that learning some "moves" was a great reward for an easy task on my part.

One evening they had a Chicken dinner (and there were NO CARAWAY SEEDS...it was the most delicious Chicken dinner I had ever eaten, right down to the collard greens and grits and the flakiest, most delicious buttermilk biscuits, oh geez I can still remember the taste of the butter, because Mom made it...pure heaven!!!!!!) Sorry to all of the cast cooks and the KFC Corp..., but "Mom" really knew how to fry chicken! Well, there was one wing left and I had eaten the other one because I did NOT want to eat their food, even though I was famished. I was afraid that one of the family members would have to go away from the table hungry.

They all looked at me like I was crazy and laughed so hard! I said, "What? Did I do something wrong?" The father said, "No honey, it is just that you look like YOU are going to cry if you don't get that wing!" I turned beet red and said that I really was full, but EVERY MEMBER just kept laughing, because I was so obviously NOT full! That family wanted ME to have the last piece and "Dad" put it

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on my plate...I sent them many postcards over the years, but after a time, we lost contact.

Anyway, fast forward to the time I was widowed in 1981 and really thinking that I just was NOT going to have any sort of "family" life. I was renting out the home that my husband of one year and I had bought about nine months before he was killed in an auto accident. I put an ad in the local paper and a guy with the last name of Quaintance called about the house and I remembered the family in Louisville...I wondered if he was African-American, but when I met him, he wasn't. I asked him if he had any relatives in KY and he said, "possibly, but my last name is very uncommon, so if they have the last name of Quaintance, we are related."

To make a long story short, this Quaintance guy not only rented my house, he also won my heart and we got married about eight months later. In his family history, which is available for anyone to see on the Internet, if you do a Google search for Underground Railroad, and you look at the list of names in the Ohio area, I believe, you will find the name Fischer Quaintance.

Fischer was my husband's Great x 5-Grandfather. He was a part of the Underground Railroad and it was his job to take families from one county to the next, usually in a wagon full of hay that had a false bottom along the route to freedom in Canada, way up North.

He also was an accomplished artist who was able to "forge" Birth Certificates and other necessary papers that allowed these families to be considered FREE and because slaves had NO last name, they were merely known by the family who "owned" them, well, unless they had that "Official-Looking" Birth Certificate and other papers showing that they had a Real last name, they would not be allowed to continue to travel and would most probably have to go back and would usually be put to death, as would Fischer, even by his own FATHER, had he known what his son was up to. Eli was a bigot of the highest order, but it ended with

him. NONE of the people that Fischer helped ever had to go back, they all made it to freedom.

Fisher Quaintance gave many African-Americans HIS last name, MY last name now, in order that they could be FREE! I had actually stayed in the home of "relatives" that I would not know about for many years! There is even a Bonnie Quaintance living in Michigan who is of color. I found that out when I started getting ethnic catalogs in the mail and I called the credit card company who "sold" their list of customers.

I knew exactly which card co. to call because there was only one credit card I ever used to make purchases, either by Internet or over the phone. I have tried in vain to get in touch with that host family of so many years ago, but if I ever DO find them, I have to get that chicken recipe!

Mike Redman – I was helping with housing at Auburn University. We were sponsored there by the fraternities and sororities. When we sat down to make assignments, we were asked to provide a list of our black members so they could be assigned to black fraternities.

Whoever our spokesman was, said that would be unacceptable, and that we would seek alternate housing if they could not accommodate us. The Greek leadership excused themselves and went off to confer. They returned fairly quickly to announce they were willing to accept assignment by name. Sometimes history is made in small steps. (We were told later no black man had ever slept in a white fraternity house and vice versa).

Zandria Leroy Bernhardt – I can remember so vividly arriving in the deep South and not understanding that my naive Seattle, Washington eyes were seeing three bathrooms. I couldn't fathom it and still can't.

Penny Crosson (68A, '69C) – I've thought about these people so many times over the years and wondered

what happened in their lives, how their kids turned out, etc. I was fortunate in my UWP experience to be assigned to stay in a few homes that were really lovely, owned by either wealthy or nearly wealthy people.

While Cast A was touring Louisiana, I stayed with a local TV personality. She was gorgeous and had a beautiful home that was elegant and welcoming. A maid served dinner to us in a starched uniform, and we ate gourmet food from fine china. It was quite an experience.

Still, as I looked around at the opulence and enjoyed the fine dining and tasteful music and intriguing conversation, I kept thinking about another family I'd stayed with the week before. They were exactly the opposite of this woman. They were dirt poor, clean but shabbily dressed with a pack of kids running around. I was allocated by myself I imagine because they couldn't afford two of us. They gave me a tiny room with a fold-up day bed I think they'd borrowed. The house was small with bare, worn wood floors and fading paint. They couldn't have been more gracious to me, offering whatever they had to share.

We ate dinner one night and as we sat down, the little boy, who was about 6, started jumping up and down, pointing excitedly and saying, "Mama! Mama! We're eatin' meat! Meat! We got meat!" She said, "Hush now! We got company. Go wash your hands."

To this day, it brings tears to my eyes. What a precious, generous thing to give their guest, and what sacrifice did they have to pay to show their "company" - me - the best they could offer?

The contrast was glaring when I sat in the TV personality's home, and I confess, the meat from the week before tasted much better.

Alister Wilson, Letters Home, – March 3, '70 –
Dear Mum and Dad, we have had exciting days in Mississippi. It is an education to see the racial problem from the very heart. Subtle prejudice and out-and-out racism builds

up fear, hatred, frustration and resentment. It is a minority of whites who taunt the blacks, but the majority believes in their own color superiority.



Willie Storey

I told you we were going to “Ole Miss” (the University of Mississippi) – well, we had a ball, staying with the students in the dormitories and eating in the fraternities and sororities. They used to be exclusively white, but the chairman of the committee who brought us in stuck his neck way out and said if our black students couldn’t eat there, then we would not come on campus at all. Victory in round one!

Then a lot of us met with 200 black students (6000 students altogether and the only university in the States with a declining enrolment) and found out what they wanted and told them what we believed in and what we were doing. The blacks

maintain that the University is racist, which unfortunately to a large extent it is. They want Black studies, Black athletes and representation in the University senate but campus politics denies them these things.

There had been a “riot” with 800 arrested at Miss. Valley State Coll. (all black) not far away and the black students at Ole Miss had encouraged several of the senate to endorse the basic views involved there. The motion was defeated because a few narrow minded white people from the Mississippi delta said they would withdraw financial support for a new student union if they carried out their proposal.

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Well, all this came to a head the last night of the show. (Mind you, we were all in basic agreement with the black students – the old South needs a little liberalization). The show had just begun when about 40 black students chanting “Do it to ‘em” and “Right on” marched into the auditorium. The future president of the students who was standing with me at that moment had the presence of mind to say “Come right in, fellas, take a seat and listen to them. They’re great”.

They marched right down in front of the stage, held their arms up in the black power sign and did a little heckling (not at us, but at the university authorities). The only thing I was a little perturbed about was that they used our audience & show but like everyone else in the cast I was bound to sympathize with their grievances. The next highlight was when they marched up on stage and started to get to the microphones and shout “Ole Miss is a racist campus”.

Four of us went up behind them (there was nothing we could have done physically – it would just have started a riot) and reasoned with them, all the time the show going on – interestingly enough “What Color is God’s Skin” which got a standing ovation right there & then. We said we were in agreement with them and that now that they had done their thing let us continue with ours. So they did.

They marched out again, with the show still going on, right into the arms of the state highway patrol armed with rifles, clubs & helmets. All of them were immediately arrested, even although we refused to press charges. The white police over-reacted and you can see the reason for bitterness and violence as you’ve probably been watching at home in Santa Barbara & Chicago.

The chief of police refused to listen to us. The next thing we knew was that Associated Press (the U.S. equivalent of Reuter) had the thing all out of proportion all across the country, saying that the show had been disrupted and

the police had had to come into the theater & drag the students off stage. However, to cut a long story short (and there are many side anecdotes which give color to the whole incident) charges were dropped three days later and the black students are required to appear before the University senate today.

We really won the respect of the audience and actually defended the blacks' action when we met with the audience at intermission and it gave them a lot to think about. Several students spoke to us later about what it meant talking to black students at meals – treating them as an ordinary human being with dignity. The life at Ole Miss has been altered and we have definite invitations to return as well as recommendations to appear in the other big southern schools like Georgia Tech, University of Alabama & Louisiana State University.

The whole incident made [us] more convinced than ever that Up with People is preparing the hearts & minds of a whole generation to accept and bring about a new order of justice & dignity for everyone – but there is still a long way to go.

Diarmid Campbell – South Boston High was in a very Catholic Irish part of the city and had racial incidents. They were of a kind to reach the national press. After things settled down enough one cast did an assembly there. I was filming. "What Color is God's Skin" was electric. Most of the students hung around afterwards to meet the cast and I (at least) sensed that there was a huge sense of both relief and coming together going on. We had had to walk through metal detectors to get into the school. Certainly there were no further major incidents that I saw on national news.

To me that was typical of the strategic planning for the movements of the casts. Yes, we might overplay the role of UWP for PR, but when you think of all the other influences, there is no doubt at all in my mind that it was deeply

effective there. I think it made people think personally at a subliminal level about race - besides giving them a good feeling and saying that despite what had happened there, people from all over cared about them.

Anna Mason Koelling – In 70-A in Ciudad Obregon we were picketed because we weren't communist. We were doing an outdoor assembly on the steps of the City Hall. We were surrounded with police with bayonets and a student group tried to break though. I was singing "Wonder" in Spanish and trying hard to remember the words while people were throwing things and yelling for us to leave.

They were students from the university there and they were under the impression that we were all from the U.S. We had begun with "Hey, Look Around You" and then I went into "Wonder". As soon as I finished the police made us get back on the buses. The crowd followed us and tried to push the buses over. I wasn't so much afraid as I was upset that we couldn't explain who we really were and what we were really about. I don't even remember the real show there or anything else about the city.

Richard Oliver (67-68B) – **An incident of the soul:** I grew up in a lily-white neighborhood in San Diego. There were only a handful of black kids in our entire high school, the children of Navy personnel. So my experience with people of color was very limited to say the least. I was fortunate to have grown up in the home of a father who headed a department of the city school system and whose perspective was truly color-blind. He'd taught us early that it did not matter what the color of a person's skin was, but only the quality of their character, and was applicable to us as well.

That was the core knowledge I brought with me to *UWP* in January, 1967 when **Anatole** ("Quite Frankly")

Scott, a young black man from the Caribbean, was assigned as my roommate for the upcoming tour. We became friends over the ensuing six months as we traveled across the Northwest, Canada, Boston, and down into the deep South. Anatole was a few years older and taught me a lot about life.



Anatole Scott

In Lookout Mountain, TN, I witnessed blatant racism for the first time in my life. Anatole and I had been assigned to a host family along with two other guys from our cast. When we met the host it quickly became apparent that they were not going to let Anatole stay at the

house and that he was headed to a hotel. (If I'd really understood the full implications that I do now, I would have refused to stay with that family, but we were advised to stay and be good ambassadors). That must've been an incredibly painful evening for Anatole and tough call for the leadership of our cast to leave us in that home. It is a searing memory for me that I will never forget – thanks Anatole for your bravery and strong spirit.

Barbara (DeSwarte) St. Louis ('67-69B,HS) -- Traveling with Cast B in the winter of 1968, as we travelled up the coast of gorgeous Norway, many of the theaters in which we performed were actually built by the Nazis during the occupation of WWII. In a northern town of Norway, I stayed with a couple who had one daughter, just a bit younger than myself, about 15 years of age. We got along famously.

As the two of us were alone late on the eve of the

Cast's departure, she quietly and with deep seriousness, says: "I wish to confess something to you." Pain expressed itself across her face. "What could it be?" I asked. In a hushed tone, she confides: "I'm half Lapp." "What?" I responded. She repeated, "I'm half Lapp." My incredulosity forced her to explain that Laplanders were despised as outcasts and discriminated against in Norway.

The cast and I had seen the Laplanders (now referred to as "Sami") herding huge reindeer in the snow of the Northern most regions of Norway. It was beautiful, a piece of art on the stark white landscape. So, once the meaning of her confession sank into my consciousness, I assured her that it made no difference to me whatsoever, and that it was part of her special beauty, both within and without.

Tears of relief and empathy were shed. She had actually feared I would reject her. Hugs were exchanged and friendship strengthened. This was the message of Up with People transmitted in real human terms, in a way that made a distinct difference for the people involved. A small, effortless gesture on my part, yet treasured and accepted as a true gift by this lovely girl.

Versions of this same story played out in my Up with People travels throughout the US as well, in various states involving all types of minorities or oppressed or overwhelmed individuals as I was given the opportunity to assure these people that they were indeed of great value, fully worthy of love and caring—just living the Up with People message.

Larry Moudy - ('67C) -- Four of us traveling in a car (**Chuck Wansley**, myself, and two others – sorry but time has passed and so have some of the details) on the way to Birmingham, Alabama (I think). We had gotten separated from the cast (busses, semi, and other cars) for some reason. We were dressed in our "show clothes", sport coats and ties, for some reason. It was the mid-'60s and a time of

the Voter Registration drives in the deep South to get minorities to sign up so they could vote in local, state, and national elections.

As we drove through a small, rural Alabama town we were stopped by the town's police. As best we could tell we had not broken any traffic laws, and if I remember correctly we were never actually charged with any violation. The policeman told us we had to follow him to the town's court house/jail. We were put in a cell and then told we would have a choice of paying a fine (I don't remember how much) or some jail time.

The police asked us if we could pay the fine, and of course went to the three of us "non-African Americans" to see how much money we could pool together. We three couldn't even come up with half of the fine, but Chuck came through with the rest of the amount.

They had to let us go, but I don't think they were very pleased that Chuck had the most money and I think they would have much preferred for us to spend a couple of days in jail.

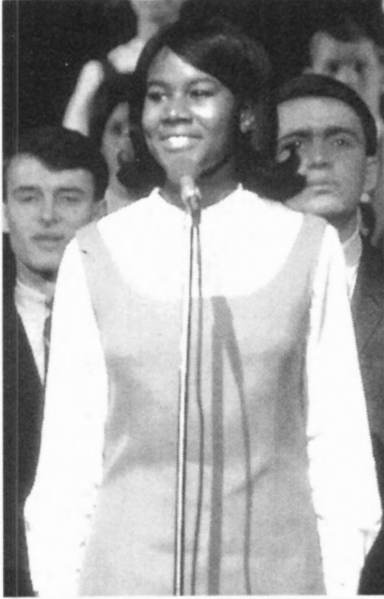
Carole (Jax) Stevens – Jewel Weaver taught me so many things in the two years I knew her, and over the years, things have happened, and I think of her again. I remember that we were down in Louisiana somewhere and had asked to room together. When we arrived, I bounded off the bus (as good UWP students did), and located our host family. I left my luggage with them and then said I was going to find Jewel. She was still getting her luggage from under the bus, and when I looked up, our host father was talking to the cast director.

The next thing I know, the director came up and said that our host family could only take one student and not two. I was not dumb, and I looked at Jewel and saw the look in her eyes, and I told the cast director that I would not be staying there. I felt bad in that their children had really looked forward to keeping us, and were crying, but I

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knew that I had done the right thing. There were no other host families, so we got to stay in the hotel....rough life. It is amazing that people are sent your way for a purpose, and the lessons learned stay with you forever....

Memories.....



Heroes Called to Us...

In the early shows of Sing-Out and Up with People, there were two performances of iconic figures who spoke to us of singular courage, and commitment to causes greater than themselves, holding the belief that even one person could change the course of history.

Those heroes, female and male, were **Joan of Arc**, the French peasant girl who stood alone for the freedom of her country, and **PFC Jack Hogan**, author of **The Soldier's Letter**, the last letter he wrote home from the South Pacific in WWII, before he fell in battle. Both of these individuals paid the price of their convictions with their lives, but in so doing, inspired countless others to follow.

The following are stories from our own cast members, who brought these heroes to life in every show. While at times a bit scary, luckily none of them paid "the ultimate price" on stage. In the final story, **Dave Allen** tells how he came to write the memorable songs for both.

Linda Blackmore Cates (65-67A) – For the Schick Special TV show in 1966 for the song '**Joan of Arc**', the producers dressed me in a peach-colored chiffon dress with a big fake rose and blew my hair out into a poofy bouffant. They built a huge bonfire for the cameras to shoot through. I knew I was going to go up in flames turning into a modern day version of Joan being burned at the stake! In the end I wasn't even singed, and we were ultimately proud of the show."

Another story that comes to mind is when Cast A was performing at Fort Bragg. We were performing in the field house which had a dirt floor covered in hay. They had built a stage for us – VERY HIGH with stairs leading

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to the stage with only one railing on one side. Everything was going well with exits, entrances, etc. until I sang those last notes"...for I _will_ stand _a_ lone_!!!!!!!"

I, as usual, was momentarily and completely blinded beyond my own poor eye sight plus staring into a spotlight through the entire song--for effect--- when cast members guided me to the stairs, but somehow missed the fact that I was on the wrong side of the rail! As I took the first step, I realized it was going to be a BIG One!!! Miraculously, I bent my knees and landed on both feet. Startled, I looked straight into **Brad Saltzman's** face as he asked, in a voice I still remember, "Are you OK???" I WAS!!! I changed and got back on stage for the finale!

Here's another... We were performing in the Honolulu International Convention Center (the HIC). The Proscenium Arch, or the frame of the stage opening was made up of a concrete wall about eight feet across on either side. To exit the stage, you had to make sure you were upstage a bit to keep from smashing straight into that wall on exit.

Well, when the lights went down in that facility, the room went pitch black. Of course, at the end of Joan of Arc, there was a complete blackout. I went running off stage---smiling all the way and my right front tooth took the brunt of the collision. It had a crown on it already so when I made impact, the front part of the crown cracked



into several pieces--just like a puzzle. I certainly was stunned but the tooth was still attached and intact! I went backstage where our nurse, I think it was Annemarie Junker, found adhesive tape, scraped bits of the tape and attached the pieces inside the "puzzle!" Again, I changed and made the finale. Next day I saw a dentist!

The last Joan of Arc memory was when we were in Monaco and preparing to do a show for Prince Rainer and Princess Grace. **Ralph Colwell** came to me and said we were going to try and do Joan of Arc in French in their honor. Of course, the Colwell's knew it in French—I didn't! So Ralph gave me a cassette and a recorder and written lyrics to Joan's part. I stayed backstage the entire day, cloistered there while everyone else went sightseeing, and I learned it. That evening as we were preparing, Ralph let me know that we were going to do it in English!

Jeanne Lane Pehrson —

As the first Joan in Cast C, I remember being fitted for the costume (armor??) that I wore (Kelly Hall Piepmeier wore this one after me, fitting her as we were both tall.) The material was supposed to look like the chain mail worn by the soldiers of Joan's time. I remember stepping out onto stage one evening, the mike taped to the back of my sword.

The stage crew, being in a silly mood that night, decided they would hold onto the cord as I stepped out onto a dark stage. When I tried to step onto the marked spot where the spotlight would come on I realized what the



jokers were doing and tried to compensate by over correcting the sword, so that as they suddenly released the cord, the body of my sword flipped up into the air above my head. I made a quick recovery and I don't think the audience ever saw what happened. I remember **Bob Eaton** was one of the mischievous characters, and I'm guessing a couple more of you who might be reading this. Memories!

Ann Buffington – Joan of Arc was my first solo... '67 at Fort Slocum. I had long hair and it was all chopped off.... Anything for the cause! For being such a poignant song, I absolutely loved it and felt very honored to sing it; I have 3 rather lighthearted memories to share.

1) While in Chicago, playing at the White Sox Stadium during the day, after singing Joan, I had to change back into the regular show costume quickly as I was supposed to be in the reprise, so I tucked my sword under my arm and made a mad dash to the dugout while hearing the laughter in the stands. Not one of my shining moments...

2) Playing an outdoor evening show in Harlem, the costume changing room was in a church located in the basement of a building several blocks away from the stage. Picture me running through the streets of Harlem in my Joan of Arc costume alone. (" For I--- will stand, <run> alone")

3) Lastly, we were in Albuquerque, NM and I started my portion of the song when it was realized by the mic runner (not me), that my mic which was taped to and hidden behind the sword, was not working. Remember the bright spotlights (blinding) on me when the runner ran a stand mic out and placed it in front of me. As he turned to run off stage, he did a double take-- ran back and grabbed my sword from me, (not wanting any sound feedback.) I was totally off guard, the cast was laughing and I cracked a smile but continued on. Herbie gave me a very stern

talking to about breaking character. Hard to hear but a good lesson.

Janice Harbaugh – I remember **Steve Woods** going blank one night. He was supposed to introduce **Glenn Close** singing *The World Is Your Hometown*. Kelly Hall Piepmeier was still changing for Joan backstage. But he introduced Joan of Arc. Glennie (in yellow jumper) turned around and hiked her stool offstage. Cabot ripped off his guitar and ran for the banjo (stage left), with the rest of the combo, and then we had a very long intro waiting for Kelly.



Cici Fougner Hunt

Ingegierd Brynildsen Williams ... I believe it was in Auburn, Alabama 1968 and Cici Fougner was singing *Joan of Arc*. The stadium was black and when the spotlight came on to shine on her it went to the wrong place. So the spotlight is going all over the stage before finally finding Cici. Because of her shining costume and her black tights, it looked like she was hanging in the air singing having no legs.

Cici Fougner Hunt – I remember Ia's story. Funny thing it was. After zipping the light from one spot to another, the guy with the spotlight started on the upper riser left and started panning from left to right. It made singing without laughing a challenge. Great memory!

When Our Roads Come Together



Kelly Piepmeier

Kelly Piepmeier
and **Janie Lehman**
are shown here.

Other "Joans" over
these years, not pic-
tured, include **Nancy**
Zwemer, who was
the very first Joan of
Arc in Sing-Out '65,
Pamela Hyde, and
Pam Frohreich,



Janie Lehman

Our other “**Hero**” was **Jack Hogan**, author of **The Soldier’s Letter**. One of the first to read this letter in the show was Malcolm Roberts.

Malcolm Roberts (65A, PACE ’66-’69), -- After performing in Washington, DC, we rode the “Sing Out Express” to Los Angeles. Once in L.A., while the cast performed in Watts, I was asked to make sure that the passports and visas of over 100 cast members and support team were in order so we could take off for Japan and South Korea within a few days’ time.



PFC John J. Hogan

Our cast directors also asked if I would read “A Soldier’s Letter” written by PFC **Jack Hogan**, a US soldier who fought in the Pacific during World War II and wrote a series of profound letters home. A collection of those letters was published in a small but powerful book called “I Am Not Alone”. His letter eloquently expressed a vision for America and provided a powerful climax for the show.

He wrote, *“Dear Family, I don’t know when mail from home has meant so much to me. As I write, the sun is setting on one of those beautiful Pacific days that more than makes up for the rainy ones. It’s got me to thinking about our country.*

The American people have emerged today with more power and prestige than any country in the family of nations. Mankind is knocking at our gates, seeking wisdom from our leaders, the hope of peace from our people. Before

we can fulfill our destiny to lead the world to sanity and harmony, we shall have to rebuild the fiber of our national life.

Suppose we as a nation find again the faith our fathers knew? Suppose our statesmen learn again to list to the voice of God? Then we shall know once again the greatness of a nation whose strength is in her obedience to the moral law of God, whose strength is in the spirit of her people.

America, choose the right road. Unless there is born again in our people the spirit of sacrifice and service, of moral responsibility, my comrades and I who will fight on the beaches and those of us who will die here will have been exploited and betrayed and fought and died in vain.

*It is the eleventh hour. By your choice you will bless or blight mankind for a thousand years to come. **Which road will it be, America?***

This question in Jack's letter was echoed in a song written by **David Allen** called "**Which Way America?**"

Tragically Jack didn't return home to help spark the renaissance he believed was needed in post-war America. It was the last letter he wrote before he fell in the invasion of Guadalcanal. I believe he was 21 years of age.

While I had readily accepted the invitation to read his letter in the show, I had second thoughts when we performed at Waseda University in Tokyo, known for having the most radical, leftist student body in Japan.

Near the end of the show my assignment was to change into U.S. Army fatigues and a helmet and wait in the wings for a cue to walk on stage. The timing was roughly 20 years after Japan had been brought to its knees by the atomic bombs dropped in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, forcing the Japanese government to surrender to the United States and our allies.

As I waited to make my entrance in the dark, the Waseda auditorium was packed with at least one thousand students, and the thought went through my head that one of them, wanting to avenge the defeat of his proud country by ours, might shoot me.

I had no option. I walked on stage, took my place, and read **Jack Hogan's** letter while a translator repeated his words in Japanese. The crowd of over one thousand was absolutely still. Fortunately, Hogan's message was profound and healing. When I finished reading his letter, the auditorium full of college students rocked with thunderous ap-

plause as a new generation of Japanese rose to their feet.

A few weeks later, I read that letter at Panmunjom, the Demilitarized Zone that divides South and North Korea (see photo). The audience was several hundred US troops as-

signed to protect South Korea from the unpredictable North. At this writing, 50 years later, that border and that unpredictability remain.



The Soldier's Letter was subsequently read at the US Military Academy at West Point, the US Naval

Academy in Annapolis, MD., the US Air Force Academy, in Colorado Springs, CO, and additionally many military installations throughout the US, including Ft. Bragg, NC, Ft. Riley, Kansas, SAC Bases in



US Army Airborne Rangers, Ft. Benning

ND, and so many others. In every case, the response was overwhelming, as here at **Ft. Benning, GA.**

Numerous other cast members would perform this role in the early years, including **Bill McLaughry**, who read *The Letter* during the Ft. Benning performances, **John Ruffin**, and **Frank Fields**, who is pictured here.



Songs of the Heroes

David Bliss Allen -- Regarding “**Joan of Arc**” and “**Which Way America?**”, I wrote both of those songs in 1964, many months before we even thought of creating a travelling musical show called “Sing Out ‘65”. Paul Colwell, Herbie Allen and I were travelling with **Rajmohan Gandhi** through India – we went many dusty miles through the southern states of Mysore, Tamil Nadu and Kerala, and the western states of Maharashtra and Gujarat.



Dave Allen

We were writing songs virtually every day for Raj’s training camps; he was training scores of young Indians in the Gandhian virtues of non-violence, personal honesty and purity, and “being the change you want to see in the world”. Every morning we song-writers would pick up a new theme from the training the day before.

One day I started writing a longer ballad – designed to encourage girls and young women to take personal leadership for changing India. I chose the story of Joan of Arc. The ballad Joan of Arc, took me almost a month to write and perfect; it was not an easy one. I finally finished it in late May of 1964.

We came back to Mackinac Is. that June. It was the summer of the “Tomorrow’s American” conference where we had plane-loads of college students flying in from all over the US and Canada and from other countries. We erected a huge tent on the spacious lawns of Mission Point, and began to have nightly “Hootenannies” in the tent. We wrote new songs every night.

I wrote “Which Way America” while taking a show-

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er after the afternoon's field exercise session. It must have taken me all of fifteen minutes to come up with the chorus and the first verse. While drying off [TMI Dave!], I wrote the second verse. Then I went over to see Herbie, and sang it for him just before supper. He arranged it and taught it to the Colwells during supper and we sang it in the Hootenanny show that night! (Crazy.) We sang Which Way America every night thereafter, and later it was called the "theme song" of the conference.

Which way America?

Which way America?

Which way America?

Which way to go...?

This is my country and, I want to know

Which way America is going to go.

There is many a road to travel,

Many a hill to climb,

I'm gonna find the straightest road

And walk it till the end of time.

Which way America?

Which way America?

Which way America?

Which way to go...?

This is my country and, I want to know

Which way America is going to go.

That same summer, **Tom Wilkes** and **David Stevenson** got together and wrote, "What Color is God's Skin?" – again, probably written, arranged, rehearsed and presented within a 24-hour period. There were, many songs written that summer – many now forgotten.

You Drivin' Me Crazy...

Carolyn Bowes Kurowski (69-70A) – There are a ton of "car" and "driving" stories. Doing a lot of PR, I had 3 of them. In Des Moines, Iowa, I was driving a VW bug, leaving a parking lot from a church, I believe. Driving between 2 hedges I found myself halfway down a flight of stairs before I could stop, and had to complete the descent. No damage done except to my panic stricken passenger - can't remember who that was. In Madison, WI, I had been setting up another town, and was attempting to connect up with the cast before the show that night.

Having missed the proper exit on the freeway, I took the next exit and found myself on another freeway. 20 miles later, I still could not get turned around so I made the logical choice of an "emergency" turn around through the median, directly in front of a policeman! Needless to say, I got pulled over.

However, after explaining my UWP dilemma, the policeman, who had tickets to that night's performance let me off the hook telling me I could've killed myself and others. In Mexico, we were given a VW and I was trusted to drive in that crazy city. **Missy Duncan** and I had no fear until one day in heavy traffic, we were crawling along at a few miles per hour. We noticed that the cars to either side were inching toward us to block us out so I stopped.

No matter, they just kept moving toward us and crushed both fenders as we sat in shock wondering how we were going to explain that to the dealer that loaned it to us. It's a wonder that more of us weren't injured or thrown in the clink. Does anyone else remember our UWP bus sliding at top speed sideways down a highway in a rain storm? Somehow the driver was able to pull out and no one was hurt.

Lysa Loew Erkenbrack – My only "driving" story was as a passenger. We were in Canada during our first tour in '66 and the stage crew was driving us home in shifts. I was too tired to wait for the next car and volunteered to ride in the trunk. I can now speak from experience, don't try this in the comfort of your own home! It was the scariest thing I've ever done: very claustrophobic and out-of-control! I am grateful that the driver got me home in one piece!

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – Billy Parker saw two generations of Murtaughs come through. He was around when my son travelled in '92...we BOTH felt old then!!! -

Katherine Minton (66-68B) – Regarding the Washington, DC police officer who no doubt stopped you for no particular reason, is it true or has it become an urban legend that when you told him you were **Heikki Lampela** from Finland (in that soft and timid voice of yours) that he said he didn't care if you were Jesus from Nazareth, because you were getting a ticket anyway?

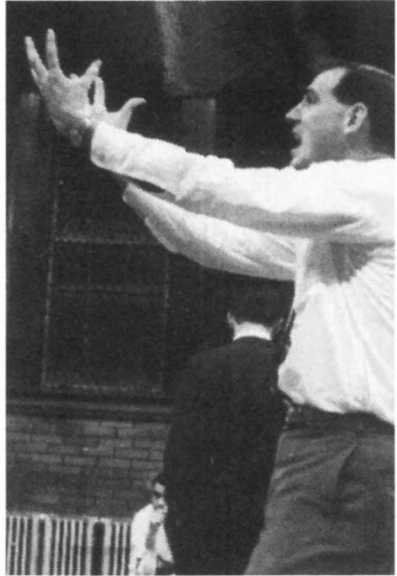


Heikki Lampela (65-69A) – The urban legend carries only a slight resemblance with the truth although I must admit that in my younger days I was a bit wilder driver than now. I think **Dan Skuce** used his creative talents to get a juicy story but I did get a few tickets mostly in California and I was also able to talk my way out of a few with a line "...these powerful American cars are just impossible to drive so slow for a poor Finn..."

Dan Skuce (65A – 70's) – HEIKKI.... I was in the car on the Riverside Freeway and went through the stop signs and red light when the CHP pulled us over and your deep Finnish voice prompted that infamous and historic response.

Carole (Jax) Stevens (66-69C,A) – I remember riding late at night, when everyone on the bus was asleep except me....or so I thought. I went down into the well to talk to **Billy Parker**. As I remember, we were in the northern California mountains. Out of nowhere a deer ran out in front of the bus, and Billy could not avoid it.

He hit it head on, and the only thing (or angel) that kept me from flying through the front window of the bus was **Sharon Wise** who was sitting in the first seat, and had somehow woken up just seconds before and grabbed me by the back of my coat.



Bobby Cates – When **Jonathan Edwards** and I ran transportation for cast B, we went to Muskogee Ok and he and I checked in at the local holiday inn. On the sign out front they had, "Welcome **Blanton Belk** head of Up with People". Jonathan went to the front desk and told them that

they made a big mistake and that **Jonathan Edwards** was head of UWP not **Blanton Belk**.

The manager grabbed his box of letters and quickly took Belk's name down and put Jonathan's name on the sign. We decided to let it ride and see if anyone would notice. They did and the suits were not happy. We told them we had no idea how they got that information. I had a picture of that sign for years. Transportation was the best gig on the road...

J. Bruce Parker – The buses and the semi driver (Bill "Dragline" Radke) took all the vehicles back to Tucson. I was charged with getting the 2 white vans back to Tucson before Mexico and then back to LA after Mexico.

So, my Mexico tour was shortened by a week on the front end and 5 days at the end. I drove those 2 vans cross country from Chicago to Tucson and then from Tucson to LA. I've got to tell you all that I had an absolute BLAST doing that kind of stuff. I got a chance to be out on my own traveling cross country, which I LOVE to do (still do). I also got a chance to look up former Uppies en route! I also enjoyed the poker games now and then with the drivers. I have always loved poker and they all played a mean game. Sometimes I was BROKE afterwards, but now and then I got lucky made a few bucks.

I did quite a bit of driving in/around the NYC/New Rochelle/White Plains area as well, but not nearly to the extent **Ron Welborn** did. My most vivid memories of doing transportation for Cast A (for the times that I was in charge) was always being the first guy up in the morning (sometimes I had to wake up the bus drivers) and the last guy to go to bed at night (from driving home the stage crew after breaking down the show at the end of a city run). The other memory is before and after Cast A's first ever UWP trip to Mexico. We had the two white vans for music instruments then and the Cast flew from Chicago O'Hare to Mexico City and then from Mexico City to LA.

Staffan Wennberg – Typical Jonathan... we still keep in touch. He had a bad car crash racing one of his MGA's in a veterans' race in Mexico some years back at some 120 Mph, but is back in business, and with his lovely daughters and wife in Sausalito.

I remember visiting his homeland Jamaica with Up with People in 1966 including their family place at Ocho Rios (and **Shigeko Kondo**, I think it was, eating raw sea urchins to many a wonder...) and being late for the show at the giant Kingston Stadium Jonathan drove passed the traffic lines in his Cortina at about 50 mph, passing through the gas stations along the road...

I traveled from 1965 through 1969 on and off with different casts, doing photography at "important events", including both the party conventions in 1968, the Nixon Inauguration, the trip to the Caribbean, Venezuela (travelling with armed guards front and back of the bus), Mexico, and many other places we could write lots about. Plus show pictures, record covers, etc.

Ron Welborn – There were several times I would get a call from **Al Cook** to pick up a certain vehicle from a cast and drive it to Tucson, or Los Angeles, or Santa Fe. I enjoyed the time alone, got to drive some very interesting vehicles. For a while we were buying retired Arizona Highway Patrol cars.

They were large 4 door sedans, lots of horsepower, lots of fun to drive. This 17/18-year-old certainly enjoyed those cars! I'm sure that **Jim Troutner** has some stories to tell also, wonder how many of you know that he drove just about every vehicle we had in our cast at one time or another, bus, instruments, baggage, semi....

I remember nights when I would be driving the crew home after a strike, and so sleepy, I don't even remember how I got back to where I was staying. I would wake up hours later, with no memory of driving the crew home...so scary. Exhaustion was a part of that job description for

sure. After all of these years, I still won't drive across country. I'm not interested in any trip in a car that last for more than a few hours. I'll fly, or have someone else drive, I just can't/won't do it anymore.

J. Bruce Parker – While we were in Italy, one of our vehicles was a VW Bus. Well, in Italy, with its narrow streets, this thing was huge! I remember learning to drive all over again once we got there, it was even wilder than my first Manhattan experience in a car.

We got one of those AZ police cars in Cast A and after driving it the first time, I decided NO ONE else was going to use it for fear of what might happen. I was on an open road and was curious, so I sort of "feathered" the gas pedal down a bit. THANK GOODNESS I didn't FLOOR the damn thing! That huge engine immediately threw me back against the seat and before I knew what happened, I went from 30 to 90 in what seems like seconds. That car had my immediate RESPECT.

On the second tour of Italy in '69, I was taking the tall acoustic bass to an assembly. What made that memorable was the fact I was doing it in a very small Fiat 500 (Cinquecento). I couldn't see it myself since I was driving, but I was later told that I had many Italians stopped in their tracks because this really tall guy with a really tall music instrument was tooling down the streets of Rome with their head(s) sticking out of the top of the car.

But it was the only way I could FIT!!! Ron, I know what you mean about going on autopilot taking the crew home. One ability I still retain from UWP days is being able to go into a city, assess its geography and somehow know my way around in a very short time. Still amazes my family today that I can go somewhere and know my way around a city very quickly.

In Sickness And In Health

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – You know, there's also this underlying theme of how/when/where we got sick. In Andy's story half the cast succumbed to potato salad. Kathy talked about people staying behind with the coughing crud. I became part of **Inger Magnus'** aunt's and uncle's family in Stavanger during two weeks of recovery from exhaustion (I also have semi-fond memories of strep throat in the infirmary at Ft. Slocum)... Sounds like we ran and ran and ran...until we stopped.

Stoney Burt (68-70,70C,71B) – I recall doing set-up at Royal Albert Hall in London when I came down with some strange symptoms. Swollen glands, fever, sweats. Somebody drove me to my hosts home and they called their doctor to make a house call for me. The doctor told me that I had the mumps and that I had to stay in bed for 10 days and not move or my testicles would swell up to the size of grapefruits.

That scared the s__ out of me so I laid there like a lox. That host family really went beyond the call. They really had no choice as the doctor put me under quarantine. The cast moved on to Norway and I caught up with them right before the bus ride from Oslo to Stavanger.

Ed DeMarco – I had two injury/sick stories. I got food poisoning in Spain, and the parasites lived inside for ten years of stomach problems, until a wise doctor figured it out and helped me, but not before a lifetime of problems were set. AND in one of the southern states, all of the boys were staying in an empty dorm building at an all girl's college. Some of us went to party with a few of the co-eds. We were simply trying to show our appreciation at

their hospitality. Sometime during the "get together" somebody started a water fight. I slipped on the floor and smashed my face into a basement support. Three caps on my teeth and a broken face and I was on my way, on time, the next morning for the next town.

Jan Rodgers Harbaugh – I will never forget Cheryl (last name gone) from Virginia in the first Cast A trip to Japan, who was presented with one-minute eggs, chopsticks, seaweed, at breakfast and invited to bless the food: "Please God, don't let me throw up!" She taught us to laugh at the awfuls and rejoice in the joyfults.

Bonnie Nyberg Quaintance (70B) – THIS is the stuff books are made of, the what happened to who and where, and how, hopefully we can all laugh now when back in the day, any given episode or town could have cleared out almost entire casts, if our chaperones or teachers ever found out.

Let's see... in Riverside, CA... The notes found on the entrance to the hallway of certain dorm rooms, telling the kids that they were being prayed for.... Oh yeah, we had that Veal Parmesan food poisoning episode... at this strict Baptist college no less, which, speaking from personal experience in THAT event, is NO fun when you have \$%#@ flying out your mouth, nose and every other possible orifice... when you wish to GOD that instead of being prayed for could we all please just die? What good is a toilet when what we really needed was a trash can too! ONLY one useful place does NOT work for two events happening simultaneously!

Kathy Thorson Schrier – My recollection of one of the first meals may be along with the soup [it might have been the other choice] was a yellowish/whitish something or the other that looked like brains and something reddish and peculiar looking that we all thought it might

be monkeys served on plastic colored bowls [remember those?] Well later on, another day we found out that it was scrambled eggs and corn beef but we were so skeptical with what we may be given we did not want to try it.

Some of us who stayed behind in Florence with the coughing crud while the rest of the cast went to Monte Carlo, stayed in a convent where we were served soft boiled eggs for breakfast... but these eggs clearly had not come from a chicken; they were too big. We learned that they were DUCK eggs. I'm trying to remember who all was there... **Sharon Wise** (I think), and twins **Yumi & Kumi Hori**...about six of us altogether. Does anyone else remember this treat?

Sheila Lindsey – My first night in Belgium, I was in my host home and slept, I don't know how many hours, recouping from jet lag, and when I woke I had to process my dinner from the flight. Without being too crude, I'll just share that I happened to use the wrong fixture, since the toilet was in another room (Lord, knows where THAT was!) So much for tasteless memories. I'm sure not to make that mistake again. I guess I've now told you more than you ever wanted to know. Moving right along...

Mike Blair – Northern Italy, summer, 1968, Cast "C" arrived in Italy, Sing-Out High School was studying and the guys were staying in a partially closed down Monastery. The Monastery had been mostly shut down except for one restroom on the first floor, which was designated for the girls to use, needless to say this was many years before the concept of unisex restrooms, the Brothers would have none of that!

The problem to this being that the only restroom available for the guys to use was on the third floor where the dormitories for the Monks and male cast members. (In 1968 we had more in common then we realized at the time!).... This was also a couple weeks into the tour and

several cast members we gaining very personal knowledge of exactly why we were warned about drinking the water!

I recall on this occasion our drummer, whose name I will withhold, and I both looked up at the same time with a panicked look realizing just how far away the third floor restroom really was, did I mention there was no elevator? Well..."Drummer" and I made a very rapid exit and did our very best to make it to the third floor, honestly I think it was at that very moment that the "Kegel exercise" was invented.

We made it to the third floor and the Italians had such tasteful little rooms to house what we affectionately called, "squat pots", sorry hope that wasn't too crude for anyone. So you're thinking, finally the story ends...not quite, a few moments pass and I heard a pretty loud crash, clatter and "Oh, NO!" I'll just end the story there.

Pam Henderson Murtaugh -- I must say this reminds me of **Darcy Roberts'** story (she'd be the first to tell it if she was here...anybody know where she is???). In Paris when we did the Olympia, (January 1970) she lived with a family whose apartment was the four floors above the restaurant they owned...which was where the only toilet was.

The upstairs had a sink and a bathtub, but no toilet. She agonized one night in the middle of the night before deciding that using the sink was more of a sure thing than making it down 5 flights of stairs in the dark....! I will never forget the look on her face as she told the story. You could feel her pain, her indecision, her conflict...and her relief! Her natural sense of drama brought it all home...

Surely, You Can't Be Serious?

Cabot Wade – I want to share a "lighter moment" Cast C story. It was '68 I believe. We were in Rimouski, Quebec. **John Tracy**, the effervescent one, had at long last worked (sung) his way up the lead group ladder and was playing electric bass. This was something new for John as he had been weaned on violin and upright bass (named Doris) with whom he had a love/hate relationship.

On this particular night, John was singing "Ed White" with us, the "Volunteers." We were singing center stage directly underneath a white sheet used for translation. This ill-fated sheet was loosely affixed to the proscenium arch over our heads.

As the song proceeded I heard this "Ooooooh!" from the audience.....twice. Then finally laughter. I was incensed at their reaction to this very touching song until I turned slightly to my left to catch the silhouette of the electric bass sticking out from under the translation sheet, which had fallen and was now completely covering John.

John looked like Charlie Brown Trick or Treating! This however, did not phase John in the least. Being the supreme showman, he merely threw off the sheet and kept playing...never missing a beat. Somehow the show kept going. I had no problem keeping a smile on my face that night. "There but by the grace of God"

Jan Rodgers (Schwab) Harbaugh – I think the first laugh was Herb's from the back of the theater. Reg and I just turned off the lights on our consoles and put our heads down--hysterical. And poor **Steve Geil** couldn't see what had happened--nor could **Geoff Frost**. You went backstage and literally rolled on the floor, laughing. We never let that guy put up the translation sheet again! -

John Tracy -- I'm wondering if "that night in Quebec" regarding "Ed White", is the night that the translation sheet fell from the above the front of the stage and floated slowly down, covering yours truly from head to toe. At first I didn't know what happened.

Have I gone blind or what? Once I realized what it was, I pulled off the sheet and we finished playing the song. What I remember most, was when I came off stage, Cabot had collapsed in laughter, and was unable to go back on stage for the next couple of songs. They tell me I never stopped playing, or missed a beat.

Jan Rogers Harbaugh -- That would be the night. You didn't stop playing, although you were having a bit of a time getting the sheet off without taking your hands off the bass.

J. Bruce Parker -- I sang "Holler" for a while... sometime alone and sometimes as a duet with **Tom Carlisle**. Ours had a bit of an international twist to it. A very funny, but very short cast member named **Mario Borgino** was along on a darkened stage. He was hit with a spotlight and started his "bit" with "Is this mike on?" Then he would proceed to tell the audience, "Hello, I'm Mario Borgino from..." (Italy, Brazil or ??? memory cells going again)...

Mario would put EVERY audience we came across in stitches with his broken English and telling anyone who would listen how this was HIS moment to sing a solo in the show. Then I would enter from the side and come up behind him and the audience got even more tickled because Mario was all of 5 feet tall and I am 6'6".

Mario would then begin to back pedal on his "chance" to do a solo, my job was just to stay silent and look mean and slowly walk toward the stage and he would threaten and then retreat and the audience ATE it up. That is what usually happened, but one night Mario de-

cided to turn the tables on me and began to ad lib his part near the end.

He started saying things that only he and I had a clue about and he had me ready to roll in the aisles laughing. All I can say is that when I began the guitar part to sing "Holler," I must have jammed on the intro for a good 2-3 minutes in order to regain my composure and sing the song.

Mike Blair – Now I'm sure this next faux pas has happened in more than one Cast! I'm pretty sure we were in the states because everything was in English. Anyway, **Cabot Wade** started doing his intro for the next song and we all started getting into place, the thing is we were getting into place for the workers' medley, remember, all of the guys up the center of the stage and the girls on each side, problem being that wasn't the song Cabot was introducing, so when we realized it we all started changing places back and made it just in the nick of time, almost.

It was at this moment that Cabot realized he had introduced the wrong song, so to correct his error we all heard..."But first let's step back in time..." Suffice to say the song started, the lights came up and we were singing our little hearts out long before we were actually in place. But as always I'm sure no one in the audience ever knew a thing had gone wrong. Seems like memories are a lot like potato chips, once you have the first one, they just keep coming.

Jan (Rodgers) Harbaugh – The night that everybody was set up to sing "Home Town" and Steve Woods announced "Joan of Arc"? I have an indelible picture of Glennie turning around, bending over to pick up her stool and exit, Cabot throwing off the banjo to put on the guitar, and **Ronnie Zacharias** playing the intro until Cabot could come in--and playing it, and playing it, while Kelly was hustled out from backstage.

Mike Blair – I also remember playing a joke on **Pam Gerhardt** that backfired. Pam had come out to sing *Keep Young at Heart*, which at the time she started from stage center with a hand mic, I whispered to her not to turn around in the dance because her jumper was unzipped and I couldn't reach it to fix it. Well, for those of you that remember the dance sequence to *Young at Heart* there were a lot of turns and Pam danced with myself and Ernesto, instead of turning Pam just did side steps.

Well, we got through the number and Pam flew off stage as soon as the lights went down. Did I mention that her dress wasn't really unzipped? I apparently underestimated her wrath and wasn't watching when she came back out on stage and soundly introduced the heel of her shoe to my shin. For the rest of the show she smiled and I limped.

Ann Alber (67A) – Austin, Texas (Cast A - think it was 1968?) where I was supposed to sing "Gee I'm Looking Forward to the Future" and got in my usual place in the dark in the middle of the stage by the microphone, and the spotlight hit me and I started giggling and couldn't stop and they (can't remember who) had to drag me off stage :) -- and there was a lot of scrambling going on to segue to the next song on the run-down.

Maggie Inge – The cast (A or C) was in Vermont and it was this time of year on a picture perfect day. We had been in the process of making a new UWP movie and we were to film outdoors. We were taken to the top of a mountain where the views were truly spectacular. Bright yellows to reds contrasting with the evergreens to create an amazing vista. Because the day had begun so beautifully and because we were filming, we had worn little other than our show costumes -- those jumpers with the white collarless shirts... -- I in my green.

While we were filming, the temperature began to drop and even though in my memory the sun continued to shine, or it somehow remained bright, it began to snow. I'm pretty sure we were filming "Hometown", because I have this picture of dancing in the snow. There we were with those bright smiles, singing and dancing as the ground became covered with snow.

It remains significant to me that it was in UWP that I first learned that circumstances in life always afford us a choice: keep going or turn back and either choice is easier if you find a way to amuse yourself in the process. This memory also includes a pretty intense snowball fight (yes, still in our show costumes) that began the minute the cameras stopped rolling.

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – It was October in Vermont, College Cast. The first snow was October 5 that year. We were rolling into Springfield — farm ponds covered with mist, snow falling -- where five of us (me, Lolly, Becky (from Valdosta, Georgia), Barb — blonde, Delaware? -- and???) stayed with a couple — the Gulicks -- in a farm house built in the 1790s. They called it Phoenix Farm because it had burned to the ground three times...all but this great arched stone fireplace and hearth the connected the kitchen to the dining room.

One of their fathers had been a professor of ancient Greek at Harvard, another was a tea taster in Boston. That afternoon I had an experience that I've taken with me the rest of my life. Every day their life stopped at 4. The day we arrived was no exception. We stopped at 4 for tea. In front of the fireplace. And with it we had crescent cookies perfectly dusted with powdered sugar.

It was the first time I'd had a proper tea. Water boiled. Pot warmed. Timer set for 5 minutes to steep the tea perfectly. Earl Grey tea. (Unheard of then, common now.) Fabulous conversation.

I went back twenty years later on a business trip, having kept up with them on and off. Arrived in time for tea. Waited while the timer ticked off while the timer ticked off the steeping. Stayed for dinner. It was election night. (Bush 1?) Talked all through tea, dinner and then watching the returns into the night with the old gentleman, drinking whiskey.

They were amazing. Remembered us all well. My friends count on tea at my house — for sanity, for fun, for time out of time -- and it all began October 5, in Springfield, Vermont. Good thing I wasn't in the movie!

Ron Welborn -- I remember we got served tongue at a student cafeteria once and no one knew what it was until they turned it over. We ate potatoes, split pea soup and bread a lot. I remember that. Do you remember the food fights in the school cafeterias in France? Does anyone remember how the simple courtesy of forming a line was ignored in many of those student cafeterias? I had an elderly woman as a host in Poitiers, France who kept a scrapbook of the Kennedys. She also had WWII articles about being liberated by America. She was a huge American fan but she was certainly in the minority in France.

A rehearsal that **Dave Johnston** was running...**Debbie Kirkpatrick** was on stage, he was trying to make a change in some song. Debbie was copying what he was playing on his flute. Of course with these two, nothing was simple...he started getting very intricate with the flute, Debbie followed right along...finally, he said something like, "bet you can't sing this!"....Debbie K's response was something like, "I can sing any @\$#&#@\$ thing you can play, David." He did...and she did...it was amazing to listen to these two challenge each other. Incredible talent!

Cyddia Rodrigo -- I remember that moment in time ;... Debbie K could out sing anybody and emulate any

instrument .. she is my hero! Every time I sang Ashes (when it finally fell to me), I could hear her in my head and it was oh so very hard to do justice to the song when you knew you were barely holding a candle to the master. Debbie & Dave together were an awesome force of nature!

They were married, somewhere in my garage I think I still have the bridesmaid dress I wore. The marriage lasted for a few years then sadly they got divorced but remained great friends. I thought they made great music together, but on stage and in life.

Bernard Dunn (69-70C) – I was in the traveling college with a bunch of teachers from some fancy college out east. Most of our cast members were studying during the day time...but I was one of the lucky poor musicians who formed the musical "strike force" (never liked that phrase) and performed in every high school and college wherever we went. We performed sometimes 2 or 3 times in the day, and then in the show at night. And did we ever have a show!!!!

Maggie Inge – I have such fond memories of Amsterdam. When we were there with the cast, we were so very young and naive!!! I remember walking late one night after striking the show though I can't remember who was with me but it was a couple of guys and another girl. We found ourselves walking in an area where the shops had people sitting in the windows under red spotlights.

We commented on how flattering the lighting was and the suggestion was made that we should talk to the lighting guys about using more red in the show. I don't know about the others, but I made it through several days before coming to the realization that all the "people" we had seen in those windows were women and where we had actually been. Not the first or last time my blush had nothing to do with makeup.

Steve Colwell, ('53,65-85A) -- In 1968 my brothers and I helped lead a small cast through a number of countries in South America. We were in Montevideo, Uruguay doing an outdoor show during a hot, humid southern hemisphere summer. It seemed like the lights illuminating the stage were attracting every bug on the continent flying around all of us as we performed.

One of our cast members, **Sharon Francis**, who had a beautifully trained voice, was singing an aria when one of the flying creatures landed in her wide-open mouth. She suddenly stopped, swallowed, and then soldiered on to finish the song!

Later, while Ralph was singing the solo on *What Color is God's Skin* the rest of us on stage behind him watched with a mixture of wonder and horror as a bug the size of his fist landed in the back of his white sport coat and started crawling up his jacket toward his neck.

During the remainder of the song all eyes were on this creature as we waited in breathless anticipation to see what would happen when it reached his neck. Fortunately for all, the bug was within a quarter of an inch from Ralph's neck when the last note of the song was sung.

Larry Moudy - ('70C) -- We were in Philadelphia, PA for a private show to a group of bankers and their spouses, taking place in the concert hall that was the home of the Philadelphia Philharmonic (one of the great orchestras of the time). The warm up group for the evening (the Peter Nero Trio) was going through their sound check and we had a chance to listen in.

While we did our sound check and brief rehearsal Peter Nero sat in the concert hall and listened to us. Afterward one of our younger cast members went up to Peter Nero and said to him . . . "You are pretty good, did you ever think of playing piano professionally?" Peter being the gracious musician he was got a good laugh out of the comment.

Rich Moulton – I fell off the back riser, the very top, with my brand new sax (it actually broke my fall as I hit the metal bar that held the back blue curtain down and taunt) just as I stood up to do the Jax solo. I still think **Tommy Yates** pushed me, well, he may have bumped me, but it is the same difference!

Actually, someone had placed my chair legs outside the safety brace, so when I stood up and leaned back, it was the best backward swan I had ever done. I broke a light I remember, and landed on the bar, my sax breaking the actual contact. I cannot remember, for the love of me, where we were, but I believe I was still in Cast B.

I had really just gotten my new Selmer while on the road. It was so dented after the fall I had to send it back to the factory. They fixed it for free for us, but getting it sent to me back through the postal service was a real trip, lol, remember, I don't think we had DHL, or FedEx in those days. All was well, and I was not seriously hurt in the fall, in fact I finished the show with a borrowed instrument.

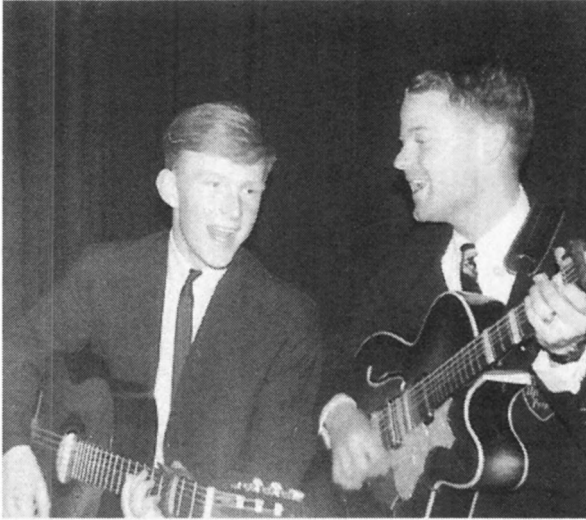
Alister Wilson, Letters home, Feb. 25, '66 – I almost forgot to tell you – four nights ago we were in Columbus, Georgia on the 234th anniversary of the birth of George Washington. 6000 people saw the show and another 4000 were turned away. There was so much traffic the Colwell Bros got caught up in it and they were still puffing and panting when they were introduced on stage.

Mike Blair – I'm sure many of you will remember when we did "New Dimension" and at the end of the song the entire cast exited over the back of the stage. Well, this time after we had the "walk through" in the afternoon and the cast was at dinner, apparently the Fire Marshal said the back steps were too close to something or other and they had to be moved.

Unfortunately, no one got that message prior to the show, so at the end of the song when everyone was trying

to exit, those poor folks on the top three rows went over the back like lambs to the slaughter! (By the way, miraculously, no one was hurt.) Mostly thanks to the brave efforts of the first folks over the edge turning to catch the others as they came careening off the risers. OK, so I'm not sure if it was valor or self-preservation, but all survived safely thanks to the team effort.

Richard Oliver (67-68B) – In January 1968, after a long trans-Atlantic flight, Cast B arrived in the evening on the largest airplane ever to land in Norway. There were people waiting not only to enthusiastically greet and welcome us to Oslo, but also to see our jet!



"Sing Out Oslo" ~ Rolf Petter Lonnevig & Richard Oliver

The next morning the cast gathered to share first-night host family experiences before we launched into our hectic schedule. The stories were plentiful and had a lot of giggles, especially when trombonist,

Tommy Yates spoke. In Europe, instead of a blanket on a bed as we had at the time in most American homes, they used a duvet-style comforter. As Tommy described it, he was a bit puzzled about the "sleeping bag" that was on top of the bed and said that he had a heckuva time re-tying all those bows around him around the edge instead of a zipper.

Tommy was a pretty big boy, so uproarious laughter began among our Scandinavian friends who immediately understood the implications of his story and it quickly spread through the cast. It was a classic moment many of us will always remember!

Mary (Caughey) Colwell (65B-Mackinac College) – On one of our days off from rehearsal at Flower Street, **Eric Millar**, cast director, and the burgeoning cast B, were taken by bus to what must have been Laguna Beach on the Californian coast. That day was memorable to me for two reasons. The first was the dumping surf, which crashed onto a steep beach. As the water was sucked out to sea, the huge rollers could only crash onto the sand.....no water. Addicted to the exhilaration of yet another great wave to ride, I was dumped over and over onto my poor, raw chin. It's a wonder I didn't break my neck!

But meanwhile, **Lonnie Alexander and Ted Colwell and maybe Geoff Maitland? Bob Saltzman?** were amusing themselves at the huge lagoon located maybe 50 yards back and up from the beach. This was no puddle. It was more like a big lake. They started with a finger to trace a little stream from the lagoon, across the 50 yards, and down to the beach. Pretty soon, more water was flowing than they had anticipated. And shortly after that the water flow grew exponentially so that, in fact, the whole lagoon began to drain.

And as it did, it created a huge river with rapids that Lonnie and one other, whose name I forget, decided to ride! They jumped in and suddenly were sucked under and disappeared. Fortunately, there were several spectators who suddenly realized a disaster was in the making! With some quick thinking they made a human chain across the raging water and thus were able to grab Lonnie and his co-hort. Within minutes, the entire lagoon had drained and all that remained of the river was a very deep

gorge across the beach. No more lagoon at Laguna Beach! And a very lucky Lonnie could only grin in that very sheepish way at his yet-another close call.

Richard Oliver – In '68 I was with Cast B in Norway and stayed behind to help create "Op Me Menske" (sp?) in Norway, Denmark and Finland. I even went to Leningrad for a week's break from Helsinki (much to the consternation of **Heikki** who, with **Matti Lampela**, re-



In Helsinki: Matti Lampela, Thomasina Hill, Richard Oliver, Ikuko Nagamori, and Maisa Hujanen

main friends – but never discussed the trip)! We have four icons hanging in hermetically sealed frames in our great room that were given to me by a young Russian couple on that trip. So, I was actually the first active UWP person to go to Russia... what a memory for a just-21 year-old!

Alister Wilson, Letters Home – May 11, 1967. Dear Mum and Dad, we left Miami last Sunday morning to go to Brunswick, Georgia. We had gone about 200

miles when one of the boys collapsed unconscious off his seat. When he came to he had terrible pains in his stomach so we decided to take him to hospital since it could have been his appendix.

I went with him and the others waited for three hours and then had to take off leaving the sick guy and me with \$30 in cash and a \$100 cheque made out to **Alister Wilson**. The hospital bill alone was \$32, so having paid that we went to catch up with the others by bus, and that was where the fun began. I spent the last three dollars on a taxi to the bus station and the bus company refused to take any cheque larger than \$20, so we were stranded in the bus station for three hours.

I phoned our directors but couldn't get a reply and by 7 o'clock I was desperate. I asked a taxi driver if he could help me and he suggested several hotels that might cash it. I also tried one of the big airlines and they wouldn't take the risk either. Finally, the taxi driver said he would take me down to their depot and cash it for me there.

When we arrived the takings for the day had just been taken to the night safe and so I still had no money. Then with my last ten cents I phoned the Holiday Inn and asked them if they would cash the cheque if I stayed there overnight. They said yes. The taxi drove us to the hotel and I registered while the taxi waited for payment. The manager was still reluctant but I told him that the man who had made out the cheque to me came from the town in which I was stranded. He got his address and then asked for proof of my identity. I showed him my passport and that of course showed me as being Alexander. So I had to explain that Alister was Gaelic for Alexander and he was convinced. I got the money!

Next morning at 2 o'clock both of us got a bus to catch up with the rest of the school and arrived at Brunswick at 8. We left immediately but sixteen miles up the road we broke down and had to go back to Brunswick for

the rest of the day. The bus is a 1954 model and there was no spare part around except in Florida so we phoned Miami for our mechanic and met him in the evening in northern Florida and raced him up to Georgia.

Meanwhile, I had four other cheques made out to me which I wanted to get cashed. They were made out from the First National Bank of New York so I went to the local branch. Since I was from out of town they were not keen to give me \$400. I had to see the manager and we went into the same business of Alister and Alexander and then he disappeared for a few minutes returning with a warning notice from New York. Counterfeit cheques were being passed out and signed by someone calling himself Daniel Wilson.

I tell you, the circumstance of events drove me almost crazy. However, he was prepared to cash \$100 and that saw us over for the night. We had to spend an extra night of course and then found out that we did not have enough money for breakfast and lunch on the last day. Fortunately, we stayed in Richmond, Virginia, and we knew a doctor there who loaned us \$60 till we got to New York safe and sound. – Alister

“I am serious, and don’t call me Shirley!”

You Meet ‘Em Wherever You Go....Amazing People That Is

Dale Roberts (67-71C Band) – **Sargent Shriver**, US Ambassador to France and founder of the Peace Corps, had been scheduled to introduce the show, but that had been before the threats. Given the controversy and danger, we assumed he wouldn't come. The shouts from the crowd abruptly doubled in volume and in vehemence. I looked up from the pit to see **Sargent Shriver** calmly walk to the center stage microphone. Alone. (Our stage crew told us later that just offstage he had overruled the security detail, who had implored him not to go out onto the stage.)

He began to speak, but the shouting was so loud I couldn't hear him, even though I was so close that had I stood up I could have touched his foot. The protesters were loud, but our PA system was louder. Shriver's voice carried over the din. He alternated between French and English as he introduced us. Seemingly unruffled by the shouts and waving red flags, he might have been speaking to a Cleveland Rotary convention.

Just then Shriver reached up to adjust the microphone, and when he did, I could see that his hand was trembling. If I hadn't been sitting so close, I couldn't have seen it. His face and voice remained steady, focused and confident. He went on to say something like this: (not a direct quotation but my paraphrase.) "France and the United States share a tradition and a passion for liberty and democracy, values that are rooted in freedom of speech. But there are some here tonight who demand that right for themselves, but would deny it to others..."

As he continued the sound of the crowd swelled, but now the timbre was changing. The new voices were not as loud as those of the protesters, but there were more of

them. The rest of the crowd was shouting down the protesters. Shriver finished his introduction and calmly strode offstage. We played our show to a standing ovation and encores.

From that moment to this I have known that it's okay to be afraid, that you can walk through your fear and still do the work you are called to do.

Sheila Stephenson Lindsey – Do you remember who sponsored us in Paris? It was **Eunice and Sargent Shriver!** They were the American ambassadors at the time. Maria and Eunice both came to our show one night. Mary Brady and someone else set up Paris and they just walked up to the Shriver residence and introduced themselves and said we needed a sponsor. Voila! That was it! Mary Brady made good connections with the Kennedys and after UWP she was nanny to some of the **Kennedy cousins** in Hyannis Port for a number of years.

Jim de Girolamo (66-71A) – **Blanton Belk** honored me and one or two others, I can't remember who else at this point, to go and personally invite [President] LBJ at the White House and then [former President] **Dwight Eisenhower** in NYC to come to our conference at Ft. Slo-cum. Wow! What an honor to be asked to come to the White House by President Johnson and staff to formally extend an invitation. I was so excited.

We made our way to the guardhouse at the White House. "I am Jim de Girolamo of UWP here to see President Johnson." The guard looked puzzled and said "I don't recall seeing your names on the list", but went into the structure briefly and then came out and stated, "There is nothing here indicating you are expected as a guest". My heart dropped, I thought there must be a mistake because Blanton arranged it.



Jim de Girolamo

Then I asked him to check again because we were told the President is expecting us, also that immediately following we are going to NYC to meet with former President Eisenhower. The guard went back in the guardhouse and I could see him on the phone. He seemed like he was in there forever and I began to have a sinking feeling and cracks of doubt began to come on me as to the reality of this whole "honor".

Then I could see the guard shaking his head and then writing something. He emerged with two passes and said, "The Press Secretary will see you. He wants you to go to the Press Room where he will be conducting a press conference and then he will greet you immediately following." All of a sudden my doubts evaporated into the amazement of being in White House at a press conference with the world press! After the Secretary took time with us and said "President Johnson is involved in critical meeting right now but that our invitation would be personally delivered to him.

To think back on it, they all knew us well, Up with People was a force. As I left the grounds of the presidential mansion I thought to myself, "**J. Blanton Belk**, did you send us on a cold call to see the President of the United States? And we got in?!!!" I guess today I could ask myself if I had known that there wasn't a prearranged meeting with LBJ would I have gained access to the White House?

Continuing our mission, we arrived at the front desk of the Waldorf Towers in NYC to invite former President Eisenhower, a true supporter of UWP and friend of Blanton's since first performing for Ike and Mamie at Thunderbird Golf Club on the fairway in front of Eisenhower's cottage the previous year. Now Eisenhower was

more than just a former president, he was an icon of this nation who directed allied forces in WWII and thus he occupied heroic stature in my very being and here I was entering the Waldorf Towers to invite Ike face to face.

But my reality having been tempered somewhat from the previous experience at the White House I began to doubt as I approached the front desk and said "I am **Jim de Girolamo** with Up with People and we are here to see President Eisenhower who is expecting us" (whether he knows it or not I thought).

Well of course there wasn't any invitation or any knowledge of our even coming, but the clerk made a call, gave us passes and told to take the elevator to the Eisenhower floor where General Shultz, his aid-decamp, would greet us. Gen. Shultz couldn't have been nicer and took us to his room next to Eisenhower's suite.

Well he left his door open and we sat down and told him of our mission and what we were doing cities of America. He said the General had been meeting and consulting with King Hussein of Jordan prior to his address the General Assembly of the United Nations and that he was napping to regain his energy. Then Mamie Eisenhower walked right past the door and did a double take and immediately came into the room and said with glee "Oh my friends with Up with People!" **Linda Blackmore** (Cates) may have been with us and Mamie recognized the three of us. She couldn't have been warmer or nicer. She too said that Ike was exhausted from his meetings and needed his rest but that she would personally present our invitation.

My suspicion supported by these two adventures is that the "J" in **J. Blanton Belk**, stands for "Just do it!" It worked!

Helen Hitchings Hill -- It was in April of 1967 when Cast C found itself flying across the interior of Pan-

ama in style in a C-130 cargo plane complete with web sling seats and no air conditioning. Destination? Chiriquí.

My two Host-Moms welcomed me with love and open arms. The home was simple with dirt floors swept daily and for security - a chair was positioned under the doorknob while a dog slept on the porch outside the front door. They were sisters; one was a cattle rancher and the other a teacher who thankfully spoke perfect English! My rancher Mom could not fathom why I was unable to drink the fresh milk because after-all, 'their cattle came from Texas.' Obviously drinking milk from American cows was safe!

My teacher Mom kept bugging me to meet a friend of hers. Since we were on a tight schedule, I kept putting her off. When finally a day off was scheduled, I spoke to **Bob Cook** about taking time to go meet her friend. When I mentioned the name **Dr. Arnulfo Arias**, his eyes grew big as saucers, and his jaw dropped almost to the floor. "He is the people's choice for the next president of Panama, he is our main purpose for being here, and we have been trying to find a way to meet him." Obviously, the answer was YES!

Our entourage: Bob, **Glenna (Hobbs) Lenz-Payne**, **George Alexander**, my host Mom and I journeyed into the beautiful mountains of Boquete where **Dr. Arias** had a summer home. I was too stunned and in awe to say much. Instead, I sat like a sponge absorbing everything that was said and today remembering none of the conversation!

Kathy (Thorson) Schrier – Meeting JC Penney brings up the subject of the amazing number of "names" who supported UWP over the years. When I was working with the Skuces in Chicago, we got to know **Mr. & Mrs. John Kraft**, who lived near the house where we stayed in Winnetka. They were great supporters of UWP (and Richard Nixon, if I recall!) We actually had Thanksgiving din-

ner with them one year (and no, not grilled cheese sandwiches!)

I remember giving Mrs. Kraft a ride to her doctor's appointment in downtown Chicago on day of the Democratic Party anti-war riots. We could smell the tear gas several blocks away. Mr. Kraft died in the 80s, but Carla has stayed in touch with Mrs. Kraft (now very old) over the years, and brought her to the Denver 25th reunion. And speaking of jams and jellies, I stayed in the **Smucker** home in Orville, Ohio!

Anna Mason Koelling (70A) – A few years later, not in our era but interesting nonetheless... I will add the names of **Sam and Helen Walton**. Around 1983, the last time UWP played in Bentonville, Arkansas was the first time a Russian group traveled with the cast. It was in the early summer and oddly enough, Bentonville was one of the first places the Russian group performed. At that time they did a special section of the show.

Anyway, Mr. Sam and Mrs. Helen had agreed to be a host family. They had requested Russian kids. The Rotary was the sponsor for the show and Ron & I were helping with the set-up. After the initial host pick-up, we had a dinner at one of the host families for several of the families who were friends. This included the Waltons.

At dinner we were all talking and Mr. Sam came in from work. Mrs. Helen had picked up their kids and had taken them home, then they all came next door to dinner. The Walton's home was not what you would have expected. It was not large and pretentious, but it was lovely and did have a creek running through the living room and a waterfall outside the window. We had all been talking about who we were and what we did, you know the normal introductory stuff.

After Mr. Sam met everyone and sat down to eat he was asked what he did. Without missing a beat he answered, "I'm a storekeeper. We all laughed at that but he

didn't say more than that, so we didn't either. After dinner when everyone went home, he explained to me that he knew that Russians really wouldn't understand the concept of WalMart and that he wanted them to be comfortable with him.

The next day the Russian group visited their first WalMart Super Center. Mr. Sam had left instructions with the staff there to watch and see if there was anything they especially liked. He had found out that the Russian group was music students from the Ukraine and that they had very limited funds. His staff was instructed that anything they wanted to purchase was to have a "flaw" in it so the price was to be knocked down to less than \$5.

That night, we had their show. It was wonderful, of course. The next day the cast went on to Little Rock. Mr. Sam had found out that the members of the Russian group had been fascinated with the Casio portable pianos. No one had attempted to purchase one because they were so expensive to them. Mr. Sam had the Little Rock Super Center deliver pianos for everyone in the Russian group to the venue.

The next weekend they were in Ft. Smith to perform at an outdoor venue. A number of us went down to see them there, including Mr. Sam and Mrs. Helen. The family became very attached to their Russian kids and, although Mr. Sam is gone and Mrs. Helen is in very poor health the family continues to correspond with them.

Stoney Burt – One of the coolest things that happened to me when I was on the road with UWP was the time I got to run the light board for Sammy Davis Jr's show. We were performing in Gary, Indiana and Sammy was to perform on a Saturday, in-between our shows on Friday and Monday. We were going to have to strike our set and set up again on Sunday. I talked Sammy's people into using our lights for his show and myself into running

them. I got to see his whole show from the side curtains. Six-Gun routine and all. What a memory.

delMonte Davis – Well, well! I believe it was **Dirk Launt** and I who set up Gary during this time. And I do remember the Sammy Davis Jr arrangements. We were in touch with Mayor Hatcher's office from time to time. Because of the nature our business, were encouraged (in fact offered an introduction) to connect with a very up and coming singing group from the area. Of course our pressing set up schedule made it virtually impossible for us to take even half an hour to go hear a young local group perform. We did our thing and left town. Not more than about three months later, after an introduction by Diana Ross (I think),the JACKSON 5 made it big on the national scene. Think about it, had we played our cards right, we could be talking Michael, Dirk and del!

Tom Coulombe – Which is similar to an experience I had in Shreveport.... We did shows Saturday and Sunday night. Sunday was a free day for the cast until about six pm, but there was a choir contest going on at the theatre where we were doing the show. They (the proverbial "they") needed someone from crew to be at the theatre in case there was a problem. The choirs were using our stage and piano and we needed to liaise with them. So I was the guy who was at the theatre that afternoon for a state-wide gospel choir competition. I was the ONLY white guy in the theatre!

Anyway, I had nothing to do really since everything was arranged and going smoothly, so I pulled **Bill Berry's** J-bass and plugged it in backstage and was playing along quietly with the competitors. One of the contest organizers was passing by and heard me. He invited me to come out and play with the other accompanists.

I had the time of my life that afternoon, jamming with some really swinging choirs for about 5 hours. I for-

get who won the prize for best choir, but I know that I was a winner that day.

Carolyn Bowes-Jones – (69A, 70A) – This is truly a “*Meet ‘Em Wherever You Go*” story - **Hilde Severinsen-Sandnes**, from Norway, won the UWPIAA **J. Blanton Belk** Outstanding Alumna Award 2015 at the 50th Up with People Reunion, for her work in Uganda and Romania. Hilde was in Cast 91C, and I was in Cast 69A. Amazingly, the two of us, who traveled in Up with People 22 years apart, now work in the very same town, Lira, N. Uganda, less than a mile from each other!



Carolyn and Hilde

Without her winning that award, I would never have known that “*Our Roads Had Come Together*” so closely! It took me 3 days to track Hilde down, and we met just before we were leaving Orlando. However, we will be meeting up in

Uganda again in November when we are both there.

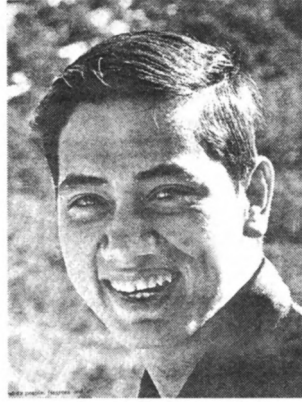
Hilde works with disabled children, providing them surgery. And having worked as a physical therapist there, I have even sent a child to her Adina Foundation for surgery on his clubfeet! I’m now also involved in training Ugandans who are able to read, how to teach their neighbors and friends in their communities to read in their tribal language in a very short time.

So Hilde and I will be crossing paths hopefully for years to come.

John Ruffin – This is a memory of two of the most remarkable people I’ve ever met. The first is **Bill Pensoneau**, who I had the great fortune to know since Mackinac in 1965, traveling the first two years of Sing-Out,

through Japan, Korea and Europe in '66, and subsequently back at Mackinac with the College. Bill was an extraordinary individual in so many respects, and he is greatly missed.

It was during our time in Austria in the Spring of '66 that we were on a bus headed for Vienna. My memory says that we had just performed in Salzburg at that wonderful amphitheater where the von Trapp's sang Edelweiss in their final performance in Sound of Music... Nonetheless we were on our way to Vienna, and as we got on the bus, Bill leaned over my seat and handed me a paperback book, saying "you might like this." The book was titled "Man's Search for Meaning".



Bill Pensoneau

Over the next 3-4 hours as we were driving to Vienna, I devoured that book. I couldn't believe how powerful this story was of **Viktor Frankl**, a Jewish psychiatrist and concentration camp survivor who had discovered the secret for survival when all about him were dying.

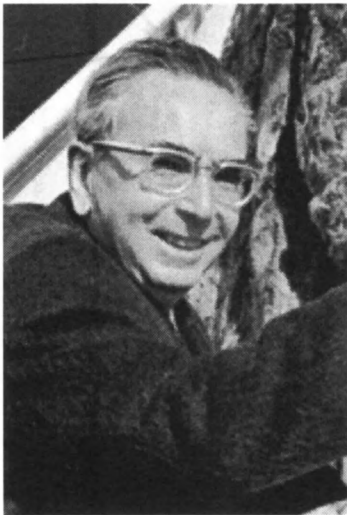
The secret was not a physical one, but a mental and philosophical one, that proposed that the discovery of meaning in one's life can be the most powerful life force of all, even in the face of starvation and death. He had lost his wife, his sister and both parents in the camps, and was witnessing his fellow prisoners dying every day, yet he was able to achieve survival in his "will to find meaning".

After liberation, Frankl turned his discovery into a new theory of psychology called "Logotherapy". It was the next great discovery in this field, superseding much of the earlier work by Freud.

I was galvanized by this book and its message; it felt so totally relevant for me and for what we were all

about in that moment. As I finished the last page, we pulled into Vienna. Looking at the back cover I read that the author, Dr. Frankl was then head of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Vienna, living in the city with his second wife and daughter. Wow, and here we were in Vienna!

You know what's coming next. I got off the bus and went straight to a pay phone, put in some Viennese coins and dialed the operator. Did she have the number for a **Dr. Viktor Frankl**? Yes,...shall I ring him? Please! The phone was answered, "Hallo"... I gulped, "Is this Dr. Frankl?" "It is.." he replied....



Viktor Frankl

Well, I'm not completely sure of what all I said next, but introducing myself and that I was in Vienna with 150 other international youth intent on changing the world in a major way....and that I had just read his book and was overwhelmed by it... I would be honored to meet him. He said, "Why don't you come up to my apartment, can you come now?" Holy smokes, "yes"!

I looked for Bill, but not seeing him, I grabbed **Heikki Lampela and Reudi Hanloser** and we went off to spend two hours with Viktor Frankl, his wife and daughter in their apartment. It was magic. And he was as interested in what we were about as we were in him.

The days in Vienna were a blur, but we invited Dr. Frankl and family to be our guests at the show (Vienna Opera House?) the following night and they came and sat in the front row. They were equally overwhelmed by our show and met the cast following.

The next day I took **Bert Demmers** and whoever else may have been with us from PACE at the moment, back to Frankl's apartment for photographs and an interview. It was the beginning of a strong connection between Frankl with UWP and PACE, with two subsequent features, including Frankl's coming to visit PACE offices in LA.

Please read the experiences that **Karyne Richardson**, then a bright UWP HS graduate working for **Marshall Cartlage** at 833 S. Flower St., had in her interactions with Frankl during his visit at that time, in the final section of this book.



Frankl and Geoff Frost

I am astounded that at 21, I had the nerve to phone up a person of his stature and request to see him. But what did I know? I didn't know that you "couldn't" do that. Yet

it was one amazingly powerful life experience. And my friend Bill Pensoneau was the catalyst. How did he know?

Wasn't it true for much of what we did in our UWP days, no matter the cast or year, that in "just going for it" the world often opened up right in front of us? How unfortunate that "greater" knowledge and maturity seems to have squeezed out that spirit of "impossible is nothing!" I'd gladly give up the maturity to get more of that spirit back.

The Stage Crew Rocks!

What we did while you were sleeping

Bill Smith – Stage Crew, Cast A'66 – Here are some of the reflections that I have of being a member of the Stage Crew for Sing-Out and Up with People in 1966. The crew members that I remember working with were **Brad Saltzman, Kevin Reeves, Mike Hart (Jamaica), Paul Guerif (France), Uno Heunien (Finland), Otto Polkenin (Finland), Roger McNew, and Takeshi Aratani (Japan)**. I came along via Sing Out South out of Nashville.



My first real experience with the stage crew was at the big show at Red Rocks Amphitheater in Denver in June 1966. That show made for a long, long day and night. It was almost daylight the next morning when we got everything buttoned up after the show. Now, before I had left Nashville and knowing that I was going to be in Colorado, I scheduled my draft deferment test at the Colorado

School of Mines in Golden. I actually had no idea how I would get there, but fortunately the crew bus dropped me off in Golden on their way back to Estes Park, at 5:30 in the morning! Somehow, I survived the test and passed as I later found out.

But I still had to get back to Estes Park. So I took the transit bus to the downtown Denver bus station. Try-



ing to find out how to get to Estes Park, I was told I could ride in the back of the mail truck to Estes Park or take the scenic route on a tour bus. I opted for the tour bus. It was longer, but I met an interesting fellow on the trip. This guy was very clean-cut and had polished look about him. We struck up a conversation and it turned out that he was **Ron Bartek** and he had just graduated as the Cadet Commander from West Point. He was going Estes Park to spend the summer with Sing Out. Well, wouldn't you know that evening in Estes Park, Sing Out '66 had yet another show. I helped take that

one down, too. I was totally exhausted.

I think the first performance Cast A had after leaving Douglas, WY was at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. The performance was held on a large green, grassy area. It was quite a sight to see the trainees marching on to the green for the performance. One of the perks of being on the stage crew, and being a smaller group, was that

there were different opportunities for relaxation. At GLNTC, the stage crew was invited to go sailing on the Commandant's personal yacht. We even went swimming in cold Lake Michigan.

One evening during our tour of Cape Cod, a performance was staged in a Chatham, MA parking lot. The generator supplying the electrical power would not start. **Paul Guerif** was not very happy. But in UWP fashion, we got a number of cars lined up, turned on their headlights, and the show went on.

There was also a series of shows at a skating rink in Barnstable. I remember seeing Kevin keeping a close eye on the scaffold stage. You actually see the floor moving up and down and sideways with the music. On Martha's Vineyard, the crew was getting ready for a show in a parking lot. There was a VW Bug parked in our way. We waited all afternoon for someone to move it. Eventually, we just had to pick it up and move it ourselves. Just one more challenge for the crew, we were ready for anything.

In late summer in 1966, Cast A was at Dellwood. Most of the time, the crew was building wooden boxes to carry the



lighting and sound equipment. This is where I learned that glue is stronger than nails and, once the glue set up, you could not redo it. Of course, it was not all work either. The crew had kitchen duty one day and we got a little carried away. We were about finished and a water fight broke out. The water was flying and guess who came through

the door; **Van Wishard**, one of the senior UWP Directors!! He got drenched!!

We performed at a number of Strategic Air Command (SAC) Bases across the Midwest. The Base Exchanges and the food at the Air Force bases were the best. The crew enjoyed the set-ups at the SAC bases because they were mostly in large wide-open hangers with easy access for the trucks with the equipment. At Minot Air Force Base, the B-52's were visible across the airfield from the show location.



It may have been in Seattle that we had a Union Crew issue during the set-up. We had been told that the facility's union guys might insist on doing the set-up because of their contract. As I remember, we were only doing what we were permitted. At one point, the union guys were putting up the stage-right lighting tree. All of a sudden,

there was a crash and loud voices. While they had been tilting it up, the tree stand got away from them and fell into the seats. Brad and Paul calmly went over and surveyed the damage. There was a bent pipe, but with some minor repair, it was useable. Following that mishap, our own crew was totally responsible for the set-up.

Such was life and challenge on the Stage Crew,while you may have been sleeping.

Alister Wilson, letters home, Feb. 25, '66 – Interesting days lie ahead for us. Also busy ones. The stage crew has been surviving on two hours sleep for the

last four days. Already three of our men have gone down with 'flu but the rest of us are fine. New songs are continually springing up and they take a lot of rehearsing. We wrote one song for the U.S. Infantry, which is now on tape and is going to become the song of the base at Fort Benning. We [are] also working [on] new lighting and sound techniques. It is absolutely fascinating – never a dull moment.

Diarmid Campbell – The strangest stage crew experience I had was being invited to have Sunday lunch with a family. I had my first experience of a golf cart, taking me to the country club in Okmulgee, OK where I and the two sons swam all afternoon. Then there was in an indoor BBQ and they needed chairs. I went to help the boys get the folding chairs and it turned out their dad was an undertaker and the chairs we needed were all set out around an open (and occupied) coffin... I chose not to have a burger...

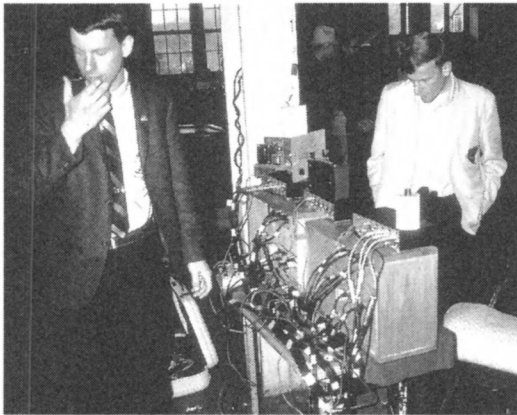


Bob Saltzman and Jim Scudder

Stoney Burt -- Somebody made up a song to the tune of Ashes. Duffy could help me out here. Part of it went: "If your hands are sore, from lifting Elenore, without your gloves, blisters on your hands! No, there's a

When Our Roads Come Together

better way. I know there's got to be. The load is just too heavy and the set-up never ceases. That new stage we could build together, nothing like before. Would you like to join the stage crew, forever?" Apologies to **Pat Stone, Pat Ector, etc.**



Tim Stump

Tom Coulombe – Stanky, Bodan- gers and Elenore... I remember HOW we used to lift Elenore onto the semi -- "Ok, everybody, on six.... ready... SIX!!!!" Threw me for a loop the first time Johnny

pulled that one on me! Dam' near herniated myself, and almost went into the trailer with Elenore!

Stoney Burt – Some of us were pretty tough. So tough that we didn't shave with razors. We shaved with hammers.

We would just pound 'em in and bite 'em off. Every time I coil a cable, I think of strike.



Coil out coil in. The only way to do it.

Dave Martin – Over, under, over, under, over, under. To this day, it is the only way I can roll up and extension cord!

Maggie Inge – I still coil all my cables and wires in the same fashion I learned on the road-- a habit that has amazed every man I have known since. They can't believe that a girl knows how to coil cables the right way. It really is the little things that bring back the flood of memories.

Jon Loitegaard, (69B) – It was in Bilbao, Spain during Cast B's tour in the Summer of 1969. The labor union gave us a challenge – wanting to do all the work with setting up, running and dismantling all the UWP stage gear. All our explanations of need for speed, set up and packing knowledge, show competence and so forth did not sink in with them. So we ended up by making a compromise: The union will build a platform. Thus the local stage workers would get paid for work done, and the UWP stage crew would build our stage on top of their platform. Agreed and executed!

The show started and very early our performance of “Don't stand still” came on. With 180 young people doing simultaneous movements, the union build platform was not strong enough and started to fall apart. Our stage on top started then to collapse into the hole created by the sinking union-built platform! Naturally the show could not continue with a collapsing stage.

Our announcer, I recall it to be **Frank Fields**, asked the audience to stay seated and give us a few moments to fix the stage. The whole cast got to work, men, women, singers, dancers, players, stage crew: UWP stage was dissembled and put to one side, the union stage was removed to the other side – then the UWP stage with all equipment was put back into place. It all took only 30 minutes and the show was back in play! The audience was very appreciative giving us a standing ovation!



Stage Crew "on break"

Santa Claus Came to Santa Fe and Leahey '66, '67, '68

Mike Redman – We were singing and speaking to share our message, but often we got much more than we gave. For me Christmas Eve will forever be a special time because of an adobe church in New Mexico. During a Christmas conference at Santa Fe in 1966 Cast B was invited to spend Christmas Eve in the village home of one (some?) of our member(s). Memory suggests it was **Mike Baca**, but I can't be sure.

We arrived just before dinnertime and as we got off the bus we were quickly sent off with different families there waiting. I was intrigued by the thick, beautiful walls hiding the adobe beneath, but even more excited by the feast prepared for us.

After a great evening of food and family stories, we bundled up to head to the village church for mass. We stepped out into a fairyland: huge flakes of snow falling in the absolute stillness, flooded in moonlight. Every crunching step and hushed tone reminded me this was a special place. Mass was in Spanish.

We offered our songs as part of the celebration and the snow continued to fall. Though I am not Catholic, for 30+ years I took my family to midnight mass on Christmas Eve and when I became worship leader in my own church I began the tradition there. There are times when God is unmistakably present.

Alister Wilson, Letters home, Christmas Day, '66 – Dear Mum & Dad, I'm writing this letter 7000 feet up in the mountains in a Benedictine Monastery about thirty miles north of Santa Fe. We have a marvel-

lous crowd of students with us from Puerto Rico who arrived at the conference two days ago, having just seen "Up with People" when cast "B" was in the Caribbean..... this is part of the generosity of America that people do not know. I stayed in private homes everywhere on our 3000-mile journey from Massachusetts to Santa Fe.

America is greatly misunderstood in the modern world. A lot of it I am sure is brought about through her own fault, yet she is the bastion of hope and freedom and has assumed that responsibility. Men in the government and in the military and in the universities and in business realise that the spirit of Moral Re-armament through "Up with People" is the only force that can bring unity and sanity to 200 million white, Negro and Indian Americans.

The Catholic Church has been a magnificent host to us on many occasions. Our cast received an official blessing of Cardinal Spellman in New York. A group of nuns were our hosts in Harlem. Cardinal Cushing of Boston is working hard for us to get into New England on the right basis. Yesterday when the conference opened a special letter from the Archbishop of Santa Fe was read. About 100 of us celebrated Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, which was specially arranged for the conference. There is absolutely no reason why the Catholic Church shouldn't take us to Ireland, Spain, France and Italy.

We have been working on a Christmas show which we gave last night. Fourteen new songs were written in nine days and we only had a few hours' rehearsal before it was put on, but it was a smash hit and has actually set the pace for the conference.

Tomorrow we expect about 1000 delegates from the 125 local Sing-Outs to be with us. What 1967 holds in store for us nobody knows, but we will be working as one huge force that will really impact the nation. Santa Fe is a beautiful old Spanish-Indian town with a lot of tradition. **Peter Howard** had great conviction about the

city and how it could proclaim the truths and ideas of Moral Re-armament in a mighty way to the whole world. And his dream is coming true. There are people here from many different countries.

I hope that our cast does get the chance to come to Europe in the spring. It naturally involves a lot of finance but many countries are crying out for "Up with People".

Ron Welborn – I was helping with transportation at Leakey, spent the entire time at the little general store-café. Never made it where the cast was for even one day. Just watched busses trucks etc. disappear into the mud. It has always been strange for me to hear people talk about what went on out there and I missed the whole thing!

J. Bruce Parker – I remember Leakey very well. Cast A was there once during our tour of Texas. Then all the casts had Christmas there in 1967. Anyway, we were getting ready to roll out of there to do the halftime show at the Cotton Bowl, but we had a rare freeze and our instrument van was NOT antifreeze protected. I started that baby up and within a few minutes the HOT light was on and the temp gauge was headed to the far right side of the indicator, you know, where its ALL red?

I went and told **Billy Parker** and he found a work light with a 100 feet of cord and told me to put it on the engine block. I did that and then combined that with starting up the van and letting it run until the gauge went red again and repeated this over and over for about an hour and the block was free of ice and we were in business again.

And, oh by the way, for those who never went to Leakey, the reason Ron spoke about the mud when the buses and trucks went into the campgrounds is because the road to get in there was the actual riverbed.



Carole (Jax) Jackson Stevens – Leaky, Texas????????? Oh yes, I remember it well. How in the world did we end up in Leaky, Texas???? I remember jumping into this little creek, which has a kind of natural water slide. I also remember the few of us who chose to get wet, also got some additional excitement.... leaches! We were covered. I can't remember who the nurse or doctor was that was with us then, but she put all 3-4 of us in the shower.... fully clothed.....hot water.....and got them off.

That experience comes back to me whenever I see a reference to using leaches in the medical setting. And then there was Christmas at Lake Eufaula in Oklahoma. It was beautiful at Arrowhead Lodge.....but somehow not having our own Christmas tree was an issue. I remember taking a walk in the surrounding woods and pulling up about a 2-foot tree.... roots and all...and decorating it in my room.

Day Ravenscroft – Leakey was a "loving contribution" from one of the owners of Hunt's ketchup & canned foods. It was his own beloved hunting lodge or something. Jack & I were newlyweds in our Culver City condo & as we were just us & one Canadian couple, I thought a whole turkey would be too big so I bought a goose.... well Charles Dickens served roast goose.... I was right that there was

not much meat on it but VERY wrong to imagine that the directions printed on the package were right and 3 hours after it was supposed to be done--- finally one could cut it. But boy did we ever hear about Leakey and hear about it & nothing complimentary.

Brian Anderson -- I could be wrong but I remember the retreat at Leakey was owned by H.E. Butt, owner of the HEB food stores in Texas. Cast A went there first during the '67 Texas tour for some R&R. It was pretty wonderful with only one cast there. It was overwhelmed with all three casts plus guests there for Christmas.

Andy Parrish -- Leaky Texas. Some very distinct memories: Playing volleyball with all three casts, including some 6'5" guy from Cast A named **Geoff Frost**, (who ended up being a Madison Ave. advertising exec.); Cast B's identical Rocco triplets from "Joisey" (drums, sax and trumpet) all being sent home for various indiscretions (**Leon Jones** can tell that story); "I Wonder As I Wander" being sung beautifully by someone from Cast C; and Cabot Wade welcoming everyone in that big log hall with a "Merry Christmas and Welcome to the Itchy Butt Ranch." And my older brother flying in to make sure I hadn't been kidnapped into some weird cult. It's one of my all-time favorite Xmas'es.

Day Ravenscroft -- Well in 1967, sitting in our first home in Culver City, I remember feeling terribly sorry for you guys in Leakey from what I heard of the hardships... but when Andy says it was his best Xmas... it reminds me, at 17 years old I was with the "Drugstore Revolution" cast in Canada and someone high up in "J.C.Penney" paid for our Xmas to be somewhere in the ski area near Montreal.

After watching some guys from Kentucky & Mississippi on the ski slopes the first day... the man also paid for

ski lessons for all of us in the interests of having the actors in the next performances not on crutches. My family phoned & I drove my Mom to tears by saying "This is the MOST wonderful Xmas of my life." Poor Mom.

Lysa Loew Erkenbrack – My memories of Leakey center on the makeshift kitchen with army field kitchens under an open tent. Seems all we did was go around struggling to get them lit and keep them lit so the food would cook! I have to agree, though: it was one of the best!

Tom Coulombe – We "passed through" Leaky sometime in November '68, going from one town to another. Leaky just happened to be on the highway we were driving on at the time. Those who had been to the Christmas "pow-wow" regaled those of us who had not been there with many stories of the quintupling of population and other sundries. Other stories have followed... some gaining "Texan" proportions as the years passed. But I reckon that it must have been a good time because I never met anyone who was there who did not have a fondness for that small town.

Sheila Stephenson Lindsey Does anyone remember Santa Fe for Christmas in '68 and so many got the flu and wound up piled up in a motel for days? I was one of those.

Tom Coulombe – You got to be in a MOTEL????????? WOW... I just remember how many of us were out in log cabins in that (Methodist????) camp outside town and stayed there even when sick.....

Tim Stumpp – I remember Santa Fe--but that also triggered memories of our Christmas Pow-wow in Leaky, Texas. "set your saddle bags down, yup...set those saddle bags down . . ." I think I spent most of it in a hotel for the

"can't move anymore group" but do remember that was quite a time. Wonder if anyone ever went by there again-- or chooses not to remember it ??? -

John Ruffin – I also remember Santa Fe well, from both the '66 and '68 Christmases. There was a charm and warmth to the city at that season, with the gentle luminarias lighting the walkways. I had the good fortune to spend both Christmases in Santa Fe, and stayed with a wonderful family, **Rex and Bonnie Arrowsmith**. Rex was a collector of Indian art and crafts and had a Trading Post that carried many items of all sorts produced in the Pueblos surrounding Santa Fe and Albuquerque. He of course knew all of the Pueblo and Hopi tribal leaders well and was a respected friend to the tribes.

Willie Storey and I were staying together at the Arrowsmiths in December 1966. I'll never forget the honor we were afforded with Rex to attend the Native American festivals and ceremonies during that time, particularly at Santa Clara and San Ildefonso Pueblos. The singing, drumming and dancing, as well as the traditional food were all extraordinary. I'm fairly sure that we were the only non-Indians present, as these ceremonies would never have been public. This was a treasured experience for me.

There was another remarkable experience for me and all 3 casts during the 1968 Christmas Conference in Santa Fe. In addition to the celebration of seeing each other, we had the treat of having an address by one of the smartest individuals on the planet at that time, **Buckminster Fuller**.

Dr. Fuller was a scientist, an architect, an inventor, a philosopher, a visionary, a cosmologist and a self-professed "explorer". He was best known at the time as the architect of the revolutionary geodesic dome, which was featured as the structure of the US Pavilion of the 1967 Montreal World Expo.

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But his most amazing accomplishment may have been to keep 500 UWP cast members absolutely motionless in their seats for a solid 2 hours, hanging on each insight and mind-expanding revelation he produced.



Buckminster Fuller

He started us out with the notion that we are all passengers aboard "Spaceship Earth"! What a remarkably inclusive concept! And as he said, it's a spaceship which has been beautifully designed to regenerate all life, "but we only have about 10 years (then '68) to get it under control before it becomes so polluted that it won't work."

He said to us, "I am deeply moved by the manifestation of life you have in

Up with People. What you are doing could not have happened ten years ago – it was not in the spirit of the times. But it is now in the spirit of the times."

I was personally inspired by the mental energy and engaging curiosity of this man who was in his late 70's at the time, and how he held all of us teens and 20-somethings in rapt attention. He went on to give two interviews to PACE Magazine in the following year. The interviewer reflected, "Fuller's concepts of man and what the universe is all about are not just a breath of fresh air on old problems, they are a tempest of new thinking."

For one who had been twice expelled from Harvard, Fuller went on to write 30 books, hold 28 patents and receive 47 honorary degrees. What an privilege to have had him with us for that time at Christmas in Santa Fe in 1968.

“Fly Me To The Moon....”

Dave Martin – Cast C was in Galion, Ohio during the moon landing. I was staying with a family named Fischer. They owned the local airport, and their daughter **Cherie Fischer** traveled with a cast the next year. **Ellen Etough** was also in the room watching with us. She had been one of the PR people for that town.

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – I so clearly remember hearing the moon landing piped from the cockpit into the cabin of a jet that had just landed our cast (hmmm, which cast...College Cast?...too early) in Ohio I think... I picture that scene every year when the anniversary rolls around.

Jeff Peterson – I was on that plane with you, Pam. We had just returned from the Boy Scout Jamboree, combined cast show.

Ron Welborn – I was on that plane also; a moment I will never forget!

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – Jeff, My God, I've never thought about the source of this free-floating memory of a wall/mountain-side of Boy Scouts... That came after I had left the Pace Crew at summer camps (Sing Out Camps?) with **Al Kuettner**, **Malcolm Roberts**, and.... I remember Malcolm opening the first session from the bay of a two-story window in a large college auditorium. He had hidden behind its curtain and threw the curtain open to get everyone's attention and kick-off the gathering. He was exuding SUCH enthusiasm and creativity and energy. Amazing!

The rest of that summer is kind of a blur. That first camp was at Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio. I had been in LA since January and had never had a perspective of how green and lush the Midwest is -- especially compared to LA.

I have indelibly imprinted in my mind emerging from the plane onto the steps and being overwhelmed by the how "full" everything was with fat beautiful green trees (I'm a dye-d in the wool Midwesterner). And that night we drove past fields that were solid with burgeoning corn that had waves upon waves of billions of lightning bugs rising from them. Pitch dark night. Completely magical. I have that mental image more frequently. If I was a painter, I would have painted that.

Jeff Peterson – It's hard for me to forget that image since it was my very first time performing in an "Up with People!" show. I met cast C at the airport in Ohio (I think) and left with them to head out west for the Jamboree. Riding from the hotel to the campground, I met a young man on the bus who had joined the cast just two weeks before. He was from Syracuse, NY. I learned that he was soon to head to Ardmore, Oklahoma and join the High School cast, as was I. His name was **Paul Johnson** and he later became affectionately known as "PJ".

After returning to Ohio on that same plane where the moon landing was piped in from the cockpit, many of us stayed at a college dormitory for a night or two. We all gathered around a small TV in a large room on campus to watch Neil Armstrong take those first steps on the lunar surface.

Jan Rogers Harbaugh – I was in a station wagon with several other people, traversing the hills of San Francisco. We were heading either from or to the Fresno summer conference (Pam, I had completely forgotten that you were in Ohio that summer!) Anyhow, we were desper-

ately trying to find a TV somewhere, anywhere, and we finally ended up watching the first steps on the moon in a gas station.

Kathie Emrich – It's been described as the most famous and widely publicized space flight of all time. Someone else stated that "humanity had finally broken the bonds of earth and put one of the species on another planet." It was indeed, "one small step for man; one giant leap for mankind."

They were describing Apollo 11, the manned spaceflight that landed the first humans on the Moon on July 20, 1969. Americans Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin walked on the lunar surface, while a third member of their team, Michael Collins, flew the spacecraft in orbit until his fellow astronauts returned.



Bob Fleming

I was privileged to witness the launch of the space mission from the Kennedy Space Center in Merritt Island, Florida, on July 16th. I was in my early twenties and a staff writer for PACE Magazine in Los Angeles. A year earlier, I had been traveling with Cast C in the Congo. To say I was fortunate is an understatement. **Bob Fleming**, Editor-in-Chief of PACE and a remarkable man, believed in giving young people great opportunities.

Like his counterparts in leadership roles in Up with People, Bob inspired young people to believe in themselves and to be their best. He had a youthful staff and set the magazine on a forward course by covering the Moon shot along with other major events because he saw PACE, like NASA, as pushing forward the frontiers of the human mind and spirit.

My PACE colleague, **Meema Keene**, and I arrived at the Center at dawn since Apollo 11 was set to launch

around 9:30 am. Fellow PACE writers, **John Sayre and Derek Gill**, were there as well. We were standing in the press gallery with an unobstructed view of the Saturn V rocket and there were throngs of people by the highways and beaches near the launch site, while millions of viewers watched this historic event on television. President Nixon viewed it from the Oval Office.



Star Photo by Richard Williams

Telling It

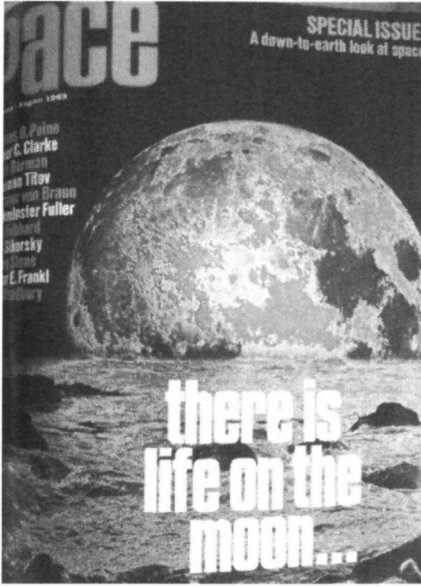
Kathy Emrich (right) and Mary Keene may be among youngest and prettiest of press representatives covering Wednesday's moonshot. The pair, in Orlando for the occasion, are feature reporters for *Pace*, national magazine affiliated with the "Up With People" movement and published in Los Angeles, Calif., since 1965.

I recall people were whispering as the NASA spokesman continued the countdown. At "zero" a flock of birds flew up from the rocket and fire began to belch from its underbelly. My heart was in my throat. We all started to shout..."Go, Go, Go" as the rocket inched off its pad. Gaining momentum, Apollo started to soar. There were tears in my eyes.

Four days later I was back in LA and watched the moon landing on television with my family. I had been assigned to write a story about children to get their perspective about the moon landing and collected their poems, drawings and

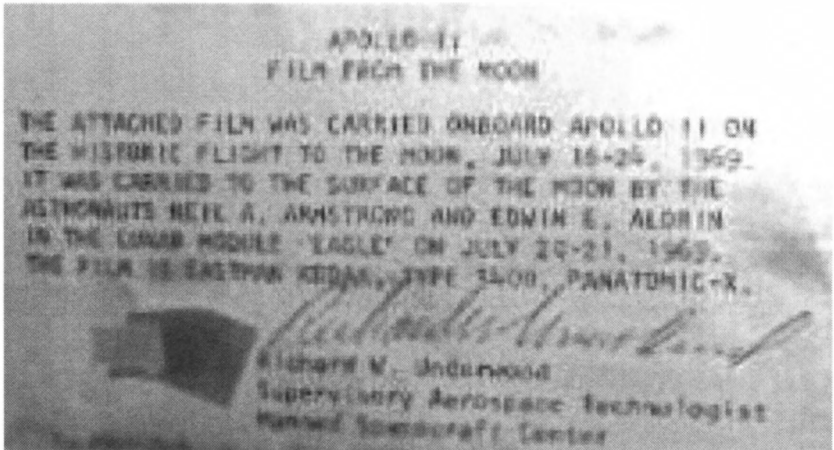
comments from their elementary teachers. One comment struck me as insightful, the other humorous: "If we get involved with other countries in exploring space instead of looking for war, we'll seek out these new planets together I'd like to go to other planets for short vacations, but I

wouldn't want to live on any of them because I like Pasadena."



Bruce Parker – I don't know where we were or who the astronaut was, but in the fall of 1969 after the moonwalk in July, Cast A had an astronaut come to our green room before a show. When he was finished speaking to the cast, we were all presented with an envelope. This envelope held an authentication letter with a small piece of film that went to the moon, but was unusable because it was overexposed.

I still have that letter and film today. How cool is that to have something that has been on the moon!!!!"



A New Song Every Day

David Bliss Allen – It was 1:30 in the morning. **Paul Colwell** was strumming a rhythmic melody on his five-string banjo – I was sitting across from him trying to fit some words to the tune. *If I had a wagon I would Go to Colorado.....*

“Let’s see,” Paul said. “How ‘bout we put in a counter-melody line on the third *Go to Colorado?*” How ‘bout the sopranos sing... *If I had a wagon I would ...* “Great,” I said. “Then finish it with ...” *If I had a wagon I would ... go to the state, Where a man can walk a mile high!* We were in Paul’s room at the Ramada Inn in Colorado Springs. It was *very* late at night – actually early in the morning of a day when the cast of *Sing Out ’65* was due to sing for the Governor of Colorado on the steps of the State Capitol Building in Denver.

Could we actually come up with a new song for Colorado, teach it to the cast on the three-hour bus trip from Colorado Springs to Denver, rehearse it once on the lawn of the Capitol and then sing it to the Governor at 11:00? Impossible, you might say. But in those very young days of *Sing-Out*, we didn’t know any better. We were writing new songs almost every day – and performing them within hours of writing them. Paul and I kept at it, working on the first verse ...*You come across the prairies and there before your eyes, You see the Rocky Mountain peaks climbing up to the skies... Climbing up to the skies.*

About 2:00 in the morning we decided that we should modulate each chorus up a half note ... and add a new “vehicle” in place of a wagon for each chorus. *If I had a Chevy I would DRIVE to Colorado;If I had an airplane I would FLY to Colorado ...If I had a spaceship I would LAND in Colorado ...*We kept speeding through some more verses, coming up with new ideas and tum-

bling over each other's And finally ...*There's hating and there's fighting across this world so wide, A uniting spirit they will find at the great Continental Divide, At the great Continental Divide.* By now, we were really tired ... it was 2:30 in the morning. We put a "coda" on the song and went to bed.

It was now 7:30 in the morning and the cast were loading onto three buses for the drive to Denver. **Herb Allen** had been busy through the early hours that morning arranging the new song *Colorado* for instruments and voices. Herb hopped onto Bus 1 to give the score to our instrumentalists and teach the song to cast members; Paul Colwell jumped on to Bus 2 with his banjo to hand out lyrics and teach the words and music to *that* busload; I jumped on to Bus 3 with the same mission ... (*sans* banjo). At two rest-stops along the way, we three all jumped off our respective bus and rotated to another bus – thus each busload of the cast got all the different trainings during the course of our three-hour drive north.

We arrived at the State Capitol Building about 10:30 in the morning and quickly set up two or three platforms and our outdoor sound system. The cast rehearsed the song on the lawn, joined by the instrumentalists. At 11:00 o'clock, Governor John Arthur Love and his staff and several state legislators appeared on the steps of the Capitol – and we sang our hearts out for them. The song ***Colorado!*** was born – this time not to last for two or three days, but to become part of the show for many months. And many years later, it narrowly lost a vote in the legislature to become the state song!

Looking back on those days, it's hard to realize how spontaneously we created new music everywhere we went. And nearly everyone was involved! The outpouring of musical and lyrical talent was extraordinary. We were young, off on a heady adventure, out on the open road with wind in our hair and no limits before us – we had a song in our hearts and a dream of a new world driving us on!

Belen Davila (66-69B,C,'74-77) For me it started the Christmas of '66-67 in Santa Fe, New Mexico! I traveled for the next three years. I was in Cast B for a while but Cast C became my long time "home".

I traveled to Panama. On the way there aboard the airplane, **Ken Ashby** and I wrote the song "Panama Centro del Mundo". The cast was ready to sing it on our arrival to that great country! It was an amazing tour. After Panama, our cast prepared the island of Ft. Slocum for a very exciting summer conference!

But it was our Italian tour in 1968 that was my very favorite! Quickly I had to learn Italian and go and "set-up" amazing cities! I have returned to Italy many times and still have wonderful connections to my host families!

I left UWP in 1969. Now fast forward to 1974, when a cast visited Puerto Rico again; and again I joined! For the next three years I continued the wonderful experiences that UWP offered us.

BUT...most importantly of the years 75 to 77 I was asked to be "Cast Director". The first single woman to be asked for this position! What amazing years those were!



Lizzy Reyes, Ernesto Araujo, Fernando Mola, John Gonzalez, Belen Davila, Provi Camejo

You Went to High School and College.....Where??

[A little background, if you were clueless why so many kids were carrying book bags around during your travel year.]

When Sing-Out launched from Mackinac Is. in August of 1965 with a cast of 120 youth, committed to taking our vision to the world (for life, remember?), for many, it meant putting their personal educational paths on hold.

That original cast included 30 high school students who had not yet graduated, but had the feeling, as did most parents, that they had an even greater learning experience ahead with Sing-Out. Nonetheless, they needed to get a high school diploma in the midst of this adventure.

More than 30 universities offered high school correspondence courses in the US, together with State Equivalency Certificates valid for college entrance. Among the top choices were the University of California and the University of Nebraska, both offering course options which met the student's needs while traveling. Sing-Out High School was off and running!

This was no small commitment, with clearly outlined syllabuses, textbooks, required papers and mailings to the institutions for grading, with supervision by a tutor for every 3-5 students. There also had to be a principal to oversee the entire process, for each of the 3 casts, by 1966.

Each day, students committed to 6 hours of supervised study, and were encouraged to take 2 additional hours of private study. And, by the way, there was a show to put on, set-up, take down, host families to talk

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with, and not to mention “changing the world” through it all. Fortunately, these students were up to the challenge.

With an incentive and purpose for learning, virtually all student grades exceeded their prior school results and tended to rise above the national average HS grade levels. The depth of the educational experience was unmatched, with the extensive travel alone, meeting world leaders, studying in iconic locations, and the cultural and maturing experience of living host families. No other high school education on earth could compare to this!



John Gonzalez – There were many unique places we studied while attending our traveling High School, but for me the most memorable was halfway through our tour of Italy in 1968 while the cast was in Rome. Many of us were falling behind in our studies, so it was arranged for us to spend a couple days catching up at one of the most breathtaking spots on earth.

The Pope’s summer home is located fifteen miles south of Rome in the town of Castel Gandolfo, perhaps Italy’s singular most scenic location. It is found on the edge of a water-filled, dormant volcano crater that forms the spectacular Lake Albano.

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The course I most needed to study, quite appropriately, was Latin. One afternoon, with honorable intentions, I took a walk with my textbook. Quickly, however, I was transfixed by the beauty of the town and the lake below. I strolled along a ridge filled with cherry trees whose fruit happened to be perfectly ripe. I climbed high into one of them to 'cherry-pick' a snack.

I will never forget the perfect convergence of the moment: I was studying Latin while perched high in a cherry tree in the shadow of the Pope's summer home, spitting pits to the ground while thumbing mindlessly through my Latin textbook. Only in Up with People High School could something so impossibly breathtaking occur.



1966 Cast B High School in Jamaica

Lynda "Cookie" Pletcher – Jamaica, Cast B High school arrived ahead of the cast on November 14, 1966 for 8 days of intensive study and catch up. We were given the use of the Olympic National Stadium complete with sleeping rooms for 30 in bunks, offices which became our classrooms, dining hall, track, tennis courts and a HUGE Olympic size pool which we used every day in the 90-degree heat with no air conditioning anywhere.

My Dad had sent my swim suits when were in Puerto Rico the month before and this was first time I had

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used them in the cast. Growing up in Florida, I only had 2 piece suits which by standards of the 60's were actually very modest. So I hit the pool the first day in my Navy blue top and bottom, one of my favorites!

One of the adults with the HS mentioned my suit was not very appropriate to be swimming with mixed company and did I have another suit I could wear. I went to change into the only other suit I had another two piece which had a little less coverage. They decided my navy blue suit would just have to do as no one had money or transportation to take me anywhere to find a one-piece suit and I wore it the rest of the Jamaica trip much to the dismay of several of the "older" cast girls who had been taken shopping for appropriate one piece suits!



The unsuitable suit

We also seemed to live on chicken that was very thin, rice and beans and rum and raisin ice cream served at the stadium so when the Sisters at the Immaculate Heart Convent and school where some of the cast was staying turned over their dining room to us for thanksgiving, 20 of the High school girls planned and cooked the entire meal and the sisters let us use their best china, real silver and white table cloths plus the kitchen to cook it all in.

So we had turkey stuffing, mashed potatoes cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, mincemeat pie and I have no idea where the food came from for the 150 full cast members who had arrived by this time. However, the decorations were oranges, nuts, bananas and tropical plants rather than pumpkins, gourds or pilgrims.

John Tracy (66-69C; Smithfields 69 -71) -- As I look back on the 2+ years I spent in Sing-Out High School, one thing keeps coming to mind. What was the chance that a 15-year-old kid from Compton, CA, would travel, meet, live with and perform for people in Canada, Panama, Italy, The Congo, France, Belgium, nearly every state in the U.S., and play a Stradivarius in Cremona, Italy before graduating from high school?

A classroom became anywhere we could open our ever-present book bags and get to work. Much of the time, our classroom was “the bus”, that constantly moving, living being that taunted us to just try and not fall asleep while reading about the fall of the Roman empire, algebra, or the exciting world of ad-



John Tracy

verbs. I must confess that much of the time I was trying to figure out how to look like I was deep in thought and not deep in sleep. Maybe that's part of the reason I graduated in '69 instead of '68.

Oh well, it remains a time in my life that I would not change and will cherish forever.

Barbara (DeSwarte) St. Louis, (Cast B's High School, 1967-69B) – I was with Cast B High School and traveling in the WINTER in Scandinavia when Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy were assassinated. It seemed my countrymen had gone mad. Our performances were met with demonstrations by Maoists in the northernmost areas of Norway.

However, most everyone we met was pro-USA and eager to learn about everything USA. Many of us became

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quite cognizant of the fact that Norwegian students our age were learning English and several other languages proficiently and faithfully reading U.S. World & News Reports and, Time and Newsweek! It was an embarrassment to be so ignorant of world events by comparison.

I remember a fellow high school student and I swore we would be reading those magazines ourselves once we got home. Talking with host families as well as members of our audience, I came to understand that the US is like an elephant in the room and whichever way the elephant moved, it greatly impacted somebody somewhere.

Karyne Richardson -- I was a senior in Sing-Out High School Cast C. In May 1968, we were performing in Rome every night. To rest and catch up with our school-work each day, all of us in the high school had been housed in a Catholic Retreat in Castel Gandolfo. Music was actually piped into our rooms each morning with the idyllic melodies from the Peer Gynt Suite by Norwegian composer Grieg.

The dawning of each day greeted us with the same magical orchestrated sounds of violins, cellos, birds and flutes. It was a most gentle awakening. Then I would look out the window to see a landscape of exquisite beauty to match the music. Our view was from the rim of a dormant crater and below there was a lake and pastures with sheep grazing on the hillside. Each sunrise was like drinking in the peace of the Earth with my eyes while the music in my ears lulled me into consciousness.

Was I in heaven? The nuns fed us delicious food, and a huge bowl of ripe cherries was placed on each table for dessert every day. When I think of "life is like a bowl of cherries", I think of Castel Gandolfo, and being in High School in Up with People!

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Lynda "Cookie" Pletcher – In '66-67 there were High School groups in all three casts formally organized through the University of Nebraska Extension High School for missionary and diplomat's children.... (I know there were HS students in 65 but not sure what they did for course work at that time)

Our **first official graduation**, complete with caps, gowns speeches, beautiful diploma's and music written by George Fraser was **July 1st, 1967** on the Ft Slocum parade field.



When Our Roads Come Together



Graduation of all three cast High Schools, Ft. Slocum, June 23, 1968

(From the **Thesis on the UWP High Schools** submitted by **Sarah Schwab** for a Master's Degree in 1970, she states that): "In the first four years [of UWP HS] about 250 students have graduated. 90% of the students have raised their grade levels and those who came with "A" averages have maintained them. A significant number have received college scholarships.

It was announced that one of the graduates had won the annual award for scholarship as the outstanding student among 9,000 in the University of Nebraska Extension High School, Stateside Division.

These students have come from every state and from several foreign countries. Graduates have been admitted to Yale, West Point, M.I.T., Princeton and a wide variety of other institutions.

In the first three years, as well as carrying out their academic program, the three HS casts together traveled 125,000 miles on five continents to 25 countries, 19 of them at government invitation. They have spoken to millions on television, on the campuses and in the cities, involving hundreds of youth in their aims. They have lived in 60,000 homes. They have studied in 700 impromptu classrooms." – An impressive and unmatched HS experience!

Up with People College

Dr. Morris Martin, ('66 Mackinac College, '69 UWP College on the road) – From his book “Always a Little Further”, Tucson: Elm Street Press, 2001; p.221-222)



Morris Martin

“In 1969, As Mackinac College was being forced to close, [Blanton] Belk asked me if I would help set up a program of study suitable for the traveling [college] students. The University of Hartford (Connecticut) had offered to grant academic credit for subjects taught in the course of travel [as with UWP High School]. Up with People students had stayed on its campus while penetrating areas of the city, which had been shaken by racial riots. Some of the university administration had been impressed by their potential and made the suggestion. They needed only a qualified traveling staff to administer and teach.

The educational establishment as a whole was slowly moving in the same direction. “Experiential learning” was beginning to be recognized as an authentic element in education. “*What I hear, I forget -- what I do, I remember*” was such a common experience that educators were taking it more and more seriously.

Enid and I went to Hartford to meet with some of the faculty and the dean of the arts and sciences, David Komisar. David was a strong supporter from the start, but department heads, whose agreement was necessary, were upset that he had not consulted them before he invited UWP to become the university’s traveling campus. So a diplomatic approach was required. Also even the now very tenuous link of UWP with MRA was suspect, and one

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faculty member had exhumed Buchman's 1936 statement about Hitler. For a while it looked as if the whole arrangement would be cancelled. But good sense prevailed.

We were to be on probation for a semester under the remote control of the University of Hartford faculty, who visited us as long as we were geographically in their neighborhood. I was to put together a faculty of four, two from Mackinac College, and two from the Univ. of Hartford. My Oxford PhD. was considered a guarantee that we were serious, and I became the administrator of the program as well as giving courses on world civilization and on philosophy. My mini-faculty taught English literature, English composition, American literature, and elementary psychology. We also taught a foreign language, most successfully when we had a Chinese-born French speaking instructor and we went to France; less successfully when our tour took us to Germany, still being taught French!

After a semester on the road, performing in city after city in the Eastern states, our hardworking students were declared by the University of Hartford to have well and truly satisfied their academic standards. David Komisar had courageously backed us through some of the first difficult weeks. Then I made a good friend of the dean of humanities, Frank Chiarenza, who was a kindred spirit, and we continued, for the three years we were connected with Hartford, on a workmanlike and amicable basis.

The experiment turned out to be a success. We held classes in the strangest classrooms -- church halls, college lecture rooms, kindergartens, the open air -- whatever was available. The Philadelphia Spectrum, a vast arena for basketball and other sports, where *Up with People* was performing, had no suitable room, so we took over the enormous elevator generally used for moving large scale equipment, and a professor from the University of Hartford gave a special lecture on Shakespeare in it.

He adapted gallantly, except for the nervous moment when the elevator began to move downwards. (It was hastily recalled for its nobler purpose.)

David Komisar was so impressed with the motivation and eagerness of the students that he traveled through half a dozen cities of Europe with them to give a course in clinical psychology. On one occasion, only the cafeteria of a large Belgian brewery was available as a lecture hall. In an adjoining room officials were said to be "tasting" the latest brew, and were heard sipping and sluicing with gusto while he lectured.

On his return David wrote me that those couple of weeks had been the best teaching experience of his life and one he wished his entire faculty could have.

Indeed, it was an experience, which brought out the best in both teachers and students, with, naturally a few exceptions on both sides; those, for instance for whom both teaching and learning is impossible except in the conventional setting of the lecture room and library. For me, to talk about the medieval city while we were in Bruges, about Early Man in Stonehenge; to highlight English history on a visit to Westminster Abbey; to deal with the Romans in the Forum, with the European Community on a visit to the Common Market headquarters in Brussels, with World War II in Bastogne and Heidelberg, with the discovery of America in Genoa and Seville – these were wonderful opportunities!"

Ruedy Hahnloser ('65A, 69 College Cast) -- In the summer of 1969 I travelled with the college cast. The University of Hartford sent two faculty members each semester, which enabled us to take college courses for credit on the road. At the end of the year the university awarded me a BS in biology.

Since I had no idea how to get into graduate school I asked **Parks Shipley** for advice he called his sister who worked for the vice-president of the Ford Foundation who

asked me to come over immediately. I arrived at his office at 2pm, he listened to my story and said with a smile "there is someone who owes me a favor".

He picked up the phone and called the dean of admission in the psychology department at Columbia University. He said to the dean that he had a Swiss student from UWP in his office and wanted me to be accepted in the program. The dean told him there was only one more opening available. He suggested I come over and he would enroll me. By 4 pm all the papers were signed and I was officially enrolled in a 2-year master's program. Normally it takes months to get into an Ivy League program.

This was a typical example of the miraculous openings UWP created over and over.

Karen (Kim) McKean -- My brother had been sent to Oklahoma State University in Stillwater in fall of '68 by the Air Force to obtain a degree in Civil Engineering. I ended up going to OSU in the fall of '69 for one year, while Up with People decided about their college program. I returned to the college cast of Up with People in the fall of '70 and stayed for a year.

It was interesting holding classes, History of Western Civilization, Shakespeare, and the likes, in Catholic crypts where priests were buried! We also took a major Economics test (mid-term or final) in a room in a middle school. The room was over the gym and the kids were playing basketball. I just remember saying to myself "I can't concentrate, I can't think!"

The college cast was great in that it was a small cast of 50, and we shared a lot of interesting experiences and were able to get to know one another, especially when 27 of us attended summer school at the University of Hartford and stayed together in one big house. **Kitty Hodges** mother was our housemother. She lived in her Winnebago in the drive way behind the house. Great memories!

Judy Erickson Anderson (68-69A, 70-71CollegeCast) – I have wonderful memories of total exhaustion, studying in breweries –our sponsors in the north countries were often breweries...Stella Artois, Wieze, Heineken...classes with **Dr. Martin** anywhere were amazing, challenging, and stretching. I remember one part when we each had to choose and research a group---probably during 1970 when we had so many classes interrupted by bomb alarms and we'd rush out of class...I "became" a member of Al Fatah, and also the IRA.

It helped me see things from a different point of view. What a great gift that has been to me—if only I'd remember it at the start of every conversation!!!—so 50 years later, I've worked in Rwanda and met with people in Belfast on both sides of the fights to help with the conversations in Rwanda, and visited the West Bank and experienced the lack of peace there, and have good friends on both sides of the fence there, too!

And I have a son-in-law from Kerry, Ireland. The power of memory in a culture, and how difficult it is to change the story! Yet there are brave men and women doing exactly that. We learned Russian by the audio-visual method---and when I was working in Central Asia doing workshops, or listening to pilots flying Aeroflot planes in Congo, I could still remember it enough to follow basic lines of conversation!

I know it was intense, studying and still working ahead from time to time...whenever I got into a vehicle I'd fall asleep. Once, visiting my family in Brussels, I fell asleep going from the airport to the house! But what an education it was. I am so thankful for all the visiting professors from the U of Hartford who came with us and taught in such varied locations and circumstances.

I also remember falling off my chair once in a seminar (psychology) with about 5-6 people in a semicircle...totally off the chair. The prof had us all run around the building to wake up. I am thankful for all the wise

and well-travelled people who made it seem like a normal lifestyle, for the Martins, and **Jerry & Barbara von Teuber**, who kept us all going. And most had a great sense of humor!!

We saw the glorious colors in Vermont & New Hampshire, spring in London, I have poetry I wrote in a library in Vermont...and we met so many amazing families. It helped put what we learned in perspective. History is made up of real people's stories, but each of us experiences the same thing in a different way. And we each tell our stories to our children—or not, but it's always through a different lens. I graduated from U of H in 1971.

[Ed. -- One further acknowledgement is due to the **principals and teachers** whose commitment to the rigors and opportunities of on-the-road education produced exceptional results in their students, often in unusual and remarkable settings. Among that dedicated HS and College staff, were: [Apologies that this is an incomplete list.]

Virginia Trevitt, the first Principal,

Len Allen

Olaf and Betty Kongshaug

John Pribram

Julian Sonn

Bjorn Ryman,

Mary Gallwey Wishard

Greta Kjaer

Carol McClennan

Alister Wilson

Lesley Galbreath

Marie Rose Perrenoud

Bernard Goward

Carolyn Lee and

Morris Martin

You're In The Army Now...

Patrick Walloch 67B -- The one event out of many during my years on the road happened actually after I was drafted out from the show into the Army.



I had been sent to Ft Benning Georgia for Basic Training, arriving days after Cast B had been there, with poster still up around the base mocking me. After those three months I was sent to Ft Dix NJ which worked out great because the second summer of the World Sing-Out Festival was going on, so I could go up there and hang out on the weekends and see old friends.

One such weekend I showed up and was told that everyone was going on into NY for a taping of an NBC special with Bob Hope and I should come along. Well I am not just watching the show being taped I am in it. Retake after retake and my allotted week end pass time is almost gone so during a break I call the base and get my Sergeant on the phone and say " Hi Sarge, this is Private Walloch. I am in New York taping a TV special with Bob Hope with a Musical Group UP with People that I used to travel with and they ask me to be in the show. But the taping is going long, so can I stay until midnight?"

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There was a long pause and he finally said, "That's the most outrageous reason I've ever heard to want to come in late from a weekend pass It has to be true. Ok but no later than midnight." Well I only had enough time for the first half of the show to be taped and off I went. I was late by 8 minutes and had to pull guard duty at the base armory the next weekend but it was worth it to spend time with my second family and be part of that show.

John Ruffin – During the first year of Sing-Out '65-'66, Cast A performed at each of the Army, Navy and Air Force Academies. April '66 we were encouraged to set up a show at West Point, probably at the suggestion of Gen. Hershey who was keeping many of us out of the draft (bless him).

Anyway, **John Sayre** and I went to see the Superintendent of West Point, MG Bennett, to propose a show. The Gen. said that the Corps of Cadets would have to approve the invitation, and that we could speak to them over lunch in the mess hall. Well, the mess hall held about 1,000 cadets for each meal and John was going to speak to them from the Superintendent's balcony. I was invited to sit with the cadets.

The Gen. introduced John and as soon as he started to speak, the cadets started knocking their glasses on the dining tables, starting to drown John out (apparently this was a traditional practice of hazing outsiders). The louder John got the louder the banging got, and I started looking for the exit, until John finally said something that totally got their attention. And the banging stopped.

The invitation was confirmed and we put on the first of two shows, with 2,200 cadets at each, the following week. The result of the first show was a response like we had never gotten before anywhere, a 27-minute standing ovation from a roaring cadet corps, and they would not let us end the show. And I thought we weren't even going to survive in that mess hall, let alone get this response!

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We did 10+ encores and still they were cheering, until the Brigade Commander, **Ron Bartek**, took the stage and gave a speech to the effect that what Sing Out represented was what he hoped would be true in the hearts of those whose policies they as Officers would have to carry out. That also got resounding support from the cadets.



Cadets march at West Point, oldest active military establishment in the U.S.

The other special element was that the senior cadets presented each of the cast members their 1st Class Crest, the senior insignia. The Gen. said that he had never seen a response like this from the Corps and that no crest had ever been given to civilians (I've still got mine). LT. Ron Bartek

then traveled with us for the summer including Estes Park.

On reflection, it's fair to say that these shows at West Point opened the door to numerous other invitations to military installations throughout the US, such as the remarkable visits to Ft. Rucker, AL, Ft. Benning, GA, Ft. Riley, KS, and Ft. Bragg, NC to name only a few.

Alister Wilson, letters home, Feb. 25, '66 – Our schedule has been very busy. At one point we did 23 shows in 25 days and now we have been doing two shows a day for the past week. We were invited to go to Fort Rucker in Alabama where all the army aviation training takes place. They gave us a wonderful display of all their training.

Every helicopter pilot in the army who goes to Vietnam goes through Fort Rucker. We saw a mock helicopter attack on tanks. They came in at tree top height straf-

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ing the ground with light machine guns. They also carry air to ground missiles. You begin to realise just how much America is geared to the war in Vietnam. We also saw other helicopters and transport planes that could take off and land in a space of 400 feet.

We put on the show for the men there and they were amazed at what they saw. They stood and cheered and shouted for more and would not let the cast get off the stage. At the end of the performance the commandant gave the whole cast our "wings" which all of us now proudly wear with our travelling outfits.

We were invited back to Fort Benning several days ago. This is the home of the U.S. Infantry and we spent a fabulous time there three weeks ago. We will have had five shows by the time we are finished. The commanding general who saw it three weeks ago is now in Vietnam and he was very moved by the show then. At this performance several thousand more men saw the show. Ten-minute standing ovations are common now.

The colonel who spoke to the cast afterwards was very moved too. He said "You said that [you] stood behind the military one hundred per cent. I would consider that you are standing shoulder to shoulder with us." The acting general also saw the show. He also spoke and could hardly find words to express himself. The next day we were all given certificates of appreciation from the U.S. Third Infantry and their badge, which has their motto on it "Follow Me" inscribed above a silver bayonet. The whole cast are very proud of their badges and wear them all the time.

The one thing you feel about the military is that they put all their faith in their training and in strategy but actually Sing-Out 66 is the only force in America that is giving them an idea in their heart as well as a gun in their hand, and that is actually the thing that is needed if America is to preserve freedom in South East Asia.

The military officials in Washington are trying hard to get something like Sing-Out to go to Vietnam and it may yet come off. The general the other night was speaking with us on the sound crew and we mentioned that we would like very much to go to Europe and he said "I hope we can help you do that". So that may be the way we get there. No one can tell at this point.

Karyne Richardson, ('68C) – Cast C was at Ft Benning, GA for 2 weeks in April, 1968 putting show into Italian before our trip. The Commanding Officer, General Forsythe, asked us to perform for the Airborne Rangers, in a large performance hall to loud cheering service men. I remember the song we prepared for this location which was "Follow Me", written by **Glenn Close and Kathe Green**, we finished the song and then at the end, yelled out: "*I want to be an Airborne Ranger, EEYDAH Follow ME!*" It was the loudest performance event I'd ever experienced.

One of the days we took a break from rehearsing and went to the outdoor location where they demonstrated their skills, in front of a river so we viewed the trainees repelling into water, climbing trees, and blowing things up! There was an obstacle course, which showed off their amazing physical abilities and skills.

Cast members were invited to volunteer for an "airborne" jump, and a small handful of us dare-devils showed up at 6 am the next morning, strapped on harness gear, and climbed a 3 to 4 story wooden tower. Then our body-harness was connected to a cable that stretched the length of a football field.

We were told that this jump was to simulate jumping out of an airplane. We would fall almost two/three stories before the hitch caught us. We were to shout "I wanna be an Airborne Ranger" as we jumped out of the top story of the tower. Then we were released by a Ranger.

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There were 4 of 5 of us who raced back to the tower to climb up for another jump.

The other daring “ride” for the not so faint of heart, was a 250-foot drop—and the only thing slowing our decent was an actual parachute! It was to replicate the actual speed of decent parachute. What I recall is 4 of us sitting very snugly in the contraption and being strapped in. It hoisted us up and up and up. Then the descent took my breath away! Some kind of a spring/hydraulic system softened a very hard landing. If none of us up-chucked, we could do it a 2nd time! Yes.

Food at the Officer’s Mess Hall? Absolutely delicious! I could not recall tasting whole milk as fresh; the choices of mashed potatoes, vegetables, chicken, or beef were as good as any on Thanksgiving Day with all the fixings. We were served cafeteria style with smiles and welcome greetings each day. The desserts were unbelievable, what was not to like! Cast C girls were told by the costume team we needed to watch-out because we were stretching the seams in the performance costumes. Fond memories YUM and EEYAAH!



250' Jump Tower at Ft. Benning, GA



MILITARY MEN ON THE MOVE

'I am an American fighting man...'

"I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in their defense."

In the past twelve months many young men from the three national casts of *Up With People* have joined the armed forces ranging into infantry, airborne, artillery, engineering, piloting helicopters, and ranger training. Wherever they have gone they have led the way. Some have been officers, squad leaders, or platoon leaders; many have won special recognition.



One award winner is Private John H. Parker of Parkersburg, West Virginia, who has been given the American Spirit Honor Medal by General Perez, Commanding General of the Army Training Center at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. This medal is only given to one man in each training battalion. He also won the highest score in his company in the proficiency test.



Another is Officer Candidate David B. Allen of Tucson, Arizona, who has been elected president of his class honor council, the highest post in his Officer's Candidate School



America's Fighting Men

class at the Army Transportation School, Fort Eustis, Virginia. His article in the April issue of *Pace Magazine* entitled, "To Make a Soldier" written while at Fort Carson, Colorado, has won wide acclaim within army circles.



Officer Candidate Robert C. Saltzman, of Miami, Florida, has been elected president of the OCS Honor Council at the infantry school, Fort Benning, Georgia. During his basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, he had been named best soldier in his company. A three-column story on

him in the Fort Benning newspaper, *The Bayonet*, May 19 said, "He brings to the army the same burning enthusiasm and personal discipline that the Moral Re-Armament movement demands."



Private Ted Colswell, while at home on leave, commented on his training in the military. Having just completed his Advanced Individual Training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he is preparing to enter OCS. "An officer," he said, "must hold the respect of his men. He must know how and when to make decisions and be able to recall facts that he may have learned months before. He must be disciplined and set an example for his men . . . and he must be a gentleman."

Referring to Moral Re-Armament trained men, he said, "When they enter the military, they have a clear aim. They go all out and that's what makes the difference. I figure it this way: The Army drew my name and as long as I am in uniform I'll make the best of it. The Army could become a fantastic force with moral training that would capture the imagination of its fighting men. It is simply living out the Army code of Conduct, 'I serve in the forces which guard our country and our way of life. I will never forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles which made my country free. I will trust in my God and in the United States of America.'"

These are the achievements of only a few of the men. They have proven, above all, that they are ready to back with their lives the commitment that they pledged themselves to when they joined Sing-Out. They have taken the leadership training they found in Moral Re-Armament with them into the services. And now they represent a growing force on the move to install that spirit into the backbone of our country.

While the above reprint in no way condones the military action that the US was pursuing in 1967, it does highlight the fact that virtually all of the UWP military inductees, (our deferments eventually ran out, i.e. we had to go), took on the highest challenges and rose to the top in every category; it's too long a list. There was obviously a common sense of "can-do", no matter what the task presented. And after what we'd already been through in Sing-Out, the toughest military training was a piece of cake!

Night Sweats of Cast Directors

John Parker, (65A,'66-72B, et.al. UWP Board).

This is the story about the stupidest decision I made during my 6 years as cast director. I was saved by the magic of Up with People.

We were doing an extended tour of Boston Mass in the early 70s. The advance team had been meeting with a social worker from the Massachusetts Maximum Security Prison in Walpole. He wanted the cast to come perform for the prisoners. There was just one little caveat. The prisoners had protested against the guards and as a result the guards had gone on strike. There were no guards inside the prison!



The social worker said the prisoners wanted to show they could run the prison themselves without the guards and it would be safe to go because they wanted to demonstrate their responsibility. My assistant and I went to the prison the day before the cast was to go with the social worker to meet and talk with the two faction leaders in the prison.

When we walked into the cellblock, which was three stories high, it was an amazing sight. Across the walkways in front of the three tiers of cells there was a streak of food and I assume other stuff from floor to ceiling. That was a sobering sight. I remember we met one [prisoner] in the woodworking shop. He was adamant that they would guarantee our safety to prove their point to the guards, or as he called them the "screws". We met the other leader and the **Boston Strangler** in the infirmary. We both felt they were very sincere and the social

worker had worked with them for a number of years. We decided to go.

The whole cast of over 100 walked into an unguarded maximum-security prison. We came into a common room where the prisoners were seated. They had a prison band, which played for all of us to start the session. Then we set up and did about 1/2-hour show which was enthusiastically received. They were extremely grateful that we came and treated them as human beings.

Afterwards the cast was talking to all the prisoners. I will never forget one girl came up to me and said "Joe wants to show me his cell is it all right if I go". I didn't say what I would like to have said because our point was to treat them with respect as they had treated us. So I said no, we had to go because we had another show to do.

One of the real kickers however was that the Boston Strangler actually presented **Sally Strand** with a choker necklace that he had made!

It turned out to be one of the highlight experiences of the year. Though for many years I woke up from time to time in a cold sweat thinking what could have happened. The risk / reward was way out of kilter. I even took my wife. After becoming a parent, I would have killed me. I have no idea why the Warden and the State let us in.

My only excuse is that I had seen UWP work its magic around the world, and I guess I thought we were bulletproof, which obviously we were not. We were guarded by the magic of UWP. Saved my ass!

Hans Christian Magnus, (65A,66B, Director of European Operations). -- I remember my first meeting in Moscow. I had tried for months to get a visa and finally it came through and I flew off to Moscow for my first visit in what was then the Soviet Union. A new and strange world.

I was met at the airport by Sergei Yastrebkov. Later that day I had my first meeting at the Ministry of Cul-

ture where the director was present. When we met, he opened the meeting by saying "I am in charge of all not yet socialist countries"! A great opening statement! However, after two days of meeting, numerous toasts and speeches of friendship, we agreed on what then became the first tour of UWP behind what was then the Iron Curtain.



When we left Moscow after that first tour I remember **Paul Colwell** and I met Sergey on the Red Square. He said I only live 5 minutes from here but I am so sorry not to be allowed to invite you to my home. Things were changing in Russia, Glasnost etc., and less than a year later when I was back I stayed with him, slept in his living room, as guest rooms were nonexistent. A few years later I was invited to his house warming party when he had bought his first apartment.

I am sure we were watched, our hotel rooms bugged and followed as we went around during those first tours. However, we were also received with great appreciation and that sometimes indefinably UWP spirit connected with the people we met, even the higher officials who were hardnosed communists.

One of our guides was Gennadij. He told me about his father who was a war veteran, had lost his leg but his small pension could not pay for a wheelchair. Could I help? I arranged with Red Cross in Norway to send him a wheelchair and when I arrived back in Moscow 6 months later for a new meeting, I was met at the airport by Sergey, Gennadij and other friends, taken to his apartment and we had a meal that only consisted of black caviar and vodka. I have never, never eaten so much caviar, and it is still a mystery to me how I got back to the hotel.

Sergey wanted me to meet his father who lived in a small city close to the Ural Mountains. We were to take the train, which left one of several large Moscow train stations in the evening for an overnight trip. At 4 or 5 in the morning Sergey yelled out at the conductor and a heated conversation took place. I quickly learned that the conductor had not wakened us up and we missed the station. I said no problem – we'll get off at the next station. Not so easy said Sergey it is 3 hours till the next station. When we arrived at a very rural station, no platform just jumped off and crossed the tracks, a loudspeaker was calling Sergey's name, in Russian of course, but I understood.

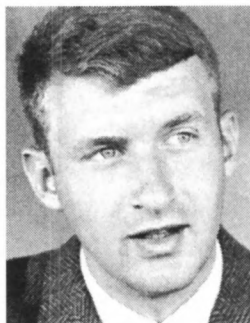
Sergey's father, who was the head of the communist party in his city, simply arranged for the central railway system to call his name and announce that we should wait to get picked up. So we went into this small station house, one little light bulb. When morning arrived, people were coming to take local trains to work and saw this person [me] sitting in the "waiting room" with a UK trench coat and definitely western shoes looking very conspicuous, probably the first non-Russian they had ever seen live!

After several hours a big, black limo arrived and drove us back through the Russian country side, through dirt roads, goats and sheep blocking the road, people fetching water at the city well, all gave a feeling of being set back 50 years.

John Ruffin — It was in the Fall of 1966, **Heikki Lampela, Bob and Gay Cook** and I were trying to maintain Cast A's "cutting edge", with 150 cast members, 4 buses, 1 tractor-trailer, and 3 cars, as we were cruising through the Midwest. We had just finished a number of great shows in Tulsa, OK and were headed to a week's worth of engagements in Wichita the following day (or it could have been the other way around).

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But anyway, we got a call from Tucson the night before we were to leave, telling us that all of the next week's shows had been *cancelled*. Dead silence!



There we were the next morning in an 8am cast meeting in a hotel ballroom looking at each other with blank faces, wondering what to do next. There was no "guidance" from Tucson other than to get creative and come up with a plan. The leadership, us, were trying to put our best positive spin on it all, but were coming up short.

There was no staying where we were, so we had to head somewhere for the next 4-5 days until the next shows came up in North Dakota. There was no money to just put up in a hotel for that time, and we actually needed to raise money to keep diesel in the buses. This was at a time when the receipts from one town were the only way to get to the next one. We sat in the hotel ballroom and deliberated.... Where to go, what to do? Who had any ideas??

Finally, a small hand went up in the back of the room; it was **Curtis Green** of the Green Mountain Men, one of our lead groups. Curtis said that he had an uncle who owned a car dealership in the little town of Durant, OK about 100 miles west. He said he didn't know if it would do any good, but he'd be glad to give him a call. Did anyone have a quarter? Well Curtis went out and made the call, with anxiety and anticipation in the ballroom. When he came back in, he said he talked to his uncle who didn't know what he could do, but would contact the mayor who was a good friend, and to call back in an hour. Continuing silence.

Another quarter, and Curtis went to call his uncle back.

He then burst back into the ballroom, and said that the mayor of the town and the superintendent of schools

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wanted us to come for the next four days and do shows in the several schools there and then finish up with a big finale at the community college. The mayor's wife was already working on hospitality. After an enormous cheer and much hugging of Curtis, we immediately sent out an advance team to assist the mayor and wife, and then started to load up the caravan.

The final tally was that we spent 4 terrific days in Durant, OK, hosted by the city, did 10 assemblies in all the schools, sang in churches, did music workshops, performed at BBQ's and finished with a major performance in the community college gymnasium that brought in most of the town; all with standing ovations and multiple encores.

I'm sure that no money changed hands for this engagement, but it didn't cost us anything either and we were all housed and well fed. However, when the mayor came on stage after the final encore to thank us for the wonderful experience we'd brought to the town, Curtis's uncle also came up and presented us with the keys to a brand new Chevy van, which was exactly what we had needed for our instruments.

It was a perfect ending to a totally unexpected 4 days, and it all happened just when we'd hit the wall and thought there were no options. It was a classic UWP experience when, time and again, doors opened to us where none seemed to exist. Call it magic, serendipity or just good luck, but it was clearly more than coincidence.

Does This Mean You Don't Want Us To Be Here??

Dirk Launt – Who remembers the stink the local press made of us being "neofacist" in Ontario Canada? I had to ask somebody what it meant.....

Tom Coulombe – I believe that was Oakville, Dirk. It was shortly before we left for Italy. It's the only time I remember having any protesters at our show. Once we started they were ok and some even joined in. But beforehand... there were all kinds of handbills decrying us for being a secret arm of Moral Re-Armament which EVERYBODY knows was a dangerous organization, so far to the right that it was leftist or something like that.

Jan Angier – I remember the whole "neofacist" thing in Ontario. **Carole Jackson** and I were doing PR. I'm with you, I wasn't sure what it meant, but it sounded like a disease I didn't want to be a part of.

Ed DeMarco – There was actually a big protest and nasty newspaper article in Brantford (home of the Chevy Vega). It was in the tour of Canada in May of '69 just a few months before our trip to Spain. There were protesters outside. The claim was that MRA founders were connected to fascism and that the four absolutes closely followed some of the beliefs of the Nazis. As is the case with most editorials, documentaries and, today, news articles, it was a conclusion in search of whatever facts or innuendos that might support it.

The editor of the paper came to the show one night and at intermission told me that he disliked UWP because

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it was "American" and seemed to be in support of the "establishment". He felt that the international flavor of the group was just a glitzy cover up for a nefarious and dangerous message. He was very nice to me, but wanted me to think carefully continuing to be involved with this group.... We had pretty good crowds, but the most important thing that happened while we were in Brantford was the shootings at Kent State. My sister was a student there and all I could think about was her and that.

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – At Temple University in Philadelphia, our show (college cast 69C) was leafleted by who knows who...we were billed as “exotic dancers.”

Ron Koelling – Cast C was playing the Paris Opera House. War raged in Vietnam. Anti-American sentiment was hot and virulent. Radical groups had condemned us and threatened to block our performance, using violence, if necessary. Rumors flew about guns, maybe a bomb. Protesters scattered through the packed theater shouted; some unfurled large red flags. I was 17 years old, sitting in the orchestra pit, my trumpet clenched in sweaty hands, waiting for the cue to start the overture.

Sheila Lindsey – I loved the story **Carla Skuce** told in Knoxville about the protest in Mississippi (I think). They came into the auditorium and tried to stop the show because we had blacks in the cast. The director immediately went to "God's Skin" and from then on we had the audience on our side and the protesters left the building. Those stories amaze me and I'd never heard that before. **Sharon Lindsey** did costumes and she's got some amazing stories. Sharon often gave haircuts, especially to the guys. She worked as part of the stage crew and one night got left in a dark and empty theater and had to walk home. She went through a park and some vagrants started to-

When Our Roads Come Together

wards her, but a big guy held up his hands and they backed off. She says that was her angel.

Steve Colwell – In Montevideo we performed at the university. This was the time when the Vietnam War was raging. Even though we were an international cast, some of the students perceived that we were an American group, and Americans in their eyes were the villains. We got through the show without incident but as we were leaving a large group of students came to where we were loading our equipment into our truck.

They began yelling antiwar slogans. The situation began to deteriorate as they began to circle around us and we began to feel physically threatened. We threw the last piece of our sound system into the truck and made a bee-line for our bus and quickly clambered aboard. The crowd still shouting, surrounded the bus and began rocking it back and forth. Our driver gunned the engine and we sped off before the situation could have turned violent.

Kathy Thorson Schrier – We got a call from Dan Skuce, asking us to go to Joplin to check out an inquiry made by someone there about possibly bringing UWP there for a show. Our job was to meet with the contact at Ozark Bible College, and try to set up sponsorship for a possible visit from a cast. The contact was a student group at the college that was not really in a position to provide full sponsorship... so we set up a meeting with the superintendent of schools to see if we could pull together some support there.

Our meeting with the superintendent was TERRIBLE! He accused us of being a Communist organization in a plot to TAKE OVER THE WORLD, and if we knew what was good for us, we'd GET OUT OF TOWN NOW! He said that if we attempted to do a show in Joplin, he would make sure that our shows were boycotted. Needless to say, with only two days to devote to Joplin, we reported back to

Dan that things didn't look good! As far as I know, UWP never did visit Joplin— maybe in later years, but certainly not during my UWP years.

Now here is the strange twist to this story: About five years later, when I was a student at the University of Wisconsin working my way through school as a desk clerk at the local Holiday Inn, I found out that one of my co-desk clerks was from Joplin. I shared the story of my "interesting" Joplin experience.

When I mentioned the name of the superintendent, she said, "Oh! I'm his niece" I felt terrible, that I had talked about how badly he had treated us. She then went on to tell me that he had been struck by lightning in 1969, and killed. Then I REALLY felt bad! She agreed that he had been "difficult", and had been a staunch member of the John Birch Society, hence the far right leanings.

Anna Mason – Actually Up with People has performed in Joplin 3 times since 1973. They have been in the Civic Center and the University. Joplin has changed a great deal since the "big highway" came in. It's not so much like "Up the Holler" as it used to be.

Jaine Irmen Place – Well, Kathy, your visit to Joplin must have affected somebody, because Cast B was there for a week in the fall of '69. I did set-up there. It is one of my fondest memories of all the places we went because people were so wonderful to us. The sponsor was a Cadillac dealer, as I recall. We sold out two nights in a row. We did a lot of school visits. Had a fabulous bonfire and hayride party out on a farm nearby. I remember the cast and host families all crying up a storm as the buses left town.

Actually, I think that Joplin was one of those last-minute set-ups because of a cancellation in the schedule. I think we had about two weeks for the whole set-up. And I do recall that when **Ken Beare, Phyllis Carrothers,**

Joey Mercurio and I drove into town, we had no real contacts. We stopped at a gas station, bought a paper, and asked who the mayor was--and then just went for it. Amazing how we didn't know that what we wanted to do was impossible....

Kathy Thorson Schrier – I'm so glad Joplin was a success! I always felt kind of bad that we had so little time there and were unable to establish any good contacts. I just remember being so shocked and hurt when we were verbally attacked like that. We pretty much hightailed it right back to St. Louis. Anyway... I'm sure we would have found many wonderful supportive people if we had hung in there a while!

The “Survival and Heart” Casts

We Will Survive...

Ron Koelling – *Cast A'70, Band* -- The Fall of 1970 was UWP's first attempt to establish cast tour schedules on a school-year basis, rather than continual traveling with folks coming and going all the time. This became a transition year, laying ground work and building plans for future tours of casts in years to come.

We met August 31, 1970 in Lancaster, CA, and were given two weeks to build our initial show from scratch, then we're out on the road. Much of our cast had just graduated from high school, several from UWP high school's Cast '69B. A few or more of us, including myself, had just graduated from college, or had just a year or two left to graduate.

We were very fortunate to have a number of UWP "veteran" cast members from multiple previous years included as well. This was a melting pot of very experienced cast members mixed with very new cast members, quite a benefit to round out our variety of knowledge, experiences,

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talents, nationalities, diversities, all kinds of people coming together from all over the world!

Our first show was at a horse race stadium, within the Pomona County Fairgrounds as I recall. Most of us had not been in the Los Angeles area much before, and were foreign to their smog. Within 45 minutes of arrival, my lungs began to hurt and burn with each breath, not good for a wind instrument player. After several hours either we became more nearly acclimatized to it, or our pain cells were destroyed, one or the other!

Not many shows later we performed in an outdoor amphitheater in Saugus/Newhall, CA, on a school campus. There were out-of-control brush fires all around at the time. My host-father was working the fires representing the telephone company, creating and maintaining emergency communications services for the firefighting endeavors; I never got to meet him as a result. Some of our cast members were allocated in homes that became overcome by the fires, I believe at least one lost all luggage and belongings in their host family's burning house.

We set up for our show, tuned up the orch and checked mic levels, and started our show rundown. Our opening song: "Hey, look around you, What d'ya see, what d'ya hear?" the lyrics said "People", but our eyes saw "Fire and Smoke".

Our next song, Ashes: "Can you build a new world, on the ashes of the old?" From the stage we could see smoke, then we actually saw flames appear in the distance, cresting a hill behind our audience. Smoke was soon blowing in, all around us.

Ten minutes into our show, we shut down with an announcement to the audience regarding the fire conditions at the moment. Remember, we were a new cast, inexperienced in so many ways, including how to efficiently pack our equipment into that moving-van low-boy style semi-trailer, which typically had little if any extra room once loaded. A normal strike and load would take about 2

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hours with an efficient crew. This time, with our inexperienced crew but with experienced crew leaders, many of us having to pause for smoke inhalation breaks, with some audience and hosts helping as they could, we had the trailer doors closed in just 45 minutes! We were outta there, though with quite a challenge ahead when we next opened those trailer doors!

Our time in Saugus/Newhall was brief, only a few days, but it was amazing how we seemed to integrate into our community of host families and audience. Some of our cast members helped their host families and neighbors with their own battles related to the fires. So many of our host families and friends helped us, too, as we learned quickly how sharing and working together can be such a strong force to "Carry It With You". That was exactly what we were trying to share with others, essentially the purpose of our tour!

A few weeks later we were in Albuquerque, experiencing excessive rains, flooding...

We were the *Survival Cast*. Together we learned very quickly. Nothing is impossible, it just takes longer to accomplish, or may require the implementation of *previously-thought-to-be-unrelated resources*.

You Gotta Have Heart....

Jeanne Lane Pehrson -- Cast C '66-68; Mackinnac Col. '68-69; Cast A '70's -- I don't remember all of the reasons why Cast C got its nickname of the *Heart Cast*. But I do know there were enough incidents that occurred over my years with them that confirmed such a rich description. One incident in particular comes to mind.

It happened in Panama. At the coliseum in Panama City one afternoon during rehearsal, an unexpected cast meeting was called. An urgent matter had come up that few of us were aware of as we circled around to hear from the cast directors. I don't remember all the details,



but I do recall there was one of our cast members who had a severe family emergency taking place in the States and it was crucial that this cast member fly home to be with her/his family. As the story unfolded for us, I'm certain so many others in Cast C experienced what I did...a deep tug in the heart.

It was then that **Steve Woods** said words that inspired us all ...and forgive me, Steve, I'm going to paraphrase here. It was something like "We're the Heart Cast. Let's open our hearts and give everything we've got to help this person fly home; everything." What I remember then was that one by one we came to put "everything" into the center of that circle. Each of us placed all the money we had onto the floor until there was a pile large enough to more than cover a plane ticket back to the US.

This was monumental for me because I had so little to begin with, as was true with most everybody there. And the total of any money I did have was on my person and not tucked away somewhere else. When it became clear that I was being asked to give all I had, there was no question. As a cast we had gone through enough together to know we would be taken care of by something larger than ourselves. Whether you call this God, a loving Universe, Spirit, it didn't matter. It was something beyond ourselves. Something that confirmed that miracles really do happen.

After our meeting we went back to rehearsing. When rehearsal was over, I walked outside the coliseum. And as I descended the steps, I had a sudden realization. "Uh-oh. I don't have any money. I can't get a taxi or a bus ticket." This may not seem like such a big deal except that my host lived way on the other side of Panama City, a me-

tropolis at that time of several hundred thousand people. I remember thinking, "This is going to be a long walk."

I took a deep breath, quickened my resolve, and stepped out onto the sidewalk to begin my long journey. Suddenly a taxicab pulled up beside the curb. The driver poked his head out of the cab and asked in Spanish, "Are you with Viva la Gente?" I said, "Yes." He grinned and said, "Get in. I'll take you anywhere you want to go." My eyes filled with tears. Miracle? I sure thought so.

And in reflecting on this experience for me, I realize it's not about just sharing stories, or even simply keeping the history alive. It's a powerful way to remember why we became part of UWP in the first place... something that touched our hearts, our spirits, and helped us to believe we really could make a difference.

Steve Pensoneau, (67C) – The Cast with Heart -- This poignant incident happened during Cast 67C's trip to Panama. It has to do with an almost "street urchin" in Panama, under a huge stadium after one of our shows in the stadium (probably in the capitol city?) A young man, who couldn't speak English, was very excited and tugged at my arm, apparently wanting me to follow him. Curious, I did so, as he led me deeper into the recesses of the stadium. Soon we encountered an older man. Perhaps they lived there.

The man also spoke no English, and I spoke no Spanish. That didn't seem to matter. The man seemed kind of simple, somewhat heavy, maybe a street person. He may have been handicapped in some way. But he sensed, if not fully understanding, that there was a joyous occasion in the stadium, and he wanted to be a part of it, somehow. He was either unable or unwilling to be with the throng that watched the show. Impulsively, I gave him the only memento that I had on me, an UWP album that I was supposed to be hawking. Oh, he was grateful for the souvenir, even though the English words meant

nothing to him. His eyes shone with happiness; as did the eyes of the young man.

Presently I was on my way. I soon returned to my life, and the two of them returned to theirs. But upon reflection, there was a common humanity there, in that dingy under-the-stadium setting. For one brief, shining moment on this earth, three people communicated, without words, that they can come together for a brief happiness.

This short, poignant incident sort of encapsulates my whole UWP experience: Oh, may we never fail to recognize the opportunity to warm another person's heart, however briefly.

Impossible Is Nothing...!

A Lesson a Day....

Rose Miles – (69-70A, 69 Colwell Florida Strike Force) -- In February '69 I joined Cast A in Oklahoma. I worked hard at learning the show tunes, choreography and was happy to be performing on stage.

Less than two months later I was informed that I would be going with another cast member to "set-up" Batesville, Arkansas. She was 19 and had one "set-up" under her belt. When I asked "why me?", I was told that because I was 21, I could rent a car. We were given \$200 and off we went to this small town in northeast Arkansas. While we were being sponsored by the Jaycees and stayed with its president, most in the town had no idea who Up with People was.

We worked out of a small cold shed calling the entire phone book to obtain host homes, secured the theater, printed tickets and got free hotel rooms for cast staff. Our host helped with PR and assured the town we were not a bunch of hippies coming to invade the town.

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All was ready when the cast rolled into town. Upon arrival, the cast directors took me aside and asked "Rose, why didn't you call and ask for more money?" I said, "I didn't know I was supposed to, but here's \$14 dollars in change."

Lesson learned: with the UWP message, commitment and enthusiasm, there were no barriers.

Herb Allen – ('65-85 Everywhere) – It was the fall of 1967, Cast A, and our main pianist had just been diagnosed with spinal meningitis. She and many others in cast A, who may have contracted this serious illness, immediately left the cast to receive medical treatment.



I stood before the cast that day and, with trepidation, asked if anyone could play the piano? **Zandria Bernhardt** raised her hand shyly and stepped into the spotlight.

As a Sing-Out high school senior, no one knew she was a classically trained pianist, or that she could play at all!

At that time, we did not recruit for music talent; we looked for heart and personality. She was "a gift, a jewel" right when we needed help. She was a key collaborator in pulling the show together--from raw creation to fleshed-out musical performance each week. That is a very complex process.



Zandria

What we were doing back then was impossible—and Zandria got it! This process was indefinable and she was spot-on. **Paul Colwell** and I regarded her as indispensable in the creative musical team. She embodied that music with her giving-spirit, creating and performing from then on in Cast A, and then with the Colwells in the Latin American Strike Force.

It's A Small World

Tom Coulombe, – In 1969, when **Tim [Murtaugh]** joined Cast A as lead guitarist for "The Countrymen"(Tim, **Frank Fields, Dick Smith, Chuck Wansley and Phil Segona**), I was taking care of the musical instruments for the cast. As such, I was pretty close to those guys as well as The Sing Out Brass for Cast A. I was also the guy who held Tim in his lap while we literally raced him to the hospital when he had kidney stones in Italy.

Imagine my surprise when I provided a police escort into Venice, Florida for 92C and saw Eduardo Aguirre who pointed to Tim Jr., told me who he was and made me feel VERY old, I mean, RIGHT NOW! I got to talk to Tim Jr. and we passed information. I met Pam at the 2000 reunion and was able to tell her that I knew BOTH of her Tims. It's a small world and the roads really do "come together up the way."

Lysa Loew Erkenbrack – One other "small world" experience that stands out was of an encounter in St. Mark's Square, Venice. We were doing a brief performance to publicize the show. A young man came up to me and mentioned he was from Uganda. I said I knew someone from Uganda (a classic line, I know, sigh. She was a good friend from Harrambe that I had met at Ft. Slocum nine months before, **Betty Ochan**). He said yes, he knew her. She was his sister! I was blown away. He was studying in Venice and she had told him if he ever heard of the show, he should go see it, which he was doing that day!

Pam Henderson Murtaugh – Reading UpBeat yesterday, and reading alums kids' quotes about why they're in World-Smart made me think...none of us could have said what they said, "e.g., I googled all the things like this and World-Smart seemed like the best... Because there was NOTHING like this.

I had to laugh a few years ago when Gloria Steinem was talking to a college graduating class, trying to explain how hard it had been, because so little was known about opportunity, etc. One student interjected to ask: Why didn't you just take Women's Studies? Steinem found a way to say "there WAS no women's studies and that's the point" without being pointed or disrupting the fact that, for that girl, the world had ALWAYS had women's studies.

For us the discovery process was an integral part of our experience. There were no "best practices" and no models to follow. So, while it was a spiritual awakening, it was also a powerful chance to conceive of new ways to think, new things to do, and new ways to be, and then make them happen. Every day was like a month not just because we were doing A LOT, and responsible for A LOT...but because we had made things happen that could have never happened without our doing them. In that time and in those places.

Sleepless Nights....

Sheila Lindsey – A night was somewhere, Lord knows where, when I stayed with **Shirley Hill** and the night's discussion around the dinner table was ghosts and spirits and the like. Shirley shared some of her experiences and the host shared the fact that their house was haunted by his dearly departed mother and well I didn't sleep one wink that night!

Ron Welborn – I remember a sleepless night...in Virginia. There were about 4 or 5 of us sent to this wonderful home. It was called 'Westover'. An historic old mansion, it is actually on some maps. You can Google it and see it today. The owner was Mrs. Bruce Crane Fisher (Crane plumbing fixtures, and Fisher Body Company, GM) Anyway, it was a cold, stormy night, we knocked on the door and she opened it, tall, in a dressing gown, showed

us our rooms, and pointed out the large gash on the stair rail that was put there by someone in the civil war.

She said that his ghost still haunted the house. Well, none of us got ANY sleep. Every single noise was that ghost. In the morning, she showed us into the dining room, pushed a little button under the table and we were served the most incredible southern breakfast I have ever had. Fresh milk, spoon bread, eggs, bacon, sausage, fruit. It was such a feast. I got Christmas cards from Mrs. Fisher until she died. Grand lady she was...

Jan Rodgers (Schwab) Harbaugh My worst night was in Matadi. The cast was supposed to be housed in the hotel, but there wasn't room for everybody, and four of us were sent to a private house--somewhere! As we got off the bus, somebody asked me to check with the bus driver when he would pick us up. He said, eight o'clock (a.m.), because we were supposed to have breakfast with the governor. Well, at about six in the morning, I heard this huge noise--sounded like trucks and cars going down the streets. It seemed to go on forever.

So I finally got up to look--nothing there. We got up, went downstairs to wait...and wait...and wait. We saw the trucks go by with our huge clumps of stage in them (about 10:30), and we waited some more. Didn't have any way to contact the cast--no phone number--no cell phones (not that there would have been any connections anyway).

We had no idea, which way the governor's palace was. About noon (I may be exaggerating here, but it was definitely after 10:30) the buses came. We truly believed by then that we'd been left behind." Oh, yes, as I turned to speak to the bus driver, I stepped off the bus into a ditch, and some sort of animal scurried out from beneath my foot! Slept not one wink that night!

Tom Coulombe -- Sleepless night??? Fort Hood Texas, November '68. We had a soldier on duty in the pas-

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sageway just outside the squad bay (large dormitory room) where we were "sleeping." His job was to ensure our security and make sure nobody fell asleep smoking in bed. ;~) The guy had the Iron Butterfly album with the extended 20 minute version of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" and played the thing ALL NIGHT! Over and over again.... I STILL can't listen to that song..... Before I went to Fort Hood I thought it was a fun piece of music.



PACE Magazine

Polly Beal Pattinson (64-70 PACE) – A bit of trivia, but I designed the very first Sing-Out logo, which some of you will remember. See the story behind its design below. It was thrilling to me personally to see it reproduced in so many forms...from banners and publicity, and on the side of the buses and trucks.



THE COLWELL BROTHERS
IN
sing-out '65

I chose Allegro typeface because it's in a class by itself. The word allegro is Italian for "happy and light-hearted" and the musical tempo markings of allegro include perky rhythms perfect for Sing-Out and Up with People. The font itself has a "musical look" because of the ball terminals which bear a resemblance to music notes, especially in the capital letters. It was ideal typeface for copy dealing with the concert hall, stage or similar cul-



tural pursuits. Its sparkling elegance makes it an appropriate typeface for distinctive book jackets, letter-heads and packaging.

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The very first issue of PACE magazine was partly produced on the Sing-Out Express, a train which went from Chicago to Los Angeles, launching the birth of a national explosion of music and song. The first shows were held in So. CA, I think. **Bob Fleming, Stew Lancaster and Frank McGee** architected that first issue of PACE, with a photo of Peter Howard on the cover. (Does anyone remember that one?)



Bob Fleming and Stew Lancaster

This was the beginning of six years of magazine publishing, and it was an incredible experience for those of us involved. We produced the first issue under considerably difficult and uncharted conditions.

We quickly set up shop to produce PACE in the MRA building in Los Angeles, which

many of you have been remembering in your messages. Before long, part of the building was remodeled to make the space appropriate for a publishing enterprise.

I worked on the magazine design team (we had some wonderful help from local designers at first, who contributed time and skills), helped recruit new people to join the design crew, like **Jeri Hughes, Helen Hamilton, Graeme Hardie and Chris Campbell**, for a time. We worked on the design and production of so many other things as well, like the first Sing-Out book by **Dave Allen and Tina Close**.

I later took on the production management job, working with typesetters and printers, which turned out to be a gigantic responsibility. When operating at our fullest, we were designing and publishing literature for Sing

Out/Up with People, Moral Re-Armament and the college (while in its infancy.) "The New American", a newsletter for families of the Up with People casts, was part of our responsibility. Perhaps you did not have much information about what was going on behind the scenes in LA, but it contributed greatly to international publicity about the shows and their effectiveness.

Some of us came to work PACE with good skills in various professions. Some came with very few skills but learned fast, on the job. When under deadline, I remember many 18 hour days we put in. With very little experience beyond my design abilities, (which I had been developing for many years prior) I took on the production work of all the publications.

My responsibilities in handling a half million-dollar budget for printing was overwhelming. That was a lot of money in the mid 60's! **Karl Kaltenborn** from Norway joined us and brought excellent design, cartooning and business skills which were much needed. The editorial staff grew by leaps and bounds, with men like **Al Kuettner** of the Atlanta Journal, **Derek Gill** from South Africa, **Staffan Wennberg** from Sweden and **Bert Demmers** from Holland all adding professionalism that was incredible. I remember **Sato** also, as a great addition. As these men traveled with the various casts, perhaps some of you met them.

The second summer at Fort Slocum I recruited a number of Up with People cast members to come join our LA publication staff. We set up internships so you could gain college credit for work at PACE. We recruited from the local colleges in So. CA as well. I wonder what the stories might come out from what some of you learned, both as you either worked with us, or hawked the magazine at the various show venues. A lot of work went into getting the magazines to you on the road, so you could sell them as part of your outreach. **Karen Rasmussen** from Denmark was one of our excellent designers on PACE after

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about the second year. If she hadn't come on board, perhaps she and **Staffan Wennberg** would never have gotten married! They collaborated on many of the dynamic PACE covers.

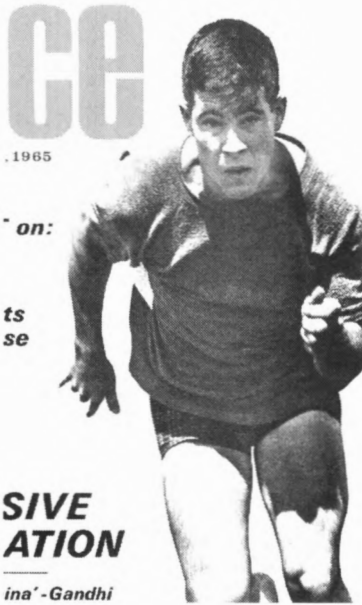
Staffan Wennberg – I worked on the very first PACE Magazine (first called DARE) from London doing all the picture research and pictures on Peter Howard from the London end. Then **Bob Fleming** invited me over to Mackinac to continue with PACE. Took the first cover with



PACE editorial board for The Young Revolution – (l. to r.) Kathie Emrich, Geoffrey Frost, Susan Vibert, Jennifer Rowe, Malcolm Roberts, Staffan Wennberg, Johnathan Edwards, Susan Keene, Lana Dobson, Robin Hoar.

Bill Saul running towards and over me at Mackinac - had to do it three times until Bob was satisfied.... Only one time after that did I have to go back and re-shoot or shoot extra pictures... the Sing-Out train stopped at Santa Fe (which I wrote earlier here), where no trains had come in

for many years, and then to LA where the county Supervisors were hosting - thus the song about LA County... -



Bill Saul

Here is one little unknown touch - after PACE I did a bit of work for and placed some of my pictures with Black Star Photos in New York. At one-point Time Magazine did a feature on the American Indian - two of the five pictures were mine from a PACE feature on the Navajo. They said I was the only one who had positive and happy pictures of the American Indians!! Made me both proud and sad. The time with the Navajo as well as the time in Alaska were two of the many memorable times, and of

course also the many extremely interesting personality profiles we did.

The frustration of PACE not being able to make it financially had some part in my going into publishing later from the business side. When I joined Bonnier's in Sweden - our biggest magazine publisher - the Chairman asked about some of my experiences, and of course said I had worked on a magazine which had to close down. He laughed and said it was a very useful and good experience and I was hired.

Pam Henderson Murtaugh -- I was one of the UWP kids that moved through the Pace building. I was there from...gosh...February to June of '69. Somehow **Polly Beal** met me in Oklahoma where I had been doing PR

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after Santa Fe and asked me to come (I think...I know she had something to do with it).

Don't remember what exactly I was meant to do, but did coordination for Sing-Outs mostly (again, I think...this is hazy), and was "around" Pace more than doing anything with or for it. (I do have this very random memory of making a sort of collage from then new day-glow paint-sample-strips, putting the Pace logo in the center...and having someone take a picture of it...!)

For a while I lived with the Beal's, and also with **Kate Schwab**. At the time you and Karen were, to me, supreme grown-ups with actual purpose! I do remember, though, the time of your and Karen's engagement. And I have this very clear memory of driving by an apartment building where you two, and another couple were celebrating on the terrace...(on the second floor?). The picture in my mind is clear as only an LA day could be, then. There was such a positive energy about it, and such a lovely conviviality. --



Reunion of PACE Staff, Kingston, Ontario, June 2014

Mackinac College-1966-1970

“To Learn, to Live, to Lead”

Katherine Minton – MRA-Sing-Out showed up as a stranger, as it did for so many of us. My time with Cast B 66-67 and the Latin American group equaled 18 months and I was at Mackinac College during its last full year. Interestingly, I probably learned a lot more about the whole "movement" from the Mackinac experience. The full impact of the dichotomy that you (Rudy, Day, and Pam) have spoken of was the strongest from Mackinac. (That would be speaking only for myself.) Mackinac College seemed to begin from the best of the ideas of MRA, with the promise was that it would be a "non-sectarian liberal arts college".



From an educational standpoint, it was designed as interdisciplinary with a goal of developing problem-solving skills, creative approaches to issues, broad perspectives that involved a lot of questioning, and a vision and commitment for what we would now call "servant leadership". The story of how the college closed is a sad and complex one. Three of us who had also traveled with Cast B in 66-67, **Bob Johnston**, **Mike Redman**, and I,

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attempted during the summer of 69 from a base in Chicago, to raise \$5 million to "save the college".



Dr. Douglas Cornell
President

Though we clearly did not succeed, it surely taught me to be willing to try almost anything. Perhaps because of a deep interest in how people learn, the gift of being involved in the efforts of the "great group" of people committed to creating a new kind of education, the frustration of being unable to stop the demise of a beloved place. For whatever reason, through the years I continued to

ask questions of all sorts of people about MRA, the leadership that took over at the end of the 60s, what was really motivating those people...

I am in complete agreement with **Day Ravenscroft** in your response that there are people of all sorts doing all kinds of behaviors in every single organization and partnership, whether brought together for profit, doing good in the world, or for companionship. There are dysfunctional families everywhere and individuals take their issues into each group they enter. Maybe it was magnified for us because of our age?

Some research shows that people very late in their lives can still remember the names of people they went to high school with, though they may not do the same for a group they were with only a few years before. We were all just at that age when thrown into this magical "life lived large" experience. All of the questions will never be answered and that's OK if we have found peace with the traumas

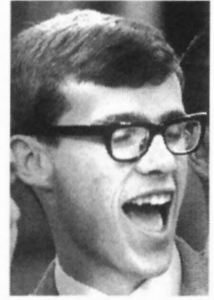


Bill Pensoneau

When Our Roads Come Together

and are grateful for the gifts. It all changed my life...the good and the bad.

One of my best friends from all of that is **Mike Redman**, though we have met in person only 3 times in the past decades. Today if we focused only on our differences we would be capable of arguing for weeks. As he was leaving Mackinac Island he wrote, in November of 1969: As the boat pulled farther and farther from the Island, I watched the buildings grow smaller and smaller, but then I strained to see the people walking back who had come to the dock.



Mike Redman



"Building a World that works, is not a Spectator Sport"

That is Mackinac College, I'm sure: People. You can have the buildings. For the gift of those days, wherever we each were and with whichever cast, and for whatever collection that made up our own "best of times and worst of times" maybe that just about sums it up.

"Mackinac College has not given me an education for the rest of my life. It has given me a life for the rest of my education"

The Mackinac Students

Those Magic Moments.....

Tom Coulombe – “A Curve Ball in Cleveland”

It was the Fourth of July, 1968. We had been invited to Cleveland for a week by Mayor Carl Stokes, the first Black mayor of a major American city, who was in the middle of his first year in office. That night we were playing at Lakewood Park for an audience estimated at 250,000 with another estimated 5, 000 in boats behind us on Lake Erie. It was the only time in my whole tour with the cast that we used every piece of sound equipment we had, including a dozen 15" JBL speakers with five-foot-tall cones!

We had left re-staging at Fort Slocum seven days earlier with a new show, a new lead group and a lot of new cast members. I had joined the cast just two weeks before we hit the road and was still very unsure of myself and my place with the rest of the cast. It was our third or fourth show. **Herb Allen**, Up with People's Musical Director, was with us to ensure that we got through these first shows with as little trouble as possible.

Mayor Stokes introduced us to the citizens of Cleveland. Then the Sing-Out Brass struck up the Run-On and we were under the lights and singing. We were awed by the sea of people in front of us but soon forgot the size as we sang our message to the city. The first half came to a close and the Mayor returned to the stage just before the Intermission was announced.

As we stood there, looking over the back of the Mayor to his constituents beyond the lights and speakers, he praised our performance and asked the audience if they agreed. After the cheers died down, Mayor Stokes then promised the crowd that we would be taking a short intermission but during the second half of the show ‘... they

will sing The Battle Hymn of the Republic!" He turned back to the cast with a big smile, waved and left the stage.

Herb was standing in front of the stage to direct us, his mouth open in shock and surprise. We stood there asking ourselves, "What did he just say?" Herb quickly snapped out of this trance-like state, stage whispered that we were to convene backstage immediately and then struck up the Brass for "Travelin" and Run-Off.

We gathered in a close circle around our Musical Director who asked, "Who knows the verses to The Battle Hymn?" From the upraised hands, Herb picked a mixed octet and quickly "arranged" the piece with the cast singing the chorus. I don't remember who the other three guys were, but I was one of the four males (I had sung the Wilhousky arrangement in high school and college choirs). The females included **Linda Blackmore Cates, Pat Ector and Cyddia Rodrigo**; altogether a very imposing combined set of pipes. The guys would sing one verse and the ladies another and the eight of us combine for the last verse together. We went through it twice backstage and then Herb smiled and sent the Brass out for "Jacks" and the Second Half was underway.

We came on stage and, true to Mayor Stokes' promise, Up with People Cast A sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" during the Second Half. **Herb Allen** beamed as the audience clapped and roared. It was the only time in my tour that I sang in a featured group with **Pat Ector** and **Linda Blackmore Cates**. I had been on the road for a week, and I knew that this would be an event – and a year – that I would never forget!

Bill Saltzman, Casts A and C, '65-67 – Stage Crew – I remember the Boy Scout jamboree in Idaho in 1966 with thousands of kids stacked three high waving flashlights in total darkness as the cast sang 'What Color Is God's Skin.' I get goose bumps still. The Scouts were on a very large rising hill and all were singing along.

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We flew to our next show in Pittsburgh. Just as we were landing the captain opened the intercom to announce that the first astronauts had landed on the moon.

One other humorous moment occurred as our cast was standing in the courtyard in Brussels to be introduced to the King and Queen of Belgium. As they came by, the men were to bow slightly and the women to curtsy. Our very young French Canadian guy, curtsied as the Queen went by. With the graciousness of Royalty, she stopped and asked where he was from and gave him special attention. More so than anyone else. She turned a faux pas into a memorable moment.

Karen (Kim) McKean – On January 19, 1969, The Daily Oklahoman wrote: “Not since the dustbowl of the thirties has a whirlwind swept through the Oklahoma prairie with the impact of ...Up with People”. All three casts traveled throughout Oklahoma for about a month in January and February, performing in 15 colleges, 4 major conventions, for 73,500 people, with 584 newspaper articles, including 241 pictures. 55 students traveled for a week with the show, 78 Oklahomans were accepted to go on the road, and 22 local Sing-Outs were formed.

Force D was working with local Sing-Outs at the time, and with the formation of 22 within a short period, 5 of us were left behind in Oklahoma for 4 to 6 weeks to work with the new Sing-Outs, teaching the show and the principles of Up with People. We joined the amazing **Jan Brummer** of Force D, who was so dynamic and inspirational. In order to cover the entire state, we sometimes split into 2 groups of 3.

I will never forget our “Hallmark” moment! Traveling between two small towns with nothing but space between them, we ran out of gas! We had traveled for miles with nothing in site. We could see nothing in front of us, accept wait! Is that a mirage? In walking distance was a lone antique gas pump in front of a little dilapidated

building, where we procured a can of gas, walked back, poured it in, drove up and bought some more gas. We all felt truly blessed by the experience!

For our work with citizens of Oklahoma, Governor Dewey Bartlett gave each of us a document giving us the right to be a "bearer of the proud and historic title of OKIE: A Fortunate, Gifted and Versatile Person."

The picture below was taken on the steps of the State Capitol. Jan is the third from the left. I'm second from right.



Andy Parrish -- **Mike Redman** reminded me of the Shea Stadium show. What a flood of memories for me, since I think it was my first show off Ft. Slocum, and I was pretty much through with singing A-B-C-D over and over by then (the **Candy Jones**' method for getting newcomers over their stage fright).

There was tiny little **Betty Bauman** standing up before this huge crowd, with the whole cast in darkness, while all the many floodlights illuminated her like a modern day Joan of Arc. Just as she began to sing "New York City" a feed-back glitch occurred and we were blasted with a screech that seemed to go on forever.

Betty was a trooper, though, and even though the feedback loop was enough to make you want to run

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screaming for center field, she just kept on singing. I think she was in the 2nd verse before the screech went away. The rest of Cast B belted out the rest of NYC. The crowd loved it. Never will forget it.

Bobby Cates – I was not a good kazoo player. Hard part was trying to remember the words to holler each night. Each night when I would forget one of the lines in the song, I would look to Frank, Rudy or Pat for help and none came. Usually they would just laugh at me and wait till I remembered the words or I just walked back to the drums and let them do it. They even had me do Paul's Poem for a few weeks until they realized that I would never get through it.

The worst thing was when Herbie decided that I should sing a verse in the Idaho state song. After one night he told everyone in the green room what a bad idea that was. I told him I couldn't sing. -

Jan Angier 9-17 Oct '68 A -- Cotton Bowl? I remember that we did the Cotton Bowl as part of the Texas State Fair in '68. BIIIIIIIG Steers.

Tom Coulombe – What I remember most was that the grounds crew was so impressed with how we took care not to mess up the playing field during set up. They actually let us play football on the field after setup. **Johnny Busch** made sure that everybody on crew got to "score a touchdown in the Cotton Bowl."

Stoney Burt – I remember that Texas State Fair. I remember waiting outside the Cotton Bowl for hours and hours listening to "The Legend of Bonnie and Clyde", over and over and over and over. Our equipment was stowed right next to the "Bonnie and Clyde" car with all the bullet holes. Some memories just won't go away.

Richard Oliver – A letter to the Heart: During our time in Scandinavia I was repeatedly “left behind” to help launch local Sing-Outs. When the cast departed Norway around March 28th, several of us stayed behind to continue that work, including **Jean (Coca) Bransford, Phillip Musgrove, Lem VanNetta, Turid Ronstad, Nanne Nielsen, Ikuko Nagamori, Thomasina Hill** and Amber, one of our cast nurses.



Scandinavia “Stay Behind Team” at Tivoli Gardens
“Lem” VanNetta, Turid Ronstad, Richard Oliver, Nanne Nielsen, Phillip Musgrove,
Jean Coca (Bransford)

It was during this tumultuous Spring of 1968 that Martin Luther King was assassinated on April 4th, just a week after we arrived. And then Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated on June 6th. I remember standing in front of an appliance store in downtown Oslo watching

a television in the window that showed the riots occurring in America. It was a difficult, unnerving time for this group of teens and young adults. Our country appeared to be burning down and we were deeply concerned for our families and friends.

But I will also never forget a multi-page “telex” that **Blanton Belk** sent to us. He had the foresight to recognize our status and the fear that was in our hearts. In succinct detail over the course of several pages he explained the situation in America and quelled our fears with his reassurances that our families and our country were safe, in spite of the news we were hearing and seeing.

He was realistic, but also extremely encouraging in a time of significant anguish for each of us. His message was a potent and loving deed that got us through those

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weeks until we met Cast "C" in Amsterdam and flew back to NY for a second summer in Fort Slocum. It is another *UWP* moment that I will never forget – thanks Blanton.

Peter Sullivan, ('68A-74-Variou, Strike Force)

In 1970, in addition to its three traveling casts, *UWP* created various small casts -- "strike forces -- to do special performances. I participated in several.

We gathered in Tucson to try out this risky venture of reducing the full show of 120 on stage to a small cast of but 25. In our cast was Luke who had been recruited in Belgium. Once ready, we were to perform on all of the Hawaiian Islands for the tourists in the nightclubs of a resort chain.

Luke regaled us with the tales from his Belgian childhood of Father Damien, the Belgian priest who dedicated (and eventually lost his life) caring for the lepers (now more politely called Hansen's disease) who had been forcibly relegated to a leper colony -- Kalaupapa -- on the north shore of the Island of Molokai. So, with the consent of the State Health Department, off Luke went to find his fabled Kalaupapa. He soon returned and exclaimed that we simply had to go-- with our show!

The settlement at Kalaupapa is on the Makaanalua Peninsula, a spit of volcanic eruption which juts suddenly into the Pacific Ocean below the world's highest sea cliffs (palis) on the north shore of Molokai. There's a small airstrip at the tip of the Peninsula, marked with a beautiful lighthouse. It was here that they later filmed Jurassic Park. "A place of stunning beauty, . . .blessed by nature's grandeur, [but] cursed by humanity's ignorance and fear."

Our equipment was flown down in an old DC-3 while the cast hiked down the steep cliff, a "pali", on the old trail marked with numerous cutbacks and stunning vistas. The beach at the bottom was narrow and washed with enormous waves, which we had to dodge as, one by

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one, they broke and gushed up onto the beach.

Trudging up the beach, we approached the tiny village and were soon struck with the somber stillness -- the quiet. Strikingly, each small house was festooned with numerous colorful glass globes of various sizes, some small and some very large.

Our host was Richard Marx, a resident, and victim of the same infamous disease that had condemned many to this ironically beautiful place. Richard told us how, in the 1800s, lepers were thrown from ships, with their belongings, and forced to swim to the shore -- to this beautiful prison. When they had children, they were taken from their parents.



Richard took us to the site of the original village and told us of the Kahunas and the sprits of the past. He took us to the craggy coast where the volcanic flows had slipped into the sea, leaving steam vents -- tunnels and caves that

opened to the sea, and where the sick, years before modern medicines brought relief, had stood to let the sea mist from the crashing waves below sooth their wounds.

He told us that the numerous glass globes, as we had seen in the village, were many years old, and were Japanese -- used to float ancient fishing nets. Storms would break them lose where they would float for years, caught in the whirling sea currents. Other storms would later -- years later -- set them free and these beautiful objects -- each unique -- would wash up on the secluded shore where there was no one but the lepers to find them.

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In the evening we gathered in the small old auditorium, and the villagers filed in -- dressed in colorful traditional muumuus and flowered shirts ... each person mostly disfigured, missing noses and ears and fingers. We sang, to the beat of only acoustic guitars, "What Color is God's Skin" and "Up with People" and our medley of Hawaiian songs.

When we finished, the small audience of disfigured faces and fingerless hands rose quietly and, as one, began to sing, first quietly and then full throated, "Onward Christian Soldiers", and then the hauntingly beautiful traditional Hawaiian song of farewell -- "Aloha Oe" . . . and we cried, we all cried. We talked late into the evening -- in the background the sound of the breaking waves and the gentle rustle of the sea breeze in the palms.

In the morning, the small band of villagers gathered, dressed in their colorful Hawaiian finery, to accompany us to the small airfield. I held back as the cast boarded the plane, and the engines came to life and the propellers whirled noisily on the old DC3.

I looked back at the small band of colorfully clad disfigured people standing huddled in the sea breeze at the edge of the old dirt runway. The old woman in the middle, her brightly flowered muumuu blowing like a gentle flag in the wind, raised her arm and waggled her fingerless hand up and down above her head to say good bye. I raised my arm and similarly waggled my fingers in a gesture of farewell. Over the roar of the plane's engines, and with a wry smile, she yelled back, "Yeah, that's what I meant!"

Then, she gestured for me to come closer. From under her muumuu she softly revealed a small blue glass globe. Held between her fingerless hands, with outstretched arms, she gave it to me -- a treasure, like the early lepers, a thing of unique beauty carelessly cast into the sea, left to wash up on these secluded shores.

....and Magical Places....

“Dellwood”, Mt Kisco, NY

Lynda Cook Pletcher – That was another amazing place. I think it was given to MRA by someone rich like the Vanderbilt's. It was an estate with a mansion. The Cast B high school stayed there for several weeks in the big house and the cottages on the grounds to study before we headed off to PR in the fall of 1966.

I was there again for **Carol and Jim McLennan's** wedding in the spring of '67 and then that summer was sent there to recover from mono for 2 more weeks. It was as if you had stepped on to a movie set of the late 1800's. I learned how to treat guests as special people with big to little touches –like folding the bed covers back in a v before pulling up the spread, (I still do it in my own home) to use all kinds of utensils and serve a formal meal and we were entertained with all the old MRA classic films.



Lysa Loew Erkenbrack – I too remember seeing the old musicals of MRA at Dellwood during the summer

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of 1967, especially Give A Dog a Bone and one that had a song in it that went "sweet, sweet, potato pie....." I also remember the play, Mr. Brown Comes Down the Mountain.

I went to the Dellwood cooking school and was one of six head cooks ... at both years of Ft Slocum (I was barely 16 and 17 those summers). Talk about stretching beyond the expected limits! I still have my recipe for cream puffs for two hundred!

Ron Welborn – Wow, Dellwood...what memories that place brings back. I loved that place. Did a lot of school there, love eating our meals in that dining room downstairs. Watching movies upstairs. Those freezing nights in the barn... (the boys all slept in the barn), no heat, cold water. What a place! Took some amazing walks around that place.

Irene Schwab Cowley – The main house burned down under suspicious circumstances many years ago. (I was going to write 'some years ago' and then realized it has gotten to be more than that!) My cousin was the Chief of the Mt Kisco (volunteer) fire department that night and when he got to the bottom of the driveway, there was a truck blocking the access. It was very sad for him, as he had grown up there (part of **Day Ravenscroft's** generation). I haven't had a chance to go back and look (too many other people and places to visit when we're on the east coast).

Who, Me Travel in Up with People??

Ed DeMarco – Some of my longest and closest friends traveled with me. One of my friends wants little or nothing to do with and would rather not talk about our shared experience. I respect that, even if I don't understand it. On another occasion I was talking to another friend's teenage daughter and mentioned something her father had done when we traveled together in UWP. She had no idea what I was talking about. He never talked with her about it.

So, when my wife and I talk with others, we don't hide our experience, because, it is the first chapter in our life together, but I know it's not the same with many others.

Sheila Stephenson Lindsey – My husband chose to ignore our experiences in UWP and never mentioned it, except in a negative way. To this day he wants nothing to do with it. After our divorce, I began recollecting my experiences and it generated such warm memories that I started talking about it to my Mother.

All these memories came flooding back and it made me want to participate in the reunions and reconnect. That has led to finding old friends and I am so grateful for the experience with UWP. I don't often bring it up in discussions with others, but when I do amazing things happen. Most people my age remember it and have positive feelings about it.

Once, when working as a child abuse counselor in Florida, I mentioned it to some co-workers and lo and behold, this guy came walking around the corner, introduced himself and it was **Danny Shuler**, Cast A 66-68. That was amazing! He brought an album to work one day and it was the TV Special album from 1968. He and I

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were sitting right next to each other on the cover photo. Amazing. Since then we've become fast friends, although we didn't know each other well in UWP. He and **Sharon Lindsey** and I went to the Knoxville Reunion two summers ago and so the friendship grows.

Small world, isn't it? The times I have mentioned UWP to anyone, anyone my age from Puerto Rico, they immediately light up and say, "Ah! Viva la Gente!" I guess UWP just swept that island when they were there the first time and everybody knew Viva La Gente! They can still sing the songs. Amazing. -

Dave Martin – During the years since I left UWP, nearly every time I have played my guitar and sang for a group of people, I have included some UWP songs. My friends all know of my days in UWP, and whenever they introduce me to someone new, that is part of what they include in the introduction.

John Ruffin – I have found over the years, that in any room of ten people, at least three will have heard of UWP, two of them will know of someone who traveled, and one will be enthusiastic, going into songs and choreography. It's led to interesting connections I wouldn't have had otherwise.

A friend in Santa Barbara, who is a gifted author and performer, admitted that she had been turned down for travel in 1966 because she seemed "over qualified". She was crushed at the time, and I'm still trying to find out who interviewed her. I'll give her this book.

Our experiences, collectively, over these 50 years have been truly exceptional by any measure. Only the uninformed or unforgiving may have a dim view of it all. If the former, it's an opportunity to offer some of these memories of our own, which are now written down. If the latter, it's really their loss.

“Were We Used?”

Impressions Looking Back

Ann Alber -- I joined the cast at Ft. Slocum in August of 1967, and left (by then it was UWP, Inc.) in January 1969, spending most of my time with Cast A - beginning with the high school (finished my sr. year classes while we were in Italy). In reading over some of your emails it sounds as though I went through some of the same "processing" over the years as several of you did (asking myself "was I used?", etc.) and then reconnected with **Linda and Bill Cates** a couple of years ago and discovered that I also had a lot of very good, warm memories! Anyhow, I'm looking forward to hearing from any of you who may remember me.

Tom Coulombe -- In some ways, I was very naïve and in others not... I joined Moral Re-Armament / Sing Out / Up with People knowing that I would be used. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that I left a Catholic seminary to travel with Up with People. The idea of being a "tool" for the use of others was not at all foreign to my mind. I was joining a mission-oriented program and that meant that someone would be making decisions which would affect me and I would have little or no say in those decisions. Many businesses are run the same way, using the employees in the best manner to provide the service or product to the consumer.

I also knew that I was joining an organization with good intentions but run by very fallible human beings. Maybe my expectations were not as grandiose since I had lived under a similar life style for six years. I have encountered the same "use" both in the U.S. Marine Corps and the police department I currently work for. Maybe I was lucky?

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I learned about "being used" early in life and accepted the basic concept. I must say that I never personally found anyone in Up with People who did anything maliciously. I have seen people misuse their authority on purpose for personal gain in other organizations, but I have no personal experience or knowledge of that in MRA or Up with People. Of course, then there is the old saying about the road to hell being paved with good intentions. I know that there were people who felt hurt by the way they were treated. Some were burned out, others just burned.

Yeah, maybe I was lucky -- I have always been able to look at the magnificent message, the lofty goals and the extraordinary ideals we had and feel proud to have put the effort into attempting to help humanity reach them. I wasn't a "star". I didn't do anything exceptionally remarkable. But I feel that in my own way, my year in Up with People and the work that I did helped get the message across in some indirect way. I am very proud of that. Anyway, that's my perspective. Konrad Adenauer once said, "We all live under the same sky, but we don't have the same horizon." He was right.

Maggie Inge -- I too went into UWP wholly naive. My parents worked hard to keep the world away from their children, they knew just how cruel it could be. My father was a doctor at one of the most prestigious institutions in the world, yet, he could not buy a nice home for his family because the banks would only give a black man, whatever his occupation, a mortgage in a "nice" neighborhood. They bought the house they could and made it nice for their family. They could not get a car loan, so they bought smaller foreign models (considered substandard in the 50's and 60's) with the cash they saved. But, we got where we needed to go. I lived in a bubble they built, absent of the trials they faced, because they hoped that these issues would be different by the time we were adults and would not cloud our lives.

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When UWP came along, I was smitten. I have often reflected on how it was that my parents came to allow me to travel. At that point I did nothing significant without their permission. They never saw a show, nor did they know anything about MRA. When they found out about MRA, it did not ease their worries, in fact, it was at that point that I received my first (and only) direct communiqué from my father letting me know that "there is no place in this world that I cannot get you home from" if the organization with which I had become associated proved to be less than I thought.

Perhaps because the other thing that my parents did was expose us to volumes of philosophical writings from the ages, I have never been concerned about being used. I have even come to believe that the only thing that people ever do is use one another. That is our purpose in forming communities and even families. We use one another to accomplish things large and small. Use does not preclude loving, caring or any of the other myriad emotions and feelings that give life its richness.

At a very important level, we use most those closest to us. We use our lover for pleasure, we are equally used by the lover for theirs -- and the experience is one of full expression with profound impact to who we are and who we become. When we are really lucky, that use extends to the creation of another life that uses the lovers/parents to the maximum.

I am proud to be living a life in which I have, and continue to be, used fully. I am used by friends who need to share their troubles and I use them to ease my own burdens. I am used by a newspaper to fill copy space and create more interest in the paper so that it sells. I am used by organizations that want to be more effective in the work they do and they pay me for the privilege. I am used by the not-for-profits that have me on their board so that executive decisions can be made without the expense of salaries. I was used by CBS and I was used by UWP. I

plan to continue being used and hope to be used in this forum for my thoughts, memories and other input. This use gives my life its meaning. ...and, as some wise man whose name eludes me at the moment has said, I hope that when I die I am all used up.

Diarmid Campbell – Some of my (married onto) family felt deeply scarred and 'used' by MRA and one by UWP, but have grown beyond that (I hope) individually, but for me it was all a great experience - series of experiences. I would say that in spiritual terms I see there are many paths to our goal and one of the enemies of life is exclusivity. So although MRA (now Initiatives of Change) operates quite strongly in Eastern Europe etc., I have grown beyond many of those concepts, but cannot say I am any 'better' than any of them, merely different (mercifully).

There is no doubt that we are all going through a period of considerable growth and new influence in spirit and the future is wild with possibilities. S/O and UWP did an enormous amount for a period of time in the world - almost subliminally in morale and in bringing hope. I am inexpressibly grateful to ... all who followed in giving a glimpse of how the spirit caught them in mid stride of life and catapulted them towards a cast experience - and Life. Much of it is a clear expression of the shift taking place in Life around us now.

Candyce Jones Wirt – I, too, have come full circle to finally really appreciating my experiences with UWP in the sixties.... One huge lesson that I have learned on my journey is that there are no victims. It is a really hard thought to grasp but oh such a freeing one. I believe that each experience that I have had in my life has been of my choosing, not necessarily consciously chosen, but energetically chosen. Those experiences that happened in my life that didn't feel good or add to my joy taught me what I didn't want and led me to my journey of what I did want.

The movie "What the Bleep" was a prime example of this thinking. When the main character started loving and appreciating herself as she was (drawing hearts all over her body) was when her life started looking more joyful. I believe that if we surround ourselves with love and appreciation that we will continue to attract situations that will result in that. I also believe that that was my experience in UWP. I felt love and gave love and felt appreciated and appreciated the experience. I would say that it is near impossible (short of gunpoint) for someone to "force" us to do something against our will. What we "think" we "attract".

Tom Coulombe – I think that the biggest difference between the Sing-Out/ MRA / Up with People and the "educational organization" Up with People, is that the show was "ours". We (the cast members) wrote the songs we sang, added and dropped songs as we went along, and had a real stake in the show. Later editions had the show already written for them prior to staging by permanent staff (some of whom also wrote the original songs), who were now much older than the participants and thus lacking that close relationship with them.

The shows were cast in concrete (albeit sometimes not quite hardened yet) by the time they went on the road. In the last years [before 2000], members were actually locked into a part in a show and were unable to do other things in the organization because their presence was integral to their cast's show. Later casts could not have the proprietary interest in their show. If a person wrote a song, it probably would not be incorporated during their tour. The show was already written and it had a plot or story, not a variety type format.

If you think you were "used" by MRA, imagine coming into the later editions, having no input into the production other than to "perform as written." I can just see the frustration for a **Cabot Wade, Frank Fields or Bill**

Cates, with ideas pouring like lava from Vesuvius, limited to a one-year tour, and no way to be able to express themselves. *We were the luckiest kids in the world!*

Sheila Stephenson Lindsey – Standing back a bit and looking at ... all the turmoil and then that breath of fresh air blew in for a few years and the songs of "Freedom Isn't Free" and Viet Nam and "What Color is God's Skin" and Civil Rights Movement, and all those great songs of different cities and states and reminders of our history "the Ride of Paul Revere, The Erie Canal," People took a long deep breath at our shows in those early years and felt good about themselves and America for a while. I've come full circle from being disillusioned to appreciating that "for one brief moment, there was a place called Camelot....." If I can borrow those lines.....and God used us, he really used us to love on America for a while. That's the way I see it now.

Diarmid Campbell – I was 'auditing' a class at UC Berkeley (I was there in grad school the year after Nixon 'went into Cambodia' and the tanks and tear gas had just moved off campus). It was about 'movements in human history'. The professor had a theory (which rang true to me in terms of my experience with MRA and UWP) that there were patterns in social evolution and that often they started with a charismatic figure or a bunch of people who gathered a group together and they caused a stir.

Then someone came along and said 'This is fantastic, but you guys need to get organized!' and it would then become placed on a 'sound financial footing' etc. - in a way taking away the adventure of living a life where you create what falls into place through belief that it will. After that the growth accelerates for a while and then levels off.

I don't see this as a cynical view but a natural law that insures that we always grow and remain flexible. Life is cyclical and constantly renews. The frontier of spiritual

life moves on and the organization is left doing its thing in society. What is fun is to find where the spiritual life is alive and adventuring all the time. But in fact it seems to find us anyway if we stay aware. I too don't mean that the experience of later UWP was any less of a life experience for people - just different. One of my personal aims is to quit being judgmental - about anyone or anything - and it is amazingly liberating (if only I could remember all the time).

Tom Coulombe – Although we spent a LOT of time in the US and many songs were based upon an American experience, my perception of Up with People was more global. Songs like "Joan of Arc", "Cristoforo Colombo" and the many MRA or folk songs incorporated into the various global medleys and (insert the name of the country you are now in) medleys reinforced the multi-national experience for me. Even singing the translations in those countries we visited was mind expanding. The reception we received in countries outside the US was much more vivid also.

I have tapes of a show in the US and one in Italy in the same month and the difference in audience reaction is startling. For example, Dick Smith would sing "God's Skin" to enthusiastic applause in the U.S. but he always brought the house down, I mean stop-the-show- and-let's-sing-again-right-NOW, with "La Pelle di Dio" in Italy. So while we may have been mostly Americans and many of our songs reflected that culture, I feel that there was a certain something, which was "Camelot" in a more universal sense.

Sheila Stephenson Lindsey – I only got to go overseas once - France and Belgium, and France was very cool to us because we were Americans, but everyone else who went overseas had a better experience, I think. Did you know that Dave Cowell in Cast B sang "God's Skin" in

Spain and it became a number one hit on their Spanish hit Parade. He received the equivalent of a Grammy in Spain. Of course, UWP kept the Grammy and Dave has regretted that ever since....

Ed DeMarco – We were traveling in Spain in the summer of '70 and Up with People had its second number one LP. I was walking in Madrid with my "close friend" Connie Jewell (later to be my wife) and what did we see in a small record shop? A poster as big as a wall with Connie's face taking up most of the space. It was very cool. She was a star. I was the "close friend" of a star.

Maggie Inge – I still remember all the words to "Hometown", although I must admit that (strangely) I only know all the words in French because it was only in France that I was called upon to sing the lead. Over the years, I have continued to sing it as a reminder that I could do anything I set my mind to. The mind is a strange and wondrous thing.

Charmain Pensoneau Billy – I used to always dream about getting ready to go on a trip with UWP. Or, getting ready to run on stage and being afraid I would be late. It seems like the overseas dreams had me waking with a sense of dread. I'm glad I'm home. I was gone for 2 1/2 years and although I loved it while I was there, I was young and missed home! Seems like every time we wanted to go home, **Mr. Belk** would talk us out of it, saying we're just getting ready to go to such and such and I would stay on, with a sense of obligation.

I remember one time my sister said "I don't care if we're going to the pearly gates and St. Peter is there to welcome us, I want to go home!" In those days, the days of the first Up with People, we, like, couldn't leave. The reminder of what we were doing was given to us and we stayed on, maybe too guilty to leave and too young to

know how to stand up for ourselves. Maybe I'm the only one who felt like this. Not being negative, just honest.

Day Ravenscroft – I sometimes wish we had a scrap book of pics and stupid stories about the wild stuff that happened that was coincidental to our being young and WAAAAY out on a limb most days but actually it wouldn't be funny unless we were together just yakking in a bunch & laughing & capping stories...

I remember a Reynolds' brother sitting in our living room in Culver City and telling about jumping into one of those foul Venetian canals to save the sound equipment that fell overboard, but it's not funny on paper. However, that night we were rolling on the floor, laughing so hard. Were any of you all there the night we watched the moon landing in 1969? I know the room was full as I think 833 didn't have much TV available.

And the Sunday picnics and volleyball on the beaches near LA? Our first 3 married years until we moved to Tucson we always had 4 high school boys or 4 girls wedged into our tiny condo to make up their homework before they could fly out to travel again. I made pie every night for supper as we had never heard of cholesterol and it was Jack's favorite dessert. I also served liver and you all nobly ate it and **George Wilhelm** said he liked it and was going to tell his Mom that she cooked it wrong.

There was a drummer who stayed with us in Tucson 1970 and played our "Deep Purple" or "Chicago" early albums over & over & always said, "There, did you hear it? Their drummer hit the metal edge of his drum by mistake... he made a mistake... hear it?" Happily, I love drums & all music that you hear in the soles of your feet as well as your ears.

Don Kagin – Thursday was the beginning of the Jewish New Year. It is a time of reflection and I found myself recalling my experiences with UWP. When the Rabbi

commented that we were striving for “communal mutuality” it resonated with me. He suggested we were struggling in a real world to use our moral and spiritual power for justice and compassion. When the Rabbi asked us “what brings us to this place?” he suggested it was to cherish the power of relationships; to recognize and learn our differences (as well as similarities), talk about them, and get along with them. Sound familiar? I thought about our performances at Old Miss, and in Mexico.

I thought about a speakers’ forum we developed in Cast A where we had opportunities to listen to members of our cast talk about Mormonism, Buddhism (from the Japanese members), or what it was like growing up in Watts or some of the Central American countries. For most of us and those who saw and heard us, UWP was an emotionally and exciting show. But for some, it profoundly affected the way we conduct our lives. For us it was understanding this “communal mutuality” which is so needed in this world today and living it every day.

Bill Crutchfield (66-67A, Mackinac College) --

When I got back to Arkansas in the summer of '67 (after travelling with Cast A for one year), I told my brother Martin Lee all about my Up with People experience---how we were changing the world, how we aspired to live our lives guided by Absolute Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness, and Love as the mariners of old were guided by the North Star, all of it! But the more excited and animated I got, the more furrowed the brow of my brother. Finally, he said “Stop, Billy, stop!” Boy, you have been brainwashed, indoctrinated! You are an Up with People robot!” And this is from my big brother who knows everything about everything.

First, I thought – “Could he be right? And if so, who could it be---this masterful mindbender, this brainwasher? Steve! It must be **Steve Colwell!** I had a good laugh

about that. I have never met a nicer, kinder, more loving and caring person in my life.

But then I had a second thought---which occasionally happens if I stop, take a step back and looks at things from a slightly different viewpoint. Even if we were brainwashed a tiny bit, if it made us better people and the world a better place, I can live with that.

Anyway, I came all the way from Tokyo to Orlando--to see you----and to say THANK YOU!. Sounds like a cliché---but Up with People changed my life. The first 18 years of my life were not too eventful, growing up on a small farm in Arkansas---choppin' wood, milkin' cows, sloppin' the hogs, bailin' hay---all the fun things you do on a farm. Then along came Up with People, then Mackinac College, and Japan! (where I've lived and taught children since 1968). My life took off in a completely different direction.

Marylee Delaney Terrano –

“Ever try to explain UWP? Impossible.” What I found in that room was the amazing knowledge that, with all of you, no explaining was necessary. We lived it together. And whether we were shoemaker, or Vice-President of NBC (ahem...John), whether we were married or divorced, none of it mattered. We were friends, we survived and we were still the greatest of friends. It was more than a high-school or college reunion for us (well...except those pesky kids in the Sing-Out High School). It was an overwhelming gladness to see the people we cared about and loved again.

What Is Up with People?

*These following words, initially a letter to my parents, were first spoken at the conclusion of our, Cast B's, 1971 show. As they were being read, the song "Roads" ("There are many roads to go...") was being hummed in the background by the cast of 160. At the conclusion of the reading, the humming rose into the final words of the song, "And, I have a feeling that we'll meet some day, where the roads come together up the way." **Stuart Weeks, '71B** [Stuart's reflections came following the cast's tour of Belgium in 1971.]*

Dear Ma & Pa,

Up with People is a non-profit, educational corporation that takes you on the road, along with 160 other new-found brothers and sisters, black, white, yellow, red, and brown, representatives of nearly 20 nations, working, studying, performing, playing and simply living together, 18 hours a day. It's "Hair" mixed with the World Series with just a touch of sugar and lemon. It's, lo and behold, finding yourself smack in the middle of a stage in front of thousands of people with no place to hide.

It's being homesick and going out to talk to someone else's mother. It's discovering that there's real truth to the truism that the best way to help yourself is by helping someone else. It's asking a Mexican family in perfect English (tinged with a growing edginess) where the toilet is and getting a blank look. It's standing before 600 ambivalent Belgian students, your heart going 100 miles an hour, and trying to tell them why they should take two hours out of their day and see our show.

Up with People is having your host arrive to pick you up on a motorcycle, "but I have two bags and a guitar!" It's finding out that you are, indeed, happy when you're busy, making a difference. It's growing your hair

long because you, Ma and Pa, are three thousand miles away with a big ocean in between. It's studying about the old Roman town of Aachen one day in class and walking through its streets the next day.

It's staying in a Flemish family during one stop on the tour and getting their perspective on the problem between the Walloons and the Flemish, . . . and then staying with a Walloon family on the next stop and hearing their side. It's being hungry, yet only knowing how to say, "I'm thirsty" in German. It's going out in the audience during the Congo line, leaning down to hoist up a little child onto my shoulder, straightening back up, child aloft, to find my trousers, split down the back seam, slipping down around my feet, as a dear, hysterical friend diverts the spot-light onto my blushing drawers.

Up with People is getting a tour of SHAPE, NATO, The College of Europe, The University of Peace and listening to lectures from celebrated specialists in the fields. It's going out into the audience and talking to an older couple one night, a young married couple the next, teenagers and little kids the next – each generation moved, deeply, by the show. It's having a host sleep on the floor so that you can have a bed. It's doing the half time Super Bowl show for the New York Jets and the Baltimore Colts, even if it's pouring rain.

It's having your host mom crying behind her dark sunglasses as you leave and turning to see her little kids chasing the car out the driveway. It's standing in the Grand Place in Brussels and being surrounded on four sides by history. It's talking to the president of the Belgian senate, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxemburg, listening to a black family from the ghetto and migrant workers from Delaware.

Up with People is putting on a show that moves audiences so deeply that it brings tears not only to their eyes but to yours. It's actually being able to do something about issues that bother you. It's getting ready for the

When Our Roads Come Together

sixth show in six nights and not wanting to go on stage but remembering the girl from the drug center who wrote that our show gave her that push she needed to get off her habit. It's loading the last box in the semi at three o'clock in the morning and trying to remember which end is up.

It's being hosted by a farmer at Bruges, an ex-Belgian underground fighter in Namur, a lawyer in Charleroi, a student at Mons, a store owner at Huy, a senator at Tienen, a teacher in Wieze. It's staying in a communist family and realizing that you have a long night ahead of you. It's recognizing that you can't solve all the problems in the world but you can chip away at one or two.

Up with People is being part of a show that is for all people - regardless of age, color, ethnic background or social position - a show that moves audiences from smiles to tears -- a show that gives prisoners a reason to want to join society again, helps bring together racially-torn schools, lifts the spirits of older folks in nursing homes, helps kids to get off drugs, . . . and brings forth the words from an old man; "now having seen your show I'm ready to die."

Dear Ma and Pa, Up with People is a show that has literally changed lives, beginning with my own.



Walk On Through: My Road Less Travelled

Up With People, 1968

by Karyne Richardson

Walk on Through: My Road Less Travelled, Up with People, 1968

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PREFACE

1968 – REPUBLIC OF CONGO

“In the early sixties, the Colwells spent 14 dangerous months in the often-violent country, giving 483 broadcasts over the national radio, singing in every language of the Congo. The Minister of Information later said, ‘Without the work of these men, there would have been a far worse catastrophe following Independence.’”

David Bliss Allen – in *Up with People’s Musical Inheritance*

In 1968, *Up with People* was invited to participate in the celebration of the country’s eighth year of independence. President Joseph Mobutu hosted the cast on a tour, with stops in Kinshasa, the country’s capital, and Lubumbashi, in the copper mining district in the south-east of the country.

“We were invited to take a tour up the Congo River on President Mobutu’s comfortable yacht, which had three levels of staterooms and a helicopter landing pad on which the President landed at one point to join us. We disembarked at a small village, and the local residents rushed to greet us. We played a few songs and quickly realized we were among the first non-Africans to ever visit this remote area. The younger children were captivated by how different we were. One girl of about five or six timidly approached me and started rubbing my arm. I soon realized that she had never seen a non-African before, and she was rubbing my skin, certain that she could make the white paint come off to reveal the black skin beneath.”

John Gonzalez – *Up with People* Cast Member, 1968

Independence Day Parade in celebration of the 8th Anniversary of the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

We were sitting in the reviewing stands next to President Joseph Mobutu's Presidential Area. We were his guests for a month as he had flown us from New York City in his private Sabena Jumbo Jet to perform for all his other guests: Africa's many Presidents from the entire continent. For ten hours a day for the past several weeks, our 150-plus castmembers had prepared and rehearsed a two-hour show in the French, Lingala, Swahili and Kikongo languages.

How was I here?

I was only 17 years old! I had flown here as a member of the International performing Cast C of *Up with People* ©. We had left on this adventure from Fort Slocum, New York, just off the shores of New Rochelle. As it happened, this day was also my actual High School graduation day from Sing-Out High School! Just a month before, I had been performing in Italian in Rome, Italy, when we had the opportunity to give a special private performance for Pres. Mobutu and his personal envoy staff. He had sent his ambassador up on stage after the show to invite us to to perform in his country as his guests. That same afternoon, several of us used our free time before the evening show to see the famous Trevi ("Three Coins in the...") Fountain, and I had thrown a coin over my shoulder and made a fervent wish — to go to Africa!

Now I was actually here in The Congo!

I observed people who walked with remarkable physical grace, their heads and bodily movements so fluid in their colorful dresses. It was starkly different from Americans of any color, who are always in a rush, their bodies rigid and tense and seemingly unaware of others around them.

We gave our first performance in what seemed to be a park for a group of beautiful families, and the children with cheerful light coming from their eyes and such delighted giggles and smiles that I had to restrain myself from hugging them as they, too, reached out to touch our skin. They spoke the most perfect and fluent French, besides their native Lingala. I had to immediately shift my paradigm of belief about their intelligence, which, I noted to myself, was based on my own ignorance. Who the heck was I? I was not fluent in French, so I tried to communicate with "Mbote, Mbote Minghi!" — A friendly greeting.



Harambé Africa: Pull Together

The U.S. State Department had cleared each of us for travel with a Diplomatic Visa in our passports. I was not allowed even to tell my parents until a few days before we flew to Africa. We were escorted everywhere in the country in new, air-conditioned Mercedes Benz buses — and that was just the beginning of our experience in this country that was newly emancipated from Belgian colonization and control.

While in the capital of Kinshasa, the cast members were housed at Luvanium University in dormitories that all had showers and toilets — very modern accommodations. While there, we were served most of our meals in the large cafeteria.

We flew to Lubumbashi in the south of the Country and performed in a very beautiful theater location that was decorated with modern copper artwork and design. We also visited a Malachite stone quarry that our busdriver drove us down into so that we could pick up armfuls of raw green stones. On this particular bus trip, there were no bathroom stops, except for the occasional emergency need. Then the driver stopped near huge earth heaps that were 8 to 12 feet in diameter as well as in height. We were told that these were anthills, built by army ants that had passed through years before!



Back in Kinshasa, the President's diplomatic staff had prepared a trip up the Congo River for a day on the Presidential Yacht, which easily had the capacity for 300 passengers. The President flew in to join us for lunch, landing in his helicopter on the forward deck of the ship! The views and memories of that day have remained with me because each day I walk past the oil painting that I purchased on the trip. Its depiction of a village scene along the Congo River's edge reminds me of peaceful simplicity and connection to the Earth. It also serves to remind me that "People are More Important than Things." When "Stuff" accumulates around me, it gets in the way of my appreciation for life, breath and meaningful relationships.

Earlier that year our *Up with People* cast had travelled for four months from January to April in the Deep South: Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. Performing on college campuses and public theater venues as well as military bases, we experienced embedded racial prejudice but also joyful acceptance when we sang *What Color is God's Skin?*. It was a riveting song that challenged each audience to awaken to a new, more inclusive belief system — but it also invited them to do so.

The brilliance of the song is in letting the audience overhear the



Mobile, Alabama, Cast C of *Up with People*, Spring of 1968: *What Color is God's Skin?*

bedtime question of a small child to his Daddy, Innocence asking to know the truth: “Tell me, Daddy, What Color is God’s skin?” Singing that song in many countries all around the world, always translated into the native language, is a memory that still resonates in my soul. No matter what our definition of God was then or is today, the answer is still true: “It is black, brown and yellow; it is red, it is white — Everyone’s the same in the Good Lord’s sight.”

We had been shocked by the assassination of Martin Luther King while we were in Asheville, North Carolina, preparing the show in Italian. To show our respect for this courageous man, on the day before the cast flew out for Italy from Atlanta, Georgia, many of our cast went to the viewing of the casket bearing the body of Dr. King. We wept for the terrible loss of this great soul of leadership. Here we were 100 years after the Civil War, and the mind-set in our country was still stuck in hatred and fear. The original songs in the *Up with People* show were written with the purposeful intention of changing mental paradigms, the way a fresh wind blowing through the city clears away congested smog. How else could we sing with passion such songs as: *Freedom Isn't Free*, *Dawning! Morning of Time*, *Is There a Reason Why?*, *Sing-Out*, *We're Launching into a New Dimension*, *Up the Holler*, *Hitch Your Wagon to a Star*, *Children*, *The World is Your Hometown* and *Ashes?*

Ashes, especially! It was written after riots on city streets and college campuses in many states and in such foreign countries as France. The words to this song ask questions that still apply today:

Ashes

Can you build a new world on the ashes of the old?
When your heart is full of ashes, and slowly growing cold?
Can you make other people want to care?
When you're all burnt out, from finding ashes everywhere?
No, there's a better way, I know there's got to be,
The weight is just too heavy, and alone we'll never see,
That World we can build together, nothing like before!
With new life to fill the emptiness forever!

These were the songs that had stirred my spirit to fever pitch at my high school assembly in Oakland, California, the previous September. I was struck with such passion and energy coming off the stage — from kids my own age of every nationality and color, from many countries, all saying

And you can come along if you wanna—
We're gonna make this world like it oughta be
—We're launching into a New Dimension! — “Yeah!”



I had applied to join that very week and was accepted two months later, transferring from Skyline High School in Oakland, California, to *Sing-Out* High School midway through my senior year, studying and then graduating on the road. Our High School “Principal” was **Bjorn Ryman**, a 27-year-old from Sweden who made sure we completed daily schoolwork in order to perform in the show.



He had a Swedish military background and we did not question his leadership. He was kind and supportive, never repressive. I had fallen behind while we were in Italy for a 15-city tour; graduation was scheduled on Fort Slocum Island, New York, just two weeks after our return to the States. Bjorn let me know that he had a responsibility to my parents to make sure I graduated on time, so he firmly told me that I would *not* be going to Africa. I heard myself negotiate with him: I could complete the semester of English Literature in the evening hours after the intensive daytime rehearsal schedule to put the entire show into French, Lingala, Swahili and Kikongo. He believed me, and I took the final exam in English Literature at 10 p.m. the night before my Sing-Out High School graduation day. After graduation, we walked to the dock of Fort Slocum, took the ferry to the other side, and then a bus to Kennedy Airport to fly to Kinshasa, Congo, as guests of President Mobutu!

I had learned that passion and motivation were part of me to an extent that I could never have imagined. I could focus with total concentration and memorize hundreds of words and music in a new language during the day and still complete a week's worth of study modules nightly. I asked myself, "Who am I?" I felt that I was part of changing the world by lifting people's thoughts and spirits, with music as a catalyst for change.

Acting as “ambassadors of change,” we completed our performances in Africa and flew back to New York. After a ten-day rest, we were to begin a grueling rehearsal and filming schedule with NBC television. David Wolper Productions then directed the *Up with People* TV Special that aired on national television that Fall. We were filmed running all over New York City, giving out energy and enthusiasm non-stop hour after hour despite the muggy heat and the pressure of deadlines. Farley Dickinson Campus in New Jersey was another of our locations for the shoot. It was green and lush, and I remember singing *Walk on Through* so many times that day that it has never left me for all these years!

As the undercurrent of this simple song, there is the calm, persistent beat of a bass guitar, like a heartbeat playing in the background. When I listen to this song, I imagine a carefree heart and a barefoot boy with a fishin’ pole on his way down a dirt road to his favorite hang-out place in the countryside.

Walk on Through

As I open the door, the morning light shines brightly,
The sun slowly melts the sparkling dew.
Taking the best of the days gone by me,
I won’t look back, but walk on through,
No, I won’t look back, but walk on through.



Up with People, Cast C, 1968, in May Day Parade, Bologna, Italy

When Our Roads Come Together

As I travel this road I know it won't be easy
The way may be long and wearisome,
But I'll work dawn till dusk,
Give my days completely —
And never look back until I'm done.
No, I won't look back until I'm through!



I'll talk to people I've
never known before:
We'll travel countryside
on distant shore,
Plantin' a spirit that
you can't ignore —
I'll do all I can and
more, and more.



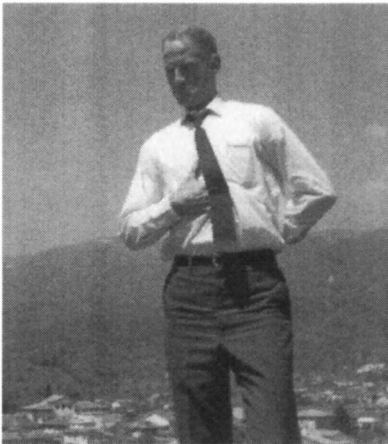
Our Italian Bus Drivers were
like family protectors and
friends during the tour!

When Our Roads Come Together



Lisa Loew's Birthday in Bassano del Grappa, Italy. She was an exceptional saxophonist and a Junior in Sing Out High School

I see people like me who are movin' mountains
And doin' things they thought they couldn't do.
Simply because they just keep on movin'
And never look back until they're through,
No, I won't look back until I'm through!



Left: **Ray Purdy**, Cast C Director who lead by example with humor and compassion. Right: Stage-crewmember trying to sleep.

When Our Roads Come Together



I'll talk to people I've never known before;
We'll travel countryside on distant shore,
Plantin' a spirit that you can't ignore--
I'll do all I can and more and more!



That song and this written memory of those times dart back and forth through time and space as if life were really only a flicker.



We performed in the Doge's Palace in Venice, Italy. We were the spectacle within the spectacle! We were the wind of change with ideas that were fifty years ahead of our time! What will the next fifty bring?

So now, to bring it all together: The final days of shooting were in the NBC Studios in Brooklyn, Long Island. I was wearing a pink performance dress, and somehow I was placed just to the left of the band on the middle level rather than the top (where I had usually been placed in shows because of my height). Between takes, when I had time to think, I marvelled at my good fortune! I was performing in a TV special — who the heck was I?

Up with People!

Well, it happened just this morning! I was walking down the street —
A Milkman and a Postman and Policeman I did meet —
There in every window, and in every single door — why,
I recognized people I'd never noticed before!
Up, Up with People! You meet them wherever you go!
Up, Up with People! They're the best kind of people, you know!
If more people were for people, all people everywhere,
There'd be a lot less people to worry about—and a lot more people who cared!



Well, inside everybody, there's some bad and there's some good,
But don't let anybody start attacking people-hood!
Love them as they are, and fight FOR them to be
Great men and great women as God meant them to be!
Up, Up with People! You meet them wherever you go!
Up, Up with People! They're the best kind of folks you know!
If more people were for people, all people everywhere,
There'd be a lot less people to worry about—and a lot more people who cared!

When you sing that song hundreds, maybe even thousands of times to that many audiences everywhere in the world, and especially in people's native language — something magical happens! Like musical alchemy, *Up with People* has continued to sing *A Song for the World* for fifty Years! And year by year, concert by concert, note by note, each succeeding cast has awakened the world to our evolutionary potential as human beings, to BECOME the CHANGE we wish to see in the world!

I don't think we took a quarter-note rest between completing our TV special and, the very next week, embarking on a performing tour to Quebec, Canada, where the entire show was sung in French. It was September, and I was in awe of the fall colors and the beauty of nature. In each city, we were welcomed by a new host family who invited us to live in their homes rather than have to stay in hotels. I fell in love with new cities named Sherbrook, Chicoutimi, Montreal and Quebec City. This experiential education of learning to love people because you are invited into their homes, getting to taste, smell and feel the vibrancy of their culture is unparalleled in the world. Certainly it was in my world!

I am so honored to be an *Up with People* Alumna: After almost fifty years, I am still in touch with how profoundly the experience shifted my consciousness. The inspired songs were the message. Our voices and intention were the delivery system. We were lifting the spirit and energy of people by singing songs of hope, of connection, of meaning. But our believing hearts have received a lifetime cycle of renewing energy that has kept our hearts on fire as graduates of that inspired program. The Journey is not over, we are all "launching into a New Dimension!"

The World is Your Hometown!

People whose lives are full of People — they're never down.
They're the kind that always laughin', 'cause of what they've found!

When you care for everyone, whether King or Clown
The World is Your Hometown!

Never thought about neighborin' much, didn't see the use,
But you know there lots like me, usin' the same excuse—
Now I'm gonna try somethin' new, I'm gonna open my heart
And let all my neighbors come through— that's what I'll do
That's just what I'll do 'cause:

People whose lives are full of People — they're never down!
They're the kind that always laughin', 'cause of what they've found!

When you care for everyone, whether king or clown,
The World is Your Hometown!

When Our Roads Come Together

Well, I'm just a small town girl, but I've travelled 'round;
I met folks in huts and palaces, and this is what I've found:
The Spirit of Man needs liftin' up, he'll burst with new life
And over the hurdles, he'll bound: That's what I've found!

That's just what I've found, 'CAUSE:

People whose lives are full of People — they're never down!
They're the kind that always laughin', 'cause of what they've found!

When you care for everyone, whether king or clown,
The World is Your Hometown!

After graduating from Sing-Out High School, we were all assigned one of the many tasks that kept the cast functioning — from stage crew to costume maintenance, from planning and co-ordinating food and lodgings to overseeing PR, or being on a special “crisis team” ready to handle the inevitable last-minute details that would always crop up as we moved on from city to city. I was invited to learn how to operate the Sound Mixing apparatus that controlled the live show at night and the smaller assemblies at schools in the daytime. With trepidation, I agreed and launched into the science of sound modulation, learning to sense feedback squeal at any frequency from low to high and to mitigate it with agile action on the “soundboard” before the audience was aware



of it. I had the power to balance voices on stage, boosting or lowering specific mikes to match tones and to “mix” the hundred-plus voices in juxtaposition with the lead singers, guitars, and drums who played over an energetic live band of trumpets and sax players.

Why did they give me this kind of power? I was just a kid! Who the heck was *I*?

After only six weeks in Quebec, *The Latin American Strike Force* was formed from select members of Casts A, B & C. I was among the chosen from my cast! We all met up in Jacksonville, Florida, with less than two weeks to stage the entire show in Spanish. Music Director **Dick Couchois** came in to get us ready for the arrival of **Herbie Allen** who would polish the ensemble and add the final touches.

There were only thirty of us: *Up with People* had never opened a country with such a small cast! But we had the original **Colwell Brothers** as lead singers — and each of us had been handpicked for a variety of reasons known only to Herbie and the directing team. We all had triple responsibilities besides performing.

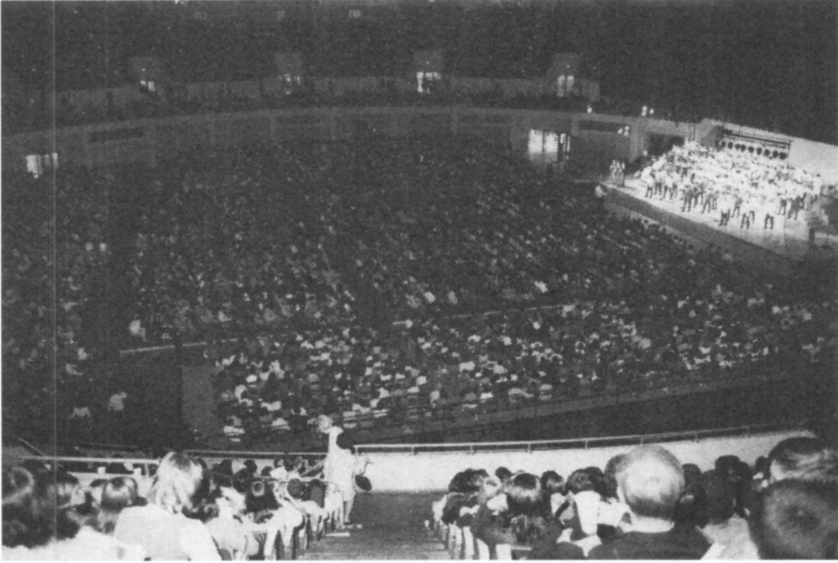
Our sponsor in Argentina was Manseras, the “Ed Sullivan” of Buenos Aires. We arrived at the Ezeiza Airport bustling with TV cameras and fanfare. We hit the ground running with the live-TV appearance the first week, and daily performances at schools around the Capital Federal. This sparked the recording studio sessions of a full “LP” record of *Up with*



UWP-Herbie Allen, Musical Director, UWP, Italy, 1968

People songs in Spanish. Unless you have done it, few realize the energy required to re-record a song for the 8th time with as much energy as the first. Then you start recording the second song, and so forth, long into the night, for several days. The LP completed, we travelled to Rosario, Cordoba and Mar del Plata before coming back to perform at the *Facultad de Derecho* Law University in Buenos Aires the final week of the tour. We were hailed as stars, which felt quite exhilarating but at the same time really weird.

I had grown up in this city: How did I get to return in this miraculous way?



When I was ten years old, my family had moved here as Construction Missionaries: My Father was a Supervisor for our church's chapel buildings. I had attended both Argentine public schools and, for several years, private British boarding schools. This was the culture and the



I had grown up with a Latin heart in a gringa body in Argentina. These are among my many friends, who found me backstage to hug me after the shows.

rhythm of my heart and blood! I loved the Tango and the Empanadas and the Yerba Maté and the language! I had come home!

So there you have it, that very first day, at the very first private school assembly performance, we met the students face to face after the show, signed our autographs and invited them to the Luna Park Mega show that weekend. “Vos no sos Karyne?” I looked up and there was Monica Gontero, a former 6th grade classmate from Quilmes Elementary School! Kisses on both cheeks followed, and this became the new normal — being recognized by dear friends I thought I would never see again, in a country far, far away! Or so my child brain had perceived the possibility of ever returning to Argentina again.

One of my assigned special tasks in the Strike Force was to learn the most popular Folkloric song the day we arrived in any new country, teach the refrain from its chorus to the cast, and then perform all the verses on stage with John Gonzalez each night! For Argentina, it was:

*Viva Jujuy, Viva la Puna Viva, mi amada,
Vivan los Cerros,
Pintareajados de mi quebrada, Humawaquena,
No te separes de mis amores! Tu eres mi duena!*



John Gonzalez & Karyne Richardson connect with folkloric guitars in the Latin American Strike Force.

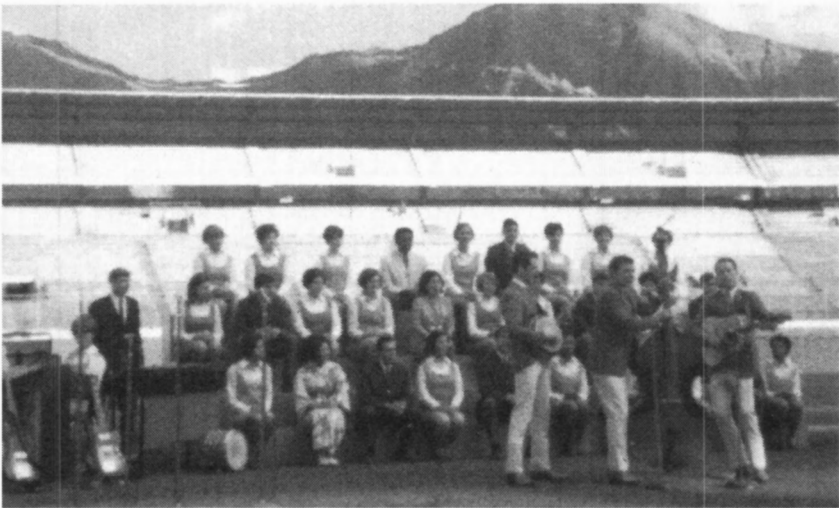
For Uruguay it was:

*El Uruguay no es un río, es un cielo azul che viaja, pintor de nubes,
Camino con sabor a mieles ruanas.*

*Los amores de la costa son amores sin destino,
Camalote de esperanza che se va llevando el río.
Chua Chua Chua ha, ha ha, no cantes mas torcasito,
Che llora sangre el Ceibal!*

We forged a connection to each audience by singing most of the songs in their language and by including cultural songs which they all knew but were surprised to hear coming from a cast of foreigners! Back in 1968, of course, there was no such thing as the Internet, let alone Facebook, so *Viva La Gente* was the catalytic performance to connect us to that nation by learning its folk songs, and it sometimes meant letting them laugh at us for botching the words! What was the message? We are alike! Let's build a new tomorrow together!

On a personal level, in every city, in every performance, there was someone in the audience who recognized me from my childhood and came to find and greet me after the show. The cast kept asking me: "Who the heck are you? How do you know someone in every city we visit?"



At the time I mostly responded with “I am my Father’s daughter; he is very honored by many in this country.” But I also had mental impressions of how small the world really was, and that the world was a friendly place when you greeted it with a song in your heart.

The government of Uruguay was our inviting sponsor the second week of the Latin tour. We flew to Montevideo in a military aircraft where we all sat facing each other, as if we were about to jump out with parachutes on! What a bumpy ride! Travel buses were at the airport to drive us many hours to Salto, our first city in the interior, near the Brazilian border. The cast members chided me during the trip: “We’re in a different country now, Karyne! You don’t know anybody here, right?”

I assured them they would not be bothered by people coming up asking for me by name.

We arrived around midday, and one by one came out of the bus to greet our local PR welcoming committee.

“Karyne!” a female voice called out ecstatically, “Como estás?”

I looked up and there was Nancy, who had been my friend at Skyline High School in Oakland, California, the previous year as an Uruguayan exchange student! This had been our junior year — before I had ever heard of *Up with People!*



Chris Campbell's voice still is in my ear: “Gee, I’m looking forward to the future!”

Need I say “Heck”?!?

The laughter from the cast became a group joke, like a synchronicity that repeated itself *because* it was expected. Maybe that was the point? When we expect magic to show up — it does!

Hot and steamy weather greeted us as we were booked for outside performances, most notably — and still in my memory banks decades later — was the difficult staging and performance on a boat, which was docked and facing the audience on the shore! The spotlights attracted so many mosquitoes and other flying bugs that we could hardly spit them out and still get the words right. We sang with open mouths but not without swallowing at least a few every now and then.

Our ‘respite city’ later that week was Punta Del Este, and on Sunday, the 17th of November, the cast helped me celebrate my 18th Birthday! Provi Camejo, my dear friend from Puerto Rico, had purchased a marvelous birthday cake soaked with rum — Yum! Flag football on the beach followed, and then back on the bus to return to Montevideo and the big final performances for this country. The bus ride gave me time to think: I was a grown-up now — What would the future be like?





I loved each day of my present life ... but could life really be this exciting always?

Future

Gee, I'm lookin' forward to the future, for in the distance I can see,
A great new day is dawning — in the 21st Century!

Yes, I'm looking forward to the future,

Yes, I know it's not a dream; we'll make it a reality!

Like the Old Missouri, we'll roll along; our dream now is but a song.
And we'll build now, until it's fulfilled, and the world will be filled with
our Song!

Gee, I'm lookin' forward to the future, for in the distance I can see,
A great new day is dawning in the 21st Century!

The next four weeks of the Latin Tour were sponsored by Sears, with one week in each of four countries: Venezuela, Colombia, Peru and Panama.



1968 Cast C—lots of new Scandinavians joined in April and wore native costumes in the show.

In Venezuela, our performances began for the Sears workers in the parking lot, and many of us were housed with Venezuelan families in the capital, Caracas. By the end of the week, my awareness of tropical fruits and bird sounds had grown so familiar that I knew I would miss this country that felt like a warm, gentle spring each morning on my skin. I noted so many contrasts of opposites here — where people living downtown in the city were very rich and had fine apartments while the desperately poor lived on the steep hillsides in shanty huts that with each rain could be washed away in the mud.

Our last performance location was a surprise to us, as we set up the lights and the stage on the roof of the Sears building, facing the massive parking lot one story higher. As the sun began to go down, thousands of Venezuelans crowded into the huge paved area carrying their children on their shoulders. Standing throughout the entire show, their loud cheers and clapping in response to our performance was the final connection from their hearts to ours. All our voices singing together the final reprise of *Viva La Gente* is a people-to-people memory of shared joy.

In Bogotá, Colombia, we performed in an outdoor soccer stadium. We had the entire field to dance around and move within and run up to the people in the stands to touch their hands as we danced by. We began to teach them the body movements to *Viva la Gente*, and by the end of the performance we were all waving and pointing to each other in synch with

the song! Perhaps this was a “type and a shadow” to come for *Up with People*. Performing as the half-time entertainment for four NFL Super Bowls!

The crowds went wild as we sang *La Cumbia*, a song particular to this region that we had specially chosen to reach out to them during the *Latin American Medley of Songs*. I thought sometimes to myself that week, “How is it that these people are so happy when they are so poor?” Walls of prejudice that I didn’t know existed melted away inside me, prejudices about social status, about illiteracy. I wondered how long it would take humans working together to shift the false construct in our minds about power, money and social status.

At 18, I believed we were the generation to do it! The real purpose of power was to bless people’s lives! Education, a healthy diet and clean water can change any child on the planet into a smart, creative human being. Tenacity in holding to this belief system has produced documented results! I still believe that this century will see humanity struggle through polarities of dark and light and the illusion of Us and Them. We really are “all in it together” to create unity by sharing our light and love in the global community.

The final mega-performance in Colombia was at Media Luna, an outdoor amphitheater on the hillside. **Tim Stumpp** was trouble-

shooting the sound system’s acoustic challenges, so I was assigned to MIX this show! I made sure the sound was as perfect as possible with no feedback and kept the volume amped as high as possible, but at the same time, I could feel and enjoy the palpable energy of the people sitting all around me. Their joy in receiving our songs was a real and tangible THING! They took in the words and music with wonder, words and music that gave them permission to shine, to create, to hope and to feel awe about their lives. This was and is the message of *Up with People*!



Tim Stumpp, sound engineer, teacher

Morning of Time

There's a Road we've never walked, we've never walked before:
There's a Way never tried.

There's a Thought, a New Idea that never crossed a Mind:
I believe that it's just the Eve of the Dawning of the Morning of Time!

Dawning has just begun, I see the Sun for everyone.

Dawning has just begun; it IS the Dawn of the Morning of Time!

With the Morn, a Love is Born, never known before—

Wipes the Tears from every eye—

Just feel the wind; it's stirring in the Hearts of all Mankind!

I believe that it's just the Eve of the Dawning of the Morning of Time!

—I look around me at the People just waiting to do something great...

—and I know they're gonna do it!

—The night's been dark and long, but now we see the first rays

Of a Day we never dared
dream of before

There's so much space to
explore,

so many people to know
and things to build to-
gether—

It's just got to be the
Morning of Time!

Dawning has just begun, I
see the Sun for everyone—

Dawning has just begun; it
IS the Dawn of the Morn-
ing of Time!

Lima, Peru, was out
next adventure. My host
had his chauffeur pick
us up in a Mercedes and
drive us on a private tour
around the capital. His



UWP Easter '68—Karyne, Glennie and host family kids.

home was a fortress-like structure, but once inside the gates, we were ushered into his elegant designer home with its glass and marble walls, and leather and silk furniture that gave it a feeling of safety and permanence. It was also decorated with original pieces of Pre-Colombian Art. Gracious and welcoming, he made sure his servants took care of all our needs that week.

Our most memorable performance was for the cadets at the National Military Academy. A sea of young men dressed in white uniforms shouted out their approval for their favorites among the songs—especially:

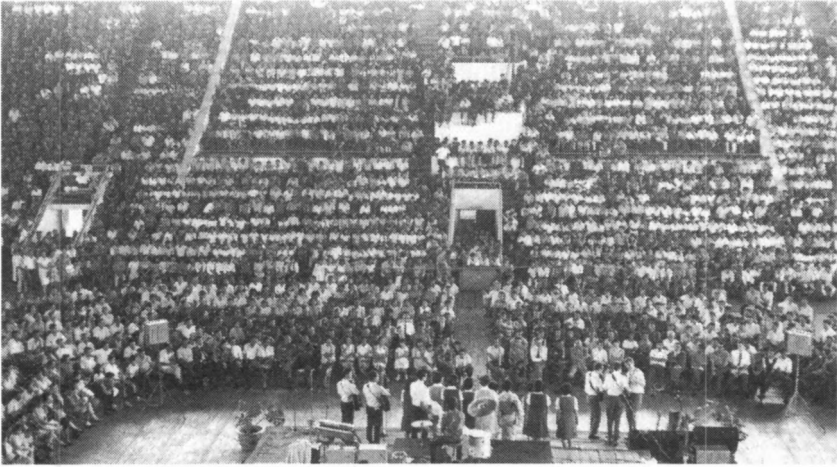
Freedom isn't Free, Freedom isn't Free,
You've got to pay a price,
You've got to sacrifice, for your Liberty.
Freedom is a word often heard today,
But if you're gonna keep it, there's a price to pay.
Each generation's got to win it anew,
'Cause it's not something handed down to you!

After the performance, each member of the cast was escorted to a separate table by an officer. Each one of us had a whole table of cadets to ourself for the entire meal! How exciting! What fun! It is a good thing, in that circumstance, to speak Spanish! The questions and conversation spanned the gamut from how *Up with People* got started to our personal political opinions, especially what we felt about the recent assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. They also wanted to know how old was I, and would I consider living in Peru? It is really an amazing thing to talk to people anywhere in the world. Really an amazing thing! So many barriers come down — and we all realize that we are just *us*. What the Heck! We are all of us amazing!

Final City on the Latin Tour: Panama

***Panama, Centro del Mundo, y Corazon de todo Pueblo
La Llave tu posees, a la Unidad del Universo!
A la Unidad del Universo, Panama!***

Sweltering heat in Panama City didn't stop us from performances throughout the city, including for Americans stationed there on an



Latin American Strike Force, 1968.

American military base. We were hosted by the United States Military: The General himself gave us a personal tour of the Canal Locks that were so important to ships from all countries navigating around the world. Seeing the immense size of this visionary engineering feat was eye-opening about the ability of us humans to solve problems when we work together. Leonardo da Vinci would be proud, I thought!

I saw the continental divide that day. A live energy that moved in opposite directions! I watched the walls of water flowing from a center point in the fluid middle, then just miraculously split in opposite directions, one going west to the Pacific Ocean and the other, east to the Gulf of Mexico and on to the Atlantic Ocean. I remember thinking that I loved God's Mighty Style!

This was the last city in the tour, and we were excited to join Casts A, B & C in Santa Fe, New Mexico, for Christmas together. I had been a part of *Up with People* exactly one year.

Snow greeted us in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The famous paper lanterns lit with candles decorating the city walls were so visually unique I couldn't stop my eyes from taking it all in as if I were mapping a landscape. I had invited my parents to come for Christmas so they could experience the excitement and joy that I felt. All the casts performed for each other and shared the new ways we had been creative with the music and choreography. We were wearing our colorful *Ruanas* from Colombia, as part of our costume.



Panama-audience does UWP movements—1968.

After New Year's Eve, as 1969 began, the Latin Strike Force cast was chosen to perform at the Presidential Inauguration in Washington, D.C. and be on President Nixon's Inaugural Float in the Inaugural Parade. The theme was "Forward Together," and our small cast was perfectly arranged on the multi-tiered float as we sang "*Up with People*" down Pennsylvania Avenue.



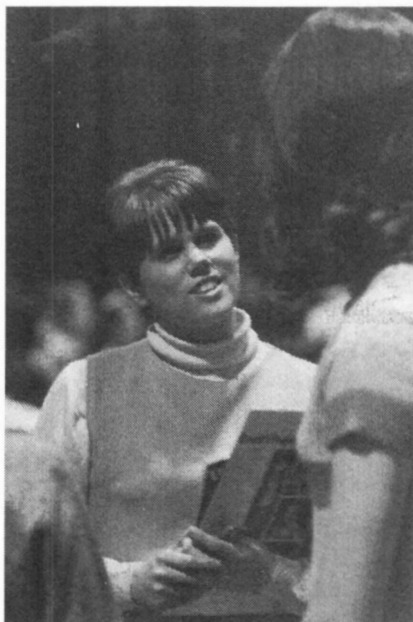
Years later, when the movie *Forrest Gump* came out, I sort of felt like I was watching myself back in 1968. What the heck!?

As I look back, the next nine months are a collage and a whirlwind. I transferred to Cast A, heading for Ontario, Canada. I was assigned advance PR work to “set up” the city of Kingston/Waterloo. We did Radio and TV interviews, gave presentations to Lions Clubs and church groups, sharing our vision to bring a new spirit of home to their city that might bring their community together and actually create a desire in people to want to work with each other in finding local solutions. We also asked for their families to house our cast members, all 180 of them! And we had less than two or three weeks to “Just Do It”! When the Sing-Out Buses arrived in town, host families were waiting with large signs festooned with the names of the cast member or members who would go home with them after initial introductions. Our Host Families were among the highlights of all those months travelling with *Up with People*: they opened their homes, kitchens and hearts to whomever came off the bus with the same name as the sign they were holding!

- Mr. OM from Korea?
- **Shikeko Kondo** from Japan?
- **Bjorn** from Norway?
- **Jewel Weaver** from Georgia?
- **Ernesto Araujo** from Panama?

Sometimes, I discovered, time and space can collide while externally everything seems to be unremarkably ordinary. Consider that every night we sat with our host families around their kitchen tables over a hot cups of cocoa and melted cheese sandwiches having discussions that ultimately changed people’s minds — and their paradigms. That is where the real change happened, that had a lasting effect, house by house and city by city. That was where we shone! We loved to share our hope for peace in the world and, just as much, we loved to listen to their stories of their families and what mattered to them most: ***People are more important than things.***

My host family drove me to see Niagara Falls from the Canadian side when it was mostly frozen over. What I remember is the warmth



Danielle Reget Smith, Cast C UWP.

of that family: They were intelligent and kind. Both parents' dialogue with their teenaged son and daughter was honoring and playful, and the teens responded in the same manner. They all engaged us with eagerness and delight. This was more than a memory; this was an experiential model of how families interact in a healthy way. I knew it was possible because I had experienced it!

Within weeks, we received word that Italy wanted us back! So Cast A was to prepare to leave within a few weeks. This was a new cast A, mostly made up of new cast members who did not know the show in the Italian language. I was

recruited to begin teaching the lead soloists their words, and then also to teach the entire cast the main words to the songs, focusing on the Italian pronunciation, the words and the rhythms during daily rehearsals! We were still performing in Ontario, Canada, with the show in English, but these daily Italian intensives were added into the daily schedule.

Just a few days before the cast flight, **Herbie** came in to tighten up the show and add new details that had just been created. Five days before departure, I was told that my skills were needed at the main offices of *Up with People* in Los Angeles, so instead of flying to Milano, I flew to Los Angeles and became a resident in the *Up with People* building on South Flower Street in downtown L.A. It housed offices, living quarters, elegant dining rooms, patio gardens, meeting room and printing facilities in the basement for PACE Magazine. For me personally, came the assignment to be the personal secretary to Mr. **Marshall Cartledge**. This was the hub of activity that supported all the travelling casts worldwide, and I was thrust into the details of typing and proofing the foreign-language slides that were projected during the shows.

Nowadays, in 2015, this is a common practice at opera houses and

theaters all over the world, and it is completely automated — but in 1969, the concept was new.

To have the timing of the words projected above the stage during each song, phrase by phrase, to the beat of the music! —Unheard of!

If the cast sang a particular song in English, it was imperative to get the message across “in synch” with the words and action on stage. Our work had to be exact, word by word, and then slide by slide: The sequence had to be exact. Then, on the tour, there had to be one person on the production team who could change the carousel slides “in synch”, who spoke both languages and who as well had musical and rhythmic abilities. Back then there was no automation of lights, sound and projected images.

I could type in only three languages, so from the start I was a frustration to **Marshall**, who was himself fluent in five or more languages. He was so very patient with my mistakes but demanded exactness with every word!

While I typed, he dictated all the legal letters having to do with travel arrangements in foreign countries for all the casts. I had to learn the meaning of a “perfectly-typed letter” before he would sign them. The electric Remington was my witness; I would retype a letter three or four times before it would receive his signature! Does anyone today understand the miracle of computers and Word self-correct? Typing back then meant *re-typing* the entire letter, since Marshall did not allow “white-out.”



Marshall was also the details behind the publishing of the *Up with People* music songbooks. He had a piano in his office, and each day we would take several hours simplifying the notes for the “Easy Piano Version” so that school teachers or pianists could use the upbeat songs to invite these happy melodies into their classrooms and vocal practice sessions. This was my volunteer work each day for many months during the life-changing events of 1969.

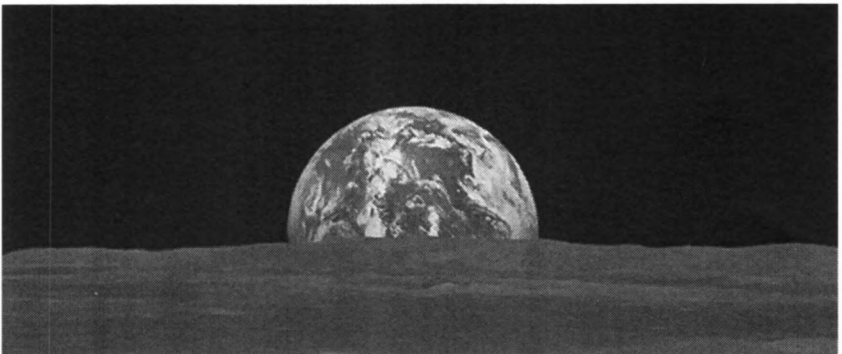
Where was I when Man first landed on the Moon?

The *Up with People* offices in downtown Los Angeles were of course on South Flower Street! We all huddled in front of the tiny TV-set to witness human beings breaking out of the gravitational pull of the earth as well as breaking free of an old mind-set paradigm.

- ***“One small step for Man, One giant leap for Mankind!”***
- ***We had done it!***
- ***We were standing in the middle of history in the making!***

Our conversations around the group dining room that day led to the most amazing thoughts and beliefs about what was really possible as humans, as we approached the 21st Century.

We reminded ourselves that a little over a year before, on December 31, 1968, at Leaky, Texas, all three casts had been visited by Astronaut **Pete Conrad**, who had talked to us about the experiences that led up to his Moon Walk. He presented to *Up with People*® and its founder, **J. Blanton Belk**, a United States flag and insignia that had been carried



to the moon and back! I had been at that event, which happened during the first week after my leaving home to join *Up with People!*

A new song was written by **Effie Galletly** from Wales in the United Kingdom. Immediately, the song was put in the show of all three casts that were then performing, in several countries. The staging was breathtaking, as an image that was never-before-possible appeared behind the singer on stage. Projected on a scrim behind where she stood was a large picture taken by NASA astronauts from the Moon: It revealed Our Earth, rising above a moonscape. As she sang her song of hope, the audiences almost seemed to hold their awe and wonder without breathing,

EarthRise!

I saw my first Earthrise this morning!
I knew that life would never be the same.
Now instead of just an old-fashioned Moon rise
I could cast my eyes — on an EarthRise!



Astronaut Charles "Pete" Conrad carried a small American flag on his arm on his two trips into space in Gemini 5 and Gemini 11. While spending New Year's Eve with the three national casts of "Up With People" in Texas, he presented this flag to J. Blanton Belk, President of Up With People Incorporated.

In presenting the flag, Commander Conrad said, "One thing the pictures don't show you is motion - you cross the United States in nine minutes, the Atlantic in eleven, Africa in twelve. It is a small world, and you don't see any borders."

December 31, 1967

Humans want to have reason to hope! *Up with People* gave them a visionary musical platform to believe that this new version of hope was grounded in reality. If Man had just landed on the Moon, then why not take the next step into the belief that Man could finally evolve to be a revolutionary kind and compassionate human by nature? Could we be the generation that could bring lasting peace on Earth?

That same month, **Viktor Frankl** came and visited us at South Flower Street while the staff of PACE Magazine (the publication arm of *Up with People*) was writing a featured piece about him and his Logotherapy, the psychological work on human evolution that he had developed out of circumstances that were the very antithesis of every human behavior we cherished —as a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp.

Again I found myself being one of a handful of young people listening to him share his story of hope and survival during WWII at Auschwitz. I saw the number burned into his forearm, just above his wrist. He hid nothing. He was peaceful yet powerful as he inquired into who we were and what our goals and passions were and listened with what seemed to be wonder and awe at our answers. I sensed his genuine interest in us and in our ideas.

Rather than telling us the horrors of what he had done to survive, he engaged us fully and with enthusiasm in his voice, enumerating the reasons why people survived the hell of those camps by choosing how they thought! He explained that you are free when you realize that no one can choose your thoughts for you, only you!

Everything can be taken from you, as it was in the death camps: Taken violently in the dark of night out of your home to an unknown prison, you were stripped socially of your former position in the community and shoved into densely-packed cattle cars with no food or water, then, on arrival, stripped



Viktor Frankl

physically of all your clothing and earthly possessions. At that point, you were separated from your children and you watched as they were marched off, while others around you had their children torn from their arms amid cries of agony and fear. You feared you would never see them alive again — and you were probably right.

But ultimately, with amazing stillness in his voice, he shared that even in the midst of that nightmare, you can choose **to find meaning inside that suffering that somehow held you fast, so that you did not break.** That nugget of knowingness is what lies deep in a person's heart about **why they had ever been born. It was a gnosis that they were willing to take to their graves, and still not betray themselves. It was their very essence.** What was it again? I tried to grasp the meaning behind his words, and how I was feeling in response to them, even at the moment he was sharing the energy of his message of hope with us that day. His words carried a tone, a color of compassion towards each one of us.

There are no words I can write here to explain the transfer of energy he gave to every single one of us that day. Somehow he transferred this subtle frequency/vibration of *knowingness* to us. He knew this sacred knowing deep in his own soul, and we knew and felt this knowingness as well, as our birthright as human beings: To know, inside of knowing, to connect to your own soul and somehow confess to yourself that Life is indeed Sacred, and that all the suffering was worth the price of the learning.

Viktor Frankl: *Man's Search for Meaning*

I stood there mesmerized for more than a moment.

Then I heard a voice say to me, "Remember how you feel at this moment, in the presence of a great soul. You are too young to fully realize what you are learning, but remember it for later in your life and work."

I turned around to see who had spoken to me. There was no one behind me. This didn't startle me. I just turned back and made a mental note that 'my mind has just spoken to me'. It didn't seem unusual, even though it had never happened before.

Viktor Frankl then shared his most important message, one that I have held as a great "thought treasure" all these years:

“Man goes beyond necessities to the very limits of possibilities because he wonders where those limits lie. And behold, they don’t lie anywhere because, like the horizon, our limits expand with every step we take towards them.”

That quote was published in the 1969 summer issue of **PACE Magazine**, which was the same issue that contained glorious pictures of the EarthRise and of Man landing on the Moon! Where are our human limits indeed?

Up with People gave me a mindset for entrepreneurial endeavors that always push the envelope to the next frontier. I have become a pioneer in the field of developmental neuroscience, and I have used the knowledge I initially learned in *Up with People* as a “sound mixer” —an engineer of fractions of sound waves for the live shows— to become an explorer of the science of sound waves, Psychoacoustics. I trace the healing capacity of these miraculous waves of sound to stimulate neurogenesis inside the human brain. For me, the new frontier is the space between the ears!

I left *Up with People* that Fall of 1969 to begin college in Speech & Communications at Brigham Young University — but the *Up with People* spirit has never left me.

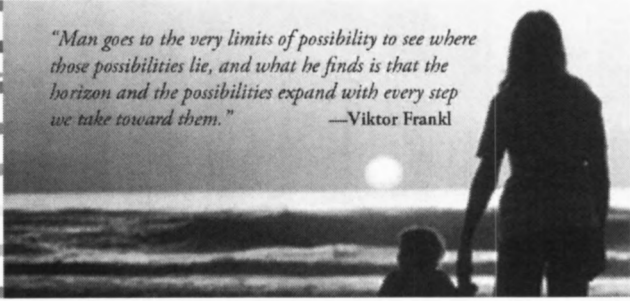
As the founding director of *Your Health, Your Choice Foundation* since 1997, I have been able to create an ongoing, funded organization that pioneers research into the science of brain neuroplasticity. We measure the effects of software programs that use fractal sound waves, which are known as Harmonics to musicians. These have the power to stimulate coherent nerve growth in the brain. The Foundation has created Software Brain Training programs that improve the functional learning of children with ADD/ADHD, Dyslexia, stuttering, auditory processing issues, sensory integration for walking, balance and hyper-tactility, sleep pattern disorders, recovery from traumatic brain injury, recovery after stroke and recovery of memory after chemotherapy. Furthermore, we have established, at this point, a ten-year track record of documented prevention of senior dementia and Alzheimer’s. I know for sure that improvement in Brain Fitness *at any age* is possible.

What did **Viktor Frankl** say to us that day in 1969?

INSTITUTE
FOR
SOUND
HEALTH
&
INTEGRATIVE
MEDICINE

"Man goes to the very limits of possibility to see where those possibilities lie, and what he finds is that the horizon and the possibilities expand with every step we take toward them."

—Viktor Frankl



He told us that the limits always expand as we take the next step towards the horizon! As technology expands, it is up to us to expand our soul's potential as humans. We can defy the gravity of fear and anger and become so much more than victims of the past! There is a better way through the chaos when we "Walk on Through" life, together!

In 2006, when our web designer asked what we wanted on the welcome/landing page of the new online graduate school, I knew that the visual we needed to have was a picture of the horizon with a parent and child standing before it, on the edge of the ocean of possibilities— and that those words I so love from Viktor Frankl would extend the perfect invitation to each new visitor to take the next step with us!

Currently, I am the Director of Graduate Studies at The Institute for Sound Health & Integrative Medicine at www.ISHIM.us.

The Evolution of The New Human is here!

I believe deeply that we are standing at the beginning of **The Morning of Time**, and that it is time *to launch into a new dimension of Brain Neuroscience* to make history.

And you can "come along if you wanna!"

So do join us!

It's a time filled with amazing and creative people everywhere. And you sure do meet a lot of them now-a-days!

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65168363R00200

Made in the USA
Charleston, SC
16 December 2016