

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

**AMERICAN
FOLK DANCERS
1972**

EUROPEAN TOUR

(7th ANNUAL TOUR)

**BYU International Folk Dancers
259 Richards Building
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah 84602**



As our tour Historian I only
have this to say . . .

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY FINISHED
THE WHOLE THING"



-1972-
 EUROPEAN TOUR JUNE 17 - 13
 BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY FOLK DANCERS

Mary Bee Jensen - Artistic Director - 1484 East 1650 North, Provo, Utah
 Don R. Allen - Tour Director - 1907 Columbia Lane, Orem, Utah
 Bob Fitch - Public Relations -
 James Jensen - Sound Man - 1484 East 1650 North, Provo, Utah

-BAND-

Rich Brown	-	Accordian	
Bryan Noyce	-	Guitar	- 2190 East 3715 South, Salt Lake City, Utah
Jim Norman	-	Banjo	- 3948 Alberly Way, Salt Lake City, Utah
Jim Blount	-	Guitar	-
Joan Bond	-	Violin	-
Roni Hammond	-	Violin	-
Mary Lou Robertson	-	Violin	- 745 East Case Lane, Springville, Utah

-DANCERS-

Charles Illsley	-	INDIAN	-
Mark Williams		I	1075 N. 1st E.
Joan Christensen		A	1965 W. 7800 S.H. Jordan
Bob Hawker		L	
		L	
Marcie Nash		S	1054 N. Grand Ave., Muskegan, Michigan
Dave Baker		Q	144 S. Olive, Mesa, Arizona
Betsy Love		U	570 Cent. Ave, Palo Alto, California 94301
Duane Bishop		A	269 N. 300 W. Delta, Utah
Margie Paulsen		R	
		E	
Jeff Webster		M	3694 S. 2110 E. Salt Lake City, Utah
Judy Pomeroy		I	456 Mariposa, Anaheim, California 92801
Toni Cheung		D	
		D	
		L	
		E	
Genny Call		S	4336 Fortuna Way, Salt Lake City, Utah 84117
Sheldon Kidd		Q	Rt. 2 Box 101 Preston, Idaho 83263
Madelyn Hollingshead		U	Minersville, Utah 84752
Erent England		A	1313 Fairview Lane, Redlands, Ca.
Mary Ann Cullimore		R	3795 Ruth Dr. Salt Lake City, Utah 84117
		E	
Greg Lund		S	Clayton Hall, Provo, Utah
Tanya Lund		H	Clayton Hall, Provo, Utah
Chan Garbett		O	3721 S. 2860 E. Salt Lake City, Utah 84109
Robin Gerard		R	10516 Santa Susana N.E., Albuquerque, N.M.
		T	

George Estacadio
Vivkie Bird
Pat Debenham
Shelley Olson

S
Q
U
A
R
E

256 88th St., Colma, California 94015
New Town, North Dakota
Rt. #7, Spokane, Washington
451 N. 150 E., Orem, Utah

STUDENT RESPONSIBILITIES AND BIRTHDAYS

Greg Lund	Assistant Business Manager	
Jeff Webster	Assistant Business Manager	June 25
Pat Debenham	Director of Baggage Movement	August 21
Mark Williams	Baggage Loading	July 6
Tony Cheung	Costume Packing Supervisor	May 10
Robin Gerrard	Women's Costumes	December 11
Chan Garbett	Women's Costumes	
Sheldon Kidd	Women's Costumes	September 23
Duane Bishop	Men's Costumes	
Bryan Noyce	Men's Costumes	November 2
Joan Christensen	Slips	July 3
Madelyn Hollingshead	Slips	
Betsy Love	Slips	December 16
Dave Baker	Costume Shoes	March 16
Mary Ann Cullimore	Costume Shoes	April 14
Marcie Nash	Four Secretary-Publicity-Quotes	June 13
Bab Hawker	Tour History	
Shelley Olson	Tour History	November 19
John Boud	Band Director	February 5
Jimmy Jensen	Sound Director	
Jim Norman	Musical Instruments	July 3
Roni Hammond	Musical Instruments	October 9
Mary Lou Robertson	Musical Instruments	
Richard Brown	Musical Instruments	February 23
Jim Blount	Musical Instruments	
Judy Pomeroy	Special Events	August 2
Brent England	Special Events	
Vickie Bird	Special Events	May 8
Ginny Call	Addresses	
Tanya Lund	Addresses	
Charles Illsley	Addresses	
George Estacapio	Bus Seating & Show Summaries	November 19
Margie Paulsen	Bus Seating & Show Summaries	July 21
Don Allen	Tour Director	
Mary Bee Jensen	Artistic Director	
Bob Fitch	Public Relations	

EUROPEAN PROGRAM TOUR A

AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

June 17-July 13 (27 days)

Devil's Dream
Westeroo
Appalacian Square Dance

Blue Grass Medley
Indian Medley

Quadrille - (waltz quadrille)
Contra (New England Contra)
Round Dance Medley

Solo---Fire and Rain
Your Song

Kentucky Running Sets
Appalacian Tap Clog

Hawaiian War Chant

Puili
Feather Gourd
I am Hawaii

Indian Maid -- Go My Son
Cowboy Medley

Pioneer Section
Skip to my Lou
Oh Susanna
Indian Maid
Virginia Reel
Lone Prairie
Indian Scalp Dance
Polka Quadrille

Rain Drops
Salty Dog Rag
Exhibition Square Dance

Indian Snake Dance
Western Hoe Down

Cake Walk
Charleston
Swing
Hoe Down

Mountains Cry Out
Indian Dance and Chant

Orange Blossom Special

Indian Hoop Dance

Smoky Mountain Clog
Smoky Mountain Tap Clog

INTERMISSION

Itinerary
BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS
Europe Tour "A"
June 17 - July 13, 1972

June 17 12:30 p. m. - Dpt. Salt Lake City BYU charter
Sat.

June 18 8:00 a. m. - Arr. Amsterdam, Holland
Sun. 11:20 a. m. - Dpt. Amsterdam Luftonza #083 for Frankfurt, Germany
 12:30 p. m. - Arr. Frankfurt
 1:15 p. m. - Dept. Frankfurt Lufthansa #622 for Munich
 2:05 p. m. Arr. Munich

Contact is: Elder Keith Ramsey
 Germany South LDS Mission
 Machtlfinger Strasse 5
 8, Munich 25
 Tele: 78-82-20

Housing: Haus International
 8 Munich 13
 Elizabeth Str. 7

June 19 Munich 3, 4 DM = \$1.00 (rate of exchange)
Mon 1:00 p. m. - Television taping Zweites Deutesches Fernehen Z BS-TV
 Outdoors - Cowboy Club
 Dr. R. Sailer

June 20 Munich
Tues.

June 21 Munich
Wed.

DAILY JOURNALS

June 17 -- Betsey Love

Today was the big day at last. At 10:30 a.m. we, folkdancers, met at the airport (though some, true to folkdancer heritage, arrived late) with our precious 15 pound survival kits and for the first time, felt a deep sense of identity and unity by the uniforms we wore.

We gathered with four other departing BYU groups and with relatives and friends who spent the last few minutes hugging us goodbye and giving advice on what to get and what to eat in what countries. Finally it was time to board and the last five folkdancers to go, Chan, Brent, Ginny, Betsey, and Mark trucked out to the plane, giving those left behind a last laugh.

For several of the folkdancers this was their first time flying, thus an extra exciting event for them. Once in the air, the plane glided smoothly through and over the cotton candy clouds on its way.

Lunch was quickly served whereupon Jeff promptly spilled buttered potatoes on his tie. It was then rumored that he and Joan sneaked off to the bathroom and came out with Jeff's tie pulled off and his shirt

2 BYU Folk Dance Teams Prepare European Tours

Dancers Leaving On Tour

PROVO — The Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers will be taking their "America Through Dance" program to Europe for the seventh time Saturday. In fact, this year two teams of dancers and musicians, com-

prising 60 students, will tour eight countries and the Principality of Monaco.

Among plans of the American Folk Dancers are performances along the Yugoslavian Adriatic coast from Durbovkik to Ljubljana; a three-

day television taping session in Munich, Germany; on concert stages throughout Holland; and in folk dance festivals in Cry-Sur-Armancon, Confolens, Bayonne, and Nice in France; and Schoten and Middelkerke in Belgium.

The first group (Saturday, July 13) will be accompanied by Don Allen as tour director and business manager. Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen as artistic director, and Bob Fitch as public relations manager.

The second group (July

13-Aug. 24) will travel with second team.

The first American folk dance team to represent the United States in Europe, the Y. dancers have earned a reputation for excellence both on and off the stage in almost every country in Europe. Last

year, for instance, a team toured Europe for 11 weeks, appeared in 14 countries before over 50,000 persons in 62 concert and festival performances, and before over 45,000,000 television viewers in Spain, France and Norway.

BYU Folkdancers Will Tour Europe

In 'America Through Dance' Show

The Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers will be taking their internationally acclaimed "America Through Dance" program to Europe for the seventh time, June 17-August 24. In fact, this year two teams of dancers and musicians, comprising 60 students, will tour 8 countries and the Principality of Monaco.

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The first American folk dance team to represent the United States in Europe, the Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers have earned a

PROVO — The International Folk Dancers of Brigham Young University are being featured at the General Federation of Women's Clubs convention in Denver Civic Auditorium today.

Scheduled to leave on their seventh tour of Europe on June 17, the group is directed by Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen.

Delegates to the convention represent scores of nations all over the world.

The internationally known BYU troupe is recognized for the authenticity of its costumes and dances. In addition to observing the dancers of many nations during the tours, Mrs. Jensen also has imported authorities from Folk Dance Club.

Only part of the 48 dancers appearing in Denver will be from the group scheduled to tour Europe this summer and the remainder of the group will be made up of advanced students in the International Folk Dance Club.

Typical of the comments received about the dancers over the past 15 years is the following from a UPI release after a performance in Vienna, Austria: "Vienna may be the traditional home of the waltz, but there's nothing most Viennese like better than a good cowboy and Indian movie, and the dancers looked as if they had stepped off the set of a 'wild western.'"

Bo Larsen of the Swedish Broadcasting Company commented, "It is marvelous to work with the American Folk Dancers. They have a spirit that I have never seen before."

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The American Folk Dancers have performed in the famous Murcur Theater and in Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen; the Salle Playel Theater and Trocadero in Paris; the Turki Konsertisalli in Turku, Finland; the Drammen (Song of Norway) Theater in Drammen, Norway.

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unbuttoned.

Dinner was served and Mark spilled his milk, splashing ~~in~~ it out of excitement. Later still in his excitement, he spilled water on Jeff's shoulder, which alas'...Quite annoyed, poor Jeff. Then to top it off, a stewardess dumped a can of tomato juice on Tony and Jim (Blount).

The next thing folkdancers knew, Joan and Tony were seen sneaking off to the bathroom. When they came out, Tony not only had his shirt unbuttoned, but entirely off!!!

It was also rumored that Ginny converted her seat into a bathroom and brushed her teeth without budging an inch. She merely ordered a glass of water with which she casually gulped down the toothpaste while others watched bug-eyed.

As the journey to Amsterdam wore on, we dancers began to tire and gradually fell asleep in our seats. Mary Bee fell asleep in hers, her mouth fell open, and Ronni promptly snapped a picture of her.

When night came on, the first "day" for the folkdancers was over, though we didn't call it a day until we crawled into our beds in the Munich hostel a full 23 hours after the departure from Salt Lake City.

June 17-- Dave Baker

For some of us our day of departure started with last minute packing and making sure that we had everything that we might need. On the trip it was surprising how these last minute decisions would affect our whole trip.

Don advised us to be at the airport by 10:30, but true to our Mormon heritage some did arrive late. Outside the airport terminal we left our precious 15 pound European survival kits to be placed on the plane. We were given a last minute checklist to go over to make sure everything was there, including our passports, luggage and money.

We met at the very end of the north concourse with the other tours. Here we were assigned seats for the plane, which was our first chance to really meet and visit with other members of our tour. It was really interesting to note how easy it was to recognize the members of our tour and distinguish them from the other tours. We received a lot of compliments on our travel outfits on how sharp they looked. Our travel outfits really gave us a feeling of unity.

Finally it was our turn to board the plane. We said good-bye to our friends and relatives who wished us all well and reminded us to write. Our trip was about to begin.

For some of us this was to be our first experience flying, so our own Doctor Webster issued plenty of D pills to help calm any queezy stomachs. Probably the anticipation of the trip was probably the cause of any uncertain stomach pains, because once the plane began take-off we all proved to be old hands at flying.

The sights were fantastic. For a few minutes we could recognize familiar sights in Utah, but then new and unfamiliar territory came into view. Eventually the plane was above the clouds and when we could see very little, we began visiting with each other building new friendships. The clouds below us looked like patches of cotton candy, and through them we saw Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and numerous towns and farming areas. Eventually we landed in Bangor Maine for a refueling stop.



The gift shop at the airport was hit-like a stalk of grain by locust. Everyone from all the tours it seemed wanted to pick up some souvenirs from the state of Maine. We saw live lobsters for sale along with a miniature fish market. One might say that Bangor, Maine was really the beginning of the new sights and sounds we would all experience on our tour.

After the plane was refueled and reloaded with passengers, we finally left the United States. The sunset as we were leaving America was a memory in itself. The soft and thin layer of clouds below us gave the impression of water with the earth below looking like the bottom of a clear pond. The sun was like a beach with a bright light in it, giving off just enough light to add to the illusion of floating on a clear pond. Our first day was over. What a beginning for all the excitement and experiences we were going to have.

June 18 -- Duane Bishop

We flew from Bangor, Maine towards Amsterdam about 6:30 p.m. Being so high over the Atlantic, it didn't ever get completely dark, and by 10:00 the sun popped back up over the horizon and we began to realize that we would actually lose 7 hours between Salt Lake and Munich.

The landing in Amsterdam presented us with a 3 hour wait during which most of us received our first glimpse of Europe and some of the differences between there and home--such as the monetary systems for example.

Shelly exemplified a bit of the difficulty of adjusting to a foreign culture when she tipped the attendant outside the restroom one guilder (.028 ¢). We finally arrived in Munich after a long day of landings and flight lunches, carrying luggage caravan style, and experiencing long stares by curious onlookers.

June 18 -- Margie Paulsen

Elder Keith Ramsey was at the airport to meet us. Elder Ramsey was the person in charge of all arrangements while we were in Munich. The reality of Europe still seemed unreal. The bus ride from the airport to the hotel was an exciting one. Everyone was going crazy trying to see everything at one time. Greg Lund was able to tell us about what we were looking at, which helped. Munich had many unique facets. Instead of having poster boards with advertisements they have cylindrical bill-boards. The traffic never quit moving--pedestrians never have the right of way. Our hotel was a youth hotel located next to the summer Olympic location. Haus International was to be our home for the next four days. We all were paired up in groups of four or five, received our keys and went to our rooms. The rooms were a bright, fun red with big white pillows and quilts on the bed. After unpacking we had to hurry to catch the trolley for church. Twenty people who knew nothing about German trolley cars, German money, and German mannerisms added to the total confusion. Three trolley cars later, and a few almost lost people, we arrived at church. The elders try to translate but made so much noise they finally had to quit. Though we did not understand all that was going on, the spirit of our father in Heaven was there. We realized that it does not matter where we go in the world, the church is always the same. Following

BYU Folk Dancers, A Cappella Choir, to Leave on Europe Trip

Two groups of Brigham Young University performers will tour Europe this summer, and both of them will be leaving Saturday.

The Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers will take their internationally acclaimed "America Through Dance" to Europe for the seventh time, June 17 - Aug. 24. In fact, this year two teams of dancers and musicians, comprising 60 students, will tour eight countries and the principality of Monaco. The BYU A Cappella Choir will be touring Europe for the third time.

Among the exciting plans of the American Folk Dancers are performances along the Yugoslavian Adriatic coast from Durbovkik to Ljubljana; a three-day television taping session in Munich, Germany; on concert stages throughout Holland; and in folk dance festivals in Cry-Sur-Armancon, Confolens, Bayonne, and Nice in France; and Schoten and Middelkerke in Belgium.

Tour Directors

The first group (June 17-July 13) will be accompanied by Don Allen as tour director and business manager, Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen as artistic director, and Bob Fitch as public relations manager. The second group

(July 13-Aug. 24) will travel with Bruce Christensen as tour director and public relations manager, with Barbara Christensen as assistant. Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen will remain in Europe after the first tour to provide the creative direction for the second team.

The first American folk dance team to represent the United States in Europe, the Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers have earned a reputation for excellence both on and off the stage in almost every country in Europe. Last year, for instance, a team of dancers toured Europe for 11 weeks, appeared in 14 countries before over 50,000 persons in 62 concert and festival performances, and before over 45,000,000 television viewers in Spain, France, and Norway.

The American Folk Dancers have performed in the famous Mercur Theater and in Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen; the Salle Playel Theater and Trocadero in Paris; the Turku Konserttisalli in Turku, Finland; the Drammen (Song of Norway) Theater in Drammen, Norway; and the Tovoli Hall in Khybkuhabam, Yugoslavia. At the latter hall last year, the troupe attracted 6,000 persons in

their last concert performance.

Different Dances

Their "America Through Dance" program, created especially for European tours by Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen, associate professor in the College of Physical Education at BYU, includes the dances of New England, Appalachia, the Pioneer West, American Indian, contemporary American Theater, Mexican-American, Hawaiian, as well as the fad dances of the 1920s and 1930s. Vickie Bird, current Miss Indian BYU and a member of the Mandan tribe, will accompany the first group and perform the enchanting "Go My Son" number in Indian sign language, as well as dance with the troupe.

Typical of the comments received about the dancers over the past 15 years is the following from a UPI release after a performance in Vienna, Austria: "Vienna may be the traditional home of the waltz, but there's nothing most Viennese like better than a good cowboy and Indian movie, and the dancers looked as if they had stepped off the set of a 'wild western.'"

Bob Larsen of the Swedish Broadcasting Company commented, "It is marvelous to work with the American Folk Dancers. They have a spirit that I have never seen before."

Reputation for Excellence

The group has already earned an international reputation for excellence by winning first place in the International Eisteddfod in Llangollen, Wales in 1968; being named the "Best International Choir" at the Linz Centennial Festival in Linz, Austria in 1970; and having the distinction of being the first non-

BYU troupe heading to Europe

For the seventh time, Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers will be taking their internationally acclaimed "America Through Dance" program to Europe, June 17-August 24. In fact, this year two teams of dancers and musicians, comprising 60 students, will tour eight countries and the Principality of Monaco.

The American Folk Dancers will perform along the Yugoslavian Adriatic coast from Durbovkik to Liubljana; will have a day television taping session in Munich, Germany; and will perform on concert stages throughout Holland; and in folk dance festivals in Bayonne, and Nice, France; Cry-Sur-Armancon, Confolens, and Schoten and Middlekerk, Belgium.

Two Groups

The first group (June 17-July 13) will be accompanied by Don Allen as tour director and business manager, Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen as artistic director, and Bob Fitch as public relations manager. The second group (July 13-August 24) will travel with Bruce Christensen as tour director and public relations manager, with Barbara Christensen as assistant. Mrs. Jensen will remain in Europe after the first tour to provide the creative direction for the second team.

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Last Year

Last year, for instance, a team of dancers toured Europe for 11 weeks, appeared in 14 countries before over 50,000 persons in 62 concert and festival performances, and before over 45,000,000 television viewers in Spain, France, and Norway.

The BYU A Cappella Choir will tour Europe June 17-July 13.

Included in their itinerary will be performances in the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, July 2; a special command performance on July 4 at the America Embassy in Paris; a performance at the internationally famous Mozerteum in Salzburg, Austria; and at such famous religious shrines as Le Temple de la Madeleine in Geneva, Switzerland; the Basilica di SantaCroce in Florence, Italy; the Matthaus Kirche in Munich, Germany; the Temple Neus in Strasbourg, France; the St. Michel Cathedral in Brussels, Belgium; and the well-known Coventry Cathedral in Coventry, England.

church, we had our first chance to mingle with Europeans which was exciting. Trying to communicate without talking can be hard, but we all enjoyed trying to do it. Upon returning to the hotel, dinner consisted of cream soup, a variety of interesting meats, and limonadae. The hotel had great bathrooms, warm showers, clean fixtures, and regular toilets. This was our first encounter with sand paper toilet paper (only the beginning). The day came to an end. We all needed to sleep after our long ride. As we looked out the window, down at the cobble-stone streets, distinguished top hated gentleman drove his small carriage drawn by one beautiful horse went by. The clonpity-clop of hoofs hitting the stone was the only sound heard. The reality of Europe was slowly coming true to us. We were there Sunday, June 18, 1972--Munich, Germany.

June 19 -- Ginnie Call

What's more American than "Oh Suzanna, Lone Praire and Come, Come Ye Saints?"

What's more American than hamburgers, shakes, and french fries at McDonalds?

What's more American than peanut butter and jam and tuna fish sandwiches?

What's more American than tap clog, contra's and smokey mountain clogs?

These are some of the American treats we received in Germany today. We woke up bright and early for a nurishing breakfast of hard rolls and hot chocolate. Then off we went to the ZBD television studio to record "Lone Praire, Oh Suzanna, and Come, Come Ye Saints." This recording was quite a strain on us and really worked up the ole appetite. This was why we were so excited to eat at McDonald's for lunch. After eating the last morsel, we flew back to ZBD and the action began.

The filming session consisted of changing, rechanging, dechanging, unchanging and exchanging clothes and costumes, clogging with lose rocks in your shoes, being made-up by Germans who couldn't understand that you wore contact lenses...leg aches and recording, re-recording, de-recording, unrecording and exrecording.

They weren't kidding when they called the relief society the RELIEF Society! They provided us with a beautiful American dinner of tuna and peanut butter and jam sandwiches, a bannana, peach, condy bar and lemonade- Yum Yum.

At the end of the day (12:00 midnight!) we were ready to go and did just that quite willingly.

June 20 -- Pat Debenham

The morning began at different time for everyone. For some , good, for others, not so good. Since I am the late fine man the story of the group this morning was 19 people late and \$6.20 owed in late fines. What a beautiful morning!

Once on the bus, we were on our way to tape audio for today's vidio. On the way we were given a tour of the Olympic grounds and found out a few interesting facts. The stadium looks like a huge, misshapen, spider-webbed circus tent, and holds over 80,000 people.



The spire is 280 ft. with a rotating restraint. Olympic Village, housing built for the 12000 participants, will be turned over to the people of Munich after the Olympics, the pool floors can be raised and lowered for the different events.

The rest of the day was spent much like Monday with taping the T.V. show. Several of the kids were filmed riding a stage coach and when it stopped we all lined up behind and came billing through as if we were all in the coach.

We hit MacDonald's again for lunch, hamburgers, fries and your choice of shake were on the menu, this took place after Herbie (our bus driver) took us on a tour.

Munich appears to be a very clean city. Many sights were repeated throughout the city, the children with huge packs on their backs, bedding that is airing out, window boxes with beautiful flowers and people hanging out of their windows.

This evening we were fortunate to have the Elders from the German South Mission come and present to us a Family Home Evening that they use in proselytizing. These elders present the gospel to the German people through music and skits. Family unity is stressed as being important. Camilio, one of the members of the cowboy club, came up to me afterwards and told me how impressed he was with the message that was given.

On the bus, after everything was over for the day we were entertained by our girl from Baton Rouge, Joan, singing her famous rendition of Dixie Melody.

Tonight we heard the first of a series of news reports having to do with crucial matters in world affairs. Margie Huntly and George Brinkley (or was it the other way around) were our news casters and they gave us an informative and humorous report of the day's happenings.

June 21--Mary Anne Cullimore and Brent England (Wednesday)

The day of June 21st began early, as usual. Led by Elder Ramsey, the group was rushed to the western set where we began our long, hard day as experienced movie stars! During the day we were able to complete the taping of Virginia-Reel, Oh Suzanna, and set West-a-roo.

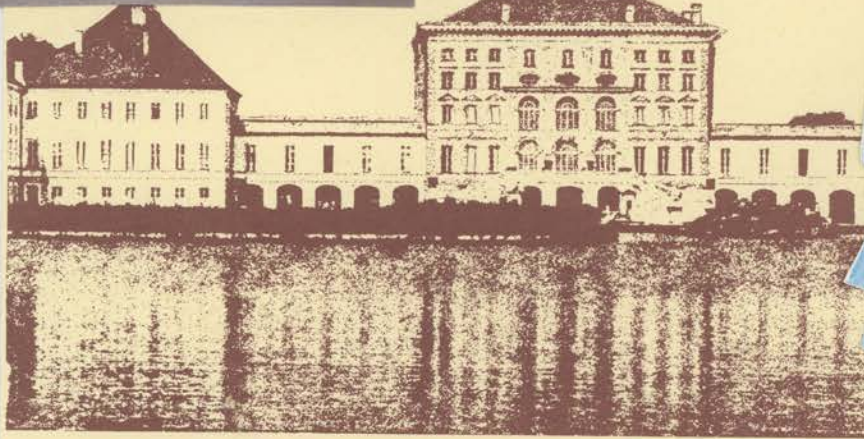
During the filming of Virginia Reel, a catastrophe struck! Judy Pomeroy was struck down! Judy gracefully threw in a step of her own, which started with a twisted foot and ended with a front face sprawl. Quickly springing forward, our own Mary Bee filled in with no hesitation. Her presence livened up the entire group.

During the lunch break, the daring dancers tried their skill in another area. Under the direction of Bob Fitch, an original Pop-bottle band was created. Perhaps in the future this act will become one of the regulars. (?)

After lunch we began the filming of Oh Suzanna. We were quite surprised at the track-style work-out we received. Our instructions were to skip in one barn door, down through the stables and out the other door; then, with a mad rush begin again. In between each take we were lined up behind the corals. The smells and scenery there inspired quite a bit of "horse-play!" (Mary Bee was usually right in the middle of it!)

The final taping for the day was one of the funniest yet. The camera got a close up of Brent with his eyes bulging out in bewilderment! The same camera caught a priceless shot of Madeline losing her grace with a near slip to the ground; however, Sheldon came to the rescue with a quick arm around the waist. (What about the hands-off

München



Schloß Château de Palace of
Nymphenburg

Fotos von Fee Schlapper. Vorwort von Eugen Roth

Texte von Karl August Skell, Paul Ernst Rattelmüller, Karl Spengler und Bildbeschreibungen in deutsch, englisch und französisch. 119 Seiten. Illustrationen nach historischen Stichen. Leinen DM 28.-. Erschienen in der Nymphenburg

haus international
Begegnungstätte und Gästehaus der Jugend



policy?!))

That night Ed or Ramsey guided us to a real German restaurant called the Spatenbrau. Here we were able to taste either delicious Weinerschintzel or Kanoodle!

Herbie, our bus driver witnessed the whole scene with a huge grin on his face, and a huge mug of in his hand. Later on we sang songs back and forth with the other Germans in the restaurant. We even got a sample of some German Yodeling!

With full stomachs and tired feet we returned exhausted, but happy to our beds!

June 22 Paris - Rate of exchange = 4.7 francs = \$1.00
Thurs. 8:15 p.m. - Dpt. Munich Air France #733 for Paris
 9:30 p.m. - Arr. Paris. Bus from airport to hotel

Housing: Cecilia Hotel (9.50 - 11.00)
 11 Ave. Mac-Mahon
 380-32

Television taping until 1:00 p.m.

Contact: Pres. Smith B. Griffin
 France Mission
 3, rue de Lota
 Paris 16, France
 Phone: KLEber 95-81

June 23 Cry Sur Armancon, France
Fri. 8:00 a.m. - Bus will be at Cecelia Hotel
 . . . - Dpt. Paris Dalla Bus. Co. (Phone 492-22-22)
 for Cry Sur Armancon

Arr. Cry-Sur-Armancon

Contact: Mayor C. Marcoux
 Nuits-Sur-Armancon
 Tel: 125 ⁴ a nuits

Housing: Community homes by Cry municipality

June 24 Cry Sur Armancon
Sat. Festival performance

STELLENMARKT



Frankfurter Allgemeine
ZEITUNG FÜR DEUTSCHLAND



170 18 40

MÜNCHNER
UND TARIFVERBUND

Artenkarte 3,00 DM
(enkart) 10 Streifen

weise auf der Rückseite beachten!

10099312

Some of the original pieces
were lost & missing.



June 22 -- George Estacadio and Vickie Bird (Thursday)

As far as days go, it began with the getting up of two people-- Vickie and Me. We ate our fine continental breakfast at the hotel International where hard rolls, jelly, cheeze, liverworst and hot chocolate graced our table. I guess Vickie and I were one of the lucky ones because we, along with five other couples, had to make our way back to the ZDF studios taping ground, the Cowboy Club, where we would finally finish the final stretch of the Special for T.V. program taping. Well, we let off the rest of the 36 people at the beautiful Neptune fountainto overrun the beautiful city of Munich where shops would be scraped to their bones by our group of hungry tourist like vultures. Poor Munich!

Finally arriving at the Cowboy Club, we prepared to make ready for taping Westeroo. It was really kind of neat because the Cowboy Club was really something special. It was like one took a town like Carson City, Nevada and transported a very small portion to Germany. Very athentic saloon, where our dance would be performed in front of a small cast of extras, clapping and cheering for more.

There was a barn where approximately five horses were kept. Directly across from the Saloon about 200 ft. stood a small praire type log home with an outdoor cooking fireand a table on the small porch. Off to the right stood some old buggies. It was like a small frontier land at Disneyland. We finally finished our taping and packed all the costumes, said our Good-byes, presenting covered wagon tie tacks to the producer, director, ass. director and some very special people we became very well accusinted with. We boarded our bus and made our way to town where we were then set free to pick up the pieces of our prögenitors. Vickie made her way to the Castle where she witnessed some of the most beautiful hand carved pieces of wood work and Midevil design. I was set free in Munich were I bought a tie that had an Olympic sign with Munich 72 on it. That's about all the money I had left to spend there.

We were all picked up at the Neptune fountain at about 3:00 where we then made our way to the Olympic tower which stands on the Olympic ground, which was about five or six blocks away from our hotel. Anyway, a large group of us went up the tower and witnessed a view of Munich that overwhelmed 99.99.99 % of us. One could see the entire Olympic grounds. Oh yes, we also saw man-made hills that were put together by the rubbish collected by the war and covered over by dirt. Beautiful green grass was the only thing that could be seen. Meanwhile, back on the farm we all boarded the bus after saying good-by e to Elders Ramsey and Cobb and made our way to the Airport where we flew to Paris. We arrived in Paris about 11:30 and took a bus to our hotel which was located directly next to the center of every thing. On the bus we all got a glimpse of the Eiffel Tower and sounds of OO, Ah, Gosh, Oh look, were heard from the war torn group. Yes, we then entered the hotel where a small French man began to call us by our names.

He had gotten my name right, but poor Vickie--it seems her name became Wikky Bird. Oh well, you could say that was kind of for the "birds" (get it). Oh well, we all went to bed to arise the next morning refreshedat leat we hope. This is your friend, News man and Vickie Bird signing off until the next time--Good-Bye

'Y' Folkdancers Begin European Travels on TV

MUNICH, Germany — The famous Brigham Young University Folkdancers spent the first three days of their current four-week European tour making a show for Munich National Television which will be viewed by about 20 million Europeans.

The Folkdancers, under the direction of Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen, were invited to Germany by the Sweetes Deutches Fernschen (ZDF) to tape their American folk songs and dances which they are presenting on their seventh tour of Europe.

Two Shows

ZDF-TV built two 25-minute shows around the BYU troupe which they titled "Happy Songs From America," to be shown on many stations throughout Europe.

"We were really excited about the TV show when we were invited," said Mrs. Jensen, "but we didn't realize the large scale of this operation."

The production was under the direction of one of Germany's top producers, Friedrich Borner, with a production crew of over 50.

The location for the production was the Cowboy Club in Munich. Nestled in a forested area on the outskirts of this big Southern Germany city, the privately-

owned club is decorated with hundreds of authentic artifacts from the American Old West.

Old West

The BYU production included songs and dances around a campfire, an Old West live stage show, a stagecoach ride, and a corral scene.

After three days of shooting, Mr. Borner commended the work of the Provo students:

"Let me compliment you for your fine work. I have very much enjoyed your performances and have been thrilled to work with you. Your dancing has been excellent and your singing, if you don't mind my saying this, has been as good as the Russian Choir."

Songs and dances included in the production were the Appalachian Square Dance, Salty Dog Rag, Rain Drops, Virginia Reel, "Go My Son" (by Vickie Bird, Miss Indian BYU) and the Snooky Mountain Clog.

Because they were shot mostly outdoors, the taping sessions attracted hundreds of spectators who enjoyed the performances.

In the remaining three weeks of the tour the BYU American Folkdancers will perform and visit in Paris, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, and a five-day festival in Schoten, Belgium.



BYU FOLKDANCERS DISPLAY Western routines as their summer tour began recently in Munich, Germany. The BYU group recorded two television programs which will be shown

to an estimated 20 million Europeans later this year. Mary Bee Jensen directs the Folkdancers.

June 23 -- Chan Garbett (Friday)

Paris, France was the scene today as folkdancers began combing the streets and invading the stores. Money was changed into franks and everyone was off in their own direction to see the sights. The Eiffel Tower came first for many, and most people used the elevator to climb to the top, however, Taunya and Greg Lund decided to economize and take the stairs. Other places visited were the familiar Notre Dame, the Pantheon, the Louve, Seine River, and the Arc of Triumph.

In traveling about the city on the 5 level underground metro system, we arrived in one end of the city where two hippies showed us a back street with small pastries, meat shops, and restaurants. We ate at one Algerian restaurant which was beautiful inside, the kind you always see in the movies. The food was very good. They call it Cous-Cous and it was great.

Upon returning to the hotel we found that many people had been lost and were late in returning. We finally loaded the bus and headed for Cry. It took us about 3 1/2 hours to get there. When we arrived in Cry at 7:00 p.m. we got a hearty welcome from the towns people. They were very warm and friendly and had a sign in the town square which said "Welcome" in French. The people were all ages and they were dressed up in their best clothes. After visiting with them for a while we ate a great dinner consisting of meat and rolls and salad and lemonade. This was our first experience with the French 7 course dinner. Many folkdancers thought that being a small town that maybe bread and meat was all that was coming so they made a meal of the first course. Mark Williams had about 10 pieces of bread and etc. for the group. Our Stomachs were shocked to say the least.

After dinner we were taken to our homes for the evening. Some of the houses were very modern and certainly not expected especially in a small town like Cry. The home I lived in was big and very clean as if the facilities had hardly been used. It seemed vacant because I hadn't met anyone living in the house, however when I went to bed I could hear someone in the next room snoring very loudly. The bed I slept in felt like a bean bag, sagging in the middle, but it was nice.

June 23 -- Robin Gerrard (Friday)

This day began a little earlier than most of our days. It was 12 mid night when we entered Paris on an airplane from Germany. We unloaded our luggage from the luggage conveyor belt and we were off in a bus for our hotel (Mac Mahon). We were all tired but as the excitement grew within us of the sights to be seen in Paris we were alive and running again.

The first thing we saw was the Eiffel Tower in all its splendor and glory. It looked so majestic standing so high and as if it was reaching for something. The whole bus was in awe and Marcie said, "I don't believe it, are we really here?" The lights that were on it made it look even better. From the bus was an opening in the top which a few people took turns looking out of.

We arrived at our hotel but I don't think anyone went to sleep right away. Roni and I were roomies and we took our stuff up to the



room before we went out and saw a little of Paris by night.

A little bit about our room. It was on the second floor right over the letters of the hotel over looking some of Paris. The beds (two twain) were beautiful to me because they had those big huge pillows and you could get lost in them. I think what I loved most was our tub. It was the kind with two levels (like a chair inside of it). You had to climb into it, or at least I did because I'm so short. I had a great bath!

Most of us went up and down the streets and had something to drink or/and eat at a french café. We almost got hit by a few cars while we crossed the street right around the Arch de Triumph -- We all made it.

After a few hours of sleep we split up in groups and went our separate ways to see Paris in the few hours we were there. As for myself I was with Mark, Bryan, Roni and Jeff. We saw the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, the Notre Dame and we ate at a french sidewalk café.

We left at 3:00 by bus to go to Cry where we arrived at 7:00. What a cute town of 200 people. We all loved Cry!

We were welcomed by the mayor and the town's people. There was a sign that said "Welcome, Bienteau!" hanging across the street. Mary Bee got off the bus and was presented flowers by the Mayor; we all followed along with the towns people to the town social hall, as I would call it. We had something to drink and were given people to stay with. I'll give an account of Roni's and my stay during this day.

We were assigned to stay with Mr. Gaston Briand and to eat lunch with the Grossett family. Now Mr. Briand was 55 years old and lived by himself in a house not far from the social hall. His wife had died not too many years ago. He spoke no english but was the nicest man. He had been in the service in the navy, had been a chief and lived in New York, Columbia and in South America.

The Grossett family lived in another city and came to Cry on the week ends. They had their grandson Danial there who spoke a little English (we got along with him great!) He had an english-french dictionary that he let us use.

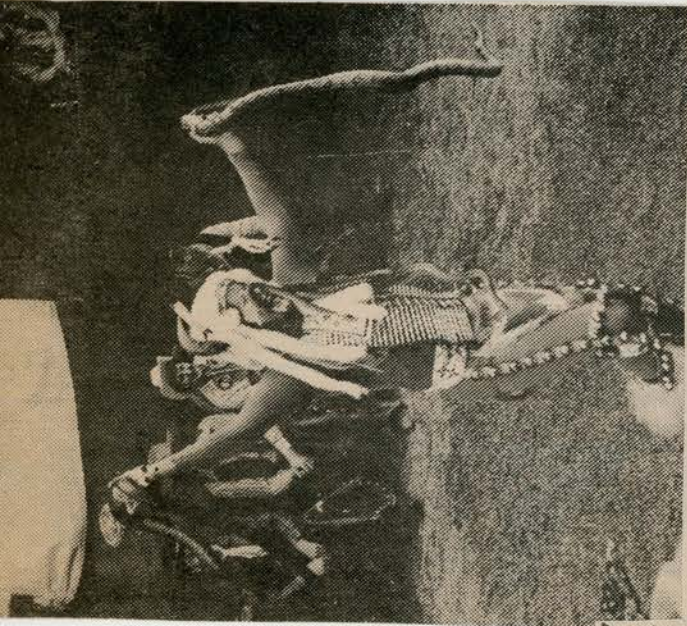
We ate dinner that consisted of pork, potatoes, cauliflower, salad and dessert--- home made cream chocolate. We also had all the bread and limenade we could eat and drink.

After dinner we walked down the street and danced the smookey clogs and tap for them. We also sang Raindrops.

We went with our host to his home. There we found out a few things. You see my French isn't the best but just enough to get by. We found out he had a clock 185 years old, that the church was built in 1464, and that Mr. Grossett was 59.

Roni and I as tired as we were said good night and received a french kiss from him. (one kiss on each cheek) With that we went to sleep in our beautiful room on the second floor. Love those big pillows and comfortors.

What a day we had.



FOR EUROPE TV

Y. Dancers On Tape

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very much enjoyed your performances and have been thrilled to work with you. Your dancing has been excellent and your singing, if you don't mind my saying this, has been as good as the Russian Choir."

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BYU Folk Dancers perform for German television during European tour.

June 24 -- Bob Hawker (Saturday)

The day started very late for Charles and I. After four days of filming in Munchen, and a quick trip to Paris, we all deserved every bit of sleep we could get. We stayed in an old French Villa at the edge of town which was quite large and very shabby looking but was very clean and beautifully decorated on the inside. After rising and cleaning up we were offered breakfast, and being the gracious guests we were (besides being starved) we accepted. We had a beautiful meal, and everything that was served, from honey to hot chocolate was grown and prepared by our lovely hosts. Charles, having four years of High School French under his belt could speak the language fairly well. We stayed and talked to our elderly guests for about a half hour (I mean Charles talked, I just sat and smiled alot), then it was time to go to another families house for dinner.

During the course of the meal (and there were about 10 courses) we found out that Steve Bates and Jim Bond had eaten at this home two years ago when the Folk Dancers were in Cry. After a huge meal (enough for any american) I had to loosen my belt two notches, and even then I could still feel my stomach in my throat. We finally waddled out about 3:00, one half hour after we were supposed to be on the bus for a sight seeing tour of the area. Mary Bee had a few choice words for us later that night.

Being very disappointed about missing the bus, we decided to "kill two birds with one stone" by touring Cry on foot, we could see Cry and the walking would settle some of the food that was coming out of our ears. It was a short tour- infact, we walked the whole city in five minutes.

A few min. later we ran into the French version of our Boy Scouts. They were walking out of the local store with a bottle of champagne and a few quarts of beer. We stopped and talked to them for awhile and they assured us that they were doing their good deed for the day by buying liquor for their adged parents who couldn't get to the store themselves.

As the sun went down and the people started to pour into the little city of Cry, we began to feel the excitement of our first live performance. This excitement didn't last very long, because of the bad sound system(not our own) and lack of review on our part. Our first number was a big fat bomb. We collected ourselves and after some assurance from Don and Mary Bee we made each dance better than the one before. By the time we got to the Smokey Mountain Clogs we had them in the palms of our hands.

During the intermission the Queen of the festival was escorted to a small boat that was brightly decorated with flowers, and after a short trip she gave the order to light the fire. At her command a huge bonfire was set off in the middle of the shallow stream that was in front of the stage. After only a few min. the flames shot up to over 100 feet and the sparks went up another 100 feet. The red and yellow flames were quite beautiful against the black sky, and with my western costume on I really felt like a pioneer. To conclude the evenings performance some fireworks were set off.

After our performance the Mayor presented Mary Bee with a beautiful rose in appreciation for our performance and we were asked to come back again next year. At the close of the presentation we sang a few songs, they and then back to our dressing rooms to pack. About 2:30 am that night we said good-bye to the beautiful little city of Cry.



June 24 -- Marcie Nash (Saturday)

As I woke and looked out of the window, again I realized where I was-- Cry, France, a fairy tale city whose history dates back to 300 A.D. Its people are simple but so gracious.

Shelley and I stayed with Mayor Marcoux's son whose profession is farming. He owned 15 of the largest cows I have ever seen! His home was quite old but just spotless.

We had slept in so we had to hurry to get dressed. We ate a breakfast of french bread and hot chocolate served in a bowl instead of a cup.

After breakfast we were escorted by one of the Cry children on a tour of the village. First stop was the church which was built in the tenth century. We climbed to the top of the bell tower and from tiny windows could see all of Cry. Next we walked through the marble factory. The stone that is finished here is imported all over Europe. Samples that we saw of their product were quite exquisite.

Leaving our little guide we went off on our own to just take in the beauty of this little city. Back into the woods at the edge of the city we saw a very large castle. With some renovation it could be just beautiful---Folk Dancers will have to work on that.

About 12:30 we sat down to eat at our hosts homes and we ate and ate and ate. Finally at 2:30 we, just stuffed, boarded the bus for a tour of the surrounding sights of Cry. We loved the people so much and hated to leave them so "most" of the city piled on and went along. We had children everywhere!

About 15 kilometers out of Cry we made a rest stop for film, the difference in modernization of this place was quite amazing next to Cry. This village even had a supermarket.

Soon everyone was situated and our tour continued. What lovely countryside! We saw small villages in the distance and a few castles which peaked out from behind the trees adorning the hill tops.

We were told by a Cry person that one area we passed was where relics of the neanderthal man were discovered.

The most exciting part of our tour was the medieval city which we visited. It was built in the 1300's. The bridge leading into the city was once over a real moat. Teases of ancient castle towers and a wall were still prevalent.

As we walked through this quaint city we saw rings along the streets which were used to tie the horses. Standing very erect in the town square was a church built in the 1500's. Its facade was very ornate and although the inside was damp and dim, peace and serenity definitely prevailed.

After our tour we hurried back to Cry because dinner was waiting for us at the hotel and more of that scrumptious french bread too. Again as we suspected, we ate and ate and ate and ate. I never drank so much lemon-ade ever. Costumes would surely be a tight squeeze for our performance this night.

While we were gone on our sight seeing jaunt, the town had been decorated with paper flowers, other performing groups had arrived and excitement for the festival filled the air.

Our stage was situated on a river bank and the audience would watch from the other side of the river and along the bridge. A huge pile of wood sat in the middle of the river just waiting to go up into flames and a boat covered with flowers was tied to the shore-- the festival queen would ride in it.



With dinner finished we all started to get ready for the show. I leave the rest of the day for my favorite partner Bob to explain the nights festivities.

We shall certainly never forget Cry.

<u>June 25</u>	<u>Rome, Italy</u>	Rate of exchange: 500 (hotel) 568 (bank) lira per \$1.00
Sun.	7:50 a.m. -	Dept. Paris TWA #890 for Rome. (Bus from Cry to Paris)
	10:45 a.m. -	Arr. Rome
		Lv. 4:30 a.m.
		Arr. 6:00 a.m.
	Contact:	Elder Wayne Siggard (Mission pres: Italy South Mission Pres. Lester P. Call) Via Cimone 95 00141 Rome, Italy Phone: 65 22 72
	Housing:	Salus Hotel (6.40 - B & D) 12 Piazza Independenca Phone: 495-67-84
	Perf:	None
<u>June 26</u>	<u>Rome</u>	Perf: None
Mon.		
<u>June 27</u>	<u>Rome</u>	Perf: None
<u>June 28</u>	<u>Florence, Italy</u>	
	9:30 a.m. -	Dept. by train for Florence from Rome
	12:51 p.m. -	Arr. Florence
	Housing:	Porta Rossa (3.20 - no meal) Via Porta Rossa 19
	Perf:	None



June 25--Madelyn Hollingshead and Sheldon Kidd (Sunday)

An early arrival at the airport in Paris, after a long bus ride from the little village of Cry Sur Armoncon; the day began: The announcement of "Good morning, we are at the airport, freshen up" is enough to move anyone into reality. A hasty combing of hair and checking out faces and clothes, ended as we stopped at the terminal.

The usual pattern of bus unloading ensued and shortly all luggage was piled before the TWA's desk. Then everyone began to migrate to the central waiting place. A varied activity of sleeping, eating, talking and resting ensued until we were notified to pick up our boarding passes. Shortly thereafter, we boarded the airplane, but only after a thorough search of all hand luggage. The flight departed at approximately 7:50 a.m. There was only one major incident in the flight. Soon after take-off a stir could be heard as breakfast was served. Something was not right --breakfast was not "Continental." It was a regular American breakfast with eggs and sausage.

Our first taste of Rome was at the airport, "What a taste!" We had a real hassle getting our luggage. It was like being in a wrestling match with a hundred people who were quite rude.

We were transported from the airport to the hotel by bus, and was it ever hot. We were destined to stay in the Salus Hotel, and it was not impressive from the outside. When we got inside it was worse. None liked the place at all. It wasn't clean and the facilities were nothing but poor. Would you believe it only cost 80¢ or 500 lere for a nice cold shower. Most of us decided to rough it and hope for the best.

The missionaries quickly came to our aid and helped us in the situation. We all wanted to change hotels, including our directors, but due to previous reservation, we were doomed to stay at least one night.

In the evening we went to an Italian sacrament meeting and it was a lovely meeting. We met the BYU Acapella Choir there too, and they rendered two beautiful numbers during the services.

Upon returning back to the Salus hotel, dinner was awaiting us. It was a very tasty meal, but didn't compare to the 7 course French meals. In one of the rooms after dinner we met for announcements. We heard the good news that we were changing hotels the following morning.

Then the group divided and some went to bed while others went out on the town to celebrate their first big night in Rome. Those who went out saw the Colosseum and other sight in the moonlit night.



June 26 -- Greg and Taunya Lund (Monday)

Today we woke up, bitten by bed bugs, one eye completely closed, sanitation was a word not used in the hotel, with the realization that Rome never sleeps and the assurance that every citizen in Rome who did not sleep; drove by our window. But I feel good today, knowing that my mattress at home, which is 25 years old, is newer than the beds we slept on last night.

After breakfast (during which the waitresses discovered we drank no coffee, after having made 5 gallons of it) Don Allen and I took an exciting taxi ride in, around and through early morning Roman traffic to the American Express office to secure money for departing our beloved flea bitten, bug infested Salus Hotel.



Quickly and quietly we stole away from a somewhat upset hotel manager to a bus waiting to take us on a quick orientation tour of Rome. Although not the cleanest nor most modern city we have visited, Rome has much to tell in the way of a very colorful history of Roman culture, Christianity and art. The tour took us past the Royal Palace, the Vittoriano (Wedding Cake of Rome) Fontana di Trevi (Three Coins in the Fountain), Spanish Steps, St. Peter's Basilica and Vatican City, the Roman Forum and the Colosseum.

St. Peter's Basilica was designed by Michelangelo and added on to by Bramante. Michelangelo's structure was in the form of a stubby cross () with each arm being 420 ft. long. From the center to the top of the dome was also 420 feet. Bramante added to the front arm and made the structure into a cross () with the longest arm now being 620 feet. Bramante finished the Basilica and did most of the inside decorations. One unique feature of St. Peter's is there are no paintings. All decoration murals and such are done in mosaics. Everything is done in perfect proportion.

As we entered St. Peter's we gazed down the long corridor to the Pope's sacred altar. Directly above was a stained alabaster window. The dove in this window was 7 feet in diameter.

To our immediate right was a boarded up area. We were told this was where the Pieta was (Several groans went up as it was hoped this famous statue would be seen). St. Peter's basilica was indeed a wonder to behold.

The end of the bus tour brought us to the air conditioned luxury Hotel Universo, where we quickly checked in and each was then free to go his or her own way.

We stopped for a quick bite to eat and then headed for Fontana di Trevi. The beautiful sculpture work and flowing waters of "Three Coins in the Fountain" was discovered, enclosed on all sides by narrow alley-like streets.

The center place of a fallen Roman Empire was our next stop. Walking through the ruins it was somewhat difficult to picture the majesty and beauty of the Roman Forum. The height of the columns still standing and size of the buildings makes it almost imaginable.

The Colosseum, now barely a brick and stone shell, the majesty remaining, the beauty gone, stands as a memory to the battles fought, man against man and man against beast.

The Circus Maximus was our next stop. All that remains of the chariot races is the track. No buildings stand to tell the story of the chariots and of the crowds that came to watch.

The last daytime stop was the Pantheon, one of the most amazing structures in Rome. It's big, round, tall and arched, with no center support. A fantastic structure.

The last stop of the day was a return to the Colosseum by night. Lighted, the structure took on a completely different aspect. It became almost beautiful. So around the inside of the Colosseum we sang and danced our goodnight to Rome.

June 27 -- Judy Pomeroy (Tuesday)

Yea, and it came to pass on the last full day of Rome, there was a decree sent out from the director to arise at seven bells and be ready to partake of hard rolls at eight bells. After bread had been broken and plans for the day had been made, shoppers went out shopping, tourists went out sightseeing, and Mark and Jeff went to the American Embassy to get new passports.

France



L'HOTEL CECILIA ***

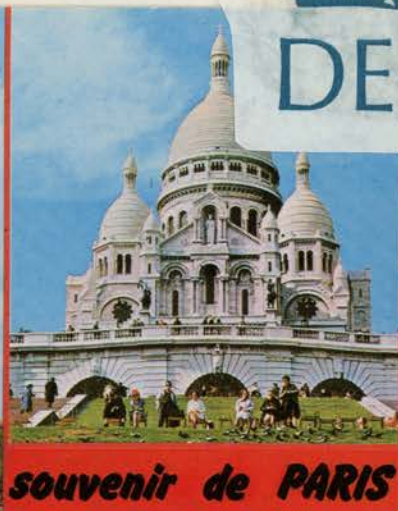
11, avenue Mac-Mahon
PARIS-17^e

Téléphone : 380-32-10 et 11

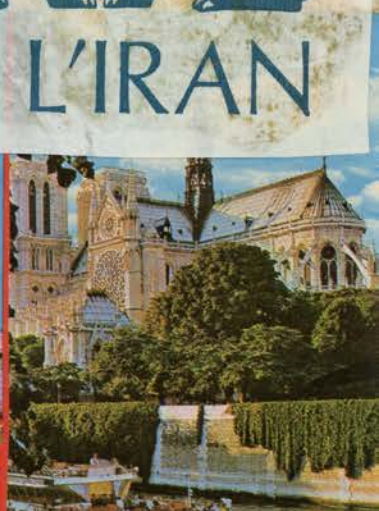
a le plaisir de vous offrir LE FIGARO

et vous souhaite une a

OVERSEAS NATIONAL
TO **PARIS**
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souvenir de PARIS



Shoppers came back with all sorts of great things. Greg and Taunya came back with a beautiful statue of a chariot to be honored in their home. Bob Fitch found a great buy on Cameo rings so many took advantage of the great deal that he found. Other girls came back with all sorts of shoes, sandals, rings, and who knows what.

The tourist saw the Sistine Chapel and marveled at its magnificence. Many of these energetic sightseers even braved the hundreds of stairs to the top of St. Peter's Cathedral.

Mark and Jeff had an exciting day trying to pantomime to the Italian police that they had lost their passports and needed a police report to take to the embassy in order to get a new one. It was great!

In the early afternoon, shoppers, tourists and passport receivers filtered back to the hotel with praises of the sights they had seen and brags of the deals they got on souvenirs. Marcie and Shelly were sporting bruises that they had received from the pinch of an excited Italian.

Later in the afternoon a group went to the beach to soak up some rays while another group had a small, informal meeting in the hallway of the hotel; drinking orange juice by the bottle and proudly displaying the morning's treasure.

After everybody's feet were rested, the group was out again. Some of the girls with not-so-rested feet were back in the shoe stores again. This was the last day for shopping in Rome--Many treasures were found again.

There was a full moon in Rome that night, it made all of the sights in Rome especially beautiful.

A brave trio (Mark, Marcie, and Jeff) ventured into a closed park to see the Villa Arbagesso. In this closed park they met a dark stranger (certainly a mugger). The chase was on, the group leaped over a fence, down a cliff and through stinging nettle, but made it to safety.

By the time all the little groups made it back to the hotel, everyone was ready to sleep. It had been a great day with plenty of excitement, but tomorrow we'll be out of Rome and into Florence, another big day ahead.

June 28 -- Mark Williams and Joan Christensen (Wednesday)

The Party's Over! With mixed emotion we bid farewell to the beautiful, first class accommodations at the exquisite Universo Hotel and also Rome. Over were three hot days of gaiety and frivolity.

Our special breakfast of biscuits and jam pulled us through the hard and strenuous 3 hour journey via the rails to Florence. Many were ecstatic with the joy of that first train ride. Polluted air and diesel fumes grasped fast to faces of folkdancers hanging out the windows.

The Italian countryside was a pleasant change from the crowded thoroughfares of down-town Rome. Folkdancers in each luxurious, second class coach accommodation held their own exclusive parties. However, not in attendance to any of these social events was Jimmy Jensen who preferred to dirty his face sleeping atop the costume bags.

We arrived in Florence pinching liras for the 250 ride from the train station to the hotel. This was particularly hard for the girls who were financially embarrassed from sightseeing in the shoe stores of Rome.

It must have been Hausino Cartwright who met us in front of the big



Porta Rossa Hotel. In record time we were off to explore and discover. Food, glorious food, was on the top of the list. The pizzeria's were usually the popular spots in town with Folkdancers. Next, Pieta, here we come and also no/one wanted to miss seeing Gilbretties "Gates of Paradise". The Straw Market was also overrun with shrewd dealers from Provo USA.

The challenge of having only one night in town was achieved in many different ways. Some slept, some ate, while others were stranded at the Plaza de MichaelAngelo until 11:30 p.m. However, there, fatefully, we met the Milton Burle of the Mormon Church and his lovely wife. They were brother and sister Boracter from Honalulu, Hawaii. After winding our way through those narrow streets of Florence we finally located the Porta Rossa, too broke to buy a 400 lire shower (at that price it must have been a gear one, but we'll never know since no/one took one). That night we slept in our beds while visions of statues and paintings danced in our heads.

June 29 Overnight train (sleeper) "Italian Holland Express" to Amsterdam, Holland
Thurs. 2:35 p. m. - Lv. Florence
 5:58 p. m. - Arr. Milan. Change trains
 6:42 p. m. - Lv. Milan

June 30 Amsterdam, Holland
Fri. 9:34 a. m. - Arrive Amsterdam. Bus will meet you.

Contact: J. W. Bottenheim
 Bureau Vondelparkfeest
 Gemeente Amsterdam
 Koninginneweg 154
 Phone: (020) 79 104

Housing: Hotel Cok (for duration of Amsterdam stay)
 Internat Judgen
 Studenten
 Koninginnew 30, Amsterdam
 Phone: 73-74-11

No performance

July 1 Amsterdam Perf: The Hague Bus arranged by sponsor
Sat.

July 2 Amsterdam/Dordrecht - afternoon perf. Bus arranged by sponsor
Sun.

July 3 Amsterdam/Bloemendaal - evening perf. Bus arranged by sponsor
Mon.

July 4 Amsterdam Vondelpark 8:30 p. m. Bus as above
Tues.

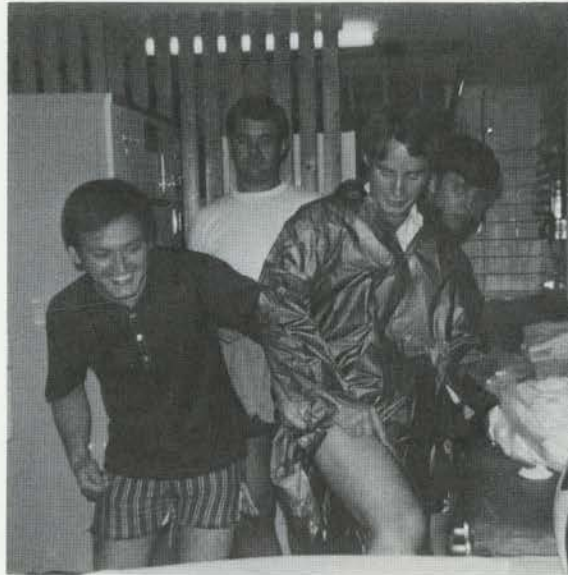
July 5 Amsterdam Flower Exhibition Floriade perf: 2:30 p. m. Bus as above.
Wed. Vondelpark performance: 8:30 p. m.

37

July 6 Amsterdam/Rotterdam - evening perf. Bus as above
Thurs

COK hotel for youth and students
koninginneweg 30-32
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND

TO BE RETURNED WITHIN ONE HOUR



Nationality: | Passport No.:

TO BE RETURNED AT THE
RECEPTION DESK

Handtekening gast - Signature of guest
Signature de l'hôte - Unterschrift des Gastes



June 29 -- Betsy Love and David Baker (Thursday)

Thursday morning was one of those rare mornings when we didn't have to arise early for breakfast--we could sleep as late as we cared. It was a beautiful sunny morning with chirping birds and bells tolling on each hour. Most of the dancers, eager to see more of Florence before the afternoon departure, arose early and set out to see the sights.

For many it was like a trip through ancient history. The Medici Chapel and tombs, the Basilica for Mass, the original statue of David by Michelangelo, the Cathedral and Baptistry with the famous Pieta and Gates of Paradise, the Town Hall, the Uffizzi Gallery, and the bridges crossing the Arno River; these were some of the sights the group saw. Seeing these works of art made more of an impact on us than seeing pictures in books, yet all the time there was a feeling of living in a dream. Others went to the straw market, a famous outdoor bargaining market to do a little bickering with the vendors. Three girls, Shelley, Vickie and Madelyn bought music tables which became part of their ever-increasing luggage burdens, (and occasionally others')

For lunch about half of the group flocked to the student cafeteria where they were able to buy lunches at a discount by showing their BYU badges. While eating they met students from other universities including a BYU student. It was interesting how the group of BYU kids stood out in appearance from the rest of the group. This was something that a lot of people commented on while the group toured Europe.

Finally it was time to return to the hotel, load the bus and leave for the train depot. Following a short wait, which we learned to expect with Italian trains, we boarded the train and filled three compartments and the halls with dancers and luggage. One compartment was loaded with band members and instruments. With a little bit (a very little bit) of coaxing, lively tunes came from the compartment and kept the train chugging merrily along. It was fun to see the looks and reactions the people who passed would give us. We saw everything from "those dumb Americans are at it again," to "looks like those Americans are having fun."

When the train pulled into Milan, the gang moved all the luggage several tracks over to load onto another train that would take us to Amsterdam. No one including the station officials knew which train we were to board. At this time Betsy and Vickie left to buy some fruit, and thus started their own side trip.

Meanwhile the rest of the group found out which train to board, and like in Rome, had only a few minutes to get all the luggage on. We weren't sure which car to sit in, so the big baggage was left in the halls and the little baggage in the compartments. We found out that there was no car actually reserved for us, so we had to spread ourselves out a little, which wasn't too bad.

Eventually Betsy and Vickie returned and discovered to their horror that the dancers, luggage and all had disappeared. At probably the same time, the dancers and directors on the train discovered the absence of Vickie and Betsy. After some frenzied discussion, it was decided that Brent and Greg should hop off at the next stop, return to Milan on the next train going back. Unfortunately, however, the conductor informed them they would have to wait until the second stop to get off since from the first stop didn't have a train that went back to Milan.

Brent and Greg had an hour wait for the next train so they treated themselves to a scrumptious dinner and sent two telegrams to Milan to be read over the P.A. system. The telegrams told Vickie and Betsy to meet them at 10:00 P.M., but Betsy and Vickie never heard them because they were out on the town having fun and meeting people.



Meanwhile those on the train settled themselves down and prepared for the long, overnight trip to Amsterdam. The car that was supposed to be added to the train, reserved for especially for the folk-dancers, never appeared, so the group had to make do with what they had. All the large pieces of luggage were placed in one compartment. Dave was helping move the luggage into the compartment and got blocked in, so he spent the next few hours standing by the window enjoying the view.

Before long the train crossed the border into Switzerland. Even though it was dark and cloudy, the dancers saw a little of the breathtaking beauty of the Alps. The high cascading waterfalls and rushing mountain streams recalled in some, the songs from "Sound of Music," and for awhile the strains of "Do Re Mi," "Edielwiess," and "Sound of Music" were heard.

Other features of the groups creativity and imagination to pass the time away included a sort of spy-cops-and-robbers game, a circus parade in the walkway, and a few gymnastic tricks. Which went to show that folk-dancers don't lack in creativity.

Finally all weary eyes fell closed, even Dave and Charles who were stuck with sleeping in the compartment where the luggage was stored.

There were no sheets for the beds only blankets and little pillows, but at least it was some place to lie down.

Now back to Milan with Betsey and Vickie. When they realized they had been left, Vickie kept running back and forth along the tracks looking for some sign of the folkdancers. Betsey, out of nervous excitement popped a chocolate bar she was holding into her mouth all at once, while trailing behind Vickie and insisting that the group had gone and that they were left. Finally Vickie stopped running and the two girls looked at each other, gulped, and laughed!

Then Betsey ran over to a Catholic minister that was walking nearby and cried, "We got left by our group! 34 of them! What should we do??" The minister, taken by surprise, fumbled over his words and an American man overheard and stepped over. He told the girls to go to the information desk whereupon they immediately headed. They found many people at the desk, so they sneaked around to a backdoor and let themselves in explaining that it was an emergency. Then they found the "boss" and told him what happened and asked if the train could be brought back since it had only been gone 5 minutes. When they informed this was impossible they asked if they could leave on a later train to Amsterdam. The answer was an "Italian" maybe.

Their passports and ticket stubs were taken, they were asked a million and one questions and two hundred and two phone calls were made. Finally an hour later they were set to leave on an 11:30 p.m. train, armed with four detailed forms explaining in Italian the situation and lack of tickets. They were told that they wouldn't have any trouble until they reached the border and then they might have trouble due to the change of countries. The girls said "Grandsee" and left.

Since it was only 8 p.m. they decided to use their three hours exploring Milan. While they were strolling through the town they saw the "Vickie Bar" and Betsey snapped a picture of Vickie in front of it. The place was actually an outdoor restaurant with an indoor bar, and the girls became friendly with the people eating outside. In fact they made quite a hit with them as dozens of pictures were snapped and they were given huge glasses of orange juice and bread, all free of charge.

Then they met an American from New York who called the U.S. Consulate for them and spent the rest of the evening with them. The Consulate said they lacked funds to fly the girls to Amsterdam or help out, but told them to call again if they ran into trouble. The Consulate promised to call the hotel in Amsterdam the following

Thursday 6 July

ROTTERDAM Dijkzicht 010-366072
20.00

dep.Hotel Cok : 17.00

Saturday 1 July

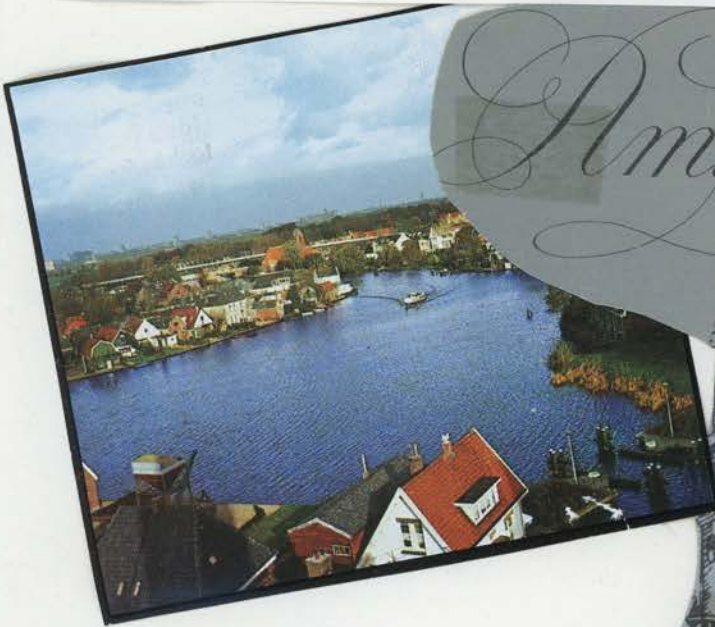
DEN HAAG Zuiderpark
20.00

Sunday 2 July

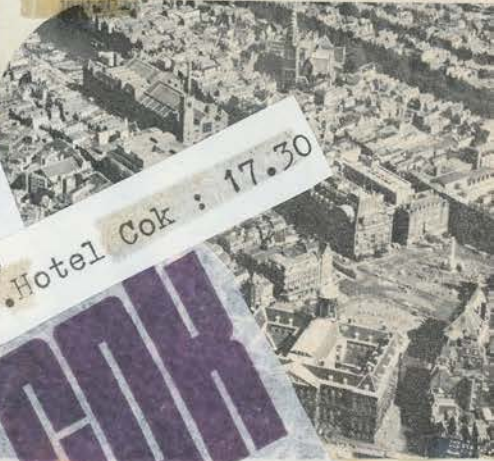
DORDRECHT Wantijpark
matinee 15.00

dep.l

amsterdam in the palm
of your hand



Amsterdam



Tuesday 4 July
070-391200

dep.Hotel Cok : 17.30



hotel for youth and students
Keuningneweg 30 amsterdam holland
phone 737411-792085-762553



Wednesday 5 July

AMSTERDAM Floriade 442444
matinee 14.30



dep.Hotel Cok : 13.00

AMSTELVEEN Openluchttheater 414267
20.00

dep.Hotel Cok : 18.30

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Friday 7 July

dep. Amsterdam, Central Station

dep.Hotel Cok :

to Antwerpen
SCHOTEN tel. 0932-3585766

morning to inform the rest of the group that Betsey and Vickie were safe and on their way.

Finally at 11:00p.m. the girls and their American friend returned to the train station to be sure and catch the 11:30 train. That was when Greg and Brent, after an hour of doing an Italian version of running sets, found them at last.

Vickie and Betsey kissed their friend good-bye and boarded the empty train with Greg and Brent that took them to Amsterdam and where they belonged to the American Folkdancers.

June 30-- Margie Paulsen (Friday)

June 30 had an abrupt beginning...At 6:30 a.m. some gay deceiver (with good intentions) went running through the train yelling loudly "Get-up!! We only have a half-an-hour before we're there." We all arose, starting to put ourselves together when the official word came back that the previous word was not official and that we still had another three hours to go. Some had made total preparation for the day and sleep was impossible. But for a few of us the "call of the bed" was over-powering. Soon our three were up and slowly all made ready for our arrival in Amsterdam. It was completely impossible to get dressed and "Sparkle." The water on the train was not fit for drinking--brushing of the teeth was impossible. Getting dressed with five other people dressing in the same spot did not bring much success. I am sure as we stepped off the train an onlooker would be impressed by our adaptability to the European culture. Going two days without a bath brought with it a "distinct air."

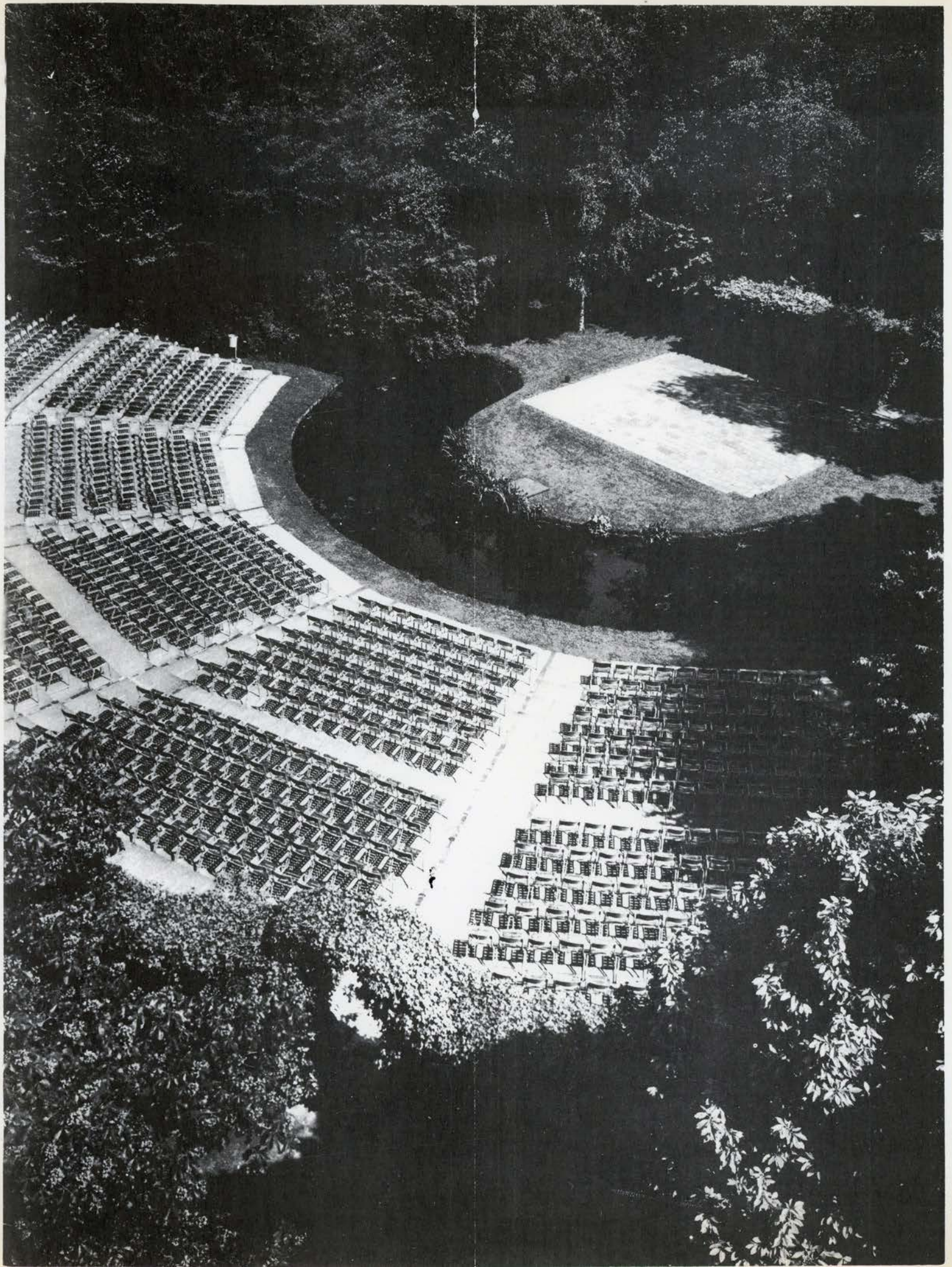
We arrived in Amsterdam ready to repeat another nights sleep. Mr. Bottenheim, our host in Amserdam, greeted us at the train station excited to see how we would like Amsterdam. He gave us word that the U.S. Ambassidor in Milan had called to tell us that Vickie and Betsey would be in on the 1:30 train. We still did not know if Greg and Brent had found the two girls. It was a relief to know the girls were safe and on their way to meet us. We loaded up on two small buses and set out for the Hotel Cok, our home for the next few day s. Amsterdam brought new excitement for us. The climate was cooler and dryer, the city was clean, and the people friendly and ready to help.

June 30--Duane Bishop

Meanwhile, at the COK we rapidly began to appreciate the presence of steep stairs and hot showers. Our breakfast also was most welcome after a long train ride was of sliced bread with jam and cold fresh milk. A few groans were heard however, when at lunch we uncovered cartons of spaghetti (of all things) after having just left Italy.

With no performance scheduled until the next day, we rehearsed that afternoon in front of the covered stage at Vondelpaark before a sizeable group of curious on-lookers. When our Milan detachment (Vickie, Betsey, Gregg and Brent) appeared and was greeted with our famous French cheer, I am sure some of our audience was quite perplexed as they tried to figure out just what was going on.

As the rehearsal concluded, we went our separate ways and looked over the city, wrote home, or just relaxed at our new home. That night's sleep was the best we had had for several days and helped greatly to pep us up for our first perfourmance in 7 days at the Hague, July 1st.



July 1--Tony Choung and Ginny Call (Saturday)

Today started out with a very exciting continental breakfast of bread, butter, jam and milk. It really hit the spot on a cold, dismal Holland morning such as today. A business meeting was held after breakfast in which it was decided that the Hoe Down and Hawaiian numbers and the band needed an additional rehearsal. While this was taking place a few of the group not involved decided to make a conscientious effort to gain some culture by visiting an art museum. Was it modern or was it modern? You name anything and I'll guarantee you, it was there on canvas. (Such things ranging from a blob of digested food to something only expected to be discovered behind the "Second water lilly on the left.")

The rest of the afternoon was spent doing numerous other things such as eating sleeping and sleeping and more sleeping. At 5:30 p.m. after a delicious hot meal we loaded the bus and were on our way to the Hague for our first performance after Cry. We were all a bit apprehensive about it because we felt full, fat and stiff as a result of our idleness for the past week. Our show was an excellent example of people whose hearts are willing, but whose flesh is weak. Devil's Dream was a smash with all 23 of the dancers--Pat Debanham was in the dressing room sewing his pants up, so Shelley Olson did a great job of suspending herself in the lifts throughout the dance. Taunya Lund stole the show in the Hoe Down when she blacked out and threw herself on the ground. It was as if she had completely lost presence of mind and sight of the goal. Mary Ann Cullimore also added her personality to the dance as she maliciously ripped off her pretty white ruffle to the degree that it dragged on the ground. (Let's take better care of our costumes, Mary Ann.) Shelley Olson asserted herself again in appalachian tap as her elegant white petticoat slowly, but surely found its way to the ground. Oh Susanna proved to be quite interesting as the band and the dancers were singing different verses. Who knows? The audiences may have thought it was a round. Again, Mary Ann captured the attention and pity of all as she was scalped by our ferocious Indian, Charles. (The poor girl won't be the same for a year or so, but like I always say--The show must go on.) By a unanimous vote and twenty secondeds by Mary Bee, Exhibition Square will be scratched from that show. Brent England took it upon himself during Cake Walk to vulgarly kick Taunya's shoe off. There was the poor dear girl making a spectacle of herself again; Quote, "I'm so upset, I could crush a grape!"

Charlestons would have been super except for two minor difficulties; The violin section kept speeding up and the band played on and on and on after the dancers were supposed to have been finished. Mary Lou and John made a beautiful picture as she would kick him when he speeded up and every time he was kicked he'd speed up. It was undecided as to whether the situation was the result of stimulus-response or conditional reflex. The only other big mistake made was that after all of our rehearsal for our finale, we "blacked out" as Mark and Joan led us off stage without ever having started the finale.

We were complimented on our professional attitude and the joy and fun we radiated compensated for our mistakes.

To end the day we had an exciting news report from George and also an original song by Bryan Noyce and Jim Norman about the new member of their group, BIG AL (Don Allen). All in all we had fun and it was one of the most memorable days of the tour. P.S. It was also a very sad occasion when our baby boa, Wladamer, passed from mortal view. We all felt a loss at his passing.

OPENLUCHTTHEATER
BLOEMENDAAL



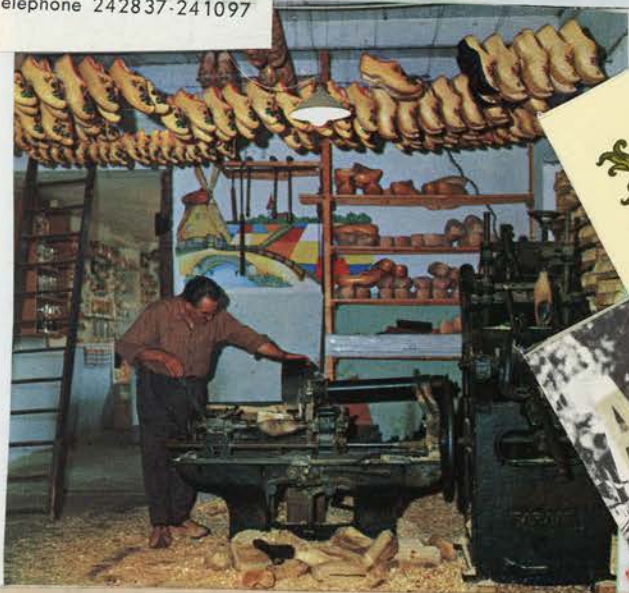
FLORIAD E AMSTERDAM 1972
30 MAART t.e.m. 1 OKTOBER
OPEN 9.30-22.30 UUR
KABELBAAN - RETOUR
VOLWASSENEN
Med. Spec. Drukk., Delft
049057
Nadruk verboden.
De Floriade is niet aansprakelijk voor schade van welke aard ook.
Op verzoek wordt het bezit van de Floriade bewaard.

Kopje van Bloemendaal



ANNE FRANK HUIS
263, Prinsengracht
Amsterdam
Telephone 242837-241097

naam van Groep : American Folk Dancers



AMSTERDAM

AMSTERDAM
gereserveerd
van AMSTERDAM
AMSTERDAM

DAMSTRAAT 2^A TELEF. 248
AMSTERDAM
NIEUWENDIJK 39 TELEF



July 2-- Shelley . . . ?? (Sunday)

Dear God;

Yes, a miracle is brought forth, your forgetful servant is finally catching up on his works, (Fast Sundays always have a knack for bringing one to repentance). You've always told us Father that a guardian angel never ages, but I swear (oh oops,) I mean, I declare that these Folkdancers are averaging ^{me} two gray hairs per day. Today was almost a holiday for me though, the men got right up for Priesthood at 9:00 a.m. (I did attend, (GULP) in my P.J's though), and the women joined them for Fast and Testimony meeting at 10:00 a.m. I was somewhat concerned with the COK's facilities, but again, as usual I shouldn't have worried- they handled everything with perfect spirit. Those little stinkers have a way of bringing tears to an old softie like me. Today is my day to give an extra "Thanks" to you, God, for this mission. Actually I'm learning more from them than they are from me. Don was in charge of the meeting. That guy worries me sometimes; he's getting so God-like. I'm afraid he'll be transcended and take over my job!!

After the meeting they had lunch, and pardon me, Father, but couldn't you send something other than rice in the future. Tony is going wild, though. As soon as lunch was over, about 10 seconds later, (I really must do something about their manners) they were on their way to Dordrecht to perform. By the way Father, Im glad I had that little talk with you about their performance on Sunday. It sure was a lot easier explaining it to them. They passed through Rotterdam and saw the largest port in the world, that was even exciting for me! Once in Dordrecht, they went into a beautiful park and waited through the rain clouds, I got glimpses of what was going on.

(fill in) It rained until there was no time left for the show and we were through drinking the free pop they gave us. So, true to folkdancer's notorious chivalry, the band played, Charles did a rain — non-stop-dance and the "dancers" sang. Hot soup in the restaurant warmed our spirits and we tripped back to the COK to catch up on sleep, etc.

Fast Sunday schedule:

Priesthood 9:00a.m.

Testimony meeting 10:00a.m. COK Banquet room

Conducting: Don Allen

Opening song: The Spirit of God

Sacrament-

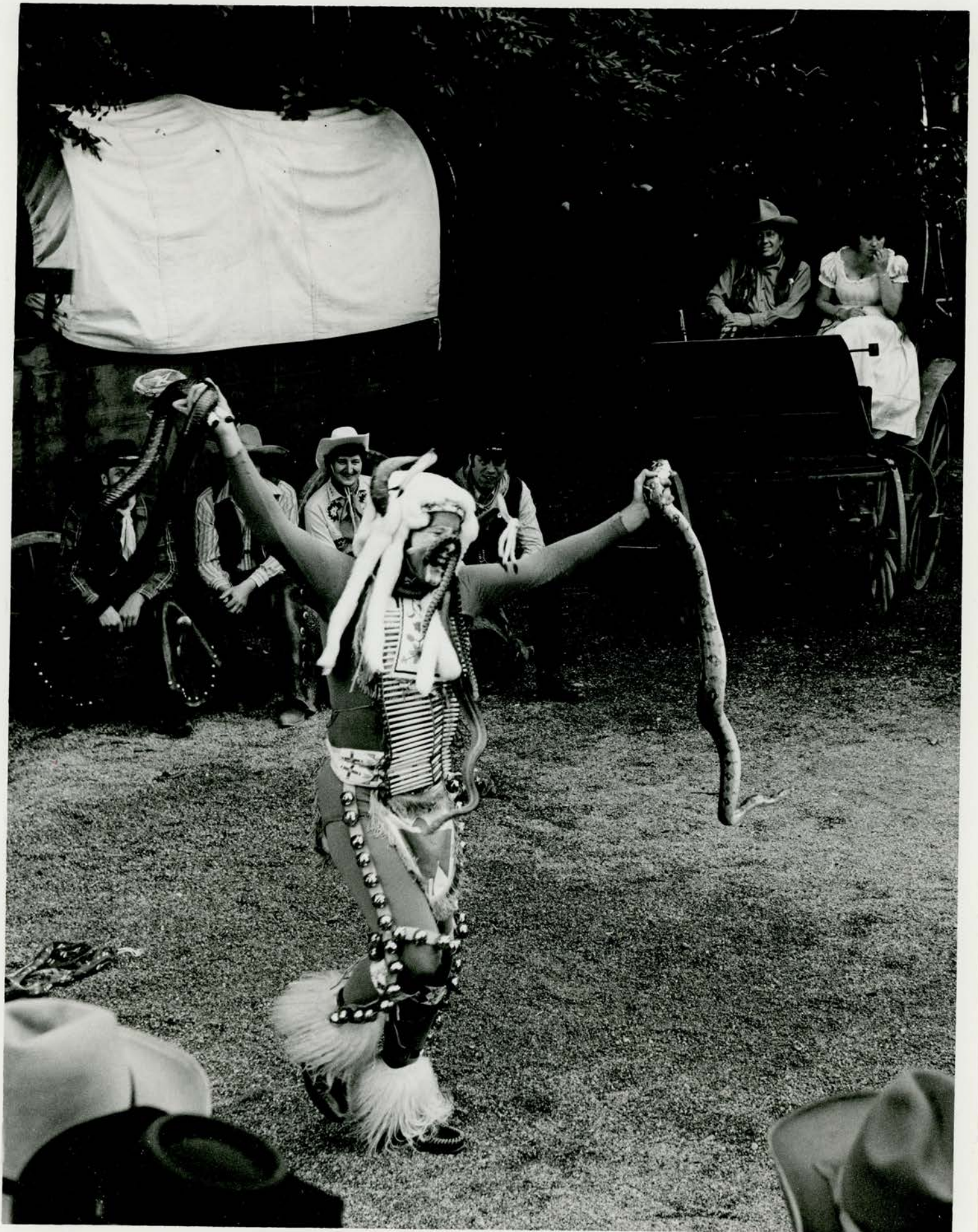
Meeting

Closing song: We Thank Thee Oh God for a Prophet

Closing Prayer: Jim Blount

July 3 (Fill In) (Monday)

The morning was free for Folkdancers to do as they pleased and then the afternoon was spent in riotous frolic as family home evening was dedicated to a birthday celebration for Joan Christensen and Jim Norman. The most revealing game of catastrophe and solution was played where Marcie "leaked" the story about her somewhat embarrassing kiss on her front porch. After the party we had a show in the open theatre at Vondel Park. This was not our best performance to say the least! Parts of dances were forgotten and costumes were falling off. Everyone took a recount of themselves this night.



July 4--George Estacapio and Vickie Bird (Tuesday)

Oh well, here we are again, old Wikky Bird and Me, the Pide Piper of Cry, ready to try to enthuse you all with our doings on the day of July 4, 1972 in beautiful Amsterdam, Holland.

It has been raining for the last two or three days here, but today boy, it is really beautiful--finally. At least no rain-yet cloudy, but not rain. Getting up Wikky and I made our way to the breakfast table at the COK Hotel, a student, youth hotel, where we were graced with bread, meat, liverwurst and milk for breakfast. OOps, I forgot the cheese- We then walked over to the boat dock which was about a 20 minute walk from our hotel, through the beautiful park which was right across the street from the hotel. Anyway, we had finally made our way to the dock, where we were greeted by a funny man with a camera who took our pictures- no obligation to buy, while getting on board ship. We then sat down in this long flat touring boat which looked like a banana split dish, or an ice cube tray with a glass corner. we were then introduced to our guide, a beautiful young girl working her way through school guiding people. Get It! Meanwhile back on the farm, we finally began our Sea going journey through the canals of Holland. Our guide had explained to us that all of Holland was built on a mud base, and the canals were used for bringing goods to stores, homes, etc. Furniture was taken into the homes through the windows with the use of gables. The houses were built tilting out so when the furniture was moved it wouldn't break the windows. She showed us where the poor and the rich people were buried. We also saw a replica of a crown on the top of a church, that was given to Holland by another country because it couldn't pay off with money. A beautiful huge replica. We then entered the Bay or Port of Holland where we saw other boats like ours making their way through the canals. The water wasn't too rough, but when we made a turn, it felt as though we were in a wiegut loosing machine, back and forth, back and forth. We saw an old sailing skipper, bought by an American and fixed up to sail across the ocean from Holland. The name of it was, would you believe "Moroni". Oh well, we made our way back through the canals and back to the dock where we unloaded our bodies and witnessed the pictures taken prior to the trip. Some brought their pictures, but not I, Vickie bought a couple and we all then went back to the hotel where we ate another repeat of the day before. Vickie went out and shopped around Amsterdam, but I slept. All meeting at about 5:00p.m. for dinner and then prepared for our evening show at the park next door. We all walked over at about 6:30- and made ready for a performance never to be forgotten. We as the light went up were all excited because of the enormous audience that made their way to see us perform. A full, ah, well not a house, but a full outdoor crowd.

The curtain went up and good old Devil's Dream was first. What a beginning! but alas, Vickie and I failed. It seems that I miss counted, Vickie slipped, landed on the floor and we both made a big hit that night--Boo hoo! The show continued though and Vickie tripped a couple of times. I don't know if Shelly lost her underskirt, but the show was a great success. After, we were greeted by people and invited to a lady's home for goodies. Well, this is Vickie and George finally signing off for good saying the tour is great and "Try it, You'll Like it."

July 5--Chan Garbett (Wednesday)

Today folkdancers arose (except for Charles) and began new escapades up and down the streets of Holland. As usual, a time had been set for prompt return, however, as usual, some were caught up by interests in other things and as usual came sauntering in late, making up wild excuses.

The performance at 3:00p.m. was held at the Flerial Shire Club and only 4 or 5 dancers were put on stage which took about 45 minutes to do. The sky was blue for once and the sun felt good, but our costumes were drenched with perspiration and our mouths were so dry we could hardly talk. We walked around the park for about an hour buying up all the popsicles we could find and messing around. A few of the girls flirted with the ticket taker on the ski lift and suckered him into letting them ride free. He'll probably lose his job for that, but then how could he resist.

Upon meeting at 5:30p.m. we drove to the hotel in time to eat our sea rations. We inhaled it and took off again for our second performance held at Aur Stelven and about 82 people saw the show compared to 200 at the afternoon show.

Except for a few minor mishaps such as Dave Baker getting his glasses smashed by Marcie Nash and not being able to tell the difference between Betsy Love and Margie Paulsen and Brent England being drugged and then dragged around by his partner Mary Ann, the performance went great. We packed up the gear and headed to the hotel, tired, but happy.

July 5--Robin Gerrard

Today was a good day. I woke up too late for one of those good Amsterdam breakfasts of bread (as much as you want) milk, butter, and jam. Today we had hard boiled eggs, I don't know how I could have missed the opportunity to have a real egg, but I did along with a few other sleepy heads.

We had until 12:30 free to do as we pleased before we had to report for lunch and to our performance in Floriade park, just outside Amsterdam. As for myself, I went sight seeing.

Mark, Shelley, Bryon, Don, Jim Norman, Marci and I left the COX hotel and packed ourselves into the #2 street car for the Royal Palace. This wasn't much to look at on the outside, but the inside was beautiful. This building was first used as the town hall and the decorations were in accordance to it. Just to name a couple of interesting rooms: 1) Room of estate-above the door way there was a saying I liked "Onle should not live beyonds ones means. 2) Insurance room-above this door were rats among the unpaid bills. 3) Court Room- I think this room impressed all of us. It was a cold room where the sentences of capital punishment were carried out. All the decorations had a connection with justice and punishment. The garden of paradise was portrayed with the tree of knowledge and the serpent, the sword of justice showing earthly and heavenly justice, and also King Solomon using his wisdom to help two women who claimed one child. In all the rooms significant designs and statues were used, very impressive.

Lunch came before the group could finish all the things they wanted to get in. We all eat our soft apples and good t.v. dinner.

We performed in Floriade Park (Children's and Flower Park).

The stage was small, and dressing rooms consisted of the bus for the boys and a shack for the girls that didn't have any curtains on any of its four windows.

During the performance, my square (the small ones) were doing exhibition and we went up in the basket and all of us fell on the ground instead of our feet. Everyone laughed, but us. Next time I'm making sure Shelley and I grab ankles. The rest of the show went ok.

After we rode the tram over the park--some of us got on free because of Ginny's dancing ability. Good going Ginny, Mary Ann, Madeline and Margie.

Just before boarding the bus, Brent started everyone giving each other a back rub. Shelley was up on a couple of the boys shoulders with all the cameras taking pictures. I bet we look funny.

We went back to the COK Hotel and had dinner, not much to say about their dinners.

Another show was given at 8:00 in another park with a fairly small audience. We never would have made it unless 6 of the guys pushed the bus to get it started due to a dead battery. Congratulations ~~boys~~ MEN!!! The show went well according to us and to good ole Bob Fitch who had just returned from Paris.

I think I remember my fingers being worn off from signing my name 28 times for a list Sheldon had for some girls staying in the Hotel. I know others had the same feelings.

Good night all! It was a good day and the Lord was with us.

July 6--Robert Hawker (Thursday)

The day started out very early when a knock was heard at the door. We ignored it at first, then I yelled out "we don't want any" The knocking stopped for about 15 minutes then it started again. I finally answered the door about 7:00a.m. and it was the English girl who said that Charley told them that he would show them his snakes this morning before they left at 8:00a.m.

We boarded the bus about 10:00 a.m. and went out to an old windmill where we had group pictures and individual pictures taken by Bob Fitch. After our pictures were taken we boarded the bus again for the mission home where we did a show.

After driving past every house in Holland we arrived at the Mission Home and luckily they had prepared a light snack for us. Some one had forgotten to get our sack lunches that morning. We put on a great performance for President Pinegar and about 50 people who had come to see us. It was very difficult to dance at the mission home because we were dancing on a slight hill and on grass. (Try doing the cloggs on grass for awhile) After the hour show we socialized for awhile then back to the COK.

We ate dinner and were soon on the bus again for Rotterdam where we were to perform at Dijkzicht Park. We arrived there an hour early and started to prepare for our evening show. It was our last full show so we really gave them a performance. The program went very smoothly and we were very pleased with our performance, and by the applause, the audience was too.

We went home after the show very sad. We were leaving Holland the next morning for Schoten, Belgium and our last full show had been a very successful one and a very memorable one.



July 7 Schoten, Belgium

Fri. 8:30 a.m. - Dept. by train from Amsterdam
10:46 a.m. - Arrive Antwerp. Festival bus to Schoten, Belgium

Contact: Siegfried Verbeelen
Sparrenlaan 9
B-2120 Schoten
Phone:

Housing: With Belgian families

Perf: Festival

July 8 Schoten Flemish Folklore Day
Sat. 8:00 p.m. All groups perform

Emergency contact:
Pres. Thomas H. Brown
France Belgium Mission
Chausee Romains, 564
B-1820 Strombeek-Bever

July 9 Schoten
Sun. 2:00 p.m. Parade of Nations
3:00 p.m. Performance of all groups
8:00 p.m. Performance of all groups

July 10 Schoten
Mon. 3:00 p.m. Performance of all groups
8:00 p.m. Performance of all groups
USA performs

July 11 Schoten Sightseeing at coast
Tues. 10:07 p.m. - Dept. Antwerp on train. Overnight drive, via Brussels.

July 7--Sheldon Kidd and Madelyn Hollingshead (Friday)

An early start is always remembered and this day was no exception. Each one jammed all possessions back into the suitcase or flight bag or purse or sack. A few of the girls had bought big straw baskets and they were stuffed full. The bus was soon loaded and ready to leave for the train station, but after count-down we were short one person, Roni. After a wait of an eternity we were graced by the presence of all and we left.

Loading the train was so easy that all wondered if the luggage was all on the train. Dutch trains are more efficient than Italian trains, but the seats are just as uncomfortable. Soon after we boarded the train, Mark, became the shining star of the day. Marcie's clothes line had a suction cup on the end of it and Mark stuck it in the middle of his forehead. Jeff joined in the fun by grabbing the clothes line and pulling it off, leaving Mark with a mark as big as a half dollar. We now had a new Indian with his won ruby painted on his forehead.

After three hours of train ride we arrived in Antwerp, Belgium. Our guides, Ed, Marc, and Anne had everything arranged for us and were waiting anxiously. The bus took us to a castle; the festival site. Mr. Bulther formally welcomed us and introduced the Festival committee. This was the fourth time the folkdancers had been to the festival and our first festival since we had been in Europe. All really loved being at a festival and we really loved being in Schoten. Schoten was such a beautiful town; everywhere you looked there were beautiful

Volksdansenfestival

Schoten



8, 9, 10, 12 juli 1972

flowers of every color imagineable.

We went to a school house for lunch. As we entered the building we heard a few laughs and squeals. There was something new and different. A hand shower to wash our hands in.

The lunch room was filled with strangers who soon became our friends. Dancers from Austria, Japan, etc.

After lunch we walked to another school to meet our hosts. After a short wait our names were read and friendly Belgium faces greeted us. We were then led away to the homes of these friendly people. After 3 hours we returned to the castle, all nice and refreshed. We went to another school and had a supper of bread, sausage and jam and cookies. After supper we went into the courtyard of the school and the Lithuanian group began to dance. It wasn't long until we were dancing with them. For many enjoyable minutes we danced and caught some of the spirit of Lithuania. Then we walked with the Lithuanians to the castle in parade fashion. Along the streets many of the people of Schoten were waiting to greet us. We enjoyed meeting them and shaking hands; we passed out American flags to the small children.

We changed into our costumes on the top floor of the castle. In a gigantic tent, presentations of each group were made. Our representatives were George and Vickie. Vickie looked lovely in her native Indian costume, and George must have looked great too, because his picture appeared in the Schoten news-paper the next morning.

There is always an after party in the evening after the performances and we were hosts of the first party. Because we were so happy to be at the festival we were all keyed up and feeling great. An enthusiasm never felt before rushed through the dancers as we ran onto the stage and performed smokey mountain and tap clogs. There was a new awakening in the audience; the people were captivated by the American Folkdancers from Brigham Young University on the stage before their eyes. We were applauded long and loud. The fad dances; Westeroo, Cake Walk, and Charleston along with Virginia Reel and Oh Susanna completed our show that night.

We demonstrated and taught the Virginia Reel and Oh Susanna to all the other dance groups.

Our first day at the festival ended with dancing going on into the wee hours of the morning.

July 7--John Boud

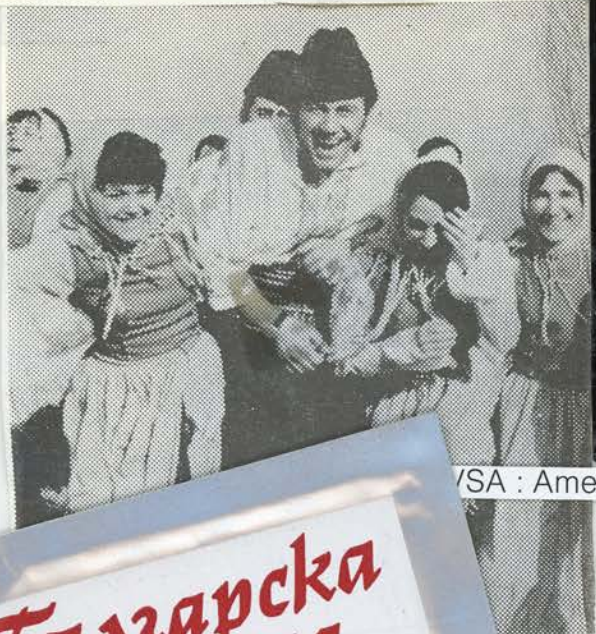
After a successful concert in Rotterdam last night we all woke early this morning and were fully packed and on the bus heading for the Amsterdam train station by 7:45 a.m.

As the bus rolled along we noticed many people going to work on bicycles! It's hard for me to realize people like my mother riding around town on bicycles, but over here it is common.

We arrived in Antwerp, Belgium by 10:30 and arrived by bus in Schoten by 12:00. Our first stop was the castle. This was headquarters for the Folk Dance Festival. The castle was surrounded by a mote containing water, ducks and swans. To the rear a big grandstand had been erected looking onto a raised wooden stage.

In the evening the festival got off to a grand start with an official welcome for all of the foreign groups which included; Bulgaria, Korsica, Greece, Austria, Lithuania, USSR, Spain and America as well as Belgium.

After the welcome by the town's Mayor, one couple from each country dressed in their native costume, walked out on stage. Vickie and George both dressed in colorful indian costumes, walked out to represent America.



14de Internaciaal volksdansfestival
 Schoten
 8, 9, 10, 12 juli 1972



Volksdans

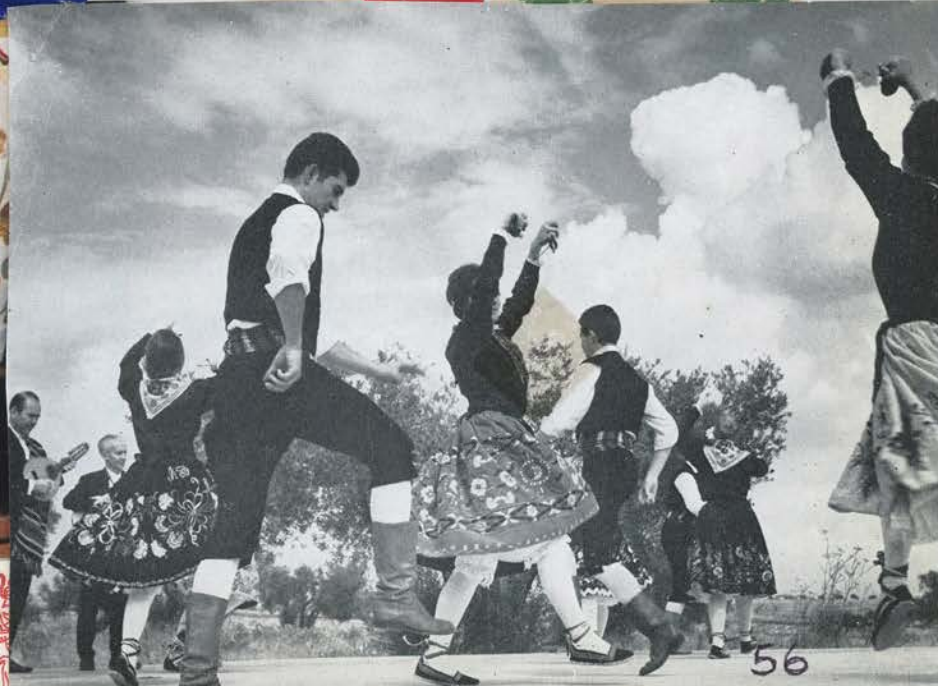
USA : American Folk Dancers - Brigham Young University

Българска Роза
 Fresh-up

Some of the original pieces were lost & missing.



BELGIUM



The performance then really got underway with each country taking about 15 minutes. There was a great amount of variety in both music and dance. The costuming was fabulous. Many of the groups seemed to be semi- if not fully professional. I was especially impressed with the Russians (who preferred to be called Lithuanians) from Lithuania. Besides having a group of well disciplined dances their band appeared to be more like a miniature symphony orchestra complete with brass, woodwind, percussion and string sections.

After the performance all the dance groups gathered in a big tent to be entertained by our group for the USA evening. We performed all our fad dances- Charlestons, Westeroo, Cakewalk, and Hoedown, but the audience seemed to like our traditional dances more than the modern choreography. Then to get the audience involved we invited people onto the stage to learn Virginai Reel. It was exciting to see so many people who spoke a different language get together and communicate through the medium of dance.

July 8--Taunya and Greg Lund (Saturday)

Waking up today was a chore after last nights festival party. We arose about 19 a.m. and stumbled downstairs to an American style breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast and milk.

Rondous time was 12:00 noon for a short trip to a supermarket, where we were to perform.

In the aisles of the store the music rang loud as we started off with Salty Dog Rag, followed by Exhibition Square Dance. Lone Praire and Virginia Reel followed. Then our lovely girls flutter-fluttered in the western check dresses to the music of the Charleston. Then to top it off we did Smokey and Tap Cloggs.

As it turned out to be, there was a restraunt in the shopping mall called "Quick Hamburgers." We then proceeded to the Quick where we quickly consumed 19 giant burgers, 9 fishburgers, and 11 regular hamburgers, not to mention dozens of milkshakes, french fries, and of course "appleflappers." Upon returning to the festival site, we quickly became engaged in learning and teaching dances with all the other groups. In our attempt to teach the Virginia reel, one poor little Bulgarian never did figure out what was going on, but she sure had fun running around swinging anyone by the elbow. Then we finished there, we proceeded to teach the dances to the children.

Our evening meal at the school was exciting, as it was Charles' birthday. After singing happy Birthday, all the French girls decided to have a line-up on him. Needless to say, Charles loved it.

The evening open-air performance consisted of all groups dancing, our group doing Polka Quadrille, Virginia Reel, Indian Snokedance, Salty Dog Rag and Exhibition squaredance. The girls got their first glimpse into the glories of communal living as everyone changed costumes in the same tent.

The after party, which subsequently turned out to be quite a wild affair on the dance floor, was put on by the Bulgarian group, and we danced and talked and became friends with them and the others.

zondag 9 juli 1972
avondvoorstelling

ANTWERP

Griekenland : Lykion ton Ellinidon Serron
Oostenrijk : Heimatverein 'Schwarzkogler'
Corsica : I Macchiaglioli
België : Tijl Uilenspiegel
Spanje : Coros y Danzas de Seccion Feminina
Bulgarije : Folkloregroep der Transportarbeiders
Japan : National Recreation Association of Japan
VSA : American Folk Dancers - Brigham Young U
USSR : 'Galvé' en 'Rasa' - Litovski SSR



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July 9--Joan Christensen (Sunday)

This report will be a fill-in because this day's history is missing. What I remember most about this Sunday was that we got up early and put on our best travel outfits and attended the community cathedral for morning mass. It was a beautiful old church with the high ceiling, arches and alter. Upon conclusion of the meeting we, Folkdancers, stood behind the alter and sang the closing song.

All of the other dancers from the other countries and the people of Schoten were there. I think we all enjoyed this experience of worshipping with them even though it wasn't Mormon Sunday School. It was a very interesting experience.

I believe that next we went to lunch and did our own things. In the afternoon we had a performance, but as soon as it was over we trotted over to the local race track for a very inspirational sacrament meeting. We held the meeting in the club house and the sacrament consisted of passing around a mug of sacred, blessed water and a plate of the bread. It was great to feel and know that no matter what the circumstance the Church still operated with full authority from the Priesthood. Several people were called on to bear their testimonies on this the last Sunday we would have together. I think everyone on the trip had really grown close and learned to love each other. It's too bad it had to end, this was the general consensus.

We had sandwiches after the meeting with cheese and cookies on bread. Hesitant Folkdancers found it quite tasty. A special gift was given us of small wooden shoes from Don and the tour. After that I just remember racing to make the next performance. We had to dress in the same tents with the guys, but they were real gentlemen (or else they sure fooled the girls). We were all starting to really love this place and a few like Mark, Chan, Margie, Shelley and others were starting to love more than the place. Parting is going to be such sweet sorrow!

July 10--Jeff Webster (Monday)

So many exciting things have happened to us in Schoten, it is hard to remember what had happened to us the day before. Each night there is some excitement that lasts until early morning and none of us realize how exhausted we are until it is time to get up in the morning. Mary Ann got up this morning, set her hair and then went in to take a bath. Two hours later, poor Mary Ann woke up, still in the bath, with a wrinkled body and wet hair.

The Bulgarian dance group invited some of our group over to teach us some of their steps. The Bulgarians dance so fast that it is really hard to catch their foot work. All those that went to the exchange, learned alot and had a great time.

Joan Christensen met with a family and told them alot about the church. Through Joan's testimony, the family was very much impressed and anxious to hear more about the church.

After lunch we went down to the castle to get ready for our afternoon performance. The sun was shining so alot of people were at the festival today. It was a fun performance! By now we knew alot of the people and they seemed to be cheering for us. Shelley's shoe came off again, one went straight up for about 20 feet--the crowd loved it.

We had to hurry to eat dinner and get back to the castle to pack. We went out for the evening show, we were first and had 25 minutes on stage. Everything went great and when we ran off stage, a lump grew

Veertiende Volksdansfestival met zon (in het hart)

Schoten internationaler dan ooit

Schoten zit weer volop in een uniek internationaal gebeuren met klank, vriendschap en internationale verstandhouding. Zeer weinige volksgroepen zijn er nog op Europees niveau te vinden, die nog niet in de «poort» van de Voorkampen te gast waren.

Het Internationale Volksdansfestival laat Schoten niet meer los, want de massa blijft de weg vinden naar het gemeentelijk domein, waar reeds duizenden getuige waren van klank en kleur, ritme en beweging.

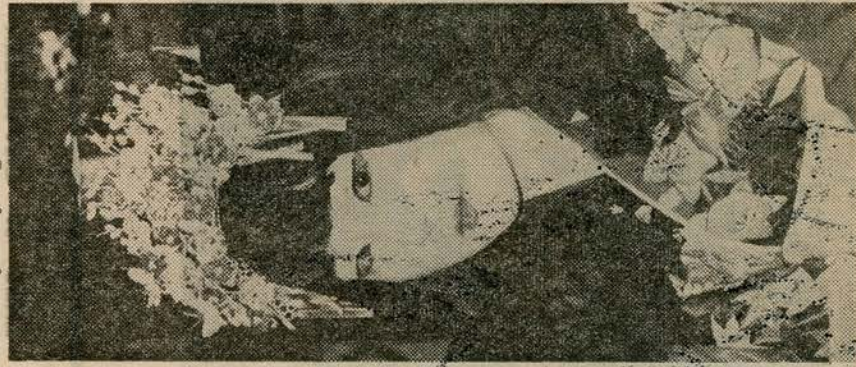
Weinig Europese groepen zijn nog niet te Schoten geweest, maar ook andere werelddeelen kwamen aan bod, nl. Afrika, Azië en de Verenigde Staten van Amerika. Ecuador was ook al te Schoten en nu de vertegenwoordigers uit het Verre-Oosten, Japan, met nog twee groepen uit de Balkanlanden.

Samen met de Europese festivalgroepen en de binnenlandse volkskunstgroepen laten ze kultuurwaarden van heden en het verleden schitteren, intek in ons land en tot ver buiten Europa be-



De Oostenrijkse groep Heimatverein Schwarzkogler wist alle harten te stelen.

Hun vendeltrio, dat al werpend de vaandels wisselde, bracht hierin een fijne bijdrage.



Een danseres van een Japanse volksdansgroep uit Tokio. Oosterse sfeer in Schoten.

Sterk en actief waren de Bulgaarse transportarbeiders van Varna, in een suite, die de arbeid van de landbouwer verheerlijkt.

De vertegenwoordigers van Amerika waren reeds voor de vierde maal te Schoten. Door een uitbundige vrolijkheid in de clog, een Virginia-reel en de exhibition square-dance kregen ze een wonderlijk applaus. Laatstgenoemde dans, die heel wat variaties bood, was een weelde voor oog en oor, wat trouwens door het publiek met een passend tussenapplaus onderstreept werd. Dat kreeg ook nog de «Indian Hoop Dance» waarbij een solo-danser met een dikke greep ringen allerlei figuren creëerde, die bijwijlen komische effecten gaven.

Zeer gezellig te aanschouwen was tevens de rondedans, voor en door de jeugd uit een eindelooze reeks die ze in hun programma bezitten.

AKROBATISCHE SPRONGEN

Het dansen zit de Grieken in het bloed. Ze doen dat zowel bij vreugde als leed en haast ritueel, onder begeleiding van een typisch snerpand fluitspel en tromslag ook in de traditionele en wisselende, figurdansen die ze brachten met tot slot een wilde en stoere mannendans, uit de bergen afkomstig en dit ingeleid met akrobatische sprongen. Opvallend was wel de kleurrijker kledij bij de heren!

Nadat te Schoten reeds meerdere groepen uit de noordelijke Spaanse provincies hun kunnen demonstreerden, toonden de vertegenwoordigers van Granada, nl. «Coros y Danzas» temperamentvolle dansen in fandangos en sevillanas.

Dansen is voor Japan geen los-

Er was zaterdagavond heel wat belangstelling voor de openluchtvoorstelling.

staande activiteit, doch verweven in het volks- en theaterleven. Voor ons Westerlingen nooelijk te benaderen dans uit de geheimzinnige folklore van het Verre Oosten, werd de «sakura», een typisch voorbeeld van Kabuki-theater, door drie vrouwelijke leden van 't gezelschap van Tokio in fel gekleurde lange kledij vertolkt, onder hard-begeleiding.

Karakteristiek, in deze zeer vermoeiende dansuitvoering, dat de meisjes eerst zeer bevallig dansen in vrouwenkleren, zich snel omkleden en dan in een mannenpak (short) in snel tempo verder dansen, met als begeleidingsinstrumenten, een grote liggende trom, een driesnarige banjo en een voorzanger.

LITOUWSE HAAN

Eveneens een openbaring op volkskunstgebied, naast Tokio, bracht ons eigen kontinent... door de vertegenwoordigers uit Noord-Europa aan de Oostzee, met Russisch en Litouwse vaandel op het podium.

Uit het Traika-distrikt, twee groepen, echte exportartikelen van hoge kwaliteit, die de Russische beer thuislieten, en de eigen vrolijke oude haan op het podium brachten in een komische en effectvolle dans, waarin een achttal jonge hanen leerden hoe ze door het leven moesten gaan.

Afscheid werd genomen met de «laatste dans» in snelle pas, waarin de Litouwers al hun energie en temperament legden. 't Was trouwens een bisnummer overwaard.

Schoten kende echter nog een laatste dans. De festivalweek loopt nog verder, want na de voorstellingen van zondagmiddag en 's avonds, volgen in 't ge-

in all of our throats, all of a sudden we realized that we could not be dancing again on tour.

The rest of our costumes had to be packed and ready for shipping, we were all a little sad that tour was over. There were seven people who would be staying in Europe with the six week tour, so we would be separating. We sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" and it was really hard, there were very few dry eyes.

The Greeks and the Spanish had the party in the big tent tonight and it was really alot of fun. All the dancers and band members from all of the groups had become very good friends. This was the last night in Schoten for the American group.

We had a great experience in Schoten with alot of wonderful people. Many lifetime friendships were formed and the world became a little bit smaller. I pray that we will always remember the beautiful things that we experienced July 10, 1972.

July 11, 1972--Mark Williams (Tuesday)

The Saga of European travel continues!

Yes, the spot is still there- My forehead will never be the same. It seems that our heroes have been hit by the dirty germs gang putting many in sick beds. Getting up at 1:00 in the afternoon is not an unusual sight. Can you believe how tremendous these people have been to us? It's fantastic!

The gang split today to many parts of Belgium. Antwerp seemed very popular, but many made their way to Bruges also. Mary Bee, Marcie, Sheldon and I went into Antwerp after a fine lunch of fried chicken and steak at the Hendrichxs. We visited the Antwerp Cathedral housing many of Rueben's paintings, Rueben's house, the town hall and the castle. Antwerp means hand-throw. The legend of the city is that a port master stopped the flow of all ships into the harbors. A young man slew him and threw his hand in the harbor signifying the freedom of the port.

Packing our bags has always been an exciting moment, but this was a sad occasion. Schoten has become the Folkdancer's second home. We met with our families and many friends at the Schoten castle at 7:30. Raindrops kept falling on my head in the form of tears. It was a tremendous experience to see the love and friendships that were evident there. We really hated to leave!

The group then went by bus to the Antwerp train station.

July 11--Joan Christensen

Today, for many of us started with going to bed from the night before. This was our last day in Schoten, Belgium. It was a special day for us to spend together with the families we stayed with. Judy and I were served breakfast in bed. All of the hosts were so very extra kind. They seemed to be unable to do enough for us. Always there was food, ice cream, nutella chocolate spread, etc.

As a treat, quite a few were taken into Antwerp to sightsee and do some shopping.

Our 7:30 p.m. bus arrived at 8:25p.m., but no one seemed to mind because there were hundreds of good friends to see the Americans off. The members of the group who were staying 10 weeks left at 5:15 from the Schoten castle. Tears, presents, and kisses were abundant at parting time. In just 4 short days we had grown to love the people of Schoten. Many wished the folkdancers from the other countries could come, but they spent the day in Bruges on a picnic.



This was without a doubt our saddest departure. We left to catch our 9:07 p.m. train in Antwerp and boarded for Brussels. Ed came with us as far as he could. In Brussels we said the final goodbye and were on our way to the ferry to cross the English Channel. It was late in the evening, about 12:00a.m. when we reached the "end of the line." A new adventure lurked as a first again for many was the ride on the ferry. The air was thick and heavy with moisture, chill, and sounds of the gulls. We put our baggage with the other passengers and the men set up 1/2 hour guard duty assignments while the ladies at their leisure went to nap in cots in the lady's salon.

July 11 -- Jim Norman

Today really needs no recorded history for the 36 Folkdancers. They will never forget the tear-filled departure from Schoten, Belgium. Shoke, Choke.

The day began at midnight as the majority of the group desperately clung to the festival tent shopping it up for the last time with Japanese, Bulgarians, and greek friends and lovers. In general our behavior was exemplary and we stayed missionary minded even at the wee hours of the morn. Although the specific behavior of some of the more enchanted girls ie. Shelley Olsen, Joan Christensen, Margie Paulsen ---as nauseum is as of yet unacertainable and somewhat questionablè.

After the early morning farewells and a few winks of much needed sleep the notably less healthy dancers arose to a day mostly of bumming off our more than henerous hosts. Some to some went to Antwerpen, some to Gurgge, som (Kdon't know who) even stayed in Schoten. We managed to get ourselves showered with gifts and deleted of cash. Roni Hammond, showing great faith and undaunted hope bought \$40 worth of lace for her wedding dress-- she recently broke up with her boyfriend. ---Keep hustling Roni.

Then came the afternoon departure of the 7 going to Nice, France. Mary Bee, Charles (The rest of the tour will never be the same without them) Jim Blount, Rich Brown and the aforementioned Roni Hammond.

At 8:00p.m. we prepared to leave--this was more dramatic than a cheap soap opera. The tears and kisses flowed freely and sincerely. the hosts called us sons and daughters and we really felt like it. It was hard to leave. They followed our bus like puppy dogs. Some of our fans even stayed on the train with us through part of Belgium. The journey to catch the ferry for England was rushed, sad and thoughtful. After the climactic Schoten, it seemed lik the de'nouncement.

July 12 London, England

6:49 a.m. - Arrive Victoria Station, London.

Housing: Regent Palace Hotel
 Piccadily Circus
 London W1R-6EP
 Phone: 01 634 7000

Emergency contact:
 Pres. W. Dean Belnap
 England East Mission
 64 Exhibition Rd
 London S. W. 7
 Phone 584 8867/8

July 13 Dept. London for USA

8:30 a.m. - Dept. from Gatwick Airport on BYU charter
 4:00 p.m. - Arrive Salt Lake City

Schoten internationale volksdans

Zoals alle jaren kent Schoten tijdens de eerste week van de maand juli zijn tijd van Babylonische spraakverwarring. Tussen zange-

rige Franse tonen hoort men exotische Japanners en energiek toeterende Amerikanen!

Van 's morgens af had men de

eerste dag van het Internationaal Volksdansfestival af te rekenen met onophoudelijke regen. Gelukkig voor de talrijke bezoekers

werden de hemelsluizen gesloten, juist voor de aanvang van de eerste avondvoorstelling.

Schoten houdt het allang niet meer bij Volksdansen alleen. Reeds bij de ingang van het domein worden de bezoekers in feeststemming gebracht. Luisterend naar de heldere beladklanken kuierden ze tussen kraampjes met pottenbakkers, klompenmakers en houtsnijders of kijken geboeid toe hoe sierraden en muziekinstrumenten vervaardigd worden.

De meer huiselijk ingestelden kunnen er ook terecht voor de meest alledaagse inkopen. Een feestmarkt, tot en met!

Einddoel van de tocht langs de tentjes — waar gelukkig voor de venders ook een en ander wordt gekocht — is het podium, waarop volksdancers uit diverse landen zorgen voor een schitterend programma.

De verschillende groepen wedijveren om met het beste nummer uit te pakken en het gulst applaus van het publiek in de wacht te slepen. Niet alleen de vaardig uitgevoerde danspassen houden het publiek geboeid, maar zeker ook de folkloristische klederen met kleurenvariaties zonder weerga. Dat de gastvrijheid van Schoten geen ijdel begrip is, bewijzen de Amerikanen van de universiteit van Provo. Reeds voor de 4e maal zijn ze aanwezig op het Schotens festival. Een beter bewijs van erkentelijkheid kan de Schotense onthaaldiensten moeilijk betoond worden. Een waardeoordeel vellen over de individuele uitvoeringen is zeker geen sinecure.

Stonden de Amerikanen, Japanners en Litauers veruit aan de top, dan bleven de Oostenrijkers ditmaal verrassend op het achterplan.

Algemeen kan gezegd worden dat de prestaties van vrijwel alle groepen op het hoogste niveau stonden, zowel van de statig geklede Corsicanen, de dynamische Bulgaren, de vurige Spanjaarden als van de kleine, vinnige Japanners.

Het publiek was zeer mild met handgeklap voor de Amerikanen. Toen even later de Litauers het podium verlieten scheen er echter vrijwel geen einde te komen aan de toejuichingen. Geen wonder. De uitbeelding van «De Haan» was een meesterstukje, dat heel wat toeschouwers heeft aangesproken.

Een grote feesttent werd, na de voorstellingen, het centrum voor de verbroedering tussen de talrijke, entoesiaste toeschouwers en



Nog voor men aan het podium komt, waarop het eigenlijke dansfestival betwist wordt, krijgt men reeds een voorsmaakje van het feestelijke Schoten, met klompenmakers, houtsnijders maar ook met een markt, waarop men voor alle daagse dingen terecht kan (R)



De Bulgaarse delegatie oogstte een stevig applaus na een zeer dynamische uitvoering (R)

July 11--Bob Fitch (Wednesday)

A day in London---That's what July 11, 1972 will represent to most of the folkdancers. But others will remember it with more detail.

July 11 (Wednesday) started the night before with a farewell in Schoten, Belgium to the festivial families, a bus ride to Antwerp to catch the train; a one hour train ride to Brussels with a change of trains; another train ride to Ostend, Belgium (on the coast); catching the boat to ferry across the English Channel. Four hours on the water (12 mid-night to 4 a.m.); another train to catch to London.

Finally, July 11 begins in London as everyone piles off the train at 6:45 a.m. enthusiastically awaiting another great day. To say the least, the troops were tired.

From the train station the dancers went to the hotel by bus and ate a great breakfast--great because they could order anything and Don Allen, tour Director, would pick up the tab.

At 9:30 a.m. a sightseeing bus arrived and all piled on. "Twiggy" was our driver (a self made nickname for our fat driver) and Rita was our guide.

As the bus started rolling most felt the movement of the wheels and thought that was the signal to go to sleep--so most went to sleep. But, it didn't last long, as Rita started barking London sights over the loudspeaker. Visited were: Westminster Abbey, Big Ben, House of Parliament, Downing street, St. Paul's Cathedral, the new London Bridge, Tower of London, Tower Bridge and finishing with the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace (At the palace there must have been a million visitors!)

Returning to the hotel at noon everyone walked around the corner to the Angus Steak House and enjoyed lunch together (soup, steak, fries, a drink and apple pie). Was it good!

At 1:00pm the dancers finally checked into the hotel and were told by Don Allen that they were free until 5 a.m. in the morning when the bus leaves from the hotel for the airport.

The afternoon and evening saw groups go shopping, visit museums, go to stage plays and generally enjoy themselves while in London. I think some went to bed that evening, with as much sleep as they had the night before. Others were up trying to set a "stay awake" record.

All-in-all it was a great day in London.

July 12--Brian Noyce

At 12 mid-night this day began with a ride across the English Channel which was, to say the least, not very restful, the ride took four hours. Because we had to pack our luggage on deck of the ship, it was necessary to guard it from light fingered hippies and drifters. All of the men paired off and each couple took a 35 min. watch. Some of us watched as we left the lights of the port and others found bunk beds in the salons, in the lower cabin of the ship.

Approximately 4:30, we departed the ship and stepped on the train which took us right to Victoria Station close to our hotel, the Regent Palace Hotel, right in Piccadilly Circus. We arrived at the hotel very desirous of sleep, but we unloaded the bus and went to breakfast in the hotel. At 9:00 went on a bus trip of London until noon.



M.P. & G.E.*****The Military Light Bulb Report
of the happenings of the BYU
International Folk Dancers, now
appearing throughout Europe.

Reporting from Munich, Germany are:

Margie Brinkley Paulsen and
George Huntley Estocapio

FLASH.....

On June 19, 1972 at approximately 9 a.m., BYU's International Folk Dancers began their long day rehearsals. First at the ZDF TV Studios in beautiful downtown Munich recording the beautiful "Lone Prairie", "Oh Susanna", and "Come, Come Ye Saints", we sounded as beautiful as the famous Russian Choir, as commented by the producer. They also recorded such Indian numbers as "Go My Son" and the melodic tones of the finely precisioned beats of the "Indian Drums". The famous folk dance duo, Jim and Brian, sang their famous song "Away for to Leave You."

Moving right along Leaving ZDF studios, the group made an exciting tour of Munich stopping at an impressive restaurant with two small golden arches. The food was different. (McDonald's)

Continuing their journey, they made their way to the tapping grounds where they danced Tap Clog and an array of wild Indian numbers.

WEATHER.....

The day was overcast with westerly winds from the north and a tremendous downpour of droplets.

FLASH.....

The enormous audience consisting of about 15 to 20 onlookers behind the well-guarded military patrolled fence, were overwhelmed and excited while watching the beautiful precisioned group.

FLASH.....

They finished their tapping at approximately 12 a.m. (midnight).

FLASH.....

They were poooooooooooooooooooooped!

FLASH.....

And now a few closing comments from Brother John Kinnear, publicity and booking leader for the group:

He stated that ZDF studios were putting out of their own pockets roughly between \$1.00 and \$100,000,000 or approximately \$75,000 to make the show. He also stated a good Catholic gentleman gave the go-ahead for the fiasco.

FLASH.....

Well, it's time to say good-bye from station BYU.

NEWS FLASHES from George and Margie

June 21 FLASH

Excitement--Wow! Can you Believe it?
Went shopping in beautiful downtown Munich!

Saw Neptune bathing in public.

Made way to taping grounds!

Boy was it hard; an array of bodies graced the ground at the taping studios.

Two stars were born today! Vickie Ostrich and George What's his face made the T.V. scene with great singers all around.

My, My--the weather was cloudy, no sunny, no cloudy...

Recording at studio - Sanke Dance beats taped, Westeroo, and an array of musical numbers fit for cowboys.

8:30 p.m.

Making their way to the "Spatinbrare" a quaint, quiet little restaurant on the outskirts of Munich.

They were entertained by a famous Yodeler and they themselves also entertained.

Finishing at approximately 11:39 p.m. No closing comment from our man in the driver's seat.

Thursday, June 23..... Arose cheerful and deadied themselves for a spending spree in the German Market Place. But alas, some had to return to the grind stone. The others were dropped off and set free to over-run downtown Munich. Poor Munich!

G.E..... The few finished the taping and were then set free to over-run Munich.

M.P..... Many returned with many bags, few returned with nothing.

G.E.....All, though, finally made their way to the beautiful bus, which would then take them to the site of the 1972 Olympics.

M.P..... Touring the grounds, a group made their way to the Olympic tower where the breathtaking site was more than breath taking. One could say "They finally got up in the world."

G.E..... Returning to the bus they made their way to the airport where they received their boarding passes to France (Paris that is) where another exciting tour would take place

Closing comments..... Auf wiedersein

Friday, June 24..... After arriving in Paris and witnessing the Eiffel Tower, sounds of oooo- ah- oh- ehee were faintly heard aloud amidst the war-torn crowd. The night before all arose and began their tour of Paris.

G.E..... Making their way through Paris dodging French cars, they tried to take a simple, peaceful stroll over to the Arch of Triumph.

M.P..... Many went underground like moles, crawling and popping out once in a while as to see the Eiffel Tower from the third floor, the Notre Dame Cathedral and the Love oops the Louvre.

G.E..... Returning to their hotel they began to make ready for their trip to Cry where many would have a time they would never forget.

Saturday, June 25..... Arriving in Cry they were greeted by old people, middle-aged people and young people with smiles and cheers of gladness. The Mayor offically greeted them. Greeted by their hosts, they were taken to their homes where many began their acquaintances. They returned to the Hostel where they were fed good food. Returning to the town square, they performed for those who would not be able to see the performance the following night. They then returned to their hosts' homes for a good night's sleep.

G.E.---Arising the next morning the group walked around the city, a few reaching the top of the bell tower of the church. From 12-on dinner was served and served and served.

M.P.---Kids came from all over the city for a short tour of an ancient medieval city, a 45 minute drive from Cry. Many could barely move, but made their way through the small city.

G.E.---Finally returning from Cry, dinner was served and they again were full. Show time 9:00-11:30 and fire works after presented by the cultural attache'. Between 6,000-4,000 people.

M.P.---After the show presentations were made in the youth hostel and a beautiful vase was presented to Folkdancers. Good-byes were given and all prepared to leave the loving city of Cry. The bus finally left and they again were on their way to Paris to make ready for their exciting arrival in Rome.

Sports Report

G.P. Flash! Margie, my fellow newswoman tried to sit down gracefully but ended down on the floor. Poor Margie...

Sunday--

M.P.---Their long bus trip to Paris was exciting--Sleep engrossed the bus. Arriving in Paris they finally were greeted by Bob Fitch who chickened out of going to Cry to see some basketball player for the European team beat the U.S. team over and over and over and over again. What that man missed.

G.E.---They finally boarded the TWA meaning teeny weeny airlines flight to Rome where we unboarded and received their luggage most promptly by the well organized airport luggage system.

M.P.---Boarding their bus they arrived at the most luxurious Hotel Salus where showers were provided, after paying for the knob. The desk man was most courteous and all was well on the 7th day.

G.E.---A special meeting was held after dinner and a less expensive hotel was decided upon where no showers were provided, and no money would be spent on them. Returning to bed, 3 people decided to take a tour of the Colliseum and returned home to rest.

July 13--Thursday

Calls on the phone came at 4 a.m. as we packed and were on our way to London airport and on our way home. We weighed in at the airport and went through the foreigner's gate. We were bused to our plane and joined by the Choir and BYU travel studies tours for the trip home. The plane ride from there was off and on for most as they tried to catch a few winks. We were in Bangor, Maine again and was it ever hot and humid. We arrived home to awaiting friends and relatives and from there.....

SONGS AND POEMS

Where is Betsey Love?
Where is Vickie Bird?
Could they be in Rome?
or Florence town, or in Milan alone?

Who can say where they may hide
Must we travel far and wide
I wonder if they're scared
I'd die of fright
I'd brave it out
I'd start a fight

Don Allen's hair is turning gray.
Mary's swearing more each day.
Greg and Brent have left
I wonder if they've met
They're messing up our running set.

Where, Where are they?

(To the tune of "Where Is Love?")

Bob Bob Bob BobBobby Fitch
Bob Bob Bob BobBobby Fitch
Bob Bob Bob BobBobby Fitch
I got an itch from Bobby Fitch
He takes a bath in a big ditch
Bobby Fitch Bob Bob Bob Bobby Fitch
Bobby Fitch Bob Bobby Fitch
He's got lice in his shoe
and bad breath too
Bobby Fitch Bob Bob Bob Bobby Fitch.....

(To the tune of "Barbara Ann")

SPORTS REPORT.....FLASH.....ROME, ITALY

Mary Bee Jensen, famous director of the dance group, decided to take up fence climbing along with her son Jimmy and George what's his name. It seems they were on their way to the forum and were locked in by mistake. Gracefully and with precision, they climbed the steel-pointed fence lined with barbed wire.

.Yes..... physical fitness is good for all.

well, the only closing comments we have are.....

Rome is beautiful and the airport is for the birds!

WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE?

"All right you turkeys..." Bob Fitch

"Oh you hoodlum" Margie

"Your mother called and told me to tell you..." Ginny

"I bought the statue with the 'harses'" Madeline

"Hey Madeline say fort." (?)

"Well, see you round..." Charles

"Chinese Cheer--Fooley, Fooley" Tony

"Now on your right..." Mark

"Watch out, I'm sweaty" Brent

"Thumb wrestle, anyone?" Jimmy

"Oh, how nice." Pat

"For rude..." Jeff (Gunky poopey)

"I know, the kinks." Mary Anne

"I can't believe you said that." Pat

"Oops, I blacked out." Bob, Rich, etc.

"This time you hold the pidgeon..." Jeff

"Where am I? Shelley

"Remember who was the "All American" Girl in Amsterdam? Mary Anne

"Rrrrrrrrrrock abye by babyyyyyyy..." Joan

"I gots to go..." Robin

"One of the asssssseven 'istic 'ills of Rome..." the guide in Rome

"Where did the train go?" Betsey and Vickie

"It's a real llama." Mary Anne

"Shirley, Shirley..." John

"Where's the missionaries?" Judy

"Hey, Brent, how do you say "We can't go out with girls" in French?" Chan

"Rip off." Ernie from Austria

"It's behind the second watah lilly on the left." English lady in
in Eiffel Tower

FAVORITE THOUGHTS AND PARTING WISH
(only from the faithful)

Don R. Allen

"Why be content with an olive
When you could have a tree
Why be content with yourself as you are
Where there is nothing you couldn't be"

May all your hang-ups be drip-dry (and wash and wear).

Duane A. Bishop

"I felt sorry for myself because I had no shoes until I
saw another who had no feet."

All of us will continue throughout life enjoying experiences
as fine as we had while on tour in Europe.

Shelley Olson

"The moment of absolute certainty never arises (she forgot the rest.)"

Please dear friends remember the zest and love of life you had on
tour--in Schoten the want to please and share our faith--then build
from there making the country of your birth "a little heaven" here
on earth--Thanks for the happy tears you've given me.

Dave Baker

Smile a lot and Smile some more, because problems are only temporary.

Betsey Anne Love

"A friend is a present you give yourself."

Parting wish: That we may always be the happy and healthy "missionaries"
that we were as a group.
Get HIGH on life.

Mark Williams

"Sittin' and Wishin'
Won't change your fate
The Lord provides the fishin'
But you have to dig the bait."

Always remember that there's good in everything. Rome was really
a cool place. I honestly enjoyed it there.
"KEEP ON TRUCKIN'"

Madelyn Hollingshead

"Anything worth doing is worth doing well."

We will always remember to share the international friendship we gained from the people in Europe, with our family and friends in America.

Sheldon A. Kidd

"What ere thou art, Act well thy part."

I wish that each of us can find the same joy as we have had during this tour.

H. Patrick Debenham the Leprechon (sic.)

"Indulgence does not strengthen youth or manhood; restraint and self control do." Pres. McKay.

My wish for the group would be that each of us may find within us the love and concern that was shown to us by the people of Cry and Schoten, and that we may have it spring forth from within us of our own accord without having to wait, out of fear, to give it to others.

Mary Lucile Robertson

"Face the sun and the shadows will fall behind." Lincoln

To me this tells me to have a positive attitude.

Chan Garbett

"Indecision is the height of mediocrity."

Jimmy Jensen

(typed as written) Oh babby if you wanna be my lover well you better take me along cause its a long long way to paradise and I'm still on my own

Greg Lund

D&C 120 from "How long shall rolling waters remain impure" to the end.

Marcie Nash

Proverbs 21 (?) Train up child in the ways of the Lord and he shall not stray from it."

Judy Pomeroy

D&C 122:7,8 ...know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good. The son of man hath descended below them all. Art thou greater than he?"

We are all children of our Father in Heaven. I hope we will always remember this when meeting people who may be of another country, who talk a different language, or whose dress is different. The Lord and love that was felt for one another at the Schoten Festival is one I hope we'll never forget, or...

Hang in there!

Ginny Call (Her mother called and said that her name is not Call, it's Christensen.)

"I hate the guys that criticize and minimize the other guys who's enterprize has made them rise above the guys who criticize and minimize."

I wish every member of this tour health, wealth and happiness in all that they do and another trip to Europe just as wonderful and exciting as this one was. (In the not too distant future as you're not too old to enjoy it.)

Joan Christensen

"You can give a man a fish and feed him for a day or you can teach a man to fish and feed him for a lifetime."

I wish the group many great successes in folkdance or whatever they do in the future. May God continue to bless you.

Brian H. Noyce

D&C 82:10.

I wish that the group in coming years will continue its great influence for good. Through the teaching of the church.

Vickie Bird

"It's not how you fall, it's how you pick yourself up that really counts."

That they will always remember the choice people and remember our contacts with the people of Europe. I wish all success in everything.

George Estocapio

"The love of children cannot be matched by anything in the world. If we could only grasp the love they have and share it with one another, life would be beautiful. I love children. I wish everybody would take the chance and enjoy their likes and dislikes. I love and cherish it more than anything else in the world.

I wish that all may return someday and never forget the experiences we have just had in Europe. To never forget the people, and Friends we've made. I wish we all will meet again under such a peaceful surrounding and I say this in Jesus' Name Amen.

Jim E. Norman

"He who forgets how to laugh, forgets how to think."

That we might someday return to Europe or at least meet again with someone of Europe whose life was touched and changed by his association with us on this tour... Someone who, because of us, became interested in and accepted and lived the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Jeff Webster

"Welcome the task that makes you go beyond yourself and you will grow."

For the people of this tour, I pray that we will always remember the things that we have learned from this tour, to take them into our lives and share them with others and make the world a little better place.

Robin Gerrard

"I am a child of God. I only hope I can act as a candle unto him."

May you all use your talents to the fullest. To enable you to live life in the Best way possible. May the Lord bless you and keep you.

Brent England

"Unto whom much is given, is much expected."

As a group we've been given a lot--experience, friendship, etc. I hope we continue to give a lot and retain group spirit.

"Big Al" sung to the tune of "Big John" written and dedicated to Don Allen By Jim Norman and Brian Noyce. July 1, 1972

Chorus: Big Al, Big Al.
Big bad Al.

Every morning on the bus you could see him arise
He stood six foot six, sleep still in his eyes
Not too broad at the shoulder, 'bout the same at the hip
And everybody knew he was the director of the big trip.
Big Al

Nobody seemed to know where Al called home
He just came into Florence, and started to Roam
He found his way to a soccer game,
and when he came home he wasn't the same
Down in front they began to fight
Al was so brave he crawled out of sight.
Big Al

As the train was chuggin, leaving that town
Al was worrying, he was wearing a frown
As he counted 'em off he was feeling blue
In the girls department we were missing two
Al said "two of you men have gotta return
Those blankety blank girls will never learn.
Big Al

Now Al is a dancer and that's no joke
Last night he was dancin and and it wasn't folk!
The drum was a beatin and the music was playing.
Al was a rockin, his hips were swaying
He rocked on out, All through the night
We all heard him say "Outa Sight."
Big Al

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS



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