

**BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY**

**AMERICAN  
FOLK DANCERS  
1972**

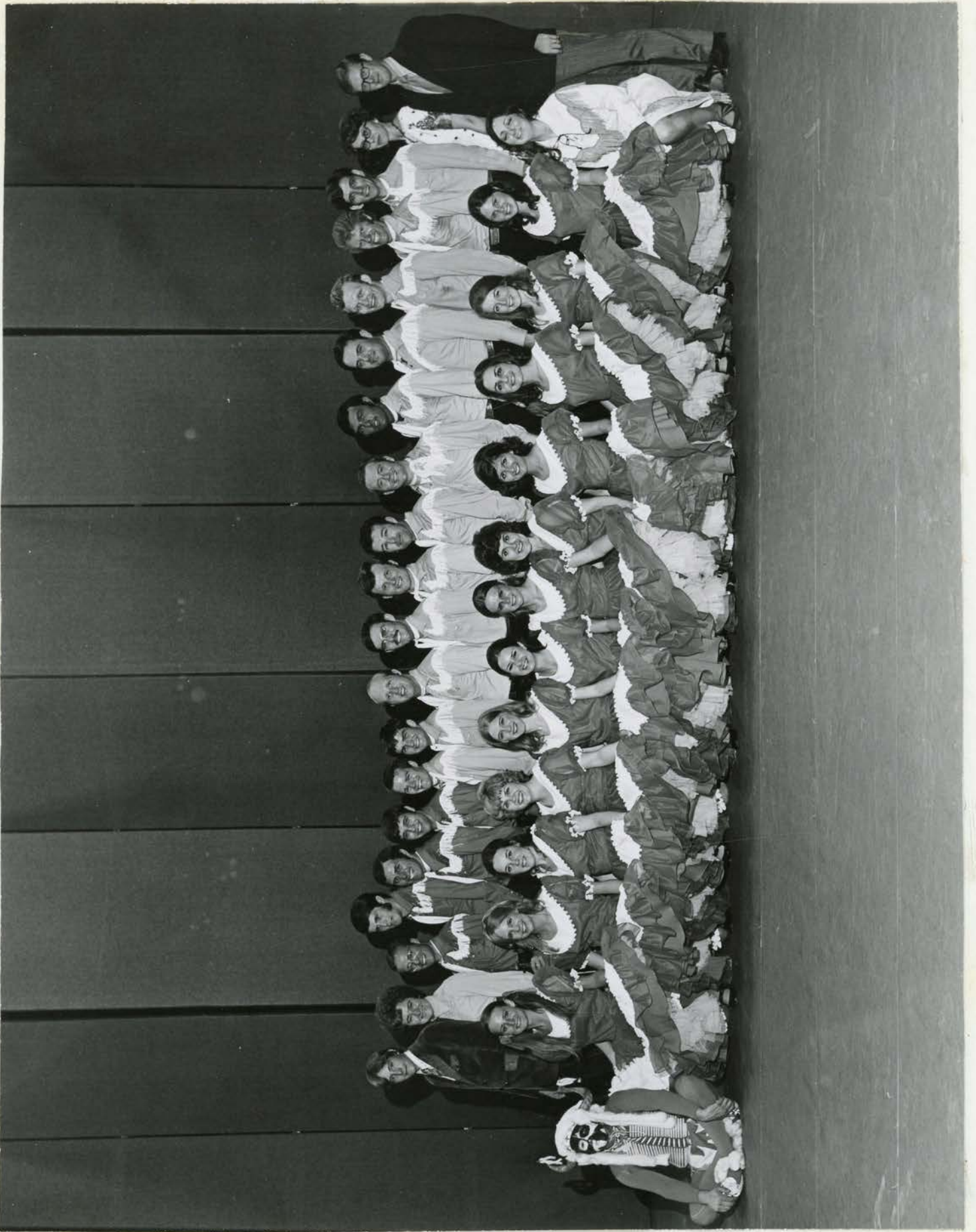
**EUROPEAN TOUR**

**(8th ANNUAL TOUR)**

**BYU International Folk Dancers  
259 Richards P.E. Building  
Brigham Young University  
Provo, Utah 84601**

# AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS 1972





## SHOW SUMMARIES--EUROPE 1972

<u>Date</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Audience</u>
14 July	Nice, France--Festival Performance	2,500
15 July	Nice, France--Parade	25,000
15 July	Nice, France--Festival Performance	3,000
16 July	Nice, France--Festival Performance	2,000
17 July	Nice, France--Festival Performance	2,500
18 July	Monaco--Theater Performance	1,000
20 July	Ferrara, Italy--Theater Performance	200
24 July	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	150
25 July	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	300
26 July	Sarajevo, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	250
27 July	Bihac, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	325
28 July	Rijeka, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	300
29 July	Kraljevich, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	400
30 July	Portoroz, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	1,000
31 July	Porec, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	350
1 August	Bled, Yugoslavia--Theater Performance	250
4 August	Middelkerke, Belgium--Festival Performance	5,000
5 August	Middelkerke, Belgium--Air Force Base Performance	2,000
5 August	Middelkerke, Belgium--T.V. Rehearsal	2,000
5 August	Middelkerke, Belgium--Festival Performance	2,000
6 August	Middelkerke, Belgium--T.V. Rehearsal	1,000
6 August	Middelkerke, Belgium--T.V. Taping	2,000
6 August	Middelkerke, Belgium--Theater Performance	500
8 August	Hasparren, France--Theater Performance	300
9 August	Gourette, France--Theater Performance	600
10 August	Carpbreton, France--Theater Performance	600
12 August	Confolens, France--Parade	4,000
13 August	Confolens, France--Parade	4,000
13 August	Confolens, France--Festival Performance	10,000
15 August	Confolens, France--Parade	25,000
15 August	Confolens, France--Festival Performance	8,000
15 August	Confolens, France--Theater Performance	1,500
16 August	Angouleme, France--Theater Performance	600
16 August	Rochefaurt, France--Theater Performance	400
17 August	Confolens, France--Theater Performance for Handicapped	1,500
19 August	Confolens, France--Parade	3,000
20 August	Confolens, France--Parade	10,000
20 August	Confolens, France--Festival Performance	4,000
20 August	Confolens, France--Festival Performance	1,500

## TOUR DIRECTORS AND STUDENT RESPONSIBILITIES

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR .....	Mary Bee Jensen
TOUR DIRECTOR AND PUBLIC RELATIONS.....	Bruce Christensen Barbara Christensen
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS.....	Spencer Ashby Jacques Gohier
DIRECTOR OF BAGGAGE MOVEMENT.....	Hyrum Conrad
BAGGAGE LOADING.....	Daryl Parker
COSTUME PACKING SUPERVISOR.....	Larry McCord
WOMEN'S COSTUMES.....	Jeanne Nalder Glen Kimball Mike Snow
MEN'S COSTUMES.....	Larry Bickmore Jack Spencer
SLIPS.....	Mary Polley Helen Sabol Karen Clayson
COSTUME SHOES.....	Rod Dye Karen Doyle
TOUR SECRETARY, PUBLICITY, QUOTES.....	Carolyn Hastings
TOUR HISTORY.....	Dave Bingham Kathy Swensen
BAND DIRECTOR.....	John Boud
SOUND DIRECTORS.....	Jim Jensen Carlos Amezcua Robert Erickson Jim Blount Roni Hammond
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.....	Band Members
SPECIAL EVENTS.....	Bob Zeigler Dotty Egan Michelle Newey
ADDRESSES.....	Becky Mazur Joanne Callister Charles Illsley
BUS SEATING AND SHOW SUMMARIES.....	Rich Brown Anne Hall



## EUROPEAN PROGRAM--TOUR B

Devil's Dream  
 Westeroo  
 Appalachian Square Dance

Foggy Mountain Breakdown  
 Indian Medley

Waltz Quadrille  
 New England Contra  
 Rounds Dance Medley

Kentucky Running Sets  
 Appalachian Tap Clog

Mountain Dew

Puili  
 Feather Gourd  
 Lovely Hula Hands

Possom Sop

Skip to My Lou  
 Oh, Susanna  
 Virginia Reel

Lone Prairie  
 Indian Scalp Dance  
 Polka Quadrille

INTERMISSION

Rain Drops  
 Salty Dog Rag  
 Exhibition Square Dance

Indian Snake Dance

Cake Walk  
 Charleston  
 Swing  
 Hoe Down

Orange Blossom Special

Indian Hoop Dance

Smoky Mountain Clog  
 Smoky Mountain Tap Clog

THURSDAY, JULY 13--Kathy Swensen

Six months of waiting, planning, dancing, singing, going without sleep, paying, laughing, and waiting have brought us at last to today. A sleepless night passed away and brought morning, packing, and more waiting. We met at 9:00 for a last-minute session with Bob Brock. Our singing was...well, passable at least. We took a last look at each other in "real clothes" and went home to finish packing and making ready for the events of the day. I busied myself packing, recalling memories (already sweet) of Monday's party, yesterday's practice, and last night's testimony meeting. We've had such good times already! Think of what's to come...

We met at the airport at 3:00 in the afternoon. Excitement reached a new height as we met returning 4-week tour members and talked with them of the experiences that were before us. We did a million things...obtained tickets, checked baggage, rechecked costumes, took pictures, answered questions about the airport, said goodbyes, and...finally...boarded the plane. For some it was a first flight; others were old pros. Anyway, we were all excited as we felt the wheels lift...to the exact timing of Bob Erickson...and we looked down on the now-diminishing Salt Lake Valley.

The first few hours on the plane were filled with talking, laughing, eating, singing, and sleeping. Stars gradually grew brighter and we settled down quite comfortably (?). I quietly watched as others went to sleep, grateful for what was ahead of us and for those who made it possible. Europe, here we come...





NOM	William Hyman CONRAD Jr	
HOTEL	Touring	
ADRESSE		
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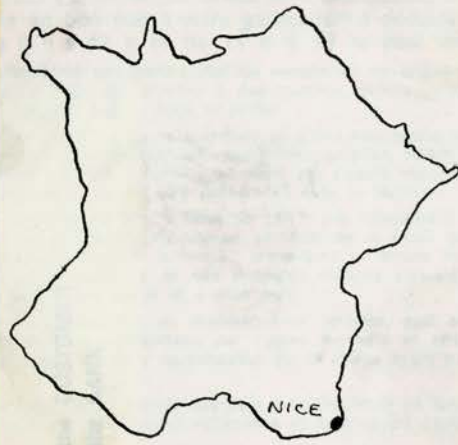
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**CATA**  
 par moi ad  
 le Directe  
 JES LOCAT  
 s Près, NIC

Monsieur,

Par la présente, je vous donne mon accord pour prendre en location

du 17 JUIL 1972 au 18 juillet  
 votre véhicule **MOTOCYLETTE - SC** CLOMOTEUR - BICYCLETTE N° 4  
 ainsi que \_\_\_\_\_ porte-bagages, \_\_\_\_\_ sacoches, \_\_\_\_\_ casque, aux conditions générales

Cette location m'est faite moyennant \_\_\_\_\_  
 Toute journée commencée étant due \_\_\_\_\_  
 Je verse entre vos mains, à titre de caution, \_\_\_\_\_  
 que vous me restituerez après la restitution de votre établissement \_\_\_\_\_  
 Je déclare avoir visité minutieusement \_\_\_\_\_



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William H. C

**TIFFANY**

**Festival international du folklore**

FRIDAY, JULY 14--Carlos Amezcua

We arrived at LeBourget airport on an Overseas National Airlines D-C8. We were all in good spirits after a long but pleasant and enjoyable flight. We are all so excited we can't believe we are actually here on honest-to-goodness European soil. Man! What a feeling! Mary Polley got a little sick because the plane was bouncing around, but she recovered quickly (I think) and kept on smiling. We loaded the baggage on the bus, which had been waiting for us since 10:00 a.m., and soon we were on our way to Orly airport. We took the peripheral express highway just on the outskirts of Paris. The highway was beautifully green, lined with trees and beautiful shrubs. We saw some interesting houses on the way with old brick chimneys on top of their tile roofs and rickety antennas blackened by the soot. Anne Hall and Jacques Gohier seem to be taking over the interpreting and tour guiding positions. Jacques stood up at the front of the bus and pointed out various interesting places in Paris. Anne is teaching everybody French and answering questions about words on billboards. We arrived at Orly Airport and unloaded, but we found out the 3:00 plane was full so we weren't going to make the parade in Nice. So we waited around the ultra-modern airport for a couple of hours until we could board the 5:00 plane. We got on a French airline called Air-Inter that has the new caravelle jets for its shuttle services to the outlying French cities. It was a comfortable flight of about an hour and a half. We were all getting excited to pieces now as we were approaching Nice on the Cote D'Azur (French Riviera). The weather was muggy and light rain was falling as we hurried off the plane into a bus that reminded Larry of Bolivia and he began telling his story about it and it seemed as though nobody was listening so he realized that we were all up on cloud #9, so full of excitement that we weren't listening to anything very much. The bus took us to the airport and by now Jacques was going crazy! He wanted to jump out first and kiss the ground, the walls, and the French girls. (Not necessarily in that order!) He was excited to show his friends his homeland of which he is so proud. We were excited along with Jacques, and we showed it by the way we were smiling and chattering like crazy at everything (even at Joanne Callister's little French friends and their poisonous man-eating lizard!) We locked the baggage in the van and made a real big scene at the airport. We (the men) took all the black boxes and costume bags and we made a chain, one holding one in front and one in back and everyone looked at us and wondered what the heck was going on. We looked for Mary Bee at the airport, but our guide, Sylvia, met and directed our bus toward our hotel. We drove through Nice and we were all just dying to see where we were staying. We arrived at our hotel after having some difficulty making corners in that huge bus on those skinny streets. As soon as the bus stopped, everyone dashed out to see Mary Bee and the rest of the tour that had stayed. Mary Bee gave everyone a warm hug (because it couldn't be cold 'cause it was hot!) and we filled that whole street full of dancers and we caused a traffic jam that was backed up at least two blocks.

Our hotel was a sharp little place full of friendly people willing to make you feel comfortable. We didn't have much time to mess around because we had a show in three hours and we had to distribute costumes and eat dinner. Dinner was LeGroovey! We had vegetable soup and chicken and a peculiar touch of mustard that seemed to pop out and hit you in the nose. (Wow! That's some mustard!) Our waiter, Monri, was very sharp and funny. Well, we finished our dinner and we rushed to get our costumes on because we had to be at the stage at 10:00 p.m. We got there sooner



Fraîcheur, spontanéité et entrain : des qualités qui ne font pas défaut au groupe des Etats-Unis, photographié ici devant la porte Fausse. (Photo G. Castiès)

Si tous les groupes participant au XXXVII<sup>e</sup> Festival du folklore n'étaient pas présents hier après-midi, dans le Vieux-Nice, les ruelles étroites de la ville ancienne n'en ont pas moins connu une joyeuse animation grâce aux représentants de neuf pays : Allemagne (Bitburg), Angleterre (Londres), Congo (Brazzaville), Espagne (Lasarte), Etats-Unis d'Amérique, Irlande, Italie (Aviano), Suisse et Turquie.

Pendant une heure trente, danseurs, danseuses et musiciens ont donné dans les quartiers plusieurs fois centenaires de l'antique nikaia, une aubade faite de coupleurs, de vieilles mélodies du terroir et de rires.

Tout au long de l'itinéraire, les groupes trouvèrent sur leur chemin des centaines d'admirateurs qui ne ménagèrent pas applaudissements et encouragements. Des

tams-tams de la vieille Afrique, patrie du rythme et de la danse, en passant par les lancinantes mélodies d'Orient évoquant la solitude des plateaux d'Anatolie sans oublier les sonneurs de trompe dont l'écho se répercute à travers les vallées des Alpes suisses et la fraîcheur, la spontanéité et la joie de vivre que l'on découvrait chez les jeunes universitaires des U.S.A., comme chez nos voisins transalpins, tous ont comblé les centaines de Niçois et d'étrangers venus les applaudir.

Précédée par la musique de Nice, tandis que la fanfare des sapeurs-pompiers fermait la marche avec les danseurs et danseuses de « Lou Caireù Nissart », la cohorte joyeuse du folklore s'est retrouvée, en fin de parcours, justice dont l'attente, s'étaient

NICE-MATIN — Dimanche 16 Juillet 1972

### Serpents (vivants) des Rocheuses

Les étudiants américains de la Brigham Young University (Utah) devaient révéler une surprise après leurs amusantes (et gracieuses) danses du Far-West : l'un d'eux, transformé en Peau-Rouge, sortit successivement de ses sacs quatre serpents (vivants) des montagnes Rocheuses !

Non content de les exhiber à bout de bras, il les déposa au sol et se mit à danser frénétiquement parmi eux, au risque de leur broyer la tête... Un folklore diablement sauvage après les envolées de tulle de ses camarades danseuses !



Mme Mary Bee Jensen, directrice du groupe des danseurs folkloriques américains de la Brigham Young University de Provo (Etat de l'Utah), remettant une coupe au président André Ghis. (Photo Prioris)

and we witnessed a fantastic display of fireworks fired from the beach towards the ocean. It was really a beautiful sight! The fireworks were over, so we prepared for our show. We were going to do Smoky and Tap, and Charles was doing his Hoop dance. Before we were on, the dancers went out to see the show that was going on and the band stayed backstage tuning up and practicing. We (the band that is [those great musicians]) met a group of Yugoslavian musicians and we played about five numbers together and we just sounded fantastic and we didn't even know we could play Yugoslav music! We attracted a curious audience outside the door and they applauded us after we played a romantic French waltz. That was a classic experience. Time soon came for us to do our show, and Charles thrilled the audience with his dance, and the dancers looked fantastic and they had the audience in the palm of their hands throughout the performance. The dances ended, we took our bow, and they clogged off stage, only to leave Daryl and Helen doing a solo around the front of the stage! We stayed a while after the performance and watched some of the other dance groups. We were all so excited because we had done our first successful European performance. C'est Manifique!!

SATURDAY, JULY 15--Spence Ashby

The second day of our tour and our first full day began with an option. 1-Sleep in, or 2-partake of our first European Continental Breakfast. Most of the men were up bright and early to sample the goodies, while the girls (most conscious of their diets, I'm sure) chose to exercise option 1. But true to form, before the meal (?) was over, 8 of our ladies showed up, claiming they couldn't let a good thing go to waste.

The morning and early afternoon was free time for us, and of course the beach was the first most logical place to spend it. The French Riviera is beautiful, with rolling hills ending at the beach with a hotel, palm-lined street, a wide promenade that runs as far as you can see. The beach is large rocks, large being up to 6" in diameter. Most of the kids had a hard time walking on the rocks and had sore feet before lunch time came. But the greatest thing, of course, was the water, clear and very blue. Temperature was just right for swimming. We rented peddle boats and "Goneliars," a cross between a surf board and a gondola!

I was interrupted from writing this because we had our first parade at 4:30 p.m. Now before anything else happens, I have to try and write some about the parade while it is still fresh in my mind. If everything we do produces the same personal satisfaction, both audience and performer, that we felt from this parade, then everything that has gone into this trip will be worth it all. This one afternoon fills the whole barrel of satisfaction; it was through the old part of town, appropriately called "Old Town." It was everyone's vision of old European culture. Narrow streets, wide enough for about 4 people, shoulder to shoulder, open shops with little or no windows. You could stand on the street and buy across the counter. Each shop was about 9-10' wide, and they sold every possible variety of everything you can imagine. Clothes, food, furniture, toys, all placed out on the street so we almost tripped over it as we danced. You could smell garlic, leather, smoke from a blacksmith shop, fresh meat, cut oranges, and who knows what else, all mixed in together to produce an aroma that was pungent, yet sweet and unforgettable...



But the greatest enjoyment came from the people themselves. They seemed to enjoy seeing us so much, and made it evident by applause and cheers of "Bravo." We started shaking hands with and greeting as many as we could. The response was mixed disbelief and happiness, as no one else in the parade was contacting the viewers. Shop keepers, butchers with blood-stained aprons, and elderly women with shopping carts full of fresh vegetables, elderly men who had to put their cigarettes in the other hand to shake ours, but most important were the children who seemed to beam when we shook their hands and asked them how they were, and if they liked cowboys, or picked them up and carried them a few steps, with the older ones running along side and clapping with the music. It was this involvement with the people, and sensing that you were doing something good, that made the sore feet and petticoats that slipped too low all worth while. We have our money's worth from the trip. The rest of it is "on the house."

Anyway, back to the beach. We met 3 men from Yugoslavia that some of the kids had met the night before. Their names (American version) were Mattihus, Thomas, and Ted. They told us some about their country and drew us maps of Yugoslavia and its regions, showing where we will be performing when we get there. Then we had to draw a map of the western United States to show them where we were from, and they ended up showing us where every place was, including Cheyenne, Wyoming!

A little bit redder on the nose, we nursed our sore feet back to the hotel for a lunch of rolled pork roast, potatoes, salad, and real apricot pie, for most of us our first encounter with French pastery. Needless to say, it won't be our last!

Fish, baked in tomato sauce, and potatoes were for dinner, after which we did our second show at the festival. We did "Salty Dog Rag," and "Exhibition." Charles terrorized the audience with his new 6' boa. Eck! Other important things that happened today were:

1. After our show we were asked by the German group if we would join them for a glass of "Schwepp's." But we ate oranges and drank Limonade instead, and danced at a small cafe until. . .
2. Mary Bee fell asleep at the festival. She works too hard and stays up too,, too late. Shame, shame, Mary!
3. Glenn Kimball sunburned his toes and jumped on his bed and it collapsed!
4. Carlos and Larry Bickmore found themselves dancing with some Spanish girls to a German Omm-Pa Band out in the middle of the street. Never did find out exactly how that happened. Carefree European life, I-guess.

Well, our first day was full of excitement, fun, and fulfillment. If every day is as full of different experiences as this has been, then we have a great time to look forward to.

SUNDAY, JULY 16--Larry Bickmore

The majority of us struggled to get up this morning after a late night on the town. Priesthood and Relief Society at 7:30 a.m. started our day out right with uplifting messages from Bruce Christensen and Joanne Callister. Following our continental breakfast, we walked as a group into the old section of Nice. How beautiful it is with narrow, winding alley ways, too small for the passage of a car. Two blocks inside old Nice stands the Basilica Cathedral of Saint Reparate. This



VILLE DE MONACO  
COMITÉ MUNICIPAL DES FÊTES

THEATRE AUX ETOILES - AVENUE PRINCESSE GRACE  
Mardi 18 Juillet 1972 à 21 heures

# AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

## Orchestre

## IMITATION

MARDI  
18  
JUILLET  
21 heures



THEATRE AUX ETOILES  
AVENUE PRINCESSE GRACE

# AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

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3, Avenue Président J. F. Kennedy  
MONTE CARLO - Tél. 30-62-41  
VALABLE POUR 1 COURSE  
RESEAU DE MONACO

Z N° 303860  
420 01 A 07 00

NE PAS PLIER



WESTEROO  
Un mélange de

APPALACHIAN  
Diverses figures

INDIAN MEDLEY  
Danse des indiens  
points cardinaux  
du camp.

WALTZ QUADRILLE  
Les colons virent  
drilles dansé avec

NEW ENGLAND  
Ce sont des a

ROUND DANCE MEDLEY

Une danse des premiers colons. C'est une rond

KENTUCKY RUNNING SETS

Une danse des premiers colons qui se sont éta  
les traditions anglaises, très vieilles, qu'ils an

CAKE WALK

Au début du 20ème siècle le style de danses c  
1906.

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CETTE CLASSE  
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Comité Municipal des Fêtes

THEATRE AUX ETOILES

AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

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Contrôle

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N° 000.005

basé sur une musique "western"

avec deux couples ensemble. On r

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Restaurant  
"Le Siècle"

10, Av. Prince Pierre  
MONACO  
Hôtel : 30.25.56  
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NICE-VILLE

MONACO-Mc-CARLO  
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MARDI

# BRIGHAM

"AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS"

# YOUNG UNIVERSITY

# 00003



fine old Baroque cathedral was to be the scene of a very special mass in conjunction with the International Folk Festival here in Nice. Immediately in front of the cathedral in the plaza were gathered all the dancers representative of their countries, dressed in their native costumes. One by one, each group entered the cathedral as the cathedral bells began to peal. Inside we witnessed a spectacular mass in which many of the dance groups participated, singing their traditional religious songs. The Bishop of the Parish offered a very stirring sermon reminding all that despite religious, political, or cultural differences, all are the same before God. This was appropriately symbolized by lowering the flags of the various countries when the sacrament was presented. One of the interesting parts of the mass was the playing of the Txalaparta, an ancient Basque instrument made of two boards suspended between leather straps. Small round blocks of wood were dropped on the boards in rapid succession producing a solemn drum beat with an almost calypso effect. After we were once again outside and talking with other dancers, we danced in the plaza in front of the cathedral.

Lunch and a short nap was followed by Sacrament Meeting at the Nice branch. Jacques borrowed a car and transported us up to the chapel in groups of six. The branch is situated on top of a hill overlooking the port side of Nice. It's beautiful. The members were very cordial, offering all who desired a tour of the chapel. The meeting was a warm and uplifting experience even though most of us could only guess what the speakers were saying. Both Jacques and Anne Hall were speakers, and we as a group sang "Come, Come Ye Saints," "We Thank Thee, Oh God, For a Prophet," and "I Am a Child of God." After the meeting, we were invited to dance for the members in the cultural hall. A few of the band members experimented on the piano and finally came up with a rendition of "Salty Dog Rag," so we could share our talents with our fellow members of the Church.

Following supper, Mary Bee called for a short rehearsal of the show for tonight in costume. We all lined up and danced in the street in front of the hotel as people gathered to watch and traffic was brought to a halt. Tonight it was our turn to appear twice, and we really wanted to do our best. Over at the theater, Mary Bee gave us a pep talk as we were preparing to go on stage. Our performance tonight was very good. It was very gratifying to hear the audience's loud applause as we went on stage and even louder as we left.

MONDAY, JULY 17--Jacques Gohier

With the closure of the Nice Festival comes a great step for us. We are more ready for what we will meet. We have known the joy of meeting friends, making funny faces to try to get them to understand us. We have experienced the joy of finally having that great Polish boy understand that we meant "your dance was great" by our weird body and hand movements. We have all learned that we probably should not have brought quite a few things (for the boys) and that we would like to have brought at least a hundred gifts for our prospective friends. Many of us rented "Ciao" motorcycles. They are 50 cc and have pedals to start them. This was a very different way to visit the town. As for the driving--don't say anything about French drivers until you have seen Jimmy Jensen drive. He really got the hang of it very fast.



# La prairie chantée avec enthousiasme par "The American Folk Dancers"



Une figure d'exhibition « Square Dance ».

(Photo Giaufret)

« American Folk Dancers », un groupe de danseurs et de chanteurs de « Brigham Young University », de Provo, dans l'Utah, aux Etats-Unis d'Amérique, a assuré mardi soir, avec succès, l'ouverture saisonnière du « Théâtre aux Etoiles ».

Parmi les 2.000 élèves qui fréquentent cette université la plupart appartiennent aux « Mormons », de l'église de Jésus-Christ des Saints des Derniers Jours. D'après le spectacle qu'ils ont présenté à Monte-Carlo, nous pouvons assurer que ces jeunes gens et ces jeunes filles n'engendrent pas la mélancolie. Loin de là. Pendant deux heures, ils ont présenté une longue série de chants et de danses de la Prairie avec une gaieté, un entrain faisant plaisir à voir.

Cette unique représentation était honorée de la présence de S.A.S. la princesse de Monaco, accompagnée du prince héritaire Albert et de la princesse Caroline, ainsi que par Mme Ardant, sa dame d'honneur. Les membres de la famille

princière furent accueillis à leur arrivée par M. Jean-Louis Médecin, maire, et M. René Croési, conseiller communal, chargé des fêtes.

Musique western avec violons, guitares et banjo pour les grands ensembles de « square dance ». Valses pour les quadrilles, rythmes divers pour les adaptations de danses venues de la guerre de 1812 : « cake walk » pour marquer le début du siècle aux Etats-Unis.

Charles Illsley présenta, en soliste, quelques danses des Indiens Gibbaway des plaines. Danses de clochettes, des serpents vivants, scalp dance, snake dance et autres exhibitions fortement scandées. Il termina ses exhibitions avec « Indian Hoop Dance ». A l'aide de trente-six anneaux qu'il passe avec virtuosité autour de son corps, « ce jeune brave » réussit de fort belles figures géométriques. Il bat un véritable record en la matière en représentant un aigle, ailes déployées, pour le final.

NICE-MATIN — Jeudi 20 Juillet 1972

6 A DESERET NEWS, Monday, July 31, 1972

## Y. Dancers Charm Royalty

PROVO — The dream of every entertainer is to perform before royalty. That dream came true for Brigham Young University's American Folk Dancers last week as they danced for Monaco's Princess Grace and two of her children, Princess Carolyn and Crown Prince Albert.

For two hours the troupe of 32 students danced and sang in the open-air Theater of the Stars beside the azure Mediterranean Sea. Members of the royal Monacan family clapped and sang with the group on stage as they performed the history of America through dance, including favo-

rites like "Oh, Susannah" and "Virginia Reel."

All eyes focused on Charles Illsley, who presents the Indian dances, as he dropped his four live snakes on the stage and performed the Indian snake dance. Princess Grace covered her face as Illsley danced toward the audience with one snake in his mouth, one in each hand, and another around his neck.

At a small reception during intermission, the princess and her children met with folk dance director Mary Bee

Jensen, tour directors Mr. and Mrs. Bruce L. Christensen, and two students, Anne Hall of Salt Lake City and Jacques Gohier, a BYU student from Nice, France.

"Your dancers are delightful," Princess Grace said. "We have seen professional companies from the Eastern European countries, but this is our first group of American Folk Dancers."

She congratulated the BYU students for their outstanding contributions to cultural exchange.

"This is an excellent opportunity for our young people to meet Americans and see something of America's cultural heritage," she said.

The folk dancers arrived in Monaco after representing United States in four days of performances at the International Folk Dance Festival in Nice, France.

From Monaco they traveled to Yugoslavia for a week-long tour of that country, including performances at Zadar, the home of the BYU basketball star Kresimir Cosic.

This day has seen us sweating on the stage of the "Theatre de Verdure," rehearsing under the Riviera sun. It has seen Carlos Amezcua interviewed by a Bulgarian reporter about what he thought of the dances, the group, the country, etc. This day also caught Jacques Gohier singing both French and American National Anthems at the finale of the Festival, finding out that those two countries were equally dear to him.

The show was great. The members of the branch came down, as a special activity for family home evening, to watch the show. They enjoyed it very much and were sorry we did not live with them instead of at the hotel.

The beach is still a good place to find the girls.

Larry McCord has been pestering against what he calls a "Ridiculous" piece of toast and a dinky little cup of chocolate milk, and hoping to get back to a place where breakfast is consistant enough to keep him in full shape.

We have found out by now that they were not kidding when they told us we wouldn't sleep much. It is actually a ridiculous understatement.

And for what is probably most important: We have been sad to leave friends so dear after such a little time of acquaintance at the Festival. We know that over the material differences that separate us (clothes, music, culture, language barrier), there is something more important; that is love, friendship, truth, and God. May He help us always to understand that He can guide us to perfection.

TUESDAY, JULY 18--Jim Blount

We had breakfast at 8:00 a.m., which consisted of our usual meal of bread. We left for the train station at 10:00 a.m. A truck took our heavy baggage to the station. At 11:00 o'clock we left Nice, France and arrived at Monte Carlo, Monaco at about noon. The hotel we were staying in was across the street from the train station. The men formed a baggage train and moved the equipment to the hotel. We stopped several times for Hy to change hands.

Most of the guys had to check into another hotel because there were not enough rooms available. Daryl and Rod stayed in the first hotel because they were left in Nice trying to find Rod's passport.

We had lunch at 12:30 and then it was nap time for most people. We left for the theater at 5:30. The dancers went over a few numbers and also exits and entrances. We had a dinner at the theater, which consisted of chicken, ham, French bread, cheese, fruit, Pepsi, and Indian tonic water, which was Jack Spencer's favorite. In his words, "It would kill a vulture's appetite."

We got dressed for the show and went on at 9:00 p.m. The show went well as far as the audience was concerned, but the band could have done better. After the show we took Dave Bingham to the hospital. We came back to the hotel and had a prayer given by Glenn Kimball. Afterwards, the girls treated the guys to a pop. Everyone finally got home around 1:30 a.m. Or was it 2:30 a.m.? No, perhaps 3:30 a.m. Wait! Whenever it was, we did lay down to sleep. Sleep is something we all desperately need, but don't seem to get much of. We will live though--if we're lucky, or if Mary Bee decides to be tired for once!

# BYU's American Folk Dancers Perform Before Princess Grace

The dream of every entertainer is to perform before royalty. That dream came true in July for BYU's famous American Folk Dancers as they danced for Monaco's Princess Grace and two of her children, Princess Carolyn and Crown Prince Albert.

For two hours the troupe of 32 students danced and sang in the open-air Theater of the Stars beside the azure Mediterranean Sea. Members of the royal Monacan family clapped and sang with the group on stage as they performed the history of America through dance, including favorites like "Oh, Suzzanna" and "Virginia Reel."

## SNAKE DANCE

All eyes focused on Charles Illsley as he dropped his four live snakes on the stage and performed the Indian snake dance. Princess Grace covered her face as Illsley danced toward the audience with one snake in his mouth, one in each hand, and another around his neck.

At a small reception during intermission, the Princess and her children met with folk dance director Mary Bee Jensen, tour directors Mr. and Mrs. Bruce L. Christensen, and two students, Anne Hall of Salt Lake City and Jacques Gohier, a BYU student from Nice, France.

"Your dancers are delightful," Princess Grace said as she complimented the troupe on its performance. "We have seen professional companies from the Eastern European countries, but this is our first group of American Folk Dancers."

She congratulated the BYU students for their outstanding contributions to cultural exchange.

This is an excellent opportunity for our young people to meet Americans and see something of America's cultural heritage," she said.

## FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL

The folk dancers arrived in Monaco after representing United States in four days of performances at the International Folk Dance Festival in Nice, France.

From Monaco they traveled to Yugoslavia for a week-long tour of that country, including performances at Zadar, the home of the BYU basketball star Kresimir Cosic.

This was the group's seventh tour of Europe. This year BYU folk dancers divided into two sections to tour different parts of Europe.

## FIRST U.S. TEAM IN EUROPE

The first American folk dance team to

represent the United States in Europe, the BYU dancers have earned a reputation for excellence both on and off the stage in almost every country of Europe.

Last year, for example, a team of dancers toured Europe for eleven weeks, appeared in 14 countries before over 50,000 persons in 62 concerts and festival performances, and before over 45,000,000 television viewers in Spain, France, and Norway. This year they were televised by German television in Munich.

## MONACO: Princess Grace Praises Folk Dancers

SEP - 2 1972  
DESERT NEWS  
The royal family of Monaco were thrilled and had high praise for the BYU American Folk Dancers following a recent two-hour performance in that principality.

The dancers performed before Princess Grace and two of her children, Princess Carolyn and Crown Prince Albert, as well as hundreds of others in the open-air Theater of the Stars in Monaco.

Most impressive to the royal family was Charles Illsley, who presents the Indian dances. He danced with four live snakes—one in his mouth, one around his neck and one in each hand.

The troupe recently represented the U.S. at the International Folk Dance Festival at Nice, France, and then went on to Yugoslavia after the Monaco appearance.



WEDNESDAY, JULY 19--John Boud

Today started out clear with a cool breeze in the morning, but with the sun constantly shining down, things got pretty muggy and everybody got sweaty and sticky. After eating a continental breakfast of crispy rolls, French bread, gooseberry jam, and hot chocolate, we set out to visit the castle where Princess Grace (former Grace Kelly) and the royal family live. We arrived at the castle at about 10:30 a.m. after walking up the side of the mountain. Parts of the castle date from 1215 A.D. The castle is built around a courtyard, upon which concerts are regularly held and under which is a big reservoir of water. Besides being a place of residence, the castle is also equipped with its own chapel for worship. The first room we entered was called the hall of mirrors. The mirrors on both sides of the room created the illusion of an indefinite number of rooms. The rooms were very ornate and very well kept up--not like some castles I've been in that have an old musty smell about them.

At 11:30 a big crowd had gathered to see the changing of the white uniformed guards. The ceremony was done with little flair, and didn't seem very exciting.

Becky Mazur made the news today by eating a French hot dog. The hot dog buns here are different. They take a long bun of hard crusted bread and instead of slicing it, it is put on a spike which leaves a hole all the way through big enough to insert the weenie. This way your dog stays warm. Becky loves mustard, and asked the man to spread it on thick. He looked at her questioningly, but obeyed her wishes. After her first bite, Becky was obliged to remove the weenie and scrape off most of the mustard, which turned out to be hotter than what she was used to.

Jack Spencer made history today as he dived head first off the Olympic diving tower at 20 meters. He drew a big applause from the many people standing around. The pool was different than most in that it was filled with sea water.

Several of the group went swimming and enjoyed jumping and diving off the rock cliffs of the harbor. Further out, sharks were spotted. Carlos Amezcua, our fabulous guitar player, borrowed a snorkle and fins from some Americans from L.A. He observed that there was a sharp drop off just a little way from the shoreline, and that things looked pretty black down there in the deep.

The water around Monaco is a Mecca for oceanographers. This is where Jacques Cousteau, often seen in National Geographic, does much of his underwater research.

At night we all took advantage of a free invitation to visit the famous Monte Carlo Casino. Entry fee usually costs \$1.40, or 7 French Franks. Only one person out of the 15 or so who tried their luck won. Mike Snow won \$2.00. Big losers were Carlos Amezcua with \$2.00, John Boud with \$1.40, and Larry Bickmore with \$1.60. Gambling doesn't, or at least didn't pay.

THURSDAY, JULY 20--Rich Brown

Bruce came around at 5:30 a.m. to wake us for 6:00 a.m. breakfast so we could leave by 7:00 for Ferrara, Italy. We had a 12-hour bus ride ahead of us and a mission show in Ferrara when we arrived. We didn't get away from Monaco until 8:30 though, because Dave was not well and had to be taken to the hospital for tests--and the bus was late. Bruce said we should maybe begin adjusting our awakening times to the bus schedule.

( DURATA DELLO SPETTACOLO 2 ORE CON UN INTERVALLO DI 15 MINUTI )

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Once on the road, we had a beautiful trip ahead of us; first along the French and Italian Mediterranean coasts, then into the southern part of the Italian Alps. The mountain highway was unique. We drove for a long time over nothing but high bridges and through long tunnels--from a tunnel on to a bridge and into another tunnel. The mountains were lush green--trees, grasslands, bushes, and ferns. Clustered here and there were small villages, each huddled around a church with a high tower.

We arrived in Ferrara and the Elders were there at the Touring Hotel waiting to meet us. Occasional rain, Italian traffic jams in small towns, and slow traffic up narrow mountain roads had not interfered with our arrival in time for dinner. The always-hungry dancers were so happy. And the food was really good!

Our show was before an audience of about 250 in an open-air theater. They were a good audience. The show was fun. We had to make a few adjustments due to having Daryl in Monaco with Dave. There were quite a few puzzled looks among the dancers as they would see strange faces at various points in the dance, and the Contra line was moving frantically to find places before the music even started.

The stage, which slanted towards the audience, probably had a lot to do with Spence's new addition to Westeroo. He lifted Kathy, then ended up sitting suddenly on the floor.

The mission was grateful for our performance and felt certain it would help the mission effort in Ferrara. They were able to set up a meeting with two students who saw the show. The mission wants us back again next year.

FRIDAY, JULY 21--Joanne Callister

We got up at 7:00 after an exciting performance the night before and a good night's sleep. We had breakfast at the hotel and then the Elders of the area gave us a tour of the old "Estensi Castle." It was constructed in 1385 for the Dukes of Este. The medieval architecture and beautiful rooms were so interesting. We got to go down into the prison and dungeons, which really made me realize how grateful I was to be living in 1972--it was cold, dark, and there was very little air. It's hard to imagine that men could be that cruel!

We changed our money from Franks to Lira, and then were on our way to Florence. It took 45 minutes and we drove through Florence, and then into the old historical part. We passed through the Piazza della Signoria and were all so excited--everything in Florence seemed so old--it was magnificent to think what must have been taking place here years before! There in the Piazza is the fountain of Piazza and other famous statues such as, "Rape of the Sabine Woman," "Perseus," "Hercules," and one of the "David" statues.

We got out of the bus and into our hotel and were free for the day to take in the historical city. We went to the Religious Center and toured the beautiful cathedral. It was built in 1296 and is considered the cathedral of Florence, which is no wonder, because of the ornate and beautiful architecture. Across from the cathedral is the Baptistry, which is a building that was consecrated to St. John the Baptist. On the outside are the "Doors of Paradise," constructed by Lorenzo Ghiberti, and they tell the story of the Prophets--starting with Adam.

We then visited the "Academy," which houses the famous statue of David--one

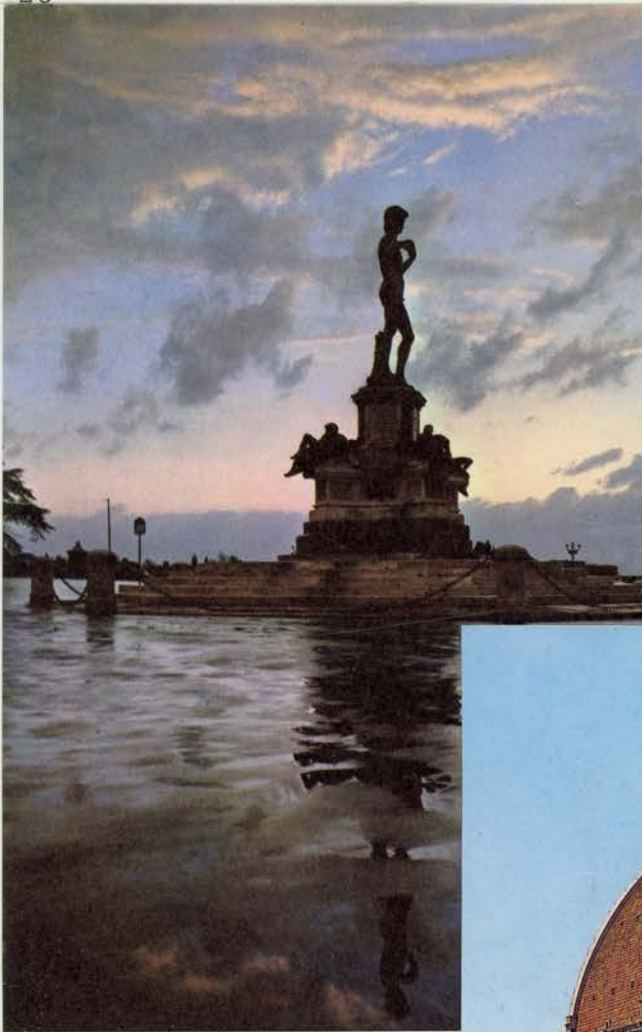
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E PER IL GIORNO IN CUI E' STATO ACQUISTATO

of Michelangelo's best works. I was amazed at the exactness and physical beauty of this creation. Other famous statues there were "Palestrina Diets," and "The Prisoners."

We then hit the "hottest" spot in Florence (and found most of the group there!)--the Flea Market. There they have little open-air shops with clothes, gloves, and leather goods, plus open food markets. We went nuts!!!

We had our first Italian dinner--spaghetti, ravioli, the whole works--and loved every minute of it!

We toured the Della S. S. Annuziate, which is a Renaissance Piazza containing a church, hospital, and a few shops. On the way back to the hotel, we shopped at the straw market. They had beautiful hats and purses and tableclothes.

We freshened up at the hotel and were off again to see the city by night. We started out for the Piazzale Michelangelo, which runs around the south end of Florence and gives a panoramic view of the city. On the way, though, we crossed the Old Bridge--Ponte Vecchio--which has little shops all across the bridge. They have beautiful jewelry! We finally made it to the Piazzale Michelangelo, and it was gorgeous! We could look out over the whole city and the lights reflected off the river--it was beautiful. In the center of the Piazza is a statue of David and four other replicas of statues seen in the Medici Chapel. It was very atmospheric, and I could see why Florence has been called "a city of history and romance."

We made our way back to the hotel--mentally tired from all the history seen, and physically tired (especially aching feet), but happy because of all the beauty we experienced that day!

#### SATURDAY, JULY 22--Karen Clayson

Our second day in Florence was marvelous. After a good night's sleep (we actually didn't have to get up at 6:30 a.m.), we went down to a little restaurant by the river for breakfast. We treated ourselves to an egg omelet, which really was a treat and very different from the continental breakfast of bread, jam, and hot chocolate that we're getting used to.

Our first stop was the church of Santa Croche (Sacred Heart), which was situated in a little piazza very near to our hotel. Besides being a very beautiful church with lovely stained glass windows, it was also the burial place of such famous men as Michelangelo, Galileo, and Dante. Having no official guide of our own, our little group became quite professional at casually mingling with other tours and gleaning our information that way. It usually worked out alright, except that 3 or 4 red dresses standing together did tend to give us away sometimes.

Next we went to the beautiful cathedral in the center of Florence. Not only was the cathedral itself magnificent, but one of Michelangelo's Pietas was there and it was really beautiful with great feeling. To further enhance our experience in the cathedral, someone had the bright idea of climbing to the top of the dome. I have never seen so many steps and once we reached the curved part of the dome, the steps became curved also, and it was a bit difficult to keep on balance. What a view from the top! It was really worth the 200 lire and the 5,000 steps! The city is comprised of hundreds of red tile roofs with special towers and domes adding interest to the skyline. The city is surrounded by beautiful hills covered with lush





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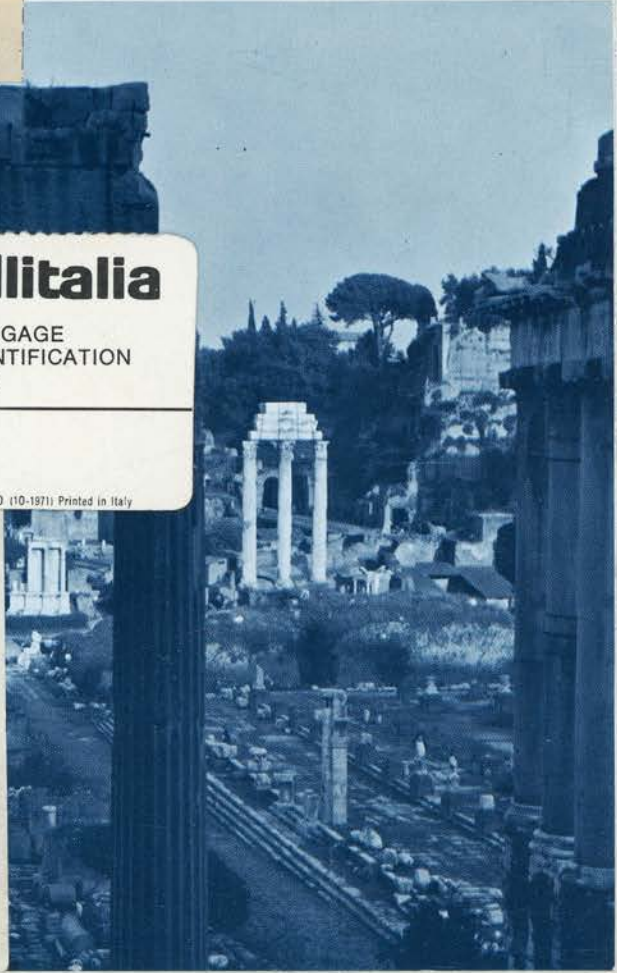
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green foliage. The walk back down was a lot easier, but it sure made us dizzy.

After a 1 1/2 hour lunch break, while everything closed, we went to the Midici Chapel where we saw Dawn, Dusk, Night, Day, and other statues by Michelangelo. I think one of the most fantastic facets of Florence is the fact that so many of Michelangelo's works are there and he created so many art pieces in this city that he loved.

The Flea Market was our last stop of the day. And what a stop it was. Such a deal! We soon found out that the prices at which things were marked really had nothing to do with how much things really cost. "Jewing shopkeepers down" is a term that became very familiar to us all, and probably the sentence said to us most often was "for you I make a special deal." From the looks of the packages brought into the hotel that night, we all contributed quite a bit to the economy of Florence in just the two short days we were there. What fun! The only problem now is where to put it all.

The end of a great but tiring day was a piece of pizza and then a trip to the restaurant by the river for a couple of scoops of Italian ice cream over fresh strawberries, a specialty of Florence. We had a great day, but a long one, and our beds sure looked good to us that night. We're off to Rome tomorrow.

#### SUNDAY, JULY 23--Hy Conrad

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz!

"Hey! Answer the phone." Buzz. Buzz.

"The what?" Buzz.

"The (Buzz!) phone."

"Oh. . .yeah."

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. "Hullo."

"Good morning."

"Wanna bet?"

"Come on now, it's not that bad. Get everyone up for Priesthood in half an hour. O.K.?"

"Sure, Bruce. Whatever you say."

So, that's how Sunday started--7:00 a.m. Whenever we are to be ready early in the morning, our beloved tour director wakes us up. Or does he call only those that after ten short days have mastered the art of turning an alarm clock off while remaining asleep? Needless to say, some of us have received a call every morning. Priesthood and Relief Society were held at 7:30 a.m. Carlos gave the lesson in the men's meeting, while Karen Clayson shared some thoughts on gratitude with the women. These meetings were over at 8:15 a.m., and by 8:30 a.m. we had everything packed, out front of the hotel, lined up, and ready to load on the busses. We are getting to be fast! Of course, before we could get away from the hotel, the usual hassles occurred. (What? Of course I paid for my bath yesterday. The porter took 500 lira, said he'd bring 100 lira change, and disappeared. Pay again?! No way. . .)

Descending on the train station, we literally walked through what must have looked like an assault on the snack bar. The usual delicious, pound-putting-on pastry was available (and the women took advantage of that to make exhibition's



(Did I write milk? I must have "blacked out." No, wait. They did have milk. Cold milk!) Rumor has it that Jack Spencer "bellied up to the bar" for six glasses of milk. Actually he had two--Speaking of rumors, is it really true that Jeanne Nalder talks in her sleep? Things like "I'm sorry. This is a Sunday in Nice," and "You can get it much cheaper at the flea market," have been heard coming from the vicinity of her bed. A talking pillow you say? Perhaps. We've now learned for ourselves what Bonnie kept telling us: "Expect anything." Mary Polley doesn't even surprise us when she sits up in bed, talks to Michelle, and then lays back to remember nothing of it the next morning. Rich Brown's poetry has even found a place, along with Jim Blount's Italian haircut, in our ability to accept all things without too much horror. Mary Bee should be proud of us; most of the time we're very European now. Having no showers, no laundromats, no hot water, and no place to get more than a short glassful of drink already is part of our routine. Yugoslavia here we come?

The train ride to Rome was beautiful. Green hills, small old stone houses, and little dirt roads could be seen the whole way. The sun was out and that made the day so nice! About 2:00 p.m. we pulled into the station. Filippo and the Elders met us to help us to our hotel which was three blocks away. Everyone had slept on the train, so we were full of energy and the walk didn't bother us. Seeing how modern Hotel Universo was put a big, toothy smile on each of us. Room assignments were given, some of us switched, and then went to lie down for awhile before going to eat. Shock of all shocks! The rooms had all three (oops! . . .four) conveniences in the same place. Just ask Bob Zeigler, and he'll give you a full report.

Before leaving for Sacrament Meeting, everyone found a place to eat. The place I ate was fun--I saw my first Italian gypsies. After eating most of the group went for meeting with the local branch, and then out to Tivoli Gardens after that. The beauty and magnificence of that place is stunning. Each fountain had a special setting, and the lights at night made them even more unnatural. Imagining the feeling of being there alone with a loved one set my mind a-wanderin'.

Upon our arrival back to the hotel, some people could not resist the beckoning call of their beds while the rest went sightseeing. The Forum, the Colisseum, the "Wedding Cake" Monument, etc., etc. are beautiful at night. The feet of one or two of our members were about to fall off, but we marched on and on and on and on and on. "What? Yes, my eyes are closed and I'm asleep, but it's so nice to be at the Colisseum!" Rome definitely should be seen by night at least 5,000 times. It's that kind of thing that helps make this "hostile stage" we all go through bearable. What stage comes next? I'm tired of being hostile.

MONDAY, JULY 24--Karen Doyle

All Mormons celebrate July 24 to honor the pioneers as they crossed the plains. Well, on July 24, we pioneers crossed Rome, only in a better means of transportation. Our day in Rome began at 7:00 a.m. with breakfast at the Universo Hotel. Breakfast, as usual, consisted of bread, jam, and hot chocolate. At 8:00 sharp our bus left, with most of us on it, for a tour of Rome. Our tour guide, Filippo, took us all over Rome so we could see the many famous and historical sights. Our first stop was at the Roman Forum, which at one time constituted the heart of the metropolis. The Forum is rich with temples, basilicas, and monumental constructions.

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In the Forum the intensive political, civil, and religious life of the people took place. The word Forum means a space outside the urban agglomeration. Disasterous earthquakes and barbaric invasions contributed to the destruction of the Forum. Our second stop was at the great Colosseum that everyone hears about in their Humanity classes; and great and fantastic it was. The Colosseum was begun in 72 A.D. It was destined to be used for gladiatorial contests and wild beast hunts. The interior of the Colosseum must have presented a fantastic view for its spectators. It was at one time completely covered with marble and the tiers were divided into three large areas. The first was reserved for the high-society Romans, the second for the citizens, the third for the common people. It, too, was destroyed by earthquakes and wars. Just outside the Colosseum is the Arch of Constantine, which was interesting to view. This unique elegant monument of Roman architecture recalls the coming of Christianity. The famous arch with three barrel vaults was dedicated to Constantine by the Roman Senate in 316 A.D. for his victory over Maxentius. The middle of the arch refers to the exploits of Constantine. Our third stop was at St. Peter's in Chains. At this stop was the great statue of "Moses" by Michelangelo, and the chains which held the Apostle Peter during his imprisonment in Jerusalem and Rome. Moving right along, we drove by the Piazza Navona where there were three beautiful fountains of the Baroque Period. As we moved throughout Rome, we passed by the famous Spanish Steps. We were all expecting something great to have happened there, only to find out that it is the meeting place for the hippies. Our fourth and final stop of our tour of Rome was at the Vatican. The first place we saw in the Vatican was the Basilica of St. Peter, where Michelangelo's ingenious architectural conception was clearly seen. The over all harmony of the interior was so uniquely proportioned, it was hard to perceive. This basilica was so beautiful that when you stepped inside, your breath was taken away by its grandeur. For the Catholics, this is their temple. Inside the basilica is the "Pieta" by Michelangelo. This sculptural masterpiece was ordered by the French Cardinal Ci Lagraulas for his tomb in 1498. The statue doesn't have the rigidity of death, but seems drowsy with a sleep which preludes his resurrection. The dome in the basilica was constructed from a drawing by Michelangelo, which was inspired by the dome of Santa Maria de Fiore in Florence. Our last and final stop at the Vatican was at the beautiful Sistine Chapel. Mobbed by people, we were finally able to find this famous chapel. The greatest attraction of the Sistine Chapel is the marvellous picture cycle by Michelangelo which begins with the decoration of the enormous vault. It narrates different episodes of the creation of the Universe, of Man, original sin, the Flood, the Rebirth of Man, and it ends with the masterpiece frescoed on the walls of the alter narrating the theme, "Universal Judgement." And so ending with the Sistine Chapel, our tour of Rome was completed.

At 3:55 p.m. we were on the bus packed and heading for the Leonardo da Vinci Airport where we would catch a flight to Yugoslavia. We arrived at the airport at 4:30, and immediately thereafter we checked our baggage in and went through customs. We had a long wait before our flight was ready, so finally at 6:30 we lined up and our luggage was searched along with many of the boys. We finally boarded the plane at 7:00 p.m. by leaving the bus two at a time. When we got on the plane, we each took a seat hoping we would leave in a matter of minutes, but little did we know. We sat on that plane for 30 minutes while the temperature reached over the 100 mark, at least it felt that way. Our plane finally left the ground at 7:40 p.m. and headed for Yugoslavia. We arrived in Dubrovnik at 7:30 p.m.,



although it did take one hour to get there. We deplaned and went inside the airport where we were to go through customs. As we went through customs, it was brought to our attention that we all needed visas in order to enter the country, of which none of us had. After a lot of explaining and talking by Bruce and Mary Bee, we were finally permitted to enter the country. This day was a day filled with surprises, and one of the greatest was discovering we had to do a show that night, in exactly one hour to be specific. So, hurriedly we got our baggage, boarded the bus, and headed for the Grand Hotel Albatros in Cavtat, Yugoslavia where our performance was to be held. We danced on the terrace overlooking the beautiful ocean on a clear, warm night. We had a good audience, even though we made many mistakes (both dancers and band). After our performance at 12:00 we were served the most delicious dinner. The dinner was very formal and we had six waiters in white dinner jackets serving us. Our dinner consisted of a meat or d'vour, soup, French fries, beef, beans, salad, and fruit. When we finished with our meal, we felt content and happy once again. After dinner we packed our costumes and got on the bus at 1:30 a.m. Our bus took us back to Dubrovnik where eight of us were left in one section of town to stay with the townspeople. The others were taken to other sections. It was 2:30 a.m. by the time we reached the home of our host and hostess and it was 4:00 a.m. by the time we finally went to bed. The day had finally come to an end, but it was a day filled with excitement and many wonderful memories.

#### TUESDAY, JULY 25--Rod Dye

After performing the night we arrived in Dubrovnik on last-minute notice, getting the bus loaded again, and taking several hours to find where we were staying, we were allowed (for the first time) to shop on the morning of the 25th. We got up and were supposed to meet together at 12:00. We did, and planned what we were going to do for the day. We ate a very late breakfast.

We returned to where we were to perform that night and practiced over some of our "rough places," or songs and dances where we needed help. We were taken to Old Dubrovnik. This part of town was 7th-century living and provided the tour group with a very fascinating and enjoyable afternoon.

We performed that night and the same old vibrant energy could be felt among the performers. The sort of excitement, assurance, and determination to do a good show was all there. It paid off, because the performance was very good, and after the show, words, smiles, and laughs proved the performers felt good about their show.

After the show, the group was given sack lunches to take to our rooms to eat. The day ended with satisfaction and happiness for how we had represented our church as well as our country.

#### WEDNESDAY, JULY 26--Dotty Egan

"Yugoslavia has six republics, five people, four languages, three religions, two alphabets, and one desire for peace."

"We say here, first let a man be a man, then he can be a





Catholic or a Communist, or whatever he likes."

We woke up to one alarm that said 8:15, one said 8:25, and one 8:30...typical. We had eaten our sack dinner the night before on the shore of beautiful downtown Dubrovnik. Larry had a rotten tomato in his, but the rest was really goody n' luscious. Our breakfast was the most substantial we had eaten, and Charles the Lamanite omitted:

"It was dinner time in Russia, Soviet. Quit your Stolen and don't put any Marx on your Lenon."

We arrived in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, but no biggy. We toured the streets of the entire town four times. Karen Doyle kept getting excited about all the pop-corn they sold, but we were re-passing the same stand!!

"Our leaders stand up and yell, that they want us to jell.  
But all we want to do is coagulate; instead we constipate!"

-Robert

We continually stopped for ten minutes to find out where we were. Bruce finally discovered it. We were lost...Daryl commented: "We have to stop every so often to wind the bus up."

This town was the start of the first world war. Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated and within the concrete of the bridge you can see his footprints.

This week's theme is "Be Good to Your Roommate," and Mary Bee complained that she didn't have one. I told her to write a note to her pillow...

We passed a yellow submarine, a Yugoslavian grave yard, and they use no crosses... (What a day to get chosen to write the history--eight hours on a bus!) In all the village establishments they have a picture of their president, Tito. I asked if it were a law and it isn't, it's just a good idea. Anne Hall and I saw the historic "hole in the wall." A man almost joined Anne!!

For the past few hours we've passed quaint little red tile roofed houses, tail-wagging cows, and green, green, green! The countryside was choice. All the people engaged in their daily chores, haystacks of a unique type, a lady embroidering in the shade of her grape-vine roof, turquoise water, and a boy holding out his fishing pole with his foot.

The day was filled with heavy rock by Robert the Peruvian Elder and Co. We sang "We gotta go--to the W.C." and "Gloria," with "Mary Bee" instead.

"Let me tell you 'bout our director,  
She's 5'4", come to rehearsals, 10 minutes late."

Our performance was fun 'cause we had a responsive audience. Jimmy filled in for Dave and did the Appalachian solo and even kissed Karen!! What a trooper--we surely have learned to love him.

I ended the day with the scripture"

"I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way to accomplish that which he hath commanded."

Book of Mormon

I thanked my Father in Heaven for this tour, for the special people included within it, and for the beauty of this earth. I am humbly grateful for my life with the Folk Dancers, Mary Bee, and Europe.



THURSDAY, JULY 27--Mary Polley

8:00 was breakfast--hot milk and more bread. Then we were on our way to somewhere. We weren't exactly sure where, and as the day progressed, we began to wonder even more. Things went OK in the morning. We talked and slept; it was fairly calm. Since today was a Republic's holiday, there were a lot of flags out and we saw about 10 or 15 wagons full of villagers and farmers. They were dressed in their native clothes. We think they were on their way to a celebration. Many got pictures of them. We stopped at Jajce for lunch. It was a quaint town, really pretty. Some of the kids got so excited because they had huge hamburgers, then ice cream cones, of course!

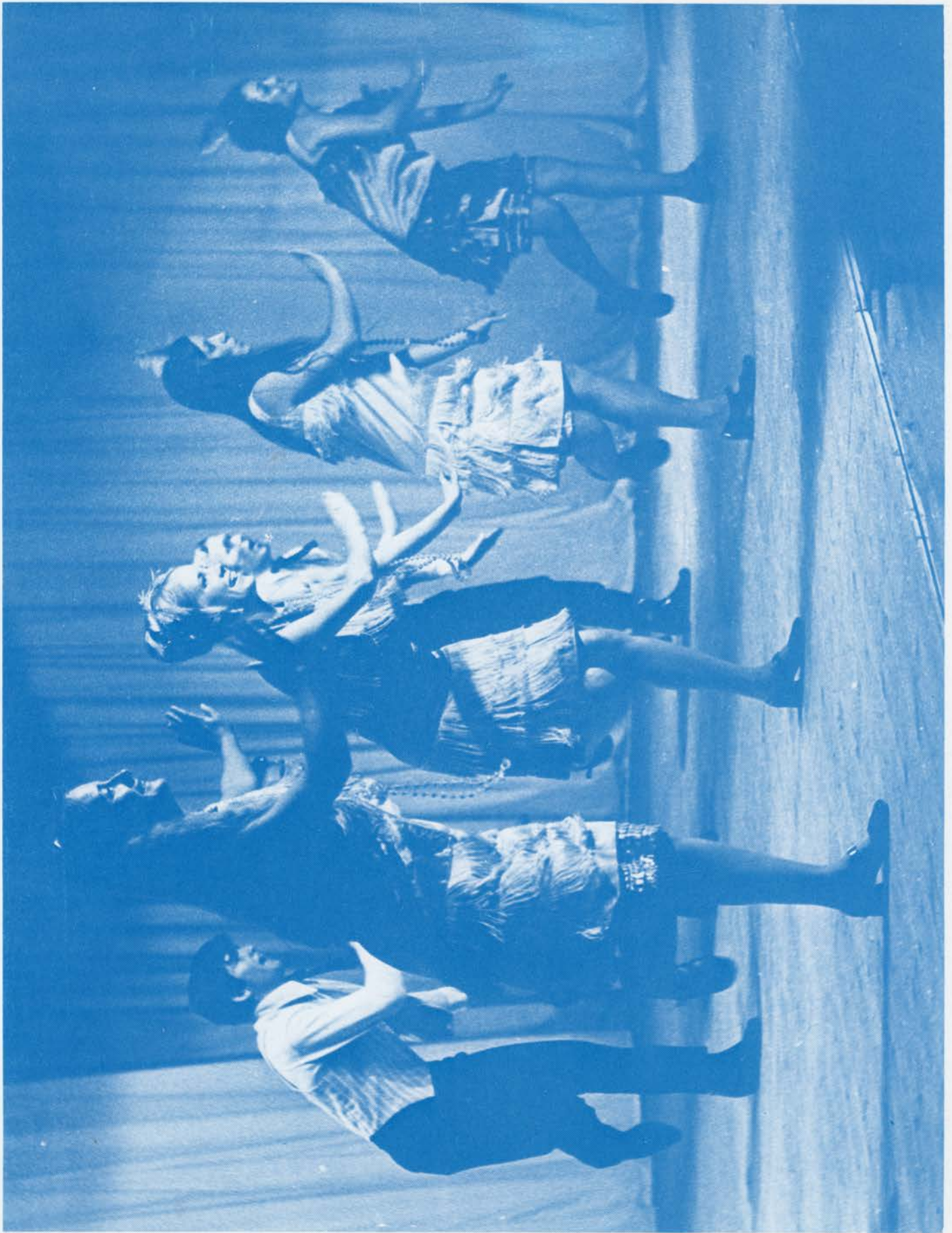
The afternoon was really fantastic. We went way out in the boonies, way up in the mountains, even on a dirt road! The bus rocked and bumped all over. I don't see how we did it--good bus driver! The poor kids that were sick, though--it sure didn't help them too much. But the country was absolutely breathtaking! What was even more exciting was to see the little villages and farming communities, and to see the people living their daily lives. I saw a woman washing clothes in a river, a young boy tending his sheep on the cliff, whole families working in the fields, building their haystacks. There were geese and pigs and chickens all around, and a person leading a cow every so often just like in the pictures. That ride was so worthwhile to me to really see how many of the Yugoslavs live. While passing by some houses, it reminded us of "Fiddler on the Roof" so much, that we broke into its songs.

Many interesting things were going on during that long bus ride. One group would be playing cards, two playing chess (or one if it was Glenn. He liked playing by himself.), some talking, sleeping, or getting sick. Then we could hear a wild bunch in the back getting tired of the ride, so they livened things up with a tickle fight!

We finally reached Bihac about 5:00 where we rested, ate (great meal), and prepared for the show. The show was outside, on a cement stage. That wasn't too good for some of the kid's legs. There was a fair size crowd--quite a few military men, which makes the Hawaiian more fun to do. The crowd wasn't easily excited on the whole, and it didn't help when we did our encore ending and they got up to leave during it. Oh, well.

After the show, the service men were willing to help and did, but we walked back to the hotel carrying our slips. The girls finally got around to having their family prayer, and went down to dance. A combo was playing outside the hotel, and quite a few people were there. So here come the Americans! Carlos and Bob played a few numbers and sang for everyone, and Charles did some of his Indian dances. The people really love Charles, and he has so much fun playing around. He had a hard time keeping his tomahawk though, especially from the drunk guys.

The rest of us really danced up a storm! We had a riot; everyone was watching us and we were dancing with all the might and fun we could. I really felt like we were on display; but it sure was fun. Then before things got anymore wild, we all went upstairs to bed.



FRIDAY, JULY 28--Anne Hall

We all had our own schedule for the morning. Some woke up and walked around the small city of Bihac. Most everyone slept in and rested. We even sent out many of our clothes and costumes to be cleaned. What a relief! The middle square worked with Jimmy on the dances for a while. He's really coming along with them. It's fun to see him relax on the stage and start to know the dances.

We ate at noon, a very good meal. Many of us have decided that we like the food in Yugoslavia. We hurried after lunch to leave in time to make our contact in Rijeka. But because our laundry wasn't quite ready, delays were caused. We finally left the Hotel Park at 1:45 instead of 1:00. We had a few hassles about paying our laundry bills, but we finally got on our way. We were on our trusty bus again for about a four-hour drive. Right from the first of the drive, the scenery was beautiful. We passed through little quaint villages with horse-drawn carts filled with hay. We saw men and women working the fields, stacking hay, washing clothes. It was like stepping back 100 years and watching the world as it was.

We drove for about one hour when we came into the Plutvice National Park. It was something beyond description. The park is an area of 16 lakes which all flow down into each other. They have a sort of layered effect, which creates many waterfalls. Our cute bus driver Jacob, turned the bus around and took the scenic route so we could get a better look at the waterfalls and lakes. It was a small, curvy road, and many times we were sure that we would run a few of the other cars off the road. But we left everything up to Jacob and his faithful horn.

While we had beautiful scenery outside, the inside of the bus was filled with songs, or should I say musicals. Robert Erickson has a memory for lyrics and songs that is fantastic. Combine this with singing from Spence Ashby, Daryl Parker, and Michelle Newey as our chorus leaders, we all joined in to recreate such musicals as "The Music Man," "Oklahoma," "The King and I," "Fiddler on the Roof," and many more. Many of the songs seemed to fit with the countryside outside. The singing helped the time pass quickly, and keep many of us from getting nauseated!

We finally took a rest stop in the middle of nowhere, just a few houses on the road. All the little inn had was pretzels and a dirty john in the rear. A few resorted to bushes. We stopped again a little while later to give the girls a rest stop and everyone a chance to buy some ice cream. Ice cream seems to be our tour's favorite food. We probably will all be taking home souvenirs of the European ice cream in many shapes and forms.

We arrived in Rijeka about 6:15, over an hour late. We hurried to our hotel. It looked so nice from the outside. We were expecting something as great as the night before. But Bruce broke the word to us that we were to go down the street to another building. We all made our way inside what looked like an old wooden dorm. The rooms were very dusty and bare looking. We didn't have time to stay, because dinner was waiting for us. We grabbed our things for the show and climbed back on the good old bus, leaving our rooms for further investigation later. We ate quickly in a cafe. It was another breaded surprise, but it was fine. By now, it was 7:35 and we had a show at 8:00. We all got back in the bus and went to the concert.

Our audience was great. They seemed to like everything from the very beginning, giving us applause all the time. Mary Bee cut the show down just to make it run faster. It sure did, because it seemed like we were done in no time.

We all went home in our red dresses, because we needed them for the next day.



Becky Mazur came up with a great suggestion to all go get an ice cream or a drink. Our bus driver found us a little cafe. Some of us went around the corner to get ice cream. A young boy was making the cones. He put on a little display of throwing the ice cream in the air and catching it in the cone. These Europeans and their many tricks! On the way to reload the bus, a Yugoslavian asked us if we were American. We naturally said yes. He then shouted, "Viva, Nixon." That was different.

On returning home, many of us discovered bugs in our rooms. Little creepy black bugs. They all ran away into the walls, and Rich Brown even offered to grease the bed legs, but we all just preferred to try not to think of them. Just before settling down, a few screams came out of one of the girls' rooms. Karen Doyle was sure they had a peeping tom outside their window. Our brave boys went out to investigate. Carlos Amezcua assured them that it was just the night watchman next door. But they wouldn't settle down until Mike Snow and Bob Ziegler slept outside their doors. Thanks guys.

It was a nice day, one filled with beautiful scenery, beautiful songs, funny rooms, and a rush to perform. But it seems like the group is always growing closer together. We've all gotten over the so-called "hostile and shock stages," and are now beginning to be real performers.

SATURDAY, JULY 29--Roni Hammond

At 12:15 a.m., July 29th, the Rijeka town police station received an emergency call from the city youth hostel. The complaint: Peeping Toms, cockroaches, and centipedes. Because of the seriousness of the complaint, I, Trick Dacey, took the call.

After checking out the joint, all I could find was 35 dancers and musicians running around yelling, "Monsier, Vambous," at the poor "night watchman." (Watching what, we don't delve into!) Sensing something different about this group, I decided it best to hang around for the next day.

They got up at varying times between seven o'clock and two minutes to eight for breakfast at eight o'clock of the usual "Big B"--bread! The next several hours were filled with Adriatic Sea and slippery slides and sand castles and flea markets and ice cream and rain. The only unusual activities I noted were: One Bob Ziegler made an exciting attempt to buy out the flea market, but only succeeded with giant candle sticks, musical spinning wheels, bowls, candy, etc. One Jimmy Jensen, naturally, jumped off of, climbed on, or dove into everything in sight. Everyone rushed out of the water when it started to rain to deep dry (?). One Mary Bee Jensen beat out all of the other chicks with her cute little figure and great tan. One candle disappeared from the Seventh-Day Adventist church up on the hill.

Later, after the group had taken care of such details as shower and lunch at the "regular joint," most of the dancers fell asleep. The obviously dedicated band rehearsed for a couple of hours and, with the help of Miss Melody and Mary Bee, improved quite a bit. By six o'clock everyone was ready to take off for a really good concert. After speeding through the streets with Jacob for about an hour they arrived at the place of performance. Everyone in that little town must think the Americans were pretty special people. When they got off the bus, there was a cute little 15-piece brass band playing. People were crowding around all excited to see





the "Dancers from America" who were all decked out in Reds and Blue shirts and "beautiful" slips. Everyone anticipated a great concert and hustled to prepare. The majority of the group found time to explore the town in search of ice cream and hot scones and peaches--thanks to Bruce--and candy and cookies while the audience waited, having come early for good seats.

The performance began in a burst of enthusiasm with Devil's Dream. I could detect a strong spirit among this group from the very beginning of the show. Even the photographer caught the spirit and went wild with pictures and used about five rolls of film. During Exhibition, one Helen Sabol fell and pushed her knee cap out of place. The men carried her off stage and some little red-head filled in for that number so quickly that it was hardly noticed by the audience. But the group was very concerned about her. A doctor checked her and suggested a couple of weeks off her leg. Even I was sad. Everyone was glad that it wasn't worse. Meanwhile, the show must go on.

The only other extraordinary events in the show were: During the excellent Indian Snake Dance, one could faintly hear the banjo player say to the violin player, "I'm beating this thing with the wrong end!" This was not extremely detrimental in that the tone of the drum was approximately the same except that the shoestring leather handle kept whipping an after beat. The last number, Smoky Mountain, a fast number to begin with was a little too fast! Enough said. The performance ended with roaring applause and everyone was quite happy.

Upon arriving at dinner at the "regular joint," they found on the head table some beautiful flowers and a lovely note from the place of the performance from the night before. Dinner was great and as usual, almost everyone ate too much.

What an extraordinary group I had followed around all day. Full of fun and love for each other. But I was exhausted! I had only spent one day and they were spending six weeks. Brother!

As I stood in front of their hotel (?) waiting for lights out so I could call it a day, I could hear them chattering through the girl's bedroom window. The girls broke into a strong rendition of:

I hear the cockroaches crawling around  
 Jimmy, Jimmy, we need you now.  
 The boogy man's out there just walking around  
 Jimmy Jimmy, we need you now.  
 Does our Jimmy feel what we feel, when he's around?  
 Our hearts beat so joyfully  
 You can hear it all over town.  
 Jimmy, Jimmy, we like you around.

Then the flicker of a romantic candle and the smells of 200 cookies--downed in two minutes--melted into an evening prayer and the day was complete. And, lucky for me, everyone was just too tired to report cockroaches or peeping toms--or even night watchmen!

SUNDAY, JULY 30--Carolyn Hastings

We left the centipedes, cold showers, and uncurtained windows of our Rijeka hotel by 7:30 a.m. Sunday to get to our plush, class A, super-fine Portoroz hotel



by 9:30. We held a combined Relief Society and Priesthood meeting on the bus as we traveled. It was an excellent meeting conducted by Hyrum Conrad, and the lesson was given by Jeanne Nalder assisted by others. It concerned keeping the Spirit of the Lord with us. Jacques told us about the feeling of the Spirit when he was converted, and of the Elders who were living close to the Spirit to contact Jacques and his family. It was a beautiful way to begin the Sabbath.

When we got to our hotel, comments were heard like, "I think I'll spend the rest of the tour right here." Right after we got there the hotel arranged a boat ride along the bay until lunch. As we boarded and set sail, a group gathered to read their favorite scriptures to each other. After a nice ride in the bay and a dip in the water by some of the guys, Anne Hall navigated us back to shore in time for a very fine lunch. We even had a menu to choose from for the very first time on this tour. The service was excellent. We then had the afternoon to ourselves to write or to sleep or do whatever until Sacrament Meeting at 5:30 held on the veranda, conducted by Bruce Christensen. Karen Doyle, Jack Spencer, Jim Blount, and Mary Bee were called on to express their feelings of this tour, and bear their testimonies, after the opening exercises and Sacrament was passed. They all gave such good talks, and Mary Bee told us that her faith in the Church lies in the youth of the Church, and she would never take a group to Europe that wasn't Mormon because we have such a special spirit about us which is the Spirit of the Lord. She also told us that even though we had to dance on Sunday, which we may not like, it might be the only exposure many of those people we dance for will ever have to the Mormon Church.

After Sacrament Meeting we had another scrumptious meal, then went to the theater to dress. We then danced down the street for advertising purposes before the show began. There were several English-speaking people at our show, including some from our own Salt Lake City, Utah. After the show we were presented a huge, beautiful bouquet of roses, which was later given to our bus driver's family because of all the bus driver has done for us and for his good work and friendliness. We met his family today because they live nearby.

That's all! Good Night!!!

MONDAY, JULY 31--Charles Illsley

I, Charles, having been born of goodly parents, having been commanded of Kathy Swensen, and having wandered many days in Europe and having seen much dancing and many stages and all manner of snake bites, shin splints, slips, boot bags, and Italy, I make a record of these things. Wherefore it is after the language of mine fathers and mine school teachers which is of Polish and Freak descent. (Freak being French and Greek combined.) And I make accurate accounts of all things lest a boa constrictor shall smite me and I black out. Wherefore I make a record of these things.

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Bruce Christensen that all the Saints should depart at noon.

And the Folkdancers also went up from Portoroz out of the Palace and unto Porec unto the hotel Lotosi which is called all right.

And in that day many did arise and come forth unto the waters that they may surfey the city of Portoroz for an final time, lest they should not see it again, for



the hour of noon was nigh.

And there were those among the Folkdancers who sought to lift themselves up; yea, even being pulled from behind an boat. And they did use boards and moved across the tops of the waters that they may be seen of men.

And behold, those who did arise and go forth unto the waters did find the ocean friendly because it did wave. Yea, the ocean did wave exceedingly even unto the ocean wave. And the Folkdancers did rejoice one with another and say that the beach shore was nice.

Likewise there were others on the journey who did want fine shoes that they may have more sole, lest they should be defeeted. And the women did want candles that they may wax strong in spirit, and trays that they may dish things out and hapdbags that they may have pursenality. And they did descend upon the market place and did contend with them that sold, yea, and the Folkdancers did want to Hebrew those that sold.

Yea, the Folkdancers did find that the prices were as a mountain and could not be moved. And one did say unto another, "Verily, I say unto you, it does not make cents to contend with the prices." And to this day the phrase has been coined in such an manner: "Thou shalt not accost the prices." Verily, one cannot dynar the truth.

And there were those who did write great epistles unto the land of their inheritance. Yea, and the dancers did send written records unto their mothers and their fathers, and it was apparent.

And at that time their leader did call the dancers together even as sheep. And the dancers did leave the Palace and departed for Porec. And they were gathered together as sheep. And one did say it was not a baa-a-a-a-a-d idea. Verily, to be gathered as sheep was un-herd of. And when the dancers were gathered as sheep there were none in the land, yea, even Yugoslavia, who could pull the wool over their eyes.

And the dancers did take their wives, and their guide, and their fine silks and hopankies, and their woods and flowers, yea and their serpents, and all manner of candies and cookies and drink that they may not perish on the way.

And they did travel for the space of many minutes. And their faith was with Jacob, their driver, that he should not steer them in the wrong direction.

And after they had journeyed for the space of many minutes, they came upon the place called Porec. And Porec was an fine city called after the food eaten by the three bears and a maiden called Goldylocks.

And the dancers did enter unto the Hotel Lotosi because there was room for them in the Inn.

And their leader did say unto them, "Be ye here at 7:00 p.m., even as your leader which is in room 246 is here at 7:00 p.m."

And there were those who did go even unto the waters. And those with money in their pockets did also enter the waters, that is to say they did cast their bread upon the waters.

And there was with the dancers a maiden called Sonja. And she was learned in the ways of the land. And she did know the customs and manner of speaking. The men did liken Sonja unto pancakes; that is to say she was well stacked.

Sonja did lead many among the group unto the older part of the city. And they did walk among the streets and market places and did buy of the goods. And the dancers did rejoice in the small city.

Yea, the maidens did partake of many pastries. And behold the pastries did



go to waist, that is to say the women became fed up.

Yea, it came to pass that the serpents did hunger exceedingly. And behold they brought fowl that the serpents should not perish. And two of the serpents did partake thereof. And the birds were large that the serpents found it hard to swallow. The birds were sore afraid even unto chicken.

Verily, many did rest their bodies upon the earth and did wash their clothes and do all manner of things to prepare for the mighty dance.

In that hour the leader did again call unto his sheep. And the sheep herd and harkened unto his words.

They departed unto the place of dance called The International Club. It was made of exceedingly fine materials, of stone, of metal, of white lights, and of great buildings. The place where they were called to dance was round. The top thereof was made from exceeding fine marble, and being fine marble it was very smooth to the touch.

And it came to pass that the dancers did move across the stage with much easiness. Behold, the dancers durst not lift their legs exceeding high lest they should fall to the floor.

While the dancers were yet on the great stage, the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon the stage, and it fell not for it was founded upon a rock.

But, behold, the dancers were not founded upon a rock and they feared for their limbs. And it continued to rain and the weather became pour. The evening was likened unto an old king with a long rain.

And behold I make an end to this writing. I have written that ye might know of a surety that these things came to pass on July 31, 1972.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1--Jim Jensen

We left Porec at 8:30 on a bus. We drove on a bus for three and one-half hours through beautiful countryside and arrived in Ljubljana. We had lunch as soon as we got there. The hotel was ten stories high and during the regular year was used as a student dorm. We got on the bus and headed out to Bled. It was a little resort town in the Alps of Yugoslavia only five miles from the Austrian border. The town had a rather large lake in the middle of it with mountains going up all sides and an island out in the middle with Tito's summer home on it. The theater was indoor and very, very modern. Down the street was an ice cream and pastry shop where most of the people spent the last of their money. We ate down at the Park Hotel Restaurant. The meal was very filling. While most of us were eating, thirteen others were out riding in a horse and buggy around the town advertising the performance. We went back to the theater and dressed for the performance. The boy's dressing room was upstairs and the girl's was down. The stage was very large with mat rugs on it. The auditorium held about 500 people and only 250 turned out. The performance we put out was the last performance in Yugoslavia and it was the best so far on the tour. The audience just loved us and we got an oncore. Half of us were half undressed when we came back out. After we finished the oncore, we had a half-and-half standing applause. Some of us went down the street and had ice cream, while others worked at packing the bus



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and I know my partner will weigh more tonight. We rode back on the bus. After arriving at our hotel, we had a surprise party for Sonja and gave her a cake with one candle on it and sang her songs. All the boys kissed her. Then we departed for bed.

### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2--Glenn Kimball

We got up at 6:30 in Ljubljana to a foggy morning. It was the first time that we have seen fog on the trip. The beautiful green countryside seemed to blur and fade away in the clean misty air. 7:00 was time to be down out of the student hotel, and down to breakfast. Breakfast was good with all the warm milk we could drink, which wasn't very much for some of us, and a hard-boiled egg that was piping hot, and the usual bread and jam. At 7:30 we said our last goodbyes to Sonja, our guide from the previous week in Yugoslavia. We sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." I think it touched her; I know it touched us. We drove from Ljubljana to Coper where Jacques Gohier drove back to Portoroz to get his stray passport. We finally made it to Trieste, Italy at 1:30, after crossing the boarder where the guards flirted with our girls and did nothing with our passports. We made up a song to say goodbye to Jacob, our Yugoslavian driver, as we left the bus. It went something like this:

Thank you, Jacob, you've been a good driver.  
 We gave him a pin for his wife and himself. We were free in Trieste to see the town until 4:00, and then we had to meet back at the train station. Most of us found little places to go eat. Robert Erickson and Larry Bickmore kindly pointed out where they had eaten, where they had huge bricks of fresh Swiss cheese and pickles, so that many of us, especially John Boud went back and about bought them out. Mary Bee could be found standing on the scales in the train depot trying to convert her weight to pounds. John Boud and Glenn Kimball found out that Trieste had one real famous castle and church on the hill, so we hiked for a half hour to see it. We still aren't sure what we saw, but we saw it. We left Trieste at 4:00 only to find out that there was to be a train strike which would prevent us from reaching Milan to catch our night train to Brussels. We passed through Venice and saw what we could from the train. We saw a few gondolas, then it was off to Verona, where we spent a few minutes in Romeo and Juliet scenery. Our friend the thirsty chicken was the only one who didn't arrive in Verona. Someone got fed up with the constant chicken serenade, and tossed our soprano friend out the window. No one knows who did it, but the most likely suspect has the initials Bob Ziegler. The train depot paid for a bus to Milan, where the classic statement of the day was made at 1:30 in the morning. Jack Spencer woke up all excited and said, "Hey, I've made up some words for a new verse to our song. Now how does the song go?" Anne Hall got the Charles Illsley Award for her first pun. She beamed as everyone politely moaned in unison. Our bus friends, an old couple from Canada, shared with us their thoughts which happened to describe our feelings exactly. They said, when asked where would you like to go, "Anywhere that is out of Italy!" We pulled up to the Hotel National and melted into the sheets in Milan.



THURSDAY, AUGUST 3-- Becky Mazur

August 3, beginning at 12:01 a.m., was the dawning of another exciting experience in the lives of the courageous BYU Folkdancers. We were caught in the middle of an Italian train strike. We had to catch a bus to Milano from the train station. I was super proud of the kids and their dispositions during the inconvenience. No one complained, but pitched in and moved luggage. The bus was very uncomfortable, which is probably the reason the boys were in such a giddy mood. Charlie was really throwing the puns around and the other fellows were doing their best to keep up. Most of the girls were too tired to laugh at them.

When we got to Milano, it took a while to find a hotel, but the one we found was very nice. We dragged our luggage into the hotel and started up the stairs, when the desk clerk told us to use the elevator because the stairs were not usable. Jack about turned inside-out laughing. He explained that all over Europe we have had to use the stairs because the elevators were broken, but Italy is so backwards that the stairs break and you have to use the elevator.

We all slept in pretty late (about 10:00 or 11:00). Barbara called and told us we needed to be down stairs by 12:45 so everyone was taking their time getting spruced up. Suddenly with 10 minutes notice, we needed to be downstairs by noon for the Missionaries. They know of a good, inexpensive (Halleluja!) restaurant across town. Finally we were all assembled and ready to go by 12:45.

One of the Missionaries was Terry Smith who had been in Folkdancers before his mission. He was Mary Polley's partner at one time. He and his companion led us in and out, around, and through all sorts of streets in order to get us to the restaurant. The walking felt so good after so many days on a bus. For lunch we had Minestrone soup, veal cutlets, fried potatoes, and the most delicious hard rolls that were hollow in the center.

After lunch we all split up and went our separate ways, but we all saw at one time or another the Last Supper by di Vinci, the Duomo, and the Palace. The Last Supper, to my surprise was a fresco and not a painting on canvas. It was quite faded and chipped. The building which contains the Last Supper was destroyed during the war except for three walls. One had the Last Supper painted on it, and the other a fresco of the Crucifixion. Although the paintings were not clear and complete, they were so very beautiful and serene. Di Vinci made the scene appear so real. He captured on Christ's face a deep sense of kindness. I loved it!!

The Duomo was being cleaned so there were scaffolds and ladders all over the front of it. You were still able to see the extensive statues that run up and down and all the way around the cathedral. There was a miniature Statue of Liberty and Michelangelo's David. Some of the statues looked like monsters and dragons.

We ate lunch in a park by the Arch of Peace, which is one of the seven gateway arches which open toward roads leading to the major parts of the world such as Rome, Switzerland, etc.

We left for the train station at 8:00 and waited till 12:00 for it to leave. There was some confusion to which train was ours, so we ended up hauling our luggage from one train to the next. I think the Italian spectators really got a glimpse of how they can mess up American organization. When we found our train, we were told to hop on and claim a couchette and not let anyone else on. Supposedly all the reservations had been cancelled because of the strike, so it was first come first serve. We did as told, and boy what an experience. All the people who had

# internationaal folklorefestival middelkerke 1972

INTI  
FOLKI



Zondag - Dimanche - Sunday - Sonntag

6 AUGUSTUS - AOUT - AUGUST

middelkerke



Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers  
United States of America

20.30 h AUDITORIUM CASINO  
GALA

Speciale Festivalvoorstelling  
Représentation spéciale du Festival  
Special Festivalperformance - Festiv

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ANSAMBLE ORCE NIKOLOV  
JUGOSLAVIJA - MAKEDONIJA  
BRIGHAM YOUNG AMERICAN FOI  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## Belgium



Ansamble Orce Nikolov  
Makedonija - Jugoslaviija

reservations for the couchette were pretty upset. There were people packed in the hall speaking in every tongue a mile a minute. Dotty even had a couple of "ladies" force their way into the couchette, and from what Jacques said, they were calling Dotty and Michelle some pretty harsh things.

We finally had to give up our hold and go to the sitting cars. Bruce and Jacques worked about two hours talking with the conductors and controllers trying to let us use the couchettes that were not reserved. At last they came through, and at about 2:00 a.m. we got to stretch out on our own private couchette, if you can call six people in a tripple bunk private. Nevertheless, we loved it and were so grateful to see our last of Italy for a while. I think the group enjoyed the excitement, and were thankful for the leadership of Bruce for the way he handled everything.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4--Larry McCord

Boy, what a day this 4th of August has been so far. At 2400 hours the maddest rush for sleeping areas happened. Mary Bee was not allowing anyone in her cubicle, and some of the girls suddenly found strange faces in theirs. Most of the boys were in the aisle wondering where all our places were and a hostile attitude was developing as we were being told no places left. Soon a trainman came by and informed us that we must move into a car with only seating, and we had to move all the luggage. Jacques had a suitcase fall on his head, so was out of action a short while. Robert Erickson and Larry McCord cleaned the suitcases out and were under the illusion we would have a compartment to ourself. Soon Larry B. and Daryl came in and the four of us were quite comfortable. We kept the door tightly shut and were left undisturbed. At 0240 hours the wonderful sound of, "You can go to a sleeper now," was echoed through the train. It took a short, very short time to get moved, including all baggage. Most of us just saw the Alps as shadows. We were awakened by Bruce at 1010 and got up and handed in all of our sheets, blankets, pillows, etc. We were in Luxemburg for about 45 minutes before moving on. When we left Luxemburg, we thought we were going in the opposite direction, but had just made a big circle. We arrived in Brussels at 1330 hours and were met by some people who had waited for us since 0900 yesterday, as the Middlekerke police did not think it important enough to tell them we would be late. They had a bus waiting for us and everything was so well organized. We went to the Grand Plaza and everyone went their separate ways for 10 minutes. It was sure a unique plaza. While there, Jack Spencer, Robert Erickson, Larry McCord, and Charles Illsley celebrated Belgium by making wishes and casting Italian Lira into the sewer. Guess none of us were really turned on by Italy.

We leave the Plaza, and what is this we hear? "Dotty Egan, Becky Mazur, Jim Blount." Yes, it is mail call, and excitement. It is all handed out and a beautiful silence fills the bus as anxious eyes scan the letters before them. Then the comments of so-and-so says hello, and, guess what? They are taking the plumbing out of our house.

We arrived in Middlekerke and found all the guys (including other countries) will be sleeping in the gym. We went up to a good dinner of split-pea soup, potatoes, and meat. The greatest sighs of pleasure were coming from the presence of bread and real butter! It seemed none could get enough. After dinner Mary Bee



told us of the schedule and it sure sounds great; two short television performances and other short shows. The showers were really an experience, as just a short wall separated the boys from the girls.

Tonight, just as we were getting ready to leave, a gentleman asked if we were from BYU. I said yes, and he asked for Joanne to come over. When she turned around, she screamed, as it was her father. Her folks had never seen her perform before.

We left for the performing area at 1930 hours, going in a parade route. We all truly enjoy walking along waving to the people. At the theater, which was out of doors, each group's National Anthem was played. Our group was the fourth and last to go on. The other groups were not very exciting so it seemed. The Yugoslavs performed twice, and their last number was fast and exciting in places. When we came on the spirit of Bled was still with us, and we did a good performance. After the show, we walked home. Many of the group went downtown to the Casino and other places of interest. All in all, it was a good day, but tiring as travel will always be.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5--Jeanne Nalder

After spying on an unsuspecting laundromat the previous eve while strolling through the town, the girls awoke with plans of putting all their clothes together and getting them washed--really washed, not hand washed, but machine washed. Although it looked sunny outside, the old North wind was blowing in off the English Channel, chilling us into bundling up. A few people looked around in the shops, some wrote letters, huddled around wind breaks on the beach, and some of the boys played basketball in their bedroom which is the gym on the main floor.

At lunch, the Yugoslavians started singing some rousing songs with rhythmic clapping. We didn't know what to do really, and probably looked like a pretty austere, cold group of American stone faces. After a while we warmed up a little and it was a fun lunch to remember. We rehearsed down at the theater at 2:00 p.m. for the television cameras. Charles' boa constrictor nearly forced his way right out of the bag, and when it did get out, it was very active--mean and snapping with its mouth open two or three inches.

After the rehearsal show, we packed in a Belgian Air Force bus and made our way out to the Base. It was open house days at the base for three days and the place was swarming with visitors. Our show was in an enclosed building with a stage in the middle. We just walked in and with a hasty word from Mary Bee, we started dancing: Oh, Suzanna, Virginia Reel, Salty Dog, New Tap, Devils, Exhibition, Charles, and Tap Clog. The boa was really fiesty this time and scared us all whipping his head around with jaws extended; we wondered how Charles would ever get him off the stage. As we finished, a man in a dark suit sprang from his seat and began to rave in Flemish, obviously about us. Then he turned to us and in English told us what a wonderful show it was, that he had never seen anything like it before, that he was going to leave for the coast but that he is so glad now that he didn't because this beat anything he could have seen or done on the coast. We were pleased to hear such compliments, but even more appreciative when we learned that he was none other than the Colonel over the entire base. A





jubilant but sweaty bunch crowded into the Officer's Lounge and bombarded the poor bartender for all the orange juice, milk, and Pepsi he could put out. It was a very gratifying performance and experience.

We paraded with the girls in their Contra dresses plus full slips down to the theater by way of the sea side, and with an American boy on the left and a handsome Yugoslavian boy on the right. What a gorgeous sight with the sun going down and the waves of the North Atlantic rolling in and evening people stopping and strolling by.

The Americans performed second and it went over pretty well. The Yugoslavs are really good and made us sit up and take notice, with a fiesty dance they did symbolizing the mountain-top war they waged with the Turks. After the show, we hit various establishments that offered us such enticing delights as gaufres, banana splits, pastires, and frites (fries). Helen, Ronnie, Kathy, Anne, Ziegie, Bob, Jacques, Jimmy, and maybe more danced the light fantastic at this super classy ballroom at the Casino. Good band, great floor, ocean view, beautiful Folkdancer in your arms--what better way to end a great day in Middlekirke, Belgium.

#### SUNDAY, AUGUST 6--Michelle Newey

Another beautiful Sunday. The alarm rings at 7:00 a.m. and thus begins one of our busiest, yet most rewarding days. We began in a spirit of brother and sisterhood, as we held our Priesthood and Relief Society Meetings. I always feel that things we discuss are relevant to this tour and our own personal growth. Bob Erickson lead the discussion in Priesthood on prayer. Should one pray before each meal, as we eat with the people of different countries and beliefs? Should one kneel by his cot at night with lights on and people running around shouting? How sacred should we hold our surroundings? How sacred simply to pray? In Relief Society Becky Mazur discussed knowing the will of the Father and then following it versus the selfish desires of our own will. It was stated that we can have such an influence for good upon these people we meet if we are but in tune with the spirit. What a great responsibility rests upon us as Folkdancers. Subjects like these are important not only to our continued knowledge of the gospel, but also it helps us gain a deeper appreciation of the thoughts and feelings of each other. And "people" is what this tour is all about!

Following breakfast, we left in costume along with the French, Yugoslavian, Irish, and now an added group, the Flemish. These people arrived Saturday night from Northern Belgium. Several of the lifts in their dancing resembled those of the Polish and they even did something that resembled our own Rosette. They were a happy, colorful people, many of them speaking English. However, time did not allow for us to get better acquainted. We all paraded down the street back to the outdoor theater where we had previously been performing. There from ten till twelve we rehearsed for our afternoon television taping.

At noon Jeanne, Joanne, Larry, Bruce, Barbara, and Mary set off to a reception with the mayor. There the Secretary of Agriculture for Belgium presented Mary with a record of the folk dances of Belgium. We in turn presented him with a wagon pin. There was a representative from each group to receive this gift.

The day progressed; following lunch we assembled together for Sacrament



Meeting. We met together on the stage. It was crowded, yet it didn't matter. It was so good simply to partake of the sacrament and feel the spirit of our Father. Bruce spoke briefly, then opened the time to anyone who wished to talk. Helen Sabol stood and with tears in her eyes, thanked everyone for helping and caring while she had been having problems with her legs. The meeting was then closed and we left to rest for an hour before our performance.

At 3:30 we left for our television taping. We lacked the real enthusiasm we should have had plus we were staged too far forward, thus we had to make a second taping. We performed our 15 and 20-minute shows. It was a bit better the second time through. Actually, this was a big deal with the Belgium National Television.

During the course of the day's activities we became a little better acquainted with the other dancers. One little Irish girl really won our hearts. Her name was Carolyn, she was eleven years old, with long red hair and freckles, the picture of a "Dublin Darlin." There was something special about this little girl. She was different from all the others in her group. Her favorite expression was, "Oh, Garney," and we came to learn much about the people in Ireland from her. Thus, after the afternoon performance we walked back to the school where we stayed and there she taught us an Irish Jig. We also exchanged autographs along with thoughts of friendship.

After dinner this night, it was back into costume and off to the Casino for a full concert. We shared the time with the Yugoslavians; however, we felt it to be quite an honor, as we were the only groups invited. This was another exceptional show. We felt the spirit and purpose about what we were doing, our audience felt that spirit too.

Following our show the mayor himself stood and paid us one of the greatest tributes we've received. I have previously questioned the reasons for dancing on Sunday, and tonight as I thought of the number of lives we had touched in one day, I realized it was all worth it.

#### MONDAY, AUGUST 7--Daryl Parker

Monday, August 7, began for most of us at 12:01 a.m. to the sound of la la la's celebrating the end of the festival in Middlekerke. If you can't beat them, join them may be a good addage to follow, unless you have to leave at 6:00 the same morning. The party was outside the gym where the guys slept, and it broke up around 3:00, so we managed some sleep till 5:30 when we sprang from our beds and suddenly packed our costumes. By six, the girls were still sleeping, and we woke them so suddenly that they set a new record for getting ready and even had their costume bags packed and ready for the bus before the guys did.

It was time to leave Middlekerke and we'll especially remember the performances at the Belgian Army Base and the Casino, as well as the friends we made with the Yugoslavs, French, and Irish. We were all well taken care of in Middlekerke, and the final touch was a breakfast bag complete with a chocolate bar as we climbed onto the bus. It was a sleepy bus ride to Brussels, but at the airport everyone woke up when the airline officials indicated everything needed to be weighed. Some woke up more than others, but there was no need for alarm, no charge was made for overweight baggage. I took a spare moment and called some American



friends from Afghanistan that are now living in Brussels. It was fun to talk to them again. We left about 9:50 and after a flight of 50 minutes arrived in Paris.

According to the plan, which was the original plan revised back to the original plan, we found our bus to take a quickie look at some of Paris before catching our next flight for Bordeaux. Our guide's name was Evelyn and she named and explained the sights as we drove by them. St. Louis des Invalides, Napoleon I Tomb, Mars Field, Place Joffne, and the Eiffel Tower. After this short excursion on the Left Bank, we drove across the Pont d'Iena to the Right Bank and through the prestigious 16th District. Just for the record, Paris has about 3 million inhabitants right in the city and 9 million including the population of the out-skirts. We drove past #19 Ave Kliber, the location of the Center for International Conventions where the Paris Peace Talks are held. As the Arc de Triomphe loomed into view, the dialogue went something like this:

Guide: "You can see on your left the famous Arch of Triumph. (Our guide translated everything.) It was begun by Napoleon the First but was completed and added onto after his death. The place was called Star Circus until last year when the name was changed to the Place of General DeGualle. Since 1920 the Arch of Triumph has been used as the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The statues in relief around the Arch represent scenes from French history."

Becky: "Who's buried there?"

Everyone: Laughter

We drove on down the Champs Elysee past the lido, the Petit Palais, and Grand Palais, exposition halls, chey Pompidau, the Oklisk, the Place de La Concorde, the Admiralty, the Louvre, and finally arrived at Notre Dame, the famed church of Notre Dame in the heart of Paris with its flying buttresses and beautiful rose windows. Our short schedule permitted only a quick tour and a few questions before moving on. We passed by Les Halles, the location of the big market place which has now been moved out near Orly Aerodrome. We learned that Paris has a municipal council and no mayor, one reason being that the leader of one-fifth of the population of France would have a lot of influence besides just being mayor. We drove by the Opera House and let Evelyn off, then continued on up to the Church of the Sacred Heart and Montmartne where some of us ate a bowl of rather expensive soup and some of us didn't. The view from the Church of the Sacred Heart was good and it was fun to see how many landmarks one could find. When it was time to go we almost left, but the bus driver wouldn't leave until everyone came.

We drove back out to Orly and Bruce presented to us alternative plan no. 45. We could follow the original plan or we could skip Paris and spend the extra time in London. Goodbye Paris. We got our boarding passes and after a short wait we were on our way. In Bordeaux we were met by Jacques and Christian Borra and some members of the Ballet du Basque. We had a beautiful bus, complete with cassette player. Our new friends sang as we drove back to Bayonne, but we must have seemed rather dead. Our night before was catching up. We drove along a straight highway through forests with beautiful tall trees and a farm here and there. The style was a little bit different than what we had been seeing. Many houses were made of wood instead of stone. It was dark when we arrived in Bayonne, and we went straight to the "home" of Orai Bat. A room on the third floor was decorated with instruments and posters and is used as a rehearsal room. There we sat down at a long table and ate. It really hit the spot--as usual. We divided up afterwards in groups to stay at people's homes. Jim Jensen, Jim Blount, and I stayed with

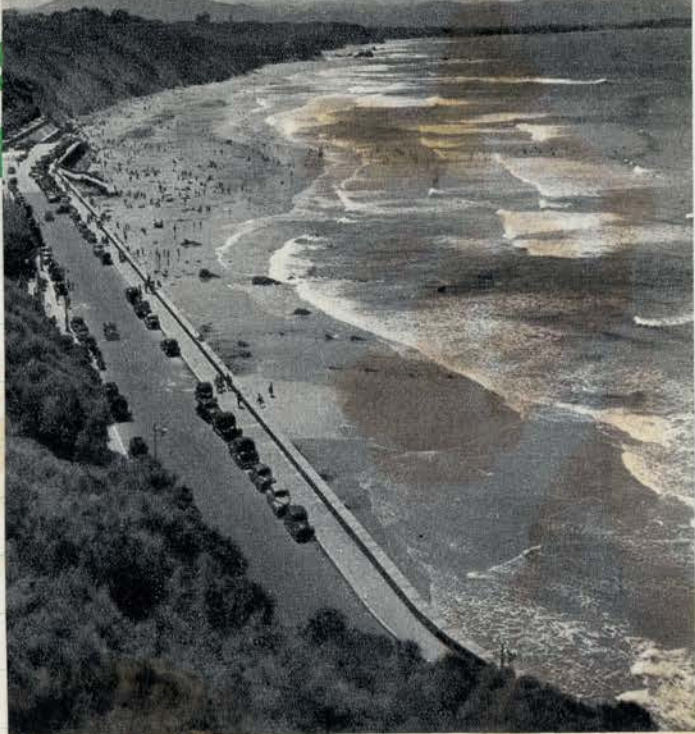
SUPERMARC  
EPARGNE

# Bayonne

FAITES-NOUS  
VOS REM

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ANGLLET

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Bayonne  
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BIARRITZ

LIQUIDO PESETAS

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FECHA BILLETE N.º



# France

de 1972

CAJA DE  
DE GUIPUZCOA

COMPRA DE BILLETES EXTRANJEROS

the Gourdords who have been members of the Church a little over two months. We visited and listened to their son Francis play the guitar, then hit the sack for a good night's rest.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8--Mary Polley

Since we're staying with families, everyone had breakfast at their homes. The place I stayed at had the best hot chocolate and jam yet. Everyone agrees that their hosts are great and that it's fun to stay in the homes.

At 10:00 everyone met at the bus for a day in the Basque country. We drove through beautiful country--rolling hills and mountains, lots of greenery, and white houses with red roofs. Anne and Carlos told us some things about the Basque country. It covers the southern corner of France and over the border into the northern part of Spain. Most all of it is in the Pyrennes Mountains. The original people had their own styles, dances, and language, much of which is carrying on today. Their origin isn't exactly known, but they are a mixture of French German, Spanish, and more.

Our lunch stop was taken in Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port. We had lunches provided, so we sat on the grass and soon had consumed it all but a few hard rolls. Afterwards, some of the guys took off looking for a swimming hole of some sort. The rest of us wandered through the old town looking at shops. Some of the houses and buildings were dated in the 1400's and 1500's, with narrow streets made of cobblestone. Two points of interest were the Bishop's Prison and the castle on the hill. The shops were fun to see, but quite expensive. A few of our dashing young men bought berets to enhance their "cool" image. They really did look good in them.

We were back on the bus at 5:00 ready to go eat. When we arrived at the restaurant, we realized we were 45 minutes early so we wandered around the tiny place. There was a chocolate factory there--but it was closed, much to the dismay of the group. We then had our slow meal which ended with a bowl of strawberries and ice cream. Then we were on our way to the performance nearby.

Enroute to our performance place, some interesting things happened. First, Barbara Christensen was given the "Support Your Local Leader Award" because of the help she has been on tour, her uncomplaining attitude, always being packed 1/2 hour early, and writing her family everyday. She really deserved the award.

A few minutes later, Dotty Egan could be heard laughing and telling Bernard (Jack Spencer) that she loved him and that that was the sweetest thing she'd ever heard of. So she preceded to present him with the "Biggy Award." And this is what for--the guys that went swimming found themselves in a predicament behind some bushes. So Bernard volunteered to tear up his towel for their use. Isn't that sweet of him?! That really is thoughtful. The girls then gave him a line up.

Our show was in Hasparren at an outdoor stage. The Basque Folkdancers were first, then we did a part, then them, then we ended it. What a show it was! It's got to be the funniest thing yet. It had been raining right before we started, which made the stage really slippery. Someone slipped in every dance, some more than others. Jacques seemed to love the attention. During Westeroo, it so happened that besides falling, his belt had come undone and his zipper was down. I don't



# GUÉTHARY

Aujourd'hui, à 21 h 30

## Les ballets américains Brigham Young



En tournée actuellement en France, ils se produiront en exclusivité au fronton municipal, ce soir, à 21 h 30.

Les danseurs Brigham Young sont sélectionnés parmi les 400 étudiants-danseurs amoureux du folklore américain pour représenter les U.S.A.

Ces étudiants viennent de plusieurs Etats des U.S.A. dont ils représentent le folklore.

Ils présenteront également quelques numéros provenant

d'Amérique du Sud, d'Afrique et d'Orient.

(Photo « Sud-Ouest ».)

**SUD-OUEST**

Vendredi, 11 août 1972



Les membres du groupe américain avant leur départ en excursion

(Photo RO-GER - Op. J.-P. AREN)

ECLAIR — 9 août 1972

know if all the audience noticed, but we sure did and just cracked up.

The next exciting thing was during Polka Quadrille when Larry McCord stepped on the ruffle of Joanne's pioneer dress, and ripped a long piece. The next thing we knew, half of our square was tangled in it and laughing right out loud. Even Mary Bee had to stop her calling because she was laughing so hard; Joanne was laughing too, and she had to end up right in front for her bow. The whole night was just full of the giggles. It looked like a slap-stick movie.

On the way home, part of the Basque dancers came home with us and sang up a storm, while others talked, slept, or received a backrub like me.

Before getting to bed, our hosts gave us some fruit and bread, and we laughed about the show. They are the funnest people and they make us feel so at home.

It's really been a fun and funny day; one I'm sure everyone will remember.

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9--Helen Sabol

Hi! My name is Bartholemew Ulysses Smith (BUS for short) and I would like to tell you a true story that happened on August 9, 1972 in Bayonne, France.

My story begins in front of the Basque Dancer's Clubhouse, where I was parked waiting for all the BYU Folkdancers to arrive from their various places of abode. I was commissioned to transport the folkdancers to the beach at Capbreton. We began our journey at 10:50 a.m. and soon after found ourselves looking at the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. Now mind you, I wasn't all that excited, but the way the folkdancers were carrying on you'd think they never saw a wave before.

The dancers were told that because of the late hour, they were only allowed to swim for one hour before they would be taken to a hotel for lunch. Not many ventured into the water because of the shortness of time. But the ones who did venture out found the waves to be coming in at an angle to one another, making it difficult to stay upright. A few did get out to some of the better waves and managed to do a little body surfing. I understand that one, Carlos Amezcua, managed to get a small surfboard and then attempted some of the waves with little success. Another one, Glenn Kimball, also met with a little failure. He was taking one last ride on a wave when another cross wave hit him causing him to land on the rocks. Although his wounds looked bad with all the blood, he only sustained minor cuts.

We then went to an oceanside hotel where the dancers were served their lunch of seafood. After lunch, the dancers had to wait for the directors to make a few phone calls. While most of them sat on the bus, eight of them decided to use the volleyball court next to the parking lot. I believe the names of those eight were Daryl Parker, Rich Brown, Kathy Swensen, Jim Blount, Roni Hammond, Jimmy Jensen, Jacques Gohier, and Helen Sabol. They had to play without their shoes on because the court was all sand. The sand made it a little difficult to play a good game and the girls also had another handicap in that they had to play in dresses. The wind soon decided it wanted to play with them, but it didn't quite understand the rules of play because it would take the ball and deposit it in the trees and briar patches. They still persisted in playing until we were ready to leave at 4:00 p.m.

Before we began our trip to another town high in the Pyrenees Mountains, we

# GUETHARY

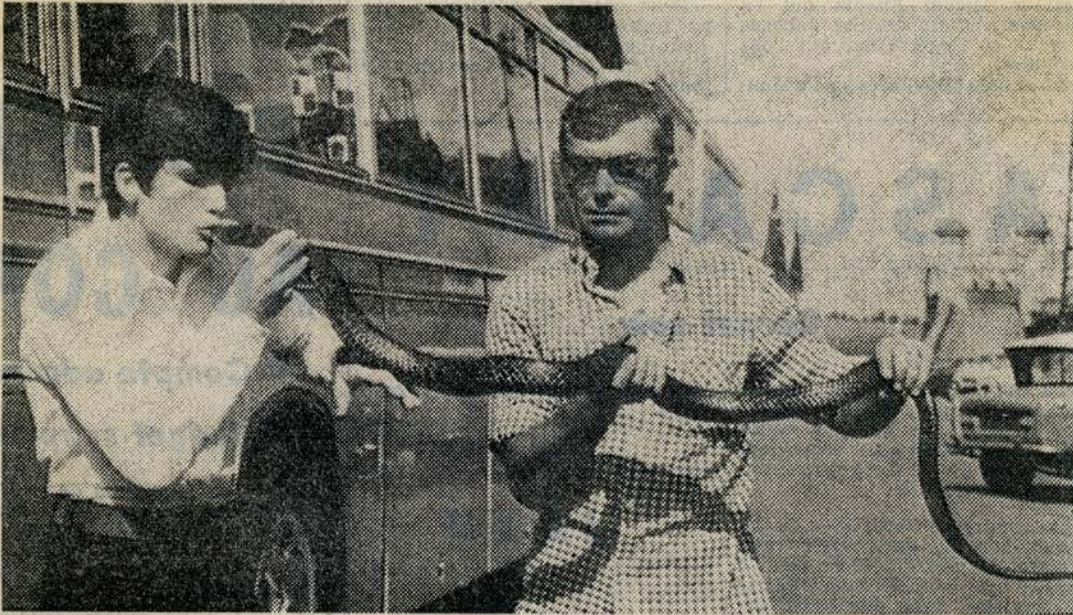
## LES AMÉRICAINS CHEZ NOUS

Les « American Folk Dancers » de l'Université de Brigham (Utah) qui se produiront vendredi soir chez nous sont arrivés lundi à Bayonne. Recueillis par les membres des Ballets basques de Bayonne Orai-Bat qui seront eux aussi vendredi sur notre fronton, les quarante mormons ont hier, visité le Pays Basque avant de goûter aujourd'hui les charmes des plages de la Côte Basque.

Auparavant devant le siège de leurs hôtes ils ont posé pour la photo souvenir avant de monter dans le car de M. Doyhenard. Un des leurs, Jacques Gohier n'a pu s'empêcher d'amener avec lui son serpent « Indigo » qui répond — même quand on ne l'appelle pas — au doux nom de Vladimir. De quoi vous donner la chair de poule, à moins que ce ne soit une nouvelle mode de cache-nez. Dans

le spectacle que vous pourrez applaudir vendredi soir, Vladimir participe à une danse indienne contre la pluie.

Hier soir la troupe américaine a remporté un grand succès à Hasparren en compagnie des ballets Orai-Bat, vendredi soir les habitants et les vacanciers de notre station pourront applaudir ces deux troupes de grande valeur.



Jacques Bahier (à gauche) flirte avec Vladimir, petite bestiole qui vous donne froid dans le dos. D'ailleurs Roger Ortuno des ballets Orai-Bat qui tient le corps du serpent ne semble pas à son aise.

had to drop Mary Bee off at a hotel in Capbreton. She had been fighting a cold all week and needed to get some rest very badly. The ride up through the Pyrenees Mountains was rather long and windy. The road was quite narrow and at time I didn't think I would be able to quite make the tight turns. Half-way up the mountain a thick heavy fog set in making the climb a little bit more difficult. When we did finally make it up to the top to the ski resort where the Folkdancers were to perform, I heard a few comments from the dancers stating that the fog was so thick they didn't know if it was raining up or down.

After dinner the Folkdancers prepared their stage. The stage that was provided for them was so small, they just pushed it back and had only the band stand on it. They danced in front of it on the floor (which I understand was a bit slippery.)

The audience was mainly composed of children with a few adults. The place was quite crowded with people on three sides of the dancers, up on the balcony to stage right, and also looking through the windows from the outside. The performers did quite well, and I even heard one comment that even though Mary Bee wasn't there, they could hear her voice calling the square dances.

The show did get started a little late and because they all knew the ride home would be a long one, the girls cooked up a little schemeto get them out a little earlier after the show. During intermission, all of the girls packed the costumes they were finished with and generally cleaned up around them, then after the show was over, they only had to pack a couple of costumes and their slips. They got ready to leave so fast, that for once the girls had to wait for the boys. The girls didn't waste that time, however, but went out and talked and mingled with some of the people from the audience.

We soon were packed and ready to begin our long descent down the mountain and back to Bayonne. We pulled up in front of the Basque Dancer's Clubhouse at 2:00 a.m. And there to greet all the sleepy-eyed Folkdancers were the very gracious hosts.

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 10--Mike Snow

Today, Thursday the 10th of August, marks the end of four wonderful weeks in Europe. We have seen France, home of many beautiful memories; Belgium, home of a real and warm-hearted people; Yugoslavia, home of great beauty; and Italy, home of . . .

The first moment of Thursday found us still on a bus, or home away from home. We were headed for Bayonne after a concert the night before. Thursday had been a day of indecision since we came to Bayonne. We were to go to San Sabastion, but plans had changed and we were to go to the beach.

When we had returned to the Orai-Bat meeting house, we had some discussion concerning what time to meet in the morning to come. We decided to get a good night's sleep and meet at 11:30 ready for the beach. When we woke that morning, the sky was overcast and it was a bit cool. At 11:30 only a few of us were at the meeting house, but by 12:00 there were enough to decide not to go to the beach. Thursday became a day of change again. We were headed for the town of Biarritz, about 8 kilometers from Bayonne.

We were given one hour in Bayonne before we had to return to catch the bus to



eat dinner and go to Biarritz. By 1:00 we had gotten that pastry, got that gift, or ran that errand and were on the bus. We stopped at a cafeteria just outside of Bayonne for dinner. We could have anything, and the Ballet Basque would pick up the bill. Talk about visions of sugar plums. We had quite the meal; main courses ranging from hot dogs to steak, but the desserts were all extravagant.

Once we had finished, we again boarded the bus. It once again became a day of change. Those who wanted to go swimming would go with one of the Basque dancers. Jack, Glenn, Charles, and Jacques went to swim close to where the rest of us were headed. We were getting excited to see Biarritz. We had been told it was the Carmelle of Europe, something we wanted to see. None of us were disappointed. Biarritz was a wonderful place to see. The coast was a line of cliffs with occasional beaches. We were given 45 minutes to walk along the coast to get a closer look at the ocean and the cliffs, which formed the coastline. The ocean was very rough, moving wildly between the rock just off the coast, then smashing into the cliffs. Just off the coast is a small rocky island, which can be reached by a walking bridge. On the island is a statue of Christ which overlooks the coast. After 45 minutes, we were wishing we could spend the whole day.

On the bus we learned a song to sing to Mary Bee, who has been sick. We wanted to take the time to show our appreciation for the wonderful things she's done for us. The song is as follows:

It's a jolly holiday with Mary.  
 Mary makes the trip so nice.  
 When the band is slow or when it varies,  
 Mary makes the band play right.  
 She's always smiling, looking nice and cheerful.  
 She always has a compliment for all.  
 And just before the show, she lets us know  
 That we're the best. Tonight she wants jell--Oh  
 It's a jolly holiday with Mary.  
 No wonder that it's Mary that we love.

We returned to Bayonne at 5:00 and were given one hour in the city. Some spent the hour in the bus, some mailed things home, most went to the Basque Museum. The Museum was to have a room of witchcraft which they wanted to see. When the hour was done most everyone had returned. Those who went to the Museum didn't see a room of witchcraft and it left them disappointed.

At 6:00 we left for Carpbreton to eat and perform in a resort hotel. We ate, and then prepared for the performance. We were excited about the performance because of the missionaries and members who had traveled to Carpbreton to see us. We met before our performance with Mary Bee as usual. The missionaries met with us, and one offered to pray that night. Just before leaving, we sang our song to Mary Bee.

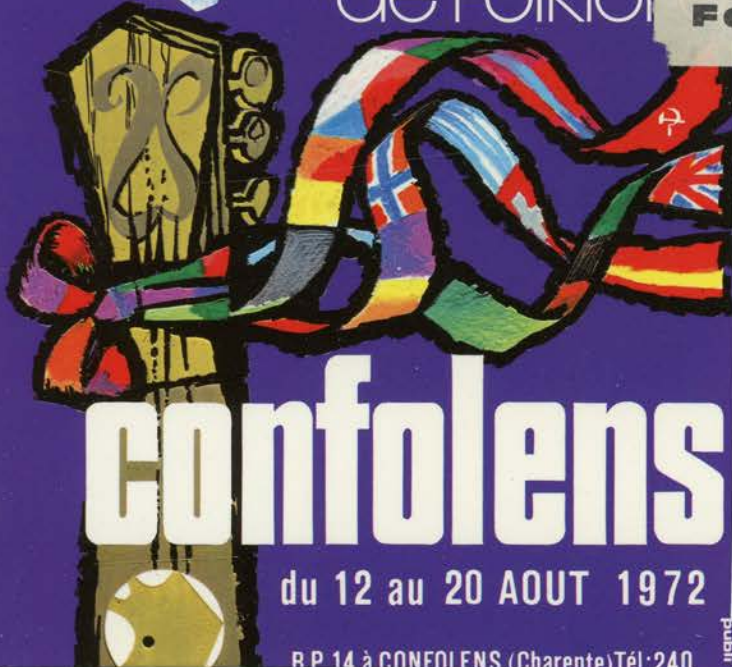
Our performance was not one of the best, but we had a very full crowd who enjoyed the concert very much. The floor was tile, making our footing very poor, causing the dances to be less than they could have been. The high point of the evening was Hyrum dancing alone in Contras. Dotty became sick during the day, and was unable to dance much. The audience went wild when Hyrum starred by himself. After the show, we had a round of cheers. They did a "Oh, peep, peep, Hurray," similar to the American "Hip, Hip, Hurrah."

We returned to Bayonne that night feeling we had done a good job, and making a few more happy that they were able to see us. Before we left for our separate



XV<sup>ème</sup>

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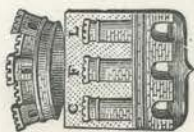
• CONFOLENS

Festival de Confolens  
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**LIMOGES**

XIV<sup>es</sup> JEUX INTERNATIONAUX DU FOLKLORE

**FESTIVAL  
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**CARTE D'INVITATION**

Valable pour une seule personne

*M. U.S.A.*

**COLORADO**

Ensemble de danseurs américains  
de l'Université de PROVON - U.S.A.



**XV<sup>E</sup> FESTIVAL international de FOLKLORE**

homes, we talked about our plans to see San Sebastian the next day. The day ended with rain in the air, but warmth in the group.

#### FRIDAY, AUGUST 11--Jack Spencer

We've been on tour for four weeks and two days. Today's show is the first we've not been able to present because of bad weather (rain).

All but about six of our group went by train to San Sebastian, Spain. It was a small city and very typically European. The attractions were a monument of Christ, a cathedral, and a castle. The castle was not restored to the original, but it was just a bare fortress.

Because our performance for this evening was canceled, we spent the evening with the Basque Dance Club in their clubhouse at Bayonne. The club is about 300 big, and their house is a three-story home with the top story converted to a dance hall.

The unhappy experience of the evening was that many people who wanted to see our performance didn't know it had been called off. Members of the L. D. S. Church branch in Bordeaux (a 3-hour drive) came to see our show. Even though they were unhappy about no show, they danced and sang and had refreshments with our two dance clubs (Basque and USA). We feel confident that all left with a good feeling and awareness of the Church, and that's what made the evening together prosperous.

Here's a list of the countries we've been in on this tour: France, Monaco, Italy, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Luxemburg, Belgium, Spain, and the Vatican.

#### SATURDAY, AUGUST 12--Kathy Swensen

I remember at the beginning of the tour how far away Confolens seemed-- it was at the very end of our tour! Just one stop before London and home!! Tonight I can't believe we are here. We said goodbye to wonderful hosts in Bayonne, France, and tearfully left by train at about 10:30 a.m. Some of us were entertained by Jimmy Bee all the way to Confolens, trying to think up every common word in the English language for his French-English dictionary. Bruce, Barbara, Mary Bee, Dotty, and Rod got the coveted "Bloopers Award" for paying \$9.00 (what's that in Franks?) for dinner and settling down to the main course just in time to get off the train at our destination. That was a pretty expensive bowl of soup!

Speaking of food--today some of the girls started a diet. Something about a point system, I think. The way we've been sticking to it, I'm trying to decide who wins--the one with the low score, or the first one to reach 1,000. Watch those pastries, girls!

We arrived in Confolens at about 3:00 p.m. and were hustled right off to lunch. Several of the groups eat together, and the Americans and the Bahamans have quite the rocking soul session waiting for the food to be served. After lunch, we barely had time to get into our costumes before the Festival's opening parade began. It was so much fun to see all of the other countries represented in their





*Sur le podium, la flamme de l'amitié vient d'être allumée.*

## Échos des coulisses

● Le groupe de l'U.T.A.H. a fait une forte impression. Son jeu a créé quelque émoi chez les spectateurs chevelus, tandis que les charmantes danseuses toutes de rouge vêtues, faisaient battre les cœurs.

Ce groupe U.S. a pourtant fait un oubli : un sheriff, genre

Lucky Luke. Le colt à la main, il aurait pu, à l'entrée du spectacle, refouler les intrus (comme l'épouse d'un journaliste), ne pouvant accompagner son mari, venu pour travailler et rendre compte de ce festival de l'amitié.

**Sud-Ouest**

Lundi 14 août 1972



*Pour applaudir le premier spectacle, un public nombreux.*





native costumes. Most of us got our first look at a Real Russian, and we were fascinated to "talk" with them. We danced through people-lined streets to the main square, where the beginning ceremony took place. Becky and Hy, along with a couple from each of the other countries, participated in the pageant by presenting the national flag. Anne joined with a Russian girl in symbolizing international friendship, and we were all thrilled as they lighted the Torch of Friendship with clasped hands.

The evening was "free" and all kinds of activities took place. Confolens sponsored a dance, and some of the more energetic people fought the crowds and showed Europeans how to dance. Some went to see the Yugoslavian concert to get some idea of the competition that was offered us. Others went for a leisurely walk around the charming town with its quaint old bridges and serene river reflecting quiet lights. Some visited those ever-popular pastry and ice cream shops. And some slept.

Confolens offers many things to us. The greatest is the challenge of new friendship. We have the opportunity to extend our love to others of different cultural, political, and ethnic backgrounds, and to reap the rewards as they in turn extend their love to us.

#### SUNDAY, AUGUST 13--Bob Ziegler

The day began earlier than anyone wanted to admit. We were awakened by the more-than-annoying clanging (not singing, but clanging) of the local Parish bells bidding everyone to mass.

I won't speak for the ladies, but all the men who had thoughts of a nice hot shower to take away the morning chill quickly ceased them when we realized that we had to pick up the girls in 15 minutes. In addition to the idea of showers vanishing, so did shaving when we discovered the water had been turned off. The unrinsed tooth paste helped our breath. On this note most of us (remember, I said most) went to pick up the sisters. Priesthood and Relief Society were in the Hotel. The Relief Society lesson was beautifully presented by Jeanne Nalder, who led a discussion of the importance of recalling positive experiences with emphasis on returning to the BYU and sparking enthusiasm in the other club members, rather than discouraging them with all our discomforts. The Priesthood members were enriched by Jack Spencer's lesson which explained that our faith is not a pious "sack cloth and ashes" affair, but a rich and exciting way of life.

Sacrament meeting was a spiritual feast. Though preparing, passing, and partaking of the sacrament was a bit unorthodox (pulling a piece of bread as the loaf was passed, and drinking from the same bottle) we were still able to renew our baptismal covenants and ponder upon Christ's atoning sacrifice. As the testimonies began, thoughts of the world were forgotten. The presence of the Lord was felt as each stood and gave their personal witness of the Restored Church. The meeting closed and we all left with enriched spirits.

We returned for lunch and were greeted by Jacques, Hyrum, and Richard. Remember, I said most of us went to Priesthood. Somehow they misunderstood the plan for the day, and followed the masses to Mass, and from reports, were a very adequate contribution, singing "Come, Come Ye Saints" a capella. As they sang,



## DEUX JOURS DE SPECTACLE

Lundi 14 août 1972

LA CHARENTE LIBRE

**I**NUTILE d'aller au festival pour voir, inutile d'aller au festival pour être seulement témoin. Aller à Confolens pour s'amuser, c'est la seule « recette » pour être bon festivalier. Et dans tous les coins de Confolens pendant le folklore, il y a de quoi rire et sourire.

Pour participer la conscience tranquille au défilé d'hier après-midi, les Américains ont enfilé les quatre serpents avec lesquels ils danseront. Leurs jeunes filles en costume de saloon, grande robe rouge à volants, sur pantalon de petite fille modèle, sont sans cesse interpellées : « Miss un autographe please ». Un peu rouge se prête de bonne grâce à l'examen assidu de ses peintures de guerre par des dizaines de petits photographes amateurs qui sont justement à l'âge où l'on joue cow-boy - indiens, et où l'on scalpe sa sœur. Avec ses « Woo - Woo - Woo » sauvages, le fils de Cochise les impressionne très fort. Un caniche nain hurle de fureur devant l'indien qui brandit son tomawak d'une main et un scalp de l'autre.



"And should we die, : they really meant it.

We had another parade at 2:00 p.m. The route was nearly the same as the previous day. Pride swelled as the applause increased. We picked Mary Bee up outside her hotel and continued to the outdoor theater. All the dancers were on stage for the presentation of the National Anthems. Prior to this, before the vast audience, a Russian girl and Anne Hall were presented as honored guests. They symbolized the unity between people and the possibility of this same unity between nations. After the National Anthem, performances of 15 minutes were presented. We were well received. To celebrate, some of the girls who vowed to be on a diet were first in line for ice cream bars. . .oh, well, so much for the point system.

Those that remained said the other performances were fantastic, especially the Russian. We all realize the necessity of a better-than-excellent production on Tuesday.

It began raining late in the afternoon, and after dinner nearly everyone went back to their bunk. There's something about a rainy night that causes everyone to ponder on almost anything, write poetry, catch up on over-due letters to family, or catch up on much-needed sleep. At about 9:30 I went to the girls, and most were attired for a long winter's nap, but thoroughly enjoying a bed-time story by Bob Erickson.

Returning home, I found a few card games, a vast amount of empty cookie wrappers, and a few weary bods attempting to wash their blue shirts again. That rust! Things quieted down about 2:00 p.m.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14--Barbara Christensen (Miss Melody)

Monday dawned with rainy skies. The majority of the group, with a few exceptions, slept til 10:00 a.m. or after, foregoing their delicious breakfast of bread and milk (?). Michelle Newey and Carolyn Hastings came by the hotel, where Mary Bee and Bruce and Barbara were staying, in search of a beauty parlor to help Michelle with her hair.

By noon, most were up, dressed, and over to lunch. One of the first questions asked about Michelle's new French hairdo was, "You didn't find anyone to do your hair?" She assured us it wasn't the fault of the hairdresser, but her very baby-fine hair, and by 3:00 p.m. she had resorted to pigtails!

A rehearsal was scheduled for from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m. in order to go over the show for Tuesday night. Our biggest performance at the Festival is then. While rehearsing, we were told that a special reception was being held for us by some French people at 6:00 p.m. this evening.

When we arrived (it was for the entire group), Dr. M. Gavel and his wife were there as our hosts. Dr. Gavel is the President of the Angouleme Chapter of the Association of USA-France, aimed at better relations between countries. They are not political at all, but more on the culture and friendship basis between countries. They were the group that hosted us this evening. Dr. Gavel and his wife speak good English, and have traveled in America. The Mayor's wife (of Confolens) was there and also the President of the Festival. Another distinguished guest was the Prefect of Confolens, Roger Pignol.



Dr. Gavel and his group knew we were all Mormons and preparations were made for us to have an orange drink while they had champagne for the toast for the two countries. He mentioned this in his short speech before the toast, and invited us to sample the champagne, but he was afraid maybe "Robert Smith" would be watching and he pointed upward.

The reception lasted about an hour, after which we all hurried back to the cafeteria for supper. (Rehearsal gave everyone a big appetite.) We were served a delicious (?) meal of tongue with curds and whey gravy. It was an experience for all.

Some of the group went to see the Bulgarians dance tonight, and others are resting after little shopping trips, pastry shop hopping, defeated chess games, and have retired to their wash basins and dirty clothes and costumes for washing and repairs, we hope! This ends another day and the third day at the Festival at Confolens, France.

#### TUESDAY, AUGUST 15--Bruce Christensen

The rain in France falls mainly when we dance! Or, at least, it seems that way. On a gray, partly rainy day the Confolens activities began with a photograph, in which some were absent. This was followed by our participation in a special mass for all the groups.

The group opened the mass by singing, "Come, Come Ye Saints," and closed by singing "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again." Following mass, the group sang and the band played for a live radio spot. Anne and Jacques were interviewed and explained what we were going to perform in the evening, as well as telling a little about the school and our reason for being in Europe.

In the afternoon, we had another parade through the center of town, ending at the village square. Even though it had rained very hard just before noon, crowds lined the streets and the square was packed for the full group performance.

We danced tenth on the matinee program. Even though it was cold and windy, the people stayed to see all the dances.

The best and final complete show was given at night. All of the spectators, from the Festival President on down, were extremely impressed with the performance. There was a group of girls who are in Confolens from Houston, Texas. They all got homesick watching the show.

Other comments ranged from magnificent to spectacular. The work and pain of all the other performances paid off.

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16--Jeanne Nalder

We woke up this morning after dreaming of our triumph last night at our big performance. The morning was free so we hustled out to find newspapers to see if they had caught any pictures of us. The show was too late to have made the morning edition, but every way we turned downtown, people would grab us and rave



Confolens, c'est Confolens. La chose est entendue. Et d'ailleurs nul ne songe à la discuter.

Mais les Américains, ce sont les Américains.

Un groupe de jolies filles, toutes blondes aux grands cheveux lisses, ou courts et bouclés, les lèvres roses, un groupe de garçons bien bâtis, l'air ouvert. Les filles en robes rouges volantes et les garçons en chemises bleues frangées ou bien les filles en robes à carreaux rouges et blancs ou bleus et blancs et les garçons en chemises assorties, ou bien encore, les garçons en habit de soirée et les jeunes filles en longues robes roses et romantiques. Ou bien, ou bien... Toutes les couleurs, des colliers à volants, des fleurs en plumes et des paréos.

L'air infiniment heureux, ils bondissent sur la scène et rebondissent en cadence. Ils font le carrousel, emportant les jeunes filles dans un tourbillon fou et un flottement de chevelures. Ils s'échangent leurs danseuses, ils se les lancent et elles retombent, gracieusement, avec un entrain fou, avec une joie évidente, énorme, ils évoluent en s'amusant. Danses de saloon, charleston, danses des conquérants de l'Ouest, des Mormons, « square dances », danse langoureuse et ondulante des Iles Hawaï, ponctuée de bruissements de bambous fendus, les étudiants de la Brigham Young University,

Utah, U.S.A. ont emmené le public festif de mardi soir à travers leur immense pays, le parcourant de la côte Est à la côte Ouest.

Ils ont aussi chanté à plusieurs voix, doucement, presque tendrement, la grande Prairie et l'Amitié. Et leurs chansons étaient fraîches.

L'orchestre, très remarquable, était composé d'un trio de guitares qu'on ne peut qualifier que d'excellentes, d'un violon sachant son affaire et d'un banjo dans les mains d'un musicien particulièrement doué pour la drolerie.

Un des sommets de la soirée fut constitué par la danse indienne des cerceaux. Un numéro de music-hall de grande qualité. Charles Hilsley, 19 ans, appartient à La Fièche d'Argent, ce qui lui permet de danser des danses indiennes authentiques pour le plus grand plaisir du public. Charles s'enferme dans les cerceaux, en fait des ailes, des paniers, tout en dansant au son des tambours indiens sur un rythme régulier. Un artiste en son genre.

Le bruit courait depuis plusieurs jours : les Américains avaient des serpents et ils allaient danser avec les serpents. Des frissons d'impatience agitaient la foule. Un serpent dans la bouche, deux autres autour du cou, le peau-rouge toujours dansant faisait onduler le quadrème, un boa, à bout de bras, tandis que les lumières tamisées tressaillaient au même rythme que la musique.

J'étais venue pour le folklore. J'ai vu des Américains heureux. Je suis sortie contente.



# La Charente Libre

Jeu di 17 Août 1972

on about the "grand soiree" last night; "tres magnifique," "tres, tres jolie," and other flowery comments not understood but the warm feelings were communicated. We're getting to feel like celebrities with autograph hunters lurking on every corner. After lunch we donned our checks and headed for Angouleme and three shows on a stage in this nice mall, called Rondez Vous. The missionaries and some members were there and so pleased to see us. Many people in the crowd there were contacted for the missionaries so we felt well repaid. The management treated us to number one on our hit parade of favorites--pastries!! We drove home, had dinner, then drove forty miles to Rochauart, a leary, midievil castle of chateau. The night was cold and dark, so most of us waited up in a museum room at the end of a winding staircase four floors up. We laughed and visited our way through three other groups' performances. Mary Bee cut our 45-minute allotment to 20 in a humanitarian effort to save the poor freezing crowd down in the outside courtyard. We warmed them up though with a rousing performance, highlighted by Jimmy Jensen's debut as an Indian dancer. Tres bon!

We thought we could escape early but in grand French tradition, a reception with many speeches and toasts was planned for all the groups after the show. Although we were tuckered, we smiled our way through the formalities, ate our way through the sandwiches and pastries, and thought we could sleep our way through the bus ride home. But a missionary opportunity knocked as members of the Brest band walked on our bus, so many people took advantage, got addresses, and promised to send Books of Mormon and missionaries. So that made it all worth it.

#### THURSDAY, AUGUST 17--Robert Erickson

The sun came up this morning according to schedule, but as it shone warm and bright through the third story window of a dormitory somewhere in the middle of France, it found that it was all alone. The entire male contingent of the Folkdancers enjoyed their undisturbed slumber far into the morning.

By 10:00 the Bahaman Dancers decided that it was about time the Americans got up. Because of their snooze, the Americans had missed another luscious continental breakfast, and that was not like the Americans. So the Bahamans began to stage some sort of soul revival in their corner of the room, and their rhythmic girations poured loudly into the American sector. Americans, while not being used to missing breakfast, are even more unused to being abruptly awakened by noisy Bahamans. After a brief exchange of insults, the Americans challenged the Bahamans to a basketball game. This bit of foolishness was probably because the Americans were still groggy from just waking up. The score after three games was Bahamans=2, Americans=1.

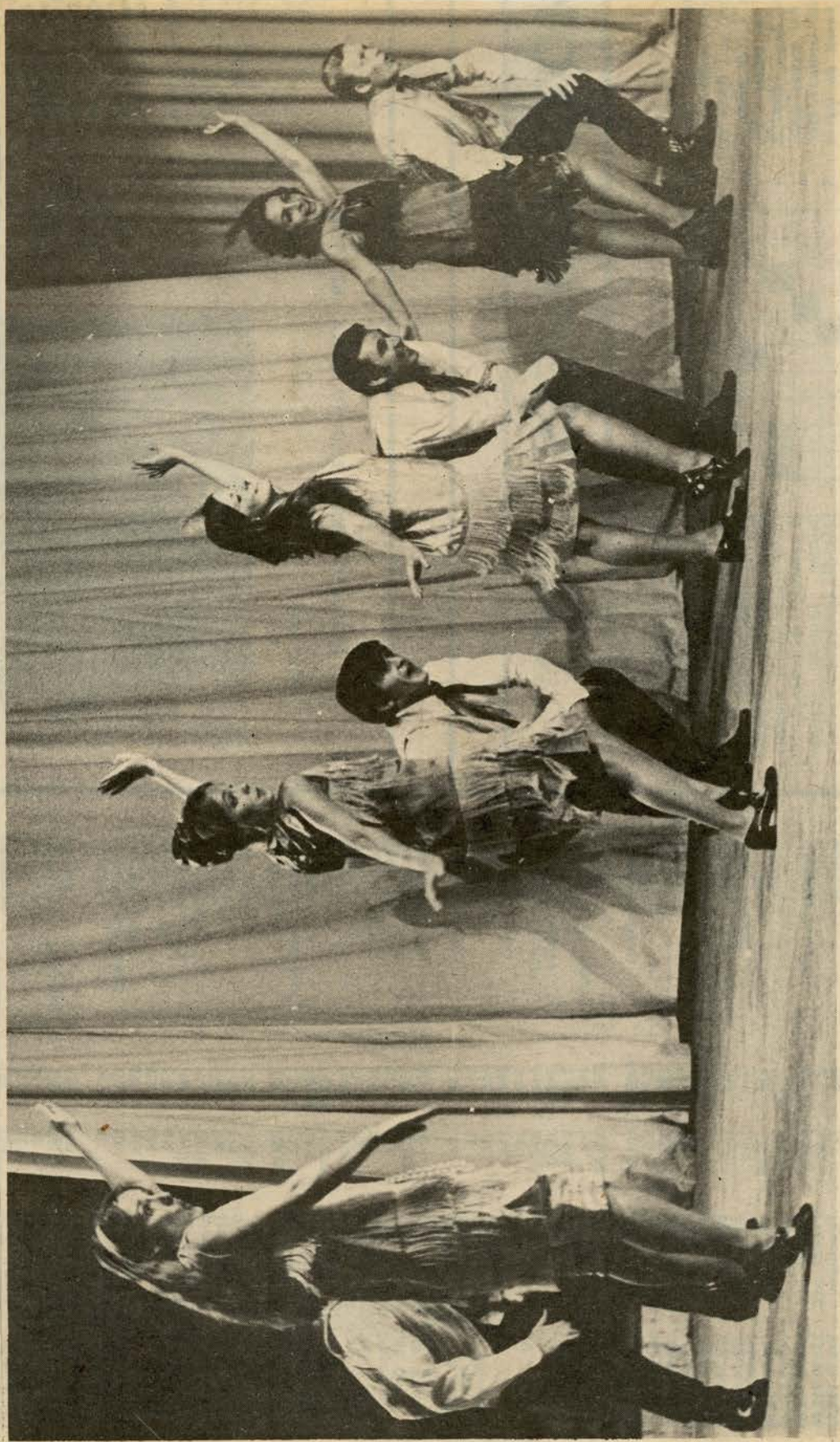
The papers came out this morning with reviews of our performance. They were very complimentary. Mention was made in both the area papers.

By this time the entire group was awake and ready for lunch. The meal featured liver and rice. The group was then let loose to look over the town of Confolens for the fifteenth time.

At 3:00 we met back at the ranch to form up for our daily exercise. We marched through the streets of Confolens doing our two favorite numbers: the most requested hit song abroad, "Oh, Suzanna;" and the swinging new dance smash, "The Salty

# CONFOLIENS

## Amérique, Amérique...



Jeudi 17 Août 1972

**La Charente  
Libre**

**ESPAGNE**



**BULGARIE**



**UNION SOVIÉTIQUE**



**YUGOSLAVIE**



**POLOGNE**



**FRANCE**



**BOLIVIE**

## LE BEAU BOA de «Flèche d'Argent



Mardi soir à Confolens, quatrième soirée du festival : le folklore américain. Charles Ilsley, 19 ans, appartient à la Flèche d'Argent. Il exécute d'authentiques danses indiennes. Avant de se livrer à une très brillante exhibition à l'aide de cerceaux, il a fait frissonner la salle. Le visage couvert de peintures, des cloches attachées aux jambes, dansant sur un rythme régulier qui s'accélérait de temps en temps, il a dénoué un à un les quatre sacs de toile verte qui contenaient les serpents. Le Peau-Rouge a joué avec les reptiles. Il termina la danse avec un serpent entre les dents, deux autres autour du cou et faisant tournoyer le quatrième, un boa dangereux, tel une massue. La salle a applaudi à tout rompre comme elle a applaudi tout le groupe des étudiants de la Brigham Young University de Utah. (Voir en dernière page.)

## Rien à craindre, c'est du folklore !



*Ce Charentais n'en revient pas. Lui, dont les cheveux se sont envolés au fil des ans, a failli être scalpé par un peau-rouge. Mais il est vrai que tout est possible à Confolens (Charente) lors du Festival international du folklore.*

*Le XV<sup>e</sup> du nom a commencé samedi. Les deux invitées d'honneur du Festival, Anne Hall (U.S.A.) et Zomroud Solimanova (U.R.S.S.), ont allumé la flamme de l'amitié qui brûlera jusqu'au dimanche 20 août.*

*Onze groupes folkloriques étrangers, quatre français, animent ces neuf jours de chants et de danses placés sous le signe de la fraternité entre les peuples.*

**SUD-OUEST**

Lundi 14 août 1972

**LA CHARENTE LIBRE**

Jeudi 17 Août 1972

Dog Rag!" Mary Bee, representing the CBS news team, filmed the event.

We performed a 25-minute show for the handicapped; the young and old. During intermission, we handed out our lovely little cowboys and American flags to the audience. They were very receptive to our performance. The whole experience was quite rewarding.

Then we looked over the town again till dinner at 7:00. The word came at dinner that Pierre had secured tickets so we could all go to the sold-out Russian performance. They were fantastic! Just as good as you read about in story books. I came out of there and my knees hurt. Their movements were precise and sharp and most of all fast. We got to talk with some of the dancers after the show.

After that, the majority of the dancers retired for bed, except for the few mid-night mauraders who always find exciting things to do after 12:30 in the morning.

#### FRIDAY, AUGUST 18--Spence Ashby

Good gosh! We've got a free day!! No performances, no parades, no receptions, no nothing! Upon arising a few hours later than usual, we departed upon our planned excursion to Limoge, France, porcelin capital of the world and approximately a two-hour drive from beautiful downtown Confolens. Along the way we stopped at Oradour, a small village that had been totally destroyed by the Germans during World War II. It seems that the Germans had gotten their wires crossed and had attacked this village, which had no military or tactical importance. They slaughtered the men and put all the women and children in the church and burned it. The fillage today was left exactly as it was destroyed as a grim reminder of the type of things that war can bring about. After walking through the streets, the sigh that told everyone to be quiet in memory of the dead really didn't seem necessary.

In Limoge we went to the Hotel deVile and viewed a porcelin exhibition. The girls drooled until they found out how much it all cost, and then they decided they would settle for plastic. The rest of the morning was just spent shopping in the small porcelin shops in Limoge, most everyone making some kind of purchase or another for some relative or another that would like this or another. About noon we started back to Confolens and stopped along the roadside in the tall green grass and had a picnic! Bread, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, orange soda, and pears. Sitting along the roadside munching on French bread and cheese, how authentic can you get!

Back in Confolens we all went our various and sundry ways to spend the first free afternoon and evening that we had had since arriving in Confolens. Some slept, some shopped, some terrorized the countryside. But most everyone agreed that after the hectic schedule of Confolens it was kind of nice to have a free day to do whatever.

#### SATURDAY, AUGUST 19--Carlos Amezcua

Well, I will attempt to recollect the day's events even though I'm on the plane

**SUD-OUEST**

Jeudi 17 août 1972

**Enthousiasmés, les spectateurs ont réellement participé au show**

LES étudiants américains de l'Université de Provo (Utah) ont très

agréablement surpris, mardi soir, les spectateurs du festival.

Sa virtuosité, son sens de l'art chorégraphique ont apporté une nouvelle fois cette touche d'authenticité à la fois primitive et éternelle que seuls les folklores les plus vivaces peuvent nous donner.

Ce fut en vérité un très grand moment de ce XV<sup>e</sup> Festival et la toute chantée « cérémonie » d'amitié qui unit, en fin de soirée, étudiants américains et Charentais en fut la meilleure preuve.

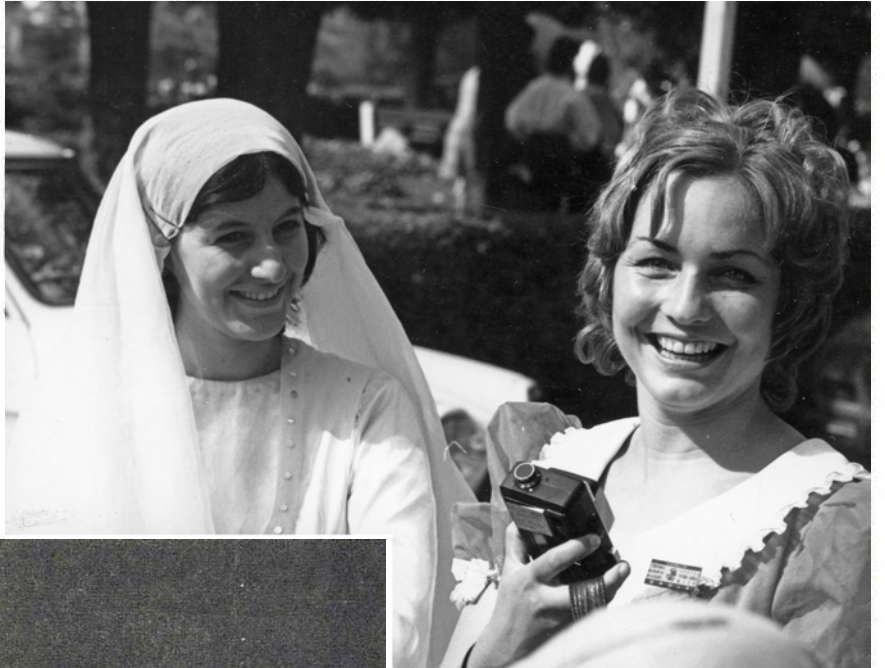
C'est un véritable numéro de music-hall que des jeunes ont présenté. Leur dynamisme, leur fraîcheur dans l'exécution des danses à l'origine indienne indiscutable ont enthousiasmé des centaines de Charentais, qui, pour la première fois, ont authentiquement participé au spectacle, répondant aux chants et communiquant avec la ferveur des exécutants.

Un Indien empanaché, jonglant avec des serpents (vivants bien sûr) de toutes tailles, fut le clou du spectacle.



Les jeunes Américaines ont

# Les étudiants américains de Brigham Young : d'extraordinaires ambassadeurs du Nouveau Monde







going home and my memory is lost.

We got up early, ate breakfast, and then went to a rehearsal for the Grand Finale for Sunday. It seemed unreal that the Festival was almost over, because we thought we would be bored for ten days in a little town, but it has been great fun. We've made a lot of good friends. Anyway, after the rehearsal, we were free until 5:00 p.m. when we had to parade. Jacques and I were asked to a little television interview, which turned into a one-act theater production! We walked through the park and we talked about home and school and they filmed us. It was really a kick! That film was on T.V. on Monday afternoon all over France. We never got to see it.

That afternoon we paraded through Confolens and it was really fun. I can't believe how short this little story is, but it is typical of tour histories at the end of a tour. Anyway, it's been a greatosuperfantastic tour and Confolens was a great way to end it.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20--Larry Bickmore

Our second Sunday in Confolens started bright and early with Priesthood and Relief Society at 8:00. We all walked over to the hotel where Bruce, Barbara, and Mary Bee were staying to hear a Priesthood lesson presented by Daryl and a Relief Society lesson by Kathy and Mary. After our separate meetings, the girls joined the guys to partake of the Sacrament and hear talks by Jimmy Jensen, Joanne, and Carlos.

Following church, we were free until after lunch. Most of us visited the local pastry shop before returning home to prepare for the day's Festival activities. After lunch we lined up in costume for the parade. As we mingled with other dancers on the lawn by the old church, many pictures were taken and gifts exchanged with people we had grown so close to in the last ten days. The parade route was the same as before, at the end of which we were again able to mill around among the other dancers. We danced fourth on the program, doing Devils, Salty Dog Rag (for the last time--Whoopee!!!), Exhibition, Hoop Dance, and Smoky and Tap. As before, our reception was warm and we felt good about our performance. Again we were free until after dinner; most of us stayed for a few minutes to watch the other groups. After supper, the guys assembled in our room to go over the last minute details of the coming evening. Our bus picked us up and drove to the theater for the Grand Finale of the Festival. Before leaving the bus, however, the boys made a special presentation to the girls. All the girls closed their eyes while their partners presented them with carnations and sang a song written by Bob Ziegler and sung to the tune of "Moments to Remember." Following the song Charles read a poem to the girls composed by an anonymous member of our tour whose initials are J.S. The ceremony was repeated for Bruce and Barbara and Mary Bee. A line-up was formed for all the girls and all the guys and a special one for Mary Bee.

Our performance that night was short but excellent, as the audience asked for encores. Unfortunately, we weren't allowed to give it to them. While waiting for the final presentation of the dancers, we invited the Russians to join us on the bus so we could sing "Let There Be Peace on Earth." After the Festival was ended, we rode with the Russians on their bus to our dormitories. All in all, it was a

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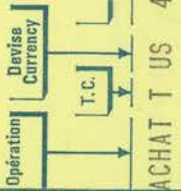
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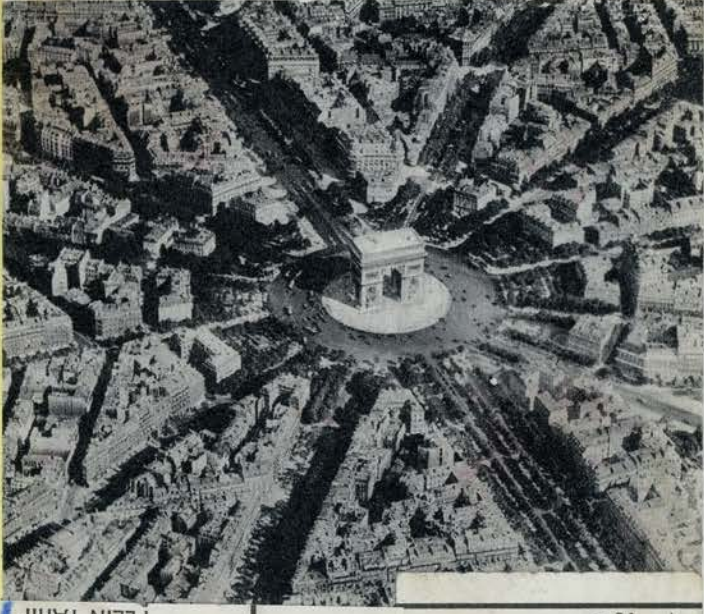
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THE PLACE DE L'ETOILE



most uplifting Sabbath in which we were able to draw closer to our fellow men (particularly the Soviets) and understand them better.

MONDAY, AUGUST 21--Bob Ziegler

Our remaining hours in Confolens were some of our most meaningful of the tour. The very early hours weren't spent for sleep, but for our last few hours with our friends from all over the world. With the bus loaded, we had another "nourishing lunch" and went to the girls' dorm to say final goodbyes. A couple of the Russian guys had typical western outfits which they were quite proud of. Books, shoes, trail ties, pins, and other sundry items were traded back and forth. Gathering together, we sang "God Be With You Til We Meet Again," and it really had great significance for us all. Under whatever circumstances, we all know that the friendships we made are eternal and when the problems of the world are layed down, we still have a common bond.

It was also this day that I received a little gem from my Mom, which I would like to share with you:

"Salt functions in a unique way. When it is applied to another substance, it literally enters into the new substance and loses itself. The salt, when added to food, brings out the true flavor.

"When we as followers of Christ are like salt for the earth, we then function as salt does. We relate to others in such a way that we literally lose ourselves in the process of helping them become their real selves.

"Though the lesson is simple, it is difficult to put into practice--to bring it off for someone for whom I feel some responsibility. Think of serving as salt for your children. Think of serving as salt for the people who have chosen you as their leader in your community, your profession, your business, your church.

"The only way I know to overcome my self-pride so that I can serve as salt is to seek completeness in Christ."

The bus ride to Portier was fast, but even quicker was the loading of the train. All the luggage was loaded in two minutes. Yes, two minutes exactly. The remaining minute was spent for the men kissing Bridgette, and the ladies kissing Pierre. This filled everyone's eyes again. These goodbye scenes are really getting hard on everyone.

Arriving in Paris for the third time we were rushed to the hotels and then to a reception at the Mission Home. It's a lovely old mansion not far from the Champs Elysee. We enjoyed meeting the Saints and doing our final performance for them. At 10:00 we dispersed throughout the city to catch what we could in the few remaining hours.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22--Larry McCord

Now that we are nearing the end of our wonderful time in Europe, we have time to look back and to enjoy now. Many can say that only 12 hours in Paris is not enough. Maybe so, but some really made the best of it. Roni Hammond, Rich



# London

quick guide and map

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Vol n° 806



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TOWER HILL



Brown, Jim Jensen, Hy Conrad, and Glenn Kimball went to try and get tickets to the Lido Theater. When they arrived, about 150-200 people were in line. Rich went forward to ask if reservations were needed. The man he talked to noticed the patch and asked how many were in the group. Then he told them to come right up front and in, as he had seen us dance on television the evening before from Confolens. They were sitting in front and one of the can-can girls came over and gave Jimmy a couple of pinches on the cheek. They all said it was a good show, and was worth the \$15.00. They would not go back again.

We were awakened bright and early at 0545, and many were down for breakfast at 0615. Bob Ziegler and Larry McCord went hunting for a loaf of French bread so Bob could take it back to the States. When we found a pastry shop, the loaf was too long for his sack. He just cut off the end and away we went.

We arrived at Orly at 0750 and when we were weighed in, the group was 90 kilos overweight, but did not have to pay. Leaving for the States will be different. Before we could land in London, we had to wait 15 minutes in flight for traffic. We landed at 1040 and with little problem came through customs and got the baggage. The best part so far is that we can understand what all the "bossmen" are saying. We did not have a "coach" waiting for us, but a supervisor at the airport arranged for one while we were waiting. Most, if not all, changed money to English pounds. The buzz for a while was "how much is a shilling to a new ten penny," and "what is a pound in USA dollars?" All very exciting and confusing.

When we got on the bus the driver kindly gave a short tour of the city with a few interesting sidelights. For example, London Proper is only one square mile, the smallest city in the world, and that the London referred to by people is of two cities, London and Westminster. We arrived at the hotel and many plans were made to visit this show and that and go here and go there. We received our rooms and scurried. We were to be gathered again Wednesday night.

#### WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23--Hy Conrad

What a fabulous city this is! It is exciting, historic, and different just to use a few words in describing it. After six weeks of looking at signs and wondering how anyone could ever read letters "grouped together like that", London is a welcome change. When you get lost, you can ask for help and actually understand what your answer is.

Most of us ran around today seeing Big Ben, Parliament, the Crown Jewels, the Thames, Buckingham Palace, the changing of the Palace Guard, etc. It is easy to go from one thing to another. The "Underground" (the subway system) is good for that, as are the taxis, and the double-decker busses. These busses are fun, but not quite as easy to figure out where you are going. Jeanne Nalder and Karen Clayson stayed on one for six blocks before realizing Piccadilly Circus and the Regent Palace were behind them and they were going the wrong way. More than just a few of us got lost in the weekday rush of people--not to mention the close calls with cars as we looked right and they came from the left, or vice versa.

Six o'clock rolled around this evening and found the group eating. How typical. Yes, folks. . . it is true. We're the people that dance, sing, and eat! Boy, we did things up nicely, too. Steak dinners at the Angus Steak House. The meat came from Scotland, was tender, and very delicious. Bruce and Barbara had

## Lights friendship torch

# Folddancers a hit during European tour



Student Anne Hall of Salt Lake City represented the United States this summer by lighting a torch of friendship in France.

While more than 10,000 spectators watched, BYU Folddancer Anne Hall of Salt Lake City, representing the United States, and Zoumround Couleimanova representing the Soviet Union, jointly lit the torch of friendship that burned during the 10-day International Folkdance Festival at Confolens, France in mid-August.

Also represented in the festival are 12 other countries from throughout Europe, South America and the Bahamas.

At the opening ceremonies the spectators and dancers were told the purpose of the festival was "bring peoples of different cultures and societies together to promote a better, peaceful world community."

In addition to the evening dance performances, the festival also scheduled several parades and traveling performances by various groups to surrounding cities.

By the time the BYU group left Confolens, they had danced for more than 100,000 persons in live

audiences as well as television. They also were heard on national radio and featured in several newspaper articles.

The BYU group was in Europe for six weeks dancing at various festivals and on concert tours of some areas. "They have shown us the best America has to offer," said one Frenchman.

In Middlekerke, Belgium, the BYU dancers received a rousing welcome as the 34 members performed at the Middlekerke International Folklore Festival following a 10-concert tour through Yugoslavia.

"THIS IS one of the most impressive groups I have seen from America," commented the Belgium minister of agriculture, who attended the nationally televised performance.

"Your show exemplifies what we hope America is—a young, vibrant, growing country. We thank you for renewing this American image for us," he said. "You will always be welcome in Belgium."

During the six-week stay in Europe the BYU dancers performed at the Nice International Folkdance Festival in France; for Princess Grace in

Monaco; for the LDS Italian North Mission in Ferrara, Italy; and on a 10-day concert tour of Yugoslavia.

The Students performed

folk dances from America's earliest settlers, through the pioneer and cowboy periods, the Appalachian dances, Virginia Reel, Hawaiian dances, Indian dances and others.

arranged the "feed" and they did a good job. To top that off, they gave us gifts-- Mary Bee received an exquisite compact case. As we all had plans for the theater, etc., we finished our chocolate sundaes and left.

Later that night, something happened that none of us knew about--well, Bruce knew, but we did not. It's kind of funny to think of it, because it ended our six weeks with a situation we have become used to. A totally and completely unexpected turn of events came up, ending with Spencer Ashby spending the night in jail, having been arrested by two "bobbies" and booked. We were on the plane headed for home as he appeared before the magistrate in London. What a sneaky was to get to stay there for three extra days!

We had a real, honest-to-goodness breakfast this morning ending our weeks of rolls and hot chocolate. (Get it Charles? Break...fast!) Eggs, bacon, toast, and orange juice have not tasted so good in many a day. Eating that meal made me realize that the six-week 1972 European Tour was over. One does not feel it is over or that forty some-odd days have gone past until they are no longer there. It's kind of sad...Europe 1973 anyone?

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24--Dotty Egan

. . .Cruising along in our Douglas DC-8F-63/speed: 550 MPH with a passenger capacity of 251 passengers, we are one group, one unit, "us."

How we have grown to love one another. Waiting, crowding, dancing, eating, walking, laughing, crying, and sharing for six weeks.

Yea! Six-week Tour!!

The bus ride to the airport wasn't our usual robust ride. It was a sort of subdued kind of pensive attitude. Returning to loves, family, and school, as well as marriage for some, decisions, and zero finances to the last shilling!!

"Temperature 80, Wind 40 MPH." The Captain; report on Bangor, Maine.

I, myself, am a little apprehensive about returning. I've had a few dismal letters. But I think like the rest of us, I feel relieved from a responsibility to be completing this beautiful tour. It was a time in my life when to sleep made me feel guilty like I was missing something.

The plane ride was nice. Stewardesses were given Books of Mormon, pins, and the wonderment of no drinks or smoking aboard.

I've loved this trip!! In no way has it been disappointing or lacking. Only stimulating, encouraging, and a blessing from God. I bear my testimony as to the righteous motives behind these tours, and that the Lord's work is carried forth on them, and I know, for I have felt of his smiles as we've traveled. I am forever grateful for this chance to find a oneness with others, myself, and the Lord.



## SONGS

From Great Salt Lake to London Town  
 Our girls have seldom made us frown  
 And always try to keep us smiling.

We began in Nice, then Monaco,  
 And tonight we do our last show  
 And this six weeks we'll all remember.

When costumes turn to ashes  
 And the dirndles disappear,  
 The laughter we have learned to share  
 Will echo through the years.

When other times and other days  
 Have found us gone our separate ways,  
 We'll have these moments to remember.

Bob Ziegler

French Frilly Dolls, Italian Princesses, and Yugoslavian Queens.  
 When we say our American girls are the best of all,  
 We want you to know what that means.

Your special charm fills us with pride  
 To travel through Europe with you by our side.  
 Your lives are clean and rich and free  
 Like only the nobly rare have the courage to be.

With unconquerable spirits you never lose sight  
 Of the tremendous calling that is your birthright;  
 The mother, teacher, leader you'll be  
 To choice spirits as precious as Joseph Smith, Abraham Lincoln, and Harold  
 B. Lee.

Your tremendous importance to the eternal work we're entrusted to do  
 Makes us feel honored to be true friends with you.

Jack Spencer

It's a jolly holiday with Mary.  
 Mary makes the trip so nice.  
 When the band is slow or when it varies,  
 Mary makes the band play right.  
 She's always smiling, looking nice and cheerful.  
 She always has a compliment for all.  
 And just before the show she lets us know  
 That we're the best! Tonight she wants jell...Oh,  
 It's a jolly holiday with Mary.  
 No wonder that it's Mary that we love!

Who has a birthday on the fourth of August,  
 Majors in recreation, dances with Bernard?  
 Who's found asleep behind a dark blindfold  
 And spends her time traveling around the world?  
 It's Jeannie! It's Jeannie! Happy Birthday!

Someone has a birthday. It's on the third.  
 He's from L.A., the big city.  
 Had a drink of (!) when he was just fourteen,  
 And spent his mission with the Bolivian Saints.  
 It's Larry! It's Larry! Happy Birthday!

And who is getting married the week that we get home?  
 Her fiance's name is Stephen.  
 We hope he's still waiting!

And who is always packing things in costume bag 44.  
 His partner's name is Caroline.  
 He gives good backrubs.

It's Jeannie! It's Larry. Happy Birthday!!

We're the people who dance and sing.  
 Ask us nice and we'll do anything.  
 We don't require a whole lot of pay,  
 Just a nice cold glass of water.  
 Real water, not sparkle water. Salt Lake Water!!

We left Salt Lake on July 13th,  
 Our first stop was in Nice.  
 We got everything we wanted there,  
 Except a little bit more sleep.

The language was tough but the food was good,  
 Though different from our ways.  
 The cultural shock didn't give us phase,  
 We found fifty ways to use the bedets!

The people were nice but the birds were rude,  
 As John Boud soon found out.  
 One flew over and took great aim,  
 And hit him with a great big clout.

Our next stop was in Monaco  
 To perform for Princess Grace.  
 We won't say much about our performance there...  
 We just left there in disgrace.

Two days later we performed in Ferrara,  
 And little did we know,  
 When Karen's zipper broke in the middle of a number  
 The band got quite a good show.

Florence, Rome, and Michelangelo,  
 The carcasses of the Popes.  
 We walked and waited for fourteen hours  
 On those seven blasted slopes.

Barbara C. is next on the list.  
 We call her Miss Melody.  
 We appreciate all she's done for us,  
 Especially in Italy.

We took a plane to Yugoslavia,  
 Sonja was our guide.  
 The bus driver was a great big flirt  
 With the girls as well as the guys.

We performed each night in Yugoslavia,  
 We're not sure how we rated.  
 Somehow we just couldn't get it jelled,  
 But in Bled we coagulated!

We took a train back through Milano.  
 The last thing they heard us yell,  
 "Give us thirty sticks of dynamite--  
 We'll blow this country clear to..."

An overnight train to Middelkerke  
 To perform in a festival there.  
 The audience and the country all loved us,  
 Everyone including the Mayor.

We performed with the Flemish and the Irish and the French  
 And also the Yugoslavian.  
 We got to do a show in the big Casino,  
 And there we jelled again.

We got to Florence at 12:00 o'clock.  
 We got to San Sebastian at 12:00 o'clock.  
 We got to Limoges at 12:00 o'clock.  
 And everything was closed!

We flew to Paris and on to Bayonne,  
 With a side trip into Spain.  
 It didn't take us long to all find out  
 Crepes are good with jam or plain.

Five days in Bayonne, then off again  
 To a town in the middle of France.  
 We spent ten days in a festival there  
 And taught them how to dance.

Twelve hours in Paris and then on to London  
 To learn about the pence.  
 The charter flight left at 10:30,  
 But the plane left without sus.s.spence!

Our parents and friends met us at the airport  
 And supposedly this was the end.  
 But the six-week tour will live for years;  
 We all became lasting friends!

We're the people who dance and sing.  
 Ask us nice and we'll do anything.  
 We don't require a whole lot of pay,  
 Just a nice cold glass of water.  
 Real water, not sparkle water. Salt Lake Water!!