

Europe 1974



FRONT ROW: Terry Smith, Dennis Harpoll, Dennis Hill, Dennis Cambridge, Oscar Amezcua, Ted Ashton, Terry Brown, Gary Lewis, Bruce O'Dell, Dan Ross

SECOND ROW: Vickie Scholes, Shelley Pedersen, Delynne Butcher, Nancy Brown, Kathy Halliday, Renee Hough, Kathie Tenney, Janet Christopher, Emma Richter, Mary Bee Jensen, Virgie Hartvigsen, Eloise Jensen

THIRD ROW: Chris MuGarry, Ann Hall, Sally Ashton, Lark Gibby, Mignon Huish, René Alba, Larry Beaudine, Dale Smith, Ryan Rhodes, Mark Worthington, Craig Steed, Mark Simpkins, Dr. Milton Hartvigsen (Dean), Dr. Clayne Jensen (Dean)

The C
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**BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS**

The CIOFF Tour
Summer 1974

Director
Mary Bee Jensen

USA
ITALY
AUSTRIA
SWITZERLAND
FRANCE
BELGIUM
ENGLAND

10th International Folklore Festival Middelkerke :

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCERS:

United States of North America:

Since generations it is the dream of every American to visit at least once in their life "Good Old Europe", the land of his forefathers.

But this is not the only reason for which the Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers crossed the ocean. The fact is that they are the ambassadors of "friendship and goodwill" and prove to Europe that there also exists a peaceful America. Their means are: exchanging ideas, learning about other cultures, making friends with other people, dancing and bringing joy and gladness.

Some historians have pretended that "America is a country without real history, without culture, without folklore". The young, fresh, enthusiastic American Folk dancers prove the opposite.

Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers, founded in 1956 by Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen, professor at Brigham Young University Provo Utah. The University has grown rapidly since 1956 (8,000 students) to 1975 (25,000 students), giving Mrs. Jensen a large student body to choose from for her enthusiastic group. Mrs. Jensen accepted for the first time an invitation to represent the U.S.A. in international folklore festivals in 1964. She made a program from pure Indian folklore dances (more than 500 Indians follow the courses at B.Y.U.), the New Englander, Western Pioneer, Appalachian Mountain Folk, and American dances from 1900 - 1940. This program has been a complete success in Yugoslavia, Denmark, Finland, Turkey, Italy, France, Portugal, Greece, Austria, United Kingdom, and many other countries in Europe and the Middle East. In short everywhere they appear they are appreciated and loved by the people and the media of that country.

The program has increased in popularity, and now Mrs. Jensen has more than 500 young people dancing in the B.Y.U Program. Thirty - Six were selected to represent their country in Europe. There is no doubt about the good quality of this program. The municipality and the committee of tourism of Middelkerke is proud to have this fantastic group in their jubileum program. Moreover it is not the first time that the Brigham Young University Folk Dancers take part in the festival. This proves that even for the most popular folklore groups that the festival of Middelkerke is very important and that it has a very good reputation abroad.

The American Folk Dancers will appear together with groups from Ireland, Yugoslavia, Romania and Czechoslovakia during the performances of 26th, 27th and 28th of July. On the 28th of July the Americans will give a gala evening in the auditorium of the Casino.


Freedom Festival to Open Friday With Queen Pageant

PROVO

FREEDOM FESTIVAL

"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"

BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS



JULY 5

PROVO HIGH AUD.
8:00 P.M.

PRE-EUROPEAN TOUR CONCERT

AMERICA THROUGH DANCE

COLONIAL - PIONEER - INDIAN
CONTEMPORARY - WESTERN - MEXICAN

FAMOUS WORLD-WIDE
GREAT FAMILY SHOW

Special Guests
"THE LATTER DAY SOUNDS"

TICKETS AT DOOR ADULTS \$2.00 STUDENTS \$1.00

Nationally known riders will compete in the strenuous 50-mile bike race.

At 2 p.m. at the Provo Riding Club Arena near the Provo Airport, there will be a horse skills and competition exhibition. Horse lovers will be amply rewarded by this event added to the Freedom Festival for the first time this year.

And as a great climax to the 4th of July activities, the Panorama '74 Show, starring the famous recording star Marty Robbins, will begin at 8 p.m. This is a show for the whole family.

Marty, a country-western singer who can sing in a variety of styles — ballad, blues, Hawaiian, Spanish or gospel — has had many Gold Records for recordings which sold over a million copies.

As if that isn't enough, following Marty Robbins they will be the gigantic Fireworl display. All this at the BY Stadium.

Adding icing to the cake, c Friday, July 5, at 8 p.m. at Provo High School, the BYU Folk Dancers will perform a program of American dances with the Mexican and Indian flavor.

The Folk Dancers will leave for Europe after their performance here in Provo. This is the first time in 10 years the Folk Dancers have been in Provo during the 4th of July period.

According to Mac Boyter general chairman of the festival "Each year the Provo Freedom Festival seems to grow, in numbers and in stature. Because this is a total community effort it is geared to please everyone. Each day there are events to attract someone. And each even is to highlight another facet in our American life.

"We believe that America is blessed of God, and we should be aware of these many blessings Freedom in particular. The fact that Provo can put on a Freedom Festival of this type is an example of the blessings that are ours."

BYU dancers to tour Europe

PROVO — The Brigham Young University "American Folk Dancers" will leave for a 10th tour of Europe June 30 to entertain in Yugoslavia, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, France, Belgium, and England.

The "America Through Dance" program, produced by professor Mary Bee Jensen of the College of Physical Education, has earned rave reviews from countless persons at folk festivals in every major country in Europe.

The troupe has 32 dancers in addition to musicians and tour officials.

This summer the dancers will participate in a five-day festival in Ohrid, Yugoslavia, a five-day festival in and around Vienna, Austria; a festival in Middelkerke, Belgium, and festivals in the south of France in Oloron, Bayonne, and Rodez.

In addition to performing at festivals, the troupe will dance on stages in Paris, Staffenfelden, and Bordeaux, France; in Geneva, Broc, and Interlaken, Switzerland; and in Brussels, Belgium.

John G. Kinnear, director of the Office of University Programs in charge of booking, scheduling and managing foreign tours for BYU groups, said the dancers performed before over 38,000 people in Europe last year. A performance on Television Espana (TVE) in Madrid, Spain, was seen by an estimated four million.

The troupe also appeared in Athens, Greece, and at the 25th independence celebration in Israel.

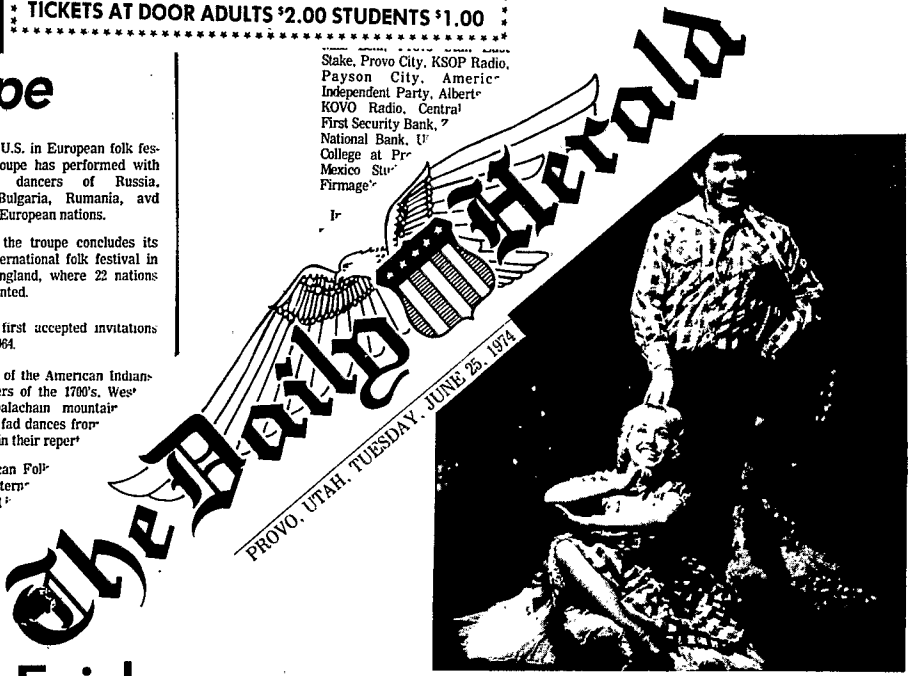
The dancers are the only troupe to represent the U.S. in European folk festivals. The troupe has performed with the leading dancers of Russia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and most Western European nations.

This year, the troupe concludes its tour at an international folk festival in Billingham, England, where 22 nations will be represented.

The group first accepted invitations to Europe in 1964.

The dances of the American Indian, New Englanders of the 1700's, West pioneers, Appalachian mountain and even U.S. folk dances from were included in their reper.

The American Folk of the BYU Intern were organized.



KATHY HALLIDAY AND GEORGE ESTACAPIO, two typical BYU International Folk Dancers, perform one of the dances to be seen July 5 at Provo High School when the famous troupe will give a pre-European concert performance in Provo.

Festival begins Friday

By HAL THORNTON
Universe Staff Writer

Provo's annual Freedom Festival, with eight days of activities, begins Friday with the crowning of a new Miss Provo Scholarship at Provo High School.

"Thirteen girls will be vying for this honor, which is more than just a beauty contest," said Pam Glenn, the current Miss Provo. "They are judged on poise and talent as well." The pageant will choose the new queen, who will then reign over the entire festival. The pageant will begin at 8 p.m.

In conjunction with the BYU 10-stake fireside Sunday night the Patriotic Service will feature Elder Hartman Rector, Jr. of the First Council of the Seventy. The BYU 10th stake, under the direction of President Don Wright, will host the services which will start at 7 p.m. at the Marriott Center.

Beginning Monday at noon a carnival will be held daily through July 4, in the Provo High School parking lot.

Tuesday, at Provo High School gymnasium, starting at 2 p.m., the Freedom Festival Bazaar will open. The event will have baked goods, and handicrafts for sale.

The Children's parade will start the same day at 6 p.m. with participants proceeding on Center Street from 100 East to 600 East. The Valley Junior High School Marching Band from Salt Lake City will be included in the parade.

On July 3 at 5:30 p.m. along with the bazaar and carnival, there will be a family Picnic-in-the-Park at North Park, 50 North 500 West. The evenings entertainment will be a soft ball game, music by the Ceres, California High School's band and a square dance.

The Fourth of July will start with the Grand Parade which will have 119 entries according to Frank Sooley, publicity director. Some 15 more floats than last year's 43 are entered in the parade.

The parade will have 11 marching bands from high schools in Utah and one from California. The new Provo Fire Department aerial platform truck along with nine horse units will also be included. Governor Calvin L. Rampton will also ride in the parade.

The parade will be started by the Sounds of the Freedom Festival cannon

operated by the Provo Sertoma Club. The parade route will begin at 1160 N. University, proceed South on University, turning East on 700 East Center.

Immediately after the parade Clark's Mountaintop Bike Criterium will begin in the vicinity of the Marriott Center. Some 53,000 in prizes will be offered in four divisions, senior, junior, women and open. The Swiss National Cycling team will also compete in the third annual criterium.

For the first time this year in the Freedom Festival there will be a "horse skills and competition exhibition. This will be at 2 p.m. at the Provo Riding Club Arena near the Provo airport.

At 8 p.m. in the BYU stadium, "Panorama '74" will feature Marty Robbins, a country-western singer. Following this show there will be a giant fireworks display also in the stadium.

Because of a cancellation of one of their stops the BYU Folk Dancers will be able to attend this year's Freedom Festival, for the first time in 10 years. This performance will be on July 5, at 8 p.m. at Provo High School.

International 'Y' Folk Dancers To Perform in Provo on July 5

For the first time since their founding, the BYU International Folk Dancers will be in Provo during the July 4th "Freedom Festival" celebration. As a consequence, the world-renowned troupe will perform at Provo High School on Friday, July 5 at 8 p.m. in a pre-European Tour farewell concert.

Over the past 10 years the dance group has been in Europe performing when Provo's "Freedom Festival" celebration has been held. Last year the dancers were performing at the Teatro de la Zarzuela in Madrid on July 4. In other years they have been in Amsterdam, Denmark, Belgium and Holland. While in Madrid last year they also performed on TVE (Television Espana) before an estimated audience of 20 million.

barbershop harmony is a great hobby and relaxation from the rigors of academic life.

When the quartet joins the Folk Dancers on stage at Provo High School in July 5, they will bring a wide variety of barbershop harmony singing. They will appear throughout the show with such numbers as "Hey Look Me Over," "Just One of Those

Songs," "Lulu," "Shenandoah," "Country Roads," "Sound of Music," "Daddy Sang Bass," "Fiddler on the Roof," "Everybody Loves a Lover," and many more.

Tickets for the July 5 Provo High performance will be available at the door on a first-come first-served basis with no reserved seating.

RELEASE:

"LATTER-DAY SOUNDS" TO PERFORM WITH BYU DANCE TROUPE IN PROVO SHOW

When the BYU International Folk Dancers appear on stage at Provo High School on July 5th at 8:00 p.m. where they will perform "America Through Dance." This is the title of the show which leaves for Europe next week. But all of the show will not be just dance numbers. There will be great hoehown music from a western string band, and another truly American musical form, - Barbershop Quartet Singing.

The quartet also a BYU organization, "The Latter-Day Sounds", differs from the student Folk Dancers in that they are all members of the BYU Administration and Faculty. Milton Wille, bass, is a professor of Mechanical Engineering, Rollie Bester, baritone is professor of Physical Education and Diving Coach, McKay Rollins, Lead, is a professor of Health Sciences, and Hal Hickman, Tenor, is a professor of Communications and Director of Instructional Television at BYU. All four men have their doctorate degrees but find that singing barbershop harmony is a great hobby and relaxation from the rigors of academic life.

The quartet has been singing together since last February, but all the members of the group have been singing in various quartets and vocal groups for many years.

When the quartet joins the Folk Dancers on stage at Provo High School on July 5th, they will bring a wide variety of barbershop harmony singing. Their introduction to the evening's performance is a showstopper itself. They will appear throughout the show with such numbers as "Hey, Look Me Over," "Just One of Those Songs," "Lulu," "Shenandoah," "Country Road," "Sound of Music," "Daddy Sing Bass," "Fiddler on the Roof," "Everybody Loves a Lover," and many more.

Rollie Bestor, Baritone for the group, noted that "singing with the Folk Dance Troupe is a great experience. These kids are so great to watch that by the time we have a chance to sing, the audience is all warmed up and gives us a great reception."

The performance of the Folk Dancers is a fast - moving one and a half hour show. The costumes alone create a fascinating stage full of color.

It is unusual that the International Folk Dancers will be in Provo for this year's "Freedom Festival" performance, they are usually in Europe at this time every year. This year, however, their tour begins on July 8th, and so they are able to provide a concert in conjunction with the celebration.

TO: COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION FULL - TIME PERSONNEL

FROM: MARY BEE JENSEN

DATE : 2 July 1974

The Folk Dancers will be presenting their European Tour Show of American dance in Provo High Auditorium on July 5, as part of the Freedom Festival beginning at 8 p.m.

Tickets are limited on a first come basis at the door.

We hope that you and your family will attend so we are offering a pre-sale to you on Wednesday, July 3, from 8 a.m. to 5p.m. from Annette Kimball in 221 FRB. Tickets will be \$1.00 for each member of your family. Get yours early and miss the rush at the door!

See You There,

Mary Bee Jensen

RELEASE:

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCERS TO PERFORM IN PROVO

For the first time since their organization the BYU International Folk Dancers will be in Provo during the July 4th "Freedom Festival" celebration. This world renown performance troupe will perform at Provo High School on Friday evening, July 5th at 8:00 p.m. in a pre-European Tour farewell concert.

Over the past ten years the dance group has been in Europe performing when the "Freedom Festival" celebration has been held. Last year the dancers were performing at the Teatro De La Zarzuela in Madrid on July 4th. In other years they have been in Amsterdam, Denmark, Belgium and Holland. While in Madrid last year they also performed on TVE (Television Espana) before an estimated audience of 20 million.

The Provo High School performance is in anticipation of this year's tour which begins on July 8th. The show is called "America through Dance" and features American dances from north and south of the border including: "Oh, Suzanna," "Virginia Reel" and "Smoky Mountain Clogs" for a truly frontier flavor; the "Charleston," "Jitterbug," and "Saturday Nite Stroll," will add variety.

From Latin America and the great American Indian culture of the southwest the audience will see "Zapateado," "La Bamba," "Feather Dance," and "Lariat."

To add variety to this year's show a western string band will play two great hoedown musical numbers, "Mockingbird" and "Orange Blossom Special." The all-American sound of barbershop singing will come from "The Latter-Day Sounds" quartet from BYU. Numbers such as "Just One of Those Songs," "The Sound of Music," "Shenendoah," and "Fiddler" will be sung.

On Past tours of Europe the troupe has appeared on French National Television in Paris and Norwegian National Television in Oslo. In Paris, they appeared at the famous Salle Pleyel Theater with John Williams, celebrated negro folk — spiritual singer from the Ivory Coast. The troupe performed at the Israeli Independence Celebrations in Haifa and toured throughout leading cities in Yugoslavia and Finland. During the last two performances in the famous Tivoli Hall, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, the students received standing ovations from over 8,000 people.

Tickets for the Provo High performance will be \$2 for adults and \$1 for students with activity cards and for children. They will be available at the door on a first — Come first — Served basis with no reserved seating.

July 25, 1974

Friday June 28	8:00 P.M.	Miss Provo Contest	Provo H.S. Auditorium
Sunday June 30	7:00 P.M.	Patriotic Service Hartman Rector Jr.	Marriott Center
Monday July 1	12 noon	Carnival	Provo H.S. Parking Lot
Tuesday July 2	12 noon 2:00 P.M. 6:00 P.M.	Carnival Bazaar Children's Parade	Provo H.S. Parking Lot Provo H.S. Gymnasium
Wednesday July 3	12 noon 2:00 P.M. 5:30 P.M.	Carnival Bazaar Family Picnic	Provo H.S. Parking Lot Provo H.S. Gymnasium North Park
Thursday July 4	9:00 A.M. 10:00 A.M. 12 noon 2:00 P.M. 8:00 P.M.	Grand Parade Carnival Bike Criterium Horse Skills Panorama '74 Marty Robbins Show plus Fireworks	Center & University Provo H.S. Parking Lot Marriott Center Vicinity Provo Riding Club Arena BYU Stadium
Friday July 5	8:00 P.M.	BYU Folk Dancers	Provo H.S.

AMERICAN FOLD DANCERS EUROPE ITINERARY 1974

MONDAY, July 8

7:39 a.m. Leave Salt Lake City on American 148
11:20 a.m. Arrive Chicago
12:25 a.m. Leave Chicago on American 422
2:41 p.m. Arrive Toronto
8:00 p.m. Leave Toronto on BOAC 600

TUESDAY, July 9 -- WEDNESDAY, July 10 -- VENICE, ITALY

7:45 a.m. Arrive London
11:05 a.m. Leave London on BEA 362
2:10 p.m. Arrive Venice
HOTEL: Principe Grand, Lista di Spangne 146, 30121 (phone 041-22-296)

THURSDAY, July 11 -- VENICE

8:55 p.m. Leave Venice on overnight train No.232. Couchettes provided.

FRIDAY, July 12 -- WEDNESDAY, July 17 -- VIENNA, AUSTRIA

6:50 a.m. Arrive Vienna.

Festival performance every day. Mail address: Landesverband der Trachten und
Heimatvereine fur Niederosteretch

THURSDAY, July 18 -- SALZBURG

9:50 a.m. Leave Vienna on train No. 468 Alexander Veigl, A=2340 Modling, Postfach 45, Austria
1:34 p.m. Arrive Salzburg

HOTEL: Zum-Hirschen Hotel, 21-23 St. Julienstre, Salzburg (phone 72403)

FRIDAY, July 19 -- SALZBURG

11:30p.m. Leave Salzburg on overnight train No. 466. Couchettes provided

SATURDAY, July 20 -- GENEVA

8:18 a.m. Arrive Zurich
9:10 a.m. Leave Zurich on train No. 114
12:37 p.m. Arrive Geneva

Evening performance at the Theatre de la Patinoire des Vernets.
Mailing address: c/o Maguy chauvin, 16 Rue de Mt-Blanc, Geneva, Switzerland

SUNDAY, July 21 -- BORC, SWITZERLAND (North of Montreaux)

Auditorium Performance

MONDAY, July 22 -- BORC

Free Day

TUESDAY, July 23 -- GENEVA

Auditorium Performance

WEDNESDAY, July 24 -- PARIS, FRANCE

7:49 a.m. Leave Geneva on train No. 228
1:15 p.m. Arrive Paris

Auditorium Performance. Housing with Saints.

THURSDAY, July 25 -- PARIS

Auditorium Performance

FRIDAY, July 26 -- OSTENDE

7:52 a.m. Leaving Paris on train No. 283
10:10 a.m. Arrive Brussels Midi
11:00 a.m. Leave Brussels midi No. 809
12:13 p.m. Arrive Ostende -- Middelkerke Festival Participation

SATURDAY, July 27 -- SUNDAY, July 28 -- MIDDELKERKE

Middelkerke Festival Participation

MONDAY, July 29 – BRUSSELS NORTH

7:51 a.m. Leave Ostende on train No. 789

9:17 a.m. Arrive Brussels North

GRAND PLACE Performance

Brussels (Matinee)

Brussels Youth Hostel

TUESDAY, July 30 – ZOTTEGEM, BELGIUM

10:21 a.m. Leaving Brussels North by train

11:06 a.m. Arrive Zottegem

Zottegem Auditorium Performance (evening)

Housing by Zottegem Municipality

WEDNESDAY, July 31 – THURSDAY, August 1 – BORDEAUX, FRANCE

9:25 a.m. Leave Zottegem by train

9:57 a.m. Arrive Brussels Midi

11:03 a.m. Leave Brussels Midi on train No. 282

1:48 p.m. Arrive Paris Nord (transfer)

5:20 p.m. Leave Paris Sust on Train No. 4071

10:42 p.m. Arrive Bordeaux

Bordeaux Auditorium Performance on August 1.

Housing with Saints July 31 & August 1.

FRIDAY, August 2 – SUNDAY, August 4 – OLORON, FRANCE

Oloron Festival Participation

MONDAY, August 5 – WEDNESDAY, August 7 – BAYONNE

Bayonne Festival Participation

Mailing Address: c/o Ballets basques de Bayonne, 9, Avenue Camille - Delville,
B.P. 191, 64105 Bayonne, France.

THURSDAY, August 8 – MONDAY, August 12 – RODEZ

Rodez Festival Participation

TUESDAY, August 13 – LONDON

5:17 a.m. Leave Bordeaux on train No. 300

9:35 a.m. Arrive Paris Aust (transfer)

12:30 p.m. Leave Paris Nord on train No. 405

7:37 p.m. Arrive London Victoria Station (transfer to Regent Palace)

HOTEL: Regent Palace (Manager Geoffrey Duggan), Picadilly Circus, W1R6EP

Cable Regentotel (Phone 01-734-7000)

WEDNESDAY, August 14 – LONDON

London, England

THURSDAY, August 15 – BILLINGHAM, ENGLAND

Travel to Billingham

FRIDAY, August 16 – BILLINGHAM

Day Free for Orientation

SATURDAY, August 17 – BILLINGHAM

2:30 p.m. Town Center Parade

9:30 p.m. 20 Minute Town Center Performance

SUNDAY, August 18 – BILLINGHAM

3:00 p.m. Two 8 Minute Town Center Shows (Forum Theater)

7:30 p.m. Forty-minute performance televised.

MONDAY, August

MONDAY, August 19 – BILLINGHAM

12:00 noon 20–minute Town Center Performance
7:30 p.m. Forty - minute College Theater Performance

TUESDAY, August 20 – BILLINGHAM

12:00 noon 20 - minute Town Center Performance
1:00 p.m. 25-minute Synthonia Club Performance
7:30 p.m. 35-minute Forum Theater Performance

WEDNESDAY, August 21 – EDINBURGH, SCOTTLAND

Free Day, From Billingham Festival, Visit Edinburgh

THURSDAY, August 22 – BILLINGHAM

12:00 noon 20-minute Town Center Performance
7:30 p.m. 30-minute College Theater Performance

FRIDAY, August 23 – BILLINGHAM

7:30 p.m. College Theater Performance
8:30 p.m. Forum Theater Performance

SATURDAY, August 24 – BILLINGHAM

2:30 p.m. 10-minute Town Center Performance
7:00 p.m. 10 minute Forum Theater Performance
9:00 p.m. Torchlight Procession

SUNDAY, August 25

12:30 p.m. Leave London on BOAC 601
3:05 p.m. Arrive Toronto
6:29 p.m. Leave Toronto on American 685
7:00 p.m. Arrive Chicago
8:15 p.m. Leave Chicago on American 397
10:14 p.m. Arrive Salt Lake City

NOTE: All mail must go to students on tour at least five days prior to arrival date at any given location. Mail arriving after departure will NOT be forwarded. Address letter as Follow:

Mary Doe : BYU American Folk Dancers : c/o Ballets basque de Bayonne : 9 Avenue Camille-Delvaile : B.P. 191 64105 Bayonne, France : (Hold until arrival)

Tour Assignments

Europe 1974

BUSINESS MANAGER

Mark Worthington
Rene' Alba

BAGGAGEMENT MOVEMENT

Dennis Harpool

COSTUME PACKING

Craig Steed

WOMAN'S COSTUMES

Dan Ross
Vickie Scholes
Emma Richter

MEN'S COSTUMES

Dale Smith

SLIPS—HAWAIIAN PROPS

Kathie Tenney
Renee Haugh
Lark Gibby

SHOES & BOOTS

Dennis Hill
Dennis Cambridge
Kristeen McGarry

HISTORY

Anne Hall
Gary Lewis
Ryan Rhodes

INDIAN GOSTUMES

Gary Lewis

SECRETARY

Delynne Butcher

SPECIAL EVENTS

Larry Beaudin
Janet Christopher

ADDRESSES

Sally Ashton
Shelley Pederson

BUS SEATING

Terry Smith
Mignon Huish

SUMMARIES OF SHOWS

Oscar Amezcua
Kathy Halliday

OURFITS (Daily Choice)

Craig Steed
Anne Hall

DRESSING ROOM ASSIGNMENTS

Larry Beaudin
Delynne Butcher

BAND DIRECTOR

Ted Ashton

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Terry Brown
Nancy Brown

SINGING

Bruce O'Dell

Show Line Up For Europe 1974

EUROPEAN LINE-UP 1974

1. Devil's Dream
 2. Exhibition Square Dance
 3. Band — "Appalacian Clog"
 4. Elizabeth Quadrille
 5. Round Dance
 6. Contra
 7. Spiritual Number
 8. Kentucky Clog
 9. Running Sets
 10. Indain
 11. Oh, Susanna
 12. Virginia Reel
 13. Lone Prairie (Song)
 14. Polka Quadrille
 15. Band — (Specialty)
 16. Smoky Mountain Clogs
- ## INTERMISSION
17. Aztec
 18. Feather Dance
 19. (Emma)
 20. Lariat
 21. El Gusto
 22. Zapateado
 23. La Bamba
 24. Band
 25. Puili
 26. Feather Gourd
 27. Hawaiian Wedding Dance
 28. Band "Orange Blossom Special"
 29. Saturday Nite Stroll
 30. Charleston
 31. Jitterbug
 32. Westeroo
 33. Indian Hoop Dance
 34. Carolina Clog (Finale)

EUROPEAN SHOW

(July 4th & 5th)

Murry Park—Provo High

1. Quartet—Devil's Dream
2. Exhibition Square Dance
3. Bank — "Mockingbird"
4. Quartet
5. Oh, Susanna
6. Virginia Reel
7. Lone Prairie (Song)
8. Band
9. Smoky Mountain Clogs
10. Quartet
11. Aztec Indian
12. Feather Dance
13. Lariat
14. Zapateado
15. La Bamba
16. Bank "Orange Bolossom Special"
17. Saturday Night Stroll
18. Charleston
19. Jitterbug
20. Westeroo
21. Quartet
22. Carolina Clogs

NAME: Rene' Alba
PLACE: 1st Day Toronto, New York
DATE: July 8, 1974

A great nights sleep...on maybe two hours, excitement crept over the American Folk Dancers. After an exciting week of dancing, we were all ready for something new and breathtaking. Take off, we're air born. Shelly and Kathy's eyes sparkled with excitement as they embarked on their first plane ride. A yummy breakfast and landing in Chicago. On too Toronto, a fast salad and landing. The waiting wasn't too bad, we found things to pass our time, ice-cream, people and more people making a pretty hot airport. We had a few good laughs and even got some laughs for our old age. It's really exciting to know that we don't know much and must be ready for almost anything, as we are about to experience. We continue. A couple of hours later we learn that we have developed some problems and we must land in Kennedy Airport, New York. Our hearts went pitter patter and we gave thanks for our lives (As we learned that two out of four engines had failed, and we came in for a landing with breaks only that became so hot they welded together and we sat in the runway for 3 hours).

We had to spend the night in New York. Well, we decided to put on an impromptue performance in the plane while we waited to find out what was to happen to us, and we delighted all by our wonderful voices. Most people, however, left their ear phones on. You would never believe why. Hopefully we gave some people a spiritual experience and not an earache. We all went to our hotel and had a wonderful meal.



I'm so excited! Get me to Europe



Practice makes perfect. One more time Terry.



Finally Ah, Ah.



Are we there yet.



Let me Hear! What's playing on your head set (likely excuse Larry).

NAME: Larry Beaudin
PLACE: New York & Kennedy Airport
DATE: July 9, 1974

July 9, 1974 started on the runway of Kennedy Airport in New York City after an exciting forced landing due to engine trouble. At exactly 12 midnight we all sang **Happy Birthday** to Mignon Huish and she was given a **Life Saver Sucker** which, I am sure, she greatly appreciated. After sitting on the plane for awhile, we were finally transported to the International Hotel for a good night's sleep. We all awoke early in the morning eager for a free breakfast and a quick trip to the airport to start our journey to Italy. We soon found out that our plane would not leave New York until 8:00 in the evening, so we found ourselves with an entire day in New York City. We were told we could venture into the city, and about half of us did. We caught the bus and headed for the subway. After all the movies we had seen about the evils and dangers of the New York subways, we were all a bit apprehensive to get on them but we found **the tubes** the best way to travel. Bruce O'Dell was our guide and finally the 34th street exit came and we all climbed out of the subway to find ourselves standing in the shadow of the Empire State Building. For many, the tallest building they had ever seen was the Wilkinson Center on the BYU Campus and I am sure this was a neat experience. Next we traveled to South Ferry to see the famous **Lady in Green**, the statue of Liberty. I found this the most exciting moment in New York, because I have always wanted to see the statue and because the New York trip was such an unexpected surprise. After many other sites were seen in New York such as Time Square, Wall Street, and Madison Square Gardens we headed back for the hotel. We finally boarded the buses to return to the airport to start our journey again. We boarded the BOAC aircraft and finally took off around 9:00 p.m. For many the day ended by finishing the steak dinner which was served to us by the stewardess.



So this is King Kings Jungle Gym Wow New York City.



Did you get your outfit here? Looks like mine.



Janet & Oscar looking over the situation.



But first . . . time out for a quick nap.



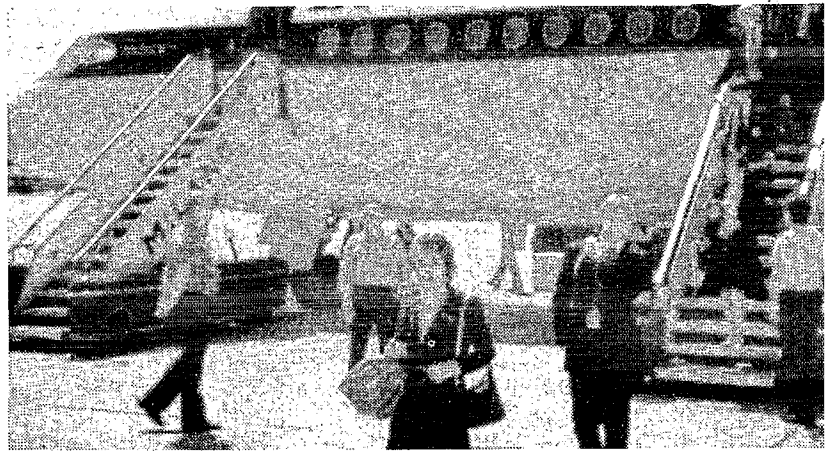
We're out to conquer the world !!



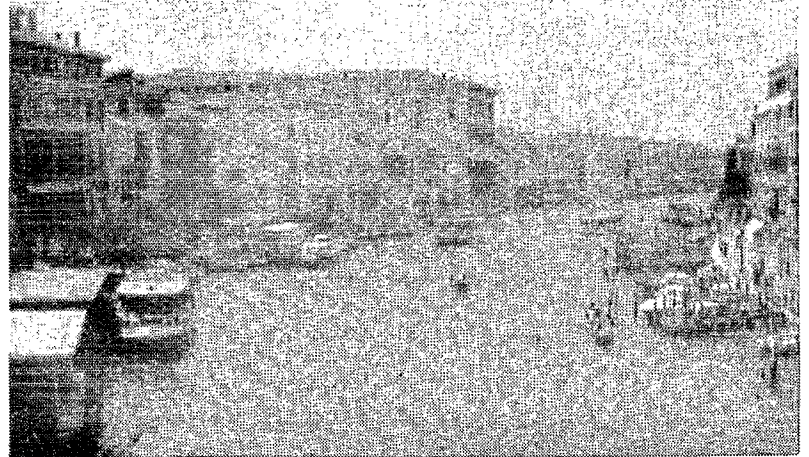
The whirlwind tour is about to begin.
Fasten your seat belts. We're off.

NAME: Delynne Butcher
PLACE: Airport, Lndon; Milano, Venice Italy
DATE: July 10th, 1974

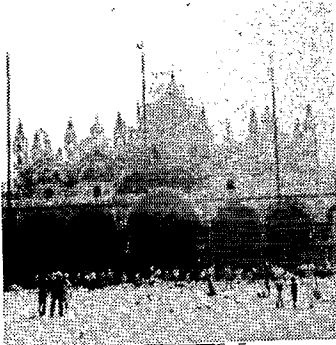
While trying to describe where Utah is to a gentleman on the plane to Milano Lark inquired, "Have you heard of the cowboys and Indians?" Upon arrival in Venice we were sad to discover we had no costumes, and sad especially for one certain Shelly Pedersen because she had no suitcase. Soon after boarding the bus to travel from Milano to Venice, the chattering, giggling and card games ceased and dreamland took place of the beautiful countryside. Everybody got on the bus (boat) and made snapping cameras and wide eyes, as we made our way down the Grand Canal to St. Marco's Square. A few of our group had the opportunity of running into some close friends of ours — the missionaries, holding a street meeting. . .and I think that they were probably pretty excited to see someone of their own kind again.



Oh darn, what do I do now.



Up canal city.



Feed the birds.



What do you know about the Mormons ?

GRAND HOTEL PRINCIPE - VENICE

Name: { M } _____
 { M } _____

Room N. 305 / _____ Person

BANCA COMMERCIALE ITALIANA
 SOCIETA' PER AZIONI - SEDE IN MILANO
 REGISTRO SOCIETA' N. 2774 - TRIBUNALE DI MILANO
 CAPITALE L. 1.000.000.000 - RIVIERA LIT. 1.000.000.000
 BANCA DI INTERESSE NAZIONALE

UFFICIO CAMBIO

COMPRA-VENDITA DI VALUTA⁽¹⁾

* CODICE VALUTA	FOREIGN EXCHANGE CODE	CODE DE LA DEVISE	WAERUNGS KODIFIZIERUNG
0 Lgs. bb	7 K. SVE. bb	14 Din. Yug. bb	20 Fr. sv. ch
1 \$. USA bb	8 K. DAN. bb	15 Dracme bb	21 F.F. ch
2 D.M. bb	9 K. NOR. bb	16 Yen bb	22 Fol. ch
3 Fr. sv. bb	10 \$. Can. bb		23 \$. Can. ch
4 F.F. bb	11 Sc. Au. bb	17 Lgs. ch	24 Sc. Au. ch
5 Fr. b. bb	12 Escd. bb	18 \$. USA ch	25 Yen ch
6 Fol. bb	13 P.tas bb	19 D.M. ch	26 Val. Div.

(1) CODICE OPERAZIONE - CODE TRANSACTION
 CODE TRANSACTION - TRANSACTIONS KODICE

NOSTRE ACQUISTI
 OUR PURCHASES
 NOS ACQUIS
 UNSERE KÄUFE

NOSTRE VENDITE
 OUR SALES
 NOS VENTES
 UNSERE VERKAUFE

CODICE VALUTA (*)
 - FOREIGN EXCHANGE CODE
 - CODE DE LA DEVISE
 - WAERUNGS-KODIFIZIERUNG

QUANTITÀ VALUTA CEDUTA
 - QUANTITY OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE SURRENDERED
 - QUANTITE DE DEVISE CEDÉE
 - MENGE DER ABGETRETENEN WAERUNG

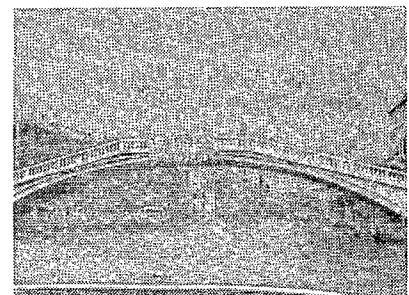
AL CAMBIO DI . . . LIT.
 - AT THE RATE OF
 - AU CHANGE DE
 - ZUM KURSE VON

CONTROVALORE IN . . . LIT.
 - EQUIVALENT IN
 - CONTRE-VALEUR EN
 - GEGENWERT IN

0 S
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Row, Row, Row, a boat



Bridge # 462, the grand one.

INDIRIZZO TELEGRAFICO: CONTIBANCA

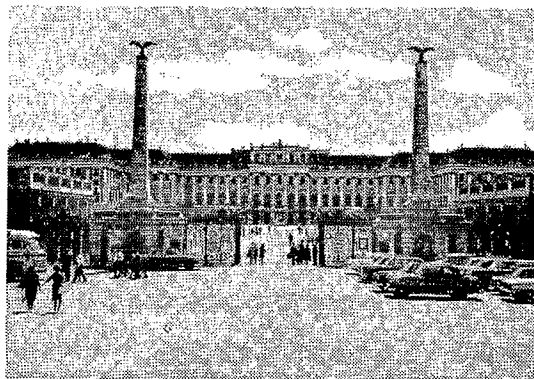
Ufficio Cambio di Lire (DATA)
 MOD. 1120 - Aeroporto

WELCOME TO ITALY
BIENVENU EN ITALIE
WILKOMMEN IN ITALIEN

- OUR EXTENSIVE NETWORK OF BRANCHES IS AT YOUR SERVICE
 - LES SERVICES DE NOTRE VASTE RESEAU DE SUCCURSALES SONT A VOTRE DISPOSITION
 - DIE DIENSTE UNSERER NIEDERLASSUNGEN STEHEN ZU IHRER VERFUGUNG

NAME: Janet Christopher
PLACE: Venice; train ride to Vienna, Austria
DATE: July 11, 1974

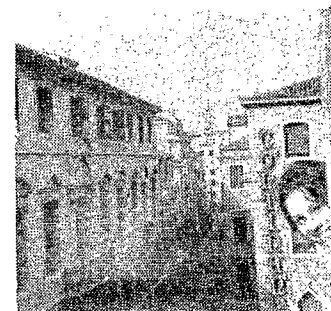
Today we had our first tour in Europe — Venice, Italy. At 8:00 a.m. we had breakfast and at 9:00 we met our tour guide Pietro Vianello. He first took us to the Palace of Doges (or rulers). Each ruler was elected for life. Venice had 116 islands in three square miles with 482 bridges. The only types of transportation they have are boats and walking. We then were taken to the Church of St. Marco where they claim they have the body of St. Marco. Then we went to the glass factory. There we watched a demonstration on blowing glass and making glasses. Lucky Renee Haugh was given a glass horse. We had free time the rest of the day to shop and take pictures etc. We had to be packed and ready to go at 7:00 p.m.. We arrived at the train station (a block away) at about 8:00 p.m.. There were not any benches so we all stood in circles facing the same way sitting on people's laps. Seems like everywhere we go people stare at us. I wonder why? Bruce, Oscar, Dale and Janet, played the slap game and thumb wrestled. Boarding the train was really exciting especially for Emma, who had never been on a train before. To our surprise we had rooms that slept 6 to a compartment and I just happened to be on the very bottom. Everyone got eaten up by mosquitos. By the way, today our costumes bags were found and Shelly was in ecstasy over having her suitcase back. The new discovery lifted weary bodies, spirits because now we won't have to dance in our travel outfits.



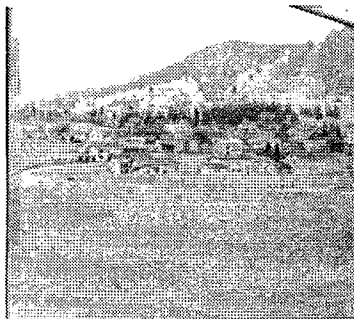
Franz Joseph Palace.



Boy that's what I call good odds. 5 to 1. I'll stay.



Peek-a-boo.



Keep moving, right this way.



Shelly, watch out behind you!



Gardens at the Summer Palace.



Statues, Statues everywhere. (at least these have cloths on)

echte
VOLKSTRACHTEN
 und
 „DIRNDLN“
 (Stoffe und Maßanfertigung)

formschönen
HAUSRAT
 gediegene
MÖBEL
 geschmackvolle
GESCHENKE
 und
HEIMATBÜCHER

im
NIEDERÖSTERREICHISCHEN
HEIMATWERK

Böhm
 WIEN
 J. Herrengasse 8

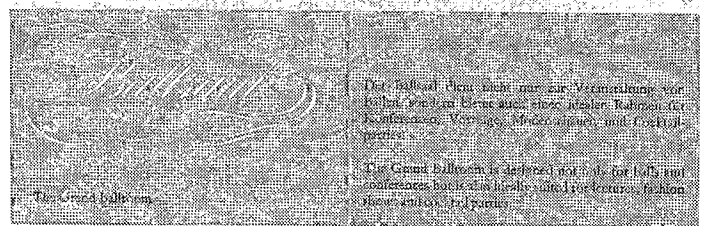
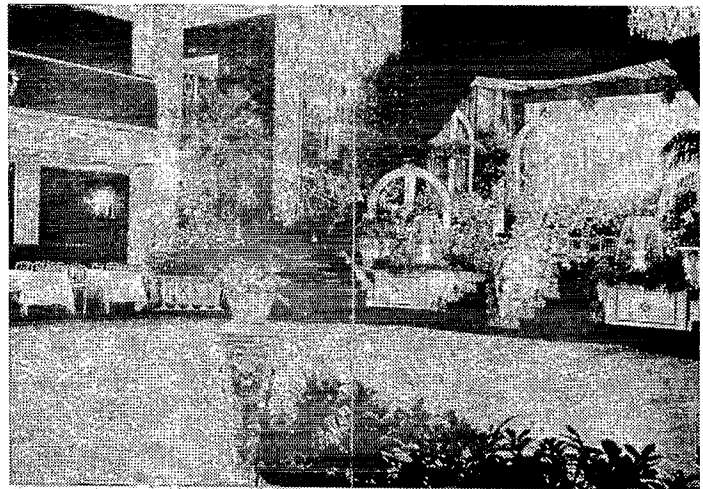
Ruf 63 34 95

NAME: Lark Gibby
PLACE: Train Ride, Vienna, Austria
DATE: July 12, 1974

The day began with the sound of train wheels chugging us down the track, carrying our car load over the lush green hills to Vienna, Austria. We were not allowed to drink the water on the train. We visited the castle of Franz Joseph. Marie Antoinette was one of his sixteen children. He has a winter palace and a summer palace both in the same city. While walking through the palace, everyone felt like the floor was tilted. It was just from riding on the train all the night before. Janet Christopher and Oscar A. did the polka to the National Viennese March. The waiters chased them off the dance floor practically. We ate at the Straus Park Rest.. They had a little orchestra there playing original Straus music. It was very exciting. At the close of the day, Janet Christopher, Shelly Pederson, Kris McGarry, and I retired to our hotel room. We felt a neat feeling, a good feeling to know that we have the gospel. The Austrian people have the temporal, the moral, and the intellectual sides of life. I wished we could help them have the spiritual. At the Straus Restaurant, we met a man, who was an old bachelor. After we ate, he took us all around Vienna showing us the famous statues, Parliament Building, Opera House, Winter Palace, and Cathedrals. He was so excited to think that so many young Americans would spend their evening with him.



1-2-3 sit, and rest



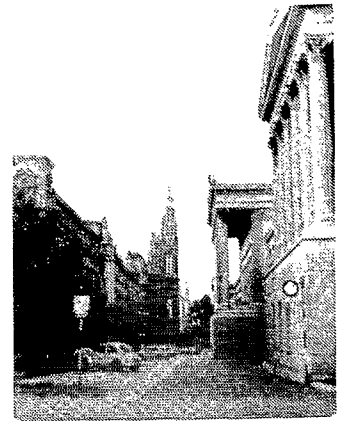
Who said I'm tired, I'm catching flies.



I told you we shouldn't have come here.

NAME: Anne Hall
PLACE: Vienna
DATE: July 13th, 1974

A whole day free in Vienna. What shall we do today. The city of culture lay waiting for our onslaught. Everyone went in small groups to the various places in town. Some went picture taking, Kris and Anne got in the Museum of Art as **Sisters** because they were dressed alike. Sister Hartvigsen, Mary Bee, Mark Simpkins and others saw Vienna's very own **streaker** watering her flowers. Mark, now why did you rent those binoculars? Delynne, Ryan, Dennis Harpool, and more frolicked in the Schonbrunn Palace Gardens. By midafternoon, many were tired and came home to rest while others continued to burn up the No. 58 train. The late afternoon a bunch of kids took off for the ferris wheel. The Das Ciener Riesenrad is the largest ferris wheel in the world. It was built as part of an amusement park, for the worlds fair. You can see all of Venna at the top. The lady at the ticket counter saw Dennis Harpool's bow tie and exclaimed "pretty, very pretty." Apparently bow ties are not common in Austria. Afterwards we headed to Grinzing at the edge of the Vienna Woods. This little village is full of outdoor cafes where everyone drinks wine and sings. Ryan exclaimed, "This is just a typical Austrian Village?" We couldn't leave without a drink, (pop of course). Some of us stayed and had a platter full of cheeses and bread. We sang songs and laughed right along with the Austrians. We weren't laughing so hard when the bill came, but it was worth it. We hope our money will last. Other members such as Larry, Dale, and Dennis Hill tried to find the ferris wheel without our trusted guide, Dennis Harpool. They charmed an Austrian lady on the train so much by their Mozart and ferris wheel demonstrations that she pinched Dennis Hill's cheeks and practically followed them home. The day ended with tired feet but eyes and minds filled with the beauties of Vienna.



Street in Vienna from Sing Straesea.



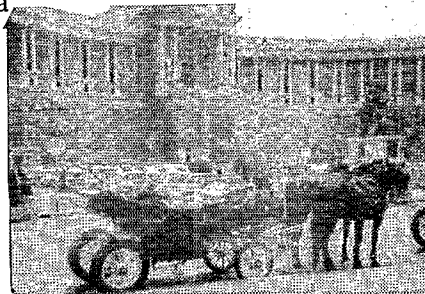
Another Hill to climb.



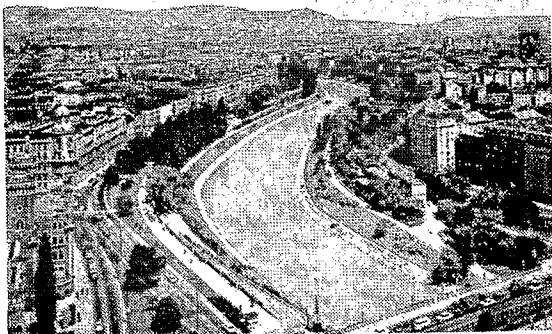
Modern interpretation _ I like, I like.



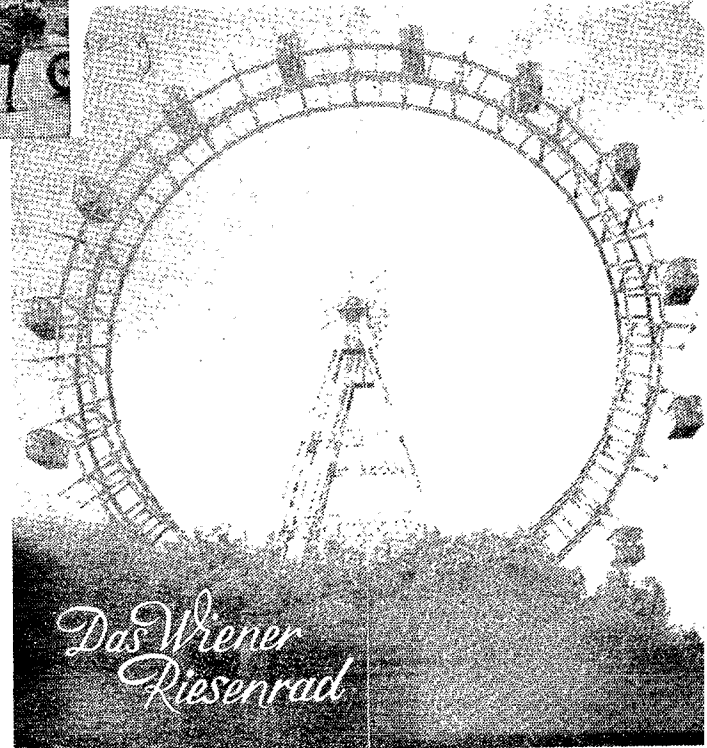
Vienna



Smile - say cheese



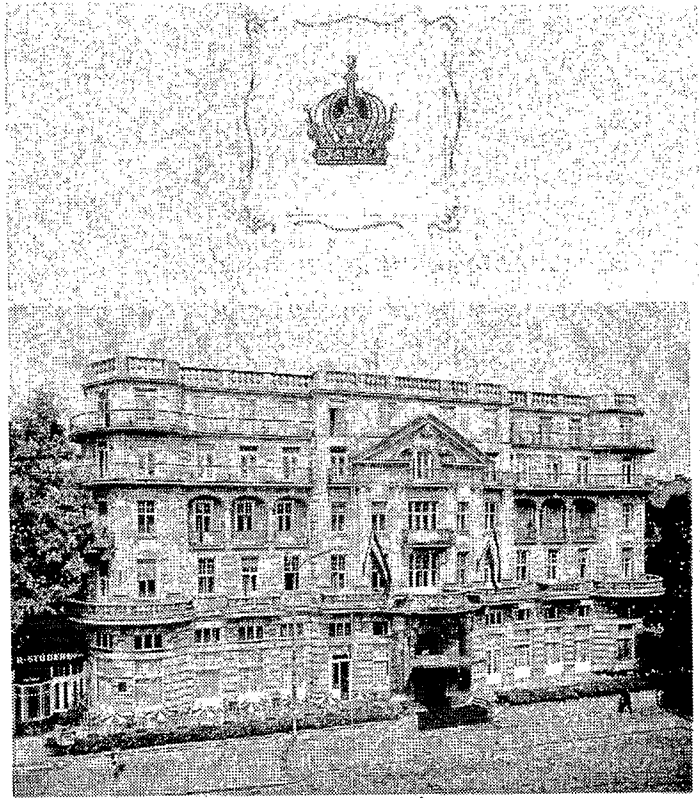
Blue Dan u



NAME: Kathy Halliday
PLACE: Vienna
DATE: July 14, 1974

Great things happened on Sunday July 14, 1974! First of all the missionaries came to pick the girls up after breakfast for Sunday School in a small Vienna branch. The guys had gone before us to Priesthood Meeting so they were there to meet us when we arrived. The meeting was exciting even though we weren't able to understand the German. Craig Steed gave a great lesson on mastering the simple basics of the gospel. After class Dean Hartvigsen told us of a problem they were having getting a place for the Folk Dancers to stay in Munich, and as a result we were able to spend a peaceful Sunday in Vienna instead of traveling to Germany as we had planned. The missionaries told us of a great place to eat lunch cheaply, (which was something we were all concerned about) and we all took the street car there to really get some good food. It felt so good not to be hungry! The more humorous happenings of the day happened when Dale Smith and Dennis Hill got themselves locked in their bedroom and Dean Hartvigsen had to rescue them in time for Sacrament Meeting. There was also the time when yours truly Kathy Halliday was sent flying when the subway car started up and she found herself sitting in the lap of a Austrian man who had his arms around her and wasn't about to let her go. Across the street from our hotel was the beautiful *Schonbrunn Palace* and it's breath-taking gardens. Before Sacrament Meeting most of us found our ways over there to walk and enjoy the gorgeous flowers and trees and climb to the arch of triumph! Sacrament Meeting was really a spiritual experience. For those of us who were on tour for the first time, it was a Sacrament Meeting to be remembered for a long time. We all gathered in one of the rooms, sitting anywhere we could, on the beds and floors. Dennis Harpool was conducting and the four speakers were Larry Beaudin, Renee Haugh, Gary Lewis, and Kris McGarry. They all spoke of ways to get closer to each other and our Heavenly Father. Their words were well taken. Renee taught us the "glad" game to help us get through the hard times we would have to face. The rest of the evening was spent eating ice-cream and talking to the missionaries on the sidewalk in front of the cafe. We all left with a good feeling that night, and were ready to start fresh for Munich the next morning.

Wien
 vienna
 information



*Parkhotel
 Schönbrunn*

Parkhotel Schönbrunn verfügt zusammen mit Park Residence und der Dependence Victoria über 300 Zimmer mit 600 Betten und 300 Bäder. Eine eigene Flotgarage mit 150 Autos sowie Parkplätze stehen den Gästen zur Verfügung.

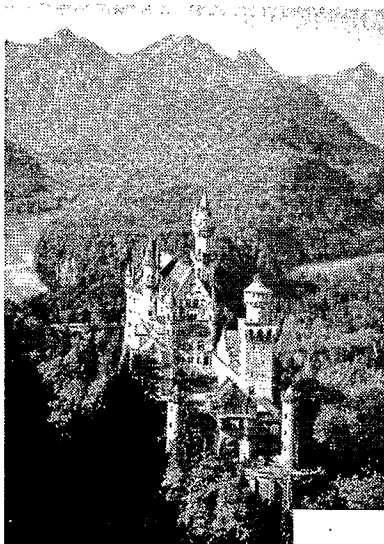
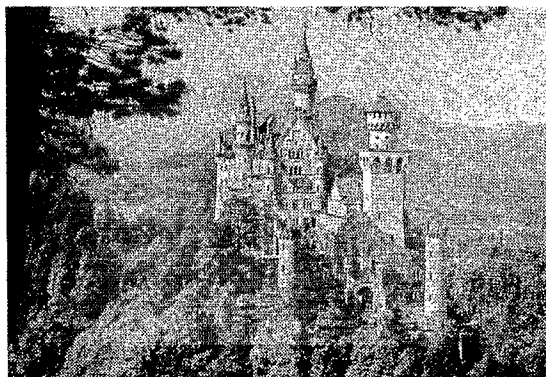
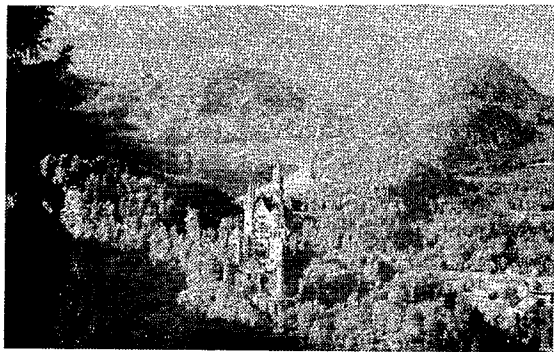
Parkhotel Schönbrunn, Park Residence und die Dependence Victoria are offering 300 rooms with 600 beds and 300 bathrooms. Garage for 150 private cars and guest car parking for the disposal of our guests.

1130 Wien, Döbinger Hauptstr. 10-18, tel. 82 26 70, telex 1 2515, C. Inbegriffen, Parkhotel Wien

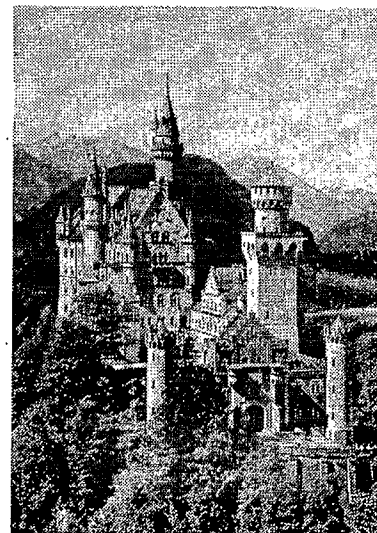
Hi mon I made it.

NAME: Dennis Harpool
PLACE: Munich Germany
DATE: July 15, 1974

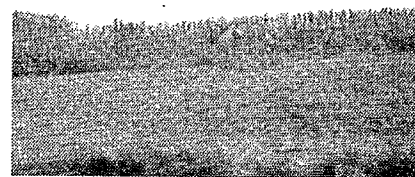
The day began with everyone preparing to board the bus to leave for Munich. We had two extra members on this trip. First Norbert (*The bus driver*) and Robert Meinert (*An American we met at church, who volunteered his guide services until we reached Munich.*) We left Vienna at 7:35 a.m. and headed up the Autobahn toward Munich. Robert Meinert filled us in on some interesting information concerning Germany and Austria. He explained to us that Austria is about 1/3 the size of Utah and that the royal family of the country were the Hapsburgs. He also informed us that Austria is the only country that has ever been under communist rule and has been able to get out of it. He told us that Germany is the size of Oregon and that freeways originated here going from Munich to Berlin. Their original purpose was for military use. We were accommodated by the military in Munich which meant bacon and eggs for breakfast and not those lovely hard rolls and a glass of hot chocolate. We also received some news that was literally music to our ears. We were going to get to do a show! After a week and a half that sounded good. After we were settled in our rooms and had had supper, we loaded the bus to visit the Olympia Village. We followed Mary Bee and Dave Stimpson to the grounds but we were led first right down a dead end street. We did, however, eventually make it to the grounds. Once we were there, everyone went their own way to see the places where the best athletes in the world had once performed. Then it was off to the city and the largest beer parlor in Munich, the *Hof Brau House!* What a place that was. There were long tables full of people drinking out of little beer mugs. A German band playing drinking beer songs and waitresses with four mugs in each hand. The people at the table were singing and swaying back and forth as they enjoyed the beer. What a place! After we had recovered from the Hof Brau we walked through the city center and headed back to the bus to return home. Before we reached the bus, we all became enthralled by the *old Hauthaus*. In front of it was a huge clock that had figures which came out and danced. Since it was near 10 p.m. we waited to see it work. Well, after the clock passed the ten o'clock position we decided we had missed it so we went on back to the bus and went home. For a traveling day we really had fun.



He's alive & real .
 (real crazy watch out Heidi)



Eat your heart out Cinderella

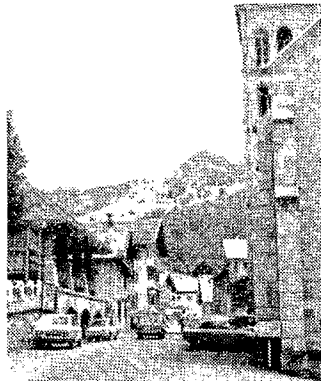


NAME: Renee Haugh
PLACE: Munich Germany
DATE: July 16, 1974

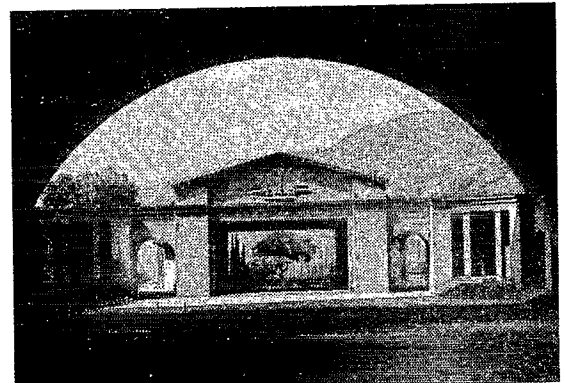
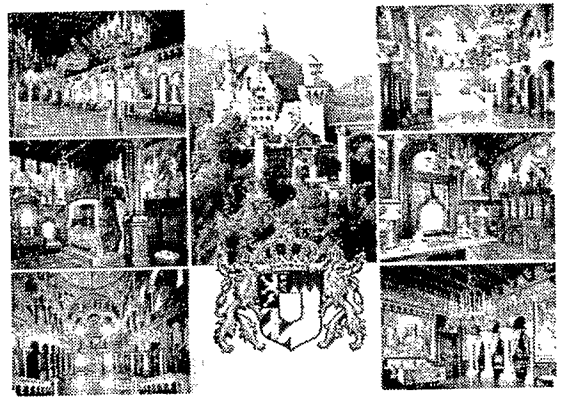
Once upon a time (as all good stories begin), there was a young lad named Peter Pan (Dean Hartvigsen) who really wasn't a lad at all but a sort of magical person because he could fly and move from one time span to another with the aid of Tinkerbell, the little fairy (Mary Bee). Of course Peter wouldn't think of traveling without his Wendy (Sister Hartvigsen) who had become a constant companion and sweetheart. (No fairy tale is complete without a love story. On this bright sunny day of Tuesday, July 16, 1974 Peter Pan woke up to a beautiful sun shiny day and decided it would be perfect for a trip into the time and castles of the past with all his orphan friends. He and Tinkerbell rounded up a beautiful blue carriage with an elf of a driver named Norbert, and with his expert driving skill we were quickly on our way through the enchanted forests of Germany in search of our first castle. With the gentle rocking and rolling of the bus, soon many were asleep but when the sleep dust finally wore off we opened our eyes to Neuschwanstein, a story book land castle built by Ludwig 11 one hundred years ago. As we walked through the corridors, we were impressed by the deep heavy wood intricately carved and touched with old, giant wall painting everywhere, heavy gold chandeliers and chandelabras and ornate canopy of the main bedroom. Our imagination went wild as we dreamed of living here and enjoying a lifestyle so different from the orphanage. Time was precious and we had to be on our way. As we moved on, Peter Pan and Tinkerbell surprised us with a special treat. We attended the Passion Play held once every ten years in Oberammergau. This took five hours alone. It is done completely without microphones or lighting. It was the story of Christ and our hearts were wrent as we watched Christ carry the cross and then hang from it for 20 minutes. A touching and fitting experience in the middle of our fantasy trip. We had to load the blue carriage once more and were off to the Linderhof Castle. The rain began here and made the green land even greener, which seemed impossible. This is by far the most ornate castle we have seen. Everything was either gold or it reflected gold. Not even fantasy could produce the wonderment we saw. The beauty was almost noncomprehensible. Later on we blended our voices in the grotto above the castle and we were so busy listening to ourselves, we almost forgot to sing. Peter Pan, Wendy and Tinkerbell informed us it was time to return. Our coach would disappear at full moon and we needed to get home for supper. When we entered the cafeteria we found our fantasy not over yet because it had been turned into a pizza parlor. Since most of us were ready for a little down-to-earth food, we went over to the club. The magic of the day quickly disappeared as some waited three hours for a sandwich. It is time for bed again as Tinkerbell sprinkles dust on our eyelids. We need a good nights sleep to prepare us for a change from fantasy to the world of stark realism we were to enter into the next day.



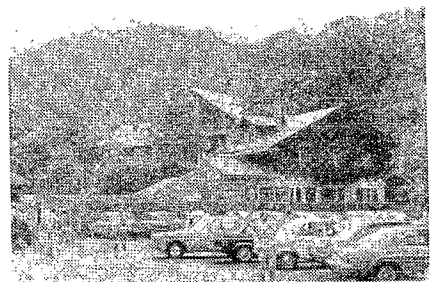
Ah such beauty.



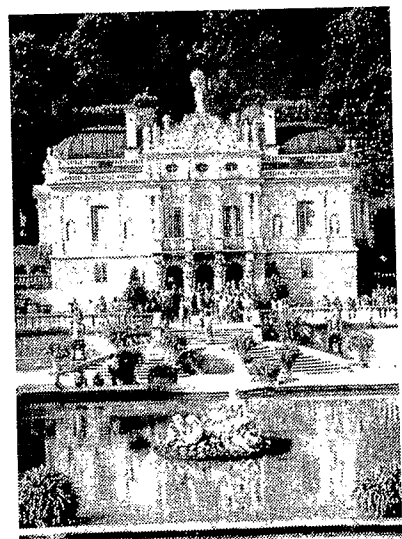
German Village



Passion Play stage.



Typical German mountain home Oberammergau.




We're home dear.

NAME: Dennis Hill
PLACE: Munich, Germany
DATE: July 17, 1974

Rub a dub dub; three men in a tub; Only this morning there was no hot water. It seemed to be a very normal day to begin with. Everyone woke up ready for a hot morning shower, only to face *artic cold* water. Most people just took sponge baths; but it seemed among the timid ones that four eskimos were to be found. Dale Smith, Mark Worthington, Dennis Hill braved the nozzle of the shower; while our own Mary Bee was crowned the *ice queen* since she was the only one who dared the many waters of the tub. **it's raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring;** even though the weather outside wasn't the brightest, the untimely rain didn't dampen the spirits of the happy wanderers. We all donned our plastic bags of various sizes and colors to form our own *Bag Brigade*, and those of us (almost everyone) who were ready, inspite of lack of hot water, and the rain, splashed off to the base cafeteria for another luscious hot *American breakfast* **Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean;** and it seemed like Mark Worthington was having a little trouble getting started on his breakfast. After going through the line and having his mouth all watered for hot cakes and sausage he found himself standing at the side of his table with his food and tray. The poor guy ended paying for two complete breakfasts; but he only got to eat one. We all got filled with eggs, and omelets, bacon, ham and sausage, juice and milk. **Yummy in the tummy.** Next we all loaded the bus to witness one of the most awesome and sobering experiences of our tour so far. We rode the bus for about an hour to Dachau, one of the largest Nazi Concentration Camps of World War II. The dismal day seemed to fit the feeling everyone had after touring the museum and grounds. Before leaving some of us saw a movie. Most people really had an empty feeling in the bottom of their stomach when we left. A very fitting and touching stanza was over the exit of the museum. *For those who have not experienced the past, they are condemned to repeat it. Simple Simon met a pie man going to the fair, said Simple Simon to the pie man let me taste your wares. Now we were on our way to the P.X. for shopping. Some of us bought choochoo clocks and music boxes, everyone bought cookies and Mignon got her Lederhosen. At 1:30 p.m. we all headed back to the bus only to find Norbert our bus driver no where around. So we stood in the rain eating strawberry cake and standing under our plastic bags that a little German lady had thrown down to us. Finally we all loaded up and headed back to the base to get ready for our first show in Europe. Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,* as we took a short hop on the bus to our performance sight. We were all ready and anxious to dance. We ended up sharing dressing rooms. But we really enjoyed the show. It was really good to feel that old tapping again. After the show we even got asked for autographs. We loaded the bus and hurried home to get to the laundromat only to find it closed. So the only thing left to do was to head home to our beds and rest up for another day.

Those who cannot remember the Past are condemned to repeat it.
Sandayana Dochoy Concentration Camp



Memorial site Concentration camp Dachau

The museum was planned and arranged by the Comité International de Dachau with the support of the Government of Bavaria.

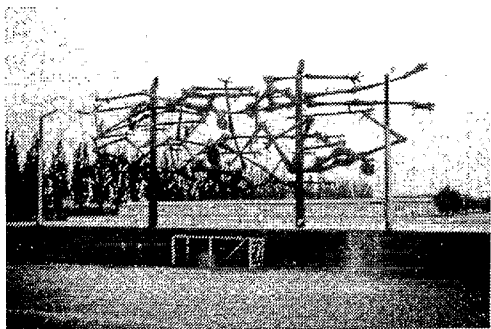
The Entrance Hall
 The black board on the wall shows the main concentration camps with their subsidiary camps in Central Europe. Prisoners from almost every nation were imprisoned in Dachau. Their countries are symbolized by corresponding flags.

The Vestibule
 The documentation of the period preceding the Third Reich illustrates the development which led to the establishment of Dachau.

Center - First part
 The main part of the exhibition begins with documents illustrating the seizure of power by the Nazis on January 30, 1933. Next we see the foundation of the camp on March 22, 1933 - the arrival of prisoners, life in the concentration camp, working conditions, punishments and transfer of prisoners to other camps. Photos and documents show the SS' book activities in Dachau, the perfect training center, and the important functions they were subsequently attributed with elsewhere. The persecution of the Jews is shown in a special section. Diseases and medical experiments in the camp infirmary conclude the first part of the exhibition.

Center - Second part
 Executions, so-called transports of people (their destination was the Hartheim cattle with its gas chamber) and the crematory (Krematorium) are shown at the beginning of this section. This is followed by a description of the so-called "final solution of the Jewish question" planned and carried out by the Nazis (the deportation of the European Jews to the extermination camps in the East). The liberation of Dachau and other camps concludes the exhibition.

It would be presumptuous to claim that the museum is complete in every respect, but at least an attempt has been made to show quite objectively what happened in Dachau and in other concentration camps.



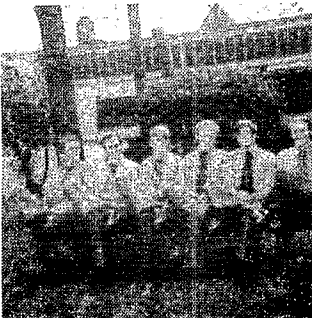
Jewish memorial at Dachau



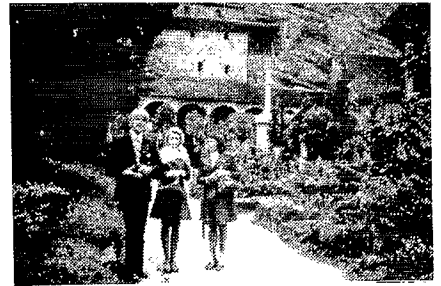
Get ready, take your pose.



Butcher Candlestick Baker Maker



Let's see if we've still got rhythm. Ready 1-2-3. Have you seen anyone with blue pants.



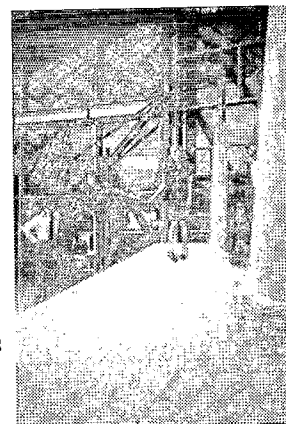
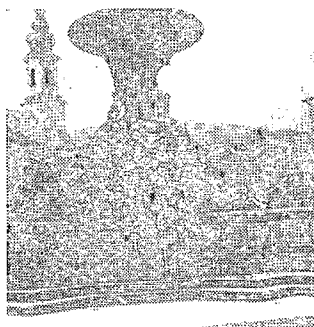
Stepping right this way we have some lovely gardens. Have you seen any yet?

NAME: Mignon Huish
PLACE: Munich, Salzburg Austria
DATE: July 18, 1974

Rain, Rain go away, come again another day. Since the rain just wouldn't quite, at 9:30 a.m. we loaded the bus and left Munich for Salzburg. A mad rush for the laundry center and cafeteria for breakfast, started at about 7:00 a.m.. Cloths shrunk a little, truned funny colors, and melted, all except Dale Smith and Dennis Harpool's hush puppies (*That which survived the heat*). We got on the bus and just drove until we were just out of Salzburg where we went to the Salt Mines but they were closed. So we headed for Hellbrunns Castle. When we arrived it was cold and sprinkling. We all braved the cold rain and went into see the water show. We went in the garden and up by what looked like an outdoor dinning place. But to our surprise, it was a booby trap. When the Bishop got tired of his company he turned water on his guests right under them. As we toured around we went into his rain room and the room where his birds sang all caused by water pressure. As we walked out we were sprayed. We stood on the side to watch the other coming through. As we stood there laughing the deer heads on the wall outside started spraying water through their antlers. Poor Ryan couldn't stand anywhere. Everywhere he turned he was being squirted. There was a small Austrian Village along the path carved out of wood. There were approximately 156 figures and 113 moved as an organ played all due to water pressure. There were a lot of little water displays all along the paths. We took a quick trip through the castle and then headed for the bus to get warm and dry. As we came into Salzburg we stopped to drop our costumes off at the train station. Our place of residence for the night was at the Sum Herschen Hotel. We rested up for awhile after getting our rooms. It was also the first mail call. Renee and Dan walked downtown and ran across some Sweidish dancers who were performing in the square. They were on tour also and this was their last stop. We were served a huge meal, from soup, salad to dessert. We all ordered drinks thinking that they came with the meal but to our surprise they charged us for them and they cost as much as the meal. After the meal we all separated to walk the town to find something to do. A group of us found many of the places from the *Sound of Music*. We walked up a cobblestone trail singing all the way. Larry Beaudin couldn't quite get off the ground due to low foilage. As we came down the hill, Bruce Majorette O'Dell twirled his batonarelle (Umbrella). We all joined in under the Umbrella and down the street we went. Larry Poppins (Beaudin) took the lead and we allstepped and skipped in time, singing all the way down the back streets of Salzburg. Finally civilization looked us in the face and the magical sounds of the hills ceased. We all continued through the streets losing a few couples, some who say they hunted all night for us and ended up in a discoteque. The shops were neat and we all wished that we would have had more money as we saw so many pretty and neat things. As we walked on there were faint whistles of *We are all Enlisted* and *The Spirit of God* as our troop headed for home all looking forward to another exciting day in the musical city of Salzburg.



Can you hear that. It sounds like music.



These are a few of my favorite things

Gee I want to thank you for this honor.



How do you like that right out of my hand.



What do you think? Will we make the Olympics?



Have patience with him.



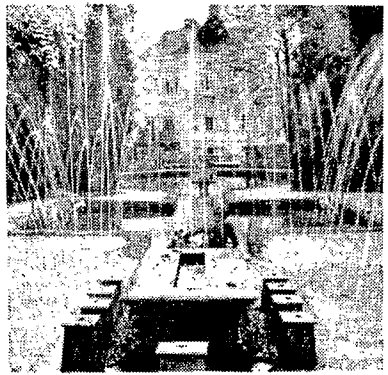
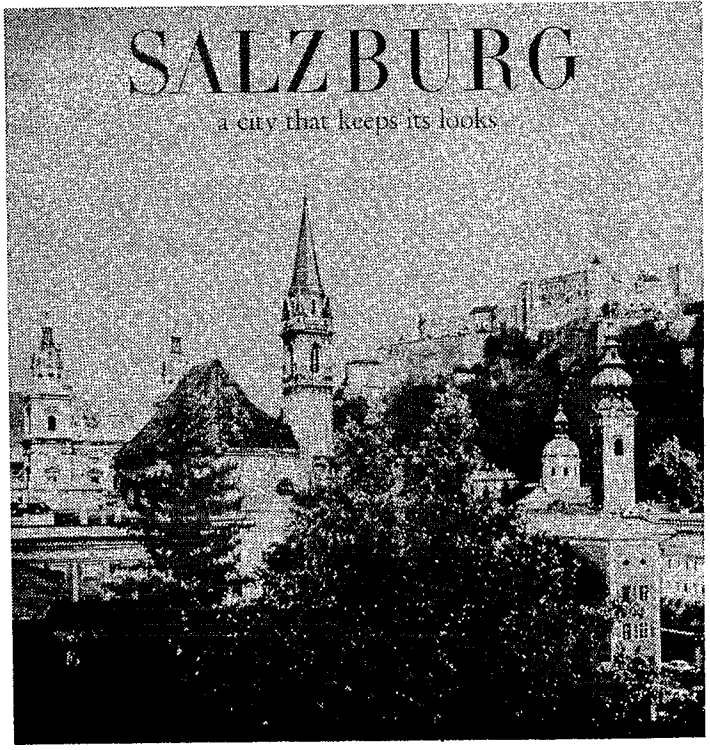
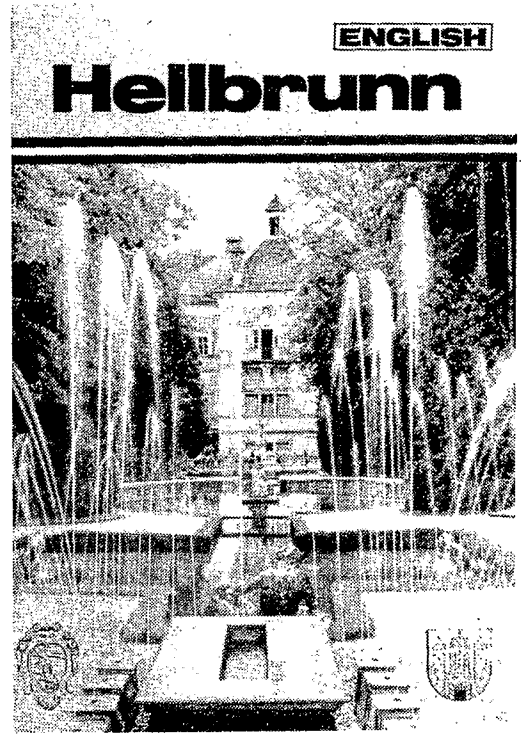
Here they go again.



Look! the hills are alive.

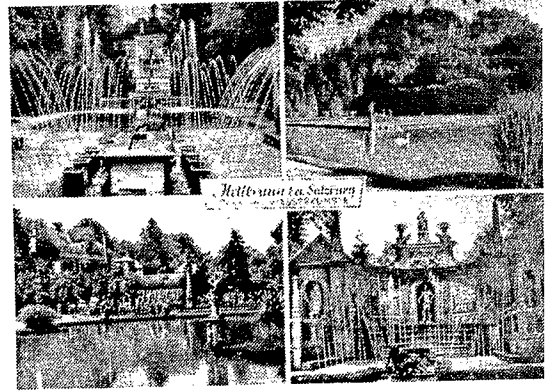
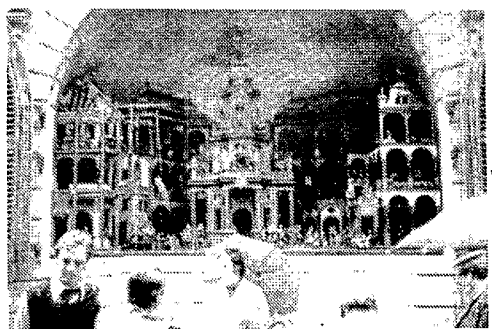
NAME: Kris McGarry
PLACE: Salzburg
DATE: July 19, 1974

The word for this day is creativity. What else can you be when you have to check out of your room at 10:00 a.m. but the train for Switzerland doesn't leave until 11:30 that night and nothing but dark clouds and rain faces us as we venture forth to explore the city of Salzburg. Well that's just what everyone did. They used their own spark of creativity to see the city and yet stay out of the rain. Take Lark Gibby for instance, she made a great use of the police station and the fact the policemen didn't speak English to stay in out of the rain, and all under the guise of having to go to the bathroom. Come on Lark you can do better than that. Oscar Amezcua was up to his same old tricks telling jokes but this time before a church audience in a cathedral. Of all places Oscar seems he had to remind the Catholics why they had so many candles. That is of course so they can wax strong in their faith. Someone really confused Mark Simpkins, he thought we were having a birthday party; we were all meeting by the candles in the big cathedrals to sing Happy Birthday. Word has it he sat there waiting all day. Sounds good anyway, doesn't it. Kathy Tenney wanted to get out of the rain so badly that she almost talked Rene Alba into getting married and having a double wedding with a Salzburg couple. I understand they both settled for throwing rice inside the chapel. Some of the group creatively went restaurant hopping only to move on when nothing was left but knives, forks, and plates. Then there were the Stalwarts who managed to see all the things Salzburg had to offer rain or shine. I am afraid though that Kathy Halliday pushed herself a little bit too far because when she was asked what she saw that day she excitedly replied, *Why the Hummery and the Monkey*. Eventually we all ended up back in the Hotel lounge. Creatively sneaking past the hotel desk clerk, and then the rest of the day was spent talking and playing games, which probably brought us closer together than most of our experiences up to that point.



Lustadelf - Hellbrunn

PARAPLATE - ANTONIUS HALLSTUNIG UNIV. 11'



NAME: Bruce O'Dell
PLACE: Geneva, Switzerland
DATE: July 20, 1974

Number Touring: 34

Means of Transportation: Train (Probably operated by Italian underground)

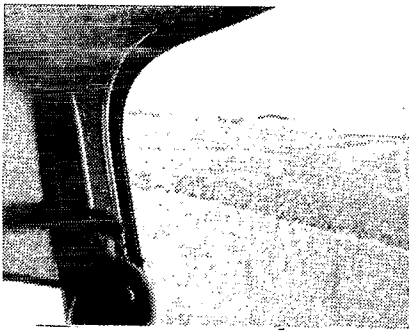
Description of Activities:

- 12:01 a.m. Group boards luggage into train (1/2 hour late) enroute to Zurich.
- 12:15 a.m. Conductor informs Dean Hartvigsen and Harpool that the ticket is not complete; essential stub showing payment missing (probably torn off at Vienna).
- 12:30 a.m. Conductor accepts \$252 in travelers checks as payment for sleeping booths, says we can get refund back in Utah. Meanwhile group consumes crackers, cheese, chocolate, fruit and whatever there is to drink.
- 12:45 a.m. Order given to go to bed; hassle over sleeping blankets, nice porter relents and passes them out.
- 1:15 a.m. Lights out generally.
- 2:20 a.m. Harpool awakened by conductor who demands payment for six booths occupied by dancers, must pay additional \$94 — total \$346. The extra six booths cost half again as much as the other 34 booths hummmmm! Must be the Italian underground.
- 7:30 a.m. Group arises in accordance of order to take up sheets.
- 7:45 a.m. Group scrounges for breakfast on train; menu consists of; Cheese, crackers, bananas, peaches or left over apples, juice or sprite.
- 9:00 a.m. Arrival in Zurich; suspicious behavior noted as group stands looking puzzled around circle of luggage — probably a decoy! Check — Alba not present!!! Explanation by Dean Hartvigsen that Alba went to inquire after the train to Geneva. Check - one lost umbrella (left on the train) and one lost camers (left in the compartment). Suspicion — possible detonating device installed in camera triggered by remote control switch in umbrella. Caution — Ross-Scholes team (Investigate). Check — lost misplaced costume bags (no one saw them take off or place on subsequent train).
- 10:15 a.m. Group loads personal luggage onto the train for Geneva, group mingles with passengers.
- 11:39 a.m. Arrival in Bern station, no noticable incidents.
- 11:42 a.m. Still stopped at Bern station.
- 11:45 a.m. Train departs Bern station; all seemingly well
- 1:25 p.m. Arrival Geneva and meeting with Madame Chauvin.
- 1:52 p.m. Arrival Hotel Grenil (still no word on costume bags) Several young girls from Columbia (ages 14-16 yrs) upon viewing large costume and equipment luggage exclaimed "I tran un muerto!" or "They are bringing a dead body!"
- 1:59 p.m. Group leaves hotel lounge for dinning hall; themes at lunch included conversations on train, Polish, German, Afghanistan, Swiss, et al passengers. Surprising how many have heard of Joseph Smith and the Mormon Church. Lunch menu includes: Liverworst, breaded veal, peas, french bread, fried, and ice cream parfait.
- 2:15 p.m. Mary Bee announces mail will be passed out after the meal as it is more courteous that way.
- 2:49 p.m. News comes that costumes enroute to Basil will reach Geneva 7:30 p.m., showtime 8:45 p.m. (tricky)
- 3:03 p.m. Dinner Ends.
- 3:04 p.m. Mary Bee announces itinerary for day and passes out mail; possible picnics tomorrow in the mountains; dinner will be served tonight after the performance at 11:00 p.m.
- 3:06 p.m. Mary Bee announces that all must check into rooms and be in lounge ready to go to theatre at 3:50 p.m. sharp!
- 3:54 p.m. Main body of group leaves hotel after discussion with Columbia girls on how cute the men are! and walks to auditorium site across river, men from chain with costume boxes. (Could it be a defensive?)
- 4:04 p.m. Woman in Volkswagon doesn't waite for group to cross the pedestrain walk and volkswagon patrol car chases to give her a citation. She looked at the group with apparent hostility.
- 4:14 p.m. Main body reaches auditorium, Patinore des stage, preparations made and general run through of weaker program numbers, running sets.
- 5:57 p.m. Last of dancers leaves auditorium for hotel; the band stays behind to practive.
- 7:16 p.m. Group leaves for auditorium; men have changed blue to white shirts. Some have changed socks, must be something big.
- 8:28 p.m. Costume bags arrive at auditorium from Basil after Dean Hartvigsen pays \$50.00 freight charge.
- 8:50 p.m. Program begins; audience exceptionally responsive, particularly to the Mexican section.
- 9:48 p.m. Christopher's zipper breaks and late for Smoky Mt. Clog.
- 10:43 p.m. Show over, standing ovation from 800 in the audience, cold showers in dressing room for some; congratulations.
- 11:29 p.m. Last dancers arrive at the hotel and begin dinner; menu: smoked pork with pickled onions and olives, rice with chicken, ice cream with good fruit parfait.
- 12:02 a.m. Last minute announcements by Mary Bee; group retires from dinner room for bed; breakfast in the morning downstairs.

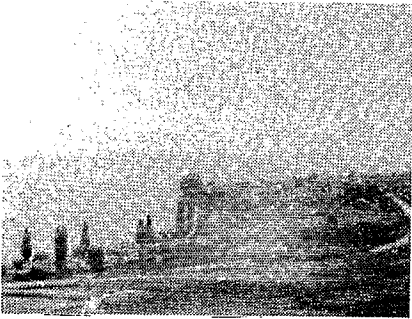
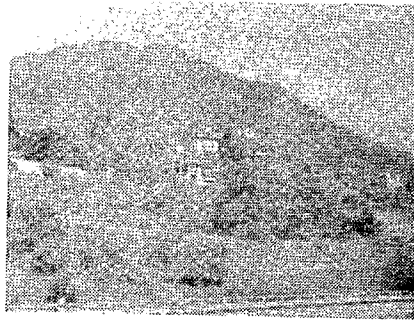
SUMMARY AND RECOMMENDATIONS: Dangerous group — proceed with caution.



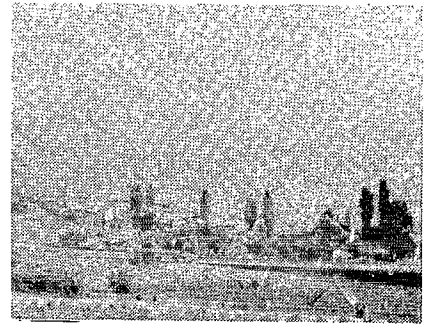
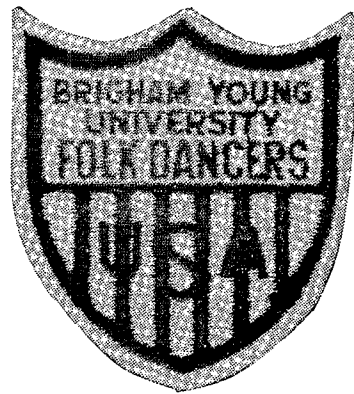
This is the last time I'm going to take this train!



Road to Geneva.



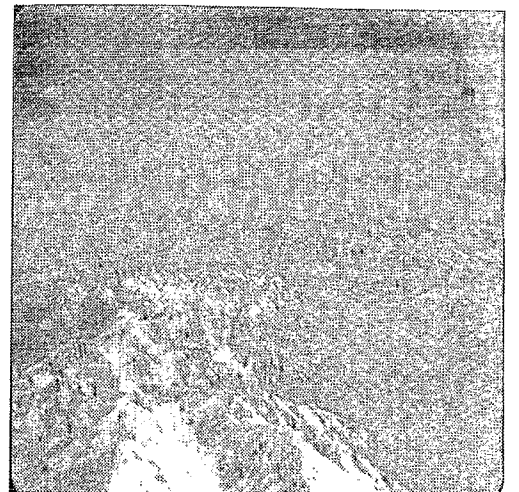
Lake Geneva.



Country side.



Village.



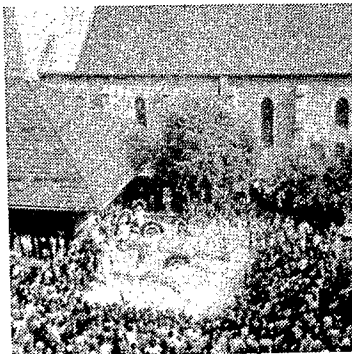
Alps!

NAME: Shelly Pedersen
PLACE: Grand Bordnand
DATE: July 21, 1974

Our day began with the usual continental breakfast except this time we had the traditional French cressent rolls which were very tasty. Prior to our departure, we all met together for a few minutes. Dean Hartvigsen stressed the importance of being ladies and gentlemen under all circumstances and complimented Dennis Harpool for doing just that in a few sticky situations. We all had prayer together and were on our way. A Sunday on tour isn't always what you expect or want it to be and we all felt the desire to keep the spirit of the Sabbath with us as we rode on a beautiful mountain drive this morning. We sang hymns together and afterwards ate, read scriptures, and a few slept. We were pleased to have Danielle Davise and her daughter Nathalie along with Veronique Schoechin along on our ride. They were both beautiful and gracious hostesses. After about an hours drive, we arrived in a beautiful mountain village of Grand Bordnand. As an advertisement for our afternoon performance there, we did Devil's Dream, Tap and Smoky Mountain Clog, sang Lone Prairie and the band played a couple of numbers. We were wearing our travel uniforms which restricted us a little but we still had a good time. Our stage was outdoors in kind of an open square and the people just gathered around and stood to watch us dance. Following our short performance, we went to the Hotel Les Ecureules for lunch. It turned out to be a meal for us that we wouldn't forget. We had bread, then salad, cold meat entree, warm entree, the main course with chicken, green beans, and french fries, cheese and finally ice cream for dessert. The meal was topped of by singing Happy Birthday to Sister Hartvigsen and surprising her with a cake. Before leaving we sang Thank You Very Much with a big Merci Beaucoup on the end of it for the restaurant manager. Our show was in the afternoon following lunch. The sun was shining and yet it wasn't too hot outside. We had our dressing rooms in a hotel accross the square which made it even more exciting becuase the audience had to part and let us through every time we went on or off stage. The performance went really well with every number being performed except Kentucky Clog, Jitterbug, and Westeroo. The crowd was on every side of the stage and so we switched front stage around for the dancers. Grand Bordnand is a quaint little ski resort that is nestled in the tops of the French Alps, being very pictureesque with the traditional Chalet and hay stacks dotting the country side. As we boarded the bus to leave, many of the people waited to wave good-by. We had only been with them for a few hours, yet it is touching to see that they cared enough to wait at our bus for us and then wave good-bye until we were out of sight. We all know of the little old lady who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do? Well, we met the little lady in her shoe (Youth Hostel) and it was us who didn't know what to do. It was our first experience with sleeping accommodations like these. Solid bunks from one end of the room to the other were all we could see. Before bedding down we ate dinner that had been provided by our host of the day. Then, we all gathered together in the front yard for group prayer. It was a good way to end our Sabbath Day that had been somewhat different than we were use to, but special to us, still the same.



The Birthday Girl--our "Tour Mom", Virge Hartuigsen.



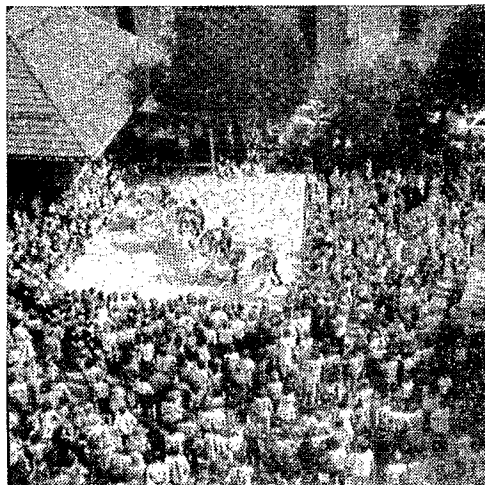
On stage at the Grand Bordnand.



And we are some more!



Janet & Friend



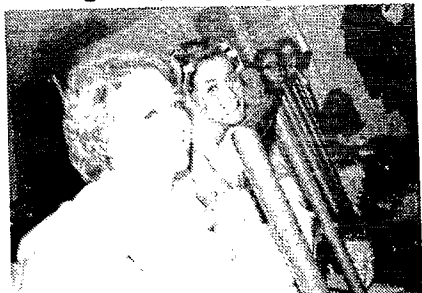
What a crowd we attracted.



Quaint French Chalets

NAME: Emma Richter
PLACE: Yverdon
DATE: July 22, 1974

Niether the children nor the old lady knew what to do, to tell you the truth. Only July 22, 1974 the poor lady of the Auberge de la Jeunesse d'Yverdon found out that the Children she got the night before, were picky and in some ways a little spoiled. They wouldn't drink tea or coffee for breakfast and not only that, but they wanted to stay in bed not minding the rules. She was trying her best and even to get hot chocolate so the children felt a little obliged and got up for breakfast. All kinds of commentaries were made. Some thought this place was worse than Dachau for others it was almost like it. There were a few with more common sense who referred to it as a pit and then there was me and all by myself on the optimistic side trying to make everyone change their mind and look at it as an opportunity that Heavenly Father gave to his children to grow in humility. Whatever it might be the plain truth is that even though the lady was trying hard, the accommodations were not in anyway decent. The beds were uncomfortable, there was only one shower and no hot water; there were some spiders coming down the ceiling and no room at all not even to walk without hitting the wall or the beds! By noon everybody had been down town and back hoping and praying that we would be moved to a better place. I think Heavenly Father heard the prayers of 34 humbled souls and decided to bless us with a better place to stay, so that we wouldn't have to endure more than we would be able to take. The word came that we were to go to three different hotels in town. Never before had I seen folk dancers or any other group pack and be ready to go so quickly as we did. In less than 30 minutes we were all out in the yard kissing the place goodbye and ready to hop on the bus. Very quickly we took our things to our hotel rooms and headed for Montreaux. In order to make us forget the last moments of Dachau or the pit or simply the youth hostel, we had one of the most delightful bus rides of the tour. The scenery was breath-taking. The mountains, the lake, the cities, the little towns, the castles, the vineyards, the sky; everything went before our eyes like in the movies and yet it was real. We were there, we were part of it, we were living it. Like in the movies too, we had our moments of suspense when in the narrowest two way street we faced the skill of the Swiss Bus Driver. I do not think we will ever forget how after waiting for the light to change, we all of a sudden realized that there was no street crossing on the one we were on, so we were told that the light was there because the street wasn't wide enough to allow two vehicles, so they had to take turns. Then we saw a line of cars coming the other way and saw also how close the cars were coming by our bus. Then someone said, "I hope there isn't a bus coming. We wouldn't make it!" This statement wasn't quite finished when a few feet away we saw a bus, as big as ours coming closer and closer. Holding our breath, wondered how would they move in order to pass without bumping into each other. Only the bus drivers know how they did it, but we couldn't believe that we made it without a scratch. Sorry Norbert, we thought you were great, but I am afraid we found somebody greater. After a few more minutes on the rode we stopped at the Chateau de Chillon which dates back to the twelfth century with very interesting stories to tell. We entered and a very pretty young girl was assigned to be our guide. She was told that we were short of time so we would have to go as fast as possible, and oh boy! she took it literally. She took us into the "Dachau" part of the castle and explained how Lord Byron stayed there and even wrote some of his works with the inspiration that the place provided him. We hurried up to the living part and there we got to know her a little better. Trying to know all about it some if us, looked attentively at her to help us understand her broken English. Others looked at her fascinated by her accent. Wow, we heard her say, "The ceiling in this room dates back to the twelfth century or the 1300's and it is the original painting and it's beautiful. Look at it! The decoration of the wall is symbolic and it is also original. Look, Look!" In the next room are the toilets and she says, "Will you please stay together." This remark was made because some of us took to much time to look at the ceiling in the room before. Rushing through we finally completed our visit and ran out to the bus to go and eat. We all enjoyed an American style dinner. We went back to the hotel where we were to perform and start getting ready for the show and making the adjustments necessary in our dressing room. The time for the show came and we started performing for the audience of about 5 men and 95 girls in a small, slippery stage, but we made it through all right in spite of a little accident like Janet (who got hit on the face twice in a row) and all of the girls in the Charleston (who got hit and kicked all over). Westroo is not even to be mentioned, not to make this accident list longer. Anyway it was a good performance. After the routine of packing and loading, we sure were glad to finally be on our way for home where some of us, even though we were in small groups, still had one shower for 16 folk dancers and the rest of the guests in the hotel. However, we didn't even notice it that much, since we didn't have to crawl to bed or share our room with spiders. Plus we had clean bedding. May the experience not be forgotten, and help us appreciate the experiences to come.



Cozy quarters for all. Is this what they mean when they say "sleep tight?"



Morning feeding--But be careful, those gorgeous feathered friends bite!



Auberge De La Jeunesse D Yuerdon
(translation Youth Hostel)

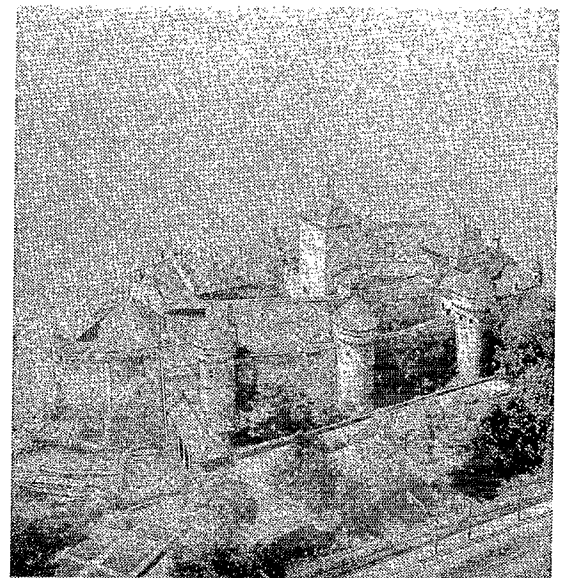
NAME: Ryan Rhodes
PLACE: Yverdon, Switzerland
DATE: July 23, 1974

Today we got off to a late start since no one got up earlier than 11:00 a.m. After that most of the group went shopping for music boxes and some of the men helped set up for our performance since it was to be out of doors. At five o'clock we got our costumes on and had our own private parade around town. The crowds cheered and waved as we danced to Salty Dog Rag and Oh Susanna all the way down main street. The parade was led by flag bearer Nancy Brown who has her own idea of what a good parade route is. Folk Dancers should be proud that Nancy set a new precedent in history by leading an entire parade all the way around a gas pump. Yea! We were also wondering if Gary Lewis could put beads on his glasses so that next time he wears them with his indian head dress they will look a little more natural. At 6:00 p.m. we had a wonderful chicken dinner and then at last it was time for the show. We performed in a hockey rink down by the beach. The audience sat in a balcony type grand stand. The show started late because of difficulty with the odd type of sound system. They never did get it working but the band did a great job of playing extra loud and the show went just great. No one even noticed that Terry Brown had boot bags on for socks. The stage floor was cement, however, so most everyone was glad for the final number to come because of the extra exertion necessary. It was a great show. At last, the time came for all the folk dancers to ride off in the sunset. Except for Mark Worthington, Dennis Hill, Ryan Rhodes, and Bruce O'Dell who went back to the caves and shut their vault door never to be heard from again. (At least until 5:00 the next morning.)



GUIDES TO SWISS MONUMENTS

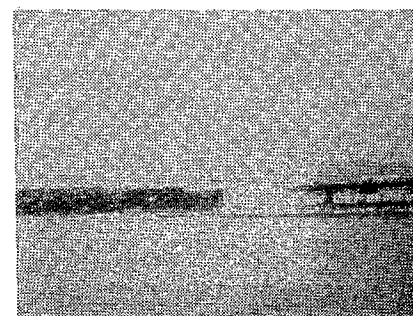
Published by the Swiss for the I.B.M. of Paris, A.S.



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON



Touring the Chateau DeChillon Janet found out how they varatied in olden times, she couldn't believe it so she kept going back!



Lake Geneva



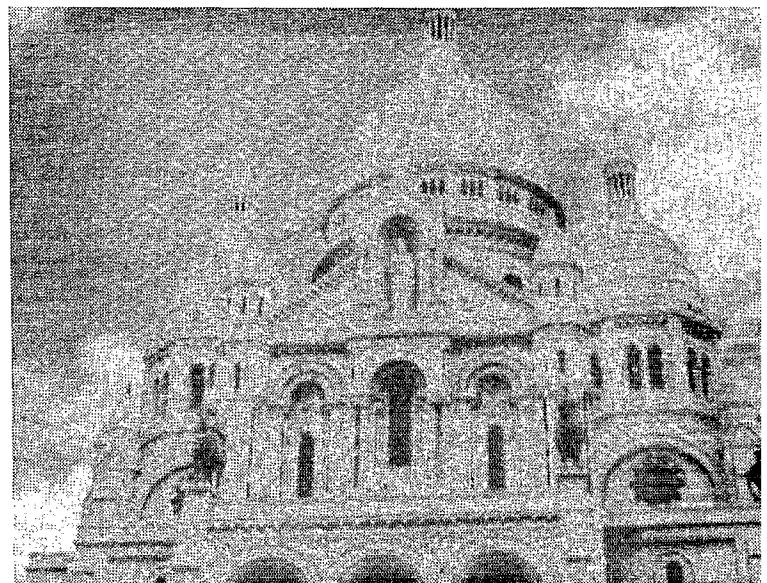
View from the Bus, the vineyards of Lake Geneva! Larry wanted to get out and stomp on some.

NAME: Dan Ross
PALCE: Yverdon; Paris, France
DATE: July 24, 1974

Rising time can bright and early this morning memories of the 1974 northwest tour with members of the guys getting up as early as 4:00 a.m. to take showers and get packed. It was a very short night. Mark Worthington provided a nice entertainment for Dennis Hill and Dan Ross when he walked out of our basement hotel room (the cave as it was appropriately called) half asleep and with his pajamas on and walked up the wrong stairs almost walking into a glass door which led outside. Over in the Swiss Hotel, Vicki, Mignon, Janet and Renee all slept until 6:00 thinking that our train left at 6:30. They made record time in throwing on their clothes and hoofing it down to the station minus make-up. Our train left at 7:30 a.m. and we changed to another train in Lausanne, which train headed off for Paris at 8:15. The trip from Lausanne to Paris took five hours. We found that the seats in our carparrments would fold down into three beds, so most of us were crowded into a compartment trying to catch up on our sleep in all kinds of strange positions. Today was Dale Smith's birthday so he was presented with a small gift and we sang Happy Birthday to him. Upon our arrival in Paris, we were met by Anne Hall's grandmother and Elder Edwards, Baldwin and Towey. These Elders plus others helped us out a great deal as guides and in other ways in our short stay in Paris. We were taken by bus to the Nogent Branch Chapel on the outskirts of Paris where we were fed by the members. The food was good and plentiful and varied. We had fruits, sandwitschs, plenty of drink, good old potato chips, cake and even caviar, which most of us had for the first time. No one to my knowledge fell in love with it. Nancy Brown got the red-face-of-the-day award when she stepped in Dennis Hill's plate of food and got cake all over her foot. She took the inevitable kidding good naturedly. After singing a couple of songs to the members who fed us, we went into the chapel and while Bruce accompanied us on the organ we sang hymns with the members. Most of the few minutes we had in the afternoon was taken up in the way of small discussions groups. Our performance took place at the Nogent town hall on a small stage which had been erected. We changed in the town hall itself. The stage was small, had two poles sticking up in th middle to support a stage covering, had loose worped boards, a five foot drop onto a small planter on the front and a cast iron fence which pratically obscured the view our audience had as they looked up at the elevated stage. Despite the obvious resemblance to an obstacle course, the stage served us well and the show was received well. By the two or three hundred people which were standing and sitting to watch, showed how well the show went. The mission president, President Weight, was present as well as a large number of missionaries. The mayor of Nogent showed up for the 1st couple of numbers of the show. He and the other leaders of this community were kind enough to provide the stage town hall, sets, seats, lighting and sound free of charge. At the conclusion of the show we went out into the audience and shook hands, signed autographs. Before the performance started it was raining quite hard, and we wondered if the show would ever happen. The mission president came in to our dressing room and talked to us, and asked if he could offer the prayer before we went on stage. In his prayer he commanded the elements to cease by the power of the priesthood, because of the many people who would be watching who's lives would be changed because of the performance this night. After the prayer we gathered around for our one for all, and someone said look the sky is clearing. It did not rain again till about 10 minutes after the show was over. Everyone had a great time. The missionaries were able to make some contacts which was gratifying. This alone would have made our efforts worth everything and Anne was interviewed briefly for a radio program and she told them that we represented and are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Good job Anne (our french interpreter). We hurried over to a reception at the church after dressing and getting our costumes packed. The mayor was supposed to be there but he never showed up. We had some refreshments and then were introduced to our hosts that we had been assigned to in small groups. Most of us were fed by our hosts and stayed up until late talking. Most of us had little trouble falling to sleep when we finally got to bed early in the morning.



A whirlwind our of the Louvre

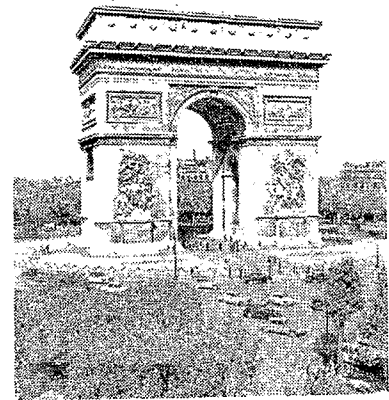
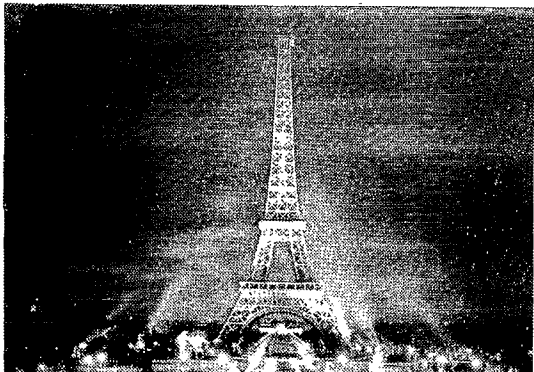


Sacre Coeur - Paris! Oscar wanted to stop on the way, he kept seeing red lights, but they weren't traffic lights.

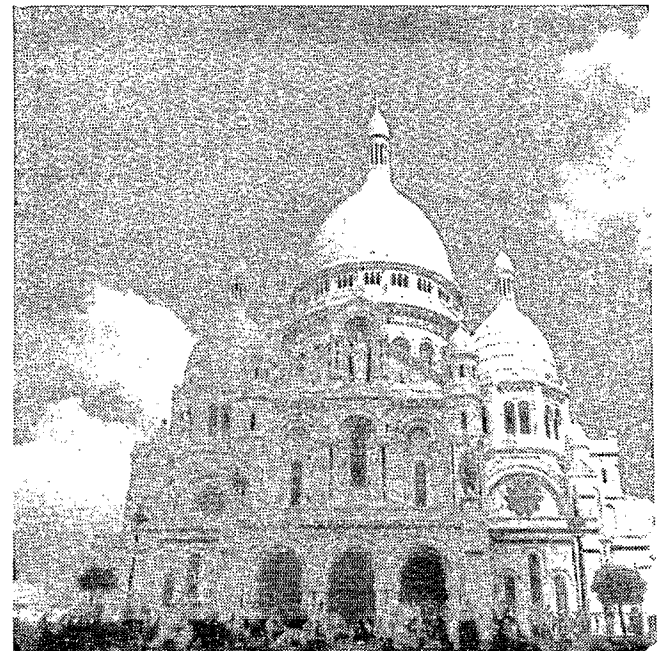
NAME: Vickie Scholes
PLACE: Paris, France
DATE: July 25, 1974

The day began in an exciting way for Kathy H. and Vicki when they were able to see the video tape of the Nogent show in the early hours of the morning. They will testify that everyone did a beautiful job and no mistakes seemed to have been captured by the revealing lens of the cameras. The time to arise and start out for Paris came all too quickly as most of us had gotten to bed very late and because of the distance to the meeting place, we also had to get up early. Never-the-less we managed a late start from Nogent to Versailles. Gary, Dan and Mark got to ride the train in and thought for sure they would be late, but since they weren't Kathy T. and Lark took the honors. At 10:00 we departed. Elder Edwards and Baldwin accompanied us on the bus. They were our official guides for the day. We went on the bus to the Arch de Triumph built by Napoleon in 1804 past the Louvre and the Sacre Coeur. At these two places we were able to get out and look around. We were then taken back to the Louvre where we split up and went our various ways to see Paris. I see Paris, I see France and we did — in about five hours. First on the agenda for the majority of people was to change their money for where would we be without that. Then while most went to the Renault Factory for lunch, a small group went with the missionaries to the Latin Quarter. There they enjoyed a Tunisian sandwich — concocted with tuna fish and strange sauces. It was wicked. For dessert was a delicious, large donut covered with sugar. The rest of the day entailed many different incidents. Brother and Sister Hartvigsen got caught in the door of the Metro. The police kicked Renee H. off the grass where she was catching her winks. Kathy T. spent her entire day in the Louvre. All in all it was event — packed day with the general consensus being the five hours was not enough time to see Paris. After the last kids struggled to the bus we returned to Versailles for our show for the saints and investigators. Brother Hartvigsen and the Elders brought us bread, cheese, fruit and drink to munch on so we wouldn't starve. Then Rene' A. made his grand appearance absolutely reeking of garlic. Poor Rene', everyone avoided him like the plague. He even had to dress by himself. We were immediately welcome by the crowd as we began our show and so we quickly warmed up for them. We were tired but excited as we all tried to do our best! Dale, by far, had the outstanding performance as he was wounded in Feather Dance. He promptly departed the stage by crawling off. You are so cute Dale! It was a very good show, well received by the audience. They even demanded an extra bow. We all felt very good about the show which is a fitting end to a very eventful day. And to be able to go to the homes of the members seemed to make the day more wonderful — where hopefully new friends and a good night's sleep was in store.

Eiffel Tower at night.



Arch De Triumph - Paris



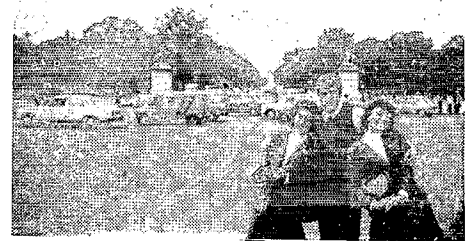
Camps Elysee.

NAME: Mark A. Simpkins
PLACE: Paris, France
DATE: July 26, 1974

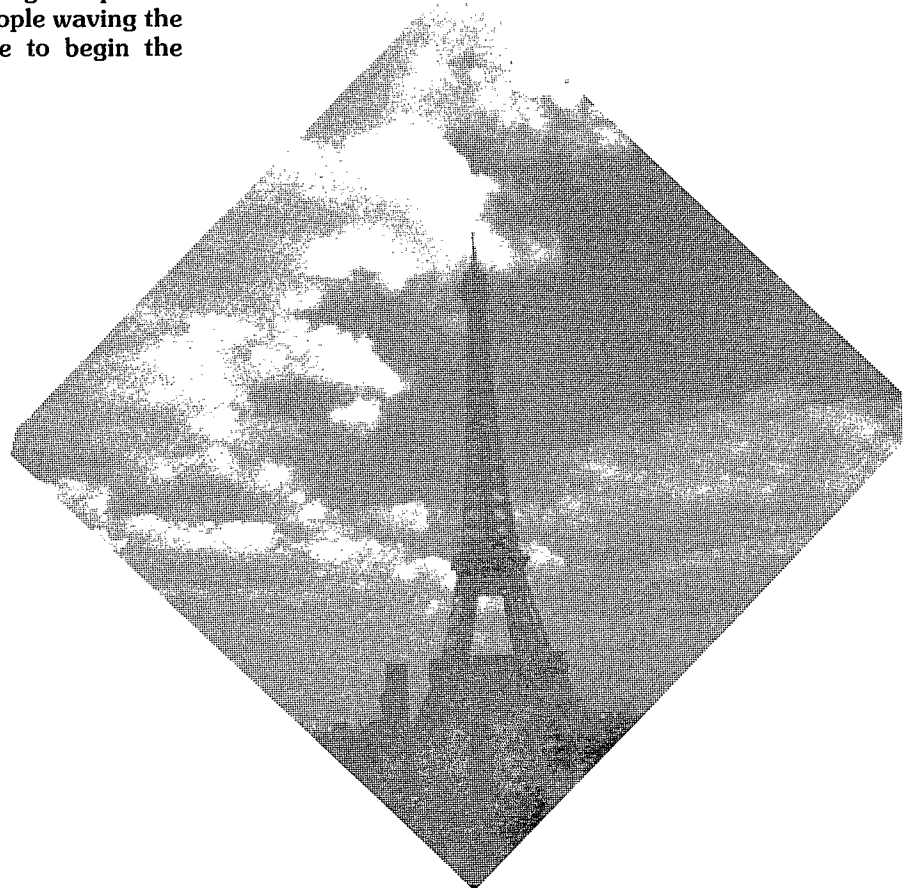
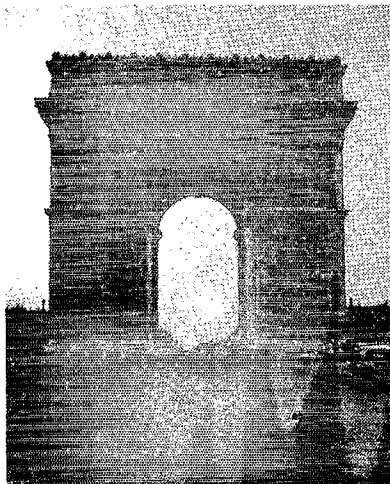
Five o'clock greeted most of the folk dancers with a brisk slap on the cheeks. The weeks of training and lack of sleep was beginning to show and man found it more difficult to get out of bed with each approaching minute. In fact, there were a few who didn't get up till nearly six!! Everyone was to meet at the Versailles chapel at six o'clock sharp, and even the missionaries were beginning to worry when 6:15 came and no one seemed to be worried about getting on the road. The saints in Paris were the first members with which the dancers stayed so it was natural for everyone to enjoy the company a little more than usual. After some sad good-byes which included our first kisses on each side of the face, the bus was loaded and we were finally on our way to the station with our dancers and luggage. Of course everyday since we left Provo we have had our problems and this was no exception. When the bus arrived at the train station there was no Dean and Sister Hartvigsen, no, Marry Bee. Somehow in the confusion of the night before, no one was told to pick them up. The train to Brussels was to leave at 7:58. At 7:45 the Dean, his wife and Mary Bee ran into the station. After realizing they were not being picked up they called a taxi which took them several minutes before they arrived. Not knowing which station in Paris to go to the driver took a lucky guess in speeding across Paris in the rush hour traffic and all going to the same station. When they arrived everyone was jumping into action. Suddenly Rene' A. and Mark came running down the platform. The costumes (luggage) couldn't be checked on board without the tickets of the group. With less than thirty seconds to go the luggage clerk accepted the luggage. The short bus ride to the boarding in Middelekerke was just enough to bring everyone's excitement to a high. The Czechoslovakians, Romanians, and Irish had already arrived in good condition. Soon everyone was shaking hands and making the first attempt on sign language. Usually a hand shake and warm smile was all that we needed. The girls were immediately moved to the quarters upstairs and the guys began choosing their cots. Hey, did anyone ever count how many times someone collapsed in their cot? I think Gary Lewis and Larry Beaudin tied. The grand parade began almost at 7:00 p.m. and with hundreds of people waving the groups marched on to the center of Middelkerke to begin the festival.



Janet & Larry enjoying the fountains at Trocadero.

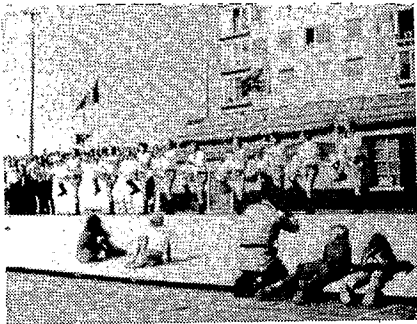


Can you believe we're really in Paris?

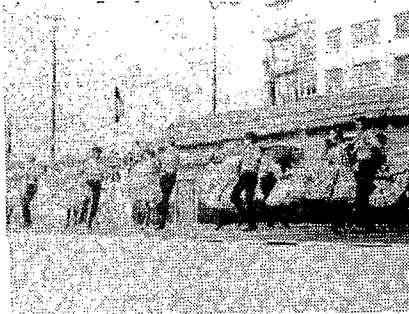


NAME: Dale Smith
PLACE: Middelkerke, Belgium
DATE: July 27, 1974

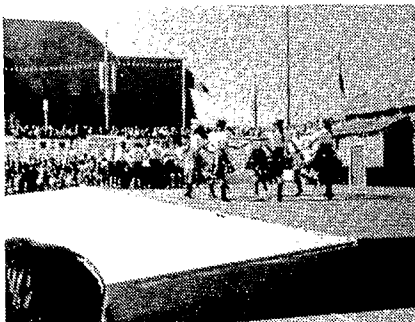
Today was our first day in Middelkerke. The day began at 7:00 a.m. when the men peeled out of their banana shaped cots. Take Mark S. for example. he likes to start the morning with a bang as both legs of his cot folded up and he found himself sitting semi-nude on the floor. With a rousing chorus of HI HO HI HO off to the showers we go, men from four countries paraded to the showers. It is a common practice for men to sing while showering but little did they know that the shower would inspire the song "There'll be a Hot Time in the 'ole Stall Tonight." It would be a fair estimate that the showers went from blistering to scalding. One of the group at the festival were the Irish. They had about 25 small girls from 6-16 years of age. Being as we had a common language our group and theirs soon became close friends. Lark and Oscar truly were the favorites of the girls. Lark gave a birthday party for Caroline. We played many kiddie games including the dog takes the bone. Oscar was the bone! At 3:00 p.m. the groups formed to parade to the pit (Place of performance). In the show line-up we were third starting with Smoky and Tape, pioneer and Carolina Clogs. As usual we were the favorites of the audience. Belgium is rich in tradition and dogs as there are two dogs for every one person on the street. In her frustration to find people to smile and wave to our own Janet Christopher found the canine corp a more receptive audience to smile and kisses. The highlight of our stay in Middelkerke was an evening performance at the Casino on the ocean front. The show was basically the same as the earlier one, however, the interesting part of this night was the language conversing with the Romanians. It requires touching eyes, ears, mouths and nose and having your ears turned so they could hear how the other country pronounced it. But the big question of the night was how to say the word kiss. After the show the group was very tired and sleepy. It was at this stage that a pleasant surprise occurred when the Czechoslovakians showed up with an empty bus in which to take us home. All through our stay the Czech. extended the warmest hand of friendship of any other group. It makes you stop and think how close brotherly love can occur through common courtesy. The night's activities were divided into two types of activities. A group of kids chose to dance as the night was proclaimed American night. American pop music was played. A few of the others chose religious discussions. A boy the entire group grew close to was Luke, a Belgium native. He appeared to be extremely interested in the Gospel. Dennis Hill and Dale Smith talked many points of the Gospel with Luke covering such topics as the Godhead, baptism, importance of studying the scriptures and personal testimonies. Luke expressed that he always had believed in the interpretation of the Gospel as we had given him but was hesitant because of his traditional Catholic background. He eagerly accepted the Book of Mormon and a Joseph Smith pamphlet, promised to read them and will be corresponding through letters to Dale. We all closed out the day feeling that folk dancing truly is a way of spreading the Gospel.



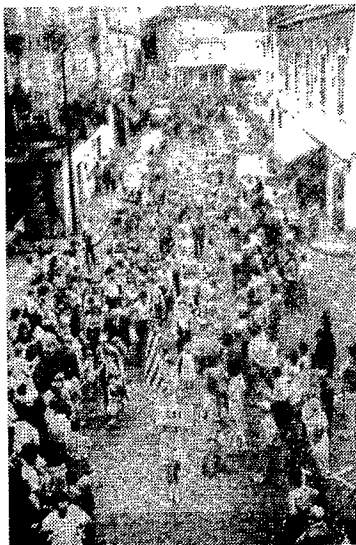
Czechoslovakians from Brecliv.



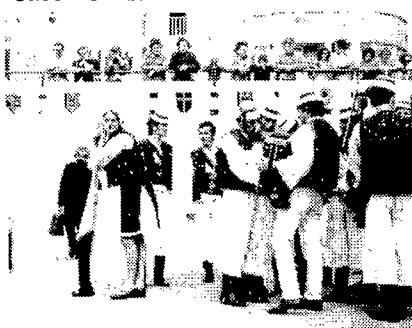
MET DE GROEPEN VAN
 AVEC LES SALUATIONS DE
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 WITH COMPLIMENTS OF
 MY BESTEN GRUUNEN FIRM



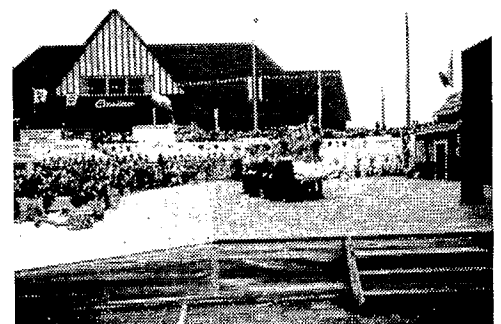
Czech Girls.



The Americans Storming
 the Beaches at Middelkerke.
 Parading through Middelkerke!



Romanians in Middelkerke.



Festival at Middelkerke, Belgium

NAME: Terry A. Smith
PLACE: Middelkerke, Belgium
DATE: July 28, 1974

The longer one stays with foreign groups, the more friendly they become with each other. This was really apparent today. Even though the language barrier was difficult to overcome, one could see members of all the groups using sign language to explain different things. During lunch the Irish girls sang a song for everyone, "Give Said the Little Stream." Lark Gibby had taught them that song. We then got up and sang, "Let there Be Peace on Earth." We then passed out our postcards to many of the people. In the afternoon performance, we saw the other countries dance in a show together for the last time. As the show progressed it was interesting to see how we mixed with the Czechs. Both groups were posing with each other and a lot of mutual friendship pictures were taken. The evening show was a special experience. The Czech's offered us their bus to help get us to and from the performance site. They performed the first half of the show and we did the last half. At the end of the show, we did a joint finale. It started by us singing, "Oh Susanna" then the Czech's sang it in their language and then both joined together. Afterwards we mingled and sang a Czech Folk song in their language. We were well received by the audience and we enjoyed doing a show with the Czechs. We were able to have Sacramento Meeting with the sacrament this morning. It was a refreshing and strengthening experience. Ted Ashton, Kathy Halliday, Vickie Scholes, and Craig Steed all spoke on qualities which they admired in Christ and how they could be useful to us. Some of our group were able to talk with some people about the church and what it means in our lives. The Czech. men were very helpful especially to the girls on getting our costumes back to where we were staying. A dance had been planned that night by the hosts where there would be dancing to records. Later the Czech's brought out their band. Ted joined them and we danced to their music. A very proud people, they played waltzes and other types of folk music. Everyone mingled with each other to dance. Rene' Alba was seen dancing with one of their older women. She sure did have a big smile on her face. Today was full of many interesting and informative experiences. Kathie Tenney, Rene Alba, and Anne Hall all learned to say "Kiss Me" in Czech. They said that they tried it out and it worked. As Dean Hartvigsen was making an announcement to the group, the T.V. camera came in and zoomed within one foot of him as he was talking. Many items to express friendship were exchanged with the other groups.

zijn typische instrumenten en zigeunermuziek, zal in het oog springen. Met de rijke verscheidenheid in de klederdrachten — waarin men de barokinvloeden zonder veel inspanning kan terugvinden — met zijn verrijnde en uitgelezen opvoeringen zal Breclavan ongetwijfeld op het Xe Festival van zich laten spreken.



Muzikale leiding: Primas Jozka Kobzik.
 President Narodopisny soubor Breclavan: Dr. Jozef Kobzik.
 Directeur Sdruzeneho Klubu Prauejicich: Richard Straka.

Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers Verenigde Staten van Amerika

Sinds generaties is het de droom van iedere Amerikaan om eens in zijn leven «good, old Europe», het land van zijn voorvaderen, te bezoeken. Exciting!

Maar dit is niet alleen de reden waarom de Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers de ocean oversteken. Aan de basis ligt het feit dat zij ambassadeurs van de «vriendschap en van de goodwill» zijn en aan Europa tonen dat er ook een vreedzaam Amerika bestaat. Hun middelen: ideeën uitwisselen, kennismaken met andere culturen, vriendschapsbanden smeden met andere volken, dansen en vreugde en blijheid brengen.

Sommige geschiedschrijvers hebben ooit eens beweerd dat Amerika een land is zonder echte geschiedenis, zonder cultuur, zonder volkskunst». De jonge, frisse, entoesiaste American Folk Dancers bewijzen het tegenovergestelde.

Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers werd in 1956 gesticht door Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen, professor aan de Brigham Young University van Provo in de staat Utah. Mede dank zij het aanstekelijk entoesiasme en de sterke persoonlijkheid van Mrs. Jensen



Mary Bee Jensen
 Director,
 International Folk Dancers

zag de universiteit het aantal studenten stijgen van 8.000 tot meer dan 25.000. Mrs. Jensen aanvaardde de eerste uitnodiging om de Verenigde Staten

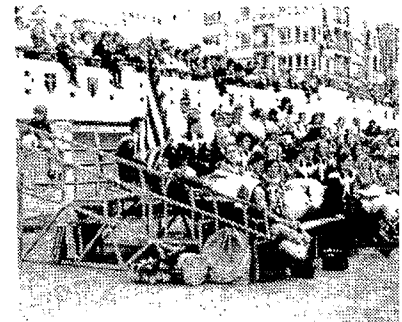


van Amerika te vertegenwoordigen op internationale volkskunstsfestivals in 1964. Zij ontwierp een programma van zuiver Indiase volksdansen en dansen die de pioniers uit Europa hadden meegebracht. De Indianendansen (meer dan 500 rasechte Indiase studenten volgen cursussen aan de Brigham Young University), de New Englander, de Western Pioneer, de Appalachian Mountain Folk en de amateuristische dansen van de Amerikanen uit de periode 1900-1940 werden tot een geheel verweven. Het werd een succes over de hele lijn. In Joegoslavië, Denemarken, Finland, Turkije, Italië, Frankrijk, Portugal, Griekenland, Oostenrijk, Groot-Brittannië, kortom overal waar zij optreden steelden zij de show en gingen zij met de lauweren aan de haal. Radio en televisie waren er als de kippen bij om hun programma uit te zenden.

Het ging almaar door in climax. Thans heeft Mrs. Jensen de leiding over meer dan 500

jonge mensen. Zesendertig onder hen werden uitgekozen om dit jaar in Europa Amerika te «mogen» vertegenwoordigen. Over de kwaliteit van hun programma zal geen twijfel rijzen en het gemeentebestuur en het Komitee voor Toerisme zijn dan ook enigermate fier deze buitengewone groep in het jubileumprogramma te kunnen inschakelen. Het is trouwens niet de eerste maal dat de Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers deelnemen aan het Festival in Middelkerke. Wat dan toch het bewijs is dat zelfs voor de meest succesrijke volkskunstgroepen het Middelkerkse Festival zeer belangrijk is en een uitstekende reputatie in het buitenland geniet.

The American Folk Dancers treden samen met groepen uit Ierland, Joegoslavië, Roemenië en Tsjecho-Slovaakije op tijdens de festivalvoorstellingen van 26, 27 en 28 juli. Op 28 juli zullen de Amerikanen een gala-avond verzorgen in het auditorium van het Casino.



Middelkerke Festival



Vickie and Mirek Kerege from Czech. Is this really a dream?



Internationaal folklorefestival
Middelkerke 1974

welkom
bienvenue
welcome
willkommen

JEDAN JAN
BERINA HO
BAENAV
TOSK

TEN GELEIDE

*Versie, blhoedi
chineten, Casar ne
eufien, Casar, Jul
Morapans, blhoedi
'Grecinik'*

Dit Festival, dat nu voor de tiende maal zal plaats
hebben is zeker het hoogtepunt gedurende de
feestelijkheden van het zomerseizoen. Dit niet alleen,
omdat de schitterende of pittoreske kostumes en
de sierlijke dansen, een feest zijn voor het oog,
al die moede of netkinkende liefters ogen-aanrag
aan elk volk, een feest zijn voor het oor.

Maar wel, en belangrijker dan dit, omdat wij door het
Internationaal Folklorefestival de zaden en
gewoonten van de verschillende volken, verlegen-
waardig door hun volkskunstgroepen laten kennen
en waarderen. Ook, dat er daarvoor bijvriende
vriendschapsbanden gesmeed worden, over de
grenzen heen.

Nog, dat wij door deze jaarlijkse heringetende
kennismaking leren dat, wat volken van elkaar
scheide, kunstmatig in het leven wordt gehouden;
meer wat ons samenbrengt, als een brachtte zielekreet
is naar innige vriendschap en samenleven als
zusters en broeders in Gods weldadige schepping
Vreugdevol en zeer dankbaar herdenk ik herte mede
al diegenen die van hoog tot laag, die nu, of tijdens
de vorige jaren medegewerkt hebben om ons
Folklorefestival te doen uitproeven tot een
manifestatie van buitenlandse format, alsmede de
geschreven pers, de radio en de televisie.

Ten slotte wens ik, dat ons Internationaal Folklorefe-
stival nog vele do nazomer van ons mooie, initiatief-
nemende en zieleblijvende Middelkerke, noge laten
kennen aan de wereld.

A. Inghelram
Burgemeester
(Mayor of Middelkerke)

MIDDELKERKE



FESTIVAL



Nancy with the Flemish, are we
excited yet Nancy?



Craig, Oscar, Dennis, and Dan Girls
Girls, Girls. The Irish Girls.

HIGHLIGHTS

MIDDELKERKE -- This town celebrates its Tenth Annual Festival of Folklore for two consecutive weekends beginning this weekend, Friday, July 26. One of the principal festivals along the coast, the folklore event this year has attracted many international participants including the American folk dance group from Brigham Young University in Utah; the Folk Dance and Song Society Ireland S. Murray Group; the Rumanian Ensemble Cercanelul; the Okud Branko Krsmanovic from Yugoslavia; and the Czechoslovakian Ansamble Bretavan.

These groups will perform during the afternoons on the Epernayplein at 3 p.m. and Saturday, July 27 and Sunday, July 28 at the Casino at 8.30 p.m.

Saturday all manner of artists including sculptors, singers, orchestras and antique dealers, have been invited to display themselves and/or their wares in front of the Casino.

For information contact the Middelkerke Tourist Office at 059/303.68.

NAME: Craig Steed
PLACE: Brussels, Belgium
DATE: July 29, 1974

As all good tours go in the land of Europe, one day becomes a fairy tale. Being very typical, it all started on a beautiful summers day, and of course we need a beginning. Once upon a time in the land of Belgium, 34 young people stood in wonderment waiting to see what was to happen to them. At the crack of 7:00 a.m. up rolled their coach of blue, all boarded, and before long they were standing in front of the Middelkerke train station for an exciting time in the province city of Brussels. Upon boarding the train excitement diminished as the night before these young were "wined and dined" to the tune of the Romanians and Czechs, till the wee hours of the morning. While sleeping on the way to the Big City one became restless and reached over their seat to the person behind and gently stroked his hair. Much to their alarm he discovered it to be a stranger. Stepping off the train the group was met by the smiling and always cheerful face of John Ploppin, who promised to be the Pied Piper of the group. He lead them to their castle in the Ghetto of Brussels which ended up being another youth hostel. The boys on one side and the girls on the other, of the great court yard. Bunks were the order of the day, as each sought out their place to rest their weary head. Much to their amazement the youth hostel closed their doors from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. with no admittance. Weary and bedrugged the group started their trek to the city, but where was their pied piper? He had disappeared without a clue leaving all the kids without an idea of why, when or where. A count was taken before the exploration was to begin and one poor soul had been misplaced. Dennis Hill while being lord and over-seer of the costumes had been left at the train station without any idea of where the pied piper had hidden the kids. Finally after reaching the city many thought of interesting things to do. Some bought Belgium lace while the Dean and Bruce O'Dell tried to find transportation after the tired and forlorn group was through with their performance. But Vergie still staying in good humor and kept all in happy spirits. She became the Tinkerbell of our tour (our Vergie). Lark thought of resting her weary self by laying on the grass. Onlookers gave her some long stares as she was laying by a sign that said **keep off the Grass**, in Flemmish. Rene' A., Kathy T., Delynne and Anne became oh so weary and decided to rest on a park bench. Being so tired laughter came easily, and soon they were laughing at most everything. Those who walked by thought of their merriment being induced by fermented fruit of the vine, but all knows this group wouldn't need such drastic means. Stories had been told throughout the land of a statue whose magnificence was grand. Many of the group searched the streets of this fair city to behold it's grandeur. After many hours of searching and miles of walking behold before the eyes of those who had searched the statue of Brussels, a little boy putting out the fire without any water but his own. As in all good tales, the story is not complete without a Grand Ball. This one was to take place in the Grand Place, which is a beautiful square in the center of Brussels. The performance was scheduled for 9:00 p.m. and many dignitaries were to attend. Excitement was high as the group saw the performance sight. The stage was set, but where were they to dress? Arrangements were soon made when two pieces of canvas were lifted into place behind the stage. Quarters were cramped as all were to change in an area 30 feel by 8 feet. It came time for the Grand performance to start! The signal was given and on came the dancers for their first number, Devils Dream. So much energy was put into the dance that the audience loved it and they brought down the stage, literally, as Anne Hall and Ryan Rhodes suddenly went from view. Mary Bee then acted as a guard rail so the show could go on, but the stage continued to come apart. Soon the fire department was there to fix the stage and after a few songs they were ready to go again. Everything went well until the final number, Carolina Cloggs, which brought the stage down again. The command was given to stop the show, but it was too late as Mary Bee looked at the fireman and smiled telling him we were through. The crowd loved the performances as there were about 2,500 people there. A reception was held for the performers with many dignitaries in attendance. The ambassador to Belgium, the minister of culture, the mission president, and many others. The greetings were fast and the packing quick because those who performed would turn into pumpkins if they were not in their youth hostel by 11:00 and the doors would be shut. At about 10:35 p.m. the race was on. Thirty kids cramming the bus to beat the dreadful witching hour. At 10:55 p.m. and five minute walking time, excitement was high as they raced through the Ghetto of Brussels for their castle of Bunk beds with no sheets. Finally at 11:00 p.m. all are safely inside and tucked away for another peaceful and restful night. This is the tale of Brussels, believe it if you will. Thus ended another tale in the adventure of folkives.



The Grand Place, Brussels, Belgium
 What a show we had here!

** Manufacturers of Real Brussels Lace*

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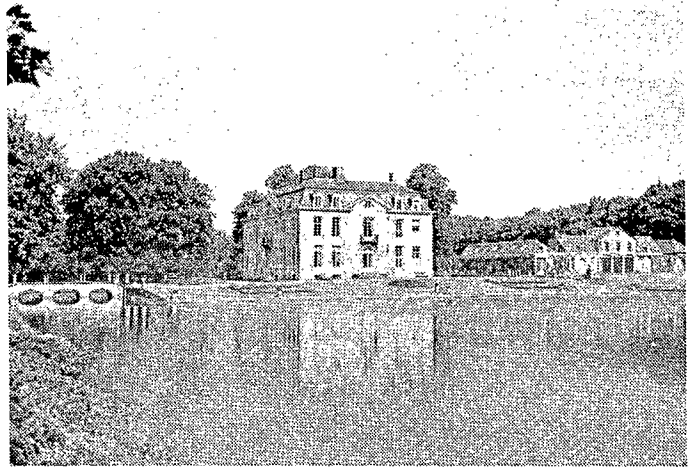
Tél. : 12 56 34

Brigham's
 Dancers

Some 400 Brigham Young University Folk Dancers will be performing here July 29 at 8 p.m. in the Grand Place. They have already appeared in several smaller towns around Belgium, performing their versions of "native" American folk dances. The group was founded in 1956 by Mary Bee Jensen, and began its European tours in 1964.

NAME: Kathie Tenney
PLACE: Zottegem, Belgium
DATE: July 30, 1974

And it came to pass that the multitude did raise up and leave the place where they had rested, the place called Brussels and they did pack their clothes, their gifts and even every belonging and did walk as in a procession to the train. Yea and they were filled with joy when once again they were reunited with their leaders and loved ones, Dean and Sister Hartvigsen for they had been in a distant place for the whole of the night. And the multitude did travel together with their bags and costumes and even their musical instruments to the city of Zottegem. And there in the city of Zottegem people were awaiting their arrival. The mayor, a baron, and yea even Mary Bee were waiting to see the smiling faces of the multitude. And we did arrive and yea even in our dress and ties we did dance and smile and have a good time for the whole of ten minutes. Yea and because of our dancing we were taken with the city officials to the city hall where much honor was given to us, yea and even hosts were provided for us yea down to the last one. And we were exceedingly happy, for the hosts were full of kindness and did take us even into their homes. And once again we were filled with joy. And the good people of Zottegem did show us much kindness for they did gather us together and did take us to see the fair countryside of Zottegem, yea even the Baron's home we were taken to see. And the city and the countryside and the homes did contain much beauty. And we began to see that the people of Zottegem were good and we were greatfull unto them. And as the time of the performance drew near once again the multitude was given food and drink. And we were once again filled with joy because the drink was not that of the orange carbonated type and because there was plenty of bread on the table to help with digestion of the eel! And the performance began. And the stage was good, yea and even Sally Ashton believed it to be good because she got back on after she fell off. And Ted was happy. And the people of Zottegem were made to smile yea even to clap their hands. And the whole of the performance was very good. And it came to pass that the good people of Zottegem did honor the multitude once again and did shower the dancers, the bank yea even Mary Bee with praise, yea they had carnations and roses for every girl, to the last one; and badges from the beautiful city of Zottegem for every boy, to the last one. And they were exceedingly happy and filled with joy.



Baron's home at Zottegem, Belgium



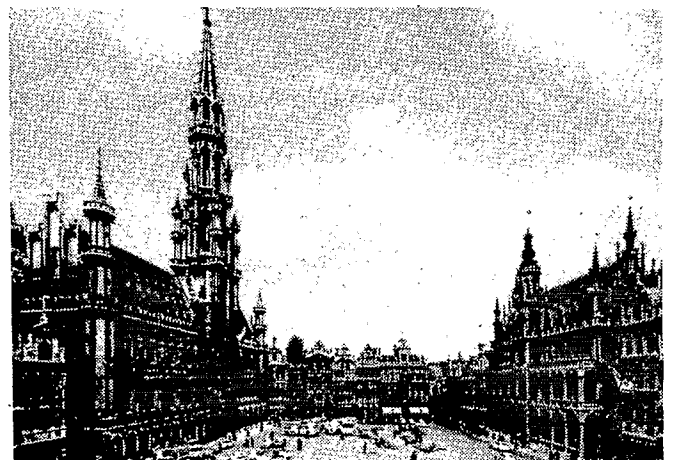
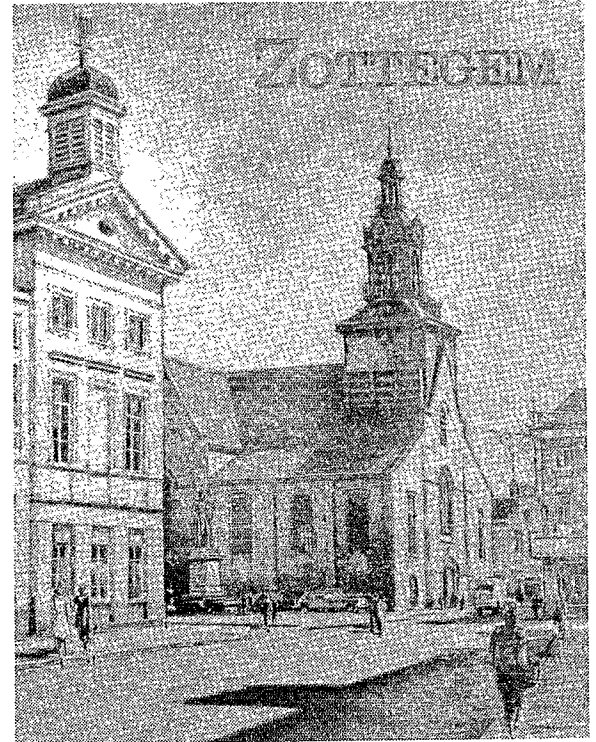
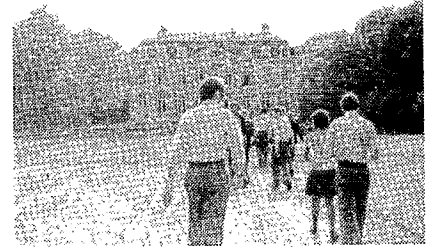
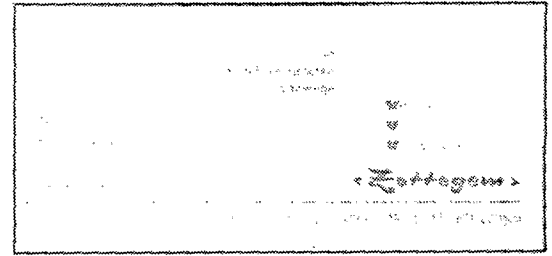
A command performance for the Baron and his court.

NAME: Mark Worthington

PLACE: Zottegem, Brussels; Paris, Bordeaux, France.

DATE: July 31, 1974

Realizing that the entire day would be spent traveling, a number of us shared the misconception that this day did not hold in store a great deal of excitement. Kathy Halliday and Shelly Pedersen were two, however, who refused to be deceived and decided to begin the day with a bang. They figured that if they delayed their arrival at the train as long as possible and then made a dramatic entrance just as the train was leaving the rest of the group would get some excitement. They claimed that they had simply misunderstood the departure time of the train — a likely story. Their plan was not to be a success, however, they had forgotten to allow time for the hurry up and wait factor — the train was late. So the group left wonderful Zottegem about 9:30 scheduled to arrive in Brussels and Paris for their combined service as taxi drivers, tour directors, translators, guides etc. It is always great to see their enthusiasm and willingness to help. We appreciate them. We stopped in Paris long enough to be let off near the Notre Dame Cathedral for lunch. I am sure the little stores in the area had the biggest run on fruit that they had had in a long time. Our buying fruit in Paris almost proved to be a sad experience though. Several members of the group almost had their hands seriously injured by irate store owners who insisted on being the only ones allowed the privilege of handling the fruit. Janet Christopher made the mistake of touching some fruit and was sure her hands would never be the same after the store owner got through with them. Long train rides, though not looked forward to a great deal, have a way of bringing the group closer together. The desire for entertainment amid the boredom always stimulates some amusing situations. Everyone was thrilled with Craig's detailed and hilarious account of his first kiss. Hot lips Steed, huh? Well we all have to learn sometime. Ryan and Anne rived the adventurous spirit of Lewis and Clark as they explored the train we were on. It was so long they were sure there was just one continuous train on a large circular track, and that before long they would come into our car again from the rear. They were delayed on their trip, however, when they found the plush first class cars and decided to stay awhile and see how the other half lived. We arrived in Bordeaux late that evening a little worse for the wear but in pretty good spirits. Our spirits were lifted pretty much by the wonderful members who met us there and took us to their homes. Their love of the Gospel and desire to meet us made it all worth the trip, and then some. If any of this account seems incoherent it was because Oscar kept talking to me and interrupting my train of thought. Get it?



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Sluitingsdag : woensdag

NAME: Oscar Amezcua
PLACE: Bordeaux, France
DATE: August 1, 1974

If there was ever a different way to start out a month we sure found it. Today marked the historic celebration of losing our costume bags for the third time. We did have some consultation for our anxieties, we found out that our bags were definitely on the way, where? We didn't have any idea. All of us had the unique experience of not saying a word during our stay with the French Saints. If it wasn't for hand motions, smiles, looks of frustration and an occasional glimpse at a dictionary to try to convey an idea we would have died trying to communicate. After a good nights sleep, we found ourselves together again at the chapel, in Bordeaux. There we were welcome by a marvelous hot dog lunch. The sisters who served us were so sweet and so thoughtful that there wasn't any way by which we could repay them but by singing to them after our meal. While eating our lunch we heard many funny and not so very funny experiences about Delynne and Vickie almost getting their taste of French car accident, about Craig Steed losing to Bordeaux's ping pong champion 21-19, and about Oscar's shoes disappearing when his hostess made a motion of washing his socks and instead meant to polish his shoes. Terry Smith ate his lunch while sleeping. About this time we started to get concerned about our show. We boarded the bus and while we were touring Bordeaux, Mark Simpkins removed all doubt from our minds about putting his whole hand into his mouth. After this unique act the rest of us tried to match his act by putting on a freak show.

THE SHOW

All hope seems to fade as the night grew older for our costumes were surely lost somewhere in Europe. The faithful merry folk dancers knew that the show inevitable had to go on, so with our chins up and a little make-up we started our unusual extravaganza. Of course things had to be changed such as kicks, lifts, portions of dances and the show cut almost in half. Ted Ashton and the Buckaroos took the bull by the horns as they charmed the very pleased and excited audience. Although things were changed some of the dancers forgot and kicked as high as usual, like Janet. All in all the show went amazingly well. The people were very gracious about understanding our situation and we all learned that it isn't the costumes that makes a show but the spirit which is conveyed by our attitudes during the show. We also learned that one must not worry about the problems of the moment but live for today.



Emma & Rene tying the knot, just one more time.

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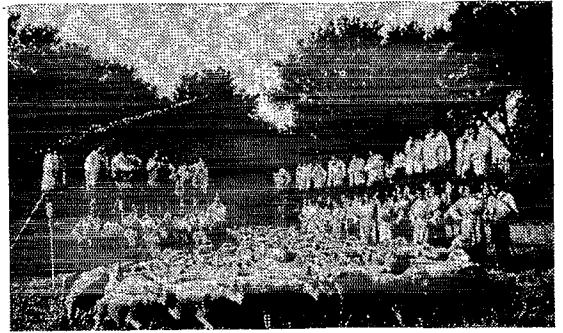
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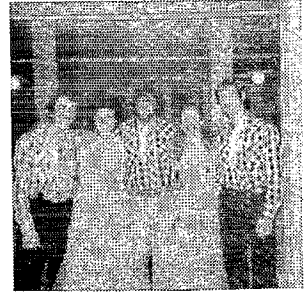
Recognize anybody?

NAME: Sally Ashton
PLACE: Oloron
DATE: August 2, 1974

Well the day started out with us still not knowing where our costumes and instruments had disappeared to! Luckily, like all good fairy tales end, we found them and lived happily ever after! Apparently they had just been sitting in Paris. Anyway, we finally left Bordeaux and headed for Oloron and a three day festival. Our trip was happy, uneventful and took us through some gorgeous country. That night we performed in two fifteen minute sections. I know that I was extremely excited but a little apprehensive before we performed about how the audience would receive us. It was amazing how the audience acted. We received a huge applause even before we performed. It was an extreme change from what I was expecting and a pleasing one at that! One thing I failed to mention was our living accommodations! It was one big room with individual living compartments. The boys stayed on one side, the girls on the other and a big DMZ (demilitarized zone) line in the center where the couples stayed. It worked out better than I expected. I think our experience with the costumes helped us to realize how dependent on the Lord we are and how we sometimes forget to acknowledge His hand in our lives. We met many special people that night at the festival and even though we couldn't understand always the words spoken, the spirit and heart was there. It is really neat how men are really borthers and only separated by misunderstandings and greed.



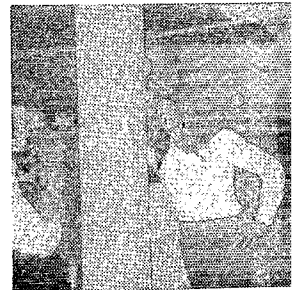
The stilt dancers from France, Bask



Our new "American Friends"



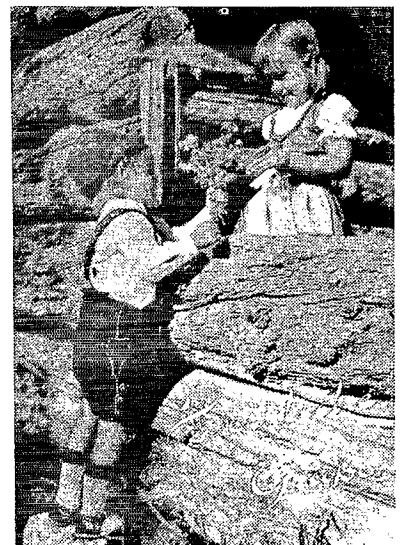
The group at Oloron



I'll serenade you Mark, is that you?



I thought we has a hands-off rule on this tour!

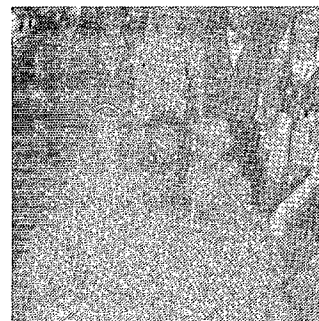
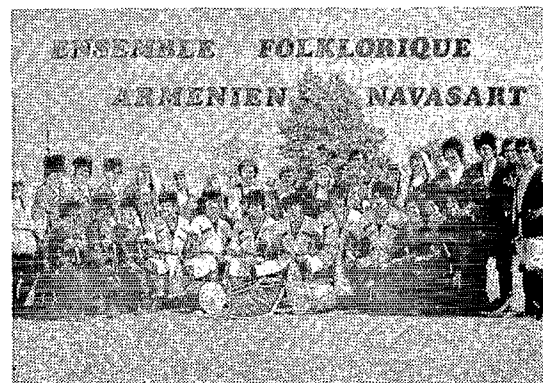


NAME: Ted Ashton
PLACE: Oloron, France
DATE: August 3, 1974

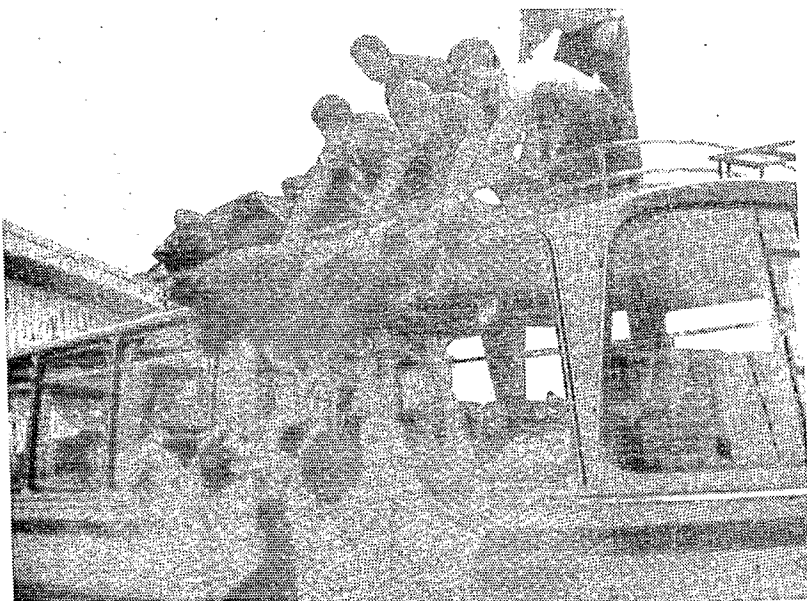
We started out this morning with our first tast of bread and hot milk. At 11:00 a.m. we traveled to three small villages in the pyrenees mountains in the last valley before you enter Spain. The mountains were extremely beautiful and plush with green vegetation. The names of the three small agricultural villages were Accono, Bedouse and Oout-en-asp. In each town we gave a small parade and did two or three dances, A couple of band numbers, and of course the Indian, (Gary), was always the big attraction and he loved it as much as they did. In the last town, after our first performance we were treated to free pop and cheese. At first they wanted to give us their wine of honor, but that's the breaks. In Bedouse we were filmed for TV advertisement or newsreel or something. They shot the dancers as they came out of a small canyon on a grassy cow path with an occasional cow greeting left as a booby trap or should I say poopy trap. In the afternoon we walked part way to town, Oloron, with the intention of parading from a given point. Well, when we arrived it started to sprinkle lightly and as soon as that happened the musicians high tailed it for cover because of their instruments. It kept drizzling and so the dancers paraded by themselves while the band waited for awhile and then rode the bus to the park where the dancers were waiting. We all waited and waited and waited and finally the big parade started. It had stopped raining so the band went along this time. All went O.K. and everyone was happy, especially when it was over. In the evening we didn't have to dance but some of the others countries did so some of our kids, about half, went to the performance while the other half stayed home and wrote letters, worked on instrument repairs, etc. The kids that went to the performance said that it wasn't that great and so those that didn't go flet glad. As for humorous experiences there were not any that were that funny except that instead of just living today we felt like we had just about died for today.



Craig "The big American Cowboy" and Ukrainian friends.



Lovely American girls, with the French Men! Heaven Girls!



Coming or going, boys? that is the question. remember its in the bag.

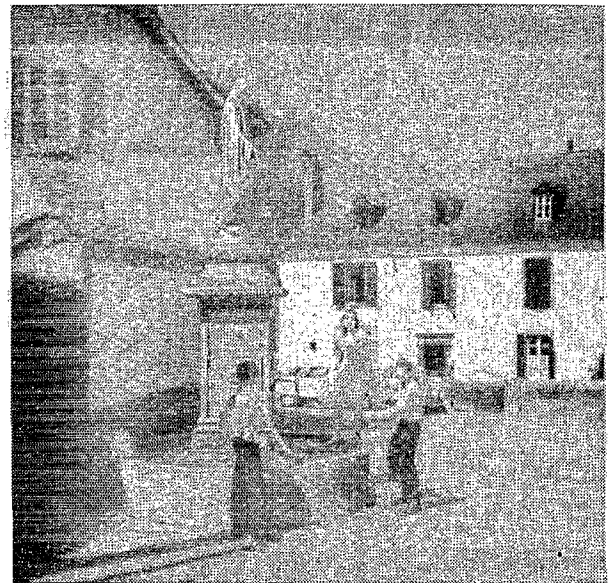


NAME: Nancy Brown
PLACE: Oloron, France
DATE: August 4, 1974

After such a hectic week, our day of rest was most welcome. Sleeping in until 9:00 seemed a luxury. At 10:00 we dressed in Contra costumes and we joined the other groups for a special mass at the Eglise Notre Dame, Oloron, St, Marie. The theme emphasized the brotherhood rendered by the festival. A preparation for the time when we will all be together in God's presence. The service was presented in French, Spanish, Italian, and English. The Latin chants, the stained glass, the vaulted ceilings of the building, and the magnificent band music created a form of worship different that most of us were accustomed to. Following the mass all the groups paraded from the church. After dinner, we gathered together for our own Sacrament Meeting. several visitors attended: Ginger, Jean, our guide's two friends from Oloron, and Christian a guide and member of the Church. Ted Ashton, who conducted the meeting explained to them the significance of partaking of the Sacrament. As the ordinance was performed, the spirit of the Lord certainly attended. Dan Ross, Mignon Huish, Sally Ashton and Mark Worthington presented very timely messages on the topics of obedience, charity, and reaping what we sow. All dealing directly with our situation. Oscar Amezcua sang a special number, "One Man". As the meeting was brought to a close, Renee Haugh repeated her solo "Love at Home" and dedicated it to the Hartvigsens, our parents, who would be leaving us the next day. Dean Hartvigsen followed with his testimony of the greatness of man, his dignity and his potential to become a God. Sister Hartvigsen bore her testimony also, to the truthfulness of the gospel and the "good fruits" borne by our tour. Although the morning mass was valuable experience to learn, our own simple meeting was our chance to communicate with our Heavenly Father and be strengthened for the coming week. The final performance of the festival began at 3:30 and followed our meeting, most of the group went to watch, while others tried to recover from colds and lack of sleep. It became impossible to sleep, however, when the Dean appeared with shoulder length brunette locks to "case the joint" and since he couldn't return to BYU with such "sub-standard" hair, he passed on Janet's fall to Mark Worthington. Mark was unanimously voted as Tiny Tim's number one look alike. At 7:00 we went to the last parade. Jean, our driver, who had lived with us the previous three days, dropped us off, before he left for his own home. Before boarding the bus, we sang "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again" and all lined up for kisses and handshakes. The rumor monitor has it that Jean left the bus with tearful eyes. We then went to a brief party (?) in the park and performed again in the gazebo. An elated Sasha danced Kathie Tenney thru the greenery while Bruce O'Dell was laid low by frenzied inhabitants of Oloron playing "Whip". At 11:30 we returned to the dorm and waited for the light monitor to do his job. Just as the lights went out, the all-male Bum and Bed Bouncing Competition began. From the girl's side of the room sudden white flashed popping up and down was all that was visible over the "wall". The bumless wonder, Dennis Cambridge, had just challenged Ryan R. when a hectic day caught up with the group and we slept.



Hurry up, hurry up and wait, wait, wait
Dr H. & Vergie learned it well.



I hope that's not holy water you're
about to cool your feet in.



NAME: Terry Brown
PLACE: Oloron, Bayonne, France
DATE: August 5, 1974

This morning we left Oloron for Bayonne. Oloron hosted the Pyrenees Folklore Festival. This particular festival is alternately held in the border towns of France and Spain each year. Today is the 4th week of our trip — time is going fast now. We sang to the cooks at the "Dortoir" for all the hard work they put into stuffing our faces. The food was superb. At 10:55 a.m. we stopped at a bakery to watch a conveyor belt appease the voracious appetites of the group. The bus ride to Bayonne was short and beautiful, I suppose. I haven't found anyone who stayed awake to confirm my hypothesis, at 1:15 p.m. we were in Bayonne. We were immediately served a delicious lunch of fish, tomatoes, lamb, lintels and wouldn't you know it, cake. It was here that we met Bro. and Sister Lyons. Bro. and Sister Hartvigsen's time had come to an end. This was the touching moment of the day. We sang "God Be With You" and cried to the train station where they immediately boarded a train with all their luggage. This must have seemed strange to the Hartvigsen's as it never happened so smoothly while they escorted us through Europe. We missed them immediately. At lunch it was announced that we would go to the beach followed by two solid minutes of applause and assorted screams! We boarded the bus at 2:30 and waited patiently for Mary Bee until 3:15 when it was rumored that we were waiting for Mary Bee to buy a swimming suit. Mutiny almost beset our friendly group. Mary came back before we burned the bus and so we figured that she had other important business. The beach was fantastic. We all collected sea shells and sand. Our hosts fed us a gracious dinner of salad, roast beef, vegetables, and fruit before the show. The show, well, yes. It was a great show with lost of excitement. Dan, Renee and Vickie sat out a couple of times during Smoky and Tap while Ryan improvised for a photographer during the exhibition square. The band maintained their usual cool while playing Sugar Blue Grass. The bus took us to shower, followed by drinks, one bad lyons. 2:30 a.m. let's be getting to bed.



At last, we made it to the beach.
Is this really the French Riviera!



Gathering up the troops for yet another . . . parade! Terry is that you on those stilts.



"Going Home". The Hartvigsens.

NAME: Dennis Cambridge
PLACE: Bayonne, France
DATE: August 6, 1974

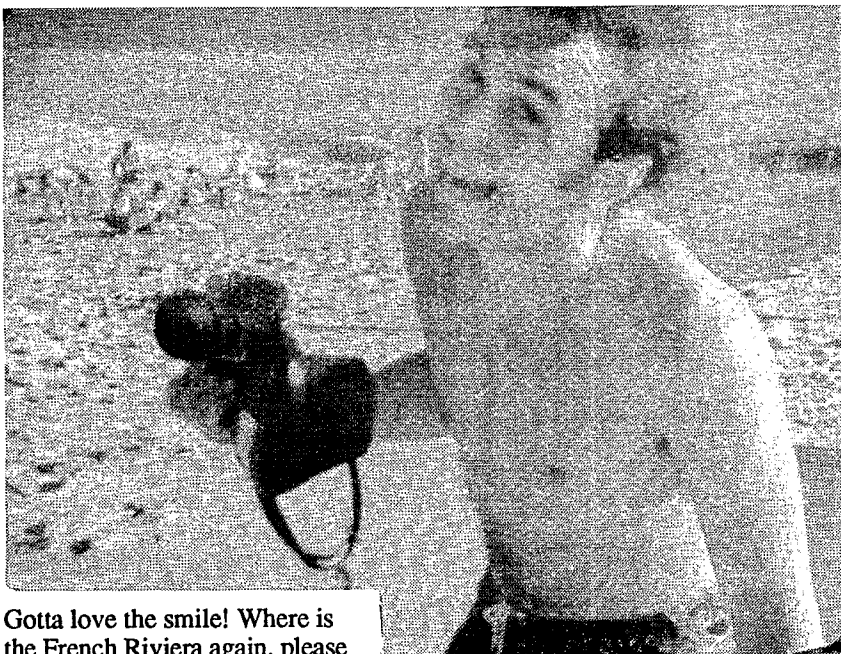
The countinous story of Start Today Losers Tommorrow. We last left our intrepid travelers sound asleep in a Victorian styled boy's school. On second thought, most were awakened by the Israeli's stomping up and down the corridors all night long. After waking up, the adventurers had to find their way down four flights of tortuous stairs to the Dungeons where the showers were located. But all came to no avail as the Israelis had stolen most of the chains to the showers, as a joke. Ha Ha! The fool hardy Americans then assembled in costume for a bus ride to the starting point. Then they preceeded to brave the possibility of death or dismemberment by marching up one way streets against the traffic. Fortunately all members of the group made it to the square where the different dancers would perform again. The Americans were amazed at the Scintillating (thank you Bruce O'Dell) Dance performed by the Dutch. Meanwhile Teddy and the Buckaroos were having their problems. Lack of communication had caused half of the band to show up in red and half in blue. As if that wasn't enough, the man with the mike was flashing the microphone from one instrument to the other faster than we could see. We then had another meal that couldn't be beat. Then several choices of recreation were then offered to the folk dancers: stay home and wash cloths, stay home and goof off, go to town and goof off, or any combinaion of all of them. What joy and rapture was had by the American Folk Dancers as they had the opportunity to perform with five other dance groups. The AFD performed twice for 15 minutes each time. The Audience was inflamed with intricate dances of the Dutch and Polish groups. During the last dance the American's were left fresh and dry when the other groups did not appear on stage before the grand finale. Oh those Americans! Always trying to milk more applause out of the audience. We finally got to sleep.



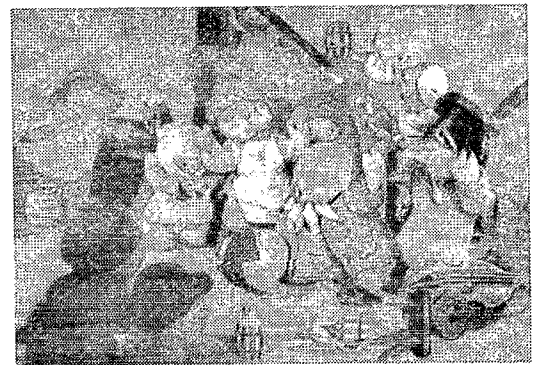
Oh the wonderful receptions!
Boose for you and punch for me.



Mignon and new friend



Gotta love the smile! Where is the French Riviera again, please tell me, just one more time.



NAME: Gary Lewis
PLACE: Bayonne, LaPorge, France
DATE: August 7, 1974

Today started at the very early hour of 8:00 a.m. at least it seemed so after a very good show the night before. After packing and loading the bus and after continental breakfast we soon had prayer and were on our way. We arrived in La Porge shortly afternoon. Jacky, our guide, had driven his car with three of our group in advance and met us there. While on the way there was a new position of rumor movement monitor established in Lieu of various vivious rumors being circulated. The chairman was Ryan Rhodes with Bruce O'Dell in charge of special events. The first official rumors were that the Indians wore no swimming suit with his breech cloth and Bruce O'Dell taught everybody songs in monotone. That day many rumors were officially endorsed and sent among the public. After arriving in La Porge we unloaded our costumes in the auditorium where we were to perform that night and went to a clubhouse to eat lunch. The lunch was delicious and we had all the lemonade and orange we could drink. They just kept bringing it. All the while the TV cameras were whirling. We were then taken back to the club to change in preparation for a swim on the beach. After a 10 minute ride to the ocean we all dashed the 300 yards to the water front only to find enormous waves crashing on the shore. No one found the courage to go out farther than fifty feet so the majority of the time was spent in making sand castles and sculptures and collecting shells. One particular sand sculpture with Dale as the head was particularly interesting, especially to the passers by. After seeing the sculpture many mothers would hurriedly rush their children away while watching the rest of the group roll on the ground laughing so hard. Ted got the picture, as usual. After about an hour and a half the group decided to leave so we hurried back to the bus and were about to leave when we discovered Dennis Cambridge missing. Two boys ran back to the beach to find him but came back without seeing him. A fast search team was organized by all the boys and we soon found him. After reloading the bus we discovered that one of the searchers (Ted) was now lost. After a few anxious minutes he soon returned. Upon returning for showers we trade shower rooms with the girls upon their insisting. Upon entering the shower we find our showers broken and have to wait for the girls to finish to use their showers. A pretty slick trick! We then returned to the auditorium and danced Saturday Night Stroll and Charlestons for the French TV. We then returned to the club and had a full course supper. After returning to the auditorium for the night show, the boys decided to get even with the girls and switch places for Devils Dream. It worked great and got smiles from everyone. The show was very enthusiastic and the 80 members from Bordeaux provided the catalyst for a very spirited audience. After the show we were congratulated by the Consulate General to Bordeaux and attended a very gracious reception at the Town Hall with Mayor, Minister, and Tourism Council heads who were sponsoring the show. It was very well organized and there were cookies and lemonade for us and champagne for the rest of the town. After reloading the bus and waving good bye to this small village of 14,000 who managed to fill the auditorium of approximately 1,000 seats, we were on our way to Bordeaux to the youth hostel for the night. We arrived at 3:00 a.m. and were quickly dispensed to our rooms and no one wasted time in crawling in bed after a very busy day.



Jackie, Choistiane from Bayonné with Vickie.



Oscar, "I found the French Riviera"

LE PORGE

Ce groupe américain participera à la Semaine internationale du folklore organisée par le Syndicat d'Initiative sous le patronage de « Sud-Ouest »

Le Syndicat d'Initiative de la Région de la Gironde organise la Semaine internationale du folklore organisée par le Syndicat d'Initiative sous le patronage de « Sud-Ouest »

Cette semaine sera placée sous le patronage de la Région de la Gironde. Elle sera organisée par le Syndicat d'Initiative de la Région de la Gironde sous le patronage de « Sud-Ouest ».

Le Syndicat d'Initiative de la Région de la Gironde organise la Semaine internationale du folklore organisée par le Syndicat d'Initiative sous le patronage de « Sud-Ouest ».

TOUS CONCERNES PAR LA CROIX ROUGE

LE PORGE

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5-7-9-10
A O U T 74

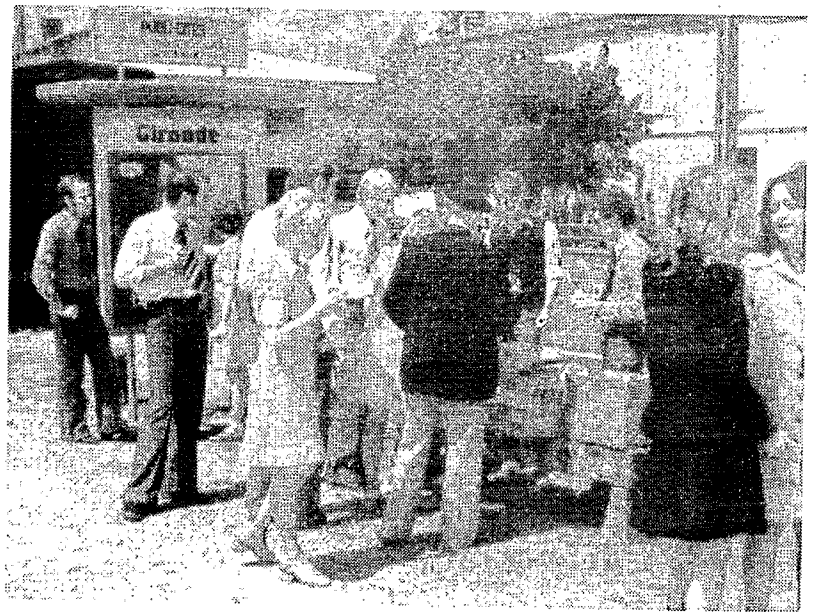
N° 100407

NAME: Lawrence Beaudin
PLACE: Rodez, France
DATE: August 8, 1974

This second tour history is being written by me due to the rotten luck I received during the tour history lottery! My number was the first one drawn out. Rumor has it that today was one of our most exciting days. Little did we know when we boarded the bus in Bordeaux, after a short five hour sleep that today would entirely be spent on the bus. Our five hour bus ride to Rodez turned into an 11 hour one. Apparently who ever calculated that it would only take five hours needs to go back and take Math 100. Around noon we stopped to have a roadside picnic. The festival committee had given us meat, cheese, chips and cookies for lunch. We bought some drinks and fresh French bread and really had a feed. There were only a few glasses so we all shared. Perhaps that is why half of the group has walking pneumonia. The rest of the day included word games, boredom, singing, boredom, sleeping and boredom. We all watched Dale Smith and Mark Worthington sleep with their mouths opened until that grew old. Soon everyone started to wake up, feeling the need to find a WC quick! We finally arrived, the men found their room but the girls seemed to be having some difficulty as Mary Bee led the girls from building to building in the most needed search. Alas, all were relieved. We arrived in Rodez around 9:00 in the evening and all headed into the dining room for a meal of sausage, lentils and a real taste treat — Cold Milk. Sleep was the next order of the day and all were wanting to be hitting the sheets, but when the girls saw our place of rest they insisted that we stay up for an extra two hours and play interior decorator. It seems we found ourselves in one large room divided only by a few closets. The girls frantically started moving beds, closets and anything else in sight to ensure themselves complete privacy from the male eye. Sheets were hung and finally the room was completely divided. Alas the girls could rest easier and we all settled down for a good sleep.



Jaques, our bus driver.



On the way to Rodez, Roadside picnic
But don't drink the water, we are low
on Lomitel.



Festival at Rodez.

NAME: Phantom
PLACE: Rodez, France
DATE: August 9, 1974

Today was a normal festival day. As we traveled to the place we were to perform we heard on the news that President Nixon had resigned. We had to travel about two and a half hours so we did what we usually did while traveling, play games, sleep etc. The excitement of the night came when we had done our first 15 minute segment and the Israeli's had spotted 5 Arab terrorists. The French police were there and had identified 3 of them as terrorists. The Israeli's came back stage and stayed with us while we finished our show, they were on after us. They asked us if we would stay and go home with them and Mary Bee said that if they would shorten their 40 minutes of dance we would. They wanted us to intermingle on the two buses but Mary said no and boy were we glad. Oh well at least some of us were. Ruth, one of the Israeli's came up to a couple of us and said "Thank You" with tears in her eyes. When asked what was wrong she told us how this was the first time in her life that she felt real friendship outside her country. She told us how her nation was hated by all countries, and how when they were on tour they had a 24 hour guard around their place where they stayed, and it was a wonderful experience to know that there were others in the world that really cared for others. She told us how her Fiance had been killed in the War, and her 3 years in the military as a school teacher, and front line attendant. We were escorted by a police car in front then the Israeli bus then us, and one behind us. The roads were dark and it was quite exciting. We arrived at 2:30 a.m. safe and sound and the good feeling of helping our brothers and sisters was great. This experience really cemented a close relationship with this Israeli group, that was going to be hard to leave when the time came to depart ways.



The American meet the Israelis.



Israelis at Rodez, outside performance



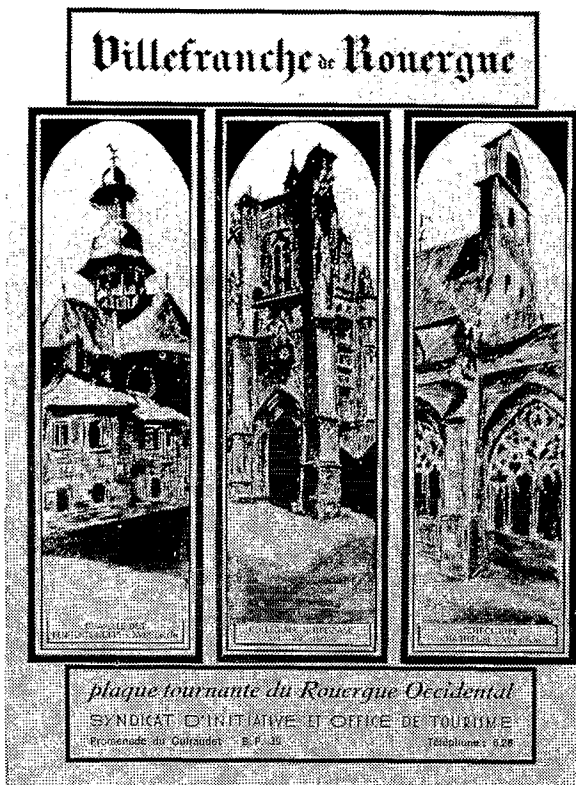
Senegalese at Rodez



The Americans and Israelis getting closer.

NAME: Phantom
PLACE: Rodez, France
DATE: August 10, 1974

Today was a dismal day. We gathered at a indoor tennis court after our parade where all the countries did a short dance as they were introduced. We left shortly for our show in Villefranche. We arrived and went to a reception where we sipped orange and ate nuts. We met the group from Senegal (an African group). Boy were they primitive. We went for dinner after the reception. We had fresh tomatoes, cucumbers and chicken, it was good. However, Dale lost his appetite when the girls from Senegal sitting by him would spit what they didn't like wether on their lap or on the nearest plate. Poor Dale couldn't understand why his plate never got emptied. The stage was an old gym with the dressing room just off the stage, covered with hanging canvas. It was nice to get this show over with



Georgio from Bergamo, "Kris get up we're having an allnight party"



Partying at the festival, all the countries participate, governments have no influence here.

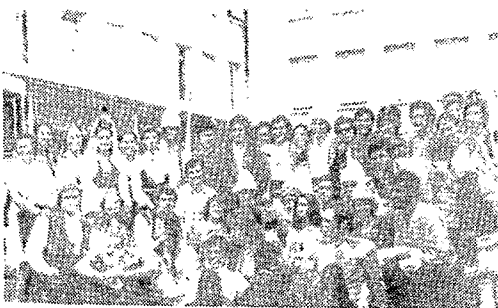


Larry, Dennis, Dan, and Dale penetrate the sheet wall.



NAME: Emma Richter
PLACE: Rodez, France
DATE: August 11, 1974

Our day started too early, after a very short night of only 1 hour and 30 minutes of sleep in the bus, while riding home. On arriving, just before 2:00 a.m. we started putting things away, taking showers, and getting ready for bed. More or less at a distance we could hear the other groups singing. I thought: Boy, I am glad everyone in our group is tired, this way we will get to sleep right away. In the silence of our room, the voices of the Spanish singing seemed to grow louder and closer. What a lack of consideration. Can't they imagine we are trying to sleep? -I wouldn't mind them serenading us if we were not so exhausted. They are coming somebody screamed, then the next thing we know they were there parading in our room. Half of the girls jumped and sat up on their beds and some of the guys climbed up on top of our segregation called closets taking pictures of the invasion and enjoying the songs they were singing. However, nobody really joined them so the Spanish gave up on us. But it is not fair that they stay in bed while everyone is having fun thought the Italians, and so they gave us a second chance. Once more everybody came in singing and pounding through our room. Once more some sat on their beds and others climbed up on the closets. To make it more exciting George (Delyne's Italian) dumped her, and kissed Shelly. Our men decided to make him pay for interrupting our peaceful rest, so grabbing him by the arms and legs, they put him in the shower. War was declared, so the Italians also gave up on us and left. Silence and peace reigned once more in our dormitory. We had missed our second chance and we confident that we would not be blessed with a third opportunity. Little did we know that life is generous with us when we don't want it to be. A few moments later, Israeli's, Bulgarians, Spanish, Italians, Africans and everything else came in one more time. At the personal investigation, some of us got up and went with them. A few minutes later Kris came back with an important message: You guys please get up, the Bulgarians have prepared something for us and want us to come to their room. They have kicked everybody else out. Come on. It takes a little longer for long faces, sitting on their beds and poor Kris was criticized even though she hadn't lied. After half an hour everybody was back in bed trying to sleep. Mark Simpkins got up at 4:00 a.m. and went with the Israeli's in their watch for Arabs. Among other things they talked about the fact that they are the Lords chosen people, and yet they don't believe it. So Mark gave words of encouragement by explaining what we know about what is to come in the very near future for them and taught them how to pray. at 8:00 a.m. very few of us got up for breakfast. Everybody else was trying to catch up on their sleep. We had a parade however, so we all got ready to go to Le Pont Sales where we were to perform also later on. The parade took longer than we thought, and after it we all assembled and each group sang their own nationl anthem. The reception that took place seemed different in the sense that instead of only drinks and cookies, they had actual pieces of cake bread. I do not know what else to call it and it was good espeically for those that didn't have breakfast. By the time we came back home it was lunch time and therefore it was not possible to have lunch. Lunch took too long, so by the time we finished it was time to run back up to Le Pont Sales to perform. All day long we wondered if we would leave Rodez that night or the next day. Brother Lyon was working on getting us tickets on the train to go straight up to Paris instead of taking the bus to Bordeaux. Then they considered the possibility of leaving by bus the same day, right after the performance. So we hurried up becuase we were second in the program so that we could leave earlier. We got there just in time for it, but like in many other occassions, we had to wait. Somehow we ended up being fifth or sixth to get on the slippery, little stage by the lake. Once more we hurried to get back in time for dinner, we make it sat there waiting and waiting and waiting. Dinner took so long that we even got word from the rumor movement that we would leave at 9:00 p.m. We all doubted it because of the efficiency in serving dinner. After a little debate the rumor ceased to be and we left the dining room without dessert in order to pack. We loaded the bus, said good-bye and hurried to be at the station on time. For the second time on the tour we were loading the bus everybody came out to tell us good-bye; The Israeli's had asked us to go to their room. We ran in and sang "God Be With You". They gave us punch and cookies and with tears in everyone's eyes, we left. We had been able to love them as they loved us and we could sense gratitude in their hearts. We had given them our greatest treasure we have. They listened to out Elders preach the Gospel. They learned we are also part of the House of Israel and they accepted us as their brothers and sisters and loved us as such. If their names were forgotten because they are not familiar with us, there is one name and person whose name is easy to remember to think of those precious people. Her name is Ruth. At the train station we presented Jaques, our bus driver, with a Book of Mormon and sang for him too. By 10:30 p.m. we were all on our way or another accommodated in the train ready to sleep on our way to Paris. Behind we had left not a bunch of strangers, but a group of friends.



Americans, Bulrarians and Israelis in Rodez, France. The bonds of friendship knew no bounds.

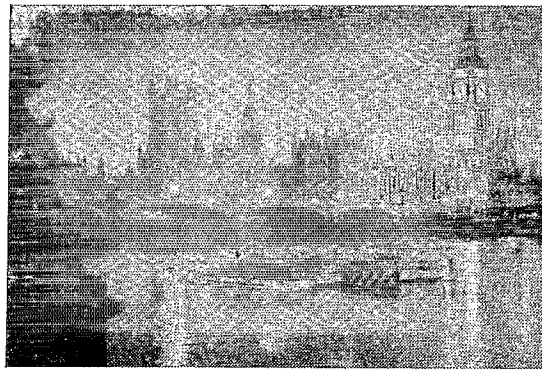
Monsieur Jean Groux
Chambre des Eclairiers.
21.20.15
(Habit C.F.F.)

NAME: Dennis Harpool
PLACE: London, England
DATE: August 13, 1974

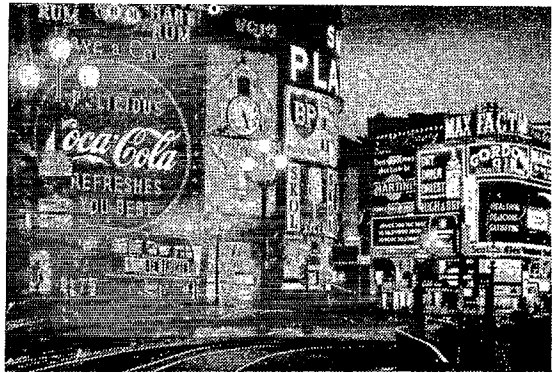
What! Do many senses deceive me? Or is that the smell of bacon, eggs, and toast? It is! a real breakfast. Such were the thoughts of many of us as we arose to greet the London morning; We hurried, dressed and filed down the stairs like a troupe of hungry soldiers in order for breakfast. After we had satisfied our hunger pains we held a small orientation meeting on the sights of London. As the maps were passed out and the missionaries explained the points of interest, it was plain to see that a good nights rest in a real bed was the only medicine needed to get us on our feet and excited about the city of London. At the close of the meeting you could practically hear the sound of feet running in place in order to warm up for the charge on London. And a **charge** it was. Mary Bee took a group of us to the shopping district and there turned us loose; actually it was more like sicking a dog on the city. We literally ran through every nook and cranny of the area. Another group headed immediately for the show reservation desk. I want to see **Billy**. No let's go see **Good Companions**. Hey, **Claire Bloom** is playing in a play **Street Car Named Desire**, or **Oh Calcutta** (what). How about the London Festival Ballet? Well, the bookings were made and the reservations desk was much relieved at our departure. Once we all managed to exit the hotel the group split. Those with money headed one way, and those without went the other. One of the out of the way places which oddly enough seemed to be visited by quite a few of the group was a men's clothing store. What on earth for? Good question. The answer was easily enough found when we returned carrying the exact same gray and white paper bags. It seems a number of the guys and girls had been saving for leather coats. As the shopping area closed we all gradually returned to the hotel to regroup and hit the night life. This was quite varied. I mean when your entertainment ranges from the London French Ballet to a Street Car Named Desire and Barbara Streisands **For Pete's Sake**, that is a variety. Oh well, so much for one for all and all for one. Then once the shows were out one only needed to walk around and look at the city to be entertained. The shops, the playhouses, the people, the traffic, and just the city lights were enough to full you with excitement. The evening ended in various ways for various people, but everyone managed to enjoy themselves. One could even safely say that the high light of the evening for most was falling asleep in a comfortable bed.



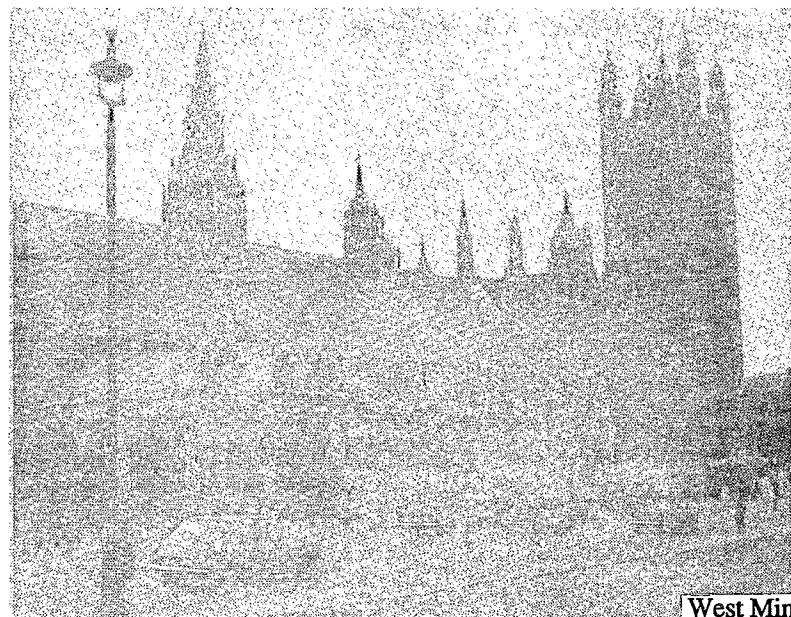
Buckingham Palace.



Big Ben and Parliament.



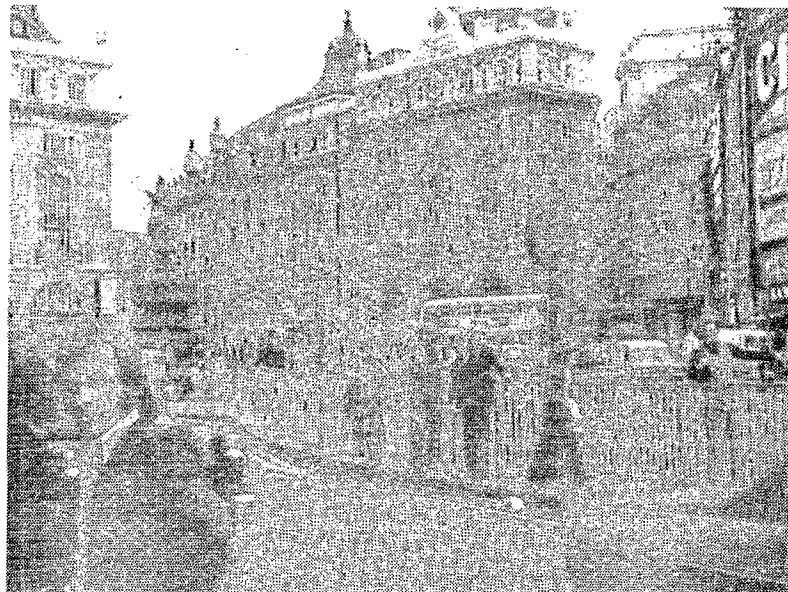
Picadilly Circus, London.



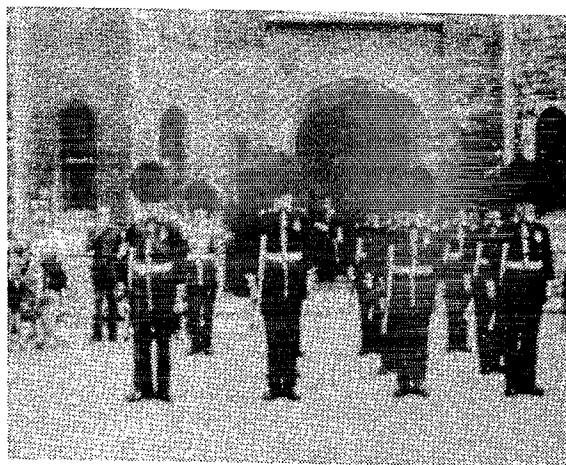
West Minster Abbey, London

NAME: Mignon Huish
PLACE: London, England
DATE: August 14, 1974

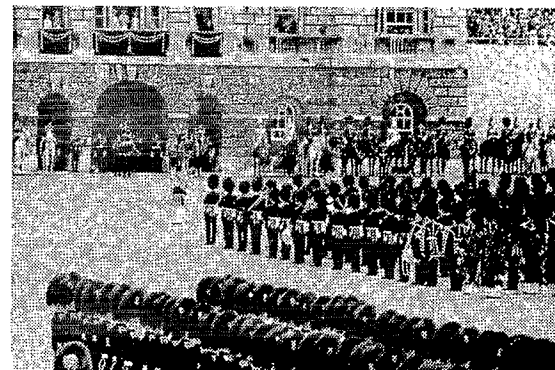
Today being our last day in London everyone got a head start so they could make the most of their day. The morning was filled with shopping for mostly sweaters and blankets which seemed to be the most popular items. As lunch time rolled around people started coming back to the hotel with their arms full of packages and big smiles on their faces as it Christmas was here. After seeing the goods of some of the kids you would think Christmas had hit. The morning for some was meeting time with friends. Kathie Tenney met a lady that Andy (her boyfriend) had baptized. They went shopping and visited through the morning hours. Mignon and Terry Smith took a train trip to a little town called Sidcup to visit with her brother-in-law to be, who was on a mission in England. The afternoon hours were shopping, shopping, and more shopping for some. The others were off to, as Ryan put it, the big time. They went to a play called "Billy". Their reviews all seemed to be favorable especially toward the dancing. Evening was drawing on and many stayed in the hotel tonight to pack and rest for the journey tomorrow. However, there were some who couldn't stay away from the big times and they hit another show "The Good Companions". Their review from this was very good and it left you with a good feeling. The day was a busy and exciting one for all and we all wished we had a week to spend in grand London.



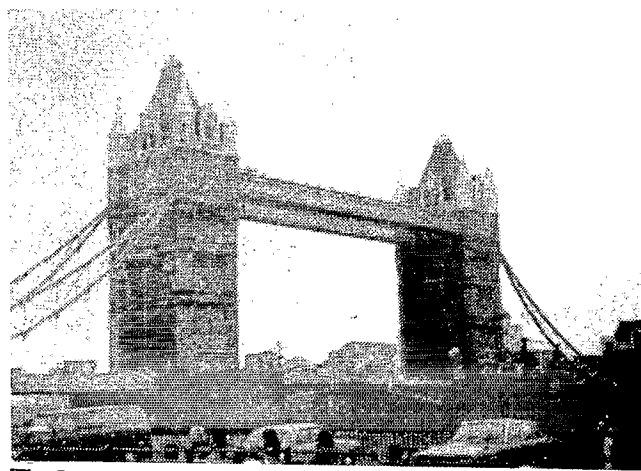
Look we can read what it says!
We know where we are going!
Can it be true. Regent Palace Hotel



Changing of the Guard, Buckingham Palace



The guard at the gate to Trufalgua.



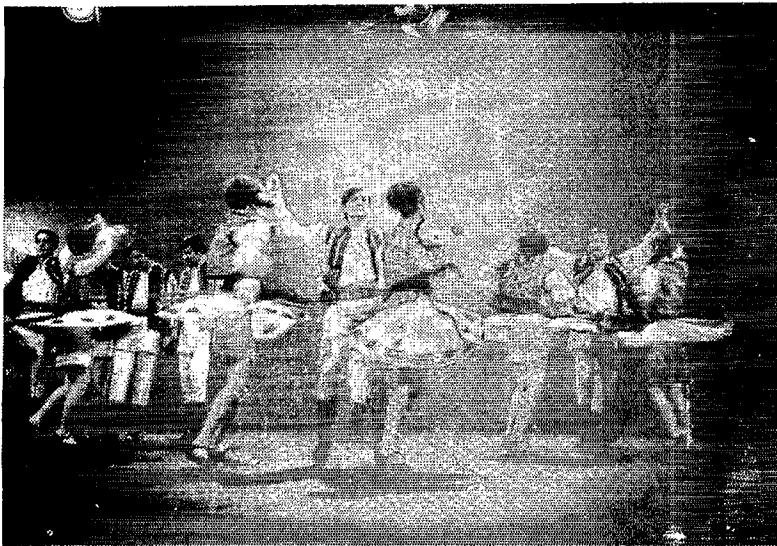
The Tower Bridge.

NAME: Ryan Rhodes
PLACE: London; Billingham, England
DATE: August 15, 1974

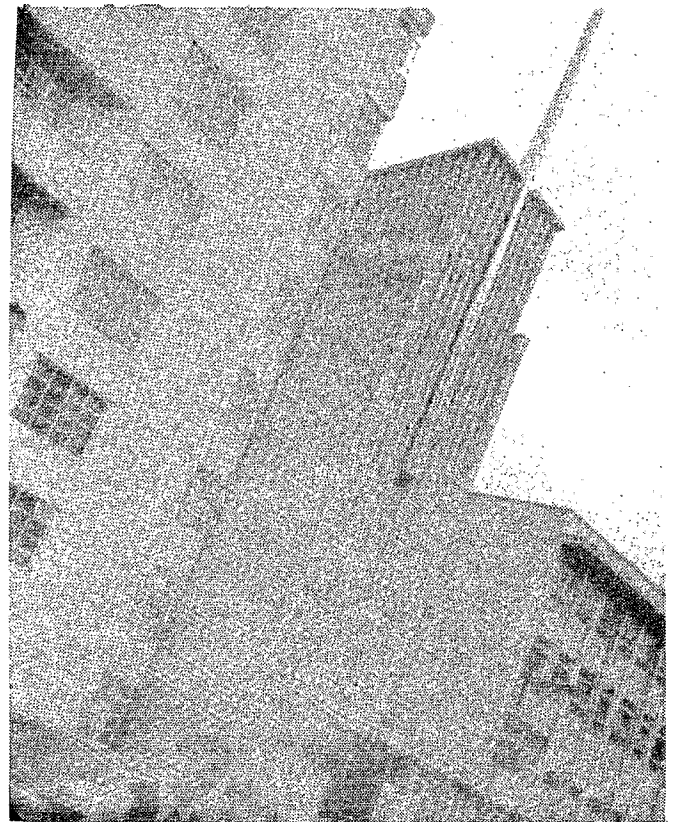
Our bus from London to Billingham was a little behind schedule, about two hours or more and so the time that wasn't spent waiting for the bus was spent on the bus. We finally left the Palace Hotel about noon. It was a typical bus ride on a typical bus with about two typical rest stops on which were bought about twenty pounds of typical chocolate bars by about seven or eight very untypical chocolate freaks. We passed another bus carrying a Spanish group from Madrid about five times and began to make friends with them even before we got to the festival. We arrived rather late and mostly all that was accomplished was to unpack in the college where we were staying, and get ready for tomorrow's events. It is rumored, however, that Dennis Hill and Ryan Rhodes were seen going from candy store to candy store until almost 11:30 p.m. It is rumored that Kathie Tenney gave them 3 pounds to pick her up a little snack.



Exhibition Square



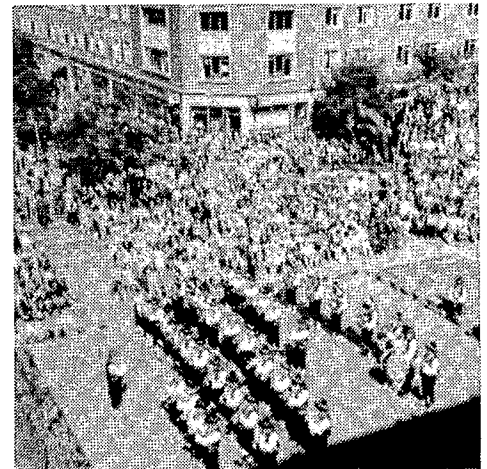
L'ensemble folklorique
SEMENICUL
ROUMANIE



Hyde Park Chapel in London.

NAME: Terry Brown
PLACE: Billingham, England
DATE: August 16, 1974

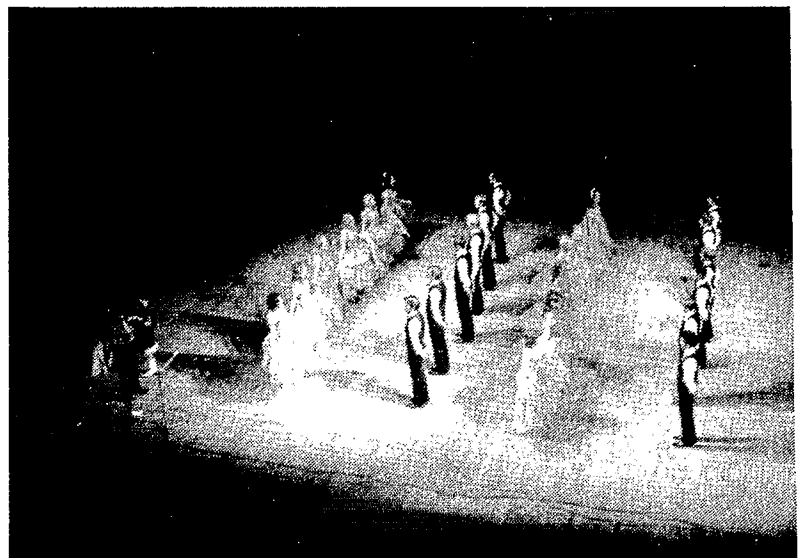
It was the best of days, it was the worst of days, it was the age of innocence, it was the age of wickedness. It must be the contrast of French and English festivals that inspired this brief description. It could very well have been today that Dickens was referring to. Those who made it up for breakfast were pleasantly surprised with a big bowl of cornflakes and dinner rolls instead of French bread with razor blade crust. After breakfast we dressed for a three minute TV show. On the way out of our dorm to the bus we were met by what has since become too familiar horde of autograph hounds and money grabbers. Yes, little, middle and big folks tactfully demanding our John Henry and any loose change we might have, except for a few Austrian Groschen. I don't believe the kids are any richer. I can't write about today without mentioning the organization and respect we have met with here. We didn't have to beg for sheets or blankets but we had bedspreads. We not only have showers but warm water as well. The meals are punctual and graciously served with napkins and clean utensils. We do not have to sleep and dress with the girls and they actually think that the success of the festival has something to do with the happiness and well being of the performers. Although none of the festivals have been negligent of all the above, none have had it all together as those folks have. We also have access to a pool, ice rink, movie and other games as well as our own night club. Yesterday was a day of orientations and we were oriented toward the festival by Brother Jensen and Mary Bee twice during the day and then again after our arriving performance. One of the blessings of this festival is that of competition. The other groups are very good especially the Japanese, Spanish, French, and English. Unfortunately we didn't put on our most precise show. Mary Bee put our heads straight. Afterwards we talked and most of us appreciated it. After this talk the group with desire went to bed while the rest went to the club. I must add that the thought of going home in eight days tickles all of our fancies and brings to mind another note from Tale of Two Cities. It is a far better thing I do than I have ever done. A far better place I go than I have ever been.



Czechoslovakia Group.



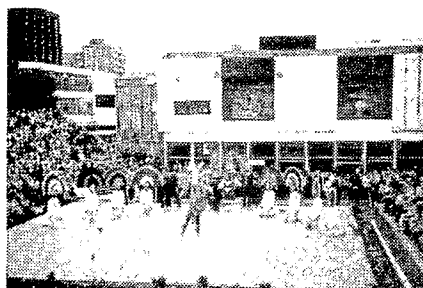
Americans and Ukrainians.



Contrás.

NAME: Shelly Pedersen
PLACE: Billingham, England
DATE: August 17, 1974

This Saturday morning was somewhat typical of a Saturday morning at home. Many of the kids slept in taking advantage of the free time, while others took a bus to nearby Stockton for a fun morning of shopping at the open air market. Our forces were brought together as we dressed in checked costumes to go to lunch. After lunch, all the group met at the Brunner School and lined up for the big opening and parade of the festival. It was an exciting parade with crowded sidewalks of anxious onlookers of every age. We ended the parade at the town center with each group circling once around the stage and then off to our various rooms to wait our turn. If there is any truth to the statement about how you feel the morning after the night before then we can certainly verify it today. The change from last night was in each one of us and we all felt that our part was as a member of the group. We danced as one total group today with everyone being very aware of lines and actions. We could sense this as we danced and it was really exciting to feel the good change toward unity. We ended the day with two more exciting performances one in the Forum Theater and one in the town center lit by flood lights. Both performances were typically western shows finished off by Carolina Clogs. Last night's experience was a very humbling one and I think we each felt the need for personal improvement, and more unity as a group. It wasn't a pleasant experience but it sure taught us a good lesson, and that lesson came out in our performance today. We made Mary Bee happy and that made us happy.



Aztec feather Dance. The most favorite dance of the men.



Spanish Group.



Congolese - Is your appetite back?



Puerto Ricans - They captured the hearts of the American men.

Ballet
 BALLET FOLKLOR CO DE PUERTO RICO
 BAJO EL PATRONATO DEL INSTITUTO DE CULTURA DE P. R.
 157 ALHAMBRA
 URU, P. R. 00910
 HATO REY, P. R. 00910
 IRENE JIMENEZ DE MCLEAN TEL. OF: 724-9529
 HPE-1011 TEL. 766-5211



The Czechs. band they were head over heels over the American Girls.



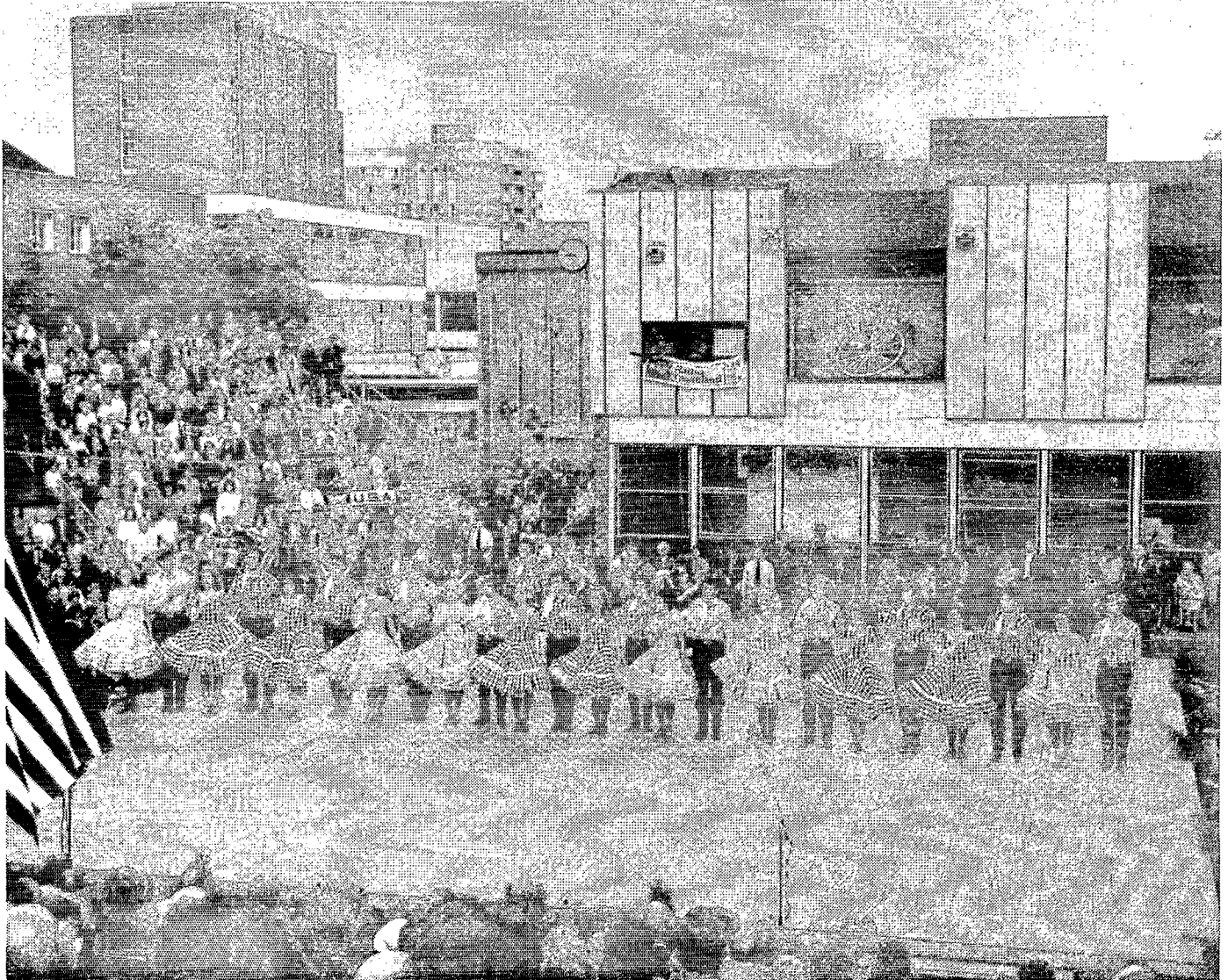
Group from Toulorise, France

NAME: Dan Ross
PLACE: Billingham, England
DATE: August 18, 1974

One of the newsworthy events, today was our church meeting in the hotel were the Jensens, all three of them, are staying. We partook of the Sacrament for the first time in two weeks and then had a very nice testimony meeting. We also had a few of the local members show up. In addition, Oscar brought a lady friend from the French group. In the afternoon we danced two 8 minute events in a show. The first half was carried live on one of the BBC TV stations. The weather was threatening, but as always we were spared the rain and it got the Spanish who immediately followed us, our good fortune continued as the rain stopped before we came out to do our second 8 minute segment, we did all Mexican, which was filmed to be shown on TV tomorrow. Immediately after dinner (tea), we all went to visit the members in the local Billingham ward. Quite a few remained behind after their Sacrament meeting just to see us. We sang a few hymns to them and enjoyed doing it as much as they said they enjoyed listening to us. This was the first time we had met with members in a chapel in a long time and it was quite an uplifting experience. We socialized for awhile and were especially thankful for the fact that we didn't need a translator in order to communicate with them. Our visit was short because we had to hurry to get to our evening show in the Forum theater. We were on the program with the Czech. band and the French and Italian groups. We preformed for 20 minutes and were received fairly well. Most of us went to bed around midnight but a few went to the dance at the Billingham Arms Hotel.



Star Spangled Banner - Billingham Festival

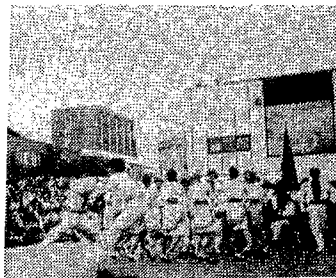


NAME: Oscar Amezcua
PLACE: Billingham, England
DATE: August 19, 1974

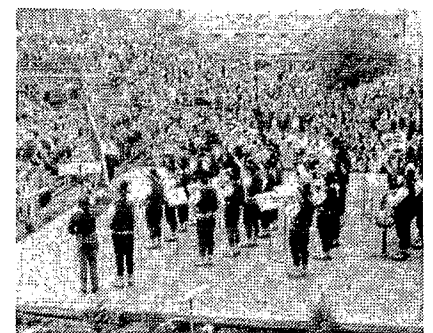
Today started the day of Monday and it will be that the rest of the day. Actually for those who want to get technical it began after Sunday night was over. Well at this writing it's been 1,084 hours, 35 minutes 17 seconds since we last cast our corneas upon our beloved Utah. Today not only marks the 19th of August but it also commemorates the first day that we the BYU Folk Dancers got to sleep in and rest our weary bones. After a fine nights rest on England's answer to Serta Mattresses we the traveling tornadoes of Utah took to DA town square where we presented our pioneer and carolina section. The cho was charp, Teddy and the Buckaroos delighted the audience with the charp Choo-choo train chong chonler, Orange Blossum Special. After our presentation we were asked to do a show for the Queen but we turned it down because we had to go down town to look around. We were treated to a cough drop which is a specialty of fishermen called the fisherman's helper me get rid of me cough, and to our great sympathy it worked real well, of course that is pretty deep subject for cuch-challow minds. Those cough drops were a comfort to us for we were all suffering from Mac Beth's mucus mung of the throat revenge. Oscar the family pet finally lost his voice, much to the approval of the group. For once though, he has something today and could not find the right words. Well after a fine free , frolicking, fun filled afternoon we prepared for our evening performance. We later learned that the Queen was coming to our show but couldn't make it because she was held up downtown looking around so the College Theater had to do without her personage. Our show was the best ever. Both our souls of our feet and body united to tear the house down which had to be rebuilt before doing our finale. After quick reconstructing, our finale was presented and again the bits of ceiling began to shower our performance and audience. And with the dropping of the curtain we ended one of our best shows put on and I am not putting you on for you are not my size. A fantastic free for all topped the evening at the discoteque where the kids showed the Congolese that they were not the only ones who could do their dances. And so it was this the 19th day of August 1974.



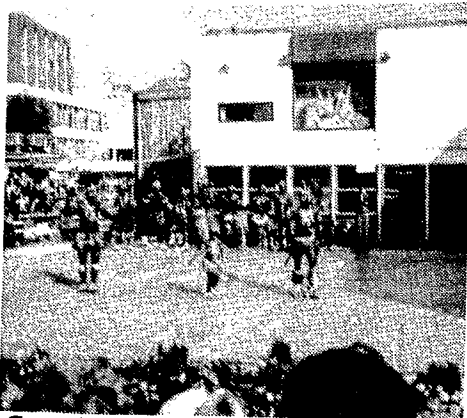
Puerto Ricans



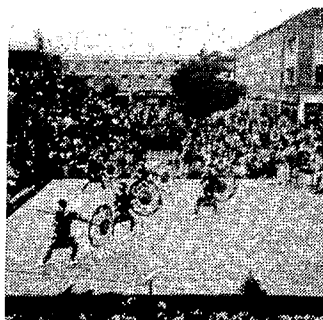
Ukrainians



Czechs



Congolese



Japanese



French

NAME: Janet Christopher
PLACE: Billingham, England
DATE: August 20, 1974

The quiet room soon began to awaken with the chain reaction of the restling of sheets. Mignon sat straight up in bed and said, **So you know where we get all our energy?** We all hustled our bustles into getting ready for our teaching session at 10:00 a.m. Emma and Rene' taught the Mexican Hat to those enrolled in the dance program. Many of them were from the Scandinavian countries and other countries throughout Europe. Rene' and Emma were assisted by their Comparable Companions, all 30 of us, even the band tried their feet at it. Then the rest of the time we turned over to Delynne to teach our final step, Carolina Clogs. Many of them found out that it was harder than it looked. We were then rushed back to the college to change into our costumes to parade to the town center. We performed our first show this afternoon here and then we were taken to the Symphony club for the second show. During our first show Gary did his fire hoop dance with an added attraction. He caught the burning hoop in his breech cloth and burned himself trying to get free. It was very interesting to the audience. We were so wiped out, Allen (our host) bought us 2 candy bars each before our second show. Today is Allen and Jean's 25th Silver Wedding Anniversary. And we have been preparing a sort of surprise gift and cake at dinner for them. After we presented the cake and silver butter dish and thanked Allen for being so kind to us, we sang **Let There Be Peace On Earth** while he recorded it. I feel this song has become a trade mark of our group. The other countries seem to enjoy it the best. The evening we are doing one of the largest performances and will do the Russians time, too, if they don't arrive. It looks as though they will and the group is very excited to see our friends again from U.S.S.R. It is really exciting to see the friendship made in these festivals and the feelings of brotherly love. I hope this will continue throughout the world, that we may have Peace on Earth.

**Y dancers 1974
 acclaimed**

BYU's Folk Dancers received high praise this summer from the mayor of LePorge, France, following a performance in that resort city's new auditorium. U.S. Consul General at Bordeaux, John Willet, who acted as interpreter for the mayor, said the favorable effect of the BYU group's visit was equal to all other measures being taken by U.S. agencies there. This summer's trip was the 10th tour of Europe for the dancers and included seven weeks in Yugoslavia, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, France, Belgium and England. Jacques Moutier, president of the elder's quorum of the Bordeaux Branch, headed a group of 40 church members who went to LePorge for the show. In more than a dozen French and Belgian villages the 25 dancers and six musicians under the direction of Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen, have joined groups from 20 nations in parading through the streets prior to their performances.



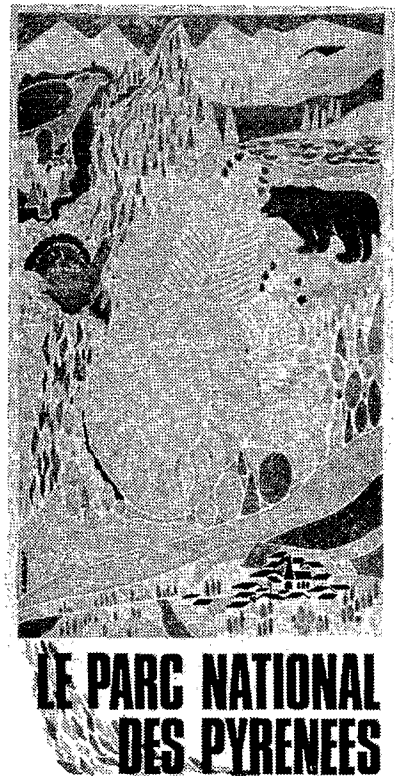
FOLKLORE FESTIVAL gets under way with the oslovakian brass orchestra Valaska appropriately g in front of a large crowd and under the town centre statue of "The Family".



THEIR TURN in the limelight is about to come, but at the moment these American folk dancers are in the shadows... and the young ladies of the team find a novel way to keep off the chill. They may be showing yards of petticoat, but at least the gingham dresses keep their shoulders warm!



Is there really life after 2 months in Europe, and camping out for all that time.

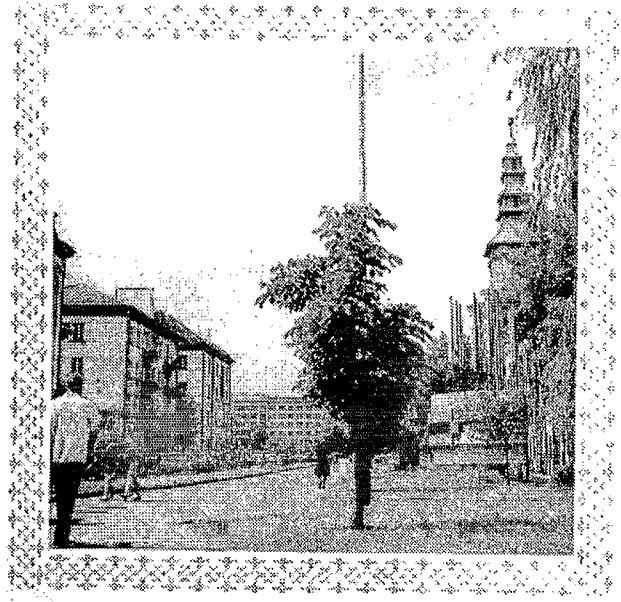


NAME: Phantom
PLACE: Bellingham, England; Edinburgh Scotland
DATE: August 21, 1974

Today we headed for Edinburgh where we would meet Captain Baine. We dressed as warm as we could and took a blanket with us that we would need later that night. We arrived and toured for 1½ to 2 hours. The countryside was beautiful and green. After we were dropped off for shopping time. As we got tired and finished our shopping we rested in a hotel lobby until 8:00 p.m. when we met Captain Baine who was taking us to the Tadoo. It's a once a year show by the castle in Edinburgh where there are bagpipes and dancing, gymnastics etc. all being done by the military. It was outdoors and very interesting. It sprinkled a little but waited until the show was over to pour. However, it was still cold so blankets and bodies were our only hope. We got home about 3:00 a.m. and boy did we ever sleep.



The Spaniards



TERNOPOL

Parade in Bellingham for the 25th time.



NAME: Anne Hall
PLACE: Billingham, England
DATE: August 22, 1974

This day actually started on a bus between Edinburgh and Billingham. We all tried to sleep; some conquering the very proper English straight back seats, the majority waiting till we finally got home to sleep. Hurry for no morning performances. Most of us that is except our great band who had an interview at 10:00 a.m., that actually turned out to be a BBC radio broadcast, talk show, with our band playing musical numbers in between the interview. They scheduled to only play a few numbers, but they liked them so much that they had them play throughout the entire program. Our town center show was fun as usual and afterwards we all went to eat at the Brunner School. Food sure seems to make us happy. The afternoon was free and most of us went our separate ways some washed cloths, others did some profitable shopping and others caught up on sleep. The girls were treated to a luscious cake from the ladies who did the flower arranging in the college. They were such sweet ladies. We made them promise to bring the recipe. It was so good. After dinner our performance was at the college theater. We performed last, after the Russians. It is so much fun to have these kids at this festival too. It was like old home week when they finally arrived and tonight we got to share a show with them. Sasha danced his heart out for Kathie Tenney. A cute Vasia kept spending glances Vickie Scholes way, and almost the whole entire ensemble gave us friendly smiles and winks throughout their performance. Our performance started smoothly and most of us thought it would be a normal show. Much to our surprise shock and disbelief during Lone Prairie Emma Richter flashed a sparkling thing on her left hand. We all went off stage just about dying in disbelief. The word spread and we found ourselves hugging and Kissing Emma and Mark Simpkins. Everyone kept saying is this a joke? When did you decide this and more I have never seen Smoky Mountain Clogs done so wildly. All the people at the festival were so cute. They ran and got some flowers and announced their engagement to the audience. It was a nice way to end a show if I have ever seen one. After this show we were off to our performance at the discoteque. The Russians had performed there also, and were there to see us. We did the entire fad dances — seemed to fit the setting — rumor has it that Ryan Rhodes fell flat on his face while entering on Charlestons, Mark Worthington almost missed a few girls on the throw of Westeroo and Saturday Night Stroll posed for seemingly hours before the dance got under way. But we were a hit. Everyone loved the dances. After dancing we rushed home to have our party with the Czechs. But they had gone to bed by the time we arrived. So we decided to pull an Oloron trick and go in singing Oh Susanna and wake them up. They slowly got up and decided it wasn't too late for a party. They are such warm people. Well, I think we can all agree that these cute men won our hearts too as one of them said, "We may look old, but we are young at heart". Some returned to the discoteque to dance. But eventually all ended up in bed after a very surprising and eventful day.

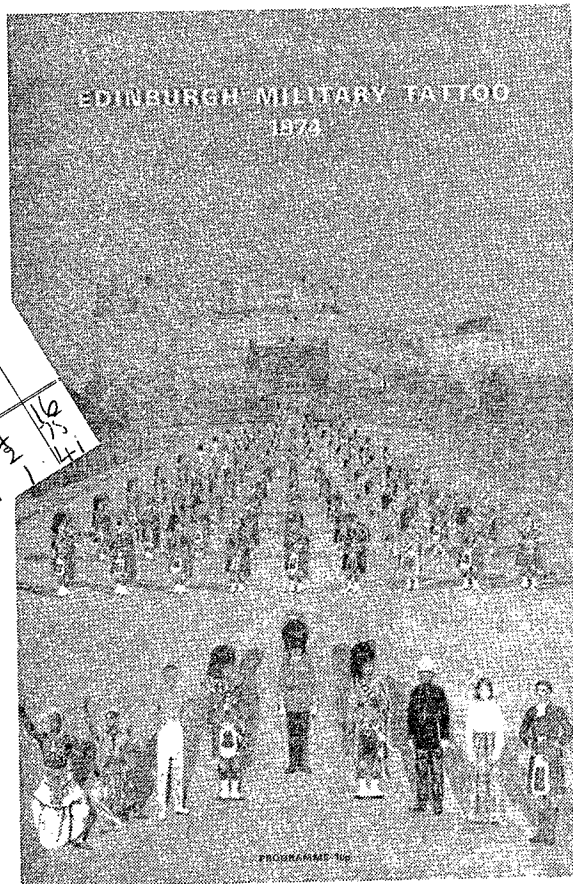


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DEUTSCHMARKS		
LIRE		
STERLING		4 11/16
LESS PURCHASES		
TOTAL TENDERED		4 11/16
CHANGE HEREWITH £		



NAME: Vickie Scholes
PLACE: Billingham, England
DATE: August 23, 1974

The day began as another early day. We were to be ready to board the bus at 9:00 a.m. but we had gotten so used to the luxury of sleeping in until 9 or 10:00 that for most to get up at 8:00 was very hard. Brother Jensen sent us off, making sure we were all there and had prayer. This was the day we were to take a trip into a little English town called Durham. It took only an hour to get there. We were taken to a very famous Cathedral. It is supposed to be the best example of Normen Architecture — built in honor of St. Cuthbert who is buried there. It is a very beautiful and interesting cathedral. The church had some 300 odd stairs to the top of the tower where all who braved the climb vouch it was one of the most magnificent views they have ever seen. Mark Simpkins said the climb up was something else. The stair case progressively got narrower and darker. After an hour in the cathedral we all met again to go into town to do some shopping, though for some of us it was more a look than buy. It was a nice little town to visit and spend a couple of hours but we were soon anxious to get back to the college and get our various chores done. That afternoon was a show in the Town Center but we didn't perform so a bunch of us went to get pictures of the several groups that performed. Others went shopping, took naps, washed clothing and organized their luggage. Before long it was time for dinner. There we promised the Czechs. that we would sing for them as soon as we got back home. They wanted a recording of **Let There Be Peace**. Because we did this we were a bit delayed getting ready for the show. It was the final big show of the festival. All the groups were performing at the college and the forum. At the college we were third and at the forum we got to be last. Our part of the show at the forum was televised and we also led the Farandole at the end. Our show for the night consisted of doing 1/2 of "Oh Susanna, Exhibition, Lone Prairie, Eagle, Orange Blossom Special and Carolinas." We also led the audience in the Festival Song — Song of peace. Though, I think most of us will agree that the two shows were not two of our best ones. I feel that through the spirit and love we have for dance, each other, our new friends and the gospel, we were able to capture the hearts of our audience. We gave our love to them and they gave us back all their love in return. It is really beautiful to see and feel there are so many people behind us, backing us all the way. After the show most of the groups had parties. The Czechs. and the Ukrainians had a get — together which they invited us to. A few of the kids went to this while others got ready for bed or went to the discoteque. On the average, it was another very late but exciting and fun night having the opportunity to strengthen our new friendships as well as make new ones. I am sure it will be a night remembered by most of us when we recall our big final performance in Billingham as a night of mixed emotions. Our joy at being closer to home and the sadness of leaving beautiful places and beautiful people who we came to love so much



the Russians
Sasha, and ?



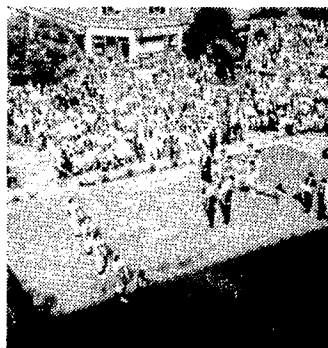
Group from Madrid, Spain.



Czech. Band "Valaska"



Puerto Ricans



Japanese



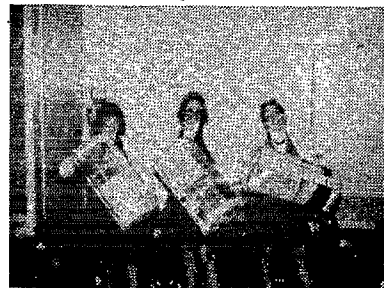
Shelly, and Rene with the Ukrainians

NAME: Sally Ashton
PLACE: Billingham, London, England; and HOME
DATE: August 24, 1974

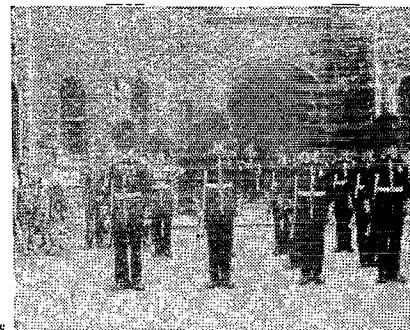
This was a day of many different and mixed emotions! Everyone was excited about it being the day before our "Trek" home, but at the same time we had made many friends — most of whom we would never see again. The Ukraine is awfully far away for a weekend visit. Come to think of it, so were all the other countries! Our last big performance came in the afternoon, and all of us put out hearts into doing a good job. The most touching part of the day came at evening when all the countries paraded to the town square by the light of torches. Our girls were dressed in their beautiful pink contra gowns, which made a fairy-like effect when coupled with torch light. Our little English Flag bearer wanted to carry our Flag so badly, that he came even though he was sick, and valiantly held it up all through the closing ceremonies at the town center. Then we had a fireworks display that beat a lot of Fourth of July fireworks I have ever seen. Billingham certainly treated all of us like Kings. It is an experience that I will always treasure. When it comes to actual parting, it is very difficult to write about feelings and emotions, so I will just mention my own two special experiences by 33 other people, and you will know just how neat it was. Ted and I said good by first to little Jimmy who looks 12 but is really 14. He was around our group constantly from the very first day. He was there when we got up and when we went to bed. We all three were crying when it was time to leave. Onto the Czechs, we had five of them come to say good-bye. It was like bidding **farewell** to your Grandfather. They cried, we cried, we sure loved those old guys so much. The people are what will be our cherished memories long after we have forgotten everything else. We took off for London at 3:00 a.m. and promptly found out to our dismay that the much publicized romance of Mark and Emma was a farce. An honest-to-goodness trick. Mark had been accused of treating Emma like a slave, and they were just getting back at the group for their nosiness. Oh well. Home seems like such a dream, but we are on our way. Each of us back to our own lives, whatever they may be! Not before Rene' got a lippie from Sacha upon saying good-bye to the Russians, in return for the kiss Rene' gave him his Cowboy Boots. A fitting end to a very inspirational tour.



Calm down Sasha! there is an Indian behind you! Rene is that you! what happened to Gary.



Delynne, Ann & Kathie doing a dance they learned in Germany the Iderdown shuffle!



Folkdancers

was over miles of winding mountain roads. The Israelis were so frightened at the prospect of an ambush that they asked the American group to wait and escort them back to Rodez. The Americans were willing to oblige. Along with two French police vehicles, the three hour trip was brief.

At each turn of the road the tension mounted in the BYU bus until Larry Beaudin shouted, "Dues, anybody know any Arab songs?" Everyone got into the act of making up the wildest joke until they realized they were back in Rodez safe and sound.

The Israelis and Americans became really close in France. When the Americans left to go to London, the Israelis invited them up to their room for a farewell party. Songs were sung, refreshments served and many tears were shed. Larry Brown, a musician from Provo, said that "farewell party was the essence of what the tour was." He said that he had "the most beautiful feeling at that party!"

Terry who played banjo for the dancers said that one of the most unusual things about performing with the dancers was that they received no harassment from any of the audience. As a matter of fact, said Terry, one town was so enthralled with a parade we did, that they wanted to give us the town's "wme of honor." We had to tactfully explain our standards to the townspeople, and when they understood, they gave us soda pop instead, he said.

Work and Comedy together. Funny situations occurred constantly on tour. For instance, the time in Brussels when the stage fell apart and dancers kept disappearing through holes in the floor, or when the shoeshine

machine ate Kris McGarry's shoe.

One of the funniest incidents occurred in a little town in Switzerland, called Yverdon. The dancers were supposed to parade through town, but were given no instructions on where to go. Nancy Brown, the flag carrier, led the entire group, doing the Salty Dog Rag, through alleys and side streets, and finally around a set of gasoline pumps. She didn't even bat an eye.

"It was the spirit of the gospel that carried the shows through," Mike Scholtes said "We were able to get to know the people you hear about, and find that they're special people who are kind and loving."

Dean Clayne Jensen of the Physical Education Dept., wrote, "BYU Folkdancers are by far the leading representatives of American folkdance in European countries."

Mary B Jensen, director of the folkdancers, said this was the finest group from BYU that she had ever taken on tour. Mrs. Jensen praised the group for their unity and dedication. "They unstintingly realized the goals and expectations of the tour," she said.

It is no wonder that the group has already received invitations for folk festivals in Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia for next year.

But sleep was not in the cards for these weary performers. No sooner would their heads hit the pillows than the Russians, the Czechs, the Israelis, or all three, would come storming into the room ready for a party. The Americans wouldn't want to be unsoberable, so they joined right in. Nancy Brown, one of the musicians, recalls many of the funny experiences that made the tour memorable. "The time Lark kicked her slips off twice in one show," or the time "Sally fell off the stage when she took a wrong step." Nancy recalls that one time in Munich, it was raining so hard that "everyone wore their laundry bags." "The funny incidents are the only thing that kept me going," she said.

Nancy said that what you "put into a trip like this is what you get out of it." No matter how hard you try "you can never soak in as much as you want."



Terrorists spotted
The night of President Nixon's resignation speech, the folkdancers were performing in a little town near Rodez, France. President Nixon's speech was not the only interesting thing going on that night. The Americans were performing with several other dance groups from different countries, when the Israeli saw five Arab terrorists in the audience. The French police were called immediately and three of the Arabs were identified as terrorists. The other two Arabs disappeared.

The trip to Rodez that night (Continued on next page)

Dance of the American Indian was performed in full throughout Europe on their recent tour.

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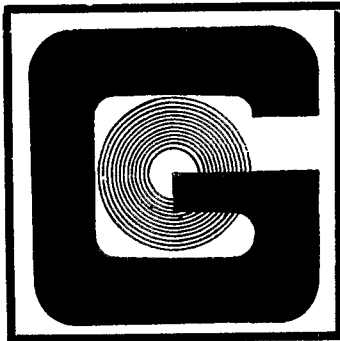
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FESTIVAL
DES
AFFAIRES



25 GROUPES
16 PAYS...

LISTE DES GROUPES ET MUSIQUES

Groupe NAVASART	ARMENIE
Groupe OROBICCO	ITALIE
Groupe RIBATEJO	PORTUGAL
Groupe DE KORONAER	HOLLANDE
Groupe GILDE VAN SIN SEGASTIAN	BELGIQUE
Groupe VASAS	HONGRIE
Groupe DNIESTR	U.R.S.S.
Groupe de VALENCE	ESPAGNE
Groupe de FUENGIROLA	ESPAGNE
Groupe de VIVERO de GALICIA	ESPAGNE
Groupe de JACA	ESPAGNE
Groupe de MANITOBA	CANADA
Groupe de l'UTAH	U.S.A.
Groupe XOCHIPILI	MEXIQUE
Groupe AREYTO	PORTO-RICO
Groupe du SENEGAL	SENEGAL
Groupe LAAKAT BEIT AGEPHEN	ISRAEL
Groupe VICHY et ses sources	FRANCE
Groupe LOUS ESBERITS	FRANCE
Groupe LOUS PASTOUS de SEIGNOSSE	FRANCE
Groupe Corse I MAGGIACCHIOLI	FRANCE
MUSIQUES	
Musique Municipale d'ATHENES	GRECE
Musique de la XI ^e Division Parachutiste	FRANCE
Musique du 1 ^{er} Gt de Hussards Parachutistes	FRANCE
Musique de la Division de « NAVARRA »	ESPAGNE
Los PALACIOS	FRANCE

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A VOTRE SERVICE...

1 AU 4
AOUT
1974

**XII^e FESTIVAL
FOLKLORIQUE
DES PYRÉNÉES**

1 AU 4
AOUT
1974

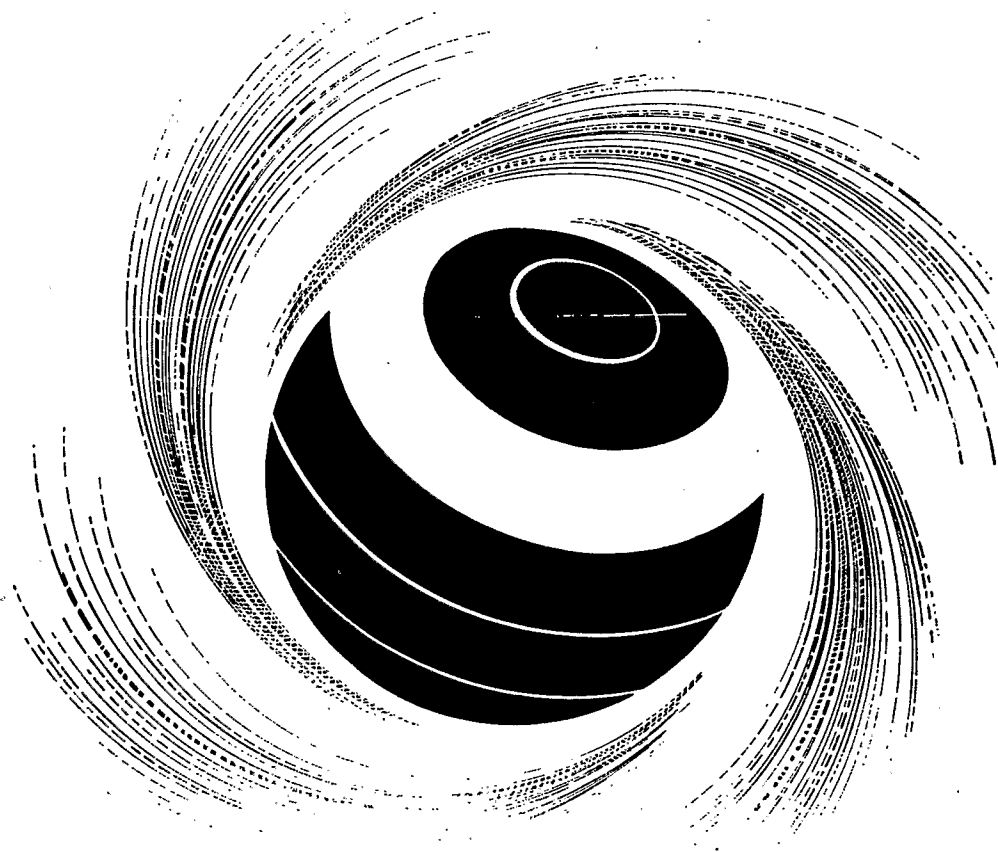
BAYONNE

**III^e FESTIVAL
INTERNATIONAL
de FOLKLORE**

**MARDI 6
AOUT 1974**

— à 21 h. 15 —

**PALAIS DES SPORTS
DE LAUGA**



**AMÉRIQUE - CANADA - FRANCE
HOLLANDE - ISRAËL - POLOGNE
PAYS BASQUE**

