

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

**AMERICAN
FOLK DANCERS
1975**

EUROPEAN TOUR

(11th ANNUAL TOUR)

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



EUROPEAN TOUR LIST

1975

1. Tim Anderson
2. Dennis Bailey
3. Claudia Beck
4. Dick Bohman
5. Barry Bounous
6. Jeff Carter
7. Pam Croft
8. Alan Dance
9. Eilene Erekson
10. Clyda Frandsen
11. Bryan Fong
12. Marlin Harmon
13. Bertha Hiskey
14. Jaremy Hoopes
15. Keith Judd
16. Roma Jean Little
17. Barbara May
18. Pauline Miller
19. Ted Murphree
20. Julie Nash
21. Rand D. Newby
22. Allen Porter
23. Jana Ricks
24. Jill Rigg
25. Launi Simmonds
26. Jared Suzuki
27. Wendy Wittwer
28. Dave Woodland

29. Mary Bee Jensen
30. Don Jensen
31. Dave Schulthess
32. Fran Schulthess
33. Don Allen

EUROPE 75
TOUR AND SHOW SUMMARY

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Audience</u>
9 July	Leave Salt Lake City	Parents and friends
<u>Netherlands</u>		
10 July	Amsterdam--Florapark	400
11 July	Amsterdam--Vondelpark	400
12 July	Rotterdam--Schouwburgplein (town square)	600
12 July	Rotterdam--Free-airtheatre Dijkzicht	250
13 July	Traveling from Rotterdam to Antwerpen	
<u>Belgium</u>		
14 July	Antwerpen--City Zoo	2000
14 July	Berchem--Alphaesdal (Sports Palace)	1200
15 July	Bruxelles--Le Grand Place	2000
16 July	Auderghem (Bruxelles)--Centre Culturel	800
<u>France</u>		
17 July	Paris--Rosny 2 (Shopping Center) 2 shows	500 and 700
18 July	Paris Sightseeing	
19 July	Paris	
20 July	Grand-Bornand--Town Square	1000
21 July	Morzine--Town Square	400
	Morzine Parade	300
<u>Switzerland</u>		
22 July	Thonon Les Bains and visiting Geneva	
<u>France</u>		
23 July	Chamonix--Centre Sportif	700
24 July	Travel to Gannat	
25 July	Vichy--Live T.V. promotion for Gannat Festival	20,000,000
	Gannat Parade	800
26 July	Gannat Festival--Feature Show	1000
	Parade	1500
27 July	Gannat Festival--Finale Show	6300
	Parade	4000
28 July	Gannat Festival--Picnic	
29 July	Seignosse (Bayonne)--Centre de Loisir	1000
30 July	Pau--Street corners and Old Folks Home	5700
30 July	Pau--Casino	900
31 July	Travel to Jaca	
<u>Spain</u>		
1 August	Jaca--Festival Performance	4000
2 August	Jaca--Plasa de Biscos	1000
3 August	Jaca--Catholic Seminary	10 nuns
1 - 3 August	Jaca Parades (three total)	18,000
<u>France</u>		
4 August	Le Porge--Centre Sportif	900
5 August	Traveling--Le Porge to Brussels	
6 August	Leave Brussels	
7 August	Arrive Salt Lake City	

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
American Folkdancers
Show Line-up

Devil's Dream
Exhibition Square Dance

"Ragtime Annie"
"Charlie"

Elizabeth Quadrille
Round Dance
New England Contra

"Old Man River"
"Red Haired Boy"

Oh Susanna
Virginia Reel
"Lone Prairie"
Polka Quadrille

"Pat Carney's Reel"
"Three Drummers"

Smoky Mountain Clogs
Tap Clogs

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Running Sets

"Amond Ackuuk"

Zapateado

"Little Liza Jane"

Puili
Feather Gourd
Slap Dance
Fire Dance

Charleston
Saturday Night Stroll
Jitterbug
Soda Pop Bop

"Orange Blossom Special"

Carolina Clogs

EUROPEAN TOUR 1975

-Student Responsibilities-

Business Manager
- Dick Bohman

Baggage Movement & Flag
- Dave Woodland

Baggage Loading
- Tim Anderson
- Marlin Harmon

Women's Costumes
- Julie Nash
- Bertha Hiskey
- Pauline Miller

Men's Costumes
- Keith Judd

Slips, Hawaiian Props
- Eilene Erekson
- Clyda Frandsen
- Jared Suzuki
- Bryan Fong

Addresses
- Rand D. Newby
- Launi Simmonds

Shoes and Boots
- Jeff Carter
- Dennis Bailey
- Roma Jean Little
- Jana Ricks

Secretary
- Claudia Beck

History
- Alan Dance
- Barbara May
- Pam Croft

Band Director
- Ted Murphree

Musical Instruments
- Band Members

Special Events & Bus Seating
- Allen Porter
- Wendy Wittwer

Tour Director
- Don Allen

Artistic Director
- Mary Bee Jensen

Public Relations Director
- Dave Schulthess

Tuesday, July 1, 1975
Provo, Utah

Rand D. Newby
Bertha Hiskey

None of us knew quite what to expect when we met at 8:00 that morning. Everyone had changed and yet we weren't really any different than before. There were the usual hugs and squeals of greeting which Mormons and particularly BYU students (co-eds, most especially!) have become accustomed to. But the handshakes and embraces took on a new meaning as we began to understand our partnership in this new adventure. I don't think that any of us could really believe we were going, and with each other, and so soon. So the first hour or so of our preparatory week was full of anticipation and "between the eyes" impact.

It's a good thing that Don and Mary Bee took time to explain the proceedings and a few of the events we had to look forward to because we were all still sloppin' in the dark. Even then it was clear as mud, but it covered the ground! Our first meeting together really got us excited, but also a little scared because we realized how much we still had to do. Then when we started dancing, we knew how unprepared we were! We all shared Marlin's feelings when he said he felt like a real "kluts" out there! Some had new partners to break into a new position, or a new set, and some (heaven forbid) had even forgotten some of the dances!!

As the day (and we) drug on and we found muscles that we hadn't used (or had forgotten we had) for the past two months, we began to do ridiculous things, like moaning and groaning and getting blisters! It was good to know that we all felt the same and we became a little bit more willing to share each other's burdens. So by 8:00 that night, we were all pretty much spent and ready to call the first day "Good."

Wednesday, July 2, 1975
Provo, Utah

Rand D. Newby
Bertha Hiskey

This day began much the same as yesterday, only considerably slower! We each stumbled, creaked, or crawled into old 134 and collapsed into the chairs that lined the room. Then Don hollered out, "Devils Dream," and we knew that it was! And what an Exhibition! If our folks could see us now they'd be embarrassed! But, luckily we were beginning to recall the steps and perfecting the sequences. The band was doing a fantastic job, trying to keep us at the right speed, and we could see ourselves becoming a unit. Friendships were strengthened through the long hours and common goals, and the uneasiness that any of us might have felt around each other was disappearing.

A particularly exciting part of the day came when we could sing together. Seldom can a group be found where every member could hold his or her own so well and sound so beautiful! And we thought we were just dancers! A really special feeling came over me as we sang "I Am a Child of God," and I understood a little better than I did the eternal truth of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Y. dancers bolster U.S. image

PROVO — Improvement of the American image has followed performances of the Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers now on their eleventh tour of Europe.

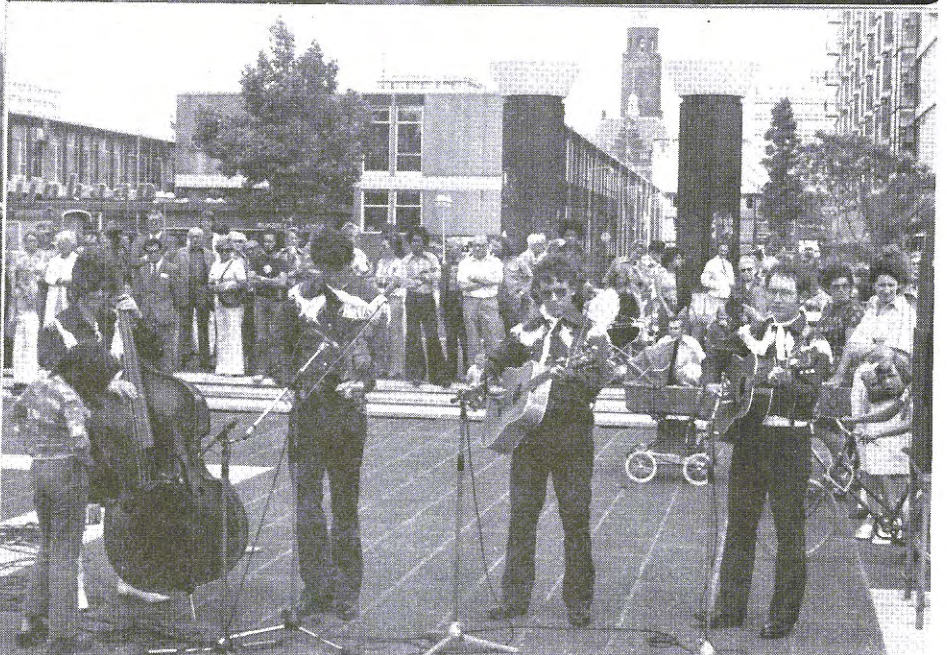
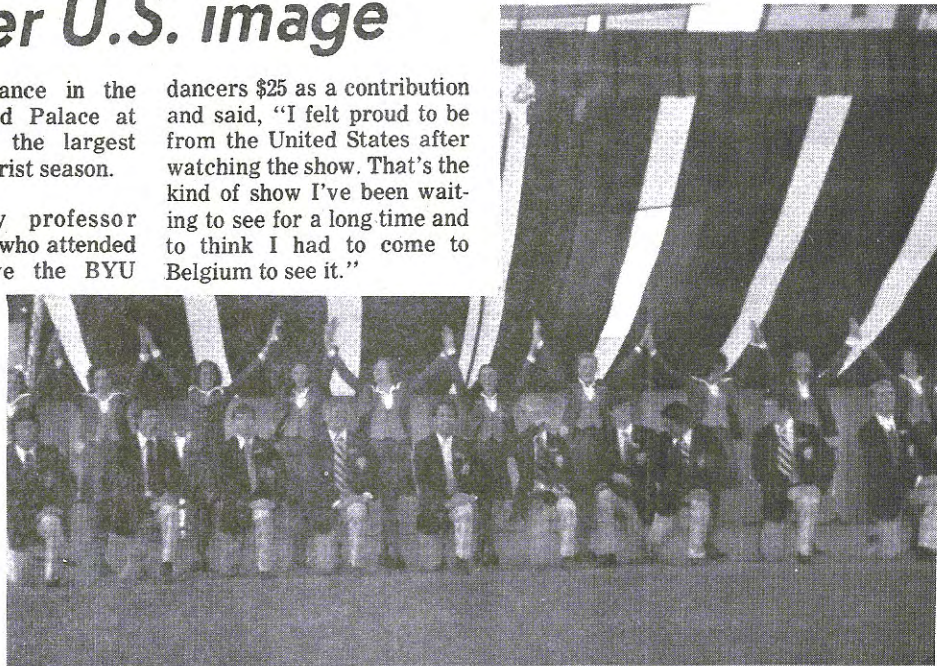
David A. Schulthess, information director on the tour, said the BYU group so far has played before capacity audiences in theaters and entertainment centers. The current tour will take the BYU performers to The Netherlands, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Spain. In addition, the dancers have been hosted by officials and dignitaries in the cities and countries which they have visited.

Said the cultural attache in Brussels, Belgium: "It is great to have you here. It's hard for us (the U.S. embassy) to tell you what your appearance means in telling the Belgians of the good side of our American culture. But your fresh faces and friendly conduct is America at its best. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts."

The performance in the historical Grand Palace at Brussels drew the largest crowd of the tourist season.

A university professor from Kentucky who attended that show gave the BYU

dancers \$25 as a contribution and said, "I felt proud to be from the United States after watching the show. That's the kind of show I've been waiting to see for a long time and to think I had to come to Belgium to see it."



I think that we were all a source of constant amazement to ourselves-- how could we be so tired and yet perform when we needed to? How could we ache all over and yet care so much for the other guy's pains? And how could we love a group of kids so much, or love them more after a month? We'll never be able to remember all the encouraging words or the little jokes (there were enough of those!) but we'll remember the feeling we got from the experience and store it away for years ahead. Like the saying, "We have memories so we can have roses in December."

Our first practice for the panorama at the Marriott Center got underway slowly and continued such into the late evening...really what more can be said? We'll talk more about the spectacular display on the 4th, but for now, we're all too tired!!

Thursday, July 3, 1975
Provo, Utah

Rand D. Newby
Bertha Hiskey

By Thursday, we were really beginning to feel like we were "suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," (Hamlet) not to mention sore feet and legs! We must have been an impressive looking crew: lined up on the floor along the wall with our feet on the chairs, then explaining to a spectator at the door that we were "practicing for Europe"! But today was our dress rehearsal and we had to look and feel good! Well, at least we looked good... despite black pants for Zapateado and Jana's yellow socks! But we felt better about ourselves and our capabilities and began to really have a lot of fun with the dances (snort!)

So with dress rehearsal over, we had plenty of time for a good dinner(!) before we had to be at the Marriott Center for round two. The bands were there and so were the kids and everyone was a little restless as 10:00 approached. And the flags came in as the kids were streaming down the stairs... again...and again...and again...and again. Thank you, Miss Croft, the peacemaker.

Friday, July 4, 1975
Provo, Utah

Rand D. Newby
Bertha Hiskey

Sometime between eight and nine we finally all got together at the Fieldhouse parking lot to start the parade. We decided that being number 39 was better than being number 85 and before too long we started off (but we eventually got back on!) I may be wrong, but I think we all sensed the importance of this simple July 4th parade in Provo, Utah 84601. It marked the first of many such parades as we Salty-dog our way across Europe. It was our first time to actually perform as a group and feel the exhilaration of applause for us, as a group, representing BYU, the Church, and America. A certain pride swelled within each of us as we considered all that we were part of and the traditions we were entrusted to uphold and carry forth.

American Image

JUL 29 1975 Provo Herald

Improved by

'Y' Folk Dancers

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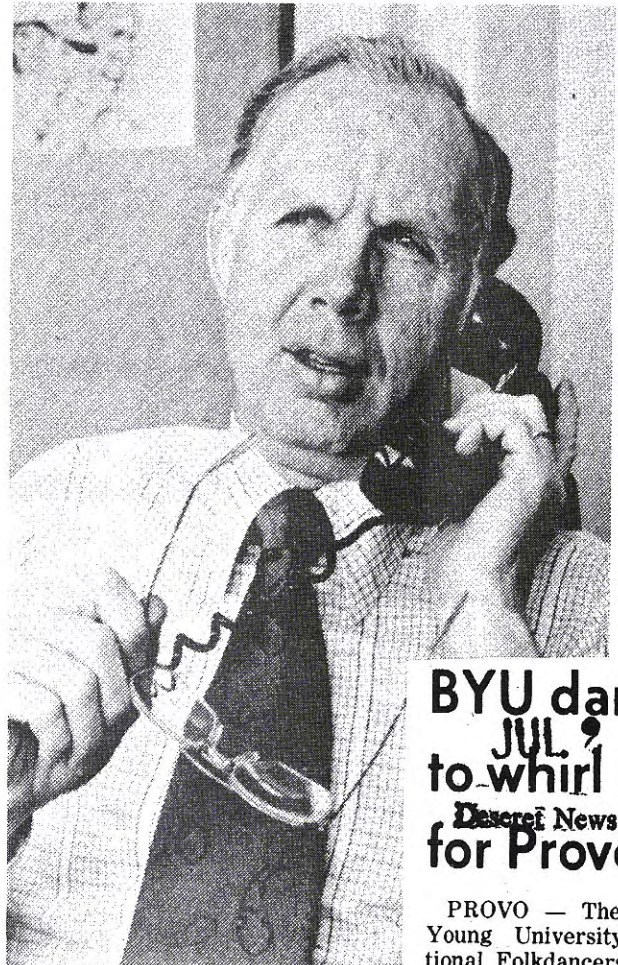
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A critic in Antwerp described

the show at Berchem Hall as "extraordinary" entertainment."

Mr. Schulthess observed that the European crowds usually maintain an attitude of cold analysis at the beginning of the show but warm up as the Americans present their enthusiastic dances in colorful Western dress. "At the finale they are really whooping it up with us."

At home the students present programs of dances of many nations but when they are in Europe they present a program depicting the history of American in dance, including Indian dances, the Carolina Clog, Western hoedown, Appalachian running sets, and even the Hawaiian fire dance.



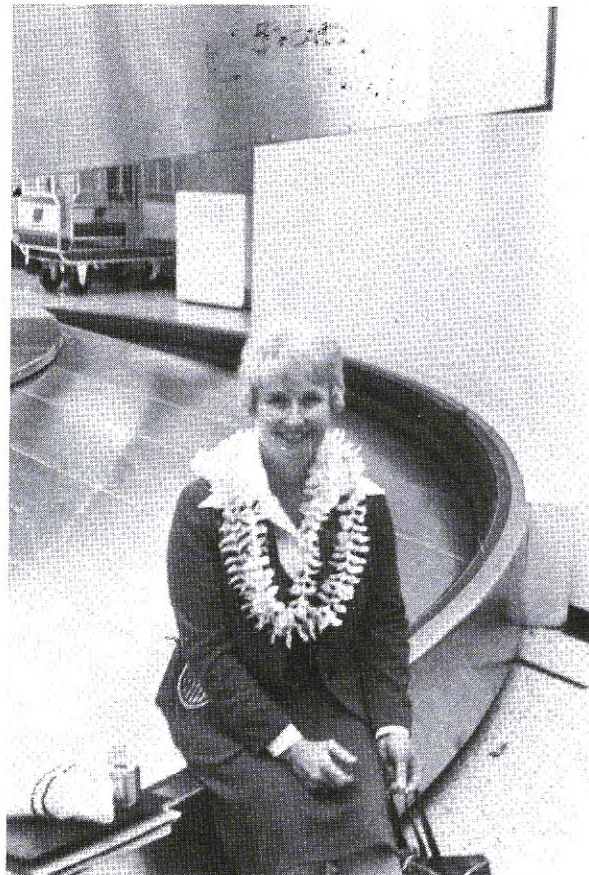
BYU dancers JUL 29 1975 to whirl Deseret News for Provoans

PROVO — The Brigham Young University International Folkdancers will give local residents a preview of traditional and contemporary American dances to be included in their coming European Tour at a Freedom Festival concert Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Provo High School Auditorium.

Tickets for the concert, which is part of this year's Provo Freedom Festival are currently available at the Marriott Center ticket office and can be purchased at the door. The cost is \$2 for adults and \$1 for children and BYU faculty and students.

The 29-member dance troupe will leave Salt Lake City July 9 for Amsterdam, Netherlands to begin a month-long tour of dance festivals in the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Spain, according to Don Allen, business manager and tour director for the group.

Although known in the area as the International Folk Dancers, they will travel as the BYU American Folk Dancers, performing American dances dating from colonial times to the present day, said Allen. Mary Bee Jensen is the artistic director for the dancers.



But a far greater pride came to us that day as we took our places to participate in the Panorama. My heart fairly burst and the lump in my throat announced imminent tears as we slowly turned to view the spectacular sight of our Grand Old Flag in a majesty befitting the country it represents. I wondered how soon I would find myself missing the things that this democracy has so freely given. And as we watched our Marines perform a pageant for the flag, I caught perhaps a glimpse of the vision that has created and unified a nation-- a reality that is only a dream in so much of the rest of the world. And I again wondered in awe that we are being given the responsibility of representing that great vision to the peoples of Europe. I just hope that we can be worthy emissaries of truth in all that we represent-- particularly America, "...one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Amen.

Saturday, July 5, 1975
Provo, Utah

Tim Anderson
Clyda Frandsen

Can you believe it-- we're still getting up at 7:00 am to dance at 8:00!! Well, we went through our numbers for Saturday night's (tonight) performance and laughed at the silly mistakes we'd made last night.

We finished around noon and got the afternoon off to rest up for tonight's show at Provo High School's Auditorium.

As eight o'clock rolled around, we found ourselves in an oven and we were already perspiring before the show. Parents and friends began to file down the aisles and soon it was time to go on.

Well, what can you say about your first show? Sure we made mistakes, but we learned! We learned more about Zapatiado! We learned about changing costumes before Soda Pop Bob, etc., etc! It was fun! Bryan and Jared sang hula songs while Clyda and Eileen did a hula. The words to the song were taped to Jill's bass, which stood next to the boys where they could be read if the song was forgotten. All in all, it went well!

Afterwards some of the kids went to Price's for ice cream and then to Dennis Hill's and Larry Beaudin's to swim. We made so much noise out there at 11:00 pm one of the girls who lived there was yelling at us to quiet down. Some of the kids had seen "Jaws" that afternoon and weren't so sure they wanted to swim at all! Well, so much for Saturday!

Sunday, July 6, 1975
Provo, Utah

Tim Anderson
Clyda Frandsen

Finally a day of rest--and boy did the Lord know what he was doing when he gave it to the folk dancers. This day turned out to be the most special day of the tour so far. We had really worked together to get a good show and our testimony meeting at Mary Bee's home gave us time to reflect.

When everyone arrived they took a tour of her house and then pictures were taken outside. Chairs were set up outside so that we could look out and see all of Provo. As it got dark, the lights came on and it was still beautiful. The only thing distracting was the cars that kept hot-rodding by her house, the leisure Sunday drivers, the parkers.

The spirit of the Lord was really there the full time. We have felt a closeness in our group already, even though we were almost strangers at the beginning of the week. Don said to limit each testimony to about a minute and a half but folk dancers are not known to be short-winded and the meeting went on and on and on. But even so, everyone enjoyed it and felt it worth it all. Kisses, hugs, tears and refreshments followed and our group was even closer than when the evening began and the excitement for being together for a month grew stronger.

Monday, July 7, 1975
Provo, Utah

Tim Anderson
Clyda Frandsen

8:00 am and back to the grind! We went through the numbers the way we'll do them in Europe. I don't think it really dawned on us that this would be our last real day of rehearsal. We came in at 12:00 to sing with Rolly. Good old Rolly never let us down and was there to run us through the songs again - amazing the work that man has done with us! We decided the message contained in "Let There Be Peace on Earth" would come across more clearly if we all sang the melody - we didn't want to start any contention by trying to harmonize.

Monday afternoon we had off and at 7:00 pm we met at Don Allen's for a Family Home Evening. We had homemade ice cream, cake and other goodies. We played jacks, jumprope, and another one of Alan Dance's word games. We found the boys were better at jacks than the girls-- tell ya somethin'?? Dave turned out to be the jacks champion.

After Don's we all ran home to pack and get ready for the big weigh-in on Tuesday morning.

Tuesday, July 8, 1975
Provo, Utah

Tim Anderson
Clyda Frandsen

Our weigh-in went from 11 pounds to 24. Who knows how you can do that when everyone is supposed to take the same thing. But after Don's insistence, no one was over 15 pounds. The costumes were packed and we had the rest of the day free to sleep, run errands, last minute shopping, washing, or find our way to Salt Lake for the big trip.

BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

Local Dancers Among Group Going to Europe

Brigham Young University's famed Folkdancers are flying out of Salt Lake City Airport tonight for a month-long tour of Western Europe. There will be overtones of the Bicentennial celebration in the tour this year, according to Don Allen, tour director.

Mr. Allen noted this is the 11th trip abroad for the group, and he noted this September

BYU will host an international folk dance festival with several of the world's finest dance groups coming to Provo.

Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen, Provo, is artistic director of the folkdancers. Local members of the group, all of Provo, are Tim Anderson, Barry Bounous, Pam Croft, Eilene Erekson, Clyda Frandsen and Keith Judd.



FLIGHT SCHEDULE:

TIA Charter Flight #51262 AD/R

Departs: Salt Lake City
Arrives: Amsterdam

9:00 p.m.
4:00 p.m.

July 9
July 10

Departs: Brussels
Arrives: Salt Lake City

6:00 p.m.
1:45 a.m.

August 6
August 7



Wednesday, July 9, 1975
Provo, Utah

Tim Anderson
Clyda Frandsen

Did we think this day would ever come? Some stayed in Salt Lake overnight and some came up Wednesday. Some of the time hurried by too fast and some of the day lagged on and on. Roma Jean was wondering if she would ever make it. Her car broke down twice and she finally had to leave it in Provo and get a ride up with someone else (Keith). Jana and Clyda were busy trying to get last minute wedding plans done. Bryon, Jared and Tim got so excited to get up to Salt Lake that they had to go back to Provo for some things that they had forgotten. Alan Dance, Allen Porter, Dave and Keith found time to go to the temple.

We met at the airport at 7:00 and got all of the preparations for our flight taken care of. Delynne, Dennis and Larry were lonesome old folk dancers who came to wish us luck and say their good-bys. Bryan's mother sent in leis from Honolulu that morning and each girl got one. The folk dancers bought the girls corsages and we all looked like Hawaii and smelled like a florist shop. When we got down to the end of the terminal there was a sign waiting for us saying "Good Luck Folk Dancers" put up by none other than the faithful Allen Porter. Pictures were taken, good-bys were said and off we went at 9:10.

Thursday, July 10, 1975
The Airplane, Amsterdam, Netherlands

Dave Woodland
Julie Nash

We'll begin today by leaving from the Salt Lake City Airport even though it is still Wednesday. After taking off about 9:10 pm Roma Jean showed a privileged few Morgan, Utah from the air. Since it is Jared's birthday the 9th and Julie's birthday the 10th, we had a birthday party on the plane. Julie got color crayons and a coloring book and Jared got magnetic checkers. Randy sang his own lovely (?) rendition of "Happy Birthday" which goes "Happy Birthday, Oh Happy Birthday, Pain and Misery in the air, People dying everywhere, But Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday." Some tried to sleep, Julie colored, and Jared and Dave played checkers 'til we got to Kennedy International in New York City after a four-hour flight.

At the airport, we staggered blankly around the place for two hours. During that time a few interesting things happened, like: Launi and Dennis were champion hustlers in Kennedy Airport and Clyda and Jana, two light-fingered fiances, mailed their first letters. Also, Dick and Rand provided many with an opportunity to receive personal long distance calls at the airport from phone booth to phone booth.

Then finally after the wait we boarded the plane and arrived in Amsterdam at 6:25 pm Europe time, 2:00 pm New York time, and 12 Noon Provo time. Arriving safe on solid (Amster)dam ground felt good. With an all new group going to Europe, where none of the kids have gone before, creates a unified, child-like atmosphere where we all pull for each other

American Folk Dancers

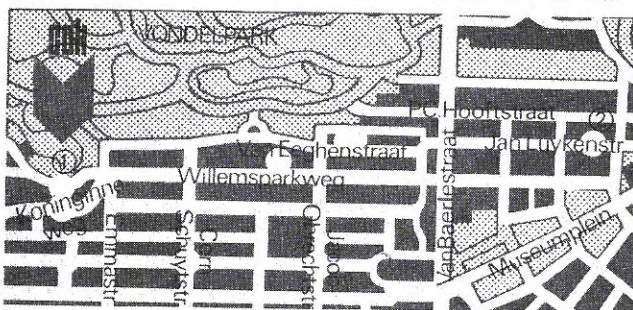
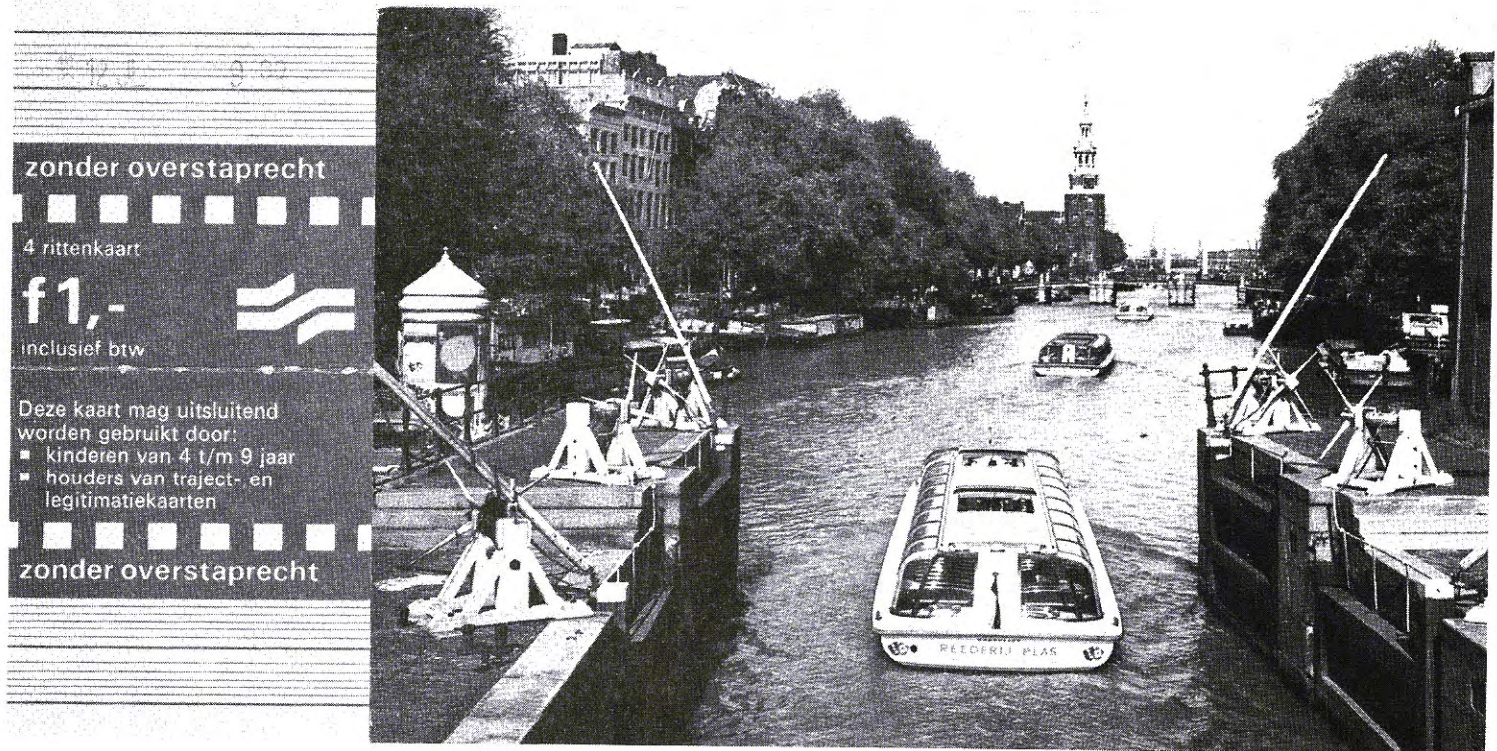
Arrival Schiphol Thursday 10. July Arrival ± 16.00 hrs
 Transfer to Hotel Cok, Koningslaan 1, tel. 737411

Thursday 10. July Amsterdam, Florapark 19.30 hrs
 Depart Hotel Cok 18.15 hrs
 Diner : 17.30 hrs

Friday 11. July Amsterdam, Vondelpark 20.30 hrs
 Lunch : 13.00 hrs Diner : 17.30 hrs
 Boatrip and sightseeing : 11.00 hrs Depart Hotel
 10.30

Saturday 12. July Rotterdam, Schouwburgplein 15.00 hrs
 Depart Hotel : 13.00 hrs Diner : 12.15 hrs
Rotterdam, Free-airtheatre Dijkzicht : 20.15 hrs
 Packed lunch

Sunday 13. July. Depart Hotel Cok after breakfast for Belgium.



- ① HOTEL COK - Koninginneweg 30, Amsterdam 400 beds
 Tel.: 796653/54 - 737411 - 728095 - for all reservations
- ② HOTEL COK - Jan Luykenstraat 44, tel.: 720526 150 beds
 Telex: 11679 Cok-NL Cable: Cokotel

Roelants - Schiedam



ANNE FRANK HUIS
Amsterdam

Bewijs van toegang **f 2.-**

Op verlangten te tonen



COK
 hotel for youth and students

lunch
 11 JULI 1975

and are amazed with each other. All of us were very excited and often kept our eyes on Don and Mary Bee to see whether or not we could remove our jackets.

Outside the airport we boarded a bus, after laying our costume bags all over to remove a costume for the performance. We boarded the bus to these announcements: "we were an hour late for the performance, we were to wear just one costume, (our checks) and we were to dress on the bus." We drove to North Amsterdam by way of one of two tunnels which are on top of each other, one--21 meters below the canal level. We performed in Flora Park where crowds of (250 aprox.) people were waiting, who looked to our pleasure, just how Europeans should look; the clothes, the hair and the voices. The kids (Dutch) often asked if we knew the Osmonds. The stage (a small one), out doors, resembles one made of table tops with many abrupt level changes every five feet. What a time, with Mary Bee standing behind the stage instructing our every move and understanding the dismayed look on Barb's face when she said, "do Swing and Charleston next." Those two dances were quite a task in cowboy boots and net slippers. We managed the show, and we felt they liked us. The young dutch boys whistled and flirted with the girl folk dancers and even planted a few memorable kisses on the girls (Jill).

On our way back to West Amsterdam to our Hotel-Cok, we learned that Amsterdam is 700 years old this year, (and think, the United States is only 200 years old). We ate at the old Cok Cafe, (our 7:00 pm dinner at 10:30 pm.) Without too many hassels and pretending we know what we're doing, we're adjusting quite well to the new time, people and conditions. Whoopee!

Friday, July 11, 1975
Amsterdam, Netherlands

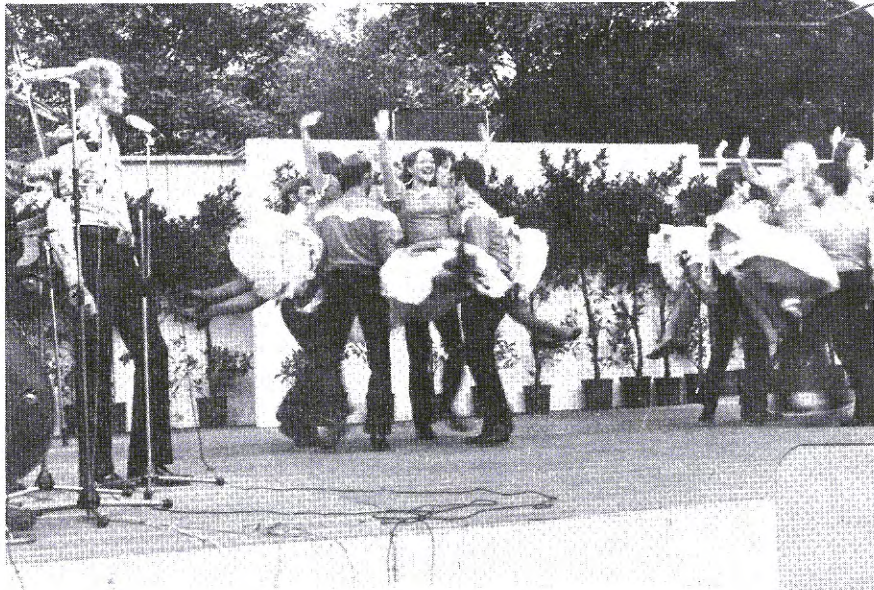
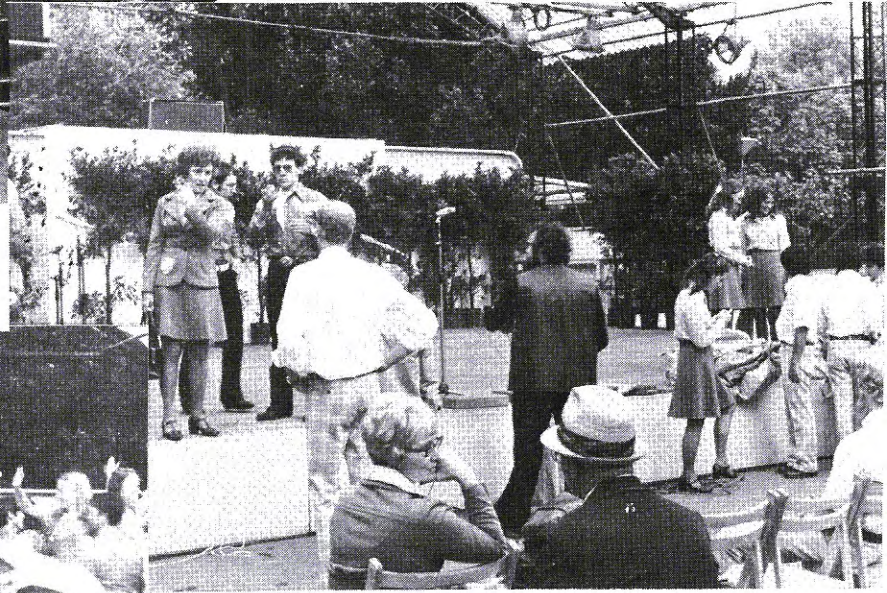
Marlin Harmon
Pam Croft

Today the group had its first introduction to a lot of things. After a night affected so dearly by the time zone transition that Jared Suzuki awoke at 3:00 am and was ready to take on the day by 6:00am, we had our first continental breakfast. It has been decided that there has to be a correlation between the number of calories contained in one of these feasts and the delicate figures of the Dutch girls of this city.

After breakfast we were introduced to Raya (Ria) who is to be our guide for a few days. We soon discovered another reason for those fantastic figures mentioned earlier when Raya led us to the boat docking. I'd like to know what she runs the 100 in. The boat trip was fun; the canals were long and uniquely arranged around the city; and the sights were magnificent.

We saw such things as the 'cat houses (house boats for real cats, would you believe); many interesting houses of famous people built along the side of the canals; and last and maybe least - a boat with a name as risque as the figure of the nude lady at the boat's bow. The captain of our tow boat quite anxiously hoped we would accept her as his mother-in-law.

After the boat tour and a brief interam including lunch of spaghetti, free time was the essence and wow-we!.. As can be expected to be the result



of free time especially in the hands of active, efficient people, tales came back describing almost every part of Amsterdam and likewise a feeling of regret that feet aren't put together to move and carry bodies faster to see more things. Some people visited museums, some went shopping for fleas and became quickly aware of what some of the less fortunate people of Amsterdam buy and sell.

Saturday, July 12, 1975
Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Netherlands

Keith Judd
Claudia Beck

Today was our last day in Amsterdam, and everyone took advantage of the free morning, using the time we had to visit the Ryksmuseum, or the house of Anne Frank, or just wander around the city looking for souvenirs.

Jaremy had an exciting morning. We went to the Ryksmuseum, and he became so enthralled with one of the paintings that he reached out and touched the stand it was on. The air filled with a piercing howl and the sound of feet as guards ran to the room, answering the burglar alarm. It was exciting for awhile, but Jaremy stayed calm. It didn't bother him at all.

We left the museum and started downtown. In walking we passed a large metal sign on an iron post, and Jaremy's jinx struck again. He walked by, brushing the sign with his coat, and the sign fell down--sliding down the post and crashing to the ground. The crash resounded through the streets and attracted a lot of attention, but Jaremy just walked on --imperturbable.

Meek, quiet Fran also had quite an exciting morning. She had been shopping (as usual), and when time came to pay for her package she couldn't figure out how many guilders she owed. She went to the clerk for help, and when she asked that he be patient while she tried to figure out their money system he replied, "Oh, you're just one of those dumb, lazy Americans." Fran's meekness disappeared. She retorted that Americans believe in staying home and taking care of their children, and keeping their houses clean. She told him she had had five years of Latin in college, but never had found it necessary to learn Dutch. And to top it off, she said, "I'm tired of stepping on your dog dodo!"

After the morning of shopping we met back at the hostel for lunch, then we boarded the bus and left for Rotterdam, to do two shows. The first show was to excite interest for our evening show. We went to Concert Hall Doelaan and changed, then went to a plaza across the street to do a short show.

The audience was a little cool at first, but they really started to warm up when Barb's slip came off during the flaps in Exhibition. That wasn't the only accident during Exhibition. In the King's Cross lift, Rand's toe got trampled and he couldn't dance anymore. Everybody crowded around Don so he could change into Rand's costume. The girls crowded around, too, and some of them forgot to turn their backs. The change was

completed and Don finished the show in Rand's place.

After the show we had some free time, so we went downtown in our costumes to do a little more shopping. The first thing we ran into was a pair of missionaries working streetboards. We stopped to talk and before long had quite a crowd gathered around. It was good for the missionaries.

At the same time, Ted and Jaremy were gathering a crowd of their own. They had been walking around with their instruments when they ran into a couple of Dutch men with a banjo and a guitar. They got together and traded songs, then played together. It sounded really good.

The performance that night was to be on an outdoor stage at Vondelpark. So we boarded the bus, and after dropping Rand off at a hospital to have his foot examined, we went to the park.

Sunday, July 13, 1975
Amsterdam, Antwerp, Belgium

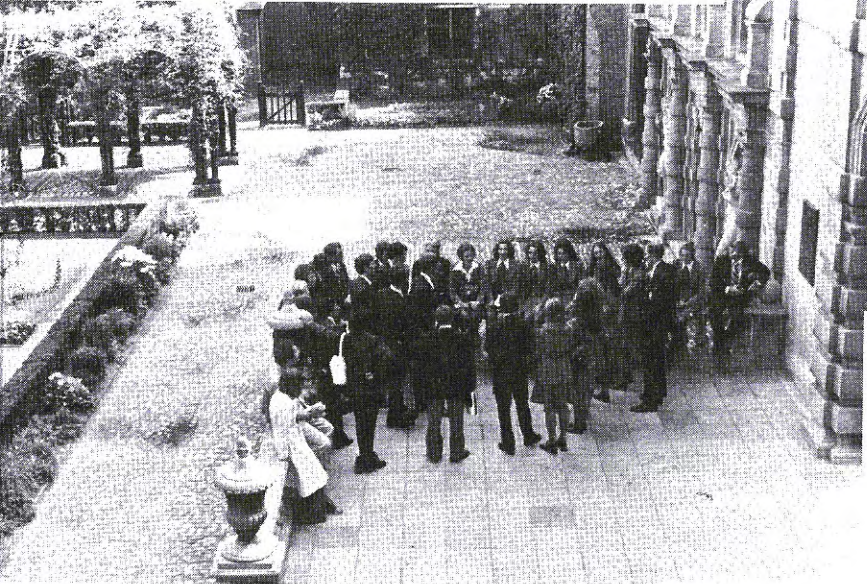
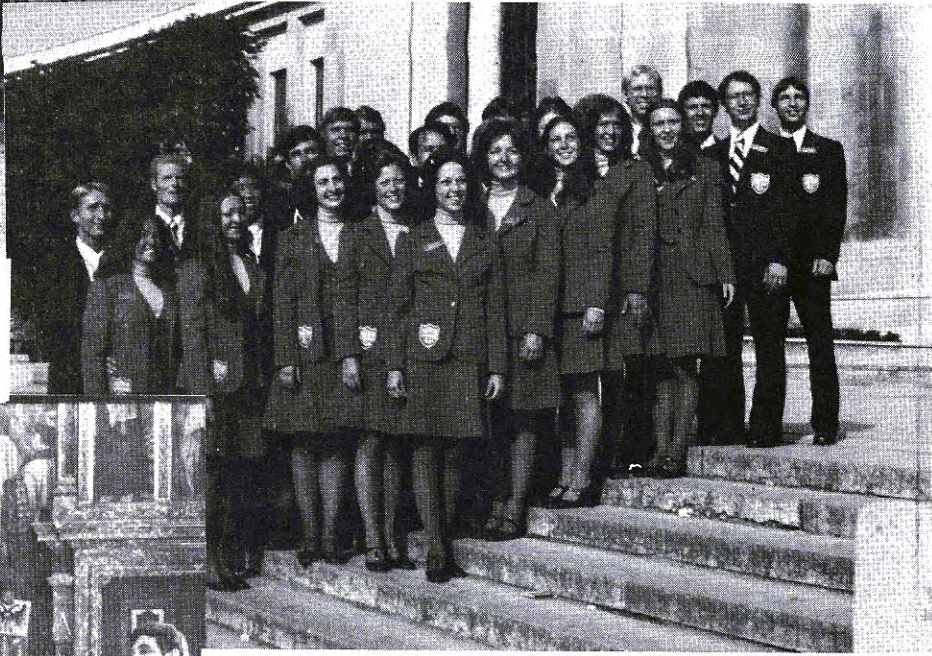
Bryan Fong
Roma Jean Little

Our first Sunday in Europe started out "smelling like a rose." The reason was because as each male member of the tour walked out of his respective room, there was an orange rose with a limerick attached to it describing the person. The roses and limericks were prepared by two so-called anonymous female members of the tour.

Today was the day we were supposed to leave from Amsterdam for Antwerp, Belgium. We had breakfast at 7:30 (continental, of course) and boarded our bus at 8:30 a.m. Everyone was shocked by the size of the bus, because it was bigger than any we had seen before. The seats were a full story above ground and it was really comfortable. We were all glad that the bus was first class because it would be the only bus we would have throughout Europe. By the way, our bus driver was a German guy that was really nice and a fantastic driver. We'll probably hear about his driving antics when we have the history of the days in Paris.

Anyway, we left Amsterdam about 9:00 a.m. and had a real pleasant ride for a couple of hours until we arrived in Antwerp about 11:00. We were greeted by Pres. DeCoo (president of the Belgium District) in front of the small LDS chapel. He took us into the basement of the chapel, where they served us some soda pop. We had our first taste of Belgium's carbonated orange, and was it over carbonated! We met some of the branch members after their meeting was over, but most of all the girl members were "ooing" and "ahhing" over the elders because they were the first Mormon boys they saw since they left BYU, and they were getting pretty tired of looking at the same guys on tour. But that's beside the fact, because it is a fact for BYU girls to act this way when confronted by Mormon elders.

After the attack upon the elders had subsided, Pres. DeCoo took us on a tour of the town. There were two places of major attraction. One was a house of a famous painter named Reuben; therefore, when they turned



it into sort of a museum they called it Reuben's House. The other attraction was an old Baroque church.

Reuben's House was pretty "far out." There were all kinds of statues, paintings, sculptures, furniture that were pretty neat to look at. Bryan and Launi were two that enjoyed it the most. After seeing the house, we went into the garden and took pictures. Someone requested that we sing a song, so we sang "I Am a Child of God," "Let There Be Peace on Earth," "Come, Come Ye Saints." The singing went well except that we were off-key to start out with, but we finally got it together so that it sounded like harmony.

We later drove on to the Baroque chapel situated on one side of a big square in the heart of town. In this square there seemed to be more hippies than in America. The hippies looked at us real funny, and we could hear snide remarks coming from them. As we entered the chapel a couple of hippies wanted to follow us in, but the tours were only for special groups. After we locked the door behind us, they began knocking, until they finally got tired and went away. In this chapel there were a lot of wood carvings and paintings. We learned that the ceilings were once covered with paintings of Reuben; lightning struck the chapel and burned them up. The most interesting thing was the crypt in the basement of the chapel. This crypt was where they buried dignitaries and priests. There was one coffin that had a glass panel that we could look in and see the bones. After leaving the chapel, we went back to the bus. Jared was waiting there, and we found that it was he who was knocking at the door and not the hippies.

Throughout the day there were girls lagging behind who were always looking for a place to sit. In fact, one towards the end of the day was tripping over her feet. The two girls were Roma and Jill, and the guys figured out that it must have been they who gave the roses.

After seeing the Baroque chapel, we went back to the LDS Church for sacrament meeting. Before we got off the bus, Don Allen said something to the effect that it had been a long day and to keep each other awake in the meeting. About half-way through the meeting we turned and saw Don dozing off. He wasn't the only one, however.

The Saints in this branch were so devoted to the Church. It showed in their reverence and the spirit that was present. The thing which impressed us most was the vigor and pomp with which they sang their hymns.

We had bread, cheese and butter, and sliced hot dog sandwiches for dinner, prepared by a sister. Then we had a fireside for the Special Interest groups of Belgium.

The fireside started with a talk given by Dick Bohman about how we are all brothers and sisters united by the gospel. Afterwards, there were testimonies given by members of the Belgium District and then members of our tour: Rand D. Newby, Claudia, and Roma. All in all it was an inspiring and spiritual day. That night everyone stayed in different members' homes.

Monday, July 14, 1975
Antwerp and Berchem, Belgium

Dennis Bailey
Pauline Miller

Today was our second day in Antwerp, Belgium. We met at the small branch chapel at 9:00 "Mormon standard" time. This morning must have been as frantic for everyone else as it was for me. The girls dressed for the first time in their maroon dresses--all except Pauline and Julie who arrived in their blue travel suits and orange blouses. In their arms they carried every color of blouse they owned to be sure they had the right one. The only outfit they left home was--you guessed it--the maroon dress.

The whole day was scheduled for us, and our first stop was a diamond factory. After all, Antwerp is the diamond capitol of the world. Leo Winus, one of the branch members, is a diamond dealer. This is where all the missionaries in Belgium get their diamonds for all their sweeties back at BYU. We saw more diamonds in thirty minutes than we had ever seen before and some looked big enough to break a window. Each of the guys picked up an order form as we all exited. The girls had stars in their eyes and the guys' tongues almost drug on the floor. Roma was so moved, she almost walked through the glass door.

At 11:00 a.m. we visited Antwerp's City Hall. Each room was beautifully elegant, to say the least.

In front of the City Hall is a huge, open city square, paved with cobblestones and dominated by a statue of a giant throwing his victim's hand in the river. This statue represents the legend after which Antwerp is named. Before loading the bus to leave this historic square, everyone was taking snapshots. The girls cornered a jolly, unsuspecting "politie" (policeman) and gathered on both sides to have all the guys record the moment on film. He loved it.

Lunch time found us at the zoo, which is one of the largest in the world and whose unairconditioned restaurant did its best to keep us thirsty Americans supplied with cold water. The boiled chicken and crispy fritters (French fries) were really delicious but were hardly appreciated because we were so anxious to see what we could of the elephants and giraffes before time to prepare for our matinee performance there. Pauline fell in love with an orangutan whose flaming red hair matched hers perfectly.

At 2:30, the peculiar Americans all dressed in uniform suits and dresses emerged from the elephant pits, lions' dens, monkey cages, and 3 f WC's to gather at our so-called dressing area to prepare for the show. We converted a hallway in one of the buildings by erecting a partition between us. The only problem was the guys had to go through the girls' end to get outside to the stage. That's not to mention two strange men who wandered in on the girls.

Our stage was an elevated gazebo surrounded by chairs like a theatre-in-the-round. There to emcee was Mr. Belgium himself, who is the Cultural Attache. As we walked out for Devil's Dream, we were greeted

MORMOONS CULTUREEL CENTRUM

BYU

AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

Met medewerking van : **Volksdanscentrale voor Vlaanderen (V.D.C.V.)**
Vlaamse Volkskunstbeweging (V.V.K.B.)

Mede-optreden van :

VOLKSDANSGILDE 'T ROBIJNTJE

MAANDAG 14 JULI 1975 OM 19.30 UUR

Zaal Alpheusdal te Berchem - Antwerpen

(schuin over Bunge en Berchem Sport)
Filip Williotstraat 22, te Berchem

ALGEMENE INKOM : 30 FR.

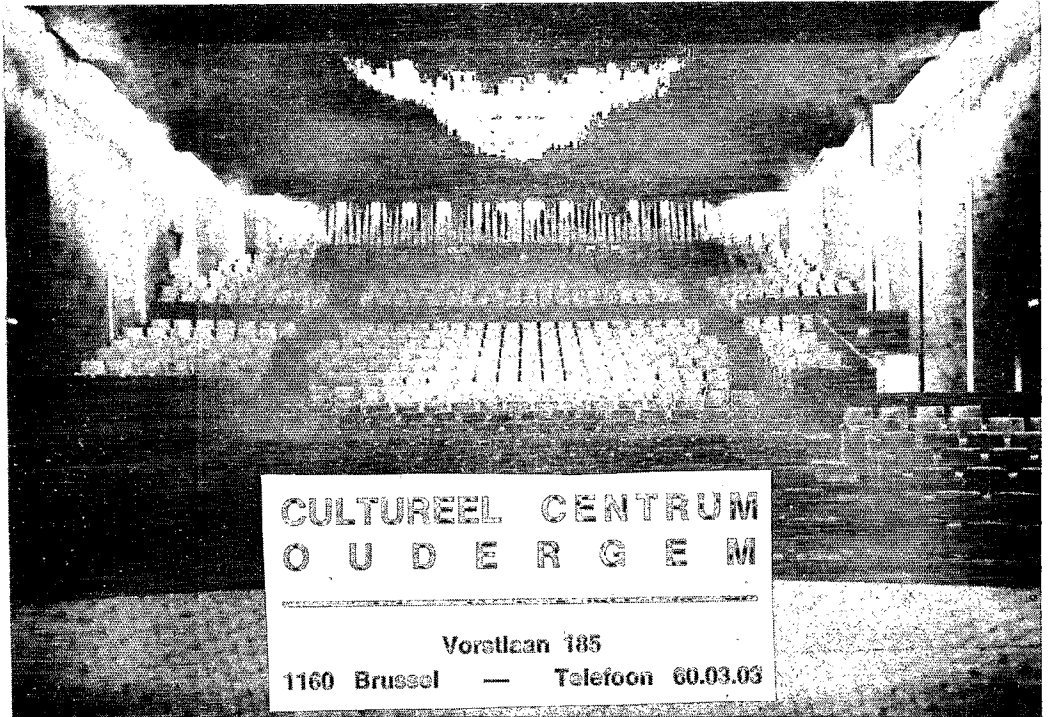
VOORVERKOOP KAARTEN :

- ofwel reservatie via PRC 000-0875680-61 van C. Debaene, Berchem
- ofwel op volgende adressen :
- Secretariaat V.D.C.V., Sint-Vincentiusstraat 26 A, Antwerpen
- Secretariaat V.V.K.B., Isabella Brantstraat 28, Antwerpen
- Café-Restaurant Alpheusdal, F. Williotstraat 22, Berchem
- Snel en Wel, Spoorweglaan 163, Wilrijk

GAZET VAN ANTWERPEN

MORMOONS CULTUREEL CENTRUM

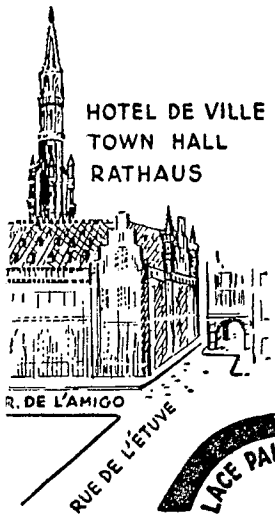
A rare opportunity to see American folk dancing in Brussels is given on July 16, when the Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers from Utah will be performing at the Centre Culturel d'Auderghem. The 38 young dancers taking part are directed by Mary Bee Jensen, whose dance philosophy is based on sharing « talents, enthusiasms, professionalism, wholesomeness, vitality and love for international cultures and peoples ». Among the ethnic dances to be performed are the Smoky Mountain Tap Dog, the Pioneer Polka, Square-dancing, Western Hoedown, the Appalachian Smoky and some Latin-American and Indian-based numbers. All members of the troupe are non-drinking, non-smoking members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The performance is at 8.30 pm; tickets from 660.03.03.



Thank you for your beautiful work and sweet luck for the rest of the tour!

J. Henriques de Pimentel and wife

*Av. Louis Lepoutre, 69
1060 Bruxelles Tél. 02/45.31.39*



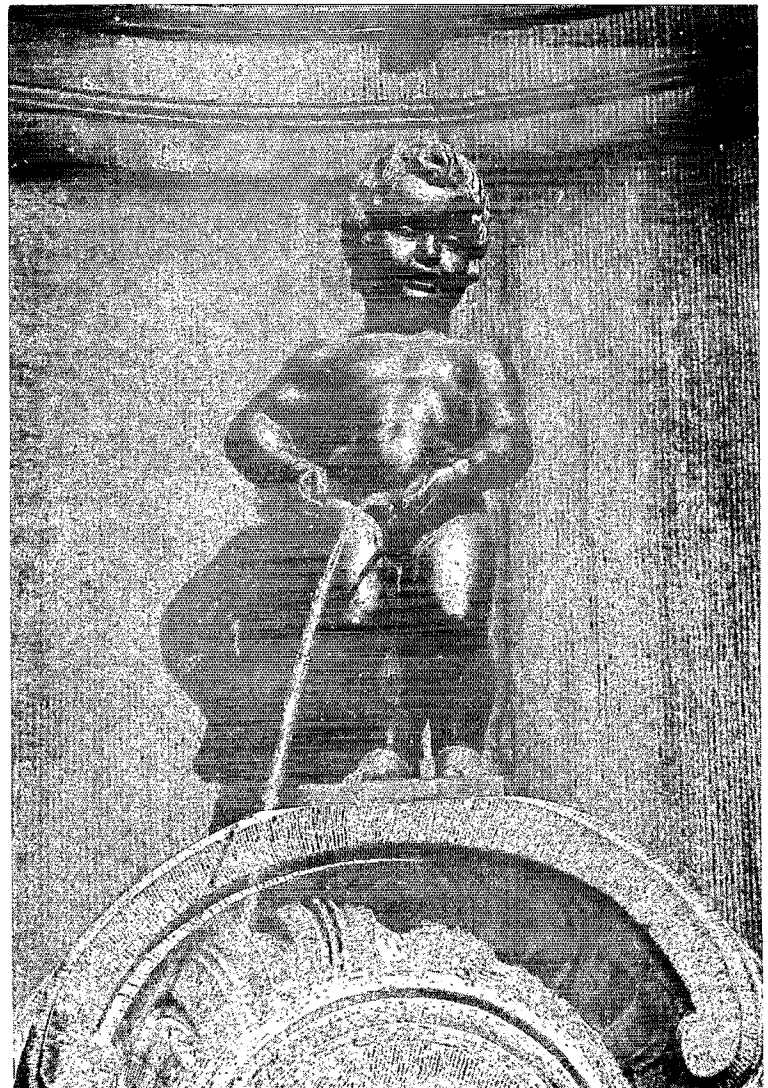
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Lace Palace

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Téléphone: 512 56 34

RUE DE LA VIOLETTE

LACE PALACE



We were fortunate to be in Brussels
the evening of your American Folk
Dance performance - watched it from a
window in the Grand Place. And we
wish to commend you on an excellent
program. It is indeed a proud feeling to
see such a fine group of young people
acting as Good Will Ambassadors
for the United States.

Sincerely -

Mrs. Jack K. Goss

picturesque little town and quite a change to arrive in Brussels later on in the afternoon. The big city was full of narrow streets and the many circles we went in looking for the Grand Place. We saw a lot of a few streets and finally arrived at the magnificent square.

Our performance at the Grand Place was a success. An on-looker said that this was the largest crowd he had ever seen in the Grand Place. After our reception in the City Hall, we went home with our hosts to spend the night.

Wednesday, July 16, 1975
Brussels, Belgium

Jared Suzuki
Eileen Erickson

Today we were free to do anything we wanted as long as we were at our performance that night in Brussels. Most of the kids spent their time in buying lace, examining the city's infamous statue, and generally doing a lot of sight seeing.

The performance that night was in a plush concert hall, was accepted very well and was followed by another reception. (The hosts are always careful to provide "mormon cocktails").

Thursday, July 17, 1975
Brussels, Belgium; Paris, France

Keith Judd

This morning everyone was up early, anticipating our trip to Paris. The church members we stayed with in Brussels treated us to our typical breakfast of bread and jam, before taking us to the Grand Place, where we loaded the bus and started our half-day journey.

The bus ride was quiet in the beginning--everyone was tired from the performance the night before and sleepy from the short night, but things picked up with the appearance of a stranger on the bus. Dressed in a trenchcoat and wearing glasses, a short man with long, black frizzy hair and a large nose passed up the aisles of the bus, shaking the shoulders of anyone who happened to be sleeping. After a few screams from startled nappers, the whole bus was awake and we found out the stranger was none other than Tim, wearing a black wig and a false nose.

As we drew close to Paris that afternoon, Fran, Alan and Wendy took the mike and our excitement heightened as they told us of the histories of the Palace of Versailles, the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre and other points of interest. Everyone was wide awake by the time we picked up our guide, Bob Fletcher, and drove up the Champs Elysées toward our hotel. During the drive up the Champs Elysées Bob pointed out places to see--

SOUS LE PATRONAGE DU SECRETARIAT D'ETAT A LA CULTURE,
DE LA VILLE DE PARIS ET DE L'OFFICE DE TOURISME DE PARIS

FESTIVAL DU LOUVRE

cour carrée



DU 16 JUIN AU 26 JUILLET 1975

LE BALLET DE L'
OPERA

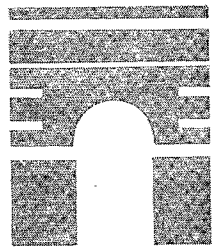
LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT

LES ETOILES
LE CORPS DE BALLET



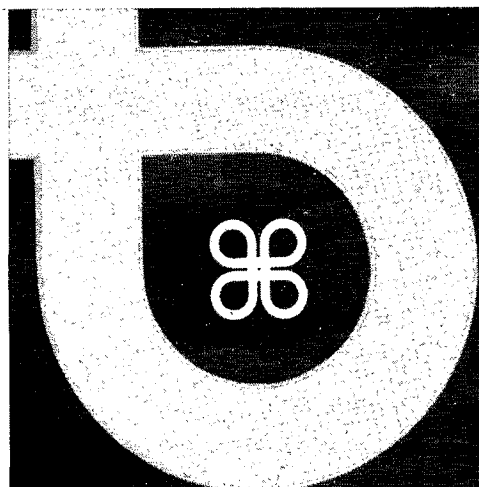
ORGANISATEURS DU SPECTACLE : ANDRÉ AP / LUMIBROSO

**BATEAUX
MOUCHES**



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FESTIVAL DU LOUVRE
COUR CARRÉE

« La Belle au Bois Dormant »

VENDREDI 18 JUILLET 1975 A 20 H 45

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Les portes seront ouvertes à 20 h.
coupon à conserver par spectateur

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such as the Louvre, Eiffel Tower, Place de la Concorde; places not to see--Pigalle, for example and things to remember--L'Etoile our metro stop.

Our hotel - MacMahon - was located only a half block from L'Arc de Triomphe, and was a pleasing change from houses and youth hostels. Everybody had fun in the open elevator--especially Rand, who enjoyed creeping past on tiptoes as the elevator passed his floor. Folkdancers got a good laugh out of it, but it's impossible to know what other hotel patrons thought as they saw Rand sneak by in his nightgown.

After a few free hours of finding a post office, changing money, or sleeping, we boarded the bus and headed for our only performance in Paris, at a shopping center called Rosny Deux. The performance went very well and while the audience rushed the stores to find country records, missionaries rushed the audience to find contacts. (We were happy to learn that as a result of our shows the missionaries made more appointments to teach the gospel in the few hours we were there than they had in two previous weeks of tracting. News like that makes all the shin splints worthwhile. We also received an excellent write-up in the big Paris newspaper--Le Monde, which talked more about the church than it did the dancers--great!!)

At the finale of our two short shows, the management took us to a cafeteria downstairs, where we had a meal. The meal wasn't very good, and worse for those who, thinking they were getting apple juice, ended up with a drink that tasted more like hard cider.

Schmelter took us on a night tour of the city, showing us the Eiffel Tower and the beautiful lighted fountains of the Trocadero. The distance from the Trocadero to our hotel wasn't far, and some ended our first evening in Paris with a leisurely walk back to the hotel.

During our stay in Paris, Mary Bee left for the CIOFF conference in Hungary. Don went with her, he eventually returned--little did we know that Mary wouldn't, heading back to the U.S. to settle complications of the fall Folkdance Festival back home in Provo. When Mary Bee left, Don Allen became our fearless leader and he was a great one. Special tribute must be paid to him for all of his patience and fine leadership throughout the remainder of the tour. Because we all felt so close to him, he led without really being noticed which is a mark of a good leader. With a little translation help from Al Dance in France, and Keith, Dave and Tim in Spain, we made it very successfully all the way through Europe.

Friday, July 18, 1975
Paris, France

Al Dance
Jana Ricks

Today was maroon dress and scarf under the collar day for the girls, and plaid pants and wrinkled white shirt day for the guys. After being served ale petite dejeuner in each of our rooms, most of us met downstairs at 9:00 to head for the Palace of Versailles.

Once there we were greeted by immense gardens and an enormous building. We were told that at one time 20,000 people lived within these walls. Inside we found elaborate architecture and beauty of every kind, surrounded by gardens, fountains, and canals.

From there we drove about a mile over to the Hamlet, a place where Marie Antoinette "played peasant" and where King Louis the 14th brought his favorite mistress. Here was the most beautiful green forest, where cottages and ponds were set up and made. Throughout were lanes where everyone wandered and thought back to the 18th century. One could spend days here just walking and enjoying the unmatched foliage and elegance within the forest.

On the way back to Paris, Bob Fletcher took us over to the church in Paris. We were informed that this fall it would be made a stake center. The building was especially nice, and the setting was really beautiful.

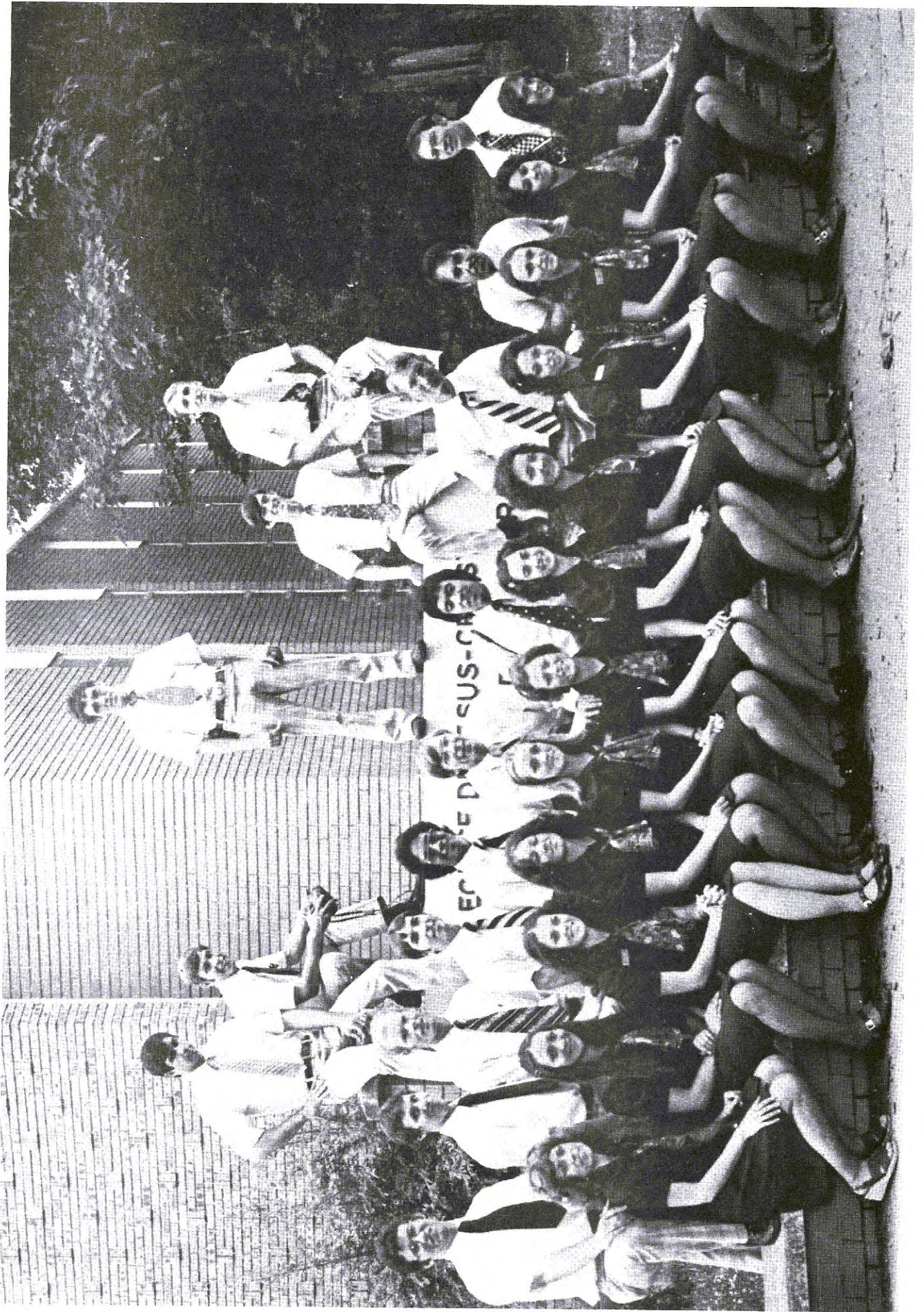
Once afternoon came, everyone headed in various directions to do a multitude of things. One group packed a lunch and went and ate it at the Luxemburg Gardens, as well as snacking on pastries from the shoppes along the way. Then they went to the Saint Chappelle, which is famous for its old stained glass windows and the number of them within its walls.

Another group of five girls with their fearless leader, Don, had a gas riding the Metro, and riding the Metro, and riding the Metro. Finally, however, they did reach their goal of the Church of the Sacred Heart. Speaking of hearts, Al Dance in trying to show the feelings of his heart within this church, had his arm around our Miss Julie, when a Frenchman came up and pushed them apart, informing them that this was not a place to show affection. Later, much of the group met at the Montmartre, where several had a great time bargaining with the artists there and finally coming home with some nice original pieces.

Another group heading for the Montmartre, in which Fran was included, found an interesting situation. In fact, Fran almost fainted at the sight of a man in lady's clothes. How'd she know he was a man? Well, in Fran's words, he had a beard and was minus the "bassoons."

Several of the guys smelled much better than many of the girls ever have, after visiting a perfume shoppe and testing samples.

As for supper, many ended up eating at the Renault, where H₂O was an atrocious price. On the other hand four of the guys found themselves at



the Smorgasboard and practically ate the whole place.

At night, a group headed down to the Seine to take the romantic night-time version of the boat trip. Between the four languages used, nobody understood anybody; but a good ride was had by everybody. Also, a group attended the Ballet in the Louvre outdoor theatre. There the Opera-Ballet performed the "Sleeping Beauty Ballet," and it was agreed by all that it was a magnificent performance.

Many finished off the evening with an ice cream cone. Others congregated in Marlin's room to sing him a happy birthday song. As he lay there with blankets up to his chin, everyone decided it was like visiting a sick man in a hospital. But we all hoped Marlin had an extra special 25th birthday in Paris, France!

Saturday, July 19, 1975
Paris, France

Jeremy Hoopes
Jill Rigg

Once again BYU Folkdancers awoke to breakfast served in their rooms; it consisted of bread, jam, and hot chocolate. At least most of the group awoke. Four sleeping beauties (Clyda, Eilene, Bertha, and Claudia) hadn't even stirred by the time everyone else was leaving. They didn't appear to feel too guilty for sleeping in though they had only a short time left to sight-see and shop in Paris. Already on their way to Budapest were Mary Bee and Don Jensen to attend the CIOFF meeting.

The whole day was free for everyone to do anything he or she wanted. We split into small groups to see all the famous sights of Paris, including the Louvre, Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Arc of Triumphe, Hotel of Invalids, and Rodin's Museum.

In the early afternoon, the Louvre was the location of an exciting race. Jared, alias "The Flash," needed a new pair of Adidas after burning holes through the ones he wore to win a victorious first place in spending the least amount of time inside the Louvre. Bryan came in close behind and was overheard remarking that he loved every minute of it. Dick had a slow start due to problems with his entry fee. He discovered that holding an activity card didn't always qualify him for student rates, especially when they checked the birthdate. Don Allen came in with a very poor last place, taking about 2-1/2 hours. He was so slow that the girls who were nice enough to stay back with him finally gave up and went home to go to sleep.

A couple other interesting things happened in the Louvre. One group walked by the famous Venus de Milo sculpture and didn't even realize what it was. (They did comment that it looked familiar.) Another group spent quite some time trying to find the painting of the Last Supper, only to finally discover that it wasn't even in the Louvre.



Notre Dame was another impressive sight with some of the heartier people dragging themselves 405 stairsteps up to the dome. Some of the girls must not have been too impressed with the mass going on as they sat and wrote postcards during it.

An amazing contrast was discovered in Jared when he reached the Hotel of the Invalids. It took a war museum to do it; he was finally interested in something and took a few minutes to explain interesting facts to Dave and Jill.

Meanwhile, little Barry B. was having a few problems unknown to the rest of the group. He had gone to meet his cousin and got completely lost in the metro. As it turned out, he arrived late and missed his cousin. Oh, well, chalk one up for experience.

Rodin's Museum was another spot hit by members of the group. Rodin was a famous sculptor who did "The Thinker." Clyda was quite impressed with the museum and even renamed it "101 Different Ways to Kiss."

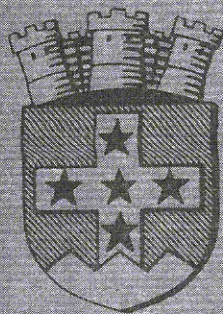
Who were they, seen walking around the Ritz Hotel? Why, they were Pam, Wendy, Dennis, Rand and Barb mingling with the elite of Paris. By the way, Barb and Wendy want everyone to know they bought ballet shoes on the Rue de la Paux. They thought the shoes cost only 15 Francs, but after they were all wrapped up and ready to go, it was discovered they cost 53 Francs.

The irony of the day was exhibited by Alan Dance who knows Paris and French better than anyone in our group. He was playing tour guide to some people he'd met and was showing them the way to a place he'd been before. For some reason, places weren't looking too familiar and Alan soon discovered he was holding the map upside down.

We couldn't let the day go by without mentioning the unusual circumstance that even in such a big city as Paris, all of us kept running into each other all day long, wherever we went.

Evening brought a nice dinner at La Pergola Restaurant for everyone in the group...Well, almost everyone. Jill, Dave and Jared were discovered eating salami and cheese sandwiches in Jill's hotel room after the dinner was over. The irony of this situation was that they thought we were supposed to find our own supper and that they were saving so much money by buying this food instead of eating out in a restaurant.

The two main evening attractions were once again the boat ride and the ballet. Claudia had her excitement for the day by sitting by a movie star on the boat ride. He was from England and none of us had ever heard of him, but it gave Claudia something to write home about. Fran must not have been too excited about the whole deal for her head was soon sagging. Speaking of Fran, in the metro on the way home, the electric gate wouldn't accept her ticket for some reason and kept rejecting it. Fran wasn't going to let it get the best of her so she just bent down and crawled under the metal bars.



GRAND- BORNAND

manifestations juillet 1975

- SAMEDI 5** BAL du Centre d'Animation à 21 h.
- DIMANCHE 6** Folklore traditionnel avec **Aristide Padygros**
- MERCREDI 9** Folklore Basque avec la Compagnie d'Art Populaire:
«Xeltzarrak»
- SAMEDI 12** Folklore Yougoslave avec le Groupe Folklorique de Skopje:
"Vlado Tasevski"
- DIMANCHE 13** Grand BAL populaire sous la grenette avec **Tony Ray**
- LUNDI 14** Concert par la Fanfare «LES ECHOS DE LA POINTE PERCÉE»
- MARDI 15** **Tour de France Cycliste:**
Passage au Col de la Colombière
- SAMEDI 19** 16 h. 30 Concert par les Petits Chanteurs à la Croix Potencée
21 h. BAL de la Classe 77
- DIMANCHE 20** Folklore Américain avec la Troupe des
American Folk Dancers
- VENDREDI 25** Concert Orgue et Trompette **J. Ruscon** et **P. Lavallard**
- SAMEDI 26** Course de côte cycliste du col de la colombière organisée par l'U.C.A.
- DIMANCHE 27** **Fête Champêtre
de Lormay**

Schmelter, our bus driver, was as excited about the ballet as Fran was about the boat ride. In fact, he got up and left in the middle of it. Marlin and Barb were lucky they even got home from the ballet. They had to trade in stamps to get enough money for the metro ride home.

When we all got back to the Hotel MacMahon, it sounded like a wild party was going on. It turned out to be Ted, Barry, and Jeremy playing their instruments on the balcony with Barb and Pam screaming, giggling, dancing Devil's Dream in between the beds. (Total awareness!) Barb demonstrated quite a bit of talent in playing the wooden flute.

A lot was seen and done today and this seems like a good way to end a great day in Paris.

Sunday, July 20, 1975

Paris, Grand Bornarnd, and Thonon, France

Allen Porter

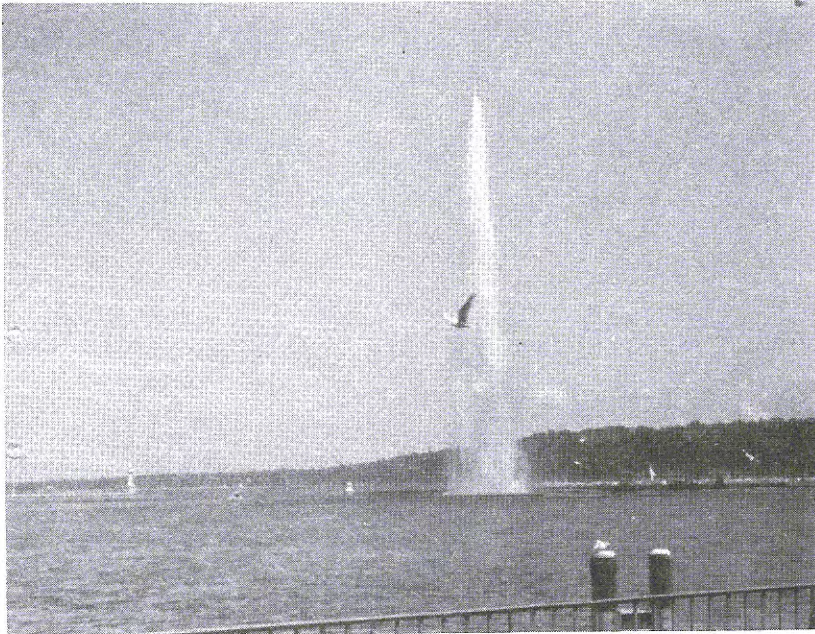
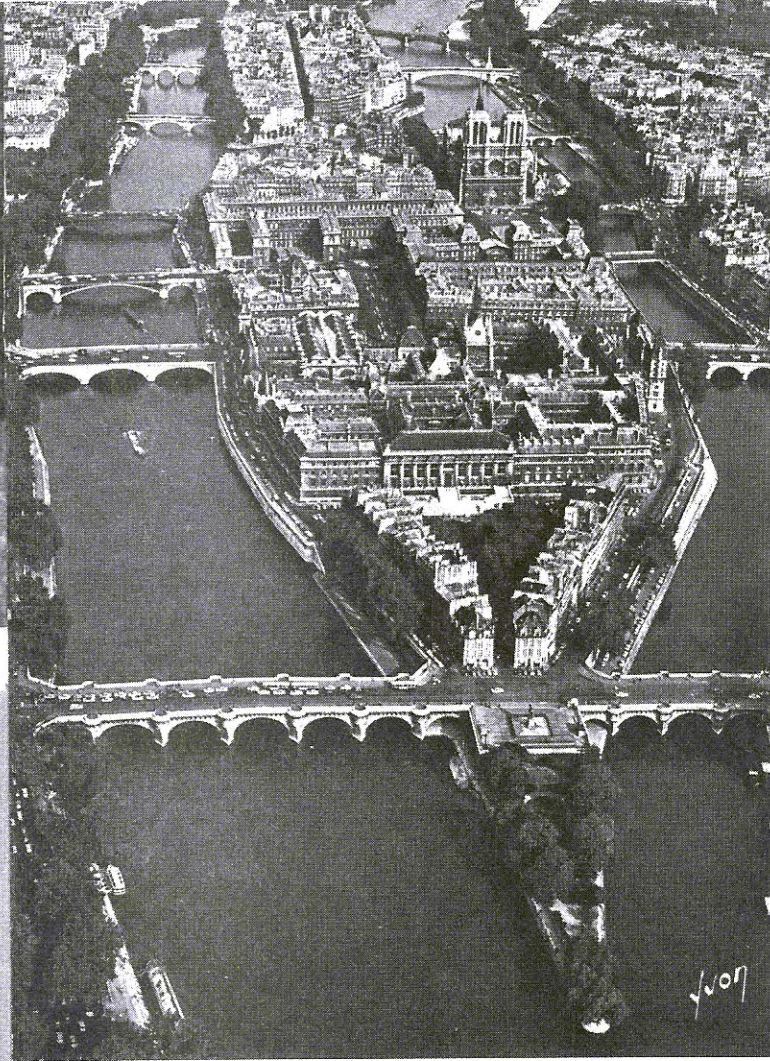
Wendy Witwer

We were kind of slow getting started in the morning, as usual. Don said to be at the bus by 7:00 and at 8:00 people were still straggling to the bus. After we got organized and the bus loaded, we went over to the Trocadero and Dave took our "promised" publicity picture with the Eiffel Tower in the background. Hopefully, these pictures were to be sent to our home town newspapers along with stories about our tour.

Soon we were off for what was to be a long day of traveling. We started with a word of prayer and then sang hymns until we were all sung out. One by one people began to doze while others had heavy discussions about love and marriage and disciplining children. Some of the girls really became car sick, especially Barb. We had to run to the WC a couple of times. Some of us read, while others played word games to pass the time. But the best pastime of all was just looking out the windows and enjoying the beautiful green countryside.

We stopped for lunch at a hotel complex along the highway, and then we were off again traveling through little towns and mountain villages in eastern France. We were behind schedule, and we weren't quite sure where it was we were going. Finally, after stopping and asking directions, we found ourselves on a narrow, winding little road barely big enough for two little European cars to pass each other, and we were in our huge bus. Wow! What an experience! Schmelter, our bus driver, pulled us through some close scrapes. When those little cars would appear around the bend and come face to face with our big bus, they would look plenty surprised and take none too long in pulling out of the way. But if you could keep your mind off the road and your fear in your pocket, there was a lot of beautiful mountain scenery for taking pictures or just day dreaming.

When we got to the little mountain resort town of Grand Bornarnd where we were to perform, we were escorted into a restaurant for one of the nicest meals of the trip so far. We all had the same thing served banquet style: rib-eye roast, scalloped potatoes, salad and cold cuts, and for



dessert, chocolate eclairs. It was a beautiful and clean restaurant, and they really treated us royally.

When we went over to our performance site, there was a crowd already waiting for us. Our dressing rooms were behind the crowd and up a long flight of stairs. Consequently, we had to run through the middle of the crowd to enter and exit the stage. There were so many darling kids in the audience that would hold out their hands for us to shake, and near the end of the show some were even kissing our hands. There was a bunch of guys whooping and howling and applauding for the girls in the show. It was nice to be appreciated even if it was a wild bunch of Europeans. The boys insisted that the only thing wrong was that they were all drunk! Well, we have to admit that they probably were. The crowd was really a responsive one and really seemed to enjoy the show. We did a full show with all the numbers, but not always all the members. For instance, on Devil's Dream, we were all on stage ready to go and someone whispered, "Where's Jared?" We stalled as long as possible and still no sign of Jared. So Dave moved up to the front row as the music began, and Julie found herself dancing alone. Now, that's what one would call flexibility. We never found out what happened to Jared, but whatever it was, it happened again. We were all on stage ready for Zapa.. Just as Bertha was giving her three stamps, we looked across the crowd and up at the top of the stairs stood Jared, who stopped short as he looked down at the stage. Well, he kind of redeemed himself with his fire dance, which was about the best he had done so far. He really twirled that fire fast and the crowds always were amazed.

The crowd really must have loved us. Besides the usual finale, we did an extra 16 chugs that were so fast I doubt if the audience even saw it. It was so fast we could hardly even lift our legs let alone shuffle or chug. After the show they had refreshments for us, and we stood around and talked for a while.

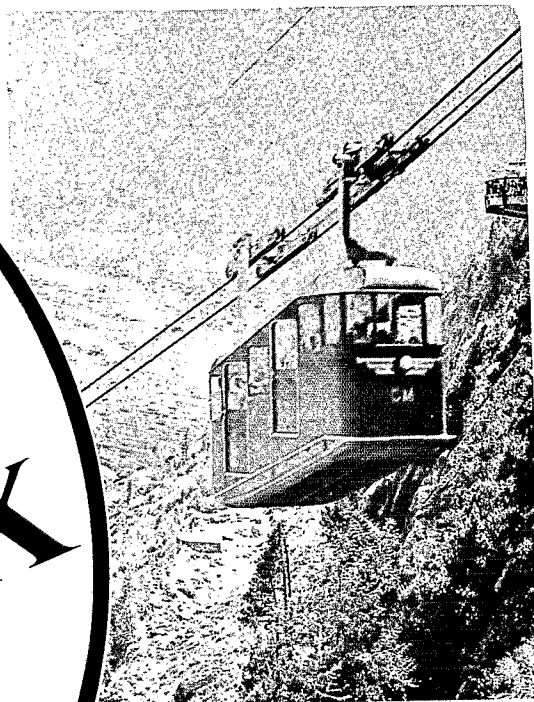
We loaded the bus and started down the hill, which wasn't as scary at night because we couldn't see anything. When we finally found the Youth Hostel in Thonon, it was 2:00 in the morning and everyone was dead tired. It took a while to get all of the room assignments and the luggage up to the rooms. Boys and girls were on the same floor where there was a community bathroom. Everyone made a fuss over it, but we were soon to realize how much we should have appreciated it.

Monday, July 21, 1975
Thonon and Mecient, France

Barry Bonous
Ted Murphree

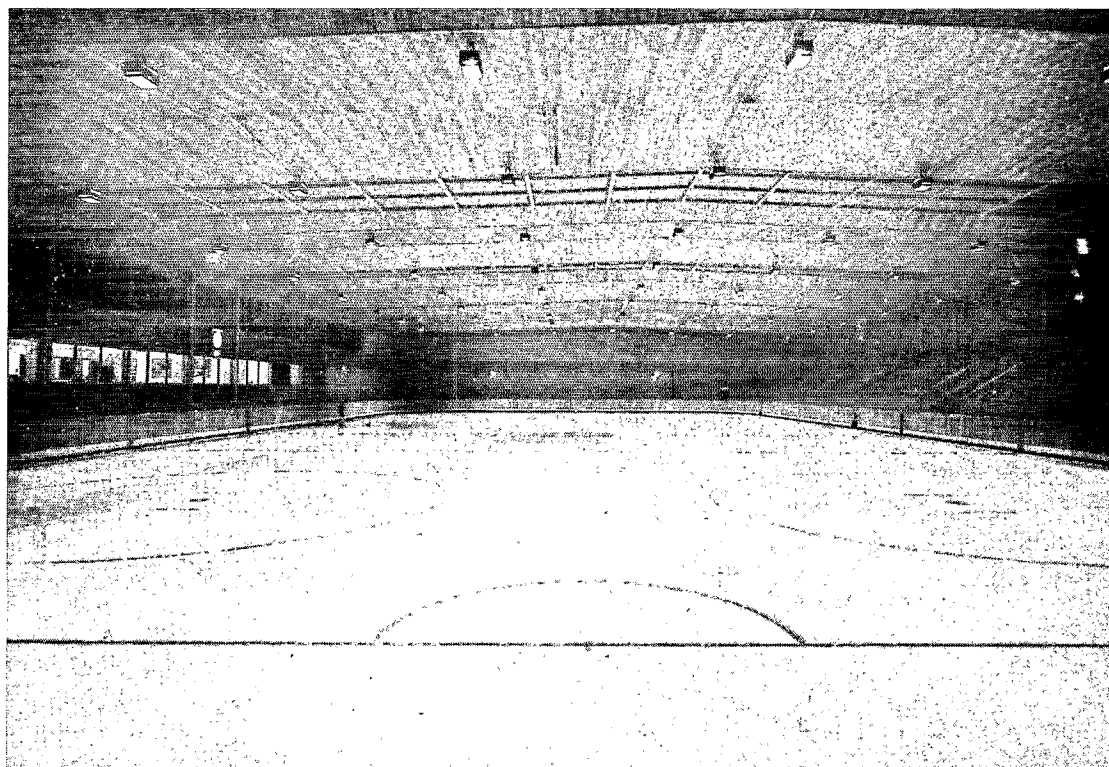
Life in the Youth Hostel was very interesting. Once Bertha and Julie figured out how to lock and unlock their door, they decided it was nice despite the communal facilities. In our opinion, these were the nicest rooms we had so far on the trip.

It was kind of a lazy morning. People did some laundry and other things. Jared, having nothing else to do, did about 40 push-ups. Jana



DU FOLK BIEN VIVANT

C'est toute la joie de vivre de la jeunesse que nous apporte, le 23 juillet, le groupe AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS. C'est également un voyage à travers un pays immense condensé d'une multitude de civilisation : rouges, jaunes, noires, blanches. Des danses traditionnelles indiennes aux square dances du far-west, en passant par la poésie du folklore noir du Sud. Un dépaysement total et un message de paix. Centre Sportif à 21 h.



and Clyda proceeded to get locked in their room, and eventually, Julie, Jana, Eileen, Clyda and Dave (some people have all the luck) decided to liven things up by getting stuck in the elevator.

It started out like quite a day. We got into the bus and headed for Mecient, France, up in the Alps. We had a quick parade (quick partially because the band just learned "Salty Dog Rag" and we had the tendency to play it a little fast).

We had lunch at our performance site until a shopkeeper invited us across the street to some tables and gave us all a free bag of chocolate, which was GREAT with a small exception. That was brought forth when Jill told Jared to take a big bite of the pink candy. It was probably the first rum that he ever tasted, and we are not sure he has forgiven her yet.

It got to be show time and people started arriving. Unfortunately, neither the sound people nor our hosts were there yet. Finally the sound came and brought with them a grand total of one microphone. No hosts yet. So the band went out and played about eight songs till Don said to go anyway. (It seemed that our hosts found the local vintage very exciting and decided to take a little nap to recuperate.)

Tuesday, July 22, 1975
Thonon, France; Geneva, Switzerland

Dave Schulthess
Fran Schulthess

If for no other reason than the fact that this was one of our "off" days, our Tuesday spent in Geneva and Thonon was one of the most memorable. Most members of the party were up in time for breakfast at the hostel, which was beautiful in its simplicity--dry French bread and jam, and a "bowl" of chocolate water.

With our faithful guide and translator at our side (Alan Dance), we took a very beautiful drive back to Geneva, where the bus let us out at Bucherers and the party spread in various directions, most with the objective of buying, or at least looking at, Swiss watches, knives, cuckoo clocks, music boxes, and Hummel ware. There was a general feeling among the group that Geneva was the cleanest, most attractive large city we had visited so far on our trip.

By 1:00 p.m. all had returned to the square, where we boarded the bus and headed back to Thonon. A few miles out, the bus stopped and the group unloaded in a shady section of a farm field, where we enjoyed a picnic of French bread, cheese, cold cuts, oranges, cookies, and peaches. Following the picnic, the group returned to the City Hall at Thonon, where we received an invitation to go swimming in the beautiful pool just off Lake Geneva. Most members took full advantage of the facilities, which consisted of a very nice pool, a slide, and a series of four different diving boards and platforms extending to 10 meters. Rand Newby lost his contact lenses early in the swim, and there were a few bruises picked up getting from the slide area over the rocky shallows to the bank.

CHAMONIX

Mercredi 23 Juillet - 21 h.

GRANDE SALLE DU
CENTRE SPORTIF

L'OFFICE DU TOURISME

présente

FOLKLORE

D'AMÉRIQUE

**40 danseurs
chanteurs et musiciens**

(dances de l'ouest américain, danses indiennes, etc...)

avec le groupe

American Folk Dancers

Prix unique : 15 F.

Évitez l'attente à la caisse en prenant dès maintenant vos places aux offices du tourisme de
CHAMONIX et ARGENTIÈRE

Several of the more daring members, including tour director, Don Allen, went off the 10 meter platform. Most notable among the women were Barbara May, Roma Jean Little, and Julie Nash. Before leaving the pool, there was a series of sprint races involving the male members. In the final event, Barry Bonous and Bryan Fong were matched against two of the local swim stars. Fong almost won the free-style and Bonous, after sticking with the pool life guard most of the way, was beaten in the last 20 meters. Physically spent, the group returned to the hostel for dinner.

Later in the evening a dance was held in the parking lot adjoining the dormitories. There was also a jazz concert held in the cultural hall.

The unfortunate happening of the day was the absence of our two brides-to-be, Jana Ricks and Clyda Frandsen, which marred an otherwise full day. Both girls had missed the bus to Geneva and spent a rather morose and quiet day on a trip into Thonon on their own. This was our last night in the hostel and the last free night before entering festival participation in the second half of our tour.

Wednesday, July 23, 1975
Geneva, Switzerland; Chamonix, France

Barbara May
Dick Bohman

We woke up this morning to the tune of Happy Birthday and a big birthday bow made out of crisp toilet paper for Allen Porter. We hope Alan's day was special--he was 22 years old.

After the usual continental breakfast of bread and hot chocolate, we all piled aboard the old bus and left for Geneva at 9:05. After our arrival in Geneva, it was back to the watch stores and Hummel shops. It was always amazing how much money the gang could spend in just one and a half hours. The surprise of the day was Fran--she spent only one-half franc in Geneva. No worry, she would make up for it in Spain.

We departed for Chamonix at 12:00 p.m. after a productive morning of shopping and browsing in Geneva. We certainly enjoyed the journey to Chamonix. We saw small villages and chalets nestled in the French Alps and lush greenery everywhere. Very picturesque and typically European. Chamonix was a former Olympic site and is basically a skiing resort now. The town is surrounded by huge, jagged mountains and glaciers. Can't imagine anyone skiing on those things--very impressive, to say the least!

We enjoyed a picnic lunch of bread, meat, cheese, and fruit, then spent the rest of the afternoon cruising the town of Chamonix. Some of the kids went up into the mountains to sit and enjoy nature, while others took a train ride. A few took advantage of the ice skating rink at the sports center. It was great fun! We especially enjoyed the Peggy Fleming imitations and follow-the-leader exhibition performed by Launi, Jill, Barb, and Don. Well, at least Launi, Jill, Barb, and Don liked them!

We were served a delicious dinner at a quaint restaurant in Chamonix. We had roast beef and little broiled potatoes--yummy! This dancer was especially impressed by the "ton" of salt that was available.

We did a full show in the sports center that evening for an enthusiastic audience. The Chamonix folkdancers presented us with two dolls, Chamonix pins, and Mt. Blanc posters; in turn, we gave them one of our BYU trophies. Allen Porter accepted the dolls for the BYU folkdancers. We took "community showers" after the show.

Our living quarters were truly something to behold. Some chalet--four-rooms with army type bunks, looking more like barracks than the cozy little chalet we had all expected. We had to laugh when 'Ole Dave' walked into one of the rooms and announced, "The uniform for the day will be clads, full field packs, weapons, and rations for three days. Prepare to pull out at 0800." The real clincher was the bathroom facilities. These were two foot pads and a hole in the ground. A thanks to Fran and Dave who let the girls sneak next door and use their bathroom. All in all, a fun day was enjoyed by everyone!

Thursday, July 24, 1975
Chamonix and Gannat, France

Rand Newby
Bertha Hiskey

After a night in the "barracks" at Chamonix, we had our usual breakfast (hot chocolate, bread and jam) at 7:00. Chocolate was just what Julie and Pauline didn't need after staying up "battling" against various chocolate bars--the girls lost. In fact, the night had been quite eventful with some of the girls sleeping with the lights on to ward off the bugs. Dave and Fran, Don and Schmelter slept next door on eiderdown beds and had somewhat better "sanitary facilities" than our "stand up-squat down" inventions! So some of us made use of their conveniences.

We left once again at 8-ish with a certain excitement about going to our first festival at Gannat, France. These are some of the facts that Don told us about the festival:

The first festival was held in 1974 and the countries represented were: Rumania, Poland, Turkey, Sweden, Portugal, France, with the groups of Guadeloupe (Antilles), Pau, Normandie, Savoie, and the Bournee (name of a folk dance) Gannatoise.

The festival was organized entirely by a folk association, "la Bournee Gannatoise" consisting of about 70 members, mainly young people, and is directed by a young president and founder, Jean Roche.

The group celebrated its 10th anniversary in 1975; it is affiliated with the organization of French folk groups. The adults as well as children stage the folklore from the Gannat region, which is characterized by a mixing of Bourdonnais folk and Auvergnais folk with a predominance of the latter.

Anxious to share this folk inclination with all the inhabitants of its region, the "Bournée Gannatoise" has organized this festival, placing it under the symbol of world friendship.



**DANIELE
GILBERT**



GANNAT

CHAMP DE FOIRE
CHAPITEAU GEANT

25-26-27 Juillet 1975

VENDREDI : 21 h.
SAMEDI : 14 h. 30 et 21 h.
DIMANCHE : 14 h. 30

DEUXIÈME
FESTIVAL MONDIAL DE FOLKLORE

ALLEMAGNE - CEYLAN - U. S. A. - GRÈCE - ISRAËL
ITALIE - MEXIQUE - TCHECOSLOVAQUIE
FRANCE (Landes, Auvergne)

The festival will last four days, July 25th to the 28th. The countries represented will be Germany, Ceylon, U.S.A., Greece, Israel, Italy, Mexico, and France (Landes and Auvergnais regions).

The groups will be lodged in either schools or in the International Center of Vichy. The shows will be taking place in a large tent (3,000 places) or on a stage outside (about 6,000 capacity). The platform is pretty large, 12 m. by 10 m. (39.3 ft. by 32.7 ft.).

So much for the history and facts of the festival, which we didn't listen to anyway since we were enjoying the beautiful French scenery. We all had to agree that the French Alps were some of the most beautiful country we had ever seen. We were charmed with the piles of hay, work horses, and hand plows which dotted the steep valley slopes. We wondered how they plowed and harvested on the hillsides, they were so steep. We saw old churches, fairytale houses, and the folk in their costumes--knickers, knee socks, heavy shoes, suspenders, shirts, short jackets and hats for men and long skirts over 5 or 6 slips, vest, shawl, apron, lace headdress, and strange shoes for the women.

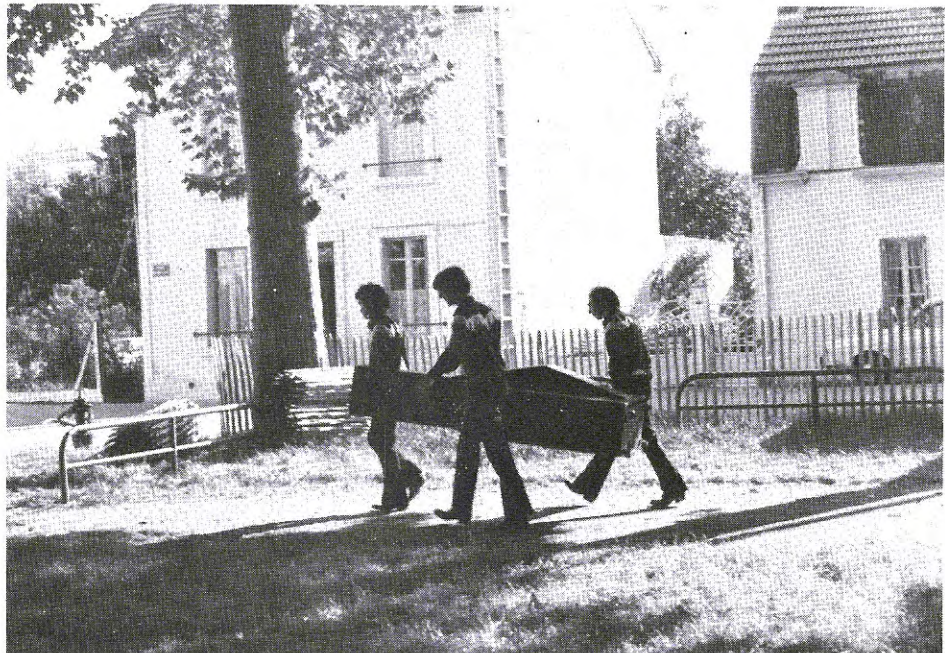
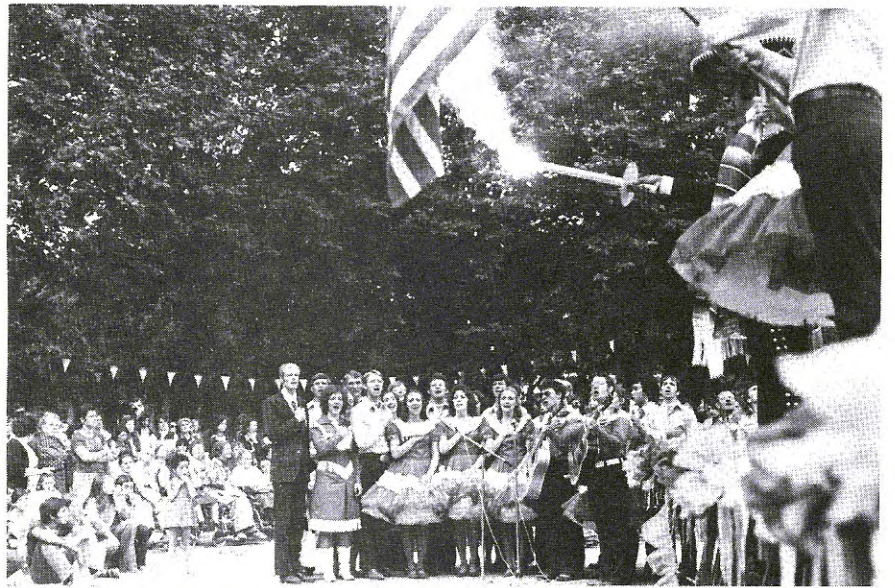
The steep, green valleys with beautiful rivers and streams were followed along with some pretty skinny and winding roads, bringing with them some good cases of travel sickness (ala Allen Porter)! We were so proud of Schmelter for navigating the bus so successfully through some pretty narrow escapes. All in all, the trip was really fantastic, and I doubt that we will ever forget the waterfalls, bridges, rivers, tunnels, chalets, tiny cars, and red tile roofs.

We stopped to eat lunch in Lyon at a supermarket and continued on until we reached Gannat at about 4:30. Mr. Jean Roche met us and we went with him to the group's practice hall, where we picked up drinks, pamphlets and mail. Jana got her usual 3 or 4 letters--no, it was 5! Tim was visably excited by his letter, and Barry had every reason to be excited--he received a letter from his folks informing him of his mission call to Northern Italy--the Italy-Padova Mission. We were all excited for him.

Around 5:00 Mr. Roche took us to our dorms in the high school which were to be our home for the festival. We would share the building with the Mexicans and the Greeks. They were nice and clean, which we were glad to see. More of the barracks-style, however.

At 7:30 we went to eat. The dining hall was in a Catholic school and we ate (?) with the Italian group. The reason for the "?" is that very few of us ate all of what was placed before us--it was some sort of sausage made from (as nearly as we could decide) pork intestines, stomach and who knows what all. Most were brave and ate a bite or two, and we got to try out Mary's trick of spreading out our food on our plates!

We got home around 9:30; and when we came in we discovered that there were no lights in the bunk banks, and (most distressing of all) that there was no hot water. So in darkness and amid screams from the shower rooms,



we retired after a long day.

P.S. Clyda and Eileen had some wonderful experiences. Eileen tried to sneak a little protein by catching a fly in her hot (?) chocolate! Clyda's shoes were all baby soft from the powder which broke--with a little help from Bertha.

Also, in Grand Bornand we had some delicious scalloped potatoes. Recipe for French Scalloped Potatoes - Gratin Sauttonois (with a little cheese--use gruyere cheese). Rub garlic in bottom of dish--thin slices of potatoes, and toss in milk. Get cheese that melts easy. Salt, pepper, and butter. Cover pan with foil. Cook slowly, low heat, 1 1/2 hours. Put fresh cream on top.

Friday, July 25, 1975
Gannat, France

Clyda Frandsen
Tim Anderson

The boys awakened to the anguished screams of some of the girls. Concerned over their safety, the boys were quick to discern the nature of their distress--cold showers! We finally got cold water, only not to drink but to shower in. Yea! Yea!

Breakfast scared us. There was a rumor going around that we'd have leftovers from the "Porky Pig Rolls" that we'd had for dinner the night before.

We then left for Vichy to be filmed on National TV (live) along with the Greeks and Italians and three famous French entertainers. One of them, Claude Some-or-other was supposed to start the live TV show riding into this castle on a horse while singing. No one ever thought that during the live TV performance the horse would have other ideas. Anyway, most of the time Claude was on the air, he was fighting with his horse, trying to keep in the saddle, and showing the French TV audience what a pretty back he had.

While doing Exhibition Square, the middle and big squares decided to see whose girls had the hardest heads. Pam Croft and Launi Simmonds hit heads during the rosette and were both quite dizzy but managed to continue the dance.

At the end of the program, Danielle the program hostess (France's female Ed Sullivan) was swamped by her fans. The French Gendarme had to lock arms around her to protect her. She handed out pictures of herself to her "hungry" followers. When the clash cleared, the BYU folkdancers had indeed managed to salvage a souvenir of our visit to Vichy. Barb May had fought for a picture of Danielle and came away a victor! Well, folks, that's show biz!

Later on we had our first parade in Gannat. This was really fun as the city was so small and the streets narrow. We paraded into the festival grounds to the welcoming ceremony. The Mexican folkdancer who was holding

" Si tous les
Gars du Monde
voulaient
se donner la
main "

L'ECHO DE GANNAT



ET DE SA RÉGION

Le journal du Samedi

Désigné pour publier les
annonces judiciaires et légales
pour le département de l'Allier

LE NUMERO : 0 F 40

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Supplément au journal N° 531 du 28/6/75

25 - 26 - 27 Juillet 1975

DEUXIÈME

FESTIVAL MONDIAL DE FOLKLORE



MEXIQUE

9 NATIONS

- * Allemagne
- * Ceylan
- * Etats-Unis
- * Crète
- * Israël
- * Italie
- * Mexique
- * Tchécoslovaquie
- * France

Un Festival Mondial

La Bourrée Gannatoise, membre de la GNGF, organisatrice du Festival, ne nous montrera pas des représentants de chaque continent. Pour son premier Festival, l'année dernière, seule l'Europe était représentée. Cette année de prestigieux groupes représenteront le continent Américain et l'Asie. L'année prochaine peut être l'Afrique mais n'anticipons pas. En fait pour que chaque année le Festival ne ressemble en rien à celui de l'année précédente la Bourrée Gannatoise fera appel à des groupes du monde entier.

Mais ce n'est pas le plus important pour la Bourrée Gannatoise ; l'essentiel du folklore à travers ses chants, ses danses, ses costumes, c'est une tradition d'amitié entre les hommes et les femmes. Cette tradition d'amitié qui est la même quel que soit le coin du monde d'où ils viennent, et l'essentiel pour la Bourrée Gannatoise, c'est cette tradition d'amitié et de joie que l'on aimerait retrouver entre tous les peuples du monde et en tous cas l'amitié et la joie que vous trouverez dans ce Festival au contact de nos garçons et filles venus d'ailleurs représentants de ces citoyens de la terre sur laquelle nous vivons.

◆ Une Grande Kermesse du Folklore International ◆

a "sword-torch" just couldn't seem to keep his arm in the air and the torch would slowly sink towards the ground before he changed to another arm. Finally (to his relief) the big "Festival Peace Flame" was lit and the week's activities began. Each country sang its national anthem while Barb and Dick stood on-stage with our flag.

That evening we didn't perform, but watched the Greeks, Germans, French and Ceylon perform. All dances were interesting to watch, and it was late into the night (morning!) before the last dance was done.

Saturday, July 26, 1975
Gannat, France

Dave Woodland
Julie Nash

This morning began with some getting up earlier than others. The late risers were greeted with the good news that we could take hot showers in the high school locker rooms. The 600 yd. walk was well worth it. Those who made it to breakfast found the usual bread and jam and hot chocolate waiting.

It was a slow, easy morning and we were free until about noon. Most everyone walked downtown to mail letters and run other errands. Costumes were to be loaded at 11:45. Keith and Dave left town at 11:40, running and thumbing. A French truckdriver gave them a ride to the edge of town and thinking they couldn't go any further made them get out. He proceeded to drive into a service station right next to the high school where they passed him after running the last 1/2 mile in their boots. To add to their exasperation, just as they arrived Jared and Al Dance were driven up in a car!

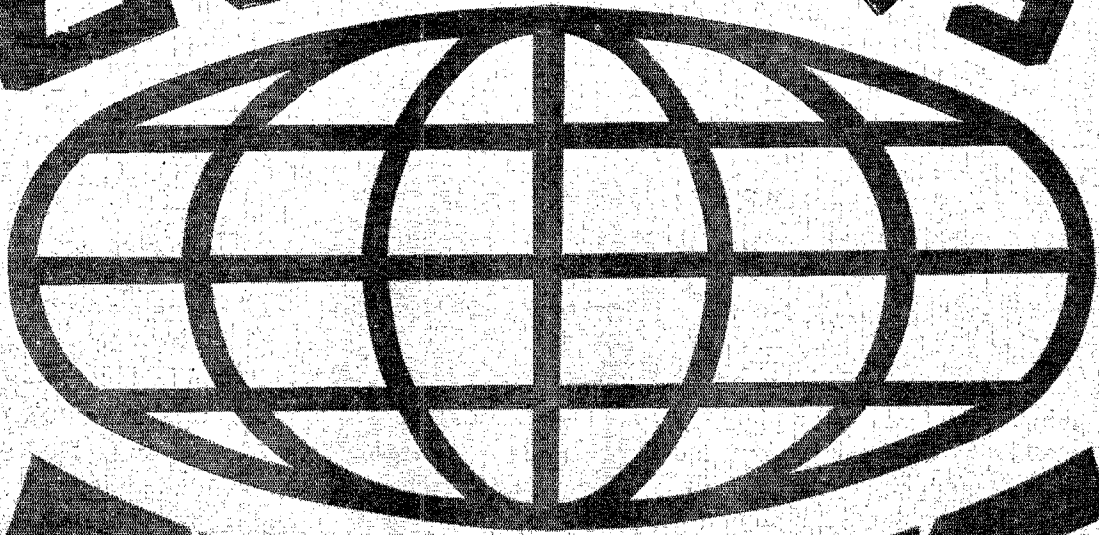
From the time we ate lunch until the show at 4:30 we were free to watch the other dancers perform and take care of any private business. While doing the latter, Allen Porter got locked in the bus. Being the last in line to use the John doesn't pay. Dennis played the hero and rescued him in time for the show.

This was Pam's birthday and the group presented her with a souvenir vase from Gannat. Launi and Pam celebrated part of her birthday in the hospital, where the two went for xrays. Mother Fran thought they should not dance until the doctor assured them they did not have concussions from the head collision during the TV filming. They were able to dance!

The 3,000 capacity tent was about half full for our afternoon performance. The Israeli dancers sat in the front rows and were so excited about our dancing, we all got really psyched. The show was one of our best in spite of Roma Jean's swandive during running sets. (She claimed the floor was slippery.) The entire audience loved it and applauded loudly until we "tapped off" after the encore. Many people came back to congratulate us on an "excellent performance." Many of the Israeli kids had especially kind remarks.

Following dinner some of us stayed and watched the entire night show. Others went back to the high school early to catch a few extra winks. The

15 au 27 JUILLET
1975



GANNAT

FESTIVAL MONDIAL
DE FOLKLORE

Renseignements - Location - La Bourrée Gannatoise Tel. (70) 90.12.67. et 90.08.50.

CDG 1975

PHILIPPE BOUTIER

Israelis put on an exciting show in which many of us reciprocated by sitting in front. Their dances were more like modern stage productions than folk, but we were amazed at how good these young kids were. Then the Mexicans came on and put on some show. We were astounded that we could hear only one sound on each foot stomp from so many dancers on zepateado.

A few of the kids took lessons in diplomacy from the Greeks. Bertha seemed to be a quick learner. Claudia and Dave had to work to catch up. How was it, Big Bertha?

Sunday, July 27, 1975
Gannat, France

Marlin Harmon
Pam Croft

We woke up at 7:20 and hurriedly dressed for breakfast, which was at 7:30. After devouring the usual hot chocolate, French bread, and jam, we walked several blocks to the Gannat Dance Club's meeting house for our own Sacrament Meeting before the nondenominational service. The Lord's spirit was with us as we sang "We Thank Thee, Oh God, for A Prophet." A few members from France were there, and it was a wonderful experience hearing the songs in both French and English.

We went to the nondenominational service held in front of an old church in Gannat. Each country spoke and presented its flag, flowers, and sang a song from its country. Jana and Al Dance represented our group. We then all paraded through the streets enjoying the crowds lined along the route.

At 2:30 we performed our entire show on the inside stage. Our friends from Israel were our best audience, clapping and getting excited during our numbers. Later that evening we held a short performance with several countries on the outside stage. During the lifts, someone knocked Jeremy's mike over. He caught it and went on. When it came time for Carolinas, the stage was so wobbly the people standing behind the stage had to hold it steady or it probably would have fallen apart. What an experience! After it was all over, we presented Gannat with a trophy and a few pins. Gannat, in turn, awarded Don A. and Bertha with wooden shoes and two dolls dressed in the costumes from France.

A dance was held that night, and the bands from the different countries played. Our band sounded the best, of course. It was fun dancing with the people from the many countries, especially when you didn't speak their language, nor they ours. The Israelis felt shafted because they couldn't play very long at the dance. When they were asked to leave, the accordion player tripped over a chain and hurt his nose very badly. We came to their aid, and the Israelis felt that we were their only friends. They later presented us with pins and gifts from the different tribes of Israel.

We were very tired and fell asleep as soon as we touched our pillows. We spent another night in the Catholic seminary.

Monday, July 28, 1975
Gannat, France

Claudia Beck
Keith Judd

Everyone was exhausted from the dance the night before because no one made it up in time for breakfast. In fact, Don was still in his pajamas at 11:54!

At noon all of the participating groups in the festival left for a barbeque at a castle. When we got there, they were roasting four lambs. It was really an authentic barbeque. We just ripped off a piece of French bread and threw in a hunk of meat.

After dinner everyone separated to kind of do his own thing. Some were playing handball, others were learning dances, some were trying to walk on stilts, some were singing, and a few were just sitting around. Everyone was relaxed and enjoying the scenery.

Pauline and Randy went wading in the creek. Randy rolled up his pants and Pauline just took off her shoes and went in with her nylons. When she got out, she had a big hole in them. At the price of nylons over here, we bet she was sorry she wore them in the water.

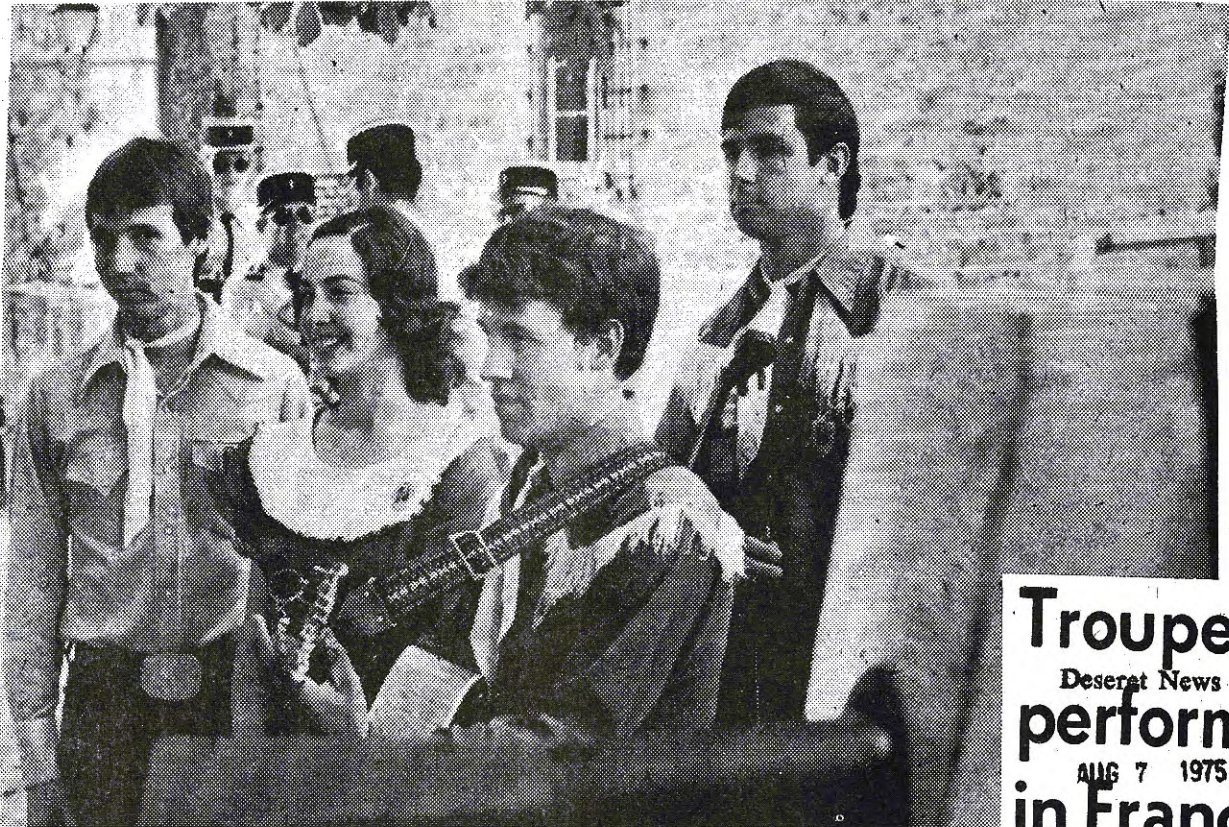
Later in the afternoon the owners of the castle took us on a guided tour. They had inherited the castle and were living in it. They consented to take us on a tour because they were good friends of John Roche. We were really appreciative of the hospitality the Europeans showed us. It was people like John Roche who made our trip so successful.

As Tim was walking back to the bus, he spotted some baby chicks and ducks. Since Tim has a great love for animals, he decided to try and catch a baby duck. Well, he got one. The cute little thing let out a little waste on his hand. Tim hurried and wiped it off and said, "Well, there's one consolation. After they've done it once, they won't do it for a while again." A few minutes later the cute little thing did it again. Only this time it was on his shirt. We wonder if Tim still loves animals.

Then we loaded the bus for Gannat. We dropped some people off downtown and others back at the school. We were kind of waiting around for supper.

We found at supper that the cliché "loudmouth Americans" wasn't true. The French dancers were so loud that one couldn't even talk to the person sitting right by him without shouting.

After supper we held Family Home Evening. It was really a spiritual experience. Barbara gave the opening prayer and Allen Porter conducted. Our opening song was "Pioneer Children Sang as They Walked." Don Allen opened with a few remarks, and then we sang "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus" and "Come, Come Ye Saints." Dave and Fran Schulthess spoke and then Jeremy favored us with the song "No One Can Teach the Gospel Like the Mormons Do." Jared ended the evening with a few remarks. The closing



Troupe Deseret News performs AUG 7 1975 in France

FOUR PROVOANS with the BYU International Folk Dancers in Europe, pause during the televising of their program from the 13th century Chateau du Busset in France. They are Barry Bonous (guitar), Ted Murphee (violin), and dancers Pam Croft and Keith Judd. A group of gendarmes keep an eye on the dancers — pleasant duty, no?

BYU Folkdancers Perform in France

Brigham Young University's famous International Folk Dancers, who have become a fixture at major dance festivals in Europe in recent years, were viewed nationally in France recently prior to the opening of the second annual dance festival in Gannat, France.

The BYU group was one of three national dance groups selected to appear on the show which was televised live from the 13th century Chateau du Busset, just outside Vichy, France.

"We always like to obtain the BYU group whenever they are available," explained the television director who produced the show, which ranks among France's top programs. "They always seem to provide us with plenty of western color and vitality."

The Chateau du Busset is opened to the public only once a

year, and that was the occasion this year for the televising of the folk dancers. Several French celebrities were also on the show.

The BYU group also joined dancers from seven other countries in a parade through downtown Gannat. Other nations participating in the festival were Germany, Italy, Mexico, Crete, Israel, Ceylon, Czechoslovakia, and France.

David Schulthess, information officer on the tour, said the festival is the biggest event in that part of France, and almost everyone in town joins in the singing and dancing in the streets.

From there the BYU troupe went to Bayonne, France, and then to a major festival in Jaca, Spain. This is the eleventh tour of Europe for the dancers, who are under the direction of Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen.

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song was "I Am a Child of God." Tim gave the closing prayer. Our theme for the evening was our pioneer heritage.

Then some people went to the Greeks' floor to dance and sing. A few went downstairs to dance with the people from Israel. The old maids stayed upstairs to get a good night's rest.

It was really sad to say goodbye to our friends. The dancers had developed a bond of friendship between them that would never be broken.

Even though Don slept in this morning, he still had been through a long, tiring day. At least that was the excuse he used for falling asleep during his prayer.

Tuesday, July 29, 1975
Gannat and Bayonne, France

Bryan Fong
Roma Jean Little

The day started early for the girls when Barb's alarm went off at 5:15. Her good intentions fell through, and she was the last one up that morning.

An unusual thing occurred that shouldn't be forgotten. All the girls were ready before the guys. When we were supposed to be leaving, some of the guys were still shaving.

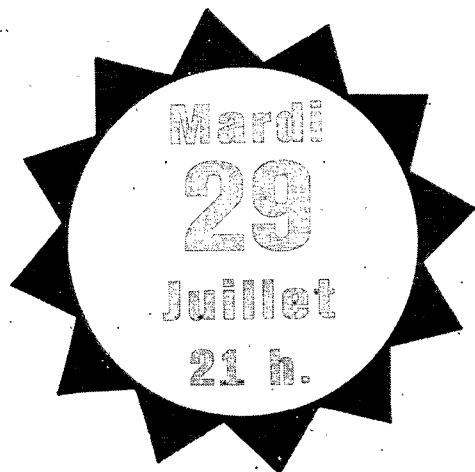
We then went to breakfast, where we received more than our usual amount of hot chocolate and bread. When we left, they were very generous and gave us 10 loaves of bread and some pork for our lunch.

Jean Roche and the lady in charge of our meals came out to say good-bye to us. We went through the kissing routine, but that didn't satisfy Dick. When the lady came around, he started kissing away. Tim told him that he shouldn't try and get two kisses in on one side, but this didn't even stop him.

We had our morning Devotional with Bryan and Fran in charge. Fran's thought was: "Facts are facts, but feelings are real." She quoted the scripture in Mosiah that says: "When ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God." Bryan summed it up in saying: "I do not dwell upon your faults and you should not dwell upon mine. Charity which is love covereth a multitude of sins."

At 8:30 we left Gannat to begin a very long and tiring ride that would last until evening. It was a quiet ride because many of us didn't feel well, and we were all so hot and tired. The air conditioning surely left something to be desired.

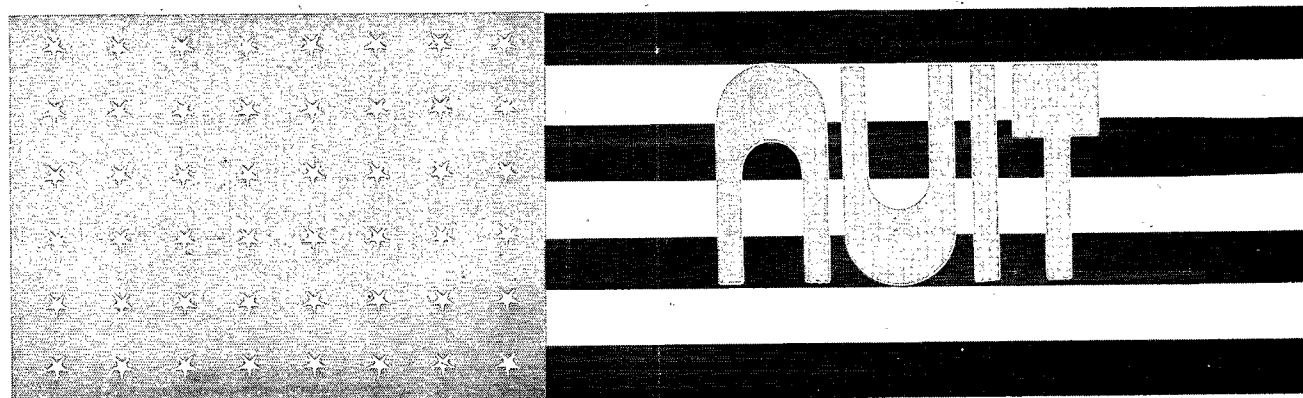
For lunch we stopped in a clearing of trees and made sandwiches. Pam kept jumping up and saying that something was under her, but she couldn't find any proof. Everyone thought she was crazy until she finally



SEIGNOSSE

centre de Loisirs

TOUTE L'HISTOIRE DES ÉTATS UNIS
EN 2 H. D'UN FABULEUX SPECTACLE



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Université de Folklore de l'Utah
INDIENS - WESTERN - CHARLESTON - ROCK

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found her victim. It was a poor, innocent frog, and Pam had been smashing him. Could you blame him for trying to wiggle out?

At 8:15 we arrived at the resort outside of Bayonne where we would have supper and perform. We had a delicious supper of vegetables, chicken, fries, and ice cream. While we were enjoying eating, the audience was waiting for us to perform. They had to wait approximately 45 minutes for the show.

Devil's Dream started out with a bang--no music. The mikes hadn't been turned on. We couldn't hear the music until the contras section.

We did the full show with a stage that kept moving and floor boards that kept creaking. The audience was very receptive and warm. They applauded enough so that we did the encore for Carolinas twice.

After the show we walked down to the beach and enjoyed its beauty and calmness. We then departed for _____ where we stayed with families, most of which did not speak any English.

All night we had been expecting Don and Mary Bee to return from Hungary. Don did return, but without his wife. We were so happy to have Don back with us, but so disappointed that Mary was unable to come. We knew, though, that she was needed elsewhere and that her thoughts would still be with us.

Another full and satisfying day was at an end.

Wednesday, July 30, 1975
Bayonne and Pau, France

Dennis Bailey
Pauline Miller

I just barely closed my eyes last night and that blasted alarm clanged them open again. My aching back protested as I pulled myself out of my sagging mattress. From the sleepy grumbles on the other side of the room, it was evident that Tim and Dick felt the same way. We stayed on the top floor of a five-floor tenement house with high ceilings, narrow halls, and squeaky doors. The WC and shower were down two floors. The kitchen was all the way to the bottom of a spiral staircase with the breakfast table at the foot of the stairs. From the top of the stairs we could see our host setting it for a good old continental breakfast. It was cocoa and hard bread again.

Our host was a sweet old Catholic lady who knew about as much English as we knew French. Zilch!

We had just an hour before 8:00 a.m. when we were to be at the bus, so we hustled through showers and shaves. The shower was a good one this time. The water squirted out of a hand-held spray nozzle. If only it wasn't so cold! The mirror was a perfect height for someone 5-1/2 feet tall. Dick was the only one who didn't have to stoop while shaving. He

was also the only one who couldn't reach the handle to flush the WC. It was one of those jobbers with the tank 8 feet in the air.

At the bus everybody looked as chipper as we felt--bags under our eyes that sagged almost to our jowls, and faded smiles that remained still plastered on from last night's performance. Don and Schmelter were biting at the bit as they worked over the fastest route to Pau, France. We were delighted to see Don Jensen back with us, but where was Mary Bee?

Don Jensen explained all their adventures to us as we traveled to Pau. Mary Bee had to fly back to New York to confirm bookings for the Polish folkdancers so they could come to our September International Festival. Don was kind enough to stay behind with us--and what a great source of encouragement he was!

After 2-1/2 hours of narrow, winding roads, we arrived in Pau at 10:30, a bit wilted from the humid heat and some pale green from car sickness--poor Barb and Allen P. We were delighted to check in at a hotel that was sort of a high-rise affair. Good news--one person per room! Then the bad news--20 persons per shower and WC! Places like this afforded us beautiful opportunities to get to know the rest of the folkdance members. The pleasantest conversations can be had between shower stalls just like neighbors talking over the backyard fence. And that's okay because you trust that the guy or the girl next to you isn't going to sneak a peek over the wall.

Checking in all done, we changed into our Devil's Dream costumes and paraded downtown to a busy intersection and stopped traffic while we danced a quick Virginia Reel. The group's enthusiasm was a little higher as we paraded to the university and performed another little quicky. Jill got in on the action today--she danced with Keith while Claudia rested out the last half of her 24-hour flu.

By this time our tongues hung to the ground from the heat. Oh, what we wouldn't give for a cool sidewalk water fountain. They're all over the place in Provo! "Come on, gang, one more place to perform--parade line-up, band strike up 'Salty Dog Rag.'" The only motivation that brought us into a parade of smiles and "yee haws" was to know that we were headed for the cafeteria for a last quicky "Oh, Susanna" before lunch at an old folks' home.

We were waiting for the dinner bell when the Israeli folkdancers danced in singing and shouting. We greeted them back with their own "Hava Magila," accompanied by Barry's guitar and Ted's fiddle. You would have thought that our two groups had known each other before. The Israelis danced with the Americans in an exchange of line dances and polkas. Of course, all the old folks poked their heads out their windows and lined the decks.

Oh! There was nothing like the contented feeling of a full stomach and knowing that we had free time until 5:00 p.m. Most of us crashed at the hotel. Some of the more ambitious did their laundry.

At 5:00 we joined the other dance groups in a parade (Gannat, France; Germany; and, of course, Israel). Hearing our own band over the noise of

the Israelis and the sound truck proved to be challenging, to say the least. The parade wove through narrow streets lined with excited crowds and ended in front of a bar at a table set with alcohol and a few bottles of coke and glasses enough for one-third of the hot, thirsty dancers. If you wanted a drink, you had to settle for a third-hand glass and a bit of warm coke. We all remained thirsty until Dave W. brought a clean glass from the bar with which he washed down some aspirin. From somewhere somebody produced a few small bottles of water. That same glass quenched the thirst of 30 plus American folkdancers.

Dinner that afternoon was cafeteria-style. From somewhere Jill and Bryan gathered three oranges apiece and Barb (Coach Babsi-May) taught them the art of juggling. A couple of the band had their usual jam session while the rest of us sat under a shade tree and watched hundreds of little swallows swoop through the sky like a squadron of WWI fighters in battle.

At dusk we walked up the hill to a very high-class cultural center where we shared the performance with the other groups. Louis Haure, who was the program director from Pau, arranged the program like this:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Pau folkdancers | 4. Gannat group |
| 2. German group | 5. Israelis |
| 3. <u>BYU</u>
Intermission | 6. <u>BYU</u> finale |

That was quite a compliment to us.

Tonight was the night for Ted's revenge. He was finally fed up with everyone telling him the beat was too slow. Tonight first half was to be a challenge. The crowd was not too excited about the slower paced dances of the first two groups. It was up to us to warm things up a little. We started with the pioneer section and the band seemed to be playing at a pretty fair clip. Then came Smoky and Tap, and we were off to the races. Ted's bow streaked across those fiddle strings so fast you could hardly see his wrist. We were chugging down that slanted stage so fast we weren't sure if we could make the turn. When Barry yelled over to Ted to slow things down, he just shook his head with a mischievous grin and bore down all the harder on his fiddle. This kind of excitement brought the crowd around, and they started clapping to the beat. By the end of the show we had them in our hands, and when we finished Carolinas they still wanted more.

Meanwhile, backstage, we made friends with a homogenous, wooly, white sheep dog that looked half St. Bernard and half timber wolf. He acted quite peacefully towards us until Randy started barking. Our once friendly canine barked back so loud it shook the windows. Randy immediately desisted.

After the performance and a small reception, we returned home, sweaty but proud of our performance and ready for a peaceful night's rest. That is, some of us were ready. Upon reaching the hotel, there was a mad race to see who would be the first to shower. The pole position would be out

Yo también iré a JACA

DE LOS PIRINEOS



"Festival en Jaca"



in time for a nice six to eight hours of sleep--the last one in might get through before dawn. Every time someone yelled, "Okay, this shower is free!" immediately every door on the floor flew open and there commenced another mad dash for the shower. As if that wasn't enough, Alan and Julie and Allen P. got tangled up in a shaving cream fight between the shower stalls. Sounded like a lot of fun in the middle of the night. And so another day ended in the saga of the BYU American Folkdancers.

Thursday, July 31, 1975
Jaca, Spain

Jeff Carter
Launi Simmonds

The story you are about to hear is true. Between 7:30 and 7:59 we all arose. At 8:00 a.m., breakfast. 8:15 a.m., stomachs awash, we couldn't forget the savory taste of bread and water, a first! We found out later that Philadelphia had fluorinated water in 1847, and not one person has survived. It's a wonder how Pau got along without it.

We jumped on our "forever" bus and headed for Jaca, Spain. It was a beautiful road, perfect for getting car-sick. Those oblivious to the bus soon joined in the spirit of the occasion by learning "Al Festival de Jaca," a Spanish 20l song.

Our first task was to eat lunch in the army mess hall. It was a typical Spanish army meal.

The next stop was the seminary where we were to stay. Even with hot water and individual rooms, we thought it was a nice place to visit.

Those that went shopping left the rest of the people at the seminary, and all were reunited at 6:00 for the parade.

Friday, August 1, 1975
Jaca, Spain

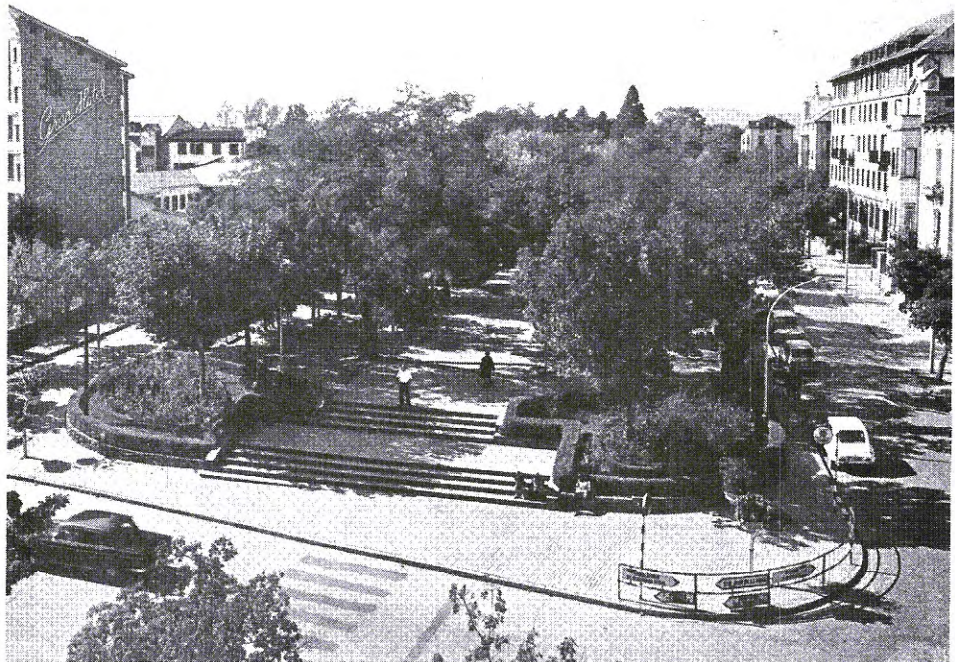
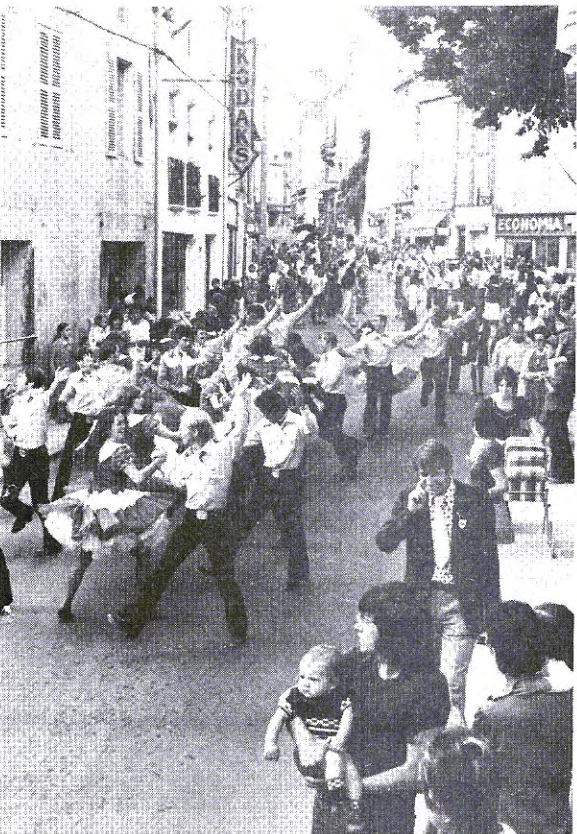
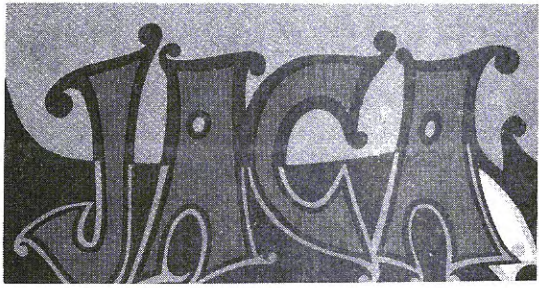
Jared Suzuki
Eilene Erickson

On our first full day in Jaca, we awoke to sweet rolls, our first served in Europe, along with hot milk and orange juice. Our time was free from breakfast to 11:00 o'clock to shop or sleep, as we desired.

At 11:00 we met at the pavilion for a rehearsal. The pavilion itself was fairly large, with a seating capacity of 6,000 people and a stage that revolved, thus facilitating group changes. The stage was about the largest we had performed on.

The festival officials wanted to time the groups, and it wasn't until 1:00 o'clock that we got on the stage. We did our numbers, which consisted of the Pioneer Section, Orange Blossom Special, Smoky and Tap, which only took about fifteen minutes.

Afterwards, we walked to the mess hall for lunch. Again we were free to shop and clean out the town, or sleep until 9:00 o'clock, when we were



to hit the mess hall again. But our free time was interrupted by a surprise party for everyone by Don Jensen. He had drinks and two kinds of pastry cookies. He said it was to help us in getting up for our performance. It was nice and very thoughtful.

After dinner at the mess hall, we walked back to the seminary to get our costumes, after which we left for the pavilion. The show was supposed to start at 11:00 p.m., but it didn't get started until 11:45 p.m. and we were scheduled as first after intermission. We didn't dance until 1:00 a.m. and finished about 1:20 a.m.

The show went well except for the fact that Pam's foot fell through a small hole in the stage, created by the Turks who preceded us.

The day was filled with food, shopping, dancing, fun, and ended with everyone tired but happy. All happy except Barbara, for she had left her drunken, bumper car, soldier friend to look for someone else to bump with.

Saturday, August 2, 1975
Jaca, Spain

Al Dance
Jana Ricks

Buenas Dias! Today dawned bright and clear--the second day of this Jaca, Spain, Folk Festival. Most everyone started it off with warm milk, a roll, and some fruit juice, served by smiling nuns who continually tried to sneak coffee into our glasses when we weren't looking.

After breakfast, everyone was free to do as he or she pleased, which, for the most part, was shopping. The few main streets of Jaca are lined with shops, mostly of the tourist kind with shopowners undoubtedly depending on an economic shot in the arm from festival visitors and waiting anxiously for money-bag Americans to frequent their shops. We didn't disappoint them. Porcelain, furs, alabaster and wine bags were the most popular items bought by all of us.

After lunch, which was probably not worth describing nor mentioning (of what we ate there at the army camp messhall), the afternoon was free again. Some shopped, some swam, some napped, and others didn't tell what they did.

At 6:00 p.m. we met in our checkered costumes in the entry way of the seminary. There, after a word of prayer, we began winding our way in parade line-up through the streets of Jaca to the casino where we would leave off Don, Keith, and Claudia for a brief reception. We had our own little mini parade, which was common for each of the groups to do. We would sing a little, dance a little, give out a million buttons, smile, wave, and walk a lot. (This type of informal parade was fun--we changed partners, tried new things, etc. Oftimes we could not hear the band beat well, which made things interesting.)



We paraded back to the seminary to do a brief show for the muns there. Unfortunately, they never got the message, so we had no mini show. Instead we paraded back to Plasa de Biscos, fought off pin and autograph hunters, and waited to begin our 1/2 hour show at the Plasa. (Last night one of the Festival organizers asked Don and me, because he was French, if we would perform in the square. This honor was reserved for those groups with the most class--obviously, we graciously accepted.)

At 7:30 we began the show on the rather small, makeshift wooden stage constructed for Festival use. There was a decent paying audience, but at least three times as many people watched from outside the barriers. The show went smoothly after everyone had mastered the nooks, crannies, and holes in the stage. We did: Devil's Dream, Exhibition, Elizabethan, Round Dance, Contras, Smoky and Tap.

Shortly after the brief outdoor show, we walked to a typical bar-cafe restaurant where Don had set up a meal. Everyone was excited at the prospects of eating away from the army base. The dinner was just El Magnifico, which is Spanish for out-of-sight. We started with a salad, then to a potato omelette which was delicious. Everyone thought that was it and was relatively pleased. Then the main course was brought in and everyone's eyes began to bug out. The main course was lamb chops and potatoes, equally delicious. Then they brought peaches and cherries, and topped the meal off with ice cream, along with several drinks and some bread. It was the biggest dinner we had eaten in Europe--just fantastic!

From dinner, we all went back to the seminary, where Wendy and Allen had arranged a party honoring Schmelter, our bus driver, and, on the sly, Jana and Clyda. We had all contributed earlier to a wedding gift fund and at the party Jana received a lamb's wool rug and Clyda a procelain figurine. They were bleary eyed. Jaremy and Jared sang a few tunes. We all ate some more and finally Schmelter arrived. He was duly presented with a German Book of Mormon signed by everyone, very nicely inscribed with some words that would perhaps inspire him to delve more into the gospel. He was also given a matching shirt and tie. Claps followed, and Schmelter expressed his thanks. He's really a good man and a great servant.

Don gave us all a set of castinets and at around 11:30, everyone was free again. Some hit the Festival performance, where, despite the heat, the Armenian dancers put on a great show. Others zonked out in preparation for the Sabbath.

Sunday, August 3, 1975
Jaca, Spain

Jaremy Hoopes
Jill Rigg

Our morning began at approximately 9:00 o'clock. Being the first Sunday of the month, it was Fast Sunday for good Latter-day Saints. Therefore, we skipped breakfast and instead had our Fast and Testimony Meeting. It was nice to meet together as a group of Saints and share testimonies with each other. The girls looked extra nice dressed in their lovely



contra dresses, and the guys looked like they had a little class too, appearing with string ties and their (wretched) vests. Jill and Ted had each decided they were supposed to clad themselves in their red costumes, while Barry, Jaremy, and Don looked like the only sane members of the group wearing white shirts and ties.

Following our own meeting, we went outside the seminary and across the street to the park to attend the supposedly non-denominational religious service. It appeared to us to be a non-denominational mass. With a Catholic priest up front doing his thing in Spanish, and absolutely no one listening, it really was a mass--a mass of confusion.

Upon leaving the park we were allowed to go our separate ways. About one-half of the group went to get rid of their last Spanish pesetas, while others stayed at the seminary to get a few extra minutes of sleep.

At 1:30 p.m. we met at the army base, where we proceeded to have our lunch. Afterwards, we were again free to do as we pleased. Several more pesetas were transferred from BYU Folkdancers to the businessmen of Jaca, and many eyeballs stared at the back side of eyelids.

Six-thirty brought us all together again. With dancers in checks, and the band in red, we did a fifteen-minute show for the kind nuns of the seminary, and then paraded our way to the town plaza. After a short wait, the evening festivities began. First, the flags of all countries present were lowered. Next, the parade began. We were again placed at number sixteen of some forty groups plus several floats.

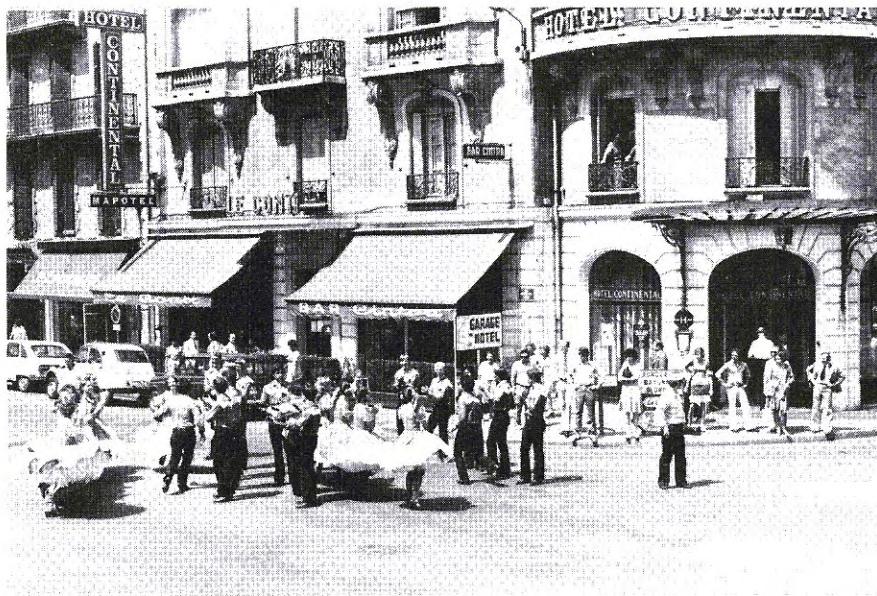
This parade proved to be the most exciting of any. As we embarked on our journey through the excited streets of Jaca, we were greeted with streamers, confetti, and a very warm welcome from the people. It was a pleasure to perform for people who seemed to enjoy our dancing and music so much.

Incidentally, during the parade a man on the side was offering his leather bag of liquid contents. Dave decided the guy was becoming offended because no one was accepting, and so, thinking it to be just water (since some of the guys had been carrying water in similar containers), he took a drink. Ask Dave how Spanish wine tastes! He had to get a little taste even if he did spit it out!

As we ended the parade approximately an hour and a half later, we were appreciative of the fact that we were placed early in the line-up. The reason for our joy was that many of the groups hadn't started yet.

We went directly from the parade to enjoy our last meal at the army base. After dinner we made our way back to the seminary. Although it was approaching midnight, the night was just beginning.

The Grand Fiesta was scheduled to start at 12:00 p.m. Several guys and a few girls set out for the Fiesta, and the rest decided to remain in



for the remainder of the night. The dancing at the Fiesta was slow getting started, so a few of the group found more excitement riding the bumper cars outside the pavilion.

Meanwhile, back at the quiet and peaceful seminary, some practical jokers were busy preparing bedrooms and door handles for the return of certain members of the group from the Fiesta. Before leaving the seminary, Tim had made sure his room would not be tampered with by baricading his door and then crawling out through the transom. The only thing he forgot was to lock his window. Upon returning he found his room neatly done in toilet paper and all the other good things that go along with that style of decorating. Bryan also found his room under similar conditions. Most of the door handles had been coated with vaseline too. The guilty participants were found to be led by Wendy (who had become brave and was the one who crawled out on the window ledge to get to Tim's room) with Barb, Julie, and Roma also biding their time and talents!

Most everyone was home from the dance by 3:00 a.m. However, there were certain members of the group who didn't return for a few more hours. This group consisted of Pauline, Launi, Jill, and Marlin. Undoubtedly, they proved by their actions to be the four most irrational members of the entire group. Singing and dancing with foreigners all night is indeed a sign of insanity.

To make this story short, the night's activities of August 3, 1975, ended just in time for the next day to begin!

Monday, August 4, 1975
Jaca, Spain: Le Porge, France

Allen Porter
Wendy Wittwer

Farewell to Jaca, Spain! We got up early and had the usual breakfast (hot milk and rolls, yuk!) and then we loaded the bus for our day's journey. We left at 8:15 a.m. and arrived in Le Porge, France, about 1:00 p.m. We were met by Maurice who is the director of special events for the city. He took us to the school, where we had lunch.

In the afternoon part of the group went to the beach at the Bay of Biscayne to catch a few rays and waves. This was the first time Roma had seen the ocean, so it was an eventful day for her. Dave Woodland was buried in the sand, against his will.

We returned to the performance sight and then went back to the school so we all could shower. We then had dinner, and the American Counsel General from Bordeaux was the special guest. He spoke to us and thanked us for coming to Le Porge to do a show.

This was the last show on tour, and it was a great success. The auditorium was full (approximately 400). We were supposed to share with the Peruvians, but they did not show up so we did the whole show.

During "Oh, Susanna" all the girls had baby powder on their hands, and when they clapped their hands there was a cloud of dust that came from the middle of the circle. That got everyone smiling and laughing.

During the final part of "Carolinas," while the girls came up for their bows, they stopped and kissed their partners on the cheek. It was a great way to end our last show.

The city of Le Porge presented us with a silver medalion, and we presented them with a trophy. After the show, we took showers and then continued our journey northward.

Tuesday, August 5, 1975
Brussels, Belgium

Dick Bohman
Barbara May

Our last show was over, we showered then boarded the bus to start the first leg of a long journey to Brussels and then home.

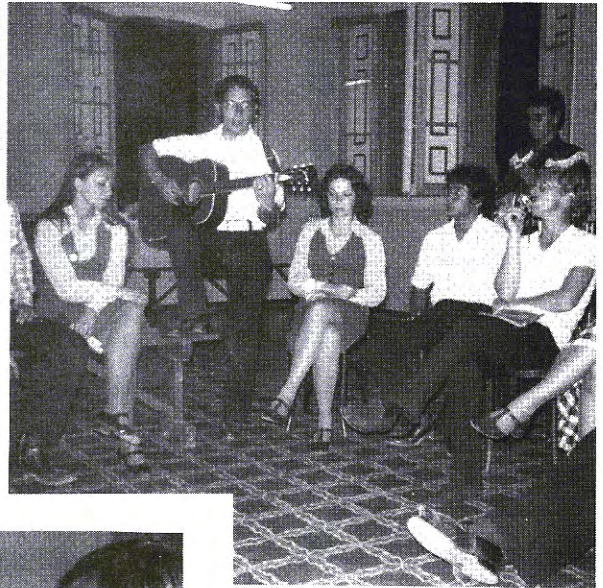
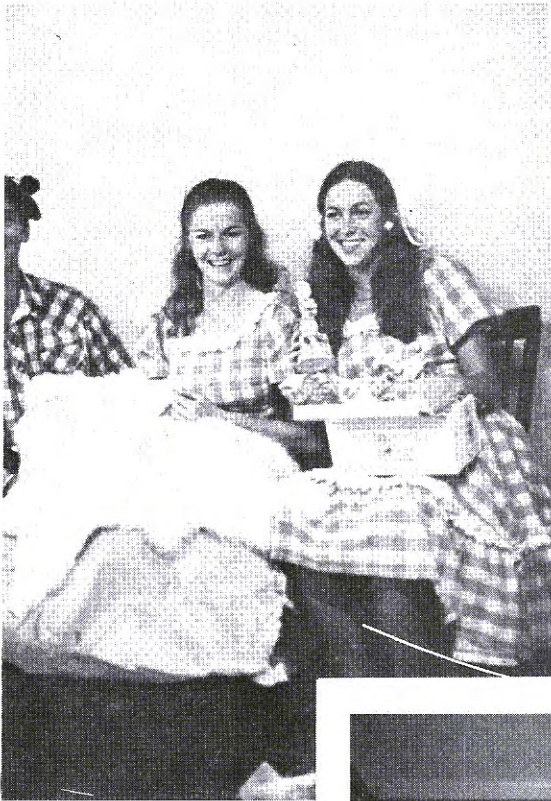
Our only long stop came at Tours, France, where Schmelter picked up a relief driver, and we got off the bus to eat. Alan D. and Don got us some bananas and moldy cookies. Luckily, we found a pastry shop nearby and spent the last of our francs on croissants to supplement the cookies.

We continued on after an hour of rest, and remained on the bus until that afternoon when we reached the Hotel Diplomat in Brussels. That hotel seemed like heaven. It was very modern - completely carpeted, nice beds, and even a shower and bath in each room! It was a great change from the community bathrooms we had become accustomed to using.

After unloading the bus and getting room assignments, most of us decided to rest, but there were some that were active. Barb and Launi, for example, spent their time hanging out the window talking to two young Englishmen.

That evening we all went to a nearby restaurant and had a fine meal. We even got one ice cube apiece, which was a highlight of the tour.

After the dinner everyone was free to do what they wanted. Some went for a walk, others watched T.V. in the lobby, and some got together to just sing and talk and enjoy each other's company on our last night in Europe.



August 6, 1975 - THE LAST DAY!
Brussels, Belgium to HOME

Dave & Fran Schulthess

The date Aug. 6th will remain most memorable, if for no other reason, because it was the last and the longest day of the tour.

In the lobby of the Diplomat Hotel the night before the departure home, there was a relaxed mood. Tour members found comfort in the realization that there were showers, toilets and warm water enough to go around for the first time in many days. Many lounged in the lobby, watching a dated version of "Mark of Zorro" (dubbed in two languages, no less).

For some the final day started the way they wanted it to -- SLEEPING LATE. But they paid the price of missing the usual hard roll, hot chocolate, etc., on the top floor of the Diplomat.

There was ample time to load the bus for the final leg, but most reacted as they had been conditioned; cramming their purchased items and clothing into bags and costume carry-alls. And Schmelter, Europe's answer to king of the road, did another masterful job of blocking off the street close to the entrance, for easy access.

Don had us on our way to the airport with a little extra time to work with. We arrived at the Brussels airport check-in counter, said farewell to our faithful driver, and then discovered there would be a four-hour delay.

Most settled down near the baggage loader on the railway level, and a few took the underground back to the center of Brussels. The delay provided many with an opportunity to empty purses and wallets of whatever foreign coins they had left. Most spent the money on chocolates, jewelry, etc.

Other elements of the BYU charter flight began trickling into the loading area, crowding into the available space. There were a few new faces, like BYU basketball-player-to-be Misho Ostarcevic, his wife and baby.

It was overcast when the boarding announcement was finally made. Our plane was soon in the air, climbing through the clouds as the sun began to set. There was a refueling stop at a port in Iceland (may have been Reykjavik, but most were too tired to notice), where there was one final sweep of the duty-free counters. Most aboard the plane alternately snoozed, ate and sipped ice on the return flight to Salt Lake City. Highlight of the trip was a spectacular aerial view over Greenland, where the lakes and rivers were reflected through the jagged peaks by the midnight sun.

After crossing several time zones, the 1 a.m. landing in Salt Lake City hadn't changed much, but we had. There was the usual hassles getting through customs, but the wait was worth it. Mary Bee was there to meet the party. Each tour member then headed in his or her own direction; the final step back to reality.

Will they ever return?
No, they'll never return,
And their fate is still unknown...

GOUGERE WITH MUSHROOMS AND HAM

Bake at 400 degrees for 40 minutes.
6 servings

Pate a Choux:

1 cup sifted all purpose flour
Pinch each salt and pepper
1 cup water
1/2 cup butter or margarine (1 stick), cut up
4 eggs
1/8 pound sharp cheddar cheese, diced (about 1/2 cup)

Sift the flour, salt and pepper onto a sheet of wax paper. Heat the water and butter in a large saucepan until the butter melts.

Turn up the heat and bring water to boiling. Add flour mixture all at once and stir vigorously until mixture forms a ball in the center of the pan. (This will take about a minute.)

Allow mixture to cool for 5 minutes. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well with a wooden spoon after each addition. (This beating is important as the gougere will not puff otherwise.) Stir in the diced cheese.

FILLING:

4 Tbs. butter or margerine
2 medium-sized onions, chopped (1 cup)
1/2 lb. mushrooms, sliced
1 1/2 Tbs. flour
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 envelope or teaspoon instant chicken broth
1 cup hot water
2 large tomatoes, peeled, quartered and seeded (2 cups)
6 ounces cooked ham, cut into thin strips (1 1/2 cups)
2 Tablespoons shredded cheddar cheese
2 Tablespoons chopped parsley

Melt the butter in a large skillet; saute the onion until soft but not browned. Add the mushrooms and continue cooking 2 min.

Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper; mix and cook an additional 2 min. Add the instant chicken broth and water mix well; bring to boiling, stirring constantly. Simmer 4 min. Remove sauce with the ham strips. Taste; add additional seasoning, if you wish.

Butter a 10 to 11 inch ovenproof skillet pie pan of shallow baking dish. Spoon the pate a choux in a ring around the edge leaving the center open. Pour the filling into the center and sprinkle over with the cheese. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 40 min. or until gougere is puffed and brown and the filling bubbling. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once cut into wedges as for a pie. Oui! Oui!

EUROPEAN TOUR LIST
1975

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Dennis Bailey	P.O. Box 305	722-3688	Roosevelt, UT 84066
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Jeff Carter	Street A Box 1599 B		Anchorage, Alaska
Pam Croft	1235 Aspen Avenue	377-2107	Provo, UT 84601
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	321 North 7 East	637-3579	Price, UT 84501
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Wendy Wittwer	1501 South 5th Place	384-8829	Las Vegas, NV 89104
Dave Woodland	3920 Kings Way		Sacramento, CA 95821
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Don R. Allen	526 East 1800 South	225-7796	Orem, UT 84057

OUR LAST FULL PERFORMANCE
August 4--Le Porge, France

I looked at all of the costumes hanging out tonight--the same costumes jumbled up in fourteen different places around a crowded room; strung over chairs, dressing tables and cluttered racks--I couldn't help but think of all the dressing rooms, of all the changes, in all of the different places we had performed. Delapidated charleston feathers, withered and torn slips, wads of pre-chewed Bubble Yum, false eyelashes and make-up were everywhere.

I watched the make-up go on. The minutes of beginning over and over again trying to make everything look just right. Pauline was applying her three sets of eyelashes, Wendy was teasing and smoothing hair and Roma was looking for anyone's blush to borrow. Someone was yelling for safety pins, someone else for red lipstick and there we all were, once again, repeating the familiar scene. But this was the last time it would ever be quite this way.

All of the girls and guys were chattering the way we always did about nothing in particular. Nobody really listened to anyone else. Sometimes you just had to talk to sooth your nerves and still the excitement.

"Who's got my pantaloons? I just know somebody's got my pantaloons."

"My pit guards are still wet, yeech!"

"Would everyone please check to see if you have my contra. Really, I can't find it!"

"It's not fair that I can't have some Bubble Yum just because I don't do Soda Pop Bop!"

"Fifteen minutes."

"There goes another nylon. Does anyone have any nail polish?"

"Who keeps stealing my hangers? This is the third one tonight. I mean it! Who keeps stealing my hangers?"

"Where's my trail tie?"

"I'll bet I have twenty pins in my slip."

"Could I borrow someone's hairspray?"

"Wendy, hide your hairspray?"

"Oh man--do my legs hurt!"

"I'll never make it through Carolinas. I'll just never make it."

"If my partner steps on me one more time...."

"Boots in or out?"

"Ten minutes."

"Oh no! Why can't I ever find anything!?"

"... another nylon! Who had the nail polish?"

"Who's got my slip on?"

"Are we wearing bows on our shoes for Zapateado tonight?"

"Emma would die if she knew!"

"Throw me your lipstick."

"Hey! Over here!"

"Everyone on stage."

"How'd you guys get ready so fast?"

"Keith, what's a good warm-up for shin splints?"

"_____, zip up your pants tonight for pete's sake!"

"For Rude!"

"Come on you guys! Everybody on stage!"
"Full house."
"Good floor."
"Hey, it's not slick."
"Alright, who's doing Exhibition Square tonight?"
"Are we flapping?"
"Better not be late or she'll put you in the 2:00 indian class."
"We have seven minutes to pray and warm-up."
"How exciting for us."
"... and bless all of those who aren't feeling well..."
"Amen."
"One for all and all for one, RIGHT NOW!!!"
"Okay kids, this is our most important performance."
"Everybody line up."
"Where am I?"
"Where's Dick?"
"Move up."
"Move over."
"Hands on your pockets!"
"Stand still."
"Here we go."
"Smile!"
"Did some one say smile? Who said smile?"
"... and now ladies and gentlemen, we are proud to present, the Brigham Young University American Folk Dancers...."
When the curtains opened, 28 people gave their all. Time after time--show after show. They had come a long ways since leaving Salt Lake City. They had seen many sights, enjoyed a lot of new experiences, met new peoples and cultures, danced almost continuously and loved every minute of it.
But the greatest memory of this tour was the spirit--of sharing oneself through dance, the happiness of making new friends and the joy in representing not only the great country of America but our Father In Heaven.

Alan Dance
Barb May
Pam Croft

