

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

**AMERICAN
FOLK DANCERS
1977**

EUROPEAN TOUR

(13th ANNUAL TOUR)

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

BYU INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCERS

Europe 1977

Roll Call #

Tour Assignment's

1. Andrus, Nykola	Women's Costumes
2. Austin, Ed	Baggage Movement & Flag
3. Barton, Bruce	Men's Costumes
4. Bassett, Craig	Musical Instruments
5. Beck, Bonnie	Slips
6. Bruin, Terri	Slips
7. Christensen, Keith (KC)	Baggage Loading
8. Clark, Kelly	Musical Instruments
9. Dorman, Kathy	Special Events
10. Farnsworth, Raelene	Special Events
11. Foutz, Sara	History
12. Gandy, Kim	Special Events
13. Hamblin, Kevin	Baggage Loading
14. Hansen, Kristine	Hawaiian Props
15. Hunt, Cordon	History
16. Illsley, Charles	Indian Costumes (Couldn't Come)
17. Jensen, Susan	Slips
18. Judd, Keith	Business Manager
19. Leppanen, A. Ilkka T.	Business Manager
20. Little, Roma Jean	Hawaiian Props
21. Lyman, Linda	Musical Instruments
22. Merrell, Kathy	Addresses
23. Newman, Mike	Musical Instruments
24. Nielson, Kirk	Men's Costumes
25. Packer, Steve	Adresses
26. Roylance, Tom	Musical Instruments
27. Steiner, Richard	Baggage Loading
28. Strong, Deb	Women's Costumes
29. Summerhays, Brynn	Women's Costumes
30. Thompson, Dennis	Special Events
31. Van Slooten, Michael	Musical Instruments
32. Peterson, Pete	Public Relations Dir.
33. Peterson, Colleen	
34. Peay, Dellyne	Artistic Dir.
35. Shaw, Don	Tour Manager
36. Shaw, Mae	

BYU FOLK DANCERS
EUROPE TOUR
CITY ITINERARY

August 1: Depart Provo
August 2: Arrive Frankfurt - Train to Paris
August 3: Performance Verseille Chapel
August 4: Paris
August 5: Depart Paris - Bus to Confolons
August 6: Confolons Festival
August 7: Confolons
August 8: Confolons
August 9: Confolons
August 10: Confolons
August 11: Confolons
August 12: Confolons
August 13: Confolons
August 14: Confolons
August 15: Confolons
August 16: Depart Confolons - Bus to Bordeaux
August 17: Bayonne
August 18: San Sabastion, Spain
August 19: Zaragoza, Spain
August 20: Barcelona, Spain
August 21: Depart Spain - Bus to Parpignan France
August 22: Nice and Monte Carlo - Sightseeing
August 23: Padova, Pisa, Italy
August 24: Florence, Italy
August 25: Venice, Italy
August 26: Verona, Italy
August 27: Geneva, Switzerland
August 28: Geneva
August 29: Grenoble, France
August 30: Lyon, France
August 31: Nyon, Switzerland
September 1: Fribourg, Switzerland - Festival
September 2: Fribourg,
September 3: Fribourg,
September 4: Fribourg, Depart by Train to Zakopane, Poland
September 5: Zakopane Festival
September 6: Zakopane
September 7: Zakopane
September 8: Zakopane
September 9: Zakopane
September 10: Zakopane
September 11: Depart Warsaw Poland by Plane for Frankfort, Germany
September 12: Depart Frankfort on Trans Globe Tours Charter -
Arrive Denver - Depart Denver - Arrive Salt Lake City
Bus to Provo

BYU FOLK DANCERS
1977 EUROPEAN TOUR'S
PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE

1. Devil's Dream
2. Exhibition Square Dance
3. Band: Fiddler's Fantasy
Featuring Linda Lyman
4. Pioneer medley
 - A. Oh Susanna!
 - B. Choral Medley
 - C. Polka Quadrille
 - D. Round Dance Medley
 - E. Virginia Reel
5. Band: She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain
6. Band: Classical Violin
Featuring Kelly Clark
7. New England Section
 - A. Elizabeth Quadrille
 - B. Minuet Waltz
 - C. New England Contra
8. Band: Little Brown Jug
9. Band: Duelin Banjos
10. Smoky Mountain Clogs
11. Big Mountain Circle Dance
12. Band: Fiddle and Banjo
13. Band: Oh Susanna!
14. Rocky Mountain Hoedown
15. Charleston
16. Swing
17. Orange Blossom Special
Featuring Linda Lyman
18. Carolina Clogs - Kentucky Clogs
19. Let There be Peace on Earth



Brigham Young University

College of Physical Education
Clayne R. Jensen, Dean
Donald D. Shaw, Assistant Dean

Athletics
Health Sciences
Youth Leadership
Recreation Education
Physical Education - Men
Physical Education - Women

July 3, 1978

Sarah Newman
c/o International Folk Dancers

Dear Sarah:

I am really thrilled to be able to respond to your request to write about our 1977 European tour. Both my wife and I view that experience as one of the highlights of our lives and we'll always feel a close association and affinity to the Folk Dance Club and directors because of these experiences.

The basic goal of this tour established before leaving the United States was to prepare spiritually and culturally to represent the University, the Church, and the International Folk Dancers in a way which would be uplifting to those Church members and non-members alike that they would come in contact with on the European continent. As tour director, the most rewarding aspect of this tour for me was that the dancers and tour members fulfilled that goal and it was thrilling to be able to watch these young people touch the lives of those they performed for.

Students participating on the tour as well as the managers and public relations officers were always anxious and willing to share their testimony of the gospel. The enthusiasm for clean living, the wholesome lives and the bright smiling faces of these dancers and band members had a significant effect upon those who observed them. Daily, morning, and evening prayers were always held as well as special testimony meetings, weekly Firesides, Sacrament meetings, Priesthood and Relief Society, and this allowed our group to participate in meaningful religious activities and constantly keep them prepared for missionary opportunities which presented themselves on many occasions. All the young men on this tour had filled missions for the Church and the young women as well had outstanding testimonies and all had a great desire to enhance the image of the Church and be considerate and loving towards local members of the Church as well as non-members. There were many occasions throughout the tour where bus drivers or interpreters for the group, etc., eventually accepted Books of Mormon and agreed to let the missionaries teach them the gospel. The spiritual highlight of this tour for the group and for myself as well was the testimony meeting that we held at the Bern temple in Switzerland where all members of the tour were given the opportunity to see this beautiful temple and then to hold a special testimony meeting which I'm sure will live in the memory of all those who were on the tour. There were many a tearful eye in this testimony session.

The Folk Dance team performed in six missions for the Church, beginning with President Fuller at the Paris, France mission; for President Broschinsky of the Toulouse mission; President Griffin of the Barcelona, Spain mission; President Grincerri at the Padova, Italy mission; President Stevens of the Geneva mission;

July 3, 1978

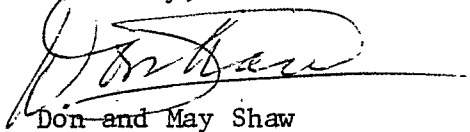
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and Brother Matthew W. Ciembronowicz of the Warsaw, Poland mission. In two of these missions, we performed on national television, the first time a Church-related group had ever been given prime time. We also performed at three European folk dance festivals and received high acclaim and opened a number of doors through both print and electronic media where we were given excellent opportunities to publicize not only Brigham Young University, but also the Church. The three festivals where we were invited to perform were: the Confolens festival at Confolens, France, where we competed with fourteen other folk dance groups from various nations throughout the world; at the Fribourg festival at Fribourg, Switzerland; and the Zakopane, Poland festival where we competed against eight Polish mountain groups and fourteen other dance companies from other nations. The Zakopane festival was a competitive event. Here we were selected to receive the Golden Axe and Golden Fleece as the number one group in our category. Our band was voted the best band in the festival and a member of our band, Kelly Clark, was judged the best musician and best violinist in the festival. We also received the prestigious press award which was awarded by the press officials in Poland. I believe that this is the first time that a folk dance group was ever given the opportunity to perform in Poland, an Iron Curtain country. We were fortunate in having President Kimball in Poland about ten days prior to our arrival. In conversation with Brother Ciembronowicz, he indicated to me that President Kimball, through the Ministry of Religion for Poland, had set Poland apart as a mission field for the Church. Brother Ciembronowicz was very grateful for our appearance and the way we represented the Church and the University. He indicated that our public relations efforts would be superior to what he and his wife would be able to do in the next six months.

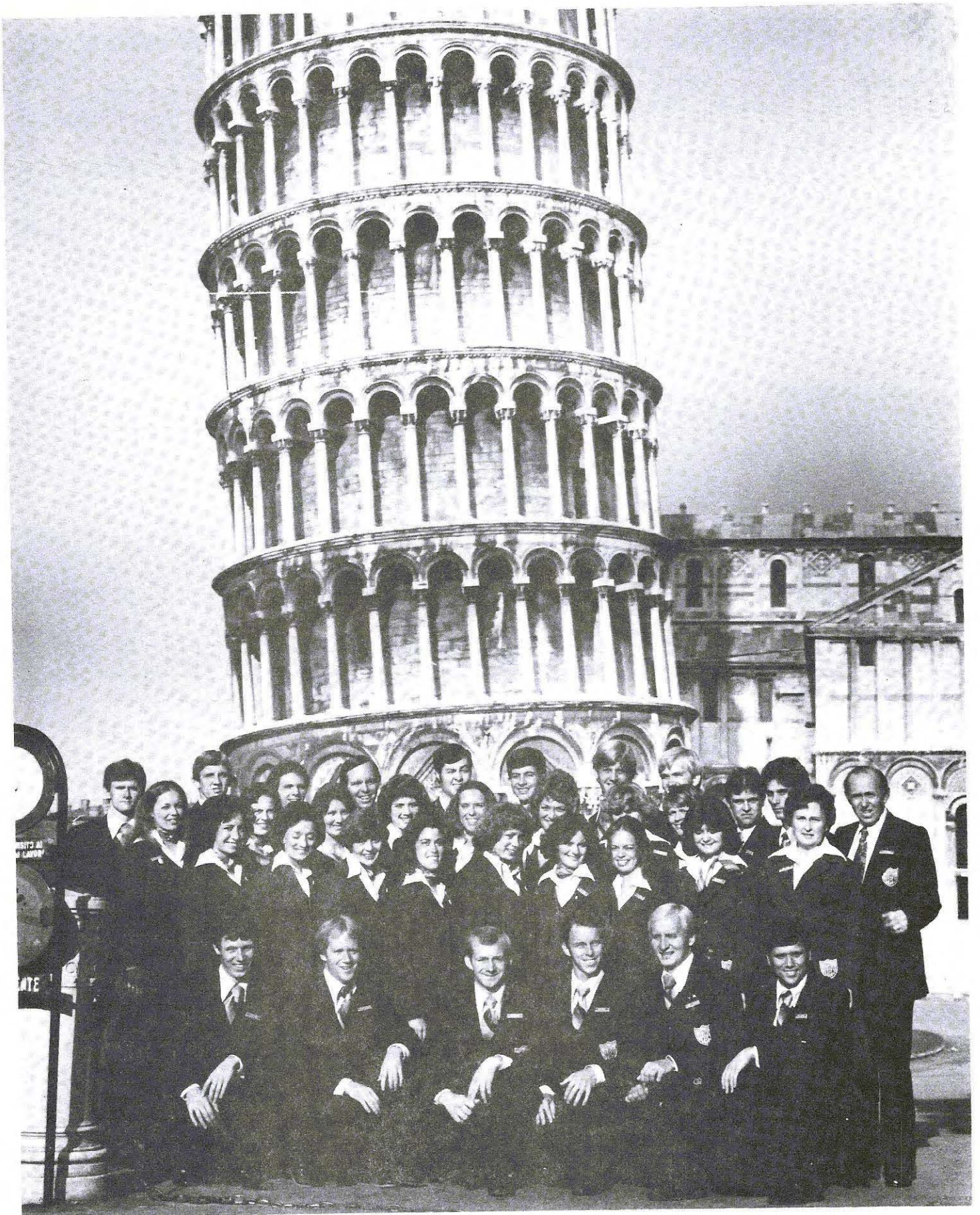
Many goals were accomplished during this tour. This group of young people were outstanding as well as their creative director in their desire to enhance the image of the Church and to represent Brigham Young University and the Folk Dancers throughout the tour.

There was high morale throughout the tour and a special closeness and brotherly love that was felt by many on numerous occasions. We take this opportunity to wish all those in the future great success and happy landings.

Sincerely,



Don and May Shaw



Friday July 22 1977 ; Provo Utah

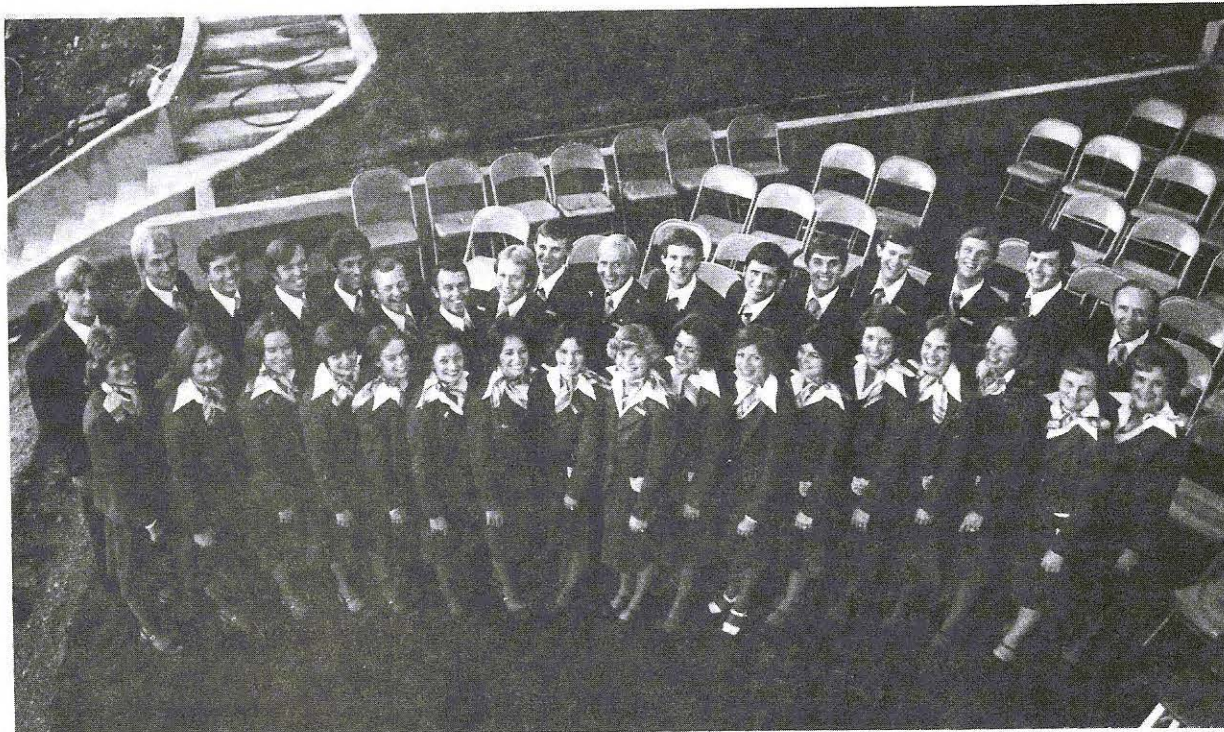
The day had finally arrived for everyone to return from their summer vacations, to start the ten day workshop to prepare and finalize things for the 1977 European Tour. Many hours had already been put in by the members of the tour group in preparation for this exciting event. Still there were many things left to do. Some still had tour outfits to finish, buttons to sew on, last minute shopping, and for a few of the guys, last minute haircuts. For some, these preparations kept them up most of the night before the camp. By 7:59 am - most of the members of the group began to stagger in to 134 R.B. , most of them probably still asleep, but as they saw their friends this feeling soon changed into a busy hum of excitement. Everyone was excited to see each other again and excited about the activities of the next few weeks.

The first morning was spent visiting and taking care of last minute information. Usually every hour we would hear from one visiter or another about the finalized itinerary. What they didnt know was that we heard it when we first came in by our director Delynne Peay. The first time was real exciting- twice, exciting - even three times everyone still wanted to hear it, but by the fourth and fifth times, most of us had it memorized. Regardless everyone was excited about the new and exotic places we were to visit in our travels.

The next five days were spent in practicing and perfecting our show so we could perform it with expertice. After a few days many had sore muscles and were searching for all of the energy they once had or seemed to have before we left school for summer break. Tuesday night came and even though some of us were still sore we were excited for it would be our first performance. Many of our friends and parents and families were there and also the university review board was there to approve our show . Our show went well except for a few minor problems. The girls had to dress in a makeshift dressing room mostly in the dark but they said it would help prepare for some of the trials in Europe. The next night we performed at Lagoon, and what an experience that was. We had to clear our own stage, and the guys had to construct both the girls and guys dressing rooms from some of the picnic tables and extra butcher paper from the tables. All was fine till the wind blew and took down part of the walls, what a surprise that was. The show went well however and the audienc accepted us beautifully, that is until they remembered that before the show Kevin Hamblin, had won a Hibatchi in their stake raffel.

Sunday evening we held a fireside at Don and Mary Bee's home in the back yard overlooking our beautiful "happy valley", and glittering Utah Lake. Everyones parents were invited, also fiance's and special friends. We had an uplifting testimony meeting, where everyone got to share their feelings about the upcoming experiences. Many expressed the opportunity to share the gospel to many brothers and sisters across the ocean, and the opportunity to represent America as Ambassadors at large. One thing that was universal among the group is the love that each member had for their parents and the assistance in helping them go to Europe.

By the end of the week, ended by this beautiful meeting we were all set and prepared to go, and it was about time, I dont think we could wait any longer.



The American Folk Dancers will be touring in Europe for the 13th year. They will be performing in various cities in Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany.

The tour lasts from Aug. 1 to Sept. 13. The Folk Dancers plan to attend the 20th annual Folklore Festival in Confolens, France, after which they will perform in Fribourg, Switzerland, and finish at the Zakopane Festival in Poland. They will be performing American and American Indian dances.

There will be very little competition involved. The main focus will be a cultural exchange aimed at bringing the world closer together through dance.

He faced stiff competition in order to become one of 36 members of the American Folk Dance group to tour this summer. He is one of 25,000 students at B.Y.U., the largest private university in the United States.

The school is owned and operated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

August 1, 1977; Provo Utah to Frankfurt Germany.

After our seven day workshop of practice and persperation, the BYU American Folk Dancers arrived at the Salt Lake International Airport at aproximatly 7:30 am. After checking inour baggage we went to Bro. Hunts office in the terminal bulding. Bro Hunt is the father of Cordon on the tour. While there our tour director Don Jensen Gave us a special prayer, and Dean Jensen, Dean of the College of Physical Education, spoke to us. For the remaining time the excited 33 member tour group talked with friends and took a few pictures. Finally we loaded the Frontier Airlines Jet and left Salt Lake at 9:10, arriving at the Denver Airport at about 10:10.

It was exciting for many who hadnt been on a plane yet, and exciting for some of the veteran travelers to see how the others reacted. At the Denver Airport we claimed our baggage. Our next flight would leave at about 5:00 so we had some free time to visit and wander in the shops of the airport. At about 1:00 we checked our bags in and the band played and entertained us and those around the terminal. When the time arrived , we boarded A 707 Condor Airlines Jet. We stoped for a short stop to refuel in Minneapolis Minn. Soon we were on our way again. Itwas exciting because our plane is a german plane and so the stewardesses were German. They spoke in both German and English.

I forgot to mention that Sara Foutz was not on the Airlines with us. She works for Deseret Travel and could travel cheaper on another flight so she met us in Frankfurt. Also our publicity director Pete Peterson and his wife met us in Denver after dropping off their children at their parents.


August 2, 1977; Enroute to Paris

Today it is difficult to know how to start the history, because Im not sure when it started. In flying to Frankfurt we gained 6 hours. We were fed almost every hour on the plane, or it seemed so. Finally we arrived in Frankfurt at 11:47 am. We transfered to the train and had a few hours to experience the city prior to leaving for Paris. The Station itsself was impressive, and full of flavor and character. Our Train departed for Paris at 4:17 pm. The train was fun to ride in , and the German scenery had a lot to offer. Forest lands and beautiful neat little homes landscaped the countryside.

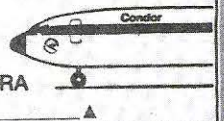
On the train we attracted some interest from some of the other passangers and three or four of the young people soon became our friends. We sang some songs for them and they shared some with us. We even had a chance to show them a few of the dance steps from our dances. We arrived in Paris around 11:45 pm and recieved the typical parisienne hospitality.

We found on arriving that we had not one, but two Hotels waiting for us. It was a true experience. It took most of the night trying how to turn on the lights in the bathrooms, and many experienced sleeping on very, very, collapsable beds. Sister Petersons facial expressions could reflect the rest of the hotels unique decor.



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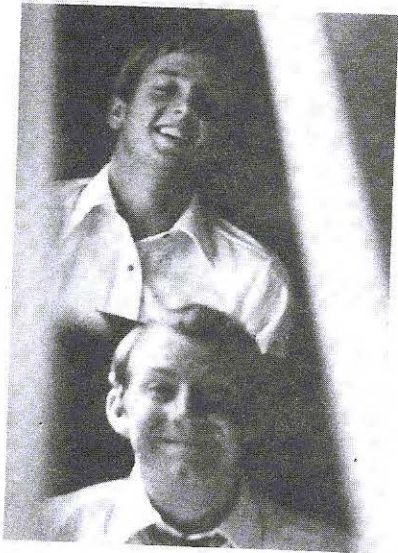
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DEUTSCHE VERKEHRS-KREDIT-BANK
AKTIENGESELLSCHAFT

Wechselstube Frankfurt/Main Hbf

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August 3, 1977; Paris France

Such a day today, you cant believe! We are truly in the city of Love-Gay Paree... Since yesterday ended so late and lasted so long, we were able to sleep in. Some hearty souls, however, ventured forth and returned with stories of quaint little shops, and questions about the banque.

At noon we all boarded the bus and had a quick but cute tour of the city. Some of the places we saw breffly from the bus were the Notre Dam, the palace de Jean D'Arc and on to the famous Champs Elisee, a street where the promenade took on new meaning. It was sad to see right in the middle of it all a McDonalds Resturant.

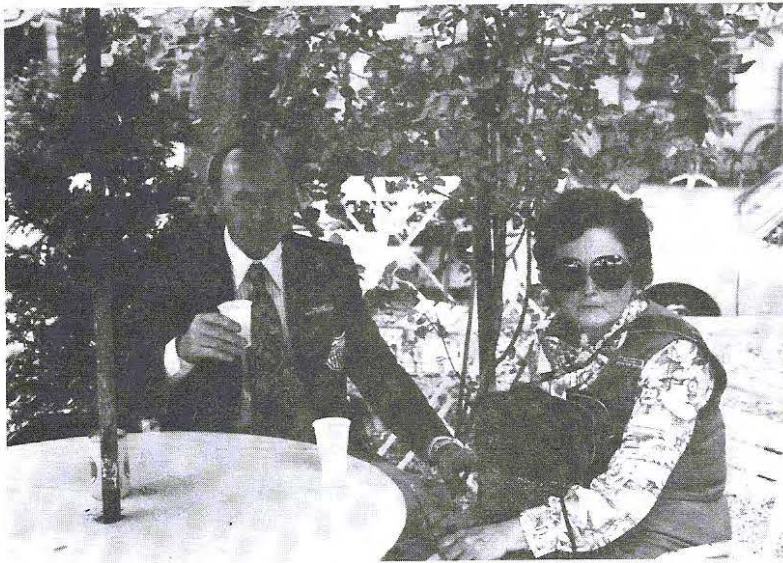
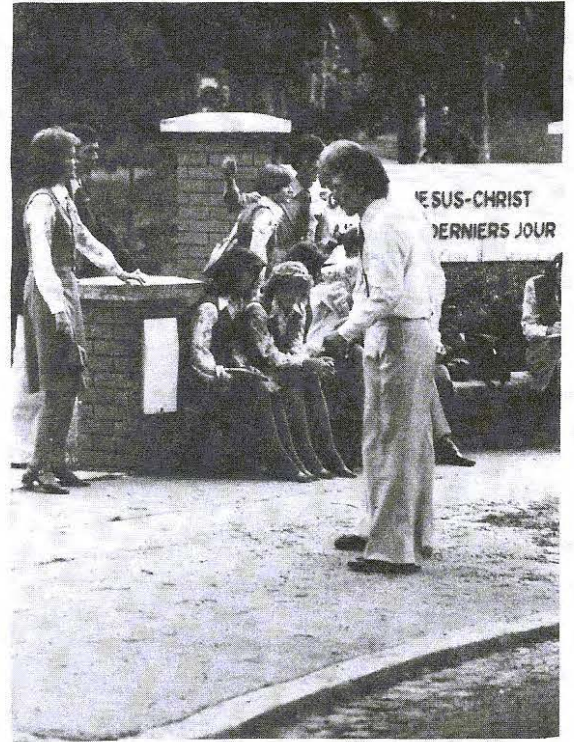
On to the Verseille Palace of many of the royalty of France. It lies among beautiful gardens and trees, as a testimonial to the luxurious rich life of the royalty. Not far from the palace, we saw a beautiful hamlet built by Marie Antionette to "get back to nature" as was the popular admonition of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Thatched roofs adorned the quaint cottages as in a fairy tell land. Some of the kids got an experience buying from their first forien merchants who were venders of Icecream and'such near the hamlet.

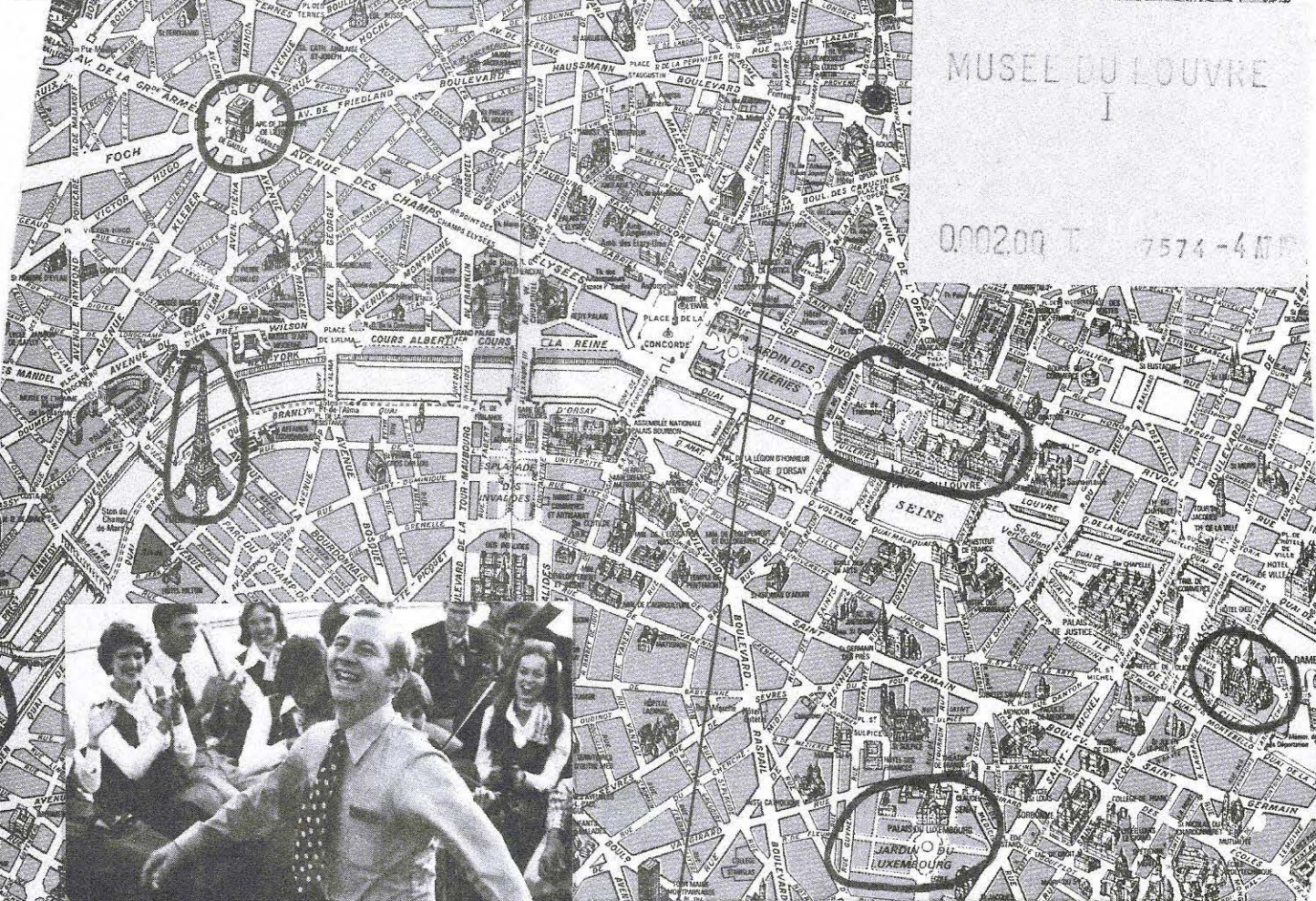
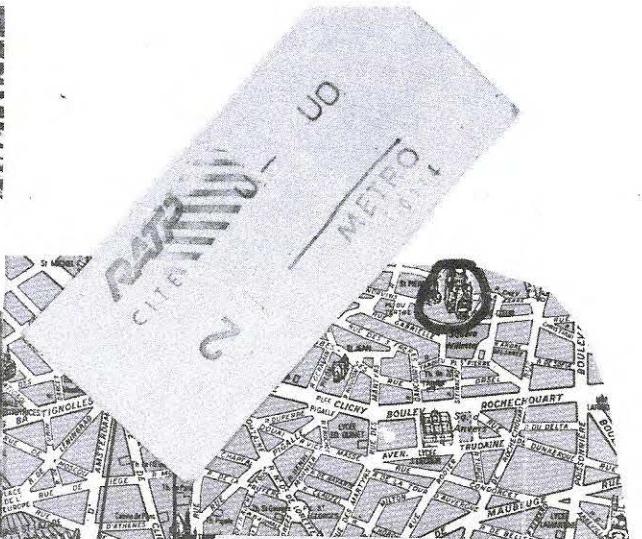
Our excitement for the day was our first European performance. It was at the Verseille Chapel. here were some mistakes, but tons of enthusiasm. The members and missionaries, but more important the investigators, loved the show. It seemed great to be with the saints abroad seperated from our own Utah and the culture of the church.

Tonight we went to bed tired but grateful for the universal family we are a part of, The church of Jesus Christ of Latter - day Saints, or should I say, L'Eglise de Jesus Christ de Saints des Derniers Jours.
Bon Soir

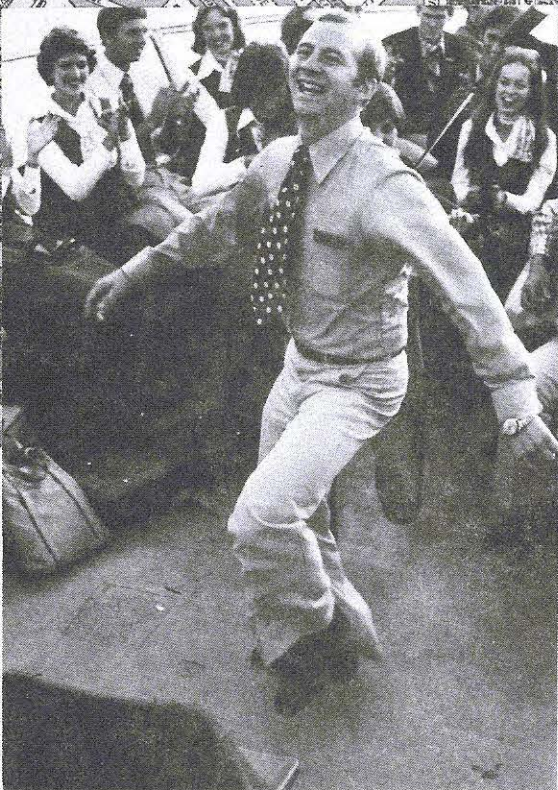
August 4, 1977; Paris France

This day is a conglomeration of personal activities and a few group activities. All boarded the bus and we went to versailles to pick up the costumes, left the night before so they would dry out after our inspiring show. We left there and traveled to the Eiffel Tower where we took group publicity shots. Some were interested in taking pictures with their hand placed perspectively on the top of the Tower. The sun was very bright and it was to be a beautiful day. There was much deliberation group movement and splitting up to go sight seeing. Some went up the Eiffel Tower to get a birds eye view of the city. Others went to the Notre Dam, and La Louvre. Anew experience for some involved riding the metro system below the city. The sight of many small cars traveling at fast speeds on the narrow streets added excitement to the jounies. Throughout the day we met a lot of interesting people. We were left on our own to find lunch. The outdoor sidewalk cafes were popular and some of the kids orderd Quiche Lorraine. Later at 2:00 we met at McDonalds on the Champs Elysee, and from there we went to some of the other attractions of the city. One thing





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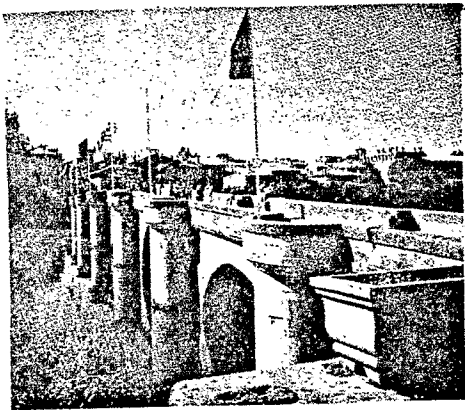
that was neet to see was the Mona lisa, in the Louvre. I was now able to say I had at least seen it. For dinner many went to a place called The Renault. It was built around an auto showroom. The food was good to eat and it had a neat atmosphere. Some of the kids had the special of the day, a peppersteak and soon found out how the french cook their meat. They dont. We found out that Chantilly meant cream. Afterwards we took a boat trip down the Seine River. It was beautiful and the setting sun glistened on the water as we traveled. We saw the original of the Statue of Liberty and many other sights. The band played at the beginning and off and on during the trip and some of the kids were coaxed into performing a few numbers on the deck of the boat. In the evening many of the kids went down the Champs Elisee while all of the lights were lighted and bright.

August 5, 1977; Confelons France

What a beautiful way to spend our first friday in France! We all woke early this morning, and packed into the confelons bus at 8:00 am. We left Paris but Im sure we left a part of us there. Even the man at our Hotel was reading the Book of Mormon when we left. He promised us he would go to church with the missionaries, this sunday even. What a special feeling it gave us all to know that we had an impression upon others, such as the manager of the Hotel. Its a testimony to each of us as to the truthfulness of the Church.

Today has been such a nice ride to Confelons. We passed so many beautiful farmlands and cottages. Its just a complete change from the hustle and bustle of Paris. As we traveled along it was so relaxing to view the wonders of the scenery. It seems that most all of the farmers are out in there fields working, harvesting grain or hay...It sure does make me feel more like home. What a wonderful group of kids. We all get along so well together, even when we are on a cramped bus together. Either we are laughing, or sleeping ~~or something but whatever it is~~ we do it all together.

We made it in to Confelons around 6:00 pm. I think we will have such a good time here, the people are so friendly. When we arrived they prepared a dinner for us and we ate with a Cezhoslovakian group. We had a little dueling band contest all in fun and soon both of the bands were playing together. We even sang a few songs for them. We cant maybe communicate to good with our language but we can communicate through our dance and song. After lunch we had a good time playing with a frisbee, and everyone loved our frisbee too. we are all so happy. This is the greatest experience ever.

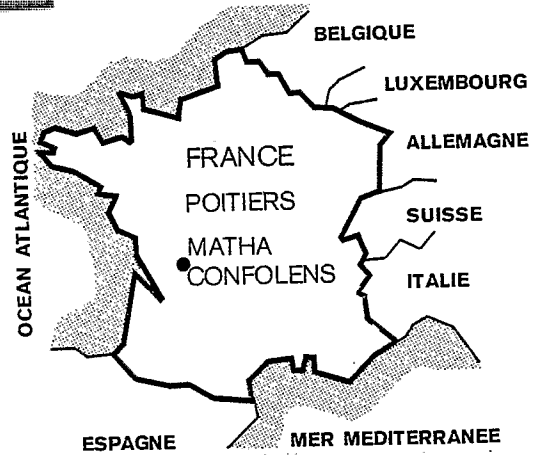


SPECIAL
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DE
CONFOLENS




**FESTIVAL
de
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**ENTRACTE
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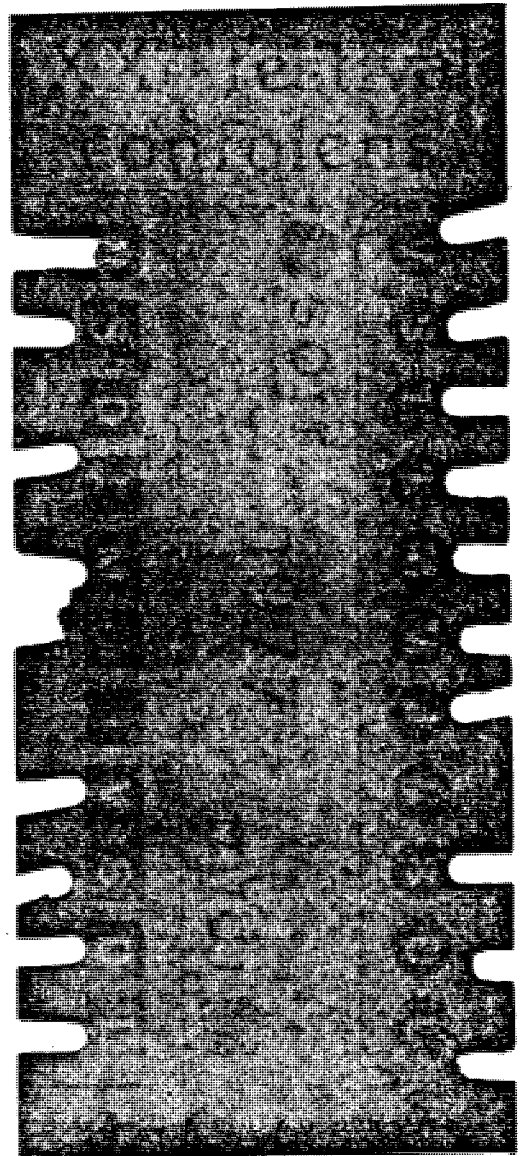


**XX^e
FESTIVAL
INTERNATIONAL
DE FOLKLORE**

CONFOLENS

DU 6 AU 15 AOUT 1977

B. P. 14, 41 CONFOLENS (CHARENTE), TEL. 240



August 6 1977; Confelons France

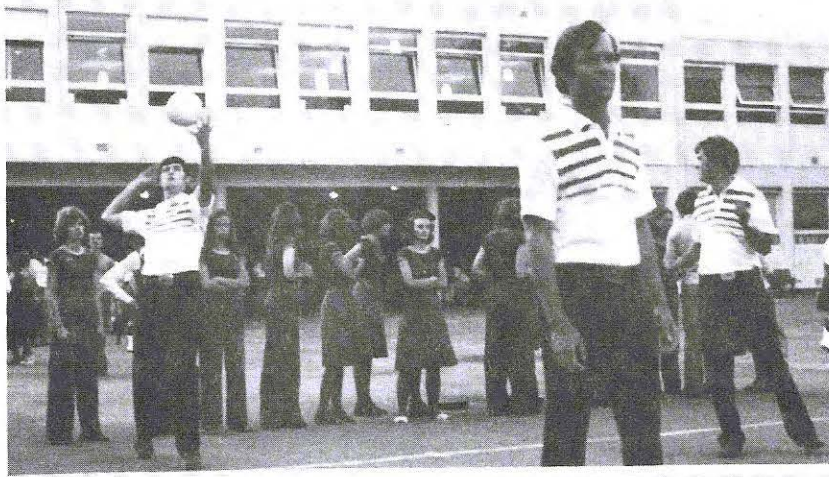
The festival of Confelons is proceeding nicely. This morning we all ate breakfast in the college cafeteria. It was so interesting seeing all of the groups there assembled together. When we arrived in Confelons we only got to see one other group, but in the morning they were all there. It was really quite an exciting moment for all of us to see. After our breakfast we had a rehearsal for the opening ceremonies of the festival. It was in the town square. It was interesting following the instructions when they were given in French, but things worked out OK. At the end of the rehearsal they released about 2400 to welcome all of the dancers to Confelons. We then went to our dorms to prepare for the opening parade. We performed Salty Dog Rag, Oh Suzanna, and Exhibition Square Lifts. There were hundreds of people who lined the streets to watch. Some of the streets were very narrow and it made it very difficult to get our group through with the crowds on the sides of the streets. What an experience for all of us. After the presentation the Italians and Czech's invited us to come and have fun with them which we did. We went to a local pub with the Italians. They gave us some orange drink after a little persuasion and explaining why we didn't drink alcohol. We then went to a local boarding house pub where the Czech band and ours played. The Czech's came right in and played with our band. Actually they are really good. Since our stay in Confelons we have been getting to know the other groups. They all want to be our friends. It should be an exciting festival. In the evening the American girls played a volleyball game with the Italian guys and our team won. Our guys all turned Cheerleaders and they did a great job. This started a competition between the other groups, eventually our guys played against the Italians and they lost. (sorry guys)

August 7; Confelons France

Sunday is a special day to us so we did our best to not let the festival and activities interfere with the spirit of the day. We woke up to the first rain we have had on our trip, so we prepared ourselves with our umbrellas and such only to have it turn out to be a light mist.

We attended the festival's Catholic mass as a group with all of us in our travel outfits. This really made us stand out, but it was neat anyway. We couldn't understand a word of the ceremony, and could only hum the words to the songs, but most of us stayed awake, mostly because things were different to us. They had asked us to sing a song in the service and were excited about doing it. They said that they would direct us when to start. Well the time came and when we started to sing, and to our amazement it was during the sacrament when those who wanted to, would come up and partake of it. We sang Come Come Ye Saints. Really it was kind of funny, the different costumes etc. It felt good to be in suits on Sunday. We sure stand out as a group. During





the parade we did the best thing we could do considering the situation. We dressed in our contra outfits with the girls in their long dresses and the guys in their white shirts and vests. As we paraded along the streets we sang a few songs and the band played. We didn't dance in the parade and it was obvious that some people were wondering what was wrong, but we sang some of our happy songs and clapped and had a good time and the people still loved us. Several kids had post cards and would pass them out to the people at the parade. Rick Steiner found a little girl so cute that he decided to give her a traditional french greeting (a kiss on the cheek) that spiced things up for a while. The parade finished at the performance square, where all of the groups got introduced to the audience before the dancing began. The show started at 3:00 we performed in the second half with the Turks first then the French and then us. That is all that we knew. Intermission started at 5:30. The turks went on sometime after six. During the wait, we sat in the park and relaxed or whatever. We had practiced an hour earlier mostly on Lone Prairie, which we decided not to sing. When it was our turn the band played and we sang two church hymns, and then Ed, Kieth Judd, and Craig sang a selection of Old Man River they had prepared, and did so without any music to help. It was tremendous. The band finished with Orange Blossom Special. After we were off the announcer explained why we didn't dance on Sunday. The next day in the paper we got really favorable coverage. Later on that evening we got together for our own Sacrament meeting. Linda Lyman, Ed Austin, and Bro. Shaw gave talks. We still think that was the best part of the day.

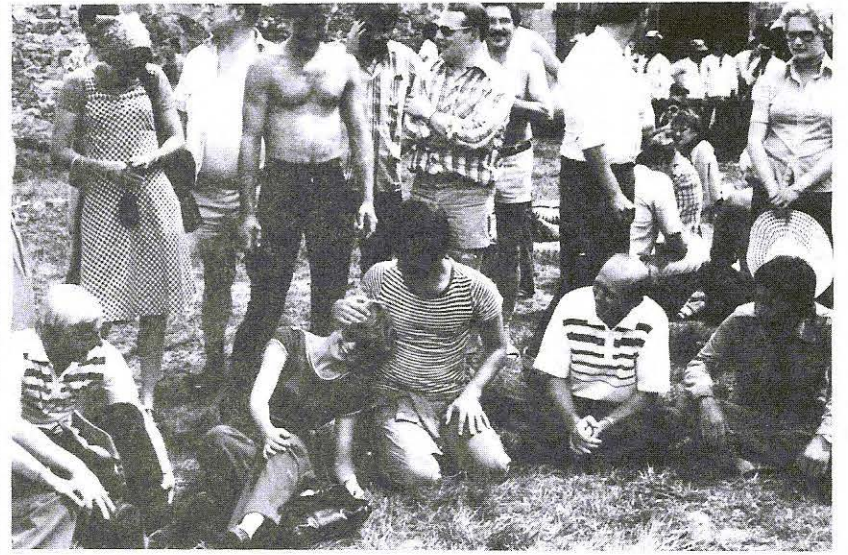
During the tour we started a program where each person would have a special day. Today it was Kevin's turn so the guys gave him a heavy on, and the girls sang him a song. I think he liked the song the best.

August 8, 1977; Confelons France

Today was more or less a recreation day. There were no performances until in the evening. Our group spent most of the day, or morning anyway washing cloths, and shopping downtown, or catching up on daily journals and correspondence. It was a very leisure morning.

At noon all of the groups left the school and went by bus to a beautiful estate about five miles out of Confelons. The scenery was beautiful on the way out. We stopped at an old monastery. It was a group of great stone buildings and a big yard surrounded by a big rock wall. There were several art figures of stone and metal placed there some time after the original inhabitants lived there. Here they had prepared an enormous picnic lunch for all of the participants of the festival.

The food was delicious, as usual, and the activities got started when one of the Turks dumped his glass of water on one of the frenchmen passing out water. Everyone went wild especially the Turks. It seemed that anything in a pitcher was dumped on someone. Everyone got wet in some way or another. Ed Austin got in the wrong place once and got drenched. This was only the beginning, The group was all involved with other games. We showed them how to play Pass the body, we had a buck buck contest, built towers, and pyramids, and danced and danced, until about 4:00.



After such an eventful afternoon some went shopping and then we rested. After supper we had Family Night as a group. Gordon Hunt gave the lesson on communication with our international friends, and the importance of a smile. May Shaw provided us all with treats from "Iom."

After family night most of us went to see the Isrealis perform in the gymnasium. They were marvelous. It was a perfect ending to a very relaxing and enjoyable day.

August 9, 1977; Confelons France

Happy birthday Susan Jensen ! We had another relaxing day with time to do as we pleased, that is until 4:00 pm. The guys played an exciting game of soccer with the Turks, and some of us went swimming. The others went to town to buy postcards and pasteries!! At 4:00 we participated in a small parade. It was really fun. All of the little children of the village followed us as we sang and danced down the street. We performed for about ten minutes on a rickety old stage. Our audience loved the little show we did especially the children.

Confelons is such a quaint little village. Weve all fallen in love with it. The people here really make us feel special. They always smile and clap for U.S.A. Susan really had a special day. She got gifts from everyone. Mr Corsaget gave her a rose and a kiss. We gave her a festival Tee shirt, and the Turkish girls showered her with little gifts. Almost everyone gave her pasteries.

The Turks and the USSR performed tonight. The tickets were almost all sold out so very few of us got to get in and see their show. We heard it was fantastic though. For thos who couldnt get in we went to town for treats and to a dance at the building in the square. The music was provided by the Germans and Tahitians. It seems were the first ones to go to bed of all the groups, but we go to bed so weary. In many ways they think we are different. The fact that we dont smoke or drink, and yet still have as much or more fun is curious to them.

August 10, 1977; Confelons France

This morning the girls started off with a bang. We showed how every LDS american should act on tour. WE SLEPT IN TILL 10:00. The men were up at 8:00 and had group prayer together, then some of them came down to see if any of the girls wanted to go downtown with them. They stopped a girl from one of the other groups and through sign language asked them to get one of the american girls. She came back out and motioned that all of us were asleep. All asleep? she nodded yes. Im sure the girls made a great impression on their ambitious partners. The girls were all ready by lunchtime, for sure we wouldnt miss lunch, but before we went into the cafeteria we began another persons special day. It was Raelene Farnsworth who brought out the mysterious letter, and everyone held their breaths in anticipation of who it might be. She called out the return address, Farmington New Mexico. Everyone applauded for our new special person, Steve Packer. The letter was from his mother and shared a story of his boyhood escapades, and also many of his many talents and qualities.



For lunch they fed us sausages and potatoes, and for the first time the men were complaining about us eating too much. Some of the other things weren't as appetising. After lunch the mail was passed out, and we received final instructions about our show that afternoon. We were to practice before the show so it gave us only a short time to read all of our mail and get back for our practice. At first we went into the rehearsal halfheartedly till Delynne chewed us out. We realised that so far we had had it pretty easy and that we could use the practice. After practice we got ready to go to our 25 min. show. Really it was the first show we were to do with the Sunday performance and all. Prior to that time we just did a few small shows and parades. By that time we were all UP for our show and everyone gave their all. Susan even gave her slip to the audience, not once but twice. She handled it beautifully though. She just kept on smiling and dancing. The show we did was for the handicapped and aged of the area. Before the show it was announced that 4 of the group were invited to have dinner with a French man and his family. Since it was Steve's special day he was asked to go and choose 3 others. Craig went to translate and Roma and Bonnie represented the female portion of the group. They had an excellent dinner of raw steak, other than that they really had a good time and Craig had a chance to tell of our beliefs as a church and our families. Yea, for missionary work. We were all so excited to be a part of the missionary experiences we were having.

The rest of the group had a practice with the Polish group for a Polish wedding, we were helping them in their show. The rest of the evening we went our separate ways and enjoyed more of the city of Confelons.

August 11, 1977: Confelons France

Late to bed and early to rise, for practice from 8:00 am to 11:00am. It made us all very tired. We did have a good practice down in the square. Lunch was its usual with all of the unusual foods, (at least to us). We then had a 1:00 practice with the Polish group, for their show Saturday night. At 2:00, we all loaded onto a bus with Kristine, Jack and Françoise as our guides, and headed out for Limouge, which took us about an hour. It was a good opportunity to see the beautiful and picturesque countryside. In Limouge, we went to a place that sells china, and porcelain at reduced prices. Plates and bowls and glasses were all stacked up four feet high. It was like setting 35 bulls loose in a china closet. Luckily, no one knocked anything over or broke anything. Most of us spent about a half hour in there. It was all our expense accounts could handle, for most of us anyway. Well Deb, Delynne, Bruce it will be interesting to see how you get all of that stuff home!!! We then spent about another hour around Limouge just window shopping and looking.

The evening was free to do what we wanted to do. Some went to the Italian and Czechoslovakian show, while others went to a disco down town, the rest stayed and did washing and later about 15 of us got together and sang songs. It was Mike Newman's special day today.



August 12, 1977 Confelons France

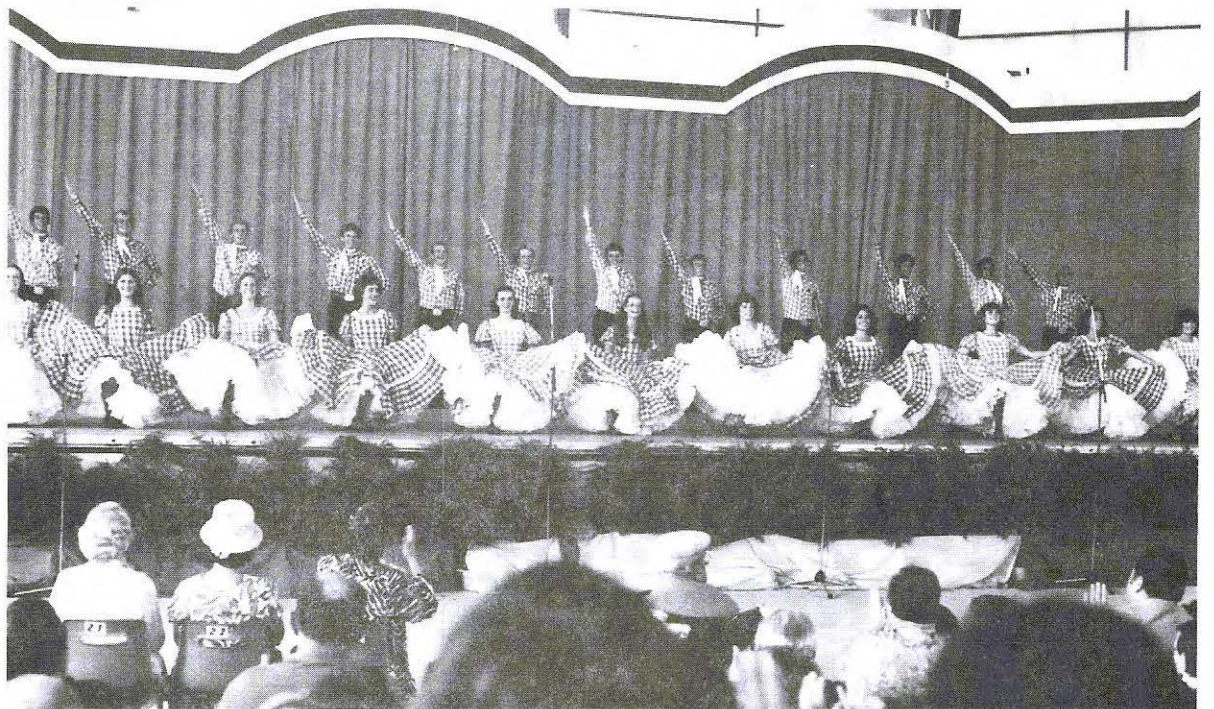
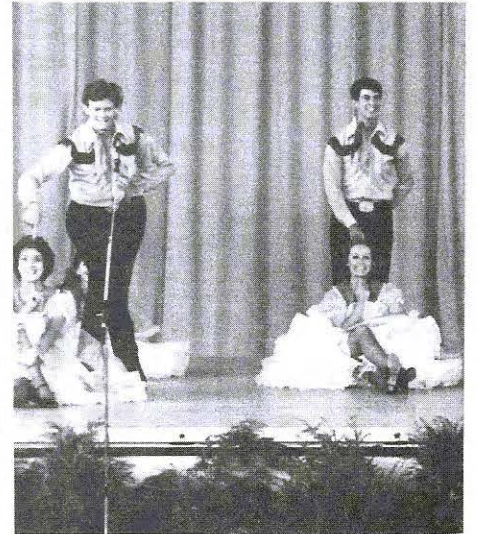
Today had to be one of the groups more exciting and special days. We all had to get up early for our first on stage rehearsal in the college arena. Some of the more ambitious members of the group, got up early and went over for breakfast at 7:30, but the cooks failed to open the doors until around 7:45, so those who wanted breakfast were late for the rehearsal which started at 8:00 am. Delynne has started drilling us with warmup exercises since being here in Europe, and we all enjoy the warm-ups because it makes us feel more like a team as well as keeping our muscles relaxed and loose. We worked on a few special numbers and then reviewed the whole show. Then we walked through the entrances exits and bows, which were our biggest problem. After the rehearsal all of the even couples in the group went to a reception at the home of the superlector, which is like a senator, from Confelons. It was held in his back yard. His home and garden were beautiful. It was like a big rich estate. We mingled with the dignitaries and some of the other groups members, while we drank soft drinks and ate snacks.

We were supposed to eat lunch about noon, but we didn't get there till about 12:20. By that time we were all hungry, so when they fed us Rabbit noone complained. In fact many in the group really enjoyed it. The Italians added to the meal by cooking some spaghetti for all of the groups. Delynne had us all take a nap between 1:00 and 3:00 pm. I think most of the group enjoyed that assignment. At 3:30pm we had a group meeting to inform us about the rest of the days activities and we also found out that it was Rick Steiners special day. His mom wrote a funny story telling us how he learned to put things back at an early age. After our meeting we had the rest of the afternoon free. Most of the kids went to town or just rested. Dinner was ok but none of us were to thrilled about the liver on the night of our big performance. Personally I was hoping for an American Handburger. We had a first for our meal tonight, butter for our bread, was that ever a surprise. They don't use it that much.

At 9:00 the group met over at the arena dressed in our first costumes ready for the show. Steve Packer gave the prayer and asked for the Lords help as we performed

Since there weren't many seats left we had to sneak some of our friends in to see the show through the performers entrance. They dressed in our travel outfits so they would pass as Americans. The evening started with a French band. They played for about 30 minutes. Everyone was nervous and thought they would never end. Finally they finished, then our first big show started in Europe.

We started with Oh Suzanna, Come Come Ye Saints, and Im a Child of God. Then we danced the pioneer section, which included Polka Quadrille, Round dance and Virginia Reel. The show started off really pretty good until in the middle of Virginia Reel, when all of a sudden the lights went out. We didn't panic but finished the dance and went off stage. The band had to fill in for about 10 minutes until the lights came on. Apparently the lights had gone off all over town. It didn't bother our dancing or enthusiasm at all. We put on probably one of the best shows we could have ever given. In fact we were probably more excited when



the lights came on than we were before. Howdown got an encore, but we usually didnt let them give us one because we kept the show going. The show went real good for the contempary section and the crowd loved it. Our show wasnt perfect but the people loved our spirit and the enthusiasm that we portrayed, and we loved doing the show. We did two encore at the end of the show with Carolina Clogs. After the show everyone said we were marvelous. Henri Corseget said the Russians were great, but the Americans were Superior!!! An American Embassy official saw it and said that it made him proud to be an American. Gerk, ? The leader of the Turkish group threw roses up on the stage, at the bows. All of our friends came by afterwards and congratulated us. All of the Italians said Bravo! Bravo! when they saw us. Our whole group felt good about the show, the band and leaders as well. We had a group closing prayer, offered by Susan Jensen. Then about half of us went to sleep and the rest went out on the lawn to party.

It was kindof neat but all throughout Europe people said they heard in the news about the festival and that we were the bestgroup there. It all made us feel very proud.

August 13, 1977; Confelons France

It was the day after our big performance. Many had visions of sleeping in late and resting from the practices we had the past few days. The schedule said different however. The festival here in Confelons is shortly coming to an end, and this morning was the practice for the panarama., and closing celebrations. At breckfast today many of us still recieved compliments about our show last night. Rick Steiner was the first one up this morning for he was elected our flag bearer, and had to report to practice early. Our band went at 9:30 and the rest of us reported at 9:45. The practice was one of those long boaring one where everyone had a hard time understanding what was going on.

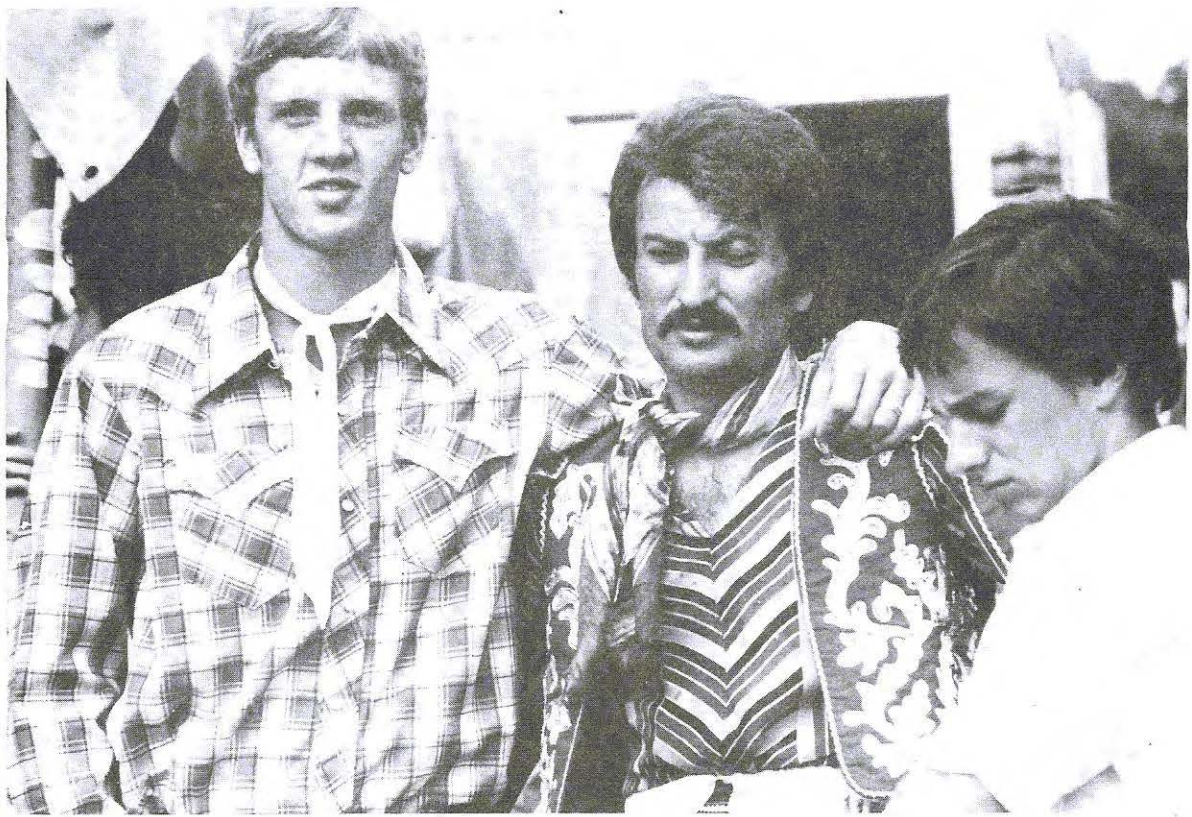
After lunch we went down to the square to practice with the Polish group. It was very warm and there were many people there. They are planning a Polish wedding in their performance asking several other groups to participate with them. They also had a group of little children. It lasted nearly two hours and most of us were glad it was over.

We had a few hours between the practice and dinnertime so most of us spent the time getting things to pack our China in to send it home.

At dinner this evening we found out that it was Nykola Andrus's special day, and we all listened to the letter written about her from her mother.

Jaque, Kristina, and Francious, our delegates, were in a parade with all of the other delegates and they wore the costumes of the groups they represented. I think they were excited and enjoyed wearing our costumes. This evening they were furthered honered by going out to dinner with the Shaws and Petersons. Weve enjoyed getting to know them, and we feel they are a part of our group.

After dinner we redied ourselves for the polish performance, even though the practice was lon this afternoon we are glad the chose us to participate with them in their show.



The performance was beautiful, and the night air was really refreshing to us. Our part on the program came with all of the other groups. It went well even though we were still a little uncertain about a few things. We feel it an honor that our Polish friends invited us to be with them tonight.

August 14, 1977; in Confelons France

This sabbath day started out with a beautiful spirit. The cool misty air and green landscape were our chappel for Relief Society, Priesthood, and Sacrement meetings. Susan Jensen gave the Cultural Refinement lesson it was on Czechoslovakia. She had learned the lesson first hand from the Czech girls. We studied the history of folklore, the guys joined us for treats, a type of apple pie.

We went to the Catholic mass at 10:00. The Turks added a little of their doctrine and sang a song during the mass.

Lunch was special today with pasteries for desert. After we ate we joined with the other groups and paraded through the streets of the town. For our part on the program and because it was Sunday we sang. Some of the songs were Harmony, Sunshine, Lone Prairie and God be with you till we meet again. It was in the outdoor arena in the town square. Today was Kristines special day and we were entertained by her embarrassing experiences.

Our Israeli friends and Moses from Tahiti joined us for Sacrement meeting. The spirit was strong in our hearts and brought most of us to tears. Sara, Thom Kieth Judd and Roma, spoke to us. It was a neat meeting.

Many of the group attended the polynesian spectacular at 9:00 in the evening. We were surprised when the Tahitians flooded the audience and pulled people from the audience up on the stage to participate with them. Delyne, Kristine, Rick, Ike, and Kevin were some of the lucky ones chosen. As Moses, our Tahitian friend said: "The Americans dance Tahitian very good, but the French are no good." Delyne stole the show.

August 15, 1977 Confelons France

Today is the last day of the Confelons Festival. It was a busy day for most of us. Many had clothes to wash and prepare so they would be dry when we traveled.

We got up in the morning and spent the first part of the day doing these things. At about 10:00, we all boarded the bus and went into the French countryside to visit a 12th Century Castle. It was very beautiful and interesting to see. They had been doing some excavating of some of the ruins to try to discover more of its history. The countryside was very beautiful and green. We returned just in time to go to our noon meal. We thought they were treating us extra nice because it was the last day. We had Roast Beef and French Fries. It was delicious. After dinner we all prepared for a parade which started at 2:00. We started from an old church and went to the center of town. Everyone of the groups participated with a 15 minute spot show. We were about third from the



CONFOLENS : le meilleur folklore



Tous en scène pour le final



last. We performed Pioneer Square dance, Smoky and Tap Clogs, and the band played some numbers between the first two dances.

We returned to the College in just enough time for Supper. Again it was a good meal. Towards the end of the meal some of us discovered that the meat was beef tounge. Many enjoyed it prior to knowin that it was beef tounge, but they werent so sure of it after. It was kindof funny to see their change in attitude.

After supper everyone prepared for the final performance, where all of the groups participated again in 15 minute spot shows. We performed Devils Exhibition Square dance, and Carolina's. In many ways it was a sad time. Many close friendships were made durring the festival. Durring the extravaganza, and afterwards we were saying bye to all of our close friends. Many of the kids grew close to the Turkish guys, (especially the girls). They were leaving just after the show so many were saying goodbye at this time. I noticed that many tears were shed. After the show the Turks came and gave a special goodbye to our girls , part of which included the French greeting a Kiss on the cheek.

All week the Italians kept after us to have a waterfight, some of us were sick so we avoided it. Most of us went and began packing and getting ready for bed, hoping they would forget about it. we spent some time talking with them, and nothing happened so we got out of that one. Finally they started to get ready for bed because they were leaving too.

August 16 1977; Bordeaux France

BOOM! Thunder and Lightning was our alarm clock this morning. Unfortunately it rang at 6:00 in the morning. Everyone dragged out of bed, and walked slowly to the bathrooms, where a delightsome sight awaited them. Theres lipstick on my face!! Theres toothpaste on my eyebrows!! Ive got lipstick all over my arm!! Someone had had an evening full of pranks and tricks, and come to find out the phantom had struck all of the groups. After a while some of the clues began to fit together. Delyne, our fearless leader, and Kirk Neilson, one of our dancers, had neatly made beds. In fact they had never been slept in. They also had big grins on their faces when confronted about our findings. These phantoms were no longer a secret. At 7:15 the bus was starting to load. By about 8:00 we were saying our final goodbyes and then we were on the road to Bordeaux France. It was about a four hour drive and everyone ended up falling asleep on the bus. When we arrived in Bordeaux, we checked into our wonderfully clean hotel. (Each room had a personal shower and soft toliet paper.) Afterwards we went to lunch. Was it a lunch or a feast? The local saints had prepared a huge meal for us. As we walked into the cultural hall our eyes met a group of nicely decorated tables, covered with bread salad and even potatoe chips. Many of the girls were just starting to say how they were getting full when they brought in the second course. It was a large plate full of rice and chicken. After this course the men were begining to feel stuffed too. You can emagine what the girls were saying. Then came

BYU troupe visits France

PROVO — Cultivating both the arts and friendships abroad, the Brigham Young University Folk Dancers are conducting a whirlwind tour of Europe.

The 30-member troupe danced this week in the Confolens Festival in France, performing before an estimated 50,000 persons.

The repertoire of the BYU dancers includes squares, pioneer dances, the New England Contra, clog dances from the Smoky Mountains, Mexican, Hawaiian and contemporary numbers, including the swing, Charleston, and jazz.

Before the festival began, the BYU group entertained a troupe of dancers from Czechoslovakia. The atmosphere between the groups warmed from cool to friendly during the lunch exchange, according to tour director Erlend Peterson.

The BYU dancers flew from Denver to Frankfurt, Germany, then spent two days in Paris before the festival. Still on the agenda are visits to other French cities, Spain, Switzerland, Italy and Poland before the return to the U.S. Sept. 12.

U.S.A.

UNION SOVIETIQUE

ROUMANIE

ISRAEL

BULGARIE

XX^{ème} FESTIVAL DE CONFOLENS

La charge des tuniques rouges

Bien qu'elle brandisse le sabre d'un danseur turc (à droite sur la photo) cette demoiselle et ses compagnes ne jouent pas « La charge des tuniques rouges ». Pourtant elles sont membres d'une brigade chevaleresque (dansees) et les cabrioles (sur scène) d'une gaieté toujours affirmée. Les citoyens ne sauraient mentir : elles sont citoyennes de l'Utah, États-Unis. Les danses fort athlétiques et spectaculaires qu'elles exécutent avec leurs cavaliers tout de noir vêtus sont l'une des attractions du festival de folklore de Confolens.

(Lire en page 4)

TAHITI

POLOGNE

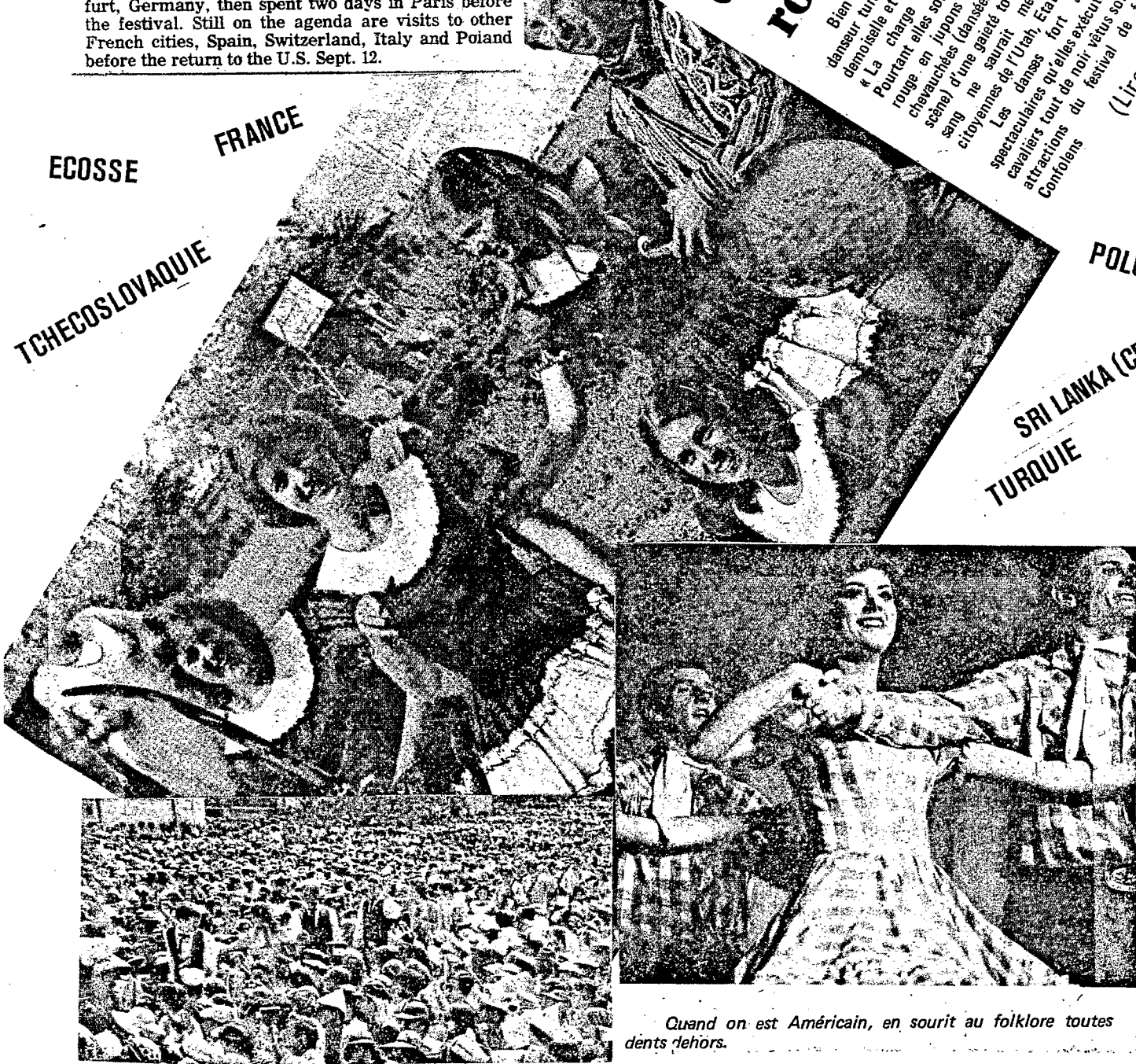
SRI LANKA (CEYLAN)

TURQUIE

FRANCE

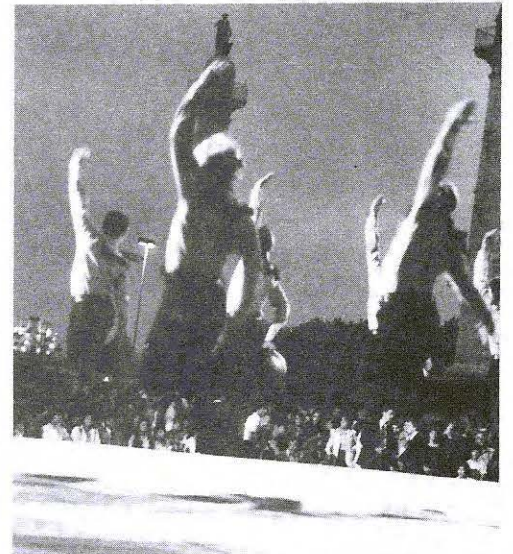
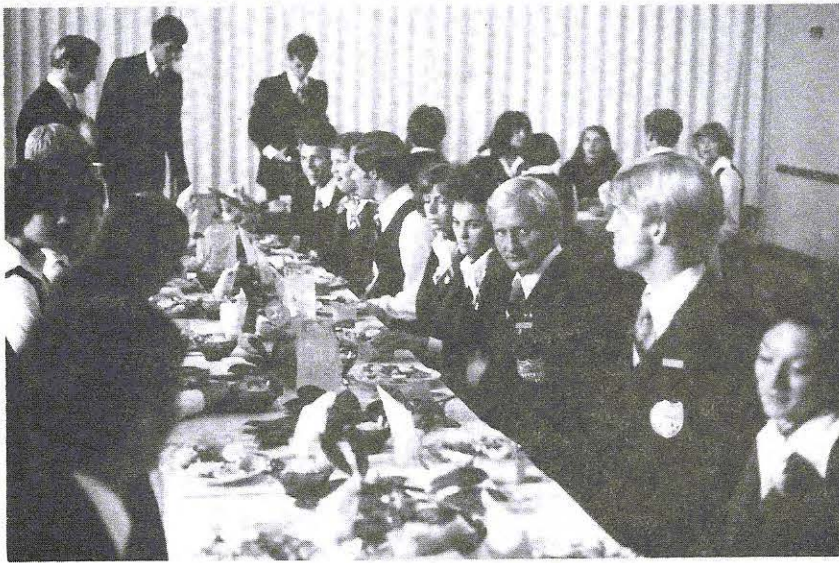
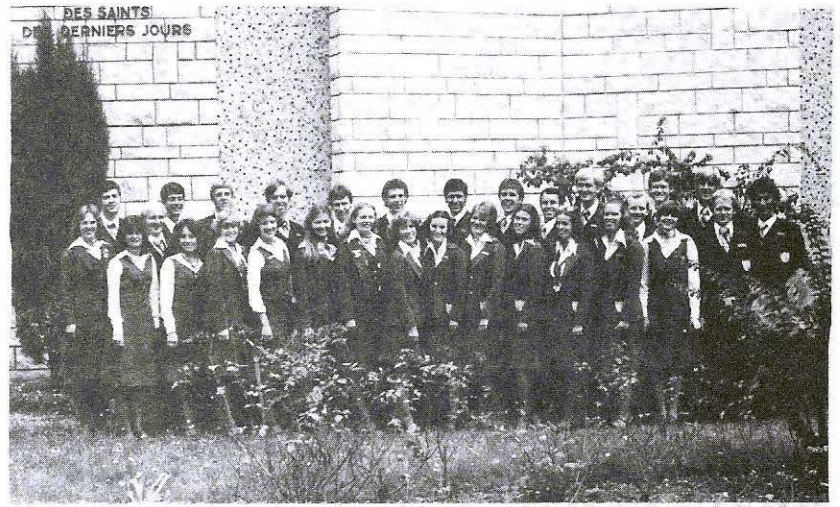
ECOSSE

TCHÉCOSLOVAQUIE



Quand on est Américain, on sourit au folklore toutes dents dehors.

the third course of pie and cheese. We were trying to get all of this good food down and thought we were going to make it when they started to bring out the icecream and cookies. Needless to say we were all stuffed to the point of satisfaction. We left there and went back to the hotel to prepare for the evening show. Some rested some showered, and some went shopping or trying to find the post office. Durring this time the tall square and the band went to advertise the show with some of the missionaries who had arranged for everything. They went in costume to an outdoor mall and put on a 10 min. show. A photographer was there and so when he asked for some pictures we couldnt resist posing for him. We arrived back at the hotel around 7:00 and got ready for the show that night. at around 8:30 we left and arrived at a large stage built in a park. The Elders had gone to a lot of work to prepare the stage and show for us. A good sized crowd was already collecting when we got there. The guys had a tent in which they changed their clothes and the girls changed in a small storage shed. As we started the show the rain clouds started to threaten us, but Deb had said a prayer for us and we felt the lord would help us in our endeavors. The show went really great with only a few mistakes. Kirk and Raeleene got mixed up and made one of the lines in Salty Dog Rag acouple longer, and it made Ike and Terry look like the couple who had made the boo boo. Eren broke her zipper in pioneer but she slinked off stage without any of us knowing it. Other than thos few mistakes the show had a great excitement. We got as far as the Hawaiian numbers when it started to rain. We were sorry and so was the crowd, but when we ran out for bows they gave us a standing ovation anyway. It was a good thing we quit so that the instruments didnt get ruined by the rain. After the show half of us went over to the hotel while the rest went to a reception. It was hosted by the American Consulate, and his hospitality and home were warm and beautiful to us. He paid us a high compliment and our director Don Shaw repaid the compliments with gift from the group which consisted of a pen set for his desk and a Tabernacle Choir album. Afterwards we all headed for our hotel and beds arrivinr around midnight. It was a day well spent and filled with well deserved sleep. Also on the evening news in Bordeaux, there was a film clip of us from the festival in Confelons. They said we were the superstars of the festival and the verybest group there. We were allvery impressed and excited.



August 17, 1977: Bayonne France

Due to the sound sensibility of the Shaws, our departure from Bordeaux, was delayed untill 11:30 am., so that everyone could get 8-9 hours of sleep. From Bordeaux we rode on our new German Airconditioned Auto bus, to the french city of Bayonne France. To pass the time on the bus Raelene led everyone in singing. We arrived in bayonne 3 hours later and were fed a good steak dinner by the government of the city. After the dinner we boarded the bus or browsed around the imidiate area till Delynne and Bro. Shaw came back from the performance site. Our bus then left for St. Vincent France.

At 6:15 the middle square (Bonnie, Kathy, Terry ,Brynn, Ike, Kevin, Bruce, and Steve), performed a 10 min show with the band. They all did a very good job.

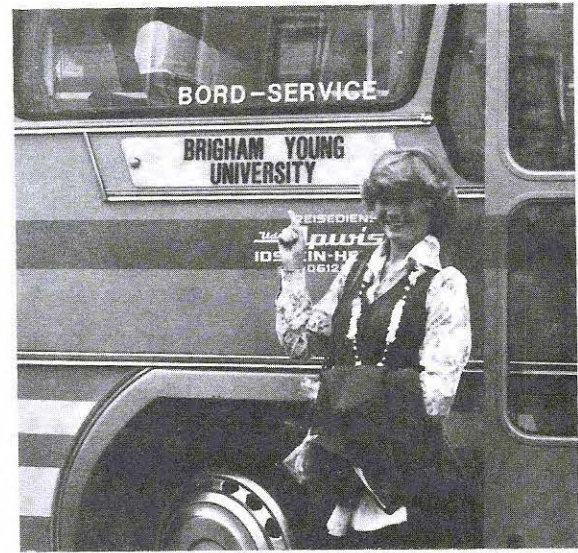
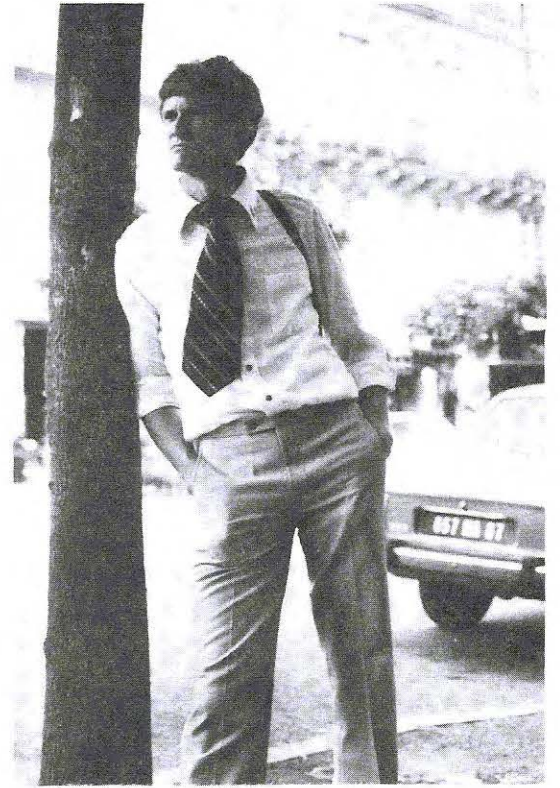
After the show, we returned to the same place that fed us lunch, and ate dinner. It was a tasty meal. At 8:30 we arrived at our open air stage. Actually it was in a Bull fight arena. they had built us a stage this time it had a cover over it. It was kindof fun to run through the dirt and sawdust to the stage from our dressing rooms. We were able to complete ou whole two hour show before an audience of about 700 people. Roma Jean was very sick so she didnt dance that evening. Delynne danced in her place. She did an expert job. At the end of the show all of us met at the branch house and met the members in the area here. About 24 dancers went and stayed with the members. The rest slept at the church. Most of the guys were sacked out in one of the big rooms on cots and little bed provided for us.

Most of the members come from very humble circumstances, and Im sure it was a sacrafice for them to put us up. They were very good to us and I know they will be blessed for their kindness.

Speaking of being blessed Im sure I can speak for everyone in the group but we have really been blessed as a group so far in our travels.

August 18, 1977; San Sabastian Spain

In the morning everyone met at the church again and we boarded the bus and went to San Sabastian. As usuall when we pulled into the city, who did we meet but some of those guys in white shirts and ties. The missionaries helped us again and showed us around the city. Many of us wanted to go shopping. Spain was famous for Lladro a porcelon figurines, and some leather goods. The missionaries helped us find some good places to look and many went of to discover the beautiful European city. We had only a few hours to shop so ev eryone was anxious to get going. We met around noon where we went to an old fortress now turned into a beautiful park. We had a picnic there and many went hiking. The fortress is situated on a high hill which overlooks the city and bay which come in from the ocean. From our high point we could see most of the city and beheld how beautiful it was. Many stated that it was one of the prettiest places they had seen. Most wanted to stay longer than we were going to, and many said they didnt get to do any of the shopping we wanted to. We took a short tour of the city by bus



and then drove to where we were going to stay. It was kindof fun when we arrived at a catholic college run by a group of Nuns from the Catholic Church. It was to be a new experience. After we checked in we went again and visited part of the city. We wanted to do some more shopping but most of the shops were closed for a holiday period.

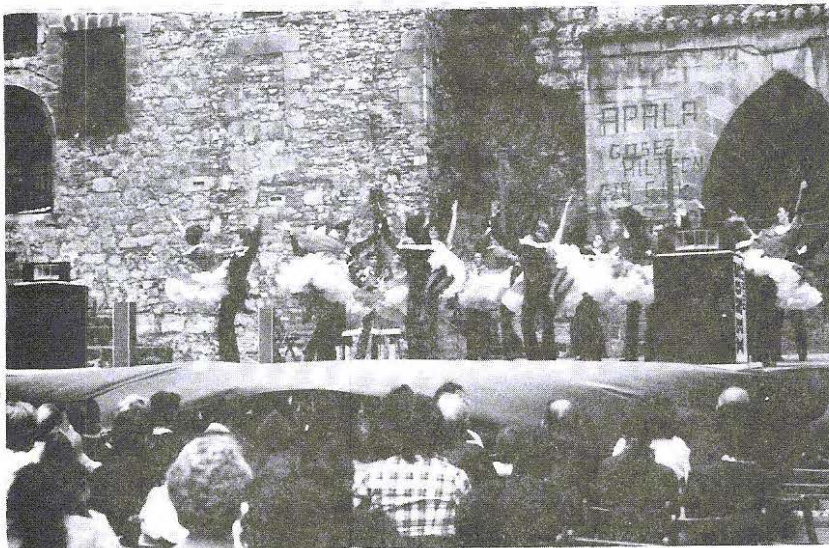
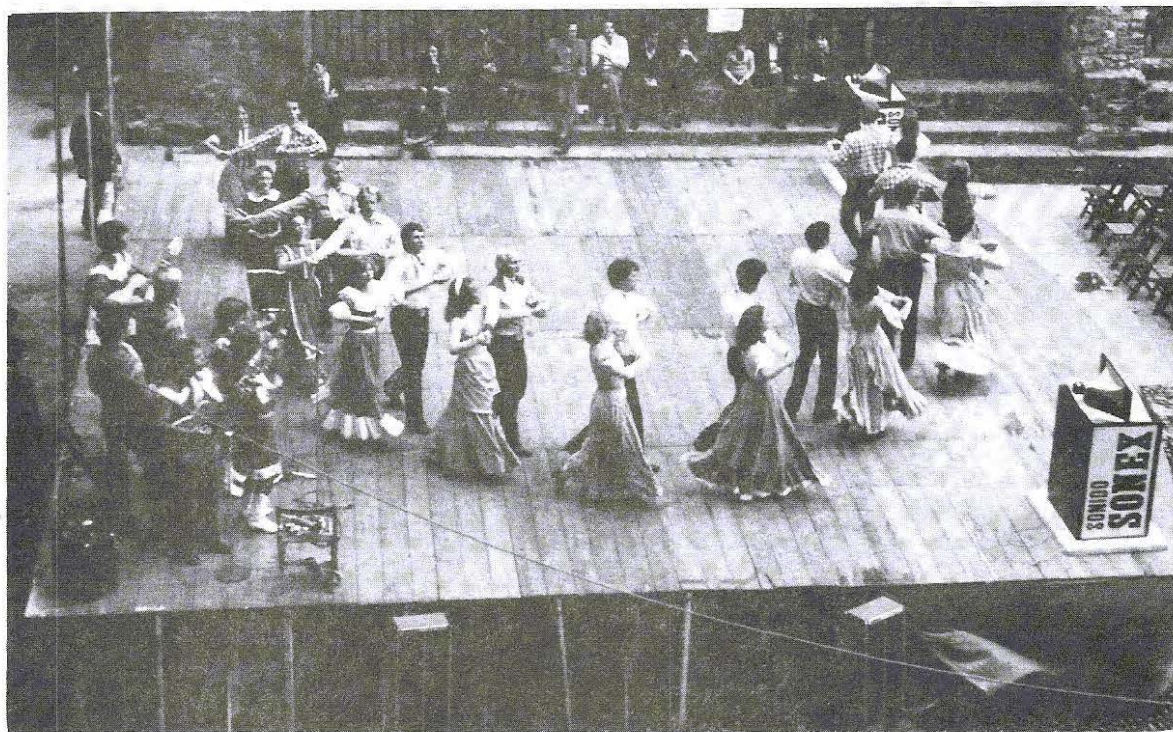
In the evening we went to one of the original square of the older part of the city. We had to form a long chain and haul the costumes about three blocks down a street too small for cars to go on and so packed with people it was hard to walk down it. We finally arrived and found our dressing rooms at the top of a series of stairs leading up about four floors. The show went real good. It was pretty tough climbing up and down the stairs between numbers. After about half of the show was finished it started to rain so we called of the rest of the show. It was hard to say but I think the audience liked us. When we first got there we thought we might have some problems with a group of young kids up high on a wall above the stage but I think they really enjoyed it. After the show we went back to the catholic college where the Nuns had a good big meal prepared for us.

Durring the dinner Deb seemed to be having some problems and passed out at the table. We took her right away to her room. She was still unconscious for some time. Her breathing was irregular. There were some of the nuns in there trying to help too. We felt we should give her a blessing and as we did her breathing started to improve and she came around. We were still pretty worried and the nuns made arrangements for us to take her to a hospital there to have a checkup. They took her along with Dr. Shaw and Delynnes husband Garth, Who met us that day in San Sabastian. It was a neat experience giving her a blessing, and we felt a little funny in the prewence of the catholic nuns but I could tell that they understood it was a health blessing and that we were religious people.

August 19 1977 Zaragoza Spain,

Some brave folk dancers decided to start our second day in spain in a really cool way. About midnight, Kris, Kathy, Rick, Kevin, and Ike went downtown to call Ricks brother in Zaragoza. Because the phone number was wrong they never got ahold of him. To do something exciting after that they went on the beach, which looked so tempting with its large waves. After a few minutes they ended up swimming in the ocean and body surfing. The water was just right and they had such a good time. You should have seen the faces of the nuns when they came to let them in. Their clothes were soaked and salty and they looked a mess but they had fun. They gently crept in and went to bed knowing that the group was leaving early in the morning and t hey needed some rest.

In the morning the sweet nuns had prepared a nice breakfast. afterwards we packed the bus and headed for Zaragoza. After traveling for a while some policeman stopped the bus and made the bus driver pay some fee, because the bus was not supposed to take the route we were on. He showed us a sign at the corner. Actually there was no sign at the other end of the street where we started on the street. The policeman directed us to another nice

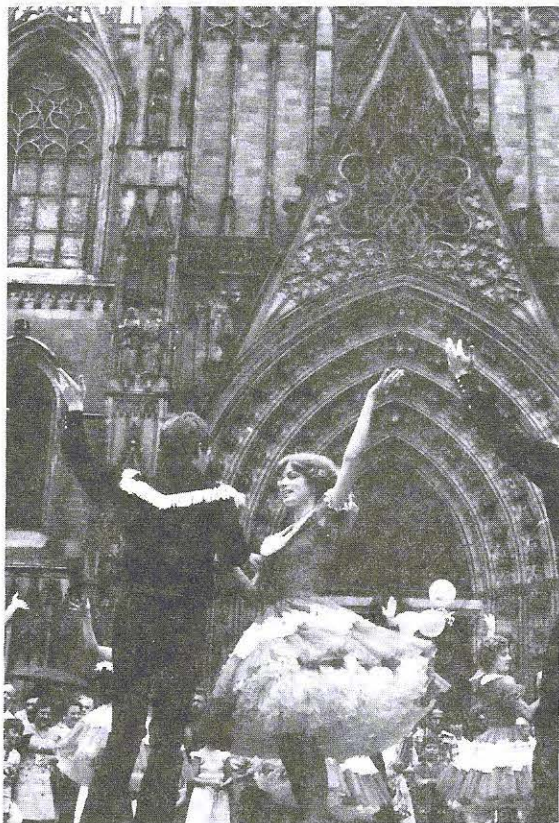
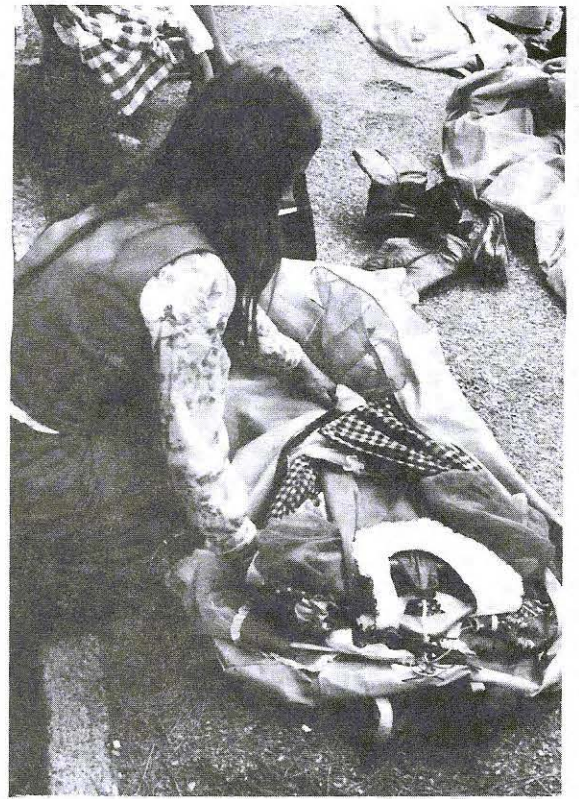
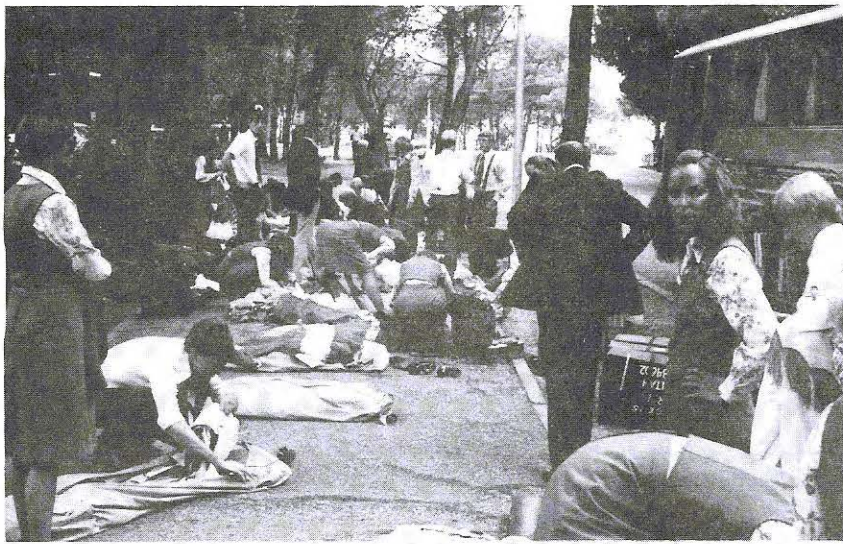


street which took us through some nice mountain area, and was really nice to travel on. After this scenic ride we got back on the highway. As we traveled further south the scenery turned into a desert arid type of land, much like good old Utah. We got safely to zaragoza and we looked for a little place we could eat in, but soon we decided to go to the army base to eat, and this pleased many of the group, mostly because they had Americas food. Lots of Handburgers were ordered, but first of all we had to get in to the base. The soldier at the gate, would not let those who were not American Citizens into the base, so I do our bus driver and Ike, who was originally from Finland, had their chance to go to a disco while we did our performance on the base in the evening. The guard asked Delyne if one of the others on the bus could drive the bus into the base, but she said we were all dancers and didnt know how to drive a bus. In a few minutes with some help from the branch president who was an officer there we all got in.

Today was Kathy Dormans special day, but there was another person who had a special day and that was Rick Steiner, who got to meet his brother who was on a mission there. It was the first time they had seen each other in over three years. This was a special moment for all of us as he shook hands with him and then finally embracing him. We experienced a feeling of love and true brotherhood from them. We gave a short show in the main park in town. The girls got to change in a little bycicle store while the guys took their turn in the mission van. Each square was in a different costume and did a different set of dances. We found that we were on the news that evening from the show in the afternoon. To get ready for the evening there was a short practice on the lawn at the base and Garth, Delyne's husband helped the guys in the kicks in Devils Dream, and again we all practiced or bows. This practice was apreciated by all of us. We performed in the evening on a small stage. Our audience was somewhat accustomed to american dancing and their responce was great. The kids who sat on the front row especially seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

Deb strong still wasnt feeling too strong so Delyne danced in her place and did a fine job. Deb passed out again just as we were going to eat, after our show. They took her to the base hospital for a good checkup and others went to get some medicine. The members on the base fed us a good american meal, prepared by the Relief Society. The sloppy Joes and salads were great. This time we all stayed with members. they offered to send some of our fragile things for us, and it went special care by airforce jets. Their hospitality also included letting us use their washers and dryers. That was a blessing to us especially after the past few weeks.

We found that Deb was just physically run down and that she needed to eat better and get lots of rest to build up her strength. We were thankful it wasnt anything really too serious.



August 20, 1977; Barcelona Spain

It had been luxury, American food, soft toilet paper, popcorn, english, a language we are supposed to know, and our clothes washed in a real washer and dryer. Now it was time for us to leave all of this, but not without them sending us off full from a good old American Breakfast. We ate at the base at 7:00. You could have as much as you wanted. This was a special treat for Rick and Kevin, for they had to loosen their suspenders. We had our choice of eggs, sausage, bacon ham, pancakes, french toast, toast milk, orange juice, anything you could imagine.

We departed at 8:30 leaving behind many new and special friends. Before we left, President Anderson got on the bus and mentioned what an important influence we had been, and how much they had enjoyed our show.

The bus ride this time was about 4 hours long. It was a quiet ride since most of us only had 3-4 hours sleep the night before. The usual singing laughing and joking were saved for another day.

When we got in Barcelona the missionaries met us, and took us to the mission home where pres. and sister Griffin met us. We changed our clothes and put on our costumes, and went to a large cathedral where we performed on the street and steps of the Cathedral. The TV station and reporters were there and took shots of us as we performed Devils Dream, Exhibition, and Salty Dog Rag. We drew a crowd of 200-300 people while we were there. After dancing we lined up for some publicity shots. We stood there for a few minutes then realized that no one was taking our pictures. They had gone and we didn't know it. We then shook hands and passed out postcards to the people before we left.

Rick "Elvis" Steiner has a way with women, or so he thought. We knew better. He was talking with an elderly woman just before we danced using his very limited vocabulary of Spanish. In the conversation he tried to say that the girls on the tour were nice looking. It must have come out wrong, because she slapped him. She was grinning as she did it though. Later, as he was trying to converse with another man, this same lady came up and told him to be quiet. Rick wanted to find out what was wrong leaned down to talk to her, and she slapped him again. Twice in one day is a big rejection for any guy. His confidence was restored when she came up to the bus to wave a good big goodbye to him. Our charming "Elvis" had once again one another ladies heart.

We returned to the mission home where we were treated to a lunch of Kentucky Fried Chicken. Boy was it great! We like European food but there is nothing like our good homeland food.

After lunch we separated to discover Barcelona. Many went looking for Lladro which they had failed to find in San Sabastian with the holidays there. The rest of the group went to a reconstructed village. The buildings were very close together with little alleys connecting them. The little tourist shops were real interesting, they sold everything imaginable. Keith Judd and Cordon had a disappointing day. They changed a huge amount of money in hopes of finding some leather coats and Lladro and such but all they ended up spending money on were two metro tickets.

Our performance started at 8:30 in a gymnasium which seated 2,000. We had about 1200 in the audience and what a crowd. Everything we did they seemed to love. We had large dressing rooms and the floor was nice to dance on.

PALAU BLAU GRANA 2

(Antes Picadero)

Próximo día 20 de Agosto 1977 a las 8'30 tarde

GRAN ACONTECIMIENTO FOLKLORICO MUSICAL

POR PRIMERA VEZ EN ESPAÑA, la actuación del

**GRUPO DE JOVENES AMERICANOS DE
LA UNIVERSIDAD DE BRIGHAM YOUNG
(Estado de Utah) USA.**

Bailarines que en su
podido conseguir que
día y una sola sesión.

Con su gran repertorio
todas las partes del

**NO LO OLVIDE
el Sábado día
PALAU BLAU**



Iglesia de Jesucristo de los Santos de los Ultimos días.

BYU FOLK DANCERS are shown performing in
front of the cathedral in Barcelona, Spain.

We were excited about our show and this carried over into our dancing. There were a few unintentional solos out on the floor but they were soon forgotten.

We stayed with families that night. Some of them were members and some were not. Most of the people had no hot water no showers and were quite poor. They were so gracious and gave all they had to make us comfortable. Again we had a taste of what real giving and sharing was really about. We have been reminded in countless ways of the many things we are privileged to have in our own country. Hopefully we will be more mindful of all we have been given. Some of the kids had a rough night. Some spent most of the night in the bathroom throwing up. We couldn't decide whether it was the flu or something we ate. Most of the group recovered and their fevers broke within 24 hours.

August 21, 1977; Perpignan France

It is hard to keep track of the days I had to figure it out to find out that today was Sunday. Today is our third Sunday on tour. Many of us were in a daze and did more sleepwalking than actual living.

When we got on the bus this morning many of us were sick. As the day went on others were added to the sick list. We arrived at Perpignan about noon. About ten of the kids went right to their rooms and the rest of us went to the chapel where the sisters had a nice meal prepared for us. We met Pres. Gabrinski and his family, and Kathy Dorman got a letter from her honey, so she had a real celebration. Our hotel was real nice and everyone just zonked out till churchtime around 6:00. The attendance was 200% for that little branch, and most of them were dressed in blue. The meeting was all in French but the spirit was still there the same. After the meeting we gave a fireside. Craig Bassett spoke to the congregation in French, and we could feel that it was good. Raeleene, Kelly, Nykola, and Sarah sang a song they had prepared. We were so proud of them and were amazed that they could sing so well especially when we hadn't heard them practice their song. Bro. Shaw called on Delyne to speak and she did a beautiful job. She spoke on patience and perfection and how the Lord really blessed her. It made us love and appreciate her more. Doctor Shaw then spoke and it was the funniest talk I have ever seen, and believe me it was more seen than heard. A man was helping him translate but he didn't really need to be there. He sang the song "Getting to Know you" and demonstrated over and over how we love our fellow men. He admonished the saints to work hard and keep the Lord's Commandments. Only then could they find happiness. He closed by giving them our love and appreciation. We ended the fireside with "Come Come Ye Saints" and "I am a Child of God". It was a pretty good day despite some of the sick ones who slept completely through it. May Shaw has become a professional nurse, and I couldn't help but admire her as she made her rounds tonight. We would be lost without the Shaws.

August 22, 1977; Nice France

Good Morning!! Hooray!! After a long night of illness most of seemed to be a little better. Breakfast the usual Continental style with rolls and hot chocolate, was served at 7:00. As we boarded the bus at 8:15, Kathy Merrill was the only one who needed two seats to rest in. Bro Peterson led us in Prayer, while dad Shaw gave us our morning instructions. We were all excited when we heard Beechboys music over the speakers. It set the mood for the day and very few slept on the way to Nice.

Our restaurant was a "chic" restaurant that stretched over the freeway. We got to change our money and sit like high classed tourists, paying the double high prices, while Kathy stayed in the bus. After we got to Nice she started to feel better. Its the salt air maybe?

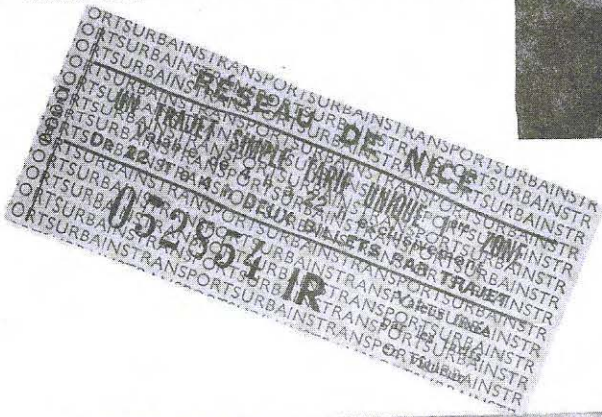
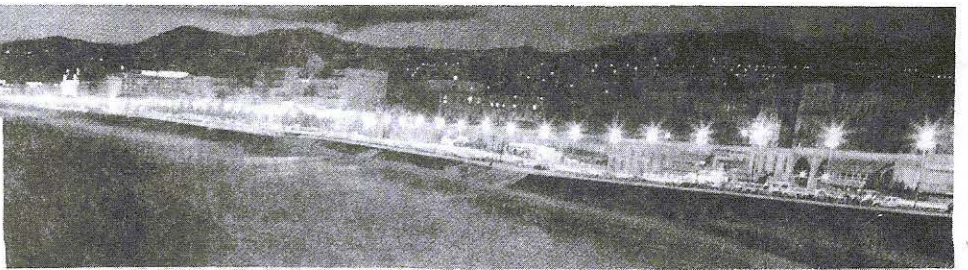
We checked into the L'Europa hotel and quickly changed and walked to the French Riviera. The beach was rocky, which slowed some of the tender-footed members of the group down. The waves hit hard on a steeply sloped shore and the waves sounded like a jet flying overhead as the waves pulled back into the sea. Once past the breakers we could enjoy the waves and taste the salt on our lips.

Kelly, Kathy, Kris, and Bonnie, enjoyed the rocks so much that they posed for pictures while the waves broke behind them. Once Kris was posing for a picture when the wave picked her up and she dissapeared off the rock and washed out to sea. We got her back though, we didnt think the sea should have her.

Pete and Don took their dip too and got a few surprised when the undertow dragged them back to get hit by more waves.

After we washed the salt off we split up into groups and went out to eat. Some had shrimp down at the beach and some had fun with the waiters in a small hotel restaurant on the main street. Everyone had an exotic memorable experience in their own groups. Most got to see the beach at night with the bright moon reflecting on the bay, and the light over a memorial for the sailors that had died on the mediteranian. Some took a ride in a horse draw carriage around the city. It turned out to be a beautiful romantic evening for everyone. As was coined by one of the group members: "Everyone had a romantic time on the French Riviera, and found NICE, to be nice".

BIENVENUE A NICE



August 23, 1977 Nice, France to Pisa, Italy

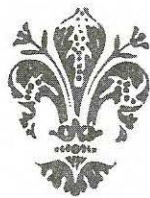
This morning started out as usual with the alarm clock, (People are appreciating less and less those practical time pieces.) and the men descending for breakfast while the girls were privileged to eat in their rooms. Then we all jumped on the bus for a quick visit to Monaco before departing for ITALIA! Monaco was Nice and we took lots of pictures. Italy was constantly upon our minds this morning- so much so that one of our guys forgot to finish packing. When we got to the Italian boarder, tired and hungry, Rick Steiner realized that his suitcoat with his passport neatly hidden in the pocket, was still hanging in the closet of his hotel room in Nice ! Our panicking father, Dr. Shaw, straightened things out by phoning a long distance and arranged to have the coat and contents mailed to us in Switzerland. We are all holding our breath hoping that we can smuggle Rick across the Swiss border without the proper Identification. We were lucky and had no problems getting him into Italy. After waiting in line to change money, and a hurried light lunch of Peanuts Cookies and Pop, we were back on the road again. We passed through what seemed to be virtually millions, and millions of tunnels. Finally we arrived in Pisa and found our Hotel, which was a nice place and well worth the money. Then came the highlight of the day. Dennis Tompson was pretty tired, so he decided to go up to his room. After asking several if they would like to join him and finding no success, he decided to go by himself. He turned around and walked into what he thought was an elevator and shut the sliding door. After a few seconds, and with everyone in tears from laughing so hard, he stepped out of the phone booth and burst into laughter, saying; "This elevator doesn't work". Tonight we performed in the most lush building yet. It was an old opera theatre of over a hundred years. The interior was plush red and gold and very ornate. Besides the main floor there were five floors of box seats just like you would see in the movies. The ceiling was carved and shaped with figures. Needless to say we were all excited to perform, but after our three day vacation we were all rested and weren't as good as we could have been. The slanted stage didn't help us too much either. The PA system for the band was the best we have had yet. President Kimball had been in Pisa just five days prior and had left the city after a groundbreaking ceremony for the first chapel in Italy. The missionaries had worked hard to have this event come about, and also to publicise our performances. They were so excited to have us come, so we had quite a motivation to do our best. We did well, but wait till our next show, we'll do even better in Florence.....



PISA







Banco 75

VIA DELL'ARIENTO
CENTRAL MARKET

WALTER GUARDUCCI

tovagliati
e trine a mano

hand made
tableclothes

laces

50123 FIRENZE

FLORENCE, ITALY

Delighting audiences with energy and steps that were typically American, folkdancers from Brigham Young University, recently performed in the picturesque, historic settings in Florence, Pisa and Venice, Italy.

The 30 members of the troupe performed Aug. 23-25 in the three cities, where elders in the Italy Padova Mission noted the dancers had brought a new image to the Church.

In Pisa, the dancers performed in Verdi Theater, the city's most distinguished hall. A similar honor awaited them in Florence, where they were invited to the Palazzo del Signoria, a Florentine landmark. In Venice, they danced in an open square.

August 24, 1977 Pisa Italy to Florence Italy

Today started early this morning, about 12:30am, as we finished the show in Pisa. After the show we met some of the local members which was especially exciting for Cordon, as he met the first all member Italian family he had ever seen. During his mission in Toronto, Canada he had never met an all member Italian family, because he had help start the Italian mission there and it was difficult to find any converts. After the show some of us went with the Shaw's and Petersons and went down to the corner cafe for soft drinks and ice cream. It felt like a real bargain to get a soft drink for 35¢ instead of the 80¢ to a \$1.00 ones we got in France. We got up for breakfast, (hard on hungry growing boys and girls) and loaded the bus for our trip to Firenze. On our arrival we were treated to a big Italian lunch of Spegetti, meat, and a salad or french fries. After lunch we loaded the bus and drove up a hill to a beautiful overlook of the city. Italian Architecture has a very beautiful and simple look. The harmony is very powerful with all of the red roofs and buildings of soft whites, creams, and yellows all nestled close together. The Italian people seem to be as simple and beautiful as their country. Those dark eyes and dark hair are very attractive. With the help of the missionaries bless their hearts, and their proselyting hours, we were next directed to the best shopping area in the city. There we found gorgeous lace tablecloths, and bedspreads, leather purses, clogs, cameos, and jewelry, and best of all their ice cream. Most of the items were bought in an open street market. There dickering for the price was the order of the day. A pocket watch the vendor wanted 27,000 Lira, but the dickering brought the price down to 18,500 Lira, which made it about \$20.00 in American Dollars. In the evening after another delicious meal we went to our show site, The Palazzo Vecchio. To our awe we found out that we would be performing in a grand hall full of world famous sculpture, tapestry, and paintings. Marking the back of our stage was a statue of one of the old emperors on his throne. The mens dressing room, was the old council hall complete with carved tables, high backed chairs, secret trap doors to dungeons far below. While singing "Come Come Ye Saints" during the show, I felt the statues were relieved to come down off their pedestals and hear some good down home music and song. After all they were still people like every one else. The security and audience loosened up more and more during the show as they warmed up to our dance and music. Even the chief of the police decided he liked us, after a very cool reception upon our arrival to his museum. The missionaries told us the audience consisted of 50 members and 1000 nonmembers, so we felt it had been a successful missionary show for the church. It was hard to have to leave the palace, especially for Kelly Clark who would have loved to stay and play her Violin all night among the works of great artists of yesteryear.

Danzatori Folcloristici del Far West Americano



Sono Mormoni dell'Università Brigham Young

pisa • firenze • venezia

Giardini Scott

Piazza S.
Croce

Campo S.
Stefano

20.30

16.00 e 20.30

16.00 e 20.30

ag. 23

ag. 24

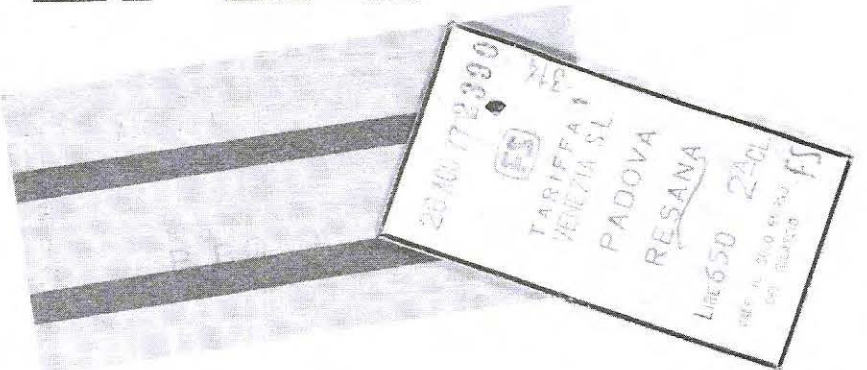
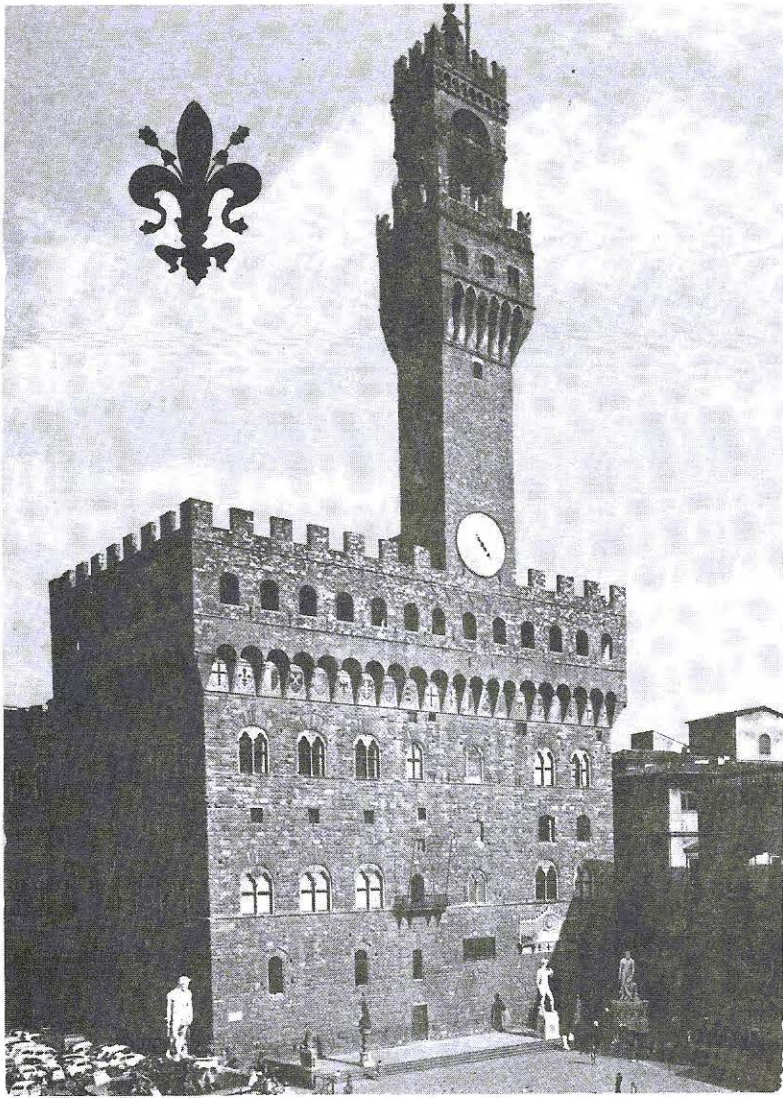
ag. 25

August 25, 1977 Florence to Albano Terme and Venice Italy

Today was quite and eventful one for us. It all started out innocent enough with a very quiet busride to Albano Terme. All of us were so tired from the show, that most everyone slept during the two hour bus ride. We arrived in the city at about 11:00 am, but it took us over an hour and a half to locate our Hotel, and check in, and have some lunch. Then we were off for the historic city of Venice. We arrived by bus to a little dock and loaded our costumes on to a little boat. We then boarded another boat to travel through the cities canal system to our destination. Our afternoon performance was to be in a city square, and it was well recieved, even though most of us were lacking in energy. We were performing in the Plasa De Stefano, on the foot square cobble stones of the plaza. Just before our evening performance, Bro. Shaw told us that our tour through Italy, had been somewhat of an experment, to see how well we would be recieved. He said that this had been a good experience for us and since tonight would be our last performance in Italy to give it our all. Then the Assistant to the Mission President told us, that we had had a very strong effect upon the people of Italy. He also said that the things that had come to pass in the last two weeks, The groundbreaking of the new chapel, the visit of Pres. Kimball, and the visit of the Folk Dancers, had combined to help the mission double its baptisms that mounth. After hearing all of that we were all excited and ready to go out and do a great show. After the performance started we all realized that our trip to Italy was such an important one. Most of the people in the audience were really nice, but there was a group of about a dozen young men that started yelling things like, "Yankee go home", and "You are from the CIA". They were members of the communist party in Italy, and were there trying to cause trouble and unrest. We tried to ignore them and keep the spirit of the Lord with us, but their influence was starting to spread to some of the other people in the audience. Bro. Shaw and the missionaries finally called the Police and soon two policeman arrived with machine guns and stood behind the band for the remainder of the performance. They took away some of those who were causing the problems and the second half of the show was a lot quieter. Right after the show the policeman left, and as we were preparing to load costumes back on to the boat, some of the troublemakers came back and started arguing with some of the church members. So before we left Bro. Shaw called the 22 missionaries together with our group, explained the situation and held a special prayer. Durring the prayer a feeling of peace and of courage came over the group. As we walked out the strain and concern was evedent on the faces of our leaders, but all was quiet as we walked to the boat and loaded our costumes. Finally on the boat with the pressure off we softly sang songs and hymns to the Lord.

August 26, 1977 Albano Terme to Verona

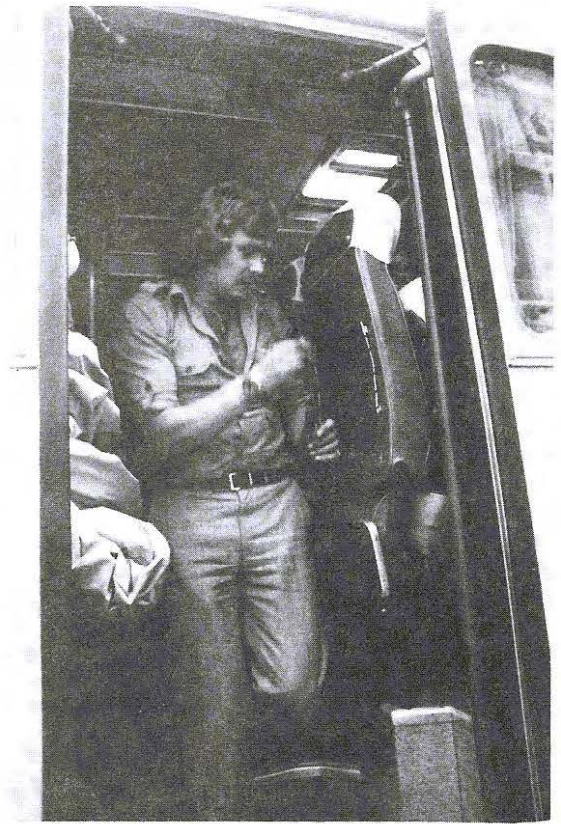
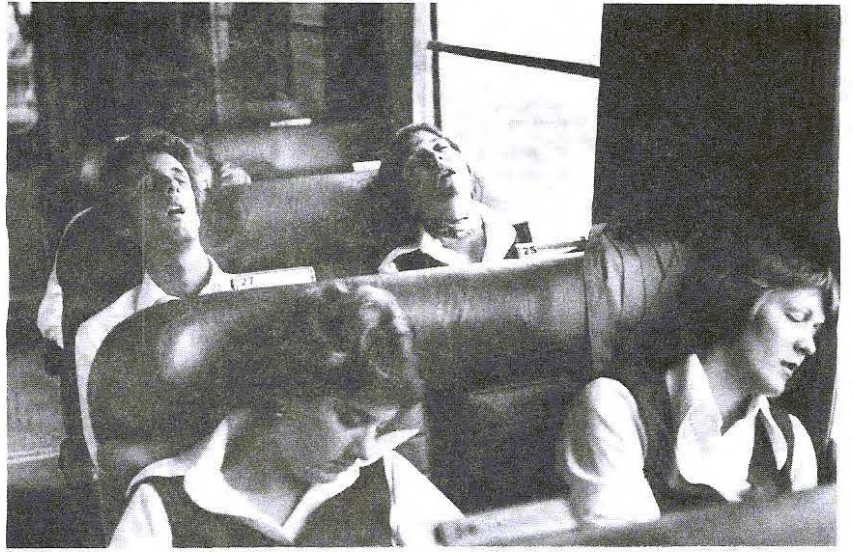
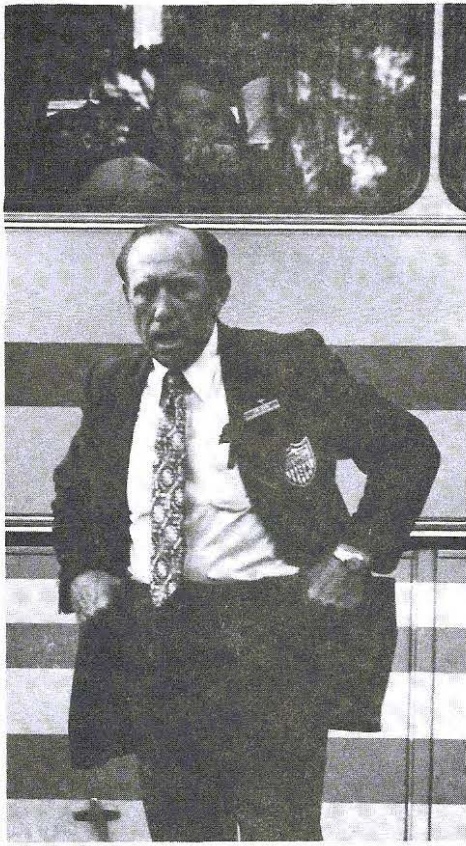
Rejoice, Rejoice!! A day to sleep in!!! And many of us did just that, getting up between 8:00 and 10:00 am. It's been so long since we have had a decent nights sleep. We had all morning to shop and rest. It was nice, and many of us used that time to write letters and catch up in our journals, wash dirty clothes that needed it, and relax. The kids went swimming at the Petersons hotel, where there was a hot mineral wáter filled pool. Delynne,



Keith, Ed, and Cordon, left early to go back to Venice to pick up some of our shoes that were being repaired and to do some extra shopping. As it turned out the shoes never got finished because they were said to be made of plastic, and would require two hours of work for each shoe. We will have to try and use them a little longer, but this dancing on cobblestones wears them out fast. As 11:00 am rolled around we were informed rather noisily that we were to be out of our rooms by 11:00 am. Because we were not scheduled to be on the bus till 2:00pm we were rather surprised. We didn't realize that we were to be out by then.. So with much haste we packed our bags and folded our wet clothes, and then piled everything outside. After the group from Venice returned we boarded the bus, and were on our way again. Two hours later we arrived in Verona, a beautiful city that housed the story of Romeo and Juliet. We were supposed to have gone to Milano but there was not enough room for our large group so we stayed in Verona. Our hotel was nice especially since each room had it's own toilet, shower and sink. After unpacking the bus and being assigned our rooms, we split up in small groups to go sightseeing. Some of the big spots visited were the Collisium, Juliet's house and her balcony, a nice big castle that belonged to Romeo's family, and again some shopping areas. After returning at 8:00 pm the Shaw's and Petersons had bought some rolls and meat, and cheese, and fruit, and we all headed out for a big picknic in a local park. The Shaw's really put up with a lot from all of us, and they were always so kind and understanding no matter what, they are wonderful people. We divided up into groups and did some rollplaying of stories from the Book of Mormon while the others tried to guess what we were portraying. It was a big Family night. How wonderful it is to feel that sweet familiar spirit, so strongly, and so far away from home, and familiar places we know and love. We were then all treated to Ice cream by the Shaw's, and then we went to visit some of the famous places by moonlight. It was beautiful with the river running beneath the towering walls of the castle. It affected the engaged people a little differently than it did us very single people. They dreamed of their love and the rest of us dreamed we had someone to love. In spite of being here seeing all of these beautiful sights first hand, It's still hard to believe that we are actually here. These places really do exist! Juliet's balcony and Castle, The leaning Tower of Pisa, Etc. They are alive and living in Europe. Most of us returned and tried to go to bed early, but quite a few couldn't pass up getting a large tub of that good Italian Ice Cream. Verona is so beautiful it's hard to sleep while it's still out there.

August 27, 1977 Verona to Nyon France, to Geneva Switzerland

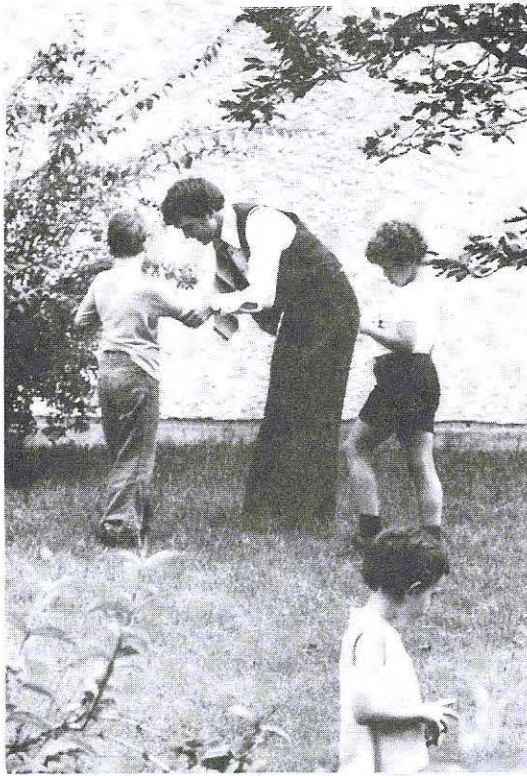
We boarded the bus at 6:00 am and everyone was quiet and sleepy. Udo, alias Buckwheat, our bus driver, really enjoyed the driving because there was no singing or anything. It was a long ten hour bus ride. We went through the Swiss Alps in all their glory, and it was simply breathtaking. We stopped in a small town in the middle of the Alps because our bus was having problems. We ate lunch while the bus was being fixed. To keep us from getting bored on the bus we played the game of mingle, and had a good chance to get to know each other a little better. We arrived in Nyon about 4:30 pm where we unloaded our bus and prepared for our show. While we were waiting some of us went to a basketball game where a USA Christian Basketball team really beat a Swiss team 106 to 44. Some of the girls came to see our show that night. The show went



really pretty good that night except for one or two little boo boo's. After the show we drove to Geneva Switzerland, (not Geneva Steel), where we climbed into our beds, a room full of Army barracks about two inches apart. The dormitory was built so flimsy that the guys and girls could talk with each other speaking in a normal voice and you could hear them through the wall.

August 28, 1977 Geneva Switzerland

We stayed up most of the night because of tossing and turning. But we all know, from Mary Bee, that we didn't come to Europe to sleep! When breakfast was an hour late we didn't know if it was Mormon Standard time or just French time. We hurried to the Church but found out that we had missed Priesthood and Relief Society. The girls gathered together with the help of Sister Shaw and we had Relief Society of our own. She reminded us that we should stay in tune to have the spiritual experiences each day. We had a testimony meeting and that started our day off right. Being very tired and having the meeting in French made it very hard to stay awake. The sister missionaries said that even though we might have napped we did it in rhythm and all together. We were all glad to have our Sunday School lesson in English. We were all assigned to different families in the ward for lunch. Bruce and Micheal V. were lucky to get a lady that knew where their heart was, with food. They said the Banana Splits were delicious. Roma and a few girls were with 17 older ladies. Sara and Mike N. ended up back in France with a family that took them on a little hike up a ski hill. Kevin recieved 6 candybars of delicious Swiss chocolate. Everyone had wished they had gone with him. Upon returning for the rest of the meetings we were busy finding out what everyone had done. You would have thought that we hadn't seen each other for weeks. Everyone shared the great time they had with the saints in Geneva and other places. We had a deep love for the people there. The missionaries were very good to us and spread all around among the group and translated the meeting for us into English. It was even nice to hear a baby cry, in any language that is the same. The highlight of the day was to hear the Primary Children sing "I hope they call me on a Mission". We had a fireside after the meeting. Kathy D. and Brynn each gave good talks. They showed what a true Latter Day Saint Woman should be. We were proud to be associated with them. Linda Lyman played a beautiful piano piece. She needed no translator to interpret the beauty of the music. Even though she was a little sick, she gave it her all. Dr. Shaw then spoke. He told the audience that all of our Men were returned missionaries, three of the girls were to be married soon in the temple to returned missionaries, Next Gordon spoke of a missionary experience that was dear to him. He told how music and dance is all of the same language, and is portrayed by the spirit. Then we all sang "Come Come Ye Saints, and I am a Child of God". Raylene and Kelly, Thom and Kirk participated in church and a fireside in the Nyon branch. They talked, sang, and played music, and the people loved them. One of the highlights of the day was a trip to Mc Donalds and the land of the golden arches. That was a perfect ending for a perfect day.



LA MISSION SUISSE DE GENEVE

présente :

**AMERICAN
FOLK
DANCERS**

à NYON

SAMEDI 27 AOUT 1977, à 20 h.
à l'Aula du Collège

à GRENOBLE

LUNDI 29 AOUT 1977, à 20 h.
au Stade de Glace
Entrée ouest
Salle Edelweiss
Ed. G. Clemenceau

à GENEVE

MERCREDI 31 AOUT 1977, à 20 h.
à la Salle des Fêtes
THONEX
chemin Tronchet 18
Mollesulaz

ATTENTION : il s'agit là de
SPECTACLES DES FAMILLES, auxquels
les parents et enfants sont les
bienvenus.

Entrée: Frs 4.50
Enfants accompagnés jusqu'à 14 ans: Entrée Gratuite

Pour toute Reservation
Tel. 45.70.30

August 29, 1977 Geneva Switzerland to Grenoble France

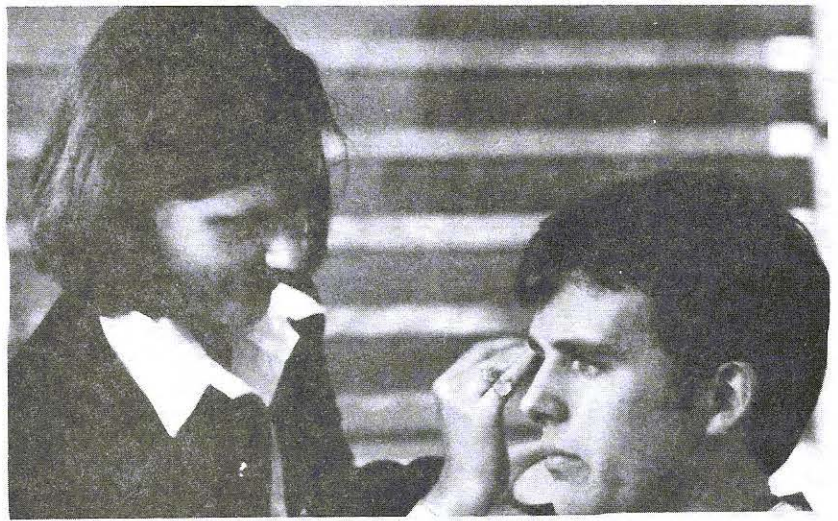
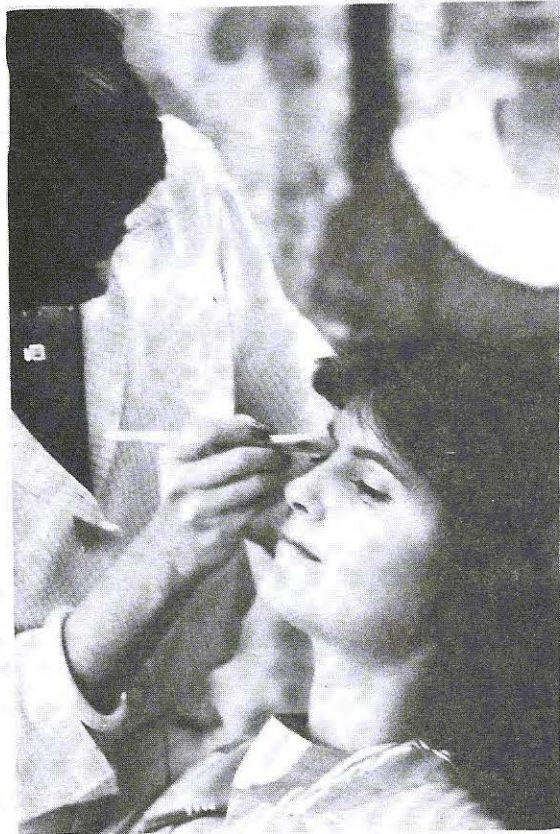
The group had an opportunity to sight-see and do some shopping. Geneva is a nice clean city. Switzerland has to be our favorite place because of all of the beautiful scenery. After shopping we boarded the bus for Grenoble France. We arrived in time to check into our hotel, and then we drove to the Olympic village where we were to perform that night, the same place where the Olympics were held in 1968. The stage was on the same level as the audience. It was held in an auditorium type room. To get through to our dressing rooms in the back of the hall we had to go through some curtains. During the Pioneer suite, Bruce Barton led off. He couldn't find the opening, and finally in desperation he picked up the bottom, and we all prominaded off under the curtain. It was quite funny to all of us. We had a great audience and we enjoyed having them so close to us. A lot of them came back after and talked to the group. It's frustrating at times to us when we cannot really communicate with the people. We love this experience of making us happy through our dance.

August 30, 1977 Grenoble To Clermont-Ferrand France

Today has been another fulfilled active day, which is so typical of our tour. It all started off with a store window display on the sidewalk consisting of Kirk, Keith, and Ed, with Cordon as store manager. It was fun for all but especially for the people walking down the sidewalk. But I always knew that they were a bunch of dummies anyway. It was then on to Clermont-Ferrand from Grenoble over beautiful green rolling hills and tiny villages. Most everyone slept except poor Udo who managed to keep himself occupied by driving the bus. We were met outside of town and wisked to the small yet beautiful opera house. There local TV cameramen were waiting to make us happily on our way to international stardom. We were all excited and nervous to be taped but none so much as our own Linda Lyman. "Devils Dream", went real good but as we started into "Exhibition Square Dance", it was actually the music for "Smoky Mountain Clogs". The funny thing was that most of the dancers didn't even know that the music was different. What a bunch of astute dancers we have! All amazingly turned out well. The clever French cameramen taped the music later and put it with the tape of the dancing. The show went really well and started out with a bang when the girls started by changing lines in "Devils dream". The guys were sure surprised to see someone else jump onto them for the lifts. During the show Raelene got sick, so halfway through the show good sport Delyne came to the rescue and took her place. Her blue loafers went real good with the pink contra dress which was about two feet too long. The highlight of the performance was when Delyne danced in Kentucky Clogs without any pantaloons. Boy, love those twirls!!!!

August 31, 1977 Clermont-Ferrand to Geneva Switzerland

Early in the morning, the sleepy student survivors stumbled out of their humble student lodgings and onto the bus. In spite of their usual surroundings of wet clothes and crowded conditions, most of us soon imersed into our favorite pasttime, that of sleeping. About noon the bus stopped for lunch. It was a self



20

service place , with the usual high prices and the semiedible food. (Upon seeing some hair in the bowl of some nameless brew, I decided that it wasn't worth eating that just the frenchfries would be fine.) And then back on the bus to Geneva. Upon arrival the group was turned loose on the town to do a little shopping and sightseeing for the afternoon. What a show that evening. The audience was so enthusiastic, that they demanded several encores. The band had to play two more numbers, the last of which some of the members had to learn as they did part of the number. Ironically enough, it was named "Hard, Aint it Hard". Staying with members that night, the Folk Dancers finished off the day with the usual smothering of hospitality.

September 1, 1977 Geneva Switzerland to Fribourg Switzerland

What a blessing it was to sleep until 8:00 am. And then to have an hour and a half at the chapel for everyone to arrive with our hosts and new friends. After breakfast menu's were compared, postcards signed, and our group records distributed, we loaded everything on to our new bus and we were on our way to the festival at Fribourg. The bus was pretty quiet till Brynn, Kristine, Delynne, Ed, Keith, and Cordon decided to have a banana and chocolate pudding party in the back of the bus. After that everyone started to wake up and get into the spirit of things, and soon the bus was buzzing with talking, laughter, and snack time. By 12:15 pm we arrived in the small village of Gruyere only to find that the cheese factory was closed till 1:30 pm. We went up to the top part of the town and went through a little chateau. It was really beautiful to see the landscape and all of the rooms in the castle. Colleen and Pete headed out for the shops since Colleen found out that Pete Still had some money left. We all found a lot of quaint little shops, but no money left after Geneva. Dr. Shaw offered to open up his bank again with a small interest charge, but few took him seriously. Everyone had camera's on hand to capture the breathtaking scenery. This is one of the most beautiful and serene places we have visited yet. With such little time we all grabbed a quick lunch, and went back on the bus. Before we knew it we were in Fribourg. Joel was there to meet our bus, and after papers were signed, and festival buttons passed out, we were taken to our sleeping headquarters. It ended up being the 158th squadron bombshelter. Girls were ushered into the first floor, and the guys were put on the second floor. Our accommodations consisted of row to row bunks. Some formed a great big giant bed 10 ft. by 15ft. and we all picked a spot on the giant bed. Some of the more energetic people headed to see the sights, but most tried to get a little sleep. We then went to dinner and after we all tired from a rigorous schedule of performances and traveling returned to our bunks for taps.....and sweet dreams.

September 2, 1977 Fribourg Switzerland

We were all up at 7:00 am and went down to breakfast. The festival people arranged to have buses pick up the participants in the festival and we went to a small town called Murat, situated near a lake. I spent the morning trying to arrange the groups train schedule because our original schedule was cancelled. I then talked to one of the committee members and arranged for him to take me to Murat. What a beautiful little city, it is entirely walled with quaint little shops and historic buildings. We paraded through the town and stopped and danced, and sang. After a little sightseeing and buying delicious pasteries, we had a delicious dinner and bussed back to Fribourg through the Swiss

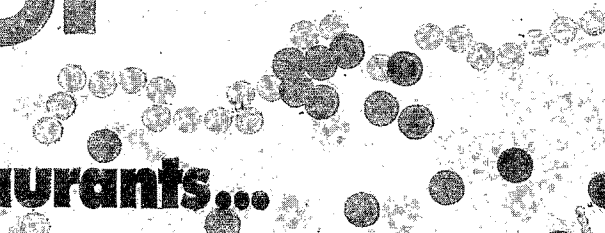


- 4053 **Innere Bar Coop Center**
Center Balsthal
Basel
- 4057 **Cockpit** Güterstrasse
Güterstrasse 190
Basel
- 4055 **Cockpit Wiesenplatz**
Inselstrasse 76
Basel
- 4051 **Cockpit Michelbacher**
Michelbacherstrasse 6-10
Basel
- 4058 **Hotel Victoria + Café-Bar**
Centralbahnplatz 3-4
Basel
- 3011 **Mot-Hotel Europe + Restaurant**
Clarastrasse 35-43
Bern
- 3018 **Restaurant Ryfflihof**
Aarberggasse 53
Bern-Bümpliz

COLO

- 3818 **Coop City Restaurant**
Bettlachstrasse 8
Grindelwald
- 9100 **Coop Restaurant**
Baer-Haus
Herisau
- Coop Restaurant**
Gossauerstrasse 2

Restaurants...



countryside. In the afternoon we performed in five different locations in the city squares of Fribourg. We also did a radio program where they had us sing and they also taped some of the bands songs. To the surprise of the whole group we all sang very well. This festival is one of the most hurried up, go here, now go there in 30 seconds to perform; that we have been to yet. That night we attended the major performance of the Polish group, and the Mexican group. They were both very, very good. The Irish were fair, we also met some very interesting people. The one thing we miss the most is to mingle with the other groups. They keep you so busy that it's hard to visit too much. The day ended by returning to our bomb shelter and to a good SAFE nights sleep.

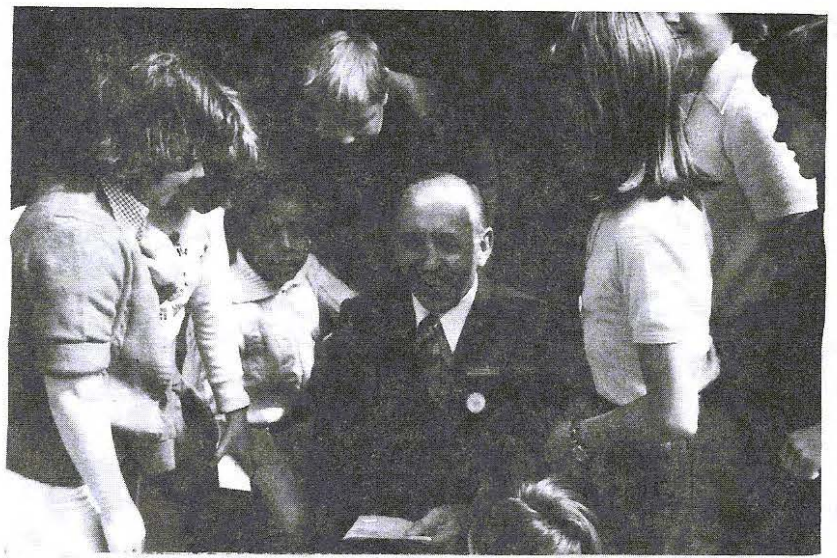
September 3, 1977 Fribourg

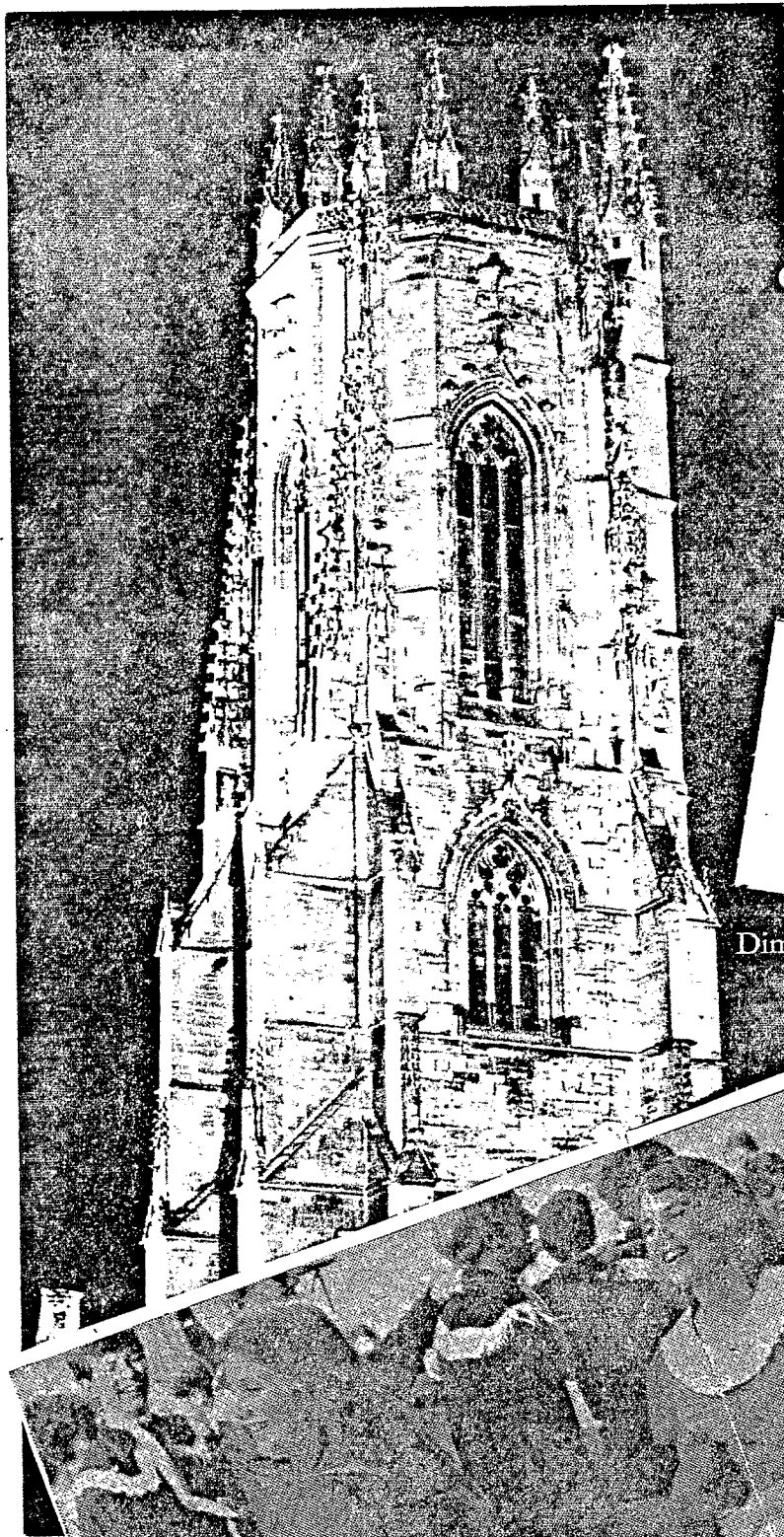
The group got to ride a bus down to breakfast this morning, and started dancing at 10:00 am. We had street performances in seven different locations. Each performance lasted 10 minutes, except one which was 25 minutes. Five of the girls have literally danced the shoes off of their feet, and part of the day was spent shopping for new ones. Brynn spent part of the day making friends with the little Irish girls. The group sang 4 numbers outside of a beautiful cathedral, and once inside we all sat quiet for a moment of thought. Kelly helped to make this, one of the most special moments of the tour. She played the most beautiful piece on her violin. Tonight we put on our show at the university for 20 minutes. The other groups performing tonight were the Irish, Polish, Spanish, and Swiss groups. Our group has been asked to play for the dance, which will follow the performance, and took the rest of the evening and into the early morning hours.

September 4, 1977 Fribourg

We got up very early and dragged ourselves onto the bus to take to the Swiss Temple in Bern. It was rainy, and cold, but turned out a very beautiful day. After arriving on the Temple grounds, we went to a room in the visitors center and we had a sacrament and testimony meeting. After the meeting we spent 10 to 15 minutes walking around meditating and taking pictures. After our trip to the Temple we returned to participate in the Festival. We sang hymns while waiting for lunch, and Pete told us some special stories. After lunch we were in a parade. Since it was Sunday we walked and sang songs. We also had a new member in the parade today. Brynn had sprained her ankle and so Colleen filled in for her. She fit right in as she looked younger than most of us. We all waited around on a lawn behind the stage where we slept and relaxed. We sang for our part on the program. We had a few people comment on the fact that we didn't dance on Sunday, and it was fun explaining why we didn't. After the performance we went back to our lodgings. We gave Joel and Pascal our guides, a Book of Mormon in French and some other gifts. After our meeting Kris Hansen sat up her portable beauty salon and began trimming some of the kids hair. After over a month on the road some of the guys needed it. We also had a raid that night. Our guys wrapped towels around their heads and put handkerchiefs covering their mouths. With pillows in hand, they began attacking the girls, beating them







Déjeuner

1

Das Frühstück
The breakfast
Almorzar
Far colazione

CATHÉDRALE
ST-NICOLAS
FRIBOURG

Diner

2

Mittagessen
The dinner
El comida
Il pranzo

3

Souper

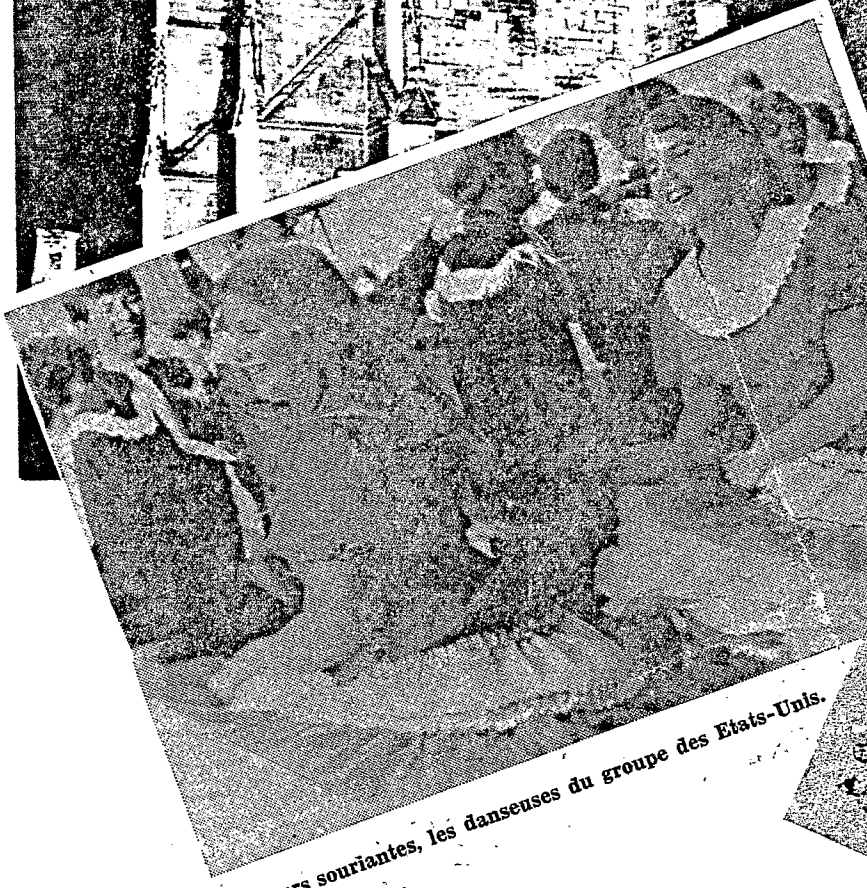
Abendessen
The supper
El cena
La cena

Boisson Suppl.

4

Das Getränk
The drink
Zus. suppl.
suppl. suppl.

Dimanche de 14h



Toujours souriantes, les danseuses du groupe des Etats-Unis.

Rencontres Folkloriques Internationales Fribourg

77
Dimanche • Sonntag • Sunday • Domenica • Domingo



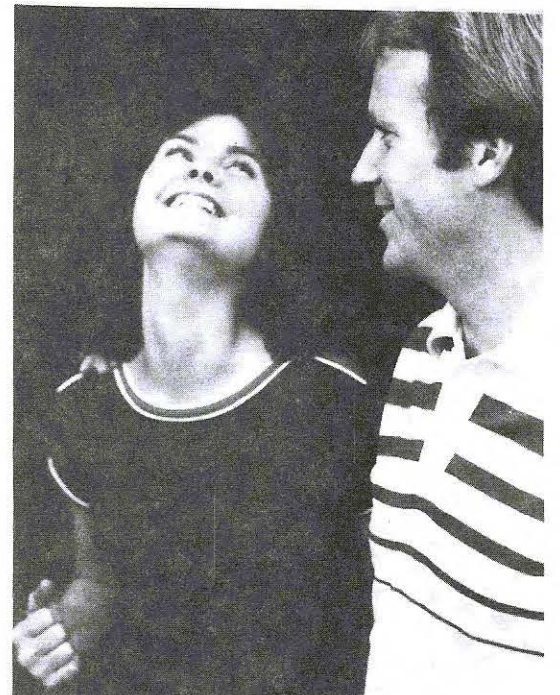
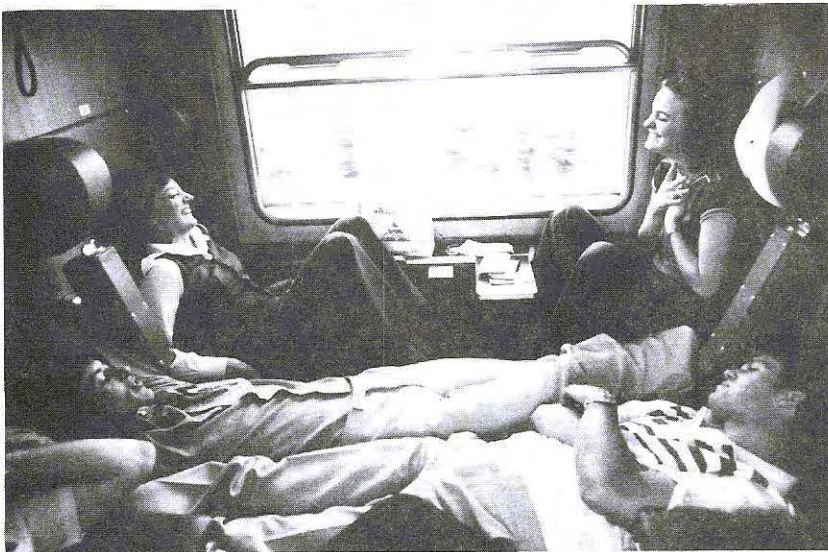
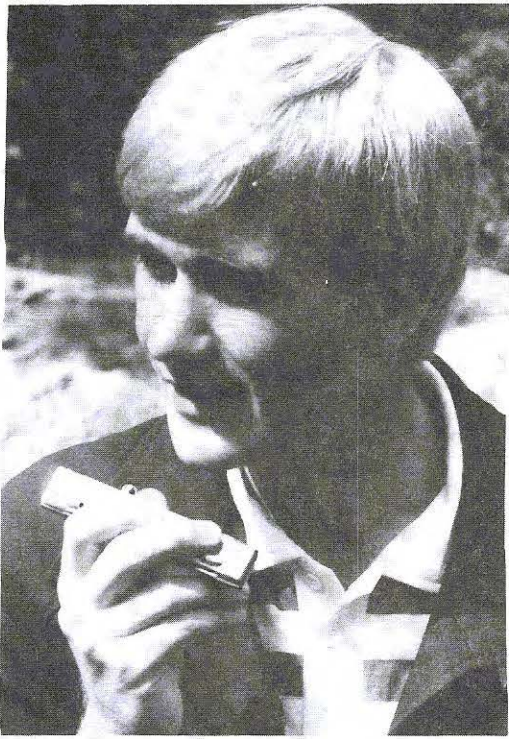
wildly with their pillows. They kidnapped Delynne and then sent a ransom note. We sent a note back telling them we wouldn't pay and then Delynne escaped. It sure was fun. To get the guys back the girls got up at 4:00 am and went up to the guys room and began to paint their faces up with lipstick and toothpaste. They were too light of sleepers and woke up after just a few had been done. Oh well!

September 5, 1977 Fribourg in route to Poland

Today we leave Fribourg. By the time most of us got up, a few in the group had been up and gone shopping and to breakfast with the Polish group where they learned to "Cut the Rug" Polish style. Our time for leaving was set for 12:30 pm so packing commenced after a great breakfast in a little resteraunt downtown. Everyone was excited to leave for Poland. After tediously concieving plans ABC and D and throwing all of those out the window, plan E, was put into effect and we all tagged our luggage. The train we were to take soon arrived. We watched our luggage being put on the train and after pointing out the rest to the baggage men we bid good bye to those we had met in Fribourg, we hurriedly ran to the end of the train for our seats. Six people were in each compartment, and it wasn't long before we learned how to make the seats lie down. I think they would call us packed sardines. Our train left Fribourg at 2:50 pm and as we took our last look at the city we noticed, to our dismay, that our luggage was waving back to us from the train depot. Don Shaw ~~immediatly~~ started going through the alphabet with plans that he had made that were now obsolete. Our compartment played Password, polished a rendition of "In the Mood" which we sang for our leaders using a full orchestra backup, and told ghost stories, and kidnapped stray girls that would wander into our compartment, and tickle them to death while in tunnels so noone could hear their screams. The hours went by in a snap, It was great. We arrived in Munich with two hours to kill and then caught our "sleeper" train to Vienna Austria. To my amazement we didnt have double beds with curtains, like in all of the movies. We had six small single beds to a compartment in bunkbed style. The night went fine with only a few night visitors to check our passports.

September 6, 1977 Still enroutre to Poland, Late Night arrival to Zacopane Poland

Our day began at 5:00 am in preperation for our arrival in Vienna at 6:20 am. Kirk was almost left in bed when just five before we arrived someone spotted him. We met two missionaries who had made arrangements for our transfer from the south station to the North station. We also discovered that our luggage had not arrived with us, so we made arrangments with the missionaries to meet our luggage and send it on to Poland. We all took time to eat breakfast in the station and then boarded the train to Krakow Poland. The train turned out to be a milk run train and we made 16 stops before we reached the Czechoslovakian border. As we crossed the border we saw high barbed wire fences, and military command posts with soldiers and machine guns. Some soldiers waved, but it did not prevent some of the funny feelings we felt. A few minutes later the train stopped at Breclaw. Armed soldiers came aboard the train and inspected our passports. They also asked for a transit visa to cross through their country. We were told in planning the trip



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für Reisegruppe

(..... Personen)

am Zug Wagen Nr

1. Kl. Plätze Nr

2. Kl. Plätze Nr

Z 1302 Zettel Reservierte Abteile oder Wagen (ZBR 22) - A 5 q - HD Wien - Auflagejahr (letzte Zahl maßgeblich): 1978 77 76

Bestimmungsbahnhof (in Blockschrift)
Krakow Gt Osob

Name und Adresse des Empfängers
**Shaw
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Provo Utah 84601
U.S.A.**


Versandbahnhof am **6-9-77**
Wien West

Name und Adresse des Absenders
**Fenton
Espaldavento 7/10
1210 Wien**

Anzahl der Fracht-/Gepäckstücke
74

Es wird empfohlen, einen Zettel mit Name und Adresse des Empfängers in das Fracht-/Gepäckstück einzulegen.

VII K 3-17/Anhäng. Frachtstückg. u. Reisegep. - 110/81 mm - Hofstätter 001Z - Auflagej. 1977



Von
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Anzahl der Gepäckstücke
Nombre de colis - Numero di colli
Number of packages

2-13 Gepäcknummernzettel (Ausland) 70/105 mm - Bk 50 - HD Wien - Auflagejahr (l. Z. nr.): 1978 77 76 75

that we didnt need one to go through if we weren't getting off the train. They gave us 15 minutes to purchase a visa at \$12.00 per person or be sent back to Vienna. Don Shaw wanted to call the US Embassy, but they would not let him off the train even in their presence because he didnt have a visa. We ended up paying \$477.00 for the visa's. The train was delayed three hours because of all of the problems at the boarder. It took 7 hours to travel across Czechoslovakia. The train ride was filthy because it was a coal powered train, and all of the smoke would come inside along with the soot as we rode down the tracks. We changed trains in Katowice and it was a welcome feeling to cross into Poland. It took two more hours to reach Krakow where we were met by the festival host and Don Jensen. We then had a two hour bus ride to Zakopane which concluded a 34 hour train and bus trip from Switzerland to Poland. We found beautiful accomodations waiting for us in a hotel called "Paridise" which it truely looked like to us. It was on of the best we had enjoyed since we left the U S.

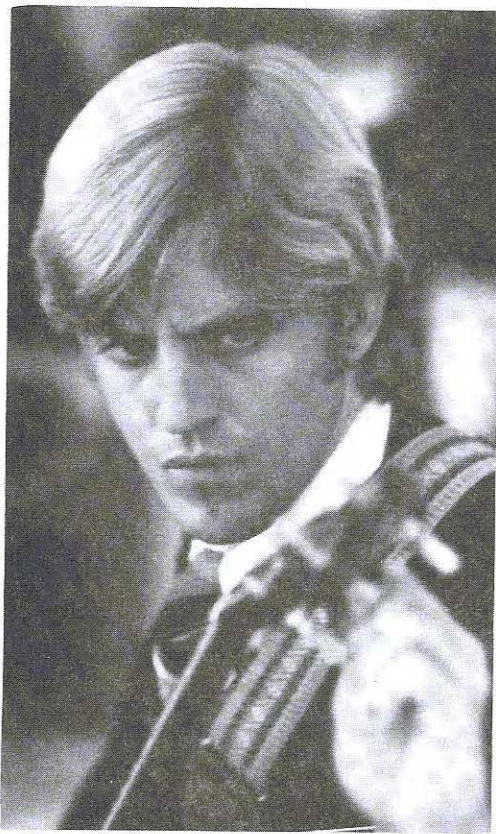
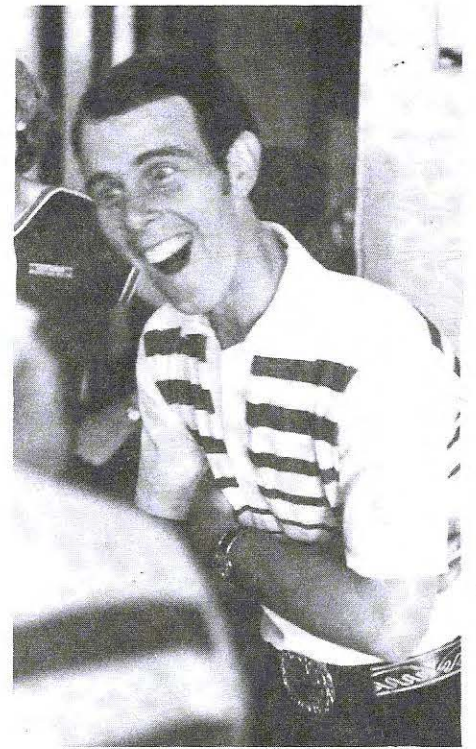
September 7, 1977 Zackopane Poland

It was quite between our nice big fluffy fadderdeccas and our big squishy pillows, and our tired bodies, to pull ourselves out of bed. And those of us that did in time for breakfast had a tableful of surprises. For the second time since we have left the states we had something besides rolls and hot chocolate for breakfast. They had prepared hot porage, bread rolls, ham,cheese, hot chocolate pepsi jam and even scrambled eggs. It was great. We then loaded the bus and drove down to the big circus like tent that we were to perform in. This tent was located at the base of a hugh ski jump. It was surrounded by hugh mountains covered with tall pines. With Mary Bee and Don in the audience we attempted to run through the program that we were going to perform that night. What a disaster. She told us that as legend usually has it that if the dress rehearsal was bad the show would usually be good. We then practiced again outside on another stage. This time things went better. We then went back to a big delicious lunch. The afternoon was spent washing, sleeping and sightseeing in town. The shops in Zackopane were for the most part small. Grocery stores are for the most part very different. you stand in a line and then tell the clerk what you want. Most of the other stores were gift stores, and there were even a few dollor shops, which we had all been looking forward to. That evening at dinner we found out that our evening performance would be in our travel outfits. Our luggage was still out in the wild blue yonders, and no one seemed to be able to locate them. There was a bright side however, we wouldn't be judged. They postponed our time to be judged till friday night. Before the performance we were all in the press box and to pass the time a few people started immitating each other. We were to try and guess who this mistery was supposed to be. Some of them were pretty funny, especially when Rick immitated swivel hips Lyman. It went on that way till almost everyone had been acted out and even some of them got it twice. It was nearing our time to perform so they called us and we huseled over to the big tent and into the community dressing room. I think everyone was nervous because we didnt have our costumes to perform in.

Some of the guys were a little ingenious and took some newspaper and cut out fringe for their shirts. It was quite a sight when the four of them came on the bus in their newly discovered costumes. Everyone got a kick out of it. Even Delyne thought it was kindof cute but thought we had better not use it in the show. I think it helped break the nervousness we all felt because we didnt have our costumes. Some of us started figuring out that we could change costumes between numbers by wearing our sport coats and suit coats on some numbers and the taking them off for others. Someone even suggested that the guys change shirts with the girls at intermission. Most of the suggestions werent ever used though. All of us were concerned about doing the clog numbers without tapshoes. We were afraid that it wouldnt do the dances justice. We all checked over our more than dirty travel outfits, which wouldnt come clean from the train ride, and lined up ready to perform. There was a very tense and excited atmosphere in the air. We held prayer before going on which helped tremendously. As we were lined up behind stage we heard the announcer explaining to the audienc that we had lost our luggage and that we didnt have any costumes but that we would perform without them. Some thought we didnt have anything to wear so he had to explain that we werent naked. As we entered on to the stage, to our amazement, we were recieving a standing ovation. What a welcome reception to our more than scared dancers. The show lineup was Oh Suzanna, Polka Quadrille, Round Dance, Virginia Reel, Lone Prairie, Devils Dream, Exhibition Square, Running Sets, Smokey and Taps, Kentucky Clogs, and then Carolina Clogs. It was sure a wierd feeling to dance in our normal clothes for a performance, but I know that for a fact we put on the best show of the whole tour. Everyone pulled together and we did a fantastic show-together, the dancers, the band, our leaders, and our Heavenly Father. After we finished, we all felt very good, more lik excellent!! We recieved a standing ovation, and flowers, and kisses from some of the Polish dancers. Sister Shaw cried through the whole performance. Mary later told us that the international panel of judges loved us and said we were the best they had seen and that we were the audiences favorite. We were all worried a little bit about how the audience would accept us, but after the show we had no worries at all. It had been a blessing in disguise to haveour costumes lost. After the show we went back to Paridise and they had real drinks and doghnuts waiting for us to celebrate with. This was one of the most exceptional days weve had throughout all of our tour. We all felt that Poland was going to be our most favorite place of our tour. We had an added blessing in that we were able to meet the first missionaries sent to Poland by the church. Well its time to try to go to sleep and wash our filthy clothes and sleep in our sheets, and our birthday suits.

September 8, 1977 Zackopane

Good Morning! We awoke this morning and ate a great Polish breakfast. (The girls better slow down on that good bread.) We were to go to the mountains or a small village to watch some dancers, but knowing us we chose the mountains. The mountain range was called the Tartras, and the drive up the winding road really brought some surprises. First of all we saw a 600 year old church made from the wood which surrounded the area. Also along the road we saw dense green beautiful forests, high roofed homes and flowing blue rivers. It seemed like every familytook pride in their homes. Neatly stacked hay lined the way.



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w Zakopanem

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Sama Furtak - 104

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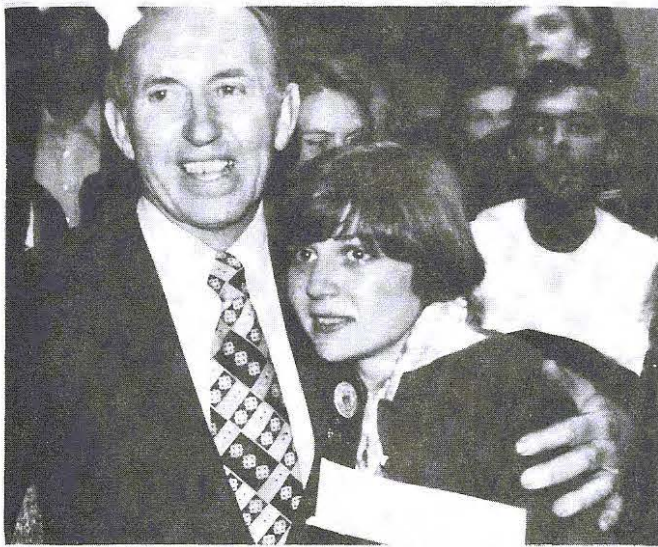
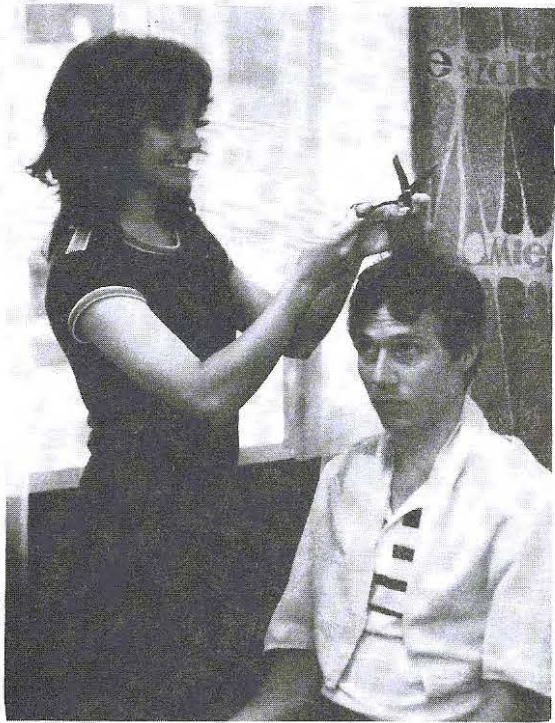
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- *) Skierowany(a)

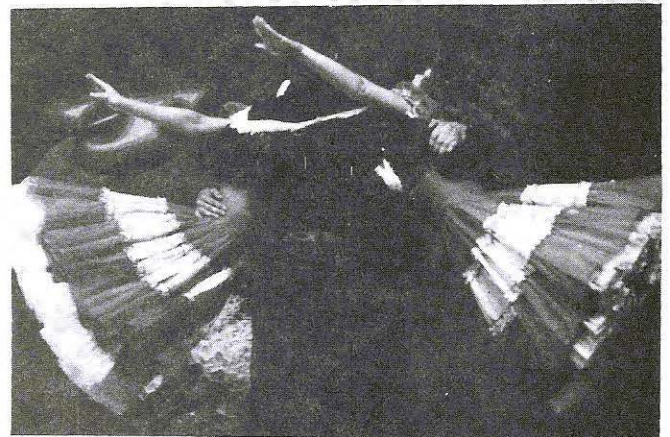
We even saw a man driving a horse and carriage. Nothing like going back in time. Anyway we arrived at the very top of a beautiful mountain and unloaded only to hike another 30 minutes to a clear blue lake. At the time we arrived to the very top we were all loaded with various wooden flutes, plates, statues, and many other souvenirs. At the first glance the lake seemed like those only in fairy tales. The water was so clear that you could see the fish swimming around. I couldn't help but think about God's gifts to us. It was so serene and peaceful. We just loved it so much and felt a lot better about being here and not having our luggage or costumes. There was still more shopping on the way back down from the roadside peddlers. We all quickly found out that you could get three times your monies worth if we paid for everything in US dollars. After we loaded the bus to come back to Paradise Ella said, "Go home and keep quiet about the gifts." That's when we found out that we weren't suppose to be giving them US dollars. That afternoon we rested or shopped until dinner with the Poles at some sort of restaurant dance place. We were really treated great. The Polish people said they would never forget this event and hoped to be friends forever. We sang, danced and enjoyed watching them drink (those Poles really know how to go for it). There were quite a few officials that were there. Even Colleen understood those funny little phrases in Polish and Russian. We had a good time and a great day even though none of the luggage had been found yet. I guess another day in the same clothes and another night of sleeping in and wearing the bed sheets (only while our clothes were drying of course) won't make any difference.

September 9, 1977 Zäckopane

This morning we got up and had the usual fantastic huge breakfast before loading the bus and traveling to Auswich. This is the largest concentration camp during World War II. All of us had some reservations about going through the camp, some more than others for good reason. It was a cold drizzly overcast raining day which made it not so good to go walking around outside since the majority of us didn't have our umbrellas. They took us to different buildings where they had rooms full of the hair they had cut off the people who they had brought there before putting them into the so called showers.. They also had tons of baby clothes and toys, shoes, and any other items they could take from them, including the fillings from their teeth. The halls were lined with pictures of the people they had brought there.. Most of them were killed a week or so after entering. Then we were shown a film that the Russians took upon entering the camp at the end of the war. I don't think any of us were left unaffected by all of this. It is the saddest thing that I have ever learned about. After leaving the camp we were taken to Wadiwice to a house of culture to perform. Most of us didn't feel like performing because of what we had just seen. But of course we did anyway. We were then taken to a restaurant and given a great meal that was almost like being in the good old USA. We loaded the bus and started out only to discover that we had left Mike Van Slooten behind. We went back and got him and started on our way back to Paradise to quickly get as fixed up as we could in our tour outfits and then head out for our big show that night in the tent for the judges. Upon arriving with only a few minutes to spare we had the best welcome that any of us could possibly imagine. OUR COSTUMES AND LUGGAGE HAD ARRIVED!! After dancing around for a while we all quickly took out our costumes and headed out for the tent. We were all hyper before the show was to start. The show was a huge success. We were mobbed afterwards by people wanting our autographs and addresses. That night we all had clean clothes, clean bodies, and clean teeth to match, what a delight!







September 10, 1977 Zaskopane

This morning we were awakened and told to get dressed and be down stairs in 15 minutes. Then that order was cancelled so we all took a long shower and with lots of shampoo and all that other good stuff and lent some to poor Thom who had given all his out to everybody else in the crisis. Then we were again told to hurra and load the bus to go downtown to get some award. Come to find out it was for our great band. They had been in competition against all the other bands and had been chosen the #1 BEST!! They received their awards and then we were surprised again because our own little Kelly Clark was chosen the BEST musician at the whole entire festival!! Of course the surprise was only on the rest of the people and not us because we already knew they were the greatest. We then were given time to shop. Poor Dr Shaw was all the way down to plan C to try and get us back to Frankfurt to catch our plane. At dinner we were informed that we were to board the bus at 3:30am to depart for Warsaw. We now would be catching a plane from Warsaw to Vienna and then make a connection to Frankfurt. The people in Zaskopane have been so cooperative in helping us obtain our luggage. We were somewhat embarrassed by the fact that we arrived two days late and left a day early. At dinner we had a special treat of having the first missionaries in Poland speak to us. All of the 26 members in Poland had come to meet President Kimball the 10 days before when he dedicated Poland for missionary work. The mood was generally happy and delighted as we packed our bags for the last time in Europe. We've grown to love each other and appreciate the diverse talents and character of each individual. Before we could get to sleep we heard screams as Deb discovered a strange man under her bed--namely Rick Steiner.....

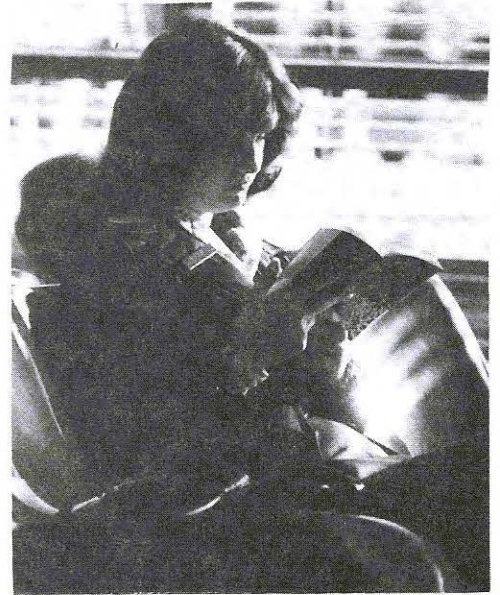
September 11, 1977 Zaskopane to Frankfurt

With all of us half dead to the world we loaded the bus and headed out for Warsaw. The bus ride took about 7 hours which seemed like 20 especially when most of us couldn't sleep or get comfortable. Warsaw looked like an interesting place which we saw little of, except for the airport. Dr. Shaw and Pete almost had a heartattack as they learned that the tickets that were suppose to be waiting for us weren't there and it takes 24 hours to get new ones. But a few minutes later they found out that the lady who had them didn't let anyone else know they had arrived so we were saved. It took us at least 2 hours to go through the paper work and checking of our baggage to get through to where the plane was. We then spent a couple of ours in Vienna. Flash- I forgot to write about one of the most important things that happened while we were in Poland. Upon loading the bus Mary Bee came out and told us that we had one the award of being the presses favorite and that they had considered us the BEST.

In Vienna we entertained ourselves until the plane left. Upon arriving into Frankfurt we were taken to a Holiday Inn with a swimming pool and everything. Dr Shaw talked to us a little on the bus about the tour which really touched all of our hearts.

September 12, 1977 Frankfurt to Home

This morning we ate breakfast with the regular food for the US and then headed out for the airport. Upon boarding the plane we learned that because of the air controllers strike we would have a 3 hour delay. The trip was a long one to Denver and since our plane had been late we now would not arrive into Salt Lake until 1:00am. But we finally made it to have a welcome from friends and family.



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ZENTRUM**

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DERANGER**

NO MOLESTE

BITTE NICHT STÖREN



Y. dancers win hearts and prizes

PROVO — After sweeping all first prizes despite tremendous difficulties at the Polish International Folk Festival, the famous American Folk Dancers of Brigham Young University arrived home this week ending their 13th tour of Europe.

The BYU dancers won not only several trophies but also the hearts of the audience and the contestants, reported Erlend Peterson, publicity director on the tour.

He explained that all of the troupe's costumes and baggage were impounded on the border by Czechoslovakian customs, but the students proceeded to Poland anyway, arrived two days late, and danced in their traveling clothes. For four days they were without changes of clothing, and daily necessities which were packed in their baggage.

Dr. Donald Shaw, manager of the tour, made several trips to the Czech border but was unable to free the baggage from the adamant officials until the Polish tour was over.

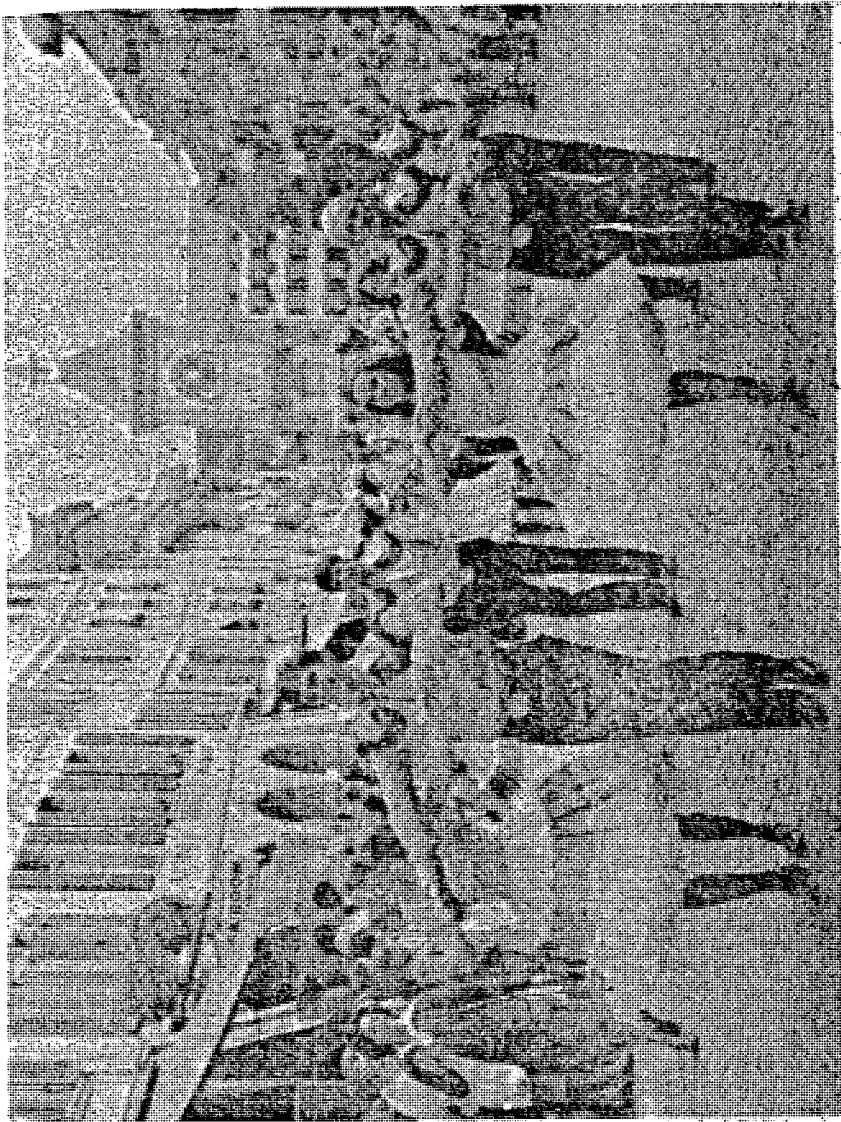
Creative director of the tour was Delyne Peay. Mrs. Mary Bee Jensen, who is in charge of the folk dance program at BYU, joined the troupe late in the tour after attending a cultural conference in Istanbul.

This was the first time that an American group had danced in the festival at Zakopane, Poland. The 31 BYU dancers, competed against eight Polish mountain groups, and 14 other companies from various nations, winning first-place gold prize.

In addition, the four-piece Western band which accompanies the BYU dancers also was declared the best in the festival. Fiddle and banjo player Kelly Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dallin Clark of Provo, was judged best musician in the event.

The Americans from Provo also received the prestigious Press Award in addition to the People's Prize as the best group in the festival. Their performance ran 45 minutes and included selected American dances plus numbers by the band.

When they perform in the United States they are



BYU Folk Dancers join parade in Fribourg, Switzerland, during tour.

the International Folk Dancers and perform in colorful costumes the dances of many nations. But when they appear abroad they become the American Folk Dancers and perform American dances, such as square dances, pioneer dances, New England contra, Smoky Mountain clog, running sets, Indian buck step, tap dancing, Mexican and Hawaii dances, and modern numbers such as swing, Charleston, and jazz.

The BYU party left Provo on Aug. 1, and their six-week tour took them to France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and Poland, for a total of 48 performances. Newspapers, radio stations, and television covered most of the appearances.

Some of their shows were given in shopping malls, public squares, and cathedral plazas, as well as in leading theaters and on the stages of folk festivals. Approximately 15 million viewers saw the BYU students as they performed on television in Clermont-Ferrand, Confolens, and Bordeaux, Fr-

ance; Barcelona, Spain; and Geneva, Switzerland.

LDS mission leaders in those areas stated that it was the first time that the LDS Church had been mentioned prominently on those stations.

The program director of the Geneva television station issued an open invitation to the group and other BYU performers to appear any time they return to Europe.

At the Confolens Festival they were called back for four encores, and the Turkish performers threw flowers on the stage. Even the director of the Russians congratulated them as the best in the festival.

U.S. Consul William E. Marvin invited the entire group to his home in Bordeaux, and told them, "As I watched the show it made me proud to be an American." The British consul and French officials also were present at the reception in Mr. Marvin's home.

Get Many Honors on Europe Tour



MARY BEE JENSEN, left, Donald Shaw and Delynne Peay admire the Golden Ax trophy which Brigham Young University Folk dancers won in Zakopane,

Poland, and a shield presented in appreciation by the U.S. Air Force Base in Zaragoza, Spain.

Folk Dancers Sweep Festival

The American Folk Dancers of Brigham Young University this week displayed the trophies which they won on their recent tour of Europe, including the unusual Golden Ax, first place award which was presented to them as they swept all honors at the Polish International Folk Festival at Zakopane.

In addition to the Golden Ax first prize, the six-piece western band which accompanies the BYU dancers also was declared the best in the festival. Violin and banjo player Kelly Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dallin Clark of Provo, was judged best musician in the event.

The group also received the prestigious Press Award in addition to the People's Prize as the most popular company in the festival.

The 31 BYU dancers, representing the U.S., competed against 8 Polish mountain groups and 18 other companies from various nations.

The Golden Ax trophy is really a climbing ax of Polish mountain men, with a point at one end for hiking and a blade at the other end for cutting wood or ice. From the handle hangs a fleece and sheep bells, with the inscription "X Festival, Zakopane 1977."

"The judges had to create an entirely

new category for the Americans," observed Mary B. Jensen, founder of the BYU International Folk Dancers.

"All of the Old World groups were placed in various categories according to their style, but the Americans were something altogether new."

A Russian official said the BYU troupe was the best she had seen anywhere and that its technique and precision would win anywhere, Mrs. Jensen commented.

During the performances, a newsman told Delynne Peay, creative director for the BYU American Folk Dancers' 13th tour of Europe, that regardless of how the judging turned out, the Americans already had stolen the hearts of the people.

Contrary to festival rules, the Americans were forced by applause to perform an encore in addition to their allotted time on stage.

The BYU students swept all first places despite tremendous difficulties. All of the troupe's costumes and baggage were impounded on the border by Czechoslovakian customs, but the students proceeded to Poland anyway, arrived two days late, and danced in their traveling clothes.

For five days they were without changes of clothing and daily neces-

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Dr. Donald Shaw, manager of the tour, made several trips to the Czech border but was unable to free the baggage from the adamant officials until the Polish tour was over.

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