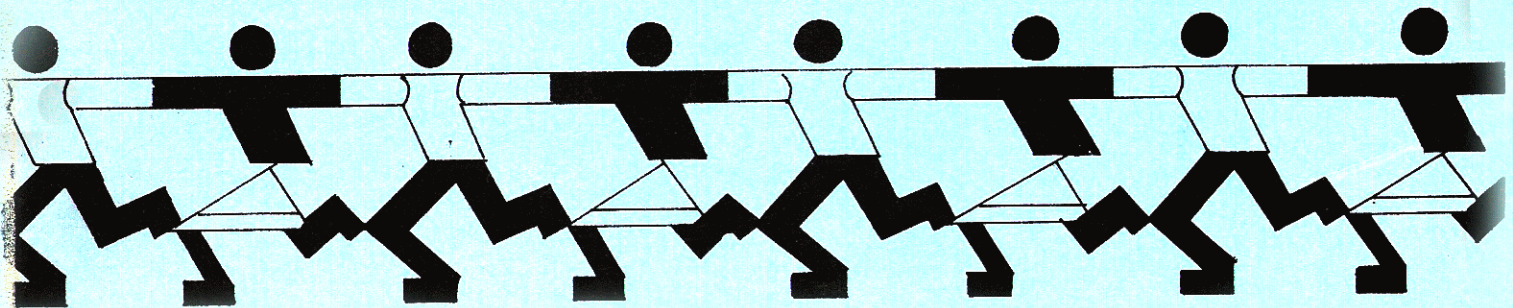




14th Annual Tour



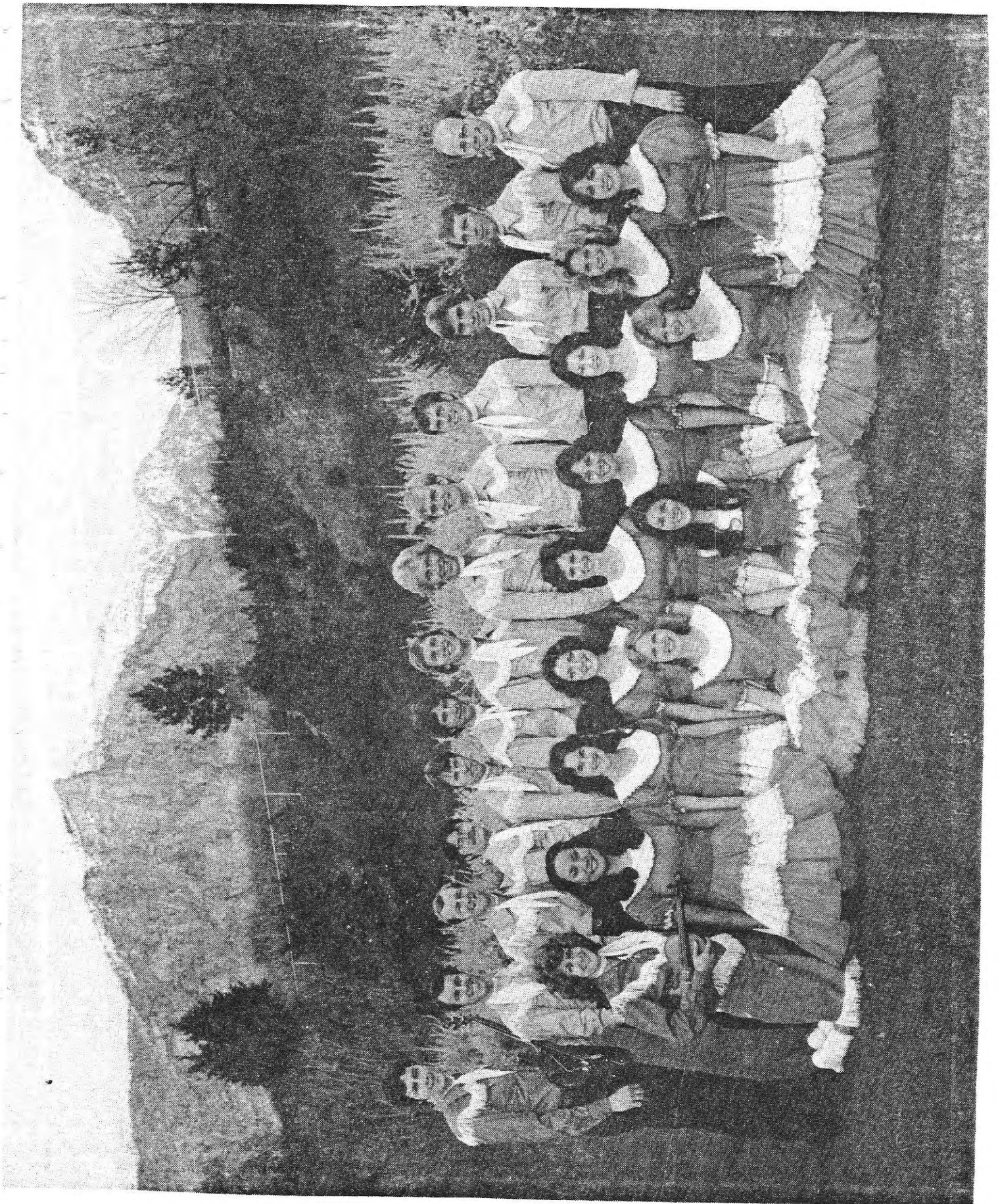
BYU INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCERS

EUROPE ISRAEL TOUR 1978

JUNE 29 - AUGUST 20

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





BYU FOLK DANCERS  
European Tour-1978  
Itinerary as of April 7

- July 5 Depart SLC at 10:15 a.m.
- July 6 Arrive Rome at 8:30 a.m.
- July 7-13 Festival at Cori, Italy
- July 14-17 Festival at Nice, France (flight from Rome to Nice early on July 14)
- July 18 Pra-Loup, France
- July 19 Swiss Geneva Mission
- July 20 Swiss Geneva Mission
- July 21 Swiss Geneva Mission
- July 22 Swiss Geneva Mission
- Sun. July 23 Swiss Geneva Mission
- July 24 Offered to Chaumont, France
- July 25 Offered to Paris, France
- July 26 Zottegem, Belgium
- July 27 Zottegem, Belgium
- July 28 Depart for Tel Aviv from Brussels
- July 29 Spend Sabbath with Jerusalem Branch
- Sun. July 30-Aug. 5 Festival at Haifa, Israel
- August 6 Israel
- August 7 Israel
- August 8 Depart for London, England
- August 9 London, England
- August 10 Billingham, England
- August 11 Billingham, England
- August 12-19 Festival at Billingham
- August 20 Depart for U.S.A.  
Arrive SLC at 8:50 p.m.



BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

Europe 1978

- 1 Bassett, Craig
- 2 Bassett, Lynda
- 3 Carroll, Erin
- 4 Christensen, Keith
- 5 Cline, Carolyn
- 6 Ekins, Carrie
- 7 Fatutalie, Tiana
- 8 Frandsen, George
- 9 Gandy, Kim
- 10 Hawks, Rob
- 11 Hill, Dennis
- 12 Hunt, Cordon
- 13 Jorgensen, Sonia
- 14 Kelly, Michael
- 15 King, Anne
- 16 McDaniel, Rena
- 17 Newman, Mike
- 18 Partna, Gayleen
- 19 Peay, Delynne
- 20 Peterson, Katy
- 21 Prestgard, Wayne
- 22 Roylance, Thom
- 23 Solomon, Brent
- 24 Steiner, Rick
- 25 Summerhays, Brent
- 26 Summerhays, Kerrie
- 27 Viertel, Brent
- 28 Wittwer, Wendy
  
- 29 Gary Palmer
- 30 Shirley Palmer
- 31 Allen Palmer
- 32 Lori Palmer
- 33 Don Allen
- 34 Connie Allen

BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS  
1978 EUROPEAN TOUR  
PERFORMANCE REPORT

<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>	<u>PURPOSE</u>	<u>EST. AUD.</u>	<u>HA. CAP.</u>
July 7, 1978	Sezze, Italy; Soccer Stad.	Festival Perf.	2,500	Outside
July 8, 1978	Priverno, Italy; Piatza	Festival Perf.	300	Outside
July 8, 1978	Priverno, Italy; Town Square	Fest. Perf.	4,000	Outside
July 10, 1978	Cori, Italy; Town Square	Festival Perf.	2,500	Outside
July 10, 1978	Cori, Italy; Town Square	Amer. Folklore Prs.	600	Outside
July 11, 1978	Roccasecca Dei Volsci	Festival Perf.	500	Outside
July 12, 1978	Maenza, Italy; Town Square	Festival Perf.	1,400	Outside
July 13, 1978	Cori, Italy; Town Square	Festival Perf.	3,000	Outside
July 14, 1978	Nice, France Theater de Verdane	Fest. Perf.	1,400	1,600
July 15, 1978	Nice, France " " " "	" "	1,400	1,600
July 17, 1978	Nice, France " " " "	" "	1,500	1,600
July 18, 1978	Pra-Loup, France Town Center	Civic Perf.	600	Outside
July 20, 1978	Clermont-Ferrond, France Opera House,	Civic	250	900
July 21, 1978	Grenoble, France Sport Center	Church Sp.	650	3,000
July 22, 1978	Geneva, Switzerland Theater	Church Sp.	650	625
July 25, 1978	Creteil, France City Center	Church Sp.	350	340
July 26, 1978	Zottegem, Belgium Psych. Inst.	Civic	350	350
July 27, 1978	Zottegem, Belgium Town Square	Culture Series	1,000	Outside
July 29, 1978	Haifa, Israel Kfar Galim	Perf. For Groups	800	Outside
July 30, 1978	Haifa, Israel Stadium/KiryatEliezer	Fest. Perf.	5,000	5,500
July 31, 1978	Kibbutz Yagur, Israel Theater	Fest. Perf.	1,200	1,200
August 1, 1978	Jerusalem, Israel Binyanei Ha'coma	Fest. Perf.	1,500	1,800
August 2, 1978	Haifa, Israel Haifa Aud.	Fest. Perf.	1,000	1,000
August 3, 1978	Haifa, Israel Sport's Hall	Fest. Perf.	2,000	2,000
August 5, 1978	Haifa, Israel Stadium Kiryat Eliezer	Fest. Perf.	5,500	5,500
August 6, 1978	Kiryat Haim, Israel Beit Ha'am Theater	Fest. Perf.	700	1,000
August 7, 1978	Jerusalem, Israel Inter. Cultural Center	Civic	350	300
August 8, 1978	Kibbutz Rammat Rachel, Israel Cafeteria	Dance Party	300	300
August 11, 1978	Billingham England College Theater	Fest. Performance	600	850
August 12, 1978	" " " "	" "	850	850
August 12, 1978	" " " "	Forum Theater	830	830
August 12, 1978	" " " "	" "	830	830
August 14, 1978	" " " "	Town Center	800	1,200
August 14, 1978	" " " "	Forum Theater	780	830
August 15, 1978	" " " "	" "	830	830
August 16, 1978	" " " "	Town Center	600	1,200
August 16, 1978	" " " "	College Theater	800	850
August 18, 1978	" " " "	Town Center	1,200	1,200
August 18, 1978	" " " "	Forum Theater	800	830
August 18, 1978	" " " "	College Theater	830	850
August 18, 1978	" " " "	Festival Club	600	400
August 19, 1978	" " " "	Town Center	1,200	1,200

TOTAL

52,950



## Parades in City Streets

<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>	<u># IN ATTENDANCE</u>
July 7, 1978	Sezze, Italy	3,000
July 8, 1978	Priverno, Italy	300
July 9, 1978	Cori, Italy	2,000
July 11, 1978	Rocasecca dei Volsci, Italy	400
July 12, 1978	Maenza, Italy	1,000
July 13, 1978	Cori, Italy	2,000
July 15, 1978	Nice, France	40,000
July 20, 1978	Clermont-Ferrand, France	2,000
July 22, 1978	Geneva, Switzerland	2,000
August 2, 1978	Haifa, Israel	10,000
August 16, 1978	Billingham, England	800
August 19, 1978	Billingham, England	4,000
August 19, 1978	Billingham, England	4,500

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TOTAL                    70,000

## MEDIA

July 15, 1978	Monaco	Live Television	40 Minutes	Est. Aud.	1,000,000
July 17, 1978	Antibes, France	Video for Replay	5 minutes	Est. Aud.	2,000,000
July 19, 1978	Geneva, Switzerland	Live Performance	10 min.	"" "	500,000
August 18, 1978	Billingham, England	Live Radio Broadcast	25 min.	" "	100,000
August 18, 1978	""	Live T.V.	30 min.	""	100,000
August 19, 1978	""	2 hour Special	B.B.C.		5,000,000

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TOTAL                    8,700,000

TOTALS --	PERFORMANCES	52,950
	Parades	70,000
	Media	8,700,000

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8,822,950

RECEPTIONS

July 7, 1978	Sezze, Italy	Mayor of the City
July 8, 1978	Priverno, Italy	Mayor of the City
July 9, 1978	Cori, Italy	Mayor of the City
July 11, 1978	Roccasecca dei Volsci	Mayor of the City
July 12, 1978	Maenza, Italy	Mayor of the City
July 14, 1978	Nice, France	Mayor of the City
July 15, 1978	Nice, France	Festival director
August 2, 1978	Haifa, Israel	Mayor of the City
August 4, 1978	Haifa, Israel	Festival President and Director
August 12, 1978	Billingham, England	Mayor of Stockton-On-Tees
August 13, 1978	Middlesborough, England	Chairman of the Town Council
August 15, 1978	Billingham, England	Rotary Club Luncheon
August 16, 1978	Stockton-on-Tees, England	Mayor of the City

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES

August 2, 1978	Teach Folklore Dance Course	Haifa, Israel
August 2, 1978	Dance Happening with City Population	Haifa, Israel
August 4, 1978	TV Dance Happening with Festival Groups	Haifa, Israel
August 14, 1978	Teach Dance Course for Dance Teachers	Billingham, England
August 18, 1978	Library Culture Hour at two Libraries	Billingham, England



## INTERNATIONAL FINALE

It's a big wide, wonderful world we live in,  
When it's love that you're giving. The  
world's at your feet, the sun's high in the  
sky. Every big white cloud in the sky is  
beaming. Bells in the steeple are ringing.  
The birds in the sky sing a sweet lullabye.  
You've a kingdom, power and glory.  
The old, old, oldest of stories is new.  
True, just look around you and see.  
Just look around you and see.  
Life is mystic, a midsummer night we live  
in. It's such a delight, it's like heaven  
and it's ours. This wonderful world.

Let there be peace on earth, and let  
it begin with me. Let there be peace  
on earth, the peace that was meant to be.  
With God as our father, brothers all  
are we. Let me walk with my brother, in  
perfect harmony.

If you add all the love in the world,  
Take away all the hate and the pain,  
There'd still be some love left over.  
There'd still be some love left over.  
If you add all the times that you give,  
Take away all the times that you don't,  
There'd still be some love left over,  
And that's what gives us hope.

Oh, things are lookin' up.  
Lift up your head. You'll see it.  
You can feel it. You can be it.  
Cause things are lookin' up, up, up.  
Things are breakin' loose.  
Look at your smile, it's growin',  
gettin' stronger, gettin' glowin'.  
Cause things are lookin' up, up, up.  
Up like the heavens, Up like the spirit,  
Up like a seven, Yes you can hear it  
when you start lookin' up.  
You won't be a loner, won't be a  
doubter, won't be a groaner, won't  
be a pouter. Cause things are lookin'  
up. Yes things are lookin' up.  
Lift up your head, You'll see it,  
You can feel it, You can be it.  
'Cause things are lookin' up, up up!

There is a brotherhood of man.  
A benevolent brotherhood of man.  
A noble tie that binds all human  
hearts and minds into one brotherhood  
of man.  
Your life long membership is free.  
Keep a givin' each brother all you can.  
Oh, aren't you proud to be in that  
fraternity, that great big brotherhood  
of man. Oh that noble feeling,  
feels like bells are pealing. Down  
with double dealing. Oh, brother you.  
Ya' got me, me, I got you, that great  
big brotherhood of man.

## CHILD OF GOD

I am a child of god, and he has sent  
me here; has given me an earthly home  
with parents kind and dear. Lead me,  
guide me, walk beside me. Help me  
find the way. Teach me all that I  
must know to live with him someday.

I am a child of god, and so my needs  
are great; help me to understand his  
word before it grows too late!  
Lead me, guide me, walk beside me.  
Help me find the way. Teach me all  
that I must do to live with him  
someday.

I am a child of God! Rich blessings ar  
in store. If I but learn to do his wil  
I'll live with him once more.  
Lead me, guide me, walk beside me!  
Help me find the way. Teach me all  
that I must do, to live with him  
someday. I am a child of God.

FAVORITE ADDRESSES

Libby Bergstein  
Habanai 26  
Bet Hakerem, Jerusalem  
Israel

Tali Notzaty  
Usha St. 13  
K. Motzkin, Israel

Dennis Bonny  
7 Fr. Durafour  
1220 Auan Chet  
Geneve, Switz.

John and Pat Plompen  
385 Arc de la Basilique B 17  
1080 Brussels, Belgium

Irene Denise  
13 Rue Barla  
06300 Nice, France

Ken Smalley  
19 Hayes Avenue  
Littleover, Derby  
England

Mats Gronberg  
Klippgaton 12 A  
S 171 47 Solna, Sweden

Pres. and Sister Stevens  
8 Chemin William Baubey  
CH 1292 Chambesy  
Geneve, Suisse

David Galbraith  
P.O. Box 19604  
Jerusalem, Israel

Claudio Lombardozzi  
Via Don Minzoni #16  
04010 Cori, Italy

Marina Vitelli  
Via Casalotto, 10  
04010 Cori, Italy

Pres. Cyrille Muller  
022196 1414  
10 Grand Bay Auonclet  
1220 Geneve, Suisse

Alain Marie  
192AC de Geneuray La  
Chapelle Reanville  
27200 Vernon, France



BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS  
1978 TOUR DANCE LINE-UP

- A. 1. Devil's Dream  
2. Salty Dog Rag  
3. Exhibition Square Dance

BAND: Fiddler's Fantasy (Gripple Creek)

- B. Pioneer Medely:  
1. Oh Susanna  
2. Lone Prairie  
3. Polka Quadrille  
4. Round Dance Medley  
5. Virginia Reel

BAND: Dueling Banjos, Medley (Ruebins Train, Fire on the Mountain)

- C. 1. Elizabeth Quadrille  
2. Minuet Waltz  
3. New England Contra

BAND: Foggy Mountain Breakdown, Little Brown Jug  
(Shenandoah, Guitar Duet)

- D. 1. Big Circle Mountain Square Dance  
2. Smokey & Tap Clogs

BAND: Shuckin the Corn (Peking Fling, Riding the Rives)

- E. Intermission (On occasion)

- F. Hawaiian  
1. Solo-Tiana  
2. Puili  
3. Uli Uli

BAND: Fiddle & Banjo, Oh Susanna,

- G. Contemporary  
1. International Medely  
2. Rocky Mountain Hoedown  
3. Jazz  
4. Barber Shop Quartet  
5. Charleston  
6. Swing  
7. Disco

BAND: Orange Blossom Special

- G. Carolina Clogs  
Kentucky Clogs  
FINALE

# BYU American Folk Dancers prepare for European tour

PROVO — Brigham Young University's American Folk Dancers will depart on their 14th consecutive European tour next week and will participate in four International Folklore Festivals.

Beginning Thursday the BYU troupe will spend 46 days touring 16 cities in Italy, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Israel and England.

The dancers, under the direction of veteran performer Don Allen, will present a musical program covering every area of American folk dance, including several contemporary numbers.

Accompanied by a four-member band featuring the banjo, fiddle, bass and guitar, the dances perform steps and formations dating from the days of America's early settlers, as well as jazz, swing and the currently popular disco. All are exemplary of the country's 200-year-old folk art.

Their first stop will be in Italy where, for seven days, the group will take part in the Fifth International

Folklore Festival at Cori. There, as at the other festivals, they will march in parades, dance and mingle with folk dancing troupes from all over the world.

In France, the group is scheduled to participate in the festival at Nice. A performance sponsored by the city tourism bureau of Pra-Loup follows four days later, as well as other shows in Marseille, Grenoble, Clermont-Ferrand and Paris.

The dancers' two-day stay in Geneva, Switzerland, will be marked by live presentations of their art over three television stations.

Their next destination will be Belgium. After a successful visit made to Zottegem a few years ago, the BYU dancers were invited back to the Belgian city for more dancing this year.

After Belgium, the troupe will board a plane for Israel where they'll take part in the International Folklore Festival at Haifa. The third of its kind, this festival is only one of the events

being celebrated to mark the country's 30th anniversary.

The Utahns will tour Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and other parts of Israel during their visit. They will perform also for



several hundred American troupes at the Sinai desert military outpost of Mitla Pass.

Finally, rounding out their summer tour will be the group's participation in

the International Folklore Festival at Billingham, England. There, over a period of seven days, the young Americans along with dancers from 12 other countries will perform before an audi-

ence expected to total 40,000.

The performing has been under the direction of Mary Bee Jensen, who has watched the dancers grow over the past 22 years.

March 23 1978	
Received from	Katy Peterson
Three Hundred	Dollars
Folk Dance Tour	Final Payment
\$ 300 <sup>00</sup>	AW

Thursday-June 29, 1978

BYU Rehearsal

Katy Peterson

The first day of our final rehearsals began with a mix-up on rooms. Signs left on the doors of 134 RB from the previous night of folk dance club, ordered the folk dancers to meet in 109 or 110 of the ELWC. By 8:30 all of the tour dancers were brought back to the right room in the Richards Bldg. and our business meeting started. We reviewed the tour and practice schedule, and the shows we would be doing within the week. The excitement grew.

Of course we were all trying to find out what everyone had been doing during the two months we had been apart, so before we got up to dance each person gave a brief report.

Brent Viertel: Completed 12 hours during spring term.

Erin Carroll: Worked the whole time; didn't get her passport through until Friday, so got ready and bought everything in one day.

Wendy Wittwer: Taught dance and secured a job teaching JH for Fall.

Delyne Peay: Taught social dance; visited Mary Bee in Calif. and got sunburned.

Shirley Palmer: Kept waiting to find out what Gary forgot to tell her-- like the Sacramento meeting talk for that evening or wedding reception at their home this Saturday.

Connie Allen: Worked too, but we don't get service free like Don.

Carrie Ekins: Got hit by a car on her bike, cracked skull, etc.; has been down for weeks, now she just found out that she could go on tour.

Tiana Fatutalie: Worked at Burger King in So. Calif.

Mike Newman: Worked at the mall and got pregnant (Sarah).

Craig Bassett: Worked in Real Estate.

Lynda Bassett: Me too; also went to school (spring).

Keith Christensen: Graded papers, did soem research.

Ann King: Traveled all over and M.C.ed shows; fell in a manhole.

Cordon Hunt: Went to school Spring; worked on last year's tour history.

Kerrie Summerhays: Worked at ZCMI; got married and Brent won't let her tell the rest of what she did.

Brent Summerhays: Was busy getting married, working and water skiing.

Rob Hawks: Made tacos, became a taco bender.

Allen Palmer: Worked on our tour scheduling.

George Frandsen: Vacationed in American Fork.

Kim Gandy: Tried to get a job as a garbage collector but they wouldn't take a college graduate; worked at a furniture warehouse.

Dennis Hill: Worked in the folk dance office, sent us our letters, worked at Heaps.

Rick Steiner: Worked in Orem, got ticks and burned his bed trying to get them out.

Mike Kelly: Worked at the LTM.

Brent Solomon: Put up windmills, ran a campground, made wedding plans.

Wayne Prestgaard: Worked installing sprinkling systems, Men's issue, and on wedding plans.

Carolyn Cline: Played secretary in Texas and traveled through all the western states.

Rena McDaniel: Worked at Dairy Queen in Texas and recorded a song which played for weeks on local radio; will soon cut a record.

Gayleen Partna: Went to school Spring; needs three more classes to graduate.

Don Allen: Losing more hair over tour, but is so excited to go.



We reviewed the first half of the show before lunch break and the rest between 2:00 and 5:00, after which we took care of costume problems. The rehearsals went well with no big problems except for some sunburns and sore muscles for those who went water skiing the day before. Cordon and Rick brought their boats and took Wayne, Rob, George, Gayleen, Tiana and Katy water skiing at Deer Creek Dam. It was a perfect day for sunshine and skiing which ended with a cook out at Kiwanis Park including all the skiers plus Dennis, Brent, Carolyn and Brent Solomon.

In the evening of our first rehearsal day, we met again at 7:30 to review our music and learn two Negro spirituals. Before we sang "I Am A Child of God," Delynne told us of a little boy she and Gayleen and Tiana had seen at the mall while looking for Hawaiian MuuMu fabric. The little boy was singing "I Am A Child of God" with all of his heart to a baby and she wanted us to sing it just that way. We did sing much better then. The spiritual, "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jerico," was livened up greatly by the basses enthusiastic Hallelujah! And with hard emotions.

The first day of practice we made it through most all the dances and songs and we left ready to come back at 8 a.m. the next morning, stiff muscles or not!

June 30, 1978

BYU Rehearsal

Erin Carroll

Rehearsals today were even more fun and exciting because we started working with the band. They sound so good! We really have an excellent band and this made practice even more fun. And we really are having fun in spite of this crash course in physical fitness.

We just had morning practice because of our show in Ogden for "The Old Time Fiddlers Contest." We met back at the school at 3:00 to catch the bus and then when we got there and were situated in our dressing rooms, we were taken outside and given dinner--Kentucky Fried Chicken and a can of Sprite. It was a welcomed rest to sit in the shade for a while.

Around 7:00 we began to prepare for the show. Actually, it had already begun. We were to perform between the finalists in the contest. Lynda Bassett (our fiddler) was nervous to play in front of so many "pros." But when our turn came, we were well received. We danced Devil's Dream, Salty Dog Rag, Exhibition Square and Smokey and Tap. While we were changing our costumes for Carolinas and Kentucky's, the band played two numbers, the last being Orange Blossom Special. The audience loved our band. They cheered like crazy complete with a standing ovation and begged an encore. They played one more tune and then we danced. The audience was really terrific. Great for our first show. Enthusiasm ran high in our finale at the end of Kentucky's. When we finished, the audience was on their feet again. It was super.

After we changed, we were allowed to go back and sit in the audience to watch some more of the contest and another specialty--The McLain Family Band. They were a talented family and delightful performers. The father said in between one of their numbers that he was glad that the "Brigham Young Dancers were there." He also complimented us highly by saying, "You know we're from cloggin' country (Kentucky) ourselves and I'll tell ya they've got it right! We went backstage and talked to them when they had finished. They were still complimenting us. "Ya'll are good! Ya'll could pass for Kentuckians." And another comment that was even more complimentary was, "The thing I noticed about ya is that ya'll look so nice and good. Like I'd like to get to know all of yar' personally."

Third Annual

**GOLDEN SPIKE NATIONAL  
OLD TIME FIDDLERS' CONTEST  
&  
BLUE GRASS FESTIVAL**



June 29, June 30, July 1, 1978

Weber State College  
Ogden, Utah



**CHUCKLE MOUNTAIN**

Bluegrass Entertainment Band



Craig Bassett

Phone (801) 374-0581



Needless to say, it was the perfect experience to get our enthusiasm up (even more!). After a safe bus trip back, we all went home for our much needed rest.

July 1, 1978

BYU Rehearsal

Par consequence des evenements qui suivront ces jours de pratique je commencerai cette passage du journal des Folk Dancers de l'Universite de Brigham Young en francais. Nos esprits seront plein de mots etranges et nous seront incapable de demander de l'aide par notre langue native. L'annee passee j'ai accompagne les danseurs pendant leur tour d'Europe. Depuis ce temps la, je me suis trouve epouse a la joueur de violon, moi-meme etant le joueur de hass. En regardant les danseurs cet ans it est vraiment evident que l'Universite a produit. Je m'inquiet a ce que le fun commence.

As the number one person on the list of dancers and other tour group members it is my privilege to start off this tour history. I hope that it will be foreseen to gather all the data, events, and personal insight possible in order to insure the success of this history. Without the hindsight into the activities and happenings of this year's tour all of us on the tour as well as many others would be under the great burden of forgetting the marvelous and uplifting experience which this truly is.

We have been practicing for two days now from early in the morning until late at night. For myself, as a member of the band it is pretty hard on the fingers. It follows that it is also pretty hard on the feet of the dancers. Some have blisters all over their feet. I feel a little bit guilty that the dancers work so hard physically to practice the dances, whereas the band exercises only a few phalageol muscles. Though our bodies are a bit over-anxious for sleep at night we are all in good spirits and are anticipating with the hopes of the future.

The group practiced the contemporary sections in the morning and afternoon and worked on the show which was to be for the evening. Rehearsal is always a time of hard work and seriousness but the esprit de corps exhibited by the group members makes the whole thing enjoyable.

We were supposed to meet at the Timp View High School gymnasium to prepare for the performance at the American Family Clog Festival as part of the Freedom Festival activities in Provo for the Fourth of July holidays. As a few of us straggled in, we wondered if we had the right place at 6:00 when all were supposed to have arrived. With the emphasis strong in these first few days of practices.

The second annual American Family Clog Festival featured the Dan'l Boon Cloggers from North Carolina, the Jefferson Blue Grass Cloggers (National Champions from Smyrna, Georgia) plus the Sunset Cloggers from Provo and The Cloggers from Pleasant Grove High School as well as the BYU Folk Dancers. We performed during the first and second halves.





July 3, 1978

BYU Rehearsal

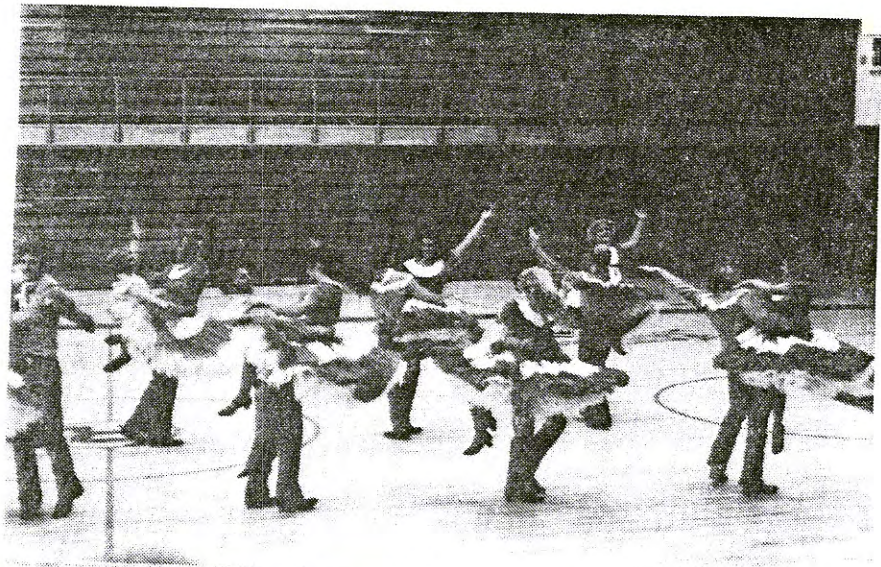
Erin Carroll

After a late, but wonderful testimony meeting last night, we were told to meet at 9:00 a.m. this morning. We were supposed to pick up some older costumes to do our dress rehearsal, but when Mary Bee saw how some of them looked, she told us to use our Europe costumes for the show tonight.

We started dress rehearsal a little late and some of our dances looked really sloppy. Mary Bee let us off with a promise to do better tonight. We are doing our whole show in Richfield. Including our musical numbers. We do a medley of songs: Big, Wide, Wonderful World, Let There Be Peace on Earth, If You Add All the Love in The World. I think we should do super. We've been told several times that our group has an excellent blend.

We left for Richfield around 4:00 and had our dinner on the bus. We got to Richfield at about 6:30. The show was really good. Especially compared to our poor dress rehearsal. We did our performance at the high school in the gym and had lots of room. Mary Bee rode down with us to watch and was pleased with our show. I think that all of us were. We really do have a good group. One thing that contributes to this is that everyone seems so sensitive to everyone else. It's going to be great. It already is.

After the show Joan Rappelaye invited us to her house for "light refreshments" which turned out to be a meal of sloppy joes, salads, fresh fruit and root beer.









July 4, 1978

BYU Rehearsal

Keith Christensen

The bus arrived home late last night but the Disco group had a 7:30 a.m. practice with Don and two members of the Social Dance Team. At 9:00 we were free to "watch the parade" until 9:30 when the whole group came together.

Don went over Mary's critique of last night's show and pointed out the particulars for the show in Kiwanis Park at 4:00. It was a warm day, beautiful for the Fourth of July. After practice we regrouped and met at Gary Palmer's for steak dinners in his back yard under the big shade tree. The food was good, the company fun, and the shade very relaxing. Mary Bee was there visiting and letting us know what we missed in the parade.

Sometime this afternoon Delynne left Salt Lake City on stand by. Hope she makes it.

The audience was ready ten minutes early for the p.m. show, but everyone didn't show until five or ten minutes after 4:00. The show was a quick Devil's Dream, band number, and the clogs. After, we had watermelon and then split into groups or individuals to finish packing for tomorrow's check-in. The fireworks were beautiful for those who got to see them.

July 5, 1978

BYU Rehearsal

Carolyn Cline

Everyone arrived at the costume room shortly after 8:00 a.m., heavily laden with costume bags and suitcases ready to be weighed in preparation for our departure tomorrow. From the comments that were being passed around that morning, I believe most of the dancers stayed up quite late trying to get their suitcases and costume bags ready to be weighed. As people lined up down the hall towards the laundry room there was a great deal of anticipation regarding the 15 lbs. limit on the suitcase. Most people were under weight, having put all heavy items in their costume bags, but a few were overweight such as Ann. Rob biddingly asked Ann if her bag weighed 20 lbs. and after she had it weighed, we found that Rob wasn't so far off after all. It weighed 19 lbs. Regardless to say there was some time spent on repacking.

The quartet consisting of Keith Christensen, Brent Summerhays, Brent Viertel and Rob hawks, spent about an hour working with "Rollie Bestor" on harmonizing and interpreting their George M. Cohen Medley. I heard them after this practice and they really sound good. It's sure fun to have some variety in our shows such as the "Barbershop" number will provide.

Today one of our members, Delynne Peay, left for Rome via several different cities. She is flying stand by to Toronto, then to Germany and finally on to Rome. We sure hope she has a safe trip and arrives in Rome the same time we do.

Everyone spent this day doing last-minute shopping, washing, ironing and packing and praying that all would be together by 10:00 a.m. tomorrow when we leave Salt Lake City for Rome. I'm sure a great deal of thinking was going on this day about our upcoming trip and all the great times we will have while in Europe together!

Hope everyone can sleep tonight!

July 6, 1978

Flight to Rome

Carrie Ekins

It all began on a bright and shiny Thursday. We all met at the Salt Lake airport at 8:40 in the morning. Each of us were given tassels made by Gary and Shirley Palmer. We had a brief meeting in the airport where Dean Jensen gave us some thoughts and encouragement. The meeting concluded with a few words and a prayer from Paul Richards. Then we were off.

Some of the tour members haven't been on a commercial plane before; in fact, Sonia wanted to know if there was a drinking fountain on the plane, but to her dismay there wasn't. As we waited for the flight, our stomachs filled with butterflies in excitement for our journey. Once off the ground everyone was looking out the windows seeing the sights. We flew by way of Rock Springs, Wyoming, Chicago, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and then into the New York airport where we were met by a rush of heat and humidity. There we were, annoyed at the terminal, what a joke, it took us over an hour to get to the TWA terminal. But while we were waiting we got an education on taxi drivers. People were shoving and pushing trying to get on and off buses and taxis. One taxi driver that we saw was so full that he couldn't begin to shut his trunk, but he took off anyway with it wide open and nothing tied down. We just stood there and giggled inside.

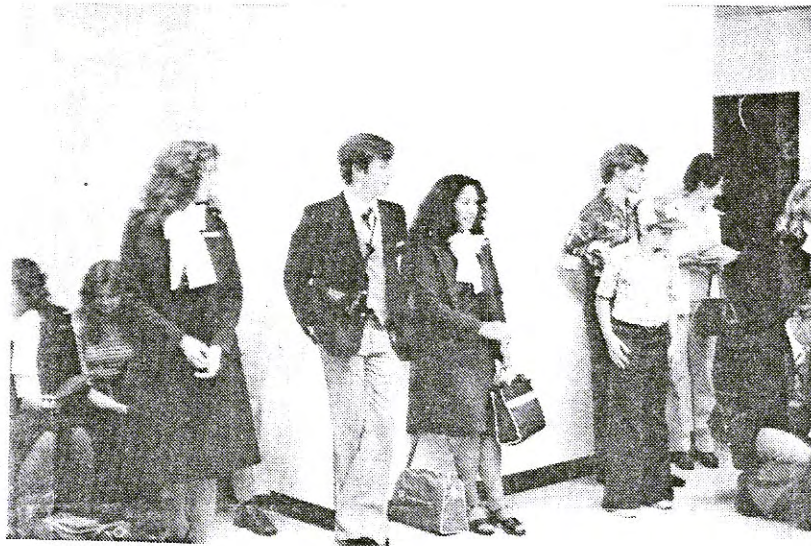
Finally we caught a bus and arrived at the TWA terminal. We boarded the plane and prepared for an 8-hour flight. The stewardesses go over their regular routine explaining about the gas masks, pamphlets, etc. and one funny thing that happened was that when the stewardess pulled out the pamphlet on how to buckle your seat belt we all pulled out the pamphlet and waved it at her. She smiled and finished the discussion. The flight over was nice. Some of us watched the movie "House Calls" while the rest tried to sleep. By the time we get on the ground we will be in Rome.

July 7, 1978

Tiana Fatutalie

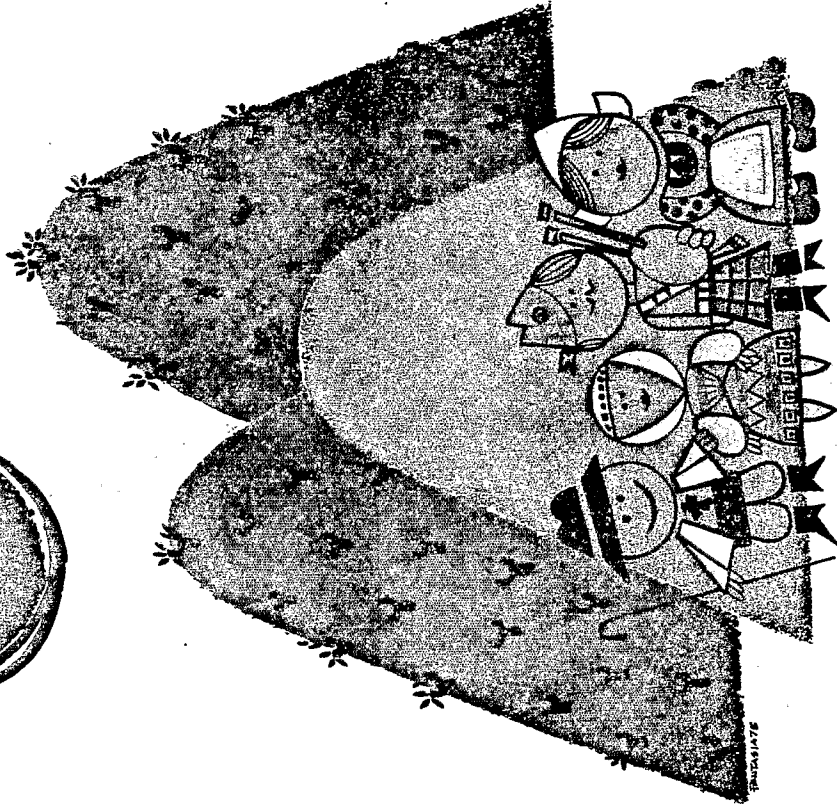
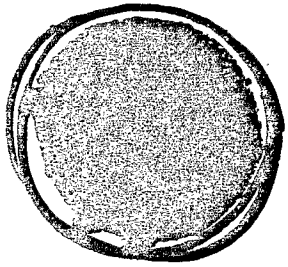
Cori

Friday morning as an often breakfast treat we sang, "Lone Prairie" for the passengers and crew on our flight. We were greeted by machine gun armed security guards at the terminal



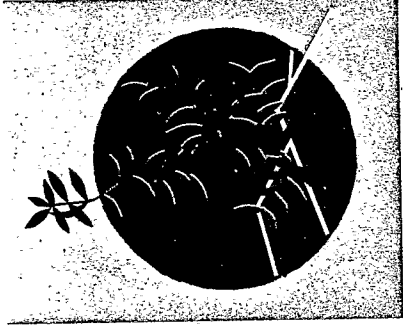


V<sup>o</sup> EDIZIONE  
7 - 13 Luglio 1978



# FESTIVAL della COLLINA

**incontri con il folklore internazionale**



## Le nazioni partecipanti

GERMANIA FEDERALE - Lindenfelder Trachtengruppe di LINDENFELS  
TURCHIA - Gruppo di danze e canti di SMIRNE  
U.S.A. - Folk Dancers della Brigham Young University di PROVO (UTAH)  
POLONIA - Gruppo di danze e canti del POLITECNICO di VARSAVIA  
FINLANDIA - Gruppo folk di MIETOINEN

## Comitato Manifestazioni Pontine

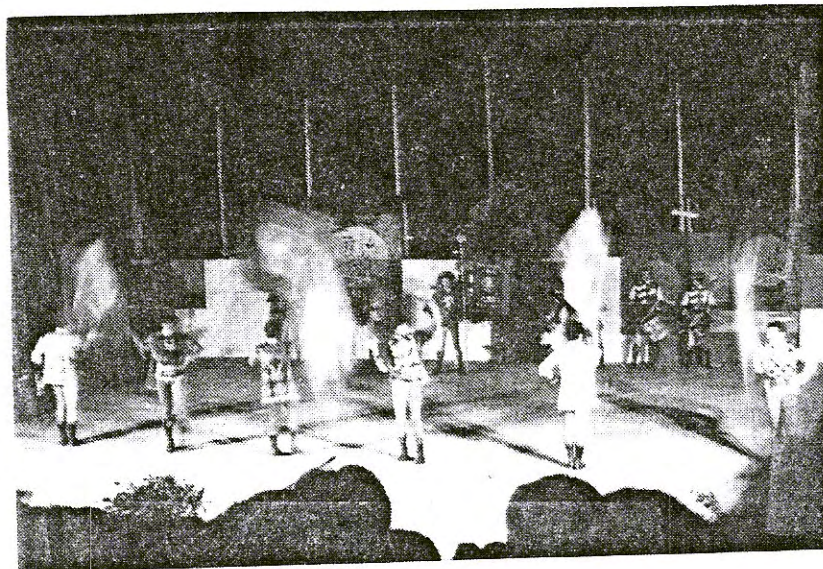
Ente Provinciale per il Turismo / Amministrazione Provinciale  
/ Camera di Commercio I.A.A. / Consorzio servizi Culturali  
LATINA

Con la collaborazione dei Comuni di CORI / ITRI / MAENZA  
/ PRIVERNO / ROCCASECCA DEI VOLSCI / SERMONETA  
/ SEZZE

We had a delightful ride on the bus from Rome to Cori; the way was paved with so many farms and vineyards. All participants were shown rooms in the Elementary School of Cori. The city of Cori with winding cobbled streets was built before Rome. Our daily interpreters were Marina and Claudio. After changing American money into Italian Lira, we had lunch with the groups from Cori, Poland, Turkey and Germany. It was so much fun and exciting. Everyone was singing and clapping between courses. They are really lively, fun and loving people, the Europeans. There was a patio at the top of the school where we danced to disco music. It was surprising to hear the Bee Gees music, an American rock group.

Our performance that night was in Sezze, a city perched up in the mountains. We danced down the street in a procession to a clearing. At the clearing the groups presented gifts to the city and received gifts. We had an hour before the festival began to see the city. We found in a store the yummiest ice cream. Kim and Carrie E. taught three Italian guys "Cotton Eyed Joe."

Our performance that night went very well. We had a lovely audience. We soon discovered after the performance they feed you quite a bit. In a cute restaurant-type building we were served five courses. And, of course, between each course many songs. The Americans were having a difficult time staying enthusiastic due to our jet lag, so we decided to be the first to exit. That night everyone really had a good sleep.





July 8, 1978

George Frandsen

Cori

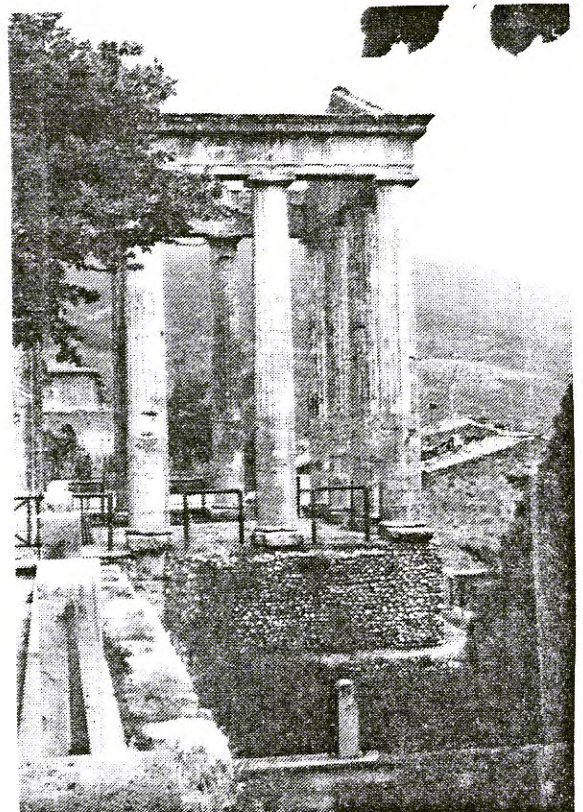
Today marked the beginning of the first somewhat "normal" day of our trip. After a day which seemed to last weeks, but actually lasted about 36 hours, we retired at approximately 2:30 a.m. Most of us arose at about 12:00 noon, and after invigorating cold showers we were given lunch of pasta, fish, fresh tomatoes, bread and cool refreshing Coca-Cola.

At 1:30 our guides took us on a walking tour of Cori. We walked down narrow, cobble stone streets, past ancient homes still inhabited by Cori's residents. Ruins of Roman temples with fluted columns still standing formed the walls of newer homes. We visited an ancient castle located on the mountain opposite of Cori. From there the view revealed Cori as a mass of walls and roofs with a road zig-zagging upward to the peak of the mountain on which Cori is situated. Here the tower of an old temple still stands.

The feelings we experienced as we walked through the narrow roads, down steps and past the doors of the homes were those of an era, pre-dating even the country from which we came. Roman ruins among the medieval fortress design of the city opened our eyes to a world of renaissance Europe, a world now almost completely lost in modern technology.

At 5:00 we assembled to travel to Priverno for a performance. Priverno is a city much like Cori. We paraded through a narrow street up into the city. When we reached a small church we performed for half an hour on a small cobble stone area in front of it. People surrounded our group to watch. The priest, speaking in Italian, thanked our group for coming and mentioned several times how glad he was to have us there. Sandwiches and delicious Coca-Cola was served. At the town square gifts were exchanged.

A performance was held in the town square that evening. The American group performed last and was the hit of the show. Following the performance, a dinner was held in a 700-year old church convent. We bedded down at 4:00 a.m.





July 9, 1978

Kim Gandy

Cori

This was our first Sunday in Europe and quite an experience for the group since we are participating in a festival. Most of us are used to church meetings and a quiet day, which today was not. Many in the group had their first "Continental" breakfast consisting of warm milk, bread, butter and two flavors of jam. It isn't much but after having dinner at 1:00 a.m. you really don't require much to overcome your hunger.

After breakfast we joined in the festival procession down to one of the small churches in Cori. We dressed in our Contra costumes and those long pink dresses the girls wear "wowed" the townspeople. In fact, wherever we walked it seemed that the people would come out of the cracks in their ancient walls to see us. The clamoring of the people attracted more people and soon crowds had gathered. We were honored by being able to sit at the front of the church for Mass. The Italian flag twirlers from Cori lined the front of the church on both sides of the altar, which added some color to a somewhat somber mood which you encounter at Catholic masses. The Polish group from Warsaw sang some of their hymns in Polish and they sounded beautiful, just like the ancient monasterial choirs. We paraded to another church and sang when we came to a large group of people. The songs were "I Am a Child of God" and other church hymns. The people of Cori are wonderful, loving people. Along the parade route they had prepared many tables of cookies and sandwiches made of cheese, pepperoni and tomatoes with oil covering them. The food was new to us but the experience of parading up narrow streets in the city hundreds of years old with food offerings around every bend was even more rare. We just ate and ate because it was hard to tell the people no thanks after they had prepared so much.

At lunch we had our fifth meal with chicken so far on this tour. Chicken is popular in Europe so Gayleen and I are counting how many times we have it.

Claudio and Marina took us on a scheduled bus to Latina where there is a very small branch of the church. We had some trouble finding the church which is a third story apartment with chairs, a pulpit and an organ. We were overwhelmed by the few members and investigators who came. Before Sacrament meeting we had our own devotional. Wendy Wettwer gave us a thought on sharing and Wayne presented Katy Peterson's letter from her parents. We are just beginning to have happy "unbirthdays" today and the ninth is the day Katy was born. To add to her special day we nominated her to share her testimony in Sacrament meeting.

Cordon Hunt translated the services for us into English and he did an excellent job. Both Cordon and Don Allen also bore their testimonies to the branch. The meeting was long since it was spoken in two languages, but it was very enjoyable.

We are still experiencing jet lag and haven't got use to the festival schedule yet. As a consequence, we are very tired and many of us had troubles keeping awake during the meeting. Heads were nodding, eye lids drooping and fans furiously at work hoping to drive away the signs of exhaustion. While reading a scripture in English from I Corinthians we had to chuckle a little when it came to the part that said, "and many had fallen asleep." By looking through the congregation it was the truth. Even though we had trouble staying awake the spirit blessed the occasion especially during the testimonies and when we sang for the branch. We sang "I Am a Child of God" and "Come, Come Ye Saints" and tears filled our eyes because of the spirit and because of the meaning the words of the song have for those members.

The meeting was more than two hours long and had to be ended so we could catch our bus back to Cori which we did.

During our special devotional we presented Claudio and Marina with necklaces and a pin of our group in appreciation for their great sacrifices for us.

When we returned to Cori they fed us a very nice pork, pinto beans and plum dinner. The rest of the night was free to do as we pleased because it was our free day at the festival. Most of us took advantage of it by going to bed early or by taking a walk around this quiet little village. There is something special about the spirit of small towns which is much more inviting than the hustle and bustle of big cities.

Some in the group still have stomach problems, but everyone is enjoying the tour nevertheless.

July 10, 1978

Rob Hawks

Cori

Today was the return of the Folk Dancers to the old city of Rome for over six years. We all got on the bus at 8:45 a.m. and left Cori by the scenic route. We had a morning devotional after we got underway. It was Brent Viertel's birthday and so we sang happy birthday to him and learned more about him from the letter his mother had sent us.

The route we took to Rome went past a small lake that formed in the cone of an extinct volcano. We were informed by Marina that the Pope has his summer home on that lake. It was a beautiful area.

Our first view of ancient Roman ruins was the ancient aqueduct. That really sent some excitement through the people on the bus. It was really exciting for us to be so close to the ancient people who lived and flourished so many centuries ago. When we entered the ancient gate to Rome, Marina asked us if anyone wanted to kiss Pasquino's bum. The laughter was very raucous. Of course, no one was very interested in kissing anyone's bum. Marina then told us that Pasquino is a statue of a man and to kiss his bum was to bring good luck the first time you come to Rome. After learning that, some were willing to kiss, but we didn't ever pass the statue.

Our bus stopped and let us off near the coliseum. The sight of such a massive building that was built without the aid of modern machinery was truly awe inspiring. We were pretty much in one group as we toured through the coliseum, but then as we began to see more sights the group spread out and everyone went their own way. The time sped past as we saw such sights as "the Forum," "the temple of Venus," "the jail of Paul's soldier." It was quite frustrating because there was so much to do and see and learn and so little time to do it.

As we did our sightseeing, a group of us got separated from the rest. We ended up at Trevi Fountains where they were shooting a commercial for Off Shore Cologne. It was interesting but cameramen and directors kept chasing everyone away from the fountains. It made it hard to get a good look at them.

Our visit to the Fountain caused a controversy because we were 45 minutes late getting to the bus. From now on special effort must be made by everyone to be on time or else the bus will leave them.

Today was the day of our special one-hour performance in Cori. At 5:30 p.m. we went to the plaza in Cori with everyone dressed in a different costume. The array of colors was really quite stunning. The people gathered around and we presented a brief history of each period and then a show sample of the dance that accompanied it.



Our one-hour show was quite an experience. The stage sloped forward terribly, the men dressed underneath it and the women had to run to a room next the nearby bar. That was an experience for them because there were Italian men making all manner of gestures at them lining the whole walkway. We had some policeman and Italian dancers guarding the way so that no one would get too carried away.

For our performance we did everything except our contemporary section, the Hawaiian or International medley of songs. As a whole, the show was satisfactory to us as performers, although our pioneer section was quite rough. It was an experience we needed. We found the stage to be quite sticky and it had a dull sound making it especially hard to get a good tap sound. But the crowd seemed to enjoy things and that's what we're here for to entertain the people.

The highlight of the evening was Gary Palmer's telling of an experience earlier that day. He had gone into the drugstore to get some diarrhea medicine for some of the more unfortunate dancers. His Italian is non-existent and through hand motions he could only get medicine for vomiting because of his efforts to be discreet. Mr. Giovanni, festival director, came to his aid and only complicated matters worse, because his English is also limited and Gary couldn't think of any appropriate hand signals so they left for the school with an offer of hospital help in the morning if he wasn't feeling better. It was a hilarious and also an already memorable day.





July 11, 1978

Dennis Hill

Rome

Getting up this morning was much easier. In fact almost everyone got up in time to eat breakfast. Either this hot milk and hard bread is beginning to appeal to everyone or our gums have become immuned. This morning we are heading back to Rome for shopping and more sightseeing. The Vatican and Saint Peter's is the central spot of interest. Rome is still incomprehensible. We could be here for a week and not see and do everything. It is hard to believe that you are walking streets where Roman Chariots once drove.

Half of the group stopped by the Trevi Fountains to go shopping. Brent Viertel bought his chandelier today. He just couldn't resist the sparkling crystals. Others headed for the jewelry stores for chains, cameos, and other bangles and beads. Some people bought gloves, other bought crystal and marble statues.

Our visit to Saint Peter's was unbelievable. The marble and wood carvings inside of the church were absolutely beautiful. This cathedral is the perfect example of high renaissance art. As you enter the statue "La Pieta" sits in all of it's glory. Something that is really strange, is in and throughout the church the Popes who have died are buried in glass cases under beautiful paintings and tapestries. Right in the middle of the church is a giant wood altar about 60 feet tall. The church was too much to take in, in the short time we were there and our visit didn't pay it justice. Some of the group, brave souls that they are, braved the stairs to the top of the dome done by Michelangelo. We visited the Vatican City. I couldn't believe that the Pope has his own city. While talking to Marina, I learned that the Pope was the richest man in Italy.

After our short but fruitful second visit to Rome, it was on to the bus and back to Cori. Tonight we are dancing at Roccasecca Dei Volsci. It is amazing that there are so many small towns around the mountains here. Marina told us that the valley used to be a lake so when the towns were built, they were on the shores of the lake. Most of the towns we have been in are much older than Rome. So quaint and old are these towns, that around every corner there is something new to see.

During the parade in town, Ann King broke the heel off her shoe. It was given to two policemen who tried to fix it with a spike, (and I mean a spike) and a sledge hammer. After the parade we were given drinks, then it was off to find a Pizzeria.

The show was great. Even though the crowd was not as large as other shows, we have had, it was still great. After our show we were bused to a restaurant for another two hour, four course meal. Tonight's meal was one of the best we have had. It was a kind of pasta filled with meat--it was great! We also had cantaloupe. When we loaded the bus back to Cori, everyone zonked out! Then it was home, bed for many; and some brave soul went to stomp it out at the disco "in the stars." Tomorrow will be another event-filled day.



July 12, 1978

Cordon Hunt

Cori

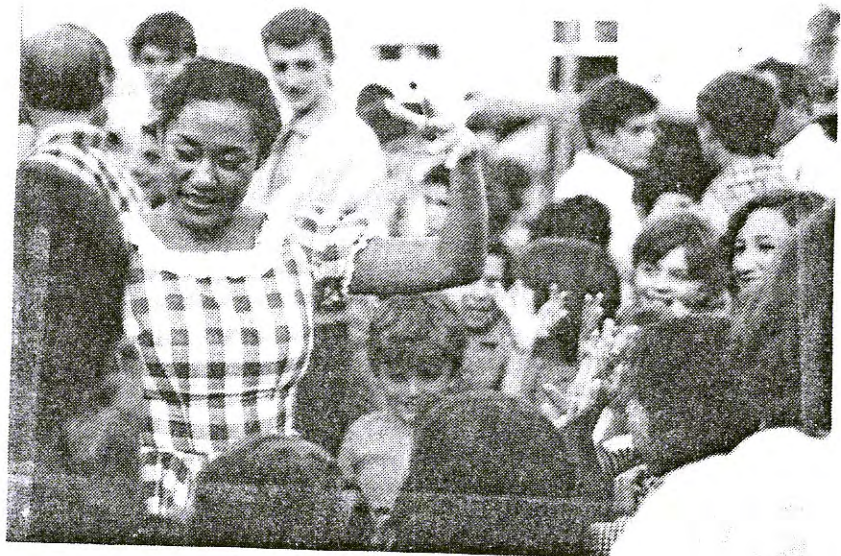
For about four of us Wednesday morning came very early especially after the performance and late night dinner the night before which put us to sleep around 3:00-4:00 a.m. That meant only about 2½-3 hours of sleep. The four who got up early were Cordon, Delynne, Gayleen and Brent V. who went to the mountains to a small farm. They were privileged to see how some of the mountain people made cheese from their morning milkings. They also got to try some of the curds and whey as the milk was being made into cheese. It was a neat experience for them. But they were awfully tired when they returned and were ready for some sleep they had missed out on the night prior.

Some of the group got up around 7:30-8:00 and went to Rome to see the Sistine Chapel and other things they missed seeing in Rome. They had a fun time taking a hair-raising taxi ride. Some of the group went to Latina to a member of the Church's home. They were going to go to the sea and look around a little.

We all met back at the school and got ready to go to Maenza, a little town high again on a hill. We left at 5:00 from the school. We paraded through the streets a little and then performed in the little square. Gifts were again exchanged. Near the stage was a fruit stand and Gary Palmer bought the group watermelon so between the time of the parade and the show we had a watermelon bust. The show went real good. We did running sets, Smokey and Taps and then later in the program we did Carolina and Kentucky Clogs. After we went to a restaurant for dinner. Because we were tired, it seemed like it was taking forever. After a while we left and went back to the school. Some of the group went to sleep while others went up to the disco. When they came back down there was a commotion in one of the guy's rooms. Apparently there was a strange man sleeping in Mike Kelley's bed. It startled him and he didn't know what to do. He tried to wake him and he rolled over and started to snore. Finally he popped up out of bed laughing and shining his flashlight. It was one of the German guys and he had played a good festival practical joke on us. Brent Viertel hadn't come down so we set it up on him and got a bigger rise out of him than Mike. It was a real hoot to watch. So ended another day or should I maybe say started another day for by the time we finally got settled down it was 5:00 a.m.









July 13, 1978

Sonja Jorgensen

Cori

Today started off with an unusual happening before yesterday even finished. At 4:30 a.m. a few of the kids came downstairs from the disco to go to bed. All of a sudden there was an atrocious outburst from the room of Brent V., Brent Solomon and Wayne. As Brent Viertel was crawling into his bed he found out that it wasn't empty. Much to his surprise there was a German man sleeping in his bed! The Germans had gotten together and planned the switch over. It was hilarious!!! (I think we woke up almost everyone on the whole floor because we laughed so hard.)

After our short nap (which seems to be every night's sleep) we all gathered together at the church for a recording session. Ole Jorgensen, who tours with the Polish, wanted to record all the groups and make a record. The Polish recorded just before us so we had the wonderful privilege of enjoying a free concert. It was marvelous! They sounded like a huge, professional choir and symphony. Then we had our turn. We were wonderful! The church echoed and really made us sound good. We sang "Oh Suzanna" and "I Am a Child of God" and the band played "Shuckin' the Corn" and "Orange Blossom Special." (Our band is so great!)

After the session we were invited to Claudio's home for refreshments. It was lucious and his home was also beautiful. He had been remodeling it himself. What talent! His wife was very gracious and he had a precious little daughter that just loved Delynne.

At 12:30 Don and Allen left to go to Nice, France. We won't see them until tomorrow morning at the festival.

We all went to lunch and had a wonderful meal. We sang happy birthday to Ciro (a friend from Cori, Italy) and Wayne Prestgard. Also we honored Rob Hawks on his unbirthday. After, we all went home to sack out and prepare to pack out because today marked our one week stay in Cori, Italy, and we must leave tomorrow for another festival.

At 5:00 a few of the kids got together to exchange costumes with the other groups and learn their dances and flag twirling. They didn't succeed in exchanging costumes but Carrie Ekins and Wayne Prestgard were doing quite well at twirling the flags. By the time Carrie made her way upstairs she had a stiff arm.

At 7:00 we all went to supper for the last time in Cori, Italy. Before the pasta was served we exchanged gifts and the man in charge of the festival spoke to us. We had cream puffs and rum cake for dessert, but of course all of us had cream puffs and they were delicious.

The festival was a good one tonight. It was very enjoyable and fun. After we got home we had a party with everyone. Rick, Dennis, Wayne and Rob finally got to put on the Cori flag twirler's costumes. Wow! How maucho they looked! We all had to give them at least a number 50!!! (10 is the highest we go.) They escorted Gary Palmer when he went to receive the gift and everybody cracked up.

We danced until 3:00 in the morning and then told everyone good-bye. (We have to admit it's pretty fun kissing everybody good-bye!) Soon after almost everyone hit the sack.





il ramo di Latina  
 Via Nino ~~Costo~~  
 Via Ariosto, 20 - 3° piano

## LA CHIESA DI GESU CRISTO DEI SANTI DEGLI ULTIMI GIORNI

la domenica 10,30  
 17,30

**ALCUNI GIUDIZI SULL'ACQUA DI NEPI**

L'acqua acida carbonica di Nepi solegia i più delicati effetti nella economia animale in generale, esercitando spiccata azione antiodispettica, sedativa e riacquiescente.

**FRANCESCO RATTI**  
 Prof. di Chimica alla Sapienza (1858)

L'acqua minerale naturale carbonica di Nepi è da annoverarsi, insieme fra le più salutari, una delle migliori acque da tavola, cioè un'ottima acqua digestiva.

**San. Prof. GIUSEPPE SANARELLI**  
 Dir. di Igiene all' Univ. di Roma (1928)

L'acqua acida di Nepi, conosciuta e pregiata fin dalla più remota antichità per la sua caratteristica di acqua carbonica naturale a leggera mineralizzazione, presenta spiccate proprietà antiodispettiche, e in generale stimolanti dell'attività digestiva. Si manifesta inoltre, in connessione con la sua particolare mineralizzazione e elevato tenore in silice colloidale, di grande utilità in molte diffezioni del ricambio.

**Prof. MARIANO MESSINI**  
 Dir. di Igiene alla Università Roma (1942)

**SOME STATEMENTS ON THE MINERAL WATER OF NEPI**

The acidulous carbonic water of Nepi affects the economy of the body in the most favourable way, by exerting a remarkable antiodispeptic, sedative and disaciscent action.

**Mr. FRANCESCO RATTI**  
 sometime a Prof. of Chemistry at the Sapienza (1858)

The mineral carbonic water of Nepi is not only a wholesome water, but also one of the best drinkable waters, due to its digestive action.

**Senator GIUSEPPE SANARELLI**  
 Dir. of the Inst. of Hygiene at the Univ. of Rome (1928)

The acidulous water of Nepi, well-known and largely used by the ancients due to its being a naturally carbonic, light mineralized water, has remarkable antiodispeptic and digestive qualities. Moreover it is especially valuable in the treatment of many troubles of the general economy of the body in view of its mineralisation and of the high percentage of colloid silicon therein contained.

**Mr. MARIANO MESSINI**  
 Prof. of Med. Hygiene at the Univ. of Rome (1942)

# ACQUA di NEPI

DELLE ANTICHE TERME DEI GRACCHI

**ANALISI CHIMICA E CHIMICO-FISICA**  
 eseguita nel Laboratorio Chimico Provinciale di Igiene e Profilassi di Como (Aprile 1964)

Temperatura dell'acqua alla sorgente °C	17,4
Densità D 15/4	1,00061
Pressione osmotica in atm. (P)	0,325
Conducibilità elettrica spec. (K <sub>25</sub> )	0,8570x10 <sup>-4</sup>
Radioattività in millicurie	13,1
Residuo fisso a 180°C	0,5345

**Sostanze disciolte in un litro di acqua a 20 °C**

ione litio	0,038 mg
- sodio	31,0 "
- potassio	42,4 "
- ammonio	0,004 "
- magnesio	26,1 "
- calcio	74,9 "
- stronzio	0,46 "
- rame	0,028 "
- ferro	0,16 "
- manganese	0,53 "
- alluminio	0,99 "
- cromo	23,1 "
- fluoro	1,59 "
- bicarbonato	399,4 "
- nitrico	0,45 "
- solforico	41,7 "
- fosforico	0,5 "
Silice	96,5 "
Anidride carbonica	910 cm <sup>3</sup>

C. SAMPIETRO

**ANALISI BATTERIOLOGICA** eseguita nell'Istituto di Igiene dell'Università di Roma (Luglio 1958)

L'acqua è risultata del tutto microbica. Essa è per tanto da considerarsi batteriologicamente purissima.

G. SANARELLI

aggiornata di gas acido carbonico della sorgente.

**ANTICATARRALE - ANTIURICA - ANTIDISPEPTICA - DIGESTIVA**  
 Mediomineral - Naturalmente carbonica - Bicarbonato-alkaline  
 Anticatharral - Antiuric - Antidyspeptic - Digestive

NEPI (Viterbo)

Vendita autorizzata con Decreto del Ministro della Sanità N. 941 del 12.1.1968

DI MAURO - TAVA DEI TIRRENI

Soc. p. A.s. Terme di Nepi



July 14, 1978

Mike Kelly

Nice

For most of us, Friday morning arrived a little too soon. One reason is that very few of us had had more than two hours of sleep. A far more important reason though is that it marked the time for us to leave Cori and the wonderful people we had met there. There was no doubt an excitement and anticipation for France and what was to come, but many felt a longing to extend for awhile some of the special relationships which had been formed during our week in Cori. There were a few tears shed, particularly by Fabrizio, as we departed on the bus at 6:30 a.m.

After checking everything through at the airport, the time came to say good-bye to Marina. We sang "God Be With You" to her there in the lobby of the airport. Many tears were shed at this time and it was an emotional farewell for all of us.

We left on the 9:40 a.m. flight from Rome to Nice and after a short flight of approximately an hour we found ourselves on the French Riviera. Nice is beautiful and presents in so many ways a contrast from Cori. Yet despite the difference, each is characterized by a common spirit which is destined to change the lives of every member of the group.

After arriving at our hotels, the Hotel Aston and the Hotel Wilson, we immediately left for lunch. Much to our surprise and enjoyment, we found ourselves eating at one of the many sidewalk cafes for which France is so renowned. The food was delicious, and it became apparent that some of those who had lost weight in Italy would regain it here. After lunch, we had a couple of hours to retire either to the beach or to bed and most chose our beds.

In the late afternoon, we had a parade down one of the main streets of Nice. Just prior to leaving for the parade, we met President and Sister Oaks and also Brother and Sister Bruce Olsen. They really brought a great spirit to the group as they accompanied us down the parade route. There are 20 nations represented in this festival. So it is a very large festival with a real international flavor. We received a very warm and friendly reception as we danced and sang down the parade route and this is the special spirit of festivals which means so much to us. At the end of the parade, the national anthems of the 20 countries were played. It was a real thrill to hear the American National Anthem. At these festivals you gain such a love and respect for the different countries and their people. But we never lose our awareness of the special privilege and blessing it is to be Americans. We are here representing our country, and we are honored and proud to do so.

July 14th is Bastille Day and in connection with this holiday there was a special fireworks display about 10:00 p.m. It was really spectacular. The evening performance then got under way about 10:30 p.m. There were about 16 groups performing and most of them were really very good. A special treat for us was to see a young Bulgarian group performing. Most of the kids were between 12 and 15, and they are really a fun and exciting group to watch perform. We were one of the last groups to perform, and due to the fact that virtually every group had exceeded their time limit, it was after 1:30 a.m. by the time we finally got on stage. Needless to say, we were exhausted and fatigued. The audience was also tired, and the combination of these two factors did not make for one of our more exciting performances. Bed time finally came, though, and sleep came quickly to a very tired group of dancers.

July 15, 1978

Ann King

Nice

We chose the time to be awakened and then after eating, our hunger was content and we dosed off to sleep again and awoke just in time for lunch at the "Hotel Touring Restaurant."

After lunch we all dispersed in different directions--some went to the beach, others shopped and the sleepy heads went back to bed.

The most popular place on a beautiful Saturday afternoon with the sun shining so warmly above was the beach. Some were content to relax on the rocky shore as they received a beautiful French tan. Others, like George, Carrie and Tiana were searching for adventure when they found the paddle boats and paddled the boats over the Mediterranean Sea.

Our next traveling experience was a train ride from Nice to Monaco. We arrived in Monaco within one half hour after leaving Nice. The middle square had been asked to perform on television so we left for the station while the other squares toured Monaco where they saw the Exotic Gardens of Princess Grace's Castle and the changing of the guard.

On the television set we performed Virginia Reel and after we were finished they talked to the public relations man from France who is a Mormon about the Church, about BYU and about the missionaries. And they invited everyone to come to Church on Sunday.

The television station was a very prominent station and they estimated around two million people would be watching. We then performed Quadrille and then they interviewed Rena McDaniel and asked her if she liked French music and she said, "Oui." Then they asked her if she knew this French singer and she said, "Oui." Then we performed "Exhibition Square Dance." We are truly missionaries for the Church to be able to touch that many people through television and telling them about the Church and sharing our love and truthfulness about the gospel. We then returned by train to Nice and as we were over looking at the beautiful beaches of Monaco, we saw one of the most popular tourist attractions of Monaco, "The Nude Beaches."

We arrived in Nice just in time for our performance in the festival. We performed our pioneer dances and then running sets and Smokey and Tap. President Oaks was present and he enjoyed the show and was delighted with our enthusiasm that we showed while we danced. After a long day some of the kids went to the beach to cool off.

July 16, 1978

Mike Newman

Nice

This morning began with a bus ride to the Nice LDS Chapel where we attended our Church meetings.

After Priesthood meeting (and Relief Society for the girls) we had our own special Sunday School meeting in which Bruce Olsen and President Oaks spoke and related their adventures and miraculous missionary work in the countries of Poland and Russia with the other BYU touring groups. We sure enjoyed the talks which continued on into the night in the private Oaks hotel room.





At 7:00 we all met at our little restaurant for the special little dinner we'd been promised because we missed our lunch. It turned out to be head cheese with tripe and liver. The majority of the group found it difficult to be very appreciative or enthusiastic over our delicious fare (since it wasn't exactly their favorites) but a few--like Connie and Kerrie--enjoyed their extra liver. Everybody did like the spaghetti pretty well, though, and ate lots of bread.

We have to meet at the theatre at 10:30, so since our meal lasted almost two hours, we really had only enough time to go to the hotel and get ready. We didn't dance until last which was about 12:30 when we performed Carolinas and Kentuckies. Then the orchestra played the national anthems of all the countries.

Connie had an interesting conversation following the show with one of the orchestra members who wants to go to America and work seriously with an orchestra there. He said that everyone had been very much impressed with the precision of the young Bulgarian group whom we had followed, but when we did our Carolinas and Kentuckies and went into the part where the band stops playing they were just amazed. They couldn't believe that we could do a step like that and stay together without any music. He said the American group definitely had the hearts of all the orchestra members. And Connie said that next to the French, the American national anthem got the most applause.

After the performance some went to the beach, but most went back to the hotel to get packed up to leave for Pra-Loup the next morning.

July 18, 1978

Gayleen Partna

Pra-Loup

Delynne and I woke up this morning and saw something other than usual-- a French roll on our breakfast tray. Thinking that those of us in the Wilson were being treated to something closer to the crousant rolls the other Astor served we were disappointed to find these new rolls were harder than the usual ones.

We left about 9:00 for Pra-Loup. The lack of air conditioning on the bus and the winding roads made a brief stop necessary for those with a tendency towards motion sickness. We then slept as best we could until our lunch stop in Digne. One highlight of the morning's ride, though, was our devotional and Rick's cleverly illustrated story about Sam and the Boy. We also sang "Happy Unbirthday" to Mike Newman and learned about his skill in rocketry and his ability to make rockets chase people.

Lunch seemed to put some more life back into the bus. At our next rest stop, George found some French mistletoe and gave it to Sonia who didn't hesitate to hold it over her head and pucker up. (Isn't that against tour rules?) Back on the bus Courtin' Cordon got hold of it and went courtin' every girl on the bus. Even mistletoe wasn't convincing enough for Connie and Carrie, though, no matter how hard Cordy tried. Sonia contributed to the atmosphere by spilling her French perfume and letting us all enjoy it's fragrance.

The real highlight of our bus trip, however, was the beautiful scenery of the French Alps. The blue lakes and spectacularly high mountains brought spontaneous and unison exclamations of "gasp" and "it's too beautiful!"

In Pra-Loup we met the Oaks and the Olsens and looked around the shopping area for a few minutes before our show. The outdoor stage was rather small so each square had their turn to solo. The Virginia Reel proved quite interesting with four couples in one set and eight in the other. Some new people even got a chance to do the end parts. (Rena did look like she wanted to try



## BYU Dancers in Europe Stress West Pioneers

NICE, France — From the streets of ancient Roman villages to modern Monte Carlo, Brigham Young University's American Folk Dancers have brought a touch of their pioneer heritage to Western Europe.

Two television performances were aired along the French Riviera last week as thousands of vacationers crowded the Mediterranean resorts.

BYU's folkdancers, under artistic director Don Allen, participated in two folklore festivals in Italy and France in the past two weeks during their 14th consecutive European tour.

Villagers in remote mountainside towns in southern Italy greeted the dancers in the streets and public squares. The students performed in five ancient villages near Latina about 50 miles south of Rome.

During their stay in Italy, people carried food and drinks into the streets for the dancers during processions through narrow, winding pathways. Most of the villages have remained virtually unchanged for several centuries.

A series of public exhibitions were put on for "Festival della Collina" in the villages of Cori, Sezze, Maenza, Priverno and Roccasecca dei Volsci, all villages perched precariously on cultivated mountainsides.

'Virtually every person in the village

came to the public square to see the dancers and talk to them,' said Gery Palmer, tour manager.

"We have made many friends in Italy," he said.

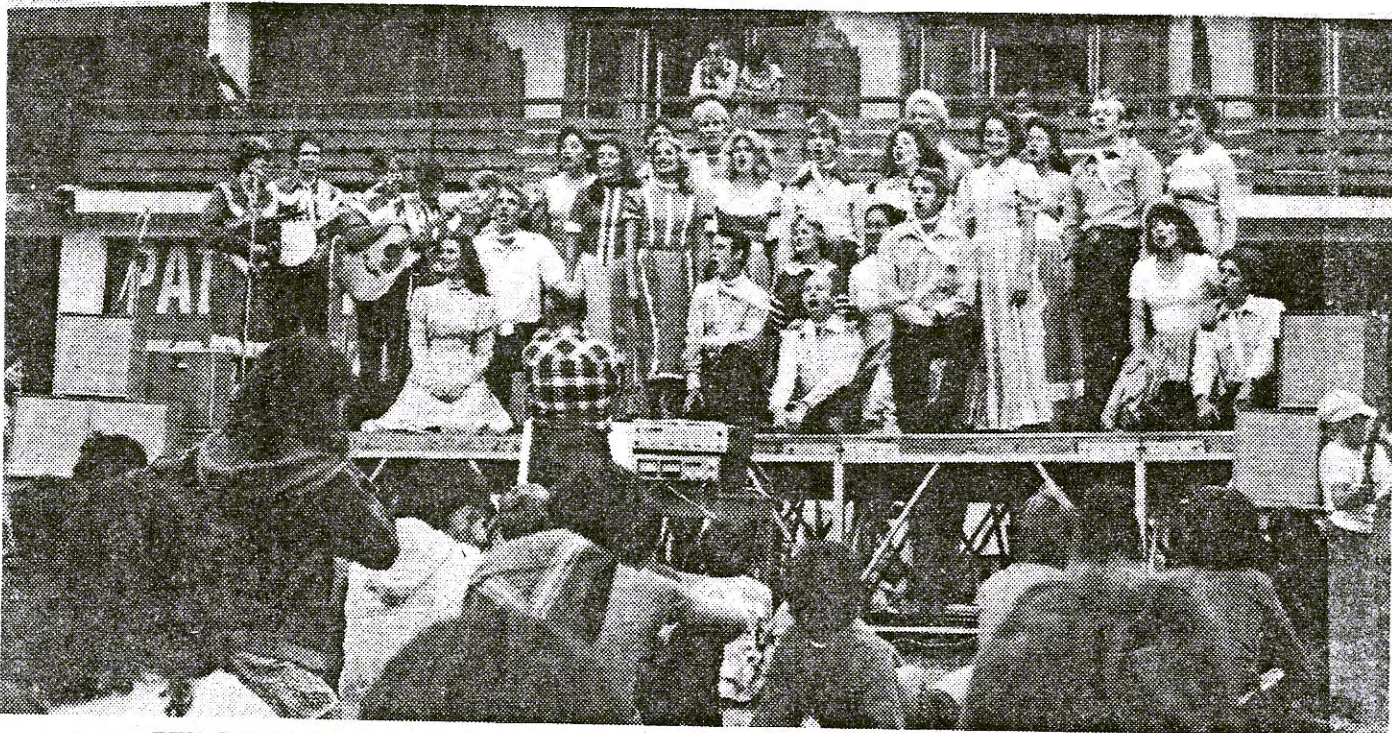
During performances in the crowded streets of Nice, France, at a large international folk dance festival which featured groups from 20 nations, the BYU troupe performed twice on television. Television Monte Carlo featured the dancers for one-half hour on a popular TV magazine program during prime evening viewing time.

French regional television also featured the group from among all 25 groups participating in the French festival. Program officials praised the American dancers, as well as groups from Bulgaria and Senegal, for their performances.

The BYU Folk Dancers next launched a week-long concert tour from Nice. Their first stop was Praloup in the Maritime Alps, then Clermont-Ferrand, and Grenoble, France and finally Geneva, Switzerland.

The tour then will continue in Belgium, Israel and Great Britain.

One of the highlights of the tour will be a performance for military troops at the Sinai desert military outpost of Mitla Pass.



BYU FOLKDANCERS take a "breather" by singing western songs between dance numbers at their performance in Praloup in the Maritime

Alps. The dancers during the past two weeks have performed many Western dances for the crowds in Europe.



it.) Carrie Ekins stole the show in Hoedown by almost doing a cartwheel off the stage. Overall, though, the show went well and some of the girls commented that it was worth it just to see President Oaks whistle. I almost forgot to mention that when we started to dance it started to rain. We had an extra long intermission after pioneer to wait for the rain clouds to pass over. Luckily they did and we were able to finish our first full show of the tour. We like doing whole shows ourselves.

After the show we went to the school where we were to stay. Dinner was just too delicious, so afterwards we sang "Lone Prairie" and "International Medley" for the cooks. Gary Palmer then led us in "Peanut Butter" much to everyone's entertainment. (We made President Oaks promise that he'd still have his job afterwards.)

The school looked like it was brand new and spotlessly clean. We didn't even mind walking around barefoot as we took our showers and got ready for bed. It was also nice to have hot showers that weren't locked and didn't cost six franks to use.

I'd like to summarize the day in the words of one among us who is well known and loved by all. It was just too wonderful!

July 19, 1978

Delynne Peay

Geneve

What happened to the lights? You mean they're not going to go on at all? What time is it? That was the best bed I've slept in since we got to Europe. Can you believe we're actually having food for breakfast instead of bread and warm milk? I don't think it's light enough outside to take pictures yet. I can't find my toothpaste! I can't see anything . . . are you sure the lights don't work? Girls, we've got to all get up--it's quarter to six!

Those showers were wonderful! There went my fifth pair of nylons. All of my nylons are ruined, and we're not halfway through the tour yet. My skirt is still sopping wet around the bottom. I know that I should have washed my hair last night; this is really gross!! Have they already loaded the costume bags . . . my towel is already moldy from being wet in my suitcase all day yesterday. I'm going to hurry and get ready and go out for a walk.

Did President Oaks leave with the letters? This breakfast is just too wonderful! This view is just too beautiful. I think folk dancers should bring a winter tour and come here. I don't think my skis would fit in my suitcase, let alone under 15 lbs.!

There is beauty all around, when there's love at home. I truly believe that our leader and tour directors are inspired by our Heavenly Father, and were specifically called to direct this tour. Are they going to sell these posters? No, Tiana, don't write a letter on each poster; do you have any draminine? I think I need some! Zzzzz. How far is it to Geneve? Nine hours? Are you sure? Brent, your hair looks real cute!

Are we here? Is this Grenoble? Ann has to get off at the bus stop due to uncontrollable natural causes. Everybody take 15 minutes. Let's go find a pastry shop. I can't get my eyes open; the draminine really knocks me out. Does it look like I've been sleeping on the floor? Is there still a line for the W.C.? Are we going to have time to shop in Geneve? What do you buy in Geneve? I'm starving. You're always hungry!

We'll be eating in Grenoble in just a few minutes. Are we in Grenoble already? That was fast. K.C., stand there and let the rest of the group get up here in line. This is even better than yesterday. I just can't decide which one I want. Let's go over to the supermarket and get something for the bus. All we do is eat!



Dennis, where did you get these mints? How much were those? Can you believe that we can still eat after the big lunch? I could eat anytime. Zzzzzz! Only 40 more kilometers to Geneve! Just wait until you see the "spouty-up thing." How much are cuckoo clocks? Is there a time change going into Switzerland? Gary says that he'll let you know 30 minutes before he runs out of money! I'm doing the credit card test and you lose. Kim, will you show me where Kris bought her blouse last year? My journal is so far behind. What journal? Behind you. Haven't you even started? No, that's why I said I'm really behind! I'm getting car sick from autographing these posters. Elder Richard Curtis Steiner!! Can I sign my name on your legs, Erin? I'm going to start writing X's.

**AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS**

Permettez-nous de vous poser quel questions:

Que pensez vous du spectacle que venez de voir? \_\_\_\_\_

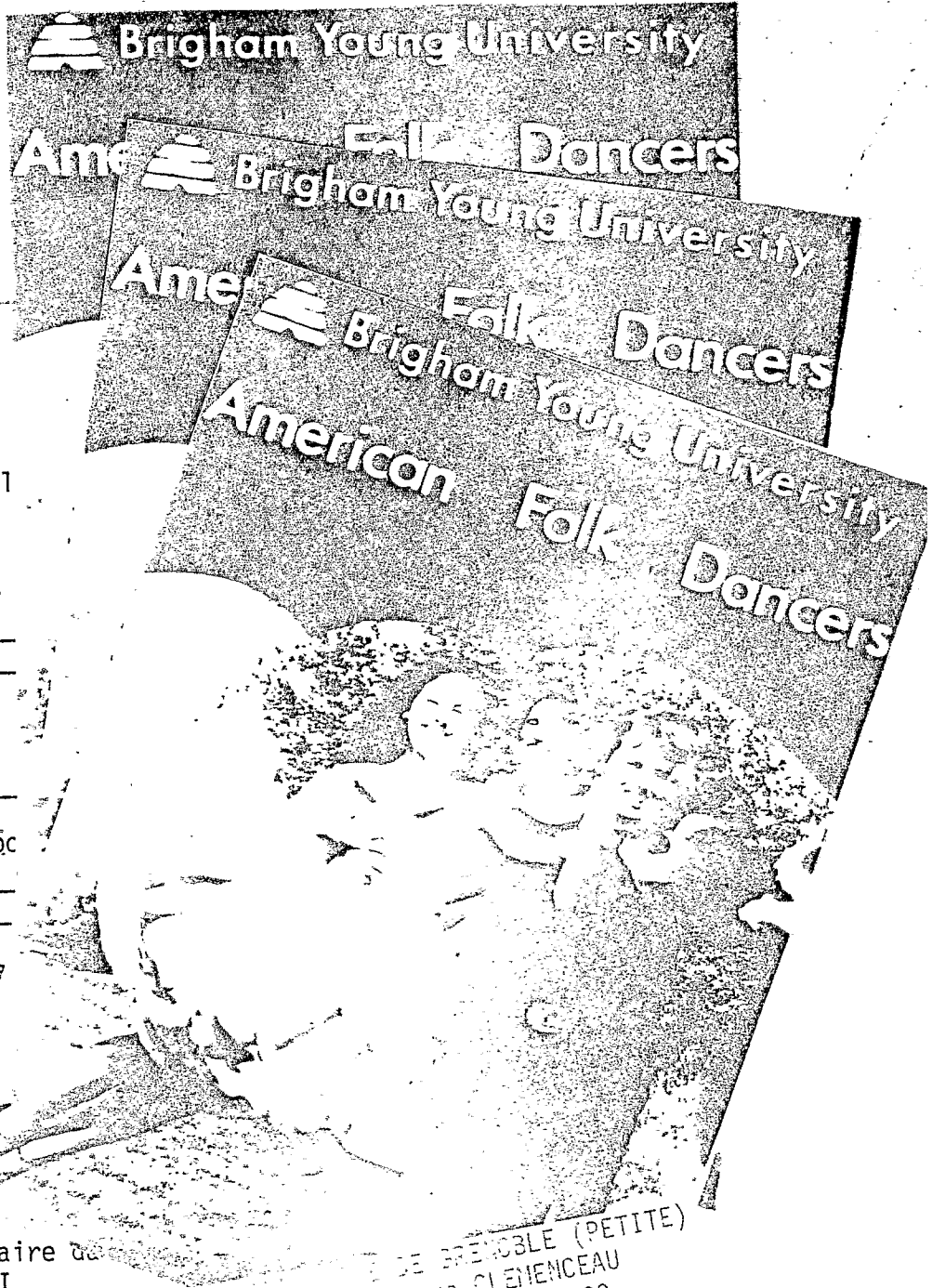
Comment le qualifieriez- vous?  
 BON / TRES BON / EXCELLENT / AUTRE \_\_\_\_\_

Quel message ces jeunes gens appo au monde? \_\_\_\_\_

Désirez-vous connaître davantage mode de vie? \_\_\_\_\_

Nom: \_\_\_\_\_  
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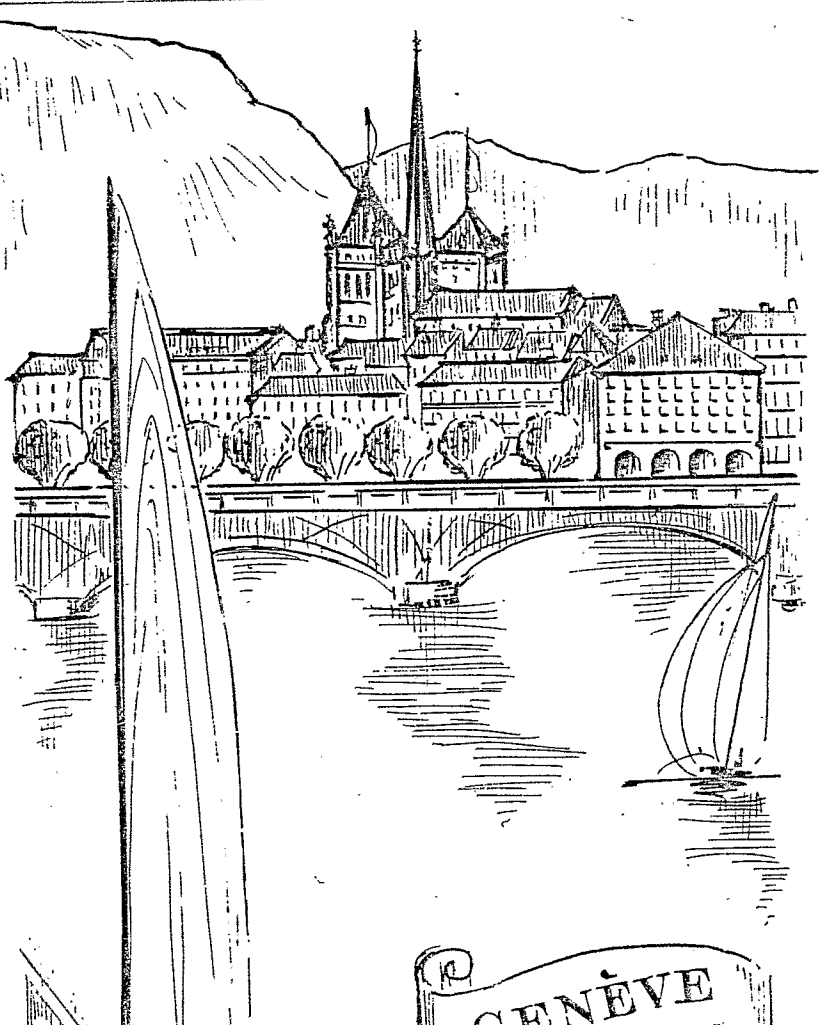
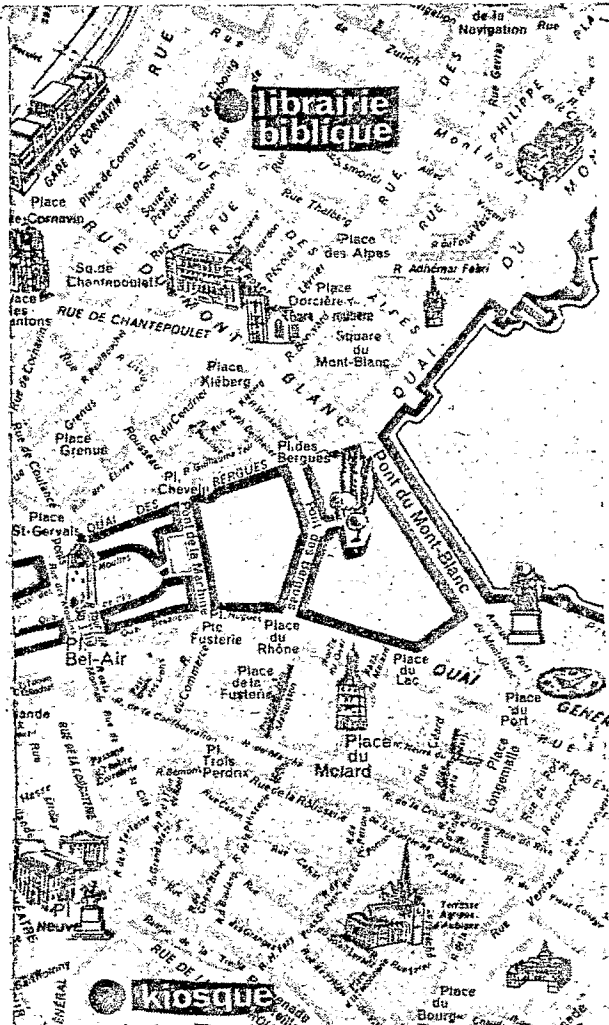
**Vous pouvez mettre ce questionnaire dans l'urne placée a la sortie. MERCI.**



DE BRENOBLE (PETITE)  
 CLEINCEAU  
 à 20h30

Here we are. Does anything look familiar to you yet, Delynne? There's the church. Remember eating sack lunches on the lawn? Tall square unload your costumes. I need to go find the bathroom. Brent, will you please go do something with your hair? Men, put your jackets on please. Let's look presentable. Hip, hip, hooray; hip, hip, hooray; hip, hip, hooray!! Hey, it was great having you with us, Jared. Hey, yea--take care. See you in Provo!

We must remind you to be grateful with what you get. Some of these people speak very good English. Besides, where else might you have a chocolate sandwich? All I had were peanuts. The tall square will meet here at the train station at five to six, and the rest at 8 o'clock. Now quit telling Shirley about more things to buy; she has helpers. Hey, Gary, tell them about your experience with the laundry in Nice. Well, did any of you try to use the washing machine in the W.C. at the Wilson Hotel? We unloaded the linens and put our clothes in. Next thing we knew, half of them had disappeared! That machine was really something. You'd just sit down and off it would go (Grruu...!!) Funny thing, I thought I was alone in here. That's not the end. Tell them about the laundromat. We only had 5 minutes until the electricity went off, so we thought we'd put them in anyway. We just put the soap in and phoomp . . . off went everything. Have you ever had to pick dry laundry soap out of all your clothes? So we took them back to the hotel room and I thought that Gary could do a much better job at getting the dirt out. He really went to town on those clothes! Next thing I knew, our room was being flooded. Gary, you can ring some of the water out; they don't need to drip dry totally.!!' The clothes line fell down three times on the balcony and our clothes were all dirty again. And after all that, they were still wet when we got up, so back to the laundromat to dry them. That dryer really did the job on our clothes--they'll never be the same.





Tall square, be sure to be back here at five to six. Where's the watch place? Hey, look, there's McDonald's. Dennis, do you know which way it is to Bucherer's? Does anybody want to go see the flower clock? I've got to get a picture. They have these little souvenir shops all over the city. I want to get my little brother a pocket knife. Shirley, what did you buy? Two cuckoo clocks and some other stuff. It's right around the corner. Do you think this is a good buy? You've spent \$200 today in Geneva? Let's find a television. I think I'm glad I left my traveler's checks in my suitcase. I can't wait to go back to the bus for show and tell!!

What did you buy? How much was that? Will it be open on Saturday? I want to buy a baby dirndle. I've got to calculate my money. You didn't know your pen did that? I love it; I want to get one for my mother. Did you see Connie's face? That's too much. Are they hand embroidered? It doesn't matter anymore; I'll be in jail when I get home. Now! I don't like to shop. You're kidding! Katy, have you bought anything yet? They have the neatest burner covers. I didn't know that; there were so many neat things to buy here. I still have to find a music box.

Everybody on the bus. Let me see your blouse. Can I see your watch? Looks expensive. Count off.

Do you already know who you're staying with? I hope I get someone who speaks English. Everybody listen up here for who you'll be staying with. Dennis, you're murdering those names. Get your luggage quickly, the members are waiting. Where's our people? How do you say your name again?

I don't think our lady is here. Look, there's my two little girl friends! Gordon finally found a girl friend!! Can you believe that? Craig speaks perfect French and we're going with Dennis who speaks perfect English; seems strange. Goodbye everybody. I don't think our lady is coming. Look what this car does. I think my suitcase is gaining weight; must be the pastries. Do you think we'll make it back in the morning? Dennis, please don't let them leave without us.

"Come, Come Ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear . . ." Say good night, Katy.

". . . Bonne nuit!"



July 20, 1978

Katy Peterson

Geneve

It's Rick Steiner's Unbirthday today! So he got to tell about the family he stayed with first. There were various reports of the members and their lovely homes. Everyone hoped to return to the same place by the weekend, except Dennis who stayed at the mission home; so he promised some changes. Though Rick and Brent V. could speak no French and their hosts could speak no English, the members told them a story from L.A. with the help of a dictionary. It was some wild story about a drug addict who killed his girl friend and tore himself up. No wonder many Europeans believe that America is filled with violence and crime.

Rather than have some stories repeated about Rick from his mother's letter like last year, Rick intercepted the request before she ever got a chance to write the Folk Dancers another letter. Therefore, the social committee passed around a paper for us to write down words descriptive of Rick which begin with the first letter of our names. Such as: wayward, adventurous, darling, antidisestablishmentarianist, etc. After a prayer and a song, Sonia gave us a thought to start out our day and help us to make it a good one.

Leaving Geneve, we passed by the same scenery as when we came into Switzerland. Mountains and rolling hills were covered thickly with green forests of fields. The towns we passed were not densely compacted but spread beautifully across the land. Among the patchwork crop fields were clusters of red tile roofed, two or three story farm houses, and if the cluster was large enough, a church steeple could be seen in the center. Most windows had painted shutters and window boxes of flowers, fushias, geraniums, impatiens and roses. In the small cities the red roofs and light-colored buildings covered the hills and sometimes a castle or cathedral towered over them all.

A call from the back of the bus ordered, "Stop the bus! Carrie is sick." She was! Thanks to George and Lori Palmer, things were cleaned up quickly and we were back on the road. One stop at 10 a.m. for a snack provided by Alain Marie. We had cheese and crackers and fruit drinks. It only took ½ minute to get everyone through the single restroom at the Esso station. Another stop and no one wanted to use the European style stand up W.C. The men in their white shirts and ties held relay races in an empty garage by the bus just to get some exercise. Back on the bus we heard Wayne and Brent S.'s repertoire of jokes including "Erastus and Eliza" and this time even Ann got it.





We arrived in Clarmont Ferrand two hours late at 4 p.m. and went directly to the supper that the members had prepared for us in the upstairs room of an old building. It was the meeting house for Clarmont Ferrand Branch. We were delighted to have quiche, rice salad and a dessert of cupcakes and chocolate pudding. The elders and sisters were there to meet us.

Next, we went to the Opera House where we were to perform and unload costumes. We stopped in two or three town squares and danced before statues or fountains. A sudden decision sent us out on a parade in a hurry. We were the entire parade and we passed out flyers as we went.

Another meal awaited us at the dorm-like school building we were to stay in that night. This time it was ham and beans. We quickly rode back to the theater and prepared for the show. The theater was very old and elaborately decorated. There were three balconies, but only the floor and first balcony were filled. We performed the best full show we had ever done and everyone felt good about it.

Gary Palmer came backstage afterwards to tell us he had just talked to the theater owner who said, "They are better than they were last year." The group had performed in the same theater the year before and had stayed in the same accommodations.

There were rumors going around about those accommodations--last year someone had found bugs in their bed and someone had gotten lice there. Of course, everyone relished that thought and soon everyone was coming up with comments like, "Who's got the lysol, we'll just spray it in the beds." "And what did we have for dinner? Flies and lice." "Did you know our rooms were bugged?"

There were fruit drinks for us downstairs and everyone went upstairs apprehensively, ready for a night of crawling misery. Good night, sleep tight. Don't let the bed bugs bite!

July 21, 1978

Wayne Prestgard

Grenoble

1. And now behold, it came to pass in the commencement of the sixteenth day of the tour of the American Folk Dancers in Europe, we did truly endeavor to raise ourselves from a deep but short slumber.
2. For behold the hour of the rising sun (being six in the morning) is early, having laid ourselves to rest well after the night was young (around one or two o'clock).
3. And it came to pass that because of the diligence of the men, and so speedy was their preparation, that not a single one of them were late in boarding the bus at the appropriate hour, that being the first hour after the rising of the sun (seven).
4. But behold, because of the slothfulness and neglect not a single woman was present at the set hour.
5. Because of this praise was given to the men by our leader, yea, even Gary Palmer, for their diligence and they were blessed.
6. But behold the women were chastened for their slothfulness and were called to repentance, and yea they (women) did humble themselves.
7. But it came to pass that the greater condemnation was laid upon Don Allen, the artistic director and his wife Connie. They having been chosen as leaders and not arriving until the hour of departure that being seven thirty.
8. And verily, having made all necessary preparations for our departure we continued our journey.

## Chapter 2

1. And it came to pass that because of our hasty departure from the land of Clarmont Ferrand that we were obliged to live on that that was provided.
2. And so great were the blessings of our leader upon us, that we did partake of bread (crusty) and of jams and of milk. And all these things were prepared that we might not perish.
3. Nevertheless we did suffer many afflictions. George had milk spilt all over his garments and many others had like experiences.
4. But behold, because of our patience, faith and long suffering we did endure these afflictions, yea we did even rejoice because of our blessedness.
5. And behold in our rejoicings we did present unto our driver (Daniel) in token of our esteem and appreciation a present (Cougar baseball cap).
6. And thus it is believed that from then on he (Daniel) did endeavor to make our journey speedy and as short as possible.
7. And it came to pass that it came time for our morning devotional and Brent Viertel was called upon to direct the devotional.
8. And behold we did sing praises unto our Lord (My Country Tis of Thee) under the masterful hands of Sonja Jorgensen.
9. Yea and we did give prayer and thanks unto the Lord for the many blessings and the mercifulness which we had received from his hands. (Connie Allen gave the prayer.)
10. And behold it came to pass that I, Wayne Prestgard, did stand before my fellow tour members and spoke unto them concerning charity unto others (Theory of the Dipper and the Bucket).
11. Yea and it was a marvelous speech if I may say so myself.
12. And when I had finished my remarks, behold we did recognize Keith Christensen for behold on this day in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifty-five came into the world.
13. For this reason there was much carrying on and rejoicing for the old man.
14. And thus we did continue our journey through the wilderness of France with much speed.
15. And behold we were ever blessed by the Lord for the climate was moderate and even a bit chilly being overcast with clouds.
16. Yea and also we did marvel at the handwork of the Lord for verily the country was simply wonderful. (Very green and well ordered.)

## Chapter 3

1. And behold we did come to the city which is called Grenoble, France, and because of the haste and speed on our driver, Daniel, we did arrive at the hour of noon.
2. And it came to pass that we were able to find with little difficulty the place designated for our performance that evening.
3. Yea, and the name of the building where we were to perform was the "Patinoire de Grenoble" (Petite). A direct translation would be "Ice skating rink of Grenoble" (small).
4. And now after we arrived it was made known unto us that we had yet one hour before our afternoon meal.
5. Therefore most of us departed from the bus to enjoy the sights around us. For behold we were near a park and it was glorious to behold.
6. And behold as we were wandering about the area near the bus we did come upon some servants of the Lord (missionaries).
7. Yea and we were exceedingly glad for they made it known unto us that they had been sent to guide us to a place of rest and a place of plenty (food)..
8. And the name of this land of plenty was the Bruno Munciple Swimming Pool. And we did feast on salads, bread, chicken, french fries, and fruits and everyone of us were satisfied.



9. And it came to pass that we were blessed and were given a few hours to relax and to do whatever we felt was necessary.
10. Yea, and many of us were desirous of relaxing at the pool and soaking up a few rays.
11. And behold there was a platform from which one could hurl oneself and a few daring souls proceeded to do this. And boy was the water cold. And behold the waters were most refreshing.
12. And there were a few who were not desirous of swimming and they did depart from us awhile and did go exploring the region round about Grenoble.
13. And behold it was made known unto me that they did ascend to a fort which was called the Gastil Fort which overlooked the whole of the city of Grenoble.
14. And behold it was a glorious sight. And there were many things that they did encounter of which not many were made known to me.
15. Therefore I cannot write all that they did see or do.

#### Chapter 4

1. And it came to pass at the hour of six p.m. we did all meet together and boarded the bus. And behold a miracle was made known to us. Shirley Palmer had bought a cardboard box to send a package home in. Yea and we did all marvel at such a miracle.
2. And behold the servants of the Lord did lead us back to the site of our performance. And yea we did enter in and were annoyed at the site.
3. For behold it was huge for being the smaller of the two skating rinks.
4. And it came to pass that food was provided for us. Not as abundantly but sufficient for our needs. There were breads and all manner of cold meats and cheese. (Don't forget popcorn.) And we did feast upon these until we were full.
5. And the hour of our show grew nigh and we did make preparations for it after the usual manner.
6. Yea and the hour did approach. But behold at the set hour there were but a few in the audience and so we did yet wait another half hour.
7. Therefore near the hour of nine, we did finally begin the show and there were yet few in attendance, numbering somewhere around three hundred.
8. But behold they were a good audience for they made loud their appreciation for our dances. Yea even one woman was very notable for she kept jumping up and yelling and clapping and carrying on.
9. And we did endeavor to present a show that would be pleasing to the audience, our leaders and ourselves yea even to the Lord for it was for this purpose we danced to increase the souls in his church.
10. But it came to pass that yet even under such blessed circumstances as a good stage and audience we did make a few mistakes.
11. And so many and small were most of them I cannot begin to tell them. But yea I must mention at least one, this was glorious and funny to behold.
12. For it came to pass on the International Medley the one, Brent Solomon, did come on stage with rubber thongs on. When he was to have been barefoot. And behold he did leave the stage and remove them from his feet.

1. And it came to pass that the show did come off quite well. But wait, there is yet one thing I must mention.
2. Yea there were French police backstage keeping law and order and behold we did come upon them peeking in the girls' dressing room. The girls were a bit embarrassed.
3. And behold at the conclusion of the show we did change our costumes and did prepare to leave the site of the performance.
4. And it came to pass we were divided up among the members of the branch of the Church of the Lord and were each taken and given a place to rest our weary bones.
5. How blessed were we who went with the Pinworks for yea they were from our own country and did speak our language.
6. Yea they did even have a washer and dryer and we did make use of the facilities.
7. And now we come to the end of this glorious day. I saw that I and everyone else were soon to go down to our beds. Wherefore I did take these papers and did write upon them the things which I was commanded.
8. And I make an end of my writing which writing is small. And I take these papers and give them to Katy for safe keeping.
9. And to the reader I bid farewell, hoping that many of my brethren may read my words. And might find them enjoyable and enlightening.
10. If there are any things missing from the record or misrepresentations I ask for forgiveness for I am but a man.
11. And I make an end of my speaking. Brethren, Adieu.

July 22, 1978

Thom Roylance

Geneve

Quick bus ride from Grenoble to Geneve 3 hours.

Morning: Free to shop.

Lunch: Big and delicious, at the chapel.

Afternoon: Free to shop, etc.

Parade around Geneve, all kinds of response. Dinner at performance site; goodbye to Br. Marie. Show was good, floor slippery. Evening with separate hosts.

July 23, 1978

Brent Solomon

Geneve

The Sabbath day began with each of us at the home of the members in Geneve. The size and strength of the Church here is stronger than in many of the places we have been. They have grown from one branch to three within the past year and are anticipating another split in the near future. This was a special day for us, being the 24th of July. We thought of the celebrations that would be going on at home commemorating the pioneers and their great efforts. We were pleased to know the Saints in Switzerland also thought of the 24th as a special day and many of us were asked to give first-hand experiences on how this day was celebrated in Utah. The weather was very nice and we were told that it was unusual to have two clear days in a row. We were pleased that we've had such nice weather throughout the meetings of the different branches with our respective hosts, and many of us were called upon to offer prayers, speak and otherwise participate in the meetings. We were told that the hymn, "Come, Come Ye Saints" was a favorite of these people so much that in one branch on the previous Sunday this hymn was sung three different times in the Sacrament meeting. Many delicious meals were prepared for and eaten by the folk dancers. It's amazing how generous these



people have been to us. There were also many batches of dirty travel outfits and costumes which were laundered which made us all very happy. At 7:00 there was a special fireside held at Geneve Chapel. Gary conducted and all the folk dancers were introduced. The closing prayer was given by Rick Falks and testimonies were given by Rene, Thom and Allen; we then sang "Come, Come Ye Saints," after which George, Tiana and Kelly spoke. We then sang "I am a Child of God." Everyone was especially touched by George's thoughts and testimonies. He has really a strong spirit. We were pleased to know that the missionaries brought in investigators to the meeting and that one particular investigator had been touched by the spirit of the fireside. It was even more thrilling to us as a group to know that Daniel, our driver, of his own choice had attended all the meetings that day and told us he had enjoyed them. After the fireside we returned with our hosts to their homes to enjoy more food, conversation and fun.





July 24, 1978

Rick Steiner

Paris

This morning we left Genevè at 8:10 a.m. on the bus. We drove for about 50 minutes and then a memorable event took place. A foreign car (Dodge) in front of us stopped to make a left-hand turn a little bit too fast. Daniel (le Chauffeur de car) hit the brakes and swerved to the left and hit the back left corner of the car then swerved back into the right lane. For some it was a shock causing much adrenaline to flow. The man in the car wasn't hurt bad; he had a sore back that seemed to get worse when someone (like the police) saw him. Daniel went with the police so we all got off the bus and scattered. When Daniel got back we drove to Lyon and ate lunch. Afterwards we went to the bus station and found out that Daniel would still be our driver. When we found that out we all cheered and picked Daniel up and carried him to the bus screaming and cheering. We finally left Lyon (Daniel's hometown) heading for Paris. We had a happy un-birthday for Dennis Hill (he's just too WONDERFUL).

We arrived in gay Paris and took a nice night cruise down the Seine River and saw the sights by the lights from the boat. Everything is so expensive in Paris. TODAY WAS JUST TOO WONDERFUL!

July 25, 1978

Brent Summerhays

Paris

Brent!!! It's 20 to 7! Another day off to a blitzing start. Oh, \*?!@\*, my blow dryer is burned out! Knock, knock, knock. Rena, can I borrow your hair dryer? Oh, I hate to shave this early in the morning. Stroke, stroke, GOTCHA! Ouch! Got to wake up; we're supposed to take pictures of the group this morning. 7:10: I sure hope we haven't been left behind, Kerrie. Oh, hi Don, are you going down? Connie, today can't be that bad. Everybody on the bus, count off! 1-2-3-4-5-6--- Tiana! 7--- We all look just too Wonderful this morning. Oh, look at the Eiffel Tower. I wonder where he got that big of an Erector set. Listen up people! The traffic is getting worse so cooperate and we'll get to the Sacre Coeur sooner! . . . Okay, everybody in the fountain. The FOUNTAIN?!? Allen, are you crazy? Yes, the fountain. But Allen . . . please hurry! Just get in the fountain. . . I think this trip has been a strain on poor Allen . . . There's no water in the fountain? Oh. Everybody, I need three people in the front. Why is there no water? What does Tuesday have to do with it? They're watering lawns and gardens today? Why are the museums all closed today? These pictures are going to be crazy! Rob, stand on the stairs and raise your hand up over the top of the tower a little higher. There, you are above the tower. Carolyn, get on your tip toes. Okay, back on the bus. Please don't get lost in the crowd near the painters. Everyone, line up in the street . . . just about ready . . . Cordie, here comes a truck! . . . Trust in the Lord with all thy heart . . . meet back at the bus in five minutes. These paintings are kitch! Which one do you like and think I should buy? I think we'd better go back to the bus; our fifteen minutes are up. You are all on your own. Meet back at the Hotel at 7:00 tonight dressed in travel outfits. Notre Dame, here we come. Mike, Tom, where are you headed? Oh, we'd go with you to the Metro. Arch de Triumph . . . Notre Dame . . . Eiffel Tower . . . bye you guys, have a good day. K.C., which stop do we get off on? Okay, have a good time at the University. Wow,

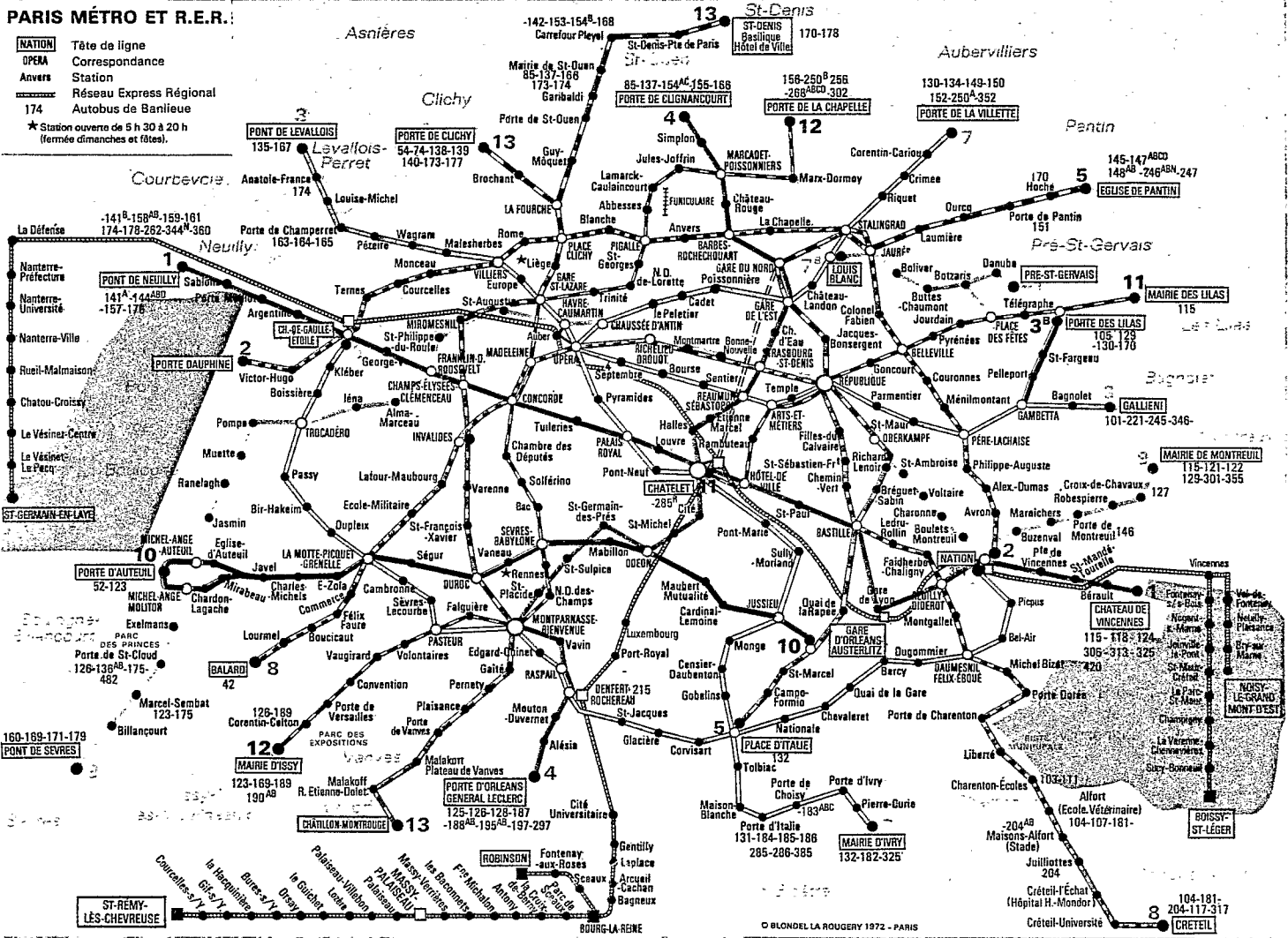


look at the gargoyles. It's beautiful (gasp for breath). Look at the stained glass windows. I can't remember what this side section of architecture is called. Starts with a "T"? We can look it up at home and say oh yes, we've seen that! Look at the flying buttresses. I wonder why they think they're flying. Wendy said San Chappel was in here. Closed! The story of our tour. Why are the museums closed on Tuesdays?! Look, people are walking through the Louvre. Could it be open? Nice courtyard isn't it! To think of all the art stored in these walls and we can't see it! It's not fair. I know, it's a museum. Let's sit in the garden, my feet are killing me. Grrrrroooowl. Why is everyone running? It was only my stomach. I hope we make it to the Renault Pub soon. So that's where Marie Antoinette couldn't get a hold of herself and lost her head. How long is the Champs Elysees anyway? There's the Renault! I'm sorry, Miss, I don't speak French. Somehow I expected this sandwich to be bigger for nine francs. Yes, I know we're in France. Pardon me! What? Oh, hi Gary. These banana splits are great! You've been at the Eiffel Tower all morning. It kind of stuck to you like peanut butter? Brent, don't stop in the middle of the street just for a picture of the Arc de Triumph! . . . Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of . . . Ah, the Metro at last! Do you know where you're going? La Defense, let's get off. I didn't remember this depot being so big. Trust me, I know where we're going. I know I said that an hour ago, we'll get out of here this time, I know it. Look, we're saved; it's Don and Connie. I never thought the Penta would look so good! Ahhhh, this bed feels great. Zzzzzzz. What? . . . who? . . . huh?!? Time for dinner already. I'll have the American special please. Since when is French onion soup American? I wonder if Rick is awake yet. DeLynne, you say you just sent Daniel up to get Rick out of bed? 7:10 p.m., where is everyone? Are we too early? I thought Don said 7:00. Okay, everybody on the bus. Can I have your attention please? Count off. I wonder if that's recorded? Off to Crital. (Men are dressing outside?!? This is going to be interesting!) Meet for prayer at 8:55. Oh boy, twenty minutes to stretch! Oh, this lawn is really the way to stretch. Line up for Devil's Dream, we're on! If this is a good floor, I don't want to see a bad one. Go on! get out on stage! They're sweeping the floor? I hope it helps. K.C.'s shirt is all that kept Carrie off the floor. Oh Sussanna . . . where the cayotes howl . . . walk-two-three-four, slide-two-three-four-five, walk, walk-three-four, slide-two-three-four-five, shoot that star . . . Whew, no one went down! 1-2-3, 1-2-3, Corte. People, don't drag your feet! Rick, we walk eight before we turn around! Thank goodness for intermission, it's hot. Line up for international medley! Hawaiian is almost over . . . hoppa hoppa hulla girl. Oh well, well, I . . . Shannendoah is first. I like it when they use the harmonicas in Oh Sussanna . . . la harmonica, la bebe . . . We're on again . . . It's a big wide, wonderful world we live in . . . with God as our Father, brothers all are we . . . Oh, no, what is the hand sign for "that"? . . . You, you got me; me, I got you that great big brotherhood of ma.a.a.a.an, yeah! Hoe down, the fight scene; oh, ow, Brent Solomon's foot in Dennis' mouth. That's a switch. Mike sure makes good sound effects for jazz . . . barbershop medley, we're on. Oo-oo-oo-oo, here's to the songs (huh?) of days that are gone . . . I thought cayote howls came in Lone Prarie!! Who let those animals back in here?!? (Gross!) Five foot two, eyes of blue . . . No Brent, continuous kicks don't come until after the small kicks! One! two! three! four! ba-ba-ba-ba at the hop! I wonder how Brent Viertel and Carrie Ekins did that trick. The girl is supposed to slide forward under the man's legs not the man's feet sliding back over the girl! And walk and walk and walk, back step . . . burn baby burn, yea! yea! They ought to let us sing the

words! Linda really gets into Orange Blossom. Look at those hips swing . . . Erin, into the middle for rainbow stroll . . . If there are any holes in the floor after Carolina and Kentucky clogs . . . there goes Cordie. He hasn't thrown very many taps this year. How does he kick his legs that high that fast? I wonder if he ever bites his tongue? Kim, move out a little farther? Good luck starting on the step, George! . . . triple, triple, step-clap-down. This is one show I'm glad is over. Get your costume bags on the bus as quick as you can, folks! Okay, let's go over the schedule for tomorrow. . . I wonder if he ever gets tired of saying that? Who wants off at MacDonalds? Zzz. . . Are we at the hotel yet? Room 509, please. Boy, this bed sure feels Zzzzzzz.

**PARIS MÉTRO ET R.E.R.**

**NATION** Tête de ligne  
**OPERA** Correspondance  
**Anvers** Station  
 Réseau Express Régional  
 Autobus de Banlieue  
 174  
 \* Station ouverte de 5 h 30 à 20 h  
 (fermée dimanches et fêtes).





July 26, 1978

Katy Peterson

Zottegem

Early this morning, the lobby of the Paris Penta Hotel was crowded with dancers in dark blue travel outfits and all their luggage. It took them quite a while to collect everyone and get on the bus, but after all the letters and postcards were mailed, and the final count was taken, they were off.

It was a happy un-anniversary day for Gary and Shirley Palmer. They told us a little about each other, and after some begging, we had them tell us of their engagement. We sure appreciate their humorous yet very capable leadership.

As we travelled north, the countryside became greener with farmlands. The houses were mainly built of brick and we could see fine white lace curtains in the windows. There were so many picturesque little residences along the way, and every one of them was perfectly kept.

When we reached the town square of Zottegem, we could see the room through the balcony window of the municipal building where Don was headed. A man with grey hair appeared at the window and threw his arms in the air with excitement at our coming. It was John Plompen and he ran down to greet us with all the pompousness he could muster. We were taken to a quaint restaurant down the road where we were served lunch. The place was so antique and the atmosphere most formal. Our skillful waiters served something new to some of us--water cress salad. It was a lovely meal.

From there our hosts met us and took us to their different homes. The middle square went to the Psychiatric Institute to do a short show while the rest of us took a nap or looked around the little town.

At 6:00 we met again at the municipal building for a reception and exchange of gifts. There was lots of 7-up for all of us. These people are so warm and full of hospitality. The speakers often mentioned the forming of better friendships and relationships between the Belgians and the Americans.

Our hosts each served us suppers according to their abilities, and where ever we each stayed, we knew they were giving us their very best. For those who happened to see a T.V. that night, we found that the Fonz was alive and well even in Belgium.



Today was "too wonderful" a day,  
 Far in Zottegem, Belgium we stayed,  
 In the morning we went,  
 To Brugge and to Gent,  
 To buy lace, and to sightsee, and play.

The lunch that we ate was unique,  
 And this story I'll tell "tongue in cheek"  
 For that's what we ate,  
 When they dished up our plate  
 Most of the folk dancers' stomachs felt weak.

"Bite your tongue," "Don't make comments, just eat."  
 "Think of the food as common cow meat,"  
 But it still made us squirm  
 For its texture looked warm  
 But the rest of lunch was "real neat."

While running around merrily  
 Several people waited for the W.C.  
 But the men had the gull,  
 To form a human wall,  
 And take turns so the girls couldn't see.

When passing the middle part of town,  
 We noticed our flag upside down,  
 When changed we felt glad,  
 But again soon turned mad  
 As the workers dropped the flag on the ground.

When taking a jog down the hill,  
 Rick Steiner ran faster until,  
 His feet couldn't stop,  
 He crashed and he flopped,  
 And his aches, scrapes, and pain are there still.

The sight of Rick's fall looked funny  
 And the people who watched laughed with glee,  
 Though the race Brent Viertel won,  
 Rick's opponent was dumb  
 For the dope pulled and ripped up his knee.





The end of the day turned out grand,  
For the Folk Dancers along with their band,  
They put on a great show,  
And the crowd let them know,  
That in Belgium they were always in demand.

Many photos the whole group did take,  
Of a beautiful house by a lake,  
A Baron buried there,  
And he took utmost care  
To entertain, and a perfect day make.

July 28, 1978

Wendy Wittwer

Zottegem to Israel

Mixed emotions prevailed as we loaded the bus in Zottegem. Most of us hated to leave our hosts who had fed us so well and treated us like such celebrities. Some of the hosts were fairly well to do with nice homes but many had very humble surroundings. But in each and all cases they gave to us the best of what they had. It was a very interesting cultural exchange.

Daniel drove us to Brussels for a quick look at the Grand Place and last minute mailing of letters and packages before we left Belgium.

Then came the familiar chore of unloading the bus and checking in all our luggage with the airlines. When this was completed then came the more difficult task of saying goodbye to Daniel. He had been our bus driver since Nice, France. It took him about two days to warm up to us and then he began to laugh and joke with us and help us pack our costumes and even watched all of our shows, time after time. He spoke only French and understood very little English but the language barrier was bridged with the spirit of love and friendship. We presented him with a poster which we all signed, a record and a folk dance T-shirt. We gathered around him and sang "God be with you til we meet again." Even though we knew he could not understand the words we were singing the sound of our voices and the tears in our eyes must have been enough to convey to him our message of love and sorrow at our parting. He kissed all the girls and shook the hands of all the men and then he was off to Russia for a new assignment, and we were off to Israel for a new adventure.

It was 8:00 p.m. when we arrived in Tel Aviv and were met by Brother David Galbraith who lives in Israel as a Church liason for BYU tours and study groups. As we rode on the bus from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, Brother Galbraith gave us a quick geography-history-religion lesson on Israel. Then as the lighted city of Jerusalem came into view he played for us a recording of "The Holy City." Although we were very tired from the long trip most of us were very excited to actually be in Israel, Jerusalem particularly after all these weeks of anticipation. We spent the night with BYU study abroad students and were happy for hot showers and clean beds.

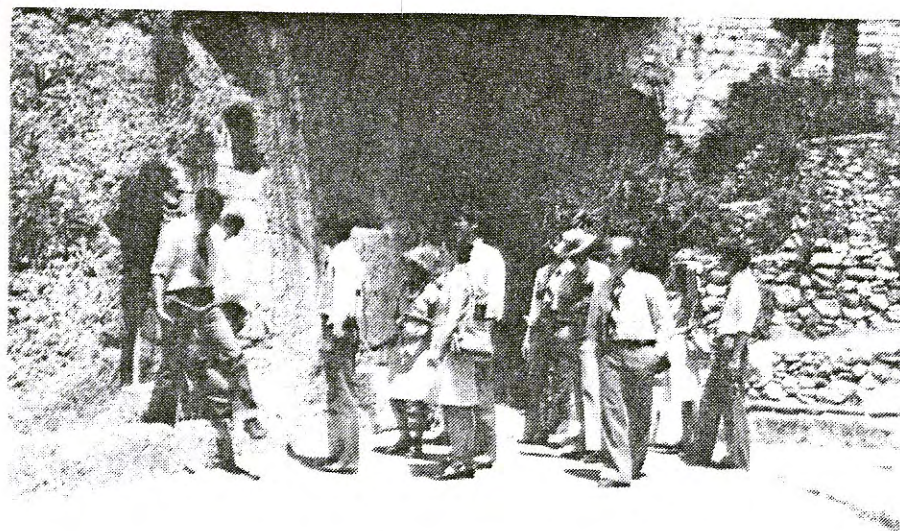
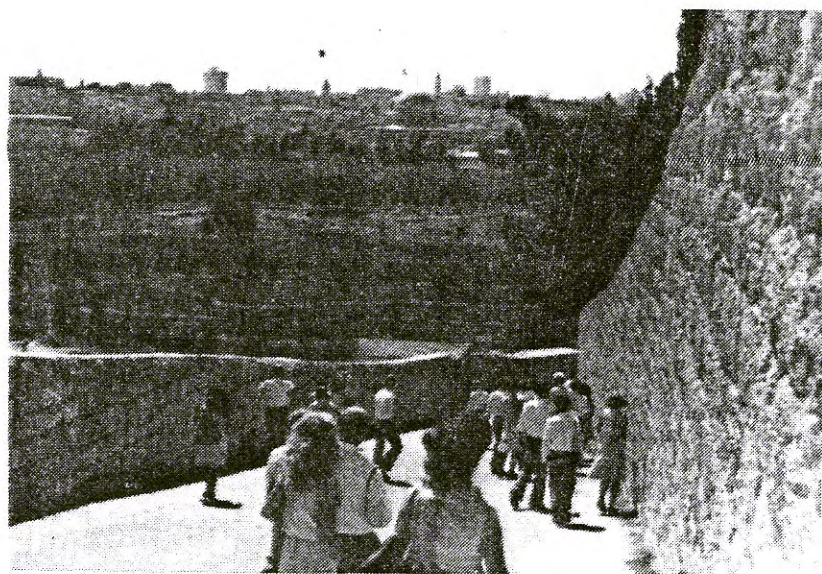
July 29, 1978

Gary Palmer

Jerusalem

We all had a good rest in the youth hostel at the Kibbutz Ramat Rachel. This is the housing for the BYU study abroad program. Breakfast was served at 7:00 a.m. consisting of hard boiled eggs served cold, tomatoes, green peppers, lots of cold milk, yogurt, cucumbers and bread and jam.







Church is located about a thirty minute walk from the Kibbutz and is held in the basement of a hotel and is very nice. All of us attended either Preisthood or Relief Society at 8:30 a.m. and Sunday School at 10:00 a.m. Today is Saturday, the Jewish sabbath. The LDS branch in Jerusalem has approved to have their services on the Jewish sabbath.

Following Church Brother David Galbraith took us on a short tour by bus. First we visited the sacred tomb and Golgotha. The regular guide first spoke to us but after the standard guide speech Brother Galbraith spoke to us and gave us much insight and additional information. Wendy Wittwer also told a special story about the resurrection. A marvelous experience.

Next, we traveled to the Mount of Olives and to the Garden of Gethsemene. The Garden was closed but Brother Galbraith said we could visit it later. Brother Galbraith talked to us at length concerning the Mount of Olives. We may have stood where Jesus stood today. A beautiful spiritual experience.

As we were preparing for our departure for Haifa Wendy fell and hit her head on some cement blocks. We traveled to Haifa to a place called Kfar Galim. This is the festival location next to the Mediterranean Sea. Everywhere we go you see guards armed with machine guns. We are housed at an agricultural college. We enter and leave at guarded gates. It is very nice here and everyone is very accommodating. Upon our arrival the festival people were waiting with TV and everything. This is the most elaborate dance festival thus far.

We traveled to the nearby Haifa Hospital with Wendy. They gave her a shot, took X-rays and glued the cut in her head. The X-rays showed Wendy's head to be okay. Wendy has been great about the whole affair and we are relieved that she will be fine.

All the dance groups performed for each other tonight and danced late into the night. Everyone enjoyed themselves greatly. We returned around 2:00 a.m.

July 30, 1978

Shirley Palmer

Haifa

Accommodations: Kfar Galim

Address: 3rd International Folklore Festival  
44 Pevsner St., P.O. Box 4811  
Haifa, Israel B668080

City: Haifa

Country: Israel

Breakfast: tomatoes, cucumbers, fish, yogurt, bread, milk, eggs

Lunch: pasta, barbecued meat, green beans, ice cream

Snack: cake, milk

Schedule: Free day, most BYU folk dancers spent the day basking in the "Beautiful Mediterranean Sea Sun." It was an excellent day to rest and relax after our very busy schedule.

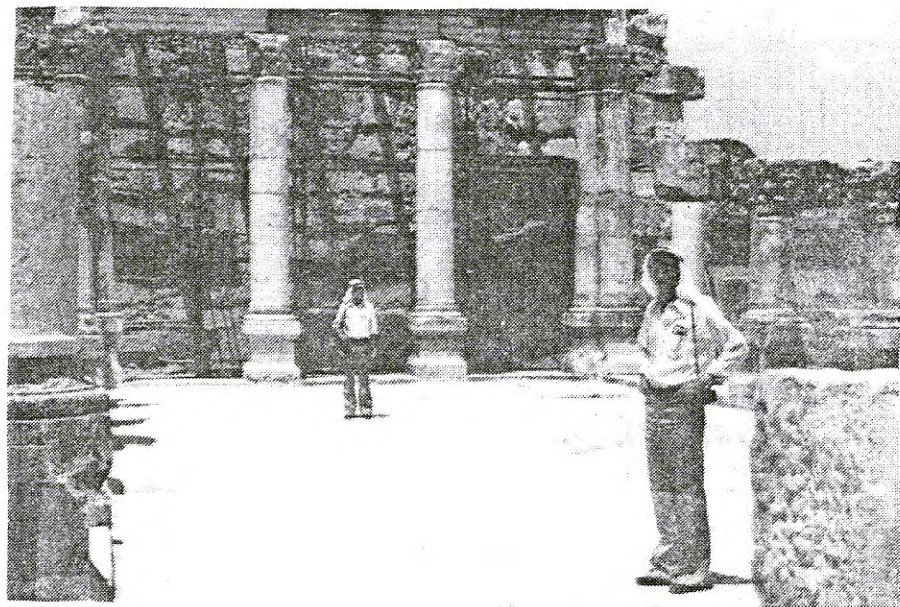
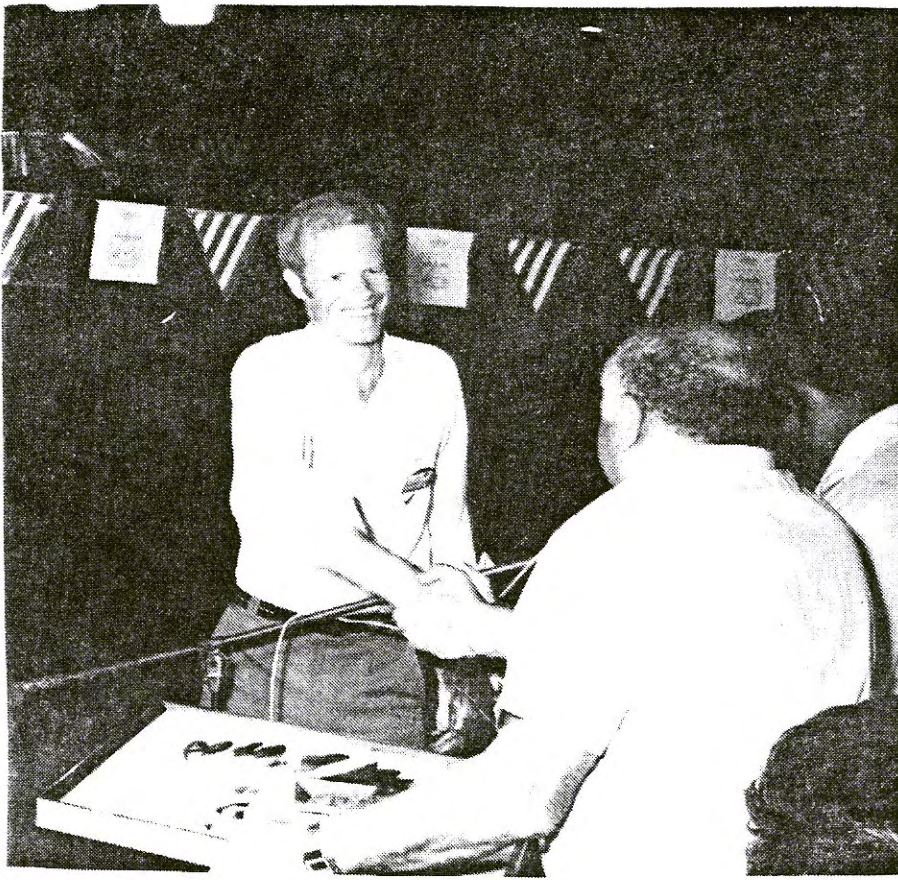
Weather: beautiful, but hot

New faces: We are enjoying our two hosts--Libi and Tali (Addresses are listed with Ann King).

Night Entertainment:

1. Opening of the 3rd International Folklore Festival
2. Psalms was quoted "Praise Him with Dance and Cymbals."
3. Tickets sold for 100 pounds--large crowd
4. President of Israel attended; spoke to those who attended
5. Japanese and Mexicans have not yet arrived; airport strike in Paris has delayed them
6. Program lasted exactly two hours; each performance was outstanding







Supper: Returned to Kfar Galim for a delicious supper of fried fish, potato salad, melons, eggs and cheese.

July 31, 1978

Allen Palmer

Haifa, Galilee

The sun rose early, again.

This day was one which brought to us the answers to certain pivotal questions in Folk Dance history. Namely, Talli loves to hear Mike Newman's banjo picking; beware of men wearing berets in Church tours in Nazareth; the Sea of Galilee is really only a lake; anyone who goes there must wear a funny-looking hat; and Gary and Shirley don't like to swim in the Jordan River on hot July days.

Of course there were other things going on, but the day was exciting because everyone took Dennis' advice and got lots of sleep the night before. I tried to interview Dennis on the wisdom of this counsel, but I couldn't stir him from his deep sleep late in the afternoon.

No one will soon forget this day's trip by boat across the Galilee. It was easy to imagine the Savior walking along the banks teaching the people, calling Peter to follow him from Capernum, and then the other disciples.

In Nazareth we saw how many sacred religious sites have been located and preserved by construction of shrines and Churches. We saw what are believed to be the location where Mary was first visited by the Angel Gabriel, and where the carpenter Joseph had his shop. And we stopped in Cana to visit the site of the first miracle, changing water into wine.

Then, across the Sea of Galilee from Tiberius to Capernum, site of excavations of Peter's home, and other archeological findings. On the hill above Capernum sits a shrine of the Mount of Beatitudes.

After lunch and a little frolicking in the park for the festival film crew, almost everyone jumped into the Jordan River. Everyone but Gary and Shirley, one of which forgot to bring their swim suits.

The return trip to Haifa took us high above the Jordan River Valley, where agricultural developments are impressive under the shadow of the Golan Heights. Then on to Mount Tabor--and back to Carmel by the Sea.

The performance this night was at a kibbutz where every seat was filled--about 2,500 total. It was one of the best received performances of the tour thus far, according to Gary.

Afterwards, in the wee hours of the morning, the festival film crew interviewed Don and Dennis in the dressing room.

It was a long and profitable day. The sun set.

August 1, 1978

Lori Palmer

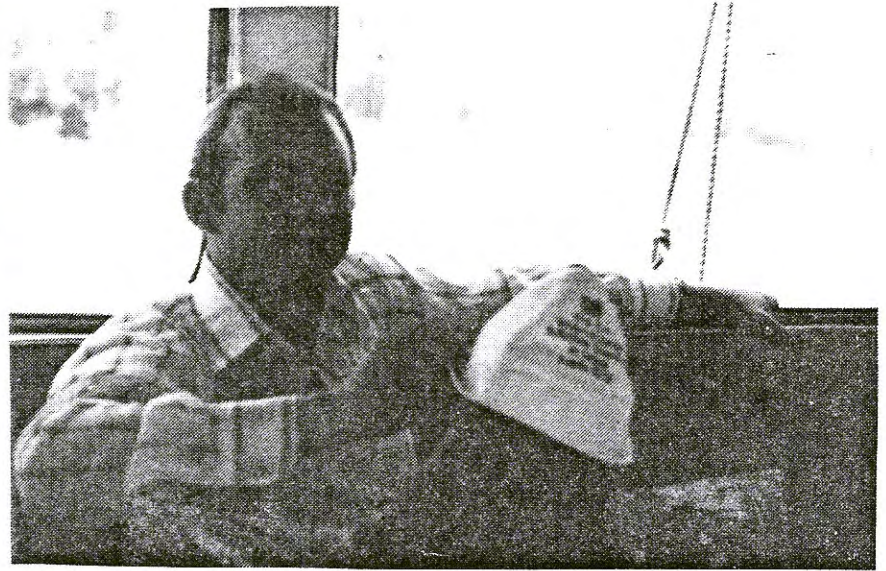
Haifa

This morning alarm clocks started buzzing as early as 5:30 but they fell on deaf ears and as late as 6:30 there were only one or two girls who had opened their eyes and ventured one foot off the side of the bed.

With pillows, costumes and make-up we all piled onto the bus for a day and an evening in Jerusalem. Not many remember anything of the two hour drive in because they were snoring too loudly to see anything.

Our first stop in the city was enough to wake us up and give us feelings and impressions we will never forget.







Yed Va Shem is a memorial to the lives lost and altered by the holocaust. One of the accounts given characterized to me all the strength shown by Jews in a hate-filled Europe. In the trials at Nurenberg testimony was given: "the trench was about 2/3 filled with about 2000 bodies when I noticed a family being pushed up toward the edge. The parents were holding two of the children by the hand while the grandmother carried the baby, tickling it to keep it from crying. There were no hysterical tears, pleading or begging. They just stood there as a German officer, sitting in a car, smoking a cigarette, aimed his machine gun and shot them."

Death and war and the struggle of a people to survive . . . survive the holocaust . . . survive the War for Independence in 1948 . . . survive the 6-day war of 1968 where the divided city of Jerusalem fought street by street and where Arab gunners fired down on the city from Ammunition Hill. The trenches the Arabs used are now a place for children to run and play.

There is now free movement between all sections of Jerusalem. Our bus easily moved through the Arab section to the old city. There Shirley Palmer was in her natural element--the market place. Gary is now carrying around with half the weight of an olive wood tree. We had been prepared by the bus driver to bargain with the merchants and that's exactly what we did, enjoying every pound saved and spent.

We spent a few fleeting moments in the manuscript museum of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

The evening was actually chilly and for the first time in several days we weren't hot.

The program topped a perfect day and again we slept all the way back to Haifa.

August 2, 1978

Keith Christensen

Haifa

This morning our cucumbers, tomatoes and cottage cheese breakfast was blessed with chocolate pudding. We all sit at the table waiting like cats by the milk bucket to see what they will bring out of the kitchen next.

From nine to eleven we danced Israeli with the International and Israeli Folk Dance teachers from all over Israel. They pulled us through several of their dances, then we taught them Oh Suzanna, Virginia Reel, and the Salt Dog Rag.

The only free time before the parade that afternoon was from 12:00 to 3:00, the period that the beach closed, but that didn't stop us from going down to swim. There were only a few left napping or writing journals and letters this time.

I was told the parade was not announced, that the only spectators were those downtown that day. You wouldn't have known it by the crowd. It was a fun parade. We were right in front of a band again--the front could hardly hear the band, and the TV cameras were there taking pictures. When we got to the park overlooking the Haifa the cameras were there organizing another happening. "Dance to the left, now in-two-three-four, out-two-three-four, in . . . , out . . . "Okay, now everyone go get your drinks and go to the buses, Group A first, Group A . . ."

Our performance at the Haifa Auditorium started out with a bang. We all got to teasing each other out in the lobby. Rick traded with Kim in line, and when we started to go Wayne and Katy blocked Kim's return long enough so that Gaylene was halfway down through the audience before Kim caught up. Rick caused the same thing to happen back in the tall square.

This was a good stage, and the audience was very excited. The

seating went to the sides, somewhat, and up so that everyone felt close. We learned later that they had oversold half of the seats, and fist fights broke out. The aisles were packed and they felt very responsive while we danced--it was a great show. When we got our tickets to get a pastry they were all out so they took us on a special scenic ride above the Haifa Harbor and then down to a little bagel place on the road back to Kfar Galim. Everyone had to admit that fresh bagels were pretty good.

Tonight was the night of the group talks, the calling to people's attention that an effort should be made to be sensitive and get closer to each other on the whole. As we returned we discovered that the teachers we danced with that morning had waited up to dance with us. The few that went over to the "disco" discovered that it wasn't a "disco" at all, but an informal replay of the morning. It was fun, though, and several stayed.

August 3, 1978

Caroline Cline

Haifa

Hoorah--today is our free day! After our nonstop schedule since arriving here in Haifa, this day is greatly appreciated. As everyone needs to spend time washing, sleeping, catching up journals, sleeping, shopping, sleeping, writing letters home, sleeping, etc.

We split up into three main groups for this day's activities. One group went into Haifa with Tali to shop. Another stayed here at Kfar Galim and a third group went with some of Dennis and DeLynne's friends from the Haifa dance group to the beach.

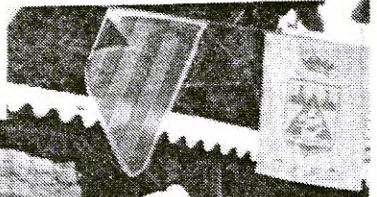
The first group who went shopping had a good time in Haifa once we got there! (The bus we took into Haifa was very slow and hot and crowded!) Everyone split up into smaller groups for shopping once we arrived in the city. Our time was spent in buying Star of David necklaces and chains. Most of us met back at the Central bus station by chance where we enjoyed falafels (a favorite Israeli dish) while waiting for our bus to take us back home and to the beach!

The kids who stayed here had a lot of fun they hadn't really planned on. After doing some laundry, Rena and Erin woke Tom and Mike N. up so they could all go to the beach together. Wayne was down there also so they decided to bury him in the sand. They had just begun to do this when our friends, the ever-present cameramen, came onto the scene and started filming. It was a really funny experience since as they buried Wayne they created a woman figure on top using his face as her face! The figure was very realistic as two days later it could still be distinguished in the sand.

The group who went with Dennis and DeLynne and the Haifa dancers had a fun day also. They spent all day on a private beach nestled into a little cove along the shore. The day was spent talking to the Israelis, soaking up the sun and being treated to an Israeli lunch similar to the American hamburger and french fries. Everyone came back with red faces and a healthy glow.

We danced tonight at the Sports Arena where we shared a dressing room with the Japanese group. We were being filmed tonight so we tried especially hard to look nice but our stage was very slick which seems to be par for the course. We enjoyed being a part of the audience and watching the others perform. Especially, we enjoyed the Mexican group with their choreography of Zapateado and da Bantia.







Most of the group went to bed early since the only organized activity consisted of singing with the Mexicans. Rick, Erin, Sonja and Carrie went out and had some fun talks with the Japanese group. Once again Erin has stolen the heart of one of these foreign men.

August 4, 1978

Dennis Hill

Haifa

Hickory-Dickory Dock--The Alarm rang eight o'clock--We showered and ate--so we wouldn't be late; for there would be a happening at half past nine o'clock. This morning we were to be dressed in costume at nine o'clock for a short rehearsal for tomorrow night's festival finale. We revised Carolina's and Kentucky clogs to fit within the time limit given us. "Twinkle, Twinkle little star--now because of TV we really are--smile for the camera; sing for the man; dance the very best you can. At nine-thirty all the groups met on the grassy field between the dormitories and the dining hall. (This was the field we're forbidden to walk on.) There was to be an exchange of dances between groups for the television crew making a documentary on the festival. Besides our group the groups from Mexico, Japan, Holland, Luxembourg, and two Israeli groups including the Haifa Dancers were there. We have really enjoyed being with all of the groups here and have renewed some wonderful friendships. Towards the end of the happening a dream came true for many of the dancers. We were asked to dance "Joy of Youth" and "Vayiven Uzizahu Suite" with the Haifa kids. It was very exciting to be in Israel doing the dances with the very group we had learned them from. After the happening we returned home to change. Peter, Peter Pumpkin eater--the lunches here are really neater. (Well, it rhymes doesn't it!) We really enjoy lunches here--especially the melon at the end of the meal. This afternoon was free so we all headed for the beach; to sun and catch up on some well deserved rest. We are all becoming a beautiful golden brown thanks to the warm Israeli sun. We returned home at about 4:00 o'clock for a group party and to prepare for the Sabbath. Because the Sabbath in Israel goes from sun-down on Friday to sun-down on Saturday we felt it best to observe it also. Our group party was a good break. First of all, the "Bacon Fat Five plus One" performed one of their latest hits. These married men of the group have traveled all over Europe and are prestigious performers. Their performance was received with tumultuous accolades of applause. Next we played charades--using stories from the Old Testament. The stories of "Moses and the Plagues," "The man whose Donkey saw an angel," and "Shadrack, Mishack, and Abindigo" were adeptly performed by the Internationally Famous "Folklore Players" consisting of course of our own group. We next got a conveyer machine going and each person got their rides. This along with group body pass were times we could really let loose. At eight o'clock the group held a fireside. Gary Palmer was the speaker. Gary's spirit was strong as he explained how everyone is different and how God looks upon the heart of a man rather than outward physical signs. The stories he told of his children and he and Shirley helped us to really know him and his wife better and truly understand that goodness can be found in all--it's just how you personally look at that person. Tonight, the closing party for the groups is being held. Because of the Sabbath we will be presenting our gifts but not performing. Many of the people expressed their interest and respect in our reason for not performing on the Sabbath. Then it was home early. The first time this week we were in bed before 1:00 a.m. in the morning. Hickory-Dickory-Dock. The bell rang 11:00 o'clock. We were all in our beds, resting our sleepy heads, Hickory-Dickory-Dock.





August 5, 1978

Katy Peterson

Haifa

It's Saturday and we are observing the Sabbath just as the Jews. We had to organize our own meetings because there are no L.D.S. branches in the area. There were two vacant classrooms in which we held Priesthood and Relief Society. Dennis Hill gave a super lesson on the scripture Matthew 5:14-16 and made an analogy between the gospel and a candlestick & candle. The Relief Society lesson was on the stories of Jesus and the New Testament settings we had visited.

Directly after, we held our testimony meeting because it was fast Sunday. The spirit there was very uplifting as we began to realize the unique moments we were sharing and the importance of the events which occurred in that land. I think we all felt much closer to our Lord after experiencing Israel, His earthly home. Tears began to fall and everyone felt the urge to hug each other. It was a glorious time to share--the testimonies flowed and the songs were sung with greater meaning. We were happy to have Tali present to witness the meeting and learn more of the gospel.



We broke our fast with dinner before going to the closing ceremonies after sunset. The program was held in the same stadium where the festival was commenced. Each group performed a short number, and we did our cut version of Kentuckys and Carolinas. The grand finale was beautiful, as hundreds of Israeli children on the field lit sparklers, sang and danced. There was a recessional parade and then a "happening". The Israelis always like to have group dancing after their festival shows. We were bombarded with kids wanting pins and postcards and autographs.

Back at Kfar Galim we had our nightly after show snack and then some went to the disco. It turned out to be a lesson in English dancing. The head of the English group was leading everyone in mixers from England. It was a good opportunity to meet the dancers from the other groups and it wrapped up a very spiritual and eventful day.

August 6, 1978

Katy Peterson

Haifa

Ah! Today we slept in, most of us anyway. A small group took the bus to Haifa for more shopping so they could get their star of David necklaces, sandals, and samples of Israeli clothing. The rest of us went down to the beach for our last sunbathing session of the tour. Our group congregated way down the beach from the life guard. Some of the guys were having a great time catching sand crabs and placing a certain dead fish on the backs of the sunbathers. Linda and Craig won the prize for best sandcastle builders.

Meanwhile, some of the groups were leaving the festival under the ever-present eye of the movie camera as their new made friends waved them off. We had a special treat at lunch--ice cream bars! We understand that the food served this time at the festival is a 100% improvement over what they had the last time the folk dancers were in Haifa. We were extremely grateful.

Our final show in Israel was held at Beir Ha'am Kiryat Haim, another Kibbutz. The auditorium was old and we waited for our turn outside on long benches they set up. For a change, Don decided to have us do the Pioneer and Contemporary sections. We had a funny experience just before the swing. Backstage, we were all frantically putting on our 50's outfits while someone inadvertently closed the door. When we were ready to run out on stage, we grabbed the door handle and it came off. We were astounded. Our yells and pounding on the door were heard outside, and they began to work on the door too. Some of the guys were ready to take the hinges off the door when it suddenly opened. We came screaming out and lined up while the band finished up their impromptu number. They had run down to another dressing room, pulled the handle off it's door and slipped it into our door to get it open. What a hilarious mishap!

That night, the Puerto Ricans threw a party for all the other groups. They are sponsored by Bacardi Rum and all the food was provided by them. We sampled all but the rum of course. During the evening many gifts were exchanged and many good-byes followed. The other groups were scheduled to leave at all hours of the night and morning. Consequently, many of us got very little sleep. The Puerto Rican party went on all night and we could still hear the music and talking til early morning.



August 7, 1978

Connie Allen

Jerusalem

Israeli Breakfast: Tomatoes, green peppers, cucumbers, eggs, milk, bread, cheese, fish.

On leaving the hotel in which the leaders were staying, the taxi driver threw our luggage atop the cab. This made Gary rather nervous and he held onto his garment bag all the way to Kfar Galim. We thought we would be late for the bus but instead the bus was late.

The bus finally arrived and being the last festival group to do so, we loaded the bus and said our goodbyes. Vonathon and Ruthie Gaboy came to see us off and Mr. Bialik sent me a gift of Shalom perfume in a hand painted bottle. What a thoughtful man. It was very difficult to say goodbye to such fond friends.

Talli and Libby handed out gifts after the opening song led by Sonia and the opening prayer by Mike Kelly. They gave Israeli flags, posters, and a mounted ceramic by Talli. Tiana gave a quote by Neal Maxwell on using our capabilities for the Lord. Very well done by "T." Nearly everyone then crashed until arrival at Ramat Rachel at 1:30 p.m. By this time we all knew that Brent Viertel's bag was still in Haifa and worse still several hundred dollars worth of gifts had been stolen out of the safety deposit boxes. He was the only one to use them and the only one with such a loss.

David Galbraith met us at the Kibbutz and we all went to our rooms, deposited our things, got on an air-conditioned bus and went to lunch at three Falafel Shops. Brother Galbraith forgot that the Moslem month of Fasting (Ramadan) had begun. They fast for thirty days (and eat for thirty nights) so all the Falafel shops were closed but one run by an Arab Christian. It was hard on the little shop but we finally were fed and content. I tried a honey and nut middle east treat and found it very enjoyable.

Brother Galbraith took us first to the enclosed garden of Gethsemane. There were eight old olive trees that might have been there when Christ prayed. The trees were gnarled and twisted and hollow yet we could see the olives growing that would be harvested in October or November. He quoted President Lee that the trees looked they had experienced the agony with the Savior. We went inside the Church of All Nations. There were purple stained glass windows to create the feeling of dusk or twilight. The floors were elaborate mosaics of beautiful purple, blue and cream design. Parts of the original mosaic floor were covered with glass and the newer floor nearly matched the old. The ceilings were of mosaic tile and very ornate. The rock Jesus was to kneel on was simply encased by a wrought iron fence with silver doves at the corners. Everyone was very quiet, and yet a feeling of anguished exuberance permeated the darkened atmosphere. I felt like shouting, of wanting to express some inner desire to God. Anne King was by me and she too felt something strongly but unable to fully define it.

I walked over to Wendy Wittwer. She expressed how she would like to have had the time to stay and fully explore what was there. I agreed. We hurried back to the bus and went over to the Valley of Hiddron (or Valley of Hell).

The next stop was St. Stephen's Gate where Stephen saw in the broad daylight, God the Father and Jesus the Son just before the people rushed on him outside the gate and stoned him. A professional beggar came immediately out to Brother Galbraith who said something in Hebrew and shook him off his arm. We then followed him up some open stairs to walk on top of part of the old East Wall of Old Jerusalem. From there we could look upon the work being done for the Orson Hyde Memorial Park just north and above the Garden of Gethsemane. All got down but Gary Palmer who stood on the outer edge and

made like the Prophet Samuel. It made a great picture.

The next stop was the pools of Bethsado where ill people would wait for the angel to disturb the water so that the first person in might be healed. Here Jesus met the lame man by the pool who had been waiting for 38 years to get there first. To be healed by so few words, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." The man must have danced all the way.

The ruins were quite deep and there were steps leading down to very small baths. The area being excavated was quite extensive. Everywhere we went, Brother Galbraith's explanations drew crowds other than our BYU Group. The next place was the Fortress of Antonio. Brother Galbraith knocked and entered, then spoke with two Catholic sisters who knew him very well as well as what he was there for. We seemed to be given preferential treatment. After a few minutes wait we went to an area that had a model of Pilate's Palace and courtyard. He then explained why Jesus was judged by Pilate in the open courtyard and that the High Priests waited outside because they became defiled if they would enter.

We walked down a few steps into the courtyard where a Roman game was chiseled into the rock and a Star of David was chiseled there also. It was likely that after his condemnation that Jesus became the object of this cruel game by the Roman soldiers, then they scourged him. This scourging was so terrible that it could end in a man losing his life. Bits of glass, bone, and sharp rock were at the ends of the whips they used. It was from here that Jesus began his ascent of about four blocks to Golgotha carrying his cross.

During President Lee's visit, he stayed a long time here and cried for the spirit was so strong in this place. We walked on the original street where grooves were chiseled in the stone so that animals would not slip. We could not linger so we hurried out of the Church of the Sisters of John and down part of the old market and made our second visit of the Wailing Wall.

We saw where the orthodox Jew and modern Jew reverently go to pray publicly to their God. We were told they wore special garments, that the men wear head coverings, the women wear shawls. They have prayer rolls in the wall and the men and women go to separate parts of the wall to pray.

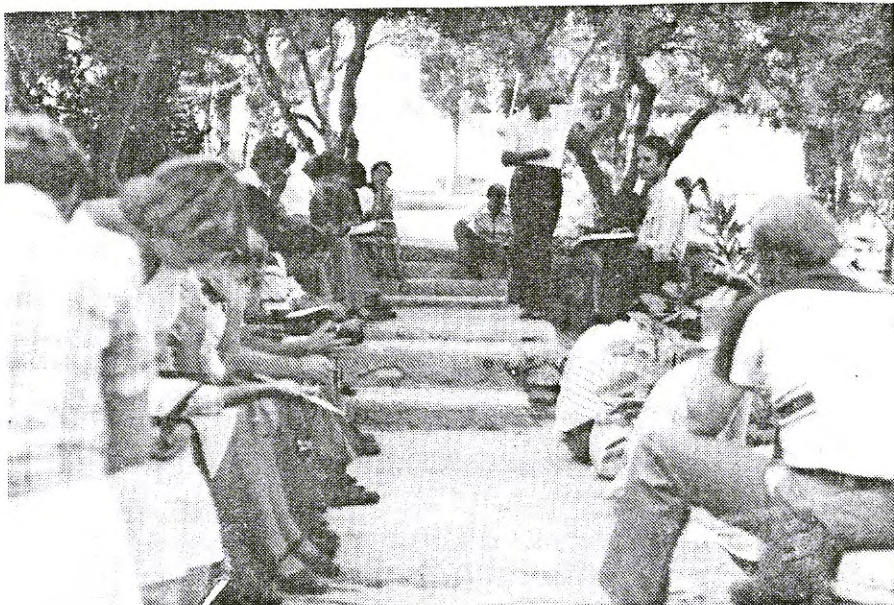
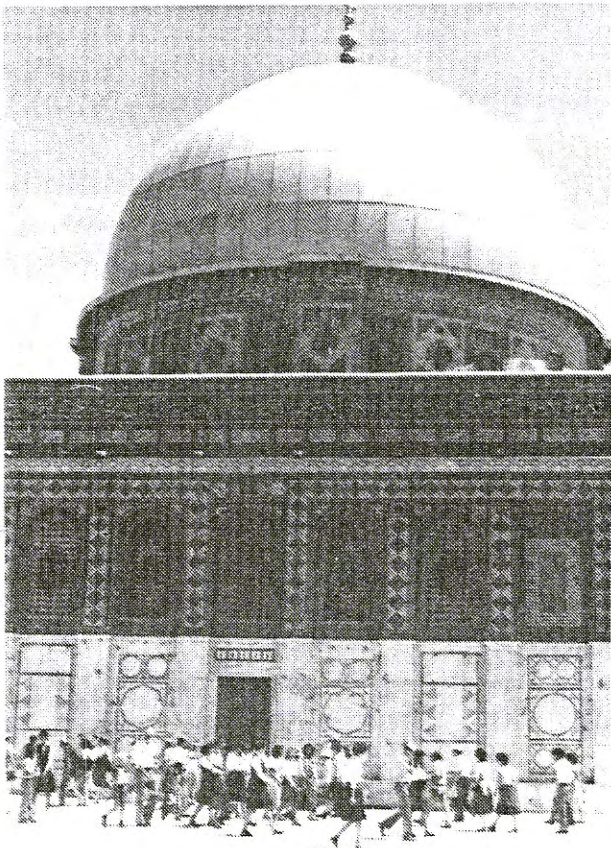
Our tour was up and we returned to the Kibbutz for a rest and a meal of chicken-fried steak, mashed potatoes, egg plant, milk, bread, and honey melon for dessert. We then loaded the bus and went to the International Cultural Center for an 8:30 performance. It was a small stage and the boys' dressing area was so small it became like a sauna. The girls, on the other hand, had lots of room.

The 150 members of the Church came plus another couple hundred people, and soon there was standing room only. It was apparent after the first number that this was a great audience, and it was also apparent after the first section that it was going to be a hot and sweaty night for the dancers. By the time contemporary came everybody's hair was slicked down (perfect for the swing) and shiny was the countenance of faces.

The performance itself was marvelous to watch and a thrill to watch the audience's enjoyment. Don had told the group that this was their last full show for Shirley and I to watch and to do their best for us. And as far as I'm concerned it was. The excitement was unquenchable.

The Israelis had their dances afterwards. Everybody danced--young and old, men and women. Some of the best male dancing I saw that night. Mike Kelly was terrific! What he didn't know he picked up very fast. He is an excellent dancer.





I think some of our students were disappointed that we didn't stay long enough to dance all night. But it was midnight before we returned home and we needed to be up and going by 6:00 a.m.

August 8, 1978

Don Allen

Jerusalem

At 5:00 a.m. the alarm went off and looking out the window I saw the red sun just starting to show over the horizon promising the continuing warmth of the Israeli desert.

After a quick Israeli breakfast we boarded a beautiful air-conditioned bus for our day's journey. Brother Galbraith introduced us to Kelly Odgen who was our guide for the day and very knowledgeable he was.

On the way to the Dead Sea we passed Bedouin tent encampments and herds of their sheep and goats. Apparently their life style has changed very little since the time of King David and before.

As we drove along the Dead Sea area the Acosia Tree was pointed out to us as the source of Shitim wood. This is the wood the Arch of the Covenant was made of. We also found out that from the Dead Sea there evaporates some seven million tons of water.

Our first stop along the Dead Sea was Masada. A cable car took us to the top where we visited both of Herod's palaces, store rooms, large water cisterns, a hot bath, a private residence, plus heard the heart-rending story of how some 960 people met their death rather than fall into the hands of the Romans. It took the Romans three years of besieging the 3000 foot fortress while they built an earthen ramp to conquer its heights (70-73 AD).

Going north along the Dead Sea we came to En Gedi for lunch and a closer look and feel of the 30% mineral Dead Sea. Many tasted the salty liquid and exclaimed, "YECH!!!" It was here close to En Gedi where David cut off a piece of Saul's coat and later showing it to Saul indicated how he could have killed him, but instead spared his life. While here we saw some Israeli F-4 Phantom jets patrolling the border.

Again progressing north we visited the ruins of the ancient city of Qumron. It was here the Dead Sea scrolls were found by a bedouin boy. We saw the entrance to the cave wherein was found the intact 66 pages of Isaiah which we saw a few days ago in the Shrine of the Book.

Jerico was our next short stop where we saw an ancient well and the mount where tradition says was that of Jesus' temptations after his 40-day fast. Also, close to Jerico it is believed that Christ was baptized by John in the Jordan River.

After climbing up from the deepest crack in the earth we stopped at Bethany and visited Lazarus tomb. It was sure a tight fit to get in there but we did. We then walked back to a garden where we read from scripture of the account.

Mount Zion was next where "David's Tomb" is traditionally located, then the Upper Room where the "Last Supper" was held. It was interesting to have this account read from scripture as we visited.

The bus took us to the other side of the city where the "Mormon Bookstore" is located. Purchases were made to include slide presentations, T-shirts, cook books, etc.

It was then back to Kibbutz Rammat Rachel for a few minutes of rest before supper. During this time the five married couples moved to new quarters in bamboo bungalows overlooking the town of Bethlehem. It was a beautiful and touching sight to behold the town of Jesus' birth.

Following dinner a party had been arranged at the cafeteria for exchange between the BYU study abroad and Folk Dancers with the Israelis



August 9, 1978

Katy Peterson

Jerusalem - London

Waving good-bye to our BYU study abroad roomates, we rode the bus to Bethlehem for a quick tour before our flight. There we visited the Church of the Nativity which has a natural cave beneath it. It is the traditional place in which Christ was born. We gathered around the draped, candled, gilded, embellished spot where many a Christian had bowed and kissed the floor. The cave was dark and quiet, but we broke the silence with Christmas music. We sang O Little Town of Bethlehem, and Pres. Galbraith spoke to us about the place.

Our tour continued on to Jerusalem again, and we took our last look at the Wailing Wall. As we climbed the ramp to the Temple Mount, we read the sign telling us that the place was so sacred that no one should set foot upon it. No devout Jew will enter there.

The Dome of the Rock houses the huge threshing floor which was the very spot where Abraham went to sacrifice Isaac. It was exciting to behold the place on which the Temple will be rebuilt when the Lord comes again. The inside of the mosque was so elaborately decorated. There was gold everywhere on the structure, and the floor was covered with beautiful Asian rugs. We had to remove our shoes before entering and it felt nice walking around on those rugs.

Outside once more, Rena asked Pres. Galbraith to pose for a picture with her. In a natural response, he slipped his arm around her waist and smiled for the camera. A Moslem gaurd appeared from the crowd yelling something at him. Embarrassed, Pres. Galbraith remembered that the Moslems don't approve of men and women touching in public, especially on the sacred temple mount, it's just not allowed.

We had to hurry off th catch our flight in Tel Aviv. It was so heartbreaking to leave Jerusalem and the friends we had made there. We sang "God Be With You" to Pres. Galbraith and again later to Libby and Tali at the airport. We had our luggage checked, went through passport control, then had a private security check of our personal carry-ons and ourselves in little booths. The flight was delayed so we had our meal in the restaurant. Finally by 3:00, we boarded an EL AL 747 for a nonstop flight to London. We flew over the Alps but couldn't see them through the cloud cover.

Before landing, we sang our songs for the stewardesses and also the Hebrew songs we knew with the passengers. One of our band members was particularly excited to get off the plane. The stewardess led him to the door before anyone else had even unlocked their seat belts. The next time we saw Mike, he was with Sarah, smiling from ear to ear. She had flown over to meet him for our last week of tour.

It was raining in London, of course. A guide was there to meet us and take us to the Mostyn Hotel. Along the way she pointed out many landmarks and famous buildings which looked really old and classy. Our hotel was comfortable: we even had our own bathrooms adjoining our rooms, and T.V.s.

Part of the group went immediately to bed and a few adventurous ones went out to see the sights of London by night.

in the Kibbutz. They expected a performance and we expected a participation party. We had a little of both as we did the Pioneer section, then invited people to join us in a round and square dance party. The floor was literally packed with people and all seemed to have a most enjoyable evening.

Some of the dancers went swimming in the olympic-size pool until 10:00 while others prepared for a good, long night's sleep.

Bethlehem at night is a sight worth remembering and a sight which will warm my heart each time I remember Israel and Kibbutz Rammat Rachel.

August 10, 1978

Kim Gandy

London

This was our one and only day in the historical and beautiful city of London. With less than 24 hours in such a city what do you do? Each of us had our own ideas of the ideal day, so all of us split up into small groups in order to do the things we wanted to.

After eating a Rice Krispies breakfast and packing our luggage down into the hotel's storage room, all the groups scattered to the corners of London. Some headed to the stores to pick up on good buys on items such as clogs, Wedgewood, wool blankets and whatever else they could find. Harrods is an exclusive department store that our dear Shirley Shopper just had to become acquainted with before leaving her shopper's paradise.

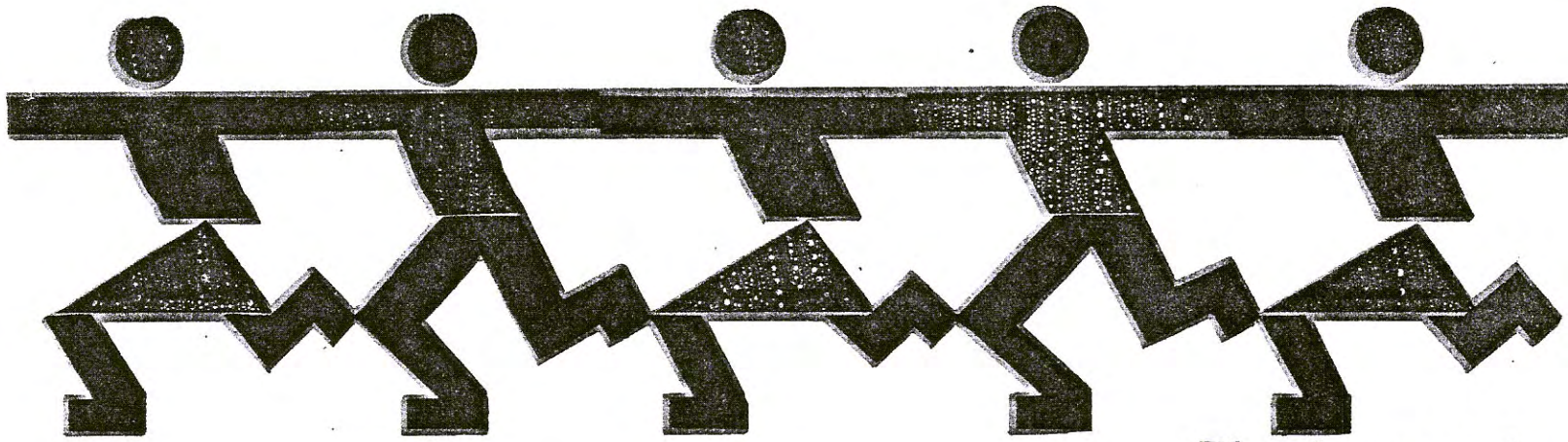
Many from the group could have been found in front of Buckingham Palace at 11:00 a.m. to see the changing of the guards. Like many tourists, some of us waited for an hour just to have a good view of the ceremony. England seems to maintain its patriotism by continuing their ceremonial traditions. The changing of the guards was quite exciting, because of the bright red coats and the sharp military bands. Two sets of soldiers and bands marched in from opposite gates of the palace for the ceremony. The pomp and ceremony of the occasion was so powerful that several of us missed the actual change.

Westminster Abbey, Parliament and Big Ben are so close to Buckingham Palace that it was a natural place to visit after seeing the guard change. Some even saw and heard Big Ben strike 12 noon. This area has an enormous history simply because of the famous people who lived here. In the Parliament they have statues and paintings of most of England's past royalty. It was interesting to see the difference in the decoration of the House of Lords to House of Commons. The gold designs covered the walls and hung from the ceilings in the House of Lords, while in the House of Commons the seats and walls were very plain.

Tower of London and Trafalgar Square were other popular places for the group. Most of the kids wanted to see a play in London, but each group had their own experience with the theatre. Part of our group saw the play "Irene," while the rest of us saw "Oliver's" 2,885th showing at the Albery Theatre. Mike K., Wayne, K.C., Gayleen and Kim lucked out by getting box seats just above and in front of the stage. It was quite an experience to see the actors up close; they seem to live their roles.

We all met back at the hotel Mostyn to meet our festival bus. Then is when I first met Ken, our guide during the festival. It seems that none of the buses in England have enough baggage room underneath, so we have had to load half our baggage into the inside of the bus. The bus that took us to Billingham was very nice with seats facing both ways and tables in between. Most everyone slept on the way to Billingham because it was





Programme Summary  
12th-19th August 1978

The fourteenth  
**BILLINGHAM**  
international folklore  
**FESTIVAL**





getting dark and we'd all had an exhausting day in London. About half way there we stopped at a highway restaurant for dinner and many had their first taste of Cornish Pastry and Kidney Pie. About 2:30 a.m. we rolled into Billingham and we unloaded and moved in very quickly so we could go to bed, which we were all anxious to do.

August 11, 1978

Erin Carroll

Billingham

Most everyone slept in this morning after hitting the sack way past 2:00 a.m. a few short hours earlier. For those who got up in time, corn-flakes was the breakfast treat.

Our accommodations here in Billingham are nice. We are staying in the Community Center along with the groups from Austria, Sweden and Nepal. The girls are all in one room and the guys are together in another. It's like one big bash before we go home. It's hard to believe it's almost over. It has gone by so fast. I like how Sonia looks at it. "Just think of today as the first day of a 10-day tour. We're just starting, you guys!"

For lunch we had "fish and chips," more or less, lots of good bread and plenty to drink. The food here is going to be good. Lots of variety, too. It's a good thing; we all want to look healthy when we roll off the plane in Salt Lake!

We had a meeting after lunch to receive instructions. We were given badges to wear to show that we belong in the festival that look a lot like our BYU badges. As a result, we are not allowed to pass out our badges because they might be mistaken for the official festival pins. Tiana keeps "forgetting."

In the evening, after another delicious meal, we dressed in our Carolina's and Kentucky's costumes to participate in the performing of the groups for the groups. The groups who performed in the college theatre were Austria, Czechoslovakia, France (the same group that was in Haifa), Hungary, Nepal, Sweden, U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia and England.

Spain, Turkey and our group performed at the "Disco" later on. The Disco is in a hotel ballroom and offers an opportunity for the groups to mingle through folk dancing, etc. It is a fun way to get to know the other kids and I'm sure we'll all take advantage of this activity.

August 12, 1978

Carrie Ekins

Billingham

It all began on a rainy blustery day. We went down for breakfast. No, it wasn't tomatoes and cucumbers but it was real live cornflakes. We ate and got ready for rehearsal. We all went over to the forum and practiced our program for that evening. Lunch began at 12:00 and of course the Americans were still rehearsing. Before breaking, Don Allen suggested that we be prompt to everything. After lunch the girls got together and started jamming. We all found out most of us were either cheerleaders or on the drill team so we started reminiscing back into high school days. We shared cheers and skits. All of a sudden we heard 20 minutes before the quick six-minute show. Delynn, how is your hair working out . . . I cut it ok didn't I? Girls, you have five minutes. Hey, I thought it was 20 minutes. Well it changed . . . but that doesn't change my hair. Is everyone ready? Let's go. The Americans were right after the Turks and before U.S.S.R. First we performed in the college theater then we were bussed over to the forum. While we were at the college theater the Swedes, Georgians and us got together for a little dancing. Kim Gandy took charge of teaching tap clog and Carlet, a Swede, began a dance from Sweden.



For all we knew it was a nice little dance circling around the room. Suddenly there we were in the strangest position bouncing around the lunchroom. We all were laughing so hard that we ended up with stomach aches. Don Allen had been over to the shoe shop picking up Carrie and Katy's shoes that had been repaired. We opened our sacks and found Carrie's heel with the tap had been placed on Katy's shoe and Katy's heel placed on Carrie's. What a mess. Oh well, it was par for the day. After all our quick six-minute performances lasted four hours. We ate dinner and prepared for our evening performance at the Forum.

The show was a half an hour and we danced Devil's Dream, Salty Dog Rag, Exhibition Square Dance, Polka, Quaduille, Smoky and Tap and finally Carolina's and Kentucky's. The show went over well and we were done for the evening--almost.

Caroline, Carrie and Sonia were quietly elected to go and get something for the boys. Well, after sitting in a Chinese restaurant and stepping in mud holes and a few other obstacles they arrived home with some "wonderful" smelling fritters. That night was was much like the others. Some people went to the disco and mingled with the other groups while others just layed around taking it easy. That night the girls had visions of angles and fritters nestled in each little head.

August 13, 1978

Rob Hawks

Billingham

At 7:50 a.m. this morning while the men were calmly chewing on the cornflakes and contemplating their milk and juice they were buzzed by a gorgeous gang of slip dressed angels. (Their performance was a very "slip-shod one.") The group of girls dressed in their slips and heads wrapped in towels, heralded us with a selection of "You are My Sunshine" for their partners. The group then fluttered into the kitchen and returned with offerings of fried fruits (bananas and pineapples). The men thus experienced a heavenly beginning to the Sabbath day.

Priesthood meeting began at 8:30 a.m. and the men of the group attended with the members of the Billingham Ward. We couldn't help but chuckle in irony when we saw that the Kingdom Hall of the Jehova's Witness was right next door to the LDS chapel. The Elders commented that several people threw them out of their homes when they told them where their new chapel was, mistaking them for Jehova's Witnesses.

Shortly after their angelic mission all of the girls gathered for a Relief Society lesson which was given by Carolyn Cline. All were present due to the fact that it was held in their bedroom.

Sunday School started at 10:30 a.m. and we were all present at the chapel with the Billingham Ward. We found the members to be pleasant and warm and very prompt in starting their meetings. It was a shock to most, pleasant to some, not too pleasant for those who arrived late.

The next "exciting" activity of the day was lunch. It has become almost a daily ritual here. All we have done is eat, dance a little, rest a lot and eat some more. Being Sunday has even made it harder because we can't really engage in any physical or exerting activities.

After lunch the girls dressed in their reds and the guys dressed in their blues we all went as a group to the college center. We arrived the same time as most of the other groups. We were all instructed to line up short to tall then we were guided onto some bleachers. All of the groups were similarly placed and then we stood and smiled while group pictures

were taken. The color and pageantry was striking as all of the groups gathered in a group before the picture was taken. Being the Sabbath our leaders had us excused from all possible activities, so while the other groups lined up for a parade down the center streets we walked back to the living quarters. When we are excused like this I hope the other people are tolerant with us and respect our convictions and don't view us as fanatics.

Four p.m. was Sacrament Meeting. It was sure a real pleasure to attend local meetings and be able to understand what they actually said and to be able to sing in the language of the country. The members were very excited to have us here and so they invited us to participate in a fireside. That has been a special part of the tour to be involved in helping the members become excited and maybe stir some interest in the investigators that might be there. We saw a flim made in Britain about the Mormons by the BBC. The accuracy of the information presented was pleasing and the whole tone was positive. After the film the Stake President spoke about community involvement then they turned the time over to us. Kerry Summerhays, Mike Newman and Carolyn Cline bore their testimonies. We then sang for them. Probably the greatest amount of influence we've had has been through our singing. There can be a lot of influence and power through song and dance.

The weather has been gloomy and gray and rainy. Just like we expected England to be and today was the same. The rest we've had today has been enjoyable but the activities of the coming week should be fun and exciting.

While reading and preparing for bed this evening the girls were visited by a disfigured beggar asking for alms. The people accompanying the poor beggar invaded and raided the girls' stache of food thus helping the girls be true to their diets.

August 14, 1978

Tiana Fatutalie

Billingham

We began this fine English morning with a smashing breakfast... Gayleen Patna, alias bionic folk dancer, while slicing butter for her roll sliced through the butter and the butter dish. After breakfast at approximately 9:30 we taught American dances to a group of dance instructors. Delynne taught Virginia Reel and Grand Square. Then Don Allen led the group through square dances.

This day is historic because Lori Palmer was finally well enough to come out and play.

After lunch at approximately 1:22 we performed at the college theater following the Swedes. The dances we performed were Devil's Dream, Salty Dog Rag, Exhibition Square, Running Sets and Carolina Clogs and Kentucky Clogs.

We did not want to miss the opportunity of learning of the English heritage while here in this perfect setting. At approximately 2:45 we had a fireside in the guys' room. Delynne P. gave us highlights in English Literature. Linda Bassett presented us with a travelogue of the exciting places that would interest us. Brent Viertel concluded by sharing experiences and insights of the Church here in England. Among mmay other announcements Carolyn announced she got a call from her dad who just flew into London. He's coming to see her dance; isn't that too wonderful?!



After the fireside the girls retired to their rooms. When all at once masked men in Arab wraps charged through our door. The girls screamed and ran about frantically as the marauders ravaged and pilfered the girls' pillows. They charged their way out with the girls' pillows and Delyne. Approximately an hour later the guys, alias Arab raiders, came in our room and sang us a song. They made beautiful harmony and as a peace offering gave us yummy cookies, excuse me, in England they are called biscuits.

At approximately 8:45 we did our show. Our dances were Pioneer, Contemporary, Inter Medley, Carolina Clogs and Kentucky Clogs. Following us were the Czechoslovakia group. They were great.

After our show the Swedes taught us a few of their dances. It was quite fun. We then went to the Festival Club to disco. After the disco the fun Czechoslovakian group taught us a few of their steps, at approximately 2:00 a.m.

This concludes our fun English day the fourteenth of August.

August 15, 1978

Cordon Hunt

Billingham

Today many of the group got up early and caught the train to go to York. Others stayed home and tried calling on the telephone to try and reach friends at home. Many of the kids had gotten through and talked for twenty minutes or so and it ended up costing them only 20p-30p or so they hope. At least we hope it isn't billed on the opposite end. They also did laundry and slept in so they had lots of rest and relaxation.

The train ride was beautiful. It was neat to see some of the English countryside. For some as the train rumbled on heads dropped and many of the kids (girls especially) leaned on each other and slumbered away.

Finally we arrived in York. We first went around the city wall on a walkway atop the wall. It was fun to see all of the quaint old homes. We then went to a museum in the area where we saw much of the historical parts of the city's history. Inside there were streets made like the olden time and little shops were full of curios of the day.

Afterwards we went to the "Kozy Korner Cafe" styled diner to eat. The rest of the afternoon was spent shopping in the open air market or on the Shambles Street, a street famous because it is renovated to Victorian times where you can shop in the shops and browse around.

We then met at the Cathedral and got soaked trying to make our way back to the train station. As we all came in I'm sure we must of looked like a pack of drowned rats.

In the evening we did a twenty-minute show at the Forum where we performed Carolina's and Kentucky Clogs.

Afterwards some went to the Festival Club dancing and others went to bed.

August 16, 1978

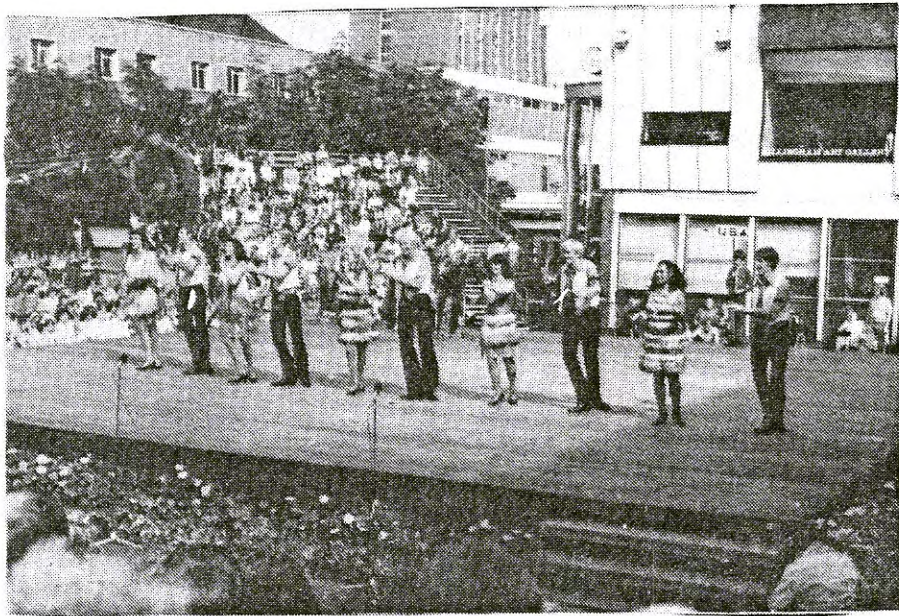
Dennis Hill

Billingham

"Oh what a beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful day," we got up before eight this morning so we could be on our way. Most everyone struggled out of bed early this morning after a long night at the Festival Club with new-found friends. Those brave ones caught the 8:20 express bus for Stockton to shop in the open market and attend a reception to be held by the Mayor. The others who didn't get up slept, then arose to do some household chores-- washing, floor sweeping, and suitcase organizing.

While in Stockton, everyone found some more "precious items" to add to their collection of souvenirs. At 11:00 the group headed for the town hall and a reception. "Yankee Doodle went to London, just to ride a pony"







and the Folk Dancers went to Stockton to learn about local English political customs. One interesting fact was the Mayor's Mace which was carried in all official processions by the Mayor's sergeant. The mace is not only a symbol of authority, but anciently was used as a weapon in protecting the mayor from belligerent onlookers.

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, how does your garden grow. With blue bells, and cockle shells, and 28 Folk Dancers in a row. Yes, Mary Bee finally joined us today. It was good to hear her cheery voice and see her smile. Unfortunately, her luggage didn't reach Billingham with her. All the girls were more than happy to volunteer their travel outfits in aid.

Rain, Rain, go away, come again some other day. Today, it finally stopped raining and we had our first parade and outside performance. It was still cloudy, and rather cool, but we didn't mind at all. The Czechs and Hungarians were in the audience along with the Swedish group we had become friends with. It's super when you can perform and see people you know in the audience. Mary was on the front row also--so all in all it made it very exciting to perform outside.

After supper we had our evening performance. We were able to see the Yugoslavs dance tonight, and their numbers were very exciting. They live close to the Bulgarian border, and their dances showed similarities.

After the show many changed and headed for the Disco to watch the Czechs and an evening of dancing. Others of us showered and headed for a good night's rest.



August 17, 1978

Gayleen Partna

Edinburgh

Oh ye'll take the high road  
And I'll take the low road  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye

Is that how the song goes? After our normal breakfast of corn-flakes, we left Billingham for Edinburgh. Those that slept all the way missed some of the more beautiful scenery we've seen as we drove through the green farmland of Northern England. Two interesting sights we passed were an old castle and one of England's oldest Christian monasteries. Both were right on the coast. We had a special guest with us also - Madam Lydia, from Moscow, and her interpreter joined us for the day.

When we arrived in Edinburgh, Captain Bain joined us. Being in Scotland, none of us were surprised to see him dressed in a kilt. He pointed out some of the city's points of interest on the way to the castle. Dennis and I had both been there but noticed many things that we hadn't seen on our previous visit. I didn't ever remember seeing the mountain that is shaped like a crouching lion which seems to be a major landmark.

At the castle we picked up our sack lunches and split up into smaller groups for the rest of the day. Most of us walked up to see the castle and its museums as well as the view of the city. From there we walked down the Royal Mile to the palace or to Princess Street to shop. Some of the more energetic members of the group decided to climb the 287 steps to the top of the Sir Walter Scott Monument.

At 7:30 we were to meet at the Caledonian Hotel to walk to the Military Tattoo. As we assembled there it was show and tell time again. The most common purchase of the day was Scottish wool (blankets, capes, scarves, etc.) hopefully in our ancestors' family tartan. A few members of the group found an antique shop and Brent Viertel, our tour shopper, showed up wearing a top hat and carrying a beautiful doorbell.

For many of us the highlight of the day began when the piper bands marched through the castle gate and the trumpeters appeared on the walls. As we sat bundled up in our blankets, we enjoyed the marching bands, precision drill team, and Chinese dancers that made up this year's Tatto. Star Wars even broke through the tradition in the brief appearance of Darth Vader. When the lone piper appeared on the castle wall and the rest of the pipers marched back through the castle gate, I'm sure we all felt that our day in Scotland had given us at least a taste of the country's rich heritage.



August 18, 1978

Katy Peterson

Billingham

The morning began with our usual cornflakes breakfast but for some of the Swedes there was a special addition. Kim had bought some frozen strawberries and bananas to try on their cereal. The day was also made memorable for Mats and Birgitta with flowers for their anniversary from some of the Americans.

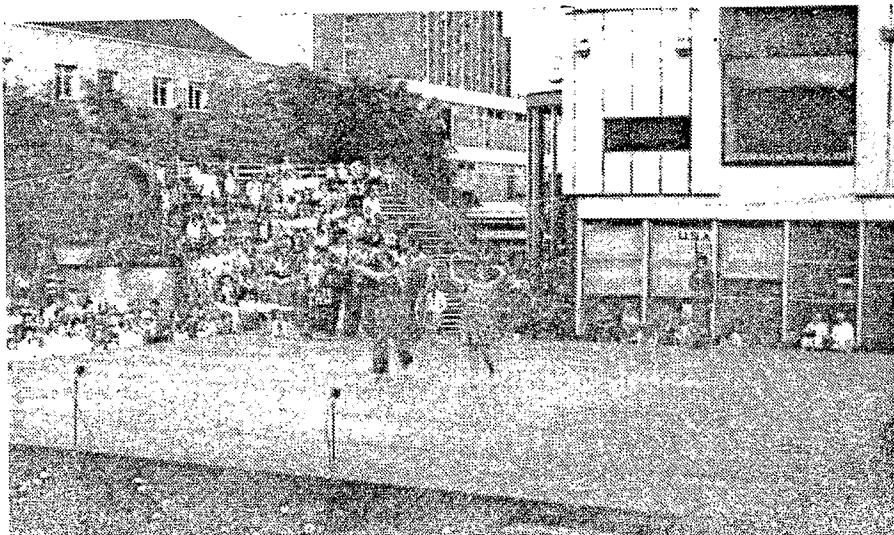
The local library was the setting for our teaching and story time with the school children of Billingham. We held two sessions of games, dancing and stories with the kids. Afterwards they provided English biscuits and punch for us.

Since the weather had improved, some shows were being held outside in the Town Centre. We had a chance to watch our Swedish friends and the Hungarians perform. We were on the outdoor stage in the afternoon show which was taped for T.V. To make matters even more tense, Mary Bee and Garth Peay were on the front row, and two of our dancers were unable to dance. Since Wayne and Carrie were both sick, we did contemporary, and their partners, Brent V. and I managed to do the swing together though I never knew what position we were moving to next. I sure wish they hadn't gotten that on film.

Before dinner a few of us roused the Hungarians and asked if we could trade costumes. It took about a half hour for them to put all the slips on us and the many pieces of clothing and jewelry that went with them. Then, it only took 2 minutes for them to throw on our square dance dresses and slips, and out we went for pictures. The guys looked so handsome in those black embroidered coats. We exchanged gifts and agreed to go to dinner in each other's costumes. It was really heartbreaking when Erin caught the skirt on a door latch and tore their costume. They thought they would never get her to stop crying, but they assured her it could be mended. Good feelings were soon restored.

At dinner we presented the cooks with some flowers in appreciation for their fine voluntary service for us. We also sang for them and they loved it.

Back into our costumes, and we were ready for another night of shows which would bring our total for that day to four shows. All the groups performed that night at the College and Forum Theatre where we were filmed. We did our clogging section at both places. Then we also did the contemporary section at the Festival Club afterwards. Most of us stayed at the Club to dance with the members of the other groups till the late hours of the night. Garth and Delynne were a smash on the dance floor together.



August 19, 1978

Katy Peterson

Billingham

As soon as we finished breakfast, we ran back upstairs with the Swedes and exchanged costumes. This was the biggest exchange of all - everyone got in on it. Out on the lawn, we all took turns posing for pictures and regrouping in every possible way. K.C. Gayleen, and Carolyn looked more Swedish than the Swedes, and Rob looked like a Pilgrim. The Swedish girls had fun doing the can-can and swishing our full slips around. Afterward a few people went to exchange with the Czechs and the Yugoslavians too.

In the afternoon we paraded from the College to the Town Centre where we gave our last performance. We were able to watch the whole show from the windows of an office building overlooking the square. When the French stilt group came on, we all had a scare. The leader of the group had a stilt break through a board in the stage causing him a terrible fall. As he limped off the stage, some workmen came in to patch up the hole. This time when we performed, we had an audience all around and even above us. It was a great last show.

At dinner, there were many speeches of appreciation given, gifts exchanged and then a Scottish Bagpipe band marched in and played for us. We gave our leaders their gifts too - ceramic pitchers from England.

Before the final torchlight parade, there were a few more costume exchanges. Mike, Ann, and Craig & Lynda showed up in Georgian costumes, and Rena was in Yugoslavian costume. We also had a few Georgian cowboys among our group passing out BYU - USA pins to the kids. All the men carried lighted torches and the flames lined the street as we paraded to the closing ceremony. At the Town Centre a few words were spoken and then an orchestra played while some of the dancers from every country mixed and danced across and around the stage. It was all very impromptu. The crowd seemed to get a real kick out of it. Finally they sang "God Save The Queen" and lowered the flag to end the festival.

Everyone walked in mass over to the park to watch the fireworks. They were interesting because they were different than our own. The Festival Club was more crowded this night than ever before, as everyone wanted to say good-bye to their friends. There was plenty of music and dancing. The disco closed with "Olde Lang Signe" but the parties and good-byes lasted all night. Few people got their packing done until morning.





Our last day of tour was also our longest. Most everyone at the Community Center was still up partying at 5:30 a.m. when we came down to the dining room for our last cornflake breakfast. A few of us had caught an hour or two of sleep before the long journey home began.

Now all the gifts had been given, the addresses exchanged, and the suitcases, bags and carry-ons had been speedily packed. So swift and light had been our packing that the girls' room had to be cleaned up again twice before we could get on the bus. Anything that wasn't extremely necessary, was left: towels, tour and character shoes, cosmetics, bottles and clothing.

As we brought all our luggage downstairs, members of the Czechoslovakian and Canary Islands groups were playing music, singing and bidding us farewell. The Swedes were also leaving at the same time, and as our buses pulled up to the curb, our English friends joined in to a giant hugging and kissing farewell scene. We waved as the bus drove us down to pick up the last few people at the Forum Hotel. There we said good bye to Mary Bee and wished her well at the CIOFF meeting in Bulgaria.

On the bus ride to London, we celebrated the final unbirthday-- Gaylene's. Then everyone tried to catch up on the sleep that we lost the night before. We were given money to pay for lunch at the airport but by the time we arrived, we barely made it through all the lines and on to the plane before take off time. The eight-hour flight featured a movie called ??? and more food. We flew British Airways 747.

In the Chicago airport we had a very short time to get through customs and on to our next flight because of a previous delay on British Airways. Fortunately we slipped through customs in no time and got to the next terminal and plane in plenty of time. Rumor has it that Ann King had to pay the most customs fee with Brent Viertel running a close second. But then, we never found out how much Shirley Palmer had to pay when she left.

The short three-hour flight from Chicago to Salt Lake City passed quickly and soon we could see the lights of the city out our windows. As



everyone was filling with anticipation and wondering which friends and relatives would be present to greet them, the words "God be with you 'til we meet again" began to come and we sang our last good bye to each other. The song that had brought so many tears to our eyes in the airports at Rome, Brussels, Tel Aviv and London seemed to fade away in the muffled noise of the landing jet and our thoughts and emotions were turned instead to smiling parents and families. The hallway just inside the door to the airfield was packed with the biggest folkdancer fans we know, all those who love us most. It was an exciting reunion, especially for those who missed their fiancées so much.

It was hard to be completely happy coming home when we had to say good bye to all the other performers and directors. It was an odd feeling to pick up our suitcases and costume bags and walk off in separate directions, to go different ways and to wonder which people we might not see again. But we sure had a good time together, a great summer, and an unforgettable tour that was just too wonderful.





