

AMERICAN  
FOLK DANCERS

EASTERN EUROPE  
AND  
THE SOVIET UNION

15th Annual Tour  
Brigham Young University  
1979

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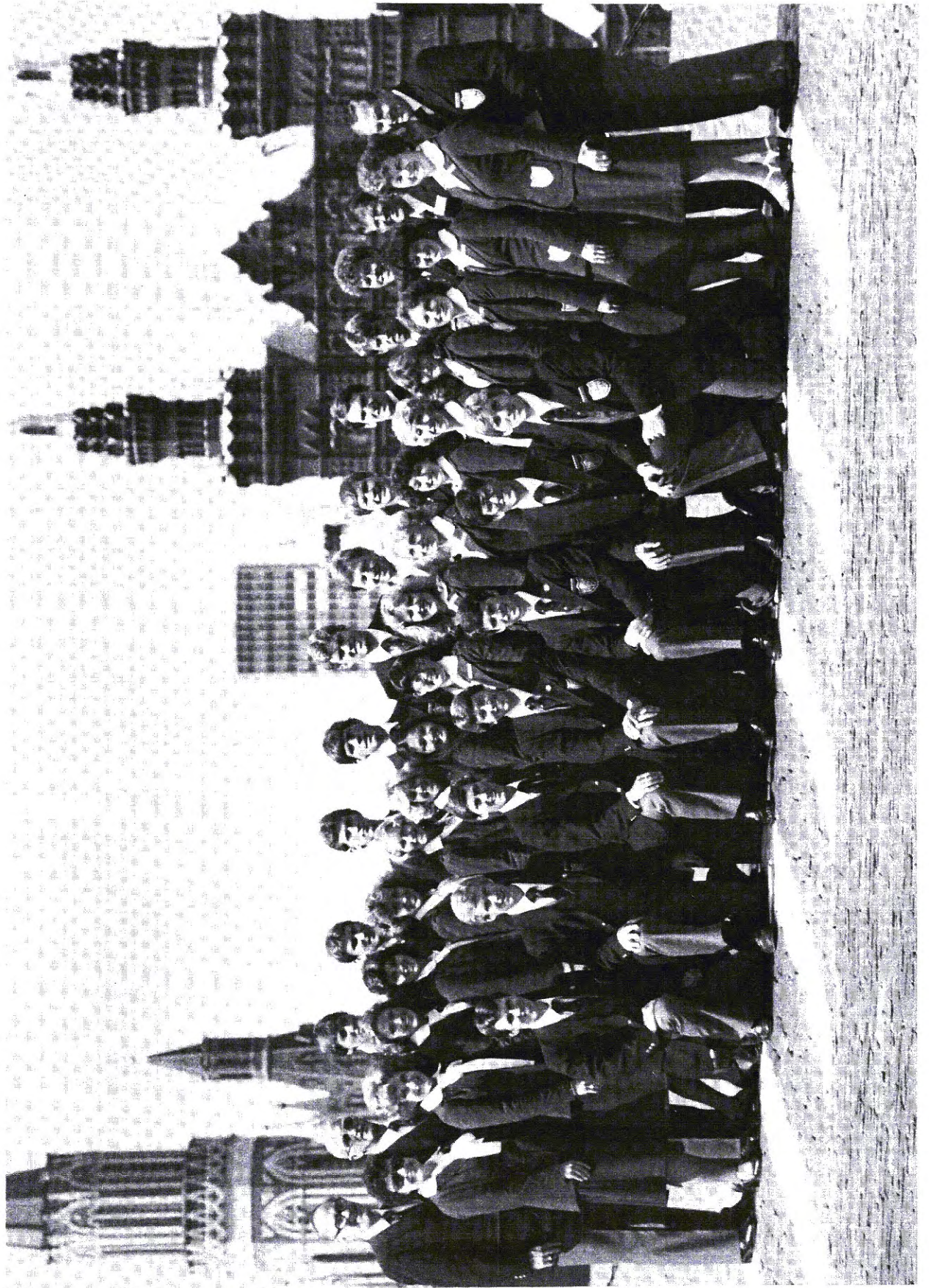
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ITINERARY  
 BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCE TOUR  
 EASTERN EUROPE  
 July 21 - September 2, 1979

Saturday, July	21	Salt Lake City - New York City
Sunday	22	New York City
Monday	23	New York City - Bucharest, Romania
Tuesday	24	Bucharest, Romania
Wednesday	25	Bucharest, Romania
Thursday	26	Sibiul, Romania (Peasant village - overnight)
Friday	27	Sibiu, Romania
Saturday	28	Braşov, Romania
Sunday	29	Braşov, Romania
Monday	30	Bucharest, Romania
Tuesday	31	Gabrovo, Romania
Wednesday Aug.	1	Gabrovo, Romania
Thursday	2	Assenovgrad, Bulgaria
Friday	3	Assenovgrad, Bulgaria
Saturday	4	Primorsko, Bulgaria (2nd European Youth & Student Festival)
Sunday	5	Primorsko, Bulgaria
Monday	6	Primorsko, Bulgaria
Tuesday	7	Return to Bucharest
Wednesday	8	Fly to Moscow, U.S.S.R.
Thursday	9	Moscow, U.S.S.R.
Friday	10	Moscow, U.S.S.R.
Saturday	11	Kiev, U.S.S.R.
Sunday	12	Kiev, U.S.S.R.
Monday	13	Kiev, U.S.S.R.
Tuesday	14	Moscow, U.S.S.R.
Wednesday	15	Fly to Warsaw, Poland
Thursday	16	Warsaw, Poland
Friday	17	Warsaw, Poland
Saturday	18	Poznan, Poland
Sunday	19	Poznan, Poland
Monday	20	Wrocław, Poland
Tuesday	21	Wrocław, Poland
Wednesday	22	Wrocław, Poland
Thursday	23	Take train to Prague, Czechoslovakia
Friday	24	Prague, Czechoslovakia
Saturday	25	Prague, Czechoslovakia
Sunday	26	Prague, Czechoslovakia
Monday	27	Take train to Budapest, Hungary
Tuesday	28	Budapest, Hungary
Wednesday	29	Budapest, Hungary
Thursday	30	Train to Bucharest, Romania
Friday	31	Bucharest, Romania
Saturday, Sept.	1	Bucharest, Romania
Sunday	2	Depart for Amsterdam, New York City, Salt Lake City

ACCOMODATIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS IN EACH COUNTRY:

- Romania - 1st class hotels
- Bulgaria - student hotels
- Russia - student hotels
- Poland - 1st class hotels
- Czechoslovakia - 2nd class hotels
- Hungary - 2nd class hotels

BYU AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS  
1979 EASTERN EUROPEAN TOUR  
SHOW PROGRAM

1. Devil's Dream
2. Salty Dog Rag
3. Exhibition Square Dance
4. Fiddler's Fantasy
5. Oh Susanna Medley
6. Lone Prairie
7. Polka Quadrille
8. Virginia Reel
9. Men's Clog
10. Old Man River
11. Hawaiian Medley
12. Tap
13. Charleston
14. Lida Rose - Barbershop Quartet and Solo
15. Jazz Duet
16. Swing
17. Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree - Women's Trio
18. Disco
19. Cripple Creek
20. It's a Small World
21. There is a Brotherhood of Man
22. Orange Blossom Special
23. Carolina Clogs
24. Kentucky Clogs
25. Finale

#### DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS SECTION 4

Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men. Therefore, ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day. Therefore if ye have desire to serve God ye are called to the work. For behold the field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that thrusteth in his sickle with his might the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul: and faith, hope, charity and love with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work. Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence. Ask, and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you.

Amen

## TOUR HISTORY

We gathered the week before tour to rehearse songs, dances and costume changes so that we would be prepared for our first performance in Payson to be held on July 19, 1979. The following is a brief description of the activities of that week followed by a history of the tour written by its members.

### Thursday, July 12, 1979 Provo, Utah

We met for the first time following a Spring filled with work for some and school for others. We began with a picnic at Kiwanis Park in the early evening. Mary Bee was not able to be with us as she was in Belgium at a CIOFF meeting. There were two or three others that were unable to attend this first gathering but most of the group met and ate potluck style and played volleyball. We spoke of our excitement and anticipation as well as our regrets in leaving family and loved ones behind for six whole weeks.

### Friday, July 13, 1979 Provo, Utah

Our first rehearsal began at 7 a.m. and lasted until 10 p.m. with 2 one hour breaks. We began by going through Devils Dream and Exhibition Square Dance. In the afternoon we saw the first preview of the All Mens Dance which Delynne and Dennis had choreographed. We loved it! It quickened our enthusiasm and excitement even more, if that was possible!

### Saturday, July 14, 1979 Provo, Utah

Saturday was nearly an instant replay of Friday. We danced, then we danced, after which we danced and sang, followed by more dancing.

### Sunday, July 15, 1979 Provo, Utah

We spent the day in our various church meetings and other activities, meeting as a group for a fireside held at the Beckham's home that evening. This fireside was a grand reunion. The Simpsons, the Beckhams, the Jensens (with Mary Bee and Don still suffering jet lag), the Jarvises, and dancers, singers, band members and sound man meeting together to bear testimonies and share feelings of love and unity. Some memorable lines from that occasion: Elder Simpson told us that the Prophet knew we were chosen for this trip, to be missionaries for the Lord in Eastern Europe. He said we shouldn't worry about feelings of unworthiness; that we were chosen and would do a great work there. This spirit was with each of us as we bore our testimonies. It became apparent that each of us had been prepared for this special mission. We were a select group. The parents of several tour members were present to share in this special spirit. The evening was not completely void of light-heartedness however, as the following comment made by Brother Simpson shows: "It is a treat for a General Authority to be in a navy blue blazer with gold buttons and gray slacks; especially on a Sunday!"

Monday, July 16, 1979 Provo, Utah

More practice. We picked up the last of our costume pieces and took them to be pressed and starched. This evening was spent at the Jarvis home. Following a pot luck dinner, we divided into small groups with a speaker of a particular language in each group. This was the grand culmination of our semesters work on language and culture. Each of us had selected a language to learn and had been given tapes and materials to study during the Winter semester.

Tuesday, July 17, 1979 Provo, Utah

Practiced all day with a three and a half hour break for errands. By this time there were few among us that didn't complain of sore feet. Swing thought they'd never live to see the start of tour after this day of practice with Ron Steiner drilling over and over again. Garth Peay was there to help with choreography on some of the singing numbers. The rooms of Pleasant View Chapel where we rehearsed were filled with the sounds of taps, Hawaiian music, singing, and that water fountain just wouldn't pump fast enough. In the evening was our first full run through of the show.

Wednesday, July 18, Provo, Utah

We spent five and a half hours today at the BYU Motion Picture Studio recording the songs. The Polish version of It's a Small World gave us problems. Over and over again we sang those lyrics! Many voices were worn already from singing so much the day before but with Bill's help, the tapes sounded fine. The evening found us in dress rehearsal which was video-taped. Many folk dance friends visited this rehearsal and the comment was heard that this was the most polished show they'd seen go out. It was packed with variety and showed the broad talents of the members of the group.

Thursday, July 19, 1979 Provo, Utah

We met at 8 this morning to view the video-tape. In the afternoon we did some shopping, costume sewing, and general preparation. We met and took a bus and van to Payson for our first show. Our weak spots were visible but so were our strong points. It was a good show. Something had to be done about those Swing zippers though! Several broke that night.

Friday, July 20, 1979 Provo, Utah

We met in the Richards Building and packed sound equipment and costumes. Costumes were packed one by one so nothing would be left behind. We also packed gifts (records, rings, key rings, etc.) that we would take along. At 12 noon we finished by weighing in our costumes and then had the afternoon free to finish up and to rest (ha!).

Saturday, July 21, 1979 Provo, Utah-Salt Lake City, Utah-New York City, NY  
Candy Foley

After restless nights for many of us, filled with anticipation we began arriving at Salt Lake Airport at 10:00 a.m. I have never seen so much baggage, so many people and such organized confusion. Friends and family were flashing cameras. Just imagine it: Dennis handing out flight bags; Dennis handing boarding passes; Dennis handing out directions . . . (He kept us busy.) Sister Beckham's parents made tassels for our carry-on's and suitcases: Blue



for boys; red for girls. New we have sexist suitcases. Elder Asay, President of the International Mission, took time off from his vacation to offer our pre-flight prayer and wish us the best. What a gracious man.

We are not even out of the country and misplacements have begun. Angus left his raincoat in Provo. Tom is going to need a body guard or he may even lose that! So far he has left his camera three different places as well as his raincoat. Bob Devore has kept track of him in the airport but Bob isn't going on the tour. I wonder who will take his place . . . Bill Connors just about left our show tapes and brought his nephew. Oh well, he was rushed.

We arrived at Kennedy Airport at 5:30 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Savings Time). We were quite rushed but were ready for our 7:30 show at the Plainview Stake on Long Island. It was a good show and a good audience. They were packed all the way to the stand in the chapel. The sound was good. Of course let's not forget Candy's exhibition as she danced Polka Quadrille (small square, couple one) with a fully busted dress zipper. Not to mention the audience was right on top of the square--or is that vice versa? And how about Chrisam. During Kentucky Clog she thought she had a ripped slip bumping her leg. Wrong-o!! She performed the whole number with a coat hanger hanging on her slip. Get ready folks. This is only the first day.

Sunday, July 22, 1979 New York City, New York Dave Duggar

Sunday began early for most of us as many had to catch 7:30 a.m. trains in order to arrive at Penn Station by 9:00 a.m. By 9:15, with a typically prompt folk dance start, we took a subway to the Lincoln Center and the Visitors Center. While the girls got a tour of the visitors center, the guys went upstairs for priesthood meeting. Elder Simpson led a discussion on the blessings of continuing revelation and in the middle of the discussion Kresimir Cosic walked in unexpectedly and reported to us the progress that the Church is making in Yugoslavia and some of the other Communist countries.

After the brief meeting we took a stroll through Central Park to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We made quite a sight as we walked through the park in our ties and jackets among the masses of joggers and bicyclists and roller skaters. Several people had to ask if we were with an Olympic team or something. Brother Lamar Terry, a member of the Plainview Stake and the lighting director of the museum, met us and showed us some of the special exhibits that he had done the lighting for. The highlight was the Treasures of the Kremlin.

After lunch at the museum we split up and went to two different Sacrament meetings to put on programs. In the Uniondale Ward Brother and Sister Jarvis, Jacque, Gin, Lorraine and Bryce spoke while Brent played a piano solo and Jana Farnsworth played a violin number accompanied by Brent on the piano. In the Queens Ward Linda, Bill, Rick, Candy, Yayoi and Elder Simpson spoke and Chrisam, Jana Fuhriman, and Delynne sang a medley of primary songs.

After the Sacrament meetings we went to the Plainview Chapel where we put on a fireside. There Dennis conducted the meeting calling on Keith to give the invocation and Mike, Jana Farnsworth, Jolie and Rob to give talks. The whole group sang "Come, Come Ye Saints" and the first verse of "God Be With You" and Elder and Sister Simpson were the final speakers. Jack gave

the benediction and after loading the van with our costumes we ended a long and exciting day.

Additions to Sunday, July 22, 1979

We had our first taste of missionary work in New York City. Our outfits really stood out in the crowd and attracted attention.

Monday, July 23, 1979 New York City, New York Brad Ellis

We started off by having everyone meet at the Meniola Station. We packed our stuff and took off to see the sights of New York.

Splitting into different directions with most of us seeing the major sights, the Statue of Liberty, the Trade Center, Wall Street, Broadway, and then getting our eyes full on Times Square. At 4:00 we assembled at the Kennedy Airport. We were scheduled to depart at 6:00 but were delayed two hours, due to a mix-up with an over-booking of the flight. It wasn't a good first impression of Romanian Airlines, but once we were off things got better.

Additions to Sunday, July 23, 1979

At two we caught the train to the airport and waited two or three hours to board our plane. It was 2-1/4 hours late departing and we sat on the plane for one hour with no air conditioning, sweating to death. On the plane were high school kids from Indiana going to Romania. They were so active and noisy we didn't think we would ever get to sleep.

Tuesday, July 24, 1979 Bucharest, Romania Yayoi Matsuoka

We arrived at the airport in Romania around mid-afternoon. I am not certain what exactly they had to check but it took forever to get through immigration and customs. After being in New York's hot weather, this cool country was appreciated. We were worried for some of the sound equipment was not in sight and there was a rumor that they did not load it in New York, but we found out that it was merely taken upstairs by mistake.

Our tour guide, Angela, is very sweet. She has dark short hair with glasses. Her British accent is fascinating. After we unloaded our luggage at the Capitol Hotel, we headed for the restaurant for our Festive Dinner. The food was fantastic! To use vinegar with vegetables must be a popular dish. The atmosphere of the place was terrific; dark wood with red accent and dim light. They provided a live band and most of the tour members, including adult leadership got up to dance. What was most exciting was the entertainment by Romanian dancers. We especially enjoyed the one done by the men with sticks. They had interesting shoes that had taps on the side which they hit as they jumped. However, the highlight of the evening was that we were invited to perform for the Romanian people there in the restaurant. We did "Its a Small World", "Brotherhood of Man", Charleston, Swing and Disco. Mary Bee said that no other group had had this type of experience before. We are really blessed.

Three men bothered Cheryl, Lisa and Yayoi from the time of check-in until after dinner. They came to their door, looked through their window and called on the phone. Yayoi called Brother Jarvis and he said he would be right up with the boys. Who did he bring? Of course, TOM BROWN. You should

have seen Brother Jarvis bang on the door, push it open and step right in yelling "Have you been bothering our girls? You leave them alone!"

Additions to Wednesday, July 24, 1979

There was a brief stop over in Amsterdam before arriving in Bucharest. When we performed at the festive restaurant that night we did so in our travel outfits to their band playing American Music.

Elder Simpson told us he was pleased with our conduct and gave us some thoughts to go to bed on. This day was also Pioneer Day and he told us we were Pioneers of 1979, getting the work started in Communist Europe. En route to Bucharest we began, at the challenge of Brother Simpson, to memorize D&C 4 as the missionaries do.

Wednesday, July 25, 1979 Bucharest    Bryce Sheffield

We started the day with a great breakfast and a sightseeing tour of Bucharest. We drove around the streets while Angela explained to us the sights. We stopped and walked around a village museum of typical old houses that had been moved there from different parts of the country.

We went to the Palace Center Theatre where we were to perform with the idea of setting up and going through bows but the television people were there and they wanted to see the whole show to know what to do with the television taping. So we did the entire show in our travel outfits. The television people loved it.

The show was a super success. We all felt great about it. I believe that the whole group shared the feeling of love with the audience. The show was highly complimented. It was said to be the best show Friendship Ambassadors had sent out. They interviewed after the show such greats as Mary Bee, Don Jarvis, Brother Simpson, Dennis Hill and our ever popular fiddler, Jana Farnsworth. We were gifted with two bouquets of beautiful flowers which were in turn presented to Sister Simpson and Jana Farnsworth. We topped off the evening with ice cream at the hotel.

Additions to Wednesday, July 25, 1979

We lost our amateur standing tonight; the Romanians paid us each ten dollars for our performance.

We drank a lot of Pepsi because it was the only thing safe to drink and we needed a lot of liquid. This we did after a formal announcement by Elder Simpson that this would be permissible under these circumstances.

Before the show we heard that people had been standing outside waving money trying to get into the show. It was a sell-out. Doina was the narrator. We had encore after encore which resulted in three finale. We each stated our names into a microphone as an individual introduction after the last encore. We said "Nu mele meo (our name)." The best applause was for Candy and Rick for their jazz routine, Tom for his big American appearance and Jana for her fantastic fiddling. Flowers were given freely. After the show Mary was crying and Dennis said since 1970 when he started dancing he had never seen her cry after a show. Mary said that it was the best first performance she had ever seen.

Thursday, July 26, 1979 Sibiel, Romania Delynne Peay

Our group had a unique and most educational experience upon arrival in a beautiful little peasant village about an hour drive away. The villagers had dressed in authentic Romanian folk costumes to greet us at noon and much to their dismay and ours, we had received misinformation as our bus rolled into the village at 8:00 p.m. Before long, a crowd of anxious and gracious hosts gathered near the bus and welcomed us with open arms and open hearts. Dennis made assignments for pairs and small groups to go home for a good home-cooked meal and a good nights rest. Upon arrival by foot to our home, Jana Fuhrman, Yayoi, Lorraine and Delynne were taken inside a heavily folk decorated room with beautiful tapestries and other hand-crafted furnishings. Within minutes, food was placed on the table and we sat down to a very interesting dinner. Some of the group had delicious cabbage rolls, chicken soup and pork. We enjoyed lots of tomatoes and onion salad, potatoes, bread and the best cookies. After that we got our cameras out and took lots of pictures of our cute hosts, exchanged addresses, had our experience with the out-of-door facilities, tried our hardest to communicate with the aid of a dictionary and after a couple of hours, retired our weary bodies underneath heavy down quilts.

Jolie and Candy spent the evening with our guide Angela and had a lot of fun with a plum brandy experience. (addition: it was a tradition to drink a shot of home brewed plum brandy. If the brandy was not drunk, a curse would be brought on the home. Candy and Jolie would not drink the brandy and Angela had to drink all of it in order to appease the woman of the house. This left her somewhat tipsy.)

The Jarvises, Simpsons and Beckhams had the priest of the village spend much of the evening with them talking about the group and Mormonism. After a lovely four course meal they spent a good deal of time sniffing spices after requesting a copy of a recipe.

It turned out to be an enjoyable evening for all of us and our hosts expressed to many that our group was the friendliest and most well-mannered that they had met.

Additions to Thursday, July 26, 1979

Sibiu to Sibiel, Romania. Sibiel is located in a semi-mountainous region in Transylvania. The people there speak a dialect of Romanian which borders on Hungarian. This city is where the people who head Friendship Ambassadors (the Morgans) were married. Other groups have had the privilege of staying with these villagers but that did not diminish the uniqueness of the experience for us.

Friday, July 27, 1979 Sibiu, Romania Dennis Hill

This morning everyone got an extra few minutes of shut eye. This was attributed to the fact that none of us had showers and we had all visited the outhouse plenty the night before. To most of us, breakfast food looked familiarly like dinner. But to our great delight we were served hot chocolate. It was a treat beyond compare.

At nine o'clock we all met at the town square to load the bus, say

farewell and exchange our gifts of appreciation. From the bus we walked down the street to the church of the town (built circa 1780). There we met the priest and he gave us the opportunity to sing for him. He was so impressed that he recorded our hymns to play when other people came to the museum. While we sang you could see that Angela was visibly touched. Although many of the students were ill, they all weathered the night. We loaded the bus after an interesting tour of a museum filled with icons from peasant homes. These were religious paintings, painted reverse on glass.

The bus ride back to Sibiu was filled with laughter as we told of the experiences of the previous night. When we reached Sibiu we checked into our hotel. Then we went to the theater, unloaded and had a sound check. Some of us went into town. The first Plosca was purchased. It won't be long now before the fever hits everyone. Our show was at 6:00 p.m. and we did a very good performance. The hall seated 700. Jana Farnsworth's pen pal, Rodica, spent the day with us. She was very impressed and we all enjoyed her company. After retiring to our hotel, Angela met in the hall with us to tell us legends of Dracula. Bill was so frightened he lost his pants, and in the scurry ran into one of the girls' rooms. Finally we all calmed down and retired to our beds for a good nights rest.

Additions to July 27

At the church we sang "God Be With You," "Come, Come Ye Saints," and "I Am a Child of God."

Children begged for gum at the Sibiu show and Angus said following the show, "I like the sight seeing but the dancing is what its all about!" The theater where we performed was called Casa de Cultura.

Saturday, July 28, 1979 Brasov Mike Sheffield

This morning we ate breakfast in Sibiu, spent a short time sight seeing the city from our bus and then left for Brasov. Bus activities during the ride to Brasov included a game of Dungeon and Dragons, (fitting since we were in Transylvania) sleeping and catching falling luggage from the overhead racks.

Arriving in Brasov we checked into our hotel and ate lunch. Then we had an hour for shopping before our show. Our show was in Odela, a town about 7 kilometers from Brasov. We danced on a small stage with quite a hard rough floor which made dancing some of the numbers a little more of a challenge. The show was enlivened by extra innovations from some of the performers. For example Jana did a full back layout during Carolina Clogs and not to be outdone the quartet sang the first line of "Lida Rose" in two different keys. All said and done it was a good show. The audience was really responsive and seemed to enjoy it.

After the show we had some refreshment, courtesy of the Mayor. She was delighted with the show and invited us back numerous times . . . . .

Sunday, July 29 Brasov Cheryl Hansen

Sunday was a great day for all of us. It was nice to be together for church meetings, to share feelings and get some spiritual input.

Linda was the perfect Relief Society president. We had a discussion on being more aware of the spiritual aspects of tour. Everyone had good things to say and some good ideas to build on. The adult leaders were especially helpful and added much to the spirit that was there.

Bishop Hill had prepared a fine meeting for us. Jana Fuhriman gave a talk about making the best of yourself. Bill talked about living up to our potential and told us some very good stories. Keith, the main speaker, gave an excellent talk about some of his spiritual tour experiences. The feeling left by the meetings was a fulfilling one. It was wonderful to see the effect the gospel had on Angela. She was touched by the way we could express our love and feelings. Its hard to describe a spiritual experience, but each of us will remember tour Sundays with good feelings.

After lunch we visited Brauns Castle (Dracula's Castle). The castle was beautiful and scary?! The Draculets were able to frighten a few fearless folk dancers.

Additions to July 29

Angela seemed moved by the spirit today. She is fun-loving, efficient, sensitive and has a hearty laugh. She has an American boyfriend who lives in Encino, California. They met on a tour she had previously been a guide for.

Dinner that night was at a festive restaurant by the big black church in Brasov. An Israeli group of tourists sat across from us and we sang their songs while they joined with us on our own. It was fun even though many of us were guzzling Pepto Bismol along with our cokes. We saw folk dancing of the region and heard music and singing of the area.

During the day we went to a ski resort where group pictures were taken. The view was beautiful and we were able to see some of the many mineral springs that are renown for their medicinal qualities. When the girls were having their picture taken, Angus ran behind the group and stuck his head into the picture. Elder Simpson commented, "There's the 'black angus' among the heifers."

Monday, July 30, 1979 Bucharest Jack Fillmore

Bright and early and 38 less than excited bodies boarded the trusty bus, a bus bound for fame and stardom or at least the television studio in Bucharest for a great experience of filming; seven hours worth! After a five hour bus ride we made it and with the help of a few verses of "Mess in C Minor" by Bach conducted by the wizard of the baton, Madame Jolie, we were awake and ready to go. The filming was a good experience and hopefully one that will touch the hearts of many. Bill had a great time in the control room trying to get things done with people who had less than patience and very little keen understanding of English. All in all it was a great success and one that we will remember for a long time.

After we finished the taping we went to the Capitol Hotel, Home Sweet Home, and checked in after which the afternoon was ours to shop, sleep, shop, eat and shop, wash. Needless to say, shopping was the main activity.

Seven-thirty and time for another exciting Romanian dinner. Tomatoes and cucumbers with a little bubbly mineral water led the meal. The mushroom soup was great but according to Angela, "the meat was unsuccessful." It was a good meal. Being Monday night a group of us went to the park and sat by the lake and sang and talked. It was a good experience. Jana and Jana went for a walk and were picked up by European men. Jana Farnsworth proceeded to beat on the man that grabbed Jana Fuhriman until he became somewhat discouraged.

What a team. Besides the less than sane lady screaming in the street who entertained Mary all night, it was a regular day.

Additions to July 30

The television studio had a cement floor and we all feared shin splints.

Lunch at the studio was, as Lorraine would say, "the worst." It consisted of weinerschnitzel (grissle-meat), crusty cheese, gross rolls and tomatoes.

Tuesday, July 31, 1979 Gabrovo Lorraine Austin

Goodbye Romania. Bulgaria, here we come! We left from Bucharest all too early and were treated to a wonderful sack breakfast on the bus. After studying Bulgarian language for about five minutes most everyone settled down for a good sleep. We reached Romanian customs about 10:00 and waited and waited and waited. It was the worst! Fortunately we found some Chico and had a lovely time drinking it on the terrace. At about 11:30 we discovered that our Bulgarian bus was on the other side of customs and had been since 9:00. We finally got loaded and through customs after saying goodbye to Angela, Phillip, and Dan. We had really grown attached to them so it was hard to say goodbye. Our new guide is Maya Cristova and our bus driver is Ivan. We passed over the beautiful "brown" Danube and were in Bulgaria at last. After quite some time we found that we had not left cucumbers and tomatoes in Romania. Also to our surprise and delight we were served ice cold tangerine Schweppes. We are going to like Bulgaria.

On our way to Gabrovo we discovered some new talent for the show. The first new act is Bill and his dancing stomach. And of course we cannot forget our concert of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star led by Jolie and featuring several solo movements. We arrived at Gabrovo and checked into the hotel. Then we went to meet a Bulgarian Folk dance group. As we entered their studio the girls greeted us with flowers. We sat down and watched them dance. It was fantastic! They were all about our age and younger and were so good. Their men were so strong in their dancing and the girls were really pretty. Our guys could hardly contain themselves. After they danced we did our finale for them in our soft-soled shoes. We got it right after a couple of tries and they were very enthusiastic. Then they taught us some of their easier folk dances which we all had a good time learning. Then five of our dancers including Keith, Dennis, Brent, Delynne and Lisa, did a portion of Shope Suite for them. Although we were a bit rusty, the Bulgarians loved it and no doubt were surprised and impressed. After changing from their dance clothes they accompanied us to dinner. Although there was quite a language barrier it seemed to pose no problem. We exchanged gifts and danced to the sounds of American music. We all had a great time getting to know them better. The guys in our group especially were overcome by the beauty of the Bulgarian women and soon forgot about us. But somehow we all had a good time.

We all looked forward to a nice shower in our versatile bathroom - you can sit on the toilet, shower and brush your teeth or shave at the same time. Unfortunately our water was turned off at 10:00 so no shower for us. It was a long day but very rewarding and a good introduction to our stay in Bulgaria.

Additions to July 31

For the Bulgarian folkdance group's rehearsal, a man played the accordion while the troupe danced. They had just returned from an American tour.

Wednesday, August 1, 1979 Gabrovo Bruce Nelson

After breakfast we loaded up and headed out to an open air village in the hills outside of Gabrovo. Rich in history, the small village showed the lifestyle of Gabrovonians in the 19th Century. They were noted for their thrift and ingenuity, and the many uses of the stream water showed it. From the whirlpool wash tub to the automated spinning machines they waterpowered everything. On either side of the cobblestone street were craft shops of hatmakers, shoemakers, metal workers and wagon builders. The houses had roofs of flat stone which made them unique; the whole village was beautiful. We made friends with our guide and invited her to the show that evening.

We had lunch in Boshentzi Village, a restored village similar to the open-air museum. The weather was warm and much of what we came to see was closed so most of us were grateful that we left.

Back in Gabrovo, we had a free afternoon before leaving to set up for the show. Some people visited the famous Humor Museum close to our hotel.

We performed in an activities center about five miles outside of town. The stage was very small, so we planned on doing the usual split, putting one square on the floor this time. There was an unusual amount of excitement among the group, maybe because our friends from the Gabrovo folkdance group were going to be there. We felt good to be able to perform for someone we knew we had already shared something with. At first there were only a small group of people to see us, and nobody we knew. It wasn't until our first number (a rush-on entry for Devils Dream) that we saw a full house. We found out later that the Gabrovo dance group was there, our guide from this afternoon showed up, and forty people touring from the Soviet Union were there.

Like I said, the stage was small and the room was smaller than a cultural hall, but the show brought applause in unison time and time again from an excited audience. Other than Lorraine and Chris running off stage at the beginning of Swing to mend a ripped zipper, the show went well.

Afterwards there were hugs and greetings from the other folkdancers, autographs, and a warm reception from the people there. The men in the Gabrovo dance group helped us pack out the sound and soon we were all together again having soft drinks and trying hard to communicate. Lots of gifts were exchanged and pictures taken. The bus trip back into town was a blast since most of the Bulgarian dance group came along. We sang songs, first American, and then Bulgarian and enjoyed being with them again.

By the time we finished our dinner at another "native restaurant" most of us were ready for bed. It was hard to say goodbye to so many new friends. Some of our group and some of theirs met at the hotel later for a small get together. Sharing the love of dance bridged a lot of communication gaps. No running water again, but the beds felt good as we ended our stay in Gabrovo.



## Additions to August 1

The frustration felt at not knowing the language was intense, especially when eating dinner and walking with the Bulgarian dancers.

At the open air museum we observed that the Bulgarian homes were traditionally two levels. The lower level was made of stone, housing the farm animals and equipment and the upper level was for residence.

Thursday, August 2, 1979 Assenovgrad Becky Coulter

Today we were ready and on the road by 8:30. We drove for about an hour and came to a town call Shipka. Driving down a cobblestone street, we suddenly came upon the most beautiful cathedral. It was mostly white, with golden domes that shone brightly in the sun. It was like something out of Arabian Nights. It had the same name as the town, and we learned that it was a monument to the Russian soldiers who liberated Bulgaria from the Turks in 1877. We climbed many steps to reach it. The inside was even more unbelievable, because there was gold everywhere. Lots of candlesticks, icons, chandeliers, and paintings filled the rooms. And the domed ceilings were so high. They gave me a feeling of reaching straight up to the heavens. After going through the cathedral, we met outside and posed for a group picture. Of course, this took some time because each member of the group had to decide where he or she thought the picture should be taken. Then we had at least 37 cameras that needed to be used. But soon we had everything under control again and headed for the bus. We passed a delicious looking fountain with real, not bubbly water! Some of us simply could not resist. We may regret it later, but we believe in living dangerously.

We arrived in Assenovgrad and had lunch. It was so hot, and some of us were so desperate for sun that we took to sunbathing in the windowsills. Soon Cheryl and I got a group together and went down by the river next to our high rise hotel. (It was probably the sewer!) Others went shopping until dinnertime. And did we have a treat in store! Maya took us to a festive dinner in the nicest place. It was all stone and wood with balconies and plants and greenery everywhere. Lorraine said that the place "reaked with atmosphere." Most of the tables were outdoors with beautiful embroidered cloths and napkins. After our meal, we were lucky enough to have a show with some singers, dancers, and musicians. They were so good! The singers especially had an unusual way of singing that many of us had not heard before.

Our dinner was mostly the usual, except they tried to disguise the cucumbers by leaving off the tomatoes and mixing them with yogurt and nuts. But that didn't fool us! We had our dinner with meat, meat and more meat, plus tomatoes and cucumbers. That was our next course. Of course, when I say next, you must realize that we waited 15 minutes between each one. After the show we thought that would be it, but there were some in our group who said they would not leave until we had ice cream. The waiters brought more, but it wasn't ice cream. Eggs and goat cheese mixed in a souffle type dish. We waited. Finally at 11:00 p.m. here came real ice cream! We were thrilled beyond measure!

We returned to the hotel and went to bed. But first we had conversations out of our windows. Lots of little heads were out talking back and forth until Mary Bee decided that it wasn't laugh-in time. We could still hear

people talking from the street even after we went to bed. It sounded like they were right in the room with us. But we went to sleep to get ready for sightseeing and our show the next night.

Friday, August 3, 1979 Assenovgrad - Plovdiv Rick Kercher

This morning we discovered that our performance for tonight in Plovdiv had been cancelled so we decided to celebrate in our usual way spending several extra hours shopping and eating. First on the agenda, though, was a good morning of touring. We headed first to a local monastery and then on to an ethnographical museum built in 1847. The latter we found very interesting because of its display of past cultures. Especially beautiful was the display of costumes. Next we headed off on our shopping spree in Plovdiv. While some went from shop to shop, many gathered around a local fountain to sing as Keith played his guitar.

After dinner we had our own little party and even did several of our Western and Pioneer numbers for the crowd of people who had gathered around us outside of our hotel. Mary Bee understandably broke off our unplanned performance on the grounds that by enjoying ourselves and clowning around we were becoming sloppy. We then broke into several smaller groups to sing tell stories and even to dance in the downstairs band area of our hotel. Before we had finished we had all had our fill of cookies and ice cream and had even taught our guide Maya how to do the swing.

Additions to August 3

This morning they served us sour skim milk, bread and honey.

The monastery we visited was called Monastere de Batchevo. Monks there made a living by selling souvenirs to tourists. A tall, lanky, scraggly bearded monk was our guide. Several fresh water springs were a refreshing change for us as we drank cool water from small tin cups.

Saturday, August 4, 1979 Primorsko Tom Brown

We left by bus early this morning at 6:30. Bruce Nelson and Tom Brown were late. Dr. Jarvis had to wake them up. It took us about 6-1/2 hours to travel from Assenovgrad to Primorsko. The only thing that helped burn time on the bus was gnawing on our hard rool, goat cheese, plastic sausage and wiffle-ball tomatoes. We passed around Burgas and we caught our first glimpse of the Black Sea and some shipping business that took place on it. We drove down the shoreline until we got to the Primorsko Youth Camp. There was alot of space for camping out along the way and all kinds of sports were available on the beach. We even saw a Bulgarian basketball court! We obtained our room keys at the Hotel Bisser and started our ascent to the Celestial level of living on the top three levels. Those stairs kept us in pretty good shape while we were there. The first think we did was jump into our high class American swimming suits and hit the beach. The flashy style of some of the American bathing suits turned all heads our direction. Of course we must give some credit to the near perfect bodies in them! We must have been near perfect for all of our bodies were white and delightful and aglow with radiant moontones. Why the first white-cap we saw on the sea was in reality Jack Fillmore trying to body surf sideways in his famous Annabelle style. By the way, Dr. Jarvis tied with Brad Ellis in the white legs contest.

We played in the water for quite a while and the girls were not to get their hair wet. But one can only stay dry for so long while doing an Armenian Tower and chicken fights. Some laid out on the beach and put themselves to further punishment while Chrisann recruited help in the building of the first Sandcastle Hilton in Bulgaria. We left the beach around 3:00 and rushed to a rehearsal at 4:00 where we waited in the sun and watched a young Russian dance team warming up to go through some of their dances. We were quite impressed with the ability of these young Soviets as well as with the Bulgarian team. We went back and had a beautiful dinner with pork prepared in yet another form and our favorite SCHWEPPEES. The Schweppes brought back memories of the promised land.

That night we invited to perform in the opening ceremony of the second annual communist youth and student festival. We performed after the Soviets, the youngest of which was 17. We did Devil's Dream, Salty Dog Rag, Exhibition Square, Men's Stomp, Orange Blossom Special, Carolinas and Kentuckys and the finale. The performance went quite well considering the floor we struggled with was cement covered with a thick tarp. It was laid down in strips and sometimes the edges would get caught in our feet and we had a lot of close calls. After the Bulgarian group performed the three dance groups mixed into two lines on each side of the stage and walked into the audience up and around and back to the opposite side of the stage, ending with a Russian song that we all muffed through. Backstage the two groups really hit it off together and Mary Bee had the difficult task of trying to get us back to the hotel. Some small gifts were exchanged and a date was set to meet the Soviets at the beach at 10:00 Monday and later with the Bulgarians. Some of us enjoyed the warm evening before retiring.

Sunday, August 5, 1979 Primorsko Chrisann Gottfredson

It was a beautiful experience for us to have our fast Sunday in Primorsko on the Black Sea.

That morning we met for our church meetings, girls dressed in their light blue skirts and vests with white blouses and men in their light blue pants and striped shirts, looking fresh and clean. It was quite a contrast to the people around us in swimsuits and beach clothes.

We went as a group into the woods near the hotel. There we had our Priesthood and Relief Society meetings. Jack Fillmore was the Bishop with Brad Ellis and Bryce Sheffield as counselors. Gin Genys gave the lesson on D & C 59, keeping the Sabbath Day holy, (fitting theme as the water looked inviting). The Relief Society sisters discussed seeking wisdom instead of riches - D & C 11:7 and Jana Farnsworth was the President with Jacque Gunnell and Lisa Kartchner as counselors. We then met together for fast meeting. There was a special spirit in those woods that morning as many testimonies and feelings were shared. The rest of the day was left for free time and lunch until 3:00 p.m. when we met at the open air theater to practice our skit for the Neptune Festival. After discussing to great length what to do for the skit, Linda Otani came up with the idea of a skit with a bubble gum theme. Dave Duggar played the part of a hippie who sticks his bubble gum on the wall by the bus stop. Lisa was a girl looking for the bus but misses it because she gets stuck to the wall. When she finally gets the gum out of her hair she wipes the gum onto the sidewalk. Soon Cheryl Hansen and Tom Brown come out as mother and son. Cheryl puts her son on the sidewalk to play as she looks for the bus. He soon gets the sticky gum all over and they both miss the bus. Then Brent sits down on the bench reading a newspaper.

Candy comes in from the other side and spots the young man. She quickly maneuvers herself onto the bench and he coaxes her on. She slowly slides over but just before she reaches her destination, she gets stuck to the bench. He helps her get the bubble gum off and they both walk off. The bus returns to the stop and the hippie gets off, looks around, leans on the wall, spots the gum, puts it back in his mouth and walks off. Everyone really hammed up his part and the audience loved it. We also can't forget the music, One Way Ticket, our theme song. In fact we won first place. Our prize was a huge chocolate cake. The evening was light and joyful. Other groups performed skits, mostly funny ones, except for one who's theme was peace (written in many languages) and a big sign with Vienna, Salt II, USA and USSR was used. I think we all felt much closer to the dancers from participating and seeing them perform. We enjoyed cheering our friends on and the TV camera men enjoyed filming us as we clapped and smiled in the audience. The Neptune Festival celebrates the invitation of sailors as they come into new waters.

After the festival and dividing the cake, many of us went walking on the beach. It was a great way to end a beautiful day.

Additions to August 5

Our skit was clean in content and was strictly pantomime.

They wanted one of our American girls to be Queen of the Neptune Festival but it wasn't permitted because they had to wear such skimpy dress (bikini).

The Neptune festival is a celebration of the crossing of the equator and is still observed on many ships including those from the U.S. In the Eastern European countries the festival is an excuse to have fun and to perform skits.

During fast and testimony meeting Elder Simpson spoke to us out of D&C 88. We are an LDS group meeting in Bulgaria. "This is more than unique, it is illegal for us to meet in the woods."

Monday, August 6, 1979 Primorsko, Bulgaria Chris Feinauer

The black flag was up all day today because the breakers were so big and the undertow so strong so we had to be content just sun bathing. The Russian group came at 10:00 and played tag on the beach and then around 11:30 the Bulgarians came to exchange gifts and they taught us some more steps on the beach. We have really had fun with them and have made great friendships.

After a leisurely afternoon which left us medium rare from too much sun, we went to practice for tonight's show. We ran through Small World and then went back again to dance with the Bulgarians. Dennis, Brent, Keith, Lisa and Delymne worked on Shope Suite so they could perform it tonight. We were last on the program and as the finale for the whole show we did Small World/Brotherhood.

Our show went great and afterwards the director of the festival gave us a gold medal. We won first place at the festival! He said he had never had such a professional group perform here and invited us to come back next year.

We hate to leave Bulgaria because of the good friends we have made here and the fun we have enjoyed. Being in a festival was really fun and now we see what we are missing by not being on the festival circuit.

The festival director was very impressed with us. He said if Americans were like we are that everyone should be American. That really makes our missionary efforts worth it.

Tuesday, August 7, 1979 Primorsko, Bulgaria Jolie Blanchard

I woke to the sound of a blow dryer. Four hours of sleep for two nights in a row had caught up with me. I was sleepy. I caught a couple of winks and then pulled out. There was Maya sound asleep and Lorraine and Chrisann were packing. I high-tailed it down to the fourth level. It was cold but clear. Wouldn't you know it--our only free day at the beach was stormy, but today was clear and bright! We loaded. Rick Kercher couldn't find his suit coat. We searched but it wasn't found. After packing the bus with suitcases and carry-ons, we picked up our costumes from the Open Air Stadium. Finally, to breakfast. Hot milk for some, hot water for others, cheese, bread, jam, and tomatoes. After breakfast we planned to be on the bus and be off but were met by the Bulgarians and the Czechs. We were very happy to see the Bulgarians again. They brought flowers and best wishes. I was with a girl named Pepper who clung to me and moaned when we finally had to leave. But we didn't board the bus until group pictures had been taken. A man brought 8x12 glossies from our Saturday night skit. It was best wishes all around and then off we went. The bus pulled away from the student youth center with lines of Bulgarians and young, beautiful Czechoslovakian girls, waving us goodbye. From the smell of industry and oil refineries we drove north to Sumen where we stopped for lunch. Unluckily we arrived just in time for the stores to close at 12:30. Some got in some ice cream before the stand closed. Vigorous games of charades followed a rather uneventful lunch. We had grapes which were a treat. On to the Romanian border and a reunion with Angela. It was a long ride. We passed lots of tobacco and grapes. Strangely, however, many fields lay fallow. At the border we had an hour or so where we got ice cream and chocolate and many ate lots! We sat and talked. Some met foreigners who were curious about where we were from. I met four Greek women and I used my broken Greek and spoke with them. They were tickled to meet an American group and find an American who spoke some Greek. I was thrilled and hated to be called to the bus after such a short association. One thing I've learned is that a bond can form in a short time, even a matter of minutes, and then an abrupt departure may separate you from someone you'll never see again. Finally we crossed the border into Romania. As we unloaded our gear from the Bulgarian bus to the Romanian bus I ran back to the Bulgarian bus to help make a last minute check for belongings. The only ones on the bus were Mary Bee and Rick Kercher. Something made Rick look behind and underneath the very last seat of the bus. "I don't believe it!" he exclaimed. "Hey, Mary! My coat!" Mary grabbed him and gave him a big hug and they sat on the back seat rejoicing as I boarded the bus. There was great cheer at seeing Angela again. People couldn't help but say how "special" she is. We rode into Bucharest at 8:45 P.M. We checked into

our rooms at the Hotel Negoui and rushed down to dinner at the Union only to find it had been announced "dinner at ten." I went to my room and watched the tail end of Thor Hyyerdal's Kon Tiki on TV. Finally we dined at the Union by the light of a full moon. It was the best pork I've eaten all trip, and that is a lot of pork!

One side light. Jacque, Yayoi, Cheryl and Candy had a hair-raising experience in the morning hours at the hotel in Primorsko. Some man tried to break into their room. Evidently Cheryl curled up on the bed in fright. Candy was in the shower, Jacque held on the door and Yayoi ran out on the balcony screaming "Brent, Brent Viertel!" After ten to fifteen minutes of panic and a flood of obscenities from the heavily accented man at the door, Brent came up, the man escaped down the stairs and order was restored. Some paranoia remained, however, which became evident that night. A man was behaving somewhat suspiciously in the dark hall outside Yayoi's room. Four of us walked her to the door and then we sent Jack to check up on them. They were frightened all over again. "This morning was the closest I'll probably ever come to rape," Jacque confidently told us. We certainly hope so, Jacque.

Wednesday, August 8, 1979 Bucharest, Romania Angus Barnes

Today began like any other day. Given the choice, half of us slept in rather than rise to another breakfast of the usual cheese and hard bread. As luck would have it, we missed omelets, peach nectar, and jam for the bread. Naturally everyone had to go for some last minute shopping. While everyone buys another svika bottle, Chris buys an urn big enough for a palm tree. Announcement is made that there will be one gift box available to leave presents in Romania until we return on the 28th. Ha! Chris' pot filled the box over half full. We ended up leaving 5 boxes. After packing the bus in our usual turmoil, it was time for lunch. The little gypsy girl standing outside the restaurant kissed everyone's hand, but didn't get any money. Someone said she was the same one they had seen five blocks away. Too bad she latched on us tight Americans. Too bad we are so tight.

Today was Brother Simpson's birthday and so we sang happy birthday at lunch. He passed out birthday bread. Sister Simpson wanted to have a hey day to decorate the inside of the hotel lobby. Something about tacky?! Brother Simpson announced there was no cake with candles, because he is so old it would have been a fire hazard. At lunch Dennis and Delynne announced the good buy they found for Romanian costumes. Mary concedes and we are now the proud owners of 12 authentic Romanian costumes. We also received one as a gift from Romania for our show.

Loading at the airport was uneventful. Last minute raids at the dollar shops and we boarded the plane. It was even air-conditioned on the ground! Wallah! Western rock hits were playing during the flight including Abba hits and our theme song, "One Way Ticket."

At the Moscow Airport we were met by our guide, Irene. Friendly, but the usual hairy legs. Going through customs and the visa checkpoint was great for everyone but me. He wouldn't allow me to enter the country. After checking with his superior, and taking my drivers license and

questioning Dr. Jarvis, finally I was allowed in. And then no one ever found out what the problem was.

We loaded our buses, one for equipment and one for us. This was going to be great, and then we were told we get a new bus every day so we wouldn't be allowed to leave anything on these buses. Oh well, at least we are not sitting on our costume bags. The bus trip to our hotel was narrated with all kinds of favorable propaganda. Accomodations were nice with 3-4 to a room, which had a sink and bathroom down the hall and co-ed showers. We might like this after all!

At the hotel, Gin was met by his aunt, uncle and cousin who have been searching for him for 2 days. After narrowing it down to which hotel we would be staying at, they decided to check once more. It was really great for them to see each other for the first time. Gin's uncle recited a passage from Hamlet to express his joy.

Another birthday party was held for Brother Simpson. Jana read a poem and thoughts written by each of us about him, and then kissed him. All the girls decided to get in on the action and after they were finished, Sister Simpson got a Clark Gable embrace and kiss.

Dinner was the pits. Cheese, hard bread, and boiled eggs. In her usual positive way, Chrisann was delighted. No one shared her enthusiasm. The beverage was hot (boiled) water, or seltzer water that came in a fire extinguisher bottle. Sister Beckham tried to communicate with a Russian-Chinese guy and she tried to grab Dr. Jarvis to translate. He had been so spaced since we touched down there was no way she could get any help. No one knows what is going on, what our plans are, or anything else. Shift Gears!

Thursday, August 9, 1979 Moscow, U.S.S.R. Jana Fuhriman

Wow, our first day in Moscow. The day began quite wild for Angus and Brent. When they went to take their showers they noticed the cleaning lady decided to join them. She went on like they weren't even there. We started out the day by travelling into town. Irene gave us a lot of information and facts about Moscow. We saw the "Conquerors of Space" monument and many other statues. It seems like Moscow is being remodeled for the Olympics. We also saw where the Olympic swimming pool is being built and then went up to the University of Moscow and looked out at a beautiful view of Moscow. We could see the Olympic Stadium that will hold 138,000 people and we saw the ski jump. Also that morning we saw the Bolshoi Ballet Theatre. It was very beautiful (too bad we didn't have a show there!) This afternoon we went to Red Square. It was hard to believe that we were really there. We took group tour pictures in front of the Kremlin (won't our families and friends be impressed?) We spent the rest of the afternoon with our own free time. Some went to the dollar shops and bought mostly dolls and drinks. It was fun to watch everyone open those dolls up and say "Hey everyone, this one has nine!" Some of us went to the GUM and from what I hear, Lorraine and Delyne really had a time. Finally they just told Angus to push his way to the front, which he did. We noticed the people here just do not seem to help out the Americans very much. So we all push along together.

Tonight we did a show in Moscow. It was at a youth club on a very small stage with huge pillars on it. We really did have quite a fun time though because the audience was so close to us. It was a special night too because Gin's relatives were able to come. It was so neat to share our love with them, and they were just so happy to be able to watch Gin. There was just a real neat spirit at that show. They gave Mary a banner for their club and told her she was welcome back any time. The audience was very warm and special and just so neat to talk to afterwards. It's a great feeling to know that the people really love us and that we really are doing the work that Elder Simpson speaks about before each performance.

After the concert our bus driver took us up to Red Square. It seemed even more beautiful at night. We all went up and watched the changing of the guards. They had so much precision and were just so impressive with their straight, high legs. We were all so quiet as we watched them and then travelled home on the bus.

When we got home we had a sack dinner with bread, rolls, cheese, eggs and chocolate! (We could hardly wait!)

Additions to August 9, 1979

From the air the city of Moscow was massive. It was beautiful during during our descent to see the forests and rivers and an occasional castle or mansion. The airport was not busy at all which seems a characteristic of Eastern Europe. There were not as many guards as we saw in Romania but there was just as much red tape getting through customs. The Soviets weren't organized. Need I say more?

Gin came walking into the lobby of the student hotel in Moscow. Mary asked him what was wrong, as he was weeping. "My relatives are here." Mary said, "Where?" "Just outside." Mary and Gin embraced. Gin and I embraced. Tears flowed. I can't believe they had searched two days for a boy and found him in a town of 8 million people plus nearly a million visitors. It was a miracle.

The city of Moscow was under massive reconstruction. There was evidence of large construction projects going on to prepare for the upcoming Olympic games. The famous St. Basil's Cathedral was completely covered by scaffolding. This was a grand disappointment to us all.

The name Kremlin means fortress.

Don't forget: pectopah means restaurant.

Friday, August 10, 1979 Moscow, u.s.s.r. Brent Veirtel

To say that August 10th in Moscow was anything less than "unusually exciting" would be a gross understatement. I think that most of the Folkdancers would agree, though, that there could have perhaps been a little less excitement in some of the events, but it's certainly a day we won't forget!

It started out rather unpretentiously with a breakfast that gave most



of the group their first exposure to Russian yogurt. To some it tasted great but others seemed to indicate that they wouldn't have felt neglected if that part of the meal had been overlooked. "Yuck" was the word I think was used by some to express their reaction to this new eating experience.

After breakfast the group met and were given two options on what they could do that day. Dr. Jarvis had a friend named David Brandt that was going to give part of the group a tour of the Tretyakov Gallery where many famous examples of Russian art were displayed. Those that participated indicated that the beauty and artistic skill of the artist's paintings were as good as any they had seen. Mr. Brandt also told the background and history of each painting so the group felt even more enriched by what they were seeing when it was explained in the Russian historical setting. After the visit to the museum the group was treated to lunch at Moscow's Peking Restaurant, supposedly one of Russia's finest.

Our Russian tour guide, Irene, escorted the rest of the group to see the Exhibitions of Economic Achievement. This exhibition was situated in a park-type setting with beautiful fountains and buildings decorating the grounds. Each exhibit featured some agricultural, military or industrial achievement of the Russian people. Interesting displays showed everything from their garden vegetables to achievements in space exploration. Even a theatre in the round! After seeing the exhibit, they went for a ride on the Moscow Metro. It is said that this metro system is the most beautiful in the world and after seeing station after station decorated in marble, stained glass, murals and chandeliers, I think everyone couldn't help but agree that they must be right. Angus Barnes got so involved in enjoying the scenery that he seemed to have lost the group for a couple of stations. Maybe he wasn't quite fast enough at jumping through the automatic doors of the train. Anyway, everyone was glad that he finally found us. It was funny to see the group gather around like a flock of chickens at each stop, making certain one of the little chicks wasn't missing. Jana Farnsworth noticed that we kept getting more people in the group at each station and summed it up best with these words of wisdom when she said: "Well, it's always more to have better than less." Huh?? Oh well.

Another amusing experience in the metro happened when everyone was packed together like a bunch of sardines. Dennis Hill seemed to pinpoint the general feeling by commenting with these words of poetry, "Push and shove, push and shove, get an armpit in the mug." Of course the Russians didn't seem to appreciate or join in with the group's reaction.

After our tour of the metro we made a rest stop at the local train station. The rest rooms were less than desirable, but Mary Bee seemed to remedy the situation by giving all the girls a good dose of perfume in the mouth, nose, or wherever else the spray happened to hit. Oh well, at least it made the germs smell better!

A few members of the group then went on a boat ride down Moscow River while the rest went shopping. After dinner we started on our next adventure to the train station. Elder Simpson has to get an award for his courteousness. He even responded kindly to a Russian gentleman that couldn't speak a word of English and had such a hard time trying to stand up that even if he could have recited the verses of Shakespear he wouldn't have been able to make any sense, but it didn't stop him from trying to latch on to Brother Simpson. After waiting for over 45 minutes we found out that we had to make a mad dash to catch the train. Of course the Russians like to make

things a challenge, but when the train started to pull away and equipment, and people were still on the loading dock, we decided we didn't like this game of throwing equipment through the windows and doors and dragging group members onto a moving train. Please, a little less challenge next time! There is a limit to the American competitive spirit! Seriously though, we all felt that someone must have been watching and helping or we would have left half of the group in Moscow. It has been said that Dennis even got a little practice speaking in Chinese when he was telling the train attendants to get out of the way. Just what was it you were saying Dennis? After getting situated in our sleeper cars and extracting a few heavy-duty tea drinking Russians from our beds, we settled in for a long relaxing ride to Kiev. When at last all the excitement seemed to have settled down and we were peacefully clacking down the tracks into the sunset, Brad Ellis so adequately favored us with these sage words, "Well, at least I'm not bored anymore!" Oh brother, it was the worst!!!

Additions to August 10, 1979

We arrived at the large train station in Moscow and piled our equipment, costume bags and other luggage just inside the entrance. Dr. Jarvis and Irene were off to find out which track we should go to and that was the last we saw of them for about two hours. After wearing out the momentary pleasures of ice cream and stamp buying, some wandered aimlessly, some sat by the luggage and sang, others told stories and generally got bored. The night wore on. Drunks, mothers and children, couples both young and old and every sort of character imaginable wandered through the doors of that terminal. Stiff, bored, and sleepy, we were suddenly roused by Rob running towards us yelling, "Hey, you guys! Pick up all the luggage you can possibly carry and let's go! The train leaves in fifteen minutes and it takes ten minutes to walk to the track!" We jumped up and carried several bags each and ran after Dr. Jarvis towards the track. Once we were there, we still couldn't load because no one seemed to know which train was ours. Finally, three minutes before departure (and when they say three minutes, they mean three minutes), we frantically began to load. The train started to leave. It was certain that someone would be left behind but somehow costumes were thrown onto the train and the last few people scrambled on. It was one of the miracles of tour.

All bureaucrats in the Soviet Union seem to have padded doors to their offices. Dr. Jarvis called this "Padded Cell Mentality" and said the padded door was the symbol of Russia.

It appeared to be a tradition in parts of Eastern Europe to go to the tomb of the unknown soldier on your wedding day and bring flowers. We noticed that a round loaf of bread, wreaths, and often a plastic doll were tied to the hood of the car of the newlyweds.

Saturday, August 11, 1979 Kiev, U.S.S.R. Jana Farnsworth

We started off our half way mark for tour today on a sleeper train

headed for Kiev. Everyone was up and ready to jump off the train because the night before had been such a scare. But team work pulled us through again and we got everything off the train. We carried everything over to the bus and tried to squeeze all of it on, but decided it wasn't going to work. With a little bit of coaxing we were able to get the bus next to ours to help drive some of the heavier things over to the hotel. Our hotel is a split-level type, white block building. How was that for a perfect description. The only problem is in trying to get just the right amount of weight on the elevator so that it won't buzz. Four of the girls and four of the guys had to wait in the lobby after our late breakfast to get rooms. They ended up waiting about two hours and then were given (shall we say, low rate) rooms in another building. Dennis said that his toilet bubbled when he flushed it. Brent said all they had was hot water, and basically I think they decided they definitely needed a change of rooms. The girls moved first to the Beckham's room and then later to rooms of their own. Wow, talk about real troopers. After lunch we had an excursion to the city. We were all still sort of dozed out from the sleeper train but enjoyed seeing Kiev. We made a stop at one of the oldest monesteries in Kiev and drove past the University. You can always tell student housing by the unique way all the windows and balconies are decorated. We stopped at the tomb of the unknown soldier which was being guarded by young men who were no older than fourteen, I am sure. There were also girls of the same age and many of them carrying guns. Man, they start them early around here. There were a couple of wedding parties that came through and also the change of the "young" guards.

We arrived home about 4:30 with just enough time to run to our rooms and then back down to dinner at 5:00. For dinner we had what we think were stuffed squash. Then for dessert, Gin's Aunt had given him some chocolate wafers to pass out to us that were very tasty. Well, it was off to our only show we would have in Kiev and the Ukraine. We were very fortunate to get to the theatre in time to hear Kiev's Folk Orchestra. They had a performance before ours, so we all went in to listen. The highlight of the performance was the percussionist, who was a real showman and quite the whistler. Our dressing room for the show was directly behind the curtain on the back of the stage. We are getting used to being versatile on our dressing quarters. The show began at 8:00 and went as planned except the guy running the lights either fell asleep or there was an electrical shortage somewhere. We didn't have much light for most of the show, but we were able to keep a spirit up. Some of the kids told me after that, during clogs at the end of the show, they could feel an extra life come into them. When you really need Him, He is always there. After talking with people, packing, and loading the bus, we were headed back to the motel. On the bus on the way home, everyone told how they make moves on dates, and we just had a great time. With our bottle of mineral water in hand, we all headed for bed and for a well-needed rest.

Sunday, August 12, 1979 Kiev, U.S.S.R. Keith Judd

Our first Sunday in the U.S.S.R. and Rob Hawks is the Bishop. In room 1406, Tom, Rick and Keith jumped out of bed to straighten up their room so Priesthood could be held. By meeting time the room was spic and span, but thank goodness no one tried to open the closets.

This Sunday had dawned overcast with no hint of sun, but Sundays on this tour always have their own special warmth and light. Tom and Chris gave an excellent lesson in Priesthood on the importance of developing a personal relationship with the Savior. Relief Society was equally inspiring for the sisters.

After Priesthood and Relief Society there was a little bit of difficulty in finding a place for Sacrament meeting, but we finally were able to meet in a large conference room that even had a podium for the speakers. However, it was incongruous to see Elder Simpson and the bishopric sitting under a picture of Lenin.

Jacque and Rick gave ten minute talks and Bryce was the main speaker. All three of these were excellent. I'm always touched by the spirit at our meetings. The speakers always seem to be inspired to know what to say. I can't remember any other time in my life that I've felt closer to my Father in Heaven.

The afternoon was spent at a village museum outside of Kiev. The visit was interesting but uneventful. Bruce and our guide, Irene, seemed to be having the most fun as they rooted around in a pig pen.

I was really excited in the evening to be able to attend my first opera. The curtain rose in a beautiful theatre with the orchestra playing a rousing overture to the opera "Peter the First".

I thought I was watching a serious drama and was trying my best to be dignified but Delynne and Bill were sitting next to me and they kept erupting with fits of giggling. They explained to me that this opera was a comedy, that Jonathan Winters was trying to find some cheetos but all the stores were closed. I wish I could give more details, but inexperienced as I am in the arts, most of their interpretations were quite beyond me. But you can be sure I was grateful they were willing to share with me their deeper understanding. After three hours with Peter, we were all quite ready for bed.

Monday, August 13, 1979 Kiev, U.S.S.R. Don Jarvis

In the morning we traveled 1½ hours out of Kiev to the Gagarin Pioneer Camp, a summer camp for children in the communist party's youth organization. We were given a pleasant tour of the facilities, wondered at the amount of Communist propoganda, and madly photographed the youngsters, who were mostly aged six to twelve years. During a reception in which we were treated to pastries, apples and juice, the camp administrators explained at some length that this was one of the better camps in the area, and that the parents can send their children to the camp for about 13 rubles (\$16.00), while the factory where all of the children's parents work pays the balance of the 58 rubles (about \$88.00) actual cost.

After the reception, the dancers changed into Carolina and Kentucky clog (western) costumes, and we went to an open-air theater to exchange performances with the children. The children had several well-trained and established vocal groups which performed, plus one group of little girls who performed a bare-chested, South Sea Island dance number.

The directors insisted that we perform for the children, so we did a full half-hour of the folk dance sections of the program plus "Small World" and "Brotherhood of Man." The children clapped rhythmically and yelled "Mol-ot-tsi" (Way to go!) after each number. Immediately after the performance we passed out cards and souvenirs to the kids and all of us, even non-performers, were signing autographs. We left happy and fulfilled, if behind schedule, and we decided that the scheduled visit to the Kiev Crypt Monastery was less important than our contact with Russia's future - her children.

After we returned to Kiev we finished lunch and piled onto the bus for a quick visit to the local shops for costumes, folk dance records, and souvenirs. Since we had not had any time for shopping in Kiev, had only a little time before our train to Moscow, and insufficient time to both shop and go to the Crypt Monastery, we decided on shopping because new records and costumes are crucial to the folk dance club's interests and needs. Much to our surprise, however, minor officials of Kiev's Sputnik, the student travel organization, capriciously decided that we had to go to the Monastery since it was on the plan. In Moscow we could change plans almost at will, but Kiev was going to stick to the plan. They called our guide, Irene Smirnitsky, and Don Jarvis into their office and insisted on the monastery. After much pleadings, reasoning, cajoling, and threats by Brother Jarvis and Irene, the Sputnik bureaucrats agreed to call here and there and get approval for a bus to the stores. That done, they went out to give the dispatcher orders for a change of itinerary only to discover that all the rest of the troupe, after waiting for one-half hour for Irene and Brother Jarvis to appear, had done the sensible thing and simply left for the store. The Sputnik lady who had been such a problem had the strangest look on her face. She could not complain, as she had given her approval, yet here Captain Mary Bee had sailed off - "Damn the bureaucracy, full speed ahead!" Brother Jarvis was miffed for a second that everyone had taken off without a guide or manager since there could after all have been a serious problem like a train departure time change, but under the circumstances it was so right and so funny he simply dissolved with Ray Beckam into gales of laughter at the triumph of yankee ingenuity over capriciously obstructionist bureaucracy.

Our departure from the station was uneventful except for the gift of four watermelons from a new acquaintance of the Jarvis'.

Tuesday, August 14, 1979 Kiev to Moscow, USSR Rob Hawks

This morning we awoke to the not so gentle tapping as Brother Beckham passed from cabin to cabin attempting to awaken the sleeping dancers. Nobody seemed too anxious to wake up. It is an interesting phenomena that you can sleep seven to eight hours on the train but still not receive sufficient rest. What a wonderful sight of puffy eyes, messed hair and general disorder was presented to our eyes as we greeted each other.

At approximately 9:00 a.m. we arrived at the central train station in Moscow to the confusion and general disorder that was found there. Even though much confusion was to be found there our bus for baggage was not. I and Brother Jarvis spent a lot of time trying to find the bus. It seems that we spend an awful lot of time with trivialities and red tape here in the Soviet Union. In a confused and generally crowded, sweaty and greasy state we boarded the bus headed for our hotel. While en route we received the joyous news that in order to reach the Kremlin in time we would have

to go without showering. Oh well (sigh) when in Moscow do as the Moscovites!

Our tour of the Kremlin was a rush job but at least we got to see all of the sights from the inside such as the huge bell and Czar cannon. Brother Jarvis came to us and said, "They have the largest bell in the world and it doesn't work; they have the largest cannon in the world and it doesn't work; they have the largest government in the world . . ." Much time and film was spent in recording the golden domes of the Kremlin for all of us. A very tired crew finally got back to the hotel where we were able to rest up and clean up in preparation for the big afternoon at the TV studio. The big day for which Mary Bee had been waiting had finally arrived.

As we entered the studio we were much more impressed with the atmosphere and level of professionalism we found in comparison with Romanian TV. We were especially excited to see chairs set up. That meant we would be performing for people and not just cameras.

We spent a couple of hours running through numbers and setting them so that the cameramen would know how to follow us. We then had just a few minutes to eat our wonderful sack lunch of hard bread, boiled eggs, cheese and salami (yuck). Then we (the men) were made up. Oh the sacrifice you have to make in order to do a color video!

The taping was a big success. Several of the guards got an extra bit of entertainment as they stood in the back on some stairs and watch the girls change their costumes. They were especially entertained during the Hawaiian Medley. Linda tried to straighten some of the glass plates on the floor and in the process shattered one. Jana Fuhriman did Carolinas with one tap shoe and one character shoe but it did not matter because nobody could hear them on the cloth covered floor anyway.

After the taping Irene about had a cardiac arrest trying to rush us back to the hotel because it was after 11 p.m. and she was afraid the bus driver would leave without us. I think our stay in the USSR would be characterized as a confusion of indecision and hurry.

Wednesday, August 15, 1979 Moscow to Warsaw Ron Ekins

Up in the morning in the Moscow hotel, loaded our bags to a one room cell. This was a free day to do as we please, we split into groups and turned in our key. Off we went to jump on the metro, which stop was which I doubt anyone did know. Downward we plunged, onward we trodded, Couldn't speak the language so I just nodded.

On the metro we met three drunks, who gave Becky flowers--boy how they stunk. Then we snuck off for we had errands to run, saw lots of shops, had lots of fun. Jarvis was amazing, what a linguist he was, he started to talk and also to buzz. He told them his bags, the whole broken lot, was merely the part of a capitalist plot.

In no time at all the bag was done, he payed them, thanked them, then we were gone. Then we saw ice cream, ran to the shop, waited in line, we got there, she stopped! Lunchtime you see, she refused to go on, I gave her dirty looks, then I was gone. Back down in the metro our hearty group went, boy what dirty looks were sent

To the B.S. shop our group did go, to buy lots of gifts and spend all our dough  
 Time was flying, our group was to meet, at 4 o'clock at St. Basils' feet  
 We met David Brandt and started to sing, he read us scriptures which was an odd thi  
 There on Red Square by a non-member friend, a beautiful closing, a marvelous end

Our last day in Russia, a memory born, the rush of feelings as tears in a storm  
 Off to the airport we went in a flash, onward to Poland to spend some more cash  
 In that airport Mary found a scale, the girls hopped on, were they hefty or frail?  
 Bro. Simpson kept busy making the rounds, changing those kilograms back into pound

We hopped on the bus out to the plane, if we didn't leave soon we'd all go insane  
 One memory of Russia stays in my mind, that of Gin's family, loving and kind  
 The touching moments of meeting and parting, were sometimes very disheartening  
 All things can be taken but a memory never, feeling and love can last forever

We landed in Poland, what a relief, it felt different, was my belief  
 We unloaded our bags, once inside, then we saw Jurich, who was our guide  
 He said to us, "at last you are free," look out the window and see what you see  
 Illuminating light shined in the night, remind us of home, what a welcome sight

In this great place we had our own bus, to be there always for no one but us  
 Then to the hotel, a beautiful place, two to a room with plenty of space  
 Bottles of water there for our pleasure, this place to me was truly a pleasure  
 To bed at last, a busy day done, in a new country, a victory won.

#### Additions to August 15

##### Arrival and departure board in the Moscow Airport:

SU	Bombay	Hanoi	20.30	
SU	Damascus		21.00	
SU	Cairo	A-Ababa	21.30	
IF	Berlin		21.30	
SU	Ulan-Bator		21.55	
SU	Peking		22.10	
LO	Warsaw		22.15	
SU	Delhi	K-Lumpur	22.25	
SU	Gander	Havana	23.25	Mexico
KB	Pyongyang		23.30	C.A.A. DPRK
SU	Colombo		23.55	

At the Kremlin David Brandt, his wife and son, gave us pins and requested  
 the song "Come, Come Ye Saints." After our singing Mr. Brandt read from  
 D&C 78 using a triple combination he had been given by someone from the  
 Russian Department at BYU. Following his reading we sang "God Be With You."

David Brandt told us that he admired us because we could dance so hard  
 and be so happy without alcohol or drugs. He loved the way we lived; quite  
 a compliment from a non-member Russian.

The woman at the television station had commented, "Your boys are so  
 clean looking. I wish my boys were Mormons."

It doesn't seem that we realized the tremendous feeling of heaviness  
 we experienced in the USSR until we touched down in Poland. The sense of  
 relief was immense. We walked right through passport check and were on the

bus in no time. We noticed cars, parking lots, trees, grass, an assemblance of Western life we had not seen in the Soviet Union.

Thursday, August 16, 1979   Warsaw, Poland   Jacque Gunnell

We've all decided that if Poland is trying to impress us, they're doing a super job! This morning we started with a delicious breakfast that tasted just like home. What a change after Russia's inedible food. We had a morning tour of the city from the bus visiting historical sites, the different embassies (American, British, Russian and Canadian), Chopin's monument, cathedrals and the "Old Town" of Warsaw. We viewed a film of the destruction and renovation of Warsaw. It really made me gain a sincere respect for the Polish people. It is fascinating to realize that the city was totally leveled by Hitler and then reconstructed by its faithful people to look the same as it originally did. After our educational tour we browsed around a quaint little square (Old Town). It was picture perfect, complete with horse and buggy carts, sidewalk cafes, outdoor painters, pigeons and atmosphere. Most of us returned after lunch to shop and bargain in the square. After many dollars and zloties were spent we reunited at the hotel with our treasures. We were hosted a festive dinner and even enjoyed the presence of a couple from the American Embassy. The delicious two and one half hour meal was complete with music, singing and an American flag on the table! Almateur spoiled us with a bag full of goodies including a shirt, hat, pins and stickers. We returned to our hotel for a good night's sleep.

Additions to August 16

In Warsaw we saw the park where President Kimball re-dedicated Poland to missionary work in 1977. We were also able to see Mila 18 which was the last bunker of the Jews in the ghettos.

We will also have fond memories of great ice cream (lody) and two zloty potties in Poland.

The history here is fascinating. We saw a film depicting the destruction of Warsaw. Hitler ordered it leveled and seven hundred years of building was destroyed. After the war all 1.4 million people were dead or in camps and the city was silent. But they started over, rebuilt the city, and today it is one of the most beautiful in Europe. They have tried to reconstruct everything with as much original material and using as many existing buildings as possible. I have seen scars of fire on many buildings and one can see old and new stone mixed together. Everything looks old even though it may only have been built two or three years ago. It is amazing the way they have spent so much time to make the city like it was before the war. To do one church they set up a special factory to make medieval bricks just for that church.

Friday, August 17, 1979   Warsaw   Jolie Blanchard

We all enjoyed free time today shopping, walking in the old square, journal writing and washing.

Mary Bee and Don Jarvis met with Mr. Kasinski, a vice president of CIOFF. He invited Mary Bee to draw up a list of 4-5 quality groups to represent the US at Eastern Europe festivals.



The Simpsons met with the Branch President of Warsaw and Brother and Sister Jelenek, the missionary couple assigned to Warsaw.

Our performance was at a youth club called Stodoya. When we began at 6:30 there were not more than forty people present. The hall eventually filled to 130, much less than its capacity. We were pleased to have the director of cultural affairs of the U.S. Embassy and his children, Mr. Francki and family, the deputy director of archives for Poland, Mr. Kosinski, Polish friends and missionary contacts, and church members present. We also had a few drunks in the audience, one of whom paraded in front of the audience pretending to play a guitar and harmonica. He left after a strong word of encouragement from Jurich, our bearded guide.

The general reception of the audience was very enthusiastic in spite of a little rowdiness. The kids claimed to have had an especially good time performing.

A few mishaps added interest to the show. Yayoi's slip fell off as she was taking her bow for Swing, Lorraine slipped and fell during square dancing, Jolie's foot got caught in the microphone cord and pulled a mic off its stand, Jana stopped playing long enough to replace it. A little Polish girl got up on the stage and danced during Orange Blossom Special - darling.

Mr. Kosinski was so impressed that he extended an invitation to return to Poland for a two week performance tour, all expenses paid. (BYU will probably accept that invitation for 1981)

After the show we had dinner in the club and stayed a while for the disco.

Bill Conners and Linda Otani did an encore presentation of Salty Dog Rag in pajamas up and down the halls of the hotel before finally going to bed.

Additions to August 17

We presented Mr. Kosinski with a full Indian head-dress.

The hall we performed in will always be remembered as a Disco Nudist Colony for Albino Amputees because of the naked, white mannequins scattered throughout the hall.

Saturday, August 18, 1979 Poznan, Poland Lisa Kartchner

We began our day at the hotel Polonia in Warsaw. After the usual cheese, meat, butter, bread, jam and juice at 7:30 a.m., we caused our gear to trickle slowly out of the heights (upper floors) and trundled it around the corner to the awaiting bus. At that time Rob presented Dana and Jurich with folk dancer t-shirts from all of us. Since Dana was a guide to us only while in Warsaw, we said goodbye to her there and embarked on an exciting five and one-half hour bus ride to Poznan, northeast of Warsaw. The big event of the afternoon was when we stopped to take a 15 minute break. We all staggered to the nearest available facility only to find that its charitable management demanded -- and got (when ya gotta go, ya gotta go. . .) two zloties per person. We christened it the two zlotie pottie. Once

relieved (funny this never hit the top 10 of my 'things to do with money' list), we continued our journey through the beautiful Polish countryside. Farms checkered the land fringed by birch, willow, and pine forests. Quaint little farm houses and adjoining vegetable gardens dotted each scene. Capped men rode 1950 motorcycles and capped boys rode 1950 bikes. The lifestyle seemed slow and easy. At 2:30 p.m. we arrived at the Novotel in Poznan and ate a lunch of rice and chicken soup, pork and potatoes, and currant compote. Novotel is located near the outskirts of Poznan, Jurek's home town of 800,000 (double S.L.C.). The trolley system was good enough that many of us went to the city center to shop for the afternoon. The quest for crystal was almost fruitless, but fun. We did however, see many posters, advertizing our show for the evening. Others rested at Novotel until 6:00 P.M. At that time we left for the hall where we were to perform. The show began at 8:00 P.M.—only after a series of bloomer-camisole poses were shot in the women's dressing room. The audience was small (about 150) but enthusiastic. Jurek about busted his buttons, he was so pleased. The show was alive that night! Tall square managed to hang Polka Quadrille together tonight (yeah!), and Jana told her new love to "Dream on" during Lida Rose. The audience recognized "Old Man River" after only a couple of bars, and clapped their approval. The whole show was like that. Response like that gets us so hyper that we do crazy things like sing Christmas carols all the way home (who us??) which thing caused Brother Jarvis to raise the question, "Are you suffering from jet lag?" An American Consulate from the embassy was in the audience, as well as dancers from the Mitzi Lane Dance Co. from West Virginia. We will go see one of their shows tomorrow. 10:00 P.M. dinner consisted of cukes and cream, soup that beaded on the spoon, potatoes and chicken and cake.

Additions to August 18, 1979

We had hot water after a few days of cold showers. The city's utilities are centralized and the whole town was out of hot water so we had lots of company.

Sunday, August 19, 1979 Poznan, Poland Elder Robert L. Simpson

Today dawned our fourth Sunday of the tour. Following breakfast we convened for Priesthood and Relief Society in rooms 116 and 117 respectively. Our bishop for the day was Bruce Nelson with Bryce Sheffield and Tom Brown as counselors. Chrisann was Relief Society President with Jana Fuhrman and Yayoi Matsuoka as counselors.

Brother Beckham led the discussion in Priesthood while Janelle Jarvis and Jolie Blanchard led the discussion in Relief Society. The theme for the day was conversion comes through sacrifice.

Due to requirement for a special meeting with the local saints involving the Simpsons and the Beckhams, sacrament meeting was deferred until the afternoon. A tour of the city was scheduled for the balance of the morning. We visited the town square in the old city. It was similar to Warsaw in miniature. We also visited a Catholic church and a lovely museum. The church we visited was full of nicely dressed people. We were impressed by their appearance and devotion.

Immediately after lunch we made our way to the amphitheatre in a nearby park for our sacrament meeting. Bruce Nelson conducted as acting bishop and spoke briefly as did Linda Otani. Gin Genys was the main speaker. Jana Farnsworth played a violin solo "Oh, That I Were an Angel."

Some of the group travelled approximately 40 minutes by bus to attend a Friendship Ambassador presentation from the USA. It featured the Mitzi Lane Dancers. They were younger children and featured modern dance and acrobatics. The audience was small and they would have been very dissappointed if we had not attended.

Our Sunday evening fireside was at the hotel in the stairwell--any port in a storm. Ida Lee Beckham was our main speaker and spoke through a translator (Brother Jebrick) so our seven member guests could understand. Three of their group were called upon to share their testimony with us. All in all a wonderful day of worship, relaxation, and change from the usual routine.

Monday, August 20, 1979 WrocXaw, Poland Gin Genys

"...wave to the left, wave to the right..." and it was farewell to Poznan. Aboard our bus were three honored guests; our mission couple from Salt Lake and Brother Miecznikowski (a Polish convert of 18 months). And it came to pass we were enlightened by letters and comments from partners, namely Yayoi 92 . . . a gal with a finger in every chocolate pie; and Jolie's landing in a trashcan. Elder Simpson reminded us that were not part of the "Pepsi Generation" and that our enthusiasm needed harnessing late in the evenings. He then tactfully turned to our leader and said, "Is there anything else you'd like to say, Mary?" And it came to pass that despite farmers fumes we arrived at Praszka and, through a maze of streets found way to the bus depot and bid farewell to the missionaries.

And it came to pass that our 1 P.M. arrival in WrocXaw marked the beginning of an eventful afternoon. Following luncheon, which was on the slippery-side (greasy), we girded up our loins and with true pioneer spirit carried, dragged or hauled our luggage a block and a half then up several flights of stairs. And it came to pass that the passport scramble began--only a fortunate few emerged, pass in hand, to invade the bank and exchange cheques for some real loot--greenbacks! The morning's money market (as Sister Simpson can attest) continued throughout the afternoon as plates and nicknacks were paid for, in back rooms and under counters, in hard cash. The interesting thing was that most didn't know what was really happening until, well, it happened. And it came to pass that Brad amused the cleaning maid with his feats of strength, namely removing the doorhandle from the door; whilst outside Angus was showing his humor and prowess by stepping non-chalantly into a waterhole.

And it came to pass that the evening's performance was to prove to be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. It was the worst. . .or it was the best. . .you'll have to ask Lorraine on that one. Outdoor amphitheater; an ever increasing audience (70% under 14) and a splintery stage. Despite the regularly scheduled mishaps on stage (Lorraine's striptease in Swing and Jolie bottoming-out in Charleston) and the eight year old peeping toms backstage, our fans really went wild. Even Elder Simpson caught

the spirit of it all and yelled "Beese, Beese" (Polish word for more which still sounds like "Booo" to us on stage) and reconciled it with, "When in Rome . . ."

Dennis, in an attempt to hand out Mickey Mouse rings was chased, tackled and almost trampled. Finally, after each signing our fiftieth autograph, we boarded our bus and, protected, enjoyed the winks, blown kisses and Jana impersonations as the group literally ran us out of town.

INSERT\*\*Several of our innovative girls found way to the nearby pastry shop and under the leadership of Yayoi (who manged seven) snarfed down those precious treats in stealthy expectation of no-one finding out.

Tuesday, August 21, 1979 WrocYaw, Poland Bill Connors

Tuesday in WrocYaw began with breakfast at 9:00—trust Jurek, our guide, to give us all time to sleep in. Our resident flasher, Brad Ellis, was up early and at his usual tricks. While reaching up to remove a shirt from his window (totally bare) he became aware of a lady sitting in a window across the courtyard gazing at him. When asked what was his reaction he answered sheepishly, "I did the only thing I could do—I waved."

After breakfast we were taken on a tour of the city which included a walk through the Town Hall (Gothic and Renaissance architecture) and a visit to St. John the Baptist Church—a very beautiful structure embellished inside with sculpture and stained glass. Outside the Church was a stone statue of a bear (actually it looked more like a mole) about which there is a very interesting legend. It seems if you touch the bear you'll marry within a year. Needless to say it was no time until the bear was surrounded by folkdancers. Someone asked Keith Judd if he touched the bear. He responded with a grin, "Are you kidding; I hugged that thing!"

Our tour guide was full of Polish humor as was evidenced by his jokes. As he told it, Brezhnev dies and goes below, and the Devil gives him a tour of hell. Brezhnev is shown the different types of punishment so that he may choose the one he wants for himself. In the first room he sees Lenin being burned with drops of hot oil. In the second room, Trotsky is getting lashed with a whip. As he walks into the third room he sees Nikita Kruzchev sitting on a couch with Bridget Bardot. Brezhnev says, "I'll take Kruzchev's punishment." The Devil replies, "Oh, no, you do not understand. It isn't Kruzchev who is being punished, it's Bardot!"

This trip around the city included a visit to a Japanese garden where everyone wanted a picture of Yayoi with the swans.

After the tour of the town and lunch, we were given free time and of course the inevitable happened. The streets of WrocYaw were filled with Folkdancers who had travel bags ready for a big day at the shops. 6:15 was the magic moment when everyone arrived to load the bus for our evening performance. We were delayed a little because our bus driver backed into a car right behind us. The show began at 8:00 with an

going fast, with the official exchange rate at 30 to \$1 and the street price at 100 to \$1.

Lunch at 2:00 P.M. was going to be a light one because Brother Jarvis had gone to the cook and asked for just a soup and a salad. We got our soup and salad okay. Then came our usual meal of meat, potatoes and vegetable! The Hotel Polonia was remodeling its lobby so we had to enter and leave through an alley-type entrance to a temporary (and small) lobby on the second floor.

The telex to BYU at the end of our Polish stay read "Leaving Poland tonight after seven full days. Performed Warsaw, Poznan, Lesno, Wrocław. Enthusiasm unbelievable. Minister of culture has invited group for two-week tour of all major cities and concert halls in 1981 at Government Expense. Also requested Jensen to stay now for two weeks which they cannot do. Czechoslovakia next. All is well."

After this, time was spent shopping and napping. Most of the group saw an American movie with Polish sub-titles at 5:30, "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." Our bags had all been packed after lunch and moved into three rooms.

Our festive farewell dinner took place at 8:30 P.M. in a special dining room at the hotel. Officials of Almatour were present. They gave each of us a record of various kinds of Polish songs and dance music. They also presented a set of folk dance records to Mary Bee and a book about famous Polish sculptors. They were very lavish in their praise of the group's performance. Elder Simpson and Mary Bee responded and gave each of them a folk dance record and pen. During dinner, our guide Jurek taught us a Polish song. We also sang some American songs and a group of Americans came down from the 5th floor to say how nice it sounded to hear American songs in Poland.

After dinner, a few weak ones got an hour's sleep before we had to have our bags downstairs to the bus at midnight. After a little delay we dashed to the train station. By 1:15 we were on the loaded platforms. We were an hour early so the band presented an impromptu 30 minute concert until our train arrived. We left exactly on time at 2:11 A.M. with the fellows in a sit-up car and the girls and couples in a 3-tiered sleeper car--with about 12 cars in between. So ended the longest day! Trivia for the day included:

1. The two Jana's and Chrisann kept being followed by a guy who "wanted to practice his English on them."
2. Candy and Becky befriended a woman clerk at a grocery store who kept wanting them to taste everything in jams, etc.
3. Jolie and Delynne mailed two giant boxes home. It took all morning and 2100 z/otes.
4. Yayoi and Linda mailed their suitcases!

Thursday, August 23, 1979 Polish-Czechoslovakian Border The Beckhams  
(with an addition by Don Jensen)

Our day started at 6:00 A.M. when passports were requested at the border. First came a Polish inspector, then a second Polish official. Next came a Czech officer, and then, just when sleepy eyes finally closed,

another Czeck came by for another check. The entire process took more than two hours. We had made arrangements for an extra compartment for luggage before we left Poland, and things worked out well. However, the Czeck conductor insisted on extra payment for Czechoslovakia. Dennis spoke to him in Chinese, Bruce in German, and Rob in Spanish. He finally got the message when Dennis folded his arms and said "Nyet, nyet, nyet!" Don Jarvis finally convinced the Czeck authorities that we and our equipment were all okay and that we are not CIA agents! Our train ride was 10 hours. We arrived in Prague, Czechoslovakia, at 12:00 noon--6 hours later than we had been told. Poor Adrianna, our new Czeck guide, had about given up hope on us! Our bus had been re-assigned to another group. Our baggage gang disappeared with our sound equipment, costume bags and most of our luggage on a baggage truck, but we finally got our bus and picked them up after their lonely vigil.

We were on our way by 1:15! We stopped at a cafeteria for a quick lunch, and then went to our rooms at a student residence hall at a technological institute about 15 minutes away on the bus. All rooms were double rooms, but toilets, showers, and wash basins were community types on each floor, with men on one end and women on the other. Then came the bad news--no hot water for five days because of a breakdown in the heating system!

A sightseeing tour had been planned, but because of our late arrival and the exhaustion of our group, we decided to rest and get cleaned up. Several braved the cold water, but found it to be colder than we had feared--"ice cube water," Elder Simpson called it. Mary Bee announced to CKM (the Czeck Youth Organization for Travel) that we would not stay without hot water. Brother Jarvis called the CKM officials, and they promised to see what they could do. In the meantime, two rooms were located in the Europa Hotel for the Jensens and the Simpsons.

We left by bus for the cafeteria at 5:30, then headed for downtown Prague. We spent an hour window shopping and visiting shops in the downtown district, and then went to a fantastic pantomime-drama at the "Magic Lantern" theatre at 8:00 P.M. It was called "Circus" and was a very unique and unusual presentation of pantomime combined with multi-media (mostly tri-movie) background. We boarded our bus by 10:00 and arrived at our rooms by 10:30. (During the intermission, Bryce and Rob had fun talking to a travel group from Toluca, Mexico.) We were lulled to sleep by a flashy (lightning) and noisy (thunder) heavy rainstorm all hoping to be able to move to a hot water hotel in the morning. (The following is Don Jensen's addition) The Simpsons and Jensens were taken to "Grand Europa Hotel". Sixty years ago a prestigious hotel but they wondered if they had "stepped up" by rooms assigned. Simpsons were ½ block from the WC in a dark room with a ceiling that leaked when it rained.

Friday, August 24, 1979 Prague, Czechoslovakia Don Jensen

Bus pulled up to Europa Hotel on main street of Prague with stories of 5:30 a.m. ice cold showers by Sister Beckham, high hopes for 2nd class motel. Dr. Jarvis and Mary Bee met with CKM authorities and requested immediate move to hotel for students. No promise, so left for

the state castle of Karlstejn. This castle is situated on a high hill. We walked through a lovely village, the homes having huge, tuberous begonias, to reach the castle which symbolizes the Bohemian medieval state and King and Emperor of "the Holy Roman Empire", Charles IV. His castle is regarded as focus of cultural and political concentration, combined with strength and spiritual values of Bohemian society of the 14th Century. The castle is among wooded hills above the Berounka River. A characteristic feature of Karlstyn is its division into 3 separate buildings. We visited the Vassal Hall, the Emperors bed-chamber, the audience hall, the Church of the Virgin Mary and the main tower which housed the Chapel of the Holy Road. Ate lunch at restaurant below castle. To Junior Camp "Zivohost" located on lake of Slapy Dam. Cold weather, beautiful lake and recreational facilities. Our guide Adriana confirmed hotel accomodations for students. Dinner in rec hall—all windowed overlooking lake and heavily wooded hills. Angus and Ron took a fast swim and tried out the slide. Dressed in room with balcony for men. Had trouble keeping windows blocked with hanging costume bags as Rob found out. Show well received. Dr. Jarvis and Mary Bee received wreaths of greens and red, white, and blue ribbons—looked like thoroughbred race horses. Students moved to Hotel Praga—late arrival—not enough rooms—2 A.M.—finally quiet descended on American Folk Dancers.

Addition to August 24, 1979

At the show Mary Bee was presented with a small plate of salt.

Evidently Friendship Ambassador groups had been mediocre in the past. There was surprise expressed when people saw how professional we were. We were told that our accomodations and performance theaters would have been better if they had known how good we were.

Saturday, August 25, 1979 Prague, Czechoslovakia Mary Bee Jensen

Group headed for Youth Camp Sobesin located in mountainous area. Raining and cold. Group picked up Simpsons and Jensens with smiles and tall tales of one shower per floor but excited over H<sub>2</sub>O. Greatest achievement was room for Simpsons with bath (which we later found had no W.C.—only big tub). Can't have everything.

Camp was founded 50 years ago by YMCA. Taken over by CKM. Groups there from East and West Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Lunch and the group descended on the candy window. Enjoyed club lounge with fireplace. Show at 3:30—stage at end of hall with two posts in center. Good wood floor. Excellent show—audience would not stop clapping after finale clogs—two extra encores. Showers, then pack and we enjoy an evening meal. Returned to Prague at 8 P.M. for a free evening to catch up on personal washing and diaries.

Sunday, August 26, 1979 Prague, Czechoslovakia Candy Foley (with an insert from Bryce Sheffield)

A small bundle of Happy Birthday wishes for Gin began this special Sabbath day. With cool weather and cloudy skies we gathered for Priest-

hood and Relief Society bearing the theme of "Pure Testimony". We were very blessed to have Brother and Sister Snederfler in these meetings to share their thoughts with us.

Jana Farnsworth provided a beautiful violin selection of hymns setting a spiritual mood for our Fast and Testimony meeting. The spirit was strong throughout the meeting. It was exciting and humbling to hear our Czech friends bear their testimonies. Those of us from the States have been blessed with the knowledge of the immense difficulties withstood by our Eastern European brothers and sisters. Our testimonies have grown stronger knowing how simple it is to enjoy the Gospel.

Chris reigned as bishop. Counselors: Keith and Gin. Relief Society President: Jolie. Counselors: Delynne and Lisa.

The afternoon brought us a walking tour in Prague in the rain and a visit to the Castle of Prague Hradcony.

At 7:00 p.m. the group was invited to the home of Brother Snederfler, the head of the Church here in Czechoslovakia. Thirteen of us went. We arrived to find the room full of chairs and more Czech members there. We had a very spiritual sacrament meeting with them. The Beckhams talked first, then Jacque and Dave were called on to bear testimonies. The Simpsons concluded the meeting with their talks. Brother Simpson pointed out the fact that it had been 33 years since a General Authority had visited them. The last General Authority in Czechoslovakia was George Albert Smith in 1946. After the meeting they served us the best punch, we still don't know what it was. The Relief Society gave us some crochet work that was left over from a bazaar they had. When we were ready to go we were cautioned to be very quiet when leaving the Snederfler home. The lights in the hallway were turned off and we were instructed to leave in pairs or small groups so that attention would not be drawn to us. We left, unnoticed, arriving home about 11:30.

Another group was welcomed to town with shimmering reflections from the water flowing under 600 year old Charles IV bridge. Prague: a beautiful city at night.

Dasha, a new friend from Czechoslovakia, led a personal tour around Old Prague. It has been interesting to meet and talk with these people. They are oppressed. They are unhappy about the Russian influences. But they love Americans and appreciate our interest in them. They were very helpful, even to the point of riding the metro with us for our correct destination.

Additions to August 26, 1979

Over the radio we heard that today was the coldest August 26 recorded in Prague in one hundred years.

The Snederflers are a family of four who joined the Church circa World War II. Although many members of the Church fled Czechoslovakia, some two hundred stayed. Contact with the Church was cut completely after the War. Sister Snederfler told us it was risky to speak of God



to her children even in the privacy of her own home during those years. Meeting as members was impossible and proselyting was out of the question. During these times of oppression, the Snederflers stayed true to the teachings of the gospel. More recently they have again been able to meet quietly for sacrament meetings and other Church functions. The Snederflers had made contact with the Church and had even risked applying for a visa so they might attend conference and go to the temple to be sealed. Amazingly enough a visa was granted, but on certain conditions. One of these conditions was that their son Pietru (Peter) must stay behind. (Their older daughter was not much interested in the Church and was married, living in a nearby town.) The Snederflers attendance at our meetings this Sunday morning in Prague was unexpected and a wonderful surprise. The Spirit of the Lord was very strong with us that day. During fast and testimony meeting, Elder Simpson recounted many of the spiritual experiences and the affects they've had on people during our tour. He said he was a different person because of the experiences he had had with us. Our guide Adriana had been invited to the meeting but we weren't sure she would come. Shortly after the meeting began, she arrived and was seated with us. Several testimonies were born and many eyes were wet. Brother Snederfler began bearing his testimony in English but decided to finish in Czechoslovakian with the aid of Adriana to translate. Adriana hesitated at time, presumably at first because certain terms were unfamiliar to her. Soon we realized, however, that she was very moved by the words of Brother Snederfler and that the truthfulness of his words was being made known to her through the Spirit.

At the Snederfler's home: Church was not usually held during July and August because these are vacation months and many people are in town. Brother Snederfler had called together those who were in the area. We met the Relief Society president and other stalwart members. We sang from Czech hymnals. Elder Simpson and Sister Simpson spoke. There was a picture of President Kimball on the wall as well as two pictures of temple square. These temple square pictures were very, very old ones. Elder Simpson told us that this was an historic meeting.

Peter, the Snederfler's son, bore his testimony with lowered eyes and sincere words. He told us how happy it made him to be in a gathering of so many LDS young people. He mentioned to us that he was 19 and wished he could serve a mission but knew this would be impossible for him. He urged us to be missionaries for him. (Some were able to see the Snederflers when they came to October 1979 conference.)

Last night they talked about our show on the radio. People all over are asking if we are Mormons. Even here in the communist world we are making a name for the Church.

Fifty years ago in July, Czechoslovakia was dedicated to the preaching of the Gospel by John A. Widstoe.

Mary Bee worked so hard and insisted on a good hotel for the Jensens and the Simpsons that Elder Simpson said when he gets to heaven and wants to go to the Celestial Kingdom he hopes that Mary will be there to get him in.

Monday, August 27, 1979 Prague, Czechoslovakia Dave Duggar

What could motivate our otherwise sleep-loving group to voluntarily get up early in the morning? Not just a love for food, although we don't lack in our love for that commodity. No, the only thing that will get people like Linda up at 5:00 A.M. to get ready for breakfast at 7:30 is the knowledge that we are only going to have two hours after breakfast to do all our souvenir shopping.

The dust had barely settled in the dining room before we were ready in the lobby to follow Adriana to the city center, but, with one foot out the door, the Hotel administration told us that we had to move all of our luggage into three rooms before we could leave. I've never seen us move our bags so fast. This incident should have been an omen to us though, for the rest of the day went just the same. We arrived downtown by 9:00 A.M. but the lines in the banks were so long that the quickest took 30 minutes to change our American dollars into Czech kronum. Even then, Yayoi and Brent met frustration when they tried to change their traveller's cheques into American dollars. After waiting half an hour they found themselves with a hundred dollars in Czech money to spend in less than two hours. Trying to explain that that wasn't what they wanted proved fruitless, so they took their cheques back, deciding that it wasn't worth the hassle.

It didn't matter much that it took so long to change money because none of the good shops opened until 10 anyway. With a "one for all and all for one, right now shopping" we littered the streets with money-spending folkdancers. It was hard but somehow almost everyone was able to spend all the Czech money that they had; a good deal of it on food for the train. (Tom opened his own store on the train by selling the soday that he bought for 33¢ to the other folkdancers for 50¢.)

Needless to say, it took a little more time to accomplish this amazing feat than it was supposed to, so at 11:30 A.M. when we were scheduled to eat lunch, there were only five faithful, frustrated fortune hunters sitting in the restaurant. It took another half hour for the whole troupe to regather. After lunch, we loaded the bus in record time and at 12:30 P.M., exactly on schedule, we pulled away from the hotel.

At 12:31, the bus came to a jarring halt as it high-centered in a mud-hole outside the hotel. All of our efforts to move it were in vain and visions of the train pulling away without us filled our minds. Adriana made phone calls with frantic haste while Dr. J supervised the rescue efforts outside. Still the time was flying but we weren't. Suddenly a crane just happened to drive past and offer his services. At 12:50 P.M. we were unstuck and by 12:55 we were under way again.

It didn't matter much that we were late though because the train was even later than we were. After standing around the station for an hour and a half our train finally left and with many farewells for Adreana, we said good-bye to Prague.

The train ride was unexceptional except for the Czechoslovakian all-girl's handball team that Ron tried to hustle single-handed, and the all-time worst Dungeon's and Dragon's battle that killed off everyone but Tristan. We arrived in Budapest at 11:00 P.M. but since we crossed a time zone it was only 10:00 P.M. and there was plenty of time to go to dinner at a fancy restaurant.

Our impression of Hungary was indelibly made good by the fantastic meal that we were served, but our troubles weren't over yet. Our bus wouldn't start after the dinner so Lotzy, the driver, asked all of the guys to get off and push. We thought he was joking but we were pleasantly surprised by our own strength as the bus started after we pushed it just a few feet. When we got to the hotel, Dennis had to make up his third rooming list because we found that the hotel had shorted us four rooms, which put four and five people to a room. But our guide, Gyorgyi, is great and I'm sure our stay will be also.

Tuesday, August 28, 1979 Budapest, Hungary Jelaine Simpson

Our day began with a bus tour of Budapest, our last big city of the trip. Budapest: even the name conjures up exotic memories of stories told about the Eastern influence meeting the west. The city is impressive. It is called the Paris of Eastern Europe and it lived up to its name. Wide streets, tree-lined with beautiful buildings at every turn. The Parliament building, built in the 19th century, beside the wide (no longer blue) Danube is one of the most imposing and stately national buildings in all of Europe. There are eight bridges, each one different, which connect Buda on one side to Pest (Pest) on the other. Of particular interest was Matthias Church built first in the 13th Century. Very ornate, heavily designed china tiles on the outside roof must have taken master craftsmen to design and install. Nearby was Fishermen's bastion built high on a point of land with a view of the Danube and the entire city. Made of white stone blocks with domes and turrets--very Eastern feeling.

We dropped part of the group off at the Walking Street. We later learned they had to walk and walk to get to it. It was worth the walk, however, for some of the most exquisite hand embroidery work in all of Europe is found here. Almost everyone took some form of this work home with them--from large tableclothes to small lace embroidered doilies.

Those on the bus were given a special treat when our two Jana's favored us with an original song. While in Prague they had found chocolate bars called Jana bars. It was sung to the tune of the Doublemint chewing gum song on TV. Following are the words:

"When on tour and you find  
that you crave chocolate and Jana's too (two)  
A Jana Bar will do it,  
Get your Jana Bar and chew it. Everybody!  
You will say it's so neat,  
Such a treat, smells so sweet  
Just like Janas do.  
A Jana Bar will do it.  
Get your Jana Bar and chew it!"

And so amidst much laughter we went into a good lunch at the hotel. While the others returned to town for shopping--some of the adults met with Brother and Sister Bentley to hear a report of their "missionary" efforts. Things are very tight here with about 18 members throughout Hungary. All were supposed to gather at the hotel at 4 p.m. to go to the performance. Bill, Gin, and Bruce were unable to get a taxi. There were some anxious moments and several telephone calls. It ended that they took a taxi directly to the theatre. The theatre, a Manufacturers Workers Club, was a disappointment. We had been booked into Buda Pask amphitheatre for Monday night. We did not know this until we arrived too late because of our train. All did well under some trying circumstances with a hall about 3/4 full. Brother and Sister Bentley came bringing a member and his non-member mother who had asked for baptism.

We are promised a good hall tomorrow night. And so to bed!

Wednesday, August 29, 1979 Budapest, Hungary Chris Feinauer

The morning and early afternoon were spent sight seeing and shopping. Some took a boat ride down the Danube River while others explored the city hunting for suitable souvenirs. Budapest is a rich city. The stores are full and the city is well taken care of.

We performed in Szlotgn tonight. It was in a cultural center that was only two months old. The Slansk dance ensemble from Poland performed there last month. They are the number one group in Poland. The center was absolutely gorgeous and the stage was made of very soft wood which gave a lot and was fantastic to dance on. The audiences were great. We did two shows, one at 4:30 and another at 8:00. The 8:00 show, our last show in Hungary, was the most fantastic we had done. It was a great way to leave the country. They invited us to come back to a festival in 1981 as Poland had done.

Maria, our guide in WrocZaw, was here today and went shopping with us. She also attended our show. Her group from Poland didn't need her and we enjoyed her company.

Mary tried all day to get us sleeper cars for the train and to cancel our second show. The lady in charge wouldn't budge and said she was going to give a bad report to Friendship Ambassadors. Mary said "Are you coming to the show?" "No," the woman replied. Mary said we wouldn't do the second show unless she came. So she did come and she loved it! She said something very interesting: "Lack of communication can cause wars." How true! It was a very high night for all of us--good show--great theater and accomodations--Hungary has been good to us.

Thursday, August 30, 1979 Budapest to Bucharest Jacque Gunnell and Chris Feinauer

We got up at 3:30 this morning to be at the train station by five. The train left at 6:00 for an 18 hour ride to Bucharest on coach and not sleeper cars. The train is the worst. Last class at best.

Our ride was uneventful. Yayoi took a poll and asked everyone what they wanted to eat first when we got back to the states. The top three

were chocolate chip cookies with cold milk, pizza and fresh fruit. Everyone seems to be craving the same things.

We made it through the border with no difficulties. It is great to be able to say "American Groupa" and get by with just a passport check.

Thursday, August 31, 1979 Budapest to Bucharest Linda Otani

It is difficult to say when Wednesday really ended and Thursday started. In any event, at about 2 a.m. (Romanian time, 12 midnight Hungarian time) we reached our destination...Bucharest! Not knowing whether or not we could expect Angela, or a hotel, or anything at that matter, we hurriedly unloaded the train with hopes of seeing Angela. And sure enough, there she was with a great big smile ready to greet our tired, worn-out, but happy faces. Angela told us she had just finished being a guide for a Fiddling Group from Pocatello, Idaho, and sent them off at 6:00 the night before. Then she came to meet us and had a four hour wait. She must have been more tired than us but her name really fits her and she was an absolute "angel."

For a day that had started out so well it was unfortunate that we had such a mishap with our bus driver. For some peculiar reason he was afraid that the way we had loaded the costume bags on the bus, against the window would cause damage to the bus. He refused to drive and we all had to get off. Angela soon straightened him out and we found another empty compartment under the bus into which we placed all bags and we were on our way.

Returning to Bucharest as well as returning to the Capitol Hotel almost seemed like a "homecoming." Several people mentioned that the Capitol seemed to look better each time we returned. In any event, it didn't matter much what the place looked like so long as it had beds, because that's where most of us spent a large portion of the day. Some did take a moment to "roam the streets of Romania" to rid themselves of lei that were soon to become worthless.

Arrangements were made for us to attend the "Rapsodia Romana" a most delightful show with a combination of Romanian folkdancing, singing and music. We were quite fortunate to have had front row seats reserved for us, as we were able to really capture a flavor for the beautiful styles of Romanian folk costuming.

The show was followed by dinner back at the hotel. Dinner ended with a very "spaaatial" treat from Angela . . .chocolate chip ice cream! Yum! (She knows us well.)

Friday, September 1, 1979 Bucharest, Romania Jolie Blanchard

Having to be up at 9:00 for breakfast got us up early enough on this "free" day. Most of us went shopping in the morning but a few of us went to the home of a folkdancer we met to learn a dance. It turned out mostly disappointing as we learned only one step. Then it was trade money, buy blue jeans, cigarettes and so on. We took a taxi home to lunch (home being the Hotel Capitol) only to find he had returned when lunch was over. I think Rick had a run-in with him on money-changing, discovering that the money was no good. Oh well. Then came the major worry of the day, how to pack all we had so we could get it home. That packing plus ironing costumes and last

minute shopping for a souvenir to stuff in an empty pocket, occupied the afternoon. Time for our last performance. We arrived at the Palace Central Theatre and rehearsed a while. Cameras hummed and flashed. Make-up, lights, ACTION!

As we met for prayer before our opening number, Mary Bee spoke her gratitude and love to us, tears were shed all around, Brother Simpson offered prayer and we were on stage. The show felt very professional as our theatre accommodations were fine and the audience was to the rafters, very well-dressed and expectant after seeing us on television. The show went through relatively without mishap and, perhaps, better than average.

We felt the brotherhood we sang of in "Brotherhood of Man" and flowers were brought to Becky and Jack. They wore Romanian costumes. The show included the skit we did that won us first prize in Primorsko. It was hilarious to see Cheryl tearing around behind stage in that marble hallway, running back and forth from one side of the stage to the other. After the show we heard from the various embassy representatives who were present. The Americans said they have at times been embarrassed by American groups but they were so proud of us that they would even do publicity for any BYU group coming to Romania. The director of ARIA, the organization in charge of performance scheduling, was very complimentary and invited us back to Romania saying we would be warmly welcomed any time.

After the embassy people we met those here in Romania that have learned of the Church and are wanting to be baptized. Several of us gave away our personal scriptures to these people who had never seen a Book of Mormon but had read a book called Saints of Sage and Saddle and one on the life of Joseph Smith. Through these two books they have gained testimonies and meet in the name of the church although they are not baptized and haven't authority. Now they have Book of Mormons and Brother Simpson will report their presence to President Kimball. The hand of the Lord has been evident throughout our tour. This particular occasion shows how He has prepared people for the restoration of the gospel to all lands and people. Surely this is an answer to the prayers of those who have prayed for the gospel to be preached in all lands.

Our after-show meal found us with mixed emotions, mostly content, some anxious, excited, even sad to know we'd done our last show of the tour. Late night packing and talking came after we signed a quadruple combination and presented it privately to Angela. Then we went to bed and were filled with dreams of wonder—about school, marriage, and what our re-entry into the U.S. would be like.

Additions to September 1

One of the embassy people, Colonel Cannon, expressed to a few of us that almost all the Romanians knew we were LDS, because of good publicity and that it would be a real help to our religion. That is so great to know since religion is not an open item in Romania. They are still sensitive to freedom of religion.

Sunday, September 2, 1979 Bucharest, Amsterdam, New York, Salt Lake City

This morning we had a short sacrament meeting at 6:00 and then we were off to the airport. As we boarded Taron flight 301 to New York City, it was hard for many of us to realize that we might never be back here again.

Tour was an enriching experience for all of us. The frustrating moments and hard times were compensated for by the many rewards we gained and we are all grateful for the opportunity we had to come. It will be a shock for us to wake up on Monday morning and not have 38 people to eat breakfast with!

Our flight passed over Budapest and Vienna and we stopped at Amsterdam to refuel. It is amazing that it took us one hour on the plane to go the same distance that we spent 18 hours on the train to go.

In Amsterdam we bought Delft Porcelain, fresh fruit and chocolate.

On the plane the Simpsons favored us with a great gospel discussion on marriage (temple of course) and the Holy Spirit of Promise. It was so nice to have a causal conversation with a General Authority. Sister Simpson is a real scriptorian and added a lot of comments to the discussion.

The Simpsons also surprised us with some gifts that they had for each of us. The men got tie tacks and the women stick pins and lapel pins.

Elder Simpson told us he used to work for Bell Telephone in Los Angeles for about twenty years until called to New Zealand on a mission. He was able to get a three year leave of absence (usually you only get one year) and three months after coming home from his mission was called to the presiding Bishopric. At a conference sometime later he saw the president of AT & T at the Albuquerque Airport and told him he was the one who left for three years. The president said he remembered Brother Simpson. He said to Brother Simpson, "we'll take care of the telephones, you do the Lord's work." Quite a statement for a nonmember.

Sister Simpson said that some of the Americans on the plane were very impressed with our alike dress. One lady said it almost made her cry to see us so good looking and sharply dressed. We sure are noticed. Off stage or on they always think a lot of us. It makes wearing these travel outfits worth it.

Our flight took us north over the Atlantic Ocean, over Greenland and down to New York City. We waited forever to get our bags at the airport and then were whisked through customs without opening a suitcase or paying a cent of customs on our treasures. It is amazing what travel outfits can do for getting through airports. It has happened every time.

Our flights were scheduled tightly and we barely made it to the United Terminal to catch flight 767 to Salt Lake City. The plane was waiting for us. We were on our way, the last flight. We had been up for 19-1/2 hours but were not tired because it was still light outside. We were so excited to be on American soil and an American airline. On the way to the terminal we sang patriotic songs and were all very glad to be back home.

Our arrival in Salt Lake City was great! There was a crowd there to meet us and a sign welcoming us home. Half of our luggage didn't make it though. We received it on Wednesday and everything came home safe, sound and unbroken. Chris Feinauer and Jacque (Gunnell) Feinauer

September through December 1979

During the semester following tour we were able to share our tour experience with others in a variety of ways. Many sacrament meetings and firesides with slide presentations were given as well as home evenings for friends and ward members. We were featured in the Ensign and Church News as well as the Daily Universe on campus. We reported our tour to the club on the 19 of September.

Tuesday the 25 of September we were honored along with all groups who toured this summer at the regular Tuesday devotional. Elder Simpson was the speaker and much of his talk concerned our experiences in Eastern Europe.

We were able to perform parts of our show at World of Dance the 20-22 of September and on other occasions during the semester.

On November 7 we were all able to meet in Salt Lake at the old Church Office Building and meet President Kimball. We meet in the same room that Dallin Oaks said that a General Authority should accompany us to Europe. Elder Simpson was at that meeting. We gave President Kimball a Cossack hat we bought for him in Moscow, shook his hand and sang "God Be With You" for him. Then Elder Simpson told of some of the accomplishments of the tour and read a letter about what is happening in Romania. The investigators there are being given a hard time by officials but still want to be baptized. In addition the church is almost accepted in Hungary and our guide from Poland is taking the discussions. Also one of the ladies who scheduled our performances in Hungary is taking the discussions. President Kimball said nothing is impossible with the Lord and that those countries would be opened, but we have to keep praying for it. It was a great opportunity for us to meet with the Prophet.

\* \* \*

The 15th annual summer Folk Dance tour was unique. We were missionaries using our dancing and other talents as the tools to preach the message of the gospel. We are all very grateful for the wonderful opportunities we had to share ourselves with the people of Eastern Europe and for being able to experience life in that corner of the world. No one of us will soon forget the experiences of our tour and surely have a better perspective of the world and of ourselves. The only thing we can really add is that "it was a great tour".

Chris Feinauer  
Jacque (Gunnell) Feinauer  
Jolie Blanchard



BULGARIAN FOLK SONG  
As learned in Primorsko

(recorded here in phonetic equivalent to Bulgarian)

Refrain:

Gros-da-no, po dvor ho-de-she  
Gros-da-no, biala ca-duh-no  
Zlat-no si, vi-no pi-esh-e  
Gros-da-no, biala ca-duh-no

Women:

Sno-shti si ma-le  
Za-murrec-naj  
Na stu-den bis-tuhr  
Cla-de-netz

Phsi-chki te momi, tam bia-ha  
Y phsi te mom-si doy-doh-ha

Y moi-toh libe, tam be-she  
Vit diaj-go ma-mo vit-dia-go

Repeat Refrain:

Gros-da-no, po dvor ho-de-she  
Gros-da-no, biala ca-duh-no  
Zlat-no si, vi-no pi-esh-e  
Gros-da-no, biala ca-duh-no

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

ENGLISH

It's a Small World after all  
It's a small world after all  
It's a small world after all  
It's a small, small world

ROMANIAN

Lumea-i mica dupo tuate  
Lumea-i mica dupo tuate  
Lumea-i mica dupo tuate  
Lumea-i foarte, foarte mica

ROMANIAN (in phonetic transcription)

LOO-mea MI-ka DOO-pa TWA-teh  
LOO-mea MI-ka DOO-pa TWA-teh  
LOO-mea MI-ka DOO-pa TWA-teh  
LOO-mea FWAR-teh, FWAR-teh MI-ka

BULGARIAN

Same as Russian

RUSSIAN

Песню дружбы мы поём,  
Песню дружбы мы поём,  
Песню дружбы мы поём,  
Песню мы по-ём.

RUSSIAN (in phonetic transcription)

PYES-nyou DRUZH-bwe mwee-po-YOHN  
PYES-nyou DRUZH-bwe mwee-po-YOHN  
PYES-nyou DRUZH-bwe mwee-po-YOHN  
PYES-nyou MWEE-po-YOHN

POLISH

Przyjaźń złączy cały świat  
Przyjaźń złączy cały świat  
Przyjaźń złączy cały świat  
Przyjaźń złączy nas

POLISH (in phonetic transcription)

PSHEE-yasn ZWON-chee  
SAW-wee SHVIAT  
PSHEE-yasn ZWON-chee  
SAW-wee SHVIAT  
PSHEE-yasn ZWON-chee  
SAW-wee SHVIAT  
PSHEE-yasn ZWON-chee NAS

CZECH

Svět je malý dokola  
Svět je malý dokola  
Svět je malý dokola  
Je to malý svet

CZECH (in phonetic transcription)

SVET-yeh-MAH-lee DOE-koh-lah  
SVET-yeh-MAH-lee DOE-koh-lah  
SVET-yeh-MAH-lee DOE-koh-lah  
Yeh-toe-MAH-lee SVET

HUNGARIAN

Kicsi lett már a világ  
Kicsi lett már a világ  
Kicsi lett már a világ  
Nagyon Kicsi lett

HUNGARIAN (in phonetic transcription)

KEET-chee LET MAR OH VEE-lag  
KEET-chee LET MAR OH VEE-lag  
KEET-chee LET MAR OH VEE-lag  
NAH-joon KEET-chee LET

### The Lone Prairie

Oh bury me out, on the lone prairie  
Where the coyotes howl, and the wind blows free.  
And when I die, you can bury me  
'Neath the western skies, on the lone prairie.

I'm a rovin' cowboy, far away from home  
Far from the prairie, where I used to roam.  
Where the dogies wander, and the wind blows free  
Oh my heart is yonder, on the lone prairie

### Sometimes

Sometimes, not often enough  
We reflect upon the good things  
And our thoughts always center around those we love  
And we think about those people  
Who mean so much to us  
And for the many times you've made us so very happy  
And we count the times we have forgotten to say,  
Thank you  
And just how much we love you.

### Oh Susanna!

Oh I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee  
I'm going to Louisiana my true love for to see  
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry  
The sun so hot I froze to death  
Susanna don't you cry.

Oh Susanna, oh don't you cry for me  
For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night when everything was still  
I thought I saw Susanna dear a-coming down the hill  
A buckwheat cake was in her mouth  
A tear was in her eye  
Said I, I'm coming from the south  
Susanna don't you cry

Chorus

### There is a Brotherhood of Man

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.  
You're lifelong membership is free, keep a-giving 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 pealin', down with  
double-dealing, oh brother! You, you've got me, Me, I've got you  
that great big brotherhood of man.

### Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree

I wrote my mother, I wrote my father, and now I'm writing you too.  
I'm sure of mother, I'm sure of father, and now I want to be sure,  
very, very sure of you.

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no,  
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
'Til I come marching home, home, home, home sweet home.  
Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me,  
Anybody else but her, no, no, no, not a single soul but me, no, no!  
Don't you go walking down lovers' lane with anybody else but me  
Not 'til you see me, not until you see me marchin' home.

Refrain with dance.

Oh, don't go walking down lovers' lane, o-oh, walking down lovers' land  
'til you see me, 'til you see me marchin' home AND WE'LL GO ARM IN ARM OH!  
Sit down under the apple tree, baby just you and me, when I come marchin'  
home!

### Cripple Creek

I've got a gal at the head o' the creek  
Go up to see her bout the middle of the week  
Kiss her on the mou't is as sweet as any wine  
She wraps herself 'round me like a sweet potater vine.

Chorus:

Go'in up Cripple Creek, go'in on a run  
Go'in up Cripple Creek to have a little fun  
Go'in up Cripple Creek go'in in a whirl  
Go'in up Cripple Creek to see my girl.

Girls up Cripple Creek 'bout half grown  
Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone  
Roll my britches up to my knees  
Wade ole Cripple Creek when I please

Chorus:

Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep  
I'll wade ole Cripple Creek before I sleep  
The roads are rocky and the hillside's muddy  
And I'm so drunk (or dizzy) that I can't stand steady.

Lida Rose

Lida Rose, I'm home again Rose  
To get the sun back in the sky  
Lida Rose I'm home again Rose  
About a thousand kisses shy  
Ding, Dong, Ding, I can hear the chapel bell chime  
Ding, Dong, Ding, At the least suggestion  
I'll pop the question.

Lida Rose I'm home again Rose  
Without a sweetheart to my name  
Lida Rose how everyone knows  
That I am hoping you're the same  
So here is my love song  
Not fancy or fine  
Lida Rose, oh won't you be mine.

Dream of now, Dream of then  
Dream of a love song that might have been  
Do I love you, Oh yes I love you  
And I'll bravely tell you  
But only when we dream again.

Sweet and low, sweet and low  
How sweet that memory, how long ago  
Forever, oh yes forever  
Will I ever tell you, ah no.

COUNTRY	CURRENCY	\$ EQUIVALENCE (JUNE 1979)
Romania	100 Bani = 1 Leu	1 Leu = \$.0833
Bulgaria	100 Stotinki = 1 Leva	1 Leva = \$.76
U.S.S.R.	100 Kopecks = 1 Ruble	1 Ruble = \$1.5734
Poland	100 Groszy = 1 Zloty	1 Zloty = \$.0337
Czechoslovakia	100 Haler = 1 Koruna	1 Koruna = \$.1863
Hungary	100 Filler =	1 Forint = \$.0507

# THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

The First Quorum of the Seventy  
47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150

September 7, 1979

President Dallin H. Oaks  
President's Home  
BYU  
Provo, Utah 84602

Dear Dallin:

Now that jet lag has subsided somewhat, Sister Simpson and I want you to know how much we enjoyed being Cougars for six great weeks while touring eastern Europe with the BYU Folk Dancers.

The tour was a total success by any standard of measurement, as you have undoubtedly heard by now. Thousands of people in these Communist countries were affected positively, and the low-key ecclesiastical benefits were significant. President Kimball seemed very pleased with the brief initial report given him prior to his surgery.

The highlight of the total experience had to be those thirty great young people and the manner in which they radiated and conducted themselves under every condition (some very trying). Each performance was another victory for BYU and the Lord's work. The excellence of the show was a true reflection of the usual Mary Bee mark of excellence, and best of all, it was executed without sacrificing the warmth and spirituality that reached out into the heart of each and every audience. I feel certain that Mary Bee's recent baptism had a very positive effect on every aspect of the tour.

Once again Jelaire and I bask in reflected glory. Our faith in the youth of Zion has once again been strengthened. We just want to let you know how wonderful it all was.

Most sincerely,

  
Robert L. Simpson

RLS:jb

P.S. Will you please convey special thanks to the Jarvises, the Beckhams, and the Jensens for being such patient and capable leaders for the group. The selection could not have been better. The feeling among us could not have been closer.



A TOUR OF Iron Curtain countries will begin Monday when BYU Folk Dancers take their 15th annual European Tour. The dancers, under the

direction of Mary Bee Jensen, have become widely known in Europe for their dancing skills.

## 'Y' Folk Dancers Leaving Monday For Exclusive Iron Curtain Trip

Brigham Young University's world-famous Folk Dancers will be showing authentic American dances to six countries behind the Iron Curtain during their 15th consecutive annual tour of Europe beginning next week.

According to President Dallin Oaks, the tour will be the first such tour which performs exclusively behind the Iron Curtain.

From July 23 to Sept. 2, the American Folk Dancers will travel through Romania, Bulgaria, Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

They will perform in such cities as Bucharest, Moscow, Kiev, Warsaw, Prague and Budapest and will participate in the second European Youth and Student Festival near Sofia.

The six-week tour is sponsored by Friendship Ambassadors, a New York-based foundation which furthers international understanding through the performing arts.

"This tour is most unique," said Mary Bee Jensen, director of the Folk Dancers. "It is the first time an American folk dance group will visit five Eastern European countries and Russia, and it is the longest tour to be sponsored by Friendship Ambassadors."

Founded in 1956, the American Folk Dancers have toured Europe each year for the past 15 years, and have repeatedly won first-place awards in national and international festivals.

In 1964, they were the first folk dance team to represent the United States at international festivals.

In 1974, they were chosen to represent the United

States at all the festivals of the Confederation of International Organizers of Folklore Festivals (CIOFF). An official affiliate of UNESCO, CIOFF represents 29 countries and works to promote world understanding through folk dancing.

In 1977, the American Folk Dancers swept all the honors at the Polish International Folk Festival in Zakopane, including the Golden Ax first place award, the prestigious Press Award and the People's Prize as the most popular company.

Also in 1977, the Folk Dancers performed at the tenth anniversary of the Schoten, Belgium Festival as one of the five best groups of the past decade. They were the only group in the history of the festival to be invited to Schoten four times.

In 1978, the American Folk Dancers spent six weeks touring some 16 different cities in Italy, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Israel and England.

They took part in the International Folklore Festivals in Haifa, Israel and Billingham, England, and were featured on a two-hour BBC special which reached approximately five million people.

When the BYU Folk Dancers perform in the United States, they present dances from many different countries. But in Europe they perform an all-American program including square dances, Smoky Mountain clogs, Mexican and Hawaiian dances, ta, jazz, the Jitterbug and the Charleston.

The 24 dancers are accompanied by a five-member band that adds dueling banjos, piano honky tonk, barbershop songs, and other band and choral numbers to the repertoire.



Folk dancers**Team returns with honors**

The American Folk Dancers of BYU recently brought home the gold — a gold medal from an international dance festival.

The Folk Dancers spent six weeks touring six eastern European countries. The 30-member troupe performed American folk and other dances in Romania, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland.

"The reception by the people of the socialist nations was almost overwhelming," said Mary Bee Jensen, artistic director of the group. "We were delighted at their enthusiastic response to our performances."

The Folk Dancers also spent two days in front of television cameras producing 90-minute specials for the national networks of Romania and the USSR.

As part of the tour, the BYU dancers com-

peted in the European Youth and Student Festival in Primorsko, Bulgaria. They were one of the teams chosen to open the festival and ended with a gold medal as best dance team.

The group presents international dances when performing in the United States and

American dances when touring in Europe. This year's program included square dancing, polkas, the Virginia reel, the Charleston, jazz and swing dances.

The Folk Dancers will be performing in the Homecoming Spectacular Sept. 28-29 in the Marriott Center.

In Bulgaria**BYU Folkdancers Win Festival's Top Award**

The American Folk Dancers of Brigham Young University have won first place and received the coveted "Gold Medal Best in Festival" award at the Second Annual European Youth and Student Festival in Primorsko, Bulgaria.

The 30-member dance troupe, directed by Mary Bee Jensen of BYU's College of Physical Education, received a rare standing ovation after it was chosen from many groups to open the three-day, 15-nation festival on the Black Sea last week.

After capturing first place honors on the second night of competition and the "Best in Festival" award on the third, the American Folk dancers received a special invitation from festival officials to return next year.

In a telex message from Bulgaria, Professor Jensen said the director of

the festival acclaimed the BYU Folk Dancers as the best group he had ever seen from the United States.

Although the dancers usually perform only American numbers while overseas, they drew on their international repertoire to present a native Bulgarian dance which surprised and delighted the standing-room-only crowd of some 5,000 people, she noted.

"Received outstanding receptions. Good exchanges with young people from Bulgaria, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany," Professor Jensen said in the telex.

Earlier in the week at Gabrova, the Folk Dancers met with the Bulgarian National Dance team to receive instruction in native dances and then danced for an enthusiastic SRO crowd, the director said.

The Folk Dancers also performed in Plovdiv during their eight-day tour through Bulgaria.

The BYU dancers are on their 15th consecutive annual tour of Europe and are visiting Romania, Bulgaria, the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. They have already appeared in Romania with performances in Bucharest, Sibiu, Sibiel, Pitesti and Brasov. They also taped a 90-minute television special for broadcast on the Romanian National Television Network.

The Folk Dancers have been invited back to Bucharest at the conclusion of the tour for a Sept. 1 command performance in the city's largest concert hall, Professor Jensen said.

The six-week performance tour is being sponsored by Friendship Ambassadors Foundation of New York City.

# Y. dancers honored

PROVO, UTAH

A gold medal from an international dance festival and enthusiastic praise from people in six eastern European countries were among the remembrances the American Folk Dancers of Brigham Young University brought home from a recent six-week tour.

In addition to competing in an international festival on the Black Sea in Bulgaria, the 30-member dance troupe performed American folk and other dances in Romania, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland.

"The reception by the people of those nations was almost overwhelming," said Mary Bee Jensen of BYU's College of Physical Education and artistic director of the group. "We were suprised and delighted at their enthusiastic response to our performances."

The folk dancers also spent two full days before television cameras in Bucharest and Moscow, producing 90-minute television specials for the national networks of those two countries.

The special was aired three times on nationwide television in Romania on Aug. 23, that nation's equivalent to the Fourth of July, in the United States. Television releases were also planned for Bulgaria, Poland and Czechoslovakia, using the tapes made in Romania and the Soviet Union, Sister Jensen said.

The group began and ended the tour, the 15th annual European excursion for the dancers, in Bucharest, performing in Romania's largest and finest cultural hall.

After the group's initial performance before a sell-out crowd of more than 3,700 on the opening night, the dancers were invited to give a repeat

performance six weeks later when they returned to Bucharest for the final air flight to New York City.

As part of the tour, the BYU dancers competed in the Second Annual European Youth and Student Festival in Primorsko, Bulgaria, on the Black Sea.

The BYU dancers were chosen, along with the Bulgarian and Soviet Union teams, to open the festival on the first night. At the conclusion of the competition, the BYU team was awarded the gold medal as the best in the festival.

The troupe presented two performances in Romania, three in the Soviet Union and three in Poland, where the minister of culture for the Polish government invited the

dancers to stay an additional two weeks at government expense so they could perform in all the major cities of the country.

The invitation was declined because the students had to return to BYU for the start of fall semester, but a formal invitation to return in 1981 was extended.

Hungarian officials also invited the folk dancers to return in 1981, after they performed three times in that country. One of those performances was unscheduled — presented after local officials in Szolnok discovered they had sold enough tickets to more than fill their local auditorium twice.

The folk dancers appeared three times in Czechoslovakia.

## BYU's American Folk Dancers recently returned from

**Europe — triumphant.** They won a gold medal in an international dance festival in Bulgaria during their six-week tour of six eastern European countries. The thirty-member troupe, accompanied by Elder Robert L. Simpson, also performed American folk and other dances in Romania, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Poland.

The dancers produced two ninety-minute television specials for national television networks in Bucharest, Romania, and Moscow, the Soviet Union. The Romanian special was aired three times on Romanian national television August 23, that country's equivalent of the United States' Fourth of July. Television releases of the two specials were planned for Bulgaria, Poland, and Czechoslovakia.

The gold medal, naming the troupe the best in the festival, was awarded at the conclusion of the Second Annual European Youth and Student Festival in Primorsko, Bulgaria.

The Ensign, November 1979

## 'Y' Dancers End Tour Of USSR

MOSCOW (UPI) — An American folk dance troupe from Utah's Brigham Young University has completed its tour of the Soviet Union and has left for Poland.

The group, which includes 29 dancers and musicians under the direction of Mary Bee Jensen, performed in Romania and Bulgaria earlier, and made two stops in the Soviet Union before leaving for Warsaw Wednesday night.

The group performed in Moscow and Kiev. Soviet television taped a 90-minute program of their performances.

University organizers said the tour has been very successful, and included sell-out performances in Romania that prompted a request for the group to return for additional shows at the end of the six-nation tour.

# Students told to honor membership

By **DONNA IKEGAMI**  
Universe Staff Writer

Elder Robert L. Simpson advised young people never to take their membership in the LDS Church for granted at Tuesday's devotional assembly.

Elder Simpson, of the Church's First Quorum of the Seventy, supported his admonition by citing instances of people behind the Iron Curtain who could not join the Church.

"An all-knowing and wise Heavenly Father has created man in his own image, and he has also planted within man an instinct for worship, to be god-fearing, a strong desire to revere one who has achieved perfection," Elder Simpson told the group assembled in the Marriott Center.

"There are those of Heavenly Father's children who have momentarily lost contact with their supreme being because of conspiring and selfish and egotistical men, and their nefarious schemes designed to negate the basic, eternal principles of free agency," he said.

"Such lengths and deceptions are contrary to the fundamental nature of man and shall one day collapse, for they lack a foundation that is firm and true and eternal."

While traveling in Eastern Europe, Elder Simpson met a young man and his wife one evening who had found an outdated book about LDS Church history. The man was impressed by its contents and held weekly religious services with nine other people. These people loved the gospel but could not be baptized because baptism was illegal in their country, Elder Simpson said.

Elder Simpson left several church books with the couple. When he returned to visit the man a few weeks later, 25 people were at the services.

In many communist countries hero worship substitutes the love of God, said Elder Simpson. He said that "priesthood authority and eternal truth" will eventually triumph over hero worship.

Elder Simpson stressed the importance of making friends and putting forth effort to spread the gospel. "We have hardly scratched the surface, but the door is opening," he said. He reported the number of missionaries has increased by 70 percent and the number of yearly converts has increased 156 percent in the past six years.

Prior to Elder Simpson's address, several BYU dance groups were honored and received a standing ovation by the

audience. A special 15-minute slide presentation of the Young Ambassador's tour to mainland China followed.

Elder Simpson substituted for Elder Jack H. Goaslind Jr. who was originally scheduled as the devotional speaker. Elder Goaslind was unexpectedly hospitalized yesterday.



Universe photo by Floyd Rose

Elder Robert L. Simpson speaking to students at Tuesday's devotional.



BYU Folk Dancers are interviewed by Svetlana Starodoms kaya, with microphone, for Soviet National Television.



BYU INTERNATIONAL Folk Dancers complete while on a recent six-week tour of six eastern European countries. a number before an audience at Wroclaw, Poland,

# Folk Dancers Enjoy A Successful Tour

The American Folk Dancers of Brigham Young University returned recently from a six-week tour to six eastern European countries, bringing with them the gold medal from an international dance festival and plaudits from the countries in which they performed.

In addition to competing in an international festival on the Black Sea in Bulgaria, the 30-member dance troupe performed American folk and other dances in Romania, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland.

"The reception by the people of the socialist nations was almost overwhelming," said Mary Bee Jensen of BYU's College of Physical Education and artistic director of the group. "We were surprised and delighted at their enthusiastic response to our performances."

The folk dancers also spent two full days before television cameras in Bucharest and Moscow, producing 90-minute television specials for the national networks of those two countries.

The special was aired three times on nationwide television in Romania on Aug. 23, that nation's equivalent to the Fourth of July in the United States. Television releases were also planned for Bulgaria,

Poland and Czechoslovakia, using the tapes made in Romania and the Soviet Union, Mrs. Jensen said.

The group began and ended the tour, the 15th annual European excursion for the folk dancers, in Bucharest, performing in Romania's largest and finest cultural hall.

In response to the initial performance before a sell-out crowd of more than 3,700 on the opening night of the tour prompted a request for a repeat performance six weeks later when they returned to Bucharest for their final air flight to New York City.

As part of the tour, the BYU dancers competed in the Second Annual European Youth and Student Festival in Primorsko, Bulgaria, on the Black Sea.

The Folk Dancers were chosen, along with the Bulgarian and Soviet Union teams, to open the festival on the first night. At the conclusion of the competition, the BYU team was awarded the gold medal as best in the festival.

The troupe presented two performances in Romania, three in the Soviet Union and three in Poland where the Minister of Culture for the Polish government invited the group to stay an additional two weeks at government expense so the group could perform in all the major cities of the country.

The invitation was declined because the students had to return to BYU for the start of fall semester, but a formal invitation to return in 1981 was extended.

Hungarian officials also extended an invitation for a 1981 return after the Folk Dancers performed three times in that country. Actually, they were only supposed to perform twice, but an extra show was given in Szolnok when local officials discovered they had sold enough tickets to more than fill their local auditorium two times, Mrs. Jensen explained.

The folk dancers appeared three times in Czechoslovakia.

The group, which does international dances when performing in the United States, presents American dances when touring in Europe. This year's program included exhibition square dances, Polkas, the Virginia Reel, the Charleston, tap dances, jazz and swing dances and the Carolina and Kentucky Clogs.

Accompanying the dancers and musicians, in addition to Mrs. Jensen and her husband, were Elder and Mrs. Robert L. Simpson representing the BYU Board of Trustees, Dr. and Mrs. Don Jarvis who directed the tour and did much of the translating, and Dr. and Mrs. Raymond E. Beckham.





