

TOUR HISTORY



EUROPE 1987

- Italy
- France
- Luxembourg
- Berlin

**BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
AMERICAN FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE
ITINERARY**

Wednesday	July	8	Depart Salt Lake (8:45am) to New York JFK-Depart to Milan (7:55pm)
Thursday	July	9	Arrive Milan (9:40am-bus to city)
Friday	July	10	Milan-Sightseeing-depart to Nice
<u>NICE</u>			
Saturday	July	11	Nice
Sunday	July	12	Nice
Monday	July	13	Nice
Tuesday	July	14	Nice-French National (Bastille) Day
Wednesday	July	15	Nice
Thursday	July	16	Nice
Friday	July	17	Nice-Bus to Luxembourg
<u>LUXEMBOURG</u>			
Saturday	July	18	Arrive Luxembourg
Sunday	July	19	Luxembourg-Church Mass
Monday	July	20	Luxembourg
Tuesday	July	21	Luxembourg-Sightseeing
Wednesday	July	22	Luxembourg
<u>PARIS</u>			
Thursday	July	23	Bus to Paris
Friday	July	24	Paris
Saturday	July	25	Paris
Sunday	July	26	Paris
Monday	July	27	Paris
<u>BERLIN</u>			
Tuesday	July	28	Depart Paris, Travel to Berlin
Wednesday	July	29	Berlin-Volksfest
Thursday	July	30	Berlin Volksfest
Friday	July	31	Berlin Volksfest
Saturday	August	1	Berlin Volksfest
Sunday	August	2	Berlin Volksfest-Fireside
Monday	August	3	Berlin Volksfest
Tuesday	August	4	Berlin Volksfest
Wednesday	August	5	Depart Berlin to Confolens
<u>CONFOLENS</u>			
Thursday	August	6	Confolens
Friday	August	7	Confolens
Saturday	August	8	Confolens
Sunday	August	9	Confolens
Monday	August	10	Confolens
Tuesday	August	11	Confolens
Wednesday	August	12	Confolens
Thursday	August	13	Confolens
Friday	August	14	Confolens
Saturday	August	15	Confolens
Sunday	August	16	Confolens
Monday	August	17	Confolens-Bus to Paris
Tuesday	August	18	Depart Paris to New York JFK to Salt Lake City

Western Europe Tour 1987

Tour #

1 Steve Buckley
2 Joaquín Busquets
3 Mike Jensen
4 James Johnson
5 Douglas Lange
6 Brent Lewis
7 Scott Mahoney
8 Keith Reber
9 Kent Streuling
10 Tadd Schwendiman
11 Gary Wilson
12 Wayne Wride

13 Chris Chipman
14 Mary Crowley
15 Denise Dickerson
16 Sandra Ekins
17 Susie Gómez
18 Stacey Larsen
19 Jennifer Ollerton
20 Kristen Pinegar
21 Jodi Sandstrom
22 Christy Shell
23 Cressida Stapley
24 Kristin Williams

BAND

25 Charles Baker
26 Rick Davis
27 Maria Dinsdale
28 Lynn Elliot
29 Mark Geslison
30 Kelly Jex

LEADERSHIP

31 Ed Austin
32 Vickie Austin
33 Scott Horman
34 Karen Horman
35 Madison Sowell
36 Debra Sowell
37 Nancy Richards
38 Paul Richards



ADDRESS LIST

Charles V. Baker II, 1207 S. Williams Cir., Mesa, AZ 85204
Steve Buckley, 7125 Bilpar Road, Las Vegas, NV 89131
Joaquín Busquets, 4910 W. 98th St., Inglewood, CA 90301
Chris Chipman, 6905 S. Prince Circle, Littleton, CO 80120
Mary Crowley, 1267 Hidden Springs Ln, Glendora, CA 91740
Rick Davis, 5457 Fernwood Dr., Newark CA 94560
Denise Dickerson, 1134 E. 300 N. Pleasant Grove, UT 84602
Maria Dinsdale, 190 S. 200 E., Provo, UT 84601
Sandra Ekins, 273 E. 4000 N., Provo UT 84604
Lynn Elliot, Dillard 388-127-D, Station #2 Charlettsville VA 22904
Mark Geslison, 541 E. 300 S., Spanish Fork, UT 84660
Susie Gómez, 945 E. North Temple Dr., Provo, UT 84604
Mike Jensen, 913 E. Walnut Ave. El Segundo CA 90245
Kelly Jex, 735 S. 1800 E., Spanish Fork, UT 84660
James Johnson, PO Box 575, 173 E. Bonneville, Bountiful, UT 84010
Doug Lange, 5920 Velma Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89108
Stacey Larsen, 575 S. 330 E., American Fork, UT 84003
Brent Lewis, PO Box 53, Coalville, UT 84017
Scott Perry Mahoney, 1525 Aqua Vista Rd, Richmond, CA 94805
Jennifer Ollerton, 95 N. 1360 E., Springville, UT 84663
Kristen Pinegar, 3441 Brockbank Dr., Salt Lake City, UT 84124
Keith Reber, 1869 S. Terrace Dr. Orem, 84058
Jodi Sandstrom, 855 E. 700 N. #11, Provo, Utah 84601
Tadd A. Schwendiman, 3044 S. 300 W., Bountiful, UT 84010
Christy Shell, 8088 S. 2000 E., Salt Lake City, UT 84121
Cressida Stapley, 1030 146th Ave SE, Bellvue, WA 98007
Kent Streuling, 854 E. 970 N., Orem, UT 84057
Kristin William, 561 S. 1100 E., Pleasant Grove, UT 84062
Gary Wilson, 360 E. 700 S., Logan, UT 84321
Wayne Wride, 25000 Hall Dr., Westlake, OH 44145

Leadership

Ed and Vickie Austin, 194 N. 1040 E. Orem, UT, 84057
Scott and Karen Horman, 1275 Mohican Cir. Pleasant Grove UT 84062
Paul and Nancy Richards, 3065 Apache Lane, Provo, Ut 84604
Madison and Debra Sowell, 810 E. 2730 N., Provo, UT 84604

Show Line-up

Teton Mountain Stomp
Ride the Train
Musical Number Mountain Pass
Rocky Mountain Squares
Virginia Reel

Musical Number Duelin' Banjos
Mountain Music

Musical Number Whoa Mule
Whoa Haw Buck and Jerry Boy
Round Dance
Musical Number Come Come Ye Saints-Handcart Song
Polka Quadrille

Musical Number I Got the Blues
Charleston
Swingin' Fifties
Surfin' USA
I Am Hawaii
Ka'u Nui

Musical Number My Ol' Kentucky Home
Elizabeth Quadrille
Waltz Round
New England Contra

Musical Number Orange Blossom Special
Running Set
Smokey Mountain Flat Foot
Musical Number Rocky Top
Buckin' Appalachia
Fire on the Mountain
Clog Finale



Tour Assignments

Student Assistants-- Lost and Found, Dressing Rooms, Housing

Steve Buckley
Jodi Sandstrom

History

Chris Chipman
Mike Jensen

Social Committee

Cressida Stapley
Wayne Wride
Maria Dinsdale
James Johnson

Costume Bags and Luggage

Susie Gómez (check off)
Doug Lange
Chuck Baker
Kent Streuling
Brent Lewis
Mark Geslison

Technical Equipment Crew

Kelly Jex (check off)
Lynn Elliot

Devotionals

Rick Davis
Kristen Pinegar

Trainer

Gary Wilson
Denise Dickerson (apprentice)

Fitness Program

Christy Shell
Scott Mahoney

Props

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. Slip Boxes | -Kristin Williams |
| 2. Cowboy Hats | -Tadd Schwendiman |
| 3. Charleston/Swing | -Jennifer Ollerton |
| 4. Contra Dresses | -Stacey Larsen |
| | -Sandra Ekins |
| 5. Charleston Dresses | -Mary Crowley |
| 6. Cowboy Chaps | -Keith Reber |
| 7. Prop Coordinator,
Gift Box, Make up, etc. | -Joaquín Busquets |

Wednesday, July 8

Charles V. Baker II

Once again the world famous, renowned, distinguished, internationally acclaimed, etc., etc., (and some worldly, aka Paris--clothes), Brigham Young University American and International Folk Dance Ensemble set out to conquer Europe.

The troupe departed via bus from the Richards building at 6:55 am bound for Salt Lake City airport instead of the 6:30 am scheduled departure. The costume bags could not have been the problem for leaving late since the souvenirs were in Europe and the troupe was still in Provo.

We arrived at the airport at 7:55 am, unloaded the bus, and waited outside for a TWA official to start the checking-in process.

The official also fielded the important question about bonus miles, which she said would be answered at the check-in desk at the boarding area.

We then proceeded through the security section. The x-ray machine, along with its attendant, enjoyed the travel bags which were full of metal buttons. The attendant finally figured out what the mysterious items inside the bags were, (attendant graduated from the U of U with top honors).

At 8:15 am, we boarded a Lockheed 1011 and shortly thereafter departed for Denver on TWA flight 870. Flight 870 landed in Denver at 10:30 am and departed for John F. Kennedy airport at 11:40 am. We remained on the plane during the layover.

The movie Radio Days, directed by Woody Allen, was the entertainment for the flight between Denver and New York City. Members of the group either rented, brought their own, or pretended to be MacGyver and make their own headsets out of the available materials. The flight went smoothly. For dinner, some ingested green looking lasagna. The troupe probably cleaned out the O.J. and related beverages like most BYU traveling groups do.

On our descent to JFK airport, we flew over what someone said wa "Long Island." The houses looked very colorful from the air.

At JFK, we transferred planes. The walk to gate 32 took us in and out of the terminal. The weather was hot and humid outside as well as inside. Inside, the temperature was affected by the enormous amount of people (human--idity). JFK airport seemed like Hong Kong during rush hour compared to the SLC airport.

At gate 32, we stockpiled our carry-ons. Then some wrote letters, found refreshments, explored the terminal, or even helped passengers find the correct boarding gate after being mistaken many times for airline personnel, (sweated enough--might as well have been working).

The terminal was definitely over crowded which equaled overbooking because the PA system announced several times the future flight credit plus money to delay a flight. One suggestion had something to do with taking a longer flight to Milano by way of Spain, which was tempting for a few of the troupe. There seemed to be few takers in the terminal.

Our boarding gate was switched from 32 to 29, so we restacked our carry-ons.

TWA flight 842 to Milano, Italy, was delayed due to problems with a fuel truck and one of the emergency doors. We finally boarded the 747, taxied at 9:00 pm, and were airborne at 9:30 pm.

One of the entertainment channels featured music from An American in Paris which heightened the anticipation and dreams of those traveling to Europe.



Boarding Pass
 Carte d'embarquement
 Carta d'imbarco
 Tarjeta de embarque
 Boardkarte

AIRPORT

TWA

FLIGHT - VOL • VOI O • VUELO • FLUG
 DATE - DATA • FECHA • DATUM
 NAME - NOM • NOM • NUMERE

**CHECK-IN IS COMPLETED!
 PROCEED TO THE GATE TO BOARD YOUR FLIGHT.**
 SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

OK TO BOARD
 OK TO BOARD
 OK TO BOARD
 OK TO BOARD

AGENT

SEAT - SIEGE • SEDE
 ASIENTO • SITZ

CLASS - CLASSIF • CLASSE • KLASSE

Thursday, July 9

Steve Buckley

After an endlessly long flight we finally arrived in Milan. We were all excited to be in Europe and especially in Italy. We stayed at the Piccadilly Hotel, a comfortably adequate 4 story lodging. Some of the group (specifically Jennifer and Kristen P) had a look of fear come over their faces when we pulled up to the hotel because it really looked like a dive from the outside. Once we went inside it wasn't all that bad. After showering, a number of people went to a cemetery a few blocks from the hotel called the Cimitero Monumentale. It was an incredible collection of statues and monuments. Each one seemed to tell a story all its own.

At 5:00 we all met in the hotel lobby and took a trolley to the center of Milan. While downtown we toured parts of the Duomo--a huge Gothic cathedral. We also walked around one of the most exclusive and expensive shopping areas of Italy. Later we had an Italian dinner next door to the hotel. Our waiter was an older man named Santino and we had a great time trying to communicate with him. Some of us went back into town and stayed until midnight. So ended our first day of tour in Italy.



ATM

VALE 75 MINUTI

LINEE OPERATIVE

CONVALIDA

Il biglietto deve essere convalidato all'inizio del viaggio ed in ogni caso in metropolitana, dove è consentito un solo viaggio fino ai limiti urbani di Cascina Gooba e Sesto Marelli. Il diritto a viaggiare scade dopo 75' dalla 1ª convalida. Il biglietto convalidato non è cedibile e deve essere conservato fino all'uscita dalle stazioni o all'abbandonamento della vettura.

168 0406839

Friday, July 10

Two Anonymous Eyewitnesses

After a much-too-short night of slumber in Milano's Piccadilly Hotel, we awoke eager for an intensive half-day of "cultural study" (otherwise known as sightseeing). Continental breakfast (pale yellow OJ, hot brown chocolate--flavored water, and rolls), Joaquín's admonition not to follow the path of least resistance but to take advantage of Cultural opportunities, and a 10,000 lire bill from Brother Sowell for museum admissions--these gave us the sustenance, encouragement, and monetary incentives we needed to jump on tram #4 for downtown Milano.

Our cultural advisor (again, our beloved Brother Sowell) asked us to see at least three of the following: (1) The Duomo--Milano's Gothic-inspired Cathedral; (2) a Palazzo Reale exhibit of 50 paintings from the Sao Paolo museum (the Renoir portrait of 2 girls was a favorite); (3) La Scala (perhaps the world's most famous opera house); (4) Sforza castle (dating from the Mid-15th century); and (5) Brera Art Gallery. Most went to numbers 1, 2, and 3, and a few made it to Santa Maria dille Grazie to see the partly restored Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci. As we observed various paintings, artifacts, and buildings and took mental notes for our journals, we asked ourselves "why do I like or dislike this art work?" and "what does it mean?" Other activities included sampling gelato, hunting for t-shirts, and eating pizza before our 2 PM bus departure for Nice.

The 5-hour trip to Nice was hot and humid. The bus's air conditioner was not always cooperative, but our guide Gilbert proved pleasant. (Memorable sights included terraced hills in Liguria and inviting sincere beaches. One of the female students neglected to keep her passport on her person, but we smiled at the border guards and they let us through without checking individual passports.

The Farandole festival lodging was in Nice's Lycee Eucalyptus. We arrived in time to stake out dormitory space before dinner. After eating at a downtown cafeteria, where some unwittingly selected alcoholic apple cider for their drinks, most went to the beach for a night-time swim. (Rumors of skinny dipping surfaced from time to time, but no water-tight case was ever made...).

(Madison and Debra Sowell)

Saturday, July 11

Denise Dickerson & Joaquín Busquets

Today started with a typical European breakfast: hard rolls, hot chocolate, etc. In the morning we had a photo session in downtown Nice. The scenery was great! We were in front of a large pool of fountains. First the Koreans performed for us and then we performed for them, while a photographer took pictures.

Then there was a mass movement to the money exchange place, and the continued quest for liquid refreshment.

After the photo session we had lunch and then some went down to the beach. We certainly got an eyeful!! Steve and Wayne were suspected of enjoying the beautiful scenery but no one could really tell what they were looking at since they were wearing sunglasses.

Following the beach excursion, we were back in costume for an afternoon T.V. session, followed by a fireside rehearsal. After dinner we learned a routine that would be used for the opening ceremonies. It was not too difficult!! But it did help us all learn to count in French: un, du, tua, ...(but not to spell).

We then dressed and left for the fireside... or so we thought. Due to a lack of communication the ward was expecting a show instead of a religious fireside. We found out during our prayer meeting that we would be doing the pioneer suite after which we'd do a shortened version of our fireside program. There was much skepticism among the group as to whether this would work. It was a scary thought to dance in our tour outfits. The group had never danced with more enthusiasm! We may have danced better on other occasions but never with more spirit.

There were a few mishaps; Jane whoa hawed when she should have bucked, and Gary got so excited at the end of Polka Quadrille that he kicked his shoe right off. But the audience liked it.

During the fireside portion it was difficult to sing because of the lumps in our throats, not to mention the shortness of breath. Scott spoke about families and toward the end Jodi bore her testimony in French (We later found out this was a life-long dream for her). We didn't understand what she said, but most of the group was visibly moved by her words. The audience also seemed to enjoy her remarks and the program in general. We closed with a song and prayer, and then shook hands and met the members. We were not only physically exhausted, but spiritually drained. Though difficult, it was certainly worthwhile.

We may not remember the faces or the names, or maybe even the place, but we'll never forget the feelings.



Sunday, July 12

Sandra Ekins and Rick Davis

Today was not the typical Sunday of church, rest, and quiet. Our day was full from morning until late tonight with church and activities. The day started with church, but we couldn't just get in the car and be to church 3 minutes later, so we took two buses to the chapel to arrive an hour late. We missed Sunday School, but were able to attend Relief Society/ Priesthood and Sacrament meeting. The Relief Society lesson was in English, so everyone was able to understand it. The sacrament service, on the other hand was totally in French. Knowing our group, I knew people would be nodding off to sleep during the meeting and of course, I was correct. It's very difficult to stay awake in a meeting when you are tired, let alone in a meeting totally in French when you don't understand a word they are saying. We returned back to the school to hurry and eat lunch. French cuisine has some scary items meant for consumption and today we were supposed to partake of some of those items. Needless to say, the picky eaters, did not take full advantage of the cuisine France offered. To name a few: Jennifer, Christy, Kristin W., Stacey, Sandra & Gary.

The next item of the agenda was a dance rehearsal for the parade route. Ed wasn't there, so things didn't go too smoothly. It was hot outside, everyone's nerves were a little on edge and more than one person was put in charge. Considering these factors, one could see the hazards. We started to pretend to learn a parade routine, but to no avail. None of us were listening, we looked like a pack of blind mice fumbling around in the dark. Other groups were watching us making their 1st impressions of our dancing ability on this. It was not a pretty sight. Yes, I was embarrassed. Finally, we decided to get this done where everyone wasn't watching us, so we went out of sight. Eventually, we were able to get the parade routine done, it was like pulling teeth, but we finished it.

The opening ceremony tonight was pretty exciting. It started with all the groups parading through the streets of Nice to see the town square. People were everywhere. We then had our first day review with the exciting French dance called un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, huit. We didn't know if we could remember the choreography, but with cues from the front leader, we managed to get through it virtually mistake free. I was amazed. We stood in our lines, country after country, listening to the President of C.I.O.F.F. talk to us. A fun time was had by all. In all seriousness, there are a lot of fun groups at this festival: Poland, Hungary, Korea, Wales, Ireland, Italy, China, and Greece. It should be a good festival.

The ceremony finished and the dreaded french music came on again. All groups started dancing together in big lines. It is always fun to be surrounded by people of different lands, joining in friendship by a festival!!! Tonight the Hungarians and we

Americans danced together. It was fun learning their dance steps and watching their styling. We had fun dancing with them, but eventually it came time to say goodnight (around 3 AM).

Everyone went their separate ways at night, to return to the dorms. All in all, it was a rewarding day. Everyone went to bed a little tired, but glad for the experiences they were gaining.



M.P. 1
**TARIF
 DÉTAIL**
 Réseau de NICE
CK 08981
TRAJET SIMPLE
 Valeur fixée par les tarifs en vigueur.

SURBAINSTRANSPORTEURBAINSTRANSPORTSURBAINSTRAN
 Valeur fixée par les tarifs en vigueur.
Réseau de NICE
CJ 79071
TRAJET SIMPLE
**TARIF
 DÉTAIL**



Monday, July 13

The Third Book of Timmy

Being a record of the 13th day of the month of July, Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Seven, written by Timmy the mandolinist of the house of Ephraim, being the fourth child of Gene and Joanne, and concerning the wanderings of the Band of the Folk Dancers throughout the Nations of the Earth.

Chapter One

- 1) And it came to pass that in the third year of the reign of Ed over the dancers of Folk, that the foresaid dancers did set forth to take a journey to the far nations of the Earth.
- 2) And behold, this journey was meant to bring the dances, yea even the cultures of those dwelling in America to the people of the land called Europe.
- 3) And it came to pass that on the sixth day of the afore mentioned journey that the dancers did reside in Nice, France, being near unto the sea Mediterranean and lying near unto the land of Italy (the home of those called Italians being of olive skin and being very pleasing in the eyes of folk dance girls, never mindeth this, I knoweth when a joke waxeth old).
- 4) And this was the order of the dancers housing, for behold the dancers did verily reside in a large and spacious building, but behold, the building did deceive.
- 5) For behold, the building was not a hotel, nor did the building in any wit appear like unto a hotel.
- 6) For verily, the building had neither maids, nor nifty towels with royal emblems which could be taken by the anxious tourist.
- 7) Verily, I say nay, the building was not a hotel.
- 8) for I suspect greatly that the building was a school in earlier times.
- 9) And verily, a school was never meant to be a hotel, yea to do so is to pervert the way of the Architect. Yet of necessity, we must pretend that the school is a hotel, yea verily, a hotel of the five star variety, even a hotel designed to inspire and edify the weary dancer.
- 10) For this school did allow all of the men, yea even the men from the leadership tribe, to sleep in the same room. And verily, this was a great blessing to all of the American men.
- 11) For behold, no man was allowed to sleep longer than was needful, nor even longer than was sufficient. And yea, no man was left alone to his own means. And all men could keep a watchful eye over his fellow dancer, to protect him from the dangers of the plastic sheets, and the plentiful clothes lines, strung with all manner of fine twined linen.
- 12) And so, in the dancer's housing they were greatly blessed, but yet, the blessing did not cease with their bedroom, for behold, they were all blessed with the privilege of walking great distances, yea even 3 floors, to reach the shower. And behold, such a situation was a great blessing, for no man became fat, for such was the greatness of the exercise.
- 13) And such was the order of the housing for the men. And the housing for the women was like unto it except that the American women did share with non-Americans and yea, for awhile, with non-

women.

14) And thus the housing did cause much rejoicing among the children of Ed, and thus it was even so, Amen.

Chapter Two

1) And it came to pass that early in the morning the dancers did arise, and did prepare themselves for the challenges of the day.

2) And behold, the first challenge did face them at their morning meal.

3) For behold, the dancers did face the infamous French hard roll, a wicked tradition of the french, inherited from their fathers.

4) And the dancers did meet the hard roll with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and their suffering was great, yea very great.

5) And it came to pass after the trials of breakfast that the dancers did depart on a great adventure. For behold, this morning the group did venture forth to visit the factory of great smells, yea even a factory of strong scent.

6) So the dancers did board the bus and did venture far to the city of Cannes, home of the world famous Film festival and even the home of Picasso and other such notables from the world of mortal Arts.

7) And all of these details, Madison, of the tribe of Renaissance, did endeavor to enlighten the dancers on.

8) Yet most dancers did sleep, talk, and sit in the attitude of the daze for such was the tradition among the dancers of folk--yea even from early times.

9) And by and by we did arrive at the place of our desire--yea even the perfume factory of Gallimard.

10) And behold, the factory was of great interest to those in the group to whom such things are interesting, and yea it was even of interest to most of those in the group to whom such things are not interesting and thus the interest of the group was at such a level as to give a good rate and thus we rate the interest of those interested in the interesting aspects of rose essence, Jasmine and other such interesting scents drawn from flowers in methods of great interest to interested types and mixed in many divers and interesting ways rating high on the scale of interest and thus we see the power of interest on the rate of the interest of those interested in the group and that it was great, for the day did indeed offer a good interest rate.

11) And at the conclusion of the very interesting tour the dancers were allowed to purchase all manners of diverse perfumes at very small prices.

12) And behold the dancers did spend much time testing and trying the various perfumes yea even Chanel 5, and Chanel 19, and Giorgio, and Anais Anais, and First.

13) Behold even Poison, White Linen, Joy, and all manner of diverse scents.

14) And these were sampled with great relish by the dancers and purchased with great abandon yea even to the extent that the factory did give a gift to all of the dancers upon their departure even a bottle of first.

15) For it is as it has always been said--First come, first serve.

16) And thus ended the trip to the Perfume factory.

Chapter Three

1) The adventures of today were yet far from being completed. For upon their arrival at our spacious and luxurious lodging the dancers did partake of our midday meal.

2) And behold, this is the order of the meal.

3) They were served first the salad, referred to affectionately as the "inedible course" for this salad was after the order of over-cooked artichoke hearts mixed with mayonnaise and all other manner of debased vegetables.

4) And the course inedible was followed by the course la swine, served, as always, with the potatoes of the baked type.

5) And finally, they were given the much awaited and coveted cheese and dessert--being dessert of the yogurt variety and cheese of the varied variety and thus ended the meal, even so, Amen.

Chapter Four

1) Having received the midday meal with much rejoicing, the dancers did embark to the beach, and the band also, and the leadership.

2) And behold, they did behold. For great was the crowd on the beach, but little was the beach attire thereon.

3) But all of the men did sing a hymn in their hearts and did ignore this revealing costume of the French and did peacefully enjoy the great 2 foot waves breaking regularly on the glistening round rocks lying painfully on the shore.

4) And the performers did make much fun and merriment on the painful rocks.

5) However, their merriment was cut short. For behold, they did have to attend a publicity session this day near unto the stage in downtown Nice.

6) And thus the dancers did leave the beach and did adorn themselves with shirts, skirts, slips, hats, chaps, and all manner of costumes and did depart for the photo-session.

7) And as always, the photo session was short yet the wait was long, but they did converse with the many other dancers from the corners of the earth and their fingers grew exhausted from the many attempts to communicate.

8) However, their publicity adventure for the day was yet far from over for they did depart the stage and did attend a track meet.

9) And behold, they did perform Polka Quadrille and their performance was very short and yet their wait was very long for such was the manner of folk dancers--yea me thinketh from very early times.

10) And they did leave the track meet on board a bus which, as always, was neither too swift nor too cool, and they did arrive once more at their luxurious accommodations.

11) And yea they did eat their evening meal being much after the order of their midday meal.

12) For they did have an inedible course, a swine course, and a dessert and cheese course all served liberally with the wicked French roll, and thus it was even so, Amen.

Chapter Five

- 1) And it came to pass that the evening did draw nigh at hand.
- 2) And behold, they departed for their evening performance.
- 3) And the dancers performed in a tent.
- 4) Yea verily, they did sweat profusely and the dancers did drip heavily with perspiration and were very wet and then they began to dance.
- 5) For the theatre was hot, yea very hot. But the performers did perform their best.
- 6) Yea they did perform too much their best for they did dance long and behold the length of their dancing did upset the directors of the festival greatly.
- 7) And it came to pass that the festival directors did wax strong in their anger, but the joy of the audience, yea even the success of the American dancers did temper their anger somewhat.
- 8) And thus the performance did end.
- 9) And the dancers sat around for a long time waiting for the Greeks and the Italians and the Colombians and the Polish to finish their dancing.
- 10) And at great length the various dancing did end. And the dancers of America did depart and did return to the large and spacious building where they abode.
- 11) And the lateness of the hour and the deadness of the social life did all conspire to send the dancers to bed.
- 12) And thus ended the 13th day of July, 1987. Even so, Amen.



Tuesday, July 14

Mark Geslison

On this wonderful day most all of our entire group decided to sacrifice our wonderful pumice and warm chocolate water breakfast for a couple of extra hours of shut-eye. Thank heavens for our love of an American breakfast. We didn't even care enough to think about getting out of bed.

Later on this day our group, along with the other participating groups, assembled on a beautiful street in Nice. The parade led to the park where we were performing. It was a long, but enjoyable parade. At the end of the parade, we all went to have ice cream along the open restaurant area. The ice cream was delicious, but, of course, not sufficient to even phase our hunger.

At night we performed on the outdoor stage near the coast. As we were waiting our turn, some of us met four men who were in Nice setting up the equipment for the up-coming David Bowie concert. These men were working on stage crew for David Bowie. They stayed for our performance and seemed to enjoy it. They told us we could open one of D.B.'s concerts sometime. One of these men fell in love with Maria Dinsdale, our fine fiddler. He presented her a rose after our performance. Soon we all went home to dance, sleep, shower or write in our journals, depending upon our placement of priorities!

**Today was "Bastille Day," a national holiday in France, (the equivalent of our 4th of July). The stage where we performed that night was across the street from the Mediterranean. Later that night, an incredible fireworks show on the beach was presented. (Note by the Editor)

Wednesday, July 15

Scott & Karen Horman

Today was the day for sampling the world of the rich and the famous--A world seen up to now only in James Bond and Remington Steele movies.

The day began about 9:30 AM by taking a bus to Monte Carlo. As we were driving, the road that Princess Grace was killed on was pointed out to us. We visited the famous Casino of Monte Carlo, and apparently a few coins were donated to the local economy. We then went up to the palace of Prince Rainer. As we stood in line for the elevators, a group of the dancers got onto the elevator. The elevator began to buzz because there were too many people. So Mary stepped off, then Kelly, and lastly Tadd!! As the doors closed Rick said "It was a 'Tadd' too heavy." We walked up to the palace and watched the changing of the guard. Some of us did some tourist shopping.

We took the bus down to the beach for lunch. The group seemed to be divided into two halves. Those who already had some Perrier

and those who were trying to get rid of their Perrier. Afterwards, some went shopping and some went to the beach.

After returning to Nice, we hurried and changed and left at 4:30 for a performance at Place Massena. Later in the evening, we went out to a beautiful little community named Beulieu. We were in a parade. We paraded in front of 100,000 invisible people. Actually, we paraded around town and went past maybe 100 people. When we got to the performance site, there were all the towns people waiting for us. No wonder there were no people on the parade route! They were all there waiting for the performance to begin.

The enthusiastically at the beginning of the parade. But by the time they reached the Marina, they were singing: Gilligan's Island, Theme of Beverly Hill-billies, Brady Bunch, Oscar Mayer, Banaid Commercial, Yellow Submarine, Cougar Fight Song, Cougar cheer, Small world, Country Road and the Duck Song.

The performance went very well with the dancers having to change clothes in a dirt courtyard. The audience seemed to be very receptive to all of the dances.

Two very special events happened this day. Tadd was given a belated birthday postcard of Monte Carlo that everyone had signed and 2 strawberry tarts. He was given the opportunity to experience the traditional "If you're happy and you know it" ritual. Chris Chipman called her Mom just before the parade began and found out she will be serving in the Catania Italy Mission. She was so excited that she shed tears of joy.



Thursday, July 16

Maria Dinsdale

With an average of about 3.5 hours sleep, the BYU brigade fell out of bed early for a cultural excursion to downtown Nice. With heavy hearts and empty stomachs, many sacrificed their traditional hard rock roll and hot chocolate breakfast and headed for the flower market in town. French pastries and fresh fruit were probably the best breakfast we've had so far. Gary bought flowers for Christy Shell--You Sweetheart! And Susie and Stacey bought a bouquet to give to their friends.

Everyone was basically on their own to visit the Matisse museum and shop. The museum was a disappointing trip for some and interesting for others, especially for Jennifer who finally got to see her cousin on his P-day. After forking out 4.5 francs for bus fare, no one really felt like paying more to see the Roman ruins so most people took a quick look at the museum and left.

Shopping downtown proved to be interesting. Everyone seemed to get separated from their original group. Kristin P. ended up shopping by herself. On the search for t-shirts and souvenirs, Sandra, Kristin Williams, Denise & Brent fell in love with crepe pans on sale for 2.50 francs. Where they'll pack them I don't know. Taking the city bus system really can't be that difficult unless you are Brent and Gary. They claimed they looked all over for a bus stop, but didn't ask anyone for help. They both ended up walking all the way home alone.

The afternoon show was in a quaint, old children's hospital not far from the school. Ed decided, I suppose, that he was too good for us and left Lynn in charge. When we arrived there Maria opened up her case to find her bow broken. Thank heavens for the back-up. The show was a culmination of singing and dancing for an audience of no more than 20 children. During Virginia Reel, Kent "Grace" had one spectacular collision with the little boys on the front row. After the show, the nurses were so appreciative they pulled out the Champagne to celebrate! The crystal glasses sat empty while we drank coke, juice and tonic water.

Before the show in the tent that night, the band decided to warm-up outside on the lawn. They drew some kind of a crowd of cheering spectators. On stage, in spite of the fact the band and the dancers got off on two of the songs, the audience roared as if it were our best show.

Friday, July 17

James Johnson

Finally a day to sleep in. While the men were enjoying the long needed rest, the women were scheming. About 10:00 AM, like the attack on Pearl Harbor, the girls descended upon us with bottles of water soaking everything in sight. Just remember girls, the guys still have 5 weeks to get even. We had the rest of the day

free until the performance that night. We were supposed to leave for Luxembourg this afternoon but we were asked to stay and perform. Most everyone spent the day packing and taking pictures of other groups and getting ready to move on. The show went pretty good considering we couldn't hear the music very well. The men had a fast costume change between Polka Quadrille and mountain music. None of us made it so the band had to keep playing while we frantically changed costumes. Even though it might not have been our best performance the audience loved us. After saying good-bye to the friends we've made, we went back and showered and loaded the bus to begin our 12 hour bus ride to Luxembourg. Most everyone was asleep before we even left Nice. It was kind of sad to leave the Nice Festival. It was our first home away from home in Europe. We also have it from a good source that one of our advisors, who shall remain nameless (but whose initials are Madison Sowell) went skinny dipping with some other guys out by a buoy 100 yards from shore in broad daylight. When on the French Riviera, do as the French (A cultural note).

Saturday, July 18

Jennifer Ollerton

Today began very early. After our show we loaded our things into the bus. We then left Nice at 1:00 a.m. headed for Luxembourg. When we drove away, the song "Happy Birthday to you" was being sung. It just happened to be Maria Dinsdales twenty second birthday. Our bus was very hot, but we were lucky because this bus had an air conditioner, Since we were driving through the night it was necessary that we all get some sleep. Unfortunately, that isn't the easiest thing to do on a bus. Our first stop came after traveling for three hours. This stop was to be kept near many of our hearts for a long time to come. (at least the memory of it.)

After a three hour ride, many of us had to use the bathroom, but most of the girls would not describe what we found as a bathroom. In fact, the only description necessary would be from Sandra-"Squately-Otcha." It was very very scary!!!

I think it was at this point that we noticed the change in the weather,. Many of us had to retrieve our sweaters from under the bus. Actually, I think we were glad because the weather in Nice was too hot!!!

Three hours later, and 800 different sleeping positions later, we stopped again. This time we were to receive our box lunches for breakfast. We were so excited. Everyone was grabbing them, I didn't find out until later that it wasn't because they were so popular, but because everyone wanted orangina or normal water-not perrier water. But, that wasn't the end of it. We found out that the meat was rather spoiled and nobody wanted mashed prunes for breakfast. So, we all had potato chips, a hard roll, one boiled egg, one tomato and a drink - yum! At least we had normal rest rooms here.

When we finally arrived in Luxembourg, we knew it was going to be fun. The scenery was wonderful. It was very green and there were castles and old churches everywhere. Our first stop was the city of Mersch. Ed told us we needed to be "Marilyn's" when we got off the bus, but he forgot we only had five minutes. And this just happened to be the only place where we were videoed coming off the bus.

Our housing was not in Mersch but in the city of Ettelbruck. When we arrived at the place we were assigned to stay, we were surprised to find out it was an old monastery. We were assigned to two rooms on the second floor. The girls found their room lacking in outlets and traded with the boys. Was it really true that two outlets made the difference; or was it that the boys had already made their beds; or was the room bigger? Well, at any rate, there was nothing that could be done about the co-ed showers downstairs. In fact, when Sandra, Susie and Jennifer decided to try one out they found themselves locked inside. How embarrassing to have to call to someone in the next shower over to let you out.

The thing that made this day so great was the real food we had for dinner. After Nice, fried chicken and french fries are considered a delicacy.

That night was our first show in Luxembourg. We only planned on doing Running Sets, flat foot, four-couple and clog finale. When we got to the performance sight we found out that we were last on the program. Unfortunately by the time we danced the audience had been drinking and smoking for so long that they hardly seemed interested.

There happened to be an Israeli group here and many of the people who went on last years tour recognized them. When we got home later that night, everyone seemed to be in a good mood. We got home rather late and the girls brought out all the potato chips they had saved from lunch. Then they all began singing opera instead of talking. It was obvious that we were not on tour for our singing - and I'm sure Sister Horman could tell you that.

The last big splurge for the day came as a few people in the group went to visit the Polish. Many returned with crystal, wooden boxes, or chess sets.

Next was sleep - the question being -- would we ever fall asleep on tour with the lights off????

Sunday, July 19

Brent Lewis & Kristen Pinegar

TIME: 9:00 AM (Before mass)

SETTING: City transport bus disguised as greyhound

"For some must push and some must pull, as we go marching down a cobble stone road. And merrily on our way we go, waving to people to and fro." (Sung to tune of pioneer medley)

Come, come ye saints, the hour of mass is here; but with joy, fight to stay awake.

TIME: 10:00 AM (at meditation)

SETTING: Hardwood bench, heavy eyes

Inside Mersch cathedral, many persons were actively participating in the spirit of the mass. Some were singing native songs of worship. Others were reading scriptural nuggets of thought. Most were pondering subconsciously or unconsciously. Sandra was deep in thought as her head seemed to keep rhythm with the Luxembourgers until the sound of her own snoring aroused her and the rest of us, including the neighboring Filipino group. Steve Buckley, through his spoken word, delivered a powerful yet memorized prayer. Too bad more weren't awake to hear it.

The American Folk Dance and Singing Ensemble concluded the mass with a couple of their most preferred songs: "I Am a Child of God" and "Go Ye Now in Peace". While the dancers were singing, they could feel the spirit of the words being sung as they looked into the eyes of the other groups realizing they were children of God as well.

TIME: 11:39 AM (after mass)

SETTING: The Meshing of the masses, or "mass hysteria".

In a human game of "Pit", the crowds were calling two, two; do I hear three; am I the only one on seven? as they frantically scrambled by number to find their space on the bus. We drove down the German border to Echterach where lunch was waiting (yum, yum) in an old town square building in the middle of somewhere. After barely wolfing down our last apple, we lined up behind the Luxembourgers razzel dazzel band. Now I ask you--How does one sing Ole Joe Clark to the com-pa-pa of a blaring tuba? We never figured out the answer but we had fun holding up the parade.

TIME: 2:14 PM (picture mode)

SETTING: Flower garden on the bank by the German border.

I looked out the window and what did I see: Pumpkin orange, lime green, plum purple, choke cherry red, sunny delight yellow, (and many other abnormal hues from the spectrum) pioneer beauties posing in a patch of pansies. Kristen yells, "Hold it right there, I just want to take one picture!"

TIME: 4:01 PM (pre-meal)

SETTING: Mock monks meet in monastery for Mormon meeting on this mass day

Wandering in after our naps to some ditty played by the Phantom of the Opera (Madison Sowell), we sang all together on the same key for the first time, including Christy Shell. Our inspirational tidbits were delivered by Chris Chip-n-dale, Maria Von Dinsdale, Chuck Berries Baker, Guenter Kent Streuling, and Debra, bride of the phantom Sowell. Each one expressed thoughts that hit home for a lot of us. Even though it's early in the tour, memories and experiences are being accumulated.

TIME: 8:57 PM (prowling monsters)

SETTING: Deep in the Halls of Montezuma

A group of mystery and adventure seekers were greeted at the front door by the key Master Doug. He enticed them to come and see his latest discovery deep in the halls of the Monastery. The group of thrill seekers followed him cautiously into a room with a moving tiki statue (alias Keith Reber). Upon his signal Keith the spook exploded from behind the grotesque statue causing everyone in the room to scream. The key Master and his assistant Jenny, repeated the dastardly ordeal until the Dungeon Master summoned all to the confines of their rooms until the break of dawn.

TIME: 11:59 PM (Past memory)

SETTING: The REM (rapid eye movement) stage of sleep

But if our lives are spared again, to see the saints their rest obtain, oh how we'll make this monastery yell...

All is well, All is well!!



Monday, July 20

Paul & Nancy Richards

Breakfast 7:30 - 9:30 AM

Devotional 9:00 AM

"Happy Birthday" to Stacey Larsen

Opening Song: "There is Sunshine in our Soul Today"

Spiritual Thought: Based on the story of Limhi; Mark G.

Prayer: Stacey Larsen

A bus tour was scheduled for 9:30 AM, but due to a misunderstanding at the bus company and with respect to the food we did not actually leave until 11:55 am. The time was actively spent in journal and letter writing--which largely made it possible for all to get caught up on either or both.

The area which we traveled through today was mainly agricultural. There are few industries in Northern Luxembourg and it should be further remembered, as one travels the country, that the major economic force is banking. The farms are beautifully cared for and the atmosphere is pleasant and one of peace. David Becker and Roger accompanied us.

Our first stop was the Castle of Vianden. An excerpt from the publication best summarizes the building and its purposes: "Since the castle became the property of the Luxembourg State in 1977, considerable time and money has been spent in restoring it and re-opening it to the public. During this time, the collection of documentation on the architecture and the archaeological excavations has greatly expanded our knowledge of the historical development of this important castle. Excavations on the castle mountains have confirmed the existence of a first small fort during the late Roman period (4th and early 5th century). During the Carolingian period (9th century) a first medieval surrounding wall has been built on the ruins of the Roman fortification.

"The high quality and the good preservation of the Roman and Gothic architecture is due in large part to the history of the ruling family of Vianden. A first count mentioned in the text is Bertolph, comes de Vianne. A second family appears around the beginning of the 12th century. By the second half of the 12th century and the first half of the 13th century, the House of Vianden was at its zenith and the Counts had strong relations with the German Imperial Court. From this period date the main constructions which are preserved today, in particular, the chapel and the large and small palaces. In 1264 the dominion of Vianden falls under the Lordship of the Counts of Luxembourg. This loss of power gives a set back to the construction activities, which are concentrated mainly on the different dwelling houses. In 1417 the dominion passes by inheritance into the House of Nassau. From this time, the castle is no longer the official residence of the counts; it is managed by the bailiffs. This situation explains the fact that the rich architecture dating from the period between the Romanesque and Gothic styles has not been disfigured by subsequent modifications."

The castle was impressive in the simplicity and beauty of architecture, which was carried through even to the cellars. One could get the feel of the room where the knights might meet or the massive kitchen where meals might be prepared without use of modern conveniences. As with many buildings of this nature, one is again impressed with thick walls, symmetry of construction--achieved without modern techniques or tools--and with the overall centrality of the fortification in the peasant countryside. From deep wells to dungeons, one becomes aware of necessities as well as politics in feudal life. Informative displays--models--of the various stages of the castle, as well as segments of archeological excavations, illustrated how one people had built upon the work of their predecessors--as noted above.

After the visit to Vianden we started on our journey for a brief visit to Belgium. Along the way we ate lunch on the bus and stopped for picture-taking in the wooded countryside near a castle owned by the family of C&A department store fame--one of the larger department store chains in Western Europe.

Our visit to Belgium was brief. It was centered on the Bastogne Memorial which is located on the outskirts of the city of Bastogne. "The Bastogne Memorial is a token of the respect of the Belgian nation to the American army and its allies for the part that it played in the liberation of Europe."

We attended a short movie regarding the actual battle which took place December 16, 1944 through January 4, 1945. It was here that "the Germans were about to play their last card. Hitler's plan: Recapture Antwerp--Drive a wedge between the Allied armies. In great secrecy, the Germans reinforce the line." The goal of the Allied troops was to capture Bastogne for Christmas. "The motion picture was realized with the best parts of the news films shot during the Battle of the Bulge by the Germans and Americans. We have considered the authenticity more important than the quality of pictures. This allowed us to realize an outstanding document which lets the spectator dive into the chronological evolution of the battle."

The odds were heavily in favor of the Germans as indicated by the following statistics:

	American Forces	German Forces
Men	83,000	240,000
Tanks	242	970
Cannons	576	2,000

76,000 Americans lost their lives or were wounded during the battle. In cemeteries in the Luxembourg-Belgium area 18,375 American soldiers and 6,785 German soldiers are buried as a result of World War II.

The memorial is named in honor of Brigadier General A.C. McAuliffe, who in command of the 101st Airborne Division, and who

on December 22, 1944, at 11:30 AM, responded to the German emissaries' care for Bastogne's surrender by replying "NUTS!" General George Patton is also greatly honored in this area because of the reinforcement he provided for the 101st. His orders were simple, "Drive like hell!"

After leaving the memorial and on return to the school for dinner, we stopped briefly about 5:00 PM for picture taking of the group at the Patton memorial. At 7:00 PM the Grand March was held in Diekirch followed by our presentation at 8:40 in the city Park. We returned to the school about 9:30 PM and the remainder of the evening was spent in a variety of ways, especially by walking in the rain to the carnival to buy Belgian waffles.



Tuesday, July 21

Scott Mahoney

In our short stay in Luxembourg, we were really getting a chance to see a lot of the country and it's culture. Today was no exception. It's nice that the country is so small, it made our trip to the capital, Luxembourg City, a short one. We all got off of the bus, (except for Ed and Scott who went to the performance site to check on the stage and sound for the night's show), and started a quick 3 hour tour of the city. Mr. Becker took us around the old city walls and told us about the city's fortifications and the history behind some of the buildings, bridges, and villages. It was nice to see the redevelopment of the old Portuguese section with the 'approved' colors. The scenery was beautiful, everything was so green and we were glad to have our cameras with us. Our only regret was that we had to leave so soon without getting time to see more of the inner-city or to explore the casements underneath. On our way back to the bus some tried to change money at the banks and buy postcards at the souvenir shops along the way. We headed back to Mersch for lunch at the now infamous 'Le Chateau', and to get our costumes for the show.

It was the closing night of the festival and all the groups traveled together in a long police-escorted caravan back to Luxembourg City. Our performance was supposed to be presented for the Grand Duke and Dutchess, (or was it the Grand Dooch and Ducky), but as it turned out neither showed up. Ed almost began wishing that we hadn't shown up either after realizing that we had forgotten to bring the Filipinos' bass we had borrowed the day before. There was lots of time to worry because we didn't go on until after 10:00. Luckily one of our guides rushed back to Mersch and got the bass in time for the Filipinos' performance. When we finally did go on stage we knew we were in for a memorable experience. The band began to play but we heard nothing until the echo came back to us from the back of the auditorium. The band had no monitors, we had no monitors, and everyone had a look of terror in their eyes as we tried desperately to stay together. If there is one consolation to the whole mess, it did add to the excitement of our numbers. When it was all over we breathed a collective sigh of relief, and to our amazement the audience and the other groups really enjoyed our performance. After the show there was a party for the groups in which we exchanged gifts with the festival dignitaries and socialized for the last time with our new found friends. Included were free drinks for all and some interesting sandwiches, (some of which were discovered to be raw hamburger). After waiting on the bus for the last few socialites to straggle on, we headed back to Mersch to rest after another exhausting but fun day on tour.

Note from the editor: Our favorite "brown-noser" Dale Madsen, flew all the way over to Luxembourg just to spend time with the Folk Dancers, Yeah!!

Wednesday, July 22

Christy and Keith

Early this morning, July 22nd, the Polish group pulled out. A handful of Americans managed to make-it-up in time to sing a verse of "God be with you". Ed announced that we would have a free day since it was our last day in Luxembourg, and that the day would begin promptly at 10:00 with a FAD rehearsal.

We learned this morning that when Ed says "Promptly" he means promptly. At 10:00 am sharp, Ed and a battalion of men made their way into the women's room. To their surprise and the girls, Denise and Cressida were caught a little off-guard and undressed. Cressida jumped into the nearest closet, and Denise jumped into the bathroom. Mary surprised everyone as she took charge of the situation. Ed gave the girls 10 minutes, then we began promptly at 10:10.

We met at 11:15 for a devotional by Mike Jensen, then we went to lunch at the upper room of the Chalet. Following our "last supper," (since it was our last day in Luxembourg) in the upper room, we had a little performance at a campground. We danced on gravel and had a pretty good audience. It was a pretty low key performance. Big and Small squares did polka quadrille. Christy was almost put in middle square for her blackout in Polka Q. (Middle square did redeem themselves, eventually). We also did running sets and Jodi sprained her ankle. We were all served drinks after the show.

That afternoon, we did have some free time. A carnival was going on in town during our stay, and lots of us went down and bought Belgium Waffles with whipping cream and strawberries.

We had our final show of the festival that night. Most of the other groups had already left the festival, including the Spanish who were in an accident even before they left the monastery parking lot. The performance was held at the school, and it was especially for the members and investigators. The Turks performed first, followed by the Filipinos.

We had one of our most energetic performances that night. The audience was very enthusiastic. We even came back and did Buckin' Appalachian in clog shoes (a new little twist).

Many of us had brought our swim suits along; however, one of them was not Ed. That didn't stop him from taking a little dip. We played water frisbee with the Turks and had a great time. Steve flashed three girls that night, two foreigners and Sandra (a record even for Steve).

We said goodbye to the Turks and Israelis at the bus, then drove back to the Monastery to begin our all night packing.

Thursday, July 23

Cressida Stapley

Lifestyles of the Rich & Famous

Welcome to our show as we look into the lives of the Rich and Famous. Our honored celebrities for this episode will be the BYU Folk Dance Ensemble.

8:00 AM Our stars wake early and feast on a hearty breakfast of hard rolls and hot chocolate. This combination is quite common among our rich and famous.

9:00 AM The limobus waits patiently outside as it is loaded and the dancers say farewell to the enormous chateau-school for it's gracious accommodations. Finally, the limobus is off on it's 6 hour drive to Paris.

12:00 PM Our celebrities stop for lunch. They delight in the hard bread, plain yogurt, apple and water that has been extravagantly prepared on their behalf.

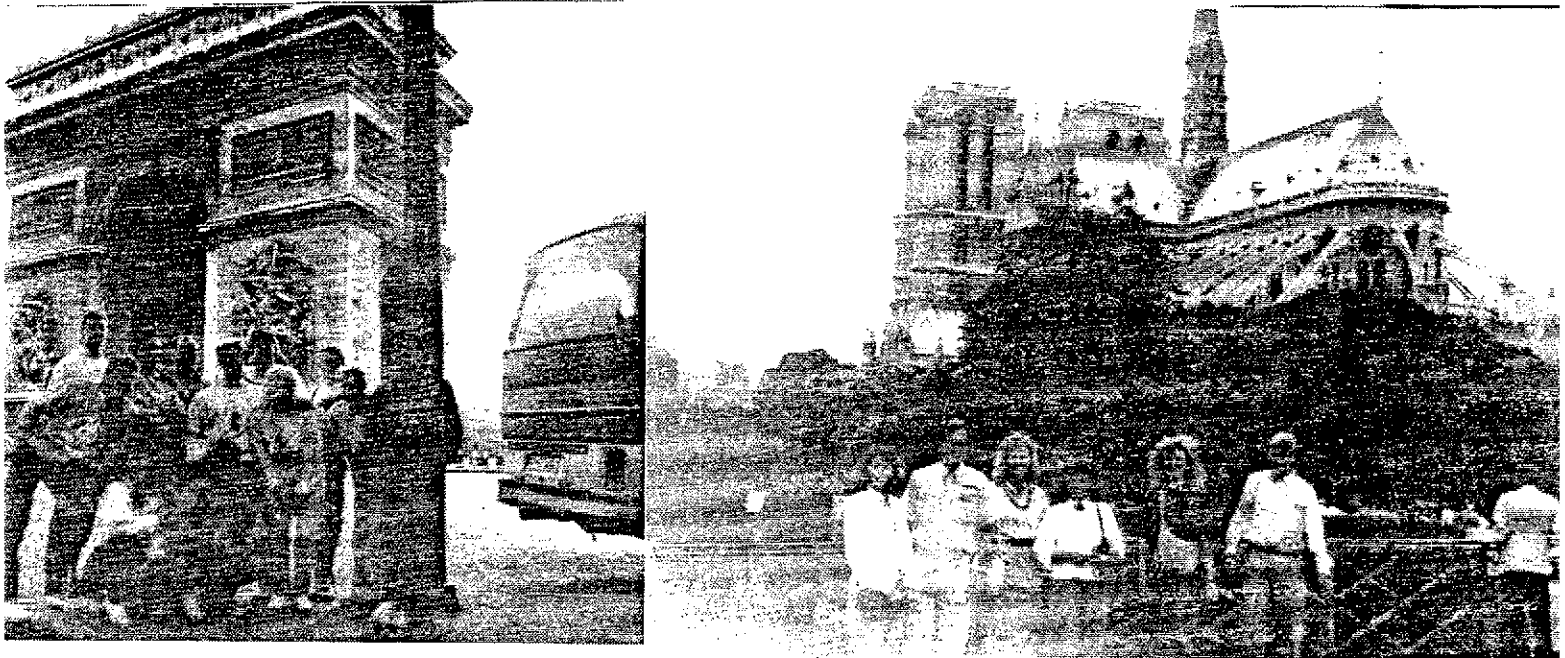
1:00 PM Again on the limobus and amid much rest & relaxation, our stars are again honored. A surprise visit from the socialist committee brings the Oscar Awards to these deserving & famous men and women. All winners were present and able to give their own acceptance speech. These are the categories and winners:

1. Best Supporting Derriere: Kent Streuling & Stacey Larsen
(Both performed momentous falls)
2. Best cast for the remake of Lost in Space:
Kristin Williams for her ability to maintain outward composure while nothing is going on inside.
Kristin Pinegar for her spaceouts in Polka Quadrille.
3. Most likely to succumb to a fetish:
Rick Davis for his Amy Fetish
4. Most Revealing Personality:
Steve Buckley & Kristin Williams for personally revealing the most about themselves.
5. Best Musical Score:
Maria Dinsdale for her variations in the original score and her ingenious recoveries.
6. Most Innocent Looking Antagonist:
Karen Horman for being the brains behind all the pranks
7. Best Chuck Norris Imitation:
Paul Richards for Karate-chopping the gypsies in Nice.
8. Blue Moon at Noon Award
Madison Sowell for skinny dipping in the French Riviera in broad daylight.

4:00 PM Our stars arrive at the Chateau Hotel Arcadia. They all change into clothes that resemble those of fashion conscious students, so as not to be recognized and thus flocked by all their fans in the streets. Their private guide, Bro.

Sowell, leads them by the limo-metro and by limo-foot through the major areas of Paris. After their basic acquaintance with the big city, the celebrities spend the rest of their evening exploring the most romantic city of the world.

These are the lifestyles of the Rich & Famous!



Friday, July 24

Kent Streuling & Kristin Williams

BYU Folk Dancers spend Pioneer Day in Paris

UPI--Kent Streuling. It has been reported that Pioneer Day has been celebrated in many different places. This year the BYU American Ensemble chose to spend their Pioneer Day in Paris, France. The day began with a traditional pioneer devotional given by Doug E. Lange. Doug Lange has been known for giving great thoughts of wisdom and here are the profound words he spoke on this special day:

When in the morn 'I did rise to give you counsel from the wise for the lord has said, at great length to not run faster than you have strength, so during this day of frolic and pleasure, remember to walk while in search of your treasure. And when your money is by far spent remember this--you still have your VISA card.

This thought had such an impact on our group that Stacey Larsen and Susie Gómez had their cards charged to the limit by the end of the night.

AP--Kristin Williams. The BYU folkdancers were spotted running through Paris. At approximately 9:30 AM the noted cultural director Madison Sowell was spotted exiting Hotel Arcade followed by 24 dancers, 6 band members and an assortment of odd balls

heading towards Notre Dame Cathedral. Once at this famous sight the group looked at the cathedral from all different views, while being instructed by Dr. Madison Sowell. Wonderful and awe-inspiring things were seen and heard. The "gihugic" stained glass windows were magnificent to behold. Because of their splendor, the dancers learned the need for the flying buttress style architecture noted in the Gothic era.

Still feeling in the spirit of it all the dancers and company went to the famous Sainte Chapelle to gaze at the walls of stained glass. This structure is also noted for gothic style architecture. This church was originally built to house the crown of thorns supposedly placed on Christ's head. During earlier times the church was used only for royalty and so it is elaborately decorated. Each of the stained glass windows were pictures of bible books following the order of the bible starting with Genesis. A danger was put on the "old men" of the folk ensemble when they were charged double to get in because of their age.

The folk group split for lunch because of varying tastes, and most of them headed towards the Latin Quarter for a rest and a bite to eat. Shopping seemed to be a hot commodity as well, and when the group met again to visit the Orsay museum, Christy and Kristin W. were in the latest Naf Naf attire. They started a trend that spread like fire throughout the group and by the time the trip was complete, Naf Naf was the main material covering their bodies.

The next stop on Madison Sowell's cultural list was Le Musee d'Orsay. The Orsay museum was a train station converted into a museum for 19th century art. Some famous painters housed in this museum are: Renoir, Monet, Manet, Degas, Cezanne, and Van Gogh. There were 5 floors of paintings and art work. After about 3 or 4 hours in the Orsay, most of them called it quits, because of lack of appreciation when you get tired feet and a hungry stomach!

UPI-AP --Kent Streuling & Kristin Williams. What an evening to behold in Paris. Ask any folk dancer their reaction to the evening and they will say, "Pinch me. Am I really here?"

After an assortment of dinners, grocery stores being the favorite because of lack of funds, the folk dancers were once again found running through the streets of Paris. At the end of the evening most everyone ended up at the le tour Eiffel. There was a very romantic atmosphere in the air, but alas no one but the folk dance men and women to share it with.

After a ride to the top and a breathtaking view of the city, Paris took on a new look.



Saturday, July 25

Wayne Wride & Gary Wilson

There were two main events today. The first was a little field trip to the Palace of Versailles. Everyone left early in the morning with packed lunches made from "leftover" croissants at breakfast. The train ride there was somewhat long, and there were some who out of naivete didn't have to pay for the whole trip because they didn't buy a ticket where they were supposed to. It's amazing what you can get away with when you play "Dumb American". Of course, some of us don't have to try as hard to play it. The Palace was beautiful. Some got in the wrong line and waited much longer than necessary. Much was learned about royal life in earlier centuries. The gardens were incredibly spacious. After the tour through the palace, we broke out the croissants in one of the gardens and munched. A black girl from Alabama named Alice is staying on the girls' floor in the hotel. She seemed somewhat lonely, so she was invited to go along with us. People walked around the gardens and down to the Apollo fountain, but all were tired because the tour took a couple hours. We wanted to see Marie Antoinette's village, but we were told it was too far to walk. We took their word for it. In the evening, we all headed to the Stake Center to put on a fireside. We had to make several transfers, which made the trip a bit more interesting. We danced a bit at first, then moved into the spiritual part of the program. Lynn Elliot spoke first, followed by Cressida Stapley and then James Johnson. All spoke well in spite of having a translator, and we could feel the spirit. However, for some people it was not as strong here as it was in Nice. We met several there who spoke Spanish, so there was more communication there with people than the regular French speakers. They brought out pastries, cheese, drinks, and cookies, but the members acted like they'd never seen it before. What we managed to obtain was not without struggle first. We did appreciate it, though. To go home, we had to wait quite a while before the bus finally came. This made our arrival home a late one. But we were happy again to have been able to associate with the Church members.

Sunday, July 26

Mary Crowley

This morning we had church services at 10:00 AM. Brent Lewis, Jennifer Ollerton, and Rick Davis spoke. Mark Geslison and Kelly Jex sang "Abide With Me".

This afternoon we saw the last of "the big five" sights of Paris--the Louvre. We went armed with pen and paper and a list of things to find. Although we were all tired, it is something we shouldn't have missed. Most of us thought the "Winged Victory" very graceful. From our list of Saints we must have seen 10 St. Sebastians to every one Agatha. We also learned of the controposto--or curved form--position demonstrated by the Venus de Milo.

After leaving the Louvre, everyone scattered. There were many who went to see Sacre Coeur and Montmartre and the Pompidou Center. Several got their pictures drawn, but did anyone buy one? Several went to the Tour De France. Mike Jensen watched it from the top of a statue with a group of punk rockers. At least he watched it until a police man kicked them off the statue. Stacey Larsen and Gary Wilson went to watch. They decided to make their way to the Arch de Triumph to see the end--only everything was blocked off. They finally decided to go home, however, all metros were blocked off. After walking for 2 hours, they finally found an open metro. When the Tour de France was over, Jodi Sandstrom saw Ed Austin and followed him. They got on a metro to go home. After several stops, they realized they were going the wrong way. Oops!

Steve Buckley, Kent Streuling, James Johnson, Chris Chipman and Keith Reber all went through the Red Light District on their way home from Montmartre.

**While sitting on the street eating their lunch by the Louvre, Joaquin Busquets, James Johnson, and Denise Dickerson all saw a photo session of an Italian lady. The photo session began on the balcony of the building across the street. The model was wearing a pink tube top dress and her hair was white. Her exit was rememberable as she did some disgusting things that we will not mention. Wok was embarrassed, Denise was disgusted, and James laughed as they experienced this unpleasant scene. It was a busy day!
(Note by the Editor)

Monday, July 27

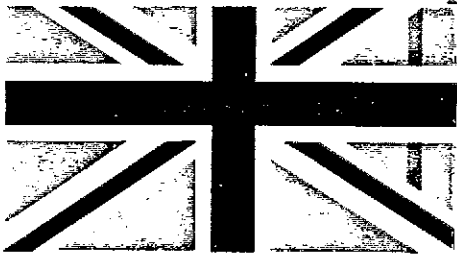
Madison & Debra Sowell

Today was our last complete day in Paris. It was also a free day, as by that time the students had seen their assigned museums. Two topics were on everyone's mind: souvenir shopping and journals. The journal entries for the first half of the tour were due the next day, and although some were caught up, others had yet to record their impressions of Nice (and Luxembourg and Paris!).

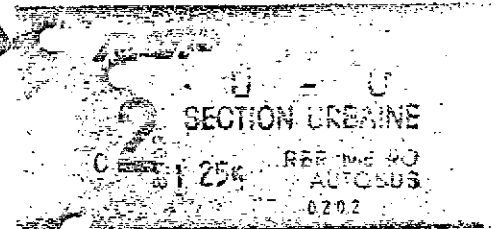
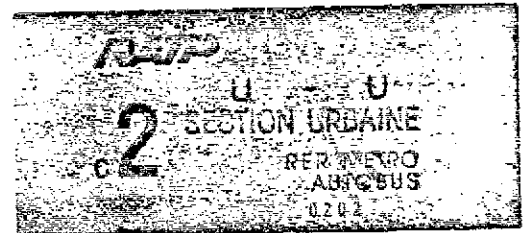
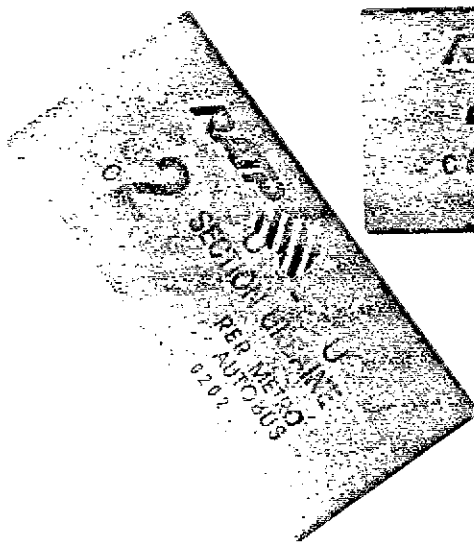
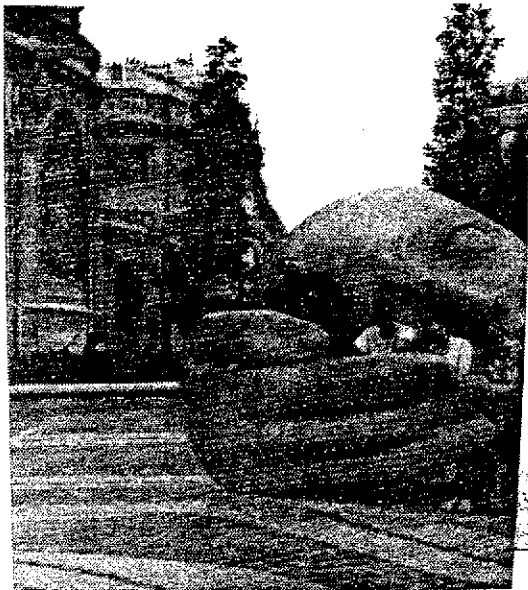
As for shopping, many decided to try their luck at the flea market. More looked than bought, but Kent and Denise acquired a reputation for bargaining with the vendors. From the flea market, several students went to the Pompidou Centre with Ed, looking for exciting street entertainment. The latter was in short supply, so Ed bought pastries to counter the general disappointment. Another group went to Galleries Lafayette, where it was rumored that Naf-Naf outfits were greatly reduced, casual apparel was high on everyone's souvenir list. By unofficial count, the group's luggage upon leaving Paris was heavier by 22 tee-shirts, 36 sweatshirts, and 32 Naf-Naf's.

After shopping and lunch, many went back to the hotel to sleep and write in journals. Others had more adventures around town: Christy, Kristin W., and Sandra went with Alice to the Louis Vuitton shop; Rick, Lynn, & Chris Chipman visited the Rodin Museum; Gary and Stacey saw Marcel Marceau's mime school (the outside); Kent and James bought dolls; and Jennifer learned how the toilets flush at the Pompidou Centre. That evening the band played outdoors near the Pompidou Centre, and many repeated the stroll down the Champs-Elysees that we had done our first night in Paris.

Monday was also the birthday of our fearless leader, Steve Buckley, and of Karen Horman. In celebration, Steve's partner bought him pastries on the Champs-Elysees, and Karen's "partner" took her out for a special dinner and boat ride down the Seine.



Musée d'Orsay brief guide



Tuesday, July 28

Joaquín Busquets & Denise Dickerson

Today we had a free morning to do our last minute Paris stuff. Some chose to make a last minute run to the Eiffel Tower, finish shopping, or just pack.

We flew Air France to Berlin. We thought we had a direct flight, but noooo.....we had the privilege of stopping in Dusseldorf. We had to take all of our carry-ons (only one per person of course) into a smoke-filled room and wait for 45 minutes, just for fun I guess?!

We arrived in Berlin and were met by the colorful army vehicles. Sandra was particularly excited because her sister Carrie was also waiting for us with her new baby boy. We loaded with military efficiency and were off to the barracks.

On the way we decided that since we were going to be in the army we needed army-type names. Some of the most memorable include...

- Stacey--Hot Lips (MASH)
- Mark----BJ Honeycutt (MASH)
- Wok-----Leboy (Hogan's Heros)
- Lynn---Hawkeye Pierce (MASH)
- Brent---Shultz (Hogan's Heros)
- Mike----Father Mulcahy (MASH)
- Susie---Nurse Kelly (MASH)
- K.P.----Inga (Swedish Nurse--MASH)
- Doug----Hogan (Hogan's Heros)
- Rick----Trapper John (MASH)
- Chuck---Sgt. Carter (Hogan's Heros)
- James---Radar (MASH)
- Tadd----Donald Penopscott (MASH)
- Scott Horman--General Burkhalter (Hogan's Heroes)

We ended up in Roosevelt Barracks in comparatively comfortable accommodations and were anxiously awaiting dinner. When we reached the dining hall we thought our wildest dreams had come true. Not only was there roast beef and spaghetti, but dessert, cold milk and all the soda pop we could drink. Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus!!!

Following our celestial eating experience, we had rehearsal in an army truck garage. It was frustrating because we hadn't practiced for a while, but thanks to *_____ and her great talent of burping, we were entertained through the evening. That night we went to bed content from dinner, but also in anticipation of the real breakfast awaiting us in the morning.

*Editor's Note: The name had been deleted to protect the accused.

Wednesday, July 29

Rick Davis & Sandra Ekins

After arriving in Berlin Tuesday to participate in the "American GruBt Berlin" festival, members of the BYU folk dance ensemble received a VIP debriefing at the US Army Installation. According to Army officials, the debriefing consisted of a 30 minute filmstrip presentation followed by a discussion of allied positions in the occupied city.

Members were treated to a tour of West Berlin after the debriefing session which covered many of the important locations in the historic city. According to many of the folk group, the greatest impression was left upon them by the Berlin Wall which separates Soviet and American controlled sectors. "After seeing the security of the area, the guards with machine guns, and barbed wire, East Berlin looks to me like a huge Prison", said Rick Davis the groups banjo musician.

Soon after the tour the group was able to show a crowd of hundreds at the festival site what they do best, as the ensemble put on an hour of dancing and foot stomping music. The group's artistic director, Ed Austin, said he was a bit nervous over this evening's performance. "Tonight was the first time we've actually done our fad-section and we didn't exactly know how it would be received by this group, even though it's been popular with audiences in the past," said Austin. According to Austin, the fad section includes dances like "Charleston" and "The Hop" which represent different eras in American history.

So far members of the group say they have enjoyed their stay with the U.S. Army in Berlin. Members say the accommodations are nice and the food is, according to one group member, "incredible". After three weeks of hard French bread for breakfast it's nice to have bacon and eggs again," said Lynn Elliot, the group's mandolin player.

According to festival organizers, members were also given food coupons after their performance which allowed the dancers and musicians to indulge themselves in ribs, hot dogs, chili and other American delicacies at the fair's food booths.

The ensemble will be performing again tomorrow at 7:00 pm at the fair ground's large uncovered stage.###

ROUTE CLASSIFICATION

BOARDING PASS

27

PTY

NO SMOK

||||| ||| || ||| ||| | | |||



EMBARQUEMENT BOARDING

HEURE/TIME

28 JUL BER Y

200

AF 76/ 000

Thursday, July 30

Susie Gómez

On this day everyone was free to do what they wanted until 6:00 pm when we needed to be ready for loading the bus to go to the Volksfest. One group of dancers went to do laundry down by the Volksfest site. There was a laundromat that took U.S. currency and kl6H had U.S. prices. A great relief after Paris' high prices. There was a Baskin Robbin's--31 flavors and a Burger King right there also. Kristin W., C-shell, Susie and Stacey got ice cream at Baskin Robbin's (and probably a few others, but those mentioned were the only ones seen). Jodi, K.P., Jennifer, and some of the guys bought postcards at the bookstore that was right there also. After doing laundry, most went home to Roosevelt Barracks to take naps.

Kent and Timmy went to East Berlin to try and get Kent a Visa so that he could go see some relatives in East Germany. It took them 30 to 40 minutes to get in and then about the same amount of time to get out. Timmy said that one of the most frustrating things to him about East Berlin was trying to spend the required 25 East German marks when they found out that they would not be able to see Kent's relatives. Kent felt about the same way, except I think he was also disappointed about not being able to see his relatives, as well as being disappointed with the political system there. (I wish Kent was here so I could ask him--He's out dancing tonight).

Cressida, Mary and Denise thought that they would be a little more adventurous and tried to find Freie University. Their little adventure was not very successful because for one they never found it, and two, they got caught in a thunder storm with no rain coats and only one umbrella. The worst part was that they were lost and had no idea which way to go. When they finally got home, after going around in circles, they were soaked to the core, with squeaky shoes and all. It was quite a site.

Other than this, I think this is what most people did during the day. Some people did stay home to nap and later went to go use the AT&T phone booth that was giving away 3 free minutes of long distance. Just about everyone that tried was able to get through.

The show went well that night too. Everyone made their costume changes and there were no major goobers except for maybe Stacey forgetting her Hawaiian dress, Kristin W. forgetting her two American slips and Chris forgetting her surfing sunglasses. So, Karen Horman & Paul Richards went to go and get all their stuff for them back at the barracks. They got back right as all the girls were to go on stage for "Ride the Train". Close call for Kristin W.

And so, that was Thursday, July 30, 1987 for the BYU Folk Dancers and Band in West Berlin for the 1987 Volksfest.

Friday, July 31

Stacey Larsen

In the beginning God created the world, and in this world were many folk dancers, some musicians and some leaders, and some Geekie Dancers. For these dancers had to make a tour of Europe. On this tour they spent six lovely weeks. On the day of July 31, for it was a Friday, they gathered in a place called Germany, "The Home of Many". For breakfast they would gather eggs and eat in a big mess hall. They called it army food, or real food. After breakfast at 0900 hours, they all decided to venture forth and see many new creations.

First was the train called the U-bahn which took them down to a place called Euro-center. The Kaiser Wilhelm memorial church was the center of all action, and around this were stores for shopping and spending a thing called marks. Groups formed and spent many hours looking for items of nutcrackers, dekas, steins. All were very joyous for they found stores with items for all.

The groups moved all around but ended up at a place called Roosevelt barracks. The first question was would they spend more money on worldly items or would they find more pastry shops.

That evening all were gathered and moved as a whole to a stage. On this stage a show would come forth. Due to the bus being late, we had only a 30 minute show. Yeah! After the show the dancers spent coupons for food.

The bus returned and all was well. But some wanted to see the night life. And a group ventured forth: Jane, Kent, Brent, James, Maria, Denise, C, and Tadd to a place called club 25. A few did not partake and they were Brent, Maria and Denise. They all returned home early for they wanted to be good children of the Ed generation. All was very well as they created new ideas for their journals to show to leader Sowell. All fell asleep to wake to a new morning for eggs & potatoes, and real chocolate.

Saturday, August 1

Scott and Karen Horman

Today was a special day for a member of our Ensemble. It was Denise Dickerson's birthday. She was given the traditional song. her mom said to me (Karen) as we left in July, "will you please make sure that someone wishes her Happy Birthday on her birthday?" Scott and Karen had the opportunity of having Denise and Kelly be with them as they toured the Berlin Zoo, Tiergarten, Victory Monument and the Brandenburg Gate.

Some of the kids decided to go see Checkpoint Charlie, others went to town and shopped, Gary stayed back at the Barracks and worked on his journal because he wasn't feeling too well. I'm sure Madison was pleased that someone was trying to catch up on his journal. Keith and Scott visited the Zoo.

Nancy and Paul Richards walked all over Berlin and even went to a Rock Festival at night. Nancy, Paul and Debra went on a bus tour of the city during the day.

But I think the crowning touch of the day was to hear about the Tribe of Checkpoint Charlie. As the story unfolds, there is a "ring leader" played by James with a supporting cast of Kent, Jodi, Doug, Steve, Wayne, Joaquín, Scott, Jennifer and Kristen P. They decided to take the train to see Checkpoint Charlie. Now the story does get a little sketchy at this time but ask them why Jodi was just about left. It seems she was trying to be a Good Samaritan. Also in the story, not everyone had tickets or didn't get their tickets punched. But if you ask them what they thought about Checkpoint Charlie, they would tell you it is a sobering place. They also found it interesting to read the escape stories and the devices used for the escapes.

That afternoon, they had a performance at the Volksfest at 4:30 pm.

It was a good day enjoyed by all!

Sunday, August 2

Mike Jensen

This morning we were given the opportunity of attending an English speaking servicemen's ward in Berlin. It was nice that Lynn and Rick were able to join us. We were told to be on the bus at 9:30 AM and as they went downstairs at precisely 9:30, they loaded the only bus parked out in front of the barracks. Too bad it was the wrong one. They ended up at Mass, but managed to find their way to the ward house.

Back at church, the rest of the group enjoyed a "normal" fast and testimony meeting, followed by a gospel doctrine class and Relief Society/Priesthood. The members seemed really excited to have us there and told us they would come and see us dance tomorrow.

After church, we headed to Brandenburg gate for a group picture. We tried to do it as quickly as possible. On the way back to the bus, walking near the wall, Chuck played, "The Star Spangled Banner" on his harmonica.

We were then "blessed," to be able to visit a museum—one of our requirements while in Berlin. (That's enough said on the museum visit.) We had a fireside tonight with some of the Saints and their investigators. Kent spoke and told the story of his father leaving Germany. After the meeting, a man came up and wanted to help him get a message to them. The members were really nice to us as we talked with them after, while eating cookies and cake!

Monday, August 3

Kelly Jex

Today was East Berlin day. Many of us had already exchanged money into East German marks because banks in West Berlin give a better exchange rate than the border crossing exchange places. However, we later found out what we had done was illegal, at least to East German officials. It was illegal to possess East German marks (or any communist money) outside of East German (or any communist country). But oh well--we were going in with the military so the border police couldn't make us exchange the required 25 West Germany marks for 25 East Germany marks (a one-to-one ratio compared to the ten-to-one ratio we received in the banks).

As we reached the border crossing of East and West Berlin, our guide informed us about different rules pertaining to our tour of East Berlin because we were with the military. It sounded a little scary because so many things could happen, but I'm sure they very rarely happen. One thing I found really interesting was that we couldn't take any pictures of any building having the official East German emblem on it, or any pictures of a guard in the East German uniform.

The first place we stopped in East Berlin was at the Brandenburg gate. We all took pictures (group pictures) and it took forever because about 4 people (leadership) were trying to take pictures with 40 cameras! I'm sure it was very amusing to other tourists.

The next stopping place was for the changing of the guards. It was a short little ceremony especially in comparison to the drawn out ceremony in Monte-Carlo that we watched.

And now, because Madison Sowell was our tour cultural advisor, we stopped at the Pergamon Museum, an archaeological museum containing ruins from Greek and Roman history. It was different from the other museums we had visited because it wasn't full of paintings. Thank goodness we got to look at something besides paintings. Looking at the Roman ruins of intricately carved arches was amazing. We got to look up at them seeing the underneath side of the arches that are never shown in textbooks. Everything underneath is carved as well as everything on top! Incredible!!

Now came the time everyone was waiting for, SHOPPING TIME!!! We were all so excited to go out and find everything because we felt like we were millionaires with only a few hours in which to spend all of our money. The shopping items that were probably the most widely bought were crystal and chocolate; feather deka's were in high demand, but no one could find any. That was the biggest disappointment of the day. There were so many of us looking forward to buying cheap down-filled comforters. One thing that we all noticed about East Berlin was the long lines everywhere. In order to get anything you had to wait in line. It was a fact of life here. We are so privileged to live in America, in a

capitalistic society where supply and demand regulate each other and merchants are always in competition with each other so they do their best to have prompt service. None of these long lines in America, at least to the extent it was here. I'm sure that our experience in East Berlin made us aware of the opportunities and freedoms we share in America. Feelings of patriotism and pride were flying high in all of us.

Our performance tonight at the Volksfest was scheduled for 7:00. However, it was raining, so we were all back stage wondering if we would still perform or not. Many ward members, and missionaries were out in the audience and we didn't want to disappoint them so we were hoping and praying the rain would stop and it did! Our show went on late, but it did go on. And everything went really well. Afterwards we all spent time handing out BYU buttons and post cards and socializing with the people, especially the members.

Back at Roosevelt Barracks after the show, we had family home evening together as a group. The first part was like the game show "The Newly Weds" but instead, it was called "How well do you know your partner?" Contestants were:

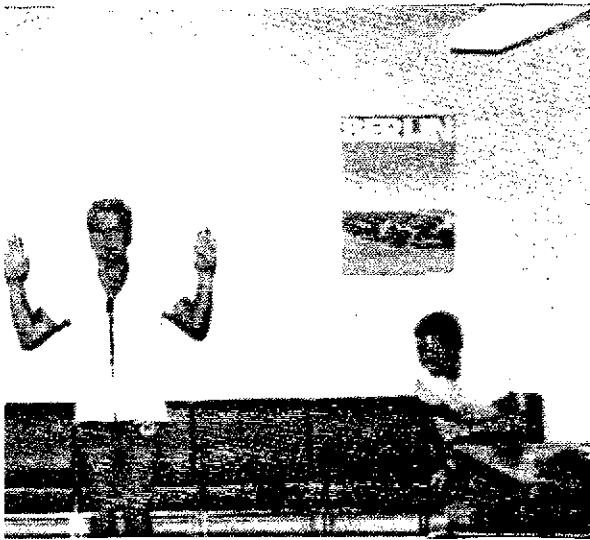
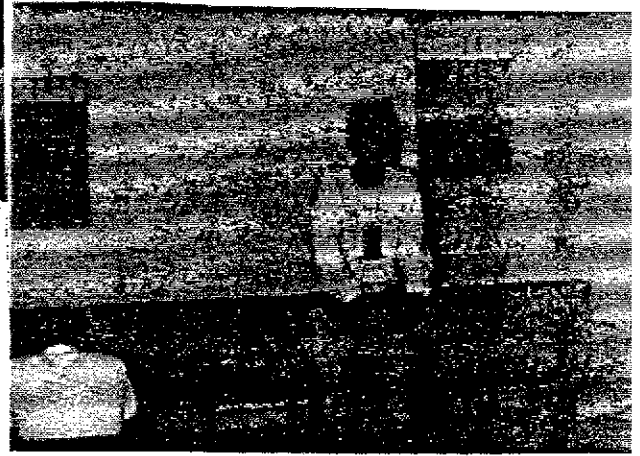
- 1) Brent Lewis & Denise Dickerson
- 2) Gary Wilson & Christy Shell
- 3) Kent Streuling & Chris Chipman
- 4) Chuck Baker & Rick Davis
- 5) Paul & Nancy Richards

It was a hilarious game. The Social committee, including "Vanna" Stapley, did a great job and the couples did a wonderful job at entertaining us by their responses to questions. The winners were 4th--Chuck & Rick, 3rd--Gary & Christy, 2nd--a tie between Brent & Denise and Kent & Chris, and the Winners...the Richards!!

Next on the family home evening agenda were skits. The first one was by Jodi, Denise, Jennifer & Kristin P. They sang a song of original composition, but they sang it with their heads upside-down and faces painted on their chins. It was great fun to watch because the bottom and upper lips were so out of place. The next exciting skit was a lip sync concert of "Would I Lie to You" by Stacey, Sandra, Christy, and the lead singer, Kristin W. Kent and Kristin W. tried to sing while listening to a walk-man, but they were gonged and forced to quit. Commercial break was given by Doug and Steve. They began with Doug holding up a package of M&M's. He said "M&M candies melt in your mouth, not in your hands," and then suddenly a rich stream of brown gook poured out of Steve's mouth, down his shirt and onto the floor. Everyone cracked up, but it was sooooo gross!! Scott and Karen Horman also did a skit, as did Keith Reber, and all the girls.

The last skit of the night was done by the band. Rick Davis and Lynn Elliot were All-Star Wrestling with Chuck Baker as the official and Mark Geslison as the announcer. Well, on one of the hits, something went wrong and Rick actually hit Lynn on the

FAMILY HOME EVENING IN BERLIN



forehead with the trash can. Lynn just stood there looking surprised, until it started bleeding and running down his face. Then he and Rick left the room, and their unfinished skit, to go see how bad it was. Lynn was taken to a doctor's where he had 3 stitches put in his forehead. Everyone was surprised at the turn of events, especially at the skits ending. But we all enjoyed the evening activity together, and family evening was a success!

Hier in den Entwerfer einführen

15.00 Fr 3.10 200
10.20 Sa 3.10 S-Bahn
12.00 Sa 3.10 Garten 5
11.00 Di 3.70 D-Rel-
Helm 1

Sammelkarte DM
Rückseite beschriften - Nachdruck verboten -

BVG · Potsdamer Straße 188 · Berlin 30 · Tel. 25 61

Doug and Jennifer

Tuesday, August 4

Berlin, Berlin, we are so sad to say that through all we have seen, this will be our last day.
 With James, Jodi, Jennifer, Steve and Brent who were so happy to finally be without Kent, were with Doug, Denise, Joaquin, and Kristen P.
 Who all went off to the Reichstag and, the Russian memorial to see.
 While alone again they so often seem to be are Scott and Kelly for all to see.
 With feather dekas on their list of things to buy spent 45 minutes trying to pack them, but didn't seem to mind.
 With dirty laundry in hand we all seem to go, to the laundromat to prepare for our last show.
 From there we all went skipping and hopping, over to the Nutcracker Suite for some last minute shopping.
 With money and Visa cards in our hands, the Folk Dancers made the owner a very happy man.
 So off to our performance we did go, to give Berlin our last and final show.
 With smiles so wide and spirits high, to Fire on the Mountain our feet did fly.
 For the band members knew that this would our last, and smiles on their faces, they played really ?#! fast!
 To every performance she did come, a cute old lady with candy and gum.
 With camera in hand and a smile on her face, the pictures she took were given to us to take.
 So with gratitude and love in our hearts, a signed picture for her did we impart.
 A lesson of love did she share, With all of us who were there.
 Berlin, Berlin with words that are lacking, we must spend our final night here doing our packing.

--TOP SECRET--
(German Spy Notes)

*DATE: AUGUST 5, 1987

*TIME: 2:13 am

*SETTING: Roosevelt Barracks, U.S. Army Base BERLIN

Ze first commotion of ze day occurs at approximately 2:13 am ven a burst of uncontrollable laughter ees heard comingk from room #340. Cautiously I peer through ze keyhole. Red-eyed and veary from ze 3-hour trauma of packing, Kristen Pinegar hass just fallen to ze floor een a heap after trying (unsuccessfully) to lift her 100-pound costume bag. Shortly followingk, roommate Jodi Sandstrom at a second attempt lands een ze same position on ze floor. Zeir laughter ees painfully stifled so zey do not vake Jennifer (who finished hiding 8 t-shirts een her petticoat bag an hour ago) or interrupt Kelly Jex's prayer (vhich she knelt down to say at 12:30)??! Ze only other sound heard on ze floor drifts from 2 doors down vhere....

TIME: 2:27 am

SETTING: Room #338 - Disaster Area

...four young vomen (Stacey, Sandra, Christy, and Kristin W.) haf just returned from zeir 'dance excursion' een downtown Berlin viss 2 GI's, a minister's son named Prentice, and a tired Tadd Schvendiman. Ze girls are giddy from zeir backseat tour of ze city and viss mine ear to ze crack in ze door I hear Sandra cry: "How vill I efer stuff 37 pieces of crystal into mine Murdock Trafel-Tote?" (By ze vay, vhat ees 'Murdock Trafel-Tote'?) Suddenly I sink I hear atomic bomb dropeen ze room across ze hall!-- Ees ze most hessleek sound I efer hear!! As I throw open ze door....

TIME: 3:02 am

SETTING: Room #318

...I spy four sleeping band-members? Zhen I hear ze explosion again and ze room shakes!!%Could eet be ze snoringk of ze banjo player--name Reek Dafis?? I sink ze US ees usingk heem as top secret decoy for attack but I am not sure...

TIME 7:16 am

SETTING: U.S. Military Bus, leaving gates of Roosevelt Barracks

I am strapped to ze top of ze bus. Mine homingk device vich runs through ze vindow picks up voices yellingk out some sort of numbers.. Roll call, I sink. Zhen, ze fuhrer of ze group, Edwin Austin, starts to speak. (Lucky for me, ze road ees bunpy and mine homingk device does not peek up vhat he ees sayingk. I sink eet vas not important anyway.) But zhen I hear ze voice of Keis Reber--he announces to ze group zat he vill soon be papa! Ze cheer from hees friends on ze bus ees so loud zat I must remoof mine earphone.

TIME 8:07 am

SETTING: Berlin Airport, Gate 2

Viss mine phoney passport, I am admitted through ze gate. Some of ze group ees already vaiting viss zeir bags. Others are beingk frisked viss radar detector hun. Vun of ze men wants to be frisked by ze female gaurd--I sink hees name ees Doug Lange. He ees told: "HALT! go to ze man guard!!"... I discover zat ze men haf new addition to zeir uniform today--zey are all vearingk green Alpine hats vich look very German! Ees gute! But vhat ees dees?? Zey are all posingk for a picture viss der frauline Pinegar--Could it be zat all ze hats belongk to her? Vhat a smart leetle girl! She ess hafingk ze men vear ze hats because she cannot carry anoosser bag on ze plane! American vomen haf very clefer minds.

TIME: 9:48 am

SETTING: flight #102, Ausgag Airlines, leaving Dusseldorf,
GERMANY

I am dressed as a German airline steward. I did not know I vould haf to show ze passengers vhat to do viss ze oxygen mask. Oh vell. Now Gary Vilson (alias Gorgo von Hessleek) ees askingk me for a 3rd package of cookies and anosser pillow for hees head. I offer Paul and Nancy Richards a snack but zey are asleep like ze rest of ze leadership--fuun sing. . .ze leaders sleep vwhile ze students write een somesing called "journal"? I sink eet ees some form of American punishment. . .

TIME: 12:01pm

SETTING: Following arrival of Flight #102, Airport runway, Paris,
FRANCE

Ze "FASTEN SEATBELTS" sign ees still flashingk. I sink ze pilot ees nervous from such a rough landingk due to ze excess baggae on ze plane. Eet ees no vonder since ze followingk items ver accumulated een Berlin:

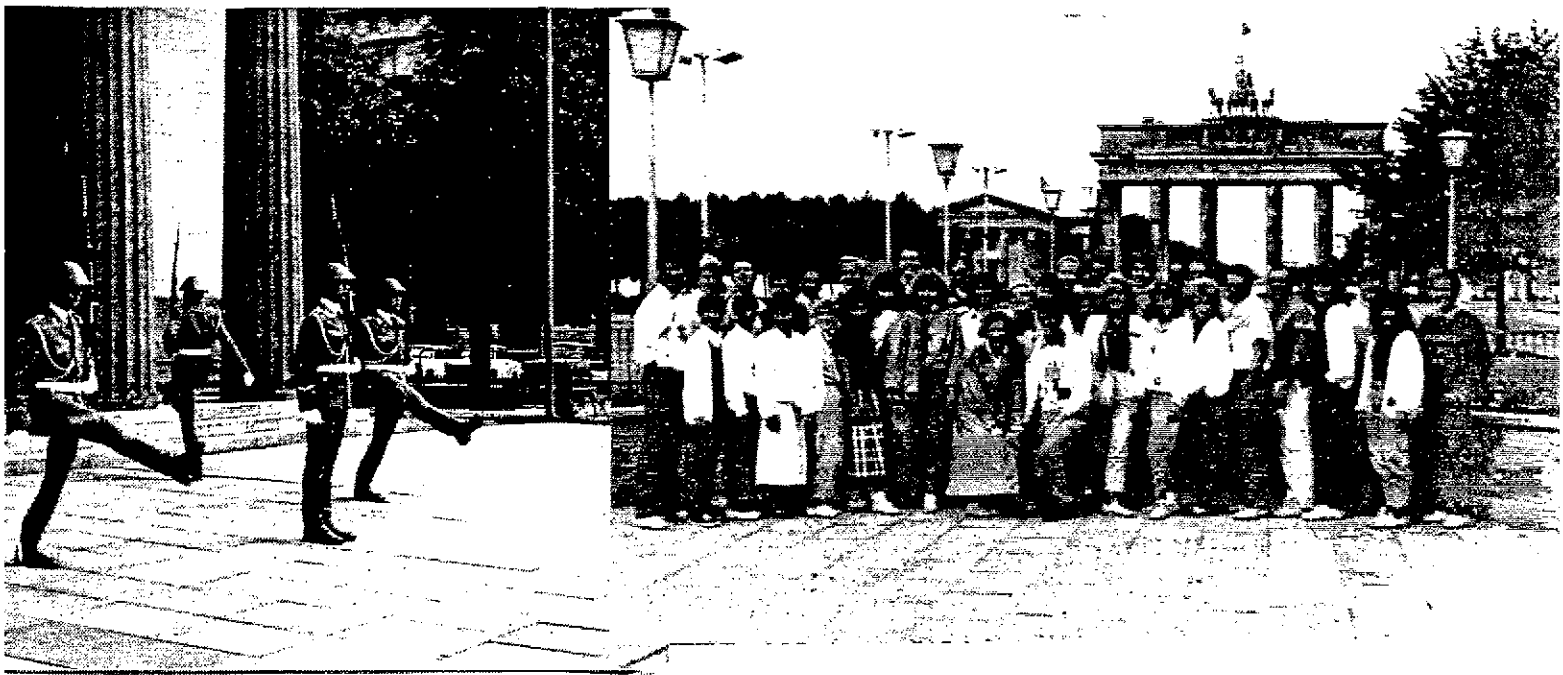
(SEE ATTACHED PAGE)

. . .Zat makes ze approxkimate total luggage veight somsing like 1,802.5 lbs. Plus a french hay bale, vun Jodi Sandstrom, and 10 trillion ounces. No vonder ze aircraft hits ze runway like a rock! Ve are lucky zat ve made eet off ze ground een Berlin since our limit vas only 1,600 lbs!!

TIME: 3:36 pm

SETTING: Budget Bus, 3.5 hours out of Paris

I am stuffed een vun of ze costume bags at ze back of ze bus. Since zer are not enough seats on ze bus, seex people must take zeir turns layingk on ze bags. At ze moment, somevun named Brent Lewis ess jammingk hees elbow een mine head and sayingk:



AMES	smokers or nutcrackers	crystal	watches/ clocks	hats or clothes	chocolate	orna- ments	APPROX. LUGGAGE WEIGHT: (costume bg. & suitcase)
ARY	2	-	-	-	1	3	70 lbs.
ENNIFER	2	-	-	-	5	-	as much as French hay bale
RISTEN W.	1	4	1	-	5	-	10,000,000,000,000 oz.
JSIE	7	-	1	1	-	5	100 lbs.
ANE	2	1	4	1	5	-	68 lbs. (right Jane.)
RESSIDA	4	-	-	2	17(?)	2	65 lbs.
ANDRA	1	2	1	1	tons	-	5 lbs. (?)
HRISTY	2	1	1	-	15	-	3 lbs. (1 lb. each)
ODI	2	2	-	-	beaucoup	5	not much less than I weigh
HRIS	1	1	-	2	too much	-	80 lbs.
ENISE	4	4	4	-	4	-	no guess
RISTEN P.	3	-	-	7	-	-	100 lbs.
ELLY	3	6	1	4	8	3	no idea!
ARIA	5	1	-	1	12	1	343 lbs.
DAQUIN	1	1	1	2	-	-	57 lbs.
EITH	-	2	-	-	3	-	13½ lbs.
UG	1	-	-	-	-	-	55 lbs.
AYNE	-	4	-	1	-	3	55 lbs.
COTT	-	-	-	1	-	2	55 lbs.
IKE	3	9	-	2	-	10	55 lbs.
ADD	2	3	1	1	10	-	40 lbs.
TEVE	2	2	1	-	4	-	60 lbs.
ARY	1	2	-	-	3	4	15 lbs. (?)
ÉNT	2	2	1	-	-	-	55 lbs.
AMES	3	5	-	-	3	6	60 lbs.
RENT	3	4	-	2	-	-	50 lbs.
YNN	-	-	-	1	7	-	40 lbs.
HUCK	-(2 bears)	-	-	-	2(-1 ate)	-	35 lbs.
ARK	-	-	-	2	1	1	23 lbs.
ICK	-	-	-	-	4	-	20 lbs. (or was that 200?)
ICHARDS	-	2	1	4	-	-	no guess
ORMANS	3	-	1	1	3	5	40 lbs.
USTINS	5	1	-	-	enough	12	40 lbs.
OWELLS	-	1	-	4	-	-	60 lbs.

"I vill nefer get comfortable!" I don't know which ees hotter-- ze air on ze bus or Kent Streulin's temper. . .But I sink I hear ze bus comingk to a stop. Ze students run into a store to buy soem yogurt and cheese. Viss mine ear out ze zipper of ze bag I hear Maria ask: "What's ze exchange on franc-marks?" Franc-marks??? Has zer been a union of France and Germany zat ve didn't know about, Maria? I sink maybe ze long journey hass effected eferyvun.

TIME: 7:21 pm

SETTING: Dining room, Confolens, FRANCE

Dressed as a French chef I lay two pitchers of melted snowcone on ze table. Ze rest of ze meal consists of oily tomatoes, fried chicken and a basket of crusty frenchbread. "Umm, tasty."--says Gary Vilson. Ze only people who look happy are ze new french guides, Anita and Pascal. Zey must be used to eating ziss vay. I must admit zat ze food back in ze Fatherland vas much better. . .

TIME: 8:42 pm

SETTING: 3rd floor, "le lycee" in Confolens

Sister Richards hass just put a sign on ze door of ze girls' bathroom. Eet ees a stick figure of a girl and eet says "FEMMES ONLY!"-- She ees doingk ziss because zer ver some foreign men usingk ze girls showers . . . Maybe zose men ARE "femmes'???

TIME: 11:57 pm

SETTING: Soccer field oferlookingk ze French countryside & ze Confolens school

Ze school ess quiet and ze air ees thinck viss ze smell of Soviet cigarette smoke. . .All ze BYU men and vomen sleep through ze loud snoring of ze banjô player. . .I guess eet ees not so bad after all . . .Een fact, I sink I efen like ziss group. Maybe I vill learn to clog. But right now I vill get some sleep after ziss busy day. . .What a tale I haf to tell--

ALL ESS VELL! ALL EES VELL!

(secretly stolen and published by Xavier & Snort)
--Kristen P & Brent--

Thursday, August 6

Paul and Nancy Richards

Today was a day of meeting old friends, meeting new friends, and an introduction to the program that we would be participating in during the festival at Confolens.

During the morning, the Folk Dancers from Nice arrived and we were able to renew friendships that we had made while attending the festival there. The afternoon was spent in each of us getting acquainted with Confolens in our individual ways. The late afternoon, early evening were spent with Mr. Coursaget in rehearsal. He brought all of the dancers together to introduce them and to teach them the introduction to the Festival. After instructions and practice, both of which were somewhat protracted, he declared in French only the way that he could, "the rehearsal was a disaster."

After the rehearsal, we returned at a variety of hours to the dormitory...enjoying french fries, soft drinks, crepes, pastries, etc., on our way. We are just beginning to learn how a community of 3500 can turn into a week of 37,000 before it is over.



SOIRÉE

Mardi 11 Août 1987

SOIRÉE

Mercredi 12 Août 1987

Friday, August 7

Jodi Sandstrom

I'd like to write this entry in poetic verse
it's more fun with some rhythm and rhyme
A poet I'm not, but in case you forgot,
I try hard.

Friday, August 7th, a tiny town in central France
Le Festival du monde a Confolens
Began with a yummy breakfast of chocolate water and butter
bricks,
We'd given up on having pastries and croissants.

"Much has been sacrificed in our behalf,"
Was the devotional message from Wayne.

"We are blessed to be here; there is so much to learn.
Choice experiences we're sure to gain."

Then off to aerobics in sweatshirts and keds
Christy led us through hops, skips and runs.
"Our first show is tonight and we want to do it right,
So get with it and stretch those "sorbonnes."

"Aerobics? What's that?" asked two Irish lads.
"Can it really be fun to huff and puff?"
Fergul gave it a spin but Cosmus wouldn't give in
Because someone told him it was sissy girl's stuff!

We saw a group rehearsing-the talent was superb.
The foot work great for working off desserts.
Our men may not admit it, but the part they enjoyed most
Was watching those Bulgarian practice skirts!

The sounds of Polish music lured us all inside,
We watched "Bug-eyed" with our jaws hanging in our laps.
And we might have missed the Soviets, who were the best of all,
If K.P. hadn't come to wake us from our naps.

Ed gathered us together to talk about the show;
We hoped to be one of the favorite features.
Everybody practiced hard except Jodi & Doug
Who were - writing in their journals - behind the bleachers.

Half-starved by the time it was dinner,
we snarfed the bread and salad surprise
Then anxiously anticipated the best part.
But when they brought out the dish, Jennifer
wished it were fish
And we all started singing, "you gotta have heart!"

India, Colombia, New Zealand and France
There were dance groups from every land.
We all got excited as the ceremonies commenced
With thousands more in the crowd than we had planned.

We mingled and laughed and made lots of new friends,
Drinking mouthwash punch behind the stage door
But the most memorable part of the ceremony that night
Was clogging on an icicle floor!

Now....

As you keep "sliding on" through life without any cares of
pumice, cow hearts and sorbonnes,
Take a moment or two to reflect and when you do....
You'll probably start crying because we had such a wonderful
time together and you won't ever want to forget and....

Jodi Sandstrom

Saturday, August 8

Keith Reber

The Three Turtles

Once there were three turtles, and these three turtles lived very exciting lives. Each day was an adventure for them and this story is one of a particularly adventurous day.

One day in the middle of the summer these three turtles...I should mention their names and where they were at, at this time of the story. The Father turtle, a very wise old gent was named Estebonnehoof. Mother turtle, a kindly white haired lady was named Blanca-von-heslink and the mischievous young turtle was named Milo. Their day began as most days in this part of the world begin. The family awoke and crept down to breakfast. They were so happy to see their favorite breakfast in the whole world: dried bread and chocolate water milk. They ate and drank until they were full.

After such a large breakfast such as this they were all feeling rather sluggish so Father turtle decided that they should all go down to the field and do aerobics. But while Mamma turtle did aerobics, baby Milo hid in his room, and when his parents weren't watching he ran down and played soccer with his friends. They were all so tired that they just lied down on the grass and slept.

When they awoke, a mean looking turtle called Edwino ordered them all to practice their minstrel numbers for their upcoming sing along on Sunday. Since it was Saturday the 8th of August Mom & Dad turtle didn't want to practice because of their long and tiring trip just recently taken to a land called Berlin. But they did anyway. For being such good turtles, the mean Edwino let Estebonnehoof and Blanca have a special day. It was their day.

After an interesting practice all of the family and the dance company separated. It was a dance company because the whole family belonged to a minstrel show that wandered throughout the world bringing joy to all oppressed turtles.

That day some of the turtles went to the local pond and others slept in their rooms. While this was happening, Estebonnehoof and little Milo went downtown and ate berries at their local berry bush down by the river. They ate and ate until they were both sick. But they had to hurry home because Daddy Estabonnehoof and Blanca had to go to a reception in town where they met a Russian Ambassador Turtle that said, "On behalf of za Soviet Embassy, I would like to congratulate you on your performance." To say the least, our two little turtles were taken back at the encounter.

Some of the other turtles found an open market and ate fruit till they were stuffed, but not Milo, poor little milo stayed home and slept because he was so very tired.

That evening the whole company was going to be on T.V. so they looked really spiffy in their white Mountain Music pants and Purple dresses. They had a wonderful show and even made the roll over, but they had funny little spots on their bottoms because of the rain and dust on the stage.

Then all of a sudden there was seen a figure of great whiteness and beauty. All of the turtles stared in awe. It was a beautiful fairy princess dressed in white. Some did fear because they said she looked like the wicked witch in Snow White, or Turtella from Dallas, but most just stood a long way away and stared at her thick make-up. As I recall Ludmilla Tcherina was her name, she once was famous I hear tell.

Now it was late, and all of the turtle family decided to go home. But just then baby turtle poked his head out from behind a rock and said, "If you drink my pop I won't go!!!"

Silly Milo!

THE END



Sunday, August 9



Tadd Schwendiman

Today was a typical tour Sunday. We were going to hold our meeting outside in the bleachers of the soccer field, but because of the game that was going on and all of the noise, we decided to move it to the leadership room. It was kind of tight and very hot, but it turned out better in the long run (despite the Indians yelling down the hall inviting everyone to dance with them).

After church we all went our different ways--but I think that most slept. That evening we had a little show to do. The announcer said that because of our beliefs we would not be dancing--only singing. Just as we were going on stage, the three couples who do dance decided that they had better not--so they didn't, which turned out for the best. Actually, the word didn't get to all the couples, but circumstances were such that no one ended up dancing. I think that the people enjoyed our songs and felt the message that we were trying to bring across. After our show most of us went home and went to bed.

Monday, August 10

Kristin Williams & Kent Streuling

Le practice started after le devotional at 9:00 am. Le practice was le worst but as they say, bad dress rehearsals--good performance. After le practice there was le spectation of the le group d'Ukranian. Le Ukrainian group was practicing la Cossack dance and we were all impressed with le fancy trick steps and movements.

Le lunch was the same as usual--mystery meat and salad surprise. They seem to all be blending into one big nightmare.

That afternoon we had le parade and sang and danced from le uptown of Confolens, which lead us to our afternoon performance in le center de Confolens. We danced le Virginia Reel, la square dance and le clogging section. We danced 3rd on le concert and after le program we were ready for a nap in le bed.

Most of us slept until le dinner and then we got ready for la performance. It was very interesting how our group tripled in size after a matter of minutes. Le Russians and Le Ukranians carried in our costumes to sneak into le concert. It was very exciting to be performing for our friends. The atmosphere was all set when we successfully sneaked them in. It was like something out of a spy novel--sneaking Russians into an American show.

Le show was a success and afterwards all the girls gave Monsieur Courseget pink roses to thank him for all le wonderful things he did for our group. When we left the show les other groups clapped for us as we returned to the school. Le Russians carried our costumes for us and some of us spent the rest of le night talking to them. Some of les other dancers went back to see les Colombian dancers, but after their show we all hit le bed for a good nights sleep.

Au Revoir!





Tuesday, August 11

Gary Wilson

Today was our first and only sightseeing tour from Confolens. We knew we were going to a town called Oradour, but no one seemed to know much more than that. On the bus Brother Sowell explained to us the tragic story of this small village.

Oradour was a village in central France. It had no special significance that would draw attention to itself. One day the Germans literally captured Oradour and set about destroying the town and the entire population. We didn't know what to expect as we arrived at the ruins. There was a large sign at the entrance that read: Souvieu Toi--Remember. We walked around in small groups mostly in silence as we observed our surroundings.

It was a very humbling and even emotional experience for many of us. A few were able to hear Sister Sowell's translated version of the account given by a French tour guide in the bombed-out church. After an hour and a half we were all more thankful for all that we have.

From Oradour we went to a nearby lake and had a french-style picnic on the beach. The food was your basic day-old bread, tomato, hard-boiled eggs, and melted snow water to drink. It was a relaxing lunch and no one complained too much about the many loaves of french bread we must have each consumed by now on our trip.

Limoge was our next stop for sightseeing and shopping. We had an hour to spend buying porcelain, ice cream, and exploring the Benetton shop. We hurried back to the bus only to wait 15 minutes for Scott and Karen who had been busy shopping, oblivious to the clock. Be on time, be on time, be on time.

The bus ride back was spent singing every old song anyone could possibly remember. Snort and Kent seemed to take charge and were really enjoying themselves.

That night was the Oriental concert featuring the Chinese and Korean dancers. We were able to get in with our attractive bolo ties and sit on the stairs in the aisle. I think everyone's favorite was the drum dance performed by 9 Korean girls. They performed so perfectly with heads, eyes, and hands moving exactly together.

After the show, people were socializing and being their friendly American selves. A few of us went back to the theater to watch the Russians and Ukrainians practice for their upcoming concert. All I know is that I was very glad that Ed doesn't make us rehearse at 1:30 in the morning.

Wednesday, August 12

Ed Austin

"Voila" and "Allons y" began a most memorable day at the Confolens festival, France. The day itself began in a typical festival manner with a devotional and aerobics. Then we quickly ran over to the performance hall in order not to miss the Russian rehearsal. Excitement grew as we realized that tonight was to be their performance and from all we could see in rehearsal, it promised to be an exciting show.

However, before the evening would begin, we still had other activities before us. That afternoon, the entire festival was treated to a picnic lunch. Jodi Sandstrom once again became the center of attention as the French radio made its way through the crowd talking with the dancers from different nations. This time they wanted the American version of "Bon Appetit". After much consultation the only thing we could think of that was somewhat American was "finger licking' good". It's not quite the same thing but you must realize that it was hard to come up with even that!

Later in the afternoon, Nancy Richards was asked by Andre and Sergei, of the Russian group, to cut their hair. Fear filled the hearts of those who watched realizing that one false cut could cause an international incident. But Sister Richards hair cutting skills were flawless and once again the Folk dancers paved the way for further talks between Gorbachev and Reagan.

Jane and Gary accompanied Ed in the evening to another reception where they enjoyed blood sausage and french pastries. By this time the Soviets and the Americans had become the best of friends. Our group surprised all of the Ukrainian and Russian girls with roses, while they were preparing for their show. The Soviets thought this was really neat.

At this point the conspiracy started to grow. Tonight it would be the American and Soviet underground against the Festival hostess de Confolens. The Americans had been informed earlier that no groups would be admitted to this show because it was sold out. However, the show was not sold out.

The French had already been leaked information regarding the plot for American infiltration into the show. But, the underground had prepared well with disguises, young French spies, and phony papers. During the night, only 14 Americans were successful out of 41 attempts. Steve Buckley and Doug Lange both made four attempts and because of their expert skill as decoys paved the way for many to enter.

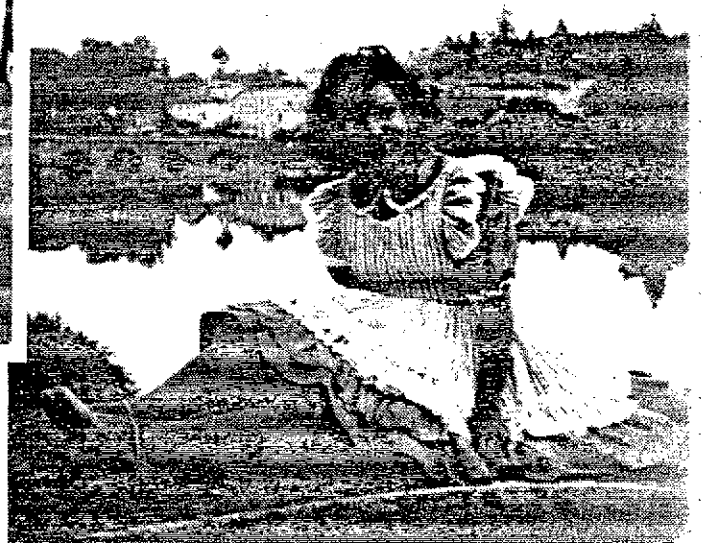
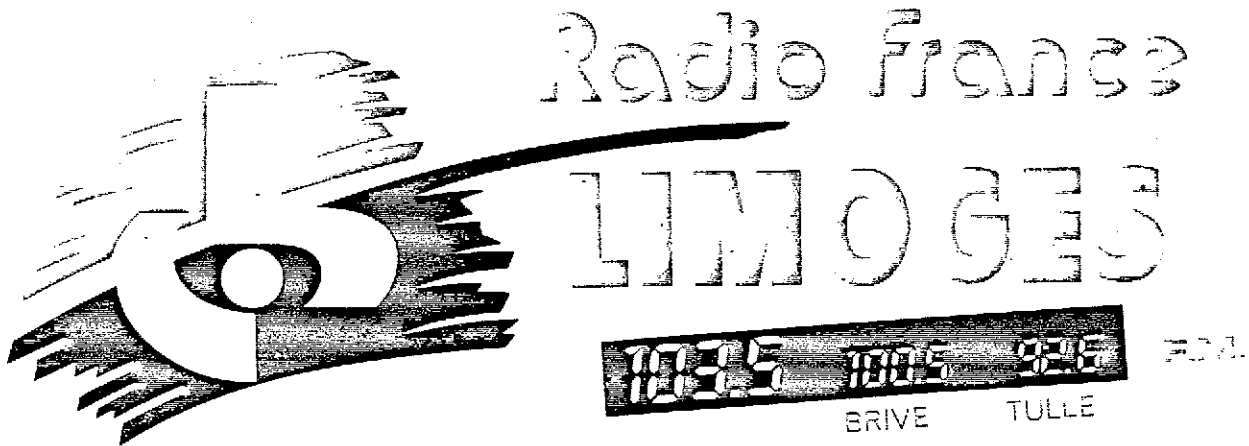
Mike Jensen skillfully flashed his BYU Daily Universe press card and entered as a member of the press. Wayne Wride and Charles Baker spent 40 minutes in a shower only to be discovered by the enemy. But Keith Reber eluded the enemy in the toilet.

James Johnson, Kent Streuling, Sandra Ekins, Kristen Williams, and Denise Dickerson were only able to survive with Soviet assistance. They were cleverly thrown under costumes where they suffered hardships too awful to describe. Thank heavens they could still close their eyes!

Needless to say, the enemy was ruthless!

But, the hardships were worth it all. The show that evening was exhilarating and the Americans thrilled in everything their friends performed on stage.

Friendship was the most important theme of this day. We all felt the bond that had grown between the groups as the Soviet dancers and directors alike struggled to be together with their American friends. And together we were.



Thursday, August 13

Chris Chipman

Twas the Night Before Journals

Twas the day before due date and all through the team
Not a dancer was playing, nor eating ice cream.
The swimsuits and towels were waiting upstairs
In hopes that their owners would quickly be there.
The writers were sprawled all over the lawn
With visions of freedom--not writing till dawn.
And I in my wild jams with hopes of some rays,
Was trying to recall--what happened? Which days?
When up from the masses rebellion did rise
That said "Let's go swimming!", to no one's surprise.
I jumped to my feet, as did most of our group.
We hopped on the bus with the whole Russian troop.
We dove off the highboard to land with a splash.
With belly-flop practice, it was quite a bash.
And what to our wondering eyes should appear
But the Russian director with Kristin dear.
They went to the diving board thirty feet high
And jumped off together, amidst a big cry!
The log-rolling game had a "wonderful" end
With Kristin W. joining Lynn's fan club again.
And Sergei was scolded and spanked in a line,
To relieve his tension and say "Everything's fine!"
We caught the same bus after hours of fun,
The Russians and us had become just like one.
The friendships were strengthened, the bonds had begun.
By a simple two hours of fun in the sun.
We are not so different as some try to say.
And hopefully in peace we'll all live someday.
And now so I don't drive you all more insane
I'll finish this rhyme and write it more plain.

Part II--Journal Style in Honor of Madison

The Hungarian show was tonight, along with the Italians, Swedes, and Brazilians. The Brazilian show was a unique mixture of skin, drums and bodies, all entwined as one on a spectacularly lit stage. The show deserves as much comment as the amount of material used in their costumes.

The Hungarian show was excellent, providing quite a contrast after Brazil. They danced very well, and displayed to all the ignorant masses what real folk dance consists of. Now Brother Sowell, they reminded me of you in many ways--their poise, their sense of rhythm, their strength and stamina (believe me, this is not brown-nosing; I am dead serious). The best dance in my humble opinion was the five man dance performed to perfection without the aid of music. They simply relied on their inner sense and the preciseness of their stamps and slaps. Their last number, Szatmari Tancok, was simply delightful for all of us to watch because it played on the heart strings of all of us that had danced to that music many times before. The eloquence and

power that was displayed in this fantastic number is indescribable and brings tears to my eyes--almost to the extent that the Matisse Museum did, but not quite. Actually, in all seriousness, it was a spectacular performance, and I found my feet moving during the whole thing, as several others I saw. Afterwards we decided to party all night long with the Hungarian folks. Now the night really began....

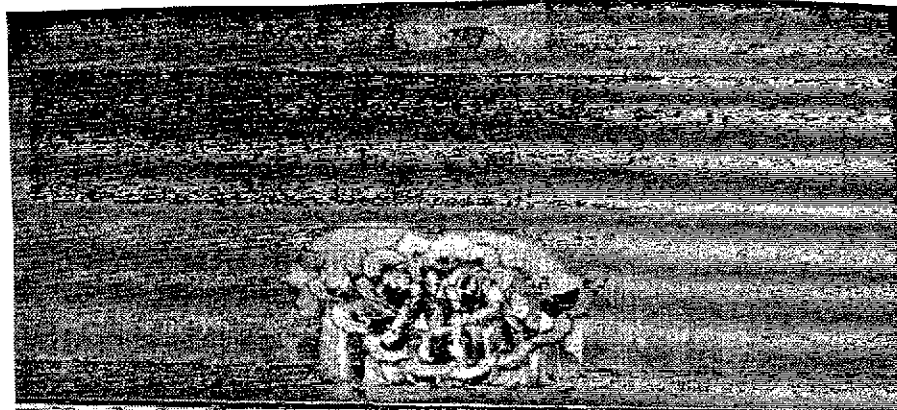
Part III--"The Party" by Dick, Jane, & Spot.

See the Hungarians. See the Americans. See both dance. Dance, Dance, Dance. See the Hungarian band. Play, band play. Hear them play--on and on and on. See the Americans try to dance Hungarian. See the Hungarians smile and hide a laugh. See the girls twirl. The girls are sliding down the hill. The girls look greenish. Stop twirling girls. See the boys slap. All mixed together. See them dance as one group. See everyone smiling. See the lights go out. See absolutely nothing. Hear the people moving up to the light. See the group regathering. Hear the Hungarians teach the Americans a song. Hear the translation of the song. Hear the girls scream--hear the guys hoot. See all the faces turn red--see the Hungarians laugh. Listen to the words, hear everyone learning the words. Read the words with me:

Girl's Part: Esa legeay olyan mulya
Ast sem tudja hova dugia.

Guy's Part:

See the Americans sing the song. Hear the words all muffled. See the group get hungry. Hear their stomachs growl. Yum, food Yum! See the Hungarian delegate's eyes light up. He (Yves) has an idea. Time to go to the restaurant. See Yves take shifts. Watch 5 people cram into his car. Drive Yves Drive. Dump Yves dump. Drive back Yves. Pick up more. See Yves repeat the process three times. See Yves turn off the car. Smile, Yves. See the cafe; see the frites. Yum! Yum! See everyone devour the frites. Buy more frites. See the people talking. Interesting talking: hands are waving, motioning, describing frantically. See everyone falling asleep. See some Americans get a ride home. See the stupid ones walking home later. See Americans and a Swede walking home together: Kent, Chuck, Tadd, Brent, Per, and Chris. Walk, group walk. See someone look at their watch. It says 4:00am. Hear everyone groan. But see everyone smile when they think of the Hungarians. Goodnight everyone. Sleep, group, sleep.



Friday, August 14

Steve Buckley

We began our day by "animating the rue." Dressed in our red square dance outfits, we all went to the old footbridge and had a group picture taken. Then we split up and walked around Confolens just looking in the stores and talking to people on the street. Our photo session had taken up a lot of the time allotted to us for "animation" so we really didn't end up staying in town for very long. During lunch it was announced that the Horman's would be leaving. Afterwards we gathered together and expressed our appreciation and love for them. It was a highly emotional meeting and there were few dry eyes throughout the room. They caught a taxi to Poitiers and from there traveled by train to Paris and then flew out the following day. Our prayers went with them.

Today was also the deadline for journals so a number of the group spent the afternoon frantically trying to finish writing. Some people went to the pool with the Russians and Ukrainians. The Polish and Hungarian groups were also there and everyone had a great time going off the diving boards, relay racing, and playing in a massive Uno game.

Today was also the day that a few of the men, (who shall remain nameless for fear of future retaliations), set the girls alarm clocks for 4 o'clock a.m. and sewed them into their pillows. While everyone was gone (except for Mary who was sleeping), Keith, Wayne, and Steve switched the pillows. Steve also put a dead Japanese beetle in Jennifer's soap dish as an extra special surprise.

After everyone got back from the pool, the girls had a costume exchange with the Koreans. The Korean girls had a great time with the clog shoes and dresses and acted just like little girls playing dress-up.

The Bulgarian concert took place downtown and most of us went down to watch it and were able to get in after the usual hassles by the French festival people.



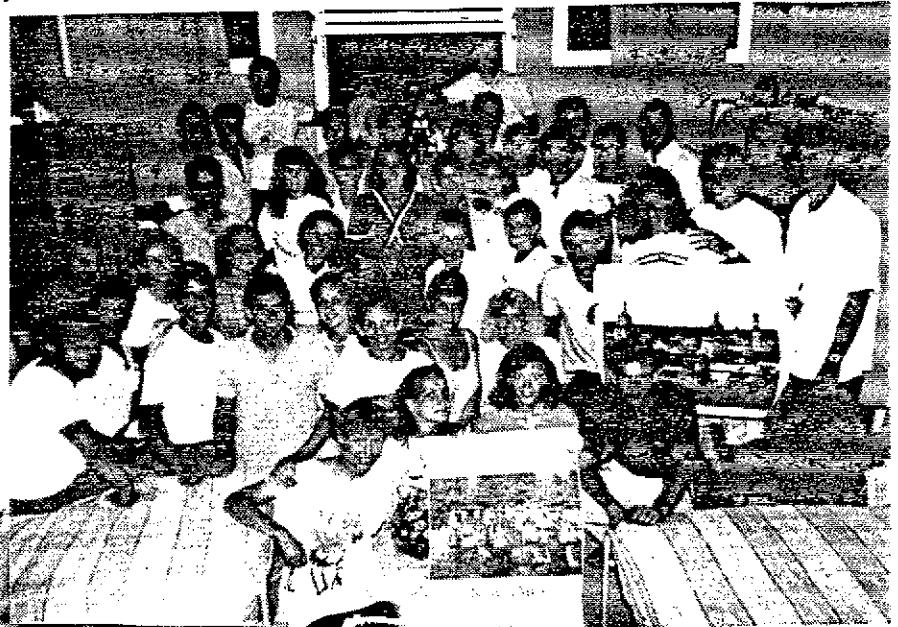
Saturday, August 15

Madison and Debra Sowell

We arose early and met at 8:00 a.m. for a special devotional to break our fast as a group. After breakfast we went as a group to the Assumption Day Mass held in the festival theatre next door. It was dedicated to Derrick Horman, for whom we had been fasting, and another injured person from the area of Confolens. Our group was invited to sing a hymn. The priest also mentioned that we had fasted. We sang, "I Believe in Christ." Ed read a passage about Mary from Luke.

After lunch we assembled at St. Barthelemy for another hot parade. Christy walked at the front. Kent complained that Rick made them dance too much in the heat. The afternoon performance was our last dance show, and many friends from other groups watched our students perform.

Later in the evening we had costume exchanges with the Ukrainians and Indians. Many of us went to see the Mexicans perform after the evening show's intermission. After the show some partied with the Mexicans in the courtyard, and others learned how to play a Hungarian card game.



Sunday, August 16

Denise and Wok

This morning we had a very productive rehearsal from 9:30 to noon. We paraded onto the stage once. They told us that our women were impregnated with the ideals of the festival. Hum.... we hope so!!!!

We had lunch. After lunch we presented Anita and Pascal with a lovely sand painting. They were very gracious and told us they would miss us.

We were honored during the afternoon parade by having Mr. Coursaget wear an American costume. Cressida had the wonderful opportunity of walking with him and holding his hand. We were third, behind the Belgium band, so what else is new?

We rehearsed in the park and for some unknown reason, almost everyone was in a snippy mood. The rehearsal finally ended and we waited for our turn in the show. Most of our friends had gone since they had performed earlier. We did our usual Sunday show of singing and clapping.

We returned to the school to prepare for sacrament meeting. we had it in the leadership room which was about 120 degrees. It was uncomfortable, but we managed. Sister Richards spoke and Christy, Tadd, Wayne and Stacey bore their testimonies!

At dinner we presented the serving lady with a tape of our music and the chef with a t-shirt. Our last dinner in Confolens, what a sad occasion!

We went to the evening performance loaded down with all of our presents. We spent most of the evening taking pictures, exchanging T-shirts, gifts, and addresses. Unfortunately the sad ordeal of saying good-bye began. Even though we had only known these people for a few days it was very difficult to say good-bye. When the Russians and Ukrainians came on stage, there was a flock of Americans watching, some on the front row, some in the audience, and some even climbed up a scaffolding to see.

Before we performed there were many sad people. For some it was their last time performing as a folk dancer. We dedicated the show to Derrick Horman. It may not have been the most exciting material we had performed, but we did it with a lot of feeling.

We planned rendezvous with the Ukrainians at midnight, the Hungarian at 2:00 am, and the Russians at 4:00 am. We went home and began packing while we waited. No one knows when today ended and tomorrow began so we will let the next T.H. group take it from here.

Monday August 17

Sandra Ekins and Rick Davis

The days of the Confolens festival are now only memories. We sadly had to come to the reality that we were leaving our friends here and no matter how bad we wanted to stay, the time had come to say goodbye.

This morning was an emotional episode. It started out with our Russian and Ukranian friends coming to our rooms and taking all of our luggage and costume bags out to the bus for us. We girls could not even take our carry ons and purses down because the men from the USSR wouldn't let us take anything down ourselves.

It was touching to see the camaraderie between us and the Ukrainians and Russians. Though we don't speak the same language; live the same rule of governments, we were able to build strong bonds of friendships with these people that we will always cherish.

Kent presented the Russians with the American girl doll this morning. He started the emotional morning off when his feelings for the people he has come to love became apparent, (he began to break down with tears). The Russian director wasn't there, so Boris accepted the doll. I think they all really appreciated it. Luckily, at that point, we didn't have to say our goodbyes.

We were able to put off the goodbye scene until after breakfast. I believe we were all happy to have a little more time at the festival. But, inevitably, the time did come to say our final farewells. As we walked down from breakfast and took the lonely steps to the bus, we heard the uplifting music of the Ukranian band playing farewell songs for us, with the Ukrainians and Russians gathered by our bus.

Tears began to flow profusely as our new found friends gave us the last hugs and kisses. Arm in arm, hand in hand, eye to eye we said our goodbyes, exchanged our last messages and expressed our love for each other. We have never felt such deep regrets of leaving as we did today.

With each last hug, we felt their love for us. I have never been hugged harder than I was today. We all know how close they felt to us though we couldn't communicate it through words. The warm tears flowed down everyones cheeks while ironically, the rain came down. It truly was a day for all. None of us wanted to pull away from our friends. We would have stayed there all day, in our misery if we could have. But, finally the time came when we had to board the bus and could only see into the faces of the people we had come to know and love. As we looked into the watery eyes of our friends through the bus' windows, we knew most likely we would probably never see these people again, in this life, but we felt thankful for the chance of getting to be such good friends with them.

By the time the bus was pulling out, there were few dry eyes around. Even the Russian and Ukrainian men who tried to be so strong, broke down and cried. Like James said, "I wish that Reagan and Gorbachav could see this...." to understand that we can get along in peace and harmony together. How true that is. No one could dispute the fact that we grew to love these people and they grew to love us.

As we pulled away, the goodbye waves were exchanged until we could no longer see each other. After we left, we all felt a certain emptiness inside that would take a long time to get used to. There wasn't much noise at first on the bus ride from Confolens to Paris, but we all gained some consolation by hugging each other in remembrance of our Russian and Ukrainian friends. After some of the pain was dispersed, the talk was only of our friends. Every time we would talk about them, more tears would emerge from our eyes. Saying goodbyes are never easy, but this morning was especially difficult.

We all agreed we will keep in close contact with our friends and maybe some day, we will see them once again. The arrival to Paris didn't seem as important to us this time. Our hearts were still back in Confolens with all of our friends.

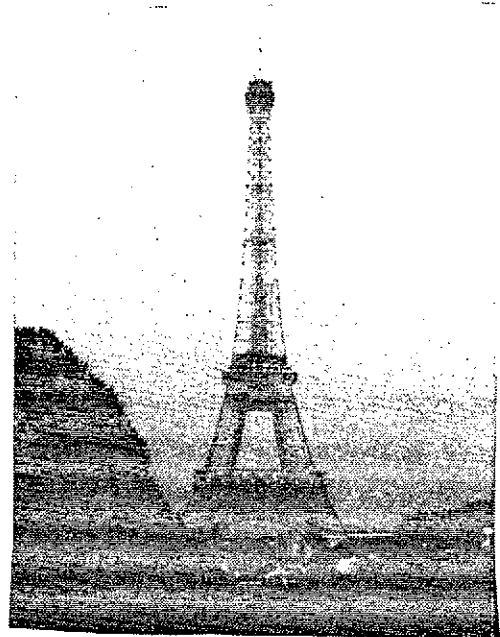
We arrived in Paris just in time to meet some of the Hungarian group in the city. They would be in Paris for the evening and we no sooner got to the motel than eager members of our group, such as Tadd Schwendiman, who has had his eye on a cute little Hungarian girl for the past week, darted off for the city without even checking into their rooms.

Actually, what we stayed in cannot be called a motel. It was more of a youth hostel. The rooms were nice, but there was no eating or drinking allowed in the rooms, no washing of clothes allowed in the rooms or any where else, and no making noise after about 10 p.m. It was easy to understand why these rules existed, but it was a great shock to a group which had just come from a 14-day festival. We were accustomed to being "festival animals". Any violation of any rules would have resulted in an extra 50franc charge for everyone in the group. That's a scary thought considering that it would mean an extra 1,850 francs or \$375 if anyone got out of line.

Fortunately no one stayed in very long. We had one more opportunity to see Paris. We were each given 50 francs to have dinner which some used to buy pizza, hamburgers and even ESCARGOT, or snails. While coming out of one particular restaurant, Kristin Williams was "pick-pocketed". She lost 28 francs, her driver's license, credit cards, and more importantly, her BYU ID card. We just hope they'll let her back into the U.S. without it. Fortunately, she was wise enough to put away another \$70 she had and not carry it around town.

After walking the town, chasing Hungarians, and eating crepes, we all met at the Eiffel tower as we had previously agreed, in order to go for a boat ride down the Seine River. This was graciously sponsored and paid for by the leadership. The trip down the Seine was a lot of fun and very romantic. The romantic atmosphere did precious good for those of us whose wives, husbands, fiancées, girl friends, and boyfriends were unable to be there. It was a beautiful ride, though, and we were even fortunate enough to have a guide to point out all the landmarks down the river such as the Notre Dame, St. Chapelle, and the Louvre.

Thus, the last day of tour comes to an end. Most seem excited to head home. We always leave a little bit of us behind on these tours, but we take so much more home with us.



Tuesday August 18, 1987

Ed and Vickie Austin

The party's over and all good things must come to an end or so the cliches go. Today was our last day and the big trip home after a wonderful experience in Europe.

After one last fling in Paris Monday night, we spent our last night in Unesco housing - one last night in munchkin beds and community toilettes and showers. Tuesday morning we were at last ready and rarin' to go for the big flight home but not before we had our last hard roll and last bowl of hot chocolate--HURRAY! But----alas, this was not to be the last, last. We loaded the bus for a last quick trip to Trocadero for one last group picture in front of the Eiffel Tower. We ran into some of the leaders from the Bulgarian group we met in Confolens, our last festival. They joined us in our last picture and then we gave them our last farewells. We at last made it to the airport with our masses of luggage, lasting souvenirs, equipment, etc. As usual, with some haggling, broken crystal, and tried patience, we finally got everything checked at last. The challenge now was to get through the last passport control. For most of the group the controller was easily conquered and we had one last chance to bid au revoir to the Korean group before they boarded their last plane to Korea. Then off we went to spend our last centimes on CHOCOLATE. The last of our group, including the Richards, Sowell's, and Doug, got delayed at passport control by one last bomb scare. Some guy left his luggage unattended sending the French Gendarmes into a tizzy. This caused a delay in boarding our last airplane. Out of Paris at last, off we went into the wild blue yonder towards home.

The flight home was quite uneventful. Some slept, some watched the feature movie "Hoosiers" while several others labored furiously to get last minute details in their journals done before landing in New York according to the last edict of Bro. M. Sowell.

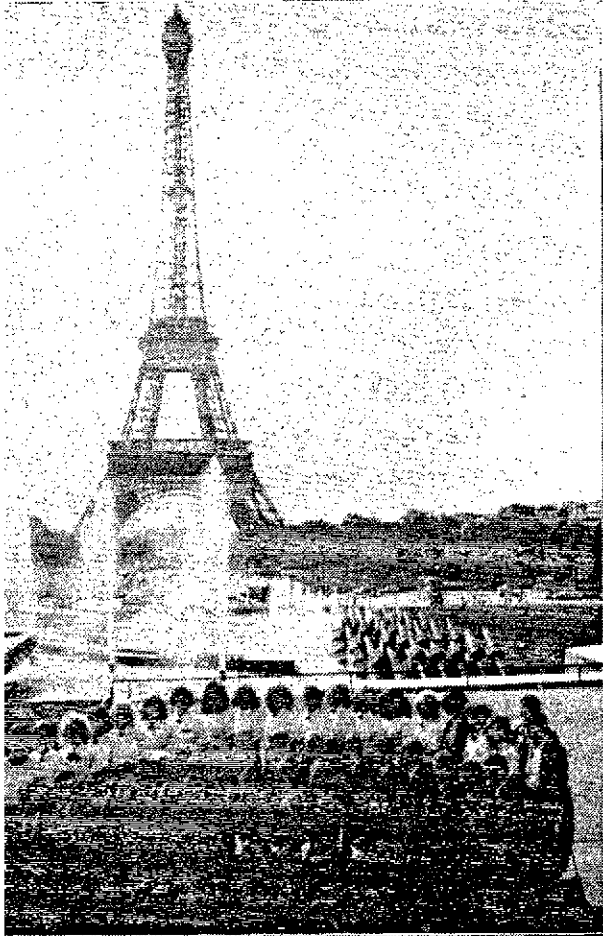
Our jet ride lasting 5 hours approximately, ended as we set down, at last, on American soil. It felt good to be home only to face the madness in customs at good ol' JFK. Our trek through customs lasted long enough that the few last ones made it over to the domestic terminal just in time to board the last jet to SLC. We weren't sure if Doug and Ed would make it, but at last we all made it on to a wait lasting an eternity at the hangar. We just love to hurry up and wait. However, the wait was worth it for the Sowell's as they were at last, reunited with their daughter, Mary Louise, in NY.

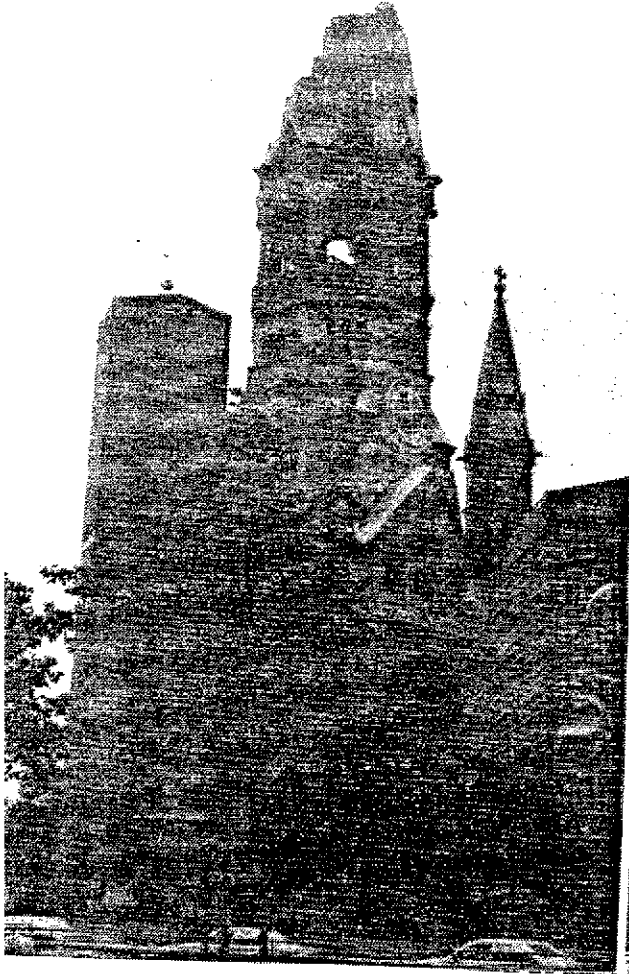
Off we went on our last leg toward home. With more sleep, eating and another trip lasting five more hours we finally arrived in SLC at 10:40 pm. We were exhausted but excited to be there and be reunited at long last with friends and loved ones.

The tour had been a wonderful and a lasting memorable experience

but always on returning home to America we were last but not least reminded of Dorothy's immortal words, "There's no place like home, there's no place like home, there's no place like...."

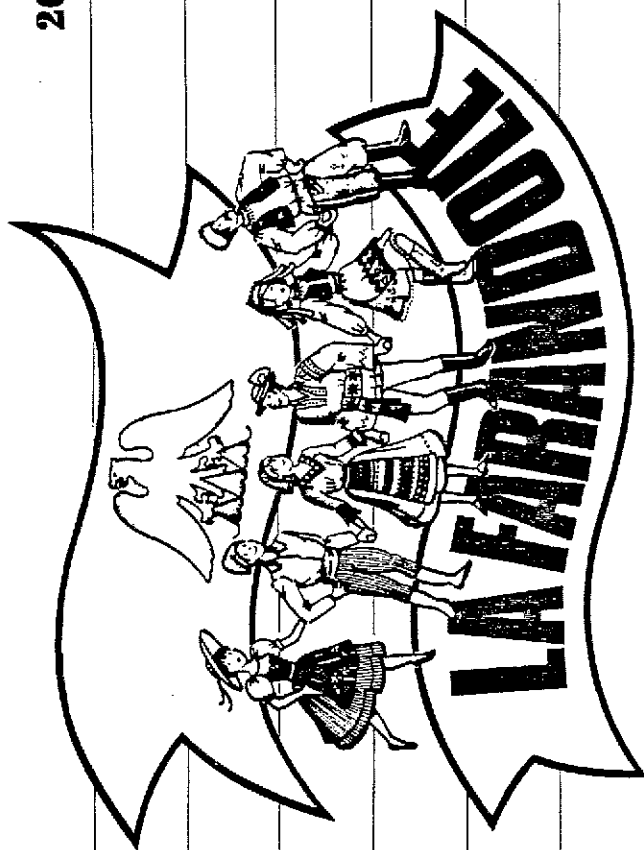
The End - - at last





BERLIN





**52^e Festival Mondial
de Folklore
Nice-Côte d'Azur
15 nations participantes**

Théâtre de Verdure
Lundi 13 - Mercredi 15 - Jeudi 16 - Vendredi 17 juillet 21 heures

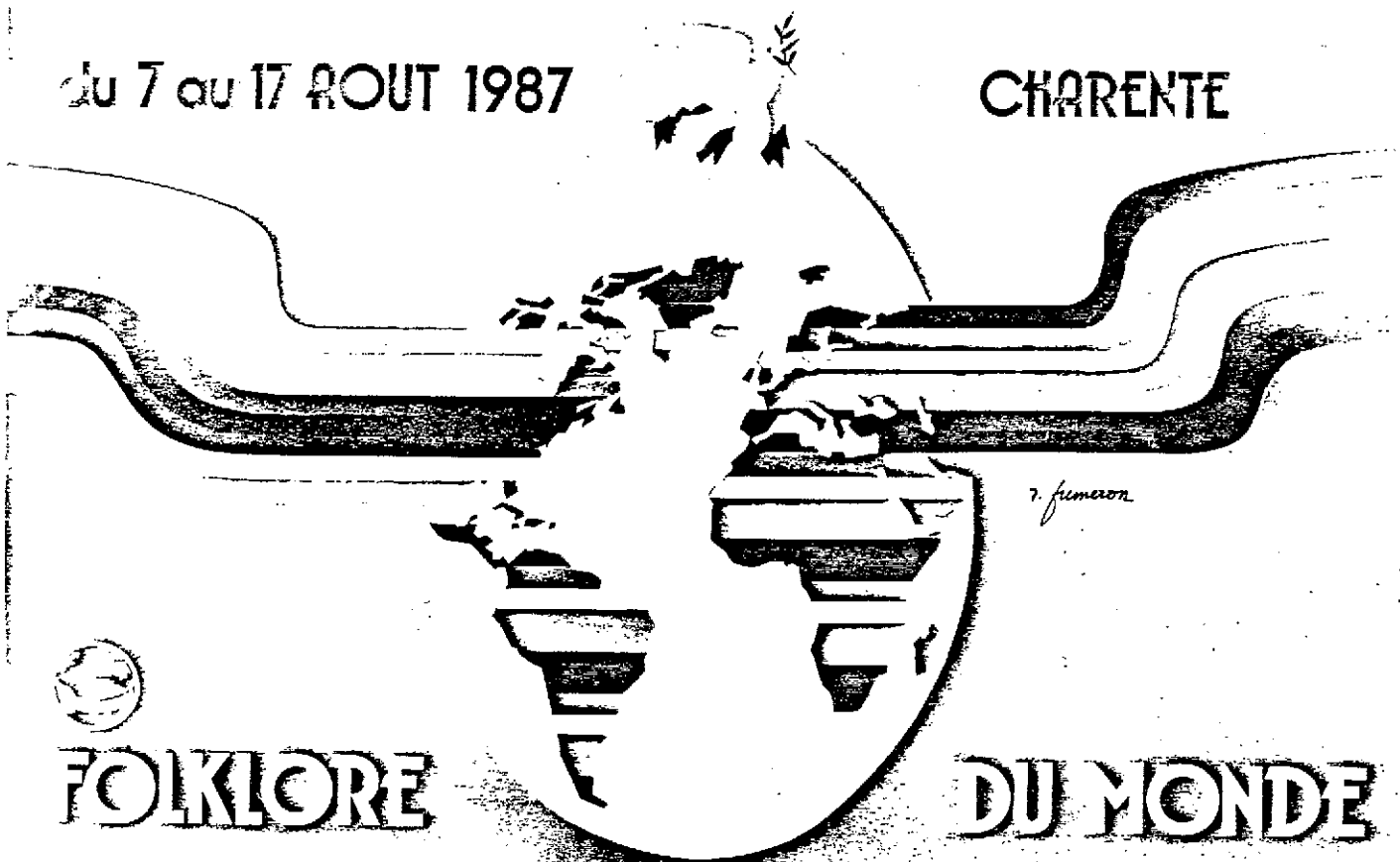
Mardi 14 juillet - Spectacle gratuit
Défilé des Nations - Animations - Feux d'Artifice
Renseignements :

Comité des Fêtes, 5, Promenade des Anglais - 06000 Nice - Tél. 93.87.16.28
Location : A partir du 6 juillet, tous les jours au Comité des Fêtes de 9 h à 17 h.30 sur place,
les jours de spectacle de 18 h à 22 h.

XXX^{ème} FESTIVAL de CONFOLENS

du 7 au 17 JUILLET 1987

CHARENTE



FOLKLORE

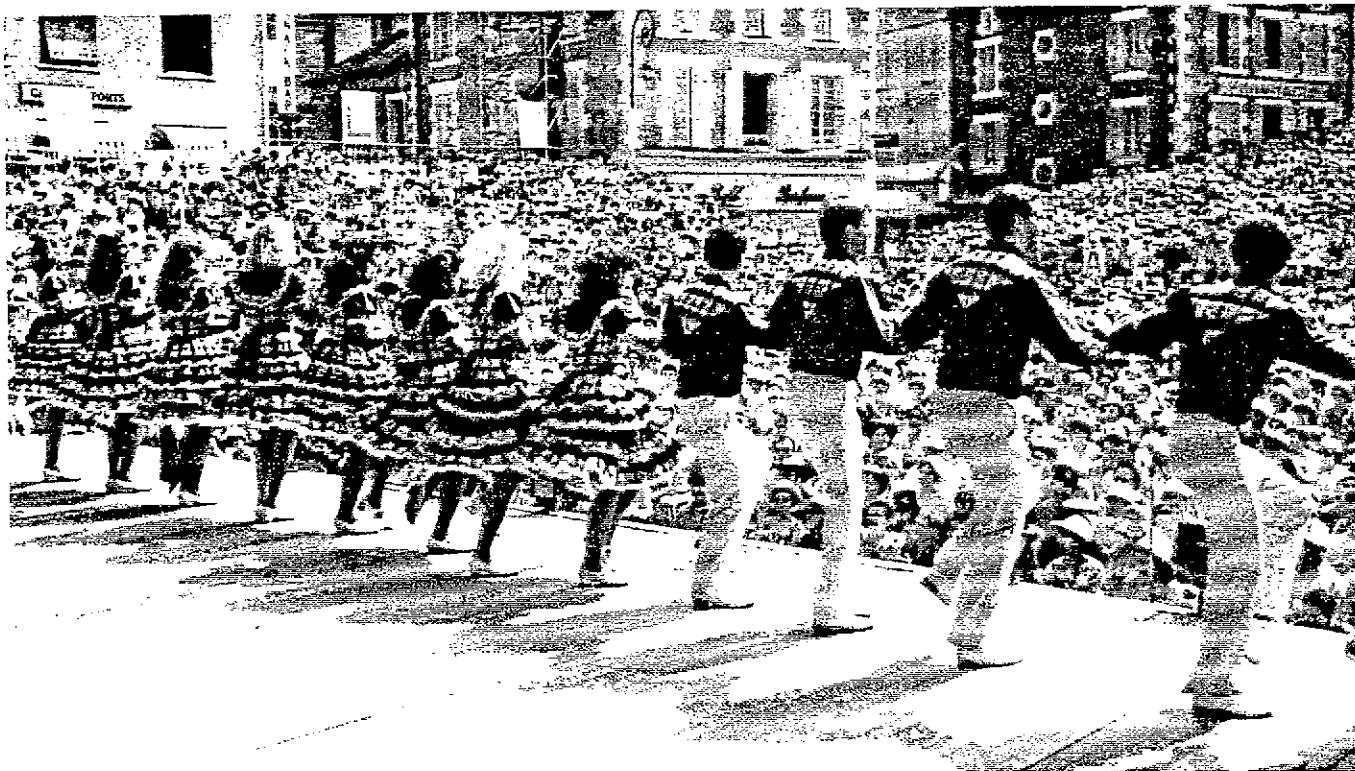
DU MONDE



The Folk Dance Ensemble maintained a busy performing schedule, with several local performances as well as a 10-day tour through New Mexico. Late summer found the American Folk Dance Ensemble in Europe, participating in four folk festivals in France, Luxembourg, and Germany. In six weeks the dancers gave 36 performances for 54,130 people, with an unusually high average of 1,504 at each show. The American group was a favorite at every festival; in Nice a special request came for them to do a full show the last night of the festival. Confolens celebrated their 30th anniversary and invited 15 of the top folk groups from around the world, including the BYU Folk Dance Ensemble. Add to this eight parades and TV coverage at three of the festivals, and the BYU Folk Dancers probably reached more Europeans on this tour than on any previous trip.



The BYU American Folk Dancers were one of 18 groups invited to participate in the prestigious Confolens Folk Festival in France.



Group performs on a street during the 30th anniversary of the Confolens Folk Festival in France.

27th ANNUAL GERMAN-AMERICAN VOLKSFEST

PASS

FREE ADMITTANCE - 29 JUL - 16 AUG 1987
FREIER EINTRITT - 29.7. - 16.8.1987

NOT TRANSFERABLE
Nicht übertragbar

No 1631

Folk Dancers return from European tour

By MICHAEL JENSEN
Universe Staff Writer

While some BYU students spent their summer vacations working or going to school, others took time out from their summer schedules to represent the school throughout the world.

The Ballroom Dance Company completed an eight-week tour that took it to the People's Republic of China, Republic of China, Hong Kong, Korea, and Thailand.

Other touring groups included the Lamanite Generation, which went to South America; BYU Singers, which toured Europe; Concert Band, which went to England and Wales and the Young Ambassadors, which traveled to Canada and the northeastern United States.

The most recent group to return from its summer tour is the BYU American Folk Dance Ensemble, which spent six weeks in Europe participating in folk festivals including the German-American Volksfest in West Berlin.

The folk dancers left on July 8 for their first festival in Nice, on the French Riviera.

"The scenery and everything we saw was great, but what impressed me more was the opportunity to meet people from all over the world with a common interest in dance and folk tradition," said Steve Buckley, a senior from Las Vegas, Nev., majoring in Spanish translation.

The largest festival the folk dancers participated in was a ten-day festival in Confolens, a city in central France.

The festival was celebrating its 30-year anniversary. The folk dancers were also at its 20-year and 25-year celebrations.

The festival was broadcast by satellite throughout Europe, Russia and the United States. Participating in the events of the festival were 18 groups from all over the world.

The dancers spent time performing, swimming and talking with members from the other groups.

"It was an experience of a lifetime



The BYU International Folk Dance Ensemble spent part of the summer touring and performing in various folk dancing festivals throughout Europe.

Photo courtesy of International Folk Dance Ensemble

and one that I will never forget," said Taid Schwendiman, a junior from Bountiful, majoring in electrical engineering. "I now have close friends from all over the world."

Confolens was the first festival for Jose Artur, a member of another team who said, according to the Sud Ouset Charentais, a French newspaper, "One does not find anywhere a place similar to Confolens; all is color, life and friendship."

The dancers were featured one night with a group from Colombia and received various reviews from local papers.

The writer in Lecho du Centre on Aug. 12, said, "The evening was one of contrast, the most industrialized

country presented us with a more elaborate folklore made up of spontaneity and youth; Colombia, a country looking for its economic development, knew how to show the richness of its cultural heritage."

The Sud Ouset Charentais gave a more favorable review by saying, "The Americans conquered the public by their pep and their evident joy. When the dancers went out among the spectators, many festival-goers were caught up in the vitality of the wave of cowboys."

Ed Austin, artistic director for the folk dancers said, "Our show represents folklore from throughout the United States which includes the Appalachian Mountains, to the New

England states, (and) most notably the pioneers, who conquered Utah. We dance to share a message, but above all, it makes us happy."

In the French newspaper, Lecho du Centre, the writer commented about the group by saying, "They dance for fun, that is the key to their success."

The folk dancers also spent eight days in West Berlin performing nightly at the German-American Volksfest, an annual celebration in Berlin. This year, Berlin celebrates its 750-year anniversary.

A smaller festival, but one with just as much excitement, was the one the dancers attended in Luxembourg, a city of Mersch.

MUSÉES NATIONAUX
DROIT D'ENTRÉE
TARIF RÉDUIT
11 F

UNION des MUSÉES NATIONAUX
VISITE CONFÉRENCE
MUSÉE
Durée : 1 heure 30
Ticket valable pour UNE PERSONNE
0196754 20 F

numéro 45-88-78-78

Verk.	Datum	Kosten	Artik.-Bezeichnung	Preis	M	Pl
2	08.08.87	937.30				

Wir bitten Sie, für evtl. Reklamationen den Kassenzettel aufzubewahren.

1527331

VV Halle Ag 309 IV/2713 08/ADSS

MUSÉES NATIONAUX
TARIF RÉDUIT
12 F
DROIT D'ENTRÉE
C.N.M.H.S.
Ministère de la Culture
764761A
0268820

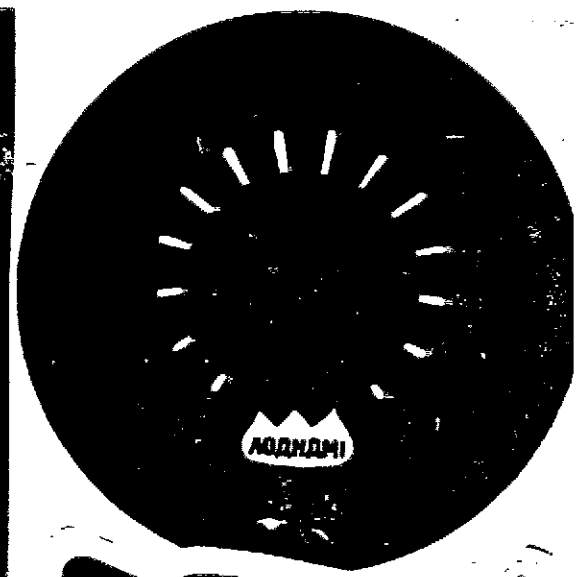
GERMAN - AMERICAN VOLKSFEST TOILET PASS

Anz.	Artikel-Bezeichnung	Preis	M	Pl
1	Hotell	80		
7	-	66		
7	0000	226.50		137.50
				263.50

Wir bitten Sie, für evtl. Reklamationen den Kassenzettel aufzubewahren.

1527312

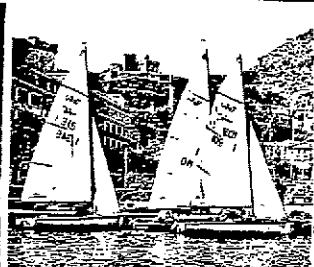
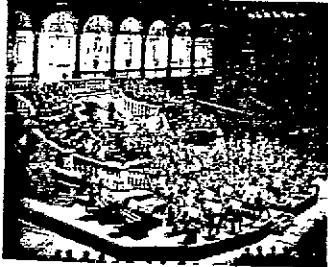
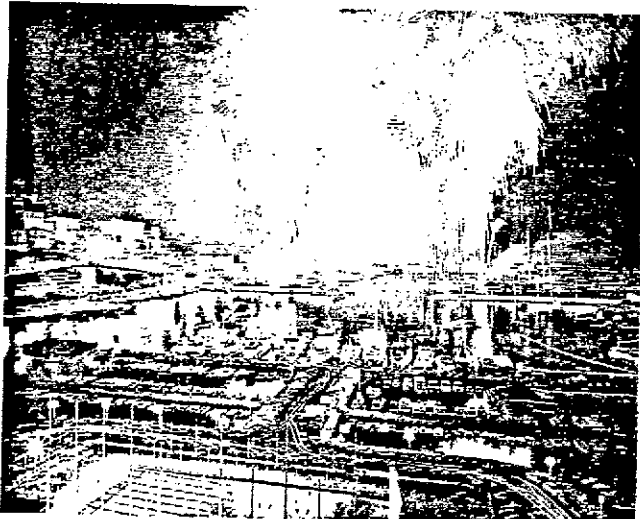
MUSÉES NATIONAUX
TARIF RÉDUIT
11 F
DROIT D'ENTRÉE
C.N.M.H.S.
Ministère de la Culture
764761A
0268820



CARLO

Un rêve
une réalité

MONTE



*L'été 87
à Monte-Carlo*





NICE

Folklore : que la fête commence

Une formidable fête du folklore que constitue le 52^e festival mondial du folklore « La Farandole » commence ce 22 heures, à Nice pour le forum (notre cliché), des jardins Masséna, où hier Coréens et Américains ont les débats.
 (Photo Gilbert Castiès)



BYU FOLK DANCERS

IN THE NEWS!!

ement vôtre

ement vôtre: les jeu-

sistent pas une seconde à payer de leur personne. Et



Américains du Brigham young university folk dance group. Ils ont conquis par leur dynamisme

es trente musiciens, danseurs et danseuses du Brigham young university folk dances group de l'état de l'Utah respirent unité. Un éternel sourire « Col... » aux lèvres, ils renvoient l'âge d'Épinal de cette jeunesse américaine gaie, dynamique, querante et sûr d'elle. Mais ce moment est fort heureusement nué par une totale décontrac... N'allez pas ici chercher de mets fouillés. Comme le répète l'antier le chorégraphe du pe : « Notre spectacle reprend folklores de sept états diffé s s'étendant des Appalaches à ouvelle-Anzietterre et notam-

ble qui était déjà venu à Confolens lors du vingt-cinquième anniversaire ne se confine pas à cette tradition liée à la conquête de l'Ouest. La Brigham young university folk dance group a notamment interprété des danses de clarinettes qui ne furent malheureusement pas toujours audibles en raison de l'intensité de l'orchestre. Les Américains ont conquis le public par son « peps » et son évidente joie. Et quand les danseurs sont descendus parmi les spectateurs, de nombreux festivaliers se sont laissés entraîner par la vitalité de cette vague cowboy.



Country aus USA

Weder am sonnigen We noch an Zuschauern mang es den Veranstalter. Ben an der Schlange parken Autos, die bis fast nach L terborm reichte, konnte n ershen, daß nicht viel we ger Menschen nach Ech nach gekommen waren als Springprozession. Und das ternationale Folklorefesti wird wohl auch als größte u erfolgreichste Veranstatu des Jahres in die Annalen (Sauerstädtchens einge Die vielen Touristen, die si zur Zeit in Echternach aufh ten, säumten ebenso den W des Umzuges wie zahlreic Luxemburger Schaulustige

Schwierig zu sagen, welc Gruppe die Zuschauergur mehr auf sich zog. Sehr g jedenfalls gefielen die Pol aus Ostschlesien, die spa sche Gruppe aus Madrid, c klassische Tänze des 17. u 18. Jahrhunderts darboten, s wie die US-amerikanisci Countrygruppe aus dem U Staate Utah.

Pour les autres, tout autres - les plus nombre c'est ce qui se passe sur s qui est le plus importar qu'importe le groupe ou le. Les petites Américaine. Chine très adonne, l'URS ne l'est pas moins ou la C toute en grâce ont subi. Que demander de plus?

