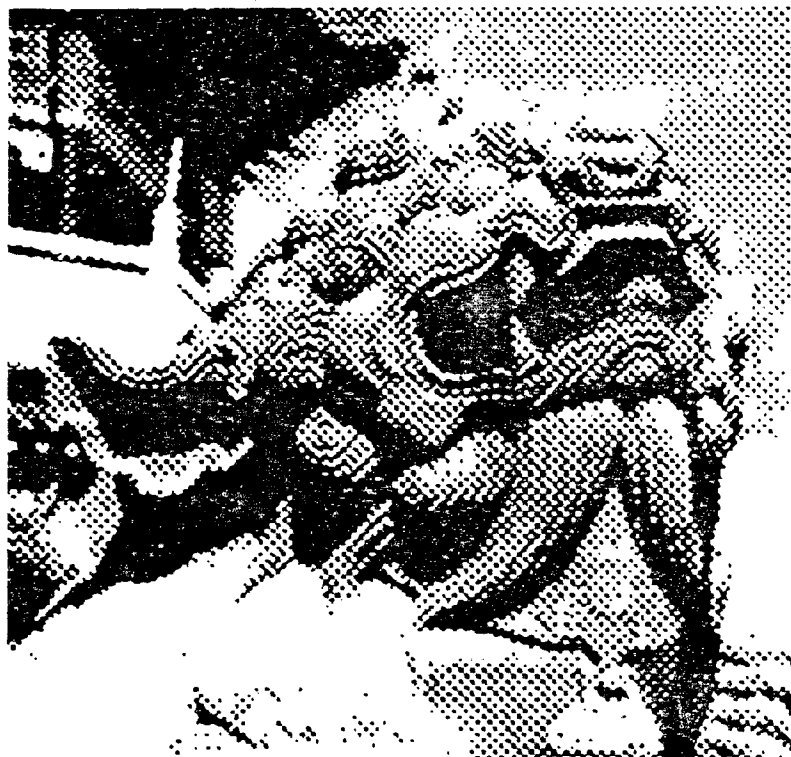
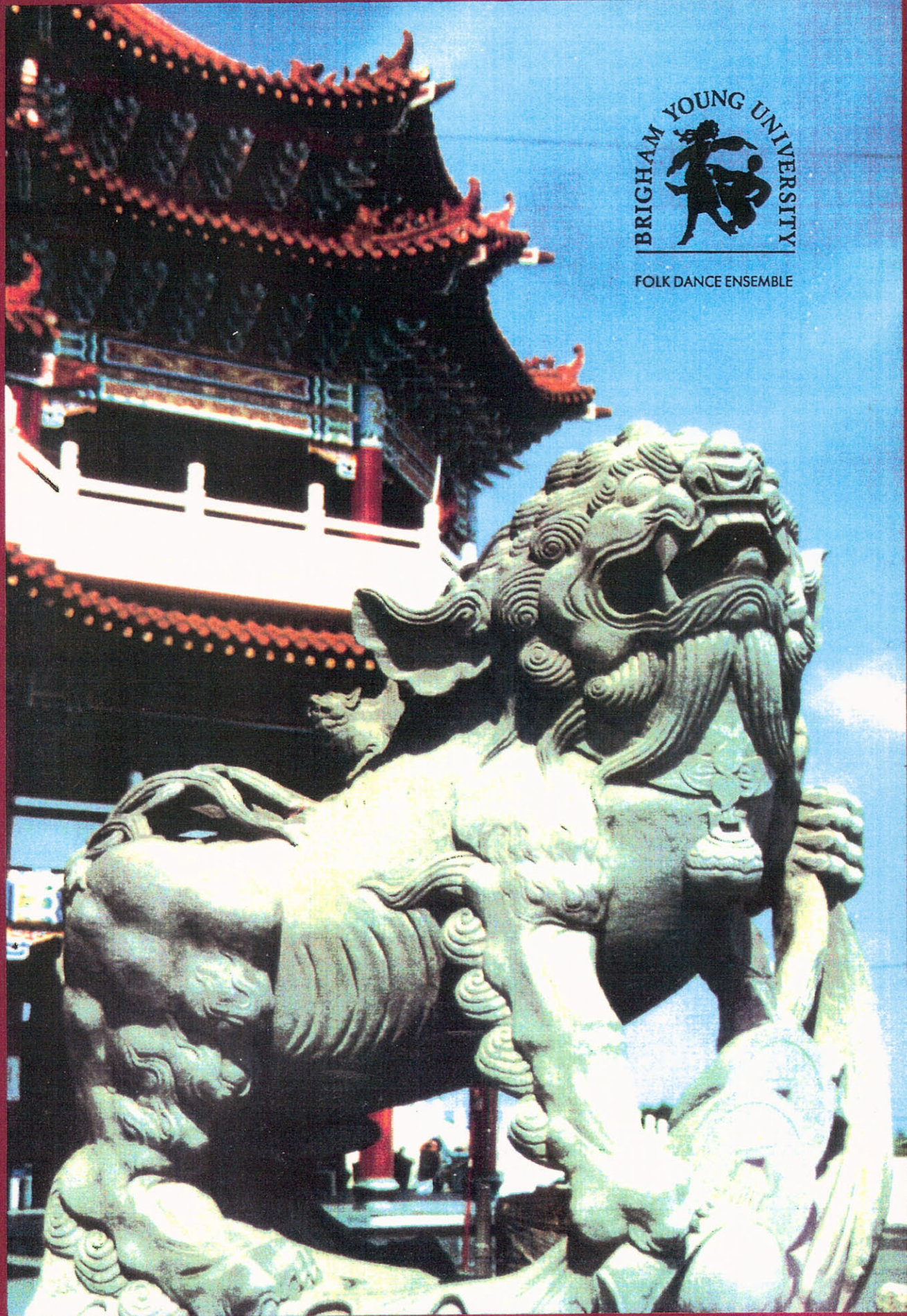


FEAST
ASIA
TOUR
1988





FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE

International and American Folk Dance Ensemble

Tour History 1988

History Committee

**Juan A. Trujillo
Michael G. Jensen
Kristen "X." Pinegar
Jennifer Ollerton**

This book is dedicated to the memory
of the more than two thousand student demonstrators,
who on Sunday, June 4th, 1989,
little more than nine months
after the International Folk Dance Ensemble
strolled excitedly, camera-laden through Tiananmin Square,
washed its worn, gray cobblestones
with the martyred blood of democracy.

It is reported
that as the tanks rolled over the occupied tents
and the soldiers swept clean
the Square of the Gate of Heavenly Peace
with a spray of bullets
the students' loudspeakers broadcast the message:
"Chinese people do not kill Chinese people."

Table of Contents

Philippines

Manila

Friday-Saturday, August 12-13	1
Sunday, August 14	2
Monday, August 15	4
Tuesday, August 16	5
Wednesday, August 17	5

Hong Kong

Thursday, August 18	6
Friday, August 19	7
Saturday, August 20	8
Sunday, August 21	9

People's Republic of China

Beijing

Monday, August 22	10
Tuesday, August 23	10
Wednesday, August 24	12

Shanghai

Thursday, August 25	13
Friday, August 26	13

Changzhou

Saturday, August 27	15
Sunday, August 28	15

Nanjing

Monday, August 29	16
Tuesday, August 30	17

Guangzhou

Wednesday, August 31	18
Thursday, September 1	21

Republic of China

Taipei

Friday, September 2	23
---------------------------	----

Hualien

Saturday, September 3	25
Sunday, September 4	27

Taipei

Monday, September 5	28
---------------------------	----

Kaohsiung

Tuesday, September 6	28
Wednesday, September 7	29

Tainan

Thursday, September 8	29
-----------------------------	----

Taipei

Friday, September 9	30
Saturday, September 10	31

Korea

Seoul

Saturday, September 10	32
Sunday, September 11	33

Pusan

Monday, September 12	34
Taegu	
Tuesday, September 13	34
Seoul	
Wednesday, September 14	35
Uijongbu	
Thursday, September 15	36
Seoul	
Friday, September 16	37
Saturday, September 17	38
Sunday, September 18	40

Friday-Saturday, August 12-13
Brad Dobson and Lynell Patten

7:00 a.m.-- We met at the famed Richards Building parking lot with our suitcases rigged with fluorescent pompons. Ed, Vickie and other well-wishers bid us farewell as we began our trip to the airport. Rex made sure that we were aware that we had left a little bit later than was scheduled and that we would have to change our habitual late departures.

8:30 a.m.-- Everyone converges at the Delta terminal in Salt Lake City as we finally take off on the trip that caused teary-eyed goodbyes for the gals that left their men behind. Flight DL 1551 to LAX. Breakfast was bagels. Since it was such a short flight we had just enough time to eat and catch a few winks or chapters from our illustrious textbook.

10:05 a.m.-- We arrived in Los Angeles. We left the domestic terminal and walked to the international terminal where we felt as though we had already stepped into Asia, since most of the patrons inside were of the Asian persuasion. Joaquín and the Hillams joined us soon after in the lobby. Craig led his own discussion/lecture group to prepare for the exam we were to take on the flight to Taipei. Other individualists either studied privately or sought out new adventures within the limits of the terminal.



中華航空公司
CHINA AIRLINES

One o'clock finally rolled around and we headed for the gate. The plane was delayed a bit, so we left a little later. On the plane we found out that some individuals, who shall remain nameless, were bumped up to business class. At any rate, the flight went on. Most decided to try and forge through the test at the earliest possible opportunity. Many began... dinner came--a choice of chicken or beef...finished a little more of the test...done. The subject of the test shall remain unmentionable as it was a popular favorite for those culture students.

Next came the real treat--we were spiritually and culturally enlightened by the high quality of the fine movie Dirty Dancing. Quite an unbelievable performance, it affected everyone in a different way.

Anyway, the sun never set and we flew into another day. Yummy scrambled eggs and omelettes were our choice at that sumptuous meal. Most people grabbed a few hours of sleep. Some encouraged our flight attendants to come to our Taiwan performances while Janet grabbed a sicko-bag.

6:00 -- AT LAST...TAIPEI

The traverse to the transit lounge wasn't too bad--neither was the wait since we met "Benny" the Filipino and Bro. Hillam has a professor tell us about Korean students protesting and other such tidbits.

Finally we were given permission to make our way over to the Chang Kai-Shek Hotel. First we had to line up into two lines--wait...pass through a check point, walk, line-up, wait, pass, walk, (about 2 hours worth). Then we walked into a brilliantly lighted lobby. At this point we realized that this tour wouldn't be too bad. We got checked into our nice clean bedrooms with slippers, toothbrushes and other such essential items.

With some thinking I realized I had brought everything I needed in my carry-on as requested except for something to sleep in. Come to find out that was a dilemma of quite a few of us. Well worn and tattered, we all shoved off to bed for a real type sleep.

Sunday, August 14
Blain Empey and Cristina Bingham

Hot and humid. That's the first thing we noticed. We talk about it a lot, we sweat in it a lot, but finally *being* here is worth every drop! Jet lag woke us all up to a beautiful crimson sun just rising over Taiwan, and as I stood there in our luxurious hotel room staring out over a foreign land with a wonderful foreign feel to it, a great surge of excitement arose. We had arrived!

This morning ended up going quite a bit more smoothly through the airport--no more half-hour lines. We saw a group of school kids with a tour outfit we'd all like to have next time: bow ties, blazers and shorts. They were cute, but I'm not sure that some of our chicken legs would be.



The plane ride to Manila was short compared to yesterday's. Most lucky people ended up in first class even, although we were all subjected to a thrilling episode of turbulence.

The airline had a surprise for us--all of the equipment was upside down and crashing along the conveyor belt. Getting all of our stuff out was an ordeal, but we made a costume bag brigade, and that helped.

Then we were on the bus and there was Manila--jeepneys, crazy traffic, squatters and shacks, jungle foliage, waving and smiling Filipinos hanging out of their crowded buses, dirty rivers, and lots of green.

We ended up at the Gómez home. They have been so good to us. You'll see on later days how much they've done. (I'm three days late in writing). We gave ourselves the grand tour of their home and had a short rest.

They arranged to have a sacrament meeting right there in their living room. It was nice to be in a different situation to help you think about the Savior. Afterwards we had a wonderful lunch--mango was a new taste for many of us. A walk through Susie's neighborhood showed us some very nice homes.

We visited the Manila temple following a good rest. Brother Gómez spoke to us there on the Church in this country. It's a beautiful temple. I wish we had time to go through a session. We look forward to doing that in Taiwan. This helped us prepare for our fireside. I think we need a touch more polishing on our songs, but it turned out nice. We all enjoyed the interaction with the congregation. Brother Gómez introduced us and said "Good evening," and the entire congregation said "Good evening" in response. So all the speakers got up and tried the same thing. Of course they all did it again, and we loved it. The speakers were Scott Rasmussen, Doug Lange, Steve Buckley, Christy Shell, and Susie Gómez.

Thirty of us went to a press conference following the fireside. That was interesting. It was held in a nice restaurant in a hotel. I was proud of how well Rex Barrington handled most of the questions. I was asked what I noticed was different in the Philippines, and I had a good idea of what to say but lost it all when the mike was in my hand and the lights were in my face. We did a section of four-couple clog too--all in all, it was a fun experience.

Finally it was time to go home to our host families where we were warned not to drink the water, not to walk barefoot, and not to put our fingers in our eyes, ears, nose, or mouth. A wonderful thunderstorm woke us up periodically, and then it was tomorrow.

August 14 survey items:

1. What were your first impressions of the Orient?
2. Define jet lag and how it affects you.
3. What are some of your tour goals?

Kristen Pinegar:

1. Short and wet!
2. Jet lag is waking up and looking for your face...feeling like you've been molded to seat 28-D...feeling (and looking) like a piece of jell-o in the airport after a 14-hour plane ride.
3. To not miss any sunrises or sunsets...in other words, drink it all in! And to *never* complain.

Stacey Larsen:

1. Green--wonderful!
2. Not knowing day or night and having fun deciding if you should be awake or asleep.
3. My goal is to be able to say hello to people using correct language ability and taking it all in. (Hey!)

Karen Horman:

1. Open air sauna.
2. Being on the airplane for 13 hours and trying to sleep and telling your body it's tired, which it is, but your watch says it's 2:00 p.m. It's sleeping when it's dark in Taipei and yet your body clock says it's 3:00 p.m.
3. My goal is to get to know all the folk dancers and learn more about this culture and its people.

Rex Barrington:

1. Cold, wet, and unusual. (From a January visit).
2. Something which prevents you from sleeping when you should, keeps you awake when everyone else is asleep, makes you feel like you missed a day, and promises to haunt you when you return home.
3. To not lose one passport, not spend more money than BYU has budgeted, keep the equipment with us in good condition, and to bring back to BYU some really *good* tour pictures.

Steve Buckley:

1. Impossible to breathe. Where are all the beautiful blonde people?
2. Jet lag...Confusion of both mind and body, neither of which was a new experience for me.
3. Goal: to stay away from McDonald's, Robert Worthen, or anything else that's truly "all-American" in order to experience the vast cultural experiences to their fullest.

Lynell Patten:

1. The weather felt like a wet, warm rag slapped on your face.
2. Eating and sleeping a little bit too much--that's all.
3. Get the most Asian feeling--almost to the point where my eyes start getting tight and slanted.

Reid Melville:

1. First impression--little lines on my face from the airplane seat.
2. Jet lag is my friend. It takes me out of my comfortable, happy world and makes me very disoriented. This helps me remember what is most important: food and sleep.
3. Goal: to maintain "regular" bathroom habits and not act like a goofy engaged person.

Monday, August 15
Brent Lewis and Wendy Wood

It was a beautiful, HUMID morning in Manila as the folk dancers were dropped off by their host families (or chauffeurs) at the American Cemetery. Brother Cannon talked to us about the Church in the Philippines. Just as we were finishing up, Susan, Christy, Wendy, and Connie came walking up to the memorial. Their host family didn't bring them, so they walked. Stevie Gómez offered to drive them, but was given a ticket in the process.

As many of the dancers as we could stuff into the jeepneys rode in Moroni 4 and 6 to the Ayala Museum. It portrayed the history of the Philippines with dioramas. Each time we passed an air conditioner, we had to stop and soak in the air.

Next on our agenda was a shopping center. Since Susie's other two favorite places had burned down, we had to settle for her third choice. Shopping was somewhat difficult because no one yet had an idea of what they wanted to buy.

For our two-hour bus ride to Clark Air Base, some of the dancers strategically planned on riding in the air-conditioned vans. The rest of us, who roughed it with dignity, entertained ourselves taking pictures of people through the windows, surfing on the bus without using our hands, and having chicken fights by holding on to the railing. By the time we all arrived to the base, we were all so wind-blown we had to get a group picture for our memoirs.

The auditorium was cool, but the men had to dress outside in a tent while the women got to dress inside the building. I'm not sure, but this is not the "equality" that I hear so much about.

We set up the stage for our first show and went to eat at the Coconut Club on base. It looked like something right out of a USO movie. The food was great, but the punch was better. We all had seconds and thirds. When leaving, some of the dancers peered into the next room through a crack in the door. The looks on their faces was all the explanation needed. (Why are our tax dollars paying for strippers?)

Janet joined us at the show, but she wasn't able to dance. She had just returned from the hospital where they had treated her for dehydration. They gave her a couple of IV's to get her going again.

The show went very well for a first show...lots of excitement and energy. We quickly packed the baggage truck and headed out with our host families, ready to sleep off some more of our jet lag.

Tuesday, August 16
Scott Rasmussen and Susie Gómez

We met early today to get our costumes packed and head back to Manila from Clark Air Base. It was a full and busy day, but also very fun. We left Clark at about 9:15 a.m. and headed for Intramuros and Fort Santiago. This was part of the old walled city that the Spanish built while they had the Philippines as a colony. We went through a small museum that housed a lot of things that belonged to Jose Rizal, the national hero of the Philippines. They displayed the room in which he was held as a prisoner and where he wrote a last farewell to his wife before he was martyred by the Spanish. (It was also here that Steve Buckley found one of his favorite pets of the tour--a giant snail. He used it very skillfully to annoy several women).

On December 26, 1896, José Rizal, a linguist, artist, scientist, and author was tried on false charges of rebellion by a Spanish military court. In the morning of the 30th, with his elbows tied behind his back, Rizal was shot by a firing squad facing Manila Bay, Southeast Asia's first martyr to nationalism. (Ayala Museum)

From Ft. Santiago we headed for Pistang Pilipino. There we shopped for about 40 minutes and then went to a Filipino folk dance show. The show had dances from all the regions of the Philippines and ended with our favorite, the Tinikling. Everyone had a chance to go up on stage and show how fast we picked up the dance. It was fun.

From Pistang we went to the polo club for lunch and swimming. It was a light lunch, and the best part was the fruit. Everyone especially liked the pineapple because it is so sweet in the Philippines. After lunch we went swimming and had a blast jumping off the diving boards. We also swam relays and played "jump or dive." I think we caused quite a commotion at the club.

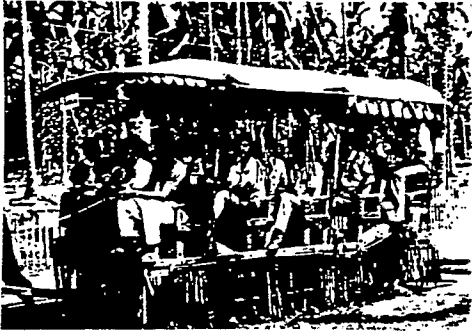
The time to go to the Meralco for our second performance came too soon. We all piled on the bus a little reluctantly, but very obediently. It was fun getting ready for the show once we got there. We were all quite busy, but as usual we were ready when the curtain went up. Despite the holes left on stage by a few sick people, it was a good performance.

Wednesday, August 17
Robert and Janet Worthen

Hello Philippines! This beautiful Wednesday morning began with us arriving at the Gómez home at 7:15 for an adventure to Villa Escudero. Stacey Jane and Scott Mahoney gave an enlightening devotional.

As we crawled through the Manila traffic, we realized that adhering to some traffic laws is actually a time saver. After an exhilarating two-hour bus ride, we arrived at our destination, where we were greeted by singing Filipinos and a drink

that came wrapped in little yellow napkins, tasted like tapioca, and looked like it had little white worms swimming in it.



From there we went to the museum and saw just about everything you could imagine under one roof. A carabao ride was next on the agenda. As we sang "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" and "Country Roads," we plodded down the trail to the swimming pool and river. We changed our clothes and jumped on 4-man rafts to survey the area. A game of "king of the rafts" soon began and almost all were drenched. (Cheri and Denise had a "Save the Bangs" campaign going).

Lunch was a special treat. We ate at the bottom of a waterfall on picnic tables and benches in water that reached calf-high. We all took our banana leaf plates and stood in line for salad, rice, a noodle dish, chicken, pork, clam soup and a fried banana. For most of us, it was our first taste of "authentic" Filipino food. In the waterfall there was a hole, and most climbed into it to have their picture taken--our newest contribution to the J.C. Penney catalog collection.

After changing our clothes we were treated to fresh coconuts. Some just drank the milk, while (brave) others ate the meat. Susie's mom packed along some chile and lemon for the more experienced coconut eaters. We all went back to the carabao cart and took pictures on the backs of the carabao. On the ride back, one of the carts got a flat tire. We all had to walk back to the bus.

When we arrived in Manila, we were taken to Pistang Pilipino. An afternoon would not be complete without shopping. Dinner was a real treat: McDonald's, Arby's, and Shakey's. After dinner we returned to the Bobitt Theater for our last performance in Manila. What a wonderful and enthusiastic people the Filipinos are! They were very appreciative of our show.

Unfortunately, somebody was very appreciative of Blain's camera as well. Its loss, along with his cash, passport, etc., caused him some difficulty during the trip. We shouldn't forget Julie's camera story. She was on picture 42 of a 36-shot roll of film before Mike discovered that her camera was empty. Oops.

After the show, we returned to our host families to prepare for the journey to Hong Kong in the morning. It was a short night for more than one maid in Makati...everything we had worn was washed and pressed by 6:30 a.m.

Thursday, August 18 Dr. and Sister Ray Hillam

We met at the Gómez home at 10:30 a.m. We said goodbye to our hosts and to Brother Gómez. All of us had wonderful treatment by our hosts and by the Gómez family. The Philippines had been a most interesting experience. We boarded the bus to travel to the airport expecting to leave for Hong Kong at 1:20 p.m. only to find out that we had an hour and a half delay because of a blockage on the runway in Hong Kong. We also had passport problems because Blain Empey had his wallet, camera, and passport stolen the night before at the theater where we had performed. He and Rex went to the U.S. embassy early in the morning to get a new passport. Everything turned out fine. He was issued a new one but will have to work out the details for a Chinese visa here in Hong Kong.

After a short flight (1 1/2 hours) we arrived in Hong Kong about 6:30 p.m. We were taken to the beautiful Furama Hotel on Hong Kong Island. Excitement was high as we got our first glimpse of Hong Kong--the lights, buildings, orderly traffic. It looked beautiful and we knew the next three days were going to be more than exciting. We weren't disappointed when we went to our rooms. They were beautiful--some with magnificent views of the harbor and others with views of the skyline. What a place! By now it was about 9:00 p.m. and it was raining but this didn't stop many of the students from going out to take a look at Hong Kong. The rest of us went to bed with our wallets and purses ready for the next day.

Friday, August 19
Reid Melville and Susan Fry (soon-to-be-Melville)



Part I--The Spree

The sun crept slowly into the sky and not even the heavy mist on the harbor could dampen the excitement--shopping was in the air! The folk dancers, frustrated by a late evening arrival, had heavy wallets and large spaces in their luggage yearning to be filled with exotic items acquired at reduced rates. Hong Kong (translated means "Great Bargain") was waiting, and this BYU group had discovered the real reason for their trip.

At morning devotional, most ears listened to Connie's inspiring thought, but the eyes stared lustfully across the harbor at the Kowloon Peninsula (translated means "I Give You Special Price"). As the shopping frenzy began, the group split up into small packs of marauding consumers. Brother and Sister Hillam led a pearl-hungry horde to Sheldon Poon's shop, so one tenth of the money spent there went to a good cause. Sister Gómez led a cross-island trek to that wholesale clothes paradise, Stanley's Market (translated means, well, Stanley's Market).

In short, the day was filled with linen shops, custom tailors, and real, imitation Rolexes. Normal, frugal, struggling folk dancers were gripped by the lure of the market, turning into shopping fiends. Barter, haggle, deal, negotiate, swindle, it was all the same. The goal was to find the ultimate purchase. The hours passed swiftly, and the dancers returned laden with gifts, ready to compare bargains, and to construct an emergency budget for the rest of the trip. The shopping Shangri-La swiftly escaped as four o'clock rolled around--time for the show!

Part II--The Spectacle

We were all instructed to meet in the lobby at four (or maybe before four). It didn't matter though. Many people were late. The lure of the shops held us a bit too long. We all walked *en masse* across the street to our performance site--all except Kristen P., who remained in the lobby waiting there for Denise, who neglected to return their room key. Kristen's patience was in vain because Denise, saving her precious time for shopping, went straight to the hall. No one thought to tell her that Kristen was patiently waiting across the street. (Well, Reid did about an hour later).

We began warm-ups and rehearsal a little later than we expected, maybe because we were so pooped from the long day of shopping and the three flights of stairs some had to climb to our dressing rooms.

Four-couple clog was expected to be performed tonight in place of Swing and Charleston, which delighted some of us. Oops; Steve forgot his pink shirt. Joseph Smith shirts were an adequate replacement to the unassuming masses.

This was our first experience with Chinese Red Silk. During intermission the dancers frantically fought with their ribbons trying to force them into the correct patterns. As the music began and we began our dance the audience roared with laughter. Horror filled my soul. How could they laugh at our humble attempts to dance their folk dance? Later I was told they really did enjoy it but it took me several nights to recover emotionally from such a blow. This was also the night of our first Chinese narrations. Jodi lost her composure and the audience laughed right along with her. They did love the attempt though.

The show seemed more tiring to me. I guess stairs have not been a part of previous shows. Still, many pulled any amount of strength they had reserved and spent the evening either in Kowloon or up the peak. Sanelly, I chose to stay home and watch myself look foolish on T.V. Our red silk dance that was filmed the previous day was an excerpt on a popular television program. They cut out many of our errors. However they did leave in a battle Anne had with her ribbon. Well, Anne, we know you're awesome anyway.



Saturday, August 20

It was another busy day for everyone in Hong Kong. It was getting to be about time for the final fittings on suits, picking up pearl necklaces and rings in their new settings, and finding any other bargain possible before Sunday arrived. There was also plenty of sightseeing to be done. In the morning we all got on the buses and had the grand tour of the island. First we took the long way around to the top of Victoria Peak for a spectacular view of the city. It was interesting to see how many undeveloped areas there still are so close to the huge city of Hong Kong. After taking all the necessary pictures, we drove around to Stanley's, mostly for silk pajamas and \$1.00 ties.



Here we split up, some choosing to stay and see the rest of the market, some going back to the hotel or on to Kowloon, and some continuing on with the bus to Aberdeen, home of the famous floating restaurant. Some people would say that seasickness would not make the food in China any more appealing, but the restaurant definitely was impressive. We were also treated to a boat ride through the waters surrounding the restaurant, choked with traditional Chinese houseboats on which, according to our experts, people may spend their entire life. There were some delicious-looking things drying on top of several of the boats, but it was time to get back to the city.

Almost everybody spent the afternoon shopping. Mike, Tony, and Delynne, on the other hand, were hard at work in the Hong Kong Civic Center teaching

clogging to 40 or 50 very enthusiastic Chinese dancers. Very few of them spoke good English, but the language barrier did not stop us from making them sweat. They knew they had learned how to clog--or something. Mike probably didn't need to use a routine with sixteen triples in it, however. They were supposed to sweat--not us! After a long picture-taking and autograph-signing session, the clogging teachers rushed off to pick up some merchandise waiting in Kowloon.

Just about everyone made it to the theater on time (due in part to some stern warnings from the management) and we gave what Blain describes as "the best show" up to that point. His judgement was probably not at its most reliable, however, because Dixie had just given him that morning the cash that the group raised to help replace what was lost in the Philippines. He was very pleased, and said that knowing that he had friends who loved him was more important than a lost camera.

Sunday, August 21
Dale Madsen and Denise Baker

And it came to pass that we did awake; yea and it was the Sabbath day and we were weary for we had come to know of the greatness of the shopping in Hong Kong.

2 And it came to pass that there were many bargains, and we sought after them. Yea, and we did find them, and it was **GOOD**.

3 And Delynne was troubled for there was nowhere to pack her bargains.

4 And behold we packed our bags, yea, even stuffed them. But lo, the bargains greatly exceeded the available space.

5 Nevertheless, we put our bargains behind us and it was expedient that we should think of the Sabbath.

6 And now behold, the time had come that we should cross the great waters; insomuch that we took the ferry to Kowloon.

7 And there was much murmuring, for the YMCA was much less desirable than the Furama.

8 And it came to pass that after much waiting, we did check in.

9 And behold, it was expedient that we divide ourselves. And we did cast lots. One group did travel toward the east and the other did travel toward the west.

10 The easterly traveling group was fair skinned and **very** desirable; yea, and they did attend the Filipino branch. And they called themselves the Swingites.

11 The westerly traveling group was equally as fair and desirable as their brethren, the Swingites. And they did travel to the branch of the English speakers. And there was much English spoken, and it too was good. And they did call themselves the Victoria Peak-ites.

12 But behold, fear came upon Christy, Andrea, Dale, and Lynell, for they entered the church of the gentiles and the spirit was wroth. Yea, and they quickly repented and did return to their brethren.

13 And after this manner did they flee, and they were not overtaken by the gentiles. And all did partake of the Spirit, and it was good.

14 And it came to pass that Rex said, "Let us go up to the house of the Goos and receive nourishment therein."

15 And we did go.

16 And there were exceedingly great amounts of food. And we did rejoice.

17 And behold it was wisdom in the Lord that we should present a fireside unto the people. And it was good.

18 And lo, we were weary, and we did return to our beds.

19 And we dwelt in a YMCA.

Monday, August 22
Connie Croft

Today was mostly a day of travel. We got up early and left the YMCA to catch a train to Canton. On the train we were able to see parts of the New Territories as well as rural China.



Our hosts met us upon our arrival and took us to the North Garden restaurant for lunch. It was our first experience with authentic Chinese food. The chopsticks were a little bit awkward, but everyone managed OK. A few of us tried everything, while others, were a bit more suspicious, only ate the obviously "safe" stuff. The food seemed to keep on coming. Plate after plate was brought to the tables until finally the bananas arrived, which signified the meal was over.

After lunch we went to a museum for about a half an hour and saw such things as wood, jade, and ivory carvings, needlework, and other amazing things, such as painting drawn on a rice kernel, which could only be seen through a magnifying glass. Then we went to the place where our performance was to be held. It was a beautiful building with a blue tile roof.

By this time it was later in the afternoon and so we headed for the airport to catch our plane. The airport was sure a drastic difference from the ones we were used to. I was surprised we were given any type of refreshment on the plane. But we were given a box of dinner which contained a bone of chicken fat and skins, some vegetables, a roll, a dry piece of chocolate cake that would have been more useful as a sponge, some waxy chocolate, ramen noodles, and warm soda pop. Yum!

When we arrived in Beijing our hosts took us to our hotel (Friendship Hotel). It was adequate accommodations. They had dinner prepared for us at the hotel restaurant, and we all met in the hotel lobby. As we were waiting on the couches, Brent gave Jennifer a karate chop to her knee to test her reflexes. Jennifer totally unexpectedly reacted (or I should say her knee reacted) by kicking her leg out, which flung her shoe off, over her head and hit the painting behind her on the wall. Then it fell down onto her lap and she quickly put it back on her foot. It happened so fast, we thought she did it on purpose. Some Chinese fellows looked at us kind of funny and Jennifer was really embarrassed.

Dinner was pretty good, more of the some stuff as lunch, but a little different. Afterward we all went to bed. We were exhausted.

Tuesday, August 23
Tony Trujillo

Judging from the web of string covering the world-famous Friendship Hotel, just about everybody in the group spent a long night washing clothes. It turned out to be a beautiful, clear morning, but we were still somewhat hesitant to go to breakfast. What *do* the Chinese eat for breakfast? Imaginations ran wild. Well, regardless of what they themselves eat, what they cook for Western tourists is toast with semi-fried eggs. We were relieved. (All except for Mike, who was not to relieve

himself for some time to come). After breakfast, it seems like the buses took forever to get ready to go. It was time to hit the streets!

Our first stop was Tian'anmen Square, the huge open plaza bordered by Mao Tse-Tung's mausoleum, the entrance to the "Forbidden City" or Palace Museum with the familiar portrait of Mao over the doorway, the Great Hall of the People, and the Museum of the Chinese Revolution. We all ran and took pictures of the gigantic obelisk in the middle of the square covered with the writings of Mao engraved in gold and then lined up four abreast to enter Mao's mausoleum. There was a line of Chinese that wound halfway around the square, but our guides broke into the line and led us right in. It was an eerie feeling walking past the glass case and actually seeing the man who had influenced history in such a striking way. Dale Madsen was sure that he was really a wax figure. The Sunday Parade magazine says that he's real, and that they keep him fresh by lowering him into a freezer every night.

We got back on the bus and drove to a parking lot just inside the main gate of the Palace Museum. We could tell by the number of buses that it was going to be crowded inside. But there was plenty of room. Built between 1406-1420 (Ming Dynasty), the palace complex is by far the largest in the world. The walls of the palace are over 30 feet high and the enclosed area covers well over 720,000 square feet. There are more than 9,000 rooms, perhaps the most important being the Hall of Supreme Harmony, where the Chinese emperors were crowned. It seemed endless--building after building, courtyard after courtyard. But who wanted it to end?

The show site also turned up on the tourist map of Beijing. Built in a Soviet architectural style in the mid 50's, the Beijing Exhibition Center is a large building with a restaurant (yummy borscht!?), several very large exhibition halls (which we did not ever see), a cinema, and a 2,700 seat theater (which we most certainly saw).

This was an important afternoon because some of our most important Chinese contacts had been invited to a reception marking BYU's 11th year of touring in the People's Republic of China. Although the crowd seemed sparse, it included the president of China Youth Travel Services as well as top officials from the Chinese Ministry of Culture. BYU did a wonderful job on the buffet and we heard short speeches from Elder Larsen and Dale Madsen. (For some reason we all just *had* to see what Elder Larsen would do with his Coke). We had planned on a clog number as well, but ended up with a rousing chorus of Mo Li Hwa instead. According to Rex, the affair was a great success.

Now the Second World as well as the Third is opening up to Mormon expansion. East Germany and Hungary are the fruits of a patient diplomatic effort begun by the church more than a decade ago. Using musical and folk-dance groups from Brigham Young University, the Mormons have managed to bypass the repression and noncooperation normally faced by missionaries... (Anson Shupe, "The Mormon Church's Diplomatic Mission")

The work of a folk dancer is never done. We marched back to the theater to get ready for the show. We did a little work on Croatian so that we wouldn't forget it entirely before returning to you-know-where. Scott Horman fixed a broken spot--despite warnings in Chinese and some very good arrows on the box, the spots always seem to come off the plane upside down. The show itself was exciting. We were tired from the heavy sightseeing, but there were television cameras all over the

theater. They proved to be a remarkable source of motivation. The estimated TV audience is in the millions, but I guess we will never see the broadcast.

As far as daily miscellaneous business is concerned, there was one casualty, Denise, whose knee did not choose to cooperate today. There was also some distress over the lack of cold water back stage. Warm soda and Postum-temperature water just aren't what we are used to. On a happy note, we also got the chance to wish our guide Hui a happy birthday. Everyone seems quite fond of her.

Wednesday, August 24

This turned out to be the day we were all waiting for. Yes, the day of the thousand-year-old eggs. But first things first.

The girls got tricky--those of us who were dumb enough to leave the door unlocked had our keys stolen from the little slots that controlled the electricity in our rooms. We all had to shower, shave, and dress in the dark. Revenge will be sweet.

We had an extremely busy day in Beijing. We were taken to see a cloisonne factory in the morning. It was interesting to see how the metal vases and other items were painted, fired, and polished. Unfortunately, the factory had a small shop, and it accepted credit cards, and it had a place to exchange currency. The guides were furious with us by the time we got out, but they should know that it takes a group of forty people longer than 20 minutes to shop. Especially if they intend to buy out the entire store.

After driving around for some time, we arrived at the U.S. embassy where a short briefing had been arranged for us. Two members of the embassy staff, both members of the Church, talked to us about the changes in Chinese politics and society and the importance of cultural exchanges like our own. It was a strange feeling to be in a foreign country but standing under an American flag on what is, legally, a little piece of the United States, governed entirely under the laws of our own country.

When we pulled into the Beijing Duck Restaurant, we knew it was a classy place. Most of the cars in the parking lot had diplomatic license plates on them. We were taken to a private dining area, and after some short speeches by the China Youth Travel people and lessons on how to eat Beijing duck, we were presented with our first course--cold dishes including...yes, the eggs. They were kind of smoke-colored, translucent wedges with snowflake-like patterns on the surface if you looked closely. The yolk was pitch black and runny in the middle, and the edges were a chalky gray. They said it was a great delicacy, and since every table had someone Chinese there to help us eat everything right, we ate it. It was cold and rubbery, like finger jell-o, but without the same sweet, fruity flavor. We were much relieved to see the plates of duck arrive. (Except Mike, who was not yet relieved, even though it was his birthday and we sang to him).

As we discovered, The Correct Way to eat the small slices of roast duck is to roll them up in a little pancake that has been smeared with sauce from the end of a scallion "brush." It was absolutely delicious, and it is sad to think that most of us will never be able to afford to eat it again--and certainly not in that restaurant. We were so full that most of us had to pass on the duck brains on the half shell that came at the end of the meal.

Somehow we managed to squeeze two shows into our heavy sightseeing schedule. On the way to the theater we got to stop for five quick minutes to see the panda bears and take pictures of them through the glass. They were cute. This was perhaps intended to make people feel better about having to miss the Summer Palace, which we did not get to see because we shopped too much. After the shows and so much running-around, we were exhausted. And we knew that the next day would be busy too--it was time to see the Great Wall.

Thursday, August 25
Wayne and Cheri Wride

This was our last day in Beijing. The first thing we did was go back to our performance site to pack our costume bags. While we were there, we took the opportunity to hand out postcards, and, of course, sign autographs. This really helps the self-esteem. Andrea's devotional thought was fairly profound: "you make a living by what you get--you make a life by what you give." (by Edmond Male).



Our first tourist stop was the entrance to the Ming Dynasty burial grounds. There were statues on both sides of the street of various animals--some kneeling, some standing--as well as statues of some Chinese sages. Everyone needed several pictures in front of their favorite statue. Some of us bought some water for a dollar. This

water came in handy at our next stop, the Great Wall (Ba Da Ling). We were in awe of the width and extent of the wall. The tour guide caused some uneasiness among our women by calling the easy side to climb "the lady's side," and the harder side "the men's side". It must be noted that Elder and Sister Larsen both climbed with ease up the "man's side". Sister Larsen's sturdy running shoes came in quite handy.

Here we got a glimpse of the meaning of the term "faceless hordes." With tons of people pushing and shoving, some of us formed chains to help get through all the people. It's hard to imagine a wall long enough to cross the continental U.S. We took one of the infamous "group" pictures here. Today's most unique and photographed purchases were the Mongolian and Russian hats! Kristen Pinegar was almost left behind while she was trying to buy a t-shirt for Joaquín. Lunch was uneventful except for the fish bone lodged in Cheri Wride's throat. Dentyne gum proved to be the swing factor.

We all felt it was a miracle that there were not at least 20 Chinese bicyclists flattened on the way to the airport. We've concluded that buses could not function without a horn. The plane dinner on the way to Shanghai was much better liked than the previous one from Canton. Judging from the lights of the city, Shanghai is big. We met a couple more tour guides, Frank being the most amusing one. The talent show had to be postponed one more night because of the our late arrival at the hotel.

Friday, August 26
Craig Stapley

We got up in the morning, ate our "Western-style breakfast", and got all excited about our upcoming jaunt down the Bund. (For other people, their jaunt down the Shanghai Friendship Store). As we split into groups, (some shopping, some exploring, some looking for ice cream), many looked to see if they could

anything from the movie Empire of the Sun. It was an interesting look at "decadent capitalistic exploitation" turned to a good communistic cause. The old bank buildings, now housing government agencies, stood unchanged but for the lack of the nameplate on the front of the buildings, and the phrase "No dogs or Chinese allowed" echoed in the back of our heads.

August 26th was an especially special day for three of our members. It was the Barrington's wedding anniversary, and it was Craig's birthday. All three were surprised by a beautiful cake at lunch. Everyone else was surprised when they sampled Chinese cake. The cake was appreciated, and like all of our meals, lunch was terrific.

We then climbed on our buses and headed for the performance site. At first, when we walked in, we were excited by the sheer size of the place. The size of a football field, it could seat over 8,000 people. As we started unpacking, and trying to find places to change, our excitement dwindled to almost nothing. This place was covered in grime. There was not a place to put down your coat, let alone your costumes, that would not leave a disgusting black mark on it. But, behold, being the touring veterans that we were, we decided to grin and bear it. After getting our costumes squared away, we assembled on stage for blocking. To our dismay, the stage was in even worse condition than the rest of the place. Not only was it dusty, but it had the surface of a 200 year old barn, and when we tried to mop the stage to get the dust off, it created mud that left our costumes in even worse shape than they were in before.

Our hosts had provided us with a light snack before the show, and they must have thought all Americans had sweet-tooths. The snack consisted of six disgustingly sweet "American-style pastries", and we washed them down with tepid Chinese lemon-lime drink.

Meanwhile, it was a typical Orient tour day, about 95 degrees, and 95% humidity. The site was slowly being converted into an oven. For some reason they could not, or would not, open these huge sliding doors on the side so we could have a little ventilation. It was becoming more and more uncomfortable, more and more dusty, and closer and closer to the performance time. Then Delynne and Hui came to our rescue. They gave the stage workers an ultimatum, "open the doors and mop the stage again or we don't dance." What do you know, the stage workers took them seriously and opened the doors and mopped down the floor.

The time came to perform, and the place filled up, the side doors were closed, and the temperature began to rise in earnest. There was no water to drink, and only the lemon-lime soda to quench our thirsts. Some of the men took to sticking their heads under the faucet used for cleaning, clothes and all, just to escape from the heat. We were in agony, but we took it like troopers, and tried not to complain too loudly. Despite this we weren't very convincing, and Hui was backstage watching us dying offstage and going on stage like nothing was wrong. I think none of us will ever be able to forget what Hui went through trying to give us even the slightest bit of comfort, failing, and being in even more agony than we were in because there was nothing on earth she could do, and we, her friends, were in pain. I will always remember trying to comfort her, and finding out why she was really crying....she loved us, and didn't want us to be hurting.

After the show, we went to our hotel and got ready for "Off the Wall", an un-talent show. The show started with Scott M. and Craig doing the "Off the Wall" theme rap, and the fun began. The Socialist committee passed out the Off the Wall T-Shirts, and we sat down to see the fun. The leadership did an "if I were a folk dancer" song/skit that had us rolling on the floor. We were also treated to an

example of ballroom dancing by Ge-Yao and Andrea. Jodi regaled us with one of her stories, and we got an upside-down look at some of the girls' chins. Of course, we could not forget Suzi Wong and the Won Tons, complete with Chinese ribbon a la toilet paper. The acts went on way past our bedtime (and everyone else's, the hotel manager had to ask us to stop,) and I regret not being able to list all of the acts (It is not that I don't remember them, it's just that I have a 5 page limit.)

We then trundled off to our rooms in giggle fits, clutching our t-shirts, and trying to imagine just what our next fun filled day would hold.

Saturday, August 27
Julie Mattingly

This morning started out very typically. We had an American breakfast that consisted of toast and "dippy eggs," as Jodi would say. We did have ice, and that was such a "tweet."

Afterward everyone went to their rooms and brushed their teeth to get the egg after-taste out. We got onto the bus and went to the train station. We caught our train to Changzhou. The train ride was long (especially long for me because James and Scott fell asleep in my seat). I think the highlight of the train ride was the lunch--nobody ate it. We did donate the food to a good cause though. The lady in the back took out all of the chicken and put it in her bag. Stacey was the proud recipient of a box full of eggs. What a thoughtful PAC pal she has!

When we arrived in Changzhou, we went to the performance site. We were so excited to see a clean stage and dressing room. We had a snack of bread and water and we got ice again--yea!!



The performance went well, considering that we lost Cheri after Flamenco. All of her mosquito bites were finally too much for her. She layed herself down in her costume bag and stayed there for the rest of the night. We were certainly glad that she didn't have to go to a Chinese hospital.

Some of the boys had a rough show. The girls, too. The floor was very slippery. Germán, nice Flamenco jump suit. Ge-Yao, what happened to your Hopak pants?! We can't say anything about how bad the mens' costumes smelled, because the girls' were just as bad (we discovered tonight that our Hopak headpieces smell the worst).

After we packed up all of our stuff, we headed back to the hotel for a banquet. We were so excited, since we all love Chinese food and since we were so hungry - ha ha!! The food was good though, everyone (well, almost everyone) loved the scallops. We were glad when the soup came and we were done. I don't know about anyone else, but I fell asleep before my head hit the pillow.

Sunday, August 28
Elder and Sister Dean Larsen

Sunday morning everyone in the tour group arose in the hotel in Changzhou. We were allowed to sleep a little later than usual because of

the late meal provided the group after the performance on Saturday night. 8:30 a.m. was breakfast time. Cheri and Wayne Wride were encouraged to stay in their room and rest so that Cheri could recover from her feeling faint and ill the night before.

At 9:00 a.m., the group were permitted to use the bar of the hotel for worship services. All of the tour guides and CYTS people accompanying the group were invited to attend the services with us, and all came, including Madam Gao, their leader.

Dr. Ray Hillam conducted the services. After an opening song, "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet," and an invocation, the sacrament was administered to the group.

Speakers for the meeting were Scott Horman, Dixie Barrington, Carolyn Hillam, Ray Hillam and Dean Larsen. A special musical number (vocal duet) was provided by Scott Rasmussen and Sandra Ekins. There was a fine spirit in the meeting. The guests expressed their appreciation for having been invited.

Following the worship service, the group was invited to a special banquet hosted by the city officials of Changzhou. The vice-mayor and a number of other government officials attended. They were very gracious hosts, and expressed their appreciation for and enjoyment of the folk dance performance on Saturday night, saying it was an honor to have the folk dancers in their city. In fact, during the conversation at the head table, the vice-mayor said he thought all the youth of China should become members of the Mormon Church.

The meal served was a sumptuous one--26 courses in typical Chinese style. During the meal, the vice-mayor and his official group went from table to table giving toasts to the Folk dancers.

Following the banquet, the group was taken on a boat ride on a canal more than 2000 years old. The canal connects Shanghai with Beijing, and is today an important commercial waterway. While on the boat we were treated to Chinese music played by some young students on typical Chinese instruments and snacked on apples.

After a visit to a new housing development, the group boarded a train for Nanjing. The train ride of two and one-half hours took the group through some beautiful farming country where sugar cane, cotton, and rice are grown. Many of the students caught a short nap on the train.

Arriving in Nanjing about 7:30 p.m., we were met by our Nanjing CYTS hosts and taken to the Nanjing Hotel. This has been one of the most memorable days of the tour.

Monday, August 29
Comrade Ge-Yao and Madame Cho Sho Hang (Christy Shell)

An Ordinary Day in Nanjing

Ze Tian Ye Her Ding Chang Yi Yang Tian i Huan Bu zho. Women Xin de Yi Tian de HuoDong Shi Yi Zuo Chuan YouLan Chang Shang Steve Buckley Her Kristen Pinegar. Je Le Huen. You Lan Hui Lai YiHou. Quen Tuan Dou Zai Den Tamen Song Qiu Xi de Yiwu. Ze Tian Zao Shang Ge-Yao Her Scott Mahoney MeiYou Sui Tuan HuoTong. Tamen Duo Yi Ge Peng You de Jia Li Chi Fan Qui Le.

Ze shi Scott Di Yi Chi Dao ZhongGuo Ren de Jia Li Zuo ke, Gu "Qi Xin Guai Zhuang"
de Zhang Guo Chai Shi To Do Bao Yen Fu Her Kou Fu.

Zai DoJia Ling Hui Tamen de Yiwu Hou. Women Bian Dong Shen Qian Wan
Women Yen Chu de Ju Chang--"Nanging Da Hui Tang." Das Juchang Hou Women
Yi Bian Zuo Zuen Bei Gongluo Yi Bian Pai Lian Yi Xia Wudas. Ju Chang de Tiao
Jian Bu Cho, Da Jia de TrQin Hen Gas, Gu YenChu Xiang Dong Chen Gong.

For those "faceless hordes" and "barbaric imperialists" whose Chinese
vocabulary did not develop beyond Ni-hou, Zou-Ba, Dou-Dowle, and E-R-Sun..., here
is a brief translation of the above day's events:

1. Visited the Nanjing Yangtze River Bridge.
2. Took a "cruise" on the Yangtze River. A special appearance was made by
Reverend Rex who conducted the marriage ceremony of Miss Dubou Chin
(Kristen Pinegar) to Mr. Twibou Chin (Steve Buckley). Mr. Chin sealed the
ceremony by kissing his bride--and not on the Chinny-Chin-Chin.
3. Waited for our costumes to be laundered at the hotel for a couple of hours
in the afternoon. Most did the usual tour pastimes: Journal writing, sleeping,
reading various books of Asian history for Dr. Hillam, or listening to the #1
tour tape--Les Miserables.
4. Ge-Yao and Scott Mahoney spent the day with Ge-Yao's friends from
Nanjing. Scott especially enjoyed a traditional Chinese lunch of thousand-
year-old eggs and pig's stomach.
5. Great performance at "The Great Hall of the People". The auditorium held
8,000, and there were over 6,000 in attendance.
6. Back to the hotel and straight to bed as usual!?!

Tuesday, August 30
Jennifer Ollerton and Doug Lange

Today we began by visiting the Sun Yat Sen Memorial. To get to the top we
had to climb 397 steps. At least that is what we were told, but Delynn did not
count that many. Thank goodness we did not find the other 200 steps.

We then went to the Ming tombs. Our bus dropped us off at the end of the
road and we were told to walk down the street and meet the bus at the other end.
This street was great fun for the camera-happy who took shots of every stone figure
along the way. The nice man and his donkey looked good in the folk dance girls'
pose. OOPS! When we finally arrived at the other end, we were greeted by Steve
Buckley and his friendly fuzzi. Jodi wanted a picture of it, but she could not figure
out how to get it off Steve.

After leaving the Ming tombs, we were taken over to an outdoor market. This
was the first of many outdoor markets that we were to experience. Being the first
one, though, it was really exciting. We saw old men eating eggs with partially
developed chicks in them, eels being cut open and cleaned, live cats next to skinned
cats, and many other sights that will long remain with us.

Aside from the sightseers of our group, we also had our shoppers. Brother
Hillam bought a violin for \$40.00, and Earlet, with her finely-tuned bartering skills,

finally convinced a store owner to sell something to her at a cheap price, only to receive funny looks as she handed the woman her visa card. The lady had never before seen a visa card, and the only thing that Earlet walked out of the store with was a red face and a lot of embarrassment.

Back on the bus and ready to leave, once again we were waiting for a few stragglers who were habitually late. In the meantime, Jodi and Denise decided to hand out a few postcards and pins to a group of old men sitting by our buses. Within a few seconds, the two of them were being mobbed by people frantically grabbing what they were handing out. After a few yells and then throwing her postcards into the air, Jodi was pulled from the crowd.

We were then on our way to the airport to fly to Canton. The airport was small and humid, but this did not deter our diehard shoppers, not mentioning any names, from purchasing some small "native trinkets." And although we had to wait a while for the airplane, we were once again entertained by Jennifer jumping and screaming every time she saw a spider on our chairs. All of the bugs in the Orient were attracted only to certain girls in the group.

Our flight to Canton was one that we will all remember. The airplane was hot and crowded and every air pocket in the universe converged on our flight. At one point we must have dropped 10,000 feet in about two seconds. Kristin Anderson and Wayne got sick and Kristin had to be carried from the plane by Scott Rasmussen. Doug was caught in the bathroom during the flight and every time he stood up to leave we would hit another air pocket. So he just rode out the flight in the bathroom.

We were all excited to reach Canton, but not nearly as excited as Ge-Yao. His family was to meet him at the airport, and it had been three years since they had seen each other. There were lots of tears and sobs from both Ge-Yao and his family, and it was exciting for us to see Ge-Yao so happy--he had gone through lots of emotions leading up to this moment.

Once again we were loaded onto buses and then taken to our hotel where we were to meet Ed. Having arrived from the U.S., we thought that he would be sound asleep. But he did come down to see us, and while we waited 57 years for our luggage, he filled us in on all the latest happenings and gossip from back home.

Thus our fun-filled, exciting day came to a close with one last practical joke--a wake-up call at 4:00 a.m. to the Barringtons and the Hormans.

Wednesday, August 31
Stephen Lewis and Sandra Ekins

PART 1

Today was the beginning and ending of a lot of things: It began the tour for Ed and ended the tour for Delynne, it was Ge-Yao's last show of the tour, and the first show for Ed to see. It was the group's last show in China and the end of our stay in China. It ended the sweet and sour mystery meat and began the starting of normal food (hopefully).

It was such a pleasant surprise to begin the last day in China with a "Western breakfast." We even had a little Chinese culture mixed into the Western breakfast when they brought the eggs out uncooked. The plate was warm, and thus the plate partially cooked the bottom of the eggs. The toast sure tasted good though.

PART 2

The devotional was given by Scott and Karen Horman. Scott gave the thought on "first impressions" and how we should be careful of the ones we give, and Karen offered the prayer.

By 9:00 we were on the buses. First, we visited the carving of the five goats which stands for the mythical story of the introduction of rice to Guanzhou. Next we went to see an ivory carving factory and were thoroughly impressed by the beautiful and delicate works being carved from the tusks of elephants.

PART 3

The open market was definitely a unique experience. Not one of us will soon forget. The locals were at the market buying and selling food items (if you can call it food). We were there to experience the real Cantonese culture and that is just what we did. We now know the saying of the Cantonese is true: "We eat anything that walks and has four legs except a table and we eat anything that flies except a plane." For example: lizards on a stick, monkey feet, dried coiled-up snakes, dried crayfish, frogs, eels, jumpy fish, among other things.



We were even able to see the process of getting meat prepared and it was extremely appetizing. First there were the ducks and chickens in cages waiting anxiously for slaughter. Then came their death and then the plucking of feathers in barrels of water. The best part is yet to come. The gutting of the animals right before our very eyes with the innards out on the table for sale.

Finally came the chopping up of the meat. It definitely left a great many of us craving meat. We saw some cute little chickens in a cage next to the ducks and we thought they really couldn't be there for slaughter until we looked on the chopping block to see a cat skinned. It was still in the attack position. We then started to wonder what we had been eating the past weeks in the mystery meat. The most interesting part part displayed for selling was the goat head. It hung there dripping. A few of us posed with Billy and had our pictures taken with him.

The snake pits, fish hatcheries, and the bloody blocks started taking its toll on a few of us. We had to leave in a hurry for fear of making a scene like the lady in front of us did--twice. A few of us about lost it. We made it through the market and were excited to eat lunch. In all actuality, a few of us did lose our appetites. I don't know why!! I entitled the experience "Everything you Didn't Want to Know about Chinese Food and More!

On the way back to the buses, some of the dancers found a Meadow-Gold ice cream shop and treated themselves to a pre-lunch snack. Hui was also left behind and caught up with us later.

PART 4

We had lunch at the lake-side restaurant and were again treated to another full course Chinese meal during which Brad was apparently considered by the waitress a flop with chopsticks, because he was handed a fork with which to finish his meal. But the highlight of the hour was the fun Ed had upon finishing his meal

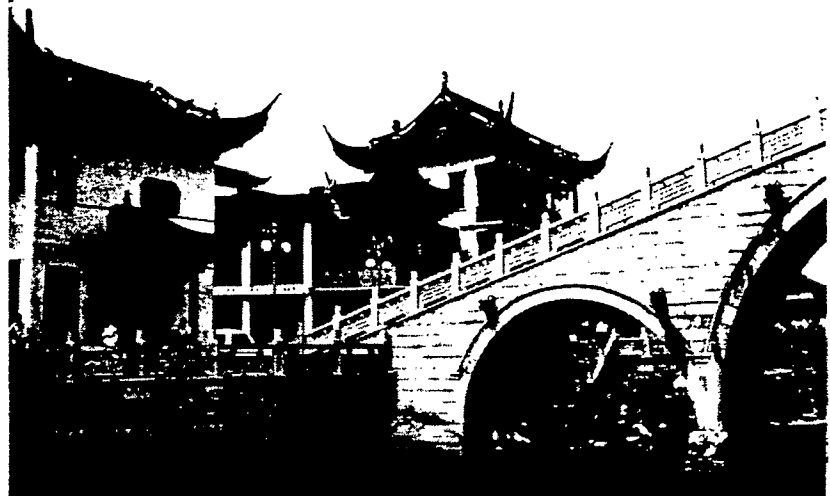
when he discovered the shoes he had slipped off his feet were gone from the place where he had slipped them. As he began to search out their place of concealment, he was assisted by a waitress who seemed anxious to help him keep from losing any more face and he soon recovered his property. But it remains a mystery still as to how they moved from where he left them. We are inclined to think that perhaps they walked by themselves.

After lunch we went back to the hotel and had a couple of hours of free time to do as we pleased. Most went to the largest friendship store we had encountered yet and shopped and became prisoners there as a major rainstorm raged outside.

PART 5

At 4:00, we loaded the buses to go to our performance site, the Sun Yat Sen Memorial hall. Once there, Ed had the Korea group rehearse some American numbers and we all set up and prepared for the show (which involved to some extent cleaning up the backstage area to make it suitable, as we had laboriously done several times before). We had a sack-lunch type dinner there too. At 8:00 we had our prayer and devotional, during which Delynne said her goodbyes and expressed her appreciation for our efforts during her tour, and we all joined in expressing our appreciation for her with a group hug.

At 8:30, the show began. It all seemed to go very well but the best part of it was Running Sets, in which our CYTS National guide, Yu Hui, danced in Jodi's place. She was so excited and did such a great job. The audience upon seeing her there cheered and applauded. We all shared her joy. It was probably as much fun for us to watch her.



PART 6

We had some presentations after the show to the people we will leave behind tomorrow. It was very emotional. The guides and officials from CYTS had become very close to us, especially Hui and Madam Gao. We presented them with pictures and BYU seals and holders. Madam Gao and Hui gave speeches and most of us were not dry-eyed by the end. Those of us who were still not affected soon broke down when we sang "Go Ye Now in Peace" and "God Be With You." Those songs contain so many memories for us all. We folk dancers can't get through those songs without getting emotional.

Ge-Yao's mom gave some gifts to the leadership of our group. Ge-Yao interpreted and we all had a hard time not breaking up. We had to say our good-byes tonight so we could pack our costumes, but we were all sad to think about leaving our friends tomorrow.

The day was a full one and we won't soon forget it, as each day thus far has been. Tomorrow we end our time in China and begin our Taiwan experience. We'll see what Taiwan brings soon.

**Thursday, September 1
Karen and Scott Horman**

The day began early for this group of tired gypsies. We had to be to the train by 10:00 a.m., and after a two-hour train ride, we arrived in Hong Kong. After our "hurry-up and wait" routine, our top priority was McDonald's. We know that their sales on hamburgers, french fries, and drinks tripled that day. We were then let loose on Hong Kong for about 2 1/2 hours to finish any last minute bargain shopping.

We had a delay at the airport and while sitting there, who should be standing around and waiting but John Derek, the director, and Bo Derek, the "actress". Here are some comments about seeing this famous person:

直通車
HONG KONG → GUANGZHOU THROUGH TRAIN
車次：
Train No. : **96**

Brent Lewis: "She's the woman in 10 who everyone raves about, but she doesn't make my bugs jump."

Joaquín Busquets: "I was glad that she was as pretty in real life without the cameras and make-up."

Steve Buckley: "I was surprised that she is as pretty in real life as she is in those "classic" movies she makes."

Brad Dobson: "She's a beautiful woman but there's lots of them around in our company" (points, points).

Lynell Patten: "Big Deal!"

Craig Stapley: "I hoped that none of the group would make a fool of themselves."

Julie Mattingly: "She is as gorgeous in real life as in the movies."

Jodi Sandstrom: "I thought she looked a lot like me. Just kidding; I didn't see her."

Scott Horman: "Bo Derek's here? Oh, that's nice."

Doug Lange: "I could care less."

James Johnson: "I never saw her."

Christy Shell: "She's a shrimp. What's that movie she starred in?"

Anne Butler: "She's O.K."

Mike Jensen: "Make-up does wonders. I didn't recognize her with her clothes on (he-he). Just kidding." (*Editor--We're sure*).

Susan Fry: "I think we have prettier girls on our tour."

Andrea Graham: "She's as pretty as she is cracked up to be."

As we got on the bus earlier in the morning, we had to leave Ge-Yao behind. He had to work on finishing the paperwork for his visa to get back into the United States. We were sad to leave him behind, but a scripture came to mind: "And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me." (D & C 98:5)

Later on as we rode the train across the border, Scott and I reflected on our freedoms and on our experiences in the Peoples' Republic of China. As we sat in the airport, we decided to ask several of the people on tour their feelings as they left the Peoples' Republic of China.

Susie: "It was hard while we were there and made to put up with some difficult situations, but after last night, (August 31) it made it all worth it."

Brent: "I felt like I was leaving a black and white world into a fresh look. You see the people in two perspectives: one to exist and one to achieve."

Mike J.: "I felt the same as when we left East Berlin. You come into a more modern and better-maintained world."

Kristen P.: "I am probably never going back there again, and I wonder how well I have represented my family there."

Joaquín: "I was relieved to be out from under the Communist system." (*Editor--once again...*)

Robert: "I have no regrets."

Janet: "I came back to civilization."

Doug: "China has made me better understand our real purpose as Folk Dancers."

Steve Lewis: "Sad. I enjoyed it, and wasn't anxious to leave it. We're back in the real world again. Sad and relieved from the stresses of being in a strange place."

Tony: "I didn't mind being there. People sound like it was a great hardship when we were being treated most respectfully and fairly. And at the risk of trivializing what other people have said, all the talk about Godless Communism and black and white and stifled freedoms offends me. I have seen much worse poverty in far more democratic settings. Regrets? I would like to know more about the whole society on every single level, and ten days wasn't long enough."

Steve Buckley: "Our time in China opened my eyes to a whole new world. Although I was disappointed at the constant scenes of decay and disrepair, I found the Chinese people to be as warm and friendly as any I had ever encountered elsewhere."

Brad: "I was glad to leave, but it was a wonderful experience and sorry to leave the people behind like Madame Gao, and Hui."

Lynell: "I'm glad all those hardships are over, and yet I felt like I hadn't been there. But I still have those feelings inside that I won't forget."

Craig: "Complicated feelings. I was sad to leave dear friends, and people I cared for, but excited to move on and see another aspect of China."

Julie: "I have mixed emotions. I was happy to leave and come back to a place that is free. I was sad to know that I wouldn't be back."

Jodi: "I was a little bit humbled. I was grateful to be going back to a more comfortable environment but yet I was sad to not have more time to interact with more people."

Scott Horman: "My feelings are complex. I think in terms of personal comfort, I was happy to be leaving, yet I felt like I hadn't seen enough. My impression of the Chinese people is that as a nation they are in a phase of great self-examination and strong evidence that Communism doesn't work."

Elder Larsen: "Well, I have a mixture of feelings. First, a sense of relief that you are not under the same restraints, but at the same time, there was something good about the associations we had gained, and it would be hard to find these outside. I have good feelings about this visit."

Sister Larsen: "You have a sense of compassion for the people--that the government will keep the 'open door policy' going."

Stacey: "I was sad to leave. I wanted to see more of a place that I would never return to. I would have liked to be with the people more, and it made me thankful for McDonald's."

Susan: "Nothing. I was asleep. I think we missed some experiences, but I have been there before. We did get to see some of the people."

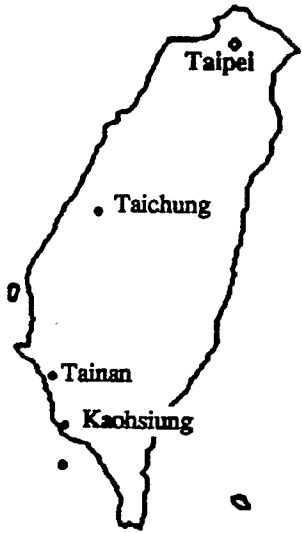
Andrea: "Mixed emotions. I wanted to leave, but there were a lot of things that I didn't see and I want to go back. I missed meeting the people."

Anne: "I was deep in sleep, but I was dreaming about China."

When we arrived at the Taiwan Airport, we had our travel routine again of "hurry up and wait." As we were going through customs, Susie had a suspicious look in her eyes. If anyone would be a suspected smuggler, it would be her. So guess what?!! She had to have her bag inspected. And who also had this "neat" experience, but Janet, who was also a suspected black-marketeer. It was a typical day of traveling, but it was a day of mixed feelings in many areas.

Friday, September 2
Steve Buckley and Kristen Pinegar

This morning we awoke to the smell of Belgian waffles and hash browns but unfortunately we sat down to the reality of runny "Western Style" eggs and mystery ham and then boarded the bus which headed to the National Palace Museum where we saw a large collection of jades, porcelains, ivory, curios, imperial costumes and other artifacts from the various Chinese dynasties after which the Pacific Cultural Foundation hosted a banquet for us at the Asia World Hotel where the food was very good and especially the noodle soup in which we noticed some suspicious looking flecks of pepper in the same place on every noodle so we called it "a dish full of fish" and Christy Shell sat with the big-wigs so she had to eat the whole bowl and when we finished we delivered our famous and polished rendition of the folk tune



"Moley-Wa" to a captive group of faceless hosts and the words we sang went something like:

Howdy dude may lee dee moley-wa
 Repeat
 Fun fang may be man you're hot
 Yo sun yo bye run run quack
 La la la
 Slur--(because no one knows the words)
 Moley-wa, Moley-wa

and after singing and accepting our gifts of plastic oriental placemats we walked to the Mandarin Hotel where we went to a press conference, that is except for those unlucky few who were in Chinese Ribbon and if we remember correctly, those who did Four-Couple Clog, that is 12-Couple-Four-Couple Clog and not Korea Four-Couple Clog, but anyway, the people who did go to the press conference pretended to be dignified while eating dessert and then they performed "Hora" twice in the hotel lobby, but meanwhile, back in the

rehearsal hall, Wayne tried to kill a fly with his forehead but instead blasted the fly into eternity and shattered a glass window into a million pieces, so while Karen Horman played nurse, Ed played like nothing was wrong and made us practice Chinese Ribbon on a 12' x 6' stage and no one was in good spirits and when the press conference had ended the group split and some went to the Chiang Kai Shek Memorial where they locked us in a theater and turned off the lights to show a movie which was not a smart thing to do to our group because when the lights came back on we were all in various sleeping positions with marks on our faces but we did take the elevator up to the memorial after that and saw the bronzed Mr. Shek himself sitting somewhat like Lincoln at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., and we took some neat pictures of the surrounding grounds which were gorgeous but then the second injury of the day occurred when Lynell fell down the steps outside on our way back to the bus and while Lynell was falling, the other group, the one with 12-Couple-Four-Couple Clog and Christy and Anne and Robert, because they had solos in Chinese Ribbon, and Steve Lewis, because he could do some neat Ukranian tricks steps, went to do a T.V. taping, but they had to wait a long, long time in a small room with nothing to do but learn how to say "Good evening ladies and gentlemen, we are from Brigham Young University" in Mandarin, and then after about 3 or 4 or 5 hours, they finally went on, but the stage was really small so they had to kick out all of the little kids who had come to watch the show, and then they had more room so they were able to do 12-Couple-Four-Couple Clog and Anne and Christy and Robert could do their solos from "Chinese Ribbon" and Steve Lewis could do his neat Ukranian trick steps, and by this time, all the others were feasting on a Mongolian barbecue which was so good that many went back for second servings, but just when those who went back for second servings were finishing their second servings, those from the T.V. taping, that is 12-Couple-Four-Couple Clog and Anne and Christy and Robert and Steve Lewis and Ed and Dixie and Scott and Karen Horman, arrived and they only had 15 minutes to eat, so they hurried and piled their plates high with meat and vegetables and ate as fast as they could and never got second servings, and while the T.V. group was "pigging Mongolian" the other group had to leave because we had a fireside scheduled at the stake center which was next to the temple right across from a gas station and it was very nice, the temple that is, and when the group arrived, the cultural hall was already filled with people who had been waiting and they waited even longer as we set up chairs and a sound system and Ed decided that we would do a combination workshop/fireside, that is to have a few speakers along with some songs and a little dancing in our volcano sweaters and cream of

mushroom and green outfits, but seeing that not all of the group had arrived because the T.V. taping group was still at the Mongolian place, Ed called on some speakers first and by the time Joaquín was mid-way through his inspiring message, the rest of the dancers clattered in, thus making our group complete, and we were able to do some dancing, but then we ran into another problem because someone whose name starts with "E" and ends with "D" forgot to bring the music for "Running Sets", but its not like we've never had to dance without music before, so after "Silent Running Sets" we did "Whoa Ha Buck" and Steve Buckley (not Lewis) filled in for Wayne because Wayne looked like Frankenstein at the time and we didn't want to scare the little Taiwanese children, and then afterwards Janet, Robert, and Craig spoke and we were really feeling unified until we remembered that one of us was still back in Hong Kong (and here is the full account of his experience as told by Blain, who said that it was "Boring, boring, boring, although I stayed with President and Sister Goo, which was the highlight of the day and she fed me a traditional Chinese dinner--yum--and I played Goldilocks and the Three Bears with LeGrand a.k.a Grandy and I got the VIP room and slept where General Authorities sleep and in the morning President Goo casually informed me that I was going to do the subway alone so my panic alarm went off and stayed on all the way to Hong Kong Island until I got my visa, which was the whole reason for this solo tour, and although I had an hour and a half to shop, I spent 45 minutes desperately looking for a bathroom, and the rest was spent, unfortunately, just window shopping, and then off to the airport for a two or three hour delay and a man making disgusting noises all the way to Taiwan, and I was never so glad to see everyone and I love you and I missed you and ...sob") so anyway, when we got back to our luxurious New Asian Paradise, we set out to see a little of Taipei before the night was over and while some set out in search of ice cream, others just went for a walk, and it just so happened that while the group that was on a walk was standing on a corner outside of 7-Eleven eating pineapple juice bars, two taxis full of Folk Dancers pulled up to a red light at the same corner and K.P., who was standing on that corner eating her pineapple juice bar, decided to stop traffic and jump in one of the taxis, and the taxis took Dale, Scott Rasmussen, Christy, Stacey, K.P., Sandra, Cristina, Susan, Reid, and Reid's old roommate--who planned the whole adventure--to the Buffalo Palace where they danced, except for Dale who practiced picking up girls with the clever line, "Do you speak English", and then after dancing for awhile, they all went back to the hotel to go to bed, and everyone went to sleep, so to make a long story short, we came and we saw and we had fun on September the 2nd... except for Blain.

Saturday, September 3
Kristin Anderson and Marc Thorpe

And it came to pass that we arose early in the morning in the land of Taipei and trailed in a nearly south-eastward direction to the land with is known as Hualien.

2 And there are many adjectives which do describe our journey on the train through the wilderness, and these shall be spoken of hereafter.

3 And it came to pass that while in the land of Hualien, we became acquainted with the people which will hereafter be known as Aborigines. And we saw their art; and it was good.

4 And it came to pass that after feasting and making ourselves merry with toast proposing, we journeyed to a temple of the Gentiles and they had put as guards large spiders to protect this idol, and those spiders were large and they did strike fear in to the hearts of God's people, but they did have faith, and they were not harmed.

5 And thus we did travel to the place where they did polish large rocks which had been cut out of the mountain and these rocks were large as to the size of two oxen and the name by which these rocks are known is marble. And we came upon a room which was laden with rocks and gems and riches.

6 And it came to pass that we returned to the land of Hualien and we feasted upon the fatted squid, which was not thin, and there was much rejoicing.

7 We then took our journey to see a show which was a folk show, and this show was performed by the people of Aboriginal descent; and they danced, and we saw, and they offered us their trinkets, but we partook not of these worldly idols; and yet we are happy, and the show concluded and again we were happy.

8 And as evening fell upon the land, many men took there journey down to the seashore and they were not alone as men, for they were accompanied by women so as not to be only with men; and on their journey they encountered many forbodings and danger, yet they did not fear, and they were delivered.

9 And it came to pass that on this journey they crossed a gorge that was wide and deep, and they crossed this gorge by means of two railways which were narrow and which had no bottom other than the ties which supported the rails; and had two trains crossed as they crossed, they would have been tossed, yea, they would have been swallowed up in the depths of this gorge.

10 And then they arrived at the sea, and they swam, and the men proceeded to swim freely, and they were dressed in the same manner as when they emerged from their mothers' womb; and it was good. And so the women of this group did suddenly pursue the men, and the men did fear and did flee before them; and foremost in this pursuit was Christy, whose hair is as red as the breast of the robin; and Dale was fearful and was nearly confronted, but Steve, who is know as Buckley, did not flee but was steadfast and firm in his position and all was well.

11 And it came to pass that guards bearing weapons encountered our group, but they looked upon our women, and their hearts were softened; and thus we were done to return again to our dwelling, and we look not for the night.

12 And I bid thee farewell, for this bus is bumpy and this paper is full. Adieu.

The golden words of the people of old while on their journey traveling many hours by train:

Pondersome	Recline	Vociferous
Taiwanish	Unstable (mind and	TB (tired bum)
Laborious	body)	Neck wrecker
Insomnia	Junglorious	Impetuous
Tedious	Sea-ducing	Streamline
Guava	Mountastic	Goodness Gracious
Long	Eclectic	Great Balls of Fire
Mesmerizing	Clap-happy	Jerky and Hyper
Sore buns	Tranquilizing	Whiplash
Stacey	Blah	Bizarre
Belabored	Paradoxical	Good Brakes!
Monotonous	Relaxing	Superficially serene
Rhythmic	Fascinating	Excruciating
Hell(with a view)	Uncomfortable	TWB (Teenie Weenie
	Leg room	Bladder)

Sunday, September 4
Andrea Graham and Mike Jensen

The day begins. There are sights along the highway through Taiwan that will certainly never find their match anywhere in the States. Or if they do, we aren't going to go looking for them. Leaving the Astar, we once again boarded our deluxe tourist buses headed for the other side of the island. Instead of taking the easy route, we were in for the roller coaster experience, "Colossus."

The facts themselves are quite impressive. The East-West Cross-Island Highway is long, and VERY exciting. Known to some as "The Rainbow of Treasure Island," (I certainly did not see a single rainbow!) the road took 10,000 workers 46 months to complete. That's too long for any road. Can you imagine the traffic during rush hour? From the elevation of the bus there was the added thrill of expecting to tip over at any moment.

Early on in our trip, we traveled through the Taroko Gorge. That's where all those neat tunnels were. If you were alert, you counted to a number in the thirties. If you had a handy-dandy tour brochure (like the authors) you counted 38. The sights from the sides were stunning. NOT recommended for those suffering the influence of vertigo. The tunnels are aptly named, "Swallow's Grotto," "Tunnel of Nine Turns," "Bridge of Motherly Devotion," etc. My personal favorite was the tunnel of nine turns. If you weren't careful you thought there were more. Karen, do you still have that Dramamine?

For the truly adventurous there was an extra thrill in store--a suspension bridge. Of course there was a weight limit. Of course no one paid any attention to it. And of course all the cute Taiwanese girl scouts wanted their pictures taken with us in the middle. I still wonder if death by falling onto pointed rocks is very painful. But our traditional folk dancer's luck held, and so did the bridge. Once across we were fortunate to climb up to the tip of the pagoda on the other side. Folk dancers are known for their color coordination. The melon of the dresses fit right in with the brilliant colors of the monument, while the men were quite fashionable in their stripes (suitable for any occasion). If any one would like further information concerning that impressive place, feel free to contact Mike (or page three of the handy-dandy tourist brochure).

Anyone hungry? We were. But only the brave dared to attempt the meal that marked the halfway house of our Sunday drive in the mountains. What did we eat? I ate the rice, how about you? As an after dinner appetizer our guide, Daniel, bought us manna (a.k.a. pear-apples). By this time we were all experts at wielding a knife in behalf of obtaining a nutritious piece of nourishment. That's what dessert in China taught us. Next time we'll all have knives. Good thing BYU has taught us all there is to know about standing in lines, even for things like Scott and Anne's precious tools. Better yet, everyone else was spending \$2.00 for an authentic Californian peach. They were great, probably they had traveled before.

After lunch we got back on the bus. Most everyone was tired, (too much excitement last night, maybe?), so it was a little quiet, at least on the air conditioned bus. If anyone managed to stay awake, they were treated to some incredible scenery. The climb up the other side of the mountain was full of tunnels and turns, but on the downside of the trip the hills were covered with orchards and farms. That is what is meant by the word green. If Californian peaches are enjoyed here, those fruits growing there on the mountains are going to be relished when they find their final destination in some other country. Like the other places we had been, it was moist everywhere. Not the suffocating wet heat, but a refreshing kind.

Taichung was a welcome sight. So was dinner, which was waiting when we arrived. But the best part of the day was church. Elder Larsen led the meeting, and in his understated manner touched us with a message on personal accountability. As this was his last Sunday with us, we were all a little moved as we shared the close quarters of the Larsen's hotel room. A fitting end to our day.

Monday, September 5

Important fact of the day: 25th day on tour; 12th full performance was this evening; 5th day in the Republic of China; big day for Doug on stage.

In the future, the most significant event of this day to be remembered is that the performance of "Sailor" was a highlight for Doug. Some well-intentioned (?), adorable young ladies (Susie and Jennifer), sweetened Doug's captain hat with baby powder just before he went on stage. Four hands squeezing a little bottle produced a more than desired effect. On stage, as Doug blew his whistle (which had been in the hat) powder blew everywhere. Powder began sifting down the back of his head until the white streak was obvious. The prank was intended for discovery after the number was over, since Doug never takes his hat off. But being advised of the streak, Doug changed the choreography--he hit each person suspected of complicity with the hat. The ?????? clouds of powder had the technical crew in stitches, the performers brimming with grins, and the most interesting looks coming from Doug. A warning against inappropriate retribution was given after the number ended.

The show began with another mystery. As the announcement ended, the curtain opened, and Zapateado began, a curious pair of shoes were noticed front stage left. Although everyone watched closely, the shoes didn't move until after the dance ended. It took a few minutes, but Blain finally "fessed up" to ownership.

Tonight was Rex's first official participation in Running Sets, taking Ge-Yao's place. It went very well, even if he did almost completely forget one of the last moves. The numerous positive comments from all the dancers were greatly appreciated.

Daytime activities today included:

- 1) A bus ride from Taichung to Taipei and the delightful New Asia Hotel (better rooms were ready for us this time);
- 2) Performance set-up and rehearsal at the Taipei Social Education Hall;
- 3) A western buffet-style lunch at the Mandarin Hotel;
- 4) A special reception for BYU friends in Taiwan. Approximately 80 people (including us) were there. A plaque was presented to our host, the Pacific Cultural Foundation, Elder Larsen spoke, a BYU video was shown, and "Buckin' Appalachia" was presented as a special treat. Several important people came, and it ended with lots of food and dinner. The performance was attended by approximately 925 people.

Tuesday, September 6

We sure don't let the grass grow under our proverbial feet. Today we headed off toward the southern end of the island. But it was not without some tough moments in Taipei. Before leaving the hotel we had to say goodbye to the Larsens and the Hillams, whom we had all come to appreciate and love. At a brief morning meeting, Dr. Hillam presented us with some very nice gifts from Col. Wang Miao, an important man in Taipei and a BYU alumnus

as well. Then we sang "Go Ye Now in Peace," which, as always, proved to be a real tear-jerker. It was sad to see the group start to break up so soon. But not to worry: Dr. Hillam left a hefty packet of clippings so that the culture-gram tradition would not die. (*Note to Elder Larsen--we'll be watching every conference to see if you are wearing a tour tie!*)

As far as the journey itself is concerned, it was very long. But not as long as our excursion *across* the island, even though the distance was longer. We stopped in the area of Taoyuan to see "Window on China," a park filled with intricate models of famous Chinese monuments and buildings; the Great Wall, the Forbidden City, the Chang Kai-Shek memorial, etc. Many of the models were motorized, and little cars drove down the freeways. The lunch served there was also quite good--nothing too mysterious. We spent a few moments in the gift shop and then drove on through the tea farms toward Kaohsiung.

Upon reaching the city of Kaohsiung, we checked into the Holiday Garden hotel, a recently-sold Holiday Inn. Important observation: it had a swimming pool. After getting ourselves accommodated, we left for our fire-side/workshop at the Kaohsiung stake center. The room was packed, and everyone appeared to have a good time. We kept the missionary interpreters busy, anyway. By the time we returned to the hotel, the pool was closed. Darn. Well, it was getting to be bedtime anyway, especially for the Hormans and James, who were awakened at 5:00 by tired people in silk pajamas who wanted to be the first to wish them a happy anniversary/birthday.

Wednesday, September 7

Comparatively speaking, it was a fairly calm day. There was some time in the morning to look around. Then we were driven around the city a little and we also went to a small university campus where we saw Chang Kai-Shek's (or somebody's) car in a glass case and walked for a few minutes along a nice beach in the sun. It felt fantastic, and it was a little bit difficult to get everyone rounded up and back on the bus. But it was time to get back to business. Rehearsal time for Korea. We rehearsed a l o n g time, desperately trying to get the clogs put back together and learn what Ed had in mind for the Olympics. Unfortunately, we worked so hard that few of us had any energy left for the show.

After the performance, we returned to the hotel. Arrangements had been made so that we could stay in the pool and swim (quietly) past the regular closing time. It was most refreshing. It was a nice pool, too, with a bar in the middle and statues all over the place. After we spent some time building a couple of towers and talking for a while in the wading pool about things in general, the hotel staff came to escort us out.

Nightlife in Taiwan is different than at home. Some of us went for a walk and ran into a street market with the most fascinating delicacies that smelled *oh* so appetizing--snake, turtle, eel, raw fish...we were running a little low on cash, however, and had to settle for a small slurpee from the neighborhood 7-11 instead.

Thursday, September 8

Today we moved on to Tainan for the last international show of the tour. Since Tainan is only about an hour from Kaohsiung, there was plenty of time for sightseeing. We rode out into the countryside and visited a spectacular temple. Unlike many Western religions, Chinese beliefs allow the mixture of many different

elements. The temple we visited had images of Buddha, but Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, and other philosophies were all well-represented. The people who staff the temple were very kind to us, giving us permission to take photographs and leaving us souvenir wall ornaments and a case of asparagus drink when we left. The asparagus juice was different, but better than "chicken noodle" soup. Our guide from the Pacific Cultural Foundation also bought some sugar cane for everyone. It was good, but you can only eat so much of it at a time. Germán, who comes from a sugar cane-producing nation, finished off the leftovers.

We went to the theater and set up for the last international, 20-couple show. Korea rehearsed some more. Dinner was Kentucky Fried Chicken. Yeah! Everyone worked hard to make the evening's show one of the best. Afterward, we spent some time preparing for the upcoming split, dividing out costumes and packing the international props for the trip home. Those who were going home took an extra set of international costumes with them, and those who were going to Korea doubled-up with someone else. We then returned to Kaohsiung to pack our suitcases and get ready for the trip to Taipei the next morning.



Friday, September 9
Brent Lewis

There was excitement in the air as we were mentally preparing ourselves for the bus trek back to Taipei. Some of the more adventurous (or should I say creative) made beds by piling the costume bags. The bus became the "booty boot bag bed bus". Traveling to the tunes of "Les Miserables," "Out of Africa," and the "Princess Bride," we were forced out of a deep sleep to go eat lunch at McDonald's. We love McDonald's now that we've survived 10 day in the land of rice without ?????.

Rumor had it that we were going to stay in a nice hotel in Taipei but leadership wouldn't tell us. Too bad our bus driver wasn't under the same plan of secrecy. He spilled it and we found out that we were staying at the Grand Hotel. This is the nicest and most famous in all of Taipei. We were assigned rooms according to who would go on to Korea and those who were going home. I guess its easier to wake up half of the hotel rather than all of it at 6:00 a.m.

After we were all moved in and everyone finished getting their mug shot in front of the hotel, we left to feast one last time at the Mongolian barbecue. Afterward we had a parting of the group. The pagan worshippers went to snake alley and the Buddhist temple while the others went to the temple by the gas station. Now don't get the pagan people wrong, they just wanted to see how the world lives. Many found the temple rituals different. They saw people bowing before statues and burning incense. Some saw people sprinkle ashes into the air and then they would chant phrases at the burning fire. We had enough and then we walked down snake alley to see more strange sites. We saw snakes being milked and people drinking the venom, turtle heads being cut off and the blood mixed in with liquor for drinking. And gorillas that stood guard of a bar entrance and at the same time was used in the side-show. We were all getting grossed-out and definitely filled as far as wanting to find any more neat treats. So the group split up to shop. After several attempts to find good markets, Wok, Steve, and Brent finally found a great market two blocks away from the Grand Hotel. Everyone came home at their leisure. This is the last

day that we would be spending in Taiwan. It will be different when the group splits up tomorrow.

Note--There's a story here that must be told. I suppose just about everybody has been to a carnival where there were little kids all over the place jumping on their parents and begging for, say, a thing of cotton candy or a corn dog. All you have to do is give in and buy the kid what he wants, and he's as happy as can be, no matter what kind of tantrum has just been thrown. Chinese kids must be the same. While walking down the market, I came upon the model Chinese family out for a stroll. They had the cutest little girl, whose face wore a huge smile, but had perhaps a few tell-tale smudges. She was happily chewing away on her treat on a stick--not cotton candy, not a corn dog or a popsicle--a big, fat juicy SQUID!??

Saturday, September 10 Susie Gómez

I am one of the lucky ones who gets to write two tour histories. Today's events are those of the anti-Koreans who were lucky enough to be chosen to go back to civilization as we know it rather than continue on to a city called Seoul where some people were getting together to run around a field and play with fire...yeah! Sounds like lots of fun to me.

Anyway, everyone met the bus at about 10:30 am or so to load up and head for Pizza Hut. That took a while and then finally we were off for lunch. The pizza tasted wonderful and even the sarsaparilla or whatever (the Taiwan version of root beer) tasted good. We were all happy campers.

After lunch we walked around the city and some people picked up a few last trinkets made by the natives for previously forgotten family and friends. Susie (that's me) and Steve decided to be married and had wedding portraits taken at a ???? by bakery in front of a very ????? wedding cake. (I'm not quite sure why he dumped Kristen P. but I feel it was a good choice.)

We then loaded the bus and went to a pottery and china factory. We saw how beautiful urns and vases were made and then we went to the shop. We only had a few hours left and we could not miss any opportunities to spend the last of our money knowing that at home we would need to pay bills and become thrifty once again, maybe...

After the pottery factory we visited a Buddhist temple. This is where the group posed for a traditional group picture and Susie and Steve tied the knot. Joaquín performed the ceremony, Craig was the best man, and Julie was the maid of honor.

Once Germán was on the bus we headed for the airport. There we had dinner and then we hit the duty free shops. We said goodbye to our hosts and were once again on a plane for Los Angeles. Most of the group slept most of the way, but some party animals stayed up all night.

In Los Angeles, customs and immigration was a breeze for all except Germán and Ge-Yao. But they made it on time for the reception and line in Susie and Steve's honor held in one of the airports waiting areas. Refreshments were served but not until we were on the plane. Along with the refreshments normally served on the plane, Susie provided cookies and mints (tic-tacs).

While in Los Angeles, Joaquín saw his parents and was able to unload a lot of his stuff on them. They were pretty happy. Our flight stopped in Las Vegas where Steve saw his mom and brothers and Sandra an old flame. It was a short stay but worth it, maybe (ask Sandra).

At last we reached Salt Lake and Julie was the first on off the plane. She traded seats with Susie who was on the second row and put Susie on row 15 so she could do this. It was good to see family and friends. Everyone then went their separate ways to tell family and friends of all the fun and interesting things they did, not to mention all the yummy food we ate and drank. It was a fun, good and hard, exhausting, interesting, enriching, learning, and exciting trip, but it was good to be home.

Saturday, September 10 Scott Rasmussen

This was a day of mixed emotions. All those who were headed for Korea were excited to get going on the last leg of the tour but were sad that we had to leave the 8 couples in Taiwan along with Dixie and Karen. The eight couples going home were anxious to do so, especially Kristin Anderson. I would loved to have seen her attack Nathan when she got off the plane.

We cleared Taiwan emigration without any hitches and waited anxiously for our flight to board. The flight was fairly uneventful. A few of us talked with a group of Germans headed for Seoul as part of their yearlong vacations. Two hours later we landed at Kimpo International Airport. It was reported that Stacey was seen shining up the "give me gifts" stamp on her forehead.

As we stopped off the plane we were greeted by a beautiful Korean woman in a *hanbok*. She bowed gracefully and welcomed us to her country. Our Olympic adventure had begun. All over the airport were posted Olympic banners and security was very tight. We went through and while waiting for luggage, we were welcomed by an English speaking hostess and given pamphlets and pins.



We spent a lot longer in the customs line because they searched all our luggage and tech equipment. I was very impressed at the security measures taken by the Koreans. As an example; we left our bags in a pile and got on the bus waiting for us. As soon as we left, a ring of guards surrounded our luggage facing out, guns in hand.

The drive to the Olympic Family Town took us on the highway along the Han River. We drove past the Olympic Park anticipating our dancing there the following Saturday. We arrived at the village, a group of 15-story apartment buildings. We were in building 310 with the Polish group. We got settled in six rooms, which meant that we ended up with one coed apartment. Then we went to eat. The cafeteria was huge and the selection of food was the same.

In the evening, we all hailed taxis and ventured to the shopping district of Itaewon, a place where many visa cards were used and much cash exchanged hands. The Korean experience had begun.

Sunday, September 11

Here we are in Seoul! The Olympic Family Town is more than comfortable. All of the apartments come equipped with all the conveniences of home--television, a refrigerator, a nice big living room to relax in, books on Korea and the Olympics. Some people even ended up with private bedrooms. The food is great too. The buffet has dishes on it from all over the world. There's Chinese food, Korean food, and yes, lots of Western delicacies (i.e., spaghetti, stew, veal cutlets, green salad)...we're going to be spoiled here.

Unfortunately, not everything in Korea seems to run as smoothly as the cafeteria. We held our sacrament meeting in one of the apartments at a fairly early hour, since we had been told that we would be taken out for some sightseeing. It had rained quite a bit, and that shook up our official tour guide, Mr. Cho, who changed his mind more than once about what our plans for the day would be. Eventually it was decided that we would go to the ancient palace complex known as the "Secret Garden." Oriental palace architecture was by this time quite familiar to us, but the lush gardens, trees, and pools gave the place a different feeling than the sites we had visited in China. This was also a good chance to get to meet some of the people from the other groups. The French, Peruvians, Polish, Maoris and Italians were all mixed up with us in about the same part of the tour. Then it started to rain harder, so we headed back to the bus.

The next item on our agenda was the rehearsal in the Olympic stadium. It was thrilling to be standing on the very track that in one week's time would be the focal point of the entire world. We couldn't help but take a picture or two on the track, poised for the start of a race. That was Mike's idea. Soon we were surrounded by Arabs and Africans who thought it should be an international race. Then it started to rain again, so Mr. Cho's helpers ran for boxes of little rain coats. Mr. Cho had by that time taken over the entire rehearsal, and consequently was very busy. We put the coats on and were sent over to the opposite side of the track to our entrance. After we were shown where to dance, the music came on. But wait, is that what we practiced? Oops. I guess communication has not been perfect. We're supposed to dance to the slow music too? I suppose there will be time to fix it.



there was a very strong spirit present. No matter what language is spoken, we always find a way to share our message.

By the time we got through with the rehearsal, and the stop at Mr. Cho's favorite jade shop, we were running late for our fireside with President Spencer Palmer of the Seoul Temple. He was supposed to be our culture leader, and I guess he just couldn't live without us. Anyway, he talked for the first half of the meeting while we gobbled down some cold (but welcome) McDonald's hamburgers and (yum) orange drink. We then changed out of practice gear into our nice clothes (so we wouldn't startle anybody) and went up the back stairs into the chapel. The fireside went especially well, since we were given about an hour to prepare instead of the usual five minutes. The building was packed, and

After a long day, we went back to the Olympic Family Town, passed through the x-ray machines, metal detectors, and camera checks and (eventually) went to bed. Tomorrow we hit the road again.

Monday, September 12

Today we went south to the port city of Pusan. According to reports, it is about a six hour drive. As soon as we got past the half-way point, we were picked up by a police escort that led us all the way into the city of Pusan. It was a long drive, but fortunately for us, our guide Mr. Cho woke everybody up a few times so that we could...get up and rest!? He is an interesting fellow.

Our hotel in Pusan looks like a giant pagoda. We have a great view of the city. Right below us is a school, and when we looked out the window we saw all of the girls sitting in rows in the schoolyard practicing Korean Fan. It was cute. It is also nice to know that the dances we perform really are authentic.

After eating in the hotel restaurant, we were taken to the Korean Broadcasting System Hall. It is a new theater, and very nice. While we waited for our turn to rehearse up on the stage, we worked with our band down on the floor. We are finally getting to do a show! What's more, a show that will be carried live on television. How many millions of viewers are we up to now?

After a very long pots and pans finale, we went to a reception with the Mayor of Pusan set up in a TV studio. Nobody was too hungry, but there was smoked salmon, caviar, oysters on the half-shell...who could resist? (O.k., so I'm not so big on gourmet tidbits.) Gifts were exchanged (Tony still wants the tie back, if nobody else is using it), and our friend Mr. Cho, who had been visiting the drink department, organized one of his soon-to-be-famous spontaneous singing competitions. Luckily, the band had just taught us a few new tunes. Despite Cho's bullying us into the situation, we all enjoyed singing with the Poles and listening to the hypnotic rhythms of the Senegalese, who can't sing a single note without dancing. The Senegalese women, all dressed up for the occasion in long, flowing robes, were absolutely striking.

When we got back to the hotel, a lot of people had nightlife on their minds. No, says Mr. Cho. There are Japanese terrorists on the loose. We spent our evening locked up in the hotel.

Tuesday, September 13 **Kelly Jex and Erik Nielsen**

After our smorgasbord breakfast at the Commodore Hotel, we boarded the bus and left to see a Buddhist temple in Kyungju with the other two groups and Cristina's brother, who was on a mission in Korea. There were numerous ornate buildings, some with statues of Buddha inside, and two small stone pagodas, one of which was reputed to give a long love life to those couples who stood nearby. Earlet, Doug, and Mike went straight there to plead for any kind of love life at all. There was also large brass bell weighing several thousand pounds. It was an exciting site to seek snapshots, so to speak.

The next stop was a museum where some of the remains of a very large pagoda structure was displayed along with other archeological finds from the period, and a much larger bell. According to the legend, the bell-maker had tried to make a

perfect bell before, but had had no success. The bell always cracked. On his last attempt, his little girl fell into the crucible and was melted into the metal. Unlike the earlier bells, this one had a sweet, clear ring and did not crack when removed from the mold. But her cry can be heard if you listen carefully.

Most everyone got a key chain with their name in the Korean alphabet made, and after the visit Mr. Cho gave us each a small key chain with a mask and tassel on it. Finally we visited a burial site. Mark and Erik wandered away from the group to work out a few new tunes and were nearly left, but Rex found them and saved the day. (Again! Thanks Rex.)

We drove to our hotel in Taegu for lunch; a real banquet. Some of our group found that they had one double bed to share in their rooms, and some even had mats on the floor. It was all just a mistake and things were straightened out before lunch was over. Except the people with the mats. They slept on them. It wasn't so bad being in an authentic "Korean" room, but I'm afraid that more than one of the rooms was "insulted" by people wearing shoes inside. Oh well!

The Turks had finally made it and were in town, and we got to meet them at our practice in the Taegu Citizens' Hall. The practice went acceptably well and we had some time to relax and socialize before our performance. The evening was exciting, as we had our first chance to see the Turks dance, with their tight lunar formations and the girls in beautiful white costumes with gold trim. Thanks to several of our girls who helped the Polish girls with one of their difficult costume changes. Actions always speak louder than words, and some real friendships are being cemented.

After the (long) Korean dance and the wild finale with all the groups on stage, we went to a reception upstairs. It was really crowded and the food went fast. Mr. Cho, who had been at the punch bowl again, initiated the spontaneous group singing competition that night, but this time we were ready. When his chanting into the microphone became a little unbearable, Dale unplugged him with some help from Robert. In the end the groups held hands and sang, "Hand in Hand," the official song of the Games. The Turks already seem a part of the group and will be fun to continue the tour with.

At the hotel afterwards, some dancers were not allowed out for security reasons, and others who did get out were reportedly followed by plain-clothes policemen. Upstairs on the 11th floor there was dancing, and some danced before finally succumbing to the sandman. Sweet dreams!

Wednesday, September 14

Today's rehearsal in the stadium was cancelled, so as soon as we got back to the Olympic Family Town from our show in Taegu, it was time to hit the streets. Actually, the street--Itaewon. This time the leadership got infected and went off in



search of the perfect tailor. The rest of us, who had never hid our materialistic designs at any time, browsed through the leathers, Reeboks, eel skins, t-shirts, etc. We all had a wonderful time, but I think we were all moving toward our respective credit limits at an alarming pace.

We were rescued temporarily from financial ruin by our rehearsal down by the river for the big show on Friday night. The stage looks like it will be impressive. The Han River makes a beautiful backdrop. The water looked fresh and cool and there were decorated tour boats going up and down the river.

The rehearsal was very tightly organized. Each group was given only a few minutes to block the most essential formations and do a quick sound check. But since we were to be the last folk group in the show, we did get some time to work on Saturday's routine down on the field in front of the stage.

While we practiced, the band did a fantastic job entertaining the people who were hanging around. The country music got the Koreans all worked up, and our turn on stage saved us from yet another mobbing.

Then it was back through the security perimeter and into the Family Town. Some people *might* have escaped back to Itaewon jammed into taxis, but who knows. It is also possible that it is almost impossible to make taxis stop to pick you up at night, and that even then the taxi drivers have no idea where the Olympic Family Town is located and take you the long way. And they might tell you that you have to pay in dollars. Maybe.

Thursday, September 15 Dale Madsen

Today officially started at 12:01 a.m., and while many of the group, especially the boring ones, were fast asleep in building 310 of the Olympic Family Town, the rest of us were doing the wild thing in the parking lot between 310 and 309. The Poles had an early curfew, so it was a party with the Turks and a few late-nighters from the Italian, Peruvian, and Senegalese groups. At the center of attention, as always, was Stacey, who thrilled us with be-bopping dances of unique and bizarre origins--sort of a cross between break dancing and disco, I think. Anyway, we danced and laughed until about 3:00 a.m.

After a short nap, the group went somewhere in the bus--a museum, I think, while Scott Rasmussen, Marc, and I pretended to be sick and spent the morning in the cafeteria and at the gift shop, making friends with exotic girls, nice people, and brunching on anything that didn't resemble kimchi.

At noon we started to pile on the bus to head for Uijongbu, and at 12:30 we were finally all on the bus. I guess those watches from Hong Kong weren't keeping good time for some of us? That's o.k. though, because by this time on the tour, everyone, including Mr. Cho, the other 11 groups, and all of East Asia, was aware that our group was a little bit *en retard*. To Uijongbu, then. For those who slept the whole way, it was a nice little trip. Korea is a beautiful place.

At Uijongbu we were escorted to the best seats in the stadium to await our performance and eventually the arrival of the Olympic torch. We spent a few hours watching various local groups perform, then feasted on Popeye burgers (again).

A highlight of the day was when each of us received a bouquet of beautiful flowers from some cute little Korean girls. A lot of photos were taken of them and of

the other groups too, who were just hanging out (especially the Senegalese women) awaiting performance time. Cheri Wride and another dancer were interviewed by Armed Forces Radio, to be heard by millions, about the events in Korea and our participation. While waiting, we also met the torch carrier for the next day, Bok Shim, who, besides being a 1948 Olympic runner in the 5,000 meter race, also happened to be a graduate of BYU. He was so excited to see us that he got his wife and took a seat with our group to watch the show.

At last we performed. While half of the crowd watched us clog, do "gliding" sets, and listened to our awesome band, the other half of the crowd watched the Poles strip and change. Both performances were beautiful.

Soon word spread that the torch was arriving, so we all found nice camera angles and staked out our territory. Someone's territory was on my shoulders for an uncomfortable 15 minutes. (*Ed. note*--He offered, and it was NOT 15 minutes). Excitement was at an unprecedented high (except for the finale of the Aborigine folk group in Taiwan) as the torch-bearer proudly ran into the stadium, circled the track, and lit the temporary Olympic torch thing. A semi-group shot was taken while others danced around the torch with more cute Korean girls who would not let go. It was the end of another wonderful day on tour.

Friday, September 16

The excitement is building. Today was the "dress rehearsal" in the main stadium. The Koreans didn't get the word, though, because they were not in costume. But they sure liked ours! We were afraid to go too far from our section, because it was a literal mob scene. The group from Senegal danced. We played, and sang, and danced, and talked, and mingled, and waited. Then we were led through the tunnels and into a section where we were allowed to watch a little bit of the show. Even without costumes, the tae kwon do exhibition was great. I'd never seen people break boards except on TV, but here there were hundreds of kids breaking boards in formation. We also saw skydivers, dances and even a fake torch lighting.

But soon there was stress in the air. Our entrance time had been changed again. Now we weren't going to be allowed on the field until "Hand in Hand" started. So much for the running-in choreography. So much for the first half of the dance that

Ed, in a very much appreciated collaboration with the dancers, had put together. There was some debate as to how much pressure to place on some kids--whose very slow entrance crossed our path--to speed up their pace. The organizers couldn't seem to decide what to do either. Mr. Cho says that they might play the song twice so that the international groups get time to dance and so that the slow, swirling galaxy formation that goes on in the middle of the field can work better. But who knows!?

'88 서울국제민속축제
'88 Seoul International Folklore Festival

There were other things to worry about. Like the show at the Han River Festival, for example. When we arrived at the festival area, we hardly recognized it. The bare shell now had big panels full of balloons on the sides, new lighting towers, lasers and mirrors, and mortars full of fireworks on barges out in the river. This was going to be a big show. Or was there going to be a show? The sky got dark and the rains began. It didn't look like it would stop in time, and the stage, with all its fireworks and lasers, did not have a roof. Most of the group dove under the stage and had spontaneous Turkish dancing. Others looked for overhangs and plastic up

top. There were some very pretty *hanboks* getting wet. And those poor girls in the leopard-skin Solid Gold outfits....

The rain stopped just in time for the widely-televised show to start on schedule. But the stage was covered with at least three inches of water. If someone had told me how fast clogging taps can rust, I wouldn't have believed them. Before we ever came close to going on, just about every shoe was both soggy and rusty. A soggy shoe is a slippery shoe. That is what we learned. Ed's last instructions before we walked over the stairs and down into the lights and cameras was to "not fall down."

We made it without falling. The concrete stage was treacherous, and we did slip and slide a bit, but how could anyone let that bother them? It was definitely the most technologically advanced show a BYU group has ever performed in. Many numbers, including ours, had fireworks going off in the background. The lasers made patterns overhead, and somehow the huge building across the street was converted into a giant movie screen with both still and animated shots. It was amazing.

After the show, which included some very famous Korean performers, there was a big fireworks display over the river. Mr. Cho did not want us to watch it, but since we were stuck in a major traffic jam in the parking lot anyway, we all ignored him. He didn't seem to appreciate our independence.

The traffic stayed bad, so we walked over to the building/movie screen where a delicious buffet dinner was waiting. We hid Cho's microphone before he ever knew there was one.

Saturday, September 17 Earlet Phillips

A day of splendor, excitement, enthusiasm, and festivities began early Saturday morning as we primed and pressed ourselves only to be seen by millions of people throughout the world (except the U.S.) for a once in a lifetime experience...participation in the opening ceremonies of the 1988 Summer Olympics held in Seoul. We left the Olympic Family Town at approximately 9:06 a.m., an unusual event, with only two or three stragglers past the nine o'clock hour. As we drove to the main stadium our excitement built; you could have cut it with a knife it was so thick. We arrived at the stadium and exited the bus with Popeye lunches in our hands, smiles on our faces, and rhythms in our feet, only to be herded, with all the other participants in the latter portion of the ceremony, to the baseball stadium to wait a few hours until it was our turn to perform.

But did we sit quietly for the duration of our wait? Of course not, we all intermingled with the other participants. Cheri and Wayne were conversing with a few of the Japanese dancers. Rex was practicing his soon to be renowned spoon solo. Andrea was involved in a serious game of pictionary with the Hungarians and the Turks. Anne, Rou, and Dale were practicing their sign language and newly learned words on the Turks. Dwayne was taking a snooze under his cowboy hat. Jodi was jumping from one section of the stadium to the next taking pictures of everyone. Stacey was being pursued by Imdat (Turk). The band, except for Dwayne, was playing a few numbers for the tired, sunburned crowd. Everybody was being attacked by little Korean kids with cameras...all this while Ed was enjoying the opening ceremonies, not really knowing exactly what was happening in the next stadium over.

Finally our hours of anticipation were drawing to a close. But wait, first we had to wait in the tunnels of the main stadium to be entertained some more--this time

by all the athletes participating in the Olympics. We saw all the athletes after they were introduced to the world. We shook hands, waved, received pins, and even took pictures with them. Then the moment finally came for us to perform for the world.

We entered after the Korean children ran out, some with stage pieces overhead and others with frisbees in hand. With big smiles on our faces, full of excitement, and pumped more full of adrenalin than we ever thought possible, we ran out (through the little kids, who were not as hyped as we were) and performed a little of salty dog rag, portions of square dance, some of exhibition square, and a final sway from side-to-side with our hands held together high. As our hands reached above our heads we felt the climax of this occasion, yet perhaps the reality of the experience had not yet hit us. Thankfully, Rex captured this incredible experience on film. Rex, dressed up in scavenged cowboy attire, stuck a camera in his pocket and carried two spoons out onto the track just so he could jump out of line to take a few shots of us performing and posing. Thanks Rex, now the memory has been recorded, and was in fact a reality. We have seen the pictures that prove it.

After a few polkas and salty dog rag steps on our way off the track, Cheri and Wayne were interviewed by NBC. Then we all grouped together in front of the NBC camera and when we were cued, we waved and said our hellos to mom and dad back home.

At about 1:19 p.m., we were taken back to the Olympic Family Town to do as we wished for a couple of hours. Most of us used our many adventurous ways of transportation to get to Itaewon to purchase a few more items to cram into our suitcases that evening, and others just rested until the evening.

Saturday evening we gathered together again to participate in our last banquet of the festival. Among the pillars in the patio there was food galore; everyone could find something they enjoyed no matter what country they were from. I would have to say that the ice cream vendor got the most business, with the pig server coming in a close second (ask Jennifer and K.P.). After we all ate, each group in the festival performed a dance for the crowd of VIP's. Mary Bee Jensen, founder of the Folk Dancers, former director, and the person who fought the hardest to get us to Korea, applauded enthusiastically.

The banquet was a perfect way to end a festival that made such great impressions in many individuals lives. But the day was not over yet. For some people it had just begun. Now it was time for some real socializing and serious mingling. There were dance exchanges, address exchanges, photo exchanges, gift exchanges (ask Stacey Jane), and most of all, costume exchanges. What an opportunity it was to wear a ethnic costume worn by a person from the country it represented. At these costume exchanges there was also some styling techniques taught, because there was no way that they would let you pose incorrectly while you were wearing their costume.

For some of us the day never ended, it just continued into the next. But eventually morning brought a time of sadness. We all had to leave the good friends we had made from countries throughout the world. Ten days had just not been



enough. Perhaps someday we will gather together again in a different situation for a different reason...

Sunday, September 18
Ed Austin

Today we began a very long day of traveling back to the United States...in fact it literally became the longest day that most of us had ever experienced. It ended up having well over 30 hours and after being together for so long, what a disappointment to find out that fate would have us relive each hour of our Sunday over again upon arriving in the United States.

Though the thought of returning to the "American way of life" was like ambrosia to our souls (and bodies), we could only wonder at the many sights, experiences and faces we had encountered during the previous six weeks.

In the Philippines there were thoughts of humid hot, the contrast of rich and poor, jeepneys, the Gómez family and our wonderful hosts, the coconut plantation (why wasn't I there?!), the superb changing rooms at Clark Air Force Base and Janet Worthen's false pregnancy (my...that could have been awkward!)

In Hong Kong, shopping seized the group like a virus (maybe it is one of the diseases mentioned to come forth in the last days) and unfortunately there was no cure to be found. Those most grossly affected were: Connie Chung, Sandra Wuuman, Susie Won, James Xiao Jang, Kriste(i)n Pong, and Delynne Tongwongchu.

In People's Republic of China a whole new world unfolded before us. The Great Wall and the Forbidden City, a 26 course meal, private masseurs, the outside market place and an official named Madame Gao with a girl named Hui will long be remembered by each of us.

The Republic of China also brought new experiences and challenges. Wayne walking through windows, private beaches, the aborigines, Mongolian barbecues, a temple session in the Taiwan temple, teaching the Chinese how to do American dances during a fireside, appearing on national television, "chicken noodle soup" and our beautiful drive on the East-West Cross-Island Highway highlighted our stay. And to top it off...we stayed in the Grand Hotel on our last night.

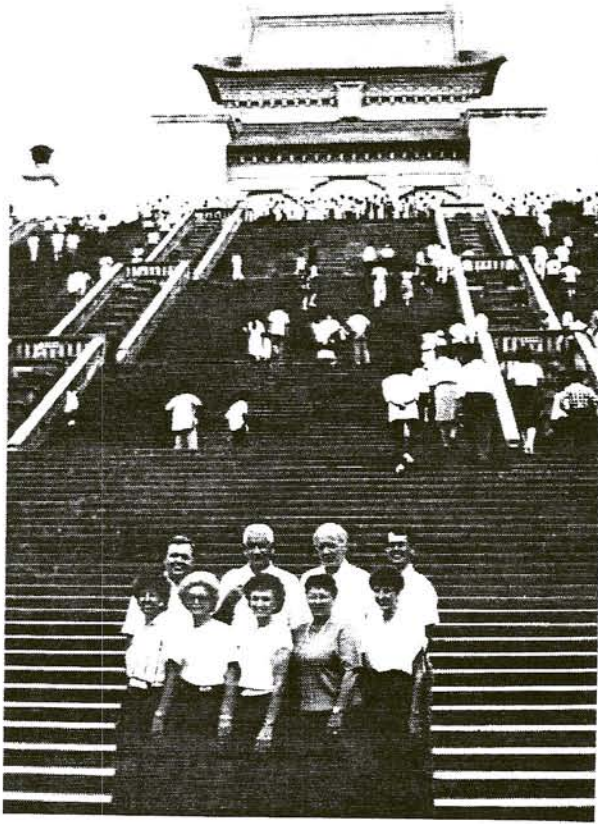
Korea.....participating in the Seoul Summer Olympic Games will never be forgotten! (P.S.--Remember L.H.?)

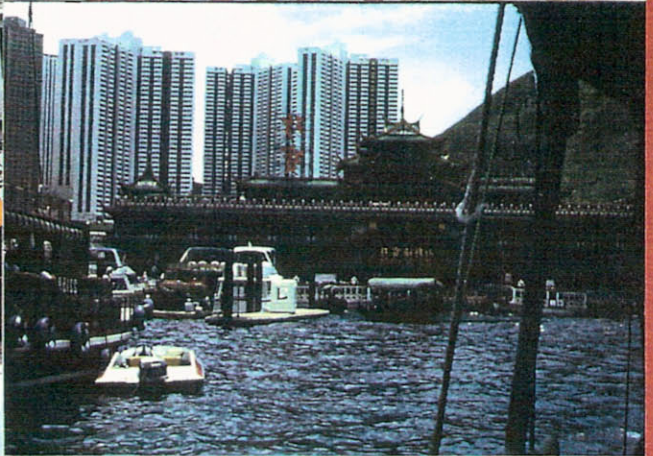
None of us will ever be the same again after feeling the feelings, thinking the thoughts, eating the food, breathing the air, seeing the sights and meeting the people of East Asia.

None of us will ever be the same again after having had this experience together.

Photographs

1. Villa Escudero, Philippines.
2. Manila Polo Club "Playmates of the Year."
3. A Kowloon shopping area, Hong Kong.
4. Floating Restaurant, Aberdeen, Hong Kong.
5. Palace Museum or "Forbidden City," Beijing, PRC.
6. Souvenirs at the Great Wall.
7. Future student demonstrator at Tienanmin Square.
8. Cloisonne factory, Beijing.
9. Leadership at Sun Yat-Sen Memorial, Nanjing.
10. Traditional music on the canal, Guanzhou.
11. Yangtze River Bridge, Nanjing.
12. Senior Citizens' Center, Shanghai.
13. Taroko Gorge, Taiwan.
14. Group photo at Sun Yat-Sen Memorial.
15. Snake department at the local market.
16. Children at school in Shanghai.
17. National Museum, Taipei, Taiwan.
18. Buddhas, Tainan, Taiwan.
19. White Rabbit wrapper, PRC.
20. Taroko Gorge, Taiwan.
21. 1988 band members, Seoul, Korea.
22. Korea group in the Main Stadium, Seoul, Korea.
23. Dr. and Sister Hillam.
24. Ming Dynasty tombs, Nanjing.
25. Mr. Cho on the road to Pusan, Korea.
26. Hodori and friend in the baseball stadium, Seoul.
27. Han River Festival, Seoul, Korea.









Index

Anderson, Kristin	25, 32
Arellano, Germán	15, 30, 31
Austin, Ed	1, 18-20, 24, 25, 29, 37, 38, 40
Baker, Denise	6, 7, 9, 12, 18
Barrington	
Dixie	9, 16, 24, 32
Rex	1, 3, 7, 9, 11, 17, 28, 35, 38, 39
Bingham, Cristina	2, 25, 34
Buckley, Steve	3, 5, 8, 16, 17, 21-23, 25, 26, 30-32
Busquets, Joaquin	1, 13, 21, 22, 25, 30-32
Butler, Anne	8, 21, 23, 24, 27, 38
Croft, Connie	4, 7, 10, 40
Dobson, Brad	1, 19, 21, 22
Donkersgoed, Dwayne	38
Ekins, Sandra	16, 18, 25, 32, 40
Empey, Blain	2, 6, 9, 25, 28
Fry, Susan	4, 7, 21, 23, 25
Gelison, Mark	35
Graham, Andrea	9, 13, 15, 21, 23, 27, 38
Gómez, Susie	2, 4, 5, 22, 23, 28, 31, 32, 40
Hillam	
Brother	1, 6, 16, 17, 28, 29
Sister	1, 6, 7, 16, 28
Horman	
Karen	3, 19, 21, 24, 27, 32
Scott	11, 16, 19, 21-24
Jensen, Mike	6, 9, 11, 12, 21, 22, 27, 33, 34
Jex, Kelly	34
Johnson, James	15, 21, 29, 40
Lange, Doug	3, 17, 18, 21, 22, 28, 34
Larsen	
Elder	11, 13, 15, 16, 23, 28, 29
Sister	13, 23
Larsen, Stacey	3, 5, 15, 23, 25, 26, 32, 36, 38, 39
Lewis, Brent	4, 10, 21, 22, 30
Lewis, Steve	22, 24
Liu, Ge-Yao	15-18, 20, 22, 28, 31
Madsen, Dale	9, 11, 25, 26, 35, 36, 38
Mahoney, Scott	5, 14, 16
Mattingly, Julie	6, 15, 21, 23, 31, 32
Melville, Reid	4, 7, 8, 25
Nielsen, Erik	34, 35
Ollerton, Jennifer	10, 17, 18, 28, 39
Patten, Lynell	1, 4, 9, 21, 22, 24
Peay, Delynne	9, 14, 17, 18, 20, 40
Phillips, Earlet	17, 18, 34, 38
Pinegar, Kristen	3, 7, 8, 13, 16, 17, 22, 23, 25, 31, 39
Rasmussen, Scott	3, 5, 16, 18, 25, 32, 36
Sandstrom, Jodi	8, 15, 17, 18, 20, 21, 23, 38
Shell, Christy	3, 4, 9, 16, 21, 23-26
Stapley, Craig	1, 13, 14, 21, 23, 25, 31
Thorpe, Marc	25, 36
Trujillo, Tony	9, 10, 22, 34
Wood, Wendy	4

Worthen

Janet 1, 4, 5, 22, 23, 25, 40
Robert 4, 5, 22, 24, 25, 35

Wride

Cheri 6, 13, 15, 16, 37-39
Wayne 13, 16, 18, 24, 25, 38-40

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