

BYU AMERICAN FOLK ENSEMBLE

Summer Tour 1989

USSR • Poland • England

At last here it is. Read it, remember, laugh with it, cry over it, relive it. I did! You're superb writers, and even more superb friends-- A million thanks from the editor.

Kristen Pinegar

(**This sign marks an editor's note in the text.)

Throughout the tour, as we witnessed
his outstanding leadership and benefitted daily
from his exceptional planning and sensitivity,
many of us frequently made the comment to each other,
"Gary Browning for President!"
Well, someone must have been listening.

And now, to President and Sister Browning
of the Finland, Helsinki East Mission
we dedicate this book,
and close with the words of another President,
Ronald Reagan, who said the following in an address
to the students at Moscow University:

"Your generation is living in one of the most exciting,
hopeful times in Soviet history. It is a time when the first
breath of freedom stirs the air and the heart beats to the
accelerated rhythm of hope, when the accumulated spiritual energies
of a long silence yearn to break free."

That "long silence" is over,
and it is with our highest confidence,
with our own hopes and energies,
with our prayers and love for you and those
people of the Soviet Union,
that we send you, President and Sister Browning,
on a clear pathway back -- and the pathway is clear...
you helped us remove the last few "rocks."

1989 TOUR LIST

Leadership: Gary & Joan Browning, Eugene & Dorothy Bramhall, Scott & Karen Horman, Ed & Vickie Austin, Cathy Black

American Folk Ensemble

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BRIGHAM YOUNG
UNIVERSITY
THE GLORY OF GOD
IS INTELLIGENCE

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
AMERICAN FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE
EAST EUROPE & ENGLAND TOUR, 1989

6/28/89

Itinerary

Wed, July 19 9:00 am Depart SLC Pan Am 2102 (727)
12:27 pm Arrive Minneapolis
1:00 pm Depart Minneapolis (727)
5:00 pm Arrive NYC-Kennedy
6:15 pm Depart NYC-Kennedy Pan Am 1072 (747)

Thu, July 20 7:45 am Arrive Frankfurt
12:00 N Depart Frankfurt (727 S)
5:15 pm Arrive Moscow, Soviet Union

Fri, July 21 Moscow, Soviet Union (6-7 concerts - Gorky Park.
possible TV taping. Presenter:
Goskoncert)

Sat, July 22 " " "

Sun, July 23 " " "

Mon, July 24 " " "

Tue, July 25 " " "

Wed, July 26 " " "

Thu, July 27 " " "

Fri, July 28 " " "

Sat, July 29 9:00 am Depart Moscow Aeroflot 101 (TU5)
9:00 am Arrive Warsaw/Bus to Mragowo/Perform in Country Festival

Sun, July 30 Mragowo

Mon, July 31 Bus to Bielsko - Bielsko-Biala Folk Festival
Visit Museum of Martynology - Auschwitz/Oswiecim/ and
Wadowice - Birthplace of Pope John Paul II

Tue, Aug 1 Open air concert - Szczyrk/near Bielsko-Biala

Wed, Aug 2 Krakow/sightseeing/the Old Town, St. Mary's Church,
Museum, Havel Castle/The Cracow Market - open air
concert

Thu, Aug 3	Open air concert - resort Wisla
Fri, Aug 4	Open air concert in the country Ujsoły
Sat, Aug 5	Open air concert in the small city Makow Podhalanski
Sun, Aug 6	Zywiec - meeting with folk ensemble "Ziemia Zywiecka"
Mon, Aug 7	Performance
Tue, Aug 8	Performance
Wed, Aug 9	Sightseeing Warsaw
Thu, Aug 10	12:05 pm Depart Warsaw SAS 752 (DC9) 1:20 pm Arrive Copenhagen 2:40 pm Depart Copenhagen SAS 505 (DC9) 3:35 pm Arrive London-Heathrow - Bus to Billingham
Fri, Aug 11	8:00 pm Billingham Folk Festival (9 days) Performance, College Theatre - 8 min. (Concert by the groups for the groups)
Sat, Aug 12	10:00 am Childrens Club and Library - 20 min. 2:30 pm Town Centre - 8 min. 7:30 pm Forum Theatre - 15 min.
Sun, Aug 13	Church - possible fireside
Mon, Aug 14	2:30 pm Town Centre - 20 min. 7:30 pm Forum Theatre - 30 min.
Tue, Aug 15	2:30 pm Town Centre - 12 min. 7:30 pm College Theatre - 20 min. item, 45 min. item, 1 hour
Wed, Aug 16	2:30 pm Town Centre - 12 min. 7:30 pm Forum Theatre - 40 min.
Thu, Aug 17	3:00 pm Dance Course - 2 hours 7:30 pm College Theatre - 35 minutes
Fri, Aug 18	7:30 pm College Theatre - Repeat at Forum Theatre (Length of performance to be decided when you arrive in Billingham)
Sat, Aug 19	2:30 pm Town Centre - 10 min. 8:00 pm Parade to Closing Ceremony - No performance
Sun, Aug 20	Bus to London - Check into London House Hotel (2 nights) 80-82 Kensington Gardens Square, London W2 4DG
Mon, Aug 21	London

U.S.S.R. -- MOSCOW

July 20 through July 28, 1989



MOSCOW

Thursday, July 20
Karine Burns

No one is really sure just when this day stopped and started, but we flew into Frankfurt well rested. The two hour layover we had there was spent in a number of ways. Tony, Steve Buckley, Scott, Mike Jensen-dancer, Joaquin, and Dale quickly lost everyone, changed money and took the train into town. Denny, Earlet, Craig, Chuck, Blaine and Karine also headed for downtown Frankfurt for a look but only made it part way, as they ran out of time. The rest of the group browsed and shopped in the duty-free stores. The most popular items purchased by the group were sausages, apples and postcards.

As the group gathered to receive passports and Soviet VISA's, excitement began to mount with thoughts of entering the Soviet Union. The hype continued to build as we boarded the plane that would take us there, but suddenly dropped as we found out there would be another hour delay. It was hot and humid and the plane felt as if it were 115 degrees Farenheit. It was stifling. Most didn't feel all that spry in the first place, and the heat compounded the misery. We finally took off and most fell asleep soon thereafter. We were awakened several times for announcements and to fill out claim slips.

Those who had been sleeping awoke just in time to see the topography of the countryside. It was tremendously exciting! However, most of us felt as if we had been hit by a train. The Russian countryside was full of green fields and dense spots of trees dotted with houses and blocks of flats. The cars looked like old matchbox toys connected by winding dirt roads.

The award-winning co-pilot made a beautifully smooth landing, although most of us still felt like a pile of rubble from a train wreck sitting on a chair bound by a belt. The sad thing was that we didn't look much better! Nevertheless, the anxiety and anticipation of the moment was overwhelming and almost more than we could bear--and the eight-month build-up of hopes and excitement was summed up in the three words of the flight attendant: "Welcome to Moscow."

In the Soviet Airport we stood in queues to pass through customs. It was a totally new experience for most as men behind the counter took our passports, stared at them, glared into our faces, and back at the passports. Supposedly they took our pictures as we stood there. Who knows?

We gathered our luggage from baggage claim and two representatives from Gosconcert named Sasha and Tanya were there to

greet us. They both spoke very good English. They drove with us to our hotel and gave a short commentary on some of the things we passed on the way.

Our hotel, Hotel Rossia (pronounced Roe-see-ya), is one of the largest in the USSR, with 6000 beds. We checked in, found our rooms (which was no easy task, seeing that there was no rhyme or reason to the numbering system of the rooms), briefly unloaded and reported back at 8:45 pm for dinner. We all enjoyed the meal-- maybe the food wouldn't be so bad?

After dinner many took a walk up to Red Square which is just next to the hotel. While there, many saw the changing of the guard at Lenin's tomb as well as a couple of Latter-day Saints who work at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. Some other walks took people past Lenin's Library, the Metro station and the Mockba River as the sun set at around 10:30 and made a beautiful reflection across it.

Many pondered at the reality of standing where we were, and all were grateful for the opportunity. Here's to a good stay and good shows while we're here in Moscow!

Friday, July 21
Andrea Elliott

After a large, Russian style breakfast (everything comes in large amounts here) we had our first experience with a Russian stage. Gorky Park is built along what seems to be traditional lines--big and old...so is the Green Theater. It is open air and has benches that seat a couple of thousand people. Of course the wood floor back stage is dirty, but there was a nice shiny slick one out front for us to dance on.

Rehearsals went all morning -- nothing like a different stage and a whole day to fill to give us a chance to practice our best mistakes. Backstage the leadership kept busy recreating our "disco clog" costumes and sleeping. We even had some local entertainment--a set of clog-tapping, guitar-strumming twins. Where they learned to tap in clog shoes we'll never know but they were certainly entertaining. There was a bit of entertainment behind stage as well. A group of girls wanted to learn "American moves" for their routine. Square dancing wasn't exactly what they had in mind!

Our afternoon excursion was informative as well as representative. Tanya II took us on the metro "ring" around the city. Some of the subway stops were used as bomb shelters during the war, but others looked like art galleries with large mosaic insets in the domed ceilings. Of course getting there to see them was a bit of a trick. The escalators down to the trains are very steep and very fast--slow riders to the right, please!

On the way back there was time for a run through "GOOM". If we were expecting a regular mall, we were quite surprised. The

size is amazing and so is what's inside which amounts to almost nothing. It's incredible to see people standing in such long lines to spend half a month's wages on a single pair of jeans. Everything else seemed very cheaply made and there weren't even enough items to fill the spaces on the shelves.

Back at the theater we had our dress rehearsal--everything will work better after a couple of shows. We finished late so we missed our hearty Russian dinner, but one of our guides arranged for plates to be sent to our rooms. Yea for hard rolls and cucumbers.

Saturday, July 22
Wendy Curtis

Good evening. Wendy Curtis here for Moscow Nightly News. Tonight we will be continuing our special report on the BYU American Folk Dance Ensemble. Conditions are favorable in the Rossia Hotel, although some have reported little brown friends. The morning started with tofu eggs in restaurant #2, then the group made its way to Gorky Park. After spending a long time on "Disco Clog", they returned for dinner and a tour of the city by bus. Statues were pointed out, many of which were poets, and a visit was made to Novodiechy (sp?) Convent, where the czar's wives were kept. The group was fortunate to be able to see the beautifully restored Assumption Church where the crowning of the czars took place.

A dangerous yet humorous incident occurred at the hotel this evening shortly before dinner. Bad luck followed Jodi and Aimee as they set out on the 40-mile walk from their room to the elevator. Just after they closed a glass door, it mysteriously shattered behind them. Witnesses say Jodi developed an amusing new sign language while attempting to explain the unfortunate crash to a maid.

At the performance site, performers wondered if anyone would come as it was raining, but a fairly good crowd gathered. The group was thrilled when informed that tomorrow they will be televised on Soviet television's Channel 1, reaching an estimated 150 million viewers! This first show was an indescribable thrill, and went very well. As the group sang Rasvetali, a change came over the audience and the tears in their eyes were reflected in the singers' as well. This reporter is sure that the group will never forget the joy of performing Hopak in Moscow and the enthusiasm of the crowd. As the group clogged, the audience swayed, twirled coats, crowded to the front and threw flowers. As the performers greeted the audience they received pins, apples, nail polish, cards, and sincere compliments. The Ensemble then floated home--excited and happy.

Stay tuned, as the group's activities of tomorrow will be reported on this station. Once again, this is Wendy Curtis signing off for Moscow Nightly News. Spa-cee-ba, and goodnight!

Sunday, July 25
Blain Empey

Sundays on tour are a welcome change. As in any deviation from routine, old ways are put at us with a different angle, and the new perspective is a help in realizing what we really have. Not that the angle is anything less than wonderful, as in the case here. Combining the intimacy of the sacrament with our type of group-bond leads to some incredible spiritual awareness. Alas, tour church also includes a great deal of drowsiness, therefore nulling the effect all too often.

I don't think this was the case today (for most) as we were still fresh on the trip, and the idea of meeting with other members in downtown Soviet Union was rather exciting. We met in the American embassy, just beyond the portion which was being torn down. Across that supposedly 'bug-infested' building, someone had put "God Bless America" in the windows. Disappointingly, pictures were forbidden. We were in a cozy room with some benches and chairs set up facing a fireplace. I don't know if that was where the Moscow 'twig' usually met, as there were less than fifteen normal church-goers. Of course, our group more than tripled the size of their normal meeting, and they were very glad to have us. After church, they treated us to a few snacks, welcomed greedily by us because we were already tired of cucumbers and tomatoes. Actually, the cake and cookies, fruit and veggies were delicious on their own account; I think we were just aware that this might be the last American food we'd have for awhile.

Oh well. So we loaded on the bus, next stop: the Kremlin. there was a line, but it was interesting to meet the people around us, watch big black cars drive importantly past, and relish the thought of our location. A group of people tried to sneak in with us, I guess tickets are next to impossible to get for admission. We were in line to see the inside of the Armoury where remnants of the czars and the revolution were housed. We saw jewels, and clothes, and incredible carriages, and eggs, and icons, and I think you get the picture. Breathtaking items were on display.

Our guide was excellent, everything was very orderly, a major accomplishment for this group. We later got to know this lady better. Her daughter was our own Russian Christy Shell, in looks, character, and a dash or extra-hyper thrown in. We made friends with her at the shows. Lucy, our guide, told us later that she felt that we had something which they lacked, and that in their search for religion (or something to fill their religious need) that this was one thing they were looking for.

After the Armoury tour we found ourselves in a light rain looking at the various and famous golden-domed churches inside and out. One church (the Church of the Deposition of the Robe, built in 1485) was covered floor-to-ceiling with beautiful old icons. Rather ironical for being in the heart of 'godless communism.' I remember watching the news when President Reagan visited the

Kremlin. Dan Rather was on TV standing next to a huge cannon, explaining the thrill of being there in Moscow. I could almost feel myself bursting with anticipation then, knowing that I would soon be there. When I did see that cannon it hit me in full-force, I had arrived and was living this experience I had looked forward to for so long. Kristen P. said it best when she said "And the best part about it is that this is only the beginning." We had a whole 5 more weeks of adventure, and standing by that cannon, which had represented that same adventure, I thanked God for the opportunity to serve in such a glorious way.

We walked back to the bus and left a few people wandering as we lunched at the Rossia. They made it though (most), since we were beginning to feel the obligation to be better guests/patrons and stop being such trouble to the cafeteria and Bro. Browning. It was not a long walk anyway.

That afternoon we visited Izlaski (sp?) park. This was actually just a tree-lined street (the only part I saw at any rate). The interesting part about it was that it was full of vendors of all shapes and sizes and abounding in black market opportunity. There was beautiful, cheap, quality, and ugly merchandise all for sale and trade as far as the eye could see. Matrushka dolls, eggs, pins, paintings, drawings, icons, scarves, clothes, black lacquer boxes and brooches, etc... all there for the taking. The two means of buying stood in sharp contrast; one could buy a painting for \$10.00 or \$160.00, depending on one's integrity. Although Elder DeJager asked us not to, most of us could not resist a bargain here and there. We all envied Maria's doll (and our fears were unfounded when our baggage remained undisturbed as we went through customs--compared to England's, this was cake). It was a good thing we only had an hour and that this was a weekend-only market.

Interestingly, the Brownings said that this was an amazing evidence that peristroika was changing the Soviet way of doing business. They hadn't seen this when they were here last, two years ago. I couldn't help but compare these vendors, already adept at bargaining, to the frenzy of business we saw in the Orient. It can't be too long before they are just as skilled at bartering back and forth with greedy tourists like us. As it was, I felt like I was either taking candy from a baby or talking to a brick wall -- two ends of the bargaining spectrum.

The most exciting part of today was tonight. We were filmed for a short broadcast on Vremia, a 60-Minutes type program, and for a later broadcast of the entire show to an estimated audience of 150 million viewers. It's ironic, isn't it, that we have been on national television in France, China, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Korea, USSR, and Poland, and on international television (sans the US) for the Olympics, but have hardly a showing in our own country! Kristen reported that an audience of approximately 164 million people saw us on this tour! Scott reports that his friend from the Soviet Union wrote and said that our show has been rebroadcast

three times! We've been missionaries in our sleep. The next time you are in a compromising situation, or cranky, or whatever, remember that your light might be shining for a hundred million people on the other side of the world. What a paradox. After the show, the reporter interviewed some of us individually, asking what we thought of their city.

The show went well enough, although of course we all felt our boo-boos a million times more than normal. The only major mishap I saw was Denny forgetting to run back in the circle in Running Sets. He was getting clap-happy and ended up chasing me with slippery shoes going nowhere right in front stage looking, as he put it, "like a major dumb." But Denny, we've all had our turn, right!? Yours just happens to be seen every three months by half the world!

Backstage, our new friend Julia (the guide's daughter), was exhibiting an exorbitant amount of energy. I never saw a girl dance like that, and to our show's music, too. We enjoyed this for the remainder of the shows. It was great having such a fan backstage as well as on.

My favorite part of the day was after the performance. We never had to really rush, and it remained dusk but light for another hour or so. I went outside by the Moscow River, a huge 'evil' metropolis behind me, growing faintly darker and much more loved by me every second. A hot show's exhaustion was comfortably replaced by satisfaction as a cool breeze and a tranquil peace of mind swept serenely over me. The park played merrily on, the river lapped lazily past, the traffic and the leaves bustled faintly onward as if I had never been there at all. It continues to do so today, this very moment, in our memories and reality, the power and majesty of a nation we feared for so long, and which we now love. Only five more days in Russia. It goes too fast.

Monday, July 24
Rosina Didyk

This was the day we all went together to Arbott Street. I found it to be quaint and interesting but we arrived before many of the stores were open. Later in the day, the place took on more of its real festive character. It became crowded with people shopping, people selling paintings, painting paintings, and even a band or two made up of older men with rusty wind instruments (but lots of soul). This day is hard to write about because we all separated into small groups and did our own things. Some of us returned to the hotel in time for lunch and most continued shopping all over Moscow. I witnessed quite a few shoppers returning holding armfuls of bags with protruding posters; t-shirts, dolls, and other Soviet treasures.

(**Editor's note: Many will remember a huge bookstore on the corner of the street running parallel to Arbott. It was here that

many members of our group learned the complicating and somewhat frustrating method to Soviet shopping--wait in line to get the prices of the items you want to buy, wait in another line to exchange the correct amount of money, wait in another line to pay the cashier for the things you are purchasing, wait in yet another line to finally receive the things you are buying--but wait! That doesn't include the number of times you waited in the wrong line because you weren't sure how the system worked. But while this routine became grueling and discouraging to some, it provided yet another exciting and motivating challenge to the diehard shoppers--who will remain nameless.)

There was something memorable about our show on this night. It wasn't the show happening on stage, but rather the one in the wings put on by our "groupie" Julia. I'm sure you all remember the tall Russian redhead who danced her heart out on the side for the entire show. If you don't remember, check the "photo section" for a picture of her on this day in action.

Tuesday, July 25
Maria Dinsdale
James Johnson

OK boys and girls. It's now time for your favorite program and mine, "Mighty Mormons in Moscow"! Today our show takes us to the heart of the golden city where we find our young tourists enjoying a breakfast of rolls, crystalized jam, some form of cheese and eggs, and Cream of Wheat cooked in cream and butter. The breakfast of fat champions!

Our group next finds themselves loading the bus for Saint Nicholas' Cathedral, one of the few working Orthodox churches in Moscow. Hearts are touched as we see old babushka women praying and kneeling on the ground in humility. It is hard to describe the feeling most feel as we watch and listen to these women fervently pray and worship, expressing their faith that for so long has been subject to government suppression. With the lighting of the candles and the chanting and singing of the people, it becomes evident that the Lord will not turn His back on these people and will continue to pour out His spirit to the pure in heart.

Many members of our group dote on the baby outside of the church with chubby cheeks, little scarf and dress, and a daisy pacifier in her mouth. How sweet!

Down the street from this church we find the home of Leo Tolstoy. What a fascinating man! He wrote over 100 works while living in this home. He's one man that believed in developing himself in all aspects. This is evident in the structure of his estate and his personal items, like a bicycle.

(**Facts we learned about Tolstoy: He had fifteen children. He also entertained many distinguished guests in this house--

musicians, writers, artists. He was known to invite common repairmen and workers to eat with his family and guests as though he knew they were all equal. This was quite unusual and many said this would only occur in the Tolstoy home. An adorable little tour guide in the dining-entertainment room upstairs spoke with an impressive knowledge about the Tolstoy family, obviously loving every corner of the house and loving to tell us about it. And who can forget the piano on which Rachmaninoff himself was known to play on recurring visits--)

We take off our fun slippers (which are made from a fabric that looks like consolidated dryer lint) and look at the romantic garden, take pictures, and eat green apples from Tolstoy's tree that Sasha picks for us. Sasha??

Moving right along, we find our group lined up two abreast in Red Square. It seems we are visiting Lenin's tomb, a mausoleum that looks like a temple or building right out of the Book of Mormon. Yes folks, that's ironic! Walking into the building, we find that there are to be no purses or bags taken in and hands must be visible at all times. As we file past the solemn guards we smell that familiar musty odor that many of us have begun to associate with this part of the world. The halls are dark and as we enter the tomb, we find the man who left such a powerful influence on the Russian people, as well as the rest of the world-- Lenin--silently encased in glass, and well-preserved under eerie red lights. Will he sit up and speak? Caroline Johnston says they must have preserved him a number of times. Steve Buckley tells us it's like a layer of lacquer. Maria and Kristen now think of a new souvenir craze: Lacquer-Lenin Dolls!

Behind the Mausoleum we walk along a paved strip marking the gravesites of other past heads of state: Chernenko, Andropov, and even Stalin, which is a surprise to many of us.

What's this? Photo session time in front of St. Basil's! We're gathering a crowd! Now it's back to the hotel for lunch in the pectopah. After eating, some of the group goes to Danilevsky Monastery while others use their free time to rest, shop in the Berioska, or scout out new photo sites in the city.

Continuing with "Mormons in Moscow", we run into our group sailing down the Moscow River in a tourist boat. What an incredible view of the city.

Showtime in Gorky Park folks, but wait! What do we hear? Is it a new vamp of music before All Men's? OK Maria, that's once.

(**This was possibly the night of our most memorable crowd here in Moscow. Dominating the audience was a group of radio-technology students, employed for the summer months doing building and construction. Our show must have brought them a little relief after a long day at work--their cheering, clapping, singing, and dancing in the aisles continued throughout the show. By the time

the finale arrived, they were standing up waving a giant flag! Tonight, going down into the audience meant receiving pins, foam rubber dolls, flowers, patches ripped off of uniforms, and of course, exchanging addresses with new and immediate friends. Breaking away tonight took a little longer than usual.)

Seeing that the performance of our "Mormons in Moscow" is a success, we greet many Russians who kiss us, praise us, and give us gifts. We are truly removing rocks here, and even planting a few seeds. Well, we're out of time. Tune-in in a couple of weeks when we bring you a new episode: Bouncing Around Britain!

Wednesday, July 26
Anne Butler

Well, time is ticking by and one week of tour is already gone. The effects of jet lag are beginning to wear off and I don't find myself staring out the hotel window at 4:30 am anymore. It's funny, you spend a whole year preparing for this moment, rehearsing, reading books, enrolling in special language courses, and then suddenly the time is here and then gone. It goes so suddenly that it is almost frustrating, but the impressions these five weeks make on us will stay with us forever as we gain by sharing with the people we meet, and more importantly as we learn from interacting with them.

If we get the feeling walking around Moscow in our matching tour outfits, that we are being stared at, it is nothing compared to the stares we received today after breakfast as we all put on our Ukrainian costumes and trooped up to Red Square to take a group photograph in front of St. Basil's Cathedral. Not only did we have to pose for shots from at least twenty of our own cameras, but every tourist in Red Square wanted a picture of us as well. Some even insisted on being in the picture with us. One group of travelling Americans thought they were getting a real souvenir picture of Ukrainian dancers until they heard us talking.

We spent the rest of the morning at the Pushkin Museum of Art. It seemed strange to be in Moscow and yet feel almost as if we were in Paris as we walked through the galleries of Van Gogh, Degas, Matisse, and Monet.

(**Although there were mixed emotions concerning the Picasso display, the unanimous favorite of the day was LePage's work entitled "Rural Love". This simple yet romantic painting seemed to attract some wishful, appreciative gazes from many of the women--and men--in our group.)

After lunch at the hotel we headed for Gorky Park. This afternoon was our chance to finally explore our performance site, instead of being dropped off at the stage door as usual. Most of us enjoyed our wanderings, as we watched children play by the water, rode the amusement rides to the sounds of American music,

indulged in ice cream (of course), and topped off the hour by taking a ride on the biggest ferris wheel any of us had ever seen. (**Editor's note: From the top, one can see all seven of the Stalinesque or "wedding cake" buildings around the city, however, the view of Moscow is not the only spectacular reason to ride the ferris wheel. Another observation--as we whirled on a huge flying carpet and hung upside-down in a giant pirate's boat, I noticed that we Americans were the only ones screaming or "enjoying ourselves vocally", shall we say? The Russian people on the rides just endured in silent anxiety with wide eyes and big grins!)

Our afternoon of fun culminated in a trip to the Gorky Park Circus. The audience was full of children with clean faces and poofy bows on top of their heads, and we were entertained by acrobats, dogs, monkeys, lions, not to mention hoola-hoops and whips.

It began to rain sometime in the afternoon. It was still raining at 7:30, and there was talk of cancelling our show. None of us wanted to miss our last opportunity to perform in Moscow, but the audience couldn't very well be expected to sit in the rain for almost two hours and the front of the stage was becoming increasingly more slick.

The spirit of our group always amazes me. We prayed that the rain would stop (thank you Mike Jensen-in-the-band); our hopes were realized: at 7:59 the storm let up. Our excitement for the show could be seen backstage, as our breath was visible on the cold clear air. We were performing for people we have grown to love. Tonight, as is somewhat of a tradition, we coaxed our guide into dancing with us. Tanya made her debut as a member of the American Folk Ensemble, performing a flawless rendition of Running Sets--even with Steve Buckley as her partner.

The people we have met are so wonderful and have shown such an interest in us. Several of us have made friends that we will always remember. Many, many people we have met have asked about our church, and we have been able to try and explain to them. Earlier in the day one member of our group quoted the scripture, "the field is white, all ready to harvest". I know this is especially true of the Soviet Union. It cannot be too much longer before this country is opened for missionary work. The people are too ready to have the gospel in their lives. As the performance came to an end, we realized we would be leaving these people, and I think everyone was a little sad as we cleaned out the dressing rooms and said goodbye to Gorky Park. (**Especially KP, who found her jewelry and make-up missing, and realized she would have to spend the duration of the trip without a face.)

No somber mood can infect our group for long, however, and we revived as we headed back to the hotel. Many members of our group, worn out from the already long day, were happy to greet their hotel beds. For the rest of the group the night was just beginning, and partying went on until the early hours of a brand new day.

Thursday, July 27
Heather Hatch (Young)

Today we got to sleep in (9:15, yea!) but for most, it didn't help much. In the morning we went to Kyckobo (pronounced Koo-sko-vo), a "Nobleman's Estate" from the 1800's. It was a summer home and quite lush. Some of us even thought we wouldn't mind living in the homes built for the geese. No wonder the people revolted! The other thing that looked out of place was the lawn. In Moscow they seem to prefer the "wild and natural" look in lawn care. Weeds are almost the "in thing".

The rest of the day was spent on our own. Some of us went downstairs in the hotel to a birthday party for Steve Buckley. It was hosted by a Russian man whose daughter, Ludmilla, also had a birthday today--sorry Steve, she's only sixteen! Then people did everything from partying with new friends to playing UNO. Most did a little shopping and an evening visit to Red Square. Although it is past the season of the white nights, it still stays light until 10:30 or 11:00. It's been a relaxful day but very memorable.

Friday, July 28
Mark Geslison

Friday July 28th, 1989 was what I would call "The Well Day" because we stopped at a well on the side of the road to get a drink of water while on our way back to Moscow from Zagorsk. I remember it so well because I so thirsty. It seems like such a novelty to find water in Europe, but maybe I feel that way because I am an American and isn't everything in Europe a novelty to an American?

The one thing I never seem to think about in the U.S. is water and maybe that is because I can have it any old time I want it. In Europe, on the other hand, there never seems to be any water, yet it rains almost every day. So why is Utah (a desert remember) the drinking fountain capital of the world? Hmmm.

Speaking of water (fountains), while in Zagorsk I remember one significant thing about the place that was unique: the wishing well (another reason I called July 28th the "well day"). The well was special to the people of the area.... I don't remember why, but I enjoyed the story about the well....even though I don't remember how it went. Well, enough about wells, let's reflect on another aspect of this day that went "well": the music!

Sasha, Kristen, Blaine, Mike (the dancer), Rosina, Jeanette, Mike (the musician), Dwayne, Chuck, Aimee, Maria, Dave and I (forgive me if I left anyone out), went to Arbott Street to entertain, greet people, get rid of, oh, I mean, distribute pamphlets and, least but not last on our minds: to shop!

We met many people while we sang "Oh Susanna" and "Mountain Music". We watched their eyes glow as they saw how happily and

freely we played our music. I think they could sense that our folk music is a perfect representation of our lively and uninhibited culture. During our performance on Arbott Street, we were able to associate in a very warm and friendly way.

An elderly gentleman told us that he hadn't smiled for many years until now. He said that he had nothing to smile about, but when he heard the music and felt our spirit he could only smile. He was like all of the people that were there that day. None of them could get enough. When we finished playing, the crowd (which was rather large by then, and included families, sailors, gypsy kids, elderly men and women, and lots of teenagers) pleaded with us, and begged us to stay and play longer. They really seem to love Americans. It was then that I remember thinking there is truly something wonderful about America and we should all be proud of it!

Well, that's the way it was on July 28th, 1989 in Moscow.

(**This was our last night to soak up what we could of Moscow... For some it meant the midnight changing of the guard in Red Square, for others it meant spending a few cherished hours with newly-made friends, for a few it meant asking the mice and cockroaches in their room to help them pack! We each have our own memories of what we individually did on this night to engrave in our minds the sights, sounds, and unforgettable-ness of the Soviet Union.)

A Very Memorable Experience in Moscow--by Rosina

I was asked to write about my most memorable experience in Moscow but have found this to be an impossible task. There were simply too many wonderful and special experiences to pick one and call it "the most memorable". One very memorable experience I had was on the last night we spent in Moscow (July 28). Jodi had met a young couple after one of our shows (--their names were Sergei and Svetlana) and we spent part of a day talking with them. With my little bit of Russian and their little bit of English we really didn't do too bad.

In the early evening of our last night, they came to our hotel and we took a long metro and bus ride out to where their apartment was. The minute I stepped off the crowded bus I was bombarded by the smell of smokey exhaust that seemed to hang in the air. All around us were scores of apartment buildings that all looked alike. We made our way into one of these buildings and found ourselves sitting in a small, one bedroom apartment. We met their grandmother who also lived there, and another young couple that was in Moscow on a visit. We then sat down to a wonderful meal that included juice from little yellow Siberian berries and mysterious little cakes for dessert. It was a very long evening so I really can't go into every detail. We looked at books and lots of pictures but mostly we talked and laughed and answered each other's

questions about life in our respective countries. I will never forget: the warmth with which we were welcomed into their home, their eagerness in learning English from tedious phrase books, the incredible look of excitement and curiosity in their eyes when we answered questions about the U.S., the wonderful gifts they gave us, the complete absence of cynicism and sarcasm from their personalities, and most of all, their beautiful, honest faces.

It was so hard to leave them. We all cried and said goodbye. The men saw us safely back to the hotel and Jodi and I had about two hours to pack up our stuff and meet in the lobby-- (forget about sleeping).

Saturday, July 29
Jeanette Karnil (Geslison)

It was a very early morning for us, except for those that did not sleep at all from partying with their Russian friends. Anyway, we met down in the lobby of the hotel at 5:45 a.m., and while waiting for the bus, Rosina took a nap on a chair in the corner.

Our Gosconcert guides rode on the bus with us to the airport, and it was with regret that we parted with them. They have really been fun to work with, and have done more than an excellent job in hosting us! I enjoyed Sasha's funny remarks and expertise at playing UNO, and of course his "bottle opener trick". We arrived at the airport, and before getting off the bus we sang "Go Ye Now In Peace". There was an incredible feeling of love for the bonds and friendships that we'd made in Moscow. I think most of us could have spent a few more weeks in Russia...but our next destination was Poland and we were all excited about that too. (To be continued--)

MEMORIES OF MOSCOW

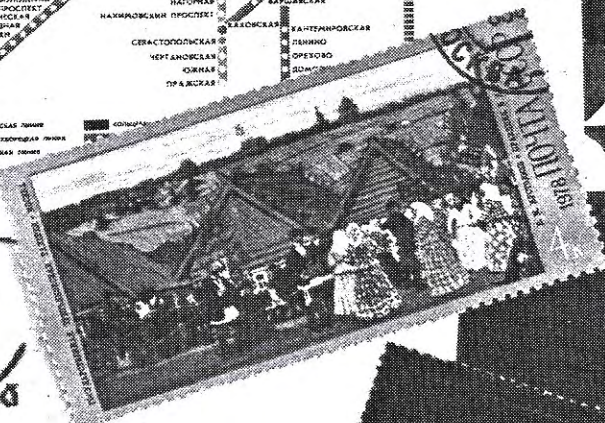
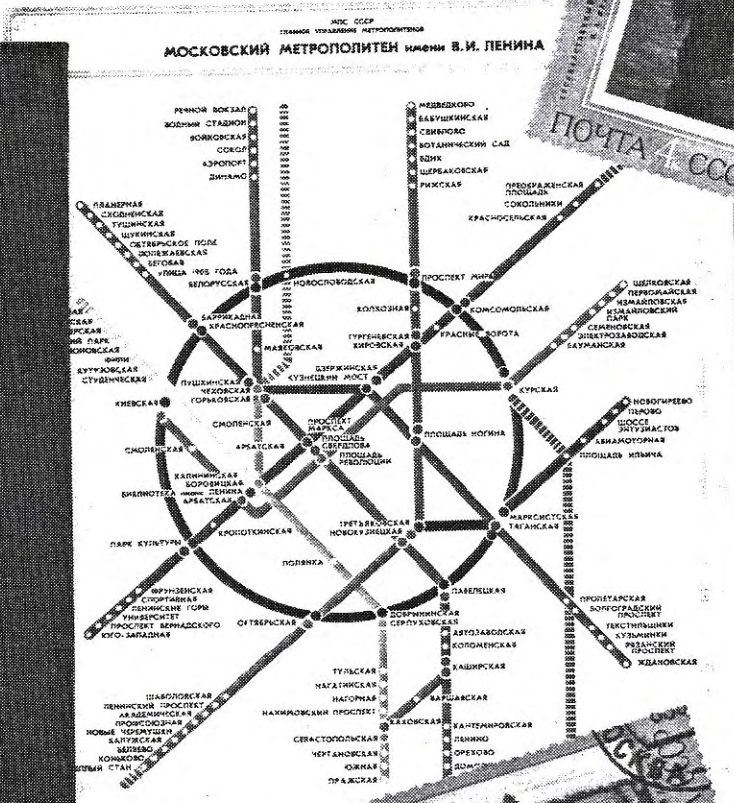
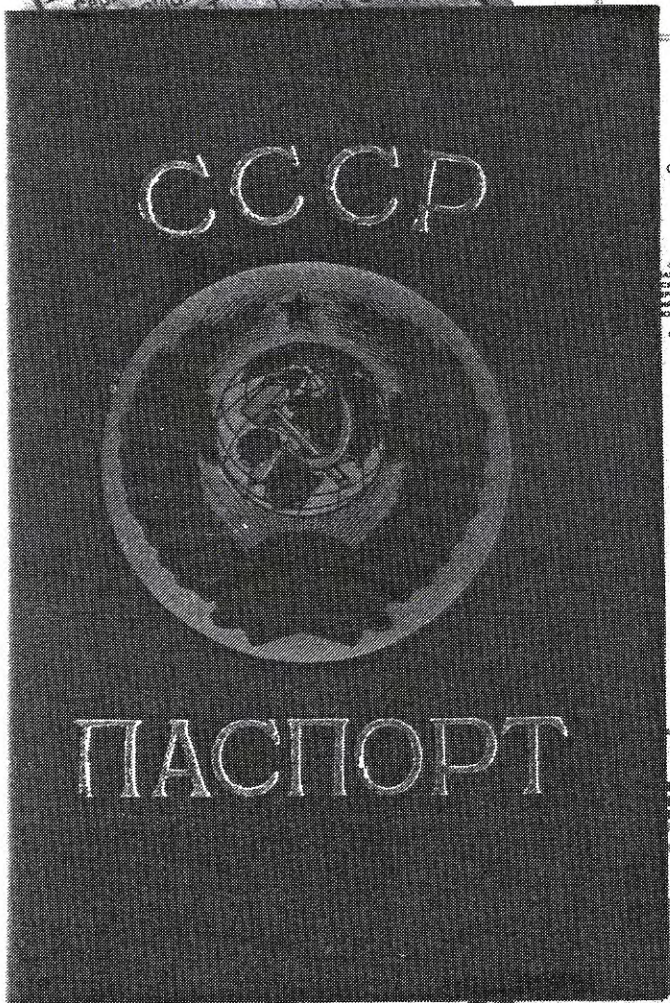
- Anne: --the peacefulness of Moscow at 5:30 am
--white frosty breath of the dancers back stage
--our own groupie
--Lucy, our tour guide through the Kremlin
--killing cockroaches in our bathroom with my thongs
--talking with people after our performances
- Joaquin: --enormous
--black market
--walking long distances
--Armoury Jewels
--reciprocal curiosity
- Mike J: --the freedom we had to come and go as we pleased,
(dancer) just like anywhere else in the world
--shopping (what else would a folkdancer think?)
--the food--I think we were all surprised that it
wasn't that bad, even the borscht! (sp?)
--how the people want the same thing everyone else in
the world wants...Peace and Freedom
--the lady Jeanette met after one of our shows who
wanted to meet a Californian so she got Wok and
myself--come to find out she was married but still
wanted to marry either one of us so she could come to
California and become a movie star.
- Denny: --eating at the "pectopah"
--Tanya 1--the fashion nightmare!
--those scarey beverage machines in the park and
elsewhere
--the search for Perestroika watches
--Tatiana the Terrible and her raging whip
--our neat sacrament meeting at the U.S. Embassy
--Flag Time! (I guess that was the whole trip.)
- Not to Mention:
--"yani pani ma-yoo"
--the little old man in the green hat who sat on the
front row for every performance...Did anyone else
notice him?
--driving three circles around the Rossia Hotel before
going anywhere
--rain from 3-6:00 pm
--little old ladies in scarves
--the silhouette of St. Basil's
--"Two silhouettes on the shade"
--the long lines to buy a bar of soap
--fake levi's for 54 rubles (\$100)
--the key ladies on your floor at the hotel
--black bread and butter curls
--"shshast'ia, druzhby, i mira"...(happiness,
friendship, and peace)

ВЕЛЕННЫМ

ШКОЛО

им. Горького

ТЕАТР



To - BYU %

GOSKONSENT

MR VLADISLIV KHODYKI

NEGLINNAYA 15

MOSCOW

BS



KATIUSHA

КАТЮША



words by M. ISAKOVSKY
music by M. BLANTER

Not fast

Am(6) Em Am(6) B7 Em Em Em(6)

Ap-ple trees and pear trees were a -
Рас-це-та-ли яб-ло-ни и
Ras-tsve-ta-li iab-lo-ni i

B7 Em

flow-er, Riv-er mist was ris-ing all a-round.
гру-ши, По-плы-ли ту-ма-ны над ре-кой.
gru-shi, Po-ply-li tu-ma-ny nad re-koi.

C G E7 Am Am6 Em E7 Am Em B7 Em

Young Ka-tiu-sha went stroll-ing by the hour— On the steep banks, o'er the rock-y ground.
Вы-хо-ди-ла на бе-рег Ка-тю-ша, На вы-со-кий бе-рег, на кру-той.
Vy-kho-di-la na be-reg Ka-tiu-sha, Na vy-so-kii be-reg; na kru-toi.

By the river's bank she sang a love
song
Of her hero in a distant land.
Of the one she'd dearly loved for
so long,
Holding tight his letters in her hand.

2. Выходила, песню заводила
Про степного сизого орла,
Про того, которого любила,
Про того, чьи письма берегла.

2. Vykhodila, pesniu zavodila
Pro stepnovo sizovo orla,
Pro tovo, kotorovo liubila,
Pro tovo, ch'i pis'ma beregla.

5 - bid a 35 would ya give a 30 make a 30 ~~would ya give~~ bid dy dollar
would ya give a 35 - 5 make a 40 would ya give me 40 would ya give me
45 - 5 make a 50 brady would ya 5 - 5 - 5 - 5 - 5!

make a

Michael Jensen's
contribution to our
memories!

④ 35 got a bid a - nother 20 dollar 40 would ya give a 40
make a 40 bid 'em 4 40 dollar would ya give a 40 - who
will give a 40 dollar bid -

we got a 40 dollar bid - dy need a 45 would you give a 45 make a
45 bid a 45, sold that hog for a 45 dol - lar bid.

The Auctioneer Song

① There was a boy from Ar - kan - sas who wouldn't listen to
his ma when she told him he'd have to go to school

He'd take a walk in the af - ter - noon, just follow him and
pretty soon you'd find him at the local auc - tion barn

He'd stand and listen care - ful - ly and pret - ty soon
he began to see how the auctioneer could talk so rapidly

Oh me - oh - my it's do or die I've gotta learn that
auction cry gotta make my mark and be an auctioneer

② 25 dollar bid a - not - her 20 dollar 30 would give a 30 make a
30 bid a wack - a 30 dollar would ya give a 30 who'll make
a 30 dollar bid -

got a 30 dollar bid - dy need a 35 would ya give a 35
make a 35 bid a 35 would ya make a 5, a 35 dollar bid,

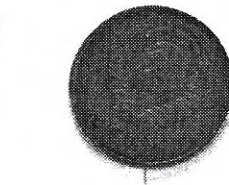
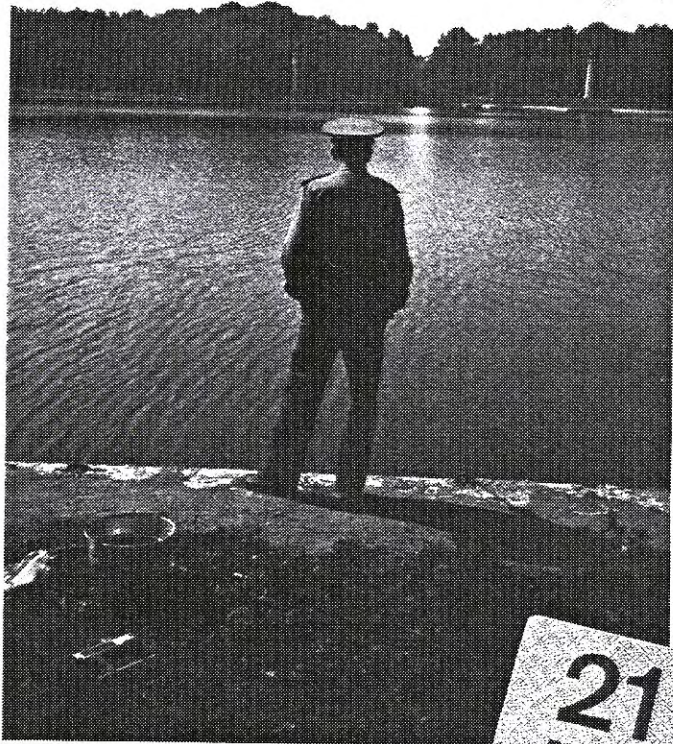
③ Now from the boy who went to school there grew a man who
played it cool and he became a full - fledged auctioneer

The people came from miles around just to hear him
make that rhythmic sound that filled the hearts with such a happy
cheer

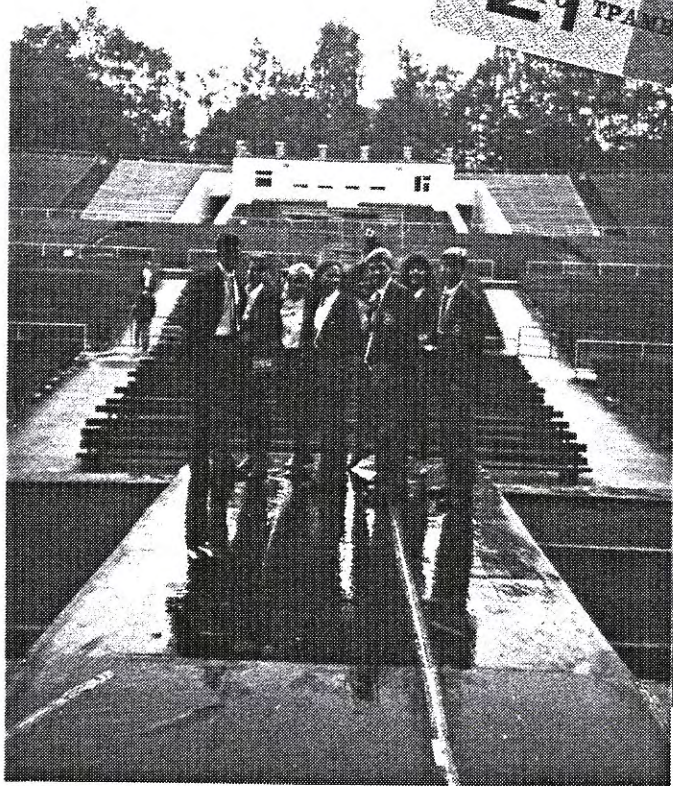
His fame was put out from shore to shore, he'd all
he could do and maybe more, he had to buy a plane
to get around

And now he's tops in all the land let's pause to give that
man a hand, 'cause he's the best hill - billy auctioneer

⑤ He makes more noise when he ~~shakes~~ the stand than ^{you hear from} a real
hill - billy band; he's the best dern auctioneer in all the land.



21 ИЮЛЬ **31**
ВЕЩЬ ЛЕБЯДА МЕСЯЦА
ТРАМВОЙСТОРТРАНС
ПРАВИЛА
Билет дает право проезда в
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Проданы билеты
Примечание: билет
недействителен
№ 043257
1989
Цена 2 руб
МГТС
МГТС





FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

- 1) Our band drawing an enthusiastic crowd on Arbott Street, Friday, July 28th.
- 2) Surfin' USSR
- 3) Ukrainians posing in Red Square.
- 4) A memorable crowd of student-workers who came to our performance on July 25th.
- 5) Outside of St. Nicholas' Cathedral in Moscow.
- 6) Performing Hopak in the Soviet Union.
- 7) Group shot at Moscow University.

POLAND

July 28 through August 10, 1989

POLAND

Saturday, July 29 continued...
Jeanette Karnil (Geslison)

We had a very interesting plane ride to Warsaw on Aeroflot Flight 101--or our "tweedy bird" ride! The curve of the collapsable seats forced us to hunch over and see what our breakfast included. I still can't figure out if what I had in my cup was cough syrup or juice! Anyway--almost everyone was asleep during the flight, and didn't wake up until we "dove" into the Warsaw Airport...

We were escorted from the airplane, by bus, to passport control, and there were some Polish friends there that our group had met in Korea. There was a bus waiting for us, but it turned out that we were three seats short and had to have a taxi, in which Mike, Mark and Dwayne volunteered to ride in. It was almost a five hour ride and the bus was very bumpy, but we managed to sleep anyway.

I found that the Polish countryside is very pretty, with lots of green, rolling hills, little fields, farm houses, horses with wagons, people working in the fields--just a really nice and pleasant atmosphere. Everything looked very oldfashioned, like we were still back in time, but a little more advanced than Russia.

Our new guide, Donna (short for Donuta), was now with us and she made sure that we were checked into our motel when we arrived in Mragowo and we had a nice dinner there. We were to perform this same night at the Mragowo Country Music Festival, so we had a blocking rehearsal all late afternoon. Our stage was in the open air with a big lake right behind. It was so beautiful with the sun reflecting in the water. Many of us went out on the tiny docks to look around and enjoy the setting. (And the boys threatened to throw Karen Horman in the water. I'm sure she would never do anything to deserve that..?)

When we came back in the evening to perform at 11:00 pm, it was a totally different place. There were thousands of people, and they were all over--both in front of the stage and behind. They were stacked up in boats on the water; they were hanging from the trees, and they were singing and dancing and yelling--very drunk but having a wonderful time. We were so tired and not wound up to do a performance at all, and we were also scared that the audience was not going to like our show, that we would be out of place!

Well, when a Polish blue grass group had finished, our band went on stage and just blew the audience away! Our show went so well--the audience loved it, especially the last part with the clogging and the band's "Orange Blossom Special"--the band played incredibly tonight. We ended up dancing Monroe's Hornpipe twice.

The audience was wild but genuine, and by the end they were chanting "U.S.A.!! U.S.A.!!" The t.v. was there taping the show and we were so wound up that it really turned out to be one of the greatest performances we've had.

(**I don't think many of us were looking forward to performing this night. Besides getting pinched and grabbed on the pathway down to the stage, the girls changed in a tent and the guys didn't even get that luxury--they hung their costumes from nearby branches! It had been a long and emotional day, filled with a lot of travelling. And the sight of 10,000 hysterical Poles swinging from trees only contributed to our exhaustion and anxiety. But an interesting thing happened--it came time for the devotional and prayer and Jeanette said something that seemed to have an impression on all of us. She said, "We have to remember that the people in this audience are as important as our audiences in Moscow. We have to give just as much to them." Our show started and the feeling was electrifying. The crowd's reaction was unbelievable and I don't know when we've performed with as much energy as a group. We all appreciated our leadership who not only acted as body guards and keepers-of-the-costumes on this night, but who also provided much-needed moral support.)

Sunday, July 30
Blain Empey
Earlet Phillips (Meiners)

Sunday is a day of rest, so we took advantage of the situation and rested quite well this second tour Sunday. Besides church in the morning, we had the entire day to do as we pleased, and being so far from any major shopping areas prevented that type of arduous activity.

In fact, church didn't even start until 10:30 am. I, personally, set my alarm for 9:00 but last night's (or rather this morning's) hour caused me to reset it for the extra half-hour sleep. These fold down beds and huge pillows lend themselves to a good sleep. Some of the leadership, however, managed to get up early and recommended a nice walk to and through town.

Meetings were to be held in a small room to the side of the restaurant. As we arrived we ate Polish sausage (mmm!) and bread and jam (mmm!) because most of us missed the 8:30 breakfast--(except for a few souls who are probably robots from another planet and don't need sleep.) We began sacrament meeting with sausages in hand. We also welcomed a few Polish visitors. I'm not sure they understood, but the meeting had a good spirit and I hope they felt it. We drank the sacrament water from a few common cups, and I pictured the Last Supper again in that perspective, making it just that much more real.

Our speakers were Joaquin, Jeanette, Scott R., Sister Bramhall, and Scott Horman. We were all impressed by the contrasts

of the trip and many of us were greatly influenced by the experience at the performance last night. These subjects were reflected in the talks that were given. We were reminded to have faith, and we were also told to remember that where much is given much is required. I think all of us have become more aware of our freedoms and opportunities and the responsibility that comes along with being so blessed.

Sunday naps are the best kind, and most of the group managed to get one without even feeling guilty. Some of us went to a church in nearby Holy Linden which was also the name of that church. It was a beautiful baroque church, and the most interesting thing about it was the organ. Someone played it and while it played, all the ornate decorations spun and moved--quite the trick for a few centuries ago! Outside we soon discovered some small souvenir shops, plus the incredible prices of those souvenirs with the 6000 to 1 exchange rate. We bought Polish pizza that has a long name no one knows how to pronounce, and of course LODY! Lody is Polish ice cream that is softer and lighter than what we're used to and it is deeee-licious! The best part is that a large cone costs an incredible 2 or 3 cents at most! Jodi has the good luck of rhyming with Lody, so we made up this limerick:

There once was a young girl named Jodi,
In Poland she ate loads of Lody,
She went to the lake
For an excercise break
And found she could no longer floaty.

This evening, some of our group took paddle boats out on the lake (1 1/2 cents an hour--ouch--that hurts the pocketbook). Some of us decided to splurge and took them for longer than an hour--what a wonderful experience! To be in Poland, no responsibility, no where to go, no deadlines, no nothing, sitting in the middle of a gorgeous lake on a clear day with a good friend. This is the kind of rest we all needed. Some of us went swimming--some more completely than others. Rumor has it that Scott Rasmussen lost something in the lake, and it wasn't loose change. The lily pads and their flowers, the golden sunset, and the wooded background all added to the experience. However, the bugs ate us alive. It was worth every mosquito.

Some of us did take the pleasant walk into town, through a few hills and fields. This small town (Mragowo) has all the elements which remind one of Europe: cobblestone streets, quaint old buildings, wooded surroundings, small shops, and that smell unique to this wonderful part of the world. I love it. The atmosphere outside of any large metropolis is a nice change. I think most enjoyed Moscow and being in a big city, but it's just a change of pace we're enjoying. We could all hear the second night of the festival going on, and the wonderful cheers we reveled in last night were a good lullaby for tonight's sleep.

Monday, July 31
David Done

The Big Bus Ride

On this gray, hazy day we traveled by bus from Mragowo in the northeast corner of Poland to Bielsko-Biala in the south of the country, driving over more than 330 miles of bumpy roads and highways. Though we did pass through the capital city of Warsaw, most of the trip was through very rural surroundings. The scenery along the way was dominated by cultivated fields, testifying to the appropriateness of the country's name, which in part means "field". The fields were occasionally separated by groves of trees. There were people out reaping the fields with scythes, and binding up the tall bundles with strands of the same grain they were reaping. Although we saw some modern farm machines, most of the farming seemed to be done just as it was centuries ago.

Although the scenery was beautiful and quaint, it became quite monotonous, leaving us to entertain ourselves by sleep, reading, conversation, singing, or by running to buy "lody" each time the bus stopped. Lody was tasty and cheap--never more than 300 zlotys (5 cents U.S.). The results of a survey(*) taken on the number of lodys consumed per folkdancer during the bus ride yielded the following data:

Average:	2 lodys
Std. Deviation:	1 lody
Maximum (@):	4 lodys (by Steve Lewis, Blain & Denny)

Such frequent consumption of ice cream aroused concern about the possibility of Lody O.D. Some of the bus-heads thought that Lody O.D. was "dairy drug-out", or "overlody", or Jodi. Others equated it with the following phenomena: bruises on one's arm from saying the "L-word" on the bus; new lumps of lard on the sitting muscles; "bus-face" from an epic bus ride. A number of the group asserted that Lody O.D. is impossible, that "it is an abstract theory designed by evil and scheming men to confuse and lead away the righteous." Such an array of conflicting ideas necessitated that we seek a professional opinion from Dr. Earlet Phillips: "Lody O.D. is the state of temporary insanity which currently afflicts this group. The symptoms include fat, swollen bellies and perestroika hair. Such will be the condition of the American Folk Ensemble until after departure from Poland."

The bus-ites each described the bus trip in their own word: bumpy, Denny-neck, excruciating, painless, neat, mid-semester tour, black hole, musical, singing, endless, celestial, bumpy, Seven Dwarves (i.e. Happy, Sleepy, Dopey,...), comparable-to-office-work, a GOOGOL (i.e. enormous), enthralling, eternal, kink-in-neck, fun!, carcinogenic, reminiscing, sleepy, a dream (literally), long, forever, boring, inconceivable, uncomfortable.

In the afternoon we arrived in Bielsko-Biala, at the Hotel Energetyk. Here we will participate in the XXVI Tydzien Kultury Beskidzkiej, which is the XXVI Week of Beskid Culture. Beskid is the beautiful, mountainous region along the Czech border near Bielsko-Biala.

(*)--Survey by DJD and KP. Details of survey are found in Appendix, Stomach, and Intestines.

(@)--Dorothy Bramhall refused to disclose how many lodys she consumed.

Tuesday, August 1
Jodi "Lody" Sandstrom

Our fourth day in Poland began with one of our most favorite activities...FREE TIME. For some, the early morning hours passed behind closed eyelids as the previous day's 10-hour marathon bus ride took its toll. For others, the Bramhalls for example, those hours provided a chance to do some exploring. Up the road, headed in the direction of the tram, the scenery was breathtaking. The scent of wild flowers permeated the air. The horse-drawn hay wagon, as well as the farmer out walking his cows, were perfect subjects for my camera lens. It was all so picturesque that I felt as though I were walking through the pages of a fantasy book. I found it hard to believe that I wasn't in the midst of a dream.

Reality hit with the call for rehearsal.

Southern suite needed lots of work, but our minds were definitely focused on other things. We laughed harder than we danced. As we practiced our songs, we attracted the attention of several women working at the school. They leaned out of an upstairs window and giggled at our craziness. I don't believe that Ed was quite as amused.

On the bus and headed for town we caught the attention of one couple who took interest in who we were, and could speak English in order to find out, unlike most of our curious onlookers. Little did we realize at that moment how lucky we were to stumble across Les and Erna Kaluza. Born in Poland and Austria, this couple had lived many years in the U.S. working for Hana Barbara. For four years they had been on assignment in Poland where production for animation was much less expensive. They were sincerely interested in seeing to it that we had a good time, so once off the bus, they escorted us to the bank where we anxiously exchanged our money (or was that outside the bank that we exchanged our money?). Well anyway, once we had our hands full of cash, the search began...linen, crystal, leather goods, "trinkets for the natives"(sorry Steve L.), hand-made wool sweaters, so much to buy and sooo little room. Les and Erna gladly pointed people in the right direction. Some things were easier to find than

others...Lody stands, for instance, came looking for us and we being the "starving" tourists that we were, readily gave in.

There once was a young girl named Jodi,
In Poland she ate all the Lody.
She went to the lake for an exercise break,
And found she could no longer floaty.

LODY in fact became a "four letter word". On the bus ride to our performance that evening, the agreement was made: Anyone caught saying the "L" word was worthy of a slug in the arm, or worse, depending on who was nearby. We had abused the term by pointing at every L--- sign we passed and reading it aloud, as if no one else had seen the sign. This agreement proved to be a great challenge to most. Some even rebelled and used the term in vain.(Denny) But at least there were no restrictions placed on consumption of this delightful treat.

SZCZYRK was our destination, but when we arrived, the rain was pouring down and it looked like maybe the performance would be cancelled. We sat in the parked bus staring at the Polish group, who sat in their bus staring curiously at us. The anticipation to get out and mix and mingle with these dancers made us all restless. Then the plan for a scenic drive was made and we headed out for a jaunt in the mountains. At the top of the mountain where we could see for miles around us, and dressed in our red and white square dance costumes we formed our own official "Check border". With Czechoslovakia somewhere off in the distance, we had everything from "Czech mates" (our partners), to "Czech stands" (you can figure that one out). I guess Chuck could have even been our own "Czech point Charlie."

Well, when we had "Czech-ed" everything out, we headed back down to Szczyrk. (**Upon arrival we were swept right off the bus into the arms of some dancing, friendly Lithuanians. Many of you were not even aware that while you danced in the background, Ed was interviewed on Lithuanian television, answering questions as to why our group had not yet toured Lithuania. Well Ed??) We performed on an open stage with a partial roof that was very low. The women changed in a tightly cramped shed, while the men had to brave the wide open spaces and change behind the stage. Onlookers, of course, had no complaints, but Bros. Bramhall and Browning found it rather interesting to stand guard, keeping curious viewers from viewing too much. The crowd was incredibly receptive even before our show began. We struggled to keep our limbs intact while passing out brochures and signing autographs for swarms of children. Dale found a happy bunch who toasted him and would gladly have taken him home. Lucky for all of us that we could scheme with one another and not be understood, "O.K., now you come over and grab my arm and tell me that it's time to go..." Sound familiar?

Despite the fact that our first attempt at the Southern suite was nothing but chaos, we won the hearts of our audience and they

responded with warm and enthusiastic cheers. Polish crowds definitely knew how to make us feel like celebrities. I wish that we had recorded that suite, however. What a mass of confusion. There we all were, galloping around the stage with no real idea of where we were supposed to be, and hoping that we would end up in the right place. Ha Ha -- How polished we are at faking it!

Our excitement did not end with the final bow of our performance. With an invitation to visit Les and Erna's house, the band and many others of us joined them for music, singing, laughter and an abundance of food. The Kaluzas must have pulled out their entire food storage, introducing us to some new incredible edibles and sharing fresh fruit that we had all been deprived of. I don't know where the energy came from that kept us going for so long, but Les and Erna couldn't say "Thank you" enough times for the entertainment. Our opportunity to be in a home and enjoy such great company was the greater blessing by far.

Exhausted from the day's adventures, I think we all looked forward to the night's bed "CZECH".

Wednesday, August 2
Cathy Black

7:45 am Devotional. Devotional was given this morning by Cathy Black and was based on Moses 2:28, 29 and 31 and Ecclesiastes 3:1-4. Moses refers to God giving man dominion over all of His creations and God's being pleased with all that He has made. Poland is a wonderful example of God's handiwork and He must be extremely pleased with how the Polish people have magnified their callings in caring for all with which they have been entrusted, humble though it may be. Ecclesiastes 3 reminds us that there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven. When one stops to consider the history of Poland during the past 50 years, the first four verses of this chapter become particularly poignant--even to the final words of verse 4, "a time to dance", which has particular significance to our being here at this time. With these thoughts, and a prayer by Chuck Baker, the day began.

8:00 am Breakfast. Menu: hot milk and noodle cereal, bread, butter, jam, cheese, weiner sausage, and apple juice.

8:45 am Bus to Krakow. The journey once again provided a splendid visual feast of flowers, haystacks (many bowing as in Joseph's dream in the Old Testament), cows and horse-drawn carts. One particular point of interest along the way was in the little carpentry town of Kalwaria (Calvary). High on a hill overlooking the town is the Monastery of the Bernardins Regula, Mowa Jerozolima (New Jerusalem), an impressive fortress seemingly keeping a watchful eye over the inhabitants below. We were to visit this monastery only a few days later.

11:00 am Arrive in Krakow. We went immediately to Wawel Castle. On the way up the ramp to the castle there was a small group of musicians playing Polish folk music. (**Many of us were excited to hear them playing the "duck song", and stopped to sing the "la-la's" and join in on the actions.) As we passed them they immediately segued into strains of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" -- another of the continued examples of love and enthusiasm the Poles have expressed for America throughout our stay here.

First we toured the cathedral inside the fortified castle complex. The cathedral featured several chapels, each constructed in a unique style which reflected the personal taste of various reigning monarchs from Renaissance times through the late 19th century. The cathedral contained the crypts of many Polish kings and queens and the 18th century Polish kings and queens and the 18th century Polish national hero Tadeusz Kosciusko. As we had some problems with competent English speaking guides, we toured the cathedral mainly on our own and with the help of guidebooks which Gary Browning and Anne Butler had brought along.

Next, after some of us had quickly scurried off to find the local dragon (some of us successfully), we toured Wawel Castle itself. With the help of a guidebook provided by our interpreter Joachim, which Cristina Bingham read loudly and clearly for all to hear, we did quite well. Even an American couple, touring the museum on their own, joined our party to take advantage of Cristina's efforts. It was the slip-on slipper trick (first introduced in the Soviet Union) again, and Chuck Baker commented as we were climbing a set of marble stairs that he was sure he knows exactly what it felt like to be a seal.

Highlights of Wawel Castle included an extensive collection of magnificent tapestries, some of them dating back to the 13th century, decorated with fresco scenes, and some of them depicting dance. In this historic room have sat many Polish kings--back to Medieval times when Krakow was one of the most progressive cities in Europe (one reason why Copernicus went there to study). The Sejm (Polish Parliament) has also convened in this room where on more than one occasion, one dissenting vote on the part of a single Sejm member meant defeat of proposed legislation.

2:00 pm Arrive at Old Market Square. First it was a 20-zloty bathroom break and a half-hour of exploring before walking about ten minutes to the Warszawianka Restaurant for dinner. Menu: vegetable soup, ground meat patty and gravy, potatoes, dill pickles and red currant compote to drink. After dinner it was back to Market Square and surroundings for a few hours more of exploring--and shopping. The hot item for the day was 25,000 zlotys (\$4.17) hand-knit wool sweaters which color co-ordinated quite nicely with our tour outfits. We purchased a total of 37 in Krakow. They came in handy on several subsequent cold and rainy evenings. Perhaps the most significant purchases of the day were made on behalf of the Dance Department by Ed and Vickie Austin, accompanied by Lynn and Andrea Elliott. After a great deal of trying on, 32 Krakoviak

costumes were purchased--16 full women's outfits and 16 men's jackets--each for less than \$20. Other popular purchases included Krakoviak dolls, little stuffed sheep, flowers, blouses with Polish cut-work, wooden boxes, and of course, the by now infamous lody.

(**Another popular pastime on this afternoon was a carriage ride which allowed some of us to see the beautiful and quaint backstreets of Krakow, peek into tiny decorated shop windows, observe street vendors arrange their flower carts and newspaper stands, and rejoice in the fact we were making an unbeatable memory for less than 50 cents.)

7:00 pm Performance at Old Market Square. The 45 minute performance went well and was enthusiastically received, and crowds were not quite as "mobby" as they had been previously, which was nice. (**The group's most "historical" dressing room was provided on this occasion as we changed costumes in the main entry of the giant clock tower.) Among the 2,000 audience members was a stake president and his wife, daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild visiting from East Germany. They brought with them some Polish investigators (an older couple). Gary Browning spoke in Russian with the husband as the latter spoke no English. All enjoyed the performance very much. An interesting coincidence relative to this encounter was that Karine Burns had become acquainted with the stake president's son while working with six East German missionaries at the MTC in Provo just before we left on tour!

8:15 pm Supper. Following the performance and post-performance visiting, we boarded the bus again and traveled through crowds of Polish admirers to the Hawelka Restaurant just across the square for supper. Menu: ground meat patty and gravy, potatoes (Poland is second in the world in Potato production), dill pickles and mineral water.

9:00 pm Bus to Bielsko-Biala. This was a relaxing, uneventful busride. We arrived back at our hotel at about 11:00 pm and left everything on the bus for the next day. We went almost immediately to bed, stuffed full of memories of a very good day.

Thursday, August 3
Steve Buckley

The secret is out! Forget Hong Kong, New York, or Tiajuana, Poland beats them all. You all know what I'm talking about. We're all adults and can talk about the "S" word without hushed whispers and giggles. All right, I'll just come out with it--the shopping is great in Poland!

Now we all know that this is not the reason that we are here, and there are many things that are much more important for us to gain from this experience...but it sure doesn't hurt to have a good time spending money and helping out the local economy by changing dollars outside the bank.

While most of us spent the day in the shops of Bielsko-Biala, a few people found time for other pursuits. Jodi-Svetlana went to Les and Erna's home and was able to answer a few questions they had about the church. They also expressed their interest in using our band for a western cartoon that they will be working on.

Wendy spent most of the day on the sick list.

Dale used his creativity as he cackled and mooed his way through a restaurant menu.

Earlet found a cafe named Rou.

The Bramhalls had an interesting conversation with a Scottish man regarding changes in Poland.

Brother Browning noticed an old lady and her granddaughter in a produce store buying a carrot, a watermelon, and some other small items. He felt that this was a moment to remember, as it reflected the universality of our human experience.

Once our free time slipped away, we were whisked off to the town of Wisla (pronounced Vee-swah). It had been raining off and on all day, and many of the groups that preceded us had a difficult time staying upright, let alone dance. I'm sure we'll never forget the image of that Polish audience with their umbrellas in hand anxiously waiting for the U.S.A. to come on stage.

Our first number was usually Teton Mountain Stomp, however the stage hands opened our part of the show with an entertaining "Polish Mop Dance".

Once the stage had been prepared for us as much as possible, on came the cowboys, renowned for their strength, precision, and showmanship. However, as Steve B., Craig, and Dale soon proved, balance was not a part of the package. In a series of ripple falls, these three proved to have an uncanny sense of rhythm and timing as they fell one after another in perfect synchronization.

Although we all had difficulty staying on our feet throughout the show, we gave a good performance that was very much appreciated by the audience. After our part of the program, a few members of the audience took great interest in the women of our group. "Tak, Tak, Tak...Nie, Nie, Nie!" This was an in depth conversation that Jodi had with a Polish man who wanted to carry her to the bus. KP attempted to prove her superior athletic abilities as an unwilling human volleyball for some Polish men. Aimee proved her fidelity as she repeatedly avoided the insistent lips of a Polish pursuer. Although our women rarely need help, some of our folkdance men made their way through the crowd to give some assistance and to deter any serious mishaps. Although there were moments following the show that caused some concern, I think we all recognized and appreciated the sheer joy and enthusiasm that radiated from the Polish audience.

Friday, August 4
Dorothy and Eugene Bramhall

Friday, August 4, 1989 dawned cold and rainy. Again. It seemed a fitting beginning for a day which would introduce us to the horrors of Auschwitz, Birkenau. Gene read moving excerpts from a book which described Hitler's "final solution" and talked briefly about the background and history of the Jews in Europe.

Following breakfast, we boarded our bus for the two hour trip to Auschwitz. Gene and I, as well as all of the other adults in the group, were familiar with the history of Auschwitz, having first heard of its terrible history shortly after the end of World War II when it was liberated by the Russians. Sadly, for most of the young dancers in our group, Auschwitz was no more than a name in a history book. They were poorly prepared for what they saw, and heard, and felt. Even Gene and I, after all that we had read and seen, were not prepared for what we saw.

There is a large museum in Auschwitz and at times it took almost more effort than we could exert, simply to walk through the museum. Time and time again we found ourselves in tears when we saw anything that had to do with children. And when we were moved to tears, we found others in our group were likewise overwhelmed with the grief of the experience. I saw Cathy Black put her head on Gene's shoulder and sob as she and Gene stood before a statue of three ragged Jewish women, bent over from the agony of their existence, making their way to what we assume was a gas chamber. And this was only a single example of what we saw and shared with one another, again and again as we made our way through a first and then a second and then still another building, each of which was filled with visual evidence of Hitler's Final Solution.

We saw thousands of little children's shoes that were found at the camp "stores" when the camp was liberated. Similarly, there were hundreds if not thousands of suitcases with stenciled names and dates on them, piled in still another room. There were countless eye glasses, hair brushes, shaving brushes, pots and pans, and an ocean of human hair that the Germans had shipped back to Germany in bails to be used for mattresses and cloth for coat linings. Some of the hair was still braided.

We walked into the gas chambers and crematoriums; the footsteps and cries of millions of men, women and children could be heard in those places which were almost sacred. The walls of building after building after building were filled with photos of prisoners, all with haunting eyes, lifeless and hopeless. They were the photos of living skeletons. As we walked from building to building we were occasionally touched by rain, but none of us noticed; we were all too involved with the almost unbelievable visual and emotional experience of walking through Hell. It was hard for us to believe that any human could have participated in such atrocities. God forgive them. And of course none of us will ever forget the slogan over the camp entrance "Arbeit Macht Frei."

This was the slogan which greeted every person who entered the camp and suggested that work would bring freedom. A cynical joke by men who were mad.

There were little rooms which were called "standing rooms". These rooms were just wide and tall enough for four people to stand up in; but there was no room to move around, and no one could sit. The prisoners had to crawl in through a small door near the floor. There was a small hole for air but no light. Prisoners who had earned special punishment were put in there and had to stand up all night and then return to hard labor the next day.

It was touching for Gene and me to witness the closeness of the young men and women in our group as we left this awful place. It was almost as if a new meaning had been given to the term "brother and sister" and "love" and even "humanity". We were all quiet when we left that place and even though we visited another concentration camp only a few miles away, a camp where similar horrors occurred, its affect was repetitive of what we had already seen. Our clearest memories are of Auschwitz.

Saturday, August 5
Scott and Karen Horman

We had the opportunity of having the morning free. After taking a tally on the bus, these were the escapades of the group for the morning.

Cathy: She wrote an article on the Country Western Festival in Poland and our involvement. She did a second draft on her tour history. Donuta called and gave her more information on her genealogy expedition to southeastern Poland.

Rou: She went shopping and found things that she liked more than what she had already bought. She did her running around with Maria.

Tony: He went sightseeing and shopping.

Mike Jensen (the dancer): He went shopping and didn't buy anything. (Wow!)

The Brownings: They went to town and bought some stamps. They also looked for hangers but to no avail. They bought some bread and each time they met a folkdancer or band member along the way they would give them a piece. By the time they got to the bus, there was no more bread left to take home.

Wendy: She went shopping.

Jodi: Her morning began in a very exciting way because there was a plumbing problem with the shower in her room. (Brother Browning was summoned to help and by the time he was able to get things

under control, he had taken his second shower of the day.) Jodi also talked with some linguistic students. She was given a book on Krakow. She polka'd with the German teacher. Then she went to Les and Erna's where she listened to the band and also gave them a Book of Mormon.

Scott R.: He went to town and looked around.

Wok: He met with the Spanish group downtown. He went shopping and had lunch at a restaurant by the Post Office.

Craig: He talked to the English students and cleaned his room.

The Elliots: They went and bought yarn for Andrea "the knitter". They also went and bought a train ticket for Lynn, and hoping to get Lynn back to Krakow.

K.P.: She talked to ten teenage girls about life in America, and in turn asked them questions about life in Poland. She showed them her family picture, gave them each her address and some "I love America" stickers. Then she went shopping and bought lambs for all her sisters and two sweaters (for herself).

Cristina: She went to town and went shopping. (Are we surprised?)

Blain: He took a walk with K.P. at 7:00 am and while taking their walk, they ended up running away from a huge german shepherd. He then went to town and bought nothing.

Dale: He went to town and bought nothing. He went to the restaurant with Steve B. and Wok. He talked to some kids from the linguistic camp and found out they like Madonna. His experience for the morning was trying to get a taxi and ending up on the bus.

Denny: He talked with some of the linguistic students. One of the Polish girls wants to make a film with him. He went shopping with K.P. He finally bought a sweater, plus two lambs, gloves, and pac pal wooden trinkets. His fun thing for the morning was having the key and keeping Craig locked out of their room.

Anne: She went with Wok, Steve B., and Dale.

Steve B.: He did the same as Wok.

Steve L.: He went to town and bought crystal.

James: He went with Steve L. and just walked around town.

Heather: She went to town and had a "double decker chocolate lody cone."

Karine: She talked with the linguistic kids and had lunch with Scott Rasmussen. Then she came home and did laundry.

Jeanette: She went shopping and then went to Les and Erna's for lunch.

Maria: She bought some neat knit socks and then went to Les and Erna's.

Mark: He bought the last green sweater that everyone wanted and then went to Les and Erna's.

Mike Jensen (the musician): He did the same as Mark (but he didn't buy a green sweater).

Aimee: She went to town and bought more crystal. She also went to Les and Erna's.

Dwayne: He learned a new song. He did his laundry and went to Les and Erna's. He also has a crush on their niece.

Caroline: She talked with the Polish kids and went to Les and Erna's. While she was there, the group sang the Polish song. She said she'd never missed the group so bad as she did then.

Chuck: He went to town and finally bought a sweater and a Polish bear. He went to Les and Erna's.

The Bramhalls: They went for a walk/run up the ski trail. They also met a Canadian man.

David: He went to town.

The Hormans: They washed laundry. Then they went down to the Klub and had a Pepsi and some cookies. They sat there and watched some of the dancers talking to the linguistic students. Then Joachim told them that the dancers might be on t.v. at noon so they sat and watched t.v. for a half hour. No dancers!

Rosina: She went for a long hike by herself and the scenery became so beautiful that she wanted to share it with someone. So she wants to take someone there again.

The Austins: They got up at 3:00 am and ran for two hours. They rode bikes for 10 miles and showered. They washed all their laundry and decided it was time to start the day. They went to breakfast and then wrote 25 chapters in their journals--by verse for easy reference for those who would like to read it. They then went out and had 12 discussions with some Polish people. They visited 4 or 5 homes too. This helped them to get a feel for the people. Vickie was upset because they hadn't done much in the morning so they took a 6 mile walk in the mountains to get some fresh air. They took the bus to town to complete their Christmas shopping. They arrived back at the hotel in time for lunch. After lunch they proceeded to their room to do some aerobics to get their exercise for the day. They took another shower. Now they only had

a few minutes before getting on the bus so they planned their short range goals for the next 5 years.

(Actually they slept in, had breakfast, then made a presentation to the president of the festival. They went to town and arrived in time to have lunch and get on the bus.)

Back in Mragowo a wonderful event happened. Mother Nature brought to our group a "Wood Nymph". Her name is Jodi. Now at the same time Mother Nature gave us the Wood Nymph, she also gave us the "Nymph Nodes". They are: Steve B. and Scott R. The rest of the group members are known as the "Nymph Maniacs"--(**not to be confused with "nymphomaniacs"...) But there did come from the Nymph Maniacs a special group of "Miss"-titled names such as:

K.P. = "Miss"understood
Jodi = "Miss"take
Rosina = "Miss"terious
Andrea = "Miss"match
Jeanette = "Miss"tletoe
Karine = "Miss"fit
Cristina = "Miss"cellaneous
Heather = "Miss"demeanor
Karen = "Miss"chief
Rou = "Miss"shapen
Caroline = "Miss"hap
Maria = "Miss"treated
Amy (oops, I mean Aimee) = "Miss"spelled
Wendy = "Miss"tical
Anne = "Miss"conduct
Joan Browning = "Miss"adventure
Dorothy Bramhall = "Miss"fortune
Cathy Black = "Miss"levetchku
Vickie = "Miss"managed

(**These names were thought up by some of the girls on the bus that day--it can be seen that with Karen in charge we were all "Miss"led...)

We stopped in the town of Wadowice and visited the birthplace of Pope John Paul II. It was interesting to all of us. Afterwards, we walked around the corner and took a group picture in front of a beautiful church there.

We then stopped and visited the New Jerusalem Monastery. The Cathedral was very impressive.

Continuing on the bus ride, a secret collection was begun for K.P. because of her losing her make-up back in Moscow. K.P. accepted the generous amount of 564 zlotys (**or 10 cents) in "Save the Face" contributions. Believe it or not, K.P. was "speechless".

Our group arrived in Makow Podhalanski and performed. We thought the show went well until we started listing the problems or things that went wrong. Here they are:

- 1---Denny forgot his clogging shoes.
- 2---Denny wore Blain's clogging shoes and they were too long.
- 3---Karine forgot her clogging dress.
- 4---Karine's pioneer dress ripped.
- 5---Ed messed up his calling.
- 6---One of Dwayne's banjo strings broke.
- 7---David missed the bus.
- 8---Dale wore his cowboy boots during part of the show.
- 9---Steve Lewis "spaced out" again.
- 10--In Running Sets, everyone was off one partner.
- 11--Maria forgot her slip and had to wear Caroline's bloomers.
- 12--James and Craig made a fool of Karine during the presentation at the end of the show.
- 13--Mark chanted the words to "Book of Mormon Stories" during Running Sets.
- 14--Maria had kids throwing money at her legs.
- 15--There was splattered lody on the side of the stage.
- 16--The kids on the side of the stage were yelling at Chuck, trying to find out if the group was Mormon.
- 17--Mike Jensen (dancer), Craig, and Scott R. had a PERFECT show.

On the way home, Rou became the "special girl" of the day because the group thought of many songs to sing in her honor. Here are a few of the songs:

- 1) When I'm Calling Rou (special rendition by Bro. Bramhall)
- 2) Rou, Rou, Rou Your Boat
- 3) Rou Are My Sunshine
- 4) Rou-dolph the Red-nosed Reindeer
- 5) The Ants Go Marching Rou By Rou
- 6) We Love Rou Rou, Oh Yes We Do
- 7) Rou Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog
- 8) Rou Can Make the Pathway Bright
- 9) God Be With Rou
- 10) Rou As I'm Rou-ing, Follow Follow Me
- 11) Satisfy Rou
- 12) Babe I Love Rou
- 13) Rou Makes Me Feel Like Dancing
- 14) I Got Rou Babe
- 15) Rou Light Up My Life
- 16) Yankee Rou-dle
- 17) I Just Called to Say I Love Rou
- 18) Rou Are So Beautiful
- 19) Goodbye, Rou-by Tuesday
- 20) Every Party Needs a Rou-per, That's Why We Invited Rou

Phrases: "sense of Rou-mor", and "rou-diculous"(...which seems to sum up this day.)

Sunday, August 6
Gary and Joan Browning

On our third and last Sunday in Eastern Europe, the sun shone most of the day and the temperature was near 80 degrees, especially in the bus. Many of us were reassured that the Hotel "Energetyk" guard dog was vigilantly protecting us when he barked ferociously and then on out of momentum for another fifteen minutes in the wee hours of the morning. Others in the group didn't even lift their heads off their couch-cushion-size pillows, even for a minute. At nine o'clock we all (well, almost all) gathered for a breakfast of ham, tomatoes, beef pate, bread, butter, jam, apple or tomato juice, and hot water. We came fairly close to our departure time of 10 a.m., leaving at 10:07 for Zywiec, a city about 20 kilometers directly south of our hotel here in Bielsko-Biala. As usual we had no city tour or mention of what makes Zywiec significant in any way, but a drive through the city showed that the area was relatively prosperous. In addition to state-run stores, the shopping area was filled with small private shops that help Poles enjoy an abundance of consumer goods, compared with European Russia.

At 11:00 our group met with Polish and French folkdance groups in a school gymnasium. There we were taught a regional Polish mountaineer folksong ("Szumi jawor, szumi osika"), the Polonaise, and two folkdances from southern Poland. Jodi and a tall, dark Frenchman beautifully sang "Szumi", several of our group provided an exhibition of the dances they had just learned, and everyone in our ensemble sang "Back Up and Push" and "Szła Dzieweczka" (**known to us as "shwa devietchka"). Our band demonstrated its amazing range of talent by dancing right along with everyone else and then playing for the songs and singing. The tour leadership maintained its quiet dignity by watching the festivities from a distance and occasionally applauding as if we were at a 19th century grass-court tennis match. Afterwards, while the women changed their clothes, Michael Jensen gave bass lessons to two delighted young Polish boys.

Our dinner (at 2:00) was in a modest workers' canteen. The cooks had outdone themselves, however, and served another great Polish noodle soup, breaded pork chops, beet and onion salad, juice, and a donut-like pastry with a spoonful of jam in the center. After dinner we moved the tables to the sides, set up chairs in rows, and had our worship service, conducted by President Bramhall. Outstanding talks were given by Kristen (on what really matters in life--not winning McDonald's Monopoly sweepstakes or Red Army hats, but the Gospel), Karine (on the Book of Mormon as a source of strength when all seems difficult: "Life is hard and then you die"), Maria (on gaining intelligence, cultural awareness, and greater sensitivity), and Steve Buckley (on discovering and applying the big and subtle lessons of Auschwitz).

Later we stopped at an exhibition that included photographs taken by our wide-ranging bus driver, Adam, and toured the Zywiec

region by bus, viewed an especially beautiful lake (Lake Zywiecine), stopped for pictures and lody, and went to the festival site. We were all overjoyed to see Donuta Jampolska, who had come to meet the group and prepare to be with Cathy tomorrow.

The festival audience (which grew to 32,000) filled all the seats, a hill beyond, which overlooked the stage, and all the paths leading to the stage. While loud and enthusiastic, the crowd seemed somewhat more disciplined than we had encountered on recent nights--a good thing, too, because fewer policemen were evident and long lines at all the many food booths could have provoked the anger of those waiting. After the show (featuring Polish, Czech, Bulgarian, Ukrainian, and our own American group) Ed Austin was presented with the symbols of hospitality (bread, salt, and a long serving cloth), the Polish French, and U.S.A. groups sang "Szumi" and danced on stage for the crowd which seemed to be in absolutely no hurry to leave. While the dancers excited, the Ensemble band played and contorted, including some amazing behind-the-head "show-biz" strumming by Mark.

On the way home the ever-cheerful Marek reminded me of what a mistake we had made by cancelling the 6:00 supper, which, he now revealed, would have been pizza, while Barbara passed out drinks to the performers which she had quietly obtained at her own initiative. On the way back to our hotel and its highly nervous guard dog, some of the group announced that the Mragowo BYU taping of a week ago had been shown on national t.v. today at 3:00 and everybody congratulated Ed for getting his square dance calls (almost) right tonight. It was considerably past midnight again when we laid our tired heads on our pillows, only to discover that "lying down" on a pillow that size meant we were still just about sitting up.

Monday, August 7
Ed and Vickie Austin

The tour has been going well and last night was no exception in Zywiec. Today the group was staying in Bielsko-Biala for a last performance and their first in a theater in Poland.

Scott and the band spent the morning setting up tech at the theater while others did some last minute (not quite last minute as we still had Tuesday) shopping for bargains, others washed and laid out all their clothes and treasures in an attempt to fit it all in our regulation bags--many of which had expanded.

Today was also the day that Cathy had gone with Donuta and her friend to search out her genealogy. We hoped she was to be successful. Also, today after lunch, Ed and Vickie were surprised by a visit from their friend, Romek Bieda. Romek is from Rzeszow and dances in a Polish group they were with in Switzerland four summers ago. Joaquin and Lynn Elliott also knew Romek. What a thrill it was to see him! After you meet people in different

places, you always hope that you will get to meet them again at some other place and time--and it doesn't happen often. Anyway, he was able to spend the afternoon and evening with them before returning to Rzeszow that night.

The afternoon between lunch and dinner was spent at the theater rehearsing as it had been a while since the full show had been done. The stage was deep and narrow which posed a challenge. Dwayne had spent the morning successfully contriving a place for the band to stand in back. Pioneer and Southern were also added to the show this night and had not been done in the full show before.

After the rehearsal we ran back to the hotel for dinner (not before some had gotten their daily or is it hourly lody fix) and we tried to talk Adam, our bus driver, into doing Running Sets with us.

Dinner was sort of macaroni and hot dogs with the requisite yummy bread, ok mineral water if you like it or juice, and a sweet roll for dessert. Michael Jensen doctored his sparkling water with KoolAid which Romek tasted and thought was strange and I'm not so sure it helps.

.After dinner it was a dash to get back to the theater for the show. The show was a great success! The group did a great job presenting their program and overcoming any small difficulties that always seem to plague any show, such as size of stage and dressing facilities. The show was great and the audience was magnificent!! Besides our friend Romek, James and Blain had their friend, Adam, that they'd met in Krakow. Bus-driver-Adam and his family were there and Joachim, our interpreter, was there with his wife and son, and there was also a large contingent of fans from the language camp at our hotel. After several encores and standing ovations, Marek came out on stage with the announcer and mayor of Wisla. They presented the group with the coveted "little fat mountain man" from the Wisla festival which was C.I.O.F.F. and internationally juried for all the international groups invited. The award was for Audience's Choice 1st Place for the week of the festival. That was exciting! We also got a beautiful bouquet from Barbara and Marek. Our guides were very excited about our program from off stage. This was the first time they had seen some of our extra non-festival dances such as Charleston, Swing, etc. However, I will always remember Joachim inquiring in his sensitive way about the Come Come Ye Saints Medley. After promising to send him the entire text he explained how beautiful he thought it was and that he wanted to know what the words meant.

The evening ended with the linguistic camp greeting the group with song upon arrival at the hotel, the Austins seeing Romek off at the train station, more washing, packing, throwing away, and socializing. Some of us even slept, we think.

Tuesday, August 8
Dennis Wright

Our last day in Bielsko-Biala was a combination of many activities and many different feelings. It began with a walk up the road to the tram station and a ride to the top of a beautiful mountain. The line seemed endless, but the scenery and the view from the top were worth it. As we reached the top, several break-off groups formed--the go-getters who just kept hiking to see how high they could get, the nature lovers who enjoyed the scenery and munched wild raspberries, and of course, the shoppers who just had to have that wooden trinket or five pairs of little leather shoes on a string! Whatever the activity it was a great experience and brought a flood of emotion and love for Poland and its people. We wanted to "just say no!" to leaving Poland and eliminate "depolarization".

After the tram ride it was a mad dash to town for one last sweep of every store that might have just the right sweater, crystal, lamb, doll, etc. to put you one up on everyone else! Of course it rained but that didn't stop us, or the other four thousand people crammed onto our bus!

Today was also a day of packing--real packing! Pack it here, or there, wherever it will fit, but pack it tight and watchout for Kamakasi Horman who wants to crush your costume bag!

Concerning the costume bags, or should we say costume tubes, costume weenies, or 100-pound souvenir bags? Each one contained its treasures (oh, and costumes too) and by some fluke, or miracle, passed inspection and made it on the truck. Also by luck, all of our luggage, prop boxes, and tech equipment was loaded with relative ease.

The evening opened to relaxation and fun. Some people went back to town, others for walks, and still others just stayed in and chatted with friends (both old and new). There were even some flirtatious American men cutting the rug with some sweet Polish girls at the late night dance.

So amid both work and play, happiness and sadness, our time in Bielsko-Biala came to an end. We had a fabulous time here and will never forget the friends and memories we made.

Wednesday, August 9

Donuta and our tour leadership did some arranging so that we would be able to spend time in Warsaw, and how grateful we are. To have come to Poland and not experienced the feeling of nationalism that underlies this rebuilt city would have been like walking out before the end of a good movie. Truly Warsaw speaks with the voice of Poland: determination, and love of country.

We encountered this theme as we were first let off the bus near a monument built to commemorate the rebuilding of Warsaw. This massive construction depicts several down-trodden people and soldiers rising from rubble and who appear to be lifting themselves right out of the ground. Donuta led us on a walk through the center of the city, stopping to show us another monument honoring Polish children who, even at their young age, fought to defend their families and their nation.

We reached the central square of Old Town Warsaw and were privileged to meet President Fussek who directs the affairs of the LDS church members in Poland. He approached us immediately--a group our size and so identically dressed is not hard to spot. In talking with him we found out that there are about 60 members of the church in Poland. With 75% of the Poles being practicing Catholics the church is certainly the minor-est of minorities! He was happy to hear that we'd been so warmly received by the people throughout our stay.

We went into a nearby theater and those who did not immediately fall into a deep slumber watched a film about the history of Warsaw. How the Poles have clung to their rich cultural heritage is remarkable after witnessing what destruction they have suffered. During World War II nearly half of all theaters, museums, libraries, and archives were destroyed. Artistic and scientific collections, and historical relics were plundered. We learned that in Warsaw, the losses amounted to 90% of pre-war assets. Essentially, the city was flattened, and nearly all that had represented its past and identity had been wiped out. Realizing this made our appreciation rise as we stepped back out into the square and looked at the buildings which had been reconstructed to the guidelines of old photographs. This new "Old Town" was proof that the Polish spirit never gives up.

We readily snatched up some free moments to explore. Polish pizza, old books, chess sets (yea for Blain), crystal, art prints, flowers, and ideal photo opportunities were all found on the square and narrow walking-streets that surrounded it.

After a hot time in the Old Town we boarded the bus. Several whirlwind stops were made. We stood at the base of a large memorial and reflected on the lives of the 3 million Polish Jews that were lost in the Holocaust. We hummed the Polonaise while tossing a coin into the pond at the beautiful Chopin monument. We ran down a path leading to the city's only standing royal palace and traced its gardens just before the sun began to set. Thanks to Donuta, we squeezed a lot of Warsaw into one afternoon.

But you know our group--inquisitive minds often overrule tired feet, and many set out again after dinner. New finds included: the tiny LDS Visitor's Center (discovered by an adventuresome few who wouldn't give up looking for it), Warsaw University, and the church where Chopin's heart is buried. After finally giving into exhaustion, we all returned to our rooms, satisfied knowing our

footprints now covered the city, yet reluctant, knowing that a bit of our own hearts, like Chopin's, would stay buried in Poland for a long time to come.

Thursday, August 10

It took the energy and efforts of every member of the group to unload, count, tag, and find a place for our 80 pieces of luggage in the Warsaw Airport this morning. (Not to mention our 30 costume bags, instruments, and technical equipment.) We dare say this was the first American traffic jam that Poland has ever experienced. Lines were long and the process of inspection slow, but we didn't mind. None of us were in too big of a hurry to let go of our final moments in Poland. As the last of our group boarded the airport shuttle and waved goodbye to our guides, many minds were undoubtedly stirring with thoughts of someday returning. (To be continued--)

Thoughts on Poland--by Mike Jensen (the dancer)

What does it feel like to be a millionaire? Many of us may never find out in this life, (or in any life for that matter), but as we arrived in Poland, exchanged money for the first time, and started shopping, it was hard to imagine what we were buying was really that inexpensive. On the other hand, it is also sad to think that some people in the world cannot afford all the things we often take for granted.

The first purchase for many was the lody shop in the town we went to our first Sunday in Poland near Mragowo, (if you couldn't tell, I forgot the name of the town and the church...sorry.) We spent 200 zloty and bought a very tasty and good ice cream cone. Some in the group thought this was a high price to pay for ice cream until they figured out the exchange rate was 6000 zloty to the dollar and the lody only cost them about two and a half cents. This explained why some were treating others to lody while others downed two or three. I remember being with Brad one day as he ate three lodys in about as many minutes! (A lody at every lody shop they saw was the theme for some!)

However, as we heard on the bus rides, many others were found buying lody at every stop and every opportunity. On our way to Bielsko-Biala, we stopped about three times to rest or eat a meal. At each stop, the group from America always seemed to find a lody stand--some must have had their radar device set on this new found Polish treasure.

Since we are on the subject of lody, who could forget the Sunday drive around the lake in Southern Poland? We stopped to take pictures of the unusual hay stacks and down the road we

stopped at a restaurant that served lody. Some cut the locals off so they would be first while the honest people formed a long line and waited their turn. But, the wait was worth it as some of the best lody was found this Sunday on our adventure trip around the lake!

Just a few more lody stories, (I wasn't going to dwell on lody so long but as I looked back through my journal experiences, lody came up quite often). At our show in Bielsko-Biala, we had one of our famous rehearsal before a show practices. When this finally ended and the group went outside, what was across the street but another lody shop. A nice sit-down business this time. A group of about five went in and got served and ate their lody in a comfortable setting while most of the group thought sitting down would take too long and went back across the street to wait. (Inexperienced tour participants can often miss out on some of the better things in life....like good sit-down lody in Southern Poland!)

And who was in the little group in Krakow, where after the performance, we went to dinner just around the corner from the square where we performed, and having finished our dinner a little early we ditched out to find a much needed after-dinner lody snack. As we walked down a couple of streets and found a lody stand, our excitement quickly turned to disappointment--the shop had closed seven minutes before we arrived. We were disappointed but lived to see Warsaw where our last day was spent gathering up final souvenirs and for most, enjoying another three or four lody day!

I wish I could write the same amount of things about the add-on doll but it never came my way and I don't remember what everyone added on. (I think Adam the bus driver inherited it when we left the country.) But, I hope by just mentioning the doll those who had it will remember all the creative and cruel things they did with it.

Besides shopping for lody, another part of Poland that everyone seemed to be excited about was meeting the people. They all seemed very excited to see us perform, especially as we played and danced at the "Country Piknik Festival" in Mragowo.

I remember how nervous we felt before we went on that night. We were worried that we wouldn't fit in, that we weren't what they expected, and that we wouldn't get a good reception. These fears were replaced with excitement as we performed to a very wild and excited crowd. The show was a great success and the audience turned out to like us every bit as much as the other performers that night if not more.

Good crowds seemed to become very typical wherever we went. They were just as excited at the festival cities around Bielsko-Biala. In Szczyrk, the small town south of Bielsko-Biala where we performed in our first festival show, the attendance of some wild young kids added to the excitement of the evening's performance.

We thank Brother Browning who had to get police assistance to protect us and our costume pieces from the kids. We got through the show, the crowd loved us, and some kids still managed to get autographs from the Americans.

The experience with the crowd in Krakow also stands out in my mind. They were so excited after the show that we had to just get on the bus so they would think we were leaving, when in reality, all we did was drive away from the town square, around a corner to a restaurant for dinner. The restaurant was easily in walking distance but it was safer to take the bus.

And who will ever forget how close we got to some of the Polish people? I don't mean people from other folk groups, or the kids who stayed at the same complex, I mean how close we got to the people on the city buses! On a few of the bus rides back from town it got so crowded, how any more bodies could fit on the bus was beyond me. But, the bus made another stop and more people squeezed on. I seriously thought we were going to lose a few people and squeeze them out an open window! Then we had to get off. Hopefully you were by a door or you had to stay on the bus until the right opportunity presented itself.

We also stayed in the same complex with a group of school kids who were at an English linguistics camp, a type of two-week summer school experience where they practiced English and brushed up on their English skills. At the performance in Bielsko-Biala, most of them came and really enjoyed themselves. When we arrived back at the school after the performance that night we were greeted by some of the kids who were very willing to help us unload our equipment.

We also met a lot of interesting people while shopping. While we sometimes found shops low on inventory, we always seemed to find something to buy! We found some friendly, and some not so friendly store clerks, but you find that in any part of the world. You could hardly blame some clerks. I'm sure they see a lot of Western tourists coming to their country taking advantage of the situation, pretending to be rich, (if they only knew how poor most of us really are!).

Some had a little money left over when we got to Warsaw so our last morning in Poland found some members of the group waiting for stores to open at 8:30 a.m. The final purchases were made, the final postcards sent, and the group left Poland.

Leaving behind the new friends we make in our travels is always hard, but new and other exciting experiences await us at our next destination. Poland is a great place and I think all of us learned a lot from going there and experiencing everything we did. Hopefully someday we can all return to these places where we travelled and renew friendships, visit the sites, and eat lots of LODY!!

MEMORIES OF POLAND

Earlet: --beautiful people!
--beautiful countryland!
--urban and rural society (eclectic)
--worth revisiting
--lody and french-bread pizza

Chuck: --beautiful countryside
--generous audience
--horrors of war
--admiration for Polish spirit
--long bus rides

Not to Mention:

--wild flower gardens
--the bus "sty"
--Beatles songs on the bus
--butting & pushing, no concept of forming a line
--"pse-prasham!"
--stork nests on roofs
--all babies and children wear hats
--a dozen roses for \$1.00
--B.S.A.D. (Blonde Society Against Darkness)
--Cathy's prayers answered
--miniature cars (that the people wait 9 years for)
--three pairs of levi's for Adam
--Solidarity
--a country rebuilt

I ♥ Country Music



„IMPACT” zaprasza
realizatorów i uczestników
Festiwalu Muzyki Country Mragowo '89
...tal pożegnalny
...godziny po za-
...entu

WYKONSTWÓRZY

ZESPÓŁ PIEŚNI I TAŃCA



**ZIEMIA
ŻYWIECKA**



KOMUNIKACJA MIEJSKA
BILET JEDNORAZOWY
B
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ZACHOWAĆ DLA KONTROLI
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Y
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BOARDING TIME: 08.40

FLIGHT: SU 101

GATE: 14

SEAT: 15F

DATE: 29 JUL

REMARKS: Wypełnić

Ważny w kierunku Szyndzielnia

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Ważny w kierunku Szyndzielnia

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KOMUNIKACJA MIEJSKA

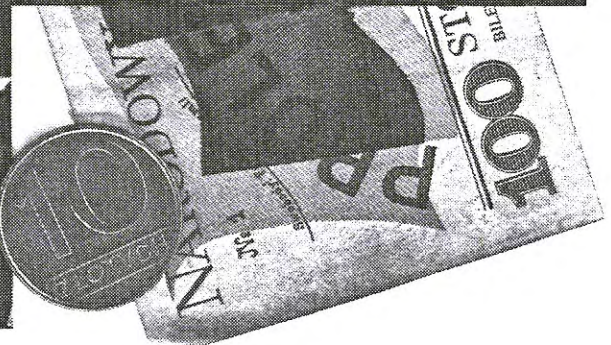
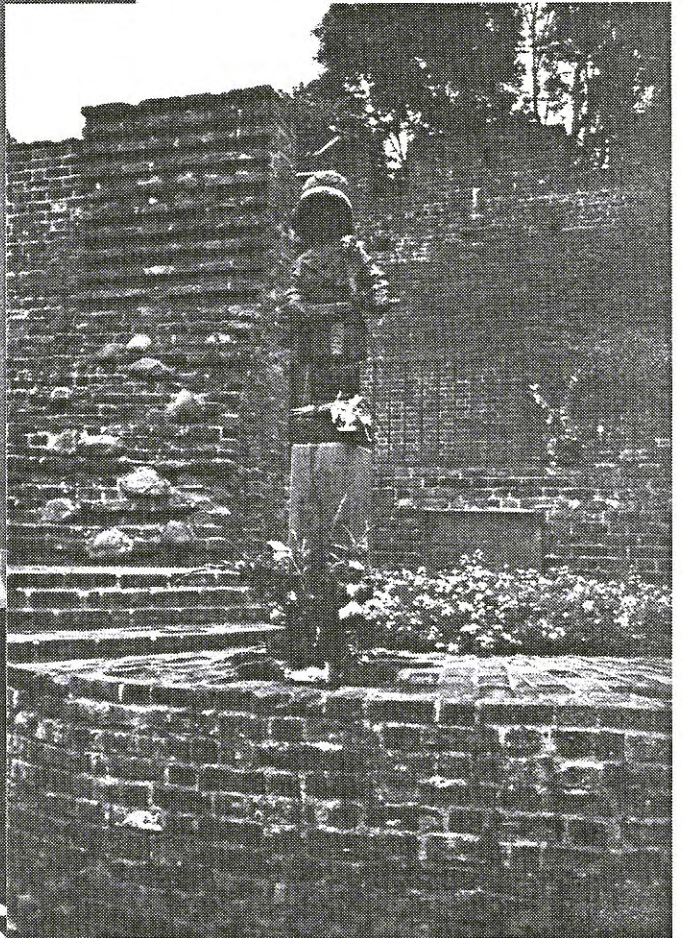
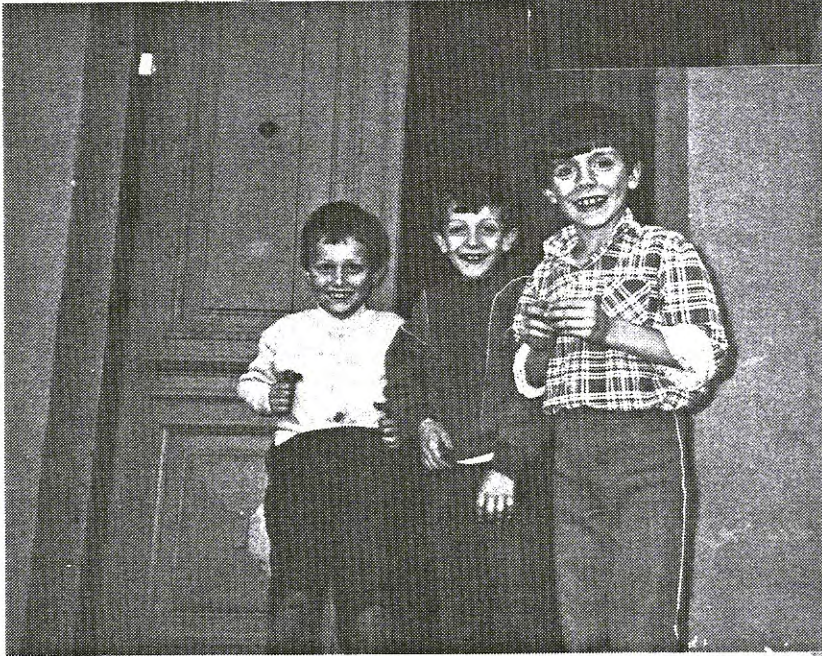
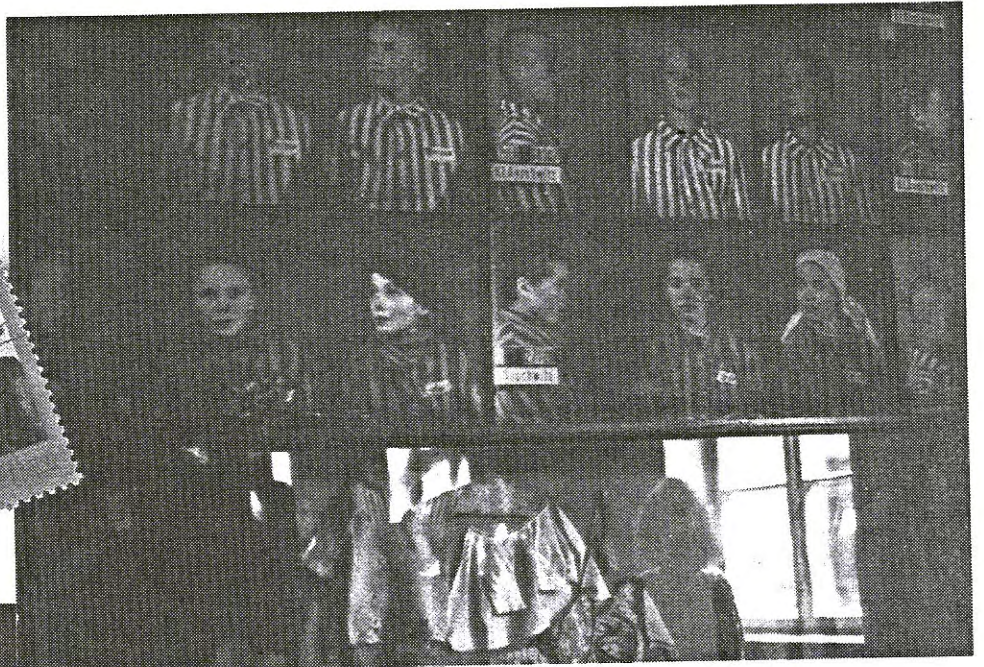
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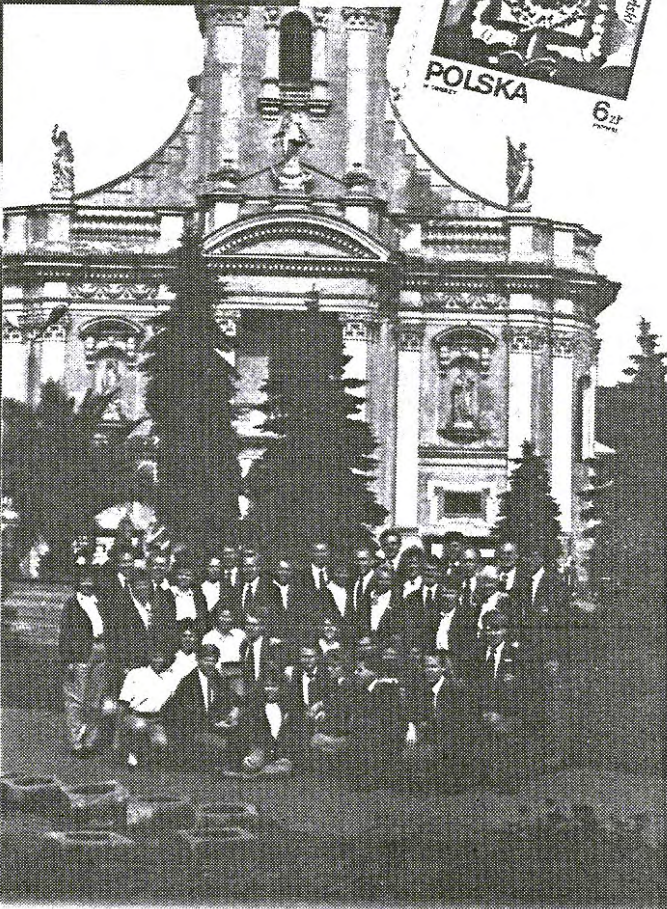
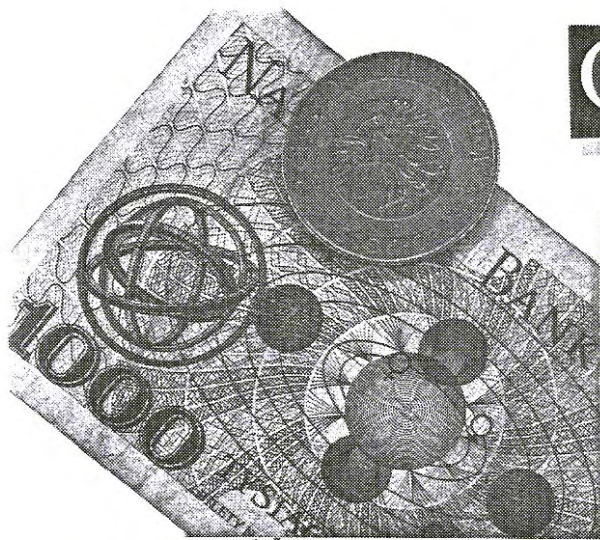
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ZACHOWAĆ DLA KONTROLI

DWAĆ
MIEJSCU
ZDROU



Oh, how this unspoiled land
will spoil you.





COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

- 1) Opening performance of the 1989 Week of Beskid Culture, in Szczyrk, Poland.
- 2) Tour leadership enjoying a carriage ride in Old Town, Warsaw, August 9th.
- 3) Taking pictures of haystacks overlooking Lake Zywiecine.
- 4) A glimpse of the 10,000 Country Piknik-ers in Mragowo.
- 5) Polish police/guards caught in a relaxed moment at the lake in Mragowo.
- 6) An evening at Les & Erna's.
- 7) Group photo in Old Town, Warsaw.
- 8) The Wild West comes to Krakow.

ENGLAND

August 10 through August 22, 1989

ENGLAND

Thursday, August 10 continued...

Our short stopover in Copenhagen was indeed too short--as I'm sure Jeanette will agree! We made way for Jeanette so she could get off the plane and have a few minutes with her family. However, we had arrived late and our layover time had diminished. We boarded the plane again before Jeanette had time to get to the gate where her family was waiting! How disappointing! Blain, who served his mission in Denmark and was getting a big thrill out of understanding the announcements made over the loud speaker, used his precious moments to make some phonecalls and to buy an authentic Danish--(pastry, that is).

There's no question that the order of this trip was inspired. Time spent in Russia and Poland had built in us an overwhelming awareness of freedoms and blessings that before seemed so commonplace. Each moment of the tour had climbed in excitement and had brought us to the point of such an emotional high that we didn't know how the trip could get any better. Then Jolly Old England convinced us that we were yet to experience the icing on the cake--here, we could enjoy the thrill of being overseas yet converse in our own language and eat familiar food. And not only that, but with performing groups from eleven different countries coming to the festival, we'd have the world at our feet.

Friday, August 11
Scott Rasmussen

We hadn't even been in Billingham for 12 hours when we were whisked off around 10:00 am this morning for a short ride north to the city of Sunderland. We were on a promoting mission for the festival so we had two short shows booked.

Our first was at a large shopping mall. (**Editor's note: I have recorded in my journal how humorous it was to watch the faces of members of our group as we passed the fresh fruit stands in the mall. The following comments were made: "It seems like we haven't seen fruit forever... I'd pay \$10 for that banana... You mean fruit still exists?..") We drew quite a crowd but they seemed pretty quiet and reserved compared to the rowdy audiences we just left in Poland. They were friendly though and we had our own little cheering section stage right holding a small homemade LDS banner. It was especially nice to have a few people sing along with us during "Come Come Ye Saints".

The show went well. Our Billingham Festival experience had begun, even though we started out Tiffany style. Well, things seemed to go downhill from there. We finished at the mall and proceeded to a large department store similar to a K-Mart (otherwise known as "the English ERNST"). We were all laughing and

thinking that this had to be a joke. A space was cleared next to the lighting fixtures and bedroom suites and center stage was marked with a brand new toilet. There was hardly anyone in the store and throughout the show, I had the words of a certain Tiffany song running through my head: "I think we're alone now! There doesn't seem to be anyone around.." We got out of there as fast as possible and headed back to Billingham where we had supper and began getting ready for our first real show.

This was the night that each group did one short segment for all the other groups. During supper, we had been in costume and had also been singing so we were in the right mood to perform. The dances of the other groups were wonderful. We were especially impressed by the Poles and the Moldavians. Each group was introduced and presented with a silver plate by His Worship, the Mayor. (**Denny and Heather were our "honorary couple".)

After the show there was a "disco" and snacks, then everyone moved to the crossroads of the corridors where we sang 'til very late. I'm sure everyone in our group went to bed this night with aspirations of dancing in ShopKo someday when we return to "that" place.

Saturday, August 12 **Joaquin Busquets**

The beginning of another beautiful day in England. We have been at this tour thing for quite a while now, so excitement is sometimes difficult to cultivate, but this morning we were given a shot in the arm with youthful enthusiasm. We started the day by doing All Men's for the Children's Club at the College Theater. For those who have done Spring PAC it brought back great memories and rejuvenated the spirit. Children are the best audience. Of course we were a hit, but then how could we miss dressed up like "real American cowboys". Because of the informal setting we were able to sit in the audience with the kids before the performance, while the band played and K.P. told the audience about cowboys and taught the kids to yell "Howdy pardner!" We got to hear all about what English kids think about the American West, as well as share our hats and teach the kids our names so they could cheer us on in a personal way. Well, it wasn't too tough to teach the kids "Scott" or "Blain" or even "Denny" (--you know, good old American names), but just try teaching them to say "Joaquin" and see what comes out. It was great fun anyway!!

Later we went directly across the street to the Billingham Library where we did a dance or two and then turned the time over to the band who was stealing the show anyway! I think we felt a little awkward at first to make any noise louder than a whisper, but by the time we left, the librarian and other local attenders were clapping and foot-stomping louder than the rest of us.

Today was opening day, and we paraded in a brisk wind to the Town Centre. There we took our usual "perch" to watch our friends perform and await our turn. Tonight we performed at the Forum Theatre and met with what we understand was a "great response"--in England it's hard to tell!

After the show it was back to the school for a shower and preparation for the nightlife. Some enjoyed walks through the now quiet Billingham streets in the cool evening. Others opted for the "disco", there to do the new national dance of Poland called the "Krakowiak Disco Hussle", that or the "Brazilian Shimmy". Whatever the choice, it was great fun and besides it burned off hundreds of calories. After the disco it was time to congregate by "The Stairs". I'm not sure how this became the official after party party-place, but it did. It was time to listen to the Poles try to sing in Spanish, the Canary Islanders try to sing in Polish, everyone trying to sing in English, and no one sleeping. There were impromptu dance classes also.. I remember Cristina and Andrea trying to learn something Moldavian to Spanish music, I'm not sure it was working. Then there was Rosina learning some Canary Island dancing, but to Polish songs. How about Rou, Jodi, Wendy, and Blain trying to teach the Poles and Moldavians clogging (or was that tap?), Karine doing an Israeli version of Flamenco, and Dave and Caroline leading the American folksong contingent. Then again it was late and the exact details of what happened at that "cosmic" place "The Stairs" is a bit unclear in my memory. One thing I am certain of is that everyone was making friends--that will remain clearly memorable for a long time to come. Even as everyone trickled off to their rooms and I went to bed, I can remember faintly hearing the deep rich voice of Masias, from the Canary Islands, as welcomed sleep finally conquered. GOOD TIMES, EH?!!

Sunday, August 13
Steve Lewis

On this day, after breakfast, we left for Durham, about a two hour drive north and west of Billingham. Durham is a very beautiful old city with a large old cathedral and a castle dominating the hill that is the center of the area. A river flows around the hill in a "u" shape surrounding it on three sides almost like a moat.

Since it was Sunday, the castle was closed, but a guide took us on a tour through much of the cathedral even though there was a mass service in progress. The cathedral was so large I'm sure we weren't even noticed. We were told how people in trouble in old times would come to the door on the north side in the middle of the night and knock and the monks would take them in, no matter what their circumstance. In the back of the cathedral was the tomb of the "Venerable Bede". (**Bede was a noted scholar and author of ecclesiastical topics in the 8th century. The following is one of his several quotes engraved near the tomb: "Christ is the morning

star, who when the night of this world is past brings to His saints the promise of the light of life and opens everlasting day.")

We were dismissed to walk around the grounds and pathways around the cathedral for a while. It was beautiful. We had a wonderful view of some of the city from this hilltop despite all the tall trees. We could see houses, shoppes, and on the the river below people were boating. The whole city dates back several centuries, and though things change over time, the city retains its very historic flavor.

Next we went out to Raby Castle, a fair drive east, into the rolling English countryside from Durham. Raby Castle was built as a private castle by an English Lord for his family and is also centuries old. Later, in the 1800's, it was bought from the family by another wealthy man whose family fully inhabited it until 1960 when after the older generation had passed away, the son moved into a small part of it that he uses for an apartment and the rest of it was turned into a museum.

On our tour we visited the garden which was ingeniously designed to grow fruit trees even though the north English climate is too cold for fruit trees. For instance, there was a greenhouse built to house a fig tree that was over 200 years old. The tree is constantly cared for and bears fruit every year. also, the brick walls around the garden are hollow in the middle and have fireplaces spaced about every 20 feet inside to heat the walls and keep the trees warm. They went to all this effort because the family loved fresh fruit which was not available to them in any other way in those days. There were also other things such as 600 year old hedges that were very interestingly shaped and had lots of character, and as it started to rain we all sought shelter underneath them. Next we crossed over the moat to go inside. Once inside we felt more like we were inside a mansion which with all its grounds is what Raby Castle is. It was wonderful and yet disturbing to think that people lived in such wealth when elsewhere around them people lived so meagerly.

After our tour we held our own sacrament meeting on our coach and then went to Sunderland where we had dinner in a very nice restaurant. Also in Sunderland, we found Dinsdale Street, named for the ancestors and relatives of our own Maria Dinsdale!

Finally we ended our day by presenting a fireside for the Billingham Stake. It was a terrific refreshment to meet with the members and share their spirit and love.

Monday, August 14
Anne Butler

Four days in Billingham and we've already made friends that we'll remember for a long, long time. Those of us who remember the difficult parting from our Turkish and Polish friends last year in Korea, and who promised each other we wouldn't let ourselves be hurt again this year, are already realizing how much our new friends mean and that in less than a week we will have to say goodbye.

It seems that the struggle to get us all to morning devotional, after our late night parties, is becoming a losing battle. We all had to be up by breakfast, however, because we boarded the bus immediately afterward for a rehearsal at the indoor theater.

The free time after rehearsal was a welcome relief. It allowed us to meet new people, shop, do laundry, or watch the Polish group perform for children at the library.

After lunch another hour of free time gave some of us the opportunity to teach a few clogging steps to some of the dancers from the other countries. Soon the hallway was crowded with dancers from BYU, Poland, the Canary Islands, and Moldavia. They all loved trying on our clog shoes and many of them did surprisingly well at picking up the sequences.

At 2:00 we had a short parade to the Town Centre where we performed on the outdoor stage. These are really the best performances for us, because we can go out into the audience when we are done performing and watch the other groups dance. After the performance some of us began learning the steps to the Polish dance Oberek, in exchange for our clogging lessons.

Our performance this evening was at the Forum Theatre. The wait for our turn on stage gave some of us just the time we needed to explore the upper reaches of the theater where we were able to look down on the stage and audience. It was the Polish group's night to do the 45 minute section at the end of the show, and Craig and I were lucky enough to stay and watch their performance from the wings of the stage. It was the most polished and impressive performance I have ever seen by a folk dance group!

After all the groups' performances were finished, the owner of a nearby hotel had a buffet and a dance for all the dancers. It was quite entertaining as we mixed with the dancers of different countries and tried to adapt to the modern dance styles of the different cultures.

Tuesday, August 15
Maria Dinsdale

It's August 15th and oh what a day!
Eat cornflakes for breakfast to the start the right way.
Our morning was free so some went to town
Or taught the Poles clogging--the way to "get down"
We ate a St. Cuthbert's, then paraded to the square,
A smashing performance that we put on there!
The festival office had the band for a show
They loved all the bluegrass and they told us so.
Our show in the Forum was just like a morgue
The performance incredible, the audience bored.
So next came the disco at the hotel
Everyone danced--and the Poles danced well.
'There's no more to say, it's short, not too sweet
But what'd you expect with a deadline to meet!

P.S. I forgot one small thing--a cruel memory we hold
We all suffered greatly from the common cold.

"Bless you!"

(**This is the day we did that comical performance at the park! Afterwards we walked across the street to a luncheon that some people from the local parrish had prepared for us--delicious food, and lots of little ladies calling us all "luv" and thinking our costumes were just "loov-lee!" They requested that we sing "that song about the saints" so we attempted to sing the Pioneer Medley and a lively version of "Back Up and Push". We left them with "Go Ye Now In Peace" and "God Be With You" and could tell they were truly pleased. We were then led next door to quaint little St. Cuthbert's Church--nothing grandiose or of breathtaking beauty, but one rich in history. It was built in approximately 869 A.D., but even the old collection box dating back to the 1600's was older than our whole country! It seems that all of Europe is this way and being there gives us the incredulous feeling of history coming alive. Many of us were also fascinated with the old gravestones on the hill outside. The closing of this day brought the American Hoe Down in which we were featured at the College Theater. Everyone enjoyed themselves, and numbers from our modern "fad" section brought the house down.)

Wednesday, August 16

This was a day of varied activities. We all spent our free morning going in different directions. For many, this was a time to wander through Billingham's morning market or venture out and explore the surrounding towns. Some of the "venturers" took the bus to quaint little Yarm--a typically English, very picturesque town that had been recommended to Brother Browning. It was all that an English town should be: cobbled streets, flowers hanging out of window boxes, red telephone booths, and a Town Hall situated

in the very center of the road. After a few hours of browsing and exploring, members of the group headed back to Billingham so they wouldn't miss lunch. However, three members of the group (namely Maria, Rosina, and Kristen), who decided to live their English experience to its fullest, stayed to eat fish-n-chips in a little second story cafe called "Rumbles".

"Never rush a good thing." Not only was this the theme of the three who stayed to eat fish-n-chips, but it was also the theme of the bus driver who was supposed to take them back to Billingham. Their scheduled bus arrived 25 minutes late, thus the parade route was minus two dancers and a fiddler player that day. One calamity followed another and the festival heads at the Town Centre finally gave in to a sudden rain storm and cancelled our performance. We all tried to conceal our happiness.

But there were no flash floods in the Forum Theatre that night. We danced a 40 minute show as scheduled, then returned to the College for a night of singing, more dancing, trampolines, UNO, and the list goes on..

Thursday, August 17

Highlights of this day:

--A rehearsal was held after breakfast for all the "lucky ones" involved with teaching at the workshop that afternoon. The "unlucky ones"--poor things--had to enjoy free, relaxing moments of postcard writing, laundry, or watching the Poles rehearse.

--After lunch, we rode in what Joaquin called "a paddy-wagon for midgets" to a nearby school where we participated in a workshop. It was part of a week-long workshop where people who come to the see festival are taught different folkdances by members of the international groups. We taught them some square dances and some big mountain circle dancing (except for Dale who was out in the parking lot playing with a very cute little baby). Then Ed decided to provide the elderly with an aerobic workout by teaching a little flat-footing. (By then, more of us had drifted outside to play with the baby.)

--Before dinner, the majority of our group spent their free time in the hallway with the Poles, learning to count to 20, conversing in sign language, and teaching each other dances.

--We did an evening performance in the College Theatre.

--By this time in the week, most of us had bagged the "disco". The nighttime festivities included hot chocolate and biscuits, singing by the stairs, and of course, more UNO.

Friday, August 18
Dwayne Donkersgoed

Now, for those of you who don't remember what happened on this date, if you guess "hey, that was the day we went to York," well, then you'd be right. And if I remember correctly, it was the day that we all lost our life savings running around the "Shambles", buying up everything in sight. Let's see now-- I think I remember seeing most everyone in either a book store, a gallery, or at least three or four clothing stores that day. I could probably tell on just about everyone, but I won't. I'll just say that Steve Buckley and Scott Rasmussen were collecting scarves, and Maria Dinsdale bought a suit. We less affluent individuals--those who had already spent all our money--were searching for simpler things such as stickers, patches, Bossem porcelain figures, Wedgewood collectibles, and oh yes...ice cream stands. I remember seeing everybody with an ice cream in their hand at least once that day. I guess after all those lody pit-stops, what could we expect? Well, they say that some habits are hard to break, and I'm glad that one or two of them taste good.

What about Yorkminster Cathedral? I could tell that some were eager to get out and shop, but I could have stayed on that tour all day. The architecture was no less than incredible, and that wood lattice vault; the giant stained-glass windows, and the elaborate Gothic choir area were all amazing to see. Yes, I could have stayed in that cathedral all day.

Now, I know there were several kinds of museums in the city. There was a railway museum, and a holograph museum, and other places of interest--but I thought I'd see more if I just walked around the city. The first thing that came to my attention as I wandered around, was a man playing a lute. I thought "what a novelty!" I mean, what else could have better completed the Renaissance setting? I listened for awhile, wandered around some more, admired the cantilevered architecture of the Shambles, and went to a nearby park which was once the site of an old abbey; many of the walls were still standing and they were every bit as beautiful as those of Yorkminster Cathedral. I had hoped I wasn't the only one who had seen the ruins, but I'm afraid I was.

The performance that night at the College Theater was one to remember. Not only was "His Worship the Mayor" in attendance, but Steve was "royally" embarrassed when he made a standard run across the stage in his underwear---how was he to know that the curtain was open? And, because it was during a band number, Chuck thought everyone was laughing at him. (**A word from Steve Buckley's partner: Following this little incident, we entered the stage (fully clothed) for Running Sets. Steve waved and the crowd responded with a cheer. Maybe they were hoping to see a little more of that "Exhibition Square Dance".)

Well, all in all it was quite a fun day.

Saturday, August 19
Blain Empey

For me, and I think most, the last day of an event like this brings an urgency unlike any other. Not the kind of urgency felt during finals, or right before an unprepared talk. Rather, this is the urge to have the most fun, the best time, the most intense friendships, etc., that can be had at the last opportunity. The excitement to be found in London was in the back of our minds, but the urgency of the last day of this festival drove us to fill our day to its utmost.

Of course, our usual lazy morning was spent in packing. This time, however, was different from the last days in Poland and Moscow. Although we had accumulated an enormous amount of worldly goods with pleasant memories attached, this was the end, and things could be thrown out. The trash cans in our rooms might very well have passed for DI receptacles filled with old usables. Also, there were gifts to be given, as several pairs of boots, clogs, t-shirts, pins, toys, and other goodies went to our closest friends (and whoever else we could find). We had eaten all of our survival food; thrown out our empty containers of baby-powder, hair-spray, and so on; tossed all of our unneeded papers; and there should have been plenty of room!

Needless to say, there wasn't. Samovars, dolls, woolen lambs, posters, clothes, chess-sets, plates, linen, books, pins, down comforters, extra Polish costumes, crystal, wool overcoats, gifts, gadgets, sweaters, etc., etc., etc.; they all take up a lot of room. Experts as we have become (by necessity, of course) we got it all in, not without some stress and bulging suitcase seams. (Of course, most of the stress came later when the security at Heathrow did spot inspections at about four separate places!) Thank goodness we were all well practiced, and could spend most of our morning doing last minute shopping, washing, and being with new friends.

As the day progressed, we began to exchange costumes, get groups for pictures, and trade. We had a frenzy of this, then got dressed for the final parade and show. Earlier, someone (?) had organized and bought flowers for us to put onstage after each group's performances. We were all cheering extra hard out the windows, in the audience, and behind stage as we knew it was finished.

This part was brought up specifically for our group by the announcer. Someone had informed him of our status, since most of us were not dancing after tour. This he said right before our last dance; "The end of an era," as he put it. It was true, most of us had been together for three years, give or take, and it hit hard. We did four and eight couple clog, many with a few tears. This was the last dance, the last performance, the last thrill. That's hard to give up, and the moment onstage was relished.

Between this performance, and the final closing ceremony that evening, we began to exchange costumes again. It seems as if everyone else's costumes are much nicer. The ones I wore were heavy, thick, and full. It somehow felt more real, as if a Pole would have actually worn the outfit a few years back. There was no velcro, no pins or snaps--I had to button and tuck and fold and layer and so on. It was the real thing! Ours seemed so cheap and plain next to theirs. Imagine our surprise when we ended up giving out two or three of our costumes each, the demand was so great!

The more we exchanged, the more feasible the next event became. We decided to do the last parade in a different country's costume than our own. This was fun, but it went much further too. The incredible part about that evening was the feeling. Throughout the festival we'd see the costumes each other wore and we would identify or be identified as that group, for example Spaniards, Israelis, etc. Each group, friends as we had become, were each a separate unit. Friendship had drawn us close, but we were still separate as countries. When we gathered for the parade, however, all that was changed. That separation was gone. You would turn to say something to an American, blonde, clog-dressed K.P., and you would get a shock when it was a Moldavian girl who didn't speak much English. You would casually nod to a French girl and recognize a Brazilian, or greet someone with 'czesc' and it would be one of your own roommates! We had become a single group--one identity with no separation by border, language, or costume. It was a wonderful feeling to see each other as each other, and to be one.

We finally grouped as countries to do the parade, mixed as people but together in costume, careful not to drip horribly burning torch wax on someone else's clothes. It was hilarious to see Scott, Brad, Dale, and Mike in Brazilian. None of the girls, fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your point of view), got a Brazilian costume though. I believe that the American section of the parade ended up with only two or three real Americans. As we crossed the stage, the poor announcer got so confused that he gave up. I don't think the audience realized what had happened until much later. The head of the festival gave a short, stirring speech about keeping the spirit of this festival with us all the time, to improve our lives and the lives of others. The festival was declared officially over, and we farandole'd our way back to the school, watched a few fireworks, took pictures, changed back, and separated again each to his own. (**Somehow, and by some miracle, we ended up that night with every costume piece, every shoe, every loaned article of clothing back on our costume racks!)

Suddenly, that melancholy "it's over" feeling was hanging in the air and we all clung to each other at the disco, in the halls, in each other's rooms, wherever, avoiding good-byes until the last minute. Not too many slept long that night. There were too many things to say, too many pictures and addresses to get, friends to keep for one more night, and we couldn't let sleep get in the way.

It was that linger-longer attitude that you develop; the feeling that you were going to die of sleepiness, yet exulting in that festival atmosphere just a few more hours. You just wanted to hang on for one more minute, kind of like me writing these last few lines. We went to bed for one miserable minute and waited for tomorrow's good-bye.

Sunday, August 20
Kristen Pinegar

This was a day of extremes. While leaving Billingham was the most sorrowful moment of the trip, getting ready to leave Billingham was probably the most humorous. Who knows what time it was--that blurr between 3:30 am and dawn--when reality set in and many of the girls from our room realized that party-time was over, for within a few hours, every souvenir and costume that was strewn from one end of the room to the other would have to be neatly tucked in a 19" x 22" suitcase. Unlike the men downstairs, we had avoided this horrendous moment for as long as possible. It was time to pack.

I remember just sitting in a stupor on my bed, trying to sketch out in my mind where everything was going to fit, and thinking that my only consolation was that I wasn't Cristina. By the time my costume bag was packed, it had transformed into a giant "T.S.S.H." (Terribly-Sorry-Scott-Horman) piece of luggage that was unbendable and very illegal. (Contents will not be disclosed.) All the girls in our room had a laughing fit and nick-named it "Blue Hot Dog". But I might add that other people's bags were hardly any different. I'll never forget Maria, sweating while trying to zip her suitcase that was already 50% bigger than everyone else's, and so full that it looked like a tight round ball--like it would burst if you even bumped it or touched it! To this day my mother doesn't know that I threw away the following items to retrieve another few square inches of space: some tour clothes, all leotards, all nylons, curling iron, hair dryer, whatever cosmetics I had left, medicine bag, and everything else she had bought me to survive the trip. Well Mom, I survived.

But heavy bags were nothing compared to heavy hearts when six a.m. arrived that morning. No words could recreate the picture I have in my mind of those wet faces and waving hands through the bus window as we drove away from the Billingham College. The ache of saying goodbye was only compounded by the wonderful misery of having had the greatest six weeks of our lives. And the worst thing about it was that the only sounds of gratitude to be heard on the long bus ride that followed were sniffs and the blowing of noses. No one could say anything that would sum up or cap off what had happened, so no one really said anything at all--we all just thought the same thing.

For most, our last sacrament meeting on the little green hill that day was an overwhelming time of reflection--on Billingham, on Poland, on Moscow, on friends made, on lessons learned, on each other. And then, as if somebody knew that there's only one place on earth that could lift the spirits of a group so melancholy, we arrived in London.

**TOP-TEN LIST OF GREAT MEMORIES OCCURING 12:01 AM TO 11:59 PM
AUGUST 20, 1990--by Dale Madsen**

- 10) Spending the whole night in the main hall of the school in Billingham, wondering if we'd ever again see these crazy Poles, Canaries, Moldavians, Brazilians, Frenchies, Israelis, etc.
- 9) Getting rid of excess baggage by unloading it on eager new friends.
- 8) Getting rid of excess USA paraphernalia by selling it to eager guard boys.
- 7) Bidding farewell to all our new friends in song with suddenly blending voices and emotion.
- 6) Finally getting a chance to sleep on the bus. For some, (Karine!!) the first winks in 4+ days.
- 5) Attending a solemn sacrament meeting on the hill; trying to put it all together, realizing that our lives would take on new meanings after exposure to such unforgettable adventures.
- 4) Receiving a few extra pounds to be used for a bus tour of London.
- 3) Using the few extra pounds for Big Macs.
- 2) Exploring London and its splendors; the magnificent Tower, the incredible jewels, fine dining (thanks Anne!), etc.
- 1) Realizing "It's not over yet!"

BOTTOM-TEN LIST OF GREAT MEMORIES

- 10) Thinking we were getting rid of excess baggage by unloading it onto eager new friends when they turn around and do the same.
- 9) Stuffing three countries worth of memories into 2 small bags and the corners of the costume bags.

- 8) Trying to soak up all the emotion of singing farewells to all our new friends while Joaquin is "singing" two inches behind you.
- 7) A truck-stop-sacrament-meeting.
- 6) Trying to sleep on the bus with a "3,000 lb. headache" from crying.
- 5) Wondering why you spent \$50 on ugly sweaters in Poland for all of your loved ones when you could have purchased an incredible one in England for the same price for yourself.
- 4) All of the Greater London Area in line to see the Tower. (That's 9,422,000 people in line.)
- 3) The 98.6 rooms at the 4 star (out-of-10---thank-you-very-much-Performance-Scheduling-I-want-your-job) hotel in London.
- 2) Sharing the bathroom (with 4 rooms of 6 folkdancers, 3 rooms of 4 German tourists, and 2 rooms of Japanese businessmen).
- 1) Realizing "It's almost over."

Monday, August 21

Ahhh, LONDON! What more can be said?

Members of the American Folk Ensemble were spotted in the following places around Britain's capital city:

--on the tube	--touring the city by
--Picadilly Circus	double-decker bus
--Trafalgar Square	--Westminster Abbey
--Big Ben	--St. Paul's Cathedral
--Hyde Park	--Laura Ashley
--The National Gallery	--Harrod's Department Store
--watching the changing of	--27 Palace Court (BYU Center)
the guard at Buckingham	--The Tate Gallery
Palace	--Covent Garden
--Fleet Street	--Portobello Road
--The Houses of Parliament	--Hard Rock Cafe

We weren't sure which was worse--seeing just enough of London to know that we wanted two more weeks there, or not seeing London at all. It's been said that "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." We also found out that there is much in London man cannot afford, but spent the day willingly splurging the last pounds in our pockets, and loving all there was to do and see.

At 7:29 pm, after a wonderful mad-dash of a day, we all landed in our seats at the Palace Theatre to see the award-winning musical production of Les Miserables. Two hours of bliss followed, and we applauded with emotion as we sensed the curtain beginning to close on an outstanding performance--and an outstanding tour. It seems we took our journey back to the hotel in slow motion that night. Indeed we were "les miserables" as music from the show echoed the sad truth in our hearts and minds that we had only

"One more dawn,
One more day,
One day more..."

Tuesday, August 22
Charles Baker

THE JOURNEY HOME

The final day of tour, which most of us wished would never come, had dawned. (Dale, Steve B., Mike, Tony, and Joaquin stayed on for an extended tour.) The final day meant the end of a dream and travelling back to reality. It meant that experiences were truly turned into memories, some of which would bring a warm smile and others a sad, choked up feeling. It also meant a tiresome long flight home.

The security of the Pan Am terminal was quite thorough, and for good reason, as many of you know. After the final question, "Did anyone give you a package to carry?", each of us was allowed to enter the hull of our flying boat. The journey home started with a false start. Apparently two middle eastern Arabic-looking gentlemen, one who sat in front of our group and the other in back of it, were removed from the plane. Maybe they were two gentlemen from the group who had their view blocked by our massive amount of equipment when we arrived in London. Maybe they had a few more words of kindness they wanted to share with us. The non-understandable conversation never began because, for some reason, Pan Am felt these two men should take another flight. Well, this caused somewhat of a delay. I say somewhat because we waited even longer for Pan Am to find the luggage of these men. We wouldn't want them to lose their luggage. We all know what a hassle it causes when your luggage is lost. Maybe Allah was cheated today but this correspondent is glad the holy war was put on hold today, even if it meant we had to "wait, wait, wait,..." according to Ed. Ed also wants you all to know that he and Vickie had the pleasure of sitting in the smoking section. But, even if it did take a few years off their lives they can tell their posterity that they were one of the last travellers to experience second-hand smoke on a USA-bound flight. (Since then Congress has banned smoking on USA flight travel.) The smoking section had the best seats in the house for the preceding flight events.

We finally departed London for J.F.K. The flight entertainment included a film called Bert Rigby, You're A Fool, plus the usual wide range of selections on channels 2 through 10.

At J.F.K. Airport, the joy of going through customs was experienced. For some it might have been the first time they realized what they actually spent, but probably didn't report. How could one tell the customs official you spent 30,000 zlotys on something and have him believe that was equal to \$5.00, besides, the exchange rate could have changed since we left Poland.

At J.F.K. we said goodbye to another member of our group. Rosina's family was there to pick her up. Many of us had the pleasure of meeting Rosina's family and were also sad to see her depart. Rosina's mother is the one who gave Ed the book and tape by Percy Danforth on how to play the bones. I showed her the bones I had and we played them in the airport terminal. We played a few other instruments and she gave me some information about a workshop in California where you can learn a lot of instruments.

Also at the airport was a BYU group returning home from the Jerusalem Center. I interviewed a few of the young ladies, since it was my duty to do so--tour history. The details: there were 30 members in their group and most were homesick, although they'd only been gone for 8 weeks, just a little longer than we had.

Once again our flight was delayed. Not because of unclaimed luggage or unwanted passengers as in Londn, but because we were told they were cleaning the plane.

On the short air-bus trip I talked to a gentleman who was originally from Pakistan but has been living in the States for the past 16 years. He works for a seed company. We talked about hybrids and their use in the third world. During the flight to Minneapolis/St. Paul, I sat next to a young man from Norway who is studying at some university in Minnesota. I brought up the missionary stuff but he seemed to be a little annoyed so I didn't continue. We ended up trading pins. I gave him the ol' standby BYU flag pin which I'm sure he was thrilled about, and he gave me a Norwegian anti-nuclear weapons pin. Something to add to my Soviet pin collection. We supposedly landed in Minneapolis but, probably like most of you, I slept right through it.

Just before landing in Salt Lake City, the Jerusalem group all put their terrorist headbands on. As the plane landed, their group cheered and our group, led by Craig, boo'd in spontaneous fashion.

Some of us met family at the airport and some of us took the bus back to Provo. For some the applause was over, and for others they would wait until next tour. But for all of us, we returned knowing what is most important--faith, hope, and Christ-like living.

MEMORIES OF ENGLAND

Blain: --not understanding "English" English
--the lunch of desserts at the church where we danced
and sang in Billingham. Yummm....
--talking to a Pole (Marek) about free elections and
new leaders in Poland while it was happening!
--Scott and Dale signaling to me from offstage while I
was doing four-couple clog that I had something
hanging out of my nose and believing the idiots.
--seeing Sasha hiding behind a car with his arm over
his eyes after we sang "Go Ye Now In Peace", sobbing
his poor heart out along with the rest of us.

Dale: --warm cornflakes
--bad haircuts
--Bob (pronounced "Bobe")
--how "Tiffany" would be jealous of our mall and Home
Improvement Center opportunities
--postcard perfect countrysides, villages and cities;
wonderfully warm and charming shoppes; incredible
people
--101 ways to bail

Scott R: --my family
--fish-n-chips
--corn flakes
--expensive sweaters
--great times

Not to Mention:

--cool mornings
--the temptation to steal a leaf off the 200 year old
fig tree
--taking a piece of vine off the castle wall instead
(see within following pages...)
--look right before you cross the street
--"Digestive" biscuits
--black ravens at the Tower of London
--Billingham's Silver Jubilee
--the sight of male and female, black and white, bond
and free--together and loving it
--wishing life were a festival
--contemplating missing the flight home

SUMMER

OUT & ABOUT BRITAIN '89



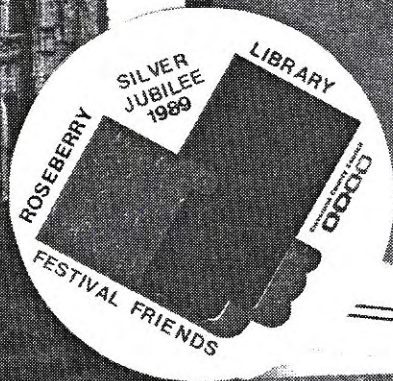
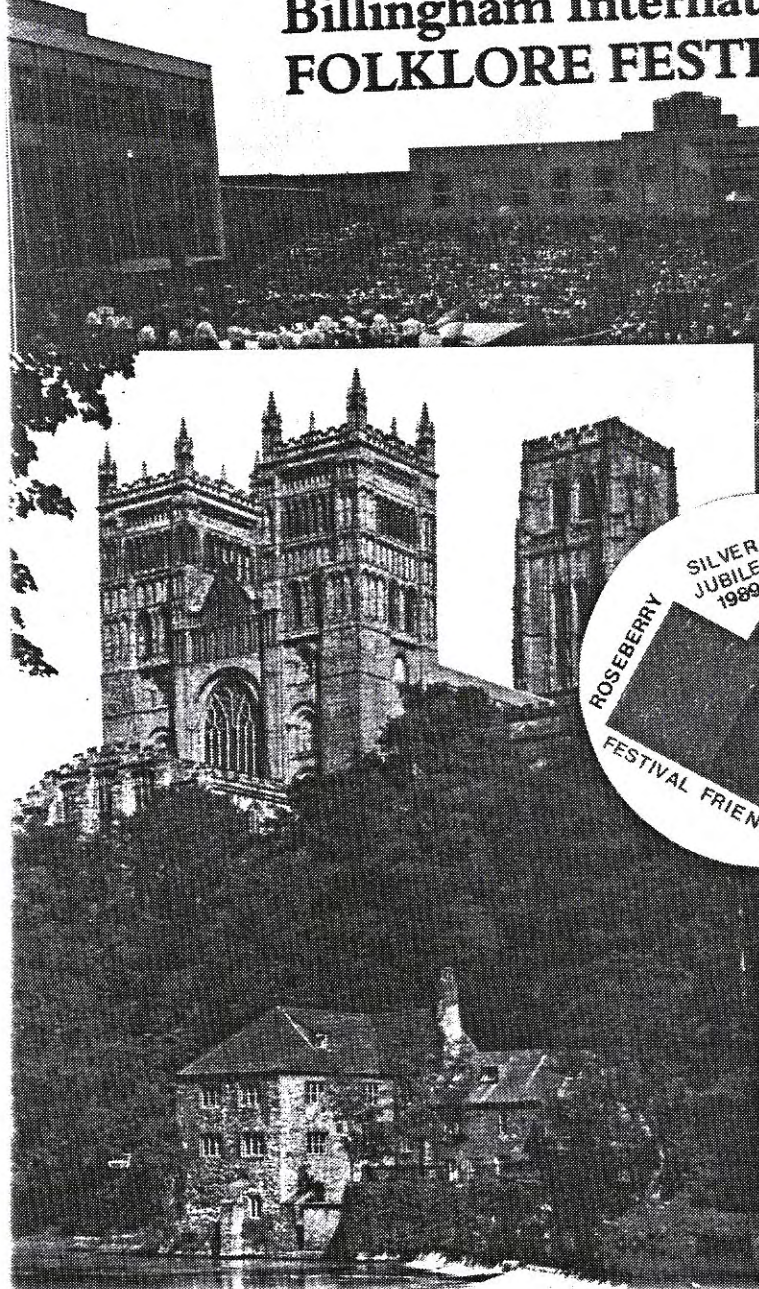
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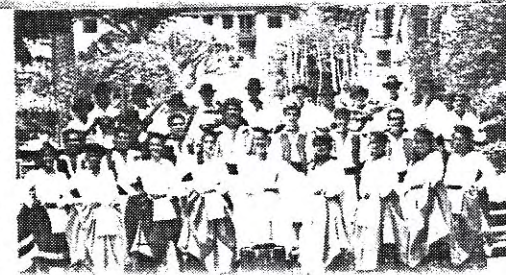
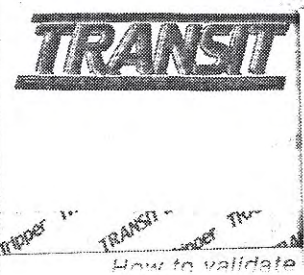
The LONDON EXPERIENCE

THE SIGHTS AND...

Billingham International FOLKLORE FESTIVAL

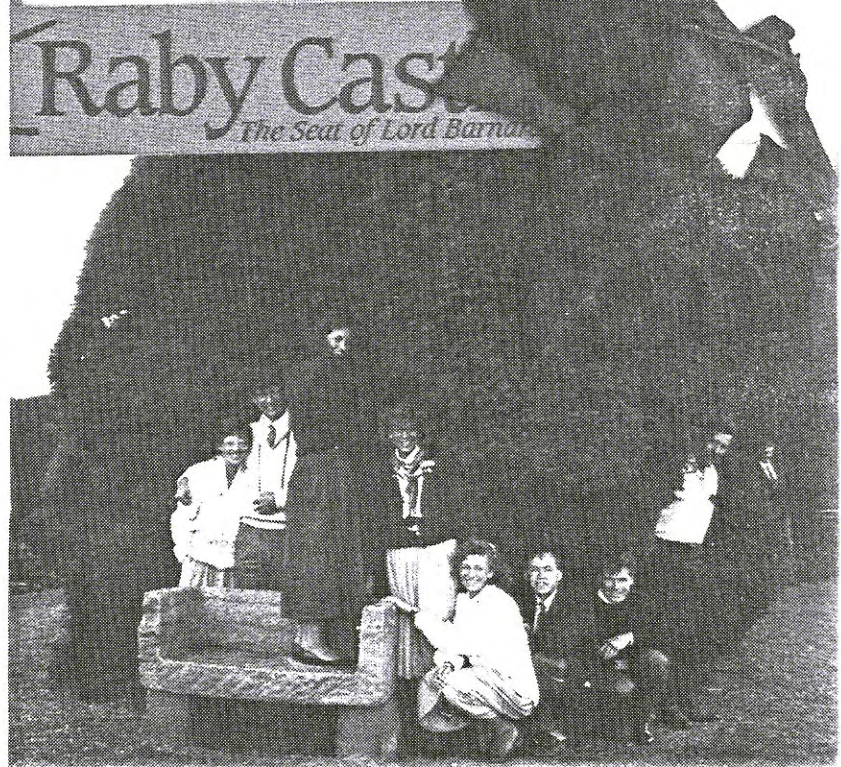


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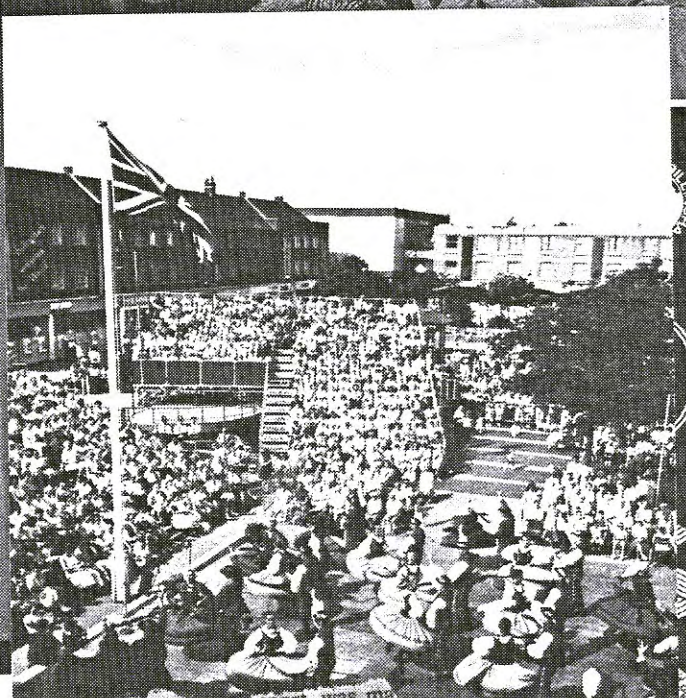
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TO BRITAIN**





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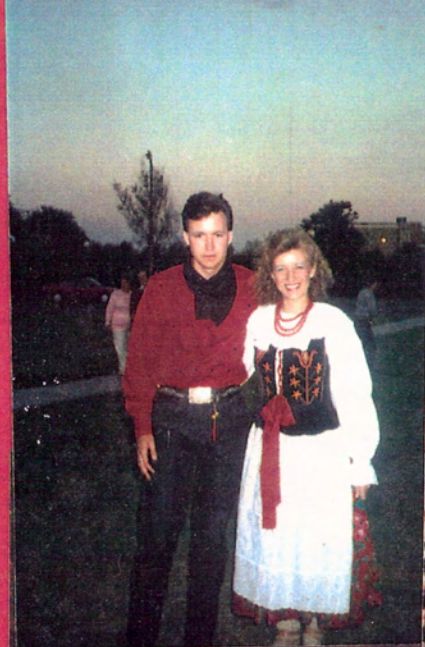
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SILVER JUBILEE 25th BILLINGHAM INTERNATIONAL
FOLKLORE
FESTIVAL
12th ~ 19th August 1989





COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

- 1) Southern beauties ride the double-decker bus.
- 2) International flags welcome the world to Billingham.
- 3) In our usual "perch".
- 4) A Polish/American identity crisis.
- 5) American boy meets Danish girl dressed in Polish costume. It proved to be a successful combination..
- 6) Entering the Town Centre.
- 7) Our All-American couple--Eugene and Dorothy Bramhall.
- 8) Palace Theatre in London, England.
- 9) My Life As a Brazilian, by Brad Dobson.
- 10) BYU American Folk Ensemble in Billingham, August 19, 1989. "The last dance, the last performance, the last thrill...and the moment on stage was relished."