

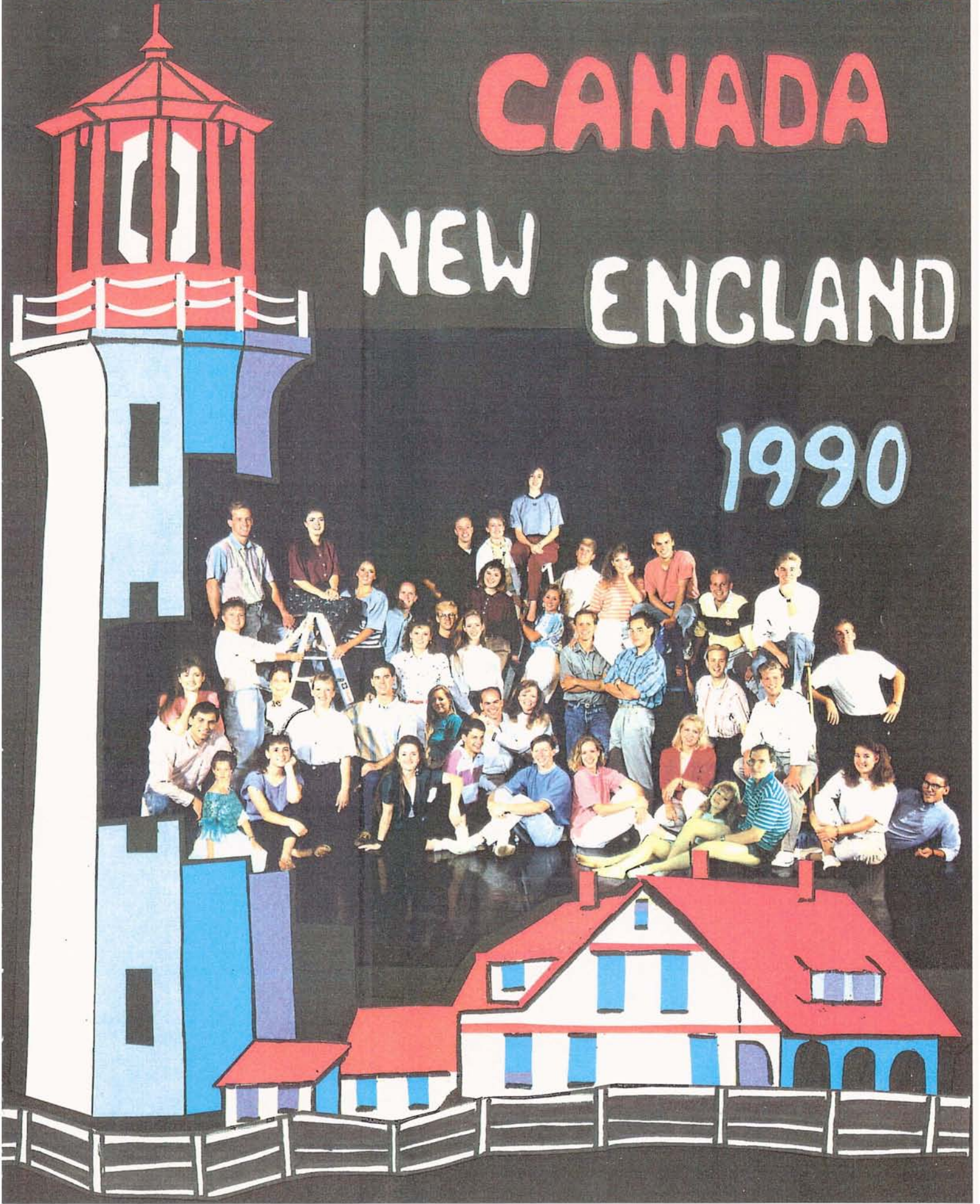
BYU FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE

CANADA

NEW

ENGLAND

1990



**SUMMER TOUR 1990--EASTERN CANADA & NORTHEASTERN U.S.**

**Personnel List**

**Leadership:** Ed & Vickie Austin, Roy & Ann Brinkerhoff, Scott Horman

**Students:**

Aimee Davis	Danny Andrus
Andrea Elliott	Chuck Baker
Ruth Gardner	Steve Buckley
Jeanette Geslison	Bart Cox
Brigette Hansen	Rick Davis
Kim Jex	Lynn Elliott
Denise Johnson	Blain Empey
Heidi Horoba	Mark Geslison
Tamara Marshall	Sean Hammon
Tracy McNeil	Michael Horito
Angie Pace	Mark Jensen
Kristen Pinegar	Tucker Johnson
Danita Rast	Dale Madsen
Stephanie Rice	Jeff Madsen
Bryn Seymour	Marty Matheson
Shanna Smith	Greg Mayne
Sheryl Swapp	Mike Sandberg
Colleen Terry	Eric Seymour
Jodie Thornton	Eric Shurtleff
Wendy Wells	Daryl Smith
Nancy Whetten	Stan Smith
Cheri Wride	Richard Thornton
Candace Wyatt	Dwan Wride
	Wayne Wride
	Dennis Wright

"Canada and the United States have reached the point where we no longer think of each other as 'foreign' countries. We think of each other as friends."

Harry S. Truman

After six weeks together in Canada and the United States, we have reached the point where we definitely no longer think of each other as 'foreign'! May we read and remember the laughing, the learning, the dancing, the experiences--and may we always "think of each other as friends."

the Editor ... (KP)

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



BRIGHAM YOUNG  
UNIVERSITY  
THE GLOW OF GOD  
IS INTELLIGENCE

June 27, 1990  
FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE  
Eastern & Maritime Canada & Northeastern USA  
Itinerary and Contact List

Wednesday  
July 4, 1990 Travel to Drummondville, Quebec  
7:00 am Meet and Depart from Richards Building  
9:50 am Delta # 1776 departs from Salt Lake Airport  
----TIME ZONE CHANGE / MOVE CLOCKS AHEAD TWO HOURS-----  
4:00 pm Arrive Boston - change of airplane  
4:40 pm Delta # 110 departs from Boston's Logan Airport  
5:50 pm Arrive Montreal  
Meet local transportation - travel to Drummondville, PQ  
Sponsor: Festival Mondial de Folklore de Drummondville  
Contact: Maurice Rheaume B:(819) 472-1184

Thursday  
July 5, 1990 to July 15, 1990 Drummondville Festival  
Itinerary TPA

Monday  
July 16, 1990 Travel to Montreal (60 miles)  
tba <Equipment Truck, Keven Williamson, Richard & Jodie Thornton join the group>  
EVE Performance (location TBA)

Tuesday  
July 17, 1990 Montreal (50 miles)  
tba Travel to Saint-Hyacinthe  
EVE TBA  
Performance (location TBA)  
Return to Montreal

Wednesday  
July 18, 1990 Montreal  
OPEN  
<Keven Williamson departs for Salt Lake>

Thursday  
July 19, 1990 Montreal (250 miles)  
tba Travel to Ottawa/Hull  
EVE TBA  
Performance (location TBA)  
Return to Montreal

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULING OLIVER HOUSE, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY, PMUVO UTAR#4401  
PH: 313 1118 FAX: 001318 3136 • TELEX: 001318YUUTELCOM  
UTARWATIS 1 800 862 7000 ext. 3136 • USA WATS: 1 200 411 1235 ext. 3136

Friday  
July 20, 1990 Montreal (Local)  
tba Travel to Ile Notre Dame  
EVE TBA  
Performance (location TBA)  
Return to Montreal

Saturday  
July 21, 1990 Montreal (330 miles)  
tba Travel to Quebec City  
EVE TBA  
Performance (location TBA)  
Return to Montreal

Sunday  
July 22, 1990 Montreal  
10:00 am <Rick & Aimee Davis depart for Salt Lake>  
TBA Attend Church Services  
OPEN

Monday  
July 23, 1990 Travel to Edmunston, NB (335 miles)  
10:00 am <Danita Rast, Mark Gestison, Charles Baker depart for Salt Lake>  
10:00 am Meet and depart from College Francaise  
Lunch on own 5155 de Gaspé, Montreal  
on arrival <---TIME ZONE CHANGE / MOVE CLOCKS AHEAD ONE HOUR----->  
Check into Journey's End Motel, 5 Bateman Ave  
Edmunston, NB (506) 739-8361  
Dinner on own

Tuesday  
July 24, 1990 Travel to Fredericton, NB (175 miles)  
TBA Meet & Depart from motel  
2:00 pm Lunch on own  
Arrive and set up at Fredericton Playhouse  
686 Queen St., Fredericton  
5:30 pm Dinner/reception on site provided by Fredericton City  
8:00 pm Performance (763 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts  
Sponsor: Saint John New Brunswick Stake & Child Find  
Contact: Ginette Vienneau B:(506) 452-9508 H:(506) 453-1569

Wednesday  
July 25, 1990 Travel to Charlottetown, PEI (235 miles)  
7:00 am Meet & depart from Fredericton Chapel  
11:30 am Ferry at Cape Tormentine, NB  
Lunch en route by Fredericton hosts  
pm site seeing on PEI (Cavendish Beach, Green Gables)  
6:00 pm Arrive at Charlottetown Chapel  
6:30 pm Dinner at Chapel  
8:00 pm Fireside/small program  
Home with hosts  
Sponsor: Saint John New Brunswick Stake/Charlottetown Branch  
Contact: Nigel Powell H:(902) 566-9128

Thursday  
July 26, 1990 Travel to Halifax, NS (220 miles)

7:30 am Meet & depart from Charlottetown Chapel  
9:30 am Ferry at Borden, PEI  
Lunch en route by Charlottetown hosts  
2:00 pm Arrive and set up at Rebecca Cohn Auditorium; Dalhousie University  
6101 University Ave., Halifax, NS  
Robert Reinhold, Director B:(902) 494-3813

5:30 pm Dinner TBA  
8:00 pm Performance (1,036 seats)  
10:00 pm Reception in the lobby  
10:45 pm Home with hosts  
Sponsor: Dartmouth Nova Scotia Stake  
Contact: Greg Lambert B:(902) 479-3344 H:(902) 423-5599

Friday  
July 27, 1990 Halifax, NS

9:30 am Harbour Queen Boat Cruise  
12:00 noon Luncheon TBA  
1:30 pm Halifax City Tour (weather permitting) - otherwise on own  
3:30 pm Reception at City Hall-Halifax  
5:30 pm Dinner TBA  
8:00 pm Performance (1,036 seats)  
10:00 pm Reception in lobby  
10:30 pm Single Adult Dance - Halifax Ward Chapel  
Home with hosts

Saturday  
July 28, 1990 Dartmouth/Halifax, NS

8:15 am Bus trip to Peggy's Cove  
11:30 am Barbecue Luncheon at the Dingle (weather permitting)  
2:00 pm Matinee Performance (1,036 seats)  
5:30 pm Dinner TBA  
8:00 pm Performance (1,036 seats)  
10:00 pm Strike & Reception in lobby  
Home with hosts

Sunday  
July 29, 1990 Dartmouth/Halifax, NS

Attend church services with host families  
Lunch with hosts  
dinner with hosts  
7:30 pm Fireside (Stake Center)  
9:00 pm Reception for those attending the Fireside  
10:00 pm Home with hosts

Monday  
July 30, 1990 Travel to Saint John, NB (270 miles)

TBA Meet & depart - location TBA  
Lunch en route by Halifax hosts  
Sight-seeing - (Hopewell Rocks, Fundy National Park)  
5:00 pm Arrive at Saint John Chapel  
Dinner tba  
meet & home with hosts  
Sponsor: Dartmouth Nova Scotia Stake  
Contact: Wayne Morgan H:(902) 678-1947

Tuesday  
July 31, 1990 Saint John, NS

Activities TBA  
7:30 pm Fireside  
Home with hosts  
Sponsor: Saint John New Brunswick Stake/Local Hospital  
Contact: Karen Walker H:(506) 832-4486

Wednesday  
August 1, 1990 Saint John, NS

10:30 am Hospital visit (30 min. program)  
11:30 am Lunch provided at hospital  
Free time in Saint John (get rid of Canadian money!)  
2:00 pm Arrive and set up at Saint John High School Auditorium  
Prince William St.; Saint John (506) 658-5358  
5:30 pm Dinner at Saint John Chapel  
8:00 pm Performance (949 seats)  
Strike and home with hosts

Thursday  
August 2, 1990 Travel to Portland, ME (310 miles)

8:00 am Meet and depart from Saint John Chapel  
Lunch en route by Saint John hosts  
8:00 am Meet and home with hosts  
5:30 pm sight-seeing (St. Andrew, NB; Bar Harbour, ME; Acadia Nat. Park) ----  
6:00 pm Arrive in Portland  
7:00 pm Dinner at Portland Stake Center  
Fireside  
Sponsor: Portland Maine Stake  
Contact: Lori Williams H:(207) 892-2195

Friday  
August 3, 1990 Portland, ME

am site seeing (L.L. Bean; Coast; TBA)  
2:00 pm Lunch by hosts  
Arrive and set up at Portland City Hall  
389 Congress St., Portland, ME  
5:00 pm Lori Nelson, Manager B:(207) 874-8683 H:(207) 729-3494  
7:30 pm Dinner at Portland Stake Center  
Performance (2,340 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts

Saturday  
August 4, 1990 Travel to Boston, MA (110 miles)

9:00 am Meet & depart from Portland Stake Center  
<Wickie Austin & Ann Brinkerhoff join the group>  
site seeing on own (Harvard, Cambridge, Boston, Longfellow's Home)  
Lunch on own  
2:00 pm Arrive and set up at Sanders Theatre, Harvard University  
Kirkland St. in Memorial Hall  
Alisa Zimmerman, Director B:(617) 495-4968  
5:30 pm Dinner at Cambridge Chapel, 3 Longfellow Park  
8:00 pm Performance (1,200 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts (Bus to Belmont Chapel)  
Sponsor: BSA Cambridge Council  
Contact: Dan O'Neill B:(617) 547-2760

Sunday  
August 5, 1990 Boston, MA  
TBA Attend Church Services with hosts  
Lunch with hosts  
Sight-seeing with hosts  
Dinner with hosts  
Fireside at Belmont Chapel  
Home with host families  
7:30 pm

Monday  
August 6, 1990 Travel to Syracuse, NY (320 miles)  
7:30 am Meet and depart from Belmont Chapel  
Lunch en route by Boston hosts  
Arrive and load in at Crouse-Hinds Concert Theatre, Civic Center  
411 Montgomery St., Syracuse, NY  
Richard Peterson, Technical Manager B:(315) 435-2155  
5:30 pm Dinner site TBA  
8:00 pm Performance (2,117 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts  
Sponsor: Syracuse New York Stake  
Contact: Dennis Dauphin B:(315) 298-5121 H:(315) 298-2885

Tuesday  
August 7, 1990 Travel to Rochester, NY (90 miles)  
8:00 am Meet & depart from TBA  
sight-seeing (Palmyra, Hill Cumorah, Sacred Grove)  
Lunch en route by Syracuse hosts  
Arrive and set up at Nazareth College Arts Center  
4245 East Avenue, Rochester, NY B:(716) 586-2483  
5:00 pm Dinner at Rochester Palmyra Stake Center  
7:30 pm Performance (1,000 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts  
Sponsor: Rochester New York Palmyra Stake  
Contact: John Gwynn B:(716) 467-7983 ext. 408 H:(716) 223-3757

Wednesday  
August 8, 1990 Travel to Lock Haven, PA (via Niagara Falls) (375 miles)  
8:00 am Meet & depart from Rochester Palmyra Stake Center  
possible sight-seeing (Niagara Falls, TBA)  
Lunch en route by Rochester hosts  
Arrive at Ed Kugler's home, Woolrich, PA  
Dinner at Ed's home by Arts Council  
TBA Travel to Lock Haven Branch, meet & home with hosts  
Clinton County Arts Council / Frito Lay / Lock Haven Branch  
Contact: Ed Kugler B:(717) 748-9431 H:(717) 769-7032

Thursday  
August 9, 1990 Lock Haven, PA  
TBA sight-seeing &/or activity (Town Square, Hospital)  
10:00 am Arrive and load in at Price Auditorium, Lock Haven University  
tba Lunch at Woolrich Church  
3:00 pm Matinee Performance - 60 minutes/children (750 seats)  
5:30 pm Dinner at Lock Haven Branch  
8:00 pm Performance (750 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts

Friday  
August 10, 1990 Travel to Plainview, NY (240 miles)  
8:00 am Meet and depart from Lock Haven Branch  
Lunch en route by Lock Haven hosts  
<Ed Austin departs for SLC>  
2:00 pm Arrive and load in at Hofstra University Playhouse  
5:00 pm ? Dinner site TBA  
7:30 pm ? Performance (? seats)  
Strike & home with hosts  
Sponsor: Plainview New York Stake  
Contact: Al Meyhreter B:(516) 677-2353 H:(516) 799-0735

Saturday  
August 11, 1990 Travel to Morristown, NJ (90 miles)  
TBA Meet and depart from site TBA  
Lunch provided by Plainview hosts?  
2:00 pm Arrive and load in at Rairton Valley Community College Auditorium  
5:00 pm Dinner site TBA  
7:30 pm Performance (1,000 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts  
Sponsor: Morristown New Jersey Stake  
Contact: Joel Milligan B:(201) 658-6012

Sunday  
August 12, 1990 Morristown, NJ  
Attend Church Services with hosts  
Lunch with hosts  
dinner with hosts  
<Ed Austin joins group>  
7:30 pm Fireside at Morristown Stake Center  
home with hosts

Monday  
August 13, 1990 Travel to New Fairfield, CT (90 miles)  
tba am Meet and depart from Morristown Stake Center  
2:00 am Lunch en route by Morristown hosts  
Arrive and load in at New Fairfield HS Auditorium  
5:30 pm Gillotti Road, New Fairfield, CT  
dinner at local restaurant  
8:00 pm Performance (750 seats)  
Strike & home with hosts  
Sponsor: City of New Fairfield, CT/Committee for the 250th Anniversary  
Contact: Jay Shacochis B:(914) 333-4817 H:(203) 746-4605

Tuesday  
August 14, 1990 Travel to Scarsdale, NY (45 miles)  
10:30 am Breakfast buffet at local restaurant.  
11:30 am Depart following breakfast  
Tour of West Point Military Academy  
Lunch on own  
2:00 pm Arrive and load in at Scarsdale High School Auditorium  
Brewster Rd., Scarsdale, NY  
5:30 pm Dinner at Westchester Chapel  
7:30 pm Performance (? seats)  
Strike & home with hosts  
Sponsor: Yorktown New York Stake  
Contact: Don Stirling B:(212) 826-7000 H:(914) 271-9477

Wednesday  
 August 15, 1990 Travel to New Haven, CT (60 miles)  
 8:00 am Meet and depart from Westchester Chapel  
 Lunch on own  
 sight-seeing (Yale University, etc.)  
 1:00 pm Arrive/load in -- John Lyman Center, Southern CT State Univ.  
 501 Crescent St, New Haven, CT  
 Gregory Downing B:(203) 397-4434 or 4436 H:(203) 287-0832  
 4:30 pm Depart for dinner  
 5:00 pm Dinner at New Haven Stake Center  
 8:00 pm Performance (1,500 seats)  
 Strike & home with hosts  
 Sponsor: New Haven Connecticut Stake  
 Contact: Ian Faracias H:(203) 288-1332

Thursday  
 August 16, 1990 Travel to New York, NY (100 miles)  
 8:00 am <the bride's leave early to airport>  
 Meet and depart from New Haven Stake Center  
 Arrive in NYC - sight-seeing/free time  
 Lunch on own  
 Dinner on own  
 11:00 pm Meet at IBA.; travel to motel

Friday  
 August 17, 1990 Travel to Provo, UT 30-big miles  
 9:00 am Load and depart from motel  
 12:10 pm Delta # 1145 departs from Newark International  
 2:15 pm Arrive Atlanta - change planes  
 3:30 pm Delta # 355 departs from Atlanta's Hartsfield International  
 5:35 pm ---TIME ZONE CHANGE / MOVE CLOCKS BACK TWO HOURS----  
 Arrive in Salt Lake City  
 Travel to Provo

**QUEBEC, MARITIME ISLANDS**

**INTERNATIONAL LINE-UP**

National Krakowiak	Poland
Tinikling	Philippines
Mehkereki Tapso	Hungary
Dunamenti Tancok	
Szatmari Tancok	
Lenciugelis	Lithuania
Buenek	Bulgaria
Racenica	
Pioneer Heritage Medley	United States
Spanish Waltz	
Five-step Waltz	
Galop	
Cotton-eyed Joe	
Cotton's Hoedown	
<b>INTERMISSION</b>	
Sto Mi E Milo	Macedonia
Jurasi	Croatia
Posavski Dimes	
Bunjevacko Momacko Kolo	
Korean Fan	Korea
Sasa	Samoa
Tauaaluga	
Claddagh Ring	Ireland
Northwalbottle Sword Dance	England
Tance Z Horehroni	Slovakia
Jota De Aragon	Spain
Halyna Shawl	Ukraine
Povzunets	
Poltavskyy Hopak	

THE DRUMMONDVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL

Drummondville, Quebec  
(July 4 - July 16)

**Wednesday, July 4**  
**Mark and Jeanette Geslison**

On July 4th, at 7:00 am, the troupe gathered at the Richards Building. Straight to the west of campus there was an array of colorful hot air balloons lifting off as part of the 4th of July celebration. It was a beautiful day and most of the folkdancers felt mixed emotions; excitement toward a fun trip to Canada yet disappointment at the thought of travelling all day. But the disappointment turned to novelty as we discovered that our 4th of July plane ride would be aboard flight 1776 to Boston.

We are now in Drummondville where we are going to spend the next 10 days at the Festival Mondial de Folklore. As we arrived at the school we discovered that a few other groups had arrived before us. Our living quarters here are classrooms on the fourth floor no less, which means the group will get plenty of exercise.

Soon after arrival and dinner, and to everyone's dismay, a rehearsal was called at 11:00 pm to learn the clog finale. It was nice though to be a little more prepared for our clogging dances. The rehearsal ended with a spontaneous salute to the flag and a rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" that was sung with such power that I think we even surprised ourselves. It was after midnight before we finished rehearsing and everyone was running to the swimming pool, but after finding out it was closed many hurried to the showers to cool off. It was a very hot and humid night.

Some memorable things should be mentioned at this time in order that they may be forever recorded in the annals of Folkdance History:

\*Kristen and Denny practiced the 5-step waltz at 2:00 am in the girls' room (straight, straight, frog, straight, frog).

\*Dale did nothing of importance.

\*Chuck played the guitar in Roy's ever-attentive ear.

\*Wendy, Nancy and a dozen others sat in the hall at 2:15 am writing in their journals.

\*Blain and Bart snored.

\*Lynn and Andrea ate nectarines and apple juice at midnight.

\*Eric and Bryn kissed goodnight.

\*Blain taught the "death drop" to Denny and Eric out on the football field goal post. (No wonder Blain snored.)

\*Heidi and Denise danced with the Bulgarians.

\*Tucker mourned the passing of the evening.

\*Denny "hung" sideways on the goal post.

\*Denny did just about everything (and he did it between midnight and 3:30 am).

\*Mark Jensen was the last man to go to bed.

\*Roy wondered why Denny was hanging from the goal post.

\*Sgt. Horman played with the dimmer switch.

\*Daryl, Mike H., and Dwan spent the evening conversing in French with the receptionist downstairs.



\*Sheryl, Shanna, Tamara, Wendy, Mark Jensen, Marty and (we think) Sean danced with the Mexicans. Tamara "picked up" on the 12-year-old "men".

\*Ed held Folk 170 with the Mexicans and Bulgarians.

\*No one else was available for comment.

**Tuesday, July 5**

**Charles Baker**

I don't know how your day started but I began the morning with an attempt to "thong-ski". If you say it quickly it sounds eastern European, so try it.

Actually I was still sleeping when I missed the first stair mogole of our 4th floor Canadian Chateau. I should have noticed the black diamond difficulty sign but then again 50 cent thongs were not made for stair skiing. They're more suited for shower skiing, according to Jeff. Anyway, I missed the first mogole of my freestyle run but I did unfortunately make it to the finish line. I do remember saying to myself at the halfway mark, "oh you can stop now," but the stairs were steep and wouldn't be denied. I personally recommend stair skiing to any night person, which most of us are becoming. Best way to wake up. Just make sure the judges are awake to give you your scores.

Dejeuner was magnifique!, compared to the normal tour cuisine. Later meals revealed that the tradition of the dreaded hard-roll-french-pumice-bread hadn't made its way across the Atlantic to French Canada.

At 11:00 we boarded the yellow one and took a scenic house tour to this evening's performance site. On the way we sang the un-syncopated version of "Come On Out Tonight". At the Centre Marcel Dionne we rehearsed "Hoe Down" and "Square Dance" for about 45 minutes. We also had the chance to get familiar with the stage and the stage crew. The stage crew is "darn good" according to Scott. Most of us would agree with that statement.

After the rehearsal, most had free time until the evening performance. Dale had an interview with CKSH-TV. He thinks he only made 16 mistakes (seen coast to coast). Marty and Shanna practiced the opening ceremony key exchange with the Israeli couple. Others went on their first Canadian shopping spree. Here we come "neon mall", as Nancy refers to it. After the mall, some of us hit the pool and upon entering were reminded of the steamy, muggy weather of the day before. Aujourd'hui le temps est tres bien. Back to the pool. When I arrived, Danny and Dale, known as D&D of the pool basketball court, were mixing it up with the Israelis. I joined in and soon after the Israelis wanted to do the national spirit stuff--country vs. country. We picked up two more players which turned out to be our secret weapon. We moved from a half court game to a full court and the water nymphs at the other end of the pool continued to jump into the pool. Our two mermaids not only surprised me but I'm sure they gave the Israelis a shock.

Anyway, they probably reinforced the aggressive-nature-of-Americaine-women myth. Who were these two defensive standouts? You guessed it--Nancy and Candace. After Gremlins I and II, the world should know better than to let deux Etats-Unis femmes dans l'eau. Dwan checked in for Dale. Danny driving to the basket with several Israelis hanging on him and our own spud-webb (Dwan) cherry-picking underneath the basket--the Israelis soon had enough. We did have a height advantage. One of our defensive standouts sustained an injury. Nancy caught a hand between the fingers--split her webbing.

Before the pseudo-live CKSH-TV performance, Rick and Lynn bluegrass-skied with the Moldavian musicians. Israel and our group taught each other club night dances and photographic evidence of it will probably end up in tomorrow's issue of Journal L'Express.

The opening ceremony's performance of "Hoe Down" and "Square Dance" went well except for some sound problems. The band remembered their Phy Sci 100 lecture on Newton's laws and "took the stance" as the stage crew pushed the platform out from behind curtain #2. Israel had just danced and their band played from platform #1. Bulgaria's band was waiting behind curtain #3.

Before we took the stage, Shanna and Marty "got to pass the key on Canadian national television as well as present the U.S. flag to be hung for the Opening Ceremonies."

For others, this night was a first festival performance experience. For Tracy it was also her first performance with PAC.

We were allowed to sit in the audience and watch a few groups before we went on for the finale. Jamaica played before we went out into the audience and they were followed by French Canadian, Mexico, Moldavia, Japan, Normandy (France), Virgin Islands, Spain, Israel, USA, Bulgaria, Mackinaw, and the group finale. The USA dancers sang Jingle Bells to the finale music.

All the groups performed well. The performances were supplemented by Bartles and James as MC's. Move over McKenzie brothers, eh? One note, it may explain why the Israeli group began talking so much. Riki, a singer from the Israeli group mentioned that the Japanese man singing sounded just like the Arabs when they sing. She said, "it sounds like he just ate a hot dog, a very hot one." They weren't the only ones talking. Quite a few people in the crowd were up and about during that number.

After the show we all went back to the school. Some ate at the cafeteria, and many in the group danced until the wee hours of the morning at the festival disco downstairs. Many new friends were made today and the fine art of pin-trading continued. Oh, and I can't leave out the Seven Brides for Seven Brothers rendition in the girls' room. It was a closed-door performance of course, including clog slips, bloomers and ?, with formations even. I hear there are pictures.

**Friday, July 6**  
**Rick and Aimee Davis**

Last night we partied, jigged and jived  
And this morning we were found barely alive.  
But as soon as we were resurrected  
We were told in devotional what was expected.

A 4-minute show for the local folk  
To be done in an ice-skating rink...that's no joke.  
We did Hoe Down and other exotic numbers  
And the audience responded with applause like thunder.

Then Carmen, the French lady, said with her accent  
That we were yet to perform at a park in a tent  
So off to the park we went with all the energy we could muster  
To another performance although by 11 pm we had lost our luster.

Before the show Ed said something quite lewd  
That "if we didn't listen to (his) instructions  
we'd all get screwed...up."  
We sang, and danced, and played for the roaring mob  
When who should we see but Millie and Bob.

The sound system left much to be desired  
And someone even yelled that the tech man should be fired.  
But all in all the day was a success  
And everyone was convinced that as far as festivals go,  
This one was going to be the best.

**Saturday, July 7**  
**Danita Rast**

Due to the late hours of performance last night, there were no early risers this morning. Just before devotional and prayer at 11:00, Roy sat on the side of Rick's bed and broke it. And Mark Geslison walked around with a mohawk until he finally took a shower later on in the day sometime.

The guys came into the girls' room for the meeting. Afterwards nearly everyone went to lunch since most had slept through breakfast. We then had free time until 2:30 when we went to the auditorium for a tech rehearsal that lasted around 30-45 minutes. We came back to the school and had more free time.

This evening we had two performances. The first was in the big auditorium. Before we went on stage the dancers were mixing with other dancers--learning their dances and teaching ours. The performance went well and we received a standing ovation.

Our second performance was in the park in an open air theater around 11 pm. Bryn fell during a clog dance and Stan performed with a split in the back seam of his pants, but besides that, all

went well. The audience seemed to enjoy the performance. A man in front of the stage had his debut performance directing the BYU Folkdancers and a few girls seemed to think clogging was the funniest thing they'd ever seen. Aimee and I got to play our favorite song--"Orange Blossom Special"--so the evening was well worth it.

Everyone stayed up pretty late once we got back to the school. A game was started in the girls' room called "Pig in the Middle" and if fun were rated on a volume scale they all had fun.

**Sunday, July 8**  
**Lynn and Andrea Elliott**

No one wanted to get up this morning. By 2:00 am last night both the men's and the women's rooms were almost deserted. Everyone was out partying, eating pizza, and annoying those trying to sleep. Most did not get to bed until after 3:00 am so when Denny smashed his mirror at 6:30 am, no one was very pleased. We were even less pleased when our alarm clocks rang. Reluctantly, we all got out of bed by about 8:00 and very reluctantly got ready for our morning activities. Nothing could get us very excited, though. Not the chance to wear our own ties, not the juice for breakfast, and not even the chance to go to a non-denominational mass. Miraculously, we all made it to the bus by 9:00 am.

In the dawning years of CIOFF (the international folkdance association) was born the idea of a non-denominational mass. The founders of CIOFF figured that since most festivals would have many groups from many different lands, sharing dances, pins, cigarette smoke, and viruses, there ought to be a place where all of these different groups could worship together. Thus the "non-denominational" mass was born. This would give all of the groups a chance to worship together in the manner in which they were most comfortable. Since the CIOFF founders were Catholic, they assumed, of course, that all people are most comfortable freely worshipping in a non-denominational Catholic mass.

Over time, the non-denominational mass had become a fixed feature of many festivals. In fact, some masses have become so non-denominational that they allow non-catholics to recite some of the Catholic liturgy. It was to such an open, free, non-denominational setting that we found ourselves in first thing this morning.

The mass was held in the skating rink in which we performed the last few evenings. We arrived about 45 minutes early which gave everyone a chance to do some non-denominational dreaming. Of course, our group was not the only group there. The Moldavians were in attendance, as were also the Norwegians, Austrians, Irish, Filipinos, Spanish, and French, as well as the several French Canadian groups. The Japanese, Israelis, and Moroccans did not

come, of course, because this non-denominational meeting was only for Christians.

At about 9:55 am we were roused from our slumber by a singing director who led us through some non-denominational chants. Since this was a non-denominational mass, the organizers had kindly translated one of the phrases into English so that we could help out with the singing.

At about 10:05 am, the chanting director stopped and turned the time over to the organ and choir which sang/played a processional hymn to welcome the non-denominational bishop into the arena. He was led by a man in a robe holding a cross, and two or three bishop's helpers. (I think one was Lutheran.) The bishop himself was dressed in the cloak of a non-denominational priesthood. He wore a pointed bishop's hat and carried a shepherd's hook. This later signified the idea that the bishop was the shepherd for the non-denominational fold.

The major message of the meeting was important. The bishop spoke about the necessity of peace and understanding throughout the world. Just as we were all getting comfortable with him speaking, though, we all had to stand up and listen to a non-denominational chant. We then sat back down for a short rest before having to stand back up for the blessing of the non-denominational eucharist and the lighting of the non-denominational incense. From then until the end of the mass we lost track of how many times we sat down and got comfortable only to have to stand up again. All in all, no one got as much sleep as they had hoped.

After the mass, an informal survey was taken of the feelings felt by the dancers and band at the mass. Dwan tried to remember the feeling he had in the mass so he could compare it to his feeling at a denominational meeting. Chuck played spoons in his brain in order to stay awake. When that got old, he and Kristen began to notice that the leaders of the mass were actually famous people. For instance, the non-denominational bishop was really Lee Iacocca incognito, and one of the priests was in fact a major-league baseball coach.

Others with less lofty ideas, or maybe sleepier eyes, had very different feelings. Mark G. could only think about aerobics. Nancy worried about falling asleep while standing up (I think she was not the only one). Eric couldn't remember (also a problem with many others).

Finally, at 11:50 am, the mass ended. We were all a bit groggy and some even complained of having non-denominational headaches. The best thing about the mass was that it showed our interest in other groups and cultures. The worse thing about attending the mass was that now we had only one hour before we had to leave again for our own meetings. Because of this we were guaranteed that this Sunday would not be a day of rest--except for Tracy McNeil who didn't wait for sacrament meeting to nap, but

instead went to sleep in her bed. Great was the envy among dancers when they realized that Tracy had been left at the school.

Sacrament was refreshingly denominational. No non-denominational robes on non-denominational Lee Iacoccas. The members were very happy to see us, and if we had all been awake, we would have been overjoyed to see them. As it was, we didn't make a very good showing. The Drummondville ward meets in the United Trinity Church building. It is a very small ward and the 48 BYU people pretty much flooded all of the meetings. As soon as the opening hymn and sacrament were finished, though, we began to drop off one by one. At one time at least half of the dancers were in la-la land while the others were fighting to avoid the trip.

The first speaker was a recent convert who spoke on the 9th Article of Faith and continuing revelation. She said something about the scriptures and one of the missionaries translated. It was difficult to catch it all since most of our group was semi-conscious. We were awakened momentarily by Steve, Tucker, Wayne, and Greg singing an intermediate number. The next speaker spoke about home teaching. I think it was a good talk too but I'm not sure. Finally the meeting ended with us singing "How Great Thou Art".

Sunday School was a repeat of sacrament meeting with the important difference being that the teacher translated for himself. This made the lesson next to impossible to understand for our sleep-soaked minds. French-English-French-English-French-French etc. We empathized with his plight, but no amount of empathizing could overcome our stupor. Our group got a big zero for class participation today.

Priesthood was a little better. Eric Shurtleff even chimed in with a coherent comment or two. Relief Society was also a bit better--thanks mostly to Colleen's comments. On the whole though, our church performance was pretty dismal. The most amazing thing was that the members still were excited to have us there. In fact we were later informed by the missionaries that one of their investigators was so impressed with our example that she decided to be baptized. Given our state of exhaustion I was amazed we could contribute to anything of the sort. The church really must be true!

In spite of our grogginess, the feeling was that our denominational meeting was much more moving and sincere than the earlier non-denominational meeting. Several noted that a spirit could be felt among the members which was lacking during the mass.

After the trying set of meetings, most of the group gladly returned to the school and went to bed. A few others went to the Folkothèque park to take advantage of free 3-minute phone calls to anywhere in the world. The band took the time to go downtown and play in the gazebo. All in all, the day which started as anything but a day of rest ended up as one.

As a final note, our own Scott Horman suffered terribly this day. Just as he was getting to sleep this evening he heard his name blared over the school's public address system. Dutifully, he went down the four floors to the information desk to receive his promised message. What he got instead was a short rhyme:

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
We're going to get you  
You big poo-poo.

Given the complex meter and vocabulary, Scott figured that the note must have been written by Mark Geslison. I would like to take this opportunity to tell him it wasn't.

The End

**Monday, July 9**  
**Wayne and Cheri Wride**

The main activities of this day had their beginnings in the wee hours of the morning. The exact details are somewhat blurry because of conflicting stories. Danny Andrus tells his side of the story:

"Laying awake in bed at 2 am, a slew of women appeared around my bed. When I called out to them, they all fled, except for the fair K.P. who sank to the floor in a quivering mass. The identifying light must have mesmerized her as she lost consciousness of the event. I find it odd that girls believe they can stand in a room full of boys and not be seen."

The accused K.P. gives the following written statement:

"In the extreme earliness of Monday, July 9, I was enveloped in a most peculiar dream. A strange force pulled me from my bed and into a black mist where many scantily-dressed male Americans slumbered. The nightmare reached its climax as a tall blonde, garment-clad ghost lunged for my throat... Following the bizarre sensation of falling from the top level of a bunk bed, a piercing flashlight beam cut through the dark mist, and I was awakened to find myself in the fetal position at the foot of Danny's bed. How I got there I will never know, and I am on continual search for the person who planted a camera in my hands. I've been framed."

It is left to the reader to judge the truthfulness of these accounts for themselves.

In the course of the said events, Edwin's shoes disappeared. His having to go to his 7:30 meeting in someone else's shoes triggered Ed into panic and hysteria. Several girls' beds were overturned and suitcases were rummaged through. After some hardline negotiations, the shoes were returned, but the event was

not forgotten. After the devotional, those involved resorted to Bible bashing. On the one hand, Proverbs 27:15 was quoted: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." The answer was quoted from Proverbs 16:7. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Later in the day, Nancy was thrown in the pool by Ed, and a certain item of her clothing was stolen by Mark Jensen and hidden in Mike Sandberg's scripture case. In the afternoon, many went to the park and watched the Israelis on the stage and the Moldavians in the Folktheque. In the evening, we performed two 40-minute shows at the Centre Culturel along with the Saskatchewan. Some stayed afterwards to watch the Saskatchewan group do their Ukrainian dances, which was inspiring.

Back at the disco, the band played a few tunes to "animate" everyone. Virginia Reel was a hit with the Bulgarians, Moldavians and many others. Ironically, the Bulgarians knew more verses of "O Susanna" than we did. A fairly typical festival day.

**Tuesday, July 10**  
**Nancy Whetten**

Once upon a time in a land far, far away, there was a tiny town called Drummondville. All the peoples of the world had come to Drummondville to dance, including the BYU Folkdancers from Provo, Utah, the happiest and friendliest dancers ever in the land. To those whom they met at the Marie-Rivier school they called out: "Haloo! Stay sweet, never change!" They even adopted the theme song of the festival, "Je t'aime, yes I love you!" as the theme song for their six-week tour.

One day, a week into the tour, contention marred some of their happy faces. At the 10 am meeting where Nancy and Blain gave the devotional to the sleepy listeners sprawled about the girls' room, a sound came out of Danny Andrus' mouth, somehow forming the words of Proverbs 25:24: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." He proclaimed it as a message from the men on the team, but that discounts itself -- what men?

For the record, the women later responded with Proverbs 17:11. "An evil man seeketh only rebellion: therefore a cruel messenger shall be sent against him."

On the international level, Dale Madsen had gone biking with Valeri from Moldavia at 8 am, and Nancy went shopping with Rodica from Moldavia right after devotional, while everyone showered or slept in until lunch at 11:30 am.



A sidenote about Rodica--- This shopping trip was not as successful as the first with Nancy where they traded Russian Vodka for a swimsuit and a Moldavian shirt for shoes. This time Rodica had to use the little money she had to buy a new shirt (rubashka) which was great since she only wore one during the entire festival. Dale later discovered that Rodica is an orphan and may be adopted by a couple in Florida. Her favorite saying to Dale or anyone else on our team is "G-dyeh Nancy", meaning "Where's Nancy?", and she says it with a frown.

After lunch the folkdancers (what did you think, the Cougarettes?) left at 1:00 pm for a show at the prison outside of Drummondville. On the bus people were saying a lot of rude jokes regarding the prison, "captive" audiences, and the people there, which seemed to mar our attitude about going in the first place. After getting the plywood floor that the prisoners had laid out all ready to dance on, we had a devotional, where Kristen gave an appropriate thought from 2 Nephi 26:33 that all men, bond or free, will be able to hear the gospel.

The security was tight there. We had been checked in carefully and now had guards by our dressing rooms. The show went well with some yells from the audience when the women came out in their Southern dresses. It became confusing at the end when some were told by Carmen not to shake the prisoners' hands because some didn't hear and did it anyway. They fed us a light lunch afterwards of cookies and vegetables and from talking with guards and even some prisoners who held leadership positions we could see that they were very appreciative. They had requested our group in the first place, and more prisoners had shown up than at any previous show. It had helped to build better relations between the guards and the inmates.

(\*\*An interesting follow-up: The inmates at the prison put together a videotape of our performance there. A couple of days following the show, two officials from the prison came and presented us with the videotape, which we received with surprise and many thanks. They informed us that this had been the first time they'd tried having the staff and the inmates come together in that kind of a situation. They felt it was a success and one of the men told us that while we were there he'd witnessed some emotions and reactions from the men that he'd never seen before. We were sure that this experience had done just as much good for our group as well, and were grateful to learn that the Lord's light can penetrate even a prison wall.)

When we arrived home mostly everyone slept except for a group who went to the mall. At 7:40 pm we left to perform at a school where a club of senior citizens gathered. We dressed around desks and tables and talked on the balcony. The floor space for dancing was large and the audience seemed to love the show. When we came home, many people, including girls, swam and of course, a Rook game ensued. Soon all the lights in the Marie-Rivier had dimmed, except where Stephanie and K.P. stayed up and talked until 4 am. All of

this took place in our fondly-remembered town of Drummondville, Quebec, where the (other) people drink till dawn, and we all live happily ever after.

**Wednesday, July 11**  
**Kim Jex and Stan Smith**

Thought for the Day:

Be lenient in your judgment because often the mistakes of others would be yours had you had the chance to make them.

Being dragged out of bed at 9:00 am into the boys' room was how this day began for most of us. The boys, on the other hand, were gently awakened by the soft whispers of the most beautiful girls in the festival. In our meeting the girls found out that for performances they need to all have the same subtle hair accessories--whatever it be. The "big bows" are out!

We were all happy to find out today's schedule allowed us some "free time". Carmen, our guide, invited the whole group to visit her parents house. Here, the video tape was non-stop until the "Americans" left. (You will all be on "America's Funniest Home Videos".) Danita played an assortment of fiddle tunes that floored all of us. No wonder she's America's Champion Fiddler.

Meanwhile, other people went to the Folkothèque to be enthralled by the Moldavians, Siberian Eskimos, Spaniards, and Israeli dancers.

Kim, Danny, Wendy, and Blain practiced all day to be ready with a new clogging number. The two couple name is "pot pourri". It is an assortment of all the dances condensed into one version. Freestyle is the highlight of this dance. Yes, Danny, your time has come to show Vickie you actually "used" freestyle! When the band and two couples got to the restaurant, they found out the space was only about one yard square (including a big salad bar as front and center). The carpet was not conducive to the beautiful clang of taps so the people in the restaurant looked at the faces. The band played for about an hour and a half. They sure know how to entertain audiences. Dinner at the restaurant was anything on the menu. Chuck and Blain enjoyed the \$15.95 baby lobster dinner.

One of the best parts of the day was this evening when the group climbed into the wicker basket hooked to a giant yellow hot-air balloon. This was a first for almost all of us. The pin will always remind us of the romantic trip 50 feet in the air!

As usual, we all rushed to meet the bus on time. The girls had a "Tamara Big-hair" look-alike contest. I think Nancy won! She may even reclaim her title of "Miss Big Bangs"!

Rick thought the clogging was getting a little boring so he decided to bring some added energy and excitement by going twice as fast on "Fire on the Mountain". But Angie heard that Rick was getting back at the dancers for animating "Choo-Choo" during "Orange Blossom Special". Ed monitored the tempo for 12-couple and 4-couple clog so the revenge wasn't complete. Watch out 4-couple!

The best part of the show tonight at the Folkotent was that we were able to waltz and polka for a long, long time during our 2-hour barn dance!

When we got on the bus to go home after the show, we all gave each other the silent treatment. The one catch is that we still moved our mouths. The first word spoken was an overwhelming "ACHOO" that was miraculously performed exactly together (under K.P.'s direction). We then entertained ourselves by singing the whole soundtrack of "Sound of Music". Michael Horito wins the award for the last one to bed--Did you sleep at all?

P.S. Shanna wants to add that she spent this day bike-riding with Eric from the Mackinaw group.

#### **Two Accounts of Thursday, July 12** **Account #1 by Shanna Smith**

Once again mostly all of us missed breakfast because we all slept in. Of course, we never get to bed until after 2 or 3 am!

At noon, we had a performance in the Folkothèque--our first sober crowd there! It was just a quick one so we were home soon again.

After eating and naps, we were privileged to be instructed by the Mackinaw group. For two hours we learned a dance theirs and attempted to learn how to jig, lots of times giving in to clogging because it was easier for us. It certainly was fun. Some of us got it down really well.

Getting ready for the parade was kind of fun. The girls pinned an array of buttons on, or under, their skirts and poof slips. All you could hear was the clatter and clang of the buttons as the girls walked.

The parade route was just crawling with people. Wherever we walked, the crowd would just scream for us--some even chanted, "USA! USA!" People just grabbed for the buttons and cards.

At the end of the route there was a firework show through the trees by the river. Now that was the big bang to our 4th of July which we didn't get to celebrate.

After the bus ride home and singing with the Jamaicans all the way to the bus, we had a nice sandwich buffet and the whole cafeteria was filled so full there was literally no room for more.

#### Account #2 by Bart Cox

It was not a pleasant sight. Picture if you will a room full of men slumbering peacefully at the early bird hour of 10:00 am, not a sound in the room. No doubt many were dreaming of running through grass-covered rolling hills, singing the theme to the Sound of Music. Mike Horito was dreaming of Jewish women and Rick Davis was having a banjo fantasy. Horror shook the hearts of men as the demon director, Mr. Ed, blasted Canadian folk music at 167 Db over the evil Liberty VJ Speaker which his accomplice, Dr. Scott, had brought to torture the troupe into submission with. "TEN MINUTES!!" That horrid, all too well-known and too often-used war cry of Roy boy, the third party of the terrible trio travelling under the deceptive title of "Tour Management".

As if their punitive prank was not enough, the "managers" then took their instrument of war to the women's room and dealt a second deadly blow to their subjects.

Our daily meeting soon followed. The almost humorous yet somehow sickening appearance of the dancers told of the torture they had received. A hopeful thought, the day's schedule, and a prayer for deliverance, and they were off to start their day.

The troupe had an early show today, 12:00 noon. It would be a new challenge for them--performing for a sober audience. However, the lack of intoxication for the audience equalled only by the lack of energy and enthusiasm by the dancers was no match for the powerful performance which brought the audience to a roaring standing ovation.

It was back to the school where the cafeteria was held open to accommodate our later than normal return for lunch. The balance of the afternoon was taken up in sleeping and in a rehearsal with the group from Mackinaw. They attempted to teach the Americans a jig number ("jig" by western spelling) with simple formations and sequences but occasional intricate footwork. A valiant effort was made by all but it will take a few practices before the footwork is mastered.

Next on the agenda was dinner, followed by a short period of slumber and Tom Foolery. Some of the subjects attempted a small revolt against Dr. Scott with water guns but the resourceful Scott grabbed a black spray bottle and fought them back into subjection. An embarrassing defeat for the common folk.

Evening fell and all troupes were loaded into busses and transported to the city center for a parade of dancers. It was a great experience as the dancers passed out pins and cards to the

on-lookers. The music was soft and the dancers could hardly hear it to dance. The people seemed so excited when the Americans passed by and many cheered "USA! USA! USA!". After the parade ended, the troupes gathered in the town park to watch a display of fireworks. The troupes then walked back to busses singing various songs. The cafeteria had set out a small buffet. Each group sang as they ate and the Israelis seemed to have an inexhaustible reserve of songs. The day drew to a close and the team retired. A bit of an eventful day but indisputably a memory-filled, enjoyable one. Such is the norm of the festival.

Friday the 13th--No history of this day. We should have known it would be jinxed.

Saturday, July 14  
Stephanie Rice

Happy Bastille Day!

Once upon a time in a far off place, called Drummondville, there lived 40 dancers and a band who loved to get up every morning early to start the day out well. They liked it so much, that as soon as all the alarms went off each dancer would jump out of bed and dance around the room eating yogurt, cereal, juice, and Dunkin Donuts. They were always so excited to hear the day's agenda from their master.

BUZZZZZ. BUZZ. Bee-bee-bee-beep. Nee-dee-dee-deep.

"I've fallen asleep and I can't get up!" The huge alarm brigade sounded at 8:50 am giving all ample amounts of time to look glamorous for devotional beginning at 9:00 sharp--give or take 10 minutes. Only then should one ponder the meaning of morning beauty. Yes it must be beautiful to some, giving a devotional and looking into everyone's puffy eyes, surrounded by pillow-creased faces, matted hair, pokey hair, and zombie bodies. A truly aesthetic experience for all! Just think: could anything be more exciting than devotional? Like a balloon, the festival excitement kept getting bigger and bigger until we'd pop from our exhaustingly fun days, and melt into bed.

Soon after we scattered from devotional, Carmen and Chantal came up to our rooms and gave each person a beautiful red rose, and a kiss on each cheek to keep us smiling, and smile we did.

We loaded the bus about 1:35 pm, 20 minutes late, to go to South Durham. We had to take two busses. The little bus was named the Fun Bus by all who sat on it. They played the Newlywed Game with Dale acting as man in charge. One question that started a whole day of nicknaming was: "If you had to name your partner as one of the Seven Dwarfs which one would it be?" Thus the following group dwarf list was formed...(next page).

Denny--Cranky	Blain--Doc	Dale--Cheesy
Danny--Lanky	Eric Sey.--Snappy	Sean--Antsy
Eric Sh.--Orderly	Tucker--Hanky	Denise--Panky
Marty--Smiley	Daryl--Allergy	Mike S--Haughty
Stan--Sleepy	Greg--Crunchy	Steve--Sleazy
Dwan--Energy	Michael--Bouncy	Jeff--Curiosity
Ed--Entropy	Mark J--Squeaky	Bart--Buffy
Wayne--Cuddly	Roy--Timely	Scott--Techy
Kim--Cloggy	Sheryl--Properly	Cheri--Tasty
K.P.--Tardy	Wendy--Holy	Bryn--Fuffy
Candace--Raspy	Brigitte--Early	Ruth--Bubbly
Jeanette--Curly	Angie--Feisty	Tracy--Baby
Shanna--Frizzy	Andrea--Motherly	Heidi--Softy
Tamara--Radically	Steph--Smelly	Colleen--Molly
Aimee--Friendly	Danita--Fiddle-dee-dee	Mark G--Plucky
Chuck--Quietly	Lynn--History	Rick--Sweaty
Nancy--Ambiguity		

We had a small reception at the Hotel de Ville (City Hall) and stood in line for "great punch" with lots of orange slices in it. We couldn't stay away from our busses very long and had to sit in them once again travelling to the dairy farm.

Interesting facts about the farm: First of all, it fulfilled any dream one has of what a farm should look like--tons of open space, fields that stretched forever, a flower garden that should be featured in Better Homes and Gardens Magazine and a fun treehouse.

The cows were all harnessed up, eating in two rows. There was a path that went around the cows with their heads facing the walls and then another path that went down the middle of the two rows of cows--the row of death that none shall walk without risking their lives and the cleanliness of their shoes. Only a few brave souls dared to be different and wanted to get a new view. And yes, the terrible of all terribles did happen. Tamara and her family and Ruth got caught in the war zone; it was bombing time at the cow house. But like all BYU stories, it had a happy ending, and all made it safe across the path of doom to the other side. The cows seemed quite pleasant to be around. The night before, a little shy baby had been born. It was the cutest "small cow fry we ever did seen". And Danny loved these wide-eyed creatures so much that he just had to give one of them big bangs. The cows were sad to see us go and gave Blain and K.P. a cowlick goodbye.

After our walk around the farm, and pictures in the "field of dreams", we piled back onto our busses and headed for the Maple Syrup Farm. Walking over to the trees, Steph found a four-leafed clover and thought she would have good luck forever. We shall see.

Here is what we learned about maple syrup. Fifty gallons of sap = one gallon of syrup. They had 1250 trees which produced once a year, at 250 gallons of syrup. What a lot of work, but well worth it.

Dinner was wonderful. We ate in a huge log cabin room, with a gigantic syrup boiler in the middle of it and three very long picnic tables. It was fun to look around the room and see all the teen posters and rock groups tacked to the log walls. It made you feel 15 again. The table at one end of the room was full of fruit, finger sandwiches, and cupcakes. On the eating tables, big pitchers of peach juice and maple syrup bowls kept our tummies happy. Bananas and syrup are the best. Dinner was great and to show our appreciation we sang "Go Ye Now In Peace" to our hosts. Danita also consented to play a couple of her competition pieces and even smiled once.

The Show. We had places to change and plug outlets and mirrors and water--the big challenge was performing under the giant circus tent. Yes we had a wooden floor but the bad news was that it was three times as long as it was wide. It came complete with poles in the middle of the stage to dodge...just for variety. The audience was 50 feet away on the sides and right under your nose in the front. Boy did we ever interact with the audience. We even had to enter and exit through the aisles stage left. People felt so at home they even crossed the stage to get a beer while we were dancing. It's called dancer/audience unity. No ice breaking, get-to-know-you dances tonight. It was a fun experience to dance on a trampoline stage. Steve was so excited about it all that he did a face plant while trying to run to his square dance position which was 100 yards away in only 16 counts. "On your mark, get set, go!"

"Animaccion" was the best. People loved us so much they relieved themselves at the side of the ditch. Overjoyed with excitement of course. The mayor gave us pins and thank you cards for a wonderful performance.

Yeah--more dancing and Dunkin Donuts at the school! We couldn't wait. The busses headed for home. The end.

### Sunday, July 15

Sacrament meeting at the Drummondville ward was one of today's brightest highlights. Not only did we remember to take Tracy with us this time, but we were actually awake enough to enjoy the meeting. (Battling the heat of that little chapel was a problem until Andrea saved the day and passed around her trusty fan.) We were invited to provide three musical numbers--the opening hymn ("I Believe In Christ"), a beautiful violin duet of "O My Father" by Aimee and Danita, and "Go Ye Now In Peace/God Be With You" for the closing song. It was a great feeling to look out at the faces of those ward members who had become increasingly familiar as we'd spotted them at performances throughout the week. So, participating in their meeting was a wonderful closing to the week. We loved their city and wanted them to know it.

This day was also the closing of the festival and goodbyes were beginning to be said. No one is really sure when or if this

day actually ended... After a midnight performance at the Folkotent, most of us decided it was the perfect occasion for an "all-nighter" and for finding one more thing to add to our list of **Drummondville Memories:**

- Bulgarian smoke
- medleys at the disco
- riding bikes
- the "married room"
- four flights of stairs
- the Folkotent
- ugly photos on green tags
- exchanging pins
- the old man in front of the outdoor stage
- water basketball
- dancing La Bastringue at the Quebecois village
- the costume swap with Spain
- the Prince of Cameroon
- two-tone Moldavian hair
- the morning newspaper--"Am I in it?"
- clogged shower drains
- Innuite eskimo breathing
- "Mass"ive sleeping
- devotionals au naturale
- hoe-down woes
- Denny's missing pillow case
- the day at the lake/river
- silly band revenge
- Chuck's rope tricks
- the Drummondville ward
- foreign people wearing BYU t-shirts
- flower yogurt?
- juice for Americans only
- Moroccan underwear that no one would claim
- the hot air balloon
- Tse-Bob
- Chantal's outfits
- ashes on tables
- the mile-long stage at Durham-Sud
- squeaky cheese
- Sean's birthday kisses
- the jam session at the park
- "Why are we waiting?"
- Maple groves and maple taffy
- Tamara's family
- avoidation of animation
- back lot of the Marcel-Dionne
- the "fun zone"
- hanging sheets--"Is everyone decent?"
- Appalachian Pot Pourri
- sunrise on the window ledge outside the girls' room
- Dunkin Donuts
- denim bags
- mmm remeon...



Monday, July 16

Dale Madsen and Colleen Terry

This is the tour history you might be WHETTEN your pants over. With no sleep and big ED-aches, we had to EMPEY our rooms and de-BART for Montreal. (We don't know WYATT is, but there always seems to be a shoe or SHURTLEFF-t in the rooms.) We had to pack everything from our JOHNSON & JOHNSON body powder to the mando-LYNNS to our 35mm TAMARAs. Some were especially tired because JEFF for the ELLIOTT they stayed up to watch the sun-RICE in their p.j.'s. (Thank goodness each girl had HOROBA-round her.)

It was a thoughtful day as we reflected on ten days of wonderful festival experiences. We got a glimpse of what the tower o' Babel must have been like with 24 countries and 16 languages represented!

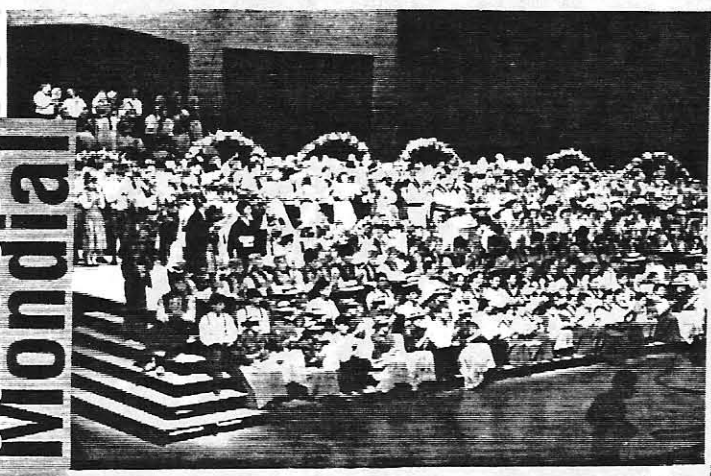
We couldn't decide who DENISE-est group was. They had all become such "bon-AIMEES". It was a joy to perform and interact with the other groups and we felt WRIGHT about the MARK we made in Drummondville. Lasting memories were made by all. Who could forget:

the STAN-ding ovations,  
the successful parade for days down the MAYNE streets,  
the bishop-RICK's comments,  
our ROY-al treatment in Durham-Sud,  
the energy we found in those DALE-iscious Dunkin DANITA's,  
SWAPP-ing pins,  
the far from s-DARRYL shower floors,  
that silly SHANNA-doah Hoe Down, and...  
COLLEEN home from time to time. (JEX in case you wondered,  
Dad's calling card works well in Canada!)

It was tough to bid farewell to the other groups, our new friends. Even though there was a communication gap, we were able to BRIGETTE in song, knowing we MIKE not even see them again. (Some goodbyes were RUTH-less because our glands and HORMANs got in the way.)

Finally we had to BUCKLEY our seatbelts and took off for Montreal. It was WENDY, but the WRIDE wasn't bad. Those who sat by the window could SEYMOUR. We were excited to pick up the PACE as the tour would take us to the MARTY-time provinces. (To be continued--)

# Festival Mondial



Ces danseuses du groupe américain Brigham Young University espèrent de tout cœur que leur copain danseur tribuchera sur ce tonneau qu'il se plait à faire tourner sur la scène du Centre Marcel-Dionne. Notre danseur semble pourtant être bien agile. Et si jamais le tonneau était rempli de boisson alcoolisée? Peut-être qu'elles voudraient s'en emparer pour faire...la fête!

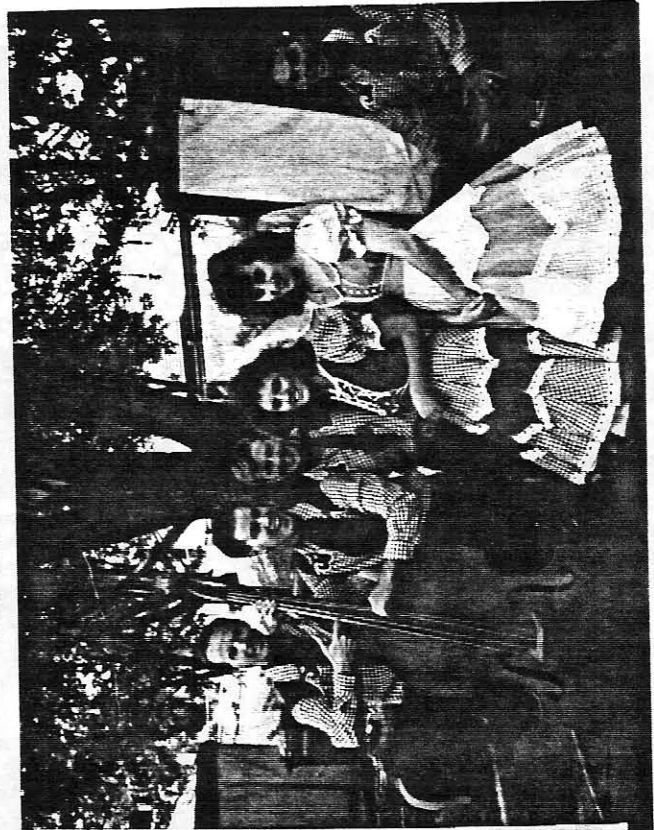
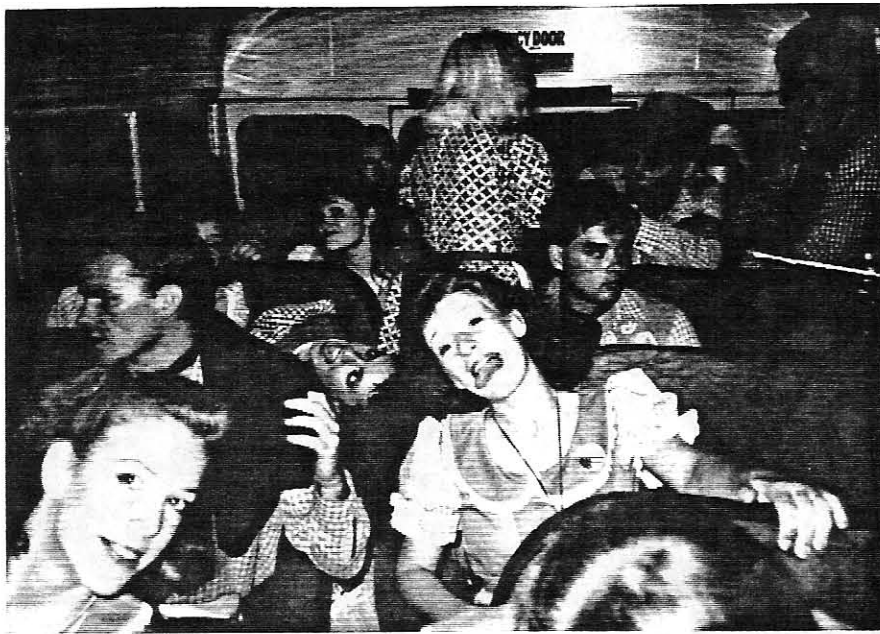


**FESTIVAL  
MONDIAL  
DE FOLKLORE  
DRUMMONDVILLE**  
DU 6 AU 16 JUILLET 1990

Les danseurs de l'American Folk Dance Ensemble nous viennent de l'Utah aux Etats-Unis. Ils déploient une énergie fabuleuse dans les diverses danses qu'ils présentent



Même si leurs numéros exigent beaucoup de vigueur, les danseurs et danseuses de l'American Folk Dance Ensemble ont toujours ce sourire éclatant.



**FESTIVAL  
MONDIAL  
DE FOLKLORE  
DRUMMONDVILLE**  
DU 6 AU 16 JUILLET 1990



Eating a new treat:  
Maple-Syrup-On-A-Stick!



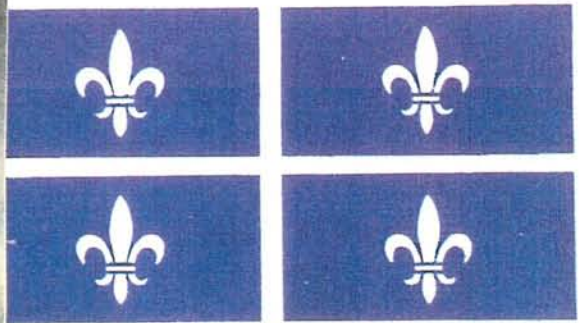
Hungry Americans stocking up for the next day's breakfast.



Fun at the Folkotent...



Chantal, our guide.



QUÉBEC

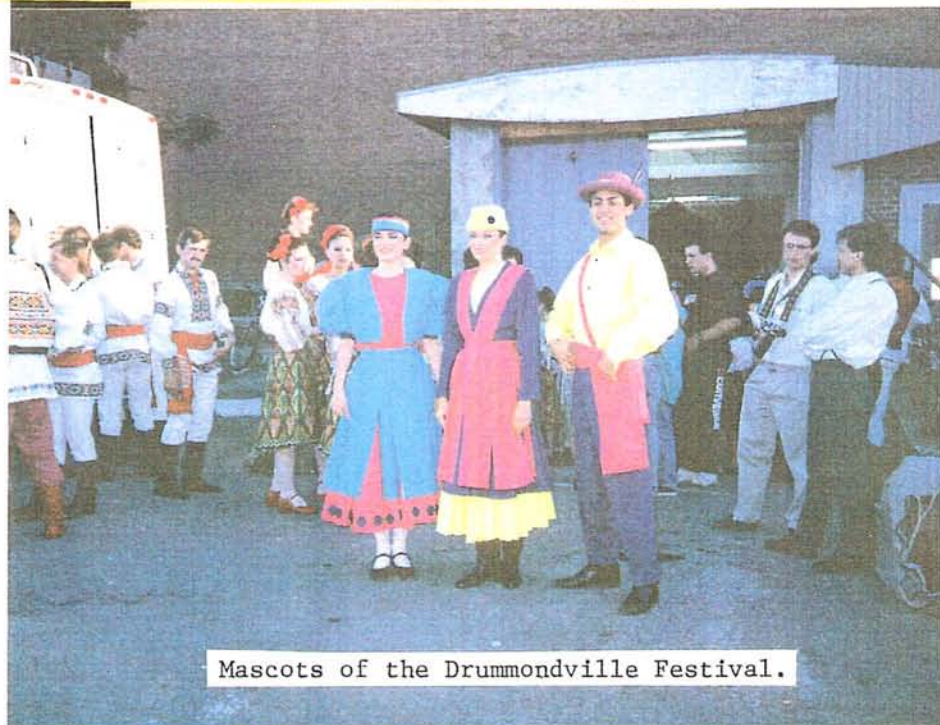
*Le monde à votre porte*



DU 6 AU 16 JUILLET 1990

*Le monde à votre porte*

FESTIVAL  
MONDIAL  
DE FOLKLORE  
DRUMMONDVILLE



Mascots of the Drummondville Festival.

**QUEBEC & THE MARITIME PROVINCES**

**(July 16 - August 2)**

# See

# MONTREAL

Monday, July 16 continued...  
Dale and Colleen

When we arrived at the College Francaise, we quickly realized that we would have primitive ANDRUS-ty conditions for yet another week. Oh well.

Many decided to free themselves of the dreaded Dunkin DANITA addiction and went for foods such as: HAMMON cheese sandwiches, salt and PINEGAR or HORITO chips, or anything else for under \$5.

(Take a wild GESLISON who met up with us in Montreal? It was great to have Richard and Jodi join the group as the tech truck would otherwise be a big THORNTON in our side!)

Once settled, we went to Beaver Lake for some "animation" (pronounced "a-na-ma-see-yone"). Wayne didn't WRIDE with us because he felt like up-CHUCK-ing.

Finally, at the end of the day, we were grateful to McNEIL down by our beds to thank the Lord for this tour.

Tuesday, July 17

We have no history of exactly what occurred on this day; however, a large group of folkdancers were seen taking in the Salvador Dali exhibit at the Museum of Fine Arts. Here they saw a variety of his items on display such as the "Coat Hanger Clock" (a long, clear, melted clock, hanging/dripping over a golden hanger), his unique "reflective art", sketches, sculptures, and even paintings and quotes by his personally favorite artists. For those who did not care for surrealism, there was also an exhibit of works by Dutch artists of Italian influence. And for those who did not care either exhibit, there was, of course, the museum gift shop. So, all were pleased.

One thing that is certain about this day: in the afternoon, we went by bus to the nearby city of St. Hyacinthe. We set up at the performance site (which was a local hockey arena) and were then treated to dinner in a nearby restaurant. The show proved to be an interesting experience. Besides dealing with terrible sound reverberations and unbearable heat, we were given two hours to fill so we performed a few international numbers: Croatian, Irish, Rapper Sword, and Hungarian. As we left the city, the hosts presented us with some pins which was a more than adequate reward since we are all avid pin collectors.

The bus ride back to our, quote, "condemned prison school" was also filled with its rewards as a portion of the group formed the foot-massage-club in the back seats and took care of suffering patients.

Wednesday, July 18  
Sheryl Swapp and Jeff Madsen

--MONTREAL JOURNAL--  
BYU FOLKDANCERS INVADE MONTREAL

Approximately 50 members of a performing group from BYU were given a full day to spend however they pleased. Some members of the group were available afterwards for comment on experiences they had.

Apparently "international money orders" weren't international for Ruth Gardner, who, after trying to cash one at five different banks, had no success.

Ed Austin reported strengthening his bonds with Rene from Mackinaw as he came for a visit and had dinner with the group's tour leaders.

Blooper of the day award goes to Nancy Whetten, who had the following experience as reported by Eric Seymour: "Our time spent with Nancy was precious. With all her gracefulness she rushed to the metro and hopped over a cement divider only to remember halfway through the feat that she was wearing a somewhat restrictive skirt. Within a matter of seconds, she was flat on her back with runs in her hose and scratches on her pride."

"Tell the Truth" turned into yet another game of "Who Kissed Who" (--or is that who kissed whom?) Anyway, when asked for an interview, the participants of tonight's game declined to comment, unlike participants of previous nights. We've learned, through sad experience, that silent participants are the wisest. Sources say that some would be surprised to find out just who has kissed who/whom.

When dinner time came, a few members of the band and their spouses realized they'd spent their \$5 and were without money. Andrea Elliott was available to comment on how they solved this problem. "We were informed by Scott that there was a super place to street perform down by the old town. The New Orleans atmosphere was perfect, and the hundreds of other musicians there agreed with us too. By standing sideways and blocking traffic, and with the kindly aid of an "old" fan, Jeanette and Andrea stopped some pedestrians long enough to have them pay for the pleasure of listening while the band fascinated their crowd. All in all we broke even on metro fare and earned a little extra for dinner besides."

It has been revealed that Steve Buckley and Greg Mayne were kidnapped by the Spanish group and were taken to Quebec City. They spent about nine hours sightseeing in Canada's oldest city, and were able to see the Spanish group perform. Greg told the Journal in an exclusive interview that afterwards they were forcibly taken to Dunkin Donuts on the way home.

Danita Rast, Sheryl Swapp, Dwan Wride, Mike Sandberg, and Jeff Madsen spent the day at La Ronde Amusement Park. When asked what her favorite ride was, Danita said, "We must have ridden it seven times, no, 17 times. Yeah, that's the ticket." Mike added, "It was so fun. It's weird how fun it was." Upon returning to the school, many folkdancers burst into tears because they didn't have even a fraction of the fun the five had had at the amusement park.

Everyone had sore feet by the end of the day but all felt it was very worthwhile. Although everyone went to see different places, the main sites of interest included Notre Dame, Saint Joseph's, the Olympic Stadium, the Salvador Dali exhibit, and the Festival of Laughs.

**Thursday, July 19**

**Brigitte Hansen and Marty Matheson**

Today took us from Montreal to Canada's capital -- Ottawa, and also Hull. We performed in the afternoon at the Hull Civic Center where we were furnished with drinks and fruit in our dressing rooms. The performance was outside in a pretty setting. However, the stage gave us a challenge in that we had to dance on diagonal lines so we could face both sides of the audience. We also had to make some changes in the show. Blain Empey had been informed of his father's death the night before so he did not join us today. We were all saddened at the news and our thoughts were with Blain today. Denny Wright and Michael Horito filled in for Blain.

We had lunch at an Italian restaurant and then spent a few hours touring Ottawa and Parliament Hill. Dinner was at the extravagant Burger King. Our evening show was performed on a very small outdoor stage on a hill overlooking the bay and Parliament Hill. It was a breathtaking view, especially since our costume changes behind the stage allowed us to enjoy the scenery. The outdoor theater was filled to capacity with an exciting audience. The stage lights and sound were especially beautiful tonight. Because the stage was so tiny, the tall square from 12-couple did not dance, rather they were able to watch the show and take pictures.

Some highlights and unique things about this day include the following:

Our busride today will long be remembered. The bus fit our whole group, but the seats were so close together that there was very little leg room and we all were most uncomfortable.

Before the afternoon performance, the janitors thought they would watch our pre-show of the girls changing from their practice clothes into their first costume. To the janitors dismay, and the girls relief, Ed asked for the janitors' door to be closed so we could have some privacy. (Ed, our hero!) Ed also received an interesting comment before the show when a lady came up to him and



asked him about our "pillow dance". Ed was confused at what the lady meant until she explained that when we were getting off the bus many people were carrying pillows. She asked Stephanie Rice what the pillows were for and Steph explained that they were for a dance, the "pillow dance".

During the afternoon show, Rick Davis broke one of his banjo strings on the first song so the rest of the band had to improvise the rest of the songs.

When Wendy Wells finished doing her first dance, "Cotton Eyed Joe", she realized she had forgotten to put on her bloomers. (Nice show Wendy!)

Denny made an amazing costume change in 35 seconds with the help of almost all the 8-couple.

Once again, our dancer/translator/narrator Dale provided French introductions to our dances during both performances.

During our Italian dinner, Cheri left to go use the restroom, instead she walked out the exit into the alley.

During our evening show the beautiful lights must have attracted every bug in the city. The dancers could not open their mouths too wide when they smiled or sang.

#### **Friday, July 20**

**Dwan Lee Wride and Angela Marie Pace**

We had know meeting this mourn. Free thyme followed. The day was wet, and it did reign o'er us. Why? Because original plans were docked and knew plans emerged. Sum dancers went too the Bay and purchased sweatshirts and... Sum udders cruised threw "Olde Towne". We had a rendezvous at 16:00 ours with the Skipper, the Captain, and the First Mate. Angie stood and delivered the devote. We all discovered that the show was sunk. Rene swam off two Quebec City. Pizza was eaten buy sum folks. Udders played on the swings and inn the park. Jeff, Eric Seymour, and Tracy all scored purrfect 10's on there beam routines. Tracy one the overall competition with her fuffy mount and dismount. Four more details on daily events, refer too you're personal urinal.

#### **Saturday, July 21**

**Tamara Marshall**

Today we went to Quebec City. It is the capital of Quebec and is a gorgeous city. We drove to Old Quebec which is very European-cobblestone streets, boutiques, outdoor cafes and street performers everywhere! We all ate lunch at the infamous McDonald's then went off in every direction for our free time. Some people visited the well-known cathedral and the Holy Trinity Church which

were both very beautiful. Place d'Armes was another attraction which held many artisans and local craftsmen displaying their work. Some of our favorites were the copper etchings which sold for a high price but are very exclusive to Quebec City. The most obvious site of interest was Le Chateau Frontenac, the exquisite, palace-like hotel that is set at the top of the hill overlooking the city. It dominates a part of the lower town and old houses of the 17th and 18th centuries. Many of us were able to walk through the lobby and visit the outdoor boardwalk of musicians and shops. It was rad!

(\*\*Editor's note: A large portion of the group walked down to the pier where they caught the ferry that took them across the bay. The entire view of the cliffs and the old fortress city of Quebec was breathtaking and well worth their \$1 tickets.)

For dinner we were taken to a restaurant where we were served fried chicken, salad, poutine, and ice cream! It was very nice but we were still anxious for our last hour of free time before the show. Some people ran back for those last minute purchases which included dolls, sketches of the city, little souvenirs and, of course, clothes!

Chantal and Carmen came back stage and talked to us before the show. They had driven all the way from Drummondville just to see us! It was great to see them again.

Our stage, which was set up just within the Port St. Jean, was very nice--great equipment and plenty of room. It was our last American show so we wanted it to be the best! Everything went well, except for the disaster in "Fire on the Mountain". All of the sudden we got off with the band and a look of "What do we do now?" filled everyone's eyes! Luckily, 12-couple got the hint and began clapping to help us out. We got back on and ended it fine. It did add a little spice to the show though! Afterwards, we packed up and said our goodbyes. Carmen said she is coming to Utah to ski for her honeymoon so we'll all be looking for her in February. Chantal gave us all hugs and was sad to see us leave. They were both great guides as well as friends!

So, after three hours we arrived in Montreal extremely tired, but it was a day well-spent for everyone! Many people said that if they ever came back to Quebec it would be to Quebec City. That's the best compliment it could ever receive and we're glad we could visit there!

**Sunday, July 22**  
**Ruth Gardner and Sean Hammon**

Welcome to Sunday, July 22, our last day in Montreal. Often when the weather has been lousy all week, Sunday is nice, and today is no exception. We have no meetings until tonight and shall spend the day as we please.

Since it is a free day, 52 people are doing approximately 27 different things. Some are doing last minute laundry, while others have gone to visit the English branch with Altug. Others have gone to the park to relax, while another group is lounging about the school sleeping, writing letters, writing in journals, and packing up their things. Some are going out hunting for what is to be their best (or only) meal of the week, even if it costs more than the five dollar allowance. Some are going with the Spanish group to a Spanish restaurant. Another group is going to mass at the Notre Dame Cathedral to hear the remarkable organ which fills the cathedral with music resembling that played by the Phantom of the Opera.

It's 11:00 pm now and we're all congregating in the hall after our wonderful 3-hour testimony meeting. Nearly everyone bore their testimony, and the meeting was closed with our a capella version of "How Great Thou Art". We really enjoyed sharing our testimonies with one another and ended the evening feeling very close, reluctant to separate and go to bed. An added bonus to our night was the arrival of some friends from Drummondville, including Wendy's international "friend".

Many of us are now saying goodbye to our Spanish friends, sharing addresses and gifts. In the morning we will be happy to leave the showers and Cruella the toast lady, but sad to leave the friends we have made in Quebec.

**Monday, July 23**

**Steve Buckley and Greg Mayne**

We awoke early this morning and prepared to leave Montreal for greener pastures. Many of us started the day with yet another prison breakfast of toast and cereal. The toast lady seemed especially cheerful (not!) as she served us one last time.

Most of the Spanish girls had also risen early to say goodbye. We were informed that the bus would be an hour late and the Spaniards were sure that we had played one final joke on them. They decided to use the time to get faces and we took naps. When the bus finally arrived, we hugged and said goodbye and then invited them to board our bus. We sang "Go Ye Now In Peace" and "God Be With You". Few Spanish eyes were dry. We also said goodbye to Altug, and as he walked alongside the bus, we all hoped that our experiences with him could make a lasting and significant impact on his life. As the rain continued to pour outside, we met the man who would drive our bus for the next month. Appropriately, he calls himself Stormy.

Our trip had just begun when we almost lost Eric Shurtleff. His emergency window blew open, causing papers to fly, and images of airplane disasters to flash through our minds. Stormy stopped the bus, fixed the problem, and we were on our way.

We stopped at a pseudo Kentucky Fried Chicken (no mashed potatoes and gravy, and no biscuits!) for lunch. We set out once more and pulled into the Journey's End Hotel in Edmunston a few hours later. Shortly after our arrival, we all set out on foot and walked into town where we met a folk group from Edmunston and had a dance exchange. Our group performed 4-couple clog, 7-Lads Hungarian, and Running Sets--all without music. (\*\*Editor's note: and all without Steve Buckley..) The Edmunston group performed some Argentine dances, a New Brunswick dance,--and a Ukrainian Hopak. They also taught us an Acadian dance. We loved the studio (a 5th floor room with windows overlooking the valley in all directions, in a turn-of-the-century building), and we also had a very fun enjoyable time with them, (I hear). We walked back to our motel and as the neon glare of the Journey's End defied the rainy darkness, we went to our rooms and closed the day.

Tuesday, July 24  
Mike Sandberg

## EDMUNDSTON, N.B.



With great anticipation our little band of folkdancers awoke refreshed from a good night's rest at the Journey's End. Breakfast was "on our own"--and I think we actually were reimbursed for this one. Some of us chose donuts (can you believe it? After a lifetime's supply in Drummondville, one week later and we still want donuts!), others chose McD's--Stormy was nice enough to drive some of us there). Getting to and from breakfast on foot, however, was quite an experience. A field of mud and rocky terrain provided some with great amusement and/or frustration.

Once on the road, the usual bus antics/games began. Yea for Rook!! This is truly the game of Celestial Partiers. Everyone seemed to find a niche somewhere though--especially if they were on the left side of the bus. Once again we were reminded of the beautiful countryside outside of the bus, but as usual, our attention was focused on the inside. This was our second day with Stormy, and we all were realizing that his name held several degrees of appropriateness.

Lunchtime found us in a mall. The Social Committee went buying supplies, and the rest of us went in search of automatic tellers and restrooms. Demand for each was equal--at least so it seemed by the way everyone rushed to these services.

After the mall, it was off to the theatre. There we ate a picnic lunch--"Anyone want an extra pound of ham or turkey with their sandwich?" Even then, we had a pig's worth of meat leftover. Having completed lunch, we proceeded to open the international costume bags and repack American bags. Talk about wrinkles! The costumes weren't the only things that needed attention though. A few dances needed brushing up (re-choreographing,...or how about choreographing?). Anyway we worked some of them. It was at this point that 8-couple said goodbye to Cotton-Eyed Joe...forever.

Dinner found us at City Hall, eating with the Mayor. Speeches were made, gifts exchanged, cakes cut. By the way, who started that punch bowl/water run in the middle of his speech and tapestry lecture? You'd think we'd been wandering in the Sahara for a month the way we rushed to the bowls to quench our thirst.

The show went...uhum...pretty well--all things considered (and there were a lot of things to consider), but despite our company's feelings, the audience loved it. Really though, was there ever any doubt? Of course not.

P.S. Just a reminder for all you unbelievers (since this may be my only chance):

"In the games of life and tour, Rook rules."

Wednesday, July 25  
Denny Wright and Heidi Horoba

**A**LL ABOUT  
PRINCE  
EDWARD ISLAND

Another early day began as we loaded the bus at 7:30 am. We drove until 11:00 and then had just enough time for a five minute bathroom/gift shop/snack bar stop before boarding the ferry for Prince Edward Island. Since today was "Green Gables" day, we've taken an excerpt from an especially fitting book to begin the story of our stay on P.E.I..

Chapter 5  
Anne's History

"Do you know," said Anne confidentially, [substitute the name of your favorite tour participant for Anne], "I've made up my mind to enjoy this drive. [The team was feeling particularly positive today.] It's been my experience that you can nearly always enjoy things if you make up your mind firmly that you will. Of course you must make it up firmly. I am not going to think about going back to the asylum [or back to Provo, or back to my host family, or any less desirable thoughts] while we're having our drive. I'm just going to think about the drive."

from Anne of Green Gables  
by Lucy Maud Montgomery

During the ferry ride some of us roamed around outside on the deck while others sat inside to write in journals, read books or just talk. After a patient wait we arrived at the island and found a beautiful grassy area to eat lunch. The small lake invited all of us to jump in, but we refrained. We had to settle for just taking pictures while we ate yummy sandwiches, fresh fruit, and delicious desserts.

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**P.E.I.**

Finally, all of our dreams came true (at least for the ladies) when we arrived at Green Gables. We toured the beautiful colonial home of Lucy Maud Montgomery, author of the Anne of Green Gables book series, and some people took the path to Lovers' Lane, while the less romantic crowd followed a trail to the cemetery where Lucy Maud Montgomery is buried. Others found the store! What fun and exciting things we found, but could not have it all. Kim and Ed were the major shoppers of the day, purchasing Green Gable dolls worth . . . lots of money.

After spending a great sum of our money we were off to Cavendish Beach. We all had fun, fun, fun in the sun as we built sandcastles, swam, splashed, or just soaked in some rays. Though the icy water was full of seaweed, stinging jellyfish, and disgusting dead fish with bulging eyes, almost everyone took a dip one way or another. The fun began when Nancy got dunked, then it was Heidi, then Tamara, then Tracy, and the list goes on. And we can't forget the wonderful, gritty feeling of being "sanded" (experienced by that chosen few).

One of the highlights of the day had to be Danny's burial in the sand. Leaving only his head above ground, we gave him the body of a beautiful flower, then the body of an even more beautiful mermaid. Danny was truly the entertainment of the season as mobs of people gathered to view the voluptuous curves (created by our own illustrious director) of the lovely maid.

But perhaps the best part of the day (sorry Danny!) began when some of the men swam out to sea and took off their swimsuits. They waved their colorful shorts in the air taunting the female onlookers. Wendy, being the bold person she is, swam out to greet the men as they frantically put their suits back on. Shanna, not to be outdone by the men, decided to try their same little trick. But as she crouched down in the water and took off her suit she forgot one very important thing--she was a girl! She triumphantly stood up and waved her suit over her head until she realized that the water was only covering her from the waist down ... oops! Luckily, (for Shanna anyway), the men were all otherwise occupied and missed the show--(at least that's what they claim).

Just as it began to rain, we left the beach and invaded the local church for personal make-overs and renovation. Once we were again looking and smelling pretty, we entered a beautifully prepared room for a wonderful lobster feast. The stake president gave us a history of our lobsters. Caught in March and kept alive on mackerel until today, their inner bodies were almost completely edible except for the stomach, a black thing near the head, and of course, the exhaust system.

Dwan liked the meal so much he downed four or five of the creatures, while Jeanette and Kim had a hard time eating one. It was an interesting experience for us all.

# THE LOBSTER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

After dinner we presented a fireside/performance/animaccione for the members and their non-member friends. Testimonies were shared to lift us spiritually, while Running Sets, Pioneer, and 4-Couple Clog lifted us physically. (\*\*Editor's note: The girls' cranberry outfits had proven to be versatile in a very ridiculous sense by this time--first tour outfits, developing into pajamas, sweats, swimsuit cover-ups, and now very flimsy but matching "costumes".) A rousing round of "9 Pin" topped off the evening and finished a fabulous day on P.E.I.

**Thursday, July 26**

**The Tour History of Scott Horman**

**(Ghost written by T.L. Elliott)**

Being a short history of the trials and tribulations of Scott Horman and the International Folkdancers for July 26, 1990.

### Chapter One

Being an account of the weather and of the early suffering of Scott Horman.

- 1) And it came to pass that the sun did rise early in the morning.
- 2) And it did shine its vibrant rays upon the earth.
- 3) And it came to pass that the people of Florida did go forth into the sun and did tan.
- 4) And the people of Kansas did go forth into the sun and did cultivate the summer wheat.
- 5) And the people of the Congo did go forth into the sun and did hunt monkeys, and sloths, and boa constrictors, and all manner of jungle creatures.
- 6) And the people of Alaska did go forth into the sun to carve ice blocks for their summer igloos.
- 7) And Scott Horman did go forth to look at the fog.
- 8) For behold, the sun was bright and pleasant in Alaska, the Congo, Kansas, and Florida. But behold, in Prince Edward Island it was not.
- 9) For yea, verily, there was fog and clouds and drizzle upon the face of the island.
- 10) And behold, Scott was very sad.
- 11) For travelling in fog and rain is dismal and depressing; yea, even the pits.
- 12) Moreover, Scott had not slept well the night before.
- 13) For Dwan of the Wrides had thrust his key into the lock of the powerful Yellow Ryder Rental truck and had thrust the key with all his might and behold it busteth in the lock and wise men, even men from all the area round about could not repair the lock which haveth the busted key. And thus Scott was forceth to remain the night in the truck to watcheth over it and to protect it from the people in the area round about, and he did sleepeth very poorly, after the order of a man who sleepeth sitting up.
- 14) But Scott of the tribe of Horman did gird up his loins and tigers and did sit in his mighty truck and did prepare himself for

the journey through the land of Anne Shirley even unto the narrow neck of water and from there upon a fairy--oops, I mean ferry--to New Brunswick and through New Brunswick even to the borders of Nova Scotia.

15) And from the borders of Nova Scotia even unto the city of Halifax.

16) And such was his intention.

17) To travel through the land of the Micmacs, through the land of Green Gables, and amongst the Canucks even to Halifax, being the oldest British city in Canada.

18) And thus it was, even so and verily, amen.

## Chapter Two

Being a history of the lineage of Scott Horman.

1) And it came to pass that Adam begat Seth and many other sons and daughters.

2) And Seth begat Enos.

3) And Enos begat Cainan.

4) And Cainan was the ancestor of Enoch.

5) And Enoch begat Methuselah.

6) And Methuselah begat some guy I can't remember.

7) And the guy I can't remember begat Noah who lived to be 500 years old and built a boat which he filled with animals.

8) And Noah begat Ham, Shem, and Japheth.

9) And Ham founded Egypt, and Shem begat Israelites, and Japheth begat everyone else.

10) And behold Noah did wax old; and to his great surprise and his wife's consternation, he begat a son.

11) And behold he called his son Horman; which, being translated, means of high tech.

12) For behold Horman was very wise in the working of wheels and levels and levers and all manner of cutting edge technology.

13) And Horman begat Jim.

14) And Jim lived fifty years and begat Bob.

15) And Bob built the sphynx and begat Fred.

16) And Fred built Solomon's Temple and begat Ely.

17) And Ely built Elijah's chariot and lived 90 years and begat Larry.

18) And Larry...

(Historical note: Much of the Horman genealogy has been lost or misplaced through years of translation. We must assume, though, that it was a glorious history, full of ingenuity and thrift. We will pick up this history at the point where we are certain of the historical facts in order not to bore the reader with possible apocryphal stories.)

42958) ...begat Scott; who became know as Scott the Techy or rather Scott the Horman Mormon Tech-man for short.

42959) This is the lineage of Scott.

42960) Even so, amen.



### Chapter Three

Being a short description of the vehicle which Scott did drive. Also being a description of the vehicle within which the folkdancers did travel.

- 1) And it came to pass that Scott drove a Yellow Ryder Rental truck.
- 2) And this truck did accompany a bus, which verily was the bus of the folkdancers.
- 3) And upon this bus did ride the folkdancers for it was their bus.
- 4) And behold the bus was piloted by a Storm; for Storm was the name of the pilot, for verily he was like unto a storm, yea verily a slow, misty, tycoon.
- 5) And behold the dancers did call him Stormy, though they knoweth not why, nor did they care.
- 6) For they careth only for the pleasures of the bus; even the pleasures of air conditioning and leg room; and they did seek and did beg for these pleasures and they did receive some of them, though verily, they did still complain.
- 7) For the bus was nice, yea even nicer than a school bus.
- 8) Yet the dancers did not appreciate, nor were they thankful for all of the blessings of the Yankee Trails bus.
- 9) For verily it had a refrigerator, and a coffee-maker, and behold even some seats had coffee, though this had long ago been drunk though it did still remain on the seat in its dry and crusted state.
- 10) And behold some seats even had food, yea delicacies even from olden times; candy, and apples, and orange peels.
- 11) And this food was hidden up, even in the window sills and under the seats and upon the seats.
- 12) And the dancers did complain, and in this rebellious and stiff-necked state they did travel in the bus and were ungrateful for the blessings of the Yankee Trails.
- 13) Moreover, they did not heed the warnings of The Storm.
- 14) For this bus haveth a modern washroom, yea even exceedingly fine, but The Storm warneth that the washroom was not to be used but only admired.
- 15) But behold some of the dancers did not heed the warnings of The Storm, and behold the stench of their sins did spread throughout the bus.
- 16) And thus those on the bus did suffer much and more especially those who dwelt near the borders of the washroom.
- 17) And this was the condition of the bus, even the bus of the folkdancers.

### Chapter Four

Being a short history of the travels of Scott's Yellow Ryder Rental truck and the bus.

- 1) And it came to pass that in the morning the dancers did board the bus.

- 2) And Scott did sit in his powerful Yellow Ryder Rental truck (for thus we had left him in chapter 1:12).
- 3) And the dancers were tired from their late night chats with their host families, and the early hour of their departure, and the remnants of the crustaceans which they had eaten the night before which did yet weigh heavily upon their tummies, and the warmth of the sun which still lingered on their bleach-white skin after the hours they spent on the beach.
- 4) And the bus drove into the fog and the mist and the rain and headeth for the ferry.
- 5) And the bus boardeth the big ferry boat, and The Storm bellowed and the dancers de-bussed and they did go to the lounge and slept and talked and read and a few did wander the decks and the ferry did cruise to New Brunswick.
- 6) And behold, Scott did lather his face did finally shave.
- 7) And the dancers reboarded the bus and the bus deboarded the boat and the boat boarded other buses while the folkdance bus was just bored and the dancers did sleep.
- 8) And it came to pass that after hours of travelling the bus did stop for a picnic.
- 9) And behold the dancers did picnic in a mall.
- 10) And great was the variety of the food which the dancers did eat for verily their midday meal was prepared by the host families.
- 11) And some ate carrots, and crackers and peanut butter.
- 12) And behold others ate oranges and cookies.
- 13) And some ate ham, and some cheese, and some tuna drenched in mayonnaise which did greatly reek and did mix with the odor of the washroom, which was filled with many fine and precious things which were to be admired but not used; and the two odors did mix and the twain became one stench and did fill the bus with great sorrow.
- 14) For behold after lunch the dancers did again board the bus and it was not unboarded until the driver on board decided that the theater for deboarding had been found.
- 15) And now Scott the Horman Mormon Tech-man did also arrive at the theater in his big powerful Yellow Ryder Rental truck.
- 16) And Scott was very glad for the theater was yea verily very nice and big and it did seat many and it haveth the cutting edge in theater tech, and there was much rejoicing among the tech people.
- 17) And yea the dancers were also joyful for they were to dance in the same theater for three nights and they did not have to feel guilty for not helping set up.
- 18) And notwithstanding the fact that they had to change behind curtains the dancers were very happy.

## Chapter Five

Being a short description of the evening meal and show.

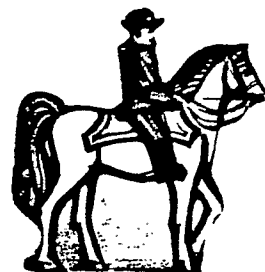
- 1) And it came to pass that after the dancers had unloaded their costume bags, and hats, and belts, and head pieces, and boots, and shoes, and make-up, and beads, and tights, and sweat-padded t-shirts, and practice clothes, that once again they did board the bus.

- 2) And the bus took them swiftly to the evening meal for the Storm leaneth heavily upon the accelerator; and they did arrive quickly at the Halifax Ward building.
- 3) And this is the order of the meal:
- 4) The dancers were served chicken prepared with great spices and salad, yea and potatoes.
- 5) And the latter caused much rejoicing for behold the potatoes were baked and not fried and they were very delicious, and there was dessert with an exceeding obscene name but with an exceeding delightful taste.
- 6) And all ate and all were filled and thus it was.
- 7) And it came to pass that the show followed the evening meal.
- 8) And the show was difficult for the stage was new to the dancers and the dancers were greatly fatigued and out of practice.
- 9) And it was that Kristen of the Pinegar tribe maketh the biggest boo-boo.
- 10) For upon her dress of finely twined linen she did wear an ornament of exceedingly fine workmanship; even a gold ornament like unto a cummerbund.
- 11) And it looketh exceeding ridiculous for thus it was.
- 12) And many others made boo-boos, yea too many to be numbered.
- 13) But behold, the audience was pleased and did cheer much, though Ed was not pleased and did note much, yet the dancers were pleased because they could now sleep much while Scott the Horman Mormon Tech-man was exceedingly pleased because he could ride on the bus like everyone else.
- 14) And thus it was, even so, amen.

## Chapter Six

Being an account of the End.

- 1) And it came to pass that the dancers travelled to the church house in Halifax.
- 2) And it came to pass that Eric and Bryn of the tribe of Seymour did endeavor to divide the dancers amongst their host families.
- 3) And behold half of the dancers were assigned to families in Halifax and among them there was much rejoicing because they could sleep longer in the morning.
- 4) But among the others there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of Seymours, for they had to sleep in Dartmouth.
- 5) And it came to pass that Scott got to sleep in Halifax.
- 6) And behold he rejoiced much.
- 7) And behold his host rejoiced much.
- 8) And behold Scott went home with his host family.
- 9) And it did yet rain.
- 10) And the big powerful Yellow Ryder Rental truck sat at the theater.
- 11) And Scott slept.
- 12) Thus it was, even so, amen.



(\*\*Editor's note: An interesting but silly game took place on this day. Magazine titles were assigned to each person on the bus by suggestion and vote of the group. The following list was created.)

Women:

Ruth -- The National Enquirer  
Candace -- Cosmopolitan  
Angie -- The New Era  
Sheryl -- Ensign  
Wendy -- International Male  
Kim -- Foreign Affairs  
Tamara -- Teen Beat  
Shanna -- National Geographic  
Bryn -- Family Circle  
Cheri -- Seventeen  
Nancy -- Victoria's Secret  
Stephanie -- Elle  
Kristen -- Vogue (\*\*the editor thinks this is a misprint)  
Heidi -- Better Homes and Gardens  
Andrea -- McCall's  
Tracy -- Glamour  
Colleen -- Church News  
Brigette -- Mother Earth  
Jeanette -- Viltis  
Denise -- Muscle and Fitness  
Danita -- Nashville

Men:

Sean -- Readers' Digest  
Marty -- Boys' Life  
Danny -- Rolling Stone  
Mike S -- Literature Review  
Tucker -- Farmers Almanac  
Blain -- AMA Journal  
Dwan -- LIFE  
Greg -- 101 Hairdos  
Michael H -- Columbia Record Insert  
Denny -- GQ  
Eric Sh. -- People  
Eric Sey. -- House Plans  
Stan -- Western Horseman  
Daryl -- Puzzles  
Wayne -- Fortune  
Jeff -- OMNI  
Dale -- European Travel & Life  
Steve -- Hustler  
Mark -- J. Crew  
Bart -- Hot Rod  
Lynn -- US News & World Report  
Richard -- Parenting  
Scott -- Field & Stream  
Roy -- TIME  
Ed -- Lands End



# Halifax

## Boat Tours of Halifax Harbour

A Truly Memorable  
Vacation Experience!

Friday, July 27  
Eric and Bryn Seymour

See Ed. See Roy. See the folkdancers. They look very tired. Yawn, dancers, yawn. They are boarding a boat. They will take a cruise of the harbor at Halifax. They see many Canadian naval ships and historical sites. But look. See the fog rolling in. The dancers go below and many sleep. See Denise and Andrea. They are still sick. Sleep, dancers, sleep.

Now it's lunchtime. See the dancers drooling. Their directors said it would be pizza. They are ready for pizza. See the dancers arrive at the lunch place in the mall. No, look. They are handing out submarine sandwiches. Better luck next time.

See the dancers board the eternally smelly yet happy bus for a city tour. They look groggy again. See the same six people rush for the seats in the front of the bus. See how unselfish they are. See the bus pull away. See the dancers drift away. See the bus pass by many old, beautiful, and historical places. Even the Cher concert. Feel the dancers wishing they could see the concert rather than perform that night. See the bus stop. See the dancers wake up. They are eager for two free hours of shopping time. Shopping always wakes up the dancers.

Now it's dinnertime. The dancers like to eat and sleep. See them drive to Dartmouth. See them eat a Chinese dinner. Eat, dancers, eat. Drink that yummy peach drink. See them sing to Steve for his birthday. But, wait. See an unexpected baptism. What lovely dinner conversation. Feel them being reverent anyway. What exemplary young people. Shine, dancers, shine.

See the dancers arrive late at the Rebeccah Cohn Theatre. See them rush around dabbing makeup here and braiding hair there. See how fast they can get ready during devotional and notes. See the dancers perform. They are good. They are dancing for a full house.

See the dancers attend a Young Adult Dance. They are presented by a louder-than-life-bagpipe. Hear the musician. He is good. See both parties hug the walls like timid Teachers and Mia Maids at their first dance. How embarrassing, dancers. Hear the DJ play all manner of interesting music. Even "Bop with Ya Baby." See the dancers remember the clog. Goofy dancers. See them mob the refreshment table. See them inhale the food. See them slowly wind down and leave the dance. Sleep, dancers, sleep.

Saturday, July 28  
Eric and Bryn Seymour -- POP QUIZ

Today we woke up and dashed to the bus early to get a) the toilet seat, b) a brownie button, or c) the front seats. We all got new seats except a) Bryn and Eric, b) Denise and Tucker,

or c) Ed and Roy. Rick Stuart was our guide on our roller coaster bus ride to a) Madge's Hideaway, b) Delynne's Retreat, or c) Peggy's Cove. Once there, we took a group picture in front of the a) garbage can, b) bathroom, or c) beautiful white lighthouse that doubled as a post office. Rick took pictures with 30 cameras while Scott took pictures with only one camera and promptly lost his a) mind, b) pants, or c) camera bag. We all walked around in awe as we took snapshots of this magical place--and shopping.

We then zipped off to a) the Doogie, b) the Dimple, or c) the Dingle for a wonderful barbecue lunch. We again took another roller coaster ride at a) 25 mph, b) 50 mph, or c) 80 mph through the park only to run over a) a frog, b) Kristen, or c) a tombstone-like cement block, which damaged the underside of the bus. We finally met at the gazebo and munched on yummy potatoes and a) Kibbles 'n Bits, b) Jerky treats, c) tough steak. We appreciated their efforts and hospitality.

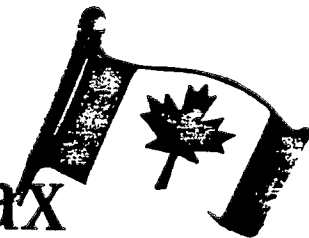
Back at the Rebeccah Cohn Theatre, we performed a matinee show for a) Ed, b) the heck of it, c) children and elderly from local hospitals. They were small in number but were very appreciative of our performance. After that, we did some polishing on some of our dances and then had a) a nervous breakdown, b) an acne breakout, or c) quiet time. We all rested in the aisles of the theatre while listening to a) Ricky Tanner, b) M.C. Hammer, or c) Harmony--a music with nature tape. It was very relaxing until the song with a) Dale's howls, b) Nancy's screams, or c) wild boar noises. As we boarded the bus to leave for dinner, we realized that the bus was a) swept, b) swept and mopped, or c) only mopped. Our quiet time continued on the bus ride to the Dartmouth chapel, where we had a delicious a) ham, b) potato salad, or c) lasagna dinner.

Before our last show in Halifax, a) Greg Brady, b) Greg Mayne, or c) Greg Lambert presented us all with pins and medals from our sponsor, a) the Drummondville Festival, b) the Halifax Stake, or c) the Children's Wish Foundation. We performed a super show and not even a) Nancy fell down, b) a Hungarian slipper fell off, or c) a Polish feather was lost. It was a great way to end our performing day in Halifax.

All answers, if you haven't noticed by now, are "c".

Sunday, July 29  
Denise and Tucker Johnson

In Halifax



We went to church with our host families, all at various times. It was a restful day with time to sleep and relax, before our fireside that night. This was our first full fireside since mid-semester tour so we needed to go over a few things. Time was ticking, as people, for various reasons, arrived late and scavenged for music. We sang, corrected an reviewed. With one last deep breath we entered the chapel.

The primary medley was played and we sang "Army of Helaman". What a picture to see. Our young men in their suits and ties, behind the ladies in best Sunday dress. There was a spirit that seemed to flow from the stand. (As I sat in the audience I was overwhelmed to actually be part of that group.)

Shanna Smith was the first to speak and she bore her testimony of gaining a testimony and taking care of it. Dwan Wride was next with a bit of humor to start. He mentioned that everyone has trials, big and small, young or old, but that is how we grow and are tested. Angie Pace stood and also spoke a little on trials, relating to her grandmother's, but also on service and loving one another. Tucker Johnson bore his testimony of the atonement of Jesus Christ.

We ended with "How Great Thou Art" into a scripture reading and on to "Go Ye Now In Peace/God Be With You".

It was a very good fireside with a strong spirit. I believe not only we, as a group, were strengthened, but the members who attended were also. I could sense this from the comments I heard afterwards.

Our group left with our hosts feeling a little closer and a little saddened that we have to leave Halifax in the morning.

**Monday, July 30**  
**Blain Empey**

After four days in Halifax, we were either sad to leave the hosts we'd gotten to know, or very relieved. Naturally, since today was a travel day, it was sunny and warm. We did our usual rendezvous to the Halifax chapel to pick up our other city half after Dartmouth, then on to the theater to pack our remaining costumes and rearrange our luggage from carry-on to suitcase to costume bag.

Let me take this opportunity to describe our typical bus ride, which we experienced today for 6 hours. On this occasion, we go through several distinct phases of activity, give or take.

First we go through the get-a-good-seat-while-the-getting-is-good phase. On this particular bus, the seats on the right are the roomiest, and with the choice of window (cool) or aisle (leg room), the struggle begins and ends like one of Nancy's screams. The marrieds sit together for the most part. They need each other in such an intimate setting. We weld and swingin' singles, however, carouse from seat to seat, unless one of those TR's are developing/developed -- watch out for these! Once we get settled, the next phase kicks in: opening exercises.

We already have a routine after one week of international shows. First the song, devotional ("It's been a long tour and

things are getting a little tense.."), and prayer. We all ignore the announcements for the day's schedule which follow. Then, someone starts the compliment box theme song ("Je t'aime, yes I love...") and we take turns reading and singing compliments edged with dullness or sarcasm. Shazam blam wham to those who can write poetic and witty compliments! Roy follows with our very own game show: Brinkerhoff Trivia. One lucky soul receives a candy bar for letting the rest of the bus shout answers to a trivia question.

Following opening exercises, we get into the whine/brag hour. This is when we compare how horrible/wonderful our host families were. Part of this phase is whining about the schedule, seating, certain people, and so on. Obviously, a large group at its best.

Sometimes, though, we manage to develop the improvisational phase. This phase rises from our warped minds either to entertain ourselves out of boredom, or sheer lunacy. This improv stage is an activity which develops with absolutely no planning whatsoever. It attracts the attention of the entire bus, and is fun for most. It is usually extremely creative, and often repeated or referred to. For example, on this tour we have had a sweepstakes for pins, which turned into a "Miss Congeniality" or "Most Likely to \_\_\_\_\_" labelling game of chance. We've also assigned magazines to every personality on the bus, sang childhood (or childish?) songs (it must have been a boring ball), played warp-speed turbo drive with the seats, and I'm sure we have lots to go.

These phases often come in this order but not always. For example, the snooze-on-the-bus phase can come at anytime --- sometimes starting before any other. It's a very entertaining phase actually. Watching someone falling asleep on a swaying vehicle, eyes rolling slowly up into their grain, head just a-bobbin' back and forth like a buoy, mouth all agape--you can't pay for a show like that. Slowly but surely though, the entire bus falls into this phase at one time or another. This is difficult on Stormy's corners, but we manage.

For those who wake up, or those who don't sleep (aliens from planet Nobrain), games become the main activity for the next phase. Somehow, a mean game or rook develops toward the back of the bus. Usually, one can see the antics of a group toward the front playing "In the Manner of the Adverb". There are many more, although many abuse the time by having intelligent conversations. What kind of fun is that?!

Last, and most barbaric, is the dreaded getting-off-the-bus phase. This group is endowed with the grace and speed of a sick sloth. There are a few who bounce right off. (You are one of those, right!? Sure!) Then there are those who bounce right up, bend over the seat and cause heiney-clog. In addition, there are those who grope in the overhead compartment blindly for a few hours looking for the bag that is probably in the seat one over. Some patient souls wait behind these precocious people, while others with a square mile of baggage (no exaggeration!) push and shove



their way off. Finally there are those who sit or sleep for those extra 15 minutes of unloading time, then saunter easily off. Which one are you?

This ends, then, the bus saga.

This day was a do your own thing day. We made two stops. First was a lunch in the park stop (the bugs had a huge lunch with us as the main course) and the second was at the Rocks, or the place where the world's highest tides are found. This was short but fun. We waded in mud and seaweed taking pictures of interesting rock formations formed by 50+ feet of tides. Interesting, despite being a half hour see-it-and-leave stop.

Finally, we arrived in St. John, New Brunswick. Meeting and leaving with host families was strange. Usually we have a show, then go to sleep after some conversation. tonight we had all evening with them, no show, and that much less in common. Without dancing for my dinner, I feel like the biggest freeloader. I suppose the truth hurts.

**Tuesday, July 31**  
**Kim Jex**

Today we were ready for a day of rest and relaxation. After a long bus ride and late nights we welcomed the idea of simply doing what ever we wanted. The day began at 9:00 am, and we were prepared for fun in the sun. Too bad the sun did not cooperate. Most of the group loved the idea o being able to sleep in just a little. However, those of us living with host families in Sussex still had to be up early to drive an hour for the first meeting.

The Bursey's opened up their home for our convenience. The pool was refreshing. Wendy and Nancy were the only girls brave enough to play with the boys in the pool. They entertained the crowd with synchronized swimming.

Some chose to walk through the woods and pick raspberries. Others played volleyball until they dropped. And still more of us decided to just take a nap or write postcards and letters. Lunch was yummy b-b-q'd hamburgers and eggrolls? Fried rice garnished the meal.

Today was also Marty's 23rd birthday. Boy, he's getting so old. Second to the youngest guy, right Marty. We brought out a beautifully lit cake. The candles stuck out sideways and looked like a space ship. Marty had a hard time blowing them out.

The rest of the afternoon was spent doing more games--"In the Manner of the Adverb"--and more sleeping.

At 4:00 pm we met with Mayor Elsie Wayne of St. John. Contrary to rumor and horror stories, she was very personable and

talkative. She wore her necklace of authority, but refrained from parading in her red, wool cape. She delighted everyone by presenting each of us with two pins.

Dinner was a little confusing today. Most of us thought the finger food was an appetizer, but, came to find out that it was dinner. There was a choice of meatloaf sandwich, egg, cheese and cherry, and tuna. The fruit and cheese quickly disappeared.

The day concluded with a fireside presentation in St. John. Stephanie, Colleen, Sean and Mike Sandberg were the fortunate chosen ones to speak. The people seemed very pleased with the presentation. Everyone was happy when the man announced that the host families may have to feed us.

#### INTERESTING NOTES ABOUT THIS DAY: (Tues., July 31)

Colleen and Candace stayed with a health conscious vegetarian and have since decided that meat and sugar are true.

Mike S. found out that he should turn on lights when walking into dark rooms to relieve himself.

Cheri had a burning in her bosom while playing volleyball.

A new way of trading sides while playing volleyball is to go OVER the net.

#### Wednesday, August 1 Bart Cox

Today was a day where our hearts would be touched. The first item of business was a trip to the St. John Hospital where we were scheduled to do a small show and to visit some of the long-term patients. We arrived at the hospital, unloaded costumes and sound equipment and were escorted to our cramped changing areas. There were memories of Spring PAC performances coming to everyone's minds as we saw the polished linoleum floor which we were to dance on.

The show went on for a small audience of patients in wheelchairs and on crutches--mostly elderly. It was challenging performing for an audience which responded only with a smile, an occasional foot tap, or some quiet gesture of enjoyment. A slight divergence from the expected program consisted of a little song and dancing with the nurses and whoever could stand. The show ended with no real problems other than a few shin splints from performing on the floor without warm-ups.

We split up into groups and visited various areas of the extended stay patients; some to pediatrics, others to the elderly. We talked, passed out cards, signed autographs, and sang songs. Though there were mixed feelings about the little performance, most of the dancers were caused to focus on the simple blessings of

health, mobility, speech, sight, etc. It was a heartwarming experience for everyone.

The hospital served us lunch of finger sandwiches and snacks and then we were on our way to Market Square downtown where we put on a tiny, 4 number show to promote the evening performance. The remainder of the afternoon was taken up with shopping around the city and tech set-up at the auditorium. The evening show went fairly well with the exception of Bart missing the entire Cardon's Hoe Down number, because of forgetting his shoes. Daryl somehow strained his back in the afternoon show so others filled in for him on Ukrainian. This was our last performance on Canadian soil. We were honored to have the Mayor at our show and we had some delegates from the U.N. in the audience. Not a bad day, eh?

# In New Brunswick: Come into something good

**Lobster  
Suppers  
Halifax**

Musée des beaux-arts de Montréal

HEURE - TIME  
SECTION  
10H00

NON REMBOURSABLE - NO REFUND

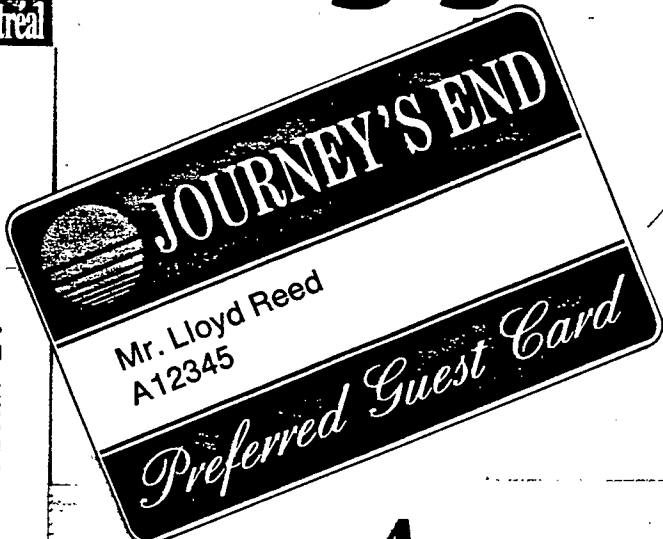
LE MUSEE DES BEAUX-ARTS DE MONTRÉAL  
THE MONTREAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

17 JUILLET 1990 \* JULY 17th 1990  
MARDI \* TUESDAY

296  
ETUDIANT \$5 - 00  
GENERAL ADMISSION \$8 - 00  
GENERAL EXAM INCLUDED 500 X15

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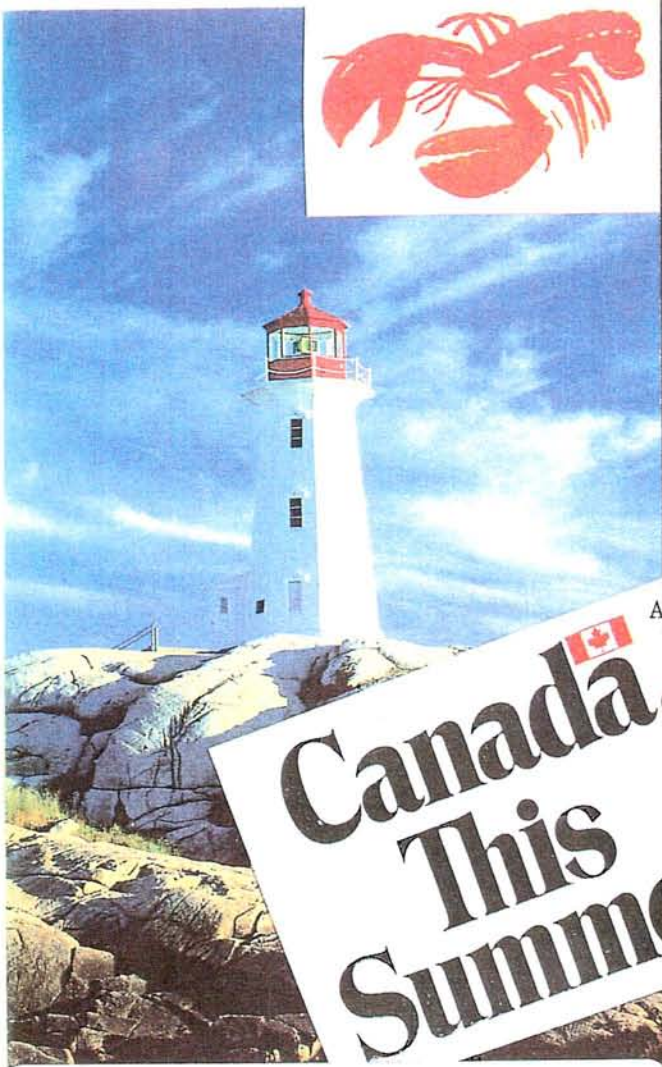
I ♥ Canada

*A way of life  
in the Maritimes.*

# Saint John



A lobster feast ends a perfect day on Prince Edward Island.



**Canada.**  
**This**  
**Summer.**

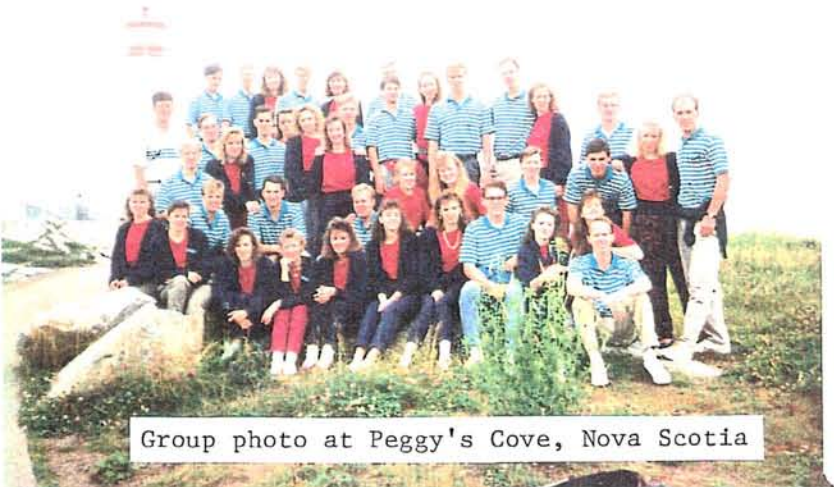


Performance site overlooking Parliament Hill--Ottawa.

**CANADA**



Canada<sup>131</sup>



Group photo at Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia

**NORTHEASTERN UNITED STATES**

**(August 2 - August 17)**



Thursday, August 2--Back to the U.S.A.

Today was a long but fun day of driving. We stopped to visit Campobello, the summer home of Franklin Roosevelt and his family. Though we were not given much time, most of the group was able to take a guided tour through Roosevelt Cottage, Hubbard Cottage (with the spectacular oval window view), and a few even managed to squeeze in a walk down to the small private shoreline. No one will forget the sight of the double flag post on FDR's back lawn, which displayed the Canadian and United States flags waving together. They must have been waving for us, as this was the day we were leaving Canada and embarking on the U.S. portion of the tour.

By evening we made our way to Portland, Maine, where we presented a fireside to the Portland Stake--the very stake that George Bush would be in since his home is in Kennebunkport, Maine. Too bad he wasn't in town for the program..

Friday, August 3  
Daryl Smith

Early in the morning of August 3, 1990, we folkdancers gathered at the chapel in Portland, Maine. After the usual waiting followed by the mad rush to get a good seat on the bus, we headed out. We made a very short trip to the Portland Headlight. Rumors had been circulating that this lighthouse was the most photographed lighthouse in the world and that it was actually commissioned by George Washington. Upon arrival we found that both of these rumors were indeed true and also that this lighthouse was once pictured on a U.S. postage stamp.

(\*\*Editor's note: Next to the lighthouse was a rock on which Henry Longfellow used to sit to write his poetry. By taking in the view of the coast at this point, it was very easy to see how he could have been inspired by the surroundings.)

We left the lighthouse and returned to the church. Why?... to wait of course! This time we were waiting for Scott Horman to check out the stage. Once he arrived we left for the most exciting shopping binge of the century. Upon entering the bustling metropolis of Freeport, Maine, Kim Jex and Tamara Marshall (shopping queens of the universe) led chants of "Stop the bus!" and "Let us out!" in between screaming out names of stores. All in all it was a pandamionious scene aboard the folkdance bus.

We eventually were let off the bus and everyone went their own way to procure for themselves what they could by their shopping prowess, or, if not by that, by plastic. Almost anything imaginable was purchased within two hours. The best buy, however, was attained by Stephanie Rice who, for a mere 25 cents, was allowed access into the most luxurious toilet in town. When those two hours (and \$2000) were spent, we met back at the bus to return to Portland (or Poorland).

**AUGUST IS NATIONAL LIGHTHOUSE MONTH.**

# Extraordinary folk

Brigham Young Dance Ensemble performs with international flair

By BRAD LEMLEY  
Staff Writer

**F**OLK DANCE fans in search of diversity usually have to troop from one show to another to get their fill of jigs, polkas, flamencos, fandangos and tarantellas. Fun, perhaps, but the pursuit can leave them as exhausted as the cloggers and kickers on stage.

To the rescue comes the Brigham Young University Folk Dance Ensemble, offering a combination plate of folk dances from around the world.

The acclaimed student group will perform the traditional dances of more than a dozen nations at the Portland City Hall Auditorium on Friday, at 7:30 p.m.

Tickets are \$4, but families of six or more can get in with a single \$20 ticket. For information and reservations, call 846-4617.

Founded in 1956, the ensemble of 20 men and 20 women performs Korean fan

**'They expect to see a typical little college group, but they tell us we are as good as the official state ensembles from their own countries.'**

Delynne Peay,  
assistant director

dances, athletic men's dances from Yugoslavia and Hungary, and American clogging, among other traditional dances.

The group has toured more than 30 countries, and recently returned from a tour of the Soviet Union, Poland and the United Kingdom. It was also featured at the opening ceremonies of the 1988 Olympic Games.

Authenticity and precise execution are the company's twin goals, said assistant director Delynne Peay.

The group brings "dance specialists" from their native countries to BYU in Provo, Utah, to teach the dancers proper technique, she said.

When the specialists arrive, "they are always amazed. They expect to see a typical little college group, but they tell us we are as good as the official state ensembles from their own countries," she said.

For the dancers, now in the middle of a 28-show tour of the U.S. and Canada, it is a labor of love, she said. The students help sew their own authentic costumes and pay many of their own expenses while on tour.

The accolades, said Peay, make the effort worthwhile.

"Audiences are very amazed by the professionalism," she said. The highest compliment, she said, comes from immigrants in the audience who proclaim, "You have made me homesick."

The performance is sponsored by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.



If the Brigham Young University Folk Dance Ensemble can make audience members from afar feel homesick, it feels it has done its job.

Back in Portland we ended up at the City Hall theater and did a complete overhaul of the stage. The stage was horrible but it had gorgeous organ pipes as our backdrop and the theater was really nice and large.

The show went well and after a record breaking strike time of 60 minutes, we went home with host families and another day was over!

**Saturday, August 4**  
**Tracy McNeil and Mark Jensen**

It started in Portland at 9 o'clock  
Off to Harvard we wanted to rock.  
Jeff got up to give us world news  
He did his own SNL while we tried to snooze.  
Lynn then stood to give tourist tips,  
But 3 hours in Boston seems like a jip.  
Ed was excited as we drove in  
Cuz he and Vickie were together again.  
We were all happy when she brought our mail  
But some who were letterless started to wail.  
Ann joined the group after a while  
And we realized Roy really does know how to smile.  
The theater at Harvard was fancy and old,  
"We'll have to block the whole show," we were told.  
We walked to the chapel all ready to eat,  
But the weird stuff they fed us wasn't a treat.  
We dressed in a room bigger than a football field  
Though the hot, humid air was quite a bad deal.  
The slipping and tripping wasn't too nice.  
We started to call it Folkdancers on Ice.  
When the show ended we loaded our bags,  
And off with Boston host families we dragged.

(\*\*Editor's note for August 4th: The following Boston sites were taken in by BYU Folkdancers on this Saturday afternoon--the Granary Burying Ground marking the gravesites of Paul Revere, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Mother Goose, and others; the Boston Common; the swan boats in the Public Gardens; the Bull & Finch (better-known as the Cheers bar); Hatch Shell where the Boston Pops performs; Park Street Church; the Old State House; the Old South Meeting House; the site of the Boston Massacre; Beacon Hill; the North End; the Old North Church; Paul Revere's House; the Long Wharf; Faneuil Hall; Quincy Market; the Gap Outlet; Filene's Basement; and of course, Hahvard Yahd. Who says Boston can't be seen in three hours?)



**Sunday, August 5--Bahstin  
Colleen and Dale's Do-It-Yourself "Tore" History**

Instructions: Rack your brain to try to remember what you did today, thereby personalizing your own tore history and making it much easier for us. Thanks. S.S.N.C.

1. Today was Sunday. It was a free day. I was staying with the \_\_\_\_\_ family, along with \_\_\_\_\_.
2. Fast and testimony meeting was at \_\_\_\_\_ o'clock. The most interesting testimony to me was about \_\_\_\_\_. I didn't attend the other meetings because \_\_\_\_\_.
3. Home to eat! We had \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_. It was incredibly \_\_\_\_\_! Our host family was so \_\_\_\_\_!
4. We spent part of the day \_\_\_\_\_, but we also were able to see some \_\_\_\_\_ in Boston. I remember \_\_\_\_\_ most. This city is definitely \_\_\_\_\_! If I ever get a chance to return, I will \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Finally, after a \_\_\_\_\_ afternoon of \_\_\_\_\_, we went to the chapel for the fireside. I \_\_\_\_\_ our firesides. This one in particular was very nice. The speakers were: Brigette, Jeff, Wendy, and Lynn. Boy, does \_\_\_\_\_ give a great talk! During the fireside, I thought a lot about \_\_\_\_\_ and how \_\_\_\_\_. It made me feel \_\_\_\_\_ about \_\_\_\_\_.
6. After chatting with some \_\_\_\_\_, we headed home. I \_\_\_\_\_ before finally going to bed at \_\_\_\_\_.

What a \_\_\_\_\_ day!

--Thanks!

**Monday, August 6  
Michael Horito**

The road goes ever on and on,  
Down from the door where it began.  
Now up ahead the road is gone,  
I must try to catch it if I can.  
(Bilbo Baggins, The Hobbit)

And so it is with our rides on the Yankee trails tour bus. This seemed like the longest straight run of them all (actually the second longest during the international show tour), from Boston to Syracuse (320 miles; the longest was Rochester to Lock Haven, 375).

It was a rainy, overcast day.

Stormy was navigating.

He said to me "Tell me a story my lad."

I pulled up my collar to fend off the chill and began:

It was a rainy, overcast day.

Stormy was navigating.

He said to me "Tell me a story my lad."

I pulled up my collar to fend off the chill and began:

It was a rainy, overcast day.

Stormy was navigating.

He said to me "Tell me a story my lad."

I pulled up my collar to fend off the chill and began..

We met and left around 8:00 from the Belmont Chapel in the Boston area, and arrived about 3:00 in the afternoon at the Crouse-Hinds Concert Theater. As usual, those who arrived on time had to give up their front-o-the-bus seats to the late-coming VIP's. As I think back to that trip the strains of a familiar song come into my mind...

My mom gave me a nickel to buy a pickle,

I didn't buy a pickle, I bought some chewing gum.

Nya nya, nya nya, nya chewing gum, Oh I love chewing gum,

Nya nya, nya nya, nya chewing gum, How I love chewing gum.

Did you ever wonder who it is that makes up all those little lists of things to pack for tour? Did you ever notice that they list everything to bring, except a toothbrush?

And one final note: Stormy ate meatloaf  
(Sto mi e milo)

P.S. Where's Tunces (the driving cat)?

**Tuesday, August 7**  
**Ed and Vickie Austin**

Oh how lovely was the morning...as the folkdancers departed Syracuse for Rochester with promise of visiting significant church sites in the area.

Our first stop was the Peter Whitmer farm, the place where the church was formally organized on April 6, 1930 by Joseph Smith. He was joined by Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, Martin Harris, and over 50 others in the small Whitmer farmhouse. It was surrounded by lush, green fields and meadows.

Our next stop was the Hill Cumorah. It was amazing to think that Moroni had actually been there and that battles between the Nephites and Lamanites had occurred in the area. We had missed the pageant by a week or two but Mary was able to fill us in and tell us all about it as his family has participated in it many times.

Our next stop was lunch at the Joseph Smith, Sr. family house and the Sacred Grove. What a beautiful experience (inspite of a few mosquitos) for everyone. As we approached the trees, the sounds of stillness accentuated our senses and our feelings. Every sound and each shadow and ray of sunlight was more intense. It was very easy to concentrate on one's feelings in this setting. Imagine Joseph Smith's experience and all he felt and heard. Imagine all he was taught while in the presence of divine beings.

As we moved silently through the grove we caught glimpses of members of our group leaning against a tree, sitting among the leaves or on a tree stump...thinking, writing and pondering. We all felt very fortunate to have this experience.

Tonight we performed in Rochester, New York. Everyone performed very well...but the performance did not go without incident...or maybe accident would be a better word.

Tonight Ruth Gardner flung herself off the stage...or at least it may have seemed so to some. When the lights blacked out at the conclusion of "Fire on the Mountain", the dancers could not see the exit. As the lights came up for the next number, the audience first saw Greg Mayne, groping at the curtains to find his way off stage left. All of a sudden, Ed saw another head starting to poke up just off of the stage right on the floor in front of the audience. It was Ruth, looking quite bewildered and frightened. By gosh!...She had walked right off the front of the stage! Ed ran down and after the next number carried Ruth backstage. The most upsetting prognosis was that she had re-re-re-injured her previously broken foot! Thank heavens for the Public Safety inspectors who examined her foot by flashlight!

**Wednesday, August 8**  
**Jeff Madsen and Sheryl Swapp**

After having two and a half shows on Tuesday, the folkdancers felt that today's 8:00 departure was too early. Needless to say, a lot of sleeping was done on the bus.

The group arrived at Niagara Falls around 10:00, and they were given about an hour of free time. Some of the group enjoyed the falls from a distance, but others were not so easily satisfied. The "Maid-O-The-Mist" ferried some people up to the falls, and the "Cave-O-The-Winds" gave some (Jeanette, Sheryl, Marty, Danita, Lynn, Andrea, Michael, and Nancy) a very wet Niagara experience. Danita, in fact, got soaked from head to toe on the "Hurricane Deck".

Jeff and Mike S. who had spent the night with Mike's sister in Niagara Falls, joined the group at lunchtime.

To make the bus ride to Lock Haven more fun, Eric Shurtleff told us the callings each of us would have if we were a ward.

Ruth--sister missionary  
Sheryl--sister missionary  
Angie--Beehive class president  
Wendy--Primary President  
Kim--YW President  
Tamara--music coordinator  
Shanna--ward newsletter  
Candace--VT coordinator  
Kristen--RS President  
Cheri--Activities Chairman  
Colleen--Gospel Essentials  
Tracy--Mia Maid Advisor  
Denise--Home & Family Ed.  
Andrea--Homemaking Leader  
Bryn--nursery leader  
Brigitte--Spiritual Living  
Steph--YW Athletics Coordinator  
Heidi--Sunbeam teacher  
Nancy--hymnbook coordinator  
Jeanette--girls camp rep.  
Danita--ward librarian  
Vickie--Stake Primary President  
Ann--Stake YW President

Blain--1st Counsellor  
Danny--YW Volleyball Coach  
Sean--Teachers Quorum Advisor  
Mike S.--Gospel Doctrine  
Dwan--Deacon's President  
Greg--sacrament coordinator  
Tucker--2nd Counsellor  
Marty--Ward Mission Leader  
Denny--roadshow director  
Michael--Priest Quorum Advisor  
Bart--Scout Master  
Stan--Elder's Quorum Secretary  
Daryl--ward chorister  
Eric S.--SS President  
Eric Sh.--YM President  
Steve--Special Interest Rep.  
Jeff--Executive Secretary  
Dale--Single Adult Rep.  
Lynn--ward clerk  
Mark--Deacon's Quorum Advisor  
Wayne--Bishop  
Ed--High Council  
Roy--Stake President  
Richard--home teaching coord.  
Scott--Patriarch  
Stormy--Investigator

Since there was no performance tonight, the Kugler's had us over to their home for dinner and some R&R. After some trampoline, volleyball, monkey bridge-ing, basketball, acrobatic swimming and hot (actually cold) tubbing, the evening came to a satisfying close when Scott and Roy threw a fully-clothed Ed into the pool.

**Thursday, August 9**  
**Roy and Ann Brinkerhoff**

At 8:00 am most everyone met at the LDS church to catch the bus to the theater. They unloaded the equipment and costumes, started setting things up, started blocking Vickie into some numbers, and putting on Ukrainian costumes. At about 9:30 we hopped on the bus and headed toward the center of Lock Haven. Once there, Richard began setting up a sound system while the dancers spent ten minutes walking through town talking to people and inviting them to the little town square, as well as to the evening show. Denny, on the other hand, used this time to buy a suit for \$1.00 at the Salvation Army Thrift Store. At 10:00, the group dance the Hopak number out on the grass at the little town square. The setting was truly beautiful---the foliage-covered hills, the gazebo as a backdrop, and the green grass was all in beautiful contrast with the brightly covered costumes. The dancing was a little scary on the wet grass, but only Stan bit the dust. There was a small crowd, but everyone enjoyed the performance and it did create some interest in tonight's show.

We hustled back on the bus so that everyone could change their clothes at the theater before going to the Woolrich Store. We were almost back when we realized that Colleen wasn't with us. She hadn't been feeling well and we were afraid that she might be laying behind a bush or something so after everyone else got off the bus, we started back to get her, just as a postal worker pulled up and let her out of his truck.

The crew changed with almost unbelievable speed and we headed for Woolrich and, more importantly, the store. Within an hour and a half, the group left \$2,952.00 at the store--or about \$75.00 per person for those that were there.

Lunch was at 12:30 at the Methodist Church. A wonderfully sweet group of people served us hoagies and salads. They were rewarded with a song. We then headed back to the theater to get ready for a 3:00 pm condensed performance. There were only about 60 people--mostly children at the performance, but the group still gave an excellent show. After the show, some of the dancers started dancing with some children and Stephanie found a child look-alike that adopted her.

We ate a delicious dinner with roast beef and corn on the cobb at the LDS Church and then headed back for the evening show. The show, including the lighting, was beautiful and afterwards we headed back to host families.

#### Friday, August 10

Today we left Lock Haven and set out on our journey to Long Island. This was the day of the long-awaited Toe Pageant. Stunning talents were revealed and new respect was formed for those contestants involved. Phases of the pageant included a costume parade, a well-prepared talent (which included everything from a violin solo with the toes, to toe-jam recipe sharing), and of course, a personal interview. Contestants responded to the following questions.

STEPH: If you were to win this title toe-day, and were asked to speak to a group of teen toes, what advice and words of hope would you give to them concerning the fight against warts and corns?

JEANETTE: Which of the following dances best represents your personality and why? Kra-toe-viak, Toe-nikling, Dunamen-toe Tan Sock, Cardon's Toe Down, Bunyan-vachko Momachko Toe-lo, Toe-ation, Toe-alunga, Toe-ta, Toe-zanets, or Toe-pak?

MIKE: As an intoe-national toe-ken of good will, should the big toes on Capi-toe Hill eliminate the MX Mis-toe or all landbased torpe-toes? Defend your toe-sition.

WENDY: After spending five hours of preparation with the other contestants, which would you choose to be your partner under the mistle-toe? State three of their ingrown qualities that brought you to this conclusion.

STEVE: If you were the mayor of one of the following cities: Sacramen-toe, Toe-ronto, or Timbuck-toe, which would it be and which toe-mestic policies would you stand for?

DARYL: A) What is your opinion toe-ward the sock issue at BYU? and B) Are tennis shoes acceptable footwear on toe-r? Explain.

CANDACE: In the event of a nuclear holocaust and toe-tal destruction of the world's food supply, which food would you crave first and why? A) Toe-matoes, B) Pimen-toes, or C) Toe-fu.

COLLEEN: Please sing your own medley of the following songs: "Tip-toe Through the Tulips", "Toe-morrow" from Annie, "Somewhere Over the Rain-toe", and "Toe Mi E Milo".

Overall, it turned out to be a very high-class, entertaining event which helped to pass the drive, and before we knew it we had arrived at the Hofstra University Playhouse on Long Island.

We had arrived earlier than expected and when we got there, our truck (carrying the tech crew, all of our tech equipment, costumes, and props) had not yet arrived. That was at 3:00. At 5:00 there was still no truck. At 7:00, following a dinner at the Chinese Center of Long Island, there was still no truck and no word from anyone on the truck. The show was to start at 8:00 and people were already lined up and waiting outside for tickets.

Vickie told us to go ahead and pull our hair back and put our make up on in case the truck arrived. A committee got together to decide what we should all wear for the performance. The conversation went something like this: "Should we wear travel outfits? Or should we wear travel outfits? I think we'll have to wear travel outfits."

We received a message that the truck had broken down in the Bronx and that Scott and crew were waiting for it to be fixed. At this point, Stormy saved the day by offering to let us use a recording of our show music he'd taped while sitting in the audience on a previous night. We had a group prayer together, asking that Scott and Richard and Danita would be protected and inspired to make correct decisions, and that we would be blessed and able to do a performance that would please all those people that had worked to get us here.

At five minutes to 8:00, Richard arrived by taxi, carrying our showtape and some crucial props, and at that point we decided to go for a full show. An announcement was made to the audience about our situation, and who can forget the feeling as the curtain opened

at 8:15 with Krakowiak and Dunamenti. The energy was exhilarating, and what was lacking in costume and color was made up for in the looks on our faces. While Dunamenti was on stage, the truck arrived! A more hysterical moment has never been seen--our grown guys jumping up and down and cheering, and everyone vigorously and aimlessly heaving costume bags and boxes off the truck! It was a scene we would love to have had on film!

Usually we need a full hour to lay out costumes and set up for a show. Tonight we were in costume and back on stage to continue the Hungarian suite within ten minutes. Even the audience cheered when they announced that the truck had arrived!

Tonight was a lesson in unity. Heroic efforts had been made by Scott, Danita, and Richard, Vickie had provided strength and calmness in a moment of pressure, and for a few hours each member of the group forgot themselves and did all they could to help each other. A combined effort had turned an undesirable situation into a very memorable one, and our prayers had been answered. Probably in years to come, whenever we hear mention of Long Island, we'll remember the night we learned the true meaning of the saying, "The show must go on."

**Saturday, August 11**  
**Angie Pace and Dwan Wride**

Saturday, August 11--what a day! We had the opportunity to sleep in and regain some of our sanity from the past night's events. At 10:00 am we met at the bus. Everyone was bright and cheery.

Our busride was quite short--that added to our good attitudes. After stopping at McDonald's for lunch and some Grandma's Peanut Butter Cookies from under the bus, we went to the theater. The theater was every folkdancer's dream. There was tons of room, mirrors with lights and an intercom system! We had time to get our props and costumes ready and even had some time to rehearse and PLAY. Denny, Steph, Dale and Danita, to name a few, even seemed to find time to put on a groovy fashion show--fashions to die for!

We had dinner at the theater in a practice room, then had some notes before the show. Rosina was at the show and we persuaded her to do Hopak. We also had Danita do part of the Southern suite--- Danita, will you stay and folkdance next year?! The show was fabulous and with our two new dancers we were almost mistaken for a professional company.

(\*\*A rhyme was submitted to the Compliment Box in Danita's honor:  
There once was a young lady from Idaho  
Who was pretty dang good with a fiddle and bow  
Behind the spotlight she was antsy  
So decided to try out dancing  
And ended up stealing the show.)

There was the usual after-show-pack-up and some unusual frivolities. Eric Shurtleff and Eric Seymour had tons o' fun with the intercom. Then Mom and Dad Seymour gathered us together for host family send off time. We worked hard and played hard all day. We were ready for a good Sunday to rest. Then a week of SHOPPING.

**Sunday, August 12**  
**Danny Andrus**

As happens on tour, Sunday is a time to rest, get to know host families, and plan for the fireside. Today we were split up between five wards from Morristown and its thriving suburbs. Some wards had no air conditioning and some had no drinkable water, but all had some head-bobbing, heavy-eyed dancers to add a new spirit to their meetings.

The fireside, or "trial-side" as some called it, was, as usual, a unique spiritual feast both for the congregation and the team. The talks given by Kim, Greg, Heidi, and Daryl, focused on the trials that we all face and the relief we can draw from our testimonies. Each speaker brought out a new example and aspect of trials and tests and each one strengthened our hope and faith in the rewards and blessings we may gain through Christ's plan. The music was inspiring and beautiful as always but there were more wet eyes than before as we sang "Go Ye Now In Peace" and "God Be With You" in our last fireside as a team. It's a memory that we will cherish for years and one that will return each time we sing these songs.

**Monday, August 13**  
**Ruth Gardner**

Well, I'll tell you. This was an exciting day, not because of any really unusual places we visited, but because of the jokes and tricks we played!

We met at a beautiful house in Morristown and sang or wrote in our journals until the whole group arrived. At around eleven o'clock we drove to New Fairfield, CT. On the way, we played the Name Game, led by our newest game show host, Blain. (\*\*See list of names on the following page.) Mark and Ruth won, due to their superior knowledge, and were rewarded a king-size package of M&M's (wrapped in a brown bag). We ate lunch on the way, and arrived at the New Fairfield High School auditorium, which was on the edge of a hill. The auditorium was large, but very humid. We went to the Villa Rosa for dinner, after setting up our costumes in two large dressing rooms on stage right.

Following dinner, we returned to the theater to get ready for our 8:00 shot. Starting at 8 gave us plenty of time to play and plan tricks.



In the second dressing room, Eric, Marty, and Nancy had some great adventures changing behind the avocado sheet, with Ruth as the innocent bystander accused of spying on poor Marty. Ooh, was Marty angry!

The show began a little late, with Nancy running back and forth from the stage to the dressing room retrieving parts of her Krakowiak costume each time. Later on, Kristen found a frog in her Korean headpiece (compliments of Blain), and Eric Shurtleff found a lovely hairball in his water bottle. But Marty doesn't know anything about that!

Everyone was really nervous during the show that night because Ruth was taking notes (oh yes, and Ed was too), but the show went very well, especially with the addition of the thunder and lightning that could be seen and heard through open doors of the theater.

After the show, while we hurried to pack our costumes, the tricksters' play escalated to heights never before seen. It all began when Eric Shurtleff changed behind the avocado sheet. We can't really say what happened next, but baby powder was involved, and so were the previously mentioned, extremely innocent bystanders.

After this exhausting night of jokes and games, not to mention dancing, we went home to bed, leaving the avocado sheet behind us.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Names and Their Meanings

(Or, answers to the "Name Game", compiled by Blain and Dale)

- Ruth: Compassionate, beautiful.
- Kimberly: From the royal fortress meadow.
- Kristen: (\*)Tardy, yet vogue, buyer of clothing.
- Denise: Adherent to Greek God of wine (Dionysis)
- Shanna: (\*)Quiet yet revealing.
- Sheryl: Little womanly one, or from the bright meadow.
- Wendy: Wanderer. A dream-led daughter, roaming over glen and dell seeking violets in the snow.
- Colleen: Girl, maiden.
- Candace: Glittering, glowing white.
- Andrea: Womanly.
- Nancy: (\*)One who screams hauntingly.
- Stephanie: Crowned one.
- Cheri: Dear, beloved one. (French)
- Tracy: Bold or courageous. Battler.
- Angie: Angel or messenger.
- Tamara: Palm tree.
- Danita: (\*)Fresh southern belle...
- Bryn: (\*)Whispering tempest.
- Jeanette: "God is gracious."
- Vickie: Victory.
- Ann: Graceful one. A magic name for beauty walking.
- Heidi: (\*)Herder of goats.

---Danny: "God is my judge."  
---Denny: God of wine. (Handsome man, happy as the god of wine who drank the elixir of Bacchus.)  
---Eric S. & Eric Sh.: Ever-powerful, ever ruler.  
---Dale: (\*)Dweller in the valley.  
---Roy: King. (A medieval actor who portrayed a king in a historical pageant.)  
---Edwin: Prosperous friend.  
---Bart: Glorious raven. A hero who was a descendant of Viking kings.  
---Richard: Powerful ruler (German). Powerful, brave (English).  
---Greg: Watchman, watchful one. A man vested with authority and alertness.  
---Scott: Tattooed. From Scotland.  
---Stan: Dweller of the rocky meadow.  
---Daryl: "Little Dear" or beloved one.  
---Steve: Crowned one.  
---Blain: (\*)Thin, lean one.  
---Mike S. & Mike H.: Who is like God. A spiritual and orderly one who practiced absolute truth.  
---Dwan: (\*)Little dark one.  
---Sean: "God is gracious."  
---Wayne: Wagon-maker.  
---Jeff: Divinely peaceful.  
---Marty: Warlike one.  
---Lynn: From the pool or waterfall.  
---Tucker: A fuller of cloth.  
---Mark: (\*)Smiling jumper.

Those marked with a (\*) are obviously from the unpublished Empey/Madsen Dictionary of Names.

**Tuesday, August 14**  
**Greg Mayne and Steve Buckley**

After an enjoyable stay in New Fairfield, we loaded the bus and embarked on our journey to West Point in New York. After a short bus ride and after crossing the Hudson we arrived. We drove around campus as soon as we arrived and picked up our guide only to find out that we were to drive around the campus again as she explained what we had already seen. We went to the Protestant chapel and passed Michie Stadium. After the bus tour we had an hour and a half to buy sweatshirts, see the galleries, and understand the regimented life of the cadets which would be marching in that morning. We were all dressed the same and as we scoured the town for deals and sweatshirts, many heads turned to take note of our group which seemed to be everywhere.

After West Point, we arrived at Scarsdale High School and spent some time preparing for the show and resting. We had been informed that this was one of the more affluent areas in which we would be staying. Great was our surprise to find hot dogs and sauerkraut for dinner. We had ice cream sandwiches for dessert and we put our own chairs away. We returned to the school and made final preparations.

We had a good show for a rather average-sized audience and waited to be assigned a host family. What will it be--Hot dogs or Caviar?

Wednesday, August 15  
An account by Elvis Presley

It was 8:15 am on this sunny Wednesday, August 15th, and I was resting comfortably in my private room at the back of the bus. With my ear to the door I could hear a devotional being given by Mike Sandberg and Kristen Pinegar, two of the most loveable and brilliant people within the group. Mike read Moroni 10:32 and shared an experience he'd had while speaking with a woman at last night's performance. The prayer was offered, and after a loud "amen" the bus began to roll.

While peering out the small window of my private room, what I could see of Scarsdale, New York equalled large beautiful homes and tree-lined streets. Many of the estates we passed were colonial or Victorian with elegant landscaping, sitting back on rolling hills and speaking silently of well-established families and bank accounts.

The 60-mile drive to New Haven, Connecticut went by quickly and Stormy stopped the bus at a park which bordered the campus of Yale University--although I don't think many people in the group realized that. They got off the bus and split in every direction, blindly looking for Yale, and not realizing they were in fact at its gates. Disguised in an aqua and white striped polo shirt and sun-glasses, I followed closely behind the group without being noticed. We passed a large gothic chapel, weathered stone archways, and ivy-covered buildings. Was the group really this dumb? How could they not recognize that this was the prestigious campus they were looking for? Just as I was wondering how a group could be so uncultured, I heard one of the dancers say, "...but if we stop to look at the campus, we won't have any time to buy a sweatshirt that says we've been here." Then I realized it was not the campus they were looking for at all. It was the Bookstore they wanted to find. And find it they did.

Over an hour later, and over 50 t-shirt/sweatshirt purchases later, the group divided again and went in search of food. Disguised as a sidewalk flower salesman, I followed. Dale, Blain

The image shows the word "YALE" in a bold, black, serif font. The letters are slightly shadowed and appear to be set against a light background. The "Y" and "E" have a slight curve to their outer edges, giving the logo a three-dimensional or embossed appearance.

and Kristen went into the "Hello Deli" and got a table for four-- (three chairs for themselves and one for their bags of sweatshirts). Eric Shurtleff and Heidi dined at a popular yogurt and sandwich shop. And Dwan, well, he just stood on the corner, listening to his headphones and trying to decide which way to turn. I don't know if he ever ate.

After boarding the bus 20 minutes later than the scheduled meeting time (--a regular habit I noticed in this group), we headed for Southern Connecticut State University. I was back in my usual room trying to hear what little conversation I could. It was typical: someone was complaining about a stolen Compliment Box, Mike and Jeff were bragging about a museum they'd found, Colleen was doing her Snow White imitation, and I could hear Tamara wandering the aisle in search of an empty overhead compartment into which she could squeeze one more shopping bag. (Thank goodness she didn't try to store it in "my room". The "Danger" sign must have kept her from opening the door.)

Upon arrival at the theater, Ed called a special meeting, during which I hid in the shadows of the back row. Seeing that this was the last time the group would officially be together before the conclusion of the trip, the beautiful Kristen Pinegar made one final plea in behalf of the tour history. (What a concerned and dedicated tour participant she is. I was so moved at that time that I, Elvis, decided to relieve her of some of her grueling responsibility and write her day's entry myself.) Like all folkdance meetings, many important things were discussed and many stupid questions asked, and after sitting there for much too long the group ended up saturated with details concerning everything from the loading and unloading of the truck to safety tips for the subway in New York City.

After the meeting, I followed the group backstage where I witnessed the greatest explosion of costumes, luggage, flowered headpieces, hats, souvenirs, and wardrobe boxes that I have ever seen. Being the last performance night of the tour, the group was having to juggle, rearrange, and repack all of their belongings. Separating luggage items from costume bag items became a horrendous task as the dancers had to decide which items they wanted to have upon arrival in Salt Lake and which things they could wait to get after the truck's long drive home.

They continued with this job until they were called out onto the stage by Richard Thornton, who had been preparing the necessary equipment to record the group singing music from their fireside. What is it about "How Great Thou Art" that makes a person listening want to burst... All I know is that the power of the song and those voices reached Stormy and me as we sat in the auditorium, and I knew that even a great performer, like myself, couldn't duplicate that kind of feeling.

Following a dinner of pepperoni chicken and the dessert with the questionable name (served at the Hew Haven stake center), we

came back to the theater where I disguised myself as a member of the stage crew and sat in on the pre-show devotional, given by Mike and K.P., with last words from the wonderful Wrides. This night, in a way, marked the closing of the trip, and brought to mind the "last" of different things for each of us:

- ...the last tour
- ...last days of "conformity"
- ...last chance to wear a BYU blazer
- ...the last pictures taken
- ...last moments with men if you're going on a mission
- ...last time to have to lay out your costumes
- ...the last time to have to collect props
- ...last chance to pack secrets in your costume bag
- ...last chance to buy souvenirs
- ...your last chance to be silly
- ...last time to do laundry
- ...last busride
- ...your last host family
- ...last moments with this group
- ...the last theater
- ...the last performance.

The following words by Alexander Solzhenitsyn were a fitting reminder to the group to make the most of this "last inch" of the tour:

"Now listen to the rule of the last inch. The realm of the last inch. The job is almost finished, the goal almost attained, everything possible seems to have been achieved, every difficulty overcome... In that moment of weariness and self-satisfaction, the temptation is greatest to give up, not to strive for the peak of quality... (But) the rule of the last inch is simply this -- not to leave it undone."

Truly, the energy and quality of tonight's performance left nothing "undone". The stage was alive with the accumulated energies of a six-week thrill--and I felt it myself. Disguised in a pair of Ukrainian pants and black boots, I made one final bow with the group at the end of Hopak at which point a woman in the audience looked at me and shouted, "Hey, wasn't that...?" But no one heard her. After all, the applause was too loud, and the curtain was already beginning to close on what had proven to be an outstanding "last inch".

(\*\*Editor's note: In case you were not aware, someone in our group, who will remain unnamed, stayed with a host family whose mother swore that she saw Elvis Presley on the stand with us during one of our firesides. Thus the question of Elvis' presence became a humorous, recurring topic of conversation throughout the tour. The events recorded above for July 15 are all factual and true. As to who the author of this history was, well, that is left up to the reader to decide. Maybe the host mother was not seeing things after all...)



Thursday, August 16--The Big Apple  
Heidi Horoba & Denny Wright

New York

Almost to the end of our journey we stopped in fabulous New York City. The bus was loaded early and after a short ride deposited eager groups of us throughout the city. Here is a reprint of information gathered from some of these groups:

Heidi & Eric:

Went to the World Trade Center (and kissed at the top).  
Went to Chinatown and bought watches.  
5th Ave.--shopping, FAO Schwartz, the Plaza, Stuben Crystal  
Central Park  
Phantom of the Opera

Mark, Ruth, Candace, Bryn, Eric, Blain:

Took the ferry out to the Statue of Liberty.  
5th Ave.--FAO Schwartz, bought flowers (yeah!)  
Pizza Hut for dinner where Shanna joined us.  
Saw Grand Hotel  
Treated to cheesecake after the show by Ed.  
(P.S. Blain broke off to go with K.P. & Denny to have cheesecake at  
Lindy's, walk through Time Square, shop, talk, and see Phantom.)

Kim, Tracy, Marty:

Went to Phantom of the Opera.

Tamara:

Saw Grand Hotel.  
Snuck into Les Miserables and saw backstage with Dale.  
Had a piece of cheesecake with Cosette.

Denise & Tucker:

FAO Schwartz, walked around.  
Stood in line for tickets but didn't buy any!  
Slept in Marriott lounge.  
Dinner at Sbano Italian (?)  
Took bus to hotel in Parssippány at 7:30 and slept a lot!

Sean:

Went up Empire State Building.  
Saw Tiffany's display at the Met.  
Went to FAO Schwartz.  
Saw Phantom of the Opera.

Brigette, Daryl, Stan:

Went to the Stock Exchange, United Nations Building, China  
Town, Hard Rock Cafe, FAO Schwartz, Les Mis and Phantom.

Jeanette, Danita, Michael:

Went to the Statue of Liberty, Twin Towers and Wall Street,  
Seaport Village, walked through China Town and Soho, went to  
Michael's mom's art shop and studio and later went to dinner with

her and Michael's brothers at a Japanese restaurant and learned to eat with chopsticks!

Greg & Steve: (written by Steve)

Along with Sean, we had cheesecake at Lindy's went up to the top of the Empire State Building, and went to the Metropolitan Art Museum. Sean stayed there, and Dale joined us for dinner (paid for) with one of my host fathers who works in New York. We talked business. Afterwards Dale left and we took the subway to the tip of the island and then took the Staten Island Ferry. It was night by the time we took the return trip. The Statue of Liberty and the Manhattan skyline at night were incredible. Not having any other means of transportation, we took the subway back to Times Square (an interesting experience!) and then walked around that area until the plays were out and the bus arrived. (Before dinner, we were both almost hit by a bus. We were crossing in a crosswalk with a walk signal, the bus was turning and kept turning. Greg stopped me without realizing that the bus was closer to him than it was to me. I pushed Greg out of the way. A woman screamed. It was all very exciting.)

Andrea, Lynn, Sheryl:

Went to Statue of Liberty (but didn't go up because 2 to 3 hours was definitely too much time to spend in on place!) Stood in line at TKTS and got tickets for Jerome Robbins Broadway (excellent dance revue) and discovered New York's best lemonade. Got lost in the Met and finally discovered the Impressionists and an exhibit of incredible musical instruments. Afterwards we wandered through Central Park and were discovered by the poet of said park--a very friendly and funny fellow! FAO Schwartz and the Plaza Hotel were also fun to visit (but too rich for us!). Lastly we went to our shows--Sheryl to Phantom, and the Elliots to Broadway. (P.S. Sheryl loved Lindy's cheesecake!)

Jeff & Mike S:

Went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for 3 hours.  
FAO Schwartz, Tiffany's, Trump Tower.  
Stopped and said Hi! to David Letterman (Jeff's cousin).  
Jeff went to Museum of Modern Art and Statten Island Ferry (at night). Mike went to Phantom.

Danny, Nancy, Angie:

Went to seaport to shop at J.Crew but it was closed. Got thrown out of the back door of the Stock Exchange building. Walked and walked and walked to Chinatown, Little Italy and Greenwich Village. Didn't realize we were in Greenwich because we missed the main street. Discovered a little chocolate shop that was the best in the land! Had fudge from it. Rode almost every subway in NYC to get to the Met. While waiting for Marty, Willie the poet recited his poetry to us, showing his great artistic ability--only to ask us for money after, making a quick \$5. Then it was off to Grand Hotel and to treats after on Ed!

As we gathered again at the bus to head back to our "Grand Hotel", the music and memories of the evening filled our heads. A mild sadness came over the group as we hummed the refrains...

"One more dawn, One more day, One day more!" (Les Mis)

And as we reflect on tour and the friendships we've made, let us remember these beautiful lines...

"Think of me, think of me fondly, when we've said goodbye.  
Remember me once in a while--please promise me you'll try.  
We never said our group was evergreen  
Or as unchanging as the sea  
But when you remember tour, please  
Spare a thought for me...

.(from Phantom of the Opera)

**Friday, August 17**

**Tucker & Denise Johnson---The Last Day**

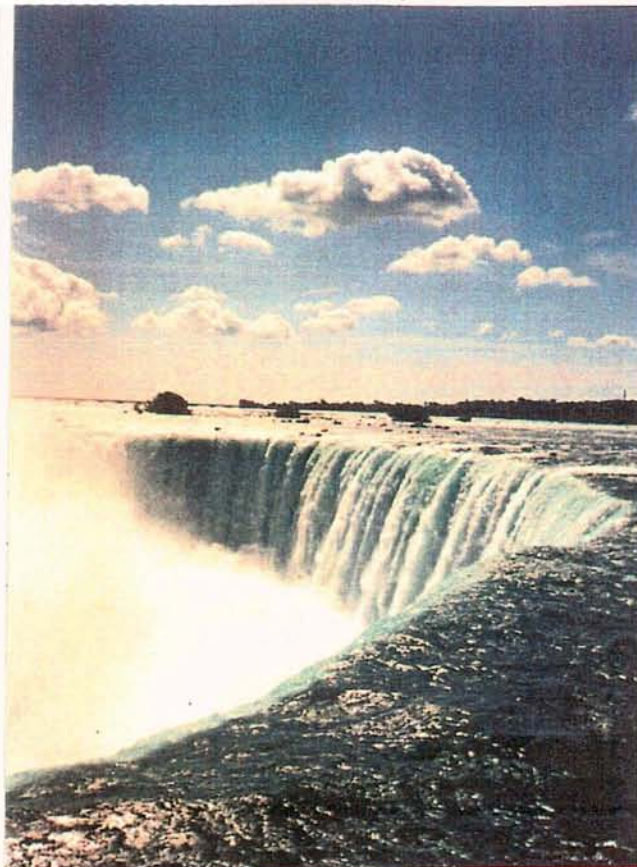
We arose and left the Red Roof Inn of Newark, New Jersey by 9 o'clock. We flew out of Newark airport, saying our goodbye's to good ole Stormy, and headed for home, Provo that is. We had a brief stopover in St. Louis where nothing much out of the ordinary happened--no one met any calamity in the bathroom and no planes had been hijacked.

The approach into Salt Lake City was extremely turbulent. It was as if we were on a roller coaster. Some people claim that Stormy was flying the plane.

Home--after six weeks, five provinces, seven states, fifty performances--home once again...and with a suitcase full of unforgettable memories.



Final performance, August 15, 1990.



Niagara Falls USA

FAO SCHWARZ  
FIFTH AVENUE



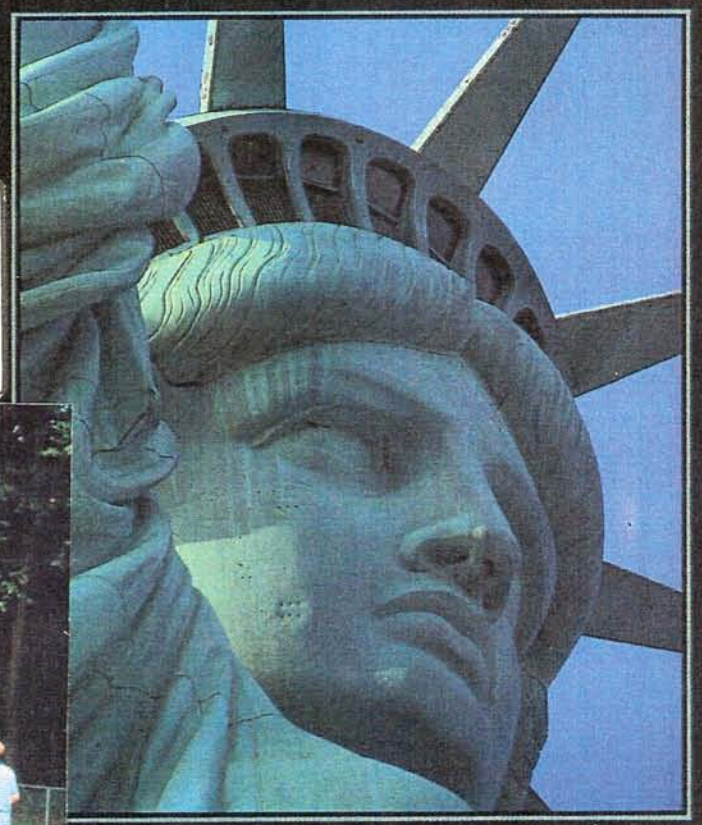
Performing in tour outfits--Long Island.



THE  
Woolrich  
STORE



Playing volleyball at the Kuglers in Pennsylvania.



LIBERTY  
STATE PARK



The Folk Dance Ensemble poses in front of the Parliament Building in Ottawa, Ontario.

## FOLK DANCERS WERE FESTIVE IN EASTERN CANADA/UNITED STATES

Brightly colored flags flying in unison waved an international welcome to BYU's American Folk Dance Ensemble upon arrival in Drummondville, Quebec, July 4. This small town marked the beginning of a six-week tour to eastern Canada and the north-eastern United States.

The tour began with 10 days and nights of continuous song and dance at the World Folk Drummondville Festival. Because performing groups from 24 different countries participated, it was not uncommon for the folk dancers to take the stage at midnight—but the lively audiences just clapped louder as the hour grew later. Daily performances at designated sites around the city provided the groups with opportunities to share their unique folk traditions and mingle with the local people as well.

The Folk Dance Ensemble, with the other

groups from around the world, participated in the festival's opening ceremonies, which were broadcast tape-delay the first night and live the next night. The two broadcasts were aired on CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation) French-speaking channels nationwide, allowing an additional potential audience of 2.5 million to enjoy the festivities.

*BYU Folk Dancers have long been a favorite at international folk festivals.*

The 700 performers were housed in one school. Between performances, festival participants spent their free time discovering all they could about one another. (Picture a dozen grinning Spaniards trying on American cowboy hats and chaps, or a lively group of Israelis clapping to the tune of "O Susanna"!)

For nearly three decades the BYU Folk Dance Ensemble, accompanied by a live bluegrass band, has been a favorite at major international folk festivals. Feelings were no different

in Drummondville, as evidenced when the dancers were invited to perform four times at the "Folktheque," a large tent set up at the festival for more personal interaction with performers.

"The dancers and the bluegrass band were so popular with this crowd that they were invited back as the sole entertainment for closing night," said Roy Brinkerhoff, tour manager.

The festival culminated in a closing ceremony at the Drummondville Marcel Dionne Center, the audience cheering as they witnessed the exciting variety of music and footwork performed by each group. As exhilarating as this was, the folk dancers agreed the thrill of performing was secondary to the friendships made.

After leaving Drummondville the folk dancers took their popular show to cities on Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec. In Fredericton, New Brunswick, \$2,100 was raised for "Child Find," an organization that locates missing children.

The 40-member troupe concluded the tour with successful performances in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut.

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*Encore*

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Encore is published twice yearly by the BYU Office of Performance Scheduling. Groups represented include:

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