

BYU American Folk Ensemble

FRANCE SPAIN PORTUGAL

1991 Tour History



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November 4, 2009

From the Editors:

Folk ensemble tour histories are usually written when they are assigned to individuals or couples while they are traveling. Daily histories consist of a wild variety of styles, reflecting the individuality and creativity of multiple authors. We all love that diversity and enjoy seeing tour through each others eyes.

Regrettably, we lost that variety with our 1991 tour to southwest Europe through circumstances beyond our control. Fortunately, 18 years later, several individuals combed through their journals from that time and typed them out. We have collected them to (finally) produce a memory of a fantastic time in our lives, presented here for you to enjoy.

Although it's not the same kind of history found in the library of BYU Folk Ensemble's many years of travel, this log is unique, valuable, and even has a strength others lack. Each entry is found in its original form (rarely edited) as it was written in a personal journal, and not slanted to a large audience. We had four major contributors: Delynne Peay, Mike Ingols, and our own. Andy Madsen also contributed many entries, and Rex Barrington wrote a few as well! Additionally, we included one real tour history which Delynne discovered in her files; this one by Becki Brimhall is the only original we know of.

We decided that we would include each entry instead of passing judgment on which was 'best'. We didn't leave anything out; if anyone contributed, their entry is included. Although that adds up to a long document, we felt we should leave to you the choice of whose style you enjoy most, or allow you to take pleasure in comparing and contrasting each author's viewpoint. Every day has an interesting perspective. Some of us have a wildly different interpretation of an event; at the same time, it's amazing how often we use the same language or phrase to describe life as we lived it then. Remember, each entry is imperfect, and more significantly, *personal*, and we thank those who had the courage to share that with us.

Regardless, all the descriptions brought us back to those days and we felt as though we had just returned last month, not 18 years ago. We hope you recapture the joy, frustration, elation, fatigue, love, and all the range of emotion and experience of touring that we did as we created this final missing history. It was a pleasure to bring it to you!

Finally, to all those who helped and encouraged—we thank you, thank you so much. Merci! Gracias! Obrigado!

Sincerely,

Tamara Marshall Chamberlain
Blain Empey

IGREJA DE
JESUS CRISTO
DOS SANTOS
DOS ÚLTIMOS
DIAS

AUG 26 1991

W. LYNN PINEGAR
REPRESENTANTE REGIONAL
Az. de Cidade - Torres do Lumiar
Torre A, 7.º D
1700 LISBOA - PORTUGAL
Telef. 759 85 45
Telefax 77 3516

August 16, 1991

President Rex Lee
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah 84602

Dear President Lee:

I feel I know you personally, even though I don't believe we have ever met, because of your high profile position and because my younger brothers Rex and Max have spoken of you many times.

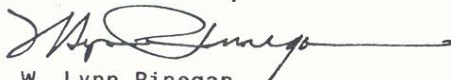
I felt impressed, since attending the performance of the BYU American Folk Dance Ensemble here in Lisbon, that I should write to you and express my sincere thanks for the BYU allowing this group to come to Europe and to Portugal in particular. Their itinerary led them to perform, along with other international groups in numerous cities and towns in northern Portugal, where my wife and I attended two of these performances. These were for Portuguese audiences. It was interesting for us to see the entire mood of the audience change when the BYU group came onto the stage. With their youth, vitality and the quality of their performance they soon had the audiences participating and involved. The Portuguese people were absolutely captivated by the group and it gave the members of the Church and the missionaries a great opportunity to do missionary work, because the local people were asking, "Who are these fantastic youth?"

After the various folk dance festival performances in the general area around Oporto, the group came to Lisbon, as pre-arranged, to perform for members and friends here. Both performances were to a full house and the members were thrilled with what they saw, and wanted to know when the group would be back so they could bring their other friends and family members. The audiences literally didn't want the performances to end.

In talking with several of the Stake Presidents and other leaders after the two performances in Lisbon, I learned they felt this to be a great motivational experience for the youth and to them, as leaders of youth. I think it would be extremely difficult to place a value on the good this group has accomplished while on their tour. They have proven that one can have good clean activities and fun and still be spiritual.

On behalf of the Saints and their leaders here in Portugal, we extend our thanks to you and the BYU for permitting this group to come. We respectfully request that the BYU continues to sponsor groups such as this. We would be very pleased to have some group visit Portugal every year or at the least, every other year. We also express thanks to Sister Jacobsen, Sister Peay, Brother Horman, and Brother Barrington in arranging the tour.

Sincerely,



W. Lynn Pinegar
Regional Representative

cc: Europe Mediterranean Area Presidency

BRIGHAM YOUNG
UNIVERSITY

REX E. LEE
PRESIDENT

THE GLORY OF GOD
IS INTELLIGENCE

August 27, 1991

Elder W. Lynn Pinegar
The Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints
Az. DaCidade - Torres do Lumiar
Torre A - 7 D
P - 1700 Lisbon
PORTUGAL

Dear Elder Pinegar:

Thank you so much for your thoughtful letter of August 16. I had a very similar letter from my cousin Phil Brown, whom I am sure you know. We are pleased to learn that our folk dance group had such a good reception and good effect in your part of the world. I am taking the liberty of sending a copy of your letter, as I sent President Brown's earlier one, on to several people here at BYU.

Your twin brothers are very good friends and are also among my favorite human beings. I have known them for a long time, and they both come about as close to perfection as anyone I know.

Best wishes to you in your important work.

Sincerely,



Rex E. Lee

REL:jn

cc: Ronald Hyde
George Bowie
Phyllis Jacobsen
Rex Barrington
Lori Lee Peay
J. Scott Horman

List of Tour Members
France, Spain, Portugal Tour 1991

Band Members:

Jonathan Wood on Mandolin
Jason Deere on Guitar
Nathan Keller on Banjo
Nathan Washburn on Bass
Amy Jacobs on Fiddle
Chuck on Guitar and the Rope

Dancers:

Andy Madsen	J'aime Jones
Greg Maine	Becky Leigh
Mark Jensen	Nancy Whetten
Mike Sandberg	Christie King
Daryl Smith	Marcie Belton
Stan Smith	Becky Brimhall
Denny Wright	Tamara Marshall
Blain Empey	Jennifer Ollerton
Chris Schuyler	Candace Wyatt
Marty Matheson	Heidi Utter
Mike Ingols	Kristen Pinegar
Danny Andrus	Angie Pace

Leadership:

Scott and Karen Horman
Delyne and Garth Peay
Rex and Dixie Barrington
Dr. Phyllis C. Jacobson with her sister Maxine Lazar

7/5/91

AMERICAN FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE
SPAIN, FRANCE, AND PORTUGAL, 1991
Itinerary

Sunday, July 7 Provo - Milan, Italy

5:15 a.m. Board bus at Richards P.E. Building
5:30 a.m. Depart for Salt Lake City airport
8:05 a.m. Travel Salt Lake City - Denver, TWA #870
9:53 a.m. Arrive in Denver
10:24 a.m. Travel Denver - New York (JFK), TWA #870
4:41 p.m. Arrive in New York
7:15 p.m. Travel New York - Milan, Italy, TWA #842

Monday, July 8 Milan - Marseille, France

9:05 a.m. Arrive in Milan; group will be met by representatives from the Marseille Festival; travel by "Cote D'Azur" bus to Marseille, France (327 mi; 6 hrs); meet host families for the stay in Marseille

MARSEILLE FRANCE FOLK FESTIVAL: "Festival International de Folklore de
Chateau-Gombert" (27th Year)

Contacts: Daniel Audry, Director
Pierrette & Emile Pelletier, organizers
Jacques Faudin, Nice Stake President

Groups involved: Argentina, Spain, Greece, Romania, Senegal, Ukraine, USA

Tuesday, July 9 Marseille (Chateau-Gombert), France

11:00 a.m. Rehearsal on festival stage (USA only)
12:30 p.m. Lunch at festival restaurant
6:30 p.m. Meet at Centre Culturel Provençal in costume (with instruments and flag)
7:30 p.m. Opening Ceremonies
8:00 p.m. **"Souper Regional" spontaneous performances of all groups**
10:00 p.m. Home with host families

Wednesday, July 10 Marseille (Chateau-Gombert), France

- 11:00 a.m. Meeting for leaders and guides
- 12:30 p.m. Lunch at festival restaurant
- 2:00 p.m. Rehearsal for festival finale, all groups [2 men and 3 women from USA group should be identified for special participation in this]
- 7:30 p.m. Dinner in costume at festival restaurant
- 9:00 p.m. **Parade through streets of Chateau-Gombert**
- 9:30 p.m. **Festival performances (each group performs for 9 minutes and later for 7 minutes; order of performance = Spain, Romania, Greece, Senegal, Argentina, Ukraine, USA, Provencal) [seats 1,300]**
- 12:00 a.m. Home with host families

Thursday, July 11 Chateaneuf Les Martigues, France

- 11:15 a.m. In costume, with instruments and flag, groups leave for restaurants for lunch and **performances (20 minutes)**
- 2:00 p.m. Free time
- 4:30 p.m. Leave for Chateaneuf Les Martigues
- 5:30 p.m. Arrive at the Parc des Amandereits; show preparation
- 7:00 p.m. Dinner
- 9:30 p.m. **Festival performances (1st half: Senegal, Ukraine, and USA–20 minutes; 2nd half: USA, Senegal, Ukraine–20 minutes)**
- 12:00 a.m. Home with host families in Marseille

Friday, July 12 Marseille (Chateau-Gombert), France

- 12:30 p.m. Lunch at festival restaurant
- 1:30 p.m. Rehearsal at festival stage (USA only)
- 5:45 p.m. Reception at Marseille Hotel de ville and exchange of gifts (each group in costume with instruments and flag)
- 7:30 p.m. Dinner at festival restaurant (in costume)
- 9:00 p.m. **Parade through streets of Chateau-Gombert**
- 9:30 p.m. **Festival performances (each group performs for 9 minutes and later for 7 minutes) [seats 1,300]**
- 12:00 a.m. Home with host families

Saturday, July 13 Marseille (Chateau-Gombert), France

- 11:30 a.m. Meet at Centre Culturel Provencal (civilian clothes) for meal with the Gombertoise families; afternoon with them
- 6:30 p.m. Return to Centre Culturel Provencal
- 7:30 p.m. Dinner at festival restaurant (in costume)
- 9:00 p.m. **Parade through streets of Chateau-Gombert**
- 9:30 p.m. **Festival performances (each group performs for 9 minutes and later for 7 minutes) [seats 1,300]**
- 12:00 a.m. Home with host families

Sunday, July 14 FRENCH NATIONAL HOLIDAY: Marseille, France

a.m. Attend Church meetings with Marseille Ward
4:00 p.m. Depart for Marseille city center: Festival activities

Monday, July 15 Saint Esprit, France

12:30 p.m. Lunch at festival restaurant
1:30 p.m. Free time
3:30 p.m. Depart for Saint Esprit
5:00 p.m. Reception at the Pepin Center
9:00 p.m. Festival performance (each 20 min. - 60 min. in length)
12:45 p.m. Return to Marseille host families

Tuesday, July 16 Trest, France

12:30 p.m. Lunch at festival restaurant
1:30 p.m. Free time
4:00 p.m. Leave for Trest
5:00 p.m. Reception at Victor Hugo school; refreshments
6:15 p.m. Meet at St. Jeans Gate for parade through town
7:30 p.m. Dinner at Place de la Liberation
9:30 p.m. Performances at Victor Hugo school, Marcell Burles stage (with the Ukraine) (each 20 min. - 60 min. in length)
12:00 a.m. Return to Marseille host families

Wednesday, July 17 Marseille (Chateau-Gombert), France

12:30 p.m. Lunch at festival restaurant
1:30 p.m. Prepare for special dinner show (USA only)
9:00 p.m. Special dinner and performance for VIP audience (focus: American folk dance and cuisine) [seats 200]
1:45 a.m. Home with host families

Thursday, July 18 Septemes, France

12:30 p.m. Lunch at festival restaurant
1:30 p.m. Free time
5:00 p.m. Depart for Septemes
6:00 p.m. Reception at the Grand Pavois
7:00 p.m. Dinner
9:00 p.m. Performance (with Senegal) (each 20 min. - 60 min. in length)
12:00 a.m. Return to Marseille host families

Friday, July 19 Marseille (Chateau-Gombert), France

9:00 a.m. Leader's meeting at Centre Cultural Provençal
10:30 a.m. Rehearsal for festival finale (all groups)
11:45 a.m. Depart to Jean Moulin d'Aubagne park
12:30 p.m. Lunch at park; time with other festival groups
5:00 p.m. Return to Chateau-Gombert
7:00 p.m. Meet at festival stage in costume, with instruments
8:30 p.m. "Bal des Nations" final performances for festival
[souvenir sales permitted during this event]
12:45 a.m. Home with host families

Saturday, July 20 Nice, France
8:00 a.m. Travel by bus to Nice, France (135 mi; provided by Festival)

NICE FRANCE FESTIVAL (56th Year)
"La Farandole Folklore Mondial"

Contacts: Francis Barralis, Secretary General
Gilbert Melkonian
Jacque Faudin, Nice France Stake President

Groups Involved: Spain, Mexico, Poland, Argentina, Israel, Yugoslavia, USSR,
Indonesia, Guadalupe, Italy, Mali, USA

10:30 p.m. Arrive; check-in at dormitory accommodations
3:00 p.m. **Festival performance, City Center (30 minutes) [seats 3,000]**

Sunday, July 21 Nice, France
a.m. Attend Church meetings with Nice Ward
2:00 p.m. Official reception [2 couples in costume required]
4:30 p.m. **Festival Opening Ceremonies**

Monday, July 22 Nice, France
9:00 p.m. **Festival performance, Plaza Messena (10 / 12 min.)**

Tuesday, July 23 Cannes, France
p.m. Travel to Cannes (40 km)
4:00 p.m. **Festival performances (45 min. / 60 min. each group)**
p.m. Return to Nice

Wednesday, July 24 Beaulieu, France
p.m. Travel to Beaulieu (15 km)
8:00 p.m. **Festival performances (15 min. each group, twice)**
p.m. Return to Nice

Thursday, July 25 Biot and Opio, France
p.m. Travel to Biot (30 km)
5:00 p.m. **Festival performance (45 min. / 60 min. each group)**
p.m. Travel to Opio (30 km)
8:30 p.m. **Festival performance-USA only (90 min.)**
p.m. Return to Nice

Friday, July 26 Nice, France
9:00 p.m. **Festival performance (10 min. / 12 min.)**

Saturday, July 27 Nice, France

7:55 a.m. Dixie Barrington leaves the tour, Air France #2426

7:00 p.m. **Special USA night; Festival performance (12 min. + teach a USA dance)**

Sunday, July 28 Nice, France

a.m. Attend Church meetings

2:30 p.m. Festival Reception and closing ceremonies

Monday, July 29 Toulouse, France

8:00 a.m. Travel to Toulouse, France by bus (600 km; 8 hrs)

2:05 p.m. Garth Peay joins the tour (arrives by air)

6:00 p.m. Arrival in Toulouse

9:00 p.m. **Performance in city center for City of Toulouse/Toulouse Branch**

p.m. Home with host families

Contacts: Madeleine Mantovani, Toulouse Branch
Richard Moulis, Toulouse Branch President
Neil Andersen, France Bordeaux Mission President
Theophile Plante, Bordeaux France District President

Tuesday, July 30 Santander, Spain

a.m. Depart for Santander, Spain by bus

p.m. Arrive; check-in at Colegio Jardin de Africa (hotel)

Address: Albergue "Monte Corona"
Barrio Aviche s/n
39.012 MONTE (Santander)
Tel: (34) (42) 347-880

Wednesday, July 31 Santander, Spain

a.m. Sight seeing

p.m. Prepare for performance

8:30 p.m. **Perform in University of Cantabria auditorium - Polideportivo**

Sponsor: University of Cantabria
Contacts: Gregorio Barriuso, Univ. of Cantabria
Carmen Gonzalez, USIS, Madrid

Thursday, August 1 Valladolid, Spain

a.m. Depart for Valladolid, Spain by bus

p.m. Arrive; check-in at university dormitories

10:00 p.m. **Perform in University of Valladolid, "Palacio de Santa Cruz"**

Sponsor: University of Valladolid
Contacts: Dr. Carmen Rodriguez, Vicerreactora de Alumnos
Carmen Gonzalez, USIS, Madrid

Friday, August 2 Porto, Portugal (Gulpilhares)
a.m. Depart for Porto by bus (265 miles)

PORTO PORTUGAL FESTIVAL (27th Year)
"Festival Folclorico Internacional de Gulphilhares"

Contacts: Manuel Duarte Vale, Festival President
Joaquim Carvalho, Artistic Director
Jose Silva
Philip Brown, Port Mission President

Groups Involved: Spain, Italy, Romania, Czechoslovakia, USSR, Yugoslavia, USA

2:00 p.m. Arrive; accommodations in seminary
p.m. **Festival Opening Ceremonies**

Saturday, August 3 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
p.m. Possible festival performance

Sunday, August 4 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
a.m. Attend Church meetings

Monday, August 5 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
p.m. Possible festival performance

Tuesday, August 6 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
p.m. Possible festival performance

Wednesday, August 7 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
p.m. Possible festival performance

Thursday, August 8 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
p.m. Possible festival performance

Friday, August 9 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
p.m. Possible festival performance

Saturday, August 10 Gulpilhares/Villa Nova de Gaia, Portugal
p.m. Possible festival performance

Sunday, August 11 Gulpilhares, Portugal
a.m. Attend Church meetings
p.m. Closing ceremonies for festival

Monday, August 12 Lisbon, Portugal
a.m. Depart for Lisbon by bus (226 mi; bus provided by Porto Festival)

p.m. Arrive and check-in at Residencia America (hotel)

Contacts: Jose SaBarros, National Public Communications Director
W. Lynn Pinegar, Regional Representative

Tuesday, August 13 Lisbon, Portugal

a.m. Sight seeing in Lisbon

p.m. Perform or present a fireside program in Lisbon for church members (or the Associacao de Lisbon)

Wednesday, August 14 Lisbon - Provo, UT

10:30 a.m. Travel Lisbon to New York (JFK), on TWA #901

12:45 p.m. Arrive in New York

4:59 p.m. Becky Brimhall leaves the tour on TWA #903 to Boston

5:59 p.m. Travel NYC - Denver, TWA #743

p.m. Arrive in Denver

p.m. Travel Denver - Salt Lake City, TWA #743

10:35 p.m. Arrive in Salt Lake

Travel to Provo

Pre-Tour Events

Sunday, June 30th 1991
Blain Empey

We held our tour fireside; started it by singing our fireside songs which seemed appropriate. We had business as usual, then a few testimonies. Dr. Jacobson spoke well. I was very impressed by what she said. She told us that she always knew there was a reason for her to go on tour, and although she rarely knew at the beginning what that reason was, she always did at the end.

I have never thought about that. I never thought about going with a reason, or that the Lord may have a purpose for me individually. But when she said it, I felt that there might just be one for me, and I am going to look for it.

Friday, July 5th 1991
Blain Empey

Exhausting (mentally and physically) is the word that best describes this week. We practiced 8:00 AM to 10:00 PM three days in a row. Then we did two dress rehearsals on the 4th. Today we loaded costume bags after packing them until 5:00 this morning. I need to go on tour just for the rest!

Everyone is so fun and I love the group. I feel more confident about this show than almost any other American show. We have more costumes now than we've ever brought before, too. I'm feeling a sort of pressure to have the *best* time of all and have the *most* wonderful experience this last time I tour. I think, though, that I am not going to worry about missing something or buy everything in sight. I want to just relax and enjoy the ride. I need to remember to give every day. I don't want to be a taker. On Sunday when we are on the plane, I will write goals.

I am sitting in 231 RB where our culture class just finished, where I'm waiting to practice for the last time at BYU, and where I just took my last test (the culture class final). I love that these are my 'lasts'. My last act as a BYU student is as a representative to the university in a performing group in Europe. Despite the anxiety for the future, this culmination of an educational career is one of the best times of my life.

Sunday, July 7th 1991
Blain Empey

Once again, we are on an airplane over the Atlantic. I was worried earlier in the week because I felt no excitement; however, I think the pressure of getting ready was the cause, as now I feel tremendous anticipation.

Specifics of the day: I went to bed at 1:00 AM and got up at 4:20 since we had to be to the RB by 5:00. Mark Jensen cleaned and moved all night; I didn't think he'd make it.

We ended up picking up Nathan Keller on the way. Airport scenes were as usual. I sat by a Dutch couple named Pete and Jean. We made an extra stop in Detroit to refuel because New York was having thunderstorms. And now I am 30,000 feet above the Atlantic. We'll be in Italy in the morning. I want to sleep—I don't want jet lag through the fun! I don't want to sleep—I don't want to miss anything...

Last night I began counting the time I've spent traveling with folk dancers. When I left Denmark, I had the choice to stay an extra six months or leave after 18 months. I felt promptings to go home immediately and never knew why; I still don't. But I always regretted losing that time and even felt cheated sometimes. When I realized the amount of time I had been on tour—six months—I saw what God had given me. He gave me the opportunity to serve as a missionary in another glorious manner. I can't imagine any better way!

When Spring PAC had their fireside this last May, I had the opportunity to speak to them and told them that being on tour was like being on a mission. When you are on your mission, all worldly cares are taken away, and you spend 24 hours a day thinking about someone else, serving someone else. To me, this was one of the greatest blessings of my life. I remember realizing several times on my mission that I had not thought or done anything for *me* in weeks. I told Spring PAC that tour was like this blessing. We have others taking care of travel, food, and in fact, everything is provided for us. We don't need to think of anything except others. Serving is done in a different way than on a mission. We serve on tour by performing, with plenty of time between for everyone else besides self. These six months worth of serving on tour were given to me because Heavenly Father knew I would have done it in Denmark. I wonder: have I done it enough on tour?

Here are my tour goals:

1. Never complain, not even in jest.
2. Give: kind words, anonymous deeds, etc.
3. Don't wait for it; make it happen.
4. Don't lose anything. Don't stain anything.
5. Spend under 300 dollars.
6. Make at least one good friend.
7. Dance my best, no matter what.
8. Read scriptures, pray as regularly as before.
9. Keep the most excellent tour journal ever.

Monday, July 8th 1991

Delynne Peay

Arrived at airport. No one there to meet us. Rex was getting frustrated. We sat outside the airport with all the equipment. Heidi and Angie's ears hurt really bad. We played games, slept on costume bags, band played and we sang. Bus finally came 2 ½ hours late. We met our guide, Jean-Luc. We call him the 'dry Mormon'. Talked to him about the church—what is different about Mormon religion. He says his wife is Catholic, but he is not. First little missionary opportunity.

During the trip to Marseille I tried very hard to stay awake, so I'd be on schedule with Europe time. Worked on learning Mickey Mouse rap song, played the # game, sang songs. We had a really neat devotional. Stopped and ate at one of those typical freeway cafeterias that go right over the street. I had lasagna and fries—not too bad.

It is so hot and humid thought. We all look so lovely in our rayon blouses. They look like we've slept in them for at least a week. I think we goofed! Oh well, K.P. and I decided that these were going to be our 'multi-purpose' tour outfit...our blouse, nightshirt, beach cover up, and take-the-skirt-off-and-belt-it for a disco dress.

It took until 10:00 to get to Chateau Gombert. Stopped in Nice for about 30 minutes; met Jean Bert from that festival. Walked around a park.

Got to Chateau Gombert and met our host families. Kept switching people around and finally I ended up with Denny and Nate Keller for roomies. Our host family consists of Mr. Jean Paul Bouvard, his daughter Gayle (20 years), and Alexander (18 years). Should be fun!

Mike Ingols

Right now I'm at Rosemarie's house (our host family) in Marseille, France. I am here with the folk dancers on tour to France, Spain, and Portugal. We had a hard week of rehearsal last week in preparation for our tour. We probably danced closed to 40+ hours before it was all over. It was strenuous, but satisfying. It was satisfying because we accomplished a whole lot in such a short time. I was sore and bruised. On the 4th of July we had our own dress rehearsal and then we had our open dress rehearsal that went fine. That afternoon we went home and packed a little some of use went to Marcie's for a BBQ. It was a small group who was there, but we still had lots of fun. We didn't get to see the fireworks, but it was still fun. I was up until 5 am packing and cleaning. I was dead tired on Friday, but I survived it all. Saturday I finished cleaning and shopping in preparing for Sunday morning.

Sunday came much too early. We were up at 4:30 to be on the bus by 5:30. We then traveled for almost 36 hours to arrive in France. We left Salt Lake City to Denver, picked up passengers and when on to Detroit to refuel because of weather problems in New York. Our layover was a lot shorter. We then got aboard a 747 to take to Milan, Italy.

Luckily it wasn't a crowded trip and due to water dripping from the air conditioning, I got a whole row to myself for sleeping (the seats were dry by then).

When we arrived in Milan it was very hot and very humid. We hardly enjoyed it at all. After we went through customs we gathered all of our equipment to find out the bus had not arrived. We waited outside in the shade and slight breeze for quite a while. Almost two hours after the appointed time, we boarded the bus. Our guide is named Jean Luc. Once on the road for a while we stopped at a rest area that had a restaurant/snack bar/convenience store that goes over the freeway. It was really warm, but we adapted. The lunch was "serve yourself" cafeteria-style food. I had a salad with ham (I think) potatoes and salad greens; lasagna, water (carbonated), and a roll. All in all it wasn't bad just because it was more of an adventure and not like a "Chuck-a-rama" in Italy. Now I can say I've had Italian food in Italy.

We then got back onto the bus, which was hot, and the air conditioning wasn't the most effective, but we survived. We stopped one more time to get gas and Heidi found out how friendly the natives can be. Hopefully she will learn before she has to learn the hard way about being friendly to the natives. Our last stop before Marseille was Nice. Nice is a beautiful city. We got to go down to the beach and take a few pictures. I can hardly wait until we go back there for a festival. We arrived in Marseille around 9:00 pm, but we were on the outskirts of town the entire time. The little village where the festival is at is full of small narrow streets with small shops. It will be fun to explore later. We had our orientation meeting with the hosts, had a small drink that was either watered down juice drinks or iced teas. We then went home with our host families. *(My thoughts looking back: Our trip to Marseille was a foreshadowing of the rest of our tour, which was nicknamed the hurry up and wait tour, because we often had to hurry and get somewhere to find out we had to wait and wait and wait and wait)*

Marty Matheson and I are staying with Rosemarie Hickmann. Once we arrived at her place, there was a small party going on. Rosemarie invited some friends from the discotheque where she works. We had salad, meat pâté, pork chops, chicken, and soda. All tasted so good. WE both enjoyed our meal and the company. Lucky for us, I speak German and so does Rosemarie. So we speak to each other and she tries to speak English for Marty, so I basically translate. Because I spoke German, it was easy to explain that we do not drink alcohol or smoke. The bed Marty and I are sharing is a good size queen and my favorite part is the down comforter. That one of the few things I miss from my mission in Germany.

Blain Empey

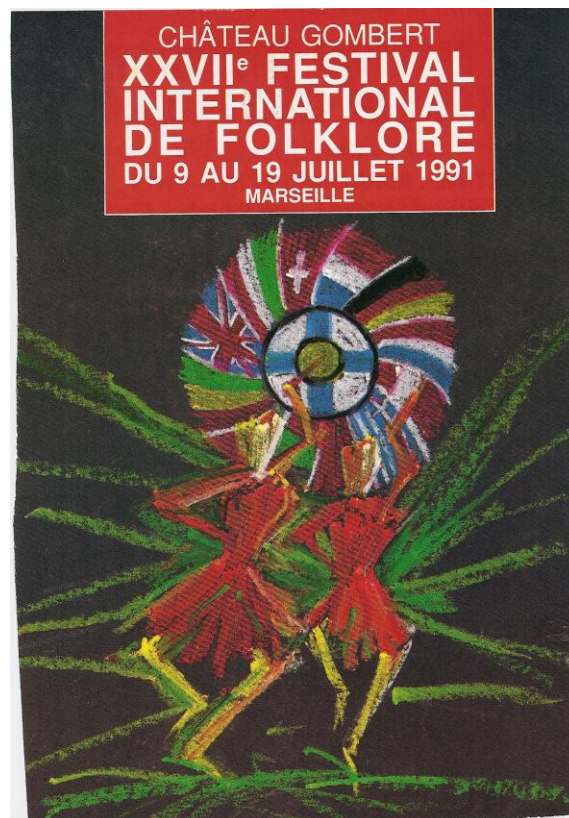
A new day has come and gone without going to bed (although we did sleep a little on the bus or plane). Riding on that plane, as always, was a thrill. We watched Woody Allen's 'Alice' all the while anticipating the coming adventure through the rush of the plane, the roar of the engine.

We landed in Milan where several helped transfer baggage from the claim to a late bus. The ride from Milan was uneventful except for playing games; Nathan Washburn was so funny to watch. We stopped at an over-the-freeway restaurant where I particularly

‘enjoyed’ eggplant surprise. It was a surprise because I thought I was getting lasagna. We stopped briefly in Nice which was an exciting reminder of what was to come. The countryside is very similar to southern California to me. It is hotter and more humid, though the greenery is the same. We were on a freeway which wound through 100 tunnels looking over another 100 beautiful small (and a few large) villages nestled in gorges overlooking the Mediterranean.

Marseilles is the second largest city in France, yet it still feels small. I was so tired that I really felt no different than the US initially. But that was soon replaced by excitement as the reality became apparent with the narrow streets, old but beautiful buildings, strange cars—all reminded me of our new situation.

We gathered at Chateau Gombert where our hosts served us Scope to drink. After some confusion and unloading the bus, we all separated and drove home to host families. Stan Smith is my roommie; we are staying with the Roche family. They have a pool and a beautiful old house which (in my ignorance) must be typical of an old style French farmhouse. Best of all is that they are so friendly. They fed us, we went swimming briefly, and crashed. What good sleep.



ITALY



MILAN



In Italy all we did was wait at the airport and eat. Above: Waiting!! The foreshadowing of things to come. Below: a cafe over the highway where we ate.



On our way to Marseille, we stopped in Nice to take a break, and walk along the beach of the Mediterranean. We were on the famous French Riviera. Top left (clockwise): the gang on the edge of the wall. Kristen Pinegar. Me and Chris Schuyler on the Riviera. Heidi, Amy, KP, me, Jennifer O, and Denny on the wall with the sea in the background.



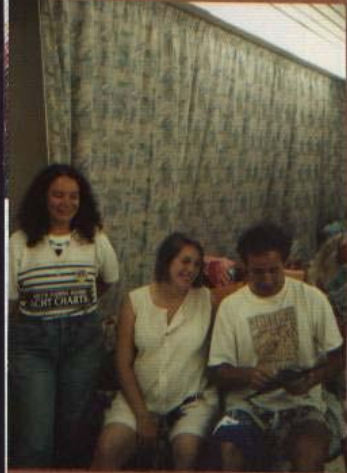
WE ARE IN FRANCE!
THE TOUR HAS BEGUN.

CHÂTEAU GOMBERT
**XXVII^e FESTIVAL
 INTERNATIONAL
 DE FOLKLORE**
 DU 9 AU 19 JUILLET 1991
 MARSEILLE



*Entrez dans la danse
 pour le 27^e Festival
 International de
 Folklore*

**L'ÉTÉ
 MARSEILLAIS**



*clockwise: the program,
 my badge, our guides:
 marielle, jon-luc and
 his wife, representa-
 tives from each group
 with their country's
 flag: spain, senegal,
 argentina, u. s, ukraine,
 and romania.*



Marseille



The scenes of Chateau Gombert. The Chateau is now a museum. The cross in front of the museum. Blaine, Andy, Mark, & Chris pose with a mannequin at the museum.



Tuesday, July 9th 1991

Delynne Peay

Slept pretty well last night despite the heat and mosquitoes, but got up at 7:00 with the sun pouring through my window. Showered (by sitting in the tub with a hand-held shower head) and felt like a new person. Had a rehearsal on the festival stage for about an hour and dear Mr. Audry had his stop watch in hand, timing our numbers to make sure we didn't go over our time limits. Following the 'repetition', we walked back to the outside tent tables, ate lunch, and then resorted to playing silly games with Nathan Washburn on the cold tile floor of the boys school. He is such a character, and keeps us all laughing. At 6:30 we all lined up and paraded through the city to the park where we were to perform a series of 'spontaneous animations'. They gave us food coupons to use throughout the evening for dinner. Sat by a cute French family and tried my best to converse in some very elementary and broken French. The little performances were pretty tricky because of the small spaces, other groups close by who have loud instruments, and the fact that the 'Americans' are always scattered, so it's next to impossible to gather them for a little show. We did Running Sets with only a fiddle and bass once because the rest of the band was nowhere to be found.

Found out today that I was with the same group from Senegal in Oloron, France in 1974. Pretty wild!

Heidi got propositioned already and almost carried off, so she got a good lecture from myself and a few others, so hopefully that won't happen again!

What a terrific bunch of kids.

Had a big old ceremony on the street at the end of the parade where each country was presented to the mayor of Chateau-Gombert and each sang their national anthem.

Mike Ingols

The next morning we woke up a little late, but we were to the assigned place on time. Before we left for our meeting place we had breakfast with Rosemarie. For breakfast we had toast, juice drink and warm milk in a bowl. At first I was confused as to what to do. I saw Rosemarie dip her toast with butter and hazelnut-chocolate spread into her bowl. Once again I explained we didn't drink coffee, but followed her example and dipped our toast and when we finished we drank the warm milk from the bowl. Carole (Rosemarie's 9 year old daughter) came into the room before we left that morning. We wished her a good morning and gave her a traditional two-cheek kiss.

After we met that morning we went to the school for rehearsal. The stage at first was scary but the Marley was loose and bumpy. The worst part of the entire thing was that the stage was black and it was really hot. We were hot and tired and could really feel the heat through our shoes. After we quickly went through our numbers, we had lunch. Lunch was

interesting. It started off with long loaves of French bread, which everyone broke off and placed at the foot of the plate. We had a salad with unique ingredients, and they tried to offer us wine but we told them we don't drink so we never have wine at our table, just lots of water. We then had our main course which was a nice change of pace. After the main course, they served cheese and then dessert. This is typical of all our meals. Usually it is either salad or soup first, then main dish, cheese and dessert. I have enjoyed it all because all has been well prepared and tasty. The only thing I have not enjoyed all of the time is black olives, because they are very bitter and have the pits in them. Since we did not have a bus to go anywhere we played games in the cultural center. We also went out to see the small town and buy some water. Later, we got into our costumes, had dinner and prepared ourselves for the opening ceremonies. It started off with a parade down through the main part of Chateau Gombert. We kind of danced, we sang a lot and walked, as we waited. Once we went around the block, each country lined up in front of a flagpole. After a few speeches each country was greeted in their own language, the national anthem was played as the country's flag was raised. We sang along with our national anthem but they shortened it to by a line or two. We felt dumb, oh well. Once they finished each visiting country, the village group sang the French national anthem and the local providence's national anthem. We began to be bored to death by the political speeches, mainly since we received no translation and we were standing the entire time. After that we went up to the town square where we had a large fest. Each group performed for ten to twenty minutes doing some organized dances and involving members of the community. Part of the festivities was food. There were sandwiches with herring, fish soup, ice cream, drinks and cheese, of course. It was enjoyable but very crowded. The entire plaza was packed and all of the people were very kind and enjoyable. We all went home tired and fulfilled.

Tamara Marshall

France is awesome! Last night we arrived here and can I just tell you how weird jet lag is? We left on Sunday morning and didn't get there until Monday night but it was all one day!? Anyway, we arrived in Marseilles and some missionaries were there to greet us along with the guides of the festival. We had a quick orientation then went off to meet our host families. I have been so grateful I took French in High School. I have already used it so much here. It's also great because I can speak to the Africans from Senegal because they speak French too.

This morning we rehearsed at 11:00 a.m. Afterwards we were able to explore the village of Chateau Gombert by ourselves. I became friends with a boy from the village named Arnaud Galas. He took a group of us everywhere. First of all, we all wanted water! It is so hot and humid here. It was a fun day. The people here are so friendly and willing to become your friend. I really like it here.

Blain Empey

Stan and I were supposed to be ready for a ride to the festival site at 9:45. Our host lady is wonderful; this morning she turned up the stereo very loudly, rang a bell, and shouted breakfast to get us up. It was 9:41. I never got ready faster. Our hosts don't speak

English and it is scary, fun, and frustrating. Their 18 year old daughter speaks English, but she was only around for about 20 minutes the entire time we were there and left tonight!

We spent the morning practicing at the performance site; the festival director was very cranky. It is so hot, and the black Marley floor can be felt through our shoes. The Romanian team practiced after we were through; they are very good (although their women are about the same level as one of our backup teams). They ended up tripping over the loose floor like we did.

Lunch was spent at an outdoor restaurant. There, the excitement of the festival finally began. Almost all of the groups were there and we had good food (a bit greasy) and a lot of fun. It's amazing how we entertain ourselves. We didn't have a bus so while we waited for the next event we played a million games. There was 'mi-ji-flash', down by the banks of the Hanky Panky, skip 7, the faller in the middle, push/shove, slap hands, animal game, and even a few we made up on the spot (I know; they all sound made up). I found a moment in all the fun to sleep on the floor—it was cool and very relaxing.



The festival opened tonight. We paraded down the street to a closed-off portion. There the important people spoke and welcomed us. Each country sang (at least a portion of) their national anthem to a military band. Afterwards we went to a place where people ate while we took turns dancing informally. That was fun—our first taste of audience appreciation. We ate bouillabaisse, cheese bread, and water (at 6 francs a bottle) then danced in one corner of this open plaza. Sometimes the other bands were so shrill that we couldn't hear our own musicians play. Anyway, a large group would gather and we would do a dance and then some 'animation' (you remember—ah-ni-mah-see-ohn—pronounced with a French accent). This was very fun. Someone tattled: Heidi Utter experienced one of the drawbacks of being mono-lingual. Some French dude propositioned her; she smiled in her friendly way, and said 'oui!'. Luckily, Marty or Mike was there (?) and rescued her.

Late that night, Stan and I went home, had a quick swim, and enjoyed our excellent host family.

Wednesday, July 10th 1991

Delynne Peay

Slept pretty well last night despite the heat and mosquitoes, but got up at 7:00 with the sun pouring through my window. Showered (by sitting in the tub with a hand-held shower head) and felt like a new person. Had a rehearsal on the festival stage for about an hour and dear Mr. Audry had his stop watch in hand, timing our numbers to make sure we didn't go over our time limits. Following the 'repetition', we walked back to the outside tent tables, ate lunch, and then resorted to playing silly games with Nathan Washburn on the cold tile floor of the boys school. He is such a character, and keeps us all laughing. At 6:30 we all lined up and paraded through the city to the park where we were to perform a series of 'spontaneous animations'. They gave us food coupons to use throughout the evening for dinner. Sat by a cute French family and tried my best to converse in some very elementary and broken French. The little performances were pretty tricky because of the small spaces, other groups close by who have loud instruments, and the fact that the 'Americans' are always scattered, so it's next to impossible to gather them for a little show. We did Running Sets with only a fiddle and bass once because the rest of the band was nowhere to be found.

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Had a big old ceremony on the street at the end of the parade where each country was presented to the mayor of Chateau-Gombert and each sang their national anthem.

Mike Ingols

On Wednesday the tenth, we woke up, had a quick breakfast. After lunch we went to the museum which is located at the town square. The plaza looked different that next day. The fountain looked bigger and every one noticed that there was a crucifix right in front of the palace museum. The night before a large sign was placed over the crucifix which stated the prices of the different foods available for purchase. The museum was very nice and very clean. It contains a lot of period costumes and furniture telling about the people's pasts. My favorite part of the collection was the various nativity scenes. Some were quite large with mechanical action of people moving with tools, to very small ones that were made in the shell of a walnut. The people of this region really do like to include themselves in nativity scenes. This to me seems to be one reason why they make Santon dolls. After the museum a group went to the place where locals made Santon dolls.

That night we paraded through the narrow streets at the village to the performance site. Our show that night went okay. It wasn't our best. There were technical problems plus we followed the professional Ukrainian group. They're quite enjoyable to watch. Our first suite was Teton Mountain Stomp, and square dance to Hoedown, Our second set was Whoa to polka quadrille. Hopefully we can only get better.

Tamara Marshall

Today we went to a store that sells Santon Dolls. They are really unique to this area and very pretty. They are made of a reddish-brown clay and hand painted. I bought a few to take home. We had dinner at the Centre Culturel with our group. At every meal there is a baguette of French bread. I asked our guide and he said the festival goes through 100 baguettes for lunch and another for dinner. 200 baguettes of bread per day! Wow!

We paraded through the streets of Chateau-Gombert afterwards with all the groups. It was totally fun—people looking out their windows and crowding around the streets which are so small.

Blain Empey

I slept until 10:00 today—it felt good. After getting ready, we got a good breakfast of Melba toast with jam, hot chocolate, and raisin bread. It's good, but a little on the lite side. We took a walk with Lucy Roche, our host, who speaks a few words of English; it was fun trying to communicate with her. I napped a little and watched the French version of Jeopardy and The Price is Right. Our ride came late so we missed lunch. It never seems like I am ever full anyway!

After the missed lunch we had a very spiritual devotional by Jason Deere who sang a song about the martyrdom and sacrifice of Joseph Smith. It was a beautiful song; I wish it were on tape. We had a little free time so we went to a museum of Old France (very interesting) and a doll shop, which sold ugly dolls.

It is a strange climate: hot in the sun but remarkably cooler in the shade. The slightest breeze makes all the difference, and thanks to Denny, our tour shorts are going to get a lot of wear and tear!

We are starting to integrate well with the other groups. Daryl taught the Senegalese mi-ji-flash and we talked to the Greeks a lot. Dinner was in costumes, then a circle parade to the show. We were allowed to watch—I like them all. It is frustrating to know you could do some of their own dances better than they could (some groups), and then have to do low-key American dances. I say that, but we were humbled as we were the finale doing 'Pioneer' after the Ukraine group performed. Needless to say, the crowd's reaction was disappointing. The Senegalese were outstanding. They are so exuberant and are my favorite. They poured water all over the stage and we had to wait for the people to get it dry. It was still slippery. For the finale, the farandole was put to use (do I really have to endure that the entire festival!? Oops! A complaint!). I was behind the stage waiting to go on when !BOOM! Fireworks went off and I nearly jumped out of my cowboy boots!

Our changing room is one big floor of costume bags, but we manage. Things are somewhat unorganized but I am enjoying myself. I feel much more relaxed than other tours and I want to keep it that way.

We are home now, it's 2:00 AM, and we have to get up early...



Thursday, July 11th 1991

Delynne Peay

I keep waking up at 7:00 AM. The sun is so bright and it's already very warm in my room by then. Alexander was still asleep when we left, so we didn't eat breakfast. It felt good.

Met and took the bus into Marseille for lunch at a cafeteria type restaurant down by the train depot. About 70 people from the train company came to eat lunch and we did a short animation for them, and then ate. Had some kind of poultry that comes from Africa...larger than a chicken and smaller than a turkey. Jean-Luc teased the girls by giving them all an apple while the men got ice-cream.

Came back to Chateau Gombert and got into tour clothes, boarded the bus for our performance out in the Park at a camp ground looking place. Had to drive about 2 ½ hours to get there. The bus is always so hot; usually gets cool by the time we get to our destination. Michelle is our bus driver...

Played for about two hours on toys. They even had a zipper that our kids and the Ukrainians did. Andy Madsen was the 'Zipper King'. Had a little chance to talk to Maxine, Phyllis' sister. She is really nice—talked about her 2 sons.



Set up for the show. Band rehearsed—good sound system. Should be a good show. Just wish Jason could be with us. He has strep and a high fever. Dr. says he'll be down until at least Sunday....bummer!

Ate dinner and got ready for show. It started at 10:00 PM because it wasn't dark enough until then. Just us, the Ukrainians, and Senegal. The Senegalese had a whole shop set up with souvenirs. They're pretty wild. We did two 20 minute segments with our Southern and clogging which we haven't done yet. They loved the clogging. The stage was pretty noisy, though and it was a bit hard to hear the band but it turned out okay.

I met Tatiana (Tanya) tonight. She is so cute and so tiny. She is a violinist with the Ukrainian group. I sat by her at dinner and tried to talk, but didn't get too far. But, after the performance, I found her and she gave me a hug and introduced me to her group as her American friend. The farandole was particularly fun. Our kids were on stage doing Ukrainian steps with them. Their group is semi-professional—some of them get paid.

Loaded up and drove home. Long ride, but I was able to sleep part of the way.

Good day ~

Mike Ingols

Thursday was another busy day. We got up earlier than usual to perform for the workers at the train depot. At the company cafeteria we had a type of pate in pastry crust, salami-type meat, salad, and chicken with deep fried potato squares. The salad was beets and possibly turnips or celery root. I tried everything and it tasted good to me. We again had the traditional cheese and then ice cream. After lunch we did a short show on a small area of floor. We then did some dances with the workers. After picking up costumes we went out the "Blue Coast" to the small resort town of Carry. It was cooler than Chateau Gombert. I wish I could say the same about the bus ride back. We arrived at Carry to enjoy the sights of the small resort and harbor town. It was quaint and instead staying to look at the gift shop at the harbor, John and I went a few streets in to go to the stores. All of the restaurants and tourist traps are usually on the waterfront or main street and if one wants to find a good deal on a bottle of water or juice you have to go off the main streets to go to the smaller local stores. It's more enjoyable. Also the pastry shops and the like are better quality at a better price. I didn't have the chance to go to the pastry shop there, but those of the group who did, raved about it. We then boarded the bus and went to Château Neuf Les Martitques for our show that evening. We arrived at the Parc des Amandereits and enjoyed playing at the playground equipment. The parking at a nice amphitheater, lots of trees, places to play bocce ball, but no grass at all. It was a very dusty park, but we all enjoy either playing on the equipment, taking pictures, playing Frisbee or American Football. Dinner that night was good. It consisted of Mexican salad again (rice, corn, tuna and sometimes olives) and served cold. Our main course was meat surprise, but it tasted good. Instead of just bread they served us a type of pizza. The show that night went well. The stage was flat and fairly sturdy. Our dressing rooms were out in the open at the right side of the stage. We only had some bushes protecting us from the audience. The crowd was very receptive of our show and we all went home happy and tired.

Tamara Marshall

This afternoon we performed at a business place and they fed us before we danced. They served coke. Oh my gosh! It was COLD with ice! Yahoo! We loved it because the water tastes scary and is always warm. The punches we get after the show are made with a yucky syrup and water. This tasted great to us.

We also visited a town on the way to Chateauf Les Martignes. It is called, "Carry." I had my first French pastry there. It was an éclair pastry shell filled with chocolate mousse. It was definitely tres bien! Carry is a hilly town right on the Mediterranean, in the French Riviera. There were many gorgeous hotels and outdoor cafes everywhere you look.

Tonight we performed in Chateauf Les Martignes which is a stage in a park. It is a great stage with nice sound equipment. We had a full audience which was awesome. I made friends with a Ukrainian lady named, "Garlina." She is 33 and has one daughter whom she loves very much. We got a picture taken together. I also got a picture with "Fama" from Senegal. She always gives me kisses and hugs, like the French do.

Blain Empey

We're waiting for Jean-Luc (our guide, not the captain of the Enterprise) to pick us up. It's already hot but that may be from eating breakfast in the sun. This house seems pretty old, but in great condition. From what I know of Europe (so little) this must be a home of someone rather well off. The rooms all have 'French' doors (do they call them French doors here?). They are double doors which open up from the inside to another heavier pair of outside doubles. Closet space is minimal but the rooms are large. The floors are all tiled with nice rugs scattered throughout. Outside, there is no lawn care to speak of. But there are many nice trees and even more excellent shrubs. But it is sometimes random and many areas are unkempt. It all makes for a rather wild look; it feels relaxed, but not ugly. I see many apricot and fig trees and a few palm trees.

I enjoyed today. We drove to a railroad restaurant to dance for lunch. We used a tiny space to do round dancing, running sets, and animation. I got rudely turned down by some French girl but recovered as usual and polka crashed. We had an interesting lunch with beet and turnip salad, pate' and salami, then a more normal, delicious course of chicken and green beans.

We seem to go back and forth a great deal. This keeps us moving though and I don't mind. After picking up our costumes, we headed for the port. There we saw a beautiful marina with beautiful beaches with beautiful women with beautiful bikini *bottoms*. I was embarrassed. I found a bakery with a few others and enjoyed some chocolate dealy that makes my mouth water even now. That was the first dollar I've spent yet. Dealy: that is French for thingamajig.

Our bus finally came and drove us to our next performance site—a park which was quite relaxing. The activities for the day included playing football (American) with the Ukrainians, playing on the playground (pulleys, monkey bars, rope swings, etc), talking on the benches and signing pictures. Dinner was great. I sat across from a huge Ukrainian guy. He was funny. We had a course of pizza followed by a meat (I thought pork, they thought turkey!?!).

The performance went well. We dressed outside (cooler) and clogged. That went over well. The Senegalese were also with us tonight. The Ukrainians, as always, steal the show. They are a professional group which is quite unfair. Needless to say, they really shine and we are all jealous. We keep reminding ourselves that we're just different and there is no comparison. The finale consisted of the Ukrainians pulling us onstage to pas de Basque and whoop with them.

Details:

- I'm very tired every night (past 1:00 tonight).
- I'm never satiated, always hungry.
- There is no ice in all the land.
- Every man has horrible shin splints.
- I hate my boots.

- I'm losing track of what is clean and what is not.
- Jason Deere has a fever and is very sick.
- The band is good.
- I'm having the best time.

Friday, July 12th 1991

Delynne Peay

Wow---it's already Friday. Got to sleep in till 10:30. I had closed the shutters on my window, so it stayed pretty dark. Jean Paul gave me bug spray for my room and it seemed to cut down on the mosquitoes, even though I have about 30 bites on my arms and legs. Haven't done wash yet because of our schedule, but need to soon.

Jean Luc came to get us, as usual, about 30 minutes before we really needed to be there. His car is a real trip; it's a little red Citroen, a French made car that is about as big as a tin-can and rides like one, too. He comes and gets me, Nate, and Denny and then we go pick up Heidi and Kristen. We still need to get a picture of it!

Ate lunch and then went up to the stage for rehearsal. All the walking to and from the theatre/Culture Center should help take care of all the bread I've been eating. The bread takes care of the plumbing, too.

Loaded up and drove to Marseilles for our first 'real' reception. The newspaper interviewed me right there on the sidewalk as we were waiting to go in. Took pictures. Then we proceeded into the building, down a wide corridor, up stairs and into a large room for all the hoopla. The Greeks are behind us with only a horn and drum, but they are so loud that you can hardly think. And Espagnol is always right in front of us with the castanets so it is a lost cause for us to even hear our bluegrass band in order to sing or dance. The first chance we got, though, we start singing and hope we can finish before they begin again. Had to sing La-la-la-la.

Came back to Chateau Gombert for dinner (more bread) then a parade back to the theatre.

I have to borrow one of Tamara's dresses (usually the turquoise check). Candace's clogging slip, and Christie King's shoes that she's not wearing in the parade. I should have packed a set for myself ~ oh well, c'est la vie!

The shows never begin on time around here. Usually not before 10:00 PM so it's well past midnight before the finale.



Mike Ingols

It was again warm and humid. Lunch was not quite ready at 12:30, as promised, and we were scheduled to start our rehearsal at 1:30 on the stage. It's really funny, they take their time to serve us and eat lunch, yet they expect you to be on time for everything. The main person who was the most irritating was "Mr. Mustache" or the "La La Man". He is the director of the festival and actually a paid worker of the city, who works closely with

the mayor. He is quite annoying. Not many people like him, including a lot of the locals. We finally got over to the school for our rehearsal. Because of the stage's black curtains and black Marley and no cover, it was very hot on stage. The only source of shade was the side walls and the two trees at the very front corners of the stage. WE got on the stage and began our quick rehearsal to show the officials what we would be performing the next two nights. As we were doing Spanish Gallop, our shoes became very hot and we could even feel it through the soles of our feet. It all hit at once and we began to dance like we were on hot coals. It was quite funny looking as we trotted across the stage to finish the dance. At the very front quarters of the stage we got on and began our quick reversal. After our rehearsal we went on a field trip. Our destination was the Notre Dame de Garde. It is a very majestic cathedral on the top of a high hill that overlooks the harbor and the entire city of Marseille. One of the main towers of the cathedral is a large gilded statue of the Madonna and child. It is quite an impressive building and church. There is also a spectacular view of the city of Marseille.

A reception with the Mayor of Marseille was our next stop. The building is old and right on the harbor. Rex pointed out the bust of King Louis XVI on the top of the building. Each group met in the chamber outside the office of the mayor and his council. Within the chamber there are all the names of past mayors. It goes back to the late 1700s. It was a nice reception, where each group performed and presented a small token to the mayor. Our big performance that night at the festival went well, but I don't remember our dance set, but the second set was our clog numbers. The audience loved it and by surprise to us all, we got the first encore of the festival. We were all taken back by it. I even went back on stage with my shoes because they were so noisy back stage. It was still fun to be the first encore of the evening.

Tamara Marshall

This morning we rehearsed for a bit then got on a bus to go into the center of Marseilles. The city is huge. Now I can see why it is the 2nd largest city in Europe. We drove through the city and up a mountain to see the Notre Dame de la Gard. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. As I looked around at the beautiful blue Mediterranean and all of the buildings the most wonderful feeling came over me. I thought of my father serving the Lord in this area for 2 ½ years as a missionary. Tears came to my eyes as I wondered whose lives were touched and changed by him. My testimony was strengthened that moment so greatly for I knew that my father labored here with a love for these people who will never forget him.

Blain Empey


We had our second performance at the theatre near Chateau Gombert. We did clog at the end and got clapped back on for an encore. It was fun—we got offstage and couldn't figure out why they were clapping. Finally the other groups rushed us out. We spent time the next day learning an encore.

The afternoon was spent visiting Notre Dame de la Garde, a church which overlooks the city and gave great views for great pictures. Inside, many ships hung from the ceiling. I

guess people would pray for a ship's safe return and when it did it was (and is?) customary to carve a miniature ship and give it as thanks.







 Mike -

 I just wanted to tell you


 how fun it is you are on tour!

 You are such a great dancer

 and so fun to be with!

 I hope this tour is the best

 for you! See ya! Tamara



TOP LEFT: Angie and Denny took everyone's cameras and took self-portraits.

 TOP RIGHT: Kristen & I, Heidi & Greg, Candace & Mike, have fun posing for our wedding pix.

 CENTER LEFT: Performing on an outdoor stage at the harbor in Marseille.

 CENTER: Swing works on Waterfall lift for performance that night.

 CENTER RIGHT: Spanish group on stage during final night of festival.

 BOTTOM LEFT: A note from Tamara.



The "BIG" soccer game against the group from Senegal.
"GO B Y U! GO B Y U!" Our famous cheerleaders:
Becky L, Nancy, Candance, and Jennifer.

--- ooo ---

Playing the "Pass the Glass" game at lunch time.
It was a favorite game to play during meals. It
helped break the ice with the other groups.



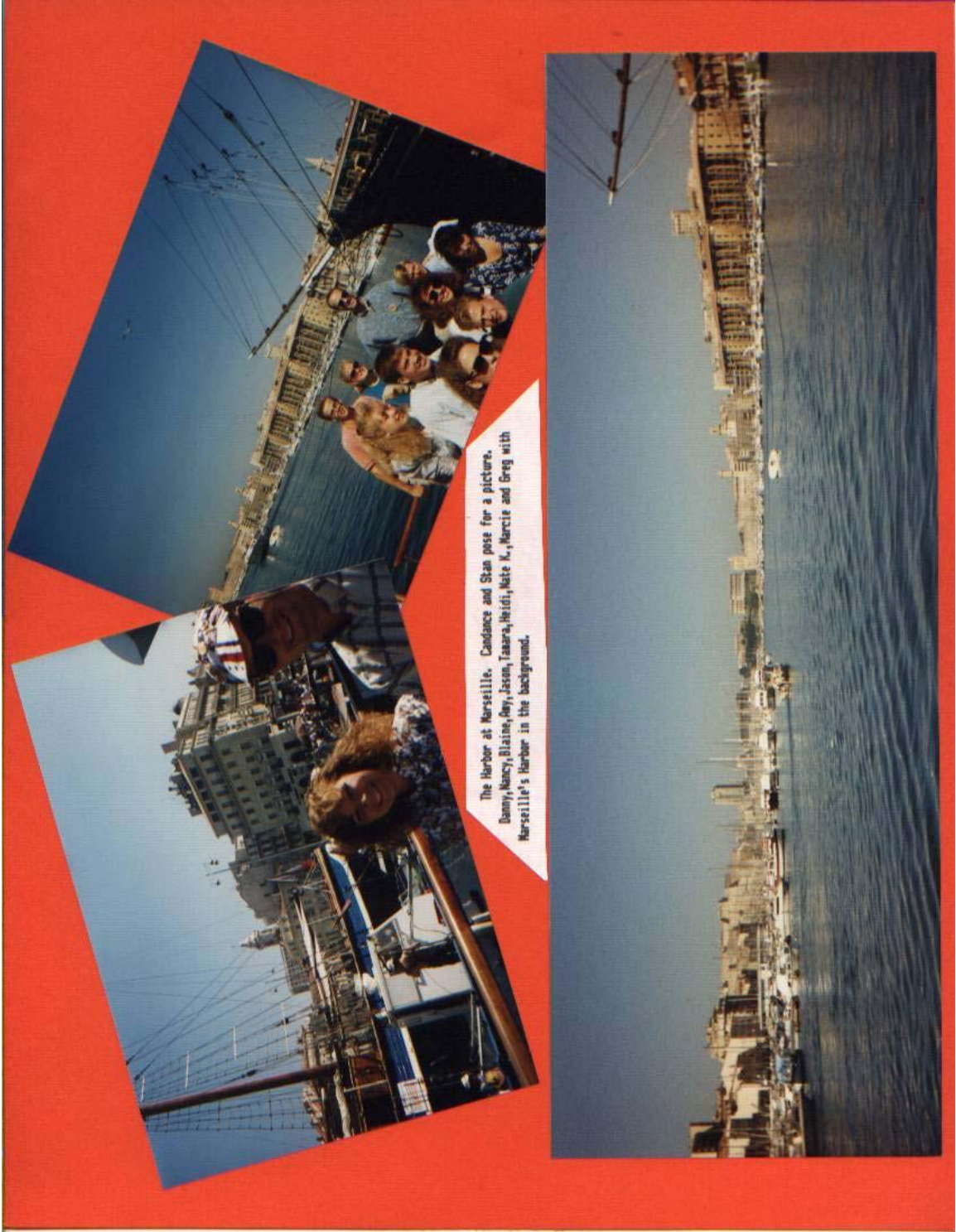


Battle scars from WWII on the Notre-Dame. Various scenes from the grounds of the cathedral. Kristen, Amy, Chuck, Delynne, & Blaine with Marseille in the background.



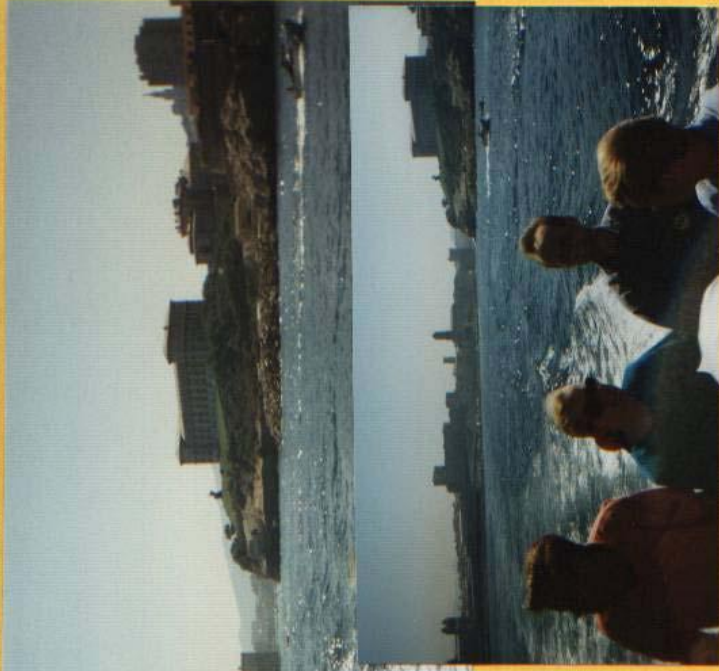
Below the City of Marseille from the cathedral.





The Harbor at Marseille. Candance and Stan pose for a picture. Denny, Nancy, Blaine, Amy, Jason, Tamara, Heidi, Nete M., Marcie and Greg with Marseille's Harbor in the background.

Leaving the Marseille Harbor. Danny, Nancy & Blaine on boat trip to Chateau D'if and Beach on island. J'aime Graff with Palace in background. Chateau D'if. Becky L, Andy, Mate M., Heidi, Stan, Candace, Blaine, Mark, Jason, Nate K. & Marcie on boat trip





Some scenes from Chateau d'If. On the steps:
Kristen, Greg, Tamara, Heidi, Ray, Blaine, Nate K.,
Jennifer, Mark, Nate W. & Stan. He w/Nate K.,
Tamara, Becki B., Heidi, Andy, Penny, Ray & Mike S.
with Marseille in background. Me at d'If.



Saturday, July 13th 1991

Mike Ingols

On Saturday we had a nice afternoon with the Heckmann's, her friends, and some of the participants of the festival from other groups. We ate and drank for about four hours. (Well, Marty and I didn't drink alcohol.) Communication was also quite interesting. At the party we had a couple of members of the Spanish folk dance group and also the Russians. At one point the Russians wanted to ask a question of the Spaniards, but they were having a tough time. Marty and I figured out a way to make it work. The Russians spoke some French, so they would ask their question in French. Frau Heckmann would then translate it into German. I'd translate it into English for Marty and Marty would then translate it into Spanish for the Spaniards. And the answer would follow a similar path, Spanish to English, English to German, and German to French. There were a few times I could even understand what the Spaniards were saying so I'd confirm with Marty before translating into German. It was fun to be the cog that allowed conversation to happen (Looking back, I'm sure they were amazed that the dumb Americans were the ones that make it all work). I ate too much and the hot sun didn't help, so I started to feel sick, but after a nap, I felt better. That evening we did our usual performances after parading around Chateau Gombert.

Tamara Marshall

Today we had the entire day free until 6:30 p.m. It was so great to sleep in because we've been keeping such late hours with our performances. Most nights we don't get to bed until 3:00 or 4:00 a.m. After Becky Leigh and I woke up (around 11:00 a.m.) We were invited by Greg Mayne and John Wood to spend the day with Jean-Luc and his wife, Manu. Jean-Luc is our festival guide and such a cool guy. He took us to his parent's home for "dejuener" (lunch). This is the main meal of the day and takes about two hours. Everything was so delicious. We ate BBQ lamb chops and tons of salads, French bread (of course!) and for dessert, a black forest cake with chocolate and cherries. It was tres magnifique! During the meal, Jean-Luc asked us many questions about our religion—mainly concerning the Word of Wisdom, since our abstinence from alcohol here is so apparent. He kept asking us why we would believe in a God that "told us what to do." It was so frustrating to us to try and explain that we love the Lord and His commandments are for our benefit to make us free. Anyway, it was a good discussion and I hope he could understand our feelings.

After lunch Jean-Luc introduced us to his favorite music. It was the soundtrack to the movie, "Le Grand Bleu." The music was most relaxing and beautiful. (I bought a copy of the soundtrack the next day!) After lunch we all went to Andre's home. Andre is the nicest man who is about 70 years old and works with the festival. He has an amazing home with a pool and he let us all swim, eat apricots off of his tree, and listen to French accordion music—all at the same time! I thought, "This is France!"

That night we performed again at the Centre Culturel. I biffed it badly in "Buckin' Appalachia." Right during my duet with Mark Jensen I twisted my foot and fell right on

my behind! I was so embarrassed. Delynne said I got right up and ended with a smile so that made me feel better. We all laughed about it afterwards, though! My foot was sore but not enough to complain about. I need to be a good sport and smile through everything. One thing I am trying to do is make everyone else happy. My goal is by the end of the tour to have written a little note of appreciate or a compliment to every person on tour. So far, it's going well!



Sunday, July 14th 1991

Mike Ingols

(Bastille Day – The equivalent to the 4th of July in the U.S.).

We started the day at church with the Marseille Ward. The building was nice and reminded me of the chapels I served in while on my mission in Germany. Priesthood and Sunday School were both great meetings that really got me thinking about “being” a disciple of Christ. For Sacrament Meeting a lady translated for us and we sang “How Great Thou Art”. Afterwards we had a nice lunch prepared by the members of the ward. After a nap at the building, we boarded the bus to go parade down the Canebire, one of the main streets in Marseille that leads to the harbor. We were all hot and tired after that. Once arriving at the harbor we did “Animation” (Looking back I don’t remember what “animation” was, but I’m sure it was some type of mini performance to entice people to come see us perform later). After that we went to the main stage to do a short performance. We went to dinner and later returned back down to the harbor to watch the fireworks. I wish we had gotten there at the beginning of the show, but what we saw was spectacular. The whole harbor, which is practically enclosed, was lit by flares and other traditional fireworks. They even went off from the castles guarding the entrance to the harbor, and from ships floating in the harbor. The scary thing was seeing little kids and adults holding bottle rockets and other large fireworks in their hands and sending them off. I’m surprised more people don’t get hurt. After the show we were to parade back to the bus, but the route was full of drunken people, crazy with fireworks and firecrackers. People were even throwing them at our feet. We were all nervous, but we survived it all. We got home late again that night.

Tamara Marshall

Happy Bastille Day! Today was awesome. We went to church in Marseilles with a ward that was extremely nice to us. I was having a major allergy attack though but John Wood came through for me and gave me a Drixoral which helped beaucoup! We ate lunch outside the church then went and slept for an hour at a park. (good idea!) Afterwards we got into costume and drove to Canebiere, the main street. There were tens of thousand of people there, wild as banshees! We performed for about 3 hours walking around to 5 different stages right on “La Vieux Port” (the old port) in Marseilles. We took a ferry across the bay and performed on a stage there. I kept looking around saying, “Can you believe where we are performing?” It was awesome! There were fireworks everywhere over the bay and the crowds loved us! During one of the parades to another stage someone threw a firecracker right in front of Andy Madsen and me. It scared the “hud” out of us! We thought we were deaf. Eventually we laughed after we realized that our faces were in tact and we could hear again! What a great party!

Blain Empey

Bastille Day—France’s equivalent to independence day. They call it ‘National Celebration’ day (but they say Fete Nationale for some strange reason or just simply le quatorze julliet).

We are in church as I write, waiting for Sacrament meeting. We had three hours of sleep last night and our challenge for today is to stay awake during meetings.

Later now, and no problems staying awake. The building is cool and the missionaries all spoke so it wasn't too bad. We had our own priesthood meeting and Sunday school first. That was really nice because we have some sharp thinkers in our group.

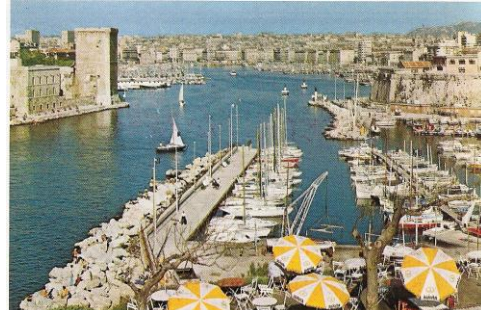
After church we were fed more chicken and 'Mexican salad'—something we are fed about once every day now. It consists of cold rice and veggies doused in olive oil. I liked it at the first serving but am now sick of it. Some of it is really sour and some is



just greasy. One of the members followed us around and said that French 'cuisine' is better than American. Although I have heard that many times, even from Americans, all I could think while consuming 'Mexican salad' was "HA!" However, I acknowledge that we have been eating primarily cheap festival food prepared in bulk. I lay down in the foyer with the rest of the group and slept for awhile. It was good to sleep, but not very restful.

This was a good festival day. We spent most of the day walking around the port, which is beautiful. It is how I pictured France before coming. The wind is blowing which made things much more bearable. We later paraded down a short but very busy street to the wharf.

There we walked from place to place doing animation and performances. This type of performing is fun. The audiences in an open European square crowd around while you're on a rickety stage. You can have fun with eye contact; I totally ham it up when this happens. Every so often we'd get a 'Cola' or orange pop break. The orange pop is stronger here. I love it. One stop was a 'discotechue' which was an old underground sewer. We sang for about half an hour there.



Today, as I said, is Bastille Day. The stores were closed but the restaurants are open. There were vendors all over the place. The streets are not as narrow by the wharf as at Chateau Gombert. The wharf is beautiful. All kinds of sailboats are docked, the surrounding hills are covered with old castles and churches not very far off. The water isn't filthy (although there are spots) and the boats are kept well. Tonight, in the midst of this scene, we walked to the

beginning of another parade, all the while watching a huge fireworks display. It was very impressive.

Monday, July 15th 1991

Mike Ingols

I don't remember the morning much, but I do remember the happenings of the afternoon. We left for St. Esprit. There is no Esprit outlet there, but the entrance to the town is breathtaking. Esprit is on the bank of a river and all of the buildings and the church are all right on the bank. It was just spectacular to see. We were saddened that we couldn't look around more. The stage was set up in a courtyard area and had a great painted back drop of the city. We performed with the Czech and a local group. For dinner we had "Relief Society" potluck served out of Tupperware and other containers, but it was all pretty good. The parade that night was fairly uneventful, but it did take us through a street carnival that was going on at the same time. We were the first groups to perform in the city for the festival, and so the stage they created was small and kind of loose, but we survived, even when Marty and Tamara couldn't find where the middle square was on stage. (We must have had only 2 of the three squares dancing that night, because of the small stage.

Tamara Marshall

Today was a really fun day. We met for lunch at the center and then drove to Pont St. Esprit. The town is very quaint—cobblestone roads and many little outdoor cafes. We performed outside on the scariest stage ever. It was totally wobbly with platforms that were uneven so clogging was a trip! However, the people were very friendly and so appreciate our performance. I always feel like they do so much for us: preparing us dinner, publicity, selling tickets, organizing everything, and we do the fun part—performing! It's work but it's fun—and they are always so grateful!

Blain Empey

A typical routine already: wait for Jean Luc to pick us up. Once we all arrive we have devotional, then go straight to lunch at the place next to the Chateau. Today we rehearsed clog dances a little right after lunch, then drove to St. Esprit to another festival. That was a nice town and a beautiful drive. There we had a dinner of salads and told dumb jokes:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

To read the Chinese newspaper.

Pause. I don't get it.

Neither do I; I get the tribune.

Then a parade with no people followed by a fun performance with a crowd.

We blew the first half; square dance was too fast and everyone ran to the wrong spot in Polka Quadrille. However, they liked clog and we redeemed ourselves.

The ride was beautiful. Craggy, rocky hills and old ruins dotted the landscape. We saw many large fields of sunflowers, all facing the lowering sun. The red roves and stucco houses all shouted France!

Details:

- Candace scared us by getting very sick.
- Stan ripped out his black pants in Teton.
- We switched spots/partners/squares.
- The stage was loose and made a lot of noise.
- The band was great, but we were late.
- Had peach drink.
- Danny and Nancy are being good leaders.
- We are tired of Farandoles and parades.
- No TRs but some possible pairing up.
- We assigned each other animals we resemble, and a Book of Mormon personality.
- We played 'list'—movies starting with S.
- Jason is back (he was very sick).



Tuesday, July 16th 1991

Mike Ingols

We had the best day yet in Marseille. We got up early to go sightseeing. We first went to the harbor and boarded a ferry and traveled to Chateau D'if, and an island castle where the story of the Count of Monte Cristo is set. It was a nice visit. There was also an exhibit of rhinos. The art work was to commemorate the gift from Spain to the local king. The rhinos lived on the island and became then the trademark of the island. The art work was quite diversified and enjoyable. After the Chateau, we then traveled to another island to have lunch, swim and sun bathe. The water was cold, salty, but clear. We all enjoyed swimming in the sea and the cove we were in was quiet and not too crowded. Our performance sight that night was Trest. After parading down the narrow streets and the plaza we had the Mayor of Trest present gifts to our group. The Ukrainians and Argentineans performed with our group and together we were there for the second folk festival in Trest. The mayor was quite impressive in that he spoke to each group in their mother tongue. He even told us he was going to Salt Lake City in a few days. Dinner at the school was great. Even though dishes were similar to what we had eating before, it was the people who made it special. Many of our group and the Ukrainian group exchanged costumes and everyone took pictures. The funniest thing was when one of the Ukrainians wore Stan's costume. He decided to do a few stunts and then ended it with the splits. He did more than he intended to do and he ended up splitting the pants. The look on his face was priceless, as he slowly got up and walked backwards into our changing room. Everyone was laughing their heads off. The only drawback of the show was that the stage was not a flat stage, and it was in the middle of a dirt soccer field. Our changing areas weren't close enough, so we had to run to our bus and change there. It was quite an eventful night. Even the group of young men wanted to have the American women, because the American women were "better lovers". We persuaded them to leave and to leave "our women" alone. French people think Americans are better lovers than the French and visa versa. "The grass is always greener", I guess.

Tamara Marshall

Today was the best day ever! We met at 10 a.m. and drove into Marseilles to Le Vieux Port and boarded a ferry that took us to "Chateau d'If." It was a prison that looks almost like a castle. The famous story, "The Count of Monte Cristo" took place here and this was where the innocently charged Count escaped. It was awesome! The best part though for me was being on the clear, blue Mediterranean Sea and looking out at the shoreline of Marseilles. I could see the Notre Dame de la Gard, the basilica, the palais, and many beautiful homes. I thought of my father, who served his mission here in Marseilles some 30 years ago. Tears came to my eyes as I wondered whose lives were touched and changed by him.

After we went to the first island we boarded another ferry which took us to a bigger island where we hiked up this hill and found a little cove area where people were swimming. It was only a matter of seconds before we all were in our swimsuits and in the water ourselves! It was SO cold but felt SO good! We had a huge water fight (I think

Jason Deere started it!) Afterwards we had a picnic on the beach. We made some sandwiches and I think Jean-Luc (our festival guide) thought I was a crazy American for putting "fromage" (cheese) on my sandwich. He about died! He said, "Tamara, why don't you just pour your water and put your dessert on your sandwich too? You Americans eat your entire meal all at once!" It was really funny! Well, after some sun-tanning and volleyball we headed back on the ferry and performed in a city called, "Trets." The hosts in this city were extremely generous. Before dinner they offered us peanuts, COLD coke with ICE, and orange juice. It was heavenly to actually get a cold drink. Then we were served a fabulous meal. After dinner some of our dancers changed costumes with some of the Ukrainian dancers. They were trying to clog and even one of the men from their team, in western chaps and a hat, tried a prysiadka and totally split Stan's black pants! It was hilarious! His face got so red and he was really embarrassed. But we all just laughed it off as some of our men started doing some of their Ukrainian dance steps. They were very impressed! As I watched the interaction between our two countries I thought how very blessed we are as Americans to be so free to choose what we want to do. I am so grateful to have been exposed to so many different cultures through dance and travel. I am proud to represent the United States here in this festival and so thankful that I live in a free land. What a fun ending it was to a completely fantastic day!

Blain Empey

If I could paint this entire day it would be vivid bright colors and would be my favorite piece of art on this tour so far. Only one week gone! Our first stop was the harbor where we boarded the ferry next to a fishing boat and a large, beautiful sailboat. The breeze kept us cool and the bright day lit up our piece of the Riviera to near perfection. I took a whole roll of film! A group of scouts (French scouts wear red) sat next to us smoking their lungs out.



The ferry took us to two islands through crystal blue and clean green water. The first island, Chateau D'If, was a prison. It is the setting for the first part of Dumas' classic, The Count of Monte Cristo. What fun! KP, Jennifer, Chris and I filed from room to room on a journey of discovery. We found this little cave which could have hid anyone in some side story.

The ferry took us then to another small island. This second spot took us on a long hot walk to a beach where the water was incredibly refreshing. We just treaded water out with everyone else and just talked—the setting is what thrilled us: the rocky cliffs and clear water in the middle of the Mediterranean with Marseille shining in the background. I loved it. To top off the day, one more cool ferry ride brought us back.



The bus took us to Trest, then a place having something to do with Victor Hugo. I like these little towns. The bus ride ended up being confession time. These kinds of games/conversations drive me crazy—they're like truth or dare. I love to listen to them but hate to speak up.

As we had 45 minutes to dress, Danny and I got treats (I'm always hungry at nights here). We had a short parade, a short mayor meet, and a long good dinner with the greatest conversations. They brought us tons to drink and we loved it. The performance was at a stage in the middle of a soccer field (dirt of course) where we had to run back and forth 200 yards to change. Gangs started harassing us and we thought our clothes got stolen, but it all worked out.

I'm beginning to enjoy the performances more. We always dance so late in the evening so it is dark. It's good to keep cool, but I like seeing the audience. Anyway, we're starting to come together and that is a relief.

We had a flurry of costume exchanges with the Ukraine group. They always seem to be with us and I like that. One of them did a trick and split Stan's pants; we laughed so hard. He got the funniest look on his face and had to walk backwards up the stairs while everyone laughed at him. The bus ride home was fun—we told "To Tell the Lie" and laughed at everyone's funny misfortunes. Great fun.

Wednesday, July 17th 1991

Jean-Luc's Song

Unsigned: By Jean Luc?

John Luke's song

I used to do in my country
Lots of jobs for everybody
Now this year I'm a guide
For a group I won't hide

Chorus

There is Rex on the desk
Here comes Heidi, she's so pretty
But Delynne she's so fine
Jonathon, what a man

The way they dance
Looks like a romance
What a band in my hand
Here they come from their home

For their tour, they love France
Marseille and Nice, what a chance
On the stage, there's no age
On the bus, there's no fuss

Day after day, it's okay
Night after night, they won't fight
I would like to thank you
For the great time being with you

voices only
37 what a number
Please some time, ring my number
37-98-62-47

Mike Ingols

Today was a good day. We rehearsed for our all USA show. The dinner that night was quite good. Ham, Virginia style; shepherds bread; veggies and other "typical" American meals. At \$60 per person (well French Francs) the people got a good meal. We did all of our dances that night and enjoyed ourselves. The only drawback of the evening was that they made some us serve bourbon to the patrons, we weren't completely thrilled by that. But we all wooed the audience, especially the band. They are fantastic. The concept of the evening was not at all different from what I would expect to see in the U.S. I was

surprised to find out that many of the audience didn't know how to waltz or Polka. Even though I am a dancer, my mom taught me as a kid how to do a basic waltz.

Tamara Marshall

Tonight was a fun show. It was a USA night only. The festival arranged for a beautifully classy dinner to be served while we were the entertainment. The setting was wonderful—painted backgrounds, skyline of NYC with stars, flags, and these gorgeous pieces of material draped from the sides up to the top of a pole, kind of like a maypole. It was beautiful. The show went from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. ---not straight through---we had lots of band fillers so we could rest. J'aime Jones and I greeted the guests as they came in and kids wanted our autographs after the show. It was so much fun and we all felt really good about our performance.

Blain Empey

The sky here is eternally blue and I can never imagine the lack of heat. Someone said there were three inches of snow last winter and everyone panicked.

Our show tonight was an American night. We did a 90 minute performance over four hours. It was great and actually went by quite quickly. We went out to people's tables and greeted them, gave out postcards, and even served drinks: bourbon I believe! They paid 60 dollars each for that night. I tried a lot harder when I heard that. We did a lot of animation in between and did all of fad. We called Andy 'Pat' because he danced with a little boy by mistake. I lost my tap along with three other guys. Our encore in clog is anti-climactic.



The following are Delynne's 'director's notes' on our performance; used for today's practice (found in her files and included with her journal):

Running Sets

- Long, reaching steps
- Hambone—stronger hands—not too much playing.

Devil's Dream

- Lines
- Lift
- Men—stronger washboard
- Jump up at end

Hoedown

- Louder on "Give a Holler"
- Band—little slower
- Men—new jump over leg step
- General clean up steps

Teton

- Hat line doesn't change anymore!
- Don't stand before Iron Butterfly

Buckin'

- Too fast—solos are getting sloppy, weak
- You looked stressed

Fire

- Don't skip!
- Keep arms in W in circle (jelly roll)
- Don't bend over too much at end
- Drag/Slide!

New Western order:

- Teton
- Band
- Hoedown
- Devil's Dream
- Exhibition

Thursday, July 18th 1991

Delynne Peay

Got to sleep in this morning. I had set my alarm for 10:00 but woke up at 9:15 so I got up and did a load of wash. Alexander was doing his usual thing ~ smoking and watching cartoons in his underwear...strange?!

I fixed myself some Mueslix in my coffee cup with warm milk and enjoyed another quiet breakfast. Actually, I yearn for my return to my little, noisy family very much. I often wish that I could sit down in the family room and have them all climb onto my lap. It will already be less than one month from now, so I think I'll make it.

We were supposed to be at the school at noon to pack costumes for tonight's show, but Jean-Luc didn't even get to our house until 12:40, so obviously, we were very late. Some of the student's went and waited until 12:30 when it was time to go eat lunch. Others were almost as late as we were. I can't figure who planned this festival and housing arrangements. Our hosts have only been able to take us once. Other people have had to transport us everywhere we needed to be. Poor Jean-Luc is wearing down. I don't know when he ever sleeps, and I can tell Manu really misses him.

So while I was waiting for a ride, I was able to finish my wash and even get most of my ironing done. I was sweating like a little pig by the time I was finished, but it was nice to have that much time to get my laundry taken care of. 'Hogan's Heroes' even came on TV before we left!

We ended up taking Alexander down to his bus stop, so today we managed to cram 7 people in that little red tin can.

Ate lunch and sat with some of the Greek kids. Bill was at the party at our host home last Saturday, so I spoke quite a bit with him. He's 19 years old and is studying electronics and this is his first tour. He's really having a great time here at the festival.

It's interesting to see their table manners. They usually always serve others at the table first and then themselves. And before they ever take a second helping, they inquire if anyone would like more, especially if it is the last bit.

We had made a decision last night to travel to a city called Aix and spend time there before going to Septeme for our performance. As we arrived in Aix, one of the first things we saw was a beautiful fountain in the town square, and then the missionaries! We held up a BYU bag to the window and they freaked. We spoke to them later and they said the work is going extremely well ~ 24 missionaries just in Aix. The Lord's work is truly being done in France and I am playing a small part



in it.

I spent the 2 hours we had with Rex, Dixie, Scott and Karen. Found an incredible pastry and candy shop...very beautiful, but also very expensive. Bought some insect repellent, deodorant, some cards, this little journal, and a birthday card for Britnee.

Back on the bus and headed to Septeme. It was less than ½ hour away. We went up to another camp ground looking place for drinks and then dinner. Talked with a group of our students about finances in marriage. Was interesting.

Did our show with the group from Senegal. Small stage, but we managed okay with two 20 minute segments. Met a man from Morocco who invited our group to come there. He really was very nice. Nice man hosted us. The women changed in a room that was a wedding chapel. After the show, the men put lipstick on and ravaged the girls in their nothings and really took them by surprise.

Had real French fries today, and Jean Luc took us home from the performance.

Got to bed at 1:30!

Mike Ingols

This morning we went to Aix an Provence. It was a gorgeous city, it was also a tourist trap. Murielle, one of our guides, took us to the city. It was fun to see the missionaries as we drove to the parking lot. They were excited to see us.

The fountain in the main square is really spectacular. It was quite large with lions and mythical beings. After taking a few pictures, we went to a bank to exchange money. The banking system is much more secure than in America. There are doors that only allow so many people in at a time, controlling the number of people in the bank, large windowed stations that are usually bullet proof and security guards. The credit union where I work at, at home has only cameras.

After the bank we explored the town. Many went to visit the cathedral that Joan of Arc died or was condemned in. I went with a small group who went shopping. The best buy was at the confectioner's store. The pateries and confections were heavenly. My favorite was the tart covered with custard and raspberries.

At Septemes, our performance site that night, we had the typical French picnic of rice salad, bread, tomatoes, boiled egg, chicken, drink and fruit. It was getting old because we had eaten it for many nights before.

Our performance site was at a carnival and among the beeps and whirling sounds we all felt like an attraction at the carnival. After the performance the guys got it good for booing and screaming every time a girl walked through our dressing room. The girls came in with heavy lipstick on and kissed us all. Well, we got our revenge on them. We al put on lipstick and ran into the girls' room and scared them to death because all were not fully dressed and kissed them good. It was a fun evening and the girls were quite surprised that we were so brave.

Tamara Marshall

Today we visited a quaint little French city called “Aix en Provence.” It is so awesome! We had about 2 hours free time to wander around. Becky Brimhall, Becky Leigh, and I walked around some shops, got a Nutella crepe, and a terrific fruit drink. It was called, “peche, framboise et citron.” (peach, raspberry, and lemon) The streets here are exactly what I pictured France to look like---outdoor cafes and boutiques were on every corner. That night, we drove to Septemes and had a great show---EXCEPT for the silly boys who came in our dressing room with LIPSTICK on and attacked us while we were changing! It was hilarious!!!

Blain Empey

We often get locked out of our costume room, so here we sit waiting for a key, waiting to learn this festival’s closing ceremonies finale.

We went to Aix en Provence for the afternoon. That was a good trip. The city was small with a fun downtown. We walked to the church we thought held the trial for Joan of Arc. The walk back put us in old Europe. Old walls slanting slightly winked us by; small shops and narrow cobblestoned streets led the way. Several little squares opened up with trees and sidewalk cafes. Some of us stopped at an ice cream stand. I got lemon sherbet, pralines, and pistachio for just under \$3.00.



After the walk, I sat with Jennifer and Jaime by a merry-go-round. That was extremely memorable. A few young children were on it looking bored until they came around to their mothers. Then they would light up and wave and I laughed and laughed. Huge fountain splashed in the background and the people kept me entertained for a relaxing half hour.



Friday, July 19th 1991

Andy Madsen

Well, it was the last day of the festival, and I've learned a lot since I've been in Marseilles. I've loved it here, and I'm going to miss it!

The day was spent saying goodbye to the other groups... and basically having a good time. They took us all to the park, where we had a picnic lunch, and played sports. We got together with the Ukrainian group and played American football. They got to be pretty good. Us Americans were out-of-shape wimps.

Tonight was the "Ball of Nations" big outdoor finale for the entire festival. Before it began, we said goodbye to the other festival countries and exchanged gifts.

I had become particularly close to a few people. Thomas, who was from the Greek group, invited Tamara and I to stay with him when we were in Greece. I gave my 4 Argentinean "girlfriends" buttons and old workshop t-shirt. They gave me kisses in return! I'll never forget them: Mary, Marta, Sancha and Romina.

Then there was the Ukrainian group that everyone in the U.S. team became close to. Mike Sandberg brought a Book of Mormon in Russian and gave it to one of the married couples on the team. They were a great group, so close to the spirit, and so full of love. There was as great bond between our teams.

The festival performances went well tonight. It was more of a relaxed atmosphere because we did a lot of "animation" from our countries.

The Frassin family was there, so Chris (Schuyler) and I danced with Armelle and Gael. For American animation we did things like the Hoki-Poki and the Bunny Hop. They really got into it! It was funny to see 300 French and other dancers doing it.

Tonight we went to the Manni family house where Mike S. and Mark were staying and swam again. Almost all the adults were drunk or getting that way. It was 4 o'clock in the morning when we finally got home. We gave out gifts to our family – t-shirts, books, and mugs and visited. Chris wanted to stay up all night with them, but I couldn't hack it. I needed at least an hour of sleep.

Delynne Peay

Had to get up for a directors meeting at 9:00 AM. Jean Luc came at 8:40 and I didn't even have my shoes on. Rushed around and ended up leaving my contacts on the desk and the little duckie cross-stitch for Manu's baby, too. Guess the world will be kinda fuzzy today.

The meeting was to get some feedback about the festival. Senegal said they'd rather write theirs in a letter. Argentina said they didn't have time ~ their list was too long! We tried to be positive, but mentioned the imposition on the host families and problems with transporting our kids back and forth. Daniel Audry seemed pleased.

Jean Luc says that he was the luckiest guide to get our group. We already knew that, but it's nice to hear.

Had our rehearsal for the Ball of Nations final performance tonight. I can hardly believe this festival is almost over, but I also think we're ready to move on. The five of us who are going up to accept gifts were being creative. We did drill march on the first run-through and the yellow brick road skip on the second one.

Left at about 1:00 to go to the big picnic in the park. Had to walk quite a ways, but it actually had grass. The Hormans and Barringtons and I played some card games and a dice game called 'Blow It' with 6 dice. It was really quite a lot of fun. I tried to curl up on the grass lawn and my travel bag, but between the ants and the hardness of the bag, I didn't get any real rest.

Drove back to the Cultural Center, unloaded everything and made the trek to the theatre only to have 3 hours free. So some took off to the Santon doll factory. I headed to the pastry shop with Tamara, Angie, and Jason and got Mr. Freeze things and apple pastries. It's interesting the way they tell us that we must be at a certain place at 7:00, then nothing happens until 9:30.

We had little coupon books for dinner, and ended up standing in line forever for it. The townspeople were in a huge crowd out on the street for over an hour waiting to come in. They opened the gates at 9:15, and they literally ran in to get a seat at one of the tables close to the stage. It was pretty entertaining...but then, these French people are pretty entertaining period.

Each group did a short performance and then an audience participation thing. We went on just before midnight. Jean Luc danced Running Sets in Denny's place. He loves that dance! Manu was beaming ear to ear.

I spent the evening walking around taking pictures with friends and getting addresses.



The people here have loved our group so much. They presented us gifts from the festival and we got a beautiful hand-painted plate from the town and our third Santon doll.

Jean Paul got his car back from the shop (nice timing!), so he and Alexander drove us home. I did some heavy-duty packing and got to bed at 3:30 only to realize that we had to get up in 2 ½ hours...another power nap night.

Mike Ingols

Morning- BORING! Boring rehearsal with “LaLa Man”. This rehearsal was to prepare us for the closing ceremonies of the festival. We all were tired and bored with him. After the run through we boarded buses to go to a park for a picnic lunch. All the groups ate the typical French picnic meal.

After lunch many of the groups competed in a mini soccer tourney. We lost against Senegal, but we had more fun watching Nancy, Candace, Angie and Becki Leigh be cheerleaders. Some of the other of our group played American Football with the Ukrainian group.

The final performance included a dinner, which was good, though it wasn't much different than the other meals we had, but I think the quality was better. We all just loved how well our performance went that night. After the fireworks went off a small fire started on the roof of the bathrooms behind the stage. It was funny to see them move so quickly to put it out. After the “Bal des Nations” Marty and I had the great honor (ha, ha) to have a party at our host's home. Our hostess was hosting a birthday party, our last night there, and also that two of her friends had passed final exams. They served cake and Champaign, and we had juice, of course. We talked a little about the church and after a while dismissed ourselves to pack and sleep for our early morning for Nice. As a side note to our performance, Jean Luc, our guide, wanted to dance in Running sets because he liked to sing “Ol' Joe Clark. So we gave him a costume and dragged him through the dance. He did rather well.

(Looking back - Final thoughts about Marseille and our host family: Marty and I, as I mentioned shared a room at our host family's home. What I didn't mention in the journal was that we got to wake up every morning and see a photo of our host lady naked. It was poster size and hanging on the wall by the door. What a scary thought of waking every morning and the first thing we'd see was that photo.)

Tamara Marshall

Today is the last day of the festival. I've had a great time here in Marseilles but it's time to go and move on. Tonight we had a finale dinner and program. There were tons of people there. Our host family, the Roveras, came to watch us perform. They gave Becky L. and I some French perfume “Vie Privee”. It smells great. I said goodbye to the friends I made from other countries. The one I will especially remember is Marina from the Ukraine. When I hugged her goodbye she said, “I never forget you in my life!”

Saturday, July 20th 1991

Rex Barrington

July 20 – 28 Nice, France Folklore Festival

... While here we have visited the coastline and swam, traveled to Monaco and visited Monte Carlo, visited and performed in Cannes, city of the famous film festival, and shopped. We also visited the city of Grasse and toured a perfume factory – very interesting!

One of the comical yet serious events of the tour occurred here. The Hormans and Barringtons spent some time together on one of those days when there was some free time. We men wanted to go swimming; the wives wanted to go shopping. As we parted from each other, we were teased not to look too hard at any of those bathing beauties on the Nice beaches. We assured the wives we would be good boys.



So Scott and I enjoyed walking down into the surf, and enjoying the thrill of being on a French Riviera beach. While wading out and back I was hit with a large wave of water near the shoreline, coming at me from behind; I didn't see it coming. I fell off balance and another wave hit me next, knocking my glasses completely off, and into the water. The movement of the water in that location was so swift and forceful that there seemed no chance of ever finding my glasses, they just disappeared quickly into the water below me. Valiantly, Scott saw what had happened, and dove into the water after the glasses. But instead of finding the glasses, he came up out of the water having had his contacts washed out of his eyes!! There we were, on the shoreline blind, with no identification, no clothes other than swimming suits, no money, and no way to see much in front of us. What a sad situation!

And it got worse as we assessed our situation: Scott's glasses are in Provo and he had no extra pairs of soft lenses; I had no backup pair of glasses to replace mine and didn't even have my prescription!

We walked back to the pre-arranged meeting point to see our wives, who immediately sensed something was wrong. The tour leaders were sightless! We were quite the sight as we walked back to our hotel, trying to figure out what to do next.

Fortunately, Scott was able to buy a new pair of disposable soft contacts for his eyes right there in Nice. I spent most of the day going around without much ability to see (everything was pretty blurry). I tried Dixie's one lone extra contact she had for her eyes (her other spare was used just last Sunday when one she was wearing tore apart), but her prescription doesn't do much for me—far too weak for my needs. At the end of the day I put on one of Scott Horman's new lens pairs (he had bought 3 pair) and made it through the day better than when I was one-eyed with Dixie's contact. A call to Provo got me my prescription, and tomorrow I will go out and buy my own disposables. I used to wear them, but then developed an inner eye infection. I hope I can make it through at least the rest of the tour with them. I was terrified for a time – what good is a tour manager who can't see?

(as it turned out, I began from that point wearing soft contacts again, and did so until my Lasik surgery just a few years ago)

Delynne Peay

Well, lo and behold, guess who was the first one up yet another morning. Nate and Denny were going to get up and pack this morning. Well, needless to say, they got no shower and their things basically thrown into suitcases.

We got there at 7:10 and found out that Jean Luc had told a lot of the host families that we didn't need to be there until 7:30 and, of course, the doors were locked at the school, so we couldn't get to the costume bags.

Candace and Marcie had to leave a note for their host family and walk to the school with all their luggage... (this is why we only bring 15 lbs.)! They have been such troopers this whole festival. They each deserve a gold medal.

I gave Jean Luc and Manu the Suzy Zoo chickie clogger that I had x-stitched and framed. I think they liked it. Murielle didn't come to the bus this morning. I don't know why. She was difficult to get close to and figure out.

Got on the road by about 8:20 with a very sleepy group. Many stayed up most of the night. Heidi got a Santon doll and Kristen a plate. Greg was given a pair of boots from one of the Ukrainians!

I had a seat to myself, so I curled up and slept for about 2 hours of the trip. We arrived on the outskirts of Nice and all piled off the bus to wait for our escort to come and take us into the festival dorms. But, what a nice surprise we got when Gilbert told us that we would not be staying at the dorms, but at a hotel. And not just any old hotel, but at the Hotel Arcade which has only been open for one month.

We drove quite a ways away from the dorms, but he told us it was in the middle of town (and right across from La Poste!).

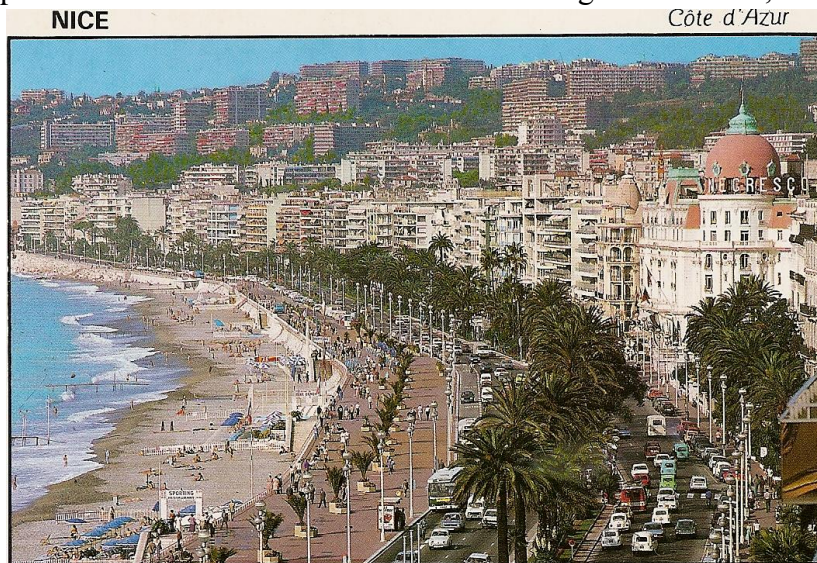
We checked in and I ended up with a room to myself. I think I can handle that for the next 12 days—yes!

Only had 20 minutes to get settled and back on the bus to eat dinner, change into costumes and off to the parade. It was called “Nuit des Fleurs” or Night of Flowers, and

what an incredible thing it was. It was held on the main drag just off the beachfront and the route was about 10 blocks, but it continued in a loop.

Two times around they did with floats lit up and covered with flowers adorned with beautifully but scantily (even topless) costumed women. They would dump boxes full of

carnations onto the floats to be thrown to the spectators.



We lost Rex, Dixie, Scott, and Karen, so Maxine, Phyllis and I watched and gathered carnations for about 2 hours. Lionel, one of our guides, came running up with a whole bundle of dark pink carnations (2 dozen I think) and handed them to me along with the traditional kiss on each cheek. He's a cute 16 year old French boy!

By the end of the parade I must have had over 6 dozen carnations, gladiolas, daisies, and 2 elephant ear flowers. Lionel told me that they throw over 4 tons of flowers this night. I think I ended up with about 10 pounds myself. Phyllis and Maxine could hardly believe it. They were pretty funny to watch.

Got to bed before 2:00...amazing!

Mike Ingols

We drove to Nice, but with the high humidity and being that it was in the 80s it was miserable. We arrived at the school where we were had room and board. We unpacked our show stuff only to find out that we would be staying at a hotel and not in the dorms. We were excited, but we were kind of upset in that we wouldn't be able to get close to the different groups performing at this festival. We did find out that the Polish group was from Lublin and knew our guest choreographer, Caroline. She had danced with the Polish group for a few years. The USSR group was from George and there was a group from Yugoslavia. We learned the traditional opening ceremony dance, which was very simple.

We ate lunch/dinner, which was a little different from Chateau Gombert. They served more seafood (and over the next few days we would learn more about how different the world would be).

That night we were in an “eye-opening” (eye-candy) parade. It was the “Night of Flowers” parade. It took place on the main street that lined the shoreline. There were approximately 25 to 30 floats decorated with beautiful floral arrangements and lights. On each float there stood ladies in different types of attire, all the way from revealing evening wear, to topless skimpiness. Luckily the ladies in the float in front of us were clothed enough for us. As we started the parade we were each handed flowers. We had no idea what we were to do with them, but we found out quickly that we were to throw them into the crowd. Because of all the noise, we could barely hear our musicians, so we basically faked it and tried to keep some type of formation. The route was approximately five kilometers, ok more like 2 kilometers, but it was long. At the turn around point, we were given more flowers and walked/danced another 2 kilometers.

By the time we reached the final turn, the parade was winding down. We were the last group of the parade and most of the floats were parked. The floats themselves became open game for the spectators, who would sneak past that partitions and start to take some of the floral arrangements off of the floats. It kind of scared us as we weren't expecting this and the crowds would become bigger a more people came to raid the floats.

As a side note of the day, I forgot to mention what we did right as we arrived in Nice. We went to a mall to do a performance. The French mall we went to was different from the malls at home. Many of our malls have high ceilings, but in France they put in a second floor, in the same space we would have put a single floor. The court yard where we performed was very much like a regular mall, lots of plants, artwork and fountains. We really enjoyed performing there. We were the first group to ever perform in that mall. After our performance we walked through the corridors of the mall singing.

Our housing accommodations were not as we expected. As mentioned earlier, we thought we'd be staying in the dorms with the rest of the groups. It's interesting to see how different the university buildings looked compared to ones in the states, especially BYU. Here they are dirty looking with little vegetation. If there is vegetation, it isn't well groomed. Our hotel was by the main train station and across the street from the hotel there were two sex shops. I was surprised that there were only 2. In Germany the areas surrounding a train station can be a bit seedy. We were definitely spoiled, because we had the buffet/continental breakfast at the hotel. It consisted of cocoa, rolls, croissants, jam and o.j. Our lunches and dinners would be quite interesting.

Tamara Marshall

Well, after only 3 hours of sleep we met at 7 a.m. to leave for Nice. I was a starvin' Marvin so some of us cruised to a pastry shop, "Boulangerie-Pâtisserie!" They sell the best éclairs and cream puffs in the world. After a long and uncomfortable ride (with a smile of course!) we finally arrived in nice. I am especially excited about being here because my parents are meeting me here. We had a show at 3 p.m. in a gorgeous shopping center that was kind of unannounced. But tonight is a parade so hopefully I'll see them or they will see me! I'm staying with Candace Wyatt in a great hotel room with a TV/remote, own bathroom, and phone. It's so refreshing and relaxing!

Tonight at the parade, we realized it was a flower festival. There were 14 tons of flowers thrown into the crowds. At the corners of the route they would load us up with a huge bundle of flowers! The people went wild! I saw my mom and dad and I totally screamed! I was SO happy to see them!

Blain Empey

Today was a very eventful day, which made it seem forever long. We didn't get home until 3:00 AM the night before. I got two hours of sleep, then off to Nice. I gave M. and Mme. Roche the gifts I brought for them and felt very happy.

Our ride to Nice was miserable. I felt so hot and I was so tired. I fell asleep with my neck bent and it hurt when I woke up and, well you know. It was not fun. We stopped at a grassy spot on the side of the road, however, and rested until a member of the festival showed up. We arrived to find out the school was full and we were being put up at a hotel. I was so disappointed. It would've been fun to stay here. We met some of the Polish girls and Israelis. There are many young groups. Complaining! So much for that goal!

We had an interesting and non-filling fish lunch, then changed clothes and went to a mall to perform. I love performances at places like that where you can see people's eyes.



After the performance we sang in parade formation to show the people our stuff. The man who was MC held the world record for speaking most words a second. I talked with Phyllis and Maxine—they are really interesting people. We rested after we went back to the school then had dinner.

The parade we danced in was 4 kilometers long (up and down a road 4 times). Naked women on flowered floats threw flowers to the crowds (and there were lots of people). It

Fire works and " Battles of Flowers" on Promenade Des Anglais

Like every year, the 14th of July Fireworks will start from Quai des Ponchettes in Nice . Bunch of colours and fragrances; tons of fresh flowers will be distributed to spectators on the Promenade des Anglais.

reminded us of 'The Ten Commandments' when they made the golden calf. It was beautiful, though. Our girls were frequently given flowers and it took us awhile to realize the crowd wasn't waving to us because we were Americans, but because they wanted the flowers. The French called it the flower fight because people were hitting each other to get bouquets. We got so tired—we just walked the second half. People mobbed the float in front.

Amy got kicked, Jason took my spot, and Delynne told us they used 4 tons of flowers.

Nice is beautiful (you thought I was going to say 'nice'). It is more modern than quaint Chateau Gombert. I love it. Our hotel is new, but cheap and already falling apart. It is the Hotel Arcade. I'm staying with Jason Deere. I was up until 2:30 getting my priesthood lesson done.

Sunday, July 21st 1991

Delynne Peay

Got to sleep in a little this morning. Went to a reception with the mayor. Lionel and Celine went with me, Jennifer, Jaime, Andy and Mike Ingols. They're really doing a good job. They made sure we were under a canopy during all the speeches and presentations. And that way we were right by the food tables too!

Met a very interesting couple—he was English and talked a lot about his first wife (dead) and how she called square dancing in England for nearly 40 years, wrote 3 books and started what grew to be over 200 square dance clubs in Great Britain.

The woman was French and had been a professional ballerina. She has a son living in Bozeman, Montana. She now wants to marry a cowboy!

Finished our thing there and returned to the college for lunch. The meals here have been pretty okay so far—first night we had a fish that was not so great, but we got hot French bread tonight ~ it was totally Heaven!

We sat around for about 2 ½ hours after waiting to go do the big parade. It was quite the production. There were 26 groups total and went down the main street called Avenue Jean Medecin.

All the leaders walked down the parade route to the local McDonalds at the end of the route and relished the A.C., fries, and diet coke. Our group went by and we held up our cups!

All the groups did a 3 minute presentation. We video taped all but most of the French groups, but I wasn't too impressed with some of them. The Georgian group is professional and very good. They have a 13 year old boy who is one hot dancer, but acts like he's spoiled rotten!

They Yugoslavs are a cute group, and do some nice things. I took pictures of the Mexican costumes—they are incredible! Pretty girls. I wanted a back view of one, and the girl really thought I was crazy!

We left the Sammena Square and the fountains and went home to our hotel. Those of us who were at the reception met in my room and had a sacrament service.

I stayed up for a while getting things ready for the Laundromat. Dixie and Karen volunteered to do mine with theirs, since all the folkies will be there with tons of costumes, all morning, and my afternoon will be occupied with teaching Devil's Dream and Exhibition Square.

Get to sleep in till devotional at 9:00!

Mike Ingols

The group met for church, while Delyne, Marty Matheson, Jennifer Ollerton, J'aime Jones (Graf) and I were invited to a reception that morning with the Mayor. We met at the grounds of one of the museums in town. My guess is that the museum might have been a palace at one time. The reception was nice, and elegant. They had tables of finger foods, Champaign, juice and water, and each table was covered with an umbrella. We spoke with a man who's dead wife was heavily involved with square dance groups in England, a lady who was into theater, and a Senator of the French parliament, who had worked with a project at the University of Utah. Each folk dance group was in costume and presented a small gift to the Mayor. We felt bad because our gift was not as nice and was looking a bit thrashed. So along with a book about BYU, we gave him one of our new pins that we all had just received via the mail the previous day.

We met back at the school to have lunch. Since I can't keep each day's meals straight, I will highlight some of the interesting things we ate. Most would be considered gourmet at home, but here is a sampling of what we ate while in Nice:

- Grapefruit wedges and tuna fish served in grapefruit shells (the rind was made into a bowl)
- Octopus in stewed tomatoes served over rice
- Tuna salad stuffed into tomatoes
- Sardines or anchovies on a green salad
- Fish soup
- Different fish parts (or different types of fish)
- Spaghetti and meatballs (okay, this one isn't too foreign from home)

I tried everything and even had seconds on the octopus, even though it had succors and scary looking pieces, it didn't taste too bad.

Later that day we did the parade from ~~Hades~~, you know where. We had already done the 8 kilometer parade and did another 3 or 4 kilometers. The flavor of this parade was more typical of the parades at home, with floats, bands, and lots of spectators. There were a lot of people lined up along the parade route. It wasn't an extremely hot day, but very humid and by the time we got to the end of the route, we were all wet with sweat. It's hard to keep up the energy while dancing and walking for 2+ hours.

The end of the route was also our performance site; a beautiful setting. The stage was in front of a very large fountain that covered half of the square. The square was large and well groomed which seems to be typical of Nice. We danced the official ceremony dance, and they raised the different countries flags on flag poles that flanked the stage. Next they lit a torch that would stay lit for the entire week of festivities. While waiting to perform our three minute clog routine we gathered people together from the different groups and played games to pass the time away. The games required little explanation, yet were enjoyed by all.

Tamara Marshall

Today we had church in our hotel and it was such a special meeting. We were posed the question, “What manifestations of the Spirit have I felt in my life?” I taught a Relief Society lessons on forgiveness with Becky Leigh. We are so blessed to have such a great group this year. I love associating with such remarkably talented and righteous people. After church I met my parents and went to Villefranche for lunch. The town looked like a scene straight out of the movie, “Dirty Rotten Scoundrels.” Our show tonight was the opening ceremonies of another festival at the Place Messena.

Blain Empey

We are 2/5 through an enjoyable experience that is improving more and more. Church reminded me that I am in the midst of great people and the true gospel. I gave the priesthood lesson on being converted. Chris asked why some received overnight conversions. I didn't have the answer but someone in the meeting explained that it wasn't miraculous; it was the same. Laman and Lemuel received visitations and nothing happened. Alma still accepted his Savior later, after the chastising angel appeared. And so on.



It was a great day. I like this situation tons better. We've done two parades here now. When we ask, the answer is “The parade is very short.” So we start. However, both times, the parade turns out to be over two miles, and more. They are fun though because there are tons of people the entire way, and because sometimes traffic continues to whiz by. Doing a parade is no easy task either. We wear the most uncomfortable shoes ever (cowboy boots)

and dance on asphalt—just like in the frontier west, you know. The band (and us) consists of 100 bosses, so sometimes there is confusion as to what we are doing. Being hot as Hades doesn't help matters. Middle square is unorganized square and half the time we can't hear the music (although tall square can never hear it).

On the brighter side, each cute little girl or boy is worth it. The streets are beautiful, and it is easy to smile. People always clap, some get very excited to see Americans. Just the fact that I am doing a dance down a European street dressed as a cowboy, and that they are stopping traffic for me to do it, is enough.



Our performance site is beautiful. We were in a square, typically European, with pretty hotels and shops surrounding us. Distinctly, this town has a huge fountain and is very



large in and of itself. The dancers gathered around the fountain and started doing a dance they taught us onto the floor. This was the official opening of the festival. They raised the flags, and turned on the fountains.

I went to McDonalds with leadership then back to find we were next. We'd bought everyone a sundae, so we wolfed them down then got on stage. We couldn't hear the band, so it went rather sloppy. I felt bad. Luckily

Mike Jensen was visiting today, so we got to spend good time together. I wonder if I'll be able to catch up with folk dancers in the years to come. This is probably my last time.

After dinner at the festival place, we had some free time. We went to the pool to play murder in the dark. That was fun, but the funnest was playing splash. We used a clean ash tray full of water. I swear I got 30% of all the right answers. Following that, we went up to Becky and Amy's room and told ghost stories.



Monday, July 22nd 1991

Delynne Peay

Happy Birthday Britnee! We had our morning free, so I walked around a little to get better acquainted with Nice. Went back to the hotel and went down to the pool for about an hour. It was most wonderful!

Had lunch at the college (not so wonderful) and then had a 2 ½ hour rehearsal. Devil's Dream was a snap...Exhibition was more of a challenge. Everyone was hot and grumpy. Things just had a hard time clicking, but we finally did it.

Had about 2 hours free time before dinner. Some took off for the beach, others slept, others wrote.

After dinner we went back down to Sammena and each group did 10 minutes. The Polish group did a nice Polonez to taped music (I thought that wasn't permitted at festivals), the Indonesians played "Tiny Bubbles" and some French song for their performance. We did Pioneer Suite. We also took group pictures in front of the fountains.

The Argentines did a great men's Gaucho number. I can't remember if I asked Karen to video them tonight or not. All the groups left right after their 10 minute segment so we missed all the groups after us. I really wanted to watch the Georgians.

Lionel and Celine said that we could not stay...sometimes truisms get lost in translations. But, most of the time they do really well. Celine is 16 and quite pretty. I think she would like our boys to take more notice. They probably would if she were a little older!

Made the mistake of going down to Scott and Karen's room and ended up staying till nearly 2:00 with Rex and Dixie. It was good to talk though.

Mike Ingols

We woke up for devotional and then most of the group went to the laundry mat we found. Most of us in need to do laundry and not wash it by hand and have clothes lines strung up all around our rooms to dry our clothes. Though we became proficient at it, it wasn't my favorite way of doing laundry. Mark Jensen and I had clothes hanging all around the room. I felt sorry for the cleaning staff, who had to work around our makeshift clothes lines.

The laundry mat was small and very crowded. Lots of the people there were people backpacking or traveling through Europe. The rest of the day was uneventful because most, if not all slept during the afternoon.

That evening we were back at the fountain stage at Place Messena. More people played games with us, which made it more fun for all. This night we could actually hear our stage monitors making it much easier to actually dance better.

Tamara Marshall

Today we had free time until 1:30 p.m. so I spent the morning sight-seeing and exploring with my mom and dad. At our show this evening we only performed for about 10 minutes. We did our pioneer section with some other groups from other countries.

Blain Empey



At this very moment I'm with Andy Madsen at a laverie or Laundromat washing costumes by order of Delynne. We arose at 7:00 AM and thank goodness because we are using ½ of the 6 washers! It's an overcast day. The streets are becoming more and more alive. Already, we met 2 girls who are American tourists, several people who gave us directions, a bakery woman, and the hotel man. Using the culture class language skills, I

had the following conversation with a woman in a bank:

Me: Parlez vous anglais?

Her: Non.

Me: Ou se trouve le 'Laundromat'?

She looks at the other man and he translates; she gives directions "something something 'premeire' something 'laverie' something something" and points.

Me: Merci. Au revoir!

So now I can say I speak French.

Later, same day. Some African dude came in and made me show him how to start the washing machine. He sounded like he was ordering me, so I brusquely said "je non parl pas Francais." I finally figured out what he needed by watching so I helped. I made it to breakfast after the laundry. Breakfast here consists of croissants, hard rolls, thick hot chocolate, thin orange juice, and jam and butter. I wolf it down because I can't seem to fill myself at the other meals. Especially today. We had squash and parsnips and half chickens for lunch. Dinner was worse. French cuisine "HA!" Where is Julia Child when you need her?

After breakfast I tried to go to the pool, but it was closed so I slept, then off to lunch, and then to a horrible practice. Delynne is a good teacher, but today she got mad and really kept us on our toes. We learned Devil's dream and Exhibition Square. It was hot. I had to wear my practice pants and they were soaked. We're hearing rumors that it is hotter (HOTTER!) in Portugal. Can't wait. Not.

Finally, an hour and a half free time! We went to the Nice beach just down the road. The water was perfect, temperature wise, and it was fun to sink to the bottom. I even opened my eyes—it didn't hurt! It was very refreshing. The problem was that it was filthy water, and tar spotted in the rocks (not sand, rocks). I got a 'dingle berry' in my arm pit as well as all over my foot. Also, there are topless women everywhere, and Speedo

briefs. We tried not looking, but when you have to step over someone, well...I've become oblivious. I don't even get embarrassed anymore.

We had dinner; some of us ran to get a pastry (which was delicious). The performance was at the fountains; we performed Pioneer Suite. Here are the dances we have now:

Pioneer:

- Whoa Ha Buck
- Round Dance
- Come Come Ye Saints medley
- Polka Quadrille

Western:

- Teton Mountain Stomp
- Devil's Dream
- Square Dance
- Hoedown
- Exhibition Square (? Skip to my Lou?)

Fad

- Charleston
- Swing
- Surfin'
- Funk

Clog

- Buckin' Appalachian (and Running Sets)
- Fire on the Mountain
- Monroe's Hornpipe
- Steamerlane Breakdown

Being at the fountain was fun. All the groups were there; we were 9th. So to pass the time we played games toward the far end opposite where we perform. It's fun because we start with us and try to get the foreigners (oops, I guess I'm the foreigner). Well, the other groups to join in. A great way to make friends. Here's what we play:

- Count Cap
- Mi Ji Flash (Micky Flash, Freddy Flash, and Icky Flash)
- Savez vous (a foreign drinking song)
- Down by the Banks of the Hanky Panky (where the bull frogs jump from bank to banky singing Ee Ee Ii Ii Oo Oo Uu Uu Oom soppidilly and a ballroom).
- Sitting on laps in a circle



Grandes nuits du folklore
— INTERNATIONAL —

13 Nations participantes
21 JUILLET OUVERTURE
16h30 - Défilé des Nations,
avenue Jean Médecin
18h30 - Cérémonie
d'ouverture Forum Masséna

22 JUILLET
21h - Soirée de Gala
Forum Masséna

ARENES DE CIMIEZ
Dans une ambiance champêtre,
des soirées étourdissantes de
dances, de musiques, venues du
monde entier.

25 JUILLET 20H
"Soirée spaghetti, paella"

26 JUILLET 20H
"Soirée Slave"

27 JUILLET 20H
"Soirée des Amériques"

25, 26, 27 JUILLET 21H
GRAND SPECTACLE

28 JUILLET
A PARTIR DE 17H
GRANDE PARADE
DU FOLKLORE

EXPOSITIONS
ET VENTE DE PRODUITS
ARTISANAUX

DEGUSTATION
DES SPECIALITES
CULINAIRES DES PAYS

56^e FESTIVAL MONDIAL
DE FOLKLORE NICE
CÔTE D'AZUR

Renseignements/location :
Comité des fêtes
5, promenade des Anglais -
06000 Nice Tél. 93 87 16 28

ENTREE : 30F

- Human knot
- Someone in the center is pushed back and forth.

We did okay. We almost left Chris; he was late. I started writing in my journal but decided to go with him to 'Quick Burger' and talked the whole way. We had a great talk. I felt uplifted at the end, as we discussed Hope. I have a great friend now.



Tuesday, July 23rd 1991

Andy Madsen

Today was packed with incredible memories! It all happened very quickly, but we enjoyed it all immensely.

Our touring took us to the Monaco/Monte Carlo scene where Prince Rainier rules the small kingdom. It was impressive to witness the changing of the guard, the palace, the entire scene.

This afternoon was memorable in a way I would have never expected. Last night, a member of the Yugoslavian team was killed on a motorcycle, and today they declared civil war in their country. We pitched in some money and bought them some flowers. We presented the bouquet to the group and sang "Go Ye Now in Peace". People in their group started to break down even before we started singing. I could only sing the first few words but had to stop because it was hard to watch the scene. I eventually recovered and the group sounded beautiful. Afterwards, without even hesitation, we gave hugs to the group. Many of us were crying with them. The entire act reminded me of the love Christ has for us and the entire Plan of Salvation. I will never forget what happened.

Tonight was memorable. We performed to a full crowd at an amphitheatre in Cannes... the same Cannes where the film festival is held. The performance was right on the beach, and we were right on, too! The crowd loved us – we got a standing ovation before we even finished. I've never perspired so much in my life. Almost every one of our costumes was drenched! It was amusing.

After our rousing performance, we all hopped in the ocean. Cannes has sand! The water could not have been a better temperature! That initial "swoosh" into the water was something else... We partied in the bus tonight!

Delynne Peay

Got up and headed to Monaco and Monte Carlo. Finally broke out the Visa and bought everyone a t-shirt! Visited a huge cathedral and just walked around the little streets and souvenir shops. Paid \$2.00 for a Sprite—incredible!

Didn't really have a lot of time there. A couple guys tried to go into a casino, but got kicked out readily.

Back on the bus, we drove just outside Monte Carlo, pulled over, hiked up this rocky hillside, sat in dried up grass and weeds and ate out of 'box' lunches...bread, cold chicken, tomato, hard boiled egg, cheese, and a peach. This is the standard lunch for France I think.

It really was quite picturesque from where we sat, but guess who didn't have any film in her camera!

Found out this morning that one of the Yugoslav musicians was killed on a motorcycle this morning at 1:30. So when we returned to the college, Dixie, Jerome, and I went to a nearby flower shop and got a huge bouquet for their group, with money that all the kids pitched in.

When we came back to present it to them, we only had 10 minutes before we were to leave for Cannes, so I opted to try and call my family one more time. Drove to Cannes for our big show. It was on an outdoor stage behind the building where they hold the International Film Festival every year. The sound and lights were fantastic, but the entire evening was sort of chaotic and vague. We did a parade up and down the main street—it was long and hot but we survived.

The stage ended up being a bit small, but it went well. Really a great crowd. Got a standing ovation—first one this tour.

The show ended with Mexico. They started out really strong with El Tilingo Lingo, but got progressively worse to the point of ballroom samba stuff.

P.S. About 7 in the group did a little skinny dipping on the Riviera and held up suits for a photo!

Mike Ingols

This was our most fun day yet. We went that morning to Monaco (Monte Carlo). I never really comprehended that Monaco was so close to Nice and the Italian border. The drive to Monaco was very beautiful. There were lots of little towns, narrow streets along cliffs and seashores. Some of the houses were beautiful with beautiful settings. I imagined myself living in such a place. When we arrived in Monaco, you could tell they had money there. The buildings, the stadium, the number of banks and the port all were evidence that money was prevalent in Monte Carlo. We didn't see the casino, but instead went to the Royal Family's compound set up on the hill. The commercialism was really amazing to see. I was surprised at the number of things that really blasted the commercialism. "The Monte Carlo Story" movie was one of them. The little village by the mansion was quaint and narrow passages and side streets. I visited the cathedral where Princess Grace was buried. It was interesting to see how beautiful and almost gaudy the cathedrals became over time. I next went to the museum that had a lot of Napoleon's artifacts. Napoleon was quite a diversified man. He was actually a successful leader. I think that he was partly misunderstood by the majority of U.S. citizens. Some of the artifacts are a death mask, his medals, certificates and other documents signed by him. Also included in the collection are spy glasses, canes, other uniforms and things he used during his life. The other part of the museum had other interesting artifacts for Monaco, such as coins, stamps, medals received and uniforms used by the security police of the province. It was a worthwhile trip.

The bleak part of the day came when we found out that a member of the Yugoslavian group dies in a motorcycle accident. We took a collection to buy some flowers to show our sympathy. After a picnic lunch at a park built into a hillside at Eze, we went on to

Nice to buy flowers and present them to the Yugoslavians. When we arrived we found out that it was to cost them 20,000 francs to send the body home. We decided as a group to take some money from our funds and donate it to their group, approximately 1500 francs. We sang "Go Ye Now in Peace/God Be with You" for the group. It was hard for both groups to stop from crying. After we sang, their group leader said that though the two countries are a great distance apart, they are closer together than ever. We then as a group hugged them and cried with them. It was a touching moment, one that many will not easily forget. We then had to leave quickly because we had to ready ourselves for our show in Cannes that evening.

Cannes is a very beautiful city. Our performance site was an amphitheater just outside the main hall where the famous Cannes Film Festival was held. It also is right on the beach. Before dinner some of the group quickly went to the beach to find a post-show location to swim. We had a great dinner at the cafeteria. It was a good meal because we got to pick out what we wanted to eat. After dinner we still had some free time. So Jennifer Ollerton, Daryl Smith, Greg Mayne and I explored the city. Overlooking the town is a castle or church and so we chose to go there, but felt we didn't have the time to walk there and back. As we were walking down some streets, we found a small narrow street that wound up the hill with sidewalk cafes and small shops. As we walked to the top we saw another great photo opportunity and before we knew it we were at the Chateau and clock tower we thought we couldn't reach. The view from there was spectacular and breathtaking. We took pictures of the shore from up there and headed down for the show.



After we performed we all took off for the beach where we swam around in the clear and cool water. It was much warmer than the water at Marseille. Many of us swam out to a rock island a few hundred yards out. It was so relaxing. After a while a few of us went out and did some dipping in the skinny (Looking back I think I phrased it this way since this was the journal we turned in as part of our grade). We were in the water for quite a long time. As the last group was finishing up, we got out of the water and got ready to leave. It was quite a fulfilling day.

Tamara Marshall

Today is Tuesday and we had a wonderful morning. We drove into Monaco - the most beautiful area ever! Monte Carlo is amazing! We saw the Grand Casino from a distance and the bridge where the race cars come down in the Grand Prix de Monte Carlo. The

view from the palace is gorgeous. We walked around the "palais" and even saw the changing of the guards at noon. It was quite a sight. After some shopping, we all got on the bus and left Monaco. We stopped and ate lunch on a beautiful hillside overlooking a bridge which is the boundary between France and Monaco. It was really fun.

However, when we arrived back at the school, we found out that one of the musicians from the Yugoslavian group was killed in a motorcycle accident last night. Our group pooled about \$50 together and bought some flowers for them. We headed over to visit the Yugoslavian team who we've become very close to. They were all together on one side of the room, hugging and crying on each other. It was a sight I will never forget. We presented the flowers to them and sang, "Go Ye Now in Peace" and "God Be with You." They all broke down and cried. As I sang, I looked into their eyes and even though they could not understand the words, I know they felt the spirit. Even though our voices were muffled and words sung through tears, it was the most beautiful and the most angelic way that I have ever heard us sing those songs. Afterwards, their director, humbly thanked us and one of the dancers said, "We love America!" At that moment the space between us was broken and the spirit filled the gap with love. Their director said, "Yugoslavia is very far from America (he held his hands out) , but at this moment . . . we are very close." (then he held his hands tightly together) Every one of us instantly walked up to them and hugged each member of their group. They were so sad and seemed to cling to our touch. As we walked outside, all of us were very silent and in deep thought. I know this will be a memory that we and the Yugoslavians will never forget. I am very thankful and proud to be a member of such a Christ-like group. Suddenly the thrill of Monaco dimmed and the joy of loving all of God's children flourished in our hearts.

Blain Empey

We were supposed to be at the bus at 9:00 sharp. Well, about seven of us made it, but the bus was late regardless. Our first destiny was the 17th country I've been to: Monaco. I must admit, it was one of those three hour jobs: hurry up and see it, then go. I walked up the garden paths with a fun group on the way to the palace. I think I've already taken a million pictures. The streets in Monte Carlo are narrower



than most anything I've seen. We were, of course, in the old part of town. Still, it was narrow and felt as though I was surrounded by the 18th century. Small expensive tourist shops crowded and spoiled the scene. We stopped at the cathedral; it was disappointing (after several others which have awe-inspired me). I went in and out alleys, continuing in the quest for something interesting.

The views at the palace were terrific. Cream walls roofed red climbed dangerously up the steep slopes of rugged mountains. The taste and age and culture interbred with modern lines and texture to create a rich but elegant feel.

The sea moved into the fjords, that's what it reminded me of. Yachts, sails, and other craft dotted the harbor. It was all beautiful.

The palace, though, was quite modest. At 11:45 a simple changing of the guard filled the courts almost full. I only saw a part. They dressed in white and were nowhere near the precision exhibited by the guards in Moscow. Then it was time to go. I forgot. When wandering the streets, Mark and I explored a few of the open doors leading upstairs. We



wanted to find a roof but none allowed us our goal. However, it reminded me entirely of my mission—up and down a million stairs.

We stopped halfway home at a beautiful chateau on a great hill overlooking the Mediterranean. We climbed up the dry grassy hill and ate overlooking a fun bridge and a richly villa'ed canyon. The humidity was so thick that it was foggy, and stuck on the mountain tops. We felt it too.

Thank goodness the bus is air conditioned—unlike the one in Marseilles. They provided lunch with a bottle of wine each. We got water later. Kristen found later that there was a significantly famous landmark on top of that hill, right there, and we missed it due to ignorance. I still don't know what it was, but it's a great metaphor.

A sad thing happened last night. A 21 year old Yugoslavian went motorcycle riding with a friend from Nice. They got in a wreck and he was killed. We all contributed to get \$52.00 to buy flowers. When we got back to the school we gathered. Jennifer gave them a presentation, very well done. We sang "Go Ye Now in Peace" and all cried. We just mixed then and hugged them and went our way.

We then bussed to Cannes. Cannes is beautiful, and they put sand on their beaches. We did a (comparatively) short but fun parade with middle square in front. That was a nice change. A policeman just drove in front of us stopping traffic as we went, kind of spontaneously. We had a good dinner (good as in I liked everything I ate and got very full) at an outdoor café. After dinner we went swimming in a most refreshing ocean. It was a quick dip before our show began.



Tonight's show went excellently. We followed a sleepy French group and woke up a great audience. We had a good show and they gave it all back. It was so hot though. The ocean was 50 yards away but we swam through the performance. The lights were like oven heaters and we were soaked. I felt faint—it was almost as bad as Shanghai—I was literally soaked to the skin.

Afterwards, we didn't stay long, even though we were tempted to watch the excellent Polish group. That water held a spot for us and we went in as fast as we could. Some of us swam au natural, had a lively conversation afterwards with some drunk Norwegians, swam some more, then had a disco bus on the way home.

I must note here that the next day, Dr. Jacobsen (not Phyllis—she was chair of the dance department regally here) lectured and chastised us about our indiscretion warning us of the consequences of the above transgression particularly. She actually made a great point about who we are and what we represent and what we were risking. I appreciated her comments.

Once back to the hotel, I crashed.



Wednesday, July 24th 1991

Delynne Peay

It's Pioneer Day in Utah, so my thoughts were there this morning and throughout the day.

We had a really nice devotional this morning... that is after the chastising from Phyllis for the skinny-dipping incident yesterday!

We enjoyed a free day today so the 5 Musketeers set off to see beautiful Nice ~ all that we could see in about 8 hours at least. We headed down Samena to the open market. Tamara had told us about going there with her family, but all we found was a produce and flower market and some souvenir type shops.

Karen bought a couple of really pretty potpourri pots, but I resisted. We all bought some pistachios, cherries, cashews, etc. to munch on later (one never knows what we may be eating at our next meal! It has been kind of scary sometimes.)

Well, after walking around for about 3 hours, we found a cute little sidewalk café and ate lunch. I chose to partake of Italian cuisine and had lasagna. I think I've eaten enough tomatoes and fish soup for awhile. It was fantastic, and we even got ice water—quite an American's delight to find in France. It was pleasant to give the feet a rest, too.

We must have been quite a sight, however—all in our Mickey T-shirts and matching shorts. We got quite a few looks (or should I say stares!!). After many kilometers, we dragged our tired bodies home to get ready for the evening's activities—a show in a little town called Beaulieu.

Had some gross stuff for dinner so we hunted down a 'frites' stand before we danced. It was another small stage erected for the show in the central place, and no dressing rooms (par!). Most of the kids changed in a gazebo. Kristen and Jennifer changed into clog costumes instead of running sets, so 4 men yanked them off and assisted, and they made it. We all had a good laugh about it.

Tamara and I had to go to the W.C. so badly and our guides hadn't the foggiest where one was, so we just took off and found a cute little hotel and managed to find success.

Oh, I almost forgot about the parade! It was the worst! The only good thing about it was Tamara's parents waving to us from their hotel veranda. We walked along the pier with all kinds of bats and great smelling fish markets ~ just no people!

We performed with Poland and Indonesia. Poland did a really nice Mazur. Oh, and Argentina—they did some interesting things. That's the best I can do.

Mike Ingols

This was a free day. We were able to do anything we wanted to do. I and a small group went on a walking tour of Nice. Our first stop was the Russian Orthodox Church. It was a short walk from our hotel. The exterior was well crafted and full of symbolic meaning. We looked at it and applied Mormon symbolism to the building. There were three distinct levels to the church, representing the three degrees of glory, three windows on every side, representing the Godhead and lots of other groups of three. The interior was quite spectacular. The walls were hand painted with beautiful borders. Each item in the church was very ornate and you could tell that the parishioners took great care of the building. While we were there, listening to the Russian Church Choir, a lady was making sure there was no wax or dirt on the floor. Everything was in its place.

Our next stop on the walking tour was a museum – Musee Des Beaux –Arts. There were famous works of art either in original or facsimile. For example the Rodin’s “The Kiss” was a replica, but there was an original Monet, and other not as well known artists. There were whole collections of a couple of artists. The museum wasn’t the nicest, but it was very good for a city museum.

After the museum we walked down to the avenue that lines the shore and walked almost another 4 or 5 kilometers. Along the way we wanted to stop by another museum, but it was closed for lunch. The landscaping was beautiful. This was the same place where the mayor’s reception was held. We then continued walking to McDonalds.

McDonalds has a different taste when it comes to milkshakes, but for the most part everything else tasted the same as back home. We then finished up our walk by going to Parc Chateau. None of us wanted to walk the stairs up except for Greg. So he walked up and we took the elevator to the top. There was an elevator in the middle of the mountain that cost a few francs to ride. It was well worth it, because the tunnel leading to the elevator was almost ice cold. It was enjoyable after walking the long walk in the hot sun. Once at the top, we met up and walked around.

The city was spectacular from that view. At the top they also had a water fall that was man made, but it still looked amazing. The water would fall into a pool and then would fall again at a lower level. The water would then do down the side gutters around the hill. I would guess a pump would push the water back up to the top. We saw the remains of an old cathedral dated in the 13th century. We learned that Nice was founded by the Greeks and called it Niketa (I think) and later called it Nike for the war goddess, which was later changed to Nice. While walking down the hill we went to an old Jewish and Christian cemetery. Both were intriguing, but the Jewish cemetery was fascinating because they had a different dating system on older plots. Some people were born in 5650, approximately the early 1900s.

That evening we went to Beaulieu. A quaint little fishing and harbor town between Nice and Monte Carlo. We paraded along the wharf, cheered to Tamara’s parents, and then did more parading to the top of the hill, where we would perform at the square. The square was about the size of a city block with a gazebo, benches and a fountain that was probably used as a water hole in the past. It was for the most part a good show that night, even the American tourists loved it.

Tamara Marshall

We had another free day until 7:30 p.m. I toured around Monte-Carlo with my parents and visited the Grand Casino and the palace. Both were amazing! We also walked through the Hotel de Paris, which is one of the prettiest hotels I have ever seen. After a lunch in Menton (a small town on the border of France and Italy) we went back to Beaulieu to go swimming. The beach is not like the beaches I'm used to in California. There is no sand—only rocks and they really hurt to walk on and lay down on. But, we made the best of it and hey---it's still the French Riviera baby! The show tonight was really fun. We first had a parade right in front of my parent's hotel down on the docks of the bay in Beaulieu. My friends yelled, "We love you, Tamara's mom and dad!" Then the evening show was very long but turned out well.

Blain Empey

Free day! Hurrah! I slept till breakfast/devotional then crashed for another hot hour of sleep. I went to the pool but it was closed so I went back up, caught up in journal writing, napped again, and then found time at the pool to ignore the nudes in the sun. I found postcards for 1 franc and fought with the postal lady for 5 minutes on how much it costs to send one to America.

Came back in time to shop with a group buying nothing. Bing so famished, I broke my goal to not eat at McD's and had a sundae and fries. Oops. I spent time looking for something quick and easy, but all I could find were expensive pastries and ugly quiche. Surprise! No fast French food! Lunch was raw eggs Benedict. I went hungry. Dinner was octopus. I went hungry. I'm eating a lot of bread and water. I wonder if US prisoners eat better than we do.

This evening we drove to Beaulieu which means a fitting 'beautiful place'. The harbors swam with expensive yachts in green blue water. In the near distance, sheer cliffs dived into the sea, with several beacons holding lighthouses. We had to change on the bus, and then enjoyed the scenery. The greenery here is ironic. The grass does not exist, yet the trees are beautiful and lush. The coast is rocky, but it was ruggedly lovely (I just wrote my favorite word—beautiful— too many times in this paragraph so I had to substitute lovely instead).

The parade was crazy. What if we had a parade but nobody came? We ended up singing weird songs and not dancing at all. We played dodge doo doo on the street. Jennifer pretends it's not there and steps over it without reacting so no one behind her knows. She's mean, that Jennifer, a big prankster.
(In Jennifer's handwriting) "Blain, I read this you rude og!"

We saw Tamera's parents on the balcony during the parade; they are the best. They leave tomorrow. They bought us candy to say good bye. Right below them, a big German shepherd watched. The French group ahead of us sang a tune that sounded like 'Good King Wenceslas' so we sang along.

The stage tonight was miniscule, and slatted, so taps flew off right and left. Short and middle square did Devil's dream. Tall did Polka Quadrille. The stage was also scary because the lights were so bright and we couldn't see the edge. KP and Jenn changed into the wrong costume; the polish girls were tearing their clothes off to help them make it. I was laughing.

The bus ride back was more dancing in the aisle: forward and back, side to side, up and down. Lionel, our guide, sang in the mike. We went to the school to dance with the other groups. I talked with Marcie most of the time. It's so much nicer at night. The breeze blew and it was dry!



Thursday, July 25th 1991

Original Tour History

(Editors note: We only have two original histories; coincidentally, this entry found in Delynné's files without a name exactly matched Mike Ingols' journal entry which he submitted just this year—2009. In his journal, he credits Heidi and Amy as co-contributors. Way to go Mike! Sorry for the extra work!)

“If you build a stage, they will come.”

Birds were singing beautifully in the trees in front of Hotel Arcade to start off another wonderful day in Nice. Unfortunately, most of us were not awakened in such a manner. “Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat” of the jack hammer was the wake-up call for most of the group.

After a rewarding and original breakfast of milk, hot cocoa, hard and croissant rolls, and a juice, we boarded the bus for our exciting day of fun.

The first item of business was to sing “Happy Birthday” to Michael Ingols. He turned 25. It is amazing that he did not even look a day over 25 (just kidding).

Lunch was next on the agenda. The meals at the Nice festival were always exciting and adventurous. Today was probably the most interesting. Today we had sea food rubber hot dogs, or in other words rubber octopus. For those who did venture a try, it was quite chewy and squiggly. Michael was quite the pioneer and ate two plates of the junk. The dessert was the only thing anyone had seconds and thirds on (it was ice cream).

We all did our next favorite thing, board and ride the bus. This time it wasn't so bad, because we were going to Grasse to a perfume factory. We disembarked and upon entering the visitor's center received a “red spot” for the tour. I repeat, we all received our “red spot” to identify our group. We knew who we were, but our guide didn't want us to get lost. Our guide was interesting and told a few jokes. Mainly she joked about how the fat used in one process was saved and used later to fry French fries. She also poked fun of “Brut” by Faberge. She said “For all you men who were ‘Brut’ FORGET IT!” After being led into a small shop, the group went into a buzz deciding what type of perfumes and colognes to buy and how much. Most of the group had on 3 or 4 types of perfumes and the bus was too much to handle.

After our smelly experience, we got on the bus again to ride to a small town and do some parading (another favorite thing for us to do, especially in our pink outfits). We sang at a mini-mall, all of us thinking, that was not so bad, and that was all we had to do. The other great lesson besides patience that we learned on tour was that nothing is as expected or anticipated. We were expected to parade through the center of town and do a few dances at the town square. The streets in the town were quite narrow and downhill both ways. We were all hot and tired but we did it anyway. That evening, we were treated to a fantastic meal provided by the locals. Everyone enjoyed the meal, I think simply because it wasn't octopus or squid.

The highlight of the evening was to come. We were performing a 90 minute show in a city called Opio. I think most of us were expecting an indoor theater, and amphitheater or at least a good size stage, but this was not to be. This performance became affectionately called the Field of Dreams Stage”. Our stage was in a field. Our dressing room was an old foundation with big sheets of plastic around it. Every once in a while the wind would blow just right and shrink the area in half. Our stage was groups of 2X4s placed on some supports. During the clogging numbers, the stage had to be pushed together by the Mayor and Fire Chief. The audience sat on an assortment of chairs, or the ground.

It never failed, when the surroundings and circumstances looked bleak, we would always shine through. Our full show was one of the best we had given. The audience was full of members and missionaries, who appreciated our coming and performing for them. Our guides, Lionell, Jerome, and Celine, all loved the show, including the fad section. They told us later, that if the director of the festival was there and saw our fad section, he would have had a cow.

All in all, we went home tired yet very satisfied of the outcome of another day on tour in Europe.

Delynne Peay

Pulled them shades and slept till 10:30. Barely made it to devotional by 11:40, and we were off to lunch—and what a treat was in store for us at lunch! I just wish I had had my camera—it would have been great tour slide material! ...Octopus!! Dixie put some in her little cheese package and presented it to Lionel, our cute guide. He said “thank you” but then pulled an awful face and dropped it in the nearest garbage can (dust bin).

After lunch we were off to Grasse to the parfumerie! The girl who took us on the little tour through the factory was really clever. She was explaining the process of extracting the scent from the flowers. The jasmine flowers are put in grease and changed every day for 2 weeks before it's finished. Martine warned us not to do this and then use the grease to cook French fries! And about Brut from Faberge...”don't spend your money on it!” She was a great salesperson. I bought plenty of perfume for everyone! Not too expensive.

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Changed into costumes there, because they had a very nice W.C.! Those are few and far between on this tour. We have had so many squatters, I can hardly believe it. I thought we might not see any of those by the 1990's, but they must be too attached to them.

Speaking of attached, I think we are totally attached to our shorts by now! We have worn them religiously since the day we arrived in Chateau Gombert, except on Sundays.

Well, off to Biot for the eternal parade and short shows. Happy Birthday Mike Ingols ~ are you having fun yet? We all got little stickers from Kristen. Had a nice dinner, except for the very bloody meat and very rich chocolate mousse! Sang to the cooks and departed for Opio.

Only about 30 km away, they had a big sign announcing our show and had built a stage in the middle of this field that had been mowed. Jerome drove his car and met us there. Drove the bus around the chairs, right to the very portable dressing rooms.

By the time the show started, the wind was blowing like crazy and the most beautiful full moon adorned the sky. I took a picture, but with my little Olympus, don't know if it'll turn out.

Full show—was great, but band had a hard time. Quite a few members there, missionaries with investigators. Our guides really liked the show. Jerome is golden—I can just feel it. Celine is sweet and 16, and Lionel; well...he's just Lionel. Fun to tease, but sometimes moody. We call him "Macho Man"!

Returned to the college and did a party/dance for about an hour. Did funk, limbo line (Nate Keller was 'King Limbo'). I spent most of the night talking to Helene, the guide for Indonesia. She's from Confolens. Very nice and does pretty good with English.

Bonne nuit! (3:00 a.m.)

Tamara Marshall

Today we went to Grasse and visited the Galimard French Perfume Factory. Of course, I dropped some "francs" here. I bought some Joy, Paris, Ysatis, Tresor and Giorgio Armani. It was quite an experience. When we arrived at the stage for our performance, it was out in the middle of a field. We were all joking saying, "If we dance . . . they will come!" But you know, it ended up being one of our most fun shows. The town was called, Opio. There were many members of the church there which was great!

Blain Empey



Breakfast at 8:00: croissants, thick chocolate, and jam again. Sleep to 11:00 (yea). Devotional and to the perfume factory at Grasse: Galimard. Our guide was quite funny, and the tour was interesting despite all the selling techniques. One interesting fact—it takes 14 tons of rose petals to make one liter of essence of rose. We went to the store and tried to buy parts but to no avail—I had to buy cologne

instead of perfume (for Mom). It was hilarious to watch the women (and men) test perfume on every inch of their arm.

We dressed on the bus because we had to rush to a mini-mall that was closed to do a parade. That really irritated me for some reason; I felt like the festival people were using us and wasting our time. However the next parade was nifty: narrow streets with that European flair, small café's etc. We made occasional stops to perform until it was dinner time. Stan got sick and had to leave. That made Running Sets hard, but we managed. I'm worried about him.

Dinner consisted of raw steak, done a little on the edges. I ate it and it tasted good, but the texture was raw-ish and gross. We sang 'Great Things and Small Things' for the cooks and servers, but started too low and had to stop. It was embarrassing but we finally started over. Second time was ok.

Our show tonight was fun. The stage was slatted planks which again ate our clogs, plus it bounced us like a trampoline and we had visions of collapse (the stage, not us). But we were in the middle of a grassy field with a magical summer tree standing graciously as our backdrop. The moon was almost full, and the crowd was fun. The air was dry, cool, and breezy (even gusty sometimes!) so the temperature difference did a world of good. We were flawless (ha) except for funk which was the wrong tape (the one from the TV where an announcer starts speaking mid-dance) and the band ended after we did.

Afterwards we went out to the audience, which I'm deathly afraid of but love to do. We signed, said merci and bon soir a lot, and spoke to a few who knew English. I even met the mayor and vice mayor! We talked with the missionaries; I guess 40 members came and it was a great tool. Yea!

The bus ride was again party-mobile. Singing was the main theme with The Carpenters and Christmas songs (only 5 more months!). It turned almost spiritual with a few Afterglow songs.



Friday, July 26th 1991

Delynne Peay

Was hard to get up this morning but finally managed. Skipped breakfast—didn't need another croissant anyway. It was another '5 Musketeers' day (our last since Dixie leaves tomorrow.)...so the guys decided to really make it a most excellent adventure...well, maybe memorable at least! Have you heard of the blind leading the blind?

Well, one full day of shopping with the girls was enough for Rex and Scott on Wednesday, so they departed from the gals and took off to the beach—that famous French Riviera. Well, to make a Reader's Digest version, a nasty wave grabbed Rex's glasses and in an attempt to rescue the specs, Scott's contacts are still swimming in the sea!

We didn't know whether to laugh or cry as they related their story on the appointed bus stop where we joined up 2 hours later. Bagged the quaint French sidewalk café and drowned our frustrations in McDonald's cuisine on a grassy meridian just off Avenue de Medecin downtown Nice.

Spent the rest of the afternoon getting prescriptions, finding optical shops, and obtaining lenses. Did make it to the pool for about 45 minutes...not enough to improve my tan, but it cooled me off.



Took off for Cimiez to do our show in the ancient Roman amphitheatre. It was really a beautiful background ~ well-lit, large stage. Scott and I think we should do a Christmas Concert set like this. We did a 15 minute presentation and an opening procession. Spent time with the other group around the dressing trailers.

The park area is interesting...just dirt and pine needles everywhere. My feet were so dirty by the time I got home.

Party night for the engaged girls – Angie and Jaime. Jason and Nate came and gave us a little Chip and Dale show in their famous multipurpose tour shorts and towels. We made wedding gowns out of t.p. and ate a strange combination of finger foods. I took the left over candy bar that Scott Mahoney sent with me. (Amazingly, the licorice Ed put on my seat is holding up quite well!)

Jon and Co. decided to give the girls a real shower and got P.J. soaked!!

Mike Ingols

I did a bit of shopping but not a lot of sight seeing in the morning, but later joined a group that walked down to the beach. The walk was nice because we got to enjoy the shops and

window shop. We hung out at the beach for awhile before we needed to head back for our performance that evening.

The performance was up in the hills of Nice, in a richer neighborhood and not far from the LDS chapel. The stage was great. It was an old amphitheater that they modernized. The backdrop was partial arches from ancient times with trees and lights that added to the drama of the setting. The rest of the amphitheater was surrounded by a wall or arches. It was quite an impressive setting and we had a good size audience that evening. All in attendance enjoyed the dancing. My favorite piece of the night was performed by the men of the Argentine group. The dance was a choreographed competition of beating drums and stomp dancing. They were spectacular.

Tamara Marshall

Today was another free day. Heidi Udder and I went shopping and had a blast! We tried on silly French fashion dresses and bought new red bags to carry our “treasures” home in. Then, a bunch of us went to the beach. After about 3 hours of lying out we headed to an outdoor pizza place and had pizza and spaghetti carbonara. Tres bon! Our show tonight was only about 15 minutes long but the entire evening lasted 4 hours. There is a lot of waiting in festivals, but it’s fun because then you can meet groups from other countries.

Blain Empey

I ended up using my free time to do laundry, by hand in the shower—gross. That’s my second least favorite thing to do on tour. The first least favorite is unloading and loading at the airport. I ended up taking the wet clothes to the Laundromat to dry them. Afterwards I went with Jaime, Jason, and a couple others to eat at ‘Quickie Burger’. Jaime and I finished and went searching for a ‘supermarche’ but ended up in an office supply store. Then it was pool time by myself for a half hour followed by dinner of pizza and fish. Yum and yuck.

Our performance was at a city ruins on a very nice stage. We got sent off on our own after Exhibition Square practice. We went to the other stage to watch, then barely made it back in time to get on stage (Danny didn’t). Marcie didn’t eat and got faint on stage; we all crowded around her after.

At the hotel, the guys crashed the shower, while some of us did laundry until 2:00.

Saturday, July 27th 1991

Delynne Peay

Happy Birthday Karen! Well, Dixie flew out with Rex at 7:55. I must have had it on my mind. I kept waking up from 5:30 on. Got up and sleep-walked down to breakfast. Had a croissant with Nutella inside—ummmh!

Rex wasn't able to get new eyes yesterday, so he was wearing one of Scott's disposables. They weren't strong enough, but helped some, so we took off to the Laundromat and eyeglass shop. Talked to some people from San Diego that paid \$9,000 for a 7 day tour of Europe and they were hating life. Scott went back to the hotel with clean clothes ~ Karen and I were on a power shopping mode. Actually, we stopped at Nice Eteile mall and had crepes first. Then we were off! Finally found the section known as old Nice. Tiny streets, open shops. Some fun things, but everything is so expensive that I just can't get excited about buying. Did find a really nice place called Royal Parfum. Made the mistake of going in and inquiring about Lheure Bleu. Of course they had it...and I had to make a decision. Bought it on the way back to the hotel.

Got back at 5:03 ~ just in time for devotional.

Took off for Cimiez for performances and audience participations (initiation animations). We ended up doing our fad section, along with Pioneer and Western, but ran out of time before we clogged. Ended with a big Mexican Fiesta bash at the end. They were pretty surprised that we could do Zapateado footwork.

We had a nice surprise though when Mure' showed up at the performance. One never really knows what another person is feeling in their heart. I had no idea that she felt that close to the group...or even liked us for that matter!

Got to bed about 2:00.

Mike Ingols

The day for me was quiet. I bought a t-shirt and hung around the hotel. That night the theme was "Americas Night". The Argentine group, the Mexican group and our group were the highlights of the evening. It had been a warm day, but luckily it wasn't humid at the festival's main performance sight. We would do some fun dancing at the garden stage (mostly chairs surrounding a platform) with trees places all around the area. We would rotate with the other groups to the amphitheater we used for the opening ceremonies and then back to the garden stage. The audience at both stages were very receptive. They especially enjoyed the "fad" section and our band. (I wonder if we got permission to do the "fad" section?) We enjoyed performing that night.

Tamara Marshall

Yea! Another free day! Candace and I totally slept in then she bought me some croissants and juice. She is so thoughtful! I did lots of laundry and ironing this morning then went to do more shopping to buy gifts for my family.

Blain Empey

I think we are now halfway. That's exciting to me because the first half has been so full; I can't wait for more of the same.

I slept until 11:00—Hooray! Got up and spent 30 francs on pastry, then ate it in Gregg's room. Then to the beach with Andy. The Cote d'Azur was incredible today. The sun beat down, yet without uncomfortable heat. In fact, the water was cold but refreshing, and the warmth just soaked into me. The beach was rocky but I liked it. The water was just as beautiful as it could be; it was that light clean blue-green to a line about a half mile out. There the color changes to a deep blue. Sail surfs, and parasailing and outboard motors dotted the water intermixed with swimmers. I was one of those swimmers; we went to the dock sitting freely 50 yards out. I laughed on the way at all of Andy's imitations of me, Gregg, Danny, Angie, and a few others. We arrived and tried unsuccessfully to avoid the naked women. The rocks were smooth and small enough to walk on, but they were hot. It was extreme pleasure to come out of the brisk water and feel the warmth of the sun on one side and the hot rocks on the other. The waves were fun, pushing and pulling at us. We would go under the surface right at the shore and let it control us. At the dock we did back flips and dives and watched a few Swedes try less successfully to do the same. Finally we let it go and went back.

We took all our costumes to do a full show (broken into parts). But we ended up just doing western, pioneer, and fad. We changed in the dirt and it was a challenge to keep clean.



Sunday, July 28th 1991

Delynne Peay

Gotta love these early rises. Up at 7:15 to get the bus by 8:30, but I must have been still sleeping when I got dressed because I forgot that we always wear cream nylons on Sunday and our tour sash. I had suntan hose and my navy belt. Oops!

Lionel, Celine, and Jerome drove to the chapel to attend church with us ~ should be interesting. Heidi gave Jerome a Book of Mormon in French last night and he spent some time reading. You could tell that he was curious—he was very attentive and thoughtful, particularly in Sunday School. Denny taught the lesson ~ was on the crucifixion and the last hours of Christ's life. Was excellent. These kids are quite the scriptionists. I feel so inadequate in many ways, so far behind, so far to go.

After Sunday School we held a short fireside rehearsal since we were presenting the Sacrament Meeting, and I assigned talks to Chris Schuyler, Marcie Pehrson, Blain Empey, and Jaime Jones. It went really well—Marcie Pehrson bore her testimony in French, and the missionary started translating it into English. Everyone got a chuckle out of it, but they were impressed. 3 people in the congregation were moving all over the chapel taking pictures! Saw a 1 week old baby with tons of black hair and a darling brother (about 2 years old).

Following our meeting, they had a baptism. Our guides really got the 'grand' initiation to Mormon culture. Then, lunch at the church—buffet with a wonderful peach pastry! Had to eat fast and go to a festival meeting for gift exchange...pretty low-class. It was held in the college foyer—not too fancy; and everyone was in shorts, tank tops, and thongs. We, of course, were all still in our Sunday duds (even Jerome and Lionel!). I think we were a bit over-dressed, *c'est la vie!!*

Oh! I met this really strange lady who joined the church 11 years ago in N.Y...she has an apartment there and a home in Nice. She claims to be an artist, but I think I might question her style. Her pen name was Ultra Violet, and her works were all inspired by scriptures from the Book of Mormon and Bible; such as 'Thou art...'

After the meeting I was going to try and call Garth. It was 6:30 a.m. in Provo, but when I got to the phone booth, Christie King was in there—so much for that idea. So I sat and talked with Helene who was a guide for the Indonesian group. She spoke quite good English. Herve' is the guide for the group from Soviet Georgia. He says they are so horrible—complaining about everything, and many problems.

Left for closing ceremonies back in Cimiez. We did a 30 minute initiation with the audience and they really enjoyed Hokey Pokey and Bunny Hop. The group sang 'Sto Mi E Milo' for the Yugos, and did our Lublin Suite for the Poles. They were pretty impressed.

Rex and I got to carry torches into the arena (an ancient Roman amphitheatre). It was pretty cool! Gave Mure' and Celine each a Book of Mormon that I wrote a little note in. Celine got very emotional and hugged and kissed me several times before we finally left. We sang 'I am a Child of God' for our new friends, and Mr. Barralis and Gilbert came out to the bus to say good-bye. We all cried and 5 kids decided to stay at the after party and came home with Jerome.

We didn't get to the hotel until 2:30 a.m., so the clerk had to come down and unlock the door for us.

Up in the room, Delynne had much packing to do, so she got only about 3 hours sleep.

Garth comes tomorrow!!

P.S. The maid stole all the change off my desk—about 35 franks...bummer.

Mike Ingols

This was a very rewarding day. We woke up early to attend church with the Nice Ward. We had a rehearsal of our songs, had our own Sunday School lesson and presented the sacrament meeting program for the ward. Our guides, Lionell, Jerome, and Selene, were there and stayed for the entire block with us. The Sacrament service went very well and it was a spiritual feast. All four of the talks made me think about how special the Gospel is in my life and to realize that the Gospel is the same everywhere in the world. The best part of the meeting was when Marcie Pehrson bore her testimony in French. I spoke with her afterwards and she said it was the greatest feeling to be able to communicate her feelings and thoughts about the Gospel in their native tongue.

After church meetings we spoke with the members and even attended a baptism. Following the baptism the members and our group had a luncheon. The food was typical French, but they had a wide variety of desserts available. They had everything from sponge cake to fruit. I noticed that they serve a wide variety of fruit and some I hadn't had much exposure to in the past.

After our time with the ward we went to our hotel to pick up costumes and come back to the same part of town as the chapel. This is where the amphitheater was where we would hold the closing ceremonies for the festival. Each group had three parts to their performance. Each would spend time on the garden stage, as we did last night, have some "animation" with the audience and then perform on the main stage. For our "animation" we did the "Hokie Pokie", the bunny hop, polka, and waltz with the audience. They enjoyed the first two, but some had a harder time with the later two styles of dance.

The crowd loved our performance on the main stage. This is always the most fun and most rewarding part of the time on tour – performing on stage. We had some time before our time on the main stage, so we hung out with some of the group from Lublin and performed for them part of the Lublin Suite we had learned and we sang "Sto Mi I Milo" for the Yugoslavian team. We also sang some country songs, "Oh Suzannah" and "When the Saint go marching in". Many of the other teams knew the songs and sang along. After

everyone had performed on the main stage, they brought back all the groups for the closing ceremonies. They dimmed all the lights and out of the darkness each team's flag was brought to the stage accompanied by torches. Once all the flags were presented, the torches were put out and those were followed by the main ceremonial torch. All the teams began the farandole and it was fun to mix and mingle with the various teams.

That night we packed our costumes bags and loaded the bus for our morning departure. As we finished up, the entire Yugoslavian team came to our bus. We said our goodbyes, singing, hugging, and some crying. Right before we left, one of the boys brought a portrait of their friend who had passed away and said that he, their friend, wanted to say goodbye to us and wish us good luck in all we do. As we drove back to the hotel I wished they had the Gospel to truly understand everything. Hopefully, someday they will have it.

Tamara Marshall

I love Sundays on tour. It always give me opportunities to feel the spirit and I love that. We went to the Nice Ward at 8:30 a.m. and had our own Sunday School and RS/Priesthood but then we gave the entire sacrament meeting. It was like a fireside. We were invited to stay for a baptism afterwards and they asked me to play the piano for it. Of course, I loved doing that. I met Georges and Marcel Feraud, the stake patriarch, who is cousins with Lee and Gayla Syphus in Las Vegas. I stayed with them on mid-semester tour. (small world, isn't it?) The ward fed us lunch then we went back to the school. Jason Deere and I sang with his guitar for about an hour. He is ultra-talented! The closing ceremonies of the festival were totally fun. There was a huge Farandole after the show throughout the audience. This was a great festival!

Blain Empey

Up at 7:00, breakfast at 8:00 along with about 50 to 100 Germans. At church, we practiced during the first hour, Denny taught Sunday school and we went on to do the fireside. Actually, it was a sacrament meeting, not a fireside. I had to speak—the elder who interpreted was very good. I decided to pull a fast one so my opening statement was “The egalitarian notion of ethnocentrism promulgates the myth of



antidisestablishmentarianism.” He started to say something haltingly, but I stopped him and apologized. I spoke on unity by being charitable. It was boring. After church we attended a baptism which we couldn't actually attend. Therefore, I slept through the talks. After that we had a delicious lunch with much dessert and all were satisfied. Now I'm on those cool steps waiting for the next item on our agenda (meaning I never know what's next).

At one point we were cruising along in the bus when I glanced out the window. I saw the best sight I've ever seen in Europe. An old, stooped woman, bent with osteoporosis carried a bag of seed or bread crumbs. She was just dropping them along a very narrow sidewalk, passed by uncaring vehicles and walled by brick on the other side. I saw no expression on her face, but how can I tell? She looked down, just dropping food. A flock of pigeons took advantage of her generosity, coming from behind her to eat. There were so many birds; this is what attracted my attention in the first place. I am amazed by that sight. I could tell she does it almost every day. What prompts her? I hope she isn't lonely. I hope she does it because it makes her happy. Did she or does she have a family? What does she do the rest of the time? I wish I had a picture of her. Nathan and I were the only ones who saw her.

The bus took us back to the stage on the ruins. I was so tired I lied down on my costume bag in that hot trailer and slept for an hour without knowing it, under our pet spider discovered just after. After our first performance we got lunch (one of the better ones) and ate it on an older stage overlooking the garden stage. I won't forget that atmosphere: the music, the cooler evening, dressed in clog (blue), with friends and good food. We noticed everyone else getting dressed so we went, finding out that our animation began 2 minutes before. I danced with an ex-exchange student named Patrice who had gone to Kansas.

After that we headed back to the larger stage. We sang *Sto Mi E Milo* to the Yugoslavians. It turned into an exchange—it was good fun. A little later Jennifer O. and I went out to play *Mi Ji Flash* in front of them until they joined in. I played with one, and then another who picked it up very quickly. This always happens. I make friends the last night of the festival. I wish I were friendlier or less inhibited.

We closed with *Western and Clog*. I had a good time on stage; performing is becoming fun again. Afterwards I got to know the Polish accordion player, Andre'. He is a year older than me, has a two year old son, works far from home and only gets to see his family on the weekend. He told me his greatest joy was when his son wakes him up in the morning yelling *Papa! Papa!*

Standing in line for the closing ceremony we watched the men in the Yugoslavian group play *Zootsa* (or something like that). They were hitting hard, but it was so funny. That night, after packing, they came to say good bye to us. We sang 'Great Things and Small Things' which has become standard lately. They sang and chanted and had fun until it was time to go. One of them brought out a drawing of the one who died. That brought emotion to the surface, as that was what brought us together. I felt that friendship I've felt with other groups strong then. Again, it was hard to say goodbye.

Monday, July 29th 1991

Rex Barrington

The drive to Toulouse was long, but very scenic. This part of France is forested, green and with rolling hills. In Toulouse we were met by some very excited church members – for the first time ever the city had put out American flags for a church event – our performance, in the town square. The mission president had driven from Bordeaux to be here with us. The performance was a very good one; the audience was enthusiastic – even some of the local drunks and bums were attracted to the sound, and some of them started dancing along with our group, down on the plaza stage left.

Andy Madsen

Today we hit the road – our continually tired, thrashed bodies only had 4 hours of sleep the night before so there was much peace on the bus.

Lunch was great. We went to a roadside restaurant and had steak, fries and chocolate mousse – it was a fun meal.

We arrived in Toulouse at about 7:00 and immediately we were struck with excitement – and the sense that what we were about to experience was something very great and important. The mission/church had gone to an incredible amount of work to make this a productive and beneficial event. They had set up a good stage right in the center square of the city and the government had put up American flags on the main city building. The members of the church remarked that this was the first time the city had recognized the church this way.

At dinner – we had it at the church – we met the Mission President and his wife (editors note – this was Neil Anderson, who was just called into the Quorum of Twelve) – they were a young couple, great people full of a lot of energy for the work. We were all pumped up for the show!

Tonight went incredibly well. We packed 5,000 people into that square for the show. Even a 30 minute delay because of electricity failure didn't keep the masses away. It was great! We did our full 90 minute show and despite our usual little mistakes, the crowd was with us the whole way. The missionaries LOVED swing and Charleston, but especially Surfin'! In the end we got a standing ovation from the crowd and the chance to go out and meet the people. It was like being on a mission again! People were coming up to the missionaries giving them addresses, etc.

I began talking to a couple – wonderful people. He was from France, she from the Netherlands. When I found out she spoke Dutch, I got Mike Sandberg over there to speak to her/them. It eventually led to them receiving a Dutch Book of Mormon from Mike! They were practically golden. We met many people like that. I didn't realize until that point, what a positive impact our dancing can have on people – and the spreading of the gospel.

President Anderson bought us all orange juice, and we stayed in the hotel that night. I felt exhausted, but entirely happy.

Delynne Peay

Well, visions of the Milan Airport when we got downstairs, and there was no bus. 45 minutes later Jean Claude, his wife, daughter, and Lionel showed up! What a way to start the day—especially with an 8 hour bus ride ahead of us.

Jerome was there to see us off, and it was sad. I cried. He really is a neat guy. I hope the Spirit doesn't let him go for a while. He needs a friend right now. I think he will be alone in his thinking and feelings for a while.



It was quite a long bus ride, but we stopped for lunch at a nice cafeteria and had steak, fries, raspberry tart and coca-cola light (with ice). It was heavenly...and about \$12.50 per person! The receipt was about four feet long. Stopped one other time at a panorama sight rest stop. Lionel told us that this was the place where the first crusade started. Scott and I climbed up to the viewers, just for the exercise, and then back on the road for our last 2 hours that turned into 5!

We were supposed to arrive at 4:00 and we got there at 7:00. Everyone was starving and our little public communications lady, Madeline, informed us that they had planned dinner for after the performance! Well, we quickly changed that way of thinking and loaded back up on the bus and took off for the church. The tech crew stayed at the performance site and had McDonalds. Christie should have been on tech crew!

Dinner was rather skimpy, but we got a piece of wonderful cake. Met the mission president and wife who had driven from Bordeaux to see the show. It was staged on the main 'place' of Toulouse, and we ended up with an audience of about 2,500. We had children dancing down in front of the stage, drunks dancing to our left, and missionaries everywhere. It was no doubt our best show yet.

Pres. Anderson took the whole group across the street for a drink afterwards and the missionaries were totally ecstatic with questions they were being asked and names and addresses they were getting.

Went to the hotel and got to stay 3 to a room—great! I really wanted to sleep with Christie and Kristen the first night Garth was there!! Oh, I almost forgot the Grand Hotel ~ it was exquisite.

Mike Ingols

WAIT!!! Hurry up and Wait! We were scheduled to leave at 9 am and all of us were ready to go, expect the bus driver. He didn't show up until almost 11. We were also surprised to find out that our bus driver brought along his wife and daughter. The bus was big enough, but it did make it a bit more crowded for the long bus ride. We stopped along the way to dine at one of the cafeterias over the highway. The food was not the best, considering how expensive it was, but I did enjoy the mousse. It was rich and creamy.



We arrived at Toulouse around 6 pm and had a light, yet filling dinner at the ward building. We also saw the performance site, which was downtown on the main square. We were very excited. We found out that the government consented to fly American flags at the town hall. This was an honor, because it was the church that they were doing it for and it had never been done before.

We arrived back to the site after dinner to prepare for the show. The women were invited to change into their leotards at the Grand Opera Hotel. I had the privilege to take the southern dresses over to be steamed and I got a royal treat. The entrance to the hotel didn't look like anything special, but once through the passage way into the courtyard, the elegance began. It was breathtaking. I felt like dirt in my hot and sweaty shorts, but I didn't care. The detail in every part of the courtyard and lobby was stunning. It was very romantic and very proper in the décor with thought put into the wood tones, furniture, accessories and lighting. I would have loved to have gone exploring, but didn't have time.

Our performance that night went very well. There were over 5000 people there at the square, drunks and vagabonds included. Even the drunks were pounding on the side of the stage and singing and dancing along. The missionaries weren't allowed to proselyte, so they sang a traditional song for Toulouse during the intermission. Lots of referrals were received and approximately 100 copies of the Book of Mormon were given out that night. We were excited about the success the missionaries enjoyed that night. Hopefully they will be able to have continued success in that area.

That night we were expecting to stay with host families, but were put up in a hotel and the mission footed the bill. The women stayed at the Hotel Arcade and we stayed next door at the Hotel Primo 99. It met the needs, but the bathrooms were small and inefficient. The show was only an inch lower than the step up bathroom floor and the curtains didn't keep water from splashing. In addition, the sink controlled the water for both the sink and the shower and it took a college degree to figure out how to flush the toilet. On tour we experienced many different methods of showers and toilets and sometimes it took some time to figure out how to work them. The best toilets are the

public ones that are self-cleaning. It knows when you are finished, because it senses no weight on the spring activated floor. It also played music while you were in there. It was quite the experience.

Tamara Chamberlain

We drove over 8 hours to arrive in Toulouse, France. This is such a cool “ville.” We learned that it is the oldest city in France and it has some very pretty monuments and cathedrals. We didn’t get to see much in that we arrived late in the evening and had a show at 8:30 p.m. We ate dinner at the Mormon chapel in Toulouse. Can I explain how happy I feel every time I walk into an LDS chapel? The spirit of the Lord is so tangible. The mission president of the France, Bordeaux mission (Neil L. Anderson) and his tiny, cute wife, were there to greet us. I wanted to just stay and linger a while in the chapel. I loved the feeling there. It’s great to know that the spirit of the Lord has no language barriers. Well, we hurried through our meal, which was so lovely and prepared by the ward. Then we headed over to the city center for our show. Before the show, there were some electrical problems. So, we went out in the audience, sang songs, and gave out pins and postcards of our group. I was mobbed by about 30 kids!

We gathered together as a group and prayed that our electrical problems would be fixed soon. We really felt a need to do this show because a lot of trouble went to bringing us here. The city hall flew an American Flag outside their building for the first time in our honor. There were about 30 missionaries there helping us too. They were just the best. About 10 minutes after the prayer the fuse came together and the electricity came back on! Yea! The show was one of our very best. The Public Relations Rep. For the city said there were over 5,000 people in the square! People were even coming out of the restaurants to watch us. It was really fun, but then got a little scary when some drunk men started beating their wine bottles on our stage. One man even jumped up on the stage and started dancing! Crazy! The police pulled him down and kept an eye on him. But after the show, while we were dressing, another drunk man crawled under the curtain and came into our dressing room! Candace screamed because he totally scared her! The missionaries came to the rescue and pulled him back outside. They stood guard from then on which was very cool.

Oh, at the intermission the missionaries sang “Oh Toulouse.” As they sang I could hear the gangs yelling and some people booing the missionaries. Yet strong and proud they sang as true ambassadors of the Lord. I began to cry right there in the dressing room as I watched them from behind. I was so proud. But then, after the entire show there was the largest applause I have ever received from a crowd! President Anderson bought us juice and ice water and it felt so good after our show. This was a night I will never forget!



Blain Empey

Well, we were up on time but the bus driver came an hour late. While we waited, Dr. Jacobsen was cracking me up. Delynne said “Money talks” and she replied, “Well, it don’t dance and sing!” Then she put garbage in a decorative pottery jar—Maxine said, “That’s not a garbage can!” to which Phyllis replied “It is now!” I slept much on that bus. Walkmans are true! We got good food (steak and fries) over the road. One rest stop was a strange modern ‘playground’ that looked like ruins.

Toulouse was beautiful. So many beautiful squares and fountains. Our stage sat in the middle of a square which reminded me of Krakow. The missionaries were putting up the chairs and handing out flyers. The mission president here did a terrific job of setting up our performance to benefit the work with no direct proselyting. We ate at the church then had 45 minutes to get ready. We made it, but the power went. We went into the audience to hand out postcards, but no one wanted them. I just got strange looks, as well as felt fear walking through a gang of black-dressed punky looking kids. Before that we went in to the tent/dressing room and prayed for the power, as it took so long.



It went on and we started a terrific show, and a better crowd. McDonalds refused to let us use the bathroom, even though it was obvious that we were part of the show across the street (we were dressed in those gay pink shirts), so I had to go for the whole show, plus the stage ate my clog.



I guess the missionaries made good contacts—one had 18 people come to him asking about the church! They (the missionaries) sang during intermission.

The crowd was fun so I went into it again, and met an American named Jan. She was impressed and made me feel good. She’d lived here for 15 years and had a French accent. I felt

bad because I spoke to her slowly. That happens a lot. We speak so much to foreigners slowly with small words that we do it to each other without thinking.

The mission president treated us to orange juice, then I was the last one to pack and I felt bad. We were supposed to stay with host families, but (as they explained to us) all the members were gone on July holidays so they put us in a hotel. They apologized about the low quality so we expected the worst. However, it was very comfortable. I stayed with

Chris and Denny. We talked ourselves to sleep about our families. It was a great exchange; I have good friends.

Before that, we saw our guide, Sister Montevani, fall. She scraped her knee, so I tended it. She asked for a blessing; Rex and I gave it between doors. She said thanks. I said one thing that came to mind that surprised me. She spoke very little English, and in the blessing I blessed her with the gift of understanding for that time during the blessing. She seems a great lady—she organized much of what was done and was the MC of the performance. Later she bore her testimony, “I do not speak English. The church is true.” I felt her sincerity and felt the spirit quite strongly. I truly admire her faith.

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Lundi 29 Juil. 21h



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Tuesday, July 30th 1991

Delynne Peay

Got up and prepared to leave France... It's kind of hard to believe we've been in one country for 3 weeks.



The group has been pretty darn good about getting to the bus close to the assigned time. K.P. and Mark Jensen are probably the worst. Danny and Nancy are doing a super job as student tour leaders, and Chris Schuyler is the best I've ever seen on loading.

Went to the church again for breakfast and had 2 fresh, soft croissants and cold chocolate milk. We sang for them and took off for Spain.

The bus ride was fair uneventful till we reached the McDonalds in Pao, France. It was the grand opening so they were very busy without our busload descending upon them. They thought it would be best to have us all go through 1 register, so poor Rex and Lionel sat down 45 minutes later to eat lunch.

The traffic was totally horrendous. We heard that some 40 million people go to Spain for holidays ~ I think they all decided to go today because it took us until almost 9:30 PM to reach Santander. This 'hotel' was even better than last night's—all the girls in one room and all the guys in another. We all slept in bunk beds, but before we retired for the night, the group had a rousing match of F.D. Rugby in the guy's room. We got a few pictures for proof.

This was the first day of the entire tour that we did not have a show. And by the time I got wash done and scriptures read, it was after 1:00! (I think I'll sleep 24 hours straight when I get home).

Mike Ingols

We once again got up early to drive to our next city, but before we did, we ate at the chapel once again. And again it was a typical breakfast of rolls and hot milk. Once on the road I fell asleep and slept most of the morning away as I was tired. When I awoke we were arriving in Pau. Pau is a cute little city that had a brand new McDonalds. In fact it was the grand opening while we were there. It was fun to be part of the hubbub as we ate. The place was crowded. It was a very nice McDonalds and I'm sure it cost a lot of money to build. It was on at least two lots of property, had a huge new two-story structure, plus all of the landscaping and parking.

The rest of the drive to the Spanish boarder is kind of a blur. I think because I slept through most of it. But once we were in Spain I did notice a lot of modern new building and little towns nestled in the hills and mountains. The other interesting thing was the

highway signs. They were in two languages – Basque and Spanish. The first big city we came to was Laredo. It looked like a resort town, because of the high rises and narrow peninsula with beaches on both sides. It looked really nice. We found out that was where the performance site was and continued on to Santander, where we were staying. Santander looked like a modern city, but from the looks of our hostel on the far side of town it looked a little run down and old. We arrived at the hostel around 8 pm and unpacked since we weren't eating until about 9 pm. We went up the street to a center that was used for day care and for the boy's school we were staying at. The meal was good. I loved the potato soup they served. It was almost like mashed potatoes because it was so thick. We were served fish that wasn't tasty and full of bones. For dessert we had "pink stuff". It reminded me of "quark" that I had on my mission. Quark was a cross between yogurt and sour cream. The pink stuff was okay, but tasted better with a little peach juice added to it. We had a party that evening and went to bed tired.

Tamara Marshall

Today was the never ending bus ride! We had to wake up at 6:30 a.m. and cruise on over to the Toulouse Chapel for croissants and "lait du chocolat." We sang "Great Things and Small things" for them and they loved it. I played the piano for it without any music because it somehow got lost. (interesting accompaniment---) Anyway, we drove and drove and drove. We ate at our first McDonalds in Pau, France. It was their grand opening day. The manager gave us all McDonalds pins! He was totally fired up that we were there! Ha ha! When we arrived in Spain we stopped to take some pictures on the border. Spain is so gorgeous. It's much different along the coast than I originally thought. It is plush and green with rolling hills and trees. Such a stark contrast to the countryside of France. We could even see the Bay of Biscay in the Atlantic ocean. That made me miss the USA just a bit---knowing that the statue of liberty was across those waters. Well, we arrived in Santander around 9:30 p.m. (long day!) We stayed at the Hotel Jardin d'Africa which is actually NOT a hotel. It's a dorm. There were bunks in a room. But it turned out to be really fun. We played Murder in the Dark and Kissing Rugby . . . that was interesting! I gave Denny a fat lip on accident! Oops!!! How did that happen??? I must have run into him really hard???

Blain Empey



After a quick pack job and shower we loaded the bus and went to another dee-lightful continental breakfast at the church. We sang Great Things and Small Things for the members there. This day was our first day off so far. We spent it entirely (almost) on the bus. I sat by Angie Pace-McIntyre for around 12 hours, with an hour here and there off for meals. We played taboo, describing everyone on the bus and other fun games to keep from going crazy. Stopped at a brand new, first-day-open McDonalds in Pau. Angie and I went off to find a post box and a supermarche, and were successful on both counts.

Everyone, including me, slept a lot although I remained awake to watch the scenery as much as I could. This area, Northern Spain, is gorgeous. We drove through the Pyrenees and along the coast. Low but rugged mountains marked our path, and were covered with



lush green. The ocean crashed in whenever it could with beautiful cities and inviting beaches. We noticed many remarkable sights with people distinctly a part of the scenery. For example, way off in the distance on a mountain side, a couple sat holding hands watching strange sights like us driving by. I saw a grandfather with his grandson in hand and a few old ladies marching with determination to whatever destinations they had. It rained on us for the first time this trip. Garth

brought magazines (and contention whenever a magazine which had dibbs got intercepted). It was stupid of me, but my face was often buried in these, instead of the view.

We finally arrived in Santander at a dorm room similar to Drummondville's—boys in one room and girls in another. We had dinner at 10:00 and went back to party. Another fun zone came to pass in the corner, as we had chic-chat all night, made people predictions, played steamroller, and kicked Nathan Washburn off the bunk above me



(almost killing me and Heidi as it fell on top of us). Later we played Murder and Kissing Rugby. Lionel (from Nice—he's here to interpret for the bus driver) would have no part of it. I think he thinks we're strange.

It's cold here; we had to shut the windows. It's a nice change. I can immediately see a difference from France. Obviously the language is new, but subtle things like the food, people are more uptight in Spain, and the flora: all equal a new country: Espagna! This is a nice city the ocean is close to our dorm (alas-no time) and the city is shining on the other side of a large green ditch. Becky taught me a few phrases I'll find useful.

Viva Espagna!

Wednesday, July 31st 1991

Delynne Peay

Didn't have to get up too early this morning, but still woke up at 7:40. I don't know what my problem is. Had some more lovely buns and hot chocolate, then waited for the bus driver once again to unlock so we could get on our way.

Met this family here... the woman is from Michigan originally, married a man from Spain and had a daughter named Angela. They lived in the U.S. until 14 months ago when they moved back to Santander. Her name was Kathy and she was pretty interesting. She volunteered to take a group of us to find Lladro. It wasn't until after we had left all the others at the bank and taken off that she informed us that she hadn't learned any Spanish in the 2 years she'd been there, and she really didn't know her way around...her husband was the tour guide! Her 7 year old daughter went with Jason, Jon, and Candice; she speaks Spanish and English fluently. I think they got the better deal. Well, we did finally find 3 shops that had Lladro, so we chose 2 pieces—the girl with the mirror, and the young couple sitting. They're cute. Greg and Kristen had gotten there before us and K.P. bought a folk dance type figurine. It was beautiful.

We walked a little more and then went back to the hostel for lunch. Some soup that was very salty with potatoes and big chunks of fish in it, and bread. I don't know how we would survive without the bread! After lunch we had about an hour before we left for our performance in Laredo. Laredo was a totally interesting place. There was no one there to meet us for about 30 minutes, so we wandered around trying to find the entrance, unloaded and then climbed back on the bus to eat our bag dinners. No salami—this was really a new one...egg and potato omelets and a huge piece of hard bread. It was actually kind of good!

President Adams (mission president) got on the bus and chatted to us as we ate, and told us that there were no missionaries working in Laredo right now. They had all come over from Bilbao (about 40 km away) and had passed out fliers all afternoon about our show. Ended up with about 600 there. The backdrops almost fell off the stage in a few numbers! The crowd went crazy on Teton, Surfin', and Swing. Those seem to be the real popular ones.

We gave them a x-stitch, and President Adams was very touched. He had me write the name of the person who did it so that they could be written a proper thank you. Maybe we opened some doors tonight.

It seemed like a very long bus ride home after the performance. Well, actually it was I Guess, because it was 2:45 when we reached the college dorm.

P.S. The gymnasium we performed at was the first indoor performance we had done so far on the tour!

Mike Ingols

We got up, had the typical European breakfast, and boarded the bus to do some sightseeing. The first place was a lighthouse by one part of the beach. Here the shore is high and covered with big boulders below. There was a monument there to commemorate those who were thrown over the edge of the cliff during the civil war in the 1930s. It was hard for me to comprehend that a modern country would or could be in civil unrest in the 20th century.

We then drove to town, the city was beautiful. Well groomed beaches with beautiful landscaping and large new building blending in well with the older ones. We were all shown the S. Magdalene Castle (I think?), which we were going to visit after lunch as a group. So our morning was shopping and seeing the sights downtown. Many of the group when on the hunt for Lladro, and most were successful. We met back across the street from a monument dedicated to those who died or survived a great fire that destroyed a good part of Santander.

For lunch we had mini-pockets full of fish. It was okay tasting, but most didn't appreciate it as a fulfilling meal. We were to continue with our sightseeing, but our guide didn't show up at the hostel, so most of us just slept. We left for Laredo for our performance. The site was in a college gym with a very high stage and a makeshift ramp that wasn't too sturdy. We took dividers from below to add a back drop and dividers allowing us to have a dressing area. Missionary work was again successful as they gave copies of the Book of Mormon and got referrals. We went home happy and fulfilled that we had performed our best despite the difficulty of the stage. The height and size was quite a challenge.

Tamara Marshall

Today was the day for shopping. We went and changed our francs to pesetas. The peseta was about 100 to one U.S. dollar. I hung around with Blain, Delynne and Garth. We had a friend we met, Cathy, from Michigan who just moved here with her daughter, Angela (who is a kick!) and her husband. They were showing us around. We found a great Lladro shop and I bought two beautiful pieces. However, when I went to pay for them they would not accept traveler's checks. The store was about to close so I booked out the door and frantically ran to a bank nearby. They changed the money for me and I paid for my Lladro. I am so glad that I got them because they will such a nice reminder to me of this trip. That evening we drove to Laredo and performed at the University of Cantabria. It was a weird stage in a gym that was built like 12 ft. off the ground. We saw plenty of missionaries again in the audience which always makes it special. Oh, it rained today for the first time on tour and did it ever feel good!

Blain Empey

Same start: continental breakfast. The hard rolls are rock hard though and the food is not as good. They gave us a sandwich for us to pack as lunch, but we didn't know and ate it right then. So they packed a new one and we got that later.

The morning was spent shopping. I followed Garth, Delynne, Tamera, and our guide's wife Cathy (loud and from Michigan) as they shopped frantically for Lladro (porcelain). I got none and wandered with other split off groups for awhile. As our guide couldn't come, we missed a chance to see a sight so we slept instead. That felt good.

Our show was in Laredo, backtracking about an hour or two. We danced in the gym with a strangely situated stage (deep, but small). We practiced Exhibition Square in our heads, but ended up doing well with one day's practice a week ago. The audience was one of the best, so I had fun. They kept yelling 'Opra'—meaning one more! Very nice.

We made too much noise but had great fun on the bus ride back. We did spontaneous rhymes to clapping where we quickly gave someone a subject and they had to make up a poem on the spot. Some interesting things popped out with this stream of consciousness experiment, not to mention some really, really hilarious confessions/accusations. Garth put a stop to our fun as the front of the bus was trying to sleep and we were laughing at a Richter scale level.

Thursday, August 8th 1991

Delynne Peay

Did I really sleep last night? I don't recall! We voted yesterday on what we would do today, and it was decided that we would get up early enough to drive past Valladolid where we would be performing tonight, to Segovia to see the ancient Roman Aqueduct, the castle where 'Camelot' was filmed, and a huge cathedral.

We ate breakfast, took a sack lunch, and were off. We made only 1 stop to go squatty-potty and arrived in Segovia at about 1:15. We were off! Only had until 4:00 to cover a lot of territory. There was an open market that I tried to talk Christie into buying a beautiful knitted baby outfit at. We picked up a few postcards and looked at plates for Hope! There were hundreds! Also bought some Barcelona '92 Olympic t-shirts and some tile numbers to put up on the house for our address. We headed toward the castle, but got side-tracked by a lady selling tablecloths. She wanted 3,000 pesetas (about \$30) for a round lace tablecloth. Garth had 1300 pts. in his pocket, so she took it and we had a new tablecloth! Then, lo and behold, we spotted a Lladro store... Ooh-la-la ~ we were in real trouble now. Yes! We spotted a piece that both of us fell in love with. The store had a very large display, but it was not a hard decision...we knew the one we had to have. Well, we thought we should think about it, so we walked up to the castle and guess who we



found—the tablecloth lady! She followed Garth all around the castle square. It was pretty funny.



Segovia has probably been the best thing we've seen so far. It was old, quaint, historical, and just had all the elements of a real European city. The aqueduct was so incredible. It's hard to imagine how it was built without the modern methods we have today. Of course, I've noticed the way they still build things today, and the methods still seem archaic.

The time had come, so Garth said, "Let's just see if the Visa card works here." Well, it did and must admit I was a happy camper. I love the pieces with a mother and children!

We met back at the bus and traveled to Valladolid. Had the chance to talk to Lionel a little more about his life, what he wants to do, and some of his dreams. He really is a great

guy...still a little young and a bit cocky, but has some depth, too.

Got to Valladolid and ended up in another hotel about 6 blocks from where the rest of the group was staying. Well, that is the 3 couples stayed at this hotel. It was cute. Felt like Ozzie and Harriett with our two twin beds. Only had about 15 minutes to unpack a few things, change clothes and we were off to dinner.

Our guides for the evening (Solé and?) said that we would be eating some typical food of Spain. We had lots of different varieties of used-to-be-swimmers! Squid rings, mussels, shrimp, and then these huge mushrooms, asparagus with eggs, rabbit and ended with cake and ice cream. It took about an hour and a half and we had 25 minutes to walk back to the Palace and get ready for the show. Solé told us not to worry because in Spain everything starts late! Our show started at 10:45 p.m. so it was very late by the time we were finished.

The performance site was pretty unique. We went through a foyer type entrance and then into an open courtyard. It was really cool looking. The stage was just awful, but the audience seemed to enjoy the show a lot. When we first got there the stage looked a bit small, but when we went back after dinner, they had put 2 huge light trees in the front corners, 5 microphones across the back for the band, and 4 big monitors. Now we had a stage with a performing area of about 20' x 11' to dance in. It really made things tough. We were pulling people out of dances right and left.

We had talked of going to have churros and chocolate afterward but bagged that idea. We walked back to the hotel (about 30 minutes walk) and fell into bed.

Garth and I did devotional this morning.

Mike Ingols

August is here. We were on our way to Valladolid. The sight for our performance was located in a courtyard at the university. The square courtyard had two stories of open airways and was a very dramatic setting, with arches all the way around the breezeways. The only problem was that the stage was not very deep, and not very wide because of the band, lights, and speakers all on the stage. Plus the stage slanted down in one corner. For dinner that night we ate at a nice restaurant and the food was fantastic. The entrees were fabulous. We had rolls, cheese, large pimentos, deep fried shrimp, squid rings, mushrooms, asparagus in scrambled eggs, oysters and olives. We then ate a salad and had lamb that didn't contain much meat, but the appetizers were great and filling. We ate ice cream cake for dessert and headed over to the performance. Again it went well. We spent the night at Hotel Lima (which was a hostel). Our room was quite interesting. You could tell that the bathroom was added on later, because the doors to the bathroom were like French double doors, and the bathroom window looked out on the rest of the balcony, but over all it was a fun night.

Tamara Marshall

This morning we woke up at 6:30 a.m. so we could drive out to Segovia. What a rad place! There is the most awesome castle in the middle of the city. (It's where the

Camelot castle was filmed) The Roman aqueducts are amazing and there were cathedrals dating back to the 13th century! I couldn't believe it! As I walked through the castle, my very first castle to ever be in, I tried to imagine what the royalty must have lived like. The ceilings were made of gold with beautiful carvings and artwork all over. I was in complete awe. We climbed 140 stairs to the top and looked out over the valley. Oh my gosh! What a sight! I could see the moat beneath the draw bridge to the castle which was really deep. Also there were watch towers at the pinnacle of the castle. It was like a scene out of a fairytale. I bought some Spanish pottery to remember that city by.

Today the drive to Valladolid was not as long as Santander but still was about 6 hours. I slept and wrote in my journal. I am still feeling a bit sick today but I'll be ok. The show was fun—in a small stage in a Roman arch-like plaza. More missionaries again. Yea!

Blain Empey

In order to get to see Segovia today, we opted to arise at around 6:00 (with three or four hours sleep). Our destination was Valladolid, but Segovia is 2 hours past that, opposite of Santander. The bus ride is getting worse and worse. Somehow, we're sleeping more and playing less. Probably, the lack of sleep at night is forcing us to use the bus as a bed, except this kills my neck. I painted Daryl's toenails as he slept, with Candice's polish. Daryl didn't take it too well, though. He said, "Someone didn't think about me, my feelings, or my feet." We laughed on the inside and cringed on the outside. Oh well, sorry Daryl.

Segovia is fantastic. We arrived in the city surrounded by desert, to see the huge Roman aqueducts cutting the street (and several others) in half. On the top of a tower close by I saw stork's nests, with the storks in them keeping house! That made me excited; I love storks and the Danish superstition that a nest on one's chimney brings good luck. It bodes well for us today! A river runs through the town, so a beautiful surge of green is woven throughout the city.



We took a group picture and were released. I walked straight to the castle K.P. said was used in the movie 'Camelot'. On the way we saw the beautiful cathedral in the middle of town and several ladies aggressively selling lace tablecloths and linen.

The castle, Alcazar I believe, was one of the three greatest I've ever seen. The age of rooms and décor ranged from the 10th century when it was built, to the 16 or 1700s I think. The ceilings and walls were intricate. The best part about it was the narrow stone stairs spiraling up to the top. What a view. I stayed there looking and enjoying the breeze. This town stepped out of time into my life and I was so glad to have that! The cathedral stood just off center to the other older, but well kept, buildings with an arid



landscape framing the bottom and puffy clouds and bright sky framing the rest. I took over 20 pictures today.

The time flew and we drove back to Valladolid. I stayed with Denny and Chris again at the Lima Hostal—very comfortable and quaint, but crowded. We took a half hour nap, then to dinner.

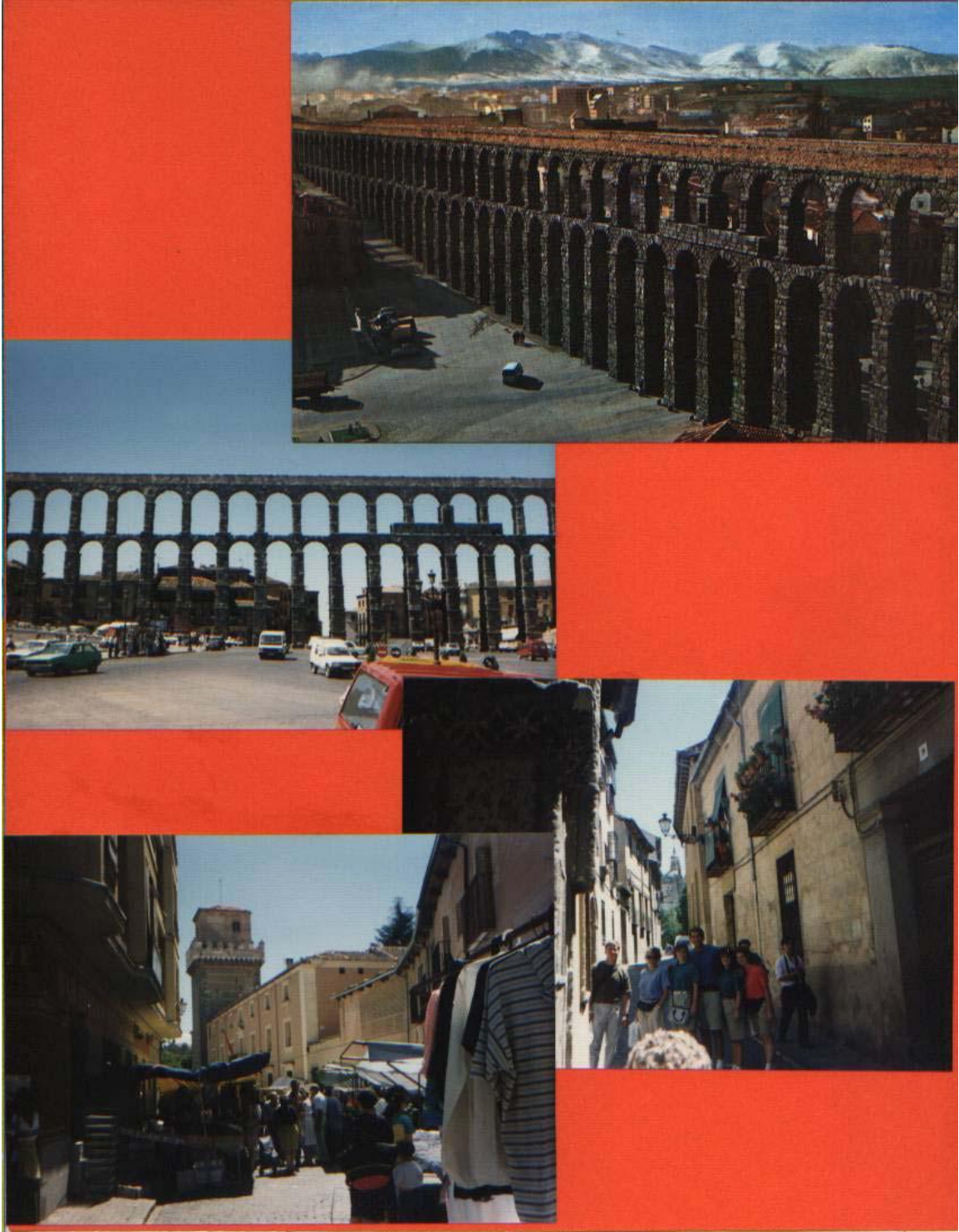
This dinner is worth detailing. I loved it. We were sponsored by the local University and they did us well. We started with Havarti cheese and delicious pimentos. Then for appetizers, we got (in no order) mussels (I ate 2), asparagus and eggs scrambled, sautéed mushrooms, eel fried into rings (that was delicious), shrimp, and a salad (found a worm there—oops!). For the main course we were served lamb and that was great. A delicious moist cake topped everything off and we were done.

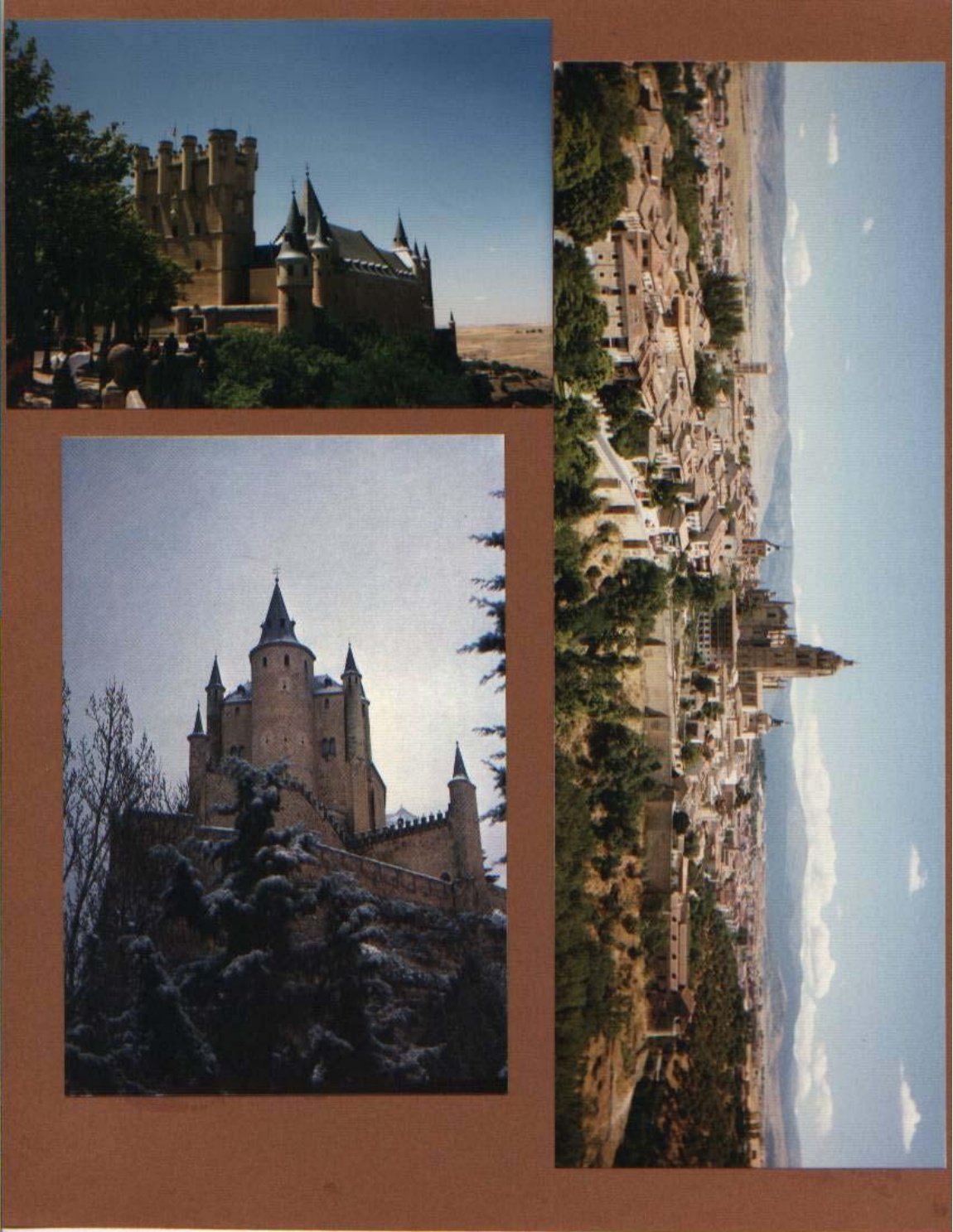
Of course, all this took so long we ended dinner 5 minutes before our scheduled performance time of 10:00 P.M. This stage was tiny, and sagged in the middle, but it was in the courtyard of a 1000 year old building on campus. A lot of people managed to crowd in and they were a good audience (despite us being lousy on that tiny stage).



That night, Chris and I decided to put our mattresses on the roof just outside our window, and we slept under the stars. What a perfect night. A cool breeze kept me comfortable under my covers and I slept very well. Late, I was awakened by two figures standing mysteriously above me. I tackled them and tickled them until they gave up, then the scene was repeated with Chris until Jennifer, KP, Chris and I fell asleep. Luckily, Jennifer woke up and they went back to bed. I slept very soundly.







Friday, August 2nd 1991

Delynne Peay

Got up and had a crazy morning. The 6 of us were supposed to go to a nearby café for breakfast at 7:30. Well, Danny and Nancy slept in, and Scott and Karen didn't come down till 7:45, so we bagged that idea! We decided we'd just grab a taxi to meet the group at the bus spot. Great idea ~ but Danny was our spokesman, since none of us spoke Spanish and he wasn't with us!!

Good thing one of the four things I learned to say in Spanish was "Donde esta...?" (where is?) and being the fearless soul that I am, I walked up to this man on the street and asked him where the taxi stop was. He looked up the street and whistled one down. Thanks to Garth, who knew the name of the University where the bus was parked we got there—no sweat! But only to greet mass confusion.

Finally got things straightened out, and we were on our way to Portugal. Today, we celebrated Mark Jensen's birthday and Lionel's, so we played games and ate junk food, and sang silly songs. We gave Lionel and Jean-Claude (our driver) a cowboy hat, bolo tie, group pic. And a cassette tape. Lionel looks great in his hat.

Seemed to take forever just to get to the border, but we made it, and then on to Porto. The unique thing was that we had no address, no map, and no idea where we were supposed to go in Porto. So we waited for over an hour on some street corner for a festival rep. to come and show us the way. We ended up driving through Porto to a town called Villa Nova de Gaia and pulled into the Seminario at about 7:00 p.m. Danny assigned rooms and of course Garth and I ended up on the top floor up 4 flights of stairs!



At 8:00 we drove to a place and had dinner out in the back courtyard. It was really yummy...good rice, fries, chicken, etc.

This was the second time we haven't had a show, so we went to the Seminario and partied till we dropped!

Mike Ingols

We awoke and prepared ourselves for departure. Most of us needed to go help load the bus, and it was amazing that we all ended up at the right place, since many took off in different directions. The streets in the town were confusing, but luckily no one got lost.

I stayed awake for most of the trip towards the Portuguese boarder. Little towns dotted the landscape. Most of them were old buildings surrounding a church. The houses looked

very old and run down with rocks and old tiles on the roof. I had a hard time comprehending how people could live in those houses. From the outside they looked very unsteady and dirty, but I would like to see what they look like inside. The town at the boarder was more modern and very busy with sidewalk stands. I was surprised at all the activity, but a lot of people were there for the money they could make as the first or last stop in Spain (depending on which way you were traveling). Once at the booths at the boarder, our bus died and we had to push start it. I'm sure it was nice to get off the bus for a few minutes, but this wasn't what we had in mind.

I woke up a few miles outside the greater Porto area. I noticed that the area contained beautiful single homes and duplexes dotted with small apartment buildings and lot of green. Trees, vineyards, and gardens were found everywhere and it was much different than described in our culture class. Porto was a little different, but not much different than any other large city we had seen to this point, but we not truly discover how different it was until the next day.

We arrived at the Seminario Christo Rey and unpacked our good before we headed to dinner. Dinner was at a building were the café was in front and a private residence was in the back. We had potato soup with interesting pieces of meat. It was good, but didn't really fill me up. Before heading back to the Seminario, we took a night sightseeing tour of Porto. Porto looked pretty at night. I went to bed that night tired and a little hungry, but excited for our last festival of the tour.

Tamara Marshall

Today is Mark's Birthday and Lionel's (our guide from Nice who is staying as our translator in Spain until tomorrow) birthday! We stopped again at the border of Spain and Portugal and took 8 million pictures with everyone's camera! Ha ha! The countryside of Portugal is interesting. It seems much drier than where we came from and a lot of apartment buildings in the city. When we finally arrived in Porto we had to wait



for our festival guide to come pick us up and show us how to get to the seminary. That's right---we are staying in a catholic seminary. This should be interesting! But when we arrived there, it wasn't as bad as we were expecting. There are two people to a room each with a shower and bathroom. Candace and I stayed together again. After we unpacked we went to dinner in the back of this café. We had a meager stew and some bread. (which meant most of us were still starvin' marvins.) Tonight we drove around Porto across a gorgeous bridge over the Douro river. We drove to a beautiful beach and you could see the lights of Porto. There was a sunken ship with about 1/2 of it still sticking up out of the water. So cool! It was actually a

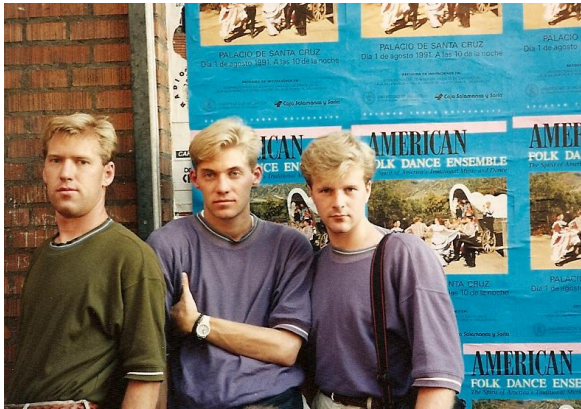
pretty romantic sight to be at. So, when Delyne saw all of the married couples and the TR couples getting close, she said to me, "I'm outta here!!!" I told her that she had Garth there and that he should be here with her enjoying the romantic setting. She told me that Garth was about as romantic as a rock! Anyway, we laughed about it. It's great to be here in Portugal.

Blain Empey

Waking up on a veranda in the middle of Spain is rather nice, even if it is 7:00—meaning 4 hours of sleep! Last night was so beautiful. Okay—we were in the middle of an apartment complex, but the heavens were void of clouds, the air was cool and breezy, I had great company, and the entire situation of being on tour with no other responsibility was great. Mmmmm—I’m savoring the moment right now.

Someone else buys groceries and fixes my meals. Someone else worries where I’m supposed to be, and even what I wear. I have no homework, no deadline, no bills, no chores, no rent, and so on. I admit, I have less say in my life, but for six weeks in Europe, it’s worth it. I couldn’t handle it forever, but to be able to relax, to go on cruise control for a short time...I’m lovin’ it!

After a special treat of a glazed croissant and one cup of hot chocolate (I got a crusty when I asked for more), we walked toward the university and got lost. Luckily, we



finally followed Chuck and got found. Not fun to carry our luggage all over kingdom come. Greg took me to take a picture and we got back on the bus to pick everyone up at the hotel. (I got back on the bus; Greg got left). Finally we got on our way, another killer ride, but this time on our way to Portugal. The scenery got very much like the southwest US and we got hot again. I slept a lot, and got lots of kinks in my neck. Mark and Lionel (our friendly guide was with us) had

birthdays—26 and 19 respectively. Therefore, we played some party games and had treats and everything. The bus broke down and when we got to the border we had to push it to get it started. We had lunch at a BP (gas station) which again wasn’t enough, but it was good.

The countryside turned out to be very different. At first I was on a bus in Arizona, but during a long nap we reached the everglades (or something like that). Green forests of tall skinny trees stood thick in a bed of ferns covering the ground densely.



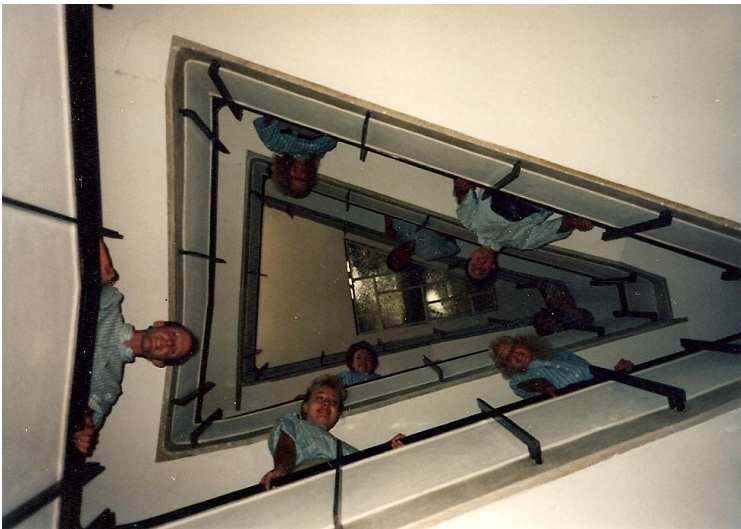
Some first impressions are very good. Like we heard, almost every street is cobblestone—this makes Porto so quaint. I love it! It seems older, but it has certain flair. The houses all have the red Spanish tiles (are they really Spanish?), and some are sided with ceramic tiles. Mike



and I joked that this must have been the 1850s Portuguese equivalent of the aluminum siding craze we had in the 1970s. This, however, is beautiful. Many are blue (like Danish royal porcelain) and brown, but it varies. Traffic is crazy—we've already dubbed the 'mad mopeds'. The people here seem so much friendlier, relaxed, outgoing; I love them! They are so laid back.

We arrived, but had never been given an address to go to so we called the people. An hour later they showed up. We ended up filtering out of the bus to discover a cool breeze. We'd heard that it was 10°C hotter here than our hottest time in Marseille. What a lie; it is nice here. It is warm in the day—not unbearable—but it cools off with any breeze and when the sun sets.

We are staying at a seminary—it seems like some kind of school—in Villa Nova de Gaia.



Good, clean, roomy top floor (I like that), good rommie (Mark). Bad: cold showers, not with all the rest of the groups, far from the beach, no phones. We have our costumes hanging to air out; I love it! It is heavily influenced by religion; Mark took down the crucifix on the wall.

We had a little time, so I unpacked everything. Then, off to meet the directors and

to have dinner. We had a delicious stew which wasn't enough (I've been hungry for a week!). I got no mail (there are three of us left who have received no mail), but that's all right.

After dinner, Jean Claude took us on a free bus tour of the city. I don't like him as a driver, too many problems, but this was nice and I hope he was influenced by our group for the good. This city is wonderful. I wish I had a car. There is a nice blend of old and new with culture oozing out of every corner. The bridges over the Douro River are beautiful. We stopped at the beach to watch the waves—very nice. I counted four TRs: Candace/John, Marcie/Chuck, Heidi/Lionell, and Chris/Kristen.

As we stood on the beach I remembered in amazement that from this country, 499 years ago to the day, Columbus began his journey. Of all the adventures to embark, this was one of the most fearsome! What faith he had in a theory—in what he believed. I wish I could have seen the ocean when daylight showed the sight he looked over as he set sail. I wonder what kind of wind blew, what the sky was like. I was on this side on this interesting anniversary.

Saturday, August 3rd 1991

Delynne Peay

Good morning ~ gotta love getting up for warm milk and hard rolls. Had a super devotional by Phyllis and Maxine about not being selfish. She had a little poster that read "A person who is wrapped up in themselves makes a very small package." It was a very timely message and had a positive impact on everyone.

After that, we went downtown to look for a shoe repair, Laundromat, bank, pastry shop, supermarket, and post office. Well, we found the pastries and shoe repair. There's no such thing as a Laundromat in Gaia, so we bought Tide and Sprite and came back to the seminario.

Walked down to the school (about 4 blocks) and ate lunch and then went back to the shoe repair with all the shoes that we didn't get this morning. Greg was with us, and the nasty old lady fell in love with him. She told him to be her little homing pigeon and come back to her soon!

We went through the gift boxes and did some rearranging, then left for an excursion and the opening ceremonies. Visited a museum and saw how they used to make linen from flax, and then to a handcraft exposition. It was pretty interesting, then to the performance site, but not before the most interesting dinner of the entire trip...a stand-up affair with rice, beans, and tripe with pig ears!! Yes we really slicked that one up.

Did our show at one location, then quickly bussed to the second one right on the beach. We nearly froze our buns off, and the stage was so slippery from the mist, several kids fell, including Nancy in Buckin'. She was really upset over it.

We met President Brown (the mission president in Porto) and some of the Elders. He's a real kick! We sat on the bus for about 20 minutes because it was so cold outside, and so he entertained us with stories. We had to get off, however, to watch the fireworks after the performance. They were fairly impressive.

Drove back and climbed into bed around 2:00 a.m.

Mike Ingols

We found out tonight that one of the Yugoslavs (14 year old boy) had a brain hemorrhage today at the beach and died. We were totally stunned! I can hardly believe we've experienced two deaths this tour, and especially that they were both Yugoslavians! Too incredible.

Not much happened that day. That night we were taken to an exhibition of farm tools, linen making, and other exhibits that reminded me of a county fair. The most interesting part was seeing the process of how flax is made into linen, considering flax is a stalky plant, yet its material is durable like cotton or wool. We ate a very interesting stand-up dinner of rice, beans, and a stew mixed with meat, tripe, tongue, snout, ear, and other

things to scary to mention or figure out. Most of the group ate the rice and beans. I was willing to try the tripe and things, but not too much. The tripe and pig's ear was okay, but chewy and tasteless. Most of the group, myself included, ate the chicken and other appetizers on the table, and drank lots of water and soda.

We performed at two different sites. One was a small stage as part of a festival for the Portuguese folk dance groups. The folk dances of Portugal seemed very repetitive and seemed to always take place in a circle. They also seemed simple. *Looking back, the dances were more as community mixers and weren't staged really for a performance.* Each group would walk on stage in a procession, with a wide variety of clothes or costumes to reflect the different types of villagers. The group was followed on stage by their band. Usually the group dancing was rather small, they had some of the "villagers" stand and often the band comprised of most of the people on stage. The sound was very earthy, out of tune and very folksy. When we appeared on stage the whole audience was awe struck because we were the first American group to perform at the festival ever. The crowd loved us, but we had to rush off after the performance to head to our second site.

We arrived at the second site, which was on the shore. We got there just in time to change costumes and prepare ourselves before we performed. The back drop was a very large painting of the world with each country represented at the festival. The country of the participating group was filled in with their flag. The stage was very slippery and poor Marty slipped and fell during our final clog number of the night. We really flung him around. It was hard for us to change backstage because of little wood planks and lots of sand, but we enjoyed performing there. In the background of the setting you could see a castle all lit up and it was really quite dramatic. It was nice to dance as this was to be our last festival performance for quite a while.

Tamara Marshall

This morning we all got to sleep in which was heaven! Then we had breakfast which was bread and warm milk. Yum? We had free time until the afternoon where we got into costume and headed for an exhibition, which is the set by the festival, of the host country and how they make linen, their crops, etc. Then we headed off to dinner. This was the scariest dinner of the entire tour! First, we had to stand. There were no chairs. Then we were served "tripe" which I found out was cow intestine/stomach!!! It was fuzzy and was served with a white bean gravy. It seriously was the most gross thing I have ever seen. I did eat one piece to say that I have tried it. But it was nasty.

Oh, something funny happened today. Marty's good friend, John Perry, sent him a centerfold of him (Marty) with his face superimposed on a buff body modeling underwear! It was hilarious!

Tonight at the show we had to walk through sand to get to the stage on the beach. That was interesting in character shoes! It was a hilarious show because all the stage was slippery and people were biffing it everywhere. We met the mission president, President Brown, and some of his kids. They are awesome!

Blain Empey

Wow! Slept in till 8:00! Breakfast consisted of 1 ½ pieces of bread and a mug of hot milk. I've been so hungry lately that I went to another table and stole bread. For about a week now, we eat but are never full. I eat and I stop having pain but am still hungry. The pain comes back a half an hour later. I couldn't handle drinking hot milk. Hope I can find hot chocolate mix at the store.

We had the day free mostly. In the morning, I got some laundry done, then walked around with Mike and Mark. Lunch was good again, but still not enough. It's been very easy to make friends with the Turkmania men; we talked again for awhile. I searched for someone to go out looking around, but couldn't so I stayed in the afternoon and caught up in journal writing. This was after a 1 ½ hour rehearsal with Garth (which was more lecture than rehearsal). He said some good things though that reminded me how glad I am to be here. Mark came in later and gave me a bolo, or a Portuguese pastry and I felt happy in my stomach.

On the way to dinner we toured a few small tourist exhibits. One showed how linen was spun and made from flax (?) and another was a room of small booths. The guide, an interesting fellow, was extremely nice. He came up to me and said that if anyone needed to use the bathroom he would be glad to show them the way. I said later that dinner smelled like chicken-noodle soup. He replied, "It's not chicken noodle—I hope you like it!"



It turned out to be tripe. If you don't know what that is, it's not good. It's beef intestine. Another guide, Elizabeth, asked if we liked it. I nodded yes a few times until finally I asked what it was (knowing already). She explained, and I explained to her that we had never had it, and we were nervous to eat it. I tried it. It was not very easy to chew and had no taste. The texture was horrible. I think they are very proud of tripe here, and the server filled our plates to brimming. Elizabeth once again asked if we liked it. I decided it was better to be honest and said "It's okay." Becky L. was more diplomatic and ate her entire plate as one of the guides was right next to her. All the rest of it, the beans, rice, and bread was delicious. I ate everything but the tripe, although I couldn't miss ingesting several pieces.

Interestingly, the room was so crowded, we all ate standing or kneeling. I got full, for a change, and I didn't get sick either. After dinner our conversation turned to honeymoons,

sex, and other sundry topics. We worked our way to the performance site by bus, a few blocks away. There we waited through an opening ceremony, 2 Portuguese groups, and then our turn. I lost another clog, but the audience really liked us. Good audiences here!

On a sad note, the opening ceremony included 2 minutes of silence for the death of another Yugoslavian boy in their group (a different group from Nice). He had a stroke while they were at the beach. I guess they knew about his condition. They decided to stay at the festival.

We rushed by bus to the next stage which is right on the beach. We truded through sand to get to a nice, but very slippery stage. Poor Marty; he slipped twice in 8 couple clog and got dragged. Also, earlier today, he was the receiving end of a practical joke. A friend from Provo put his head on an underwear model's body—which looked very real—and sent it to him here. I was standing there when he saw it. "Oh my stars!" he said, "I must be in a dream!"

After that performance we headed out, and just before I got on the bus, a fireworks show started. It was fun. We started naming them: super novas, boom booms, foofie, boomers, etc.

XXVII FESTIVAL INTERNACIONAL DE GULPILHARES



XIII DE VILA NOVA DE GAIA

PROGRAMA

COMEMORATIVO DO 55.º ANIVERSÁRIO DO RANCHO REGIONAL DE GULPILHARES



CHECOSLOVÁQUIA ■ ESPANHA ■ PORTUGAL ■ ROMÊNIA
ESTADOS UNIDOS ■ JUGOSLÁVIA ■ UNIÃO SOVIÉTICA

3 A 11 DE AGOSTO DE 1991

Organização do Rancho Regional de Gulpilhares, com o patrocínio da Câmara Municipal de Vila Nova de Gaia, da Direcção-Geral do Turismo e da Junta de Freguesia de Gulpilhares e colaboração da Federação do Folclore Português

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Sunday, August 4th 1991

Delynne Peay

Had to get up at 7:00! At least it's fast Sunday, so we didn't have to worry about breakfast. Started shuttling people to the chapel for meetings to begin at 9:00 (Why couldn't we find a ward that started at noon just once on this tour?!).

Becki B and Amy gave the R.S. lesson on concentrating on the good qualities in ourselves and others." Then Marty gave the S.S. lesson. The topic was knowing the characteristics of our Heavenly Father. It was really excellent. It has really been great to be taught by these inspiring students on this tour. I have certainly gained even more respect for many of them.

Following the meetings, we were shuttled back to the school for lunch (in our Sunday clothes) and then home for a little snooze. That nap last night just didn't make it for me. We had the opportunity of doing two firesides tonight; one for each stake. The first was a bit confusing. It was very crowded, and it appeared that no one was in charge, so I finally got up and started asking some questions. We started about 25 minutes late, so we had to kind of hustle to get to the second one.

I had asked Rex to conduct this one, but when it was time to begin Rex was nowhere to be found, so we waited some more. Garth was with him and they had radiator problems.

Sister Brown had us all over for dinner. She had made a huge pot of stew and rolls. Jeremy bought 2 humongous bags of rolls, so after the firesides a bunch of us went back to the mission home for rolls, jam, and cold milk! It was most wonderful.

Mike Ingols

This was an exciting day, but not much happened culturally. We fasted one meal on this Fast Sunday and attended church meetings with a local ward. We had our own priesthood and Sunday School and joined the ward for Sacrament Meeting. President Brown, the Porto Mission President promised to translate for any of us who could not speak Spanish or Portuguese and who desired to bear their testimonies. It was a nice meeting. After church we were taken in caravan to President Brown's home. We were fed a fabulous meal by Sister Brown. I really enjoyed the home cooked meal, and it tasted so good! After dinner we were then caravanned to our first site of the evening. We were going to do a fireside for one of the two stakes in Porto. The chapel was a converted home with a small chapel and all of the basic needs for a church building. The first fireside went smoothly. The chapel was packed and quite warm, but we still put our whole heart into the meeting and shared with them the spirit we all enjoyed. We couldn't enjoy spending too much time with the members because we were shuttled to the other stake center to do our second fireside. Again the spirit was strong and enjoyed by all. After spending a little time at the mission home, we were shuttled home for a good night's rest.

Tamara Marshall

I LOVE Sundays on tour! They are so great. We fasted this morning, being fast Sunday, but were asked to go ahead and eat lunch because the festival guides had worked hard to provide lunch for us. We went to church at a lovely chapel in Vila Nova de Gaia. It was so pretty! There were marble stairs leading up to the building. It almost looked like a small temple! The spirit was so strong there. I played the piano for Sacrament Meeting and we enjoyed a nice testimony meeting with the members. Some members of our group who speak Spanish bore their testimonies. It was awesome! I noticed that almost every member in that small congregation stood up and bore their testimony--pure, sweet and simple, telling of their great love for the Savior. There was a humble and grateful attitude coming from the members that I truly enjoyed. Afterwards, we went to President Brown's home for dinner. It was so nice! The mission home is beautiful. I had my first Portuguese "bolo" after dinner. They kick the French pastries! The ones they served tonight were like a big, round, donut baseball filled with custard then rolled in powdered sugar. Oh my gosh---simply yummy! I stayed and helped Sis. Brown do the dishes. She is an amazing woman and I admire her so much. I'd like to be in her shoes someday and be able to serve like she is doing.

Tonight we put on two firesides. I had that feeling that I might get asked to speak and sure enough, keeping with the folk dance tradition, five minutes before the fireside began, Delynn asked Denny, Candace, Chuck, and me to speak. It turned out just fine and I'm glad I was asked. I love giving firesides. They are such a highlight of this tour to me. We are able to share our love of the gospel through music and talks. I am glad that I can serve my Father in Heaven like this and hopefully, we will touch the life of someone who is ready. After the firesides, we went to the Brown's home again. Sis. Brown fed us some hot rolls with butter and cherry jam. She also gave us some "maracuja" (a passion-fruit juice). She felt it was really simple, but it tasted so good to us! Yeah for Sundays!!!

Blain Empey

The missionaries split up to caravan us on the wildest journey I've ever seen. Church was first; I got the mission van with the seat banging up against Maxine and my knees the entire way. The roads are very rough and it is a free for all in traffic.

Church was excellent. I walked in late for priesthood, and there was Jason in clown-type make up. It was kind of sick, but he taught like nothing was wrong. His point was that often, we make ourselves into things we're really not, and we should be ourselves. We should let the Lord help us determine what 'ourselves' means and not the world.

Marty followed with another great lesson in Sunday school. His was on the characteristics of God. Someone in our discussion brought up what it meant to God when we do it "unto one of the least of these...". It was Scott Horman. He said, the next time you give something to a child, watch the child's face light up, but also, watch the parent's face light up even more. Not 15 minutes later, I watched the parent's face as Chris gave a child a pin, a simple pin. I could totally understand why God is happy when we do a kind deed to one of the least of these; I saw that pleasure in that mother's face!

Sacrament was also great. I've always heard and 'knew' that the church was the same in other countries but I never experienced it until today. I watched these people. I saw the light in their eyes.. I felt the Spirit. I usually sing in English but today I picked up a Portuguese book, and just sang/followed the whole hymn. It was wonderful to be one with that group. Many testimonies touched me, although I had no idea what was being said. I loved church.

Afterwards—lunch. Then a beautiful hour long nap. At 5:00 we went to President and Sister Brown's home—the mission president (kids: John, Jerome, Misha, Nikki, and Lexi). We were served a humble but delicious meal of stew, rolls, and pastry. I loved every bite. I sat in that beautiful house and felt for the first time, in awhile, that I was sitting in someone's home.

We did two firesides tonight—the first one was better. I think we were fresh and had good acoustics. Chuck made me laugh as he broke his talk into 3 word chunks for the interpreter. For example, “We should make a conscious” then a pause for the interpreter who looks at him. Chuck waits. She interprets, then Chuck would finish, “effort.” He did this a lot—I felt bad for the interpreter.

We took a taxi on the trek between churches with John—the son of the mission president. He was a fun character—he spoke 90 miles an hour and told us it got to 158 degrees in Brazil where his brother was, “and that's in the morning!”

We finished at last, and became the last of the groups to be ferried over to the seminary so we walked back to the president's house. There we wolfed down several rolls and cherry jam until it was time to go. I put two rolls in my pocket and took one in my hand to go. I gave it to Candace and asked her “Do you want a roll?” She said yes.

I was tired but ended up in a conversation with a group until 2:30. We told scar stories, gross stories, and fainting stories, turning Mike I. green until he left.

The fog rolls in thick during the night, bringing spookiness with it. The water particles can be seen in front of your eyes hanging magically in the air. I love the look the haze brings and how the sun appears behind until it burns the fog away. The weather here is perfect—warm in the day and cool (almost nippy) at night. The warm is perfect for the beach, the nip for night sleep.

Monday, August 5th 1991

Delynne Peay

At devotional this morning, the latecomers were chosen to represent the group at a reception in the Towne Hall. They were not all too pleased at the selection process, but went none-the-less. Fortunately for them, it was the best one yet. The food was quite tasty, and each of the groups did a short performance. We were the hit! Everyone loves our music, our enthusiasm, our kids!!

After lunch several of us went with our guides Maria and Miguel on the Spanish group's bus to Espinho to the largest open market in Portugal. It was just too bad that we only had 30 minutes to shop before it was time to go back. Even at that, we were ½ hour late to leave for FHE and a rehearsal we had planned. As you can imagine, those who didn't go to Espinho were waiting very impatiently for us.

By the time we all got shuttled over to the first Stake House, our rehearsal time was gone, so Scott got the band set up for the evening, and the guys played a rousing game of basketball with the missionaries.

Sister Brown had cooked an enormous pot of spaghetti for us, after being at a zone conference all day. She's quite the lady...mother of 11, former BYU lady-jock (gets along great with her former coach/teacher—Phyllis!) and now a mission 'mom'! Anyway, we scoffed it down and prepared for our FHE presentations. We ended up just wearing our Mickey T's and black Cardon's pants and we did Running Sets, Polka Quadrille, and our Fad dances. The really liked the fad.

There were a lot more people at the second Stake House, and we were on a small patio area, so it was pretty tricky. Especially when the small sound system that Scott set up died! I called Polka Quadrille with no microphone, and we scrambled to find a boom-box for our fad dances.



Maria and Miguel went with us, and I think they enjoyed themselves. The real treat for us was when one of the sister missionaries told us that she had been teaching the R.S. ladies the Charleston, so we put our tape back in and the danced for us with some of our guys.

Jennifer and five of the fellows went to a disco after we got back, but I collapsed upon my bed until morning.

Mike Ingols

Today was a free day. After changing money, a few of us took the bus downtown to see some of the sights. The D'ouro River is quite a sight. From where we crossed we could see the Port Wine caves, the bridges designed by Eiffel and other modern architects. We (Blain, Heidi and I) got off by the oldest theater in Porto and walked down a narrow street where there were lots of small shops and workshops. Some of the workshops made soccer balls and other leather goods. We walked to a large cathedral where they had large tile artwork. The tile artwork was blue murals made out of the ceramic tiles. The craftsmanship was beautiful. We went inside the cathedral and were overcome by the beauty of the building and its interior.

We continued walking towards the train station which was being remodeled. We were spellbound by the elaborate tile murals therein. I would like to see the station when it is finished. We walked to the large plaza where we got tourist info and were attacked by pigeons as they moved from one end of the plaza to a new spot for food.

That evening we presented two Family Home Evenings at the same places as the firesides. The members really enjoyed our show and also go into doing the hokie pokie and other fun dances. The missionaries and the church has been very supportive and really knew how to use us as a tool to help the missionary effort. After the two FHEs a few of us went to the disco that night. The Spanish group was there, but left soon after because they had been there for a long time. I wish I spoke Spanish to communicate and make the time with them more valuable.

Tamara Marshall

Today was a free day, for some of us. I was asked along with four other couples to attend a reception with the mayor of Porto. It was pretty fun, especially the fiesta on the ride home in the Spanish bus! After lunch we went on the longest bus ride to a "feda" which is an open market. It took 1 ½ hours to get there because of traffic. We went with some of the Spaniards on their bus. Andy Madsen and I bought a hat, some scarves, and some churros!

Tonight we had spaghetti that Sis. Brown cooked for us all. She is so terrific! We performed two family home evenings for two different stakes. We danced for them and with them. It was great fun! I danced the triple swing with President Brown! All the missionaries died laughing! He actually was a pretty good dancer. I think I laughed though more than I danced. I had a great time. The members are so great. They are so friendly and are such beautiful people. I also met their stake president and his family. He had a darling little girl that danced on the sides the whole evening. After the two shows were shuttled home by the elders. Elder Ingram drove us home but stopped at his apartment on the way to get a bottle of guarnara---the best berry and passion fruit drink in the world. That was really nice of him to share that with us. The missionaries here are so great. They have helped so much. It's great because the Portuguese people are starting to associate our group with the church because the missionaries come to every show and bring investigators with them. It's the best!

Blain Empey

This morning I woke up early to exchange money with Greg. We did a little treat shopping and managed to squeeze breakfast in between that and devotional. We were late, and Delynne was choosing 5 couples for a reception from those who were tardy. However, I don't have that 'reception' look so she passed me by. In the four years I've toured, I've never done a single reception.

This was not sad to me as I went walking around with Jen and Becky and Mike. We bought bolos and other fun pastries, then ate them in a park. We had lunch later, then went to the center of town with Mike I. and Heidi.

That is one of my favorite things to do: Hop on a bus, figure out how to pay, and live what everyone else on that bus lives everyday of their lives. I like to watch what goes by, but even more, I like to watch the people in the bus: how they find a seat or take one when it becomes empty, how they squeeze to the back to get off, and how they react to traffic. I always wink at the little kids and smile at the older ladies. I know I ooze foreigner, but I love it.

We walked around the center of town for what seemed 5 *minutes*. We had no time so we were slightly rushed. We saw the See', a couple of old buildings, and the tourist office.



Porto is beautiful. I would come back here on vacation. I will place it in the top five or even the best middle sized city I've seen. We took the bus home after walking across the bridge over the Douro river. Porto

is where they make Port wine, storing it in caves along this river which cuts a gorge deep through the hills. We actually had grapes for lunch and they were delicious.

Later we started one of 2 family home evenings at the same two chapels we did firesides last night. We danced a few numbers, including fad, then animation. They seemed to enjoy it. The second one we lost power, so it changed around somewhat. It was funny because Delynne invited the elders to do Hokey Pokey but President Brown said no. He

has a fun family. Lexi, the youngest, drove everyone crazy (in a good way) dancing death drops and so on with us.

Some of the group went to the disco. I was so tired I just finished laundry then went to bed.

Tuesday, August 6th 1991

Delynne Peay

Maria talked to the inn-keepers and got us some Suchard instant chocolate to put in our warm milk for breakfast. Yum...

After that, we were transported to a warehouse with Sister Brown to buy some souvenirs. It was so fascinating. We parked and walked up the street. She couldn't remember which door it was ~ they all looked kind of alike, so she knocked on one and the lady pointed down a few doors. Second try was the winner. We all filed in thru narrow aisles,



boxes piled everywhere, crawled thru a 'rabbit hole' door and down some stairs, thru 2 more rooms, outside to a little patio area and into the little warehouse. I think the people didn't realize there were going to be so many of us.

We sort of missed lunch in all the shopping frenzy, so we got some Ola bars and headed for a tour of the wine caves. Some of the group who didn't want to go shopping were not pleased that we didn't make it back for lunch. After the wine cave stop we all went back across the river to hit the Ribeiro (open market) to where they sold thick ski-type socks and sweaters. Picked up a sweater for Brock ~ I hope he'll like it.

Had the evening free, so after laundry and dinner, the five of us walked back to the bridge for a more relaxed, leisurely stroll to see Porto at night. Actually, it turned out to be one of Garth's overrated hiking tours where your feet are killing you and you can hardly make it up the 51 more stairs to the room!

P.S. Jeremy took us on a memorable ride form the Ribeiro to the Seminario. It was most exciting.

Mike Ingols

Many of the group went with Sister Brown to a house where they warehoused most of the souvenirs sold at the local stores. There I bought a ceramic rooster. We then went to the

river banks to buy sweaters and other goods not sold at the warehouse. I bought two hand-knitted woolen fisherman sweaters, a post card explaining the significance of the rooster in the folk tales, and other postcards of Porto. Our next stop was the Sandeman port wine caves. We got a tour of how they make the wine and how it was stored to be used later. I took a nap that afternoon.

That evening we went with a group to walk down to the caves and across the bridge built by Eiffel. We walked through a very old and almost scary part of Porto built right into the cliffs of the D'ouro. The town is pretty at night, but it is interesting to see some of the houses and how they are right on the cliffs and up against the bridge.

Tamara Marshall

Sis. Brown is the coolest! Today she took us to a warehouse which sells products at a cheaper price than you could buy at the fedas. It was really fun. Then we cruised across the street and bought some of the most delicious bolos (pastries) for under \$2 plus a drink! They are absolutely delicious. After that we went down to the banks of the Douro River to an open market. Then in the afternoon some of us went to the Yugoslavians' dorms to visit them. I was pretty tired and not really wanting to go. But, now, can I say how glad I was that I did? They were so kind to us and so much fun! They invited us in and offered us juice and cookies. They didn't have any themselves but offered it all to us. We talked with the few that spoke some English and tried to sign language and speak to those that didn't. We found this one girl named Ines that loved Whitney Houston. She put a tape in her walkman to let me listen to it! We watched their rehearsal and just really became good friends with them.

Tonight we went back to the seminario and had a "slumborama!" A bunch of us took our blankets and pillows out into the hall and talked and laughed for quite a few hours! We told famous "scar" stories which were gross! I finally bailed and went to bed around 2:30 a.m. but I know I wasn't the last to go to sleep!

Blain Empey

A few of us stayed behind as the bulk of the group went shopping at a warehouse with Sister Brown. They were supposed to be back so we could all go to the beach but they changed their mind and left us not knowing what was going on until 3:00. Luckily, we bumped into small group which came back early, found we were unloved and abandoned, and so we went out on our own.

I got my taps fixed at the most interesting shoe place. I was told approximately where it was located and while I was looking, a lady selling fish motioned me inside the door where she stood. I went in on faith and faith prevailed. An older fat woman took my shoes and knew what to do as some of our group had been there previously. She had many shoes in a tiny room, but shoes were the least of the things stuffed in there. A wire tube lined with cloth was rigged between a bird cage and the window. Other birds sang throughout my visit making it very pleasant. Little shelves lined with linen displayed pictures of a man, and a few other people; I imagined they were loved ones passed on, but I don't know. A little boy stood docilely inside but came alive when his mother came



home. The woman pounded away at my taps—I thought they would shatter. Outside, a woman sang/shouted what goods were on sale: her fish.

That seems to be a prevalent method of selling. Old women cry out very loudly in a sing song voice, piercing the empty road. It seems they do this in the smallest streets, vacant of people, but I see them selling so I suppose it works. Many women carry their goods on their heads, too. This is interesting; there is not one particular item, just whatever they happen to be carrying. Well, it was a fun, cultural experience and I really enjoyed it.

After I finished this, I went back to the beach with a small group. We took the bus after playing rhyme on the street—subtle American activities, you know. The beach was sandy up until the water. The water was too cold anyway. I laid down on the sand and woke up when I felt suddenly buried. Later, we found some tide pools, and that was fun until we had to go.

We missed a movie with the mission president's children. We did have fun though, walking around and feasting on Ola bars. We finished the night with a slumber party, fun while you chat, hard sleeping though. We had it in the hall, and

many came but few stayed.



Wednesday, August 7th 1991

Delynne Peay

Got up and had breakfast, and we were off once more to explore the exciting territories that lie ahead of us in beautiful downtown Porto.

We took a bus this morning through Gaia and over the bridge to Porto. Had to visit the Se', the largest cathedral in the city, and it was really beautiful...well as beautiful as any cathedral could be. For some reason, I just can't seem to get any real warm and peaceful feeling in these edifices built to God. I do marvel and stand in awe at the time it must have taken to build them and the cost and sacrifice involved. It's sad, too, that they are not kept up very well. Cobwebs hanging everywhere and dust so thick. Scott noticed one of the chapels that was done totally in silver, but it was so tarnished and dusty, it looked like a big old junk pile.

We left there and went looking for linen shops. Karen had picked up a really pretty lace runner at the market in Espinho. She only paid about \$18.00 for it. Well, all we found was a store with fabric for draperies. No one was too interested in standing there on the sidewalk while I looked, so we kept plugging away.

Got back just before devotional and it was time to get on the bus and go to our performance. The site wasn't too far away, and we heard that some of the church members would be there. What we didn't know was that all the members were there! They all came with the missionaries and the Browns. We handed out a lot of postcards and buttons.

The show was on a stage sitting out in the middle of a soccer stadium. We kind of wondered if there were going to be very many in the audience, but not to worry...it really filled up. I had one of the Elders introduce the group. He told the audience that the group was sponsored by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

We were supposed to be the finale, but just before we went on, the Yugoslavians came in with all their costumes, so they danced after us, and it was wonderful. They're from Serbia and they were so good. Cute kids and very friendly.

There was some proselyting going on and lots of contacts made. It feels so good to know that we really are making a difference and helping the Lord's work go forth in this land.

Mike Ingols

We performed our first festival show in quite a few days. We traveled just a short distance to the small town of Avintes. We had a nice stand-up dinner after a reception with the town council. The lower level of the town hall was finished, but when we went upstairs for dinner it had bare beams and just brick. Not sure if that was what they intended to do, or if it was unfinished. After dinner we danced by ourselves and had the traditional Romanian circle dance where people go around with a scarf and take a person

with them into the center and kiss them on the cheeks. The person brought out into the middle was then given the scarf and would seek out another person to bring to the middle. The other activity was trying to keep a grape in the air above ones lips. One tilts back ones head tries to keep the grape afloat by blowing really hard.

That night we performed at a football (soccer) field of all dirt. The members were out in full force with the missionaries. They gave us great support. We performed our best for them, because they had been so supportive.

Tamara Marshall

We had a fun performance today. We drove out to our performance site and had a parade practically in the dark. There weren't very many people out in the streets to watch us but it was still fun. We went to another stand-up dinner and gorged ourselves on the hors d'oeuvres thinking that was our entire dinner. Oops! Our friend Besh, from Turkmania Russia, taught us how to blow grapes above our mouth and make them spin in the air. Then we played a game with the Romanians where you dance in a circle and then get chosen by a man who lays his scarf down and you both kneel on the scarf while he kisses you on both cheeks. Well . . . this one Romanian guy did NOT want to kiss me on the cheeks. He wanted the lips! He was totally forceful too! I kept on saying, "No, No, cheeks . . . kiss on the cheek!" He totally grabbed my face and gave me the sickest kiss on the lips! I tightened my lips and was it ever nasty. Scott, Karen, and Garth, were all laughing hysterically at me. I actually laughed about it . . . later!

After dinner we went to our performance site which was a soccer field. We had to change our costumes behind the stage on a dirt field. The Browns were there along with a ton of missionaries. The Yugoslavians came and watched us dance. They cheered so loudly for us. It was really cool. After our performance, we were able to dance with other people up on the stage. Liki, the Yugoslavian choreographer, chose me to dance with. He has the most amazing dark eyes---too bad he is already married. Ha ha

Blain Empey

I made a decision today not to wait for anyone. I walked to town with Jennifer and Kristen down the narrow, downhill street which leads into town via the river. It's a very Portuguese street; narrow, cobblestone, little specialty shops, etc... It is also very smelly and dirty. I wonder, after this trip what people think of the wide asphalt streets with concrete sidewalks, clean modern lines in architecture, and relatively clean cities (not including some). They grow up in the 'old' look, we grow up with the 'new'. I am very interested in these perceptions.

The river at the bottom was disappointing close up. Raw sewage poured into swarms of fish expecting lunch. Trash floated down in lines, and little gypsy kids disgusted us by swimming in it. Mike said it best when he exclaimed "Oh my hud it is my hud!" I bought a few socks (woolen knitted for Christmas stockings). The river was picturesque, despite the



pollution. Small sail boats carrying barrels of port wine lined one side; no sails today though.

An interesting order of events occurred today, fish wise. As I said, I saw the fish consuming raw sewage. Right at the bank, many fishermen were busy with their lines. Along the river, Gypsy omen sold the fish they cleaned right in front of you. Finally, for lunch, we had French fries. And fish. Mmmm. Or should I say Hmmm...

I ended up alone; went to the clergy tower. This was a beautiful view of the entire city for a whopping 50 escudos (30 cents). I went on a search and spend tour for a picture book—my favorite souvenir. Because I didn't follow directions I ended up spending around \$6.00 to exchange \$30.00. Oops, I hate that. I got back in time to eat lunch with Phyllis, missing an afternoon with the Yugoslavians.

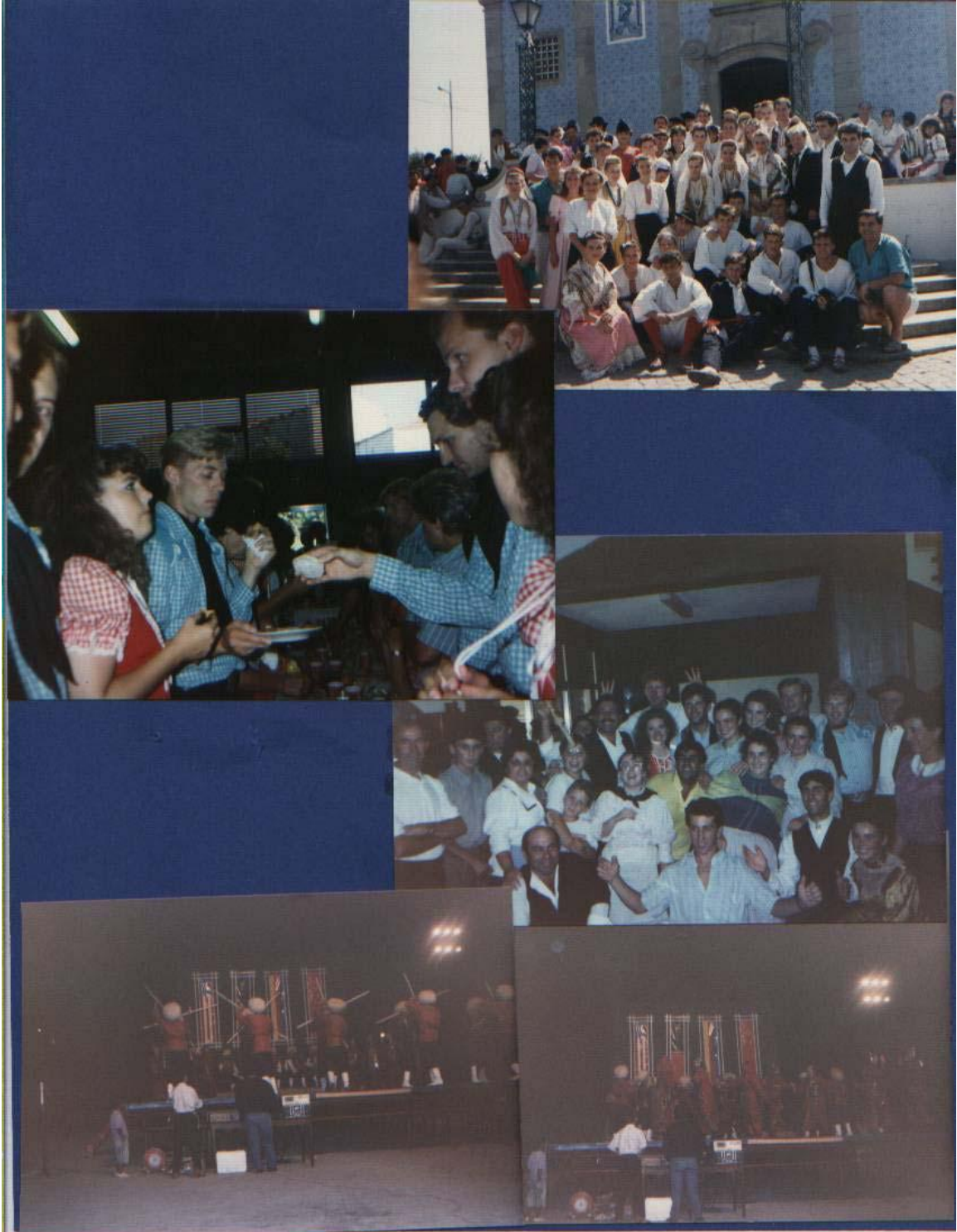
Avintes is where we went for the evening, a shock to our systems in that we had to perform for our dinner! Speaking of dinner, after a boring reception of clapping for speeches we didn't understand, we ate upstairs in an unfinished building. Again, we stood up, fighting ferocious Turkmanians for appetizers. We wolfed these down, thank heavens, as another very strange unknown dish was served.

The Romanian team was there and began that kerchief kissing dance. I guess one girl got carried away with a certain Turkman. I got hot, went outside and caught grapes with my mouth thrown down two floors.

After a small parade/procession I realized I'd forgotten my shirt and we had a big hairy time rearranging costumes. I think a couple of people were really ticked at me, and the whole situation made me feel worse and worse. We danced in the middle of a soccer field—dry as a bone, not one blade of grass. It was another clog eating stage and I lost one more tap. I'm not going to try fixing those anymore. We had a good show. I watched the other shows and had a good time. The Turkmanians had a section where one girl sang. I loved it. She had a beautiful folk voice and was so pretty. I fell instantly in love with her and want to meet her.

After our show, around 2:00 AM, Mark and I had a Kool-Aid party. That was perfect—it was short, we had good conversation with good friends, then we went to bed. I loved it.





Thursday, August 8th 1991

Delynne Peay

Another free day to do as we choose. Sometimes I wish we had more to do at this festival. Now I know what it would be like to actually be a bona fide tourist...just walk around sight seeing day after day. After only four days of this, we're all getting pretty bored. The engaged kids are beginning to climb the walls!

Slept in just a little this morning and then did some serious writing to get caught up in the journal. Ate lunch and then took off once again for Porto. This time, however, we had some plans. The festival gave us some money to go on the boat trip of the Douro River. Some people say that it is the most polluted river in Europe, some say in the whole world. It does look pretty disgusting...especially where the sewer pours into it! And there are always kids swimming in it!!

The boat trip was quite relaxing however. We talked to the girl giving the guided tour on the microphone and she asked all about the group. She asked if we were performing and when we said "yes," she said she was going, and sure enough she came. She came back to the dressing room after and told us how much she enjoyed the show.

Garth and I decided to walk back to the Seminario, and the group loaded up all the Yugos, who walked down to see our show, onto our bus and took them home to party. I think they basically talked, sang, and played silly games. We, on the other hand, went to our room and went to bed. Tried to sleep, but there was so much door-slamming going on, it was difficult.

Mike Ingols

I slept until lunch. After lunch we all (or at least most of our group) went on a boat trip up and down the D'ouro to see the four bridges that connect Porto to Gaia. Two are modern bridges and a third as mentioned before was designed by Eiffel, and the remaining was designed by a contemporary or an associate of Eiffel (the tour didn't make it too clear). The city as a whole looks pretty, but it is very dirty. Trash was all over the banks of the river. In fact, as we were waiting to push off we saw a dead rat floating in the river. It wasn't far from where some children were swimming. After the trip I bought an Ole bar, one of the best ice cream confections I ever had. My favorite is either "The Feast", which is a slab of chocolate surrounded by either coconut or chocolate ice cream covered by chocolate with crunchies, or "The Magnum" bar, which is very similar to a Dove bar. I walked around town with Mike Sandberg in search of lithographs of Porto. We finally found one. Afterwards we walked down the main shopping street and I bought a lace doily for my uncle as a wedding present.

We ate that night at the Gaia town hall and had soup with what looked like grass. I'm not sure what it was, or called, but it was good. We stood up for dinner again. It seems to be the easiest way to accommodate all of the groups. We performed that night at a part above the D'ouro River on the Gaia side. Once again the members and missionaries were in full force. I have really grown to love the members and the missionaries in this area.

They have taken advantage of our group as a way to introduce the gospel to their friends. The crowd really loved the fad section we did that night. A good crowd is always easy to perform for.

Tamara Marshall

Today we saw a beautiful part of Porto. The group was able to take a boat trip down the Douro River and see the 5 bridges connecting Porto and Gaia. One hard thing for me was seeing all the poverty and where many people lived. It was very humble circumstances. Yet the children laughed and played in the river and the street fountains like they had their own kingdoms right there. At the end of the tour they took us out to the edge of the river where the Atlantic Ocean meets the river. It is so beautiful. After the boat trip, Marcie, Chuck, Heidi and I went with Maria, our guide from Portugal. She sticks up for us when other groups make comments about us and especially our religion. We like her a lot. We had a dinner behind the city hall where they served soup that looked like it had grass in it. I think I am losing weight this tour!

Our performance site was at a park above the Douro River. After the show we invited the Spanish group over for a party. We played games like the name game and concentration. Some of the Yugoslavians came over too. They had to leave around 2:30 a.m. so we waited outside on the steps of the seminario as they were shuttled back to their dorms. Mark Jensen and I spoke with Zoran, Vladimir, and Liki about why they love to dance and they shared with us why they love Yugoslavia so much. We really got to know them all better.

Blain Empey

Strange dreams this morning. My alarm went off and half asleep I grabbed my orange on the stand. I somehow made a connection with the orange in my dream. My alarm has a



four minute snooze and I struggled, squeezing away at this orange trying to turn my alarm off. It wouldn't go off so I stuck it under my pillow as I continued to squeeze it. Finally, I woke up enough to realize what I was doing and glanced at Mark in fear that he'd seen the whole episode. Luckily, he was still asleep.

I went to breakfast then back to bed. This afternoon we got a boat ride along the Douro, a tour of the four bridges spanning that river. We took the trek down and waited a pleasant hour for the

tour to start. We watched the gypsy kids frolic in pee water, bought a million Ola bars, then got on our way. I love boat rides. Each tour has provided one; this one included. As far as interesting goes, we saw the four bridges, one of which Eiffel built. A boy jumped off the lower span scaring the girls half to death. I got sunburned badly but Greg gave me some good medicine.



I followed Chris and Denny to the street of silver shops and bought a ring, the first jewelry I've ever owned. A good silver ring for \$3.00 is a good souvenir and first time item so I was happy.

We are hogging down the treats. Magnum Branco bars are the hot item but an Ola bar will do. I had 6 today—oops. It's worth it. I was eating a bolo with Chris (a cream filled bread) when right in front of us some man hauled half a slaughtered pig out of a truck, slung it over his back, and crossed the street to a butcher. I am always amazed at these small differences.



We had yet another stand up dinner at a reception. Grass soup and a strange main dish was served. Luckily I ate the appetizers and rock bread, so I was half full. Our performance was at the gardens (a park) overlooking the bridge and river. The stage was good, except it was tile and shin splints were screaming. I talked with the Elders (Ethington and Harper) while we waited for our turn. That was extremely enjoyable; I loved being around them. The members were thick at this performance and cheered us when we were on. I loved it.

I also met a couple of the Romanians. I took Phyllis' dance book and showed them us performing Calusari—one of their dances. That began a fun conversation and I had fun trying to communicate to them. They were Robert and Marin. Marin gave me his address.

On the way home we stuffed the Yugoslavian and Portuguese group on the bus and had a party until 4:00 AM.



Friday, August 9th 1991

Delynne Peay

Got up and took off for town. Some of the kids had found a real nice place to get silver jewelry and Greg told us where we could find a lace runner for our buffet, so we were on our way. I didn't go down for breakfast—my hips can't take too many more Portuguese rolls! I will roll right off the plane if I'm not careful! Besides, I'd rather save the calories for a bolo (pudding filled donut) or a "Magnum" ice cream bar. These are two of the best things in all of Portugal.

It's really sad how this city of Porto is so picturesque from far away, but so trashy and run-down when you get close.

We found the lace shop—no sweat—but the little silver shop was a bit more difficult. We walked and walked trying to locate the train station, and the rue des Floras, but finally succeeded. Got the girls some cute things ~ now if we could only think of something that Brock would really like.

Wandered around for a while trying to figure out where we should catch the bus stop. By the time we found it, it was 12:15. We thought okay, we can still make it in time for lunch. Well, 30 minutes later we gave up on the bus thing and getting back for lunch, so we headed down to the Office of Tourism. Garth and I had wandered in there a few days before and seen some plates just like the ones they had at the reception in the mayor's office.

First things first though ~ we walked over to the restaurant next to the Sandeman Wine Caves and had a mixed salad and fries, and we were ready for another few hours. Rex called home on a pay phone right there on the street, and Garth and I found some nice cold juice bars. People warned us about the heat in Portugal, but so far the climate had been quite pleasant. I think the weather was taking a change however, because today was very warm. I really don't know if we would have made it without our shorts!

We walked back over to the Office of Tourism and purchased a really nice plate. Only one more thing to buy—we finally decided that Brock might like a soccer ball.

Had to be back at the Seminario by 4:30 for devotional, and hey ~ we made it with ½ hour to spare. So, we pulled some more laundry out of the bidet and hung it up to drip-dry.

Had a great devotional today. Nate Keller shared this quote: "There are two kinds of people in the world—the ones you like and the ones you don't know!" He's a choice spirit...yet I sometimes wonder about his wisdom. Right after devotional, Nate, Jason and Nathan announced that they jumped off the lower bridge into the Douro River today and went swimming. Gross me out! We drove about 40 kilometers for our performance in a city called Aveiros.

When we arrived, of course, we did our share of waiting, then were herded into a partially finished building for a reception, and gift exchange. I got to sit up front and basically translated/announced to our little group what was being said. Eric and Christina were with us today because Maria had to go somewhere else with her group. Christina is a real sweetheart, but has a bit of a hard time with her English. Afterward we enjoyed another stand-up dinner on the top floor which was really not finished.

Piled on the bus again and went to the performance site ~ a floating bridge in the canal! They call Aveira “the Venice of Portugal.” Garth and I took the opportunity to walk around before it was our turn to dance. It was a good show, once we got the sound working.

The Browns were there again, cheering us on and also the Pinegars, who are the Regional Reps for this area. And people were watching from everywhere. We guessed there were about 9.000 in attendance. Of course, the Americans were the finale.

Mike Ingols

Slept in and played cards, while others went to the beach. That night we drove to Aveira for our performance. We were told we were performing on the river, but we didn't think that it was a literal thing. Our stage was like a pier floating right on the river that ran through the middle of town. The river was smelly, gross and dirty, but we were high up on the platform, so it wasn't too bad. We changed that night at the Socialist Party's Headquarters for the region. I didn't realize that until I went to the third floor and saw the political murals on the wall and a large portrait of Karl Marx. I had an eerie feeling as I walked up and down the stairs, but the people were warm and allowed us to watch the other groups perform from up there.



Tamara Marshall

Today a bunch of us cruised off to the beach and had the best time. The ones who went were Greg, Heidi, Stan, Andy, Blain, Christie, Daryl, Becky L., Becky B., Chris S. and myself. We all ran out of “escudos” so shopping was out of order. The beach was totally gorgeous. We took a trolley out to this boat station where we took a water taxi out to this beach across the Douro River. It was not even crowded. We all took our “bonzi” dive into the freezing cold water. We laid out in the sun, drank maracuja (passionfruit drink) ate oranges, and biscuit cookies---oh, and got sunburned! Around 2 p.m. we headed back because we had a show and didn't plan for the difficult walk back up the hills to get to the seminary. I didn't have any money with me to buy water which only added to the heat problem. After we finally got back we all showered and hopped on the bus for a 3 ½ hour bus ride. That is when I got really sick. We checked out the stage at our performance site and it was literally floating on the water! We could feel the stage move as we crossed from one side to another! Anyway, before the show I was really feeling sick and Chris S. was so sweet to find a clean bathroom for me to use. After I (yes, I threw up!) I had a fever and chills. This was the most difficult time for me on the tour. I really wish I was home. But, when I came out of the bathroom, I just looked at Chris, and we both started laughing. I was totally embarrassed but he was really cool

about it. We took all of my clogging slippers and made a pillow for me to lay down on and I rested before dancing in the show. Christie didn't feel well either and she decided not to dance. I hope she gets better.

Blain Empey

We got up barely in time to get ready for the beach trip spearheaded by Greg and two members. We took the trek to the Douro, then found a fun trolley to the end of the river. Portugal is a land of many smells (few of which are pleasant—at least in Porto). The river continued to disgust us, and we shuddered at the thought of swimming anywhere near it. The members thought they were helping, but when we crossed the mouth of the Douro to an inlet beach, we all sighed with disappointment—we discovered a lovely beach full of broken glass, trash, and other foul things. But we continued clear to the Atlantic side—not far at all. There the beach was perfect and far enough from the river to comfort us. The waves were sufficiently big to be fun, but not dangerous. The

members hadn't let us know about this side because it was sometimes nude. But no one was there; we had it all to ourselves. Okay, about 500 yards away there were a few boys completely buck. We told Tamara that they were the Yugoslavians and that she should go say Hi. She started, but caught on too quickly to really embarrass herself.



The water was beautiful but freezing cold. The day was hot enough to push us in though, and we all stood in a row and yelled "Kowabunga!" as we plunged in. I loved it! I stayed in long enough to feel numb, then warmed in the sun.



Sadly, the time came to leave and we backtracked uneventfully to the seminary. We had a bit of a drive to Aveira, I believe, where we performed. The highways here are like the old highways used to be before the interstate was built. They go through every little town, and wind and cavort over every bump possible. However, the scenery is amazingly varied. We pass from forest to brush between a 10 minute nap easily.

Our performance took place on one of the most unique stages yet. This city had canals running through it; our stage floated on one of those canals. We dressed in a socialist party headquarters building which had a great view over the stage. I stayed up there until our turn. Dancing on a small stage on the water was quite the experience. Jumping alone wouldn't have had an affect, but when 24 people jump together, we had no spring. The

band could feel us pushing back and forth. Rotten egg smell wafted through the bridge and cleared our throats for us. I had fun.

Delynne got mad; our lines were bad, but I also think she was mad that we pulled Misha (President Brown's daughter) in at the last second when Christie got sick again.

Anyway, our performance wasn't the best, but I will always remember what the sight was outside that socialist party's building window. Down was the stage, 3 stories below with bleachers on my side of the street. There was a crowd on both sides of the bleachers that extended up and over the bridge around to the other side of the canal, and down even where the people could only see from behind (we faced the bridge). Across the street the crowd extended up the stairs and up to three layers of walkways to the buildings on the hill. Cool sight.



Saturday, August 10th 1991

Delynne Peay

So much for our last free day in Porto. They informed us on the bus after the performance last night that the people from Gouveia that we perform for tonight want us to come there for lunch. So instead of a 1:00 departure as planned, we must leave at 9:00. So much also for packing time this morning.

We loaded everything onto the bus and off we went to Gouveia. It was 190 km (almost 3 hours) to this town. Had to drive through mountains on some pretty winding roads and we saw many forest fires; some that were within 100 yards of the road. The air is becoming so polluted, and the saddest thing is that the people really don't seem to care very much. It's very difficult to understand the attitudes and mentality of the Portuguese.

We arrived at 12:05, got off the bus and waited 50 minutes, then were herded into an empty cafeteria for a rather disappointing lunch. I guess we were all expecting something a bit more special since they invited us to come for lunch. When I asked if we arrived too early, they replied "No, you were a little late." I guess we were supposed to wait for more than an hour. We knew we were in for an exciting day!

After lunch we were asked to change quickly into costume for the parade at 3:00. We were to walk from the school up to the center part of town. Well, we costumed up and hurried to the designated spot, only to wait for 1 hour 15 minutes to start the parade. And there would be no dancing in this parade—no sireee! Just walking, playing music, and singing, but by no means can we dance in this parade!! Well, we did the parade thing, then had 2 more hours until dinner. In Portugal, all the stores close on Saturday at 1:00...it's just incredible.

Should I say something concerning dinner? Well, as our unhelpful 15 year old guide described it—this is rice with condiments. It was the condiments that scared us...squid parts, seashells, and other such delicacies from the sea. We're going to take the recipe back to Derek Wride for Opening Social. Should be a hit.

Did our show and drove back. Got to the Seminario at 3:00. We count our blessings for some simple organization at home.

Mike Ingols

Today was in some ways a waste of a day. We had to get up earlier than expected because our hosts for the day (180 kilometers away) wanted to feed us lunch and made sure we were there plenty early for the parade. When we got to Gouveia, we waited nearly an hour for a lunch that was not good or filling. We then waited for a few hours for the parade and were not allowed to leave the area (by orders of our guide from the local city), but we needed to change into our costumes. Finally she agreed. After changes we walked to where we were to parade and again waited a half an hour. Then they took us to where we were to stand in the parade and again waited 30 minutes. When our guide told

us to line up we told her we would WHEN the parade was moving. Finally it was time to go on the parade. We danced while parading, like we usually do, and were stationary for 8 counts, but she threw a fit and said that we could not stop moving forward. Just as she said that, the entire parade came to a halt. We were tired, having only had 5 hours of sleep, we were hot and we weren't liking the fact that our hosts were treating us so bad. It was also frustrating that our hostess would constantly contradict herself.

After parading our host told us nothing about what was to happen the rest of the evening, so we hung out by the bus to change our clothes. Most of us were upset by this time on how stupid all of this was. I'm glad the ride up was pretty. We saw terraced mountainsides with ruins all over the place and old farms, and even the town was attractive, but they were not very organized here. When we finally found out we were last on the program, we said "no". We had a two and a half hour drive ahead of us and the show would run late into the evening and we knew we had a full day on Sunday. A compromise was made and we performed fifth in the festival of all Portuguese groups with the exception of the invited Spanish group from another festival in the area.

We performed that night in a forested amphitheater. It was a nice setting with a good stage and a large audience in attendance. That large audience didn't last long. Right after we performed, most of the audience left. They must have known we were the best performance that night.

Tamara Marshall

This morning before leaving, I still felt sick. So, Scott and Karen Horman found some coke and biscuit cookies to settle my stomach. They are like my parents away from home. I love them so much! Today we drove to Gouvea, Portugal. After lunch, which was an interesting fish and rice surprise, we had a parade uphill in the blazing sun. Delynne could tell that I still was feeling the effects of my sunstroke from yesterday so she had me go to the mayor's reception with Stan. We stood through the reception with seven other Portuguese groups and not a word of English was spoken. It was pretty boring. Rex Barrington slid down our bench some Mars ice Cream Bars. They looked so good to us. But, we didn't want to be rude and eat in front of the others, so Stan held the flag over me and I ate my ice cream then I did the same for Stan. Awesome! Afterwards Garth Peay bought me a lemon Popsicle which tasted so good because I still had a fever. Jason Deere arranged for Brother Lynn Pinegar and President Brown to drive me back to the school where our bus was parked. Rex, Scott, Chris and Jason gave me a blessing and it was such an amazing experience for me. I am so grateful for good priesthood holders.

Well, after I rested we went to dinner and they were serving this "squid stew". It had fish eyes, whole clam shells and all, squid tentacles, etc. So, we pretty much ate bread and water again. Thanks to the blessing I received I was able to perform tonight. I felt pretty good. Blessings are so wonderful!

Blain Empey

Well, less and less sleep. We were up at 8:00 to leave for our three hour drive to another small town way out. I wish I could remember the name. It was beautiful and worth the drive. I slept most of the way and was sad I missed, because I woke up just in time to see gorgeous mountain ranges over a bridge we had just traversed.

The theme of today was waiting and sickness.

We got there early because someone in the festival thought it was important for us to be there for lunch. So we sacrificed some sleep and our last day of shopping (ouch). Well, we ended up waiting for every event. Some smart people went out on their own. I caught up in journal writing—four days' worth.

Lunch finally came. Good except the vegetables were raw-ish and the meat was 80% fat. Mmm, stew. However this was better than dinner which was seafood surprise and boy were we surprised! I think that some of the group managed to assemble an entire squid. I can just see us adding electricity—"It's alive!" I found several clam shells but no clams, and a few unidentifiable things. Needless to say—I was hungry.



Between lunch and dinner we had a parade which was only singing. This city is wonderful—it is set on a mountain side, so we could see out into a valley and on in many places. It was very hot—not good for the sick people. But the audience loved us. They even clapped for the singing parade. We also met some missionaries who'd just been there a week

At this city the streets were filled with markets, booths, food stands, etc. giving it quite the festive air. In many cities they've either lined the streets for this purpose or they are always like that. This city—I just found out it's Gouveia—had the most beautiful park. Shrubs were sculptured in the 100s, there was a little aviary, a row of trees lined both sides of a path forming a shady tunnel, and everything was so tidy and neat—all crammed into this little park. I loved it!

On the way home it became clear what a dry season or seasons Portugal has had. Even in daylight it was apparent that fires were burning in the hills and mountains, but the night became a display of fiery destruction. Even the highway we rode on went right by a fire—literally to the side of the road, and it wasn't small. Someone said since all the houses are made of stone or brick, when a fire burns the people don't try to fight them, they just let them burn free until they are out. If it burns around a home the people leave and hope it misses. If not, they come back to a home without doors and put things back together.

Sunday, August 11th 1991

Delynne Peay

Happy Sabbath ~ after a week in Portugal anyone would need a Sunday to calm their nerves and renew our faith in man...even Portuguese!

We broke bread and partook of the sacrament in the small chapel at the Seminario, then took off for Mass. We were all dressed in Southern costumes, and everyone looked so nice.

It was very crowded in the small cathedral, but exciting too, with all of the groups together there. I wondered what thoughts were in the heads of the Turkmanians, the Yugoslavs, the Czechs and Rumanians. The Spanish group was basically taking part in what was going on. One of the girls kept turning around and fanning me...finally at the end of the meeting, she gave me the fan!



We filed out of the cathedral and Garth and I went with Danny, Nancy, Denny, and Becky Leigh. It was pretty much your basic reception, but we got a really nice hand-painted plate.

I had to do some talking, but finally arranged for the bus to take us back to the Sem. so we could get our personal belongings packed. I think God is trying our patience with the Portuguese people. Everyone here always tells us “we just can’t do that.” Karen Horman shared a thought with me the other day that went something like “no one can’t do something, they only choose not to do it.” These people choose not to do a lot of things. It’s really incredible—and frustrating. We left the seminario and drove to our performance site in Vouzela. It was a fairly long drive, but we made it in plenty of time to wait.

We did a little parade through town. They had it all decorated with folk-art and lights, and had a kind of carnival-like atmosphere. We walked back down into town and ate a most delicious Sunday dinner—roast beef and potatoes. It was really a treat.

The Browns arrived for our performance, and as usual, plenty of missionaries. They have been so great here in Portugal. The Brown kids have had an absolute ball with our group. I think it’s been a mutual home away from home.

Some of us sat down at the little sidewalk café and had churros and coke, then Rex came along with his dice for a rousing game of Risk-it! Well, it was pretty rousing until the

manager came out and made us leave the table...we were banished to the sidewalk! The whole scene was pretty hilarious—Tour leadership crouched-huddled on a dirty sidewalk in Portugal-11:30 on a Sunday night, rolling dice!

Well, I met 2 darling little boys who spoke English, and had some of the funniest comments and questions for me. The audience was wild, and the kids did a really fine show. It was 1:45 when we finished and walked back through town to the bus.

Naturally, I couldn't sleep much on the way home, so I relished in the thought of soon being home in Utah with my children.

It's great having Garth here.

Mike Ingols

Today was a very full day. We had to be awake and in costume to go to morning mass. We chose to wear our Southern costumes, as they were the most church appropriate costume. It did make us look elegant. At the mass, each group had someone say a line in Portuguese and each group was asked to sing a song. We chose to sing "How Great Thou Art". All of the other groups had simple songs and the Spanish group was very loud as they played their castanets and sang gospel rock. Our song was sung while the congregation partook of the sacrament. It was appropriate, but we felt a little awkward, but it was the right setting for the sacrament. We took advantage of the acoustics of the building.

Again we had a standing lunch and said good bye to the Yugoslavian team we met at this festival. We also saw the Czech group for the first time because we always performed with the Spaniards and with the Turkmanians. The Turkmanians were an interesting group. They always performed the same dance that took 20 to 30 minutes to perform. After lunch we drove to Gouvelez for our last performance at the Porto Festival. We paraded through the quaint town. The town had a bridge much like the aqueduct we saw while in Segovia. (I would love to go back to Segovia) We did a 15 minute show and then went to a restaurant for a great dinner. We ended up having another surprise. They thought we were doing a full hour show, but we were told it was only a 15 to 20 minute show. We added a few things we could do, but didn't have enough costumes with us to do a full hour show, so we stretched it to about 35 minutes. While waiting for our turn to perform, we sat at a portable café and ordered churros. We also wanted to order drinks, but the waiters never came over, so we kept on playing cards. Finally the owner yelled at us for playing cards. We told him we had tried to a few times to order drinks, but no one would wait on us. Oh well, we vowed we would never patronize that establishment again and found somewhere else to play card.

The show went on forever. We didn't get on stage until 12:45 am, and by the time we left it was 1:30. As we were leaving town, they put on an amazing fireworks show. I hadn't seen such an amazing fireworks display before. My favorite was an explosion of three different colors and as it fell, each color would quickly expand from the nucleus it created. It was fantastic. We arrived back at the seminary at 4 am and still had to pack and get ready for Lisbon the next morning.

Tamara Marshall

This morning we had our own special sacrament meeting at 9:15 then had to quickly board the bus to attend a Catholic Mass with the other groups in the festival. It was a different experience. We were asked to attend in “costume” so we wore our Southern Costumes. Our group sang, “How Great Thou Art” and when our Yugoslavian friend, Goran, heard us sing he said we sang like “angels.” Afterwards we had to say goodbye to the Yugoslavian group. We sang, “Go Ye Now in Peace” and many of us cried saying goodbye to them. After that we changed clothes and drove two hours to another city. We soon learned that we weren’t to perform until 1:30 a.m.! We waited around forever. The show was so much fun and again—the Browns were there! We drove home around 4 a.m. We had to pack because we were leaving around 9:30 a.m. which meant we only got about 4 hours of sleep. Oh, as Candace and I were packing our stuff, a lizard ran across our floor! I screamed and about 3 guys ran in and tried to find it. We never did. This was our last night in the Semanario Cristiano. I love Porto. I love the people. Tomorrow we head to Lisbon. I’m going to miss this place. Obrigada Porto!

Blain Empey

My last day in a festival! I’m starting to think a lot about lasts; this isn’t the biggest last for me—that’s on Tuesday. We met for our own little sacrament meeting at 9:15 this morning. We had to hurry to get to the Mass which the festival sponsors. It’s supposed to be non-denominational, but here it was heavily Catholic. They did let the Turkmen group do their own thing—a chant and wiping their face. It was at the blue tiled church in Gaia where the center of the festival is.



There were so many packed in that little church. It was extremely uncomfortable and warm. All the groups were there plus the regulars. In fact, I noticed that the old ladies in the back and some of the Spanish group were the only ones who knew what to say in the right place.

We all sang, each group. We sang How Great Thou Art during their sacrament. You know, that song is my favorite to do, and I was looking forward to singing it and feeling the spirit, not to mention hoping the others would feel the same. However, I noticed an emptiness which I believe may have been someone important taking that feeling away so

as not to confuse the Spirit with them partaking of a sacrament not blessed by the priesthood. Then again, it may have been lack of sleep, being hot, or my pride.

After church we began the goodbyes. Some of us performed separately, and some groups left that night. I was talking with Allacal while the group sang *Go Ye Now in Peace* and *Sto Me E Milo* to the Yugoslavians. I wanted to join in but didn't want to abandon my Turkmen friends. I watched Salom draw Kristen's portrait; we then went back to the seminary for some pre-packing and sleep.

Again, we drove to a city, Gouvelez, to perform with Portuguese groups, the Spaniards, and the Turkmanians (I know—I'm spelling it wrong on purpose. I just like the feel of the word Turkmania). I slept most of the way and awoke to a beautiful city with green mountains, an arch stone bridge, grapes ripening in surrounding fields, and the quaintness of this typically European town.

There I did my last parade with a short Running Sets in a wide part of the street where it branched. All on cobblestone, of course. After the parade we were treated to an excellent dinner of roast beef and potatoes that were cooked so well—Oh I loved them and wish I knew how they were made. This more than made up for the past few days.

I walked out and enjoyed another beautiful sunset over red tile and vine covered hills. As



the group chatted on the narrow cobblestone road, I peeked over a stone wall and watched the sky and the gardens change color. Portugal is so beautiful. Even the fires in the background added color to the heavens both reddening the sun and lighting the dark sky. We sauntered back to the bus where the arches glowed on the last shoots of sunlight until finally it became dark during devotional.

I walked back up to the stage with Phyllis and Maxine who cracked me up again. I wanted to take a picture of them along with the street lighted up and Maxine ran up yelling "Don't take my picture! Don't take my picture!" I took her seriously until I realized she was mocking us as we always say that and jump into every photo opportunity possible. Phyllis commented then about Nathan W. (who yells "Don't take..." the most) how she thought he



was crazy that first day and that he confirmed it every day since.

We ended up not dancing until 12:30 changing by the van in the middle of a crowd, it seemed. I hate when more people see us change than see the show. We did well though; I have loved these small town audiences.

As I changed, a huge fireworks show went off from the arch, caught everyone's attention, and caught the brush on fire. We got home quite late needless to say. I was up until 5:45 packing. Allacal gave me a ceramic teapot before he left. I wonder if it was all he had.

Monday, August 12th 1991

Becky Brimhall

(Original tour history)

Today is the day we leave Porto, Portugal. Of course, we have to wait about a decade for a bus to come take us to Lisbon; I guess it was because the festival never rented us a bus to get us there. So, when the bus driver came and found out he had to drive us all the way to Lisbon and not just the airport, he had a fit and was completely ornery the whole bus ride. In fact, just as we began our journey, we drove right past our Yugoslavian friends and we begged the driver to stop for just a few minutes, so we could at least say goodbye. But, no go. What a jerk. I think that was a very sad moment for us all.

And the bus trip was no joy ride, that's for sure. It was hot and sticky and very uncomfortable, and we did all we could to make the best of it and at least try to have a good time. So, we played our usual stupid bus games, while some dozed off, and still others escaped in their Walkmans. Oh, and, of course, the best part of the bus ride was when we got stuck in the most incredible traffic jam ever of life. I'm not kidding; we were inching along the road at a snail's pace for a couple of hours just baking in the "sweat box". But there were those who were trying to make the best of it, by getting off the bus and walking along side and mingling with other travelers. I guess there were even a few who gave out postcards and introduced the group. Pretty funny... Finally, after what seemed like forever, the bus started picking up in speed and once again, we were really on our way. The only problem was that Chris Sky was still off the bus, and he had to break out in a full on sprint to catch up. It was rather entertaining. We actually thought the bus driver was going to go full speed ahead and leave Chris in the dust...

Finally, we arrived in Lisbon. Goodbye and good riddance to the driver! We unloaded the bus, got our room assignments, moved in and then headed off to dinner. After dinner, we had almost no time before our 90 minute show was to start at 9:00. So, we rush around trying to get our acts together, and finally the show began at 9:20 PM. And, what a fun show it was! What an incredibly enthusiastic audience we had. They loved it, which of course pumped us up. It was a really happy, fulfilling way to end an otherwise dreary day. No matter the hardship, something good always seems to happen to make us forget...

Delyne Peay

Well, it was another one of those frightful 3 ½ hour naps last night. We had a plan... Danny and I would leave at 8:45 to go to the Continental (like a Price Savers) for the soccer ball and munchies for the bus. The bus would be there at 9:00 to load and we'd be out of there at 9:30... on our way to Lisbon. Murphy's law—the Continental did not open until 10:00, we got back to the Seminario to learn that the Festival had not made reservations for any bus to take the group to Lisbon!

We really wanted to wait ~ just one more time before we left Porto. 11:00 and we were off—like a herd of snails. The best was yet to come! We had the pleasure of traveling on a non-air conditioned bus, which we fondly referred to as “the ultimate sweat box.”

Approximately 1 ½ hours after departing Porto, we approached a traffic jam that would put all traffic jams to shame. For the next 2 ½ hours upon “the sweat box” we sat; we sang songs, we played the glad game, we got caught up on our journal writing. Some of us got off the “sweat box” and humored ourselves by jogging, playing Frisbee, playing four-square, and even handing out postcards to other weary travelers who were all out of their vehicles that were also in the endless line of traffic.

Finally, the miracle happened; cars started moving and we were once again on our way to Lisbon.

We arrived at the hotel at about 5:45, after an absolutely ridiculous “bullfight” with our driver. He was told that we were going to the airport and when he found out that he had to take us elsewhere, he nearly had a conniption fit.

Well, we were taken to the theatre and unloaded, then to the hotel and got all checked in, and rushed off to dinner. It was great! However, this all meant that we didn’t get to the theatre until almost 8:00 for a show at nine. It was hectic and everyone was very tired.

The show started at about 9:20 and everything turned around. We had an unbelievable audience. They were all standing, dancing, clapping in the aisles during fad. It was just what we needed—heaven sent!!

The kids went into the audience afterward and nearly got mobbed.

Garth and I had a choice hotel room...right above the main drag, with a poorly working shower, no air-conditioning, and not very clean in general.

~ Tour is almost over!

Mike Ingols

Monday came too early! And as much of our tour we did the hurry up and wait. The bus was two hours late and almost too small to accommodate us and all of our stuff. We made due because we didn’t have much time to waste, and were behind schedule. To make the day even better, we had a squabble with the bus driver. To make the day seem even more perfect we were stuck in a traffic jam on the freeway for 3 hours. Some of the group got off the bus and played, jogged and talked to other drivers as we slowly moved down the road.

We got into Lisbon in time to get started on tech and eat dinner. We were 4 hours behind schedule. The whole thing felt like a mess. The stage was a bit small with tracks running across it. The tracks were most likely for props from another show and the house only sat 440. But after a great dinner at a local café, we got everything ready for the show. We found out that they were taping a 30 minute segment of the show to be seen in September.

The audience was great. They were dancing in the theater and really into the show. They really enjoyed the Fad section of the show. We were on a high despite how hot and tired we were. That night I'm sure we all slept soundly at our hotel. It was called Residencia America. It had air conditioned rooms and right across the street from the theater.

Tamara Marshall

So, we hauled all of our stuff out to the road to wait for the bus which was not scheduled right so we waited for 2 ½ hours. Oh well. More sleep time. We were finally glad to get on the bus except there was no air-conditioner. Well, not even one hour into the 4 hour drive there was the longest traffic jam I have ever seen. We were stopped most of the time, drinking warm bottled water, fanning ourselves like crazy and sweating like pigs. It ended up taking over 8 hours to get to Lisbon! When we arrived a very kind member of the church took us to a dinner in a cafeteria type place across from our hotel, "The Residencia America." At our performance that night, there were tracks on the stage for scenery and we kept tripping on them. Mike Sandburg even fell off the front of the stage onto the apron which was only about 1 step down, but still was hilarious! The people cheered and gave us all a standing ovation.

Blain Empey

The bus was scheduled to leave at 9:00, getting up for it was painful. Actually, much of today was painful.

The bus didn't come until 11:00, so I slept in the lobby on the floor. When the bus did come it bit me on my face as I casually walked into the open port door. We took 6 hours, no—7 hours to drive to Lisbon—a four drive. The extra 3 hours were spent in traffic jams, and the entire trip was an experience in Hades.

We drove by the Yugoslavians on their way to see us good bye, but the bus driver wouldn't stop, and ended up being childish and selfish the whole trip. We tried getting even by splitting the bus in halves. The first half sang musicals, the other half sang camp songs.

We finally arrived at the Residencia American—nice hotel. I stayed with Jonathan Wood, Chris Schuyler, and Andy Madsen. The theatre was right across the street, very convenient, and so was tonight's dinner—a good one. The only problem was the small stage and that we were on national TV (or were being filmed to be shown the first part of September).

Actually, we did very well—the audience was one of our very best and we had a good show because of that. I went into the audience to greet people, one of the last times to sweat as people crowd around me to shake hands and get autographs. I will never forget this experience.

Tuesday, August 13th 1991

Delynne Peay

Morning came far too early for these weary travelers. We were awakened by the sounds of garbage collectors. I'm surprised that Portugal has garbage collectors—I thought all the trash was thrown on the ground. It must be the tourist's trash in those receptacles. It was 4:00 a.m. and Garth and I were standing at our hotel window gazing down upon the men at work. It was totally unreal.

Francisco (our member-guide and host for Lisbon) met us with a nice bus at 9:00 at the hotel and we were off for a day of sight-seeing. We drove around Lisbon, stopping at St. Jorge's Castle, a cathedral, a couple of monuments, and we were on the road again to Sintra.

Just before reaching Sintra, we stopped at a really nice little restaurant and had lunch. Great food, great waiters, great fun! We sat and ate for over 2 hours. Before we left, all the waiters had a pin, a postcard, and an invitation to our show that night.

We drove up to Sintra (a small, but impressive collection of mansions and shops) and walked around for about an hour and a half. We then returned to the same restaurant and ate dinner (2 hours after lunch ended!). It was so sad because the food was fantastic and we were still stuffed from lunch. We forced ourselves and then rolled out the door.

Back to the hotel and over to the Theatre for our final tour performance. It's pretty weird to think that this is the last one.

Francisco had all the tour leadership, even Maxine, come up on stage and be acknowledged, before the performance. Kristen and Mike Sandberg did the devotional before the show. Kristen had written a little poem about the tour that she shared with us, and it was pretty wonderful to be there together and feel the spirit so strong.



The girls planned a few fun things to do to the guys during the show—all in good, clean fun. Two of the waiters came and sat on the front row. All three Marias were there cheering us on. It's been fun having them here in Lisbon with us for these 2 days. All of them have Books of Mormon and I believe 2 of them have had at least the equivalent of the first two discussions.

After the show, an announcement was made that tapes would be sold in the lobby. Garth and Karen ended up selling them at the back of the concert hall. People mobbed them and we sold all the rest of the tapes plus turned people away. One of the waiters from the restaurant wanted one, after they were gone, so Garth gave them each a Book of Mormon. I couldn't believe it!

We said our good-byes to Francisco, the Pinegars, and all the missionaries, and left all our equipment in the front lobby of the theatre, and walked to the hotel. Before we retired, the leadership went out for a coke and one last meeting.

Got back to the hotel a little past 1:00 and repacked. We made a list of all our purchases for customs and climbed into bed.

It's kind of a sad thought to be going home, but a happy one to be reuniting with my dear children. I have missed them very much the last week.

Mike Ingols

Today was our chance to see Lisbon. We first went to St. Jorge's Castle, which was old and in ruins. It was interesting to see by the ruins and structures the different eras of when it was built and rebuilt. While driving to the castle we saw the main plaza of Lisbon. There were monuments to the various explorers and rulers. It was also the main commerce square right on the banks. After exploring the castle, we went to one of the oldest monasteries, Geronimos, and looked inside the old chapel. The chapel had survived an earthquake that almost leveled Lisbon. Across the street from the monastery was the monument dedicated to all of the explorers who had gone out from Lisbon. Almost every major explorer left from Lisbon. Our guide here was quite organized and kept us on his schedule so we could see everything and still make it back to our performance.

For lunch we went to a terrific restaurant and had excellent food. (I wonder if I still have the name and address of the restaurant. I mentioned in my journal that I had kept it with my other souvenirs. After lunch we went to the quaint little town of Sintra, which has Queen Marie's castle and cathedral. We returned to the same restaurant for dinner that evening and prepared for our last show of the tour. It was in the same theater. We had a great audience, who again was dancing in the aisles. Also the missionaries were there and were able to give away 80 copies of the Book of Mormon. I wish we had a bigger auditorium and stage to allow more people to come and enjoy an even better show.

Tamara Marshall

Today we got a crash-course tour of Lisbon. First we went to a castle. It was beautiful. There were swans and lily pads in the ponds out in front and exotic birds like peacocks and quail all around. I felt like Miss Marion in Robin Hood! After the castle we visited some monuments. My favorite was the monument of all the famous explorers who set sail from Portugal. It is a huge statue with a ship and they are standing all around it—facing the open sea. It's very majestic. Across from that was a beautiful basilica that had a lovely courtyard in front and was very ornate. After our tour, another kind member of the church, took us to an amazing lunch where they served us steak and seafood. Yea! After gorging on that for almost 2 ½ hours, we boarded the bus to Sintra, a quaint city outside of Lisbon. Tonight was our last show on the tour. We again received a standing ovation from the audience and it just felt so good. After the show, Candace, Jon Wood, and I went to buy some fries and drinks at a fast food place. The jumbo large drink w/

ice was the equivalent to our small---no joke. We spent the rest of the evening packing, ironing, and getting everything ready for tomorrow's journey back home!

Blain Empey

My last day was the whirlwind tour day and I was glad because I think I saw more this way. Plus, I enjoyed what I saw.

We stopped first at the castle St. Jorge. I took lotsa' pictures here—it was (in my opinion) the epitome of medieval castles. The view couldn't be beat, and the gardens and pathways were nice. Next stop was the Geronimos (?) monastery—I spent but a few



minutes there, because we rushed over to see the Discoveries monument. This was a beautiful monument of a ship at full sail with great men lining the sides. Christopher must have sailed from the point, I decided. Even if not, I will always remember the river lapping by as three great ships sailed toward the promised land. I saw Kristen tear up, which entirely affected me. Our first entry into Portugal was Columbus' exit day, and our last day here was spent visiting his monument.

We took a picture of all RMs standing on the tile map nearby, each on his own country.

Lunch was a feast, a 2 ½ hour wonderful meal. The main course was shish kabob, desert was sherbet. Dinner that same restaurant came three hours later when we were still full; it was a fish dish—very good with no surprises.

After lunch we drove to Sintra. I'm not sure if Sintra is a town or just a place, but it was nice. Mark and I decided to do the walking think up the mountain to see a beautiful castle way up. Too bad it took us 40 minutes despite running at the end. As we approached, a man shut the entrance—we didn't make it. Analogy material. Disappointed, we ran all the way down to reach the bus on time (because, Hurray! It left on time today—no waiting!). It was 4-5 kilometers.

Home for a half hour nap after dinner, then my last performance. I did well; the audience was boring at first but came alive later. We ended by singing Go Ye Now in Peace and God Be With You. I ended up crying at the end, but got control. My last dance was Four Couple Clog—I borrowed Marty's clogs so I could have taps my final dance. Thank you Marty!

Packing was fun—I just threw things in my costume bag and I was finished. After getting things ready for loading up, Chris, Becky, Andy and I took an Ola search; we didn't find any. I sat with Andy Madsen, a great friend, in the middle of a circle-street under a statue down from the Residencia America. We had an excellent conversation about this tour, then drifted over to our fathers. We ended up talking till 3:00 and went

to bed. It was a great conversation and neither of us wanted it to end because we knew when we did, well...

Tour is over.

Wednesday, August 14th 1991

Delynne Peay

The day has come...and everyone is excited this morning. The bus was on time for a change and we loaded up. Drove to the airport with no problems. Got everything in and found a spot to stack it up. We were more than two hours early, so we'd have plenty of time to take care of all necessary arrangements before boarding the plane.

Oh yes...We'd have plenty of time, now because our flight was delayed until 1600 (4:00 p.m.)! We couldn't believe what had just happened. This meant that we would miss our connection in New York. Well, about three hours later we find out that the flight has now been cancelled. Jason, Angie, and Jaime panicked and Christie King just started to cry. Kirsten and Mike Sandberg were sad because they'd miss some of graduation hoopla. Garth and Rex continued arguing and battering with the man from TWA, who was a pain in the butt from the minute we arrived and the rest of us just found something to keep us from screaming!

After more than 7 hours of waiting we placed our costume bags and big equipment into a room and we got on a bus to the hotel where we would spend the night. Well, all but 13 of the group took off to the hotel. We put Phyllis, Maxine, and 11 students on Portuguese Air on a stand-by and sent them off. They were on their own now. Hopefully, they made the connecting flight to SLC from New York. Bon Voyage!

Well, our luck seemed to be changing as we were escorted to an air-conditioned bus and then taken to a 5 star hotel. We carried our things in and inquired at the front desk what we should do. She asked us if we were from the TWA flight, then proceeded to get us all fixed up with rooms and meal vouchers. It was really amazing to have such service; we didn't know quite how to handle it! Jennifer said, "We must just be dreaming all of this."

We were ushered to the hotel restaurant while our luggage was taken up to our rooms. Had a nice lunch and then retired to our rooms for a shower and a nap. ~ New concept...a nap in a real bed, in the middle of the afternoon. This must be like a siesta that Dr. Melendez told us about!

Called home to tell Janna what had happened, then back to the restaurant at 8:00 for dinner! Then the whole group (24 of us) took off on the metro and went downtown. We just walked around, chased pigeons, and basically had a blast! Rex treated to everyone to ice cream but I still didn't get an "Ola Magnum" but, what the heck!!



Got back to hotel and got ready for bed. I guess because of the nap, I couldn't sleep so I went in the bathroom and began writing. There are so many things to be thankful for, but right now I'm most grateful that I have four beautiful children in Utah, awaiting my return. I sat on the side of the bathtub and cried many happy tears for my blessings.

Mike Ingols

The day we almost didn't want to have come. Though we were excited to head home we weren't excited about leaving behind some great friends and memories. We got up early to load the bus and go to the Airport. When we got there, they said the flight was delayed seven hours. Then we found out that the flight had been canceled. There were some people who needed to get home for weddings and graduation, so we were able to get 11 priority people on the Air Portugal flight to New York. The rest of us waited until 3 pm before TWA did anything for us. But when they did, they did it first class. They put us up in a 5-star hotel, Alfa Lisboa, for the evening. They also stored our equipment and fed us 3 meals at the hotel. That evening the group that remained took the subway into the center of Lisbon and walked around. Lisbon is a pretty city and a lot of fun at night. I'd love to come back to vacation here, or anywhere in Europe for that matter. France, Spain and Portugal were fantastic places. I learned a lot about the countries, the cultures and even about myself. I wish I could have better recorded all the sights I saw, the foods I tasted, the fragrances and odors I smelled.

Tamara Marshall

We had to get up at the crack of dawn to arrive at the airport by 8 a.m. We unloaded all of our luggage, costumes, technical equipment, etc. only to find out that our plane had not even left New York yet. We were dying! The girls who were getting married on Saturday were especially miffed! We decided to name our airline, TWA – “Tough Way Across.” It began to look like we were going to have to stay overnight again and leave on Thursday. Then someone found out about Trans Air Portugal. They had a flight to NYC that had 10 seats available. Since I had a flight the next morning to Oakland, CA to be at my parent's 25th anniversary party I got to go home with the ones getting married. As soon as we arrived in NYC we RAN over to barely make our domestic flight to Denver then on to SLC. When we arrived home we were all so grateful. You know, as we flew into New York, tears came to my eyes as I realized I was on American soil. I am a much better patriot now than I was before this tour. I loved all of Europe. It is gorgeous and the people are precious. But I really love America. I am grateful for this experience and I know I will never, ever forget it.

Blain Empey

I am supposed to be sitting on a plane headed toward Denver or SLC or something. However, I've been given an extra day. This morning our flight was cancelled. There was pandemonium at that airport as we tried to get several priority people on the Portuguese airline so they could get to graduation, weddings, and connecting flights.

Many of us sprawled out over the bags sleeping. Quite a sight—we all are dressed looking like flight attendants taking naps on people's luggage.

Slowly, bit by bit, we got the information that we'd be put up by TWA and we'd try to leave tomorrow. I guess the plane we were supposed to be on never left New York because of mechanical problems.

After much hassle, we drove up in a bus to the hotel: the Alfa Lisboa hotel which had, to our delight, 5 stars under its name! We checked in (Mike I. and I were put with Jennifer and Becky but we decided to fix that). We then ate a delicious lunch with an ice cream cake with a capital ICE. We all napped for three hours until dinner time, ate, and took off for downtown.

There we wandered a bit, searched for Ola and took pictures to prove how exciting a time we were having. We took the Metro back. Got home in these plush rooms, 28,000 escudos a night (200 dollars approximately), took the most wonderful bubble bath, and now I'm here, in an easy chair by the window with one light on, looking over the city of Lisbon, Portugal.

It's like a present from above, one more day. It began badly, but ended perfectly. Even at the worst time in the airport, I stood there, excited, not knowing exactly what was going to happen, just content with the gift of another day being where I love most—serving this way. I could go home tomorrow 10 times as content as I was last night.

The most exciting thing is I would love to go home, and I would love to stay even one more day.

Which just might happen!



Thursday, August 15th 1991

Mike Ingols

The group still in Lisbon, got up early and returned to the airport. We weren't excited to travel on Try Waiting Again (TWA), but we were surprised yet again. We were coming home via PanAm. PanAm is a nice airline and they treated us so well. The in-flight movie was a double feature and the crew was so much friendlier than we had experienced on TWA.

We landed in New York, gathered our equipment and bags and breezed through customs. Once we made our way to the TWA terminal we were confronted with more problems. The gate agents for TWA in Lisbon, didn't block out our seats. There were only 12 seats available and there were 23 of us. We determined who the next group of priority people were and got them the first set of seats. After another 20 or 30 minutes TWA was able to accommodate five more people, bringing our group down to six potentially left in NYC. Three more seats were opened and that left Rex Barrington, Blain Empey and me. We knew they wouldn't have seats for all three of us. We had to decide who would go next if a seat were to open up on the flight. We flipped a coin and decided that the winner of the coin toss would take the next seat. Blain guessed right and when a seat did open up, he got on the plane and headed with the group back to Salt Lake City.

Rex and I watched the plane pull back from the jet way and head home. The last of the surprises for this long tour were still to come. Rex and I were given vouchers to travel anywhere in the lower 48 and also first class seats for the ride home. In addition, they put us up at a hotel and gave us food vouchers for the evening. We went over to the hotel, freshened up and met for dinner. After we ate, we went back to our rooms and went to bed.

August 16th (Friday, the last day of the "Hurry up and Wait Tour – 1991")
Phones up and down the hall started ringing at 3:00 am. I wrote in my journal that I thought it was crank calls, but they were most likely wake up calls for people with early flights. I was dead tired as Rex and I arrived back at the airport for our last leg home. The flight was uneventful, but it was fun to fly first class home. Once Rex and I got back to Provo, we could officially say the tour had finally ended.

I really enjoyed myself on tour!



THE END

Interesting links

BYU Performing Arts Management:

<http://pam.byu.edu/pam.asp>

BYU Folk Dance Alumni

<http://www.byufolkdancealumni.com/>

Chateau Gombert Face book page

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/FESTIVAL-INTERNATIONAL-DE-FOLKLORE-DE-CHATEAU-GOMBERT/72271006210>

Chateau Gombert site

<http://www.festivaldefolklore.fr/>

Dr. Jacobson's BYU Devotional speech: Dance, The Supreme Physical Manifestation of Inner Conviction

<http://www.byub.org/talks/Talk.aspx?id=781>

'More Than Words' music video

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kt7L4X4li_k

E-mail addresses as of November 2009

Andrus, Danny & Nancy	nancy.andrus@yahoo.com
Baker, Chuck	chuckbaker2@hotmail.com
Barrington, Rex and Dixie	rlbarrin@byu.edu
Brimhall Love, Becki	becki.love@gmail.com
Deere, Jason	deeremusic@comcast.net
Eanes King, Christy	cheerfulchristie@msn.com
Empey, Blain	blain_empey@byu.edu
Horman, Scott and Karen	scott_horman@byu.edu
Ingols, Mike	mingles@burgoyne.com
Jensen, Mike	markbjensen@hotmail.com
Jones Graff, Jaime	nathangraff@peoplepc.com
Keller, Nate	nathankeller@hotmail.com
Madsen, Andy	amadsen@novell.com
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Matheson, Marty	martym@byu.net
Mayne, Greg	mayne@cshs.org
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Smith, Darryl and Becki	dbtss.smith@mstarmetro.net
Smith, Stan	stans801@aol.com
Utter Doxey, Heidi	jrdoxey@yahoo.com
Wood, Jonathon	jonathan_wood@byu.edu
Wright, Denny	dwright@iadt.edu
Wyatt King, Candice	tracyking@cableone.net

Dances and Songs

- Pioneer
 - Whoa Ha Buck
 - Round Dance
 - Come Come Ye Saints medley
 - Polka Quadrille
- Western
 - Teton Mt. Stomp
 - Devil's Dream
 - Square Dance
 - Hoedown
 - Exhibition Square (Skip to my Lou)
- Fad
 - Charleston
 - Swing
 - Surfin'
 - Funk
- Clog
 - Buckin Appalachian (and Running Sets)
 - Fire on the Mountain
 - Monroe's Hornpipe
 - Steamerlane Breakdown

Back up and push

Have you ever wondered about the riddle
What kind of spirit lives in the fiddle?
Is it that old Satan right there a' waitin'
Or are you in tune with the angel band?

Back up and push
Back up and push
Back off from sin
Let glory in
You can't go wrong
Singin' this song
Back up and push away

If you let the devil play on your senses
Prepare to suffer the consequences
The fullest measure of worldly pleasure
Will only drive you to the roarin' fire
Chorus

Rocky Top

Wish I were on good 'ole Rocky top
Down in the Tennessee Hills
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky top
Ain't no telephone bills

Rocky Top, you'll always be
Home sweet home to me
Good ole' Rocky Top
Rocky Top Tennessee

Once I had a girl on Rocky Top
Half bear the other half cat
Wild as a mink but sweet as soda pop
I still dream about that

Chorus

Once two strangers climbed old Rocky Top
Lookin' for a moonshine still
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top
Reckon they never will

Chorus

Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top
Grounds too rocky by far
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top
Get all their corn from a jar

Chorus

I've spent years of cramped up city life
Stuck like a duck in a pen
All I know is it's a pity life
Can't be simple again

Chorus

Black Eyed Daisy

Pick and grin and feelin' lazy
Thinkin about my black eyed Daisy
Don't that fiddle drive you crazy
Come on out tonight

Hey, boy, where's your partner
Don't you know the time is right
Hey boy, swing your partner
Come on out tonight

Dance a jig and I will foller
Rear right back and give a holler
Kiss the fiddler, pay the caller
Come on out tonight

Chorus

I like ham and I like gravy
Let's go set the table baby
Peaches, cream, and sugar maybe
Come on out tonight

In Memory of Dr. Phyllis C. Jacobsen

Phyllis C. Jacobson, BYU Professor Emeritus of Physical Education, passed away Monday December 15, 1997.

Irwin, Idaho is the home of the Jacobson family and Phyllis' birthplace. She was born in Idaho Falls, Idaho, Sept. 4, 1929. She is one of nine children of Lathen and Eva McKay Jacobson, and the lessons learned in Irwin became the measuring stick for many future experiences and challenges. The realities of life were encountered with love and caring which has been a trademark of Phyllis's leadership. After attending the Southern Idaho College of Education, Phyllis received her BS and MS degrees from Utah State University. Graduate work was done at Penn State University and her PhD was earned at the University of Utah. She served her students and the profession as a dedicated and gifted physical and dance educator: first as an elementary teacher, then as a junior and high school teacher, and finally as a university professor. Phyllis Jacobson has many significant achievements. She authored the book "Hooked on Aerobics" and created, designed and produced a television series Hooked on Aerobics. Her television series won state and national awards and continues to benefit thousands of individuals. She has authored several other books and articles and expanded the Brigham Young University Dance Touring Program and traveled throughout the world with each performing group. Over the years Phyllis has held positions in a variety of professional associations. She was a member of the US Olympic Academy Education Council and served as Associate Director of the Third National Olympic Academy. She represented the United States as a delegate to the International Olympic Academy in Greece in 1979. Phyllis has rendered valuable church and civic service. She served eleven years as a member of the Young Women's General Board of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and subsequently five years as a member of the Young Women's MIA General Board. She was a charter member of the Governor's Physical Fitness Advisory Council for Utah and a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. Phyllis has received the Brigham Young University Master Teaching Award, the prestigious Karl G. Maeser Distinguished Teaching Citation, and the College of Physical Education Research and Creativity Award. She has also received honor awards from the State of Utah and the Southwest District of the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, Recreation, and Dance and has been honored for distinguished service by the Utah Association for Women's Sports. Although primarily interested in the academic, artistic, and professional aspects of physical education and dance, her stellar leadership was recognized when she was inducted into the Brigham Young University Intercollegiate Athletics Hall of Fame. Phyllis will be greatly missed by her family and friends. She is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Marjorie Kawaler (husband, Don), Pembroke, FL; Dean Burdette Jacobson (wife, Violet), Ucon, ID; Maxine J. Lazar, Palm Springs, CA; Donalene J. Beasley (husband, DeLoy), Irwin, ID; Stanley Jacobson (wife, Charla), Rigby, ID; Roger Jacobson (wife, Connie), Irwin, ID; Jacqueline J. Bradford (husband, Rhet), Irwin, ID.

Funeral services will be held Friday, December 19, 1997 at 11 a.m. in the Edgemont 11th Ward, 3050 Mojave Lane, Provo. Friends may call Thursday evening from 6 to 8 at the Walker Sanderson Funeral Home, 600 East 800 North, Orem, and Friday at the church from 9:45-10:45 a.m. prior to the services. Additional services under the direction of Wood Funeral Home of Idaho Falls will be held Saturday at 12 noon in the Swan Valley LDS Ward Chapel, Swan Valley, ID. Friends may call one prior to the services. Burial will be in the Swan Valley Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers contributions may be sent to the Phyllis C. Jacobson Dance Scholarship Fund, BYU Development Office, P.O. Box 27188, Provo, Utah 84602-7188 or could be taken to the Dance Department.