

BYU INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE ENSEMBLE

WORLD TOUR

History - Summer '93



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SOUTH AMERICA



BERLIN



ARMENIA



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Brigham Young University Dance Department

Director: Ed Austin
Assoc. Dirs.: Delynne Peay and Peggy Sue Wright

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SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR 1993

Women

Susanne Davis *Leadership*
Kim Burke ✓
*Dana Clark
Amy Coleman
Virginia Hancock //
Amber Hendrix
*April Lanchaster
Janna Martin ✓
*Alyson Oldham
Margaret Owens ✓
Beth Payne ✓
Tiffany Smith ✓
Lisa Stone ✓
Michelle Wilkinson ✓
Emily Wilson Rice
Kim Wise

Men

Ed Austin *Leadership*
Scott Horman *Leadership*
*Hans Andersen
Eric Goodman
Mark Jensen
Andy Madsen //
Scott Mahoney
Marty Matheson
Robert Newman
Ladd Olsen
*Brian Peck
Scott Preator
Scott Rands
Ken Richardson
Jeff Stowell
Thomas Sutton
Keven Williamson *Leadership*
*Band

Married Couples

James and Deanna Taylor Cultural Advisors
Mat and K.C. Cowan
Dana and Kim Wise

TOTAL NUMBER OF PERSONNEL - 37

South America Show 1993

Boil Them Cabbage Down
DANCES OF THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS
Midnight Rider
WALTZ ROUND
GALOP
Green Pastures

TETON MOUNTAIN STOMP
FRONTIER HOEDOWN
POLKA QUADRILLE
Back Up and Push
FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN
BUCKIN' APPALACHIA
Orange Blossom Special

CHARLESTON
AMERICA TAPS
SAND MAN
ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK
TRICKLE TRICKLE
JOHNNY, ANGEL
EVERYBODY DANCE NOW

Intermission

TIMONYA
TROPATUKHA
LENCIUGELIS
LA CULEBRA
LA NEGRA
BANKL TANZ
RED RIBBON
TINIKLING
MEHKEREKI TAPSOS
HALYNA SHAWL
HOPAK

Tag
Bows: W, M, Two Lines, Band
Encore:
Bows: Group, Group, Band
Go Ye Now in Peace
God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again

Wednesday, May 12
Scott Rands
SLC - LA - ETC.

The long and anticipated day finally arrived. We met at the Richards Building at 7:30 a.m. to leave for Salt Lake City Airport. However, we didn't even make it out of Orem without an unscheduled stop. Brother Taylor had forgotten the money for our cultural activities in South America. No one complained, though. Better to stop for five minutes than to travel halfway around the world with no cultural growth.

The ride to the airport went smoothly. We were blessed with an inspired bus driver who chose not to take I-215 to the airport. We soon saw that traffic on I-215 was very slow, but we got to the airport on I-15 with plenty of time to spare.

No one will forget the chaos called "check-in at SLC." Each one of us had to check in our own suitcase, plus our costume bag and at least one piece of tech equipment. Everything was spread everywhere. While we waited, everyone entertained themselves in various ways, white paging phones being only a minor source (I only remember one beginning folk dance being paged - Debra Shachar).

The flight to LAX was short but sweet. Hoedown baskets for lunch with yummy mint cookie things were most enjoyable.

Our layover in LAX was filled with memorable happenings. The tour leaders checked in for all of us as we ran around and played. Fortunately for almost everyone, we were mistaken for flight attendants at the security check point at the international terminal, so we were able to go wait at our gate without tickets.

While we waited, we were treated to a special b'day party for Kim Burke, now 22 years old. A special multiple-choice test was prepared to see how well each of us knew Kim, won by Beth Payne with 11 correct answers. Afterward, we sang, "Happy Birthday" and gave Kim a bowl of TCBY frozen yogurt, complete with candles.

We were amazed that such a huge hunk of metal could actually fly. Our Boeing 747 was a monster! Dinner was an interesting experience for most of us, but it wasn't bad for Japanese food. Brazilian music and the "Malcolm X" soundtrack on our complimentary headphones were a big hit, and we all cheered as "The Mighty Ducks" beat the Hawks to become Minneapolis' Pee-Wee Hockey champs. On the flight, Ed met a flight attendant who was impressed with us and invited us to perform in Rio de Janeiro. His wife works with the city where he lives and he wants us to come perform the next time we're in the area (whenever that might be!). Keven and Brother Taylor met some business men from Santa Cruz, Bolivia, to whom we sent some Books of Mormon.

Sleep was difficult that night as we crossed time zones anticipating our arrival in São Paulo, Brazil, only 10 hours and 45 minutes later.

Thursday, May 13

Kim Wise

ETC. - São Paulo, Brazil - Porto Alegre - Montevideo, Uruguay

I can't tell if it's day or night but all I know is I'm supposed to write about today. We are in the air and we have been traveling way too long. We don't know whether we should sleep or eat. The food is "Brazilian Airplane Food" and sleep is scarce.

Finally we started to prepare for landing in the São Paulo airport. The landing left much to be desired. We were all watching out the windows getting closer and closer to the ground until all of a sudden - **KABOOM!** We landed like a ton of bricks. Safety features from compartments above the stewardesses' heads fell all over the place. But wait, there's more. We bounced up in the air again only to land with a second **KABOOM** and skipped across the runway like someone would skip a rock on a lake. Needless to say, we were grateful just to be on the ground. We walked to our next gate and literally camped out for the next four hours. We looked like a battle field on the airport floor with bodies lying in every direction. We were so tired everything seemed funny. After a nap, the band played in the airport and many people were impressed and asked questions about us. We got on another plane from São Paulo to Porto Alegre. It was a very full plane and Scotty Horman loved sitting next to a drunk man. An hour and a half later, we got ready to land - again **KABOOM!** We hit like a ton of bricks again. We couldn't understand it. We stayed on the plane in Porto Alegre (my Dana's mission). Meanwhile, Scotty's seat partner had passed out on Scotty's seat.

We took off again for another hour and a half flight and were ready to finally land in Montevideo, Uruguay. Again, we got ready to land - we were so scared by this time. We all braced ourselves until we realized we had already landed as light as a feather. We cheered and clapped.

We were dirty and tired, but excited to be in Uruguay where our hosts got us through Customs easily.

We headed for two hotels and slept till dinner time which was at 9:30 p.m. We had carbonated water (which many of us did not like), sausage, and of course meat! Needless to say, we went back to our hotels to sleep (again). For our first day here . . . it wasn't bad at all.

Friday, May 14

Robert Newman

Montevideo

We had our first show in Uruguay today. It was in the Palacio Peñarol which is like a sports arena seating about 5,000 people. The acoustics weren't very good and we were told that there was an 8 second echo. There were only about 1,000 people in attendance, but they were a very receptive crowd. The first half of the show went pretty good as far as sound went but the second half was very difficult because the stage monitors weren't functioning properly. The United States Ambassador in Uruguay and Mission President Brooks and his wife came to the show the first night.

The arena that we performed in was big and cold. This is when everyone started getting sick.

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The arena is used by most rock stars and for big conferences. A stage was brought in and assembled and giant speakers were used for the sound system which was incredibly loud. As we danced, the stage moved from side to side. It was the worst during Funk when everyone is on stage.

After the show, we met our hosts at dinner. Their names were Aldo, the son of our Uruguayan manager; his cousin Alvaro; and Pablo and Laura (pronunciation la-OO-ra), two young members of the church. They helped us as guides while we were in Montevideo. Pablo and Laura are from the Church.

We then went to our hotels which are very nice. One is called the Alvear and the other is the Hotel Internacional where everyone but 10 people stayed. The accommodations are great even though the rooms are a little small.

The refrigerators were full of food and many were excited to chow down until we found out that you had to pay for it later.

Good Night. Buenas Noches.

Saturday, May 15
Amber Hendrix
Montevideo

I am obviously in charge of history today. Scott so kindly informed me of this at song practice. This is fine because today was great. We all had fun shopping at a fair, walking around the city, and dancing our last performance in Uruguay.

The morning began as we met the young people from the church who were going to guide us. Little did we know what good friends they would turn out to be.

We hopped on a public bus. This is always a feat, because we are a large, noisy, rowdy bunch. Scott Mahoney, Lisa and I met Marcelo, a dude with long hair from Brazil. He became handy later in the day when a few of us became lost.

Off the bus we hopped. But suddenly, Lisa, Mark and I found ourselves separated from the group . . . thanks to Lisa! She found a big beautiful sweater she fell in love with. One sweater after another was tried on until the perfect fit was found. It even fit her long arms.

Finding ourselves lost, we visited the rest of the market places and walked around the neighborhood. Lisa talked to Marcelo again, and then . . . we ran into Scott Mahoney. Wow! What a surprise! He was worried about us. Why, I wondered? We were just looking around and if we "suddenly" found the group, we knew we could join up with them. (I guess we didn't know they were all waiting for us in the restaurant.)

The shopping excursion after lunch was successful for most. Everything from "matés" to ornaments and sweaters to leather jackets were bought.

We thought that we were a pretty close group, but the bus ride home taught differently. Wow, were we squashed!

Dinner was at the same restaurant as the night before. We had Russian salad, fish, and ice cream with chocolate sauce. They took the time to make the meal entirely different.

The show was almost jammed packed! As we entered the stage, there was a thick layer of smoke that filled the stage and arena. It was like smoking on stage.

We are such a "hot" group that several of the guys and girls "steamed" as we sang our closing song. The room was so cold, that steam rose into the air after dancing so hard.

The rest of the night was filled with . . . "Good night Hans. See ya later Hans, Sweet dreams Hans. Hans, Hans, Hans . . . good night. Good, good, good night Hans - See ya later Hans. Say your prayers, Hans . . ."

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: This was the night of our miracle performance. After working four hours prior to the show to insure better sound, everything . . . and I mean everything . . . was lost when the local sound engineer came in and "fiddled" with his equipment. The EQ and whatever else was gone to the extent that even the narration mic would not function properly. (Talk about having a "basket-case" director!) Ed spent a lot of time in the bathrooms praying, and I suspect that Keven and Scotty were furiously praying also as they scurried around the hall trying to remedy the situation to no avail. Finally, after fiddling with this and that, it still did not work. We were told to begin the show. The band came out and Jim did his first narration. It worked! . . . and you could hear him! The band played. You could hear them also! Why everything suddenly began to work, we did not know. And yet . . . we did.

Sunday, May 16
Mat Cowan
Montevideo

This is our first Sunday in South America. What a wonderful experience to worship our Father in Heaven with the Saints in Uruguay. We all met in the lobby of the Hotel at 8:30 a.m./9:00 a.m. so that we could be picked up by our "day host" families. We all went to church in different wards and for those of us who don't understand a word of Spanish, it was probably the longest three hours of our lives. But despite the language barrier, the spirit was easily felt and the warmth and kindness of the Saints compensated for our lack of understanding.

After church, most of us were paired off and were taken to members' homes to have lunch with them. What a great opportunity that "normal" tourists don't get. We actually got to see the members' homes, eat their food and enjoy their personalities. Some of us were also taken on tours of the city of Montevideo where we learned of the diverse heritage of this country and sensed the peoples' great pride for their homeland.

Sunday night, we were able to present our fireside for the Montevideo Stakes. Needless to say, it was a highlight of our tour in Uruguay. Even through the confusion of translators, the Spirit was felt

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by all as we shared our testimonies and love of Jesus Christ through music and testimony. How blessed we are to have the opportunity to serve our Heavenly Father this way.

On a lighter note . . . Emily and Ed's host family for the day thought that they were married and had a 12 year old child. Margaret's host dad later told her she shouldn't come back to Uruguay unless she planned on getting married. He also said she should be a lawyer because she is so feisty. And who could forget Ed and Deanna fast asleep during our fireside making it very difficult for a few of us to keep from laughing

during such a "serious" function. Also, a group of us made one of the most important discoveries this day. Bartuk Ice Cream. Since we had no dinner and were all starving, we went to this Heladería and porked out on a "grande." Only 6 pesos (about \$1.50), and it was sure worth it after all the protein we had been eating. Yeah for "helado"! Yum! Yum!

Monday, May 17

Beth Payne

Montevideo y Punta del Este

The day started early for some, as Marty, Hans, Lisa, and others received mysterious wake-up calls at 5:00 a.m. Most of the rest of us didn't awaken until a little bit later when we had to meet the bus to travel to Punta del Este.

The bus ride was about 2 hours long, but we made a brief stop about half way there. We got drinks and snacks and used the baño or tackled Scotty. Punta del Este is on a peninsula and we drove around outside the city and saw a building which was part house, part museum and part hotel called Casa Pueblo. It was owned by a famous, rich artist who had rather eccentric taste. It was white stucco with little ridges and scallops and strange shaped windows and walls. It is impossible to describe.

We also stopped on the coast and took a plethora of pictures. The area was a rocky cliff and it was beautiful to see the water splash on the rocks. Many climbed down the cliff to get better pictures. Mark and Janna had an engagement picture taken on some rocks surrounded by foamy water. Too bad they aren't going to get to use the photo!

Then we drove around Punta del Este and saw all of the homes that people rent for the summer (many pay a quarter of a million for just three months). We saw houses of all different styles. There was a Hansel and Gretel house and a house that looked like Ream's Supermarket. Many of the houses had green, blue, yellow, or purple roofs because of the colored glass tiles they used. In "Beverly Hills" all the houses had names and people were only allowed to build one house per block. Was this area sure different from the rest of Uruguay!?

Our tour guide pointed out many points of interest and many points of non-interest. He was quite a character. He looked very European and was dressed quite formally (with the scarf over his shoulders and all).

We had about 20 minutes of free time downtown and most people went in search of postcards and food. Some people had more interesting adventures. Some had their picture taken in front of a wall of graffiti which appropriately said "Youth gone wild." Thom and Ladd rolled up their pants and waded

in the ocean, yet strangely, their pants were completely wet when they returned. Hmm!!!

As, we got back on the bus, someone yelled, "Check your shoes, it smells like dog poo." Everyone looked, but no one found anything — except Janna's nacho cheese puff things which were appropriately called Machitos (be careful how you say that).

Most people slept on the way back to Montevideo. We arrived back at the soccer club for lunch and we were 45 minutes late. Once at the table, we encountered Mystery Marble Meat and we had everyone's favorite dessert - Flan! During lunch, we played the "Pass the flower game." Marty was last to get the flowers, so he got kissed by all the girls at his end of the table.

We hurried to get back on the bus after lunch. But Tiffany and Susanne didn't hurry as much as the rest of us. They were greeted by a chorus of "A Quién Esperamos," commonly known as "Why are we Waiting?"

The next segment of our day's activities was comprised of the sing-a-long segment. This started with the lying song. Here are a few of the favorite lines from the song:

- Margaret is really a brunette
- Beth has a very attractive laugh . . . you can hear it for a block and a half
- Thom dresses like Greg Brady
- Janna loves to freestyle in front of Vickie
- "Be back on the bus in 20 minutes"
- Lisa likes hair in her food . . . makes it taste really good
- We've never had flan

We next joined our voices together in a rousing version of the Rooster/Chicklets song. We then moved on to the "Austrian went Yodeling" song with the following words:

- Austrian — yodeled
- Cuckoo bird — coo coo
- Bear — Grr!
- Girl Scout — "Anybody want a cookie?"
- Folk Dancer — bower up(?)
- SaSa Dancer — School!
- Susanne Davis — "Can everybody hear my voice?"
- Lovers — kissing noises
- Men during Shawl — Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!
- Ed — "One more time!"
- Scott Mahoney — "Has anybody seen my eternal companion?"
- Jump ropers — 1 -2-3 Hallelujah
- Boy in love with Dana — "Can you not see that I love you?!"
- Andy Madsen — Hip, hop, hurray - Ho, Hay!!

Tonight we did our second fireside in Montevideo at the request of the mission president. There were many missionaries and some investigators in attendance. Janna, Scott Mahoney, Ken and Tiffany

spoke and they all did a wonderful job. They really brought the spirit to the meeting and testified strongly about the truthfulness of the gospel. "Go Ye Now In Peace"/"God Be With You" seemed especially appropriate tonight as we realized that we were saying goodbye to Uruguay and the many dear friends we have made here. Many of us had a hard time singing as we looked into the crowd of wonderful Uruguayan members - many of whom were crying as well. Janna summed it up well when she spoke and said that we have all fallen in love with Uruguay and the people here because they are so loving, so open, so kind, and so willing to share.

We mingled with the audience for a while after the fireside and signed autographs. Janna had a particularly neat experience. She met a woman who was deciding whether or not to join the Church and who had been quite moved by our fireside program. Janna asked the Sister if there was anything she could mail to her from the U.S.. The woman said she would like some music in English. About 20 minutes later Marty asked Janna if she would like to give that sister a Mormon Tabernacle Choir tape that he happened to have. Janna gave it to the sister, who was moved to tears of gratitude. Janna found out later that the woman had agreed to baptism.

We regretfully said our goodbyes and loaded the bus. As we drove away the crowd of people on the church stairs waved farewell and we waved back.

We met at 9 p.m. at La Gula, our favorite restaurant in Montevideo.

Tuesday, May 18
Thom Sutton
Montevideo

Tuesday started fresh and new at 12 a.m. Several girls were gathered together in Janna's room engaged in an intense and revealing round of "truth." It has been said by many present that it was very informative. Though no details were leaked, a source said that boys and Susanne's love life were main topics of conversation. However, these girls were not the only active night owls. At the same time, Alyson, Ladd, Hans, April & Dana were being escorted in a Marine van with bullet proof windows to a dance hall called New York, New York. Upon arriving, the dance floor was empty with the silence broken by slow band songs, but not for long. They soon began country swinging to the slow music. The music gained momentum, as did the crowd. Soon another grand party was born.

Later that morning we all headed to a dance school for a "folk dance exchange." It began on a 3rd floor hot dance room. We performed running sets and 4 couple clog. The crowd loved it. They showed us several Uruguayan traditional dances and we especially liked Malambo. We all learned a dance called "El Gato." Then an old national dance, El Pericon, was learned by half of us. Margaret played Vanna White demonstrating several of the dance moves with the director spontaneously. Amber performed beautifully, as was recorded on film by Andy. We also performed funk and participated in their Latin dance "Something something Nuwanda." Many friendships were formed with people there. It was a truly meaningful experience.

Along with those friendships, beautiful women were noticed. One, Anaí, was noticed by several men. But, Andy described her the best, "She entices me."

The rest of the morning was ours for fun. Before leaving, Ed announced for us to buy anything that we needed. Lisa went to find a thimble. Thinking she found help through a man who understood her explanation "sew . . . ouch," she rushed to a booth he pointed out. The man helped her look and found her a Band-Aid.

Alyson, Andy, Thom, and Matt & K.C. went to the big hotel to see all the young Ricky Martin fans. There were girls from ages 12-18 screaming "Ricky . . . Ricky." Who is Ricky? Anyway, they began talking to the girls and said they were on tour themselves. The crowd of girls got bigger as part of clog, Hopak, Mehkereki, and Swing were performed. New stars were born. Soon they were swarmed with screaming fans. "Can I have your sweater?" "Kiss, kiss," etc. were resounding off the hotel walls, along with many unknown Spanish words. They were fanatics. What a boost to their egos.

About this time, Janna and Lisa came and walked right into the hotel. The elevator man couldn't tell them what floor the heart throb "Ricky" was on so, they went to the roof to see the view. After the roof, they found Ricky's room on the 16th floor, from where they were kindly removed. The "Ricky" tales go on . . .

It was a wonderful day.

Wednesday, May 19
Janna Martin
Montevideo - Buenos Aires, Argentina

12:01 a.m. - The Ricky - we have absolutely no idea who you are - Martin Fan Club, Provo Division, met our fellow International Fan Club members outside the Hótel Victorian in Montevideo.

12:15 a.m. - We take pictures with and sign autographs for the many screaming girls outside Ricky Martin's hotel. "We love you Ricky."

12:30 a.m. - Lisa and Jeff almost catch Ricky's towel thrown from a sixth floor hotel window.

1:00 a.m. - The Ricky Martin Fan Club, Provo Division, bids farewell to the window of Ricky and heads to a restaurant for one order of Papas Fritas and some sodas. (Would they have gone if they had known about the six peso per person fee for sitting down?)

10:00 a.m. - We gathered at a bus station to catch a new bus which will take us to the hydrofoil. We present our hosts with Books of Mormon which we signed last night, along with pictures of our group and some folk tapes. We were all touched, while during our goodbyes, the young adults sang "God Be With You" to us in Spanish and then in English. Goodbyes were emotional as we parted with our new friends and ended our five days in Uruguay.

10:15 a.m. - Kevin presents Ed with a pair of "chicklets" children's underwear that tour leadership felt he really needed.

EDITOR'S SUPPLEMENT: *We left Montevideo on a two hour bus ride to the city of Colón. There we*

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embarked on a hydrofoil journey that would take us to the port of Buenos Aires, Argentina. Wow, what a difference. On the one hand, you have beautiful Montevideo with its green trees and rolling peaceful surrounding hills; and on the other hand, there is polluted, dirty, overpopulated Buenos Aires. There we were taken to the "Church Hotel", an old building in the heart of the city, on Venezuela 4324, that the Church owns and maintains for the use of temple attenders. There was a room on the first floor with bunk beds for all of the men, and another room (much smaller) on the second floor for the women. We had no sheets or central heating, and only a pile of old smelly blankets that we were afraid to use for fear of infection of something. We quickly organized five different committees which would rotate daily through the different jobs, (buying, from the store shelves to the kitchen; cooking, from the grocery bags to the table; clean up, from the table to the sink to the towels to the cupboards; housekeeping, empty trash, clean bathrooms; and setting, set table and take care of drinks.) While shopping, several cans of Lysol's South American counterpart were purchased and these we used to disinfect the mattresses, pillows and blankets. Wow did the place smell!! During the evening there was a cultural exchange. (Surprise! This was supposed to have been tomorrow, but you know [I am now holding up my hand with fingers extended]!!!) . A few stayed in the Lysol infested environment due to sickness. We were all prepared to have a great time in our little family environment here in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Thursday, May 20
Hans Anderson
Buenos Aires

Today marked our first full day in Argentina. The day started out by some being able to sleep in until 9:00 or 9:30, which was good because it helped some of the sick members in the team feel better. About half of the group was sick and on some kind of penicillin or drugs. Breakfast consisted of croissants, rolls, orange juice, and hot chocolate. It was then off to have a rehearsal in one of the local chapels. This was an interesting experience because we had no tech and no sound. The band helped out by singing their instruments the best they could. It was an interesting experience for all. The band then went shopping while the rest of the team continued rehearsing. We then came back to the mission housing and fixed lunch (potato bar and rolls) and then left to the Cervantes Theatre which was a gorgeous opera house with about 8 balconies in maroon with gold trim. People were going to start setting up for the show except for the fact that none of the costumes or sound equipment were there. There was press conference set up and so the band, Sister Taylor, Kimberly Burke and Mark took a taxi to the National Library. There we talked with some of the chief officials in the Bibliotca nacional. After that they had light refreshments and the band performed a couple of numbers. We were well received and the director said that if he would have known how great our group was he would have advertised more.

The performance in the evening was very interesting. We did it without costumes. We danced a few numbers in front of a small crowd. The mission president was there, a few members and many from the local dance school.

Everyone is happy, spirits are high and Emily has a bad premonition that she is going to have a false start on hoedown tomorrow.

Friday, May 21
Amy Coleman
Buenos Aires

The sound of snoring, alarms, and yawns - and so begins another eventful day of tour. The bulk of the team piled into the bus and headed to the Buenos Aires Temple while Ed, Brother Taylor, and Humberto tried to get our costumes and tech from customs.

The temple trip was a great experience and everyone enjoyed the beautiful grounds.

The customs ordeal was far from great, however, as the three fearless leaders spent all morning and afternoon heckling over our stuff. After too much stress and too much time, Humberto suggested a small, shall we say, "tip" - \$100 to the truck driver to drive our equipment out of the dock and get it through. We all agreed that it was the only solution and fully supported our leaders — but if standards calls us in, we don't know anything!

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: Because of what happened yesterday with our equipment and costumes at the Port of Entry, Jim and I were determined to make sure that we got our things cleared today. I am convinced that it was finally only because of our prayers that we were able to get anything done at all. We began early in the morning by driving with Humberto to the Church Office Building. After making about twenty phone calls trying to cover all our bases and using a nervous (for me at least) two hours, we headed with papers in hand for the dock. (Driving in Buenos Aires is a whole story in itself!)

When we arrived, we were once again refused our equipment and told that if we would go to the customs office and get an insurance policy signed by the proper authorities, they would then release our equipment. At customs, we were told whom to have sign it . . . that it would need to cover about 40% of the total value of the equipment. (This was a precautionary measure for the country to insure that we would not bring in equipment and sell it for a profit. Our policy would be voided when we left the country with the equipment.) By taxi, our documents finally arrived only to be rejected with instructions that it would not be signed unless it was written to cover 100% of the value of the equipment. Well . . . computers did not seem to be the word of the day and so the entire document had to be rewritten back at the downtown office. Meanwhile, it is getting later and later. After waiting for about two hours for documents and signatures, our friends emerged from customs with grins on their faces saying, "todos tranquilos." I immediately commented to Jim, "It isn't over until it's over."

We once again arrived at the dock only to find everyone out to lunch . . . so we also took the opportunity to find something to eat.

When the officers (or whoever) returned, they continued to refuse us our equipment telling us that our things had arrived on a truck with two other loads, and that the other parties needed to also be here so that the truck's load could be released and claimed by all at one time. If I wasn't frustrated before, I was fuming now! (I thought the chance of having three different parties, unknown to each other, showing up at the dock at the same time with the proper documentation to claim their wares was about five million to one.)

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While I was feeling very helpless, Humberto ran into the driver of the truck who had the needed papers to drive our equipment out of the dock area. Humberto took me aside and asked if I had \$100 US dollars. I told him I had more if it would get our equipment. One hour later we were loading our equipment into vans to be taken to the Teatro Cervantes. (Our driver even had the nerve to tell us that we could have had our equipment yesterday if we could have only found him.)

After unloading the truck and reloading the vans, and then unloading the vans and making two trips to the docks, and losing Jim and his van in the process, Humberto took me back to the temple housing using a route neither of us want to take again. It was now after 5:00 p.m. . . . time for the group to leave for the theater to prepare for the show. What a relief . . . what a day . . .

We were lucky enough to take a tour of the Colón Theater in the afternoon. We walked and walked through underground workshops where they make their own sets, costumes, shoes, hair - they do it all! The whole theater was amazing - marble and intricate woodwork all around. In the theater itself, a huge chandelier hung in the middle where a few musicians and singers could stand to sing from the heavens in the opera. We all thought Lisa should try singing Johnny Angel from there for added effect.

Tonight, our show was a joint effort with the Argentine National Dance Ensemble in the Cervantes Theatre. They put on an excellent first half, beginning with a modern version of ballroom where the dancers were playing pool with dancers as the balls. Their final production was Malambo, a gaucho scene. The men were amazing in their skills and the women danced beautifully. We finished the show with a majority of our repertoire which was well-received. We were told that our youthful energy was appreciated and enjoyed.

To top off the day was yet another adventure to be experienced while in Buenos Aires. We had just sat down back in our temple housing with our midnight snack when the power went out. Lisa was sure it was her fault because she was using her blow dryer, but we were informed later that sometime the power company just decides to shut off the power on a block. Whatever! Beth finished her shower in the dark and most of us went to bed as is. (Unfortunately, the water was connected to the power and so no more hot water was available, either.) Luckily, we had power and water later in the morning . . .so all was well!

Saturday, May 22
Jeffrey R. Stowell
Buenos Aires

It was wet. It was dry. It was wet because it rained Friday night and soaked all the clothes outside that were "drying." It was dry because we ran out of water since the power went out the night before, and the water is pumped to a tank on top of the building. Amber happened to be in the shower all lathered up when the water trickled off.

Kevin, Robert, Jeffs, Hans, Brian, and Dana W. left early to pick up the tech equipment and costumes to take to our next theater. Several of them rode in the back of the truck and enjoyed "surfing" with the back door open.

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Some of the people spent the day sick at "home" including Margaret and Eric, while others went downtown. Omar and Sergio served as tour guides and led the group on a wooden car subway. Tiffany, Janna, Susanne, Amber and Lisa tasted a bit of home at a real Pizza Hut. Andy and Mark went wild and invited an Argentine babe to be in a picture with them. Andy also rejoiced over finding a USA Today. Most people did some shopping on a walking street by the name of Florida. Some of those who stayed home overran the local laundromat which was expensive, but necessary.

Our show was at the Teatro La Ribera. Getting there was half the fun. The bus didn't show up so we all took taxis that didn't know where they were going. When Robert, Scott P., Virg, and Michelle arrived, the driver asked for \$70. Brother Taylor stepped in and bossed him around until he graciously accepted \$8.

Just before the show started, Janna had a brain lapse and tried to slide two tech tubs out of the way backstage. The tubs were placed there to prevent anyone from falling down the stairs. Therefore, the tubs fell down and made a noise loud enough to be heard at the back of the theater. During the show, Scott M. lost a heel from two of his shoes, but the "duh" of the day was during Bankl Tanz when the short bench got put on top - producing a nice teeter totter effect. Tom ripped his pants once again, but this time it was during Mexican. After the show, the crowd chanted a soccer cheer until we began singing, "Go Ye Now In Peace."

Most memorable of all, we encountered our first real NDE - near death experience, when we were almost broadsided by another bus that didn't have its lights on. We all recovered very well by eating sandwiches when we got home.

One special lady commented that we should have performed in the Colon Theater. She said that because of our performance, men will join the Church, and go to the temple so we can all be part of one big family. That's why we're here.

Sunday, May 23
Emily Wilson (Rice)
Buenos Aires

It was a cool and early morning at our stay in the Mormon Hilton. Church began at 9:00 so we all (well, most of us) took quick showers so we could walk freshly to the chapel building which was a few blocks away (and only a few doggy piles along the way). Several dance company members attempted to protect us, having a certain degree of success.

Somehow, April Lanchaster was left behind in the dash for church and so she took it upon herself and her inner sense for direction to find her way and arrive alive. Tragically, her inner senses failed her and she became tearfully lost. Pobrecita April! But the worst part of the situation was that she carefully noticed she was being followed by a man with a very large dog. She wisely asked for help from a street vendor who suggested to the following stranger that he help her get home. She nervously accepted his offer of help and safely made it home with no harm or accident where she got directions again from Kim Wise who was home because of illness. April ventured out again and this time found her way to church without hesitation.

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After church, we came home for a long siesta followed by a wonderful meal cooked by Chef Jeff. It was Scotty's secret recipe for stroganoff. We gobbled down this fabulous meal which also included rice, beans, and pineapple. Tiffany was also helping in the kitchen, stirring the beans, when she alertly smelled something burning. After searching high and low for what it could be, she discovered that it was her own hot pad which had caught on fire.

Thereafter we had our weekly (weakly) choir rehearsal and Lisa worked us over for a much needed, detailed fireside overview. We then took a bus to another church building where we had our pre-fireside devotional and prayer, in which we prayed specifically that we might find the Visa card which was lost.

Speakers at the fireside were Andy, Scott Rands, Kim Burke, and Margaret. Everyone did a great job, even Marty who read the scripture. We had a completely full house and even filled the balcony where they could see and hear us from a room upstairs. As always, we were received very well, despite a run-in again with a spiteful Elder. Lisa fell ill during the fireside with a powerful fever but still was able to contract an admirer who painfully watched her drive away with us on the bus.

We had a special treat when we got home - PIZZA!!

Our evening notes/devotional/family prayer was presented by Scotty. This was appropriate because this was our last day with him before he had to leave us to go home to the home state of Utah. A wooden gaucho had been purchased for him as a going away gift which we gave to him. We also gave him a huge bear hug from us all.

It was a late night for us all as we packed and prepared for Monday's journey to Rosario. We went to sleep with tear stained cheeks, for it was our last night to bunk in our home sweet home somewhere in the depths of Buenos Aires, an experience not to be forgotten too soon.

Monday, May 24
Andrew Madsen
Buenos Aires - Rosario, Argentina

I can't remember how I woke up this morning . . . Was it Scott Rands' cough? Ed's laugh/singing? Or maybe Ladd pulling away his pop-tart covering. All I remember is that it was EARLY!!!

Today was our last day in this beloved city. It seemed like just yesterday that we said "Buenos Días!" to Buenos Aires. Now it was time for "Hasta la vista, Baby!" The morning was filled with a potpourri of activity:

We had our last croissant/kiwi jam/dulce de leche breakfast in our humble accommodations. The nice temple workers had made arroz con leche (sweet rice) for us.

Some individuals (including Amber, who was in a bad mood the whole morning), took advantage of the late bus to get some laundry done at the laundromat.

Others took their last pilgrimage to our new-found Argentine Nirvana - Delicity (by the way,

how did we decide it was pronounced, "Deli City" - like in Albertsons - or like the word "velocity"?).

Mark found a cool song on the radio and Amy sang along:

"Informer, you know zubzubzzzubzub-buzb of what I'm saying a licky boom boom deh!"

Jeff, Scott P. and Marty took advantage of the gushing water in the street from last night's rain-storm and built homemade boats out of paper for a boat race. Marty's was your typical "build it in church" paper boat. Jeff's looked like a Jaredite barge ("tight like unto a dish") and Scott P's looked like it was treated with anabolic steroids and therefore faced disqualification (actually it was masking tape). Of course Ben Johnson's, oh I mean Scott Preator's, boat won 1st place with Jeff's and Marty's trailing just seconds behind.

Brother Taylor spent the entire morning going through documentation with the church offices in order to leave. We don't know what this would have been without him.

Our bus finally came - or should I say SUPERBUS! Two televisions, a juice machine, a bathroom big enough for Michelle to run laps in, and a flan-maker. (Of course we'll be using the latter the most.) We packed the bus and it fit everything including costume bags and tech. We said our final goodbyes to our Argentine friends, especially Juan Carlos and our good buddy, Scotty who we'll all miss. We all got choked up as we waved to Scott and the others and pulled out of Venezuela Street for our next "adventure." Buenos Aires has definitely been an experience we'll not soon forget.

As we hit the road again our exhausted bodies reminded us of the sleep we were lacking and we immediately fell into a deep slumber. As we awakened a couple of hours later with "Delicity withdrawal" hunger pains - what should appear before our eyes but several blue and white checkered bags full of our favorite Delicity empañadas. Thanks Ed and Susanne!!! All this and 'Twins' too — staring Arnold "it's not a tu-mah!" Schwarzanegger.

We arrived in Rosario in the late afternoon. As we drove around the city, several new discoveries were made: "The Rubber Dog," for example. In fact, Janna was so intrigued with all the kinds of dogs she exclaimed perplexedly, "What do they breed with here?"

The good saints of Rosario planned a whole night full of activities for us which caught us off guard atfirst but which we were able to adjust to rather quickly.

We participated in a dance exchange with one of the oldest dance schools in all of Argentina. The young dancers marvelled at the band's playing and the technical skills of the short square's Polka Quadrille, particularly Beth's vocal interpretation of "Forward six and a FALL BACK SEE-IX!" Oh, and four couple clog was performed. Everyone brought their clog shoes, though - you know, just in case we wanted to teach them to chug.

Back at the church we had an unusual fireside/performance combination. Now this wasn't like doing Mehkereki while bearing our testimonies or anything like that. Rather, we had a shortened fireside in the chapel and then an almost full performance in the cultural hall. Interesting notes from the fireside:

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Ladd, April and Jeff gave great talks. We found out that April sluffed geography class during the South American section. ("I thought it was all jungle . . .")

Keven was "Coking" or rather "Spriting" the stage to make it a little less slick.

Members were getting front row seats in the cultural hall and looking back into the chapel.

We prepared for our show quickly. Ed instructed the girls to have smooth bums for the show, you know - Mackinaw style - (he meant "smooth buns"). The show was great fun. The crowd was wired! They packed people into the cultural hall, chapel and even on the stand. There were a couple of slips, but thanks to Keven, we all stayed upright and at the end of the show the bottom of our shoes had the great taste of "Limon." The only awkward moment was singing a Macedonian love song in a Mexican costume and being surrounded with Filipinos in pajamas. For all the crowd knew, we were singing a peaceful war chant shared between the nations of the Philippines and Mexico in some unknown tongue.

We enjoyed talking to the people afterwards as we always do. Marty met some of the missionaries he taught in the MTC, and Tiff (Tina) met yet another "friend" from school. (How many does that make?)

We pulled our exhausted bodies to our final resting place which was a dormitory of some kind. All the guys in one side; all the girls in another. But wait! Could it be? Yes, Dana and Kim, Mat and K.C., and James and Deanna were not to be found anywhere. Where were they?

Tuesday, May 25

Susanne Davis

Rosario - Posadas, Argentina

Today was our Marathon day on the bus. Our destination - Posadas, Argentina on our journey to Iguazú Falls. It was almost a 14 hour ordeal. We boarded a beautiful and luxurious tourist bus. It was designed to be able to handle our 37 passengers plus all of our costumes, equipment and luggage.

The day started early . . . 7:00 a.m. from the dorm we had stayed in at Rosario. Most of us slept on the bus until noon.

The social committee did a list of 10 - one for the first of the tour and one for today. Just a few words can describe much of our feelings:

TOP 10 PHRASES IN BUENOS AIRES

10. "Don't step in the doggie doo!"
9. "Shhhh . . . There's people trying to sleep."
8. "Does anybody know what's going on?"
7. "Be like the seaweed."
6. "Who's sick?"

5. "Another adventure!"
4. "We're on a raked stage tonight!"
3. (tie)"Dinner's not 'till when?"/"Are we getting dinner?"
2. "Who's going to Delicacy?"
1. "The bus is here!"

TOP 10 REASONS WHY WE'RE IN SOUTH AMERICA ON TOUR

10. Because we live in North America and there's no East America or West America.
9. We can sing that song about "tres pelos and barbas" we sang in Culture Class.
8. To finally see if all our pre-tour predictions for T.R.'s will come true at Iguazú.
7. To buy a Maté mug and drink Maté till we hurl.
6. To see if Susanne really is as fun as they say she is.
5. To give all those who read "The Firm" in New York a chance to read "The Pelican Brief" in South America.
4. To see if we can find someone named "Antonio Mendoza."
3. To see how many times Varig (Vah-reég) will land and then re-land our plane.
2. So we can strap April to her Bass Case and send her over the Iguazú Falls to see if "The Mission" really was accurate.
1. We've always wanted to try, "uno, dos, tres, HALLELUJAH!"

We stopped for lunch at 1:30 p.m. at the Chajari Restaurant. They welcomed us and gave us some gifts (flags, etc.) to remember them by. The group enjoyed a meal they didn't have to shop for, cook, or clean-up. What a delightful change. We did wonder if the bus driver's brother owned the restaurant.

After reboarding the bus, the social committee had us play "Family Feud." There were two groups, Con Gas and Sin Gas. Sin Gas won . . . The questions all pertained to the dancers and their performances. The winners received COOKIES.

Much of our travel was in the rain. At times the sides were running with water and mud. The bus driver had to miss the numerous pot holes . . . and other drivers. They can pass another bus within a dime's width away.

About 7:00 p.m. we played the game "If I could . . . Then I would . . . some are included in the history.

We arrived at our Posadas hotel. It was welcome relief. Can you imagine only two to a bedroom?

We hurried on over to the church house in Posadas where the Argentine members had a meal for us and had been waiting one and a half hours. We gratefully did some songs and a couple of dances for our meal of milanesa, empanadas of fish, potato salad, cheese rolls, mandioca root, rolls and 7-Up. They had made ample and treated us well. How kind of them to give so much.

Our night at the hotel seemed all too short! What a day - Everyone was a real soldier.

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Wednesday, May 26

Marty Matheson

Posadas - Iguazú Falls(Argentina/Brazil) - Ciudad del Este, Paraguay

Our day began quite early with breakfast at 6:30 a.m. in the Posadas Hotel lobby area. At 7:00 we were on our way to the Iguazu Falls. We were all very excited to see the falls. Many had seen the movie "The Mission" which was partly filmed in the Iguazú area. After a short drive, we arrived at the Argentine side of the falls where we had two hours to walk around. We followed a pathway which took us along the upper edge of the falls as well as the base of them. It was really a spectacular sight to see the two mile wide falls which plunge 237 feet.

We boarded the bus and drove into Brazil where we had lunch in the city of Foz do Iguacu. The restaurant was a Brazilian version of Chuck-A-Rama. It was a buffet with many kinds of foods, and in addition, the waiters brought out a large variety of meats to our tables. Everyone really enjoyed the meal along with the live Brazilian music. Dana Wise and Scott Rands were happier than anyone, having served their missions in Brazil.

We next drove to the Brazilian side of the falls which were even more incredible. A pathway led us right next to the falling water where we spent about half an hour getting wet and taking pictures. It was such an impressive sight; some of us nearly swallowed our dentures! We boarded the bus and headed towards Paraguay, stopping along the way to a roadside bus wash.

After having crossed into Paraguay, the leaders realized we still had over five hours of driving to reach Asuncion. Since it was already late in the evening, they thought it best to stay in a hotel rather than travel and make our host families wait for us so late at night. We informed Asuncion of our plans and found a very nice hotel in Ciudad del Este. While eating our chicken dinner, we realized that all three of our meals today had been in a different country - Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay. Such is the exciting life of the traveling BYU Folkdancers!

Thursday, May 27

K.C. Cowan

Ciudad del Este - Asunción, Paraguay

Breakfast this morning wins the award! We had rolls, eggs, cheese and meat, and a huge assortment of fresh fruits and melons. A few people went in search of videos, but they didn't have any luck. Thanks to Ed and Don Jaime's perfect timing, Brother Taylor found out when he walked in to pay for them that they were the wrong kind and would not work on the bus' system. Oh well. As we drove from Ciudad del Este to Asunción, we saw many interesting things from out bus windows. The rural country homes certainly made us think twice about how fortunate we are in our country, and even in our apartments in Provo! We saw many animals milling around too - pigs, cows, chickens, horses, dogs - a regular barnyard. We saw women carrying baskets on their heads and doing their laundry in muddy streams. Suddenly, we really felt like we were in a foreign country. Montevideo and Buenos Aires were so much like Europe, that many of us felt like we were in Europe (or for that matter, New York!) rather than South America!

Asunción is a beautiful city. As we drove in, many of us wished we'd be staying longer than two and a

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half days, as our fears of a poverty-stricken city vanished. We met our mail and our host families (some LDS, some non-LDS) at the church, and split up. Some went to their homes, while others (mostly men) went to unload the bus at the theater. However, the bus drivers decided they wanted lunch, so the men sat around for an hour to wait to have the bus unlocked.

We all met at the theater at 4:00. We set up, changed money, and had the "familiarity chat" with our directors. We had an hour to go get dinner and many of us went for hamburguesas, papas fritas y Guaraná. Sure hit the spot! The show started late (like 30 minutes late!) and although the crowd wasn't large, they were very forgiving. Thank goodness, because we had too many interesting moments to record. Some were: Dana's wig and "Scott Mahoney" version of "Johnny Angel," the abrupt start of Timonya and creative entrance of stage right, Margaret and Michelle's ribbons entwined in a very stubborn "love knot," the cheremosh lift's amoeba-like quality as it fell down early, the front hand-spring men landing on their bahooties after flipping, various and assorted clog shoes floating around on stage, Scott M. decking K.C. in funk, and the deathly heat on stage. But we needed something to laugh about as we ran up 1-2 flights of stairs to our changing rooms, so it was okay.

The theater itself was great, as it used to be a movie theater. The audience was able to see everything and though they were small in number, they were very responsive.

After the show, everyone pitched in and took everything out to the bus. Seven homeless people in our group found homes, and some battled conditions such as being by themselves, having no hot water, open holes in their bedrooms (to the outside), no blankets, and even no food. Nevertheless, we were all pleased with the love and sincerity of the Paraguayan people, and also of our embassy families' kindness and warmth.

Friday, May 28

Dana Wise

Asunción

Today was a great day. Everyone in the group stayed with a host family last night. We had our morning free to do what we wished. Many slept late for the first time on the trip, others just relaxed and took it easy. Paraguay was the place to shop. As the morning passed, most could be found somewhere in the downtown area. We bought table cloths, leather backpacks and jackets, handbags made by the Guaraní Indians, and lots of beaded necklaces. Everyone seemed to really enjoy themselves.

At 2:00 p.m. Paraguayan time (usually about 45 minutes late), we had a get-together with a dance group from Asuncion. It was raining outside, and freezing cold in the studio. By about 3:00 p.m. we did the exchange. They danced two dances, one with clay pitchers on their heads and another with bottles stacked five high. It was really cool. We did clogging (eight couple) and then taught them a little. They seemed to really enjoy themselves. It continued to rain throughout the night. We did a show in a chapel that evening. We had close to 200 people at the show, members and non-members.

The bus showed up at one minute before showtime, and we did a show/fireside. Just before "Funk," Jim Taylor donned a funk hat and introduced the number. It was hilarious. Testimonies were borne

during the intermission. The show was interesting, but well worth our time. Most of the dancers went to a barbeque at a members home after the show and stayed up very late. All in all, it was a great day.

Saturday, May 29

Jim Taylor

Asunción - Santa Fe, Argentina

Today was a day of "Aduanas" and bus rides. An "aduana" is a bureaucratic institution which seems to be set up to extract money from people crossing borders, but really is there to control illegal transporting of goods and people crossing from one country to another.

Everyone got up early and packed bags so their families could transport them to the Moroni Chapel of the Church. We were supposed to leave at 7:00 a.m. but it was 8:00 by the time everyone straggled in. We bid a tearful farewell to the members and started out. Deanna gave the spiritual thought and Jim said the prayer. The drivers got lost trying to leave Asuncion and we ended up on some dirt roads outside the city. Finally, we got on the highway and an hour later we were at the border. The Church Office in Buenos Aires had arranged for a woman to be at the Aduana on the Paraguayan side to help us through. Brother Taylor got the passports stamped and the group didn't have to get off the bus, but Hector, the bus driver, had to pay \$150 because the television was not listed on the list of bus equipment.

A few minutes later we were at the Argentine border. There things did not go so smoothly. The group all had to get off the bus so things could be inspected. They also went through the luggage and equipment. As they saw the Hopak costumes, we thought we might have to put on a show at that point. Ed was ready, even though the road was raked.

After presenting himself at five different windows and paying for 10 photocopies of the passenger list and lots of explaining, Brother Taylor got the necessary papers to get the group through the "aduana." What a relief!

Then came the long drive to Santa Fe.

We stopped at a gas station to call the church members in Santa Fe to tell them we would arrive late that night. As we began the drive, we were stopped at checkpoints about every ten miles and were checked by police officials looking for contraband. At one control point, they used dogs to sniff for drugs. At each point we had to leave one of the copies of the passenger list.

Just before noon, we were stopped by the police at a control station and they asked to talk to Brother Taylor. As he entered into the office, afraid that there was some problem with the official documents, he was informed that a radio message was received from Asuncion. One of the group had left money in Asuncion. They wanted to know what to do with it. Brother Taylor asked them to send to the American Consulate in Mendoza. We didn't know whose money it was, but it turned out that it was Beth Payne's. We stopped at Resistencia around 2:00 p.m at a roadside restaurant to eat lunch. We were supposed

to have chicken and "papas fritas" but they ran out of chicken and we finished with "tallarines" and "ravioles."

We spent the afternoon and evening on the road again, but had a fun time watching two of the videos Brother Taylor bought in Asuncion. We first watched "Hook" and then "Ghost." Just as "Ghost" was ending, we arrived in Santa Fe. We drove to a chapel of the Church where a large contingent of Church members and members of the Dance Group of Hugo and Betty Ifran greeted us. The Church members had prepared a supper of hamburgers, juice and fruit. After eating, we were assigned to the families we were to stay with and they took us home. Some of the students stayed alone with families, but most were two or three to a family.

EDITORS NOTE: *This is where, if you remember, we were all provided with two hamburgers.*

Sunday, May 30
Lisa Stone
Santa Fe

The morning of May 30 was a morning of both surprise and grief. The band had problems from the beginning. Brian woke up to find the owner of the bed (a five year old) at his side. Dana's shower didn't work at all, but Emily's worked all too well. As the water flowed down the drain, a troop of top quality cockroaches surfaced. In a "flash" or should we say "streak," Emily jumped onto the bidet which provided her the only means of escape from the raging beasts.

Though the rest of the day didn't have quite the excitement of the morning, it was still fun and eventful. Many members of the group had the opportunity to share their testimonies in their respective wards. Attending a foreign ward has been one of the highlights of the trip for many and today was no different.

After Church, we met with the members of the Santa Fe folklore group for an Asado in a park. The food was great - there was plenty of salad, empanadas, sausage and other kinds of beef. It was also a great opportunity to sit with the people of Ochu group to share and get to know one another. After the Asado, the Santa Fe group performed some of their dances for us and took some time to teach us a beautiful and new dance (ha ha), El Gato.

We also took some time to share some of our dances with them. We performed Polka Quadrille, and also Mehkerki. It was nice to be able to share of ourselves in such a beautiful setting.

That evening we gave another fireside which provided many great experiences. The people were so receptive and were truly touched with the message of love and hope we presented. It was the perfect ending to a sunny Sabbath day in Santa Fe, Argentina.

Monday, May 31
Sancho and Scooter
Santa Fe

First thing in the morning we went to the theater to carry in all of our stuff and start cleaning up. I

said that so casually, actually, it was a major effort of cleaning up backstage to be able to change there.

Trying to gain our love and confidence, the directors again gave us shopping time. However, this never seems to work out very well. Today was another normal South American day. (Meaning that everything closes right when we want to shop.) A few of us went to the Post office and others exchanged money at the 'Casa de Cambio'. (SIDE NOTE: Scott Mahoney should have exchanged his guarani here, but NO, he still has them.) We can't remember, but memory wills us to say we again had melanesa with something on top of it for lunch. (Whatever) Then it was off to another 'exciting' bus tour of the city. (Why do we always seem to be doing this?) The 'exciting' tour ended at our performance hall (you guys remember the one? With our meeting on the marble staircase and the suggestive pictures, not to mention the holes in the stalls that were supposed to be toilets.)

Welcome to the on again off again filming of our show. We were told to be ready to perform for the two TV stations. Well, that ended up being a long wait. They were coming and then they weren't, then they were coming, and then they weren't. They finally fed us (well, I think that's what they were trying to do.) We each had our choice of a banana or orange and a yogurt.

We had a very good show that night. There were a lot of missionaries there for the show from the Rosario mission. They had rented a bus and driven five hours just to see our show. After clean up and all the rest of that fun stuff that we always 'get' to do, we went back to our favorite restaurant (the only one we'd been to.) for a late night gorging. It had been several hours after the show by the time we got to the restaurant. And what to our wondering eyes should appear? The entire group that has been hosting us here in Santa Fe was there waiting for us. What a party. We were there until one or two in the morning (yeah!).

Tuesday, June 1

Scott Preator

Santa Fe - Mendoza, Argentina

Today opened with Ken tumbling down an entire flight of tile stairs on his way "down" from taking a shower. On the other end of town, Dana and Kim were worried about finding a ride to catch our bus because their host family had no car. So, they ventured off with all of their stuff to experience the city bus . . .

Eventually we all boarded our bus and somewhere around 7:30 or 8:00 we finally started the drive. Yep, this was one of those "spend-the-entire-day-living-in-the-bus" days. Today we traveled from Santa Fe to Mendoza. Now, somewhere in this big bus ride a scandal arose: The missing pillow problem. Not to mention any names or blame people for things that will haunt them later, but it was Keven who originally kidnapped Ed's pillow. In fact, Keven picked Ed up and did the fireman's throw, thrusting poor defenseless Ed on the bus seat where he was attacked like "vultures to the death" by a mob of tickling folkdancers. The pillow was passed to Scott Mahoney who slipped it off to Eric but somehow it entered Dana W's stomach who returned the pillow. (Can you see that this was a day hurting for happenings?) Right, not much happened. We were on the bus all day. So, I'll tell the bus highlights . . .

We were stopped at one of those terminal places and a man jumped on the bus. He told everyone they couldn't have fruit beyond this point and to give all their apples, oranges, etc to him. Some people gave him their fruit before Brother Taylor told us the truth: that the man was just hungry and wanted some food.

We watched "Siempre" ("Always") and "Ghost" on the bus.

At lunch we sang "I Am A Child of God" to a little girl who was at the restaurant we stopped at.

BUS, BUS, BUS, BUS, BUS, BUS, BUS, BUS!

That's how the day went. Finally, however, we did reach our destination - Mendoza.

James Taylor wins the happiness award for spreading the most happiness in the day. He informed us that we would be able to stay both nights of Mendoza in a hotel rather than struggle with the inconveniences of host family life. Then, at dinner, he just gave us all a \$10 limit to eat whatever we so desired. MAJOR BONUS!

So everyone went to bed happy because of hot showers and heaters. April and Amber especially went to bed happy because they stayed in a huge room with a veranda and lounge . . . or, so they said . . . They invaded a small social gathering in Scott R. and Ed's room (what was supposed to be a raging party) and convinced all of us to come witness their luck in their sweet (suite) room. It became a mockery. Their veranda was a mere window. So, Ed crouched himself on the dresser in the closet exclaiming his jealousy for not having a lounge in his room, too. What a silly, silly day.

Wednesday, June 2
Ken Richardson
Mendoza

Our last full day in Argentina began with a wonderfully relaxing morning. After five or six days of early mornings and one last long bus ride (12 hours) on Tuesday, a free morning was just what the doctor ordered to gain some much needed rest and do some shopping!

And so it was that the morning was dominated by lounging, leather, and laundry. The shopping crowd hit the streets of Mendoza, many of them hungry for leather. Some went downtown and others just stayed close to "home" and braved the construction that dominated the streets surrounding the Hotel Balbi. And the leather jackets started to roll in, some buying in groups, some alone, some in cash . . . Hans, Scott P., Lisa, Margaret, Scott M., Ken, Jeff, Thom, and others were caught up in the leather fever.

For others, the chance to sleep and just relax was a tempting alternative . . . and the lavaropa down the street was kept pretty busy, too. Ed was among the laundry crowd, and he discovered a way to uniquely identify his striped sweater — by washing it with colors in hot water, he achieved a beautiful shade of lavender where white had been before. Several emergency measures did nothing to alleviate this unfortunate (but funny) mishap.

Lunch was a different experience, as tour lunches go. We walked to a Chinese restaurant and enjoyed a large buffet of all kinds of Chinese (and Argentine) food and, most importantly, ice cream. The Flan flavor was a surprising favorite.

Our theater for tonight's show was the Teatro Independencia, a beautiful theater not far from our hotel. It had three or four balconies, a beautiful chandelier, soft seats, and the other features of a very nice opera house. The backstage was quite dirty and a bit damp and cold and the orchestra pit a bit unsightly (it was under construction, so it was just a 15-foot hole), but overall, it was a beautiful place to perform.

As we gathered in the front few seats of the theater to receive some notes, a local dance group came in and greeted us . . . they said that they wanted to watch us rehearse because they couldn't come to the show. We felt kind of bad because all we did was stand in the hambone line, end of Fire on the Mountain, etc. to deal with the narrowness of the stage. The group was visibly disappointed and finally determined to cancel their rehearsal to come and see us.

Dinner was fun — we were all given five pesos to go get our own dinner, which ranged from grocery stores to nice restaurants. Most of us took advantage of the chance to do a little more shopping and to relax before the show.

The show went very well. No major "boo-boos" but some funny things did happen. A collision in Hoedown between Michelle and Amy livened things up a bit, as both pretended it was "supposed" to happen. We did a good job of clobbering the floor mikes as our dancing went farther and farther down stage (causing some stress for our directors as we drew near the "pit" in front of us, especially with some of our trick steps). Lisa was a hit with Johnny Angel as she went out into the audience for the first time.

After the show, Brother Taylor shared some remarks with us that he had heard, from the Mayor of Mendoza and other civic authorities. Among them was the comment made by the Minister of Culture for the entire province, who said, referring to us and our show, "Sand like this can't be found on just any beach," which was a wonderful compliment to all of us.

Mendoza is GREAT!

Thursday, June 3
Deanna Taylor
Mendoza - Santiago, Chile

Happy Birthday, Emily! The social committee went out early to decorate the bus with balloons, streamers, and a Ricky Martin poster autographed by all the group.

We ate breakfast (hot chocolate, juice, croissants, crackers) and checked out of the Gran Hotel Balbi at "9:00," boarded the bus and set off for a quick tour of the city of Mendoza with Mickey Riquelme as our guide. Scott Mahoney gave the spiritual thought and Michelle gave the prayer.

All along the city streets we saw "asequías" or gutters which water the trees, necessary because of the dry climate. We went through a beautiful park complete with a large lake with a river boat named "Mississippi." Each street in the park was lined with a different type of tree and was named after that tree. We passed a large open space where the Fall Festival of the grape harvest (Vendimia) starts.

As we drove out of the city, we could see in the distance the snow-covered Andes mountains. There are several ski resorts not far from Mendoza. We drove up a narrow winding road to the top of a high hill. At the top was a huge monument to the victory of José de San Martín with his army as they crossed the Andes to fight for the independence of Chile from Spain. The main part of the monument as a huge statue of a woman, representing liberty. Surrounding the base of the monument are scenes depicting the battle and people. The first scene shows the horses and men, fresh and ready for battle on one side and the last scene depicts the men and horses returning from the battle, exhausted. We walked around the monument and listened to the story each frieze told. One of the scenes showed the mothers bringing the children to the men to spur them on to fight and to remind them what they were fighting for. The design reminded many of the "This is the Place" monument in Salt Lake City.

Going down the hill, we saw a huge amphitheater which seats 30,000 people (including the surrounding hillsides). It's used for many events, including the culmination of the activities of the wine festival with dances, singing and fireworks.

We then drove to the new campus of the University of Cuya (named with the Indian word for the Mendoza area). We stopped at the new building of fine arts, where we were to have an exchange with the dance students. It was a classical ballet class. They danced for us and our group danced for them and taught them the "Funk."

Marty and Emily left the group to go to a television interview. It was held on the street and was interrupted by a motorcycle accident occurring nearby. Marty was interviewed and Emily played her fiddle.

Stopping for a brief visit with the dean of the college of fine arts, we continued on to the L.D.S. Institute Building for lunch and a visit with members.

Some dance students who had come to our rehearsal the day before surprised us by coming to the institute to dance the "Malambo" for us. Our group presented a mini-fireside singing "Jesus, Let Us Come to Know You," "Great Things and Small Things," "Go Ye Now in Peace," and "Para Siempre Dios Está con Vos," with the saints joining in. Dana Wise, Amy Coleman, Matt Cowan and Amber Hendrix were called on to bear their testimonies. They all expressed their love for the saints and appreciation for the love, generosity and spirit of the people of South America. Ed Austin opened the meeting with his testimony. Jim Taylor served as translator and Scott Mahoney gave an introduction to each song. A local brother named Charlie who was blind sang, "What a Wonderful Life." Most of us were in tears by the time he finished.

We boarded our huge tour bus for the last time and went to the Mendoza Airport, through customs again and walked across the runway to the plane. We caught a quick glimpse of the Andes before it was too cloudy to see them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is also the last place that we saw our beatifully seasoned kiln dried hoe down planks. If you would like to know who lost them, refer to the assignment listings for check off (or just ask Ken.)*

Thirty-five minutes after take-off we landed in Santiago, Chile where it was raining. Amber's parents Pres. and Sister Hendrix, and her sister, Erin, greeted us at the airport. There was also a church member from the Embassy, Brad Wride, there to help us through customs. We went by bus followed by a "Tonka truck" with some of the baggage to a reception of cake and hot chocolate at the stake center.

Deanna Taylor managed to trip on a little post and fall with a splat in the middle of a puddle. Afterwards, the men, married couples, equipment and costume bags were dropped off at the Santiago North Mission home where the men stood outside the bus laughing as they enjoyed watching the girls pass the garment bags down the aisle.

The mission home was beautiful and we were warmly welcomed by President and Sister DuPont. They were from Hawaii and would be leaving for home in two weeks. The girls went on to the Santiago South Mission home where they were welcomed by Amber's parents. They had hot tomato soup and sandwiches. We were all grateful for a safe trip, carpeted floors and warm beds.

Friday, June 4
Sancho and Scooter
Santiago

It was so nice to sleep in a nice bed in a nice, warm house. The Du Pont's house seemed like a celestial mansion compared to some of the humble dwellings we've encountered. I'm sure the ladies loved the Hendrix's house just as much as we guys (and spouses) did the Du Pont's, but we don't care.

The day was pretty much spent doing laundry in real washing machines. Our white shirts would finally come clean! Other activities included bank-hopping (the eternal search for money), journal catching- upping, and the all-important sleeping!!!!

We were all a little stunned at the sight of our performance 'hall' here in the beautiful city of Santiago. It appeared to be basically a big cement box. I think the original purpose was for indoor soccer (during the warm season of course.) But now it was kind of a cross between an ice rink and a meat locker. The only thing lacking was of course the thicker ice for skating (we had thin.) Now there is one important thing to remember. **DON'T TOUCH THE FRONT OF THE STAGE. IT IS WET!!!** And blue (What's up with that.) It will always be fun to remember the steam pouring off of everyone at the end of our performance while we were huddled in the middle of the deserted floor and singing 'Go Ye Now In Peace'.

WORLDTOUR SUMMMER '93

Saturday, June 5

Kimberly Burke

Santiago

Many fun activities were packed into this Saturday in Santiago, Chile. Six members of the group (Ken Richardson, Scott Preator, Jeff Stowell, Robert Newman, Marty Matheson, and Thom Sutton) opted to get up early and attend a 7:00 temple session at the Santiago Temple, where the rest of us met them a little later on.

Next was a tour of the city. Our first stop was a small train called a Funicular which took us up the "Cerro San Cristobal" - a hill with a huge statue of the Virgin Mary. Although we don't worship the Virgin Mary like many religions do, we were able to appreciate the statue for its beauty and grandeur. There were many different copper souvenirs and religious paraphernalia as well as the usual post-cards to buy. Our next stop was a street with many different lapis lazuli shops. Lapis lazuli, as we learned, is a stone which is very typical of Chile, and many people bought earrings, rings and a few other trinkets.

When we were about ready to get off the bus at the Parque O'Higgins (I'm sure we all remember who he is from culture class), Amy Coleman was awakened by a surprising Prince Charming kiss from Scott Mahoney. At the park there were a few small shops selling souvenir items and a restaurant where a few people bought an empanada (didn't they already get enough of those?!). The big hit at this stop was the "water stick" which we found out later were hollow wooden sticks with toothpicks inside making a sort of maze for little rocks to flow through, thus making a sound similar to water. A few others bought wool socks, hats and gloves. Just for the cultural experience, they bought us all subway tickets to get back to our respective mission homes.

Some of the guys watched motor cross truck racing and a Suns game on T.V., while the rest of the group caught up on some sleep - a precious commodity on this tour. At the DuPont home, the guys had a potato/meat dish, coleslaw, bread and pineapple ice cream with cookies, while the girls at the Hendrix home had ham and cheese sandwiches, chicken noodle soup, and jello with fruit. Yeah for American food again!

We had our earliest show during all of tour today; it started at 5:30 p.m. (or 17:30 if you use S. American time). We performed at the "Manuel Plaza Gimnasio" which definitely takes the cake as the coldest performance site of all. The floor was wood over concrete, which was a bit of a challenge and we had some major setting and cleaning up to do. The most important thing we learned all day was (again), "Don't touch the front of the stage — it's wet!" (You would've had to have been unconscious to not hear it at least 20 times!) A few highlights of the show were Emily Wilson forgetting to bring her violin, Dana Clark drawing a blank before "Teton" (instead playing "Waltz Round" in a new key), and the power to the amps getting turned off during the middle of "Fire on the Mountain." Overall though, it was pretty good show and the audience was very large and enthusiastic.

The highlight of the whole day was the arrival of 38 letters! Susanne Davis and Keven Williams were as excited to hear from their spouses as Emily Wilson, Michelle Wilkinson and Scott Preator were to hear from their fiancées. (About her letter, Michelle Wilkinson said, "I can't wait!") Amy Coleman and Kim Burke (me) won the prize for the most letters, with four and five respectively — Yeah!

After the show, everyone was invited to the Hendrix home for a cast party where we mostly talked and ate (two of our favorite things to do!). A few of the guys were very disappointed to have to leave "The Princess Bride" right before the fight scene (since they had to go home). When the party died down, we all went to bed with full stomachs and satisfied smiles.

Sunday, June 6
Brian Peck
Santiago - Viña del Mar, Chile

Welcome to another day of As the Folk Dancers Tour. Yes, welcome to the continuing saga. And now for the latest.

The day began by having the 37 of us break up into smaller groups to attend different wards. Well, as you can figure, it didn't happen. As a fact of matter, about 30 of us ended up at the same ward. So, this ward was extra privileged. But how can we forget that great car race between President Hendrix and Brother Gomez. Once again, a van wins over the Mormon car - a station wagon.

While at Church, all the English speakers in our group received a lesson in English. Ed, joined Brian, Robert, and Brother Taylor down in the Spanish class. Ed said, "I didn't understand too much, but I enjoy feeling their spirits." As for Priesthood and Relief Society, I can only guess that those who didn't understand wrote in their journals or slept. As for Sacrament Meeting, being Testimony Meeting, Amber bore her testimony and didn't have a translator. Jeff followed and then Susanne (with Deanna interpreting) and finally Deanna. I don't think the Chileans understood too much, but I am sure the Spirit could be felt.

Those who attended Church with the DuPonts were asked to sing a song in Church. The Sunday School lesson was bi-lingual. The teacher spoke first in Spanish and then English. She did the same with the answers. So, it was quite fascinating.

FOOD! I don't know what the women had, but the guys, plus married couples, had chicken with rice, water, bean salad and wonderful coconut cake. What a great way to end a fast. I'm sure the women had good stuff, too.

The time came that we all don't like. Time to go. All 37 of us stood in front of President and Sister DuPont's house and sang "Great Things and Small Things." He recorded it as tears came to their eyes. They were a special family as well as the Hendrixes.

We took an hour and a half drive to Viña del Mar. Many of us were waiting and looking with wondrous awe and having great hopes to see the beautiful view that Marty told us about. Actually, we encountered a huge fog storm and visibility was 15 feet. Eric said, "It shouldn't be called 'Viña del Mar,' but 'Vista del Fumar.'" But we made it.

When we arrived, we had to unload the bus before our fireside. Before the fireside, we were privileged to hear a group of members from the ward sing. They were really good and I think others would agree with me.

It was a very special fireside. Hans spoke and performed, "I Heard Him Come" on the guitar. When the title was announced, the members went, "Awww." Lisa and K.C. spoke and Marty finished off. I guess the highlight to his talk was "I can do things now that I couldn't do during the mission . . . Now I can talk with the girls." He continued to say, "And I plan to take advantage of it." So, all in all, it was a great, well accepted, fireside. But, before we finish this topic, may I let you know that after each musical number, we were applauded for a job well done. It isn't too often you hear clapping in the chapel, and it made some of us feel quite awkward.

Now it is time for those famous reactions to host families houses. There were several who commented about their stays with the "Rich and the Famous." To begin, those who went with Janna (Kim Burke, Dana Clark and Alysson), were first told, "Well, we will have take the bus . . . just kidding." They then loaded up into this nice Mercedes Benz and drove off. Janna asked, "Where did you get the money to buy this?" He responded, "I sell drugs." So, these four sisters had a wonderful time with a drug dealer who drives a red Mercedes. Just for the record, he was kidding.

Meanwhile, others went off to the town casino . . . by the casino with their hosts. Being out of money, they were unable to go in. Some of the houses were equipped with fax machines. Plus, Hans stayed at a house which had Super Nintendo. From what I heard, that was the only way he could communicate with his hosts.

On the other side of town, Eric and I were invited to have some coffee. But, we had to turn it down and drink apple juice. Andy saw some people he knew from Barbados, while Ed, Susanne, Amber and Michael stayed with the Mission President. As Ed and Susanne were shown their cozy little room, they had to explain that they were not a married couple. A quick change was made. Kim Burke, not having great affection towards dogs, stepped on one and it squealed - it was a Chihuahua. As for Amy, Beth, Tiffany and Margaret, they couldn't decide if the host's spouse and daughter were alive. Furthermore, their host was leaving Tuesday and so, they have no idea what was going on.

April's family was musical and she climbed to the top of a mountain and touched the Pacific Ocean . Gee, I would have liked a picture of that (I bet Noah did it).

K.C. and Mat stayed in the famous 12 room mansion which held them, four missionaries, some guests, and the family with rooms left over. PARTY! K.C. quoted, "Not only was it an incredible house, but also, an incredible place."

Well my friends, this brings us to Jeff, Mr. Casanova himself. During or after the fireside, we met our host families. We all stood to meet our families. Jeff's eyes fell on this really cute 14-15 year-old, who suddenly darted from the chapel either because she got some dust in her eye or her contact went cock-eyed. (Actually, she was embarrassed.) Meanwhile, Jeff turned the brightest red and sat down. Brothers and sisters, I don't know what it is, but this man has a way with women.

So comes an end to an eventful day. Chau y hasta Luigi.

Monday, June 7
Virginia Hancock
Valparaiso, Chile

Today we got to sleep in a little bit and we met at the church at 9:30 a.m. to load the bus, go to the University of Valparaiso, and then unload everything at the theater. Just from Viña del Mar to Valparaiso, we could see what a beautiful area these cities are located in. Ed and Janna got homesick for California and body surfing as we passed by the ocean and watched the waves crashing on the rocks. How fun for us to be here!

We got to the theater and found the stage to be very small with no wings and no place to change. But we didn't let that bother us for the moment — we walked about six blocks down the road to a museum (studio kind of thing). There were all kinds of macrame/rope wall hangings and statues. They were very interesting. Downstairs from the art studio was a music studio where a man gave a harpsichord and piano concert. The music was beautiful . . . very relaxing and soothing . . . in fact it was so soothing that the majority of us were caught sleeping and enjoying the concert with our eyes closed. Luckily no one snored. It was really funny though — everyone would wake up just in time to clap for the number and then they would fall asleep again.

After the concert, we went upstairs for a little reception they had prepared for us with Ecco coffee and cookies that were scrumptious! Luckily after we had refreshments, we walked a little farther down the road to the Institute for lunch. They had made completos for us which are essentially hot dogs with tomatoes, guacamole, and mayonnaise. They also had a green salad with a little bit of bread and meat.

After lunch we went on a little tour of the city. They took us to the "elevator" by the docks where we could climb a hill and at the top we could see all of Valparaiso and the ships in the harbor. We weren't supposed to take pictures of the ships or pictures with the ships in them. But I think all of us did anyway. Oops! I hope our government won't be at risk now. I don't think they have to worry about us building any war ships from our pictures.

Next we drove on the bus to look at the ocean a little more closely. It was gorgeous! Many pictures were taken on the rocks with the waves crashing in the background.

When we returned to the University Theatre, we had to get our costume bags all layed out and everything arranged. But this soon proved to be a problem because there were no wings and the dressing rooms were very tiny underneath the stage. We were literally changing on top of each other. We couldn't use the hallways or classrooms because there would be classes going on in the evening. Stress! So that put everyone in a great mood.

Then we had to block through formation on the stage. This was a treat as well because practically every number had to be worked through, people moved around and sometimes even taken out. This was great fun and contributed to everyone's wonderful moods!

By the time we were done with blocking, we had 25 minutes to get ready for the show. Ha! Needless to say, the girls' big beautiful American hair wasn't really as big or as beautiful as usual, but oh well. The show went all right, for the most part. There weren't too many huge mistakes besides spacing

problems and such. And the stage had been oiled really well before our show so it was nice and slick. So of course there was the occasional slip-and-fall action going on stage. The biggest problem of the evening were the men behind stage in our cross-over area. We finally got a taste of the South American men's attitude toward women. Every time one of the ladies made their cross-over, there were compliments, cat calls and snickers. When Janna was crossing over for red ribbon, one guy got right in her face making Chinese noises until she acknowledged his presence. And once they wouldn't let K.C. get through them to help Lisa change. I guess for the first time we felt helpless in a way because there was nothing we could say or do and that made us very frustrated. Luckily, Jeff and Ed protected us after the show and made the yucky men leave. The rest of the guys were pretty ticked off about the whole thing, too, and that made us feel better. We love our guys!

Morale was definitely low for this show and the energy during the show was difficult to find. The day's events had likewise been stressful for everyone. So moods weren't the best today . . . especially for the girls on the right side of the stage. But we knew it could only get better. Our host families took us home, fed us, and put us to bed which is what I think everyone needed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes! That is my pink sheet, and it is not in the way!!!*

Tuesday, June 8
Scott Preator
Viña del Mar

As the sun rises over the beautiful hills of Viña del Mar, with the surf pounding against the crags and rocks of the coast, it is easy to see why they call it the Vineyard of the Sea. This beautiful morning found our ambitious folk group rousing for a reunion at the University Theatre at 9:00. With shouts of resounding joy, we gladly got up and helped transfer all of the equipment to the 'Teatro Municipal' in preparation for our 7:30 show this evening. At about 11:00, after half the group unloaded and set up, and the other half waited forever for transfer to the theater, young girls from the church took us out to shop.

Copper plates, earrings, necklaces, wicker birds, woolen socks, gloves, hats, sweaters and all other sorts of paraphernalia were everywhere. And everywhere you looked there were folk dancers spending money. After depleting our funds, we walked over to the stake center for lunch. Meat empanadas and pop. It was great!

At 2:00 (give or take an hour for S.A. time) we started our city tour of Viña del Mar. First we drove up the coast, past Reñaca Beach, one of the most famous beaches on the Pacific in South America! We continued up the coast to a beach called Los Lilones where we stopped for about a half hour. Here was where we separated the men from the boys (as the saying goes). Our fearless leader Ed Austin, along with Ladd Olsen, Thom Sutton and myself (Scott Preator), took the plunge and jumped into the freezing cold water for just a little dip. All the sane people (all of the rest of the group) just played in the surf and took pictures of the waves breaking in majesty up against the rocks. After our brief sojourn there, we travelled to a park called 'Quinta Vergara.' This park is where a music festival is held each year with guest artists from around the world. We were also shown the famous flower clock of Viña, the only one like it in South America.

WORLDTOUR SUMMMER '93

After several hours of preparation at the theater, our show started at 7:30. This theater was one of the most beautiful we've seen this tour. To gain entrance, you needed a special ticket of invitation. The whole thing was treated as a very prestigious event. There were many dignitaries in attendance, including an Admiral of the Chilean Navy, and the theater was full . . . all three levels. The Admiral even asked to speak to the directors during intermission in his waiting room.

This show (on yet another raked stage), which was televised and recorded by us, was one of our very best shows in my opinion. Excitement abounded as the show ended with a roar from the crowd.

After the show, at about 10:00, we walked back to the stake center for a reception with our hosts and a special performance by a local Chilean folk group. They even invited a few of us to dance the Cueca with them (that's the national dance of Chile). By the time we retired at 1:00 in the morning, it had been a very successful and satisfying day.

Wednesday, June 9

Tiffany Smith

Viña del Mar - La Serena, Chile

Quite early we rose, at 7:00 we met
Jeff & Keven slept in - they were late you can bet.

A man bought a newspaper, we began to feel fame,
As we saw the picture Running Sets can claim.

La Serena was the goal of our travels today,
We drove for five hours - it's quite a long way.

We of course went by bus as we drove up the coast.
The beach is so gorgeous, the Chileans can boast.

Jeff gave a devotional to help out the team:
2 Nephi 4:15-20 and John 21:15-17

He talked of when Peter was told, "Feed my Sheep."
And when Alyson prayed, we made not a peep.

The first half of the trip was spent as we slept,
But the bus turned so much that up the isles bags crept!

Ed & Pedro came separately, in a van they did go,
Though the needle showed "Empty" for 20 minutes or so.

They tried hard to flag us and tell us their plight,
But our driver didn't notice - phew! They made it all right.

At 1:30 we found the church where we'd eat,
Round sandwiches made up of white cheese and meat.

After lunch we all sat . . . and sat quite a while.
By now we've all learned to wait with a smile.

Lisa was playing with five-year-old Rueben.
Journals, heaters, napping - Robert danced to keep movin'.

After three hours our group was divided
To do some P.R. work, one group was excited.

The mayor of Coquimbo talked to us on T.V.
The band played for him then a school we did see.

All others set up at the gym for the show.
Then at 6:30 again to the chapel we did go.

This time we ate dinner - but wait, deja vu -
I've seen these sandwiches before - have you?

Back to the theater we went with a flash,
For us all to get ready and tie up each sash.

As we ran around and were looking so busy,
Jeff, our great techy, flew into a tizzy.

"I'm looking for Lisa," he told us with fright,
But no one has seen her since dinner tonight.

We all talked it over, then heads hung in shame,
"We left her locked up in the chapel - how lame!"

So instantly Jeff and some others did go,
To find poor, cold Lisa in time for the show.

They found her all huddled, alone on a chair
And when she recovered, she explained her great scare:

"I just went to the bathroom," she said with a sigh,
"And when I came out, the bus went right by."

"So I sat here and sang hoping someone would see,
That the show could never go on without me."

Lucky for all, she made it back to the gym -
Touched up her hair and her dress she jumped in.

The dressing rooms were set so far from the stage,
That we had to change costumes with flurry and rage.

Tonight's stage was quite slick and all 'bout fell down,
Plus the "much-too-close" camera men that made everyone frown.

Our show was filmed live, or in Spanish, "en vivo."
Now we're famous in Chile - can you even believe-o?

The band blundered tonight, though usually they don't
By turning "I will" instead to "I won't."

At halftime the cameras came back
To film braiding and changing - now what's up with that?

Despite little mishaps, the show went quite well
As love in our hearts for these people did swell.

Home with our families to rest weary heads
(How'd Janna end up with her own king-sized bed?)

Though we miss our hot showers, working toilets and T.P.
We'll all be quite sad when we leave fun Chile.

Quotes o' the Day:

"We may have a show tonight - we'll let you know."
- Susanne Davis

"You know those schedules you got in Viña del Mar? I have some advice. Get rid of them."
- Ed Austin

Thursday, June 10
Keven Williamson
La Serena - Cierro Tololo - Coquimbo, Chile

We loaded the bus at 8:30 a.m. for our trip to the observatory. We had our typical S.A. estimates of travel time, 45 minutes to 2 1/2 hours. We made the trip in about 1 hour. The area was desolate and atop a cliff. Many cactus and goats could be seen by all who were awake. We first were exposed to the 1.5 meter telescope. After being awed by it we were treated to seeing the 4 meter telescope and were amazed at its mass, 60 tons, of which 37 tons was the mirror. It was accurately stated by one dancer, "If it weighs that much I'd expect it to sink into the earth, what keeps it up?" With the telescope being in operation 360 days a year, we felt indeed fortunate to see, touch, and feel it.

Many photo opportunities abounded with the highlights being Ladd hanging from the cliff, Jeff jumping on the edge, and Susanne turning white at the former two pictures. Not!

We returned to the chapel to a delicious lunch of chicken and rice. We had the equipment at the gym in La Serena, and transported it to a small gym in Coquimbo. Jeff rode the Contra Bajo, which was on top of the van, bronco busting style as far as the church. We set up at the gym and were then given a quick tour of horse shoe beach, and a companion beach with what was billed as: the dumbest lighthouse ever built.

We had to dance on a covered hardwood floor, but the facility was nice. Spins and slides were much more difficult, but we appreciated it more than some of the previous supersliders. The show was very fun, being the last show, everyone was more relaxed. In Bankl Tanz, Scott Rands caught it, in a genuine look of surprise, as he was kicked accidentally on purpose by Ken.

Emily and Amy's host family took six dancers to lunch. Amy is quoted as saying, "It was dang good."

Deanna Taylor made great progress in international relations as she worked with the natives and braided little girls' hair. Tiffany lost her blazer . . . again. A cute little lady asked for a Hopak head dress as a gift. Our groupie young man who has followed us from Viña, asked for a ride back to Santiago, or for bus fare; we elected to give him the 6,000 pesos.

Marty and Janna lined up incorrectly in running sets resulting in a yellow ended blue line. During Buckin', Hans called out the names of those doing the solos incorrectly. We made the local newspaper with three pictures and Kim and Dana Wise had their camera and bag stolen, which also contained their passports. Brother Taylor got to visit the police station not as a suspect since he is keeper of the passports, but to file a report on the theft. He used Pedro's cellular phone and got a hold of a member who works in the Embassy. They promised we'd have replacements in three hours, tomorrow.

After the show, a local Chilean dance group sang and danced for us and gave us flowers and key chains. We had an evening meal of warm hot dogs and guacamole. Of course, Technical did their normal, fantastic job of sound, lights and show coordination. In all, it was a most appropriate end for our tour.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yeah for the band! You found center!!!!*

Friday, June 11
Michelle Wilkinson
Coquimbo - Santiago - Porto Alegre - Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

THIS DAY IS DEDICATED TO SEAWEED!

OK, so we've had yet another typical South American Day! But I'd personally like to dedicate this one to seaweed! It began with our arrival at the Hendrix and DuPont's homes after an all-night bus ride (that is a story in itself). The original "be-ready-by" time was 10:00 . . . or was that 10:30, or perhaps it was 9:30. Anyway, we had planned to visit with the mayor in a reception at 11:00 . . . what's that? You say the mayor is instead coming to the DuPont's home? Or maybe that's the mayor's assistant (the mayor is in the United States?!!) The men couldn't quite decide which van to pack all the costume bags in; it appears that one was wearing the wrong license plate for that day of the week. But

WORLDTOUR SUMMMER '93

worse than that, they couldn't decide whether to get on the bus or off the bus (was the bus picking up the men or the ladies first anyway?). By the time the women arrived at the DuPont's home, they were there long enough to walk to the front door - turn around - and get back on the bus.

OK — on to the airport we went. We had all been told to pack everything in our carry-on because our luggage would be checked through to LA — but it seems the airport couldn't quite decide for sure. What? You say we'll see them in Rio after all - or was that LA - you say Rio again? No — for sure it's in LA (yeah, right!). The entire group was then instructed to go through Gate 5 to prepare (oops, I mean wait) for the 2:30 flight — or was that 3:30? No one knew for sure (and that's all after the costume bags finally showed up at the airport).

That's OK — no worries — we can deal with it — we were all prepared for our next Varig landing (would you like one bump or two?). Kim and Dana spent the entire morning working out their Passport and Visa problems — thanks to everyone who helped (especially Pedro), we were able to take them home with us. We met a few people on the plane who had apparently travelled with us the entire trip — Grandpa Andrew and Grandma Jinny — what a fun couple! (Talk to Andy and Virginia about that one.) Apparently, we were supposed to have a 40 minute layover, but we all know how S. American time runs. I guess that should explain the two dinners we received within an hour of each other — what's up with that?

Luckily we had no problem at all through customs. Hooray for that one! All was great until we found out there was no bus waiting for us at the other end. No worries (seaweed!). Brother Taylor just gave us the South American hand sign and we jumped into the little red taxis that took us to the Hotel Gloria (an honest-to-goodness 5-star hotel!).

As we met together for one of our last devotionals, Brother and Sister Taylor led us. Thanks to both of you for everything again — you truly are our idol seaweed! The beach was the last stop for a few minutes (good thing you couldn't see that mud in the light), and then we all drifted off . . . dreaming of our last day of tour to come . . . Rio! Here we come!

Saturday, June 12

Scott Preator

Rio de Janiero

After landing in Rio, and getting through customs, we all jumped into taxis and made our way accross this city to the Hotel Gloria. Funny enough, the taxi that I was placed in was fourth to leave, but due to some emergency (at least I think there must have been something wrong for him to drive so fast) we arrived at the hotel ten minutes ahead of anyone else. There, we checked into our rooms and the brave souls all jumped into swimsuits and headed for the beach. Not to mention the fact that it was raining and it was past midnight, it was relly fun.

To get to the beach required crossing a major street, then the freeway on an overpass, then making our way through the hazardous park lining this part of the bay, and finally over the sand to the beautiful enchanting waters of the Atlantic ocean. By some miraculous coincedence, it had stopped raining just when we got to the beach. After about a half hour, we all hightailed it back to our rooms for a good nights rest. Boy was that a nice hotel. It put all of the four stars in Argentina to shame!!!

The next morning was devoted (after our breakfast of course) to finding something to buy. Most people simply fanned out around the hotel and found trinkets to their hearts desire. There were a few brave souls that ventured so far as to find a bus and go visit the famous Copacabana beach. After several hours of this fun and enjoyment, we decided that it was high time to hit the beach again. Strangely enough the beach wasn't really crowded (being winter and all.) After this, came lunch at the hotel and a tour around the city. We were assigned a very nice lady to show us all over. At one point we took a train to the top of Corcovado where the Christus statue stands overlooking the city. Rio De Janiero, what a magnificent city. Eleven million people live here (and I personally think that over 50% of them were up on the hill when we were there!!)

After our tour, we all hit the swimming pools at the hotel (on the second and third floors) and soaked up a little more water. Once more we gorged ourselves and then it was time to grab another taxi and jump on yet another jet (Varig no less) and head home!!! Yeah!

Sunday, June 13
Ed Austin
Sao Paulo - LAX - SLC

We are now en route to the United States aboard Varig Airlines, flight 836, somewhere in the sky. We had so much enjoyed "Mighty Ducks" on our previous flight to South America, that they decided they would also show it to us on our return flight. We felt very lucky! By this time, each of us had become a seasoned traveler and the students who were new at it seemed to fair better coming home than they did traveling to South America.

As we landed at LAX, it soon became apparent that we were appreciating being home . . . first, the drinking fountains and second, the English language.

Thanks to Keven making the right connections, customs was a breeze and we formed a human train of carts filled with baggage and equipment as we transferred it by hand from the Varig terminal to the Delta terminal. Delta in L.A. was much easier to check in with than had been the case in SLC and we were all happy campers . . . anxious to "freshen up" one more time for the last leg home . . . and so we did!

Our flight departed at 11:10 a.m. for Salt Lake City. Tiffany's birthday was announced by the stewardess to everyone on the plane and she was treated to a signed Ricky Martin poster. (We just can't seem to get rid of the guy.) Our flight landed on Utah soil at 1:45 p.m. and we generally scattered as we met our loved ones and friends.

This has been a great tour filled with diversity, challenge and lots of "seaweed." None of us will ever forget Aldo, Mario, Marta, Humberto, Juan Carlos, the DuPont and the Hendrix families and Pedro . . . only a few names which represent all of the wonderful people who became our friends and shared of themselves with us during our travels. The people of South America have great spirits and we were fortunate to feel and experience them every day.

And who will ever forget the "bump" as we first landed in Brazil, reblocking Tropatukah . . . (again!), no

heating, our miracle show in Montevideo, our show with no costumes in the Teatro Cervantes, the family we became in Buenos Aires (with no food, no electricity, no money, no water . . . no sheets? . . . but with lots of love and patience) jumping into taxis and experiencing the traffic of the big city, the cold, the thrill of Iguazu Falls, no hot water, the testimonies borne, cholera warnings, empañadas and agua con gas, Rio . . . and of course, each other.

We all brought different expectations to this tour and each of us left with different impressions of our experiences. But, on a few things I believe we all can agree. What a wonderful opportunity each of us had had! What a wonderful world we live in! What a blessing for us all to have the gospel of Jesus Christ in our lives!

TOP TEN OVERUSED PHRASES IN SOUTH AMERICA

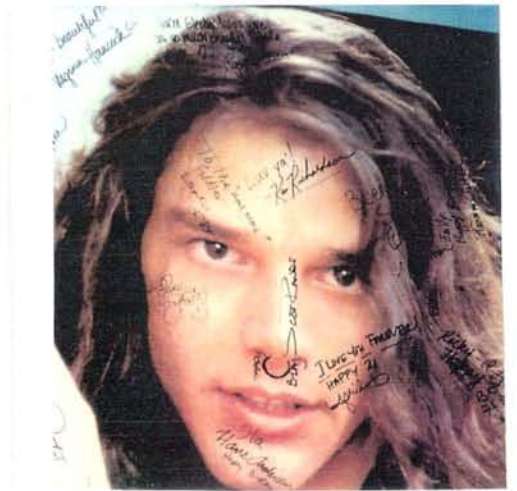
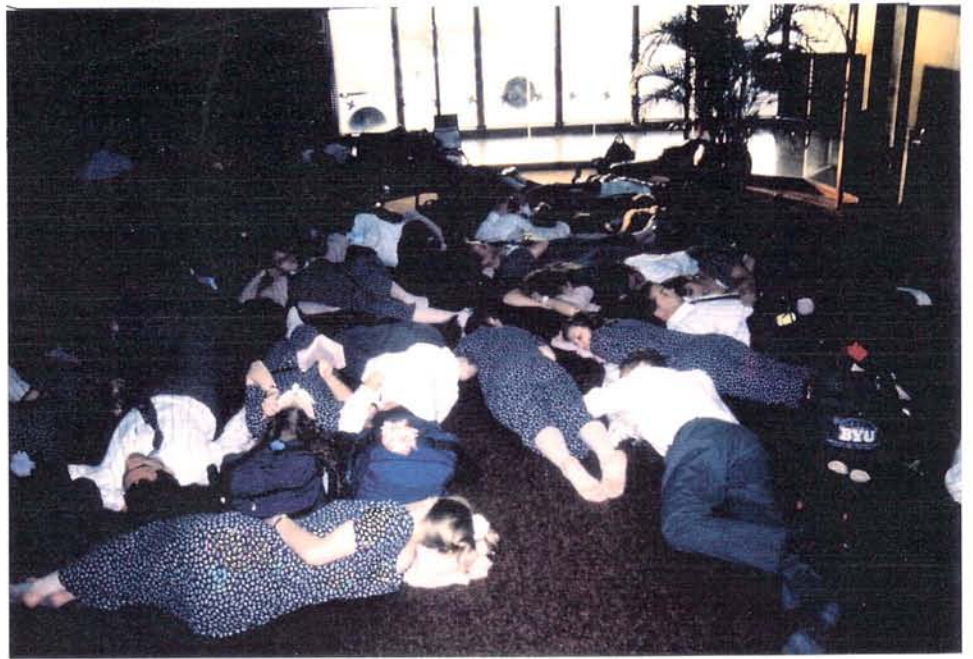
- 10 - "Don't touch the front of the stage. It's wet!!
- 9 - "hip, hop, hooray - ho hay!"
- 8 - "Be like seaweed."
- 7 - "What's up with this?"
- 6 - "Chun-chun-chun"
- 5 - "Shhh! It's past ten o'clock!" (Buenos Aires)
- 4 - "Look at it as another adventure."
- 3 - "Can everybody hear my voice?"
- 2 - "(Your nome here) is in a bad mood!"
- 1 - "I love us!"

TOP TEN IN SOUTH AMERICA

- 10 - Getting good deals bartering at Ferias.
- 9 - Bliss!!
- 8 - Late night beach excursions / pool parties (Rio/Paraguay)
- 7 - Nice Theaters to perform in.
- 6 - The Andes
- 5 - Delicity (Hot always hot) in Buenos Aires.
- 4 - Susannes's Spanish / listening to Janna make fun of Susanne's Spanish.
- 3 - Iguazu Falls
- 2 - Ricky Martin birthday posters.
- 1 - Watching Andy Madsen talk to people who don't speak English.

BOTTOM TEN IN SOUTH AMERICA

- 10 - Varig cold plates.
- 9 - "El Gato" at every cultural exchange.
- 8 - "Buckin" at every cultural exchange.
- 7 - Milenesa / Flan at every meal.
- 6 - Argentine customs (bribing our stuff through).
- 5 - Brazilian Landings
- 4 - The sniffing, sneezing, coughing, aching, stuffy head, fever, etc, so you can't rest thing!
- 3 - Being stalked by Guarani women.
- 2 - Marble meat (wild kingdom casserole).
- 1 - (the five fingers) "YOU ARE IN SOUTH AMERICA!!!"



BERLIN TOUR 1993

Women

Kim Burke
*Dana Clark
Amy Coleman
Virginia Hancock
Amber Hendrix
*April Lanchaster
Janna Martin
*Alyson Oldham
Margaret Owens
Beth Payne
*Emily Wilson Rice
Tiffany Smith
Lisa Stone
Michelle Wilkinson
Kim Wise

12 K.C.

Men

*Hans Andersen
Eric Goodman
Mark Jensen
Andy Madsen
Scott Mahoney
Marty Matheson
Robert Newman
Ladd Olsen
*Brian Peck
Scott Preator
Scott Rands
Ken Richardson
Thomas Sutton

12

12

Married Couples

Elmo and Myrle Roundy
Ed and Vickie Austin
Scott and Karen Horman
Mat and K.C. Cowan

Tour Leadership
Artistic Director
Technical Director

TOTAL NUMBER OF PERSONNEL - 36

Berlin 1993 Program

Midnight Rider	3:00
Boil 'Em Cabbages Down	3:00
Dances of the Cumberland Mountains	4:30
Shady Grove	3:00
Teton Mountain Stomp	4:00
Frontier Hoedown	2:00
Polka Quadrille	2:30
Back Up and Push	3:00
Fire on the Mountain	4:00
Buckin Appalachia'	3:30
Orange Blossom Special	3:30
America Taps	2:35
Charleston	2:00
Rock Around the Clock	1:00
Trickle Trickle	2:30
Johnny Angel	1:30
Everybody Dance Now	4:00
Country Medley	4:00
La Culebra	:30
La Negra	2:00
Tinikling	3:00
Mekereki Tapsos	4:00
Halyna Shawl	3:00
Hopak	5:30
Tag	2:00
Bows	2:00
You Sing For Me	1:30

WORLDTOUR SUMMMER '93

Sunday /Monday, July 25/26

Eric Goodman

Provo - SLC - Chicago - Frankfurt - BERLIN!

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, I thought, as I stumbled out of bed at 6:00 a.m., after three or four hours of sleep. Somehow, folk dancers can't stand the idea of a good night's sleep - especially right before a tour. Yes, off to the RB I go, ready for another tour. This is so weird. I feel like I've done this before - like four times in the last four months. Scott Mahoney summed it up best: "Remember when tour was an exciting, new thing? Now we're like old professionals, headed out once again."

Another airport scene. Joy. Oh joy. Armenia group leaves later. No, scratch that, Armenia group goes first. We're going through Dallas. No, scratch that, we're going on a different flight through Chicago. Needless to say, it wasn't a banner day for American Airlines.

In Chicago's O'Hare International Airport: Janna Martin: "You guys, watch out for Oprah! We're in a big airport, we might see someone famous." A few minutes later, after minutes of trying to decide, Amy and Kim B. approach a familiar face: "Could you settle a question we have?" "What, that you're dressed the same?" "Yes, but are you Mark Harmon?" "Far as I know." Now we all felt really famous, because we got to see Mark Harmon, the movie star.

Hey, there are more fun things to do in the Chicago airport - like surprise the Armenia group. The little slimeballs went to see the Sears Tower (no, we're not getting jealous at all), but they're getting back to catch their flight. It was especially important for Ken to surprise them. Thank goodness he got to.

OK, well we're off to Frankfurt on our flight. No, wait, the airplane cabin is 110° - the air conditioning is broken. Unload for a while. What is it with our group and broken airplanes today? Bets went around that we would have to stay in some five-star luxury hotel in Chicago, courtesy of American Airlines - oh darn, the plane got fixed.

OK, now we're off to Frankfurt. Exciting flight. Yep. Airline food. Sleeping in a sitting position. Dark for only three hours as we flew east. A heart touching, fabulously acted, critically acclaimed movie, "Strictly Ballroom" (GAG!) Yes we were fresh as daisies once we touched down in Frankfurt. Hey, and only an eight hour bus ride to look forward to!

The bus ride was nice. I think. Most of us were too tired to remember. The German countryside was beautiful. The autobahn was exciting. All the fast, expensive cars. I think we stopped for lunch at some roadside cafeteria. At least, Ed said we all got off and ate. We were all kind of walking in our sleep. "Beautiful drive!" we had heard. "See all the castles!" Great. None of us really know if there were any castles. We were asleep. We may have dreamed about castles.

It was cool when our guides woke us up to see the old border, with the walls and checkpoints and guard stations, now overgrown in weeds. Very dramatic.

Then we drive to Berlin. No, we're not jealous of the Armenia group, who flew straight in to Berlin, so they've been taking naps in their beds most of the day!

Well, we're here! It only took 27 hours of traveling. And our accommodations by the Army are wonderful. Big, beautiful apartments.

For dinner, a group went to McDonalds. Language and culture weren't a problem for our first truly ethnic, foreign experience here in Germany (Dinner at McDonalds) until it was time to throw our trash away. They recycle and separate everything and we couldn't read the signs, so several folk dancers were up peeking into the trash containers, trying to figure out what to put where.

Welcome to Berlin!

Sunday/ Monday, July 25/ 26
April Lancaster
Provo - SLC - Chicago - BERLIN!

Sunday the 25th of July began early at the Richards Building. After we loaded the bus, we were off to the airport where one group of us would fly out around 10:00 and the other group around 11:00. There was definitely a lot of excitement in the air.

Upon arriving at the airport, the group that was supposed to leave later found out that we now had an earlier flight which was to leave at 9:30. We grabbed our luggage, checked it in and immediately boarded the plane. Our next stop was Chicago (all those traveling in our party were Andy, Scott R., Scott M., Margaret, Tiffany, Virginia, Mark, Hans, Alyson, Brian, Dana, Emily, Scottie, Karen and me . . . April).

When we arrived in Chicago, we learned that we had about a five hour layover. Being the adventure-some types that we are, we decided to take advantage of the situation and so we took the subway into downtown Chicago so that we could ride to the top of the Sears tower. On our way out of the building, we ate lunch at the Burger King.

On our trip home, we all decided to share our musical talents with the rest of the passengers on the subway so we sang "Shut de do'."

Somehow the other group was at the airport in Chicago when we returned and so we were able to talk to them right before we boarded the airplane to Berlin. When we left them, they still weren't sure what their plans were because their plane was having problems.

Our flight from Chicago to Berlin was about 8 hours. When we arrived, two military people were there to introduce us to Berlin, the Volksfest, and our living area.

Around 8:00, the second group arrived in Berlin. United at last!

Wednesday, July 28
Vickie Austin
Berlin, Germany

As the World Turns, The Young and the Restless Folk Dancers were up and running for their second full day in Berlin. Although many had been in Another World as they recovered from jet lag feeling like they were down to One Life to Live, most had now recovered.

After breakfast at General Hospital, (Was Hans to be first in line every time? Would Eric and Robert have perfect attendance? . . . Stay tuned for the Days of Our Lives in Berlin.), the group was dropped off at the Volksfest in preparation for a Press Preview of the show and the Volksfest. This was set for 10:30 and of course, it started later. At the signal from Elizabeth Welch (on horseback), Ed was to cue All His Children to welcome the press. The band and dancers presented Teton Mt. Stomp, Hoedown and Buckin'.

It was also during this time that we met Brother Wilfried Wenke, our Guiding Light for the next three weeks. He arranged all sorts of good things and got us great books on Berlin. At this time we still had not met Olaf, our Guiding Light II.

Lunch was again at the Hospital - and many still partook. The afternoon and evening were free to pursue numerous and sundry activities - so the Bold and the Beautiful took off to explore the city of Berlin. Many went to the Nutcracker Suite to make many purchases as there was a Christmas in July sale and most items were at half price. Nothing like getting your shopping all done early. The young sales lady (she was Czech) was happy to have so much business, but I think we made her nervous, there were so many of us.

Almost everybody made it out into Berlin - mastering the U Bahn and the S Bahn. Tiffany and Janna discovered the 100 Bus. The main destinations seen by many this day were the Ku'Damm with the Kaiser-Wilhelm Memorial Church, Ka De We, the Brandenburg Gate, Reichstag, Soviet War Memorial and along Unter Den Linden. For Ed and I, it was a night of wonder and rediscovery as we saw how things had changed since 1987 and the Berlin Wall had come down. We could now walk from West to East and back through the Brandenburg Gate. There was building and economic growth in the East. Cars were varied rather than the drab little Trabant. It was all very exciting to see. We met the Roundys by the Brandenburger Tor and along with Ken and Scott Rands, watched until the lights came on. It was beautiful. And as this was the last free night, six especially took advantage and went to see West Side Story at the Metropole Theater near the Friedrichstrasse U Bahn Station on the East side. The evening was damp and rainy.

In all, it was a very good and satisfying beginning to our stay in Berlin. Such would be the Days of Our Lives - and everyone Loving it.

Wednesday, July 28

Andrew Madsen

We're still in Berlin

I've been in Berlin for three days now and have yet to see a Berliner (jelly donut). I'm sure we'll see one soon. Today was the big bus tour of Berlin and a day to remember, for sure. I don't remember the name of the guy who was our tour guide, but there was another guy who was a "trainee" who looked like my older sister.

Thanks to Ken, I've compiled a list of the "main places" we saw and/or visited with a brief description of what I remember from it:

Grunewald, or "green forest": We saw this from the bus but it looked like a potential visit on one of our free days.

Kurfürstendamm: Berlin's famous "strolling boulevard" with the bombed-out Kaiser Wilhelm Church and stores and restaurants like Hard Rock Cafe and the Europa Center.

Schoenberg: The government building with a bell patterned after our own cracked Liberty Bell. JFK gave his famous "Ich Bin ein Berliner" speech here and, afterwards, they filled the bell with jelly donut filling.

Templehöfer Damm (excuse me): This served as the main Nazi government building and was divided up after the war. We saw the Airlift memorial which looked like a large fan, or hand, or something. There's an identical one in Frankfurt facing the direction of Berlin.

The (former) Berlin Wall: What can I say? A self-explanatory piece of history that moved us all as we saw and touched it. Decreasing rapidly.

S.S. Gestapo Building/Topography of Terror Museum: A museum that didn't need to be in English because the pictures told the whole story. Anyone who doubted the events that took place here just needed to look at the bullet holes in the walls of the next door art museum to have the stories confirmed.

An observation: Did you notice how two very famous historical events took place right next to each other? After seeing the Wall, we walked a few feet away to where the main Gestapo building once stood. Something to think about.

Brandenburg Gate/Reichstag: Considered one of the landmarks of Berlin, the chariot and horses are facing the East ("what's up with that?"). Provided a fine photo opportunity - especially when we Troika-ed (the band girls did it, too).

Russian War Museum: Where the Unconditional Surrender was signed after World War II. Personally, one of my favorite places on the tour. Sure, it was all from a Soviet point of view, but that didn't diminish the detailed explanations of the war, the vivid pictures,

and the articulate English of the Russian tour guide. Some of us took pictures with the Russian guards but they refused our attempts to give them some money.

Trocheles: The art district of East Berlin and the site of a now partially-destroyed Jewish shopping center where several young artists now reside. Little did we know that this was also the final resting place of the Partridge Family's famous van.

There were many other places we saw from our bus window that merit some kind of print but that we didn't stop to see: Church of the Holy Cross, Billboard of Axel Springer, Checkpoint Charlie, train station - damaged by war, Humboldt University, Bookburning Square, Berlin Cathedral, Freidrich II Statue, opera house, Zeughaus, Pergammon Museum, Marx/Engels Park, Alexanderplatz, Tiergarten, Zoo of Tierpark, Spandau, East Side Gallery, Red City Hall, Hitler's Bunker and the Victory Column. And, oh yes, that strip of the Wall with that amazing art on it. Who could forget the one with Brezhnev and that other dude?

As we drove home it became apparent that our "jet lag afternoon curse" had kicked in and everyone was sleeping and/or drooling all over the seats. Those lucky ones who stayed awake played a trick on the slumbersome . . . we started clapping! Of course, thinking the tour was over, and not wanting to be rude, Lisa Stone jumped up and started clapping with us! Also, Robert Newman was kind enough to remind us whenever there was a "Village People" sign. "Test the lights?" No thank you!

We also had our very first sack lunch of the Army variety. We shouldn't complain, but after eating some good hot meals at the hospital, we approached these Baloney Big Mac's with a little apprehension. A familiar sound hear throughout lunch was Ladd, exclaiming, "I'll have anyone's cookies!"

Well, the tour ended, but the day had just begun. We found out upon arriving to our apartments, that not only did we have opening ceremonies show at 5:00, but also our first show at 7:30 - which we hadn't planned on. Most of us crashed for a couple of hours before our 4:00 p.m. preparation time, but some of us really crashed. Someone put tranquilizers in Kim B. and Amy's Baloney Big Mac's so they slept right through it. We did our 5:00 p.m. show with now problem, though. Swing was trimmed to three couples which was fine considering the huge space we had to work with. Lisa sang "Johnny Angel" to a general who didn't look up from his dinner (or was it his beer?). Speaking of beer . . . the show was held in the "Beer Hall" and we performed right after the "breaking of the barrel." It kind of reminded us of the graduation party we all were invited to, but didn't go (or did we?).

Amy and Kim arrived in time to get ready for our 7:30 show. Rumor has it they were out touring around Berlin with Mark Harmon.

Before the show started, we had some time to "check out things" for a while. Some tried out their coupons and had dinner. Janna and Andy tried out the rides! With Janna's innocent smiles and Andy's awkward South American sign language they made it on the roller coaster free.

Our show went well for being our very first. The crowd was impressive and built slowly as the show went on. All I remember was how tired we were after it was over . . . and how humid it felt. It was like being in a jelly donut.

We rushed home to get to devotional . . . maybe too fast. A lot of things were left behind at the per-

formance site and Mark and Ken cleaned up after the group. Fortunately, everyone got to the devotional before Robert did since it was his birthday. We tried to change the name "Karen" on the wall to "Robert" but it ended up looking like "Ruiot." Well, we sang to Ruiot and gave him a Hard Rock Cafe/Volksfest shirt and a sack we had all signed.

The night was not quite over for some of us . . . while some went to bed, and the band worked on their Country Medley, a few chosen others . . . eight of us to be exact (Andy, Mark, Robert, Ken, Scott R., Scott P., Amy and Kim B.) went back to the Volksfest to take on the ride of all rides . . . the "Top Spin." This harmless looking "couch-like" device actually provided some thrills and introduced us to Amy's trademark breathless laugh.

Well, no wonder we're all tired in the afternoons! With a pace like today's, we'll all end up dead in two weeks. At least we'll die having fun.

Thursday, July 29
Our Guest Mystery Writer

Breakfast came early in Berlin, but by 7 a.m. the day had begun and the military bus was filled with the freshly scrubbed, slightly damp BYU Folk Ensemble, some still struggling to completely wake up and begin the 5th day of tour. As the bus arrived at the hospital, however, the energy to get moving was suddenly found in the scramble to be the first in the breakfast line to get some Lucky Charms before they were gone.

First thing on the agenda was a small rehearsal for blocking on the Volksfest stage, and while the dancers ran circles and did cartwheels, the band hammered out a new version of Country Medley which was given its debut only minutes later for a cheerleading cast of dancers.

Splitting for some free time before lunch to do laundry, write letters, exchange money, or nap, the main body of the group left those who would be performing in Armenia for their own rehearsal.. The small group, void of Scott Mahoney, ran through their numbers and was just about finished when he came running back to the stage having completely spaced the rehearsal.

An after lunch tour took the group to East Berlin to the TV tower on Alexanderplatz. From the viewing platform 203 meters in the air, the group, blessed with a day of beautiful clear weather, was able to look out across Berlin and pick out the different monuments that we had come to recognize. The tower included a rotating restaurant and the German joke was that it was made to rotate because otherwise everyone would want to look out over West Berlin and the tower would tip over. As much as the group enjoyed the view from the tower, it seemed as if as much or more time was spent in the ground level lobby (decorated with Olympic Bears even down to the carpet) engaged in favorite folk dance tour recreation of buying postcards.

While some met the bus, others decided to stay longer and find their own way home on the U Bahn and S Bahn system. Lisa and Amy, employing well-developed shopping skills set off in search of the best prices on Matrioshka dolls. Another group made a stop at one of the most popular sites - the Nutcracker Suite, visited so often by the dances that the salesgirl felt like an old friend. Lured there by price specials, few members escaped without a green, red and white bag in hand.

The clear day that was great for a nice view from the TV tower made for a hot performance that even made the band sweat. Yet, in spite of the heat, the show was carried out with as much energy as ever.

Pink tickets in hand, the cast didn't hang around the stage long, but spread rapidly over the fairground to get their dinner.

With the performance over and the day drawing to a close once would think it seemed a pretty full day, but for some the fun was just beginning. It is rumored that several tea parties (complete with crumpets, of course) were hosted and the drooping eyelids and hangover British accents observed the following day seem to confirm these rumors. One might question your upbringing . . .

Friday, July 30
Thomas Sutton

The words are not a perfect match to the music - so freely fit them to "The Brady Bunch" (extended version). Please sing at 2 a.m. so it'll be funny.

There's a story
Of a bunch of folkies
Who went to see the Staaliche Museum
We weren't sure if
It was the right place
So off Ed went to ask with a real red face.

We gladly entered (all 36, no, 35 of us!!)
And found some headphones
So many sat and hear Indian music
And then off we went
To explore
"ancient" statues, paintings, sculptures and much more.

While we were there
There was excitement
When Mat reached to touch the pregnant statue
The alarm rang and the guards ran
With their hawk-like eyes to find Mat, their main man.

Behind the corner
Was Emily
Whom while smiling at a guard stepped on a painting
With a loud CRUNCH
Of feet on stone
She jumped off and thought, "I want to go on home."

There were paintings
Like "Golden Helmet" (and other Rembrandt wonders)
That awestruck many of our team members
While other ones
Praised and found it
A painting of proverbs with people who use the same facilities

Then off to gardens
Of extreme beauty
And waterfalls for engagement pictures
And a sandwich
Of huge proportions
With fourteen bologna and cheese for Ladd's fun

After sleeping
Through the day
It came time for our show that very night
Elder Dellenbach
Came to see
Ladd slip while the folkers danced with energy (???)

After the show
It was real HOT (causing many to almost Die)
So the people began to throw cold water
It felt good BUT
It hit Andy
Causing him to lose his contact number three.

Chorus

The folkie bunch (do do do do)
The folkie bunch (do do do do)
That's a day in the life of the folkie bunch. Do Do Do!!!

Saturday, July 31
Margaret Owens

After waking up for a 7 a.m breakfast, which was quite a hassle,
We went to see the Charlottenburg castle
It was beautiful, it was grand
But bad news was at hand.
To tour Charlottenburg's main part
One had to know German by heart
So to the west wing we went
Where all our time was spent
We pretended to be at a Royal Ball

As we waltzed around a reception hall
The guards didn't like us too much
For they always said, "Don't touch!"
After buying postcards as souvenirs
We got out our rain gears
And made a mad dash
Across the street to the Egyptian museum - in a flash
Many interesting things were there
Including a mummy who still had some hair
Amy taught us about the Egyptian history
Because to us, it was a mystery
The bust of Nefretiti was the best exhibit by far
She was beautiful without even a scar
Once more we made a mad dash through the rain
To the bus for sack lunches again
Then back to the apartments where some went to sleep
Some did laundry, we had quite a heap
A group went out on the town
They took the U-Bahn around and around
Scott Preator thought he knew a better way
And boy did he have a really fun day
Our show that night at the Volksfest went well
It was a lot cooler - that was swell
After the show a group went on rides
They had to use their tickets 'cause they weren't taking bribes
Back at the apartments another group had a party
Can you guess what the theme was? "Happy Birthday, Marty!"
Marty sure had a fun birthday
When he got on the bus in the morning, "Surprise!" we did say
He was surprised to see
A picture of him in a Speedo - Wowiee!
The day ended with a game of murder in the dark
Just like we used to play at Dana Clark's

Sunday, August 1
Mat Cowan

Just like our first Sunday in South America, our first Sunday in Berlin proved to be a very rewarding experience. Those of us in the group that speak Spanish finally understood what it was like to sit through Church without understanding a word. However, some of the missionaries and local ward members decided that they would "translate" for us non-German speakers - that is, all of us! The "RUMBLE" of their voices was so loud that it was humorous. It was very difficult to listen to the translation even though it was in English.

During Sacrament Meeting, Bishop Woite of the Dahlem Ward surprised us by asking us to sing "Great Things and Small Things" - in German, it is know as "Große Dinge und Kleine Dinge."

Personally, I think it was the best the group has ever sung that song and being Fast and Testimony Meeting, it fit in very well to the spirit of the meeting.

After Church, Brother Wenke, Olaf's father, had flowers for every two people to take to our day host families - the day host Mom actually. What a wonderful opportunity to be in a German home to see how they live, eat, and interact with each other. Most of us had "traditional" German food like Chinese stir fry, chicken and gravy with noodles, and plum cake, which was traditional - yum, yum!

At 5:00 p.m., we all had to meet back at the Dahlem Ward building to rehearse for our fireside which started at 6:30. The fireside went very well and a highlight of the experience was that several people we had met during the week at the Volksfest showed up to the fireside. Again, what a great opportunity to share our feelings with them through talks and singing when their initial attraction to us was because of our love of dance. I realized more than ever that we are not just goodwill ambassadors but missionaries who are able to serve others by expressing our testimonies through dancing, singing and verbal expressions of our love of Jesus Christ, His Gospel, and the Church that bears His name.

Monday, August 2
Karen Horman

On August 2, an infamous group of people were given a free day. Now this is no ordinary group, there are 24 dancers, six band members and six fearless leaders. Since it was a free day, these marvelous people could do anything they wanted. Thus, Berlin became a scouting ground for these awesome people.

Brother and Sister Roundy decided to attack the Ka De We. Their quest was the 6th floor. They ended up leaving with a pastry in hand.

Ken, Scott R., Tom and Kim W. signed the Berlin Wall. They signed it, B.Y.U. F.D.I.E. (and where each of them were from)

Ken	Scott
Tom	Kim W.

They also visited a cathedral and a museum.

Brian went shopping on his own.

Scott and Karen attacked the Zoo. They walked for 3 hours and they still knew they hadn't seen all of the 12,000 birds and animals. They then had lunch at a street cafe by the Europa Center.

The Zoo was also attacked by Janna, Dana, Alyson, Margaret and Robert. They loved the monkeys. (They say the animals will recover in 60 days.)

Ed, Vickie, April and Emily hit the U Bahn and saw some of the best tourist sights including the Brandenburg Gate.

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Marty, Beth, Scott P., Eric, Michelle and Ladd went to the Victory Monument, Russian Monument, Brandenburg Gate, Europe Center and the Zoo. They also had a Turkish lunch.

As you can tell this infamous group did not leave a cobblestone unturned. They are determined to have fun and see everything.

Tuesday, August 3
Scott Preator

Here we have yet another day in the beautiful city of Berlin. Breakfast at 7 a.m. as usual. The morning was free and everyone spent it however they wanted. Tiff and Janna, in an effort to wear out the mass transit system, went back into town. Some people did laundry and cleaned and, as for myself, I stayed in bed.

As Ed was walking down the hall for lunch at the hospital, he was reading a book about the differences between men and women. One of the passages struck him as sounding truthful, so he said it out loud, "That's true, women are illogical!" At this time, a girl passed him. She had long dark hair, short shorts and a tight shirt. He looked up and saw her out of the corner of his eye and said, "Oh, excuse me." But then she turned around and lo and behold, it was a he, not a she.

The afternoon was spent at Zitadelle Spandau. It is a really old castle built in the 13th century for the Askonian family. It has been through many hands and re-designed in many different styles from the residence for royal widows to housing Hitler's chemical warfare development laboratory.

I have one more story to add to the day. We performed again and as we were performing, the 13 year old girl of a man named Tim who has become really good friends with the group. Anyway, this girl runs and gets her father and tells him that he has to come quickly. "They are doing something new," she declared. He asked if they were new dances and she said, "no, they're doing the same things. They're just doing more of it. They both told us that they could see the joy we all had when we danced. Tim told us to "keep it up, cuz [he] definitely felt something."

Wednesday, August 4
Dana Clark
Sachsenhausen

This morning started for me, Dana Clark, at 4:30 a.m. when I popped out of a nightmare in which I had slept in and missed the bus to our day's destination: Sachsenhausen. I checked my alarm to make sure it was set . . . at 7:10 (10 minutes after we were supposed to have left). When I awoke to the sound of knocking on my door, I immediately became conscious of the fact that my nightmare had become reality. As Ken looked skeptically over my messy hair and pajamas, he posed a classic question, "We were wondering if we should wait or what?"

One hour later (after breakfast) the bus swept back to the apartments to include April and me and thus commenced our journey to the concentration camp. As a side note, I'll mention that what I thought was particularly interesting is that this concentration camp was used by the Russians after

the war (World War II) until 1952! I guess they didn't like the Germans using what they felt fine about using themselves!

I'll not attempt to express the feelings of those on the trip as we walked through the concentration grounds. We saw pictures and models of those who were killed and worked to the bone. They had a separate building/area for political and religious leaders who they would lock up in individual cells. Basically, anyone with the position or education to start a plan or even influence the minds of others was locked in solidarity.

Terror filled my soul as I ventured to the "building of no return." Here the prisoners would be measured for height as a bullet would shoot into the back of their heads from a hole in the wall behind.

We met a man who had been a prisoner in the camp for ten years. He was there to visit when we arrived. He told us that there were three Americans there at the same time he was; one was killed in front of everyone in the camp. What feelings harbored and emotions stirred could only be experienced by those who were present, I am sure.

After our departure from such a pensive place, we were more than mildly overjoyed to receive ten marks each from Brother Roundy for lunch. Much to everyone's dismay - the soggy apple, mayonnaise and sick meat sandwich lunch failed to be prepared on our behalf - or failed to be packed by us. (There was some dispute over these two ideas but I favor the former.) Anyway, from there we were dropped off in the alley close to the Hard Rock Cafe where an abundance of the group had lunch.

The rest of the day was a dispersion of nondescript various events. Of course, we did a show, ate at the festival, rode some rides, and basically lived our performance or FESTIVAL life.

Late in the evening, a group ventured into the woods and played "Truth or Dare." Although I regret to inform the future readers of this tour history that I was not present - I feel a need to pass on the general consensus that the highlight of the trip was a gymnastic routine performed by Mark Jensen. Thank you Mark, we hope to see you in the Berlin Olympics in 2000!

Thursday, August 5
Elmo Roundy
Potsdam

We awoke to a light, drizzly rain, but it didn't last long. By mid-morning the rain had stopped, and we enjoyed good weather the remainder of the day.

About half the group made the 7:00 a.m. bus ride to breakfast. As usual we had a good nourishing breakfast. We also had plenty of orange juice, so Myrle was happy.

There were a few missing at the 8:15 devotional. With a performance every night, it isn't easy to get to bed early, and thus it is easy to sleep in a bit later than planned. Mathew Cowan gave the spiritual thought on a quote from C.S. Lewis' book "The Screwtape Letters," relating to the tendency to be cross and ill-tempered when tired and fatigued, as the dancers often are when on tour. He challenged the performers to show patience and kindness to each other, even when under stress.

After a free morning in which the group engaged in a variety of activities - sleeping, sight seeing, shopping, sleeping and sleeping - we went to Sanssouci Park and Palaces at Potsdam. Although the first buildings in Potsdam were built in the 900's A.D., Frederick the Great developed the Sanssouci area as his summer residence in the 18th century. This is the 1,000 year anniversary of Potsdam, and they are placing considerable emphasis on restoration. The pollution has caused considerable darkening of the stones, and they are cleaning the statues and walls. Members of the group had a delightful and enlightening afternoon taking pictures, visiting the two main palaces, as well as numerous other buildings and walking about the beautiful gardens which have many statues and formations.

A number in the group had rented bicycles for the day and made the journey to Potsdam via their bikes and the S-Bahn. They met us there and toured with us. They seemed to enjoy the independence and exercise this mode of transportation provided. Among the cyclists were Ladd Olsen, Andy Madsen, Hans Anderson, Scott Preator, Beth Payne and her friend.

Everyone seemed tired before the 7:30 p.m. show at the Folks Festival, but the performance went well. As usual, the crowd was enthusiastic and appreciated. Our folk dancers are really making a favorable impression through their shows and other activities. We displayed our banner for the first time. The banner reads: "American Folk Dance Ensemble - Brigham Young University." Elder Dellenback of the Quorum of Seventy visited one of our early performances and remarked, "There are over 1,000 people watching who are thrilled with the performance, but even though the introduction informs them, most of the audience members don't know where the group is from or who they represent." He suggested we request that B.Y.U. prepare a banner and send it to us as soon as possible. We will use it for the remainder of our shows. Margaret Owens gave a fine spiritual thought at the evening devotional prior to the show.

We were given some free ride tickets on the concessions so the group spent a little more time at the festival than usual before turning in, but these dancers seem to thrive on little sleep and lots of activity.

It is rumored that some of the young men, led by Ladd Olsen and Andy Madsen, went for a midnight swim in one of the nearby lakes. The night was warm so the swim was refreshing even at midnight.

April Lancaster made a new friend after the show. She was entering one of the beer gardens with her hot dog and drink. As she was entering, she slipped on the stop and her drink ended up in the hair and on the face of an elderly gentleman seated nearby. April immediately apologized and wiped the man's face with her napkin. By the time April finished with her clean-up job, he was as good as new. But for some reason, he moved to the far corner of the room to finish his meal.

Friday, August 6
Michelle Wilkinson
Frankfurt an der Oder, Poland

The day of our trip to Frankfurt an der Oder, Poland began with a breakfast group larger than usual - in fact the biggest in a long time! We all jumped on the bus after breakfast to endure the 2-3 hour

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bus ride to our destination - but as every folk dancer knows what happens to the group once the bus starts rolling - we were there before we knew it!

Once at the border of Germany, we were let off the bus where we simply jumped right in with the crowds crossing the bridge and walked straight into Poland. It was all so simple, it seemed hard to believe we were actually in a different country!

We had been told there was a great bazaar to visit, and after a few wrong turns, we eventually all made it there. The streets were definitely filled with signs of a different culture and people - and a strange language we all quickly recognized as different.

We were quick to make friends with the shop owners of the crystal stores and I think everyone tried a bargaining skill or two - some more successfully than others.

Although the trip was quick it was definitely "fruitful." We walked away with crystal in all shapes and sizes, dolls, chess sets, flowers, and everything else. What a haul!

By the time we were getting ready for the show, black clouds seemed to be lingering longer than usual. With the weather not looking very good (and seizing the opportunity), many did their very best rain dance . . . And much to our poor aching bodies' delight, Tommy cancelled the show.

The celebration rain dance soon followed - with the Hormans, Austins and Roundys even joining in the circle. Vickie even did a little freestyle.

It wasn't until everyone was picking up to go home, however, that someone noticed Marty had still not shown up for the show . . . So, seizing the opportunity again, we decided to have a little fun with Marty. It took quite a while to convince him that we really didn't change his clock - but the look on his face was worth the worry!!

Part of the group went to see West Side Story and somehow got in for free. But that's another story you'll have to ask them about. As for the rest of us (and Olaf), we all joined in Lisa, Virginia and Amber's apartment for a few roaring rounds of psychologist, king bullfrog, and "I've never . . ." But by far the best award of the night goes to Amy for her imitation of King of the Monkeys. Way to go Amy!!

Let's hear it for no-show-night!

Saturday, August 7
Ken Richardson

FREE DAY! A chance to get up bright and early and spend the entire day gaining culture and knowledge about Berlin, right? Wrong . . . nearly everyone slept all morning as "The Breakfast Club" (led by die-hards Robert and Eric - they never missed!) shrank to an all-time low of eight people.

Lunch was a better draw, with everyone but two or three of us there, due to the activity that was to immediately follow. Our good friend Tim Strait had arranged for us to come onto the main Army installation (called the Clay compound) and was there to greet us along with his four children (Melissa, Tim

Jr. ("TJ"), Lori and Steven). We were shown around the compound and escorted into the main building where we saw some pieces of the Berlin Wall and several statues, flags and displays about the Berlin Brigade and the U.S. presence in Berlin.

We were then treated to a wonderful audio-visual presentation (usually only shown to Army personnel and important VIPs) about the Berlin Wall and its history. This presentation answered many of the questions we had about the wall and helped us better understand why it went up in the first place. Tim answered many more questions that we had, then introduced us to his boss, The Major General, to whom we presented some gifts.

TJ was surprised and delighted when we sang "Happy Birthday" to him outside the building (and even gave him a good birthday tickle) and we visited with the Straits for a while longer. We then trekked on over to the U-Bahn station as most of the group headed into town for the afternoon.

Although most of the group began the afternoon together, we quickly fragmented as everybody began to do their own thing. The Reichstag was the main destination, but the tour (all in German) didn't go over too big with many of us (at least the outside is still impressive!). Shopping at the vendors near the Brandenburg Gate was popular, too, with lacquer boxes, Matrioshka dolls, postcards, and assorted trinkets being bought left and right. Many also made it down to the Berlin Cathedral (WOW!) for their first peek at the incredible carved wood, marble, and incredible gold decorating the inside, all brand new and clean. Others went to the section of the Wall near the Reichstag that has been painted black and white and established as a memorial to all who died at the Wall.

Though everyone was scattered everywhere, a large number of us by coincidence linked up on the way home until we were again a large group at the Oskar-Helene-Heim U-Bahn station.

The show went very well with a huge weekend crowd. The highlight was when we all (performers and audience) sang Happy Birthday to Ed for his 48th birthday (8 years early!). He received a Berlin 2000 t-shirt and lots of compliments for how young he looked as many came up to offer congratulations. And, to cap off the celebration, about 20 of us received free Fassbrause from Todd at the pizza stand in honor of Ed's special day . . .

Sunday, August 8
K.C. Cowan

This morning we were able to sleep in since the lunch bus didn't leave until 11:15. Armenia people did practice their songs before lunch though! Lunch at the hospital was pretty good, it was little cornish hens and other assorted "Sunday" foods (mashed potatoes, jello, mixed veggies, etc.) We drove over to the service-man's ward in Dahlem, and Ed, Karen, Beth, Mat, Michelle, and Hans took their places at the stand. They all gave excellent talks and made us proud! It was exciting to have Roy at church with us - he seemed interested in learning more about the gospel. We had a lively Sunday School teacher who taught us about the Word of Wisdom. The girls had a very special Relief Society as we were able to share our testimonies after watching Sis. Okazaki's conference talk. After church Br. Wenke passed out beautiful bouquets for us to take to our host families. The church proved the world to be a small place once more as Margaret discovered a distant relative in her host family, and Amy ate dinner with her sister's future sister-in-law. We only had two hours to eat, so it was an eat

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and run afternoon. We met the bus which drove us to the Tiergarten Stakehouse. Allyson gave us a devotional for our fireside, and we had a very nice evening. The chapel was packed, and the speakers were: Janna, Thom, Marty, Amy, Sis. Roundy, and Lisa read the scripture. "Go Ye Now in Peace" was quite emotional as the group sang to the German members one last Sunday. We visited with the members, then boarded the bus. We were taken back to the fairgrounds and given 50M to get ice cream, since some of us were rather hungry. We walked home, and spent a pleasant evening relaxing before going to bed.

Monday, August 9
Marty Matheson
Beelitz Hospital

The day began very early as we awoke and drove to the hospital to have breakfast at 6:30 a.m. We had all been anxiously awaiting today to perform for and mingle with the Chernobyl children. We drove to the Beelitz Hospital which is a Soviet unit just outside of Berlin. About 20 of our friends from the German ward came with us. They brought food for the children as well as prepared gifts for us to give to them.

We performed a shortened version of our show along with a few numbers from the Armenian group. In the audience were other young hospital patients, and members. The show was narrated into Russian by the Berlin Mission President, President Schütze. The audience was very responsive but went wild. When we performed Hopak; everyone's face lit up. We sang "Go Ye Now in Peace" and "God Be With You" in English. Many of us, as well as numerous hospital leaders were in tears. There was an incredible feeling of love felt between us. They chanted for more, so we sang "Great Things and Small Things." Each of the Chernobyl children came up to us and gave us a small gift and we gave them a stuffed animal and candy in return. We also had Article of Faith cards and Books of Mormon to share.

We had fun mingling with them and watching them wear some of our props. They took us to their living quarters and sang us several folk songs. We spent our last half hour with them on a playground (we were still in costume). It was amazing to see the bonding that had occurred in such a short time. We were told that most of those kids would not be alive after a few years. Our hearts were touched as we made friends with suffering children from Cheronobyl.

After our usual performance at the Volksfest, we had a family home evening activity where each of us was hooked up with a partner and we were assigned a talent or skill to perform. It was hilarious to watch things like ice-skating, synchronized swimming, and comedy routines. Tim and his family participated as well as several other festival friends. Our group gave Tim a Book of Mormon. Today was a day full of love, service and fun.

Tuesday, August 10
Scott Rands

A free morning meant extra sleep for many of us, but a few braved the pouring rain to ride to breakfast. Afterwards, the Armenian Group was supposed to have their first full run through, but that got

cancelled due to a wet stage.

After lunch we were treated to "a big surprise" - the Pergammon Musuem. The Museum itself was fascinating. We wondered just how an entire Greek building could be dug up, transported to Berlin, and be completely rebuilt in the museum. There were also Greek columns, mosaics and a gate to a marketplace (it's just a facade!) But the biggest surprise was the colorful gates of Babylon. To top it all off, a new friend (our tape tour guide) described in detail the exhibits of the museum. Thanks John!! After the tour, we played a while in the East Berlin, seeing the Berlin Dom, the East Side Gallery and other museums.

By show time, the weather had dried up, but the stage was still very wet. (It had been raining all day.) Tommy and Gordy both said not to do a show, but Ed was excited, so the show went on. Despite a few falls at first, it went well, and by the time the fad section started, the stage was just about dry.

Wednesday, August 11

Kim Wise

Berlin - Freiberg - Dresden - Berlin

This morning came early. We met at 6:15 to drive to the Freiberg Temple. There was no way to stay awake on the way there even though Olaf tried. We arrived there and had our devotional on the temple grounds. Scott Horman gave us some inspiring words on missionary work. We then walked around the temple grounds and all of us felt this strong spirit of how the Lord accomplishes his work even though the iron curtain was up. We then said goodbye to the Roundy's who stayed to go through a session at the temple with Myrle's sister who is a temple worker there.

We then drove to Dresden. At first when we arrived there we were hungry and tired and it didn't look like there was too much to see, but nonetheless, we got two hours to eat and see the city. (We later found out two hours was not enough!) Napoleon once said of Dresden was that it was the most beautiful city in Europe. Indeed it must have been beautiful before the war. In fact, Hitler loved this city so much and he wanted to preserve it so he didn't put any artillery close to that area at all. As the war dragged on, the allies decided to take drastic measures. They knew that Dresden was being proected so to stop the fighting, the allies went on a Terror bombing run using incendiary bombs.

It was so hot and so dry that the oxygen caught on fire and the city was almost totally destroyed. People died of suffocation because all the oxygen was burnt up. In just one raid at least 35,000 people died. They had to burn all the bodies because there were so many of them. Lynn reminded us later that even though this seemed cruel and drastic, we needed to ask ourselves what the people at that time would think and the awful circumstances many were in during the war.

So now the whole city is under construction. There is scaffolding and cranes and people cleaning the black buildings. They are putting churches back together piece by piece. We visited palaces, churches, an opera house and some saw a spectacular collection of medieval knights' armor, guns, swords, and knives. Two hours wasn't nearly enough time once we found out what was there.

On the way home on the bus people started snoozing off again and powder man seized the opportunity by getting Beth and Scott Rands, Alyson, and Ladd.

Our performance was great as usual. It was a Wednesday night which is half price in Reno so we had a large audience! We can't believe how fast the time is going. We are having a blast!

Thursday, August 12
The Editors (again)
Checkpoint Charlie

Today was another get up off your duff and let's go see another museum day. It was off to see Checkpoint Charlie. One of the most fascinating places dealing with Berlin's history. We were there for a couple of hours and then herded back on the bus and shipped back to the Volksfest (compliments of your friendly neighborhood army bus driver).

There we all donned our Ukrainian costumes and attempted to get some really good action shots on the carnival rides for Performance Scheduling. (In the hopes that someday we may be on a current poster.) First we tried the Top Spin. It was a big flop due to the unseemly picture backdrop (later discovered by Performance Scheduling) and the all too quick movement of the machine. Then we went to the swings, roller coaster, and Breakdance (New York, New York). Each was becoming more of an attempt at having a ball for free than for pictures (which didn't turn out in the end anyway). After that, we called it quits due to lack of enduring enthusiasm (and of course the endurance of our intestinal tracts) and split up and went our merry ways.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We love run-on sentences , don't you?*

There was another show that evening. (What am I thinking? There is always a show!!) And as always, it was. . . . well. . . . great. (After a while the words to describe a never ending event won't come. So we both apologize.) Anyway another day in this beautiful city gone.

Friday, August 13
The Shadow

We had the entire day to do whatever we wanted because Peggy and Lynn flew in this morning. The group going to Armenia spent all morning rehearsing their program and once Peggy and Lynn showed up, they had to go through the show again.

Tim Strait and David Musgrove invited everyone to go to a waterpark called the "blub." The only person that went with them was Robert and he had a wonderful time. It's too bad that no one else went because he didn't have to pay anything.

A lot of people went shopping for chocolates and for souvenirs down at the Brandenburg gate. We had a great performance and I think that it was one of our best performances. Peggy enjoyed the show, but had to chew on ice to stay awake.

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We had to hurry back to the apartments after the show so that we could have our testimony meeting. Lynn almost fell out of his chair a few times because he couldn't stay awake. He was very entertaining.

Marty stood up and said "I know that Folk Dance is true." He was referring to the many opportunities to serve and blessings that it brings to our lives. Hearts were touched, eyes were filled with tears and thanks were given by many who are not returning to dance next year. It was a strengthening experience for everyone and it was the last time that this particular group would all be together again. These experiences and moments are what make life worth living.

Saturday, August 14
The Ever Impressive Editors
Berlin - Traffic Jam - Wolgast - Berlin

We all got up very early this morning, dressed in our nicest tour clothes and went to breakfast together for the first time in weeks. After picking up Olaf (do da doooo), Kaye and Bergit, we left for a pleasant three hour drive through the countryside to the Baltic Sea. We were headed for Wolgast for a performance. Luckily for all but the band and four couples, the show was to be the debut of the Armenian show line up.

After about six hours of our pleasant countryside jaunt, we started to wonder if this was yet to be another incident of a "three-hour-tour"? Looking in front of the bus, we decided that we couldn't be lost, because half of the world was in front of us on the road. We arrived in Wolgast late. I mean very late! Thanks to the wonderful preparedness and spirit of the folkdancers (all but the Armenian group) the show went on! It was a little rushed and the sun was very hot, but it went great. They were going to knock the socks off of the Armenians.

Miracle of miracles!!! Today marks a historic day. Why? For the first time during a bus trip, we didn't have (oops, I mean get) to eat a cold- gross- cheese- and- some- kind- of- sick- meat- that-they-dragged- up- for- us- where- did- they- get- this- stuff- pukey- sandwich- not- to- mention- the- drinks- yuck brown bag lunch!!! Brother Wenke and the members (do these guys speak Klingon? Or is it Cling-On?) graciously provided us with a wonderful- marvelous- nutritionally- wholesome- don't-have- to- check- the- sandwich- or- worry- about- drinks lunch on the lawn next to the stage. It was great. If only we would have had more than the allotted fifteen minutes to eat it before we were rudely forced back on the bus to endure the pleasant bus trip back home. Although it was a dire decision, many decided that fifteen minutes was enough to cram down a sandwich and hide the rest on the bus for later, and hit the sea. I mean, what kind of tour doesn't get to swim in an ocean or sea or something?

After a brief dip, we all scrambled back on the bus (much to the relief of the leadership), and headed for Berlin. We arrived back in Berlin with barely enough time for the girls (excuse me, women) to get ready for the show. The show went great and made a good end to an already great day!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We can't quite remember when it happened, but we all remember the band girls' run in with the sewage hose don't we?*

Sunday, August 15
Ed Austin
Berlin - Train - Prague

The group that left for Prague included Brother and Sister Roundy, Amy, Kim, Lisa, Janna, Beth, Amber, Ed, Thom, Marty and Ken . . . 12 persons in all.

We began the trip a bit tired, having had a very short night as we helped people pack, and saw the group off to Armenia at 5 a.m. this morning. Vickie, Karen and Michelle would leave later today for the states.

We excitedly walked to the U-Bahn and headed for the train station at Hauptbanhof in the former DDR. With a few minutes to spare we walked outside the train station to see the East Side Gallery—unique because it is a large portion of the wall still remaining—and added our names to the many signatures of visiting tourists.

Afterwards we boarded the train. Our group claimed two compartments. The trip was very comfortable and we enjoyed the scenery as we headed towards the Republic of Czech through former East Germany. Shortly after passing through Dresden our train followed the Elba River, with its beautiful greenery, country villages and towns, and what appeared to be chateaus, castles, or fortresses . . . possibly all three. It was everything someone might imagine old Europe to look like or be.

After four and a half hours and what seemed like numerous ticket and passport checks we arrived in Prague, a bit tired, but thankful for a few restful moments of sleep.

To my great relief and excitement, my friend Jasan Bonus and his two year old son were at the train station to meet us. He explained the Prague metro which was a cinch compared to Berlin. We changed some money and proceeded to our hotel. It turned out to be close to the metro, but in the middle of nowhere. Rooms cost each of us \$21.00 U.S. They were clean and simple. However, we questioned whether the beds had mattresses on or whether they were just long tables with sheets covering them. They were certainly firm and the bathrooms promised to be an adventure in the morning.

Jasan gave us instructions into town, maps, and metro stations, and we made a plan to meet for dinner at 8 p.m. Armed with enough knowledge to get to the Old City we headed for town. The metro was great—simple and fast. In fact, everything was fast . . . especially the escalators! The metro reminded me of the ones in Moscow; clean and far underground. The escalators appeared to be a mile long as we traveled up and down them—what a ride.

As we emerged from the metro the beautiful old city of Prague immediately won our admiration. It was beautiful . . . each and every building unique, well crafted with some story to tell. As we headed down the narrow side streets toward the old town square we also knew that finding souvenirs to leave Prague with would be fun and possibly even inexpensive (at least for some of us).

We entered the square full of colorful markets and areas for eating . . . and so that was what we did. Lunch was great and the ice cream, large portions of ice cream, served to those who ordered them

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surprised and delighted everyone. We determined to split up and meet later. Some discovered how close we were to the river with its boats and bridges, others watched the old town clock come alive with music and moving figures and also walked to the top of the clock tower for a bird's-eye view of the city . . . breathtaking in every direction, while others still eyed the folk art and lace and crystal they hoped to purchase the next day.

Upon meeting one another at 6:30 p.m., we decided to head towards the river and walk along it until we found the Hotel Intercontinental where we would meet Jasan for dinner. On the way, we discovered a wonderful little store of folk arts - Czech eggs (both scratched, painted, and decorated with straw), straw dolls and, etc.

After a beautiful walk along the river (all of us wishing we had someone to do a little romancing with), we met Jasan who took us to dinner. The restaurant was a little off the beaten path, beautiful, with great service and wonderful food. Jasan helped us order and we had a variety of food between us . . . dumplings, red cabbage, and meats with unique and flavorful sauces. We topped it off with crepes (with peaches, bananas, apples and oranges with whipped cream) or apple strudel or ice cream. Needless to say, dinner was enjoyed by all. Even the price was right.

Heading back along the river, we found the metro, quickly rode home, had a group prayer and made plans for the next day and then tucked ourselves into bed anticipating the next day in Prague. (Actually - most of us slept on the comforter because of the heat and to add some cushioning between us and our very firm beds.

Prague is a beautiful city.

Monday, August 16th
Myrle Roundy
Prague - Train - Berlin

After a restful night's sleep we arose early for a breakfast of hard rolls, meat, cheese and orange juice provided by the Hotel Viador on the outskirts of Prague. After breakfast we took our packs to the train station, put them in lockers and made plans for the day.

Ed soon left us to visit his old friend, Jasan & Frantisek Bonus while the rest of us visited Prague Castle. It was only a short walk from the St. Charles Bridge. Although on Mondays, as in Berlin, all museums close, the principle old cathedral and some other main buildings were open to the public. There were a few private entrepreneurs offering tours in their native language.

After visiting the castle we split up in groups to shop and wander as we had arranged to meet for lunch at 12:30 in the old town square. Lunch again was a delicious hard roll with meat, cheese and vegetables, also fruit or vegetable salad. from there we split again meeting on the docks for our boat trip on the Moldava River (VTLAVA in Czech). There were so many charming shops offering crystal, lace, marionettes, eggs, etc., it was a real temptation to linger too long shopping.

For our boat trip, Ed had to run two blocks, arriving hot and tire, but just barely making the trip. Beth and Lisa just missed it by ten minutes as the boat left right on time. However we gave them a hearty

wave from the boat as they stood on the shore.

The boat trip was beautiful. A surprise was the small system of locks alongside the river as the river-drops in elevation just above the St. Charles bridge. We passed through one lock as we went downstream and circled in front of the St. Charles Bridge, then going back upstream for a few miles. By then we were all so tired the restful boat trip felt good, and the view of the city from the river was breathtaking. Prague was once one of the centers of culture in Europe, and the old town section has carefully retained its flavor. On the street were people from all over the world. One thing I loved was the musicians along the streets playing classical music or violin, flute, etc., some of it from Mozart as Prague claims him as a native son.

At 4 p.m. we met at the train station lockers with only one small hitch. Some of the lockers would not open. For a small fee, however the airport personnel were persuaded to come and open them for us.

The train ride was fairly uneventful, and although the train was hot and only small transom-like windows would open, we enjoyed each other's company and games.

The climax of a great day, however, came at the end of our journey when members of the German Branch met us at the Hauptbanhof Station in Berlin with a huge balloon welcoming us back. They provided transportation and took us to the Concert Hall where the Tabernacle Choir performed in 1989. From there we went on to the Brandenburg Bridge and the Reichstag. They had prepared a wonderful picnic lunch of potato and green salads, meat balls, fruit and cake, also drinks and candy, which we ate on the steps of the Reichstag at about 11 p.m.

It was hard for us to realize we were really there picnicking on the same steps where Hitler had displayed such incredible power so many years before. I couldn't help contrasting the power with the quiet, yet great power of the priesthood and the power of love now displayed on the same steps. What a wonderful ending to a perfect day, to have our empty stomachs and our hearts filled by such dear friends who have shown such love.

Sunday/Monday, August 15/16
Scooter Preator
The Loners in Berlin

Berlin is such a beautiful city. So why run off to somewhere else for enjoyment while all of Berlin is lying at your feet? Well, that's what six of us said to all of those train weary souls who streaked to Prague for a few meager hours of foreign shopping pleasure. With only six of us here, it is very peaceful. Mat and K.C. Cowan stayed along with Robert Newman, Eric Goodman, Ladd Olsen and myself. After seeing off those poor souls bound for hours of boredom on the plane (to Moscow) and train (to Prague) we quickly went back to our snug little apartments for some more shut eye. Brother Wenke showed up around nine or so and escorted us to the Tiergarten Chapel where we attended the other German ward. Since there were only six of us, we were relieved of the responsibility of performing our fireside. Instead they settled for some select talks. K.C., Eric and Robert were given the opportunity to enlighten the Saints. (Of course the other half of us were overjoyed because that meant we could actually sit in the back and just listen for once.) Ladd promptly fell asleep and we all thoroughly enjoyed it. After church, Brother Wenke had graciously arranged for us all to be shep-

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herded to members' homes for dinner. With the usual fervor for foreign cuisine and company, we all had a great afternoon.

By six o'clock, we had all gathered back to the apartments to plan our evening outing. First was the conquest of food. Since everyone else was gone, all of the meal tickets fell to us to use. (Oh, what a burden.) That gave each of us around three to four sheets of tickets to eat off of where normally we had only one and a half. (This was, of course, after we used a considerable number of them to buy a couple boxes of ice cream bars.)

This evening's entertainment consisted of one thing, the Broadway play, Evita. We had obtained six complimentary tickets to tonight's showing (the last one coincidentally) through the fortuitous happenstance of Janna's meeting with a part of the cast. It was spectacular. (Eat your heart out Praguers. It was worth every minute of both days!) If you think about it, this is really coming full circle in our summer. We were in Argentina, and now we were able to see a play half way across the world about Argentina. (Cool, huh?)

Monday was a free-for-all. I'm not sure of everything that was done, but the major highlights were Mat and K.C.'s boat tour of Berlin, shopping, another visit by Ladd and myself to the amazing Botanischer Gartens, shopping, eating and more shopping. All in all it was a very relaxing day.

Tuesday, August 17

Ladd Olsen

Berlin - Chicago - SLC - Provo

Today we came home. There were only a few who went for breakfast as the group from Prague was still pretty tired. Everyone is excited to get home. There were a few members who came and said their goodbyes at the airport. Of course, our faithful Olaf and his dad Wilfred were there. Ken got a tie from one of his host moms. The security at the airport was stricter than the other airports we've been through. They frisked everyone as they went through security. Ed had confiscated Robert's play dog doodoo and as he went through, with everyone watching, had to pull it out and identify it. It gave us all a good laugh. We all lucked out with our seating. As it was a full flight they moved us all into business class seating. We all loved that and, of course, the cameras came out in force. With such enjoyable seating, the flight passed by in comfort and ease.



Armenia Tour 1993

Women

*Dana Clark
Virginia Hancock
*April Lancaster
*Alyson Oldham
Margaret Owens
*Emily (Wilson) Rice
Tiffany Smith
Kim Wise
Peggy Sue Wright

Leadership

Men

*Hans Anderson
Lynn Elliott
Scott Horman
Mark Jensen
Andy Madsen
Scott Mahoney
*Brian Peck
Scott Rands

Leadership

Leadership

TOTAL NUMBER OF PERSONEL: 17

ARMENIA 1993 Program

Boil 'em Cabbage Down	3:00
Running Sets	3:00
Back Up and Push	2:30
Monroe's Hornpipe	2:15
Band	3:00
Home on the Range/ Teton Mtn.	2:30
Devil's Dream	1:19
Exhibition Square/ Tap Clog	5:00
Country Medley (Band)	3:30
Pioneer Heritage Medley	3:50
Handcart Medley	3:20
Polka Quadrille	2:45
Band (Gospel)	4:00
Waltz Round	2:20
Five Step Waltz	1:35
Band	2:30
Galop	2:00
Orange Blossom Special	3:30
Buckin' Appalachia	3:30
Clog Finale	2:00
Armenia National Anthem	
God Be With You	

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Sunday, August 15
Virginia Hancock
Berlin - Moscow

Today was kind of a continuation of the past few days. I don't think anyone has gotten very much sleep lately. And after our last show everyone was making preparations to leave the next day. We were all doing laundry, packing, and saying good-bye to friends all night long. At 5:00 a.m, the Armenia group pulled out of Marshall Barracks' parking lot and left early risers who had come to say good-bye behind.

When we arrived at Schönefeld airport, we found one of our fans, Andrea, there waiting for us. She had been at the airport since 1:00 a.m. in order to make the U-Bahn and was there to see us off. While waiting for our flight, some ate, others practiced the Armenian National Hymn, but mostly everyone slept on the seats of the airport terminal.

Getting on the plane was lots of fun for us all. First, we walked out to the plane and climbed up the stairs to board as we had grown accustomed to in South America. And when we got on the plane, I think we were all taken back by how old and out-of-date the plane was. The front two rows were situated around a table so the first row was facing backwards. And the storage capacity was very small, so Hans' guitar had to sit on the table in front of him. Once again, some people talked but mostly everyone slept. . . and slept. . . and slept.

Two and a half hours later, we arrived at the airport in Moscow. What an exciting thing to be in Russia! We got our luggage, went through customs, and boarded a bus that would take us to the other airport across town. That was a real treat. When we got off the bus we were met by two boys that wanted anything we would give them, especially money and chocolate. Dana gave them some cinnamon gum and it was really hot to them - so hot, in fact, they spit it out.

Finally we got all our stuff off the bus and into the airport and waited as Lynn worked on getting our flight plans to Armenia arranged. In the mean time, Scotty was trying to negotiate with an airport worker that wanted a bigger tip.

As we sat on our luggage and talked, Scotty came back and told us that we would be spending the night in Moscow because the flight to Armenia wasn't going through due to lack of fuel. I think there were mixed emotions at that news because I think we all wanted to get on our way. But at the same time it would be kind of exciting to have an extra night in Moscow.

Two taxis took us and all our stuff to our hotel in two trips. While the first group was driving to the hotel, the second sat around on the luggage telling stories and amazing ourselves by teasing Hans while he was asleep.

After everyone arrived at the hotel and we all got settled in, we had a short sacrament meeting in which we were allowed to share our thoughts and feelings and testimonies of the gospel.

For dinner, we headed into the city on the subway to go to McDonald's. The subway was kind of scary, but the food was scrumptious, especially since we were all starving! Then we went for a short sight-seeing adventure. We walked over to Red Square where we saw Lenin's tomb, St. Basil's

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cathedral, and the Unknown Soldier memorial with the eternal flame. There we saw an interesting occurrence: a lady stood in front of the eternal flame, sang a song, crossed herself and fell to her knees. At that time a Russian soldier came and told her to leave. The reason I write this is because in the past, during the rule of communism, she probably would have been sent to prison for performing a religious act in public.

Finally, we were all so tired we could hardly stand ourselves. So we headed back to the Metro station via a doll market where we picked up a boy that followed us all the way to our hotel. We all had to fight to stay awake on the metro and for some it was a losing battle, as Peggy can attest. When we got home, we all went right to bed.

Monday, August 16
Scott Horman
Moscow - Yerevan

Morning dawned in Moscow. It was supposed to dawn for us in Yerevan, but Moscow it was. We were disappointed that we had not gotten to Armenia as scheduled, but had every feeling that the Lord was with us and that we would fulfill our mission.

This was certainly to be the case this day. One of the fireside songs, "Great Things and Small Things", came true. Lynn had gone to the airport and make several attempts to get on a flight. In desperation, he called a man he had met on his last flight to Moscow from Yerevan. This man referred him to the person that arranges his travel. We had been told there was no room on a flight for us. This woman made some phone calls, and about an hour later called us and told us to go to the airport. There was a flight. Our prayers were answered. We caught six taxis, and off we went.

Our flight was an all time experience. The plane was filthy, the carpet runners were all crumpled up, most of the seats were broken and the air conditioning did not work. We sat for about one hour in that hot dirty plane.

I had quite an experience during the flight. I was invited to the rear of the plane to drink to Armenian and American culture. I was fed a feast of potatoes and bread. I even forced down a hard-boiled egg. I had a devil of a time trying to convince them that I did not drink Vodka. They would pour, we would toast, they would drink, and I would put my cup down (full) which caused a lot of discussion toward me. These are certainly friendly people.

Our introduction to Yerevan was very strange. Almost everything was dark: the airport, the streets, everything. The airport had minimum lighting.

By the time we all got to our homes, we were very tired, but thankful the Lord had made it all possible.

Tuesday, August 17

Scott Rands

Yerevan - Echmiadzin

Aaaaah! Our first day in Armenia! We were so excited to get here last night, and everything looked so beautiful under the dimly lit street lights. Daylight told a different tale, but nonetheless, we are happy to be here.

This morning we were treated to some of the sights that Yerevan, and the surrounding area, has to offer. Our first stop was Echmiadzin, the Vatican of the Armenian Church. "Mr. Scott - You are expected here!" The cathedral was large and quite beautiful. Tina, our host, was most pleased and proud of it. We also received a special tour of the church's museum of relics, with a description of what each relic was, and it's significance to Christianity in general. Some of the claimed relics included: a piece of Noah's ark, a thorn from the crown placed on Christ's head, the head of the spear used to pierce His side, and a sliver (and I do mean sliver) of the cross on which Christ was crucified. It was most interesting, though not exceptionally believable. (The cross in the spearhead kind of blew that one!) Other interesting artifacts included old tapestries and books. Underneath the altar of the cathedral, we were surprised to discover an ancient pagan altar believed to been used to offer sacrifices to a pagan god of fire. How interesting!

After taking a plethora of group photos at Echmiadzin, we journeyed on to visit two other ancient temples. The first wasn't exactly what you'd call spectacular. It was very plain, and the inside was empty. However, the acoustics were incredible! We stood in a circle underneath the dome and sang, "Great Things and Small Things", after which the church's organist played "Silent Night". I don't think I've ever heard a nicer sounding organ piece! The second temple was the ruins of a temple that had been destroyed in an earthquake many years ago. It was a neat place to visit, and yet another good place for a group photo.

By this time, Tina was getting kind of antsy. "We only have five minutes!" she would frantically exclaim as she rushed us into the minivans that were our mode of transportation. Despite the hurry, there apparently was enough time to stop at a roadside fruit stand for peaches. What a delight that was! We had heard about the overwhelming superiority of Armenian fruit, but these were incredible! Could they possibly be better than Brigham City peaches? We may never know, but these peaches were soon to become the staple of our Armenian diet.

Our next stop was Yerevan's Post-Trauma Rehabilitation Center. This hospital, which specialized in reintegrating spinal cord injury patients back into society, was built with funds donated by organizations from around the world, the largest contributor being the American Red Cross. Programs within the center not only focused on physical rehabilitation, but psychological and occupational as well. Exercises were constructed to help these people relearn how to take care of themselves, as well as teaching them new skills that they could use in the work force. After our tour of the hospital, we were treated to a program by some of the patients in which they sang and played Armenian songs. Then it was our turn. The band played a number, the dancers clogged, and we sang "As I Have Loved You" in English and Armenian. We decided to try out our skills at the Armenian National Hymn, which was received with great surprise and joy.

Afterwards, we were served lunch, our first experience with Armenian meals. Let's say that it definite-

ly was a learning experience. The table was already loaded with bread, fruit, apricot juice and everyone's favorite — salty yogurt! We were all hungry, so naturally we started to eat. Then came the Borscht. We borscht-lovers gobbled that down, grateful for such a satisfying meal. As we sat waiting for dessert, lo and behold, what to our wondering eyes did appear, but stroganoff. No, not for dessert, but more dinner. And so we ate, and thus we became even more full. OK, we're ready for dessert. But no, yet more dinner appeared from the kitchen. This time it was stuffed grape leaves, an Armenian delicacy. Yes, they were quite delectable, but I was starting to feel a little uncomfortable around the waist. Finally, dessert came, marking the end of what started as a pleasant culture experience, and wound up becoming a dieter's nightmare.

In our stuffed state, we went to the small philharmonic hall where we were to perform that night. We blocked through a few things, then nervously prepared for our first show in Armenia. The show itself went quite well, with no major goof-ups. However, due to the lack of ventilation in the building, we were more than drenched in sweat. The pioneer medley started with wet shirts! That, combined with the mass in each of our stomachs, made for one exhausting show.

The evening ended with an interesting reception given by the U.S. Embassy. This was our first of many experiences with Armenian partying. Plenty of vodka and cognac was available, and most everyone heartily partook. The Egyptian ambassador was most entertaining!

All in all, our first full day in Armenia was full of fun, laughs and surprises.

Wednesday, August 18
Kim Wise
Yerevan - Kamó

We had to get up early today to visit Lake Sevan. We all packed our swimsuits and Kim and Alyson even had their own sun hats. We drove and drove and drove, and we kept looking for the sun. It never came out. Finally we came to this huge, beautiful, green lake, and we drove right past it. "Hey! Where are we going?" Of course we didn't know.

We visited a huge cement house of a very famous Armenian composer, Terterian. He played us his Fifth Symphony. It was very powerful and primitive sounding (and very loud). We then took a tour of his house. Afterward, we ate some type of yogurt sour milk goo. We then changed into our first costume for a performance.

As we drove to the square of Kamó, we saw crowds of people waiting for us. We thought we were performing inside this building; We ended up on the patio of a building with a sign on it saying, "You are welcome". We were then presented with bread and salt. Anyway, we did a whole show (almost) in red checkered costumes, including clogging which they didn't seem to understand because they didn't clap much. We then got mobbed by a million children. In fact, Dana was almost carried away. We had to be escorted out. "April, don't throw those cards out!" Kids almost were run over because they wanted cards.

We then went to lunch of a thousand toasts. (We had many of these.)

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After lunch we were so excited to finally go swimming and enjoy the lake. Hey, wait a minute. We just drove past the lake again. I guess we had no time and we went to Yerevan to do a show/fireside. It went well except that the lights went out while we were singing "God be with You". It was a nice effect because the Spirit came out strong.

Finally we went home to spend quality time with our host families. They couldn't believe we didn't even go to the lake!

Thursday, August 19
Tiffany Smith
Yerevan | Gyumri

Our alarm clocks went off, and thus we met,
Still sporting yesterday afternoons sweat.
Jin, Dana and I bolstered up mental power,
As day four began without any shower!!

But off to the Center we'd go with glee,
Each of us saying, "Hope no one smells me!"
Everyone gathered on a bus we would go,
Headed to Gyumri to put on a show.

Gyumri's the area of earthquake '88,
Thousands died there which isn't so great.
The bus ride was bumpy and so very long,
Most of us felt it was just sick and wrong.

Elder Dellenbach joined us again for our travels,
And helped boost our spirits through all of our battles.
We finally reached Gyumri with people all waiting,
And brought bread and salt without hesitating.

I also remember the cheese that was given,
And after I ate it I was sad to be livin'.
Each girl got a flower, and then music came,
So everyone danced and some even sang.

Back to the bus, to the theater we go,
A rather large theater was the site of the show.
As we stepped on the stage, we almost fell through.
But they figured, covering the stage with cloth would do.

EDITORS NOTE: *Tiff now states that here comes a funny part.*

So we quickly got ready, but wo unto Tiff.
For her running sets armpit sported a rip.
But never you quake, and never you fear,
For our leader Peggy, with duct tape was near.

So with Tiff taped together, and bright smiles shining,
We did a full show that went well - I'm not lying.
In Southern - adventure! Kim Wise was a sight,
With a home-made flower headpiece that turned out all right.

More adventure we'd see as five-step was done,
Scott and Margaret - What happened ? Oh well, It was fun!
After the show, to lunch we were taken,
To a dark and small room, boy were we shakin'.

On our way in the building, we saw kids playing ball,
Elder Dellenbach joined them, although they were small.
My favorite part was when he would ride,
That cute little bike, beaming with pride

As we sat down to eat, and toast man stood up,
We thought for five hours, at lunch we'd be stuck.
But much to our glee, we had a light lunch,
And for very few toasts, we were thankful a bunch.

But the toast I remember was made to the girls,
To their beautiful American legs. (Could you hurl?!!)
Quickly we ran to the next show we do,
But seeing the change room, we all cried "Boo-Hoo".

For there were no lights, and it was quite small,
But we were like seaweed - no problem at all!
We all pulled out flashlights, and realized while dressing,
Maybe not being able to see was a blessing.

The audience was large although we were late,
And from somewhere came energy, the show was just great.
We know we had help from way up above,
From a Father in Heaven we know that we love.

We're thankful to Him for getting us through,
Without all His help who knows what we'd do?
Here again came adventure, as Mark left the scene,
To go fix his chaps, he was back for Devils Dream.

Kim had no headpiece, her flowers had died,
But at least she can say that for Southern she'd tried.
More flowers were given to us in the show,
Right between numbers - so Armenian you know.

After the show, we had quite the fun packing,
When Margaret announced her bra she was lacking.
No worries - she found it - but in a queer spot,
Scott Mahoney's dressing room - everywhere else it was not.

And then off to dinner, our group would all go,
Too bad our first thought of the table: "Oh no!"
The flies were all over and on our food sat,
Plus the meal was the same, Now what's up with that?!

At one point Elder Dellenbach had us sing hymns,
So that the Armenians would not toast again.
Not to bring up a subject and not let it drop,
But toast man was there and he did not stop.

Then all of a sudden we lost all the lights,
But candles were brought, so we were all right.
Later electricity would shine once more,
But that takes the fun out. Lights are a bore!

As Hans and Andy ate grass like a cow,
Peggy would cringe and glare - you know how!
We were hours from home, and twice tried to go,
"Just one more toast!" (They love those you know!)

Finally we left, on the bus we'd head back,
Of course the concept of comfort we'd lack.
Some of us tried to make an invention,
So across tech and costumes, our bodies could stretchin'

But the ride was so bumpy that no one could sleep,
Though no one had energy to make even a peep.
The funniest part was when Dana did stand,
And we hit a bump - right on Mark she would land.

Though the day sounds so crazy, so hard overall,
We loved every minute and had quite a ball.
Our host families rule, and we know when we're here,
We're helping Armenia by bringing good cheer.

We are so blessed to be here, and though we may feel lost,
We know that it's worth it, no matter the cost.

Friday, August 20
Brian Peck
Yerevan

You may not get this one either, but we shall try.

Many of us awoke this morning to cold water or no water at all. So, with our supply of Handi-Wipes, we were able to get ourselves squeaky clean. (And don't forget behind your ears.) I find the interesting thing about these people is that they always want us to be on time, but when we get to a spot, they lose track of all reality of time in the third quadrant of the upper left portion of the central femur bone in your sister's cousin's third uncle's pet pigeon.

So, let us get on with this day! "You are expected in five minutes." And now back to the story just reaching the third prologue.

Chapter 1:

We are all sitting in the hot and stuffy center building room looking at each other. Yes, we are waiting to find out what we are to do. As for those blue pieces of paper which we call "ITINERARY", Popisploch, you can't believe them. Actually their sole purpose is to inform us of the things we won't be doing. But, we did accomplish something: journal writing. Somehow, we got to discussing Scott Mahoney and his future. Peggy said, "The only thing you have left is marriage. Later, Lynn bought us "Bounty" candy bars that had a tendency to melt in this wonderful room of gathering.

So, while the group was discussing various matters, such as McDonald's and hot showers, Brian, Andy and Lynn arrived late. Due to no transportation, they took the subway. It was quite the experience. So as not to go into great detail, let us all recollect our subway ride in our first stay in Moscow. The only difference was the tokens were a bright orange instead of a tantalizing light green.

Chapter 2:

According to the "IT", we didn't go see the Armenian dancers, but we did look at the children's art works. Now, this work ranged from ages 6 to 16. It was here that we received a great appreciation for these people and especially the children, or at least I did. The talent that these children were blessed with was incredible. There were pieces from all over the world. There were some paintings that U.S. art galleries wanted to buy, but these youth wouldn't sell. There were many worthy postcard pictures too, but no postcards to buy.

Onward Christian Folkdancers to lunch . . . walking that is. But, on the way to the American Embassy, we had photo opportunities and SHOPPING!! Yes, you did hear right, you do not have a jelly donut (ein berliner!) in your ear. Things bought were stone vases, lace, knives, ceramic dolls, cheap ceramic pottery, wood vases and the famous Armenian cross, wood and ceramic. So, once again, many happy shoppers — cheap prices. Well, finally after hiking up the R.B. stairs, we were at the house of the Embassy guy . . . Excuse me, my tomatoes and cucumbers are here. Bear with me while I take a short pause. Since we are on the subject of food, I forgot to mention about our visit to the President of the Jazz Club. This was before our art show tour. He is an incredible pianist and did a number or two. Then we all sang "When the Saints Go Marching In" and he did a wonderful piano accompaniment and break. That is one talented guy. "BURP" Excusez-moi! (Ain't my French

grand?) Now back to the embassy. Here we had PIZZA and Armenian hot dogs. From sight and taste, they appeared to be sausages of some type in a taco-type shell. Then there was lemonade. We were all in third heaven. (Seventh heaven was occupied.) This was the place that we all did a toast to lemonade at David Sifkin's home. If I understand correctly, he is L.D.S.

Chapter 3:

Off in the distance, it was said Mount Ararat could be found. It was really overcast, but there was something there. Yes, that was it. There was a great disturbance in the force, as if thousands of voices cried out in terror, and then suddenly silence. Fortunately, Mt. Ararat was spared from the destruction rays of the Death Star. But seriously folks, you could vaguely see the outline of Mt. Ararat.

After the grandeurous photo opportunity we were entertained by Lynn singing "Cow Patty" and his experience of sucking up a parrot's head. To finish this show, Hans and Brian did a little Beverly Hillbillies and "Dueling Banjos", and the band did "I Will".

This night's show consisted of two groups: them and us. Them is the Armenian Folk Dance Ensemble. The Armenian group was really good. They start dancing at about age 6, so you can imagine how good they will get.

We had to leave the Embassy "pronto" to be on T.V. But, once again, that was something on the "itinerary", and thus, it didn't happen. So, more shopping time.

Chapter 4:

The audience hushes when the curtains open. There, in the light, the grandeur of the stage, they see them, standing there so proudly, knowing that tonight is the last time they have to do "Country Medley". And after tonight, they can sing "Grandma's Feather Bed". Well, the show began and ended . . . gee, that was quick. During the show, I looked off to stage left at Tina. I don't think she smiled once. She kept on looking at her watch. But, we didn't let that bother us. I guess, from those I spoke with, the two stars were Scott Rands and Kim Wise. During Galop, Scott had a hair stuck between his teeth all during the dance and couldn't get it out. So Scott, smile pretty! Kim, on the other hand, had lipstick on her chin . . . Don't worry, it's not contagious.

As the show progressed and the band sang their gospel numbers, a drunk came up on stage and got between Alyson and Hans and sang along. He didn't have a very strong voice, but, his breath! You get the idea. He shared Alyson's mike, so we have to question Alyson about a possible end-of-tour romance.

And thus we came to the end of the show. The curtains were closed and we were interviewed by the camera crew. Each of the band did a little "pickin', sawin', strummin', or slappin'," for all of those out in T.V. land. As you may guess, Tina was there saying, "You are expected..." Well, we dancers and band, being in no hurry, took our time.

Soon, we were back to the center to have dinner and especially TOASTS! The group had talked about not letting the Armenians get the chance to toast, but they beat us to it. The meal was the usual: tomatoes, cucumbers, meat, potatoes, and vodka. I have a feeling that as the level of vodka went down, the number of toasts went up. Scott Horman was mentioned in a toast and thanked for the love and concern he shares with all those he meets. And there was even a toast to Tina, thank-

ing her for all she did for the group. It was this night we met her son, Michael, and his fiancé. He was the first member baptized in Armenia. Tina was hoping to set him up with Margaret, our only blonde, but Michael settled for a black-haired girl. Soon, the Armenian band came in and we were dancing away . . . into the other room. Andy got hold of the video camera and was in the middle of the circle videoing them as they went by. I hate to say it , Tiffany, but Emily was the star this night. Emily's exact words were, "I was totally the star last night . . . I must have been on drugs." Peggy, too, was out there dancing. From what some of the dancers said, she was out there having fun and dancing on tour so her husband couldn't see.

Before the end of the evening, each of us was given a gift (plates, records, books, bandanas). The Jazz Man was there, playing songs, and Brian did a little pickin' with him, banjo and piano. Brian would do a banjo tune and this guy would pick it up and do a RAMBLIN'" break. He had one incredible talent.

Well, the night drew to a close, and the next morning was upon us (2 a.m, that is). We said our good-byes and off to our homes and thus, to finish another chapter in tour history.

These few days that we were in Armenia were really an eye-opener to most of us. Conditions for some of us were really poor and unsanitary. But, I think that each one of us was able to overlook these "small" things when we compared them to the joy and love we brought to this people with our music and dance. Yes, it was something totally new for them but it was something new for us, too. I feel that we planted a good seed. Now it is time for the spirit to cultivate it.

Finally, cultural experiences #27 and #33:

Emily learned how not to ask for food. They were serving her muskmelon, and she said, "I'm allergic to it." Lesson learned — it didn't work. She got some, and boy wasn't it yummy. Right, Emily? As for Hans, you don't flush a toilet that hasn't been flushed for over a year. Hans did, and the bowl didn't empty. Water filled the bowl, and then the floor. So, Hans had to tip-toe out of the bathroom, thus, leaving it for another victim to flush.

Saturday, August 21

Lynn Elliott

Yerevan - Volgograd - Moscow

What I did today—

7:00 a.m. - I woke up. As I sit in my room preparing for the day, I listen to the joyful wails of Scott Horman happily frolicking in a sponge bath of crystal clear, refreshingly cool Yerevan water.

7:10 a.m. - My turn to frolic in the sponge bath.

7:25 a.m. - I regain my consciousness after the shock of crystal clear, refreshingly cool Yerevan water.

8:09 a.m. - Breakfast - Omelette soup, tomatoes and cucumbers, straight condensed milk. A real culinary delight, served on a veranda overlooking the mighty Razdan River. In the distance looms the

massive shape of Mt. Ararat - at least we assume it was Mt. Ararat looming behind the clouds. A perfect pastoral scene shattered only by our intense desire to get to the Center for Cooperation and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. For some reason we are anxious to get to the airport in plenty of time to insure we get on a flight today. But in the endearing Armenian way, our hosts did not seem particularly anxious to go.

8:50 a.m. - We are finally allowed to leave for the Center of Cooperation and Cultural Relations with Foreign Bodies.

9:01 a.m. - We arrive at the Center for Cooperation and Otherwise Friendly Relations with Foreign Bodies (only an hour late). We are somewhat concerned (though not surprised) to see everyone waiting patiently outside the Center for Coordination and Cooperation with Excess Foreign Bodies. We see Tina Belosova rapidly bustling about and we are overcome by a calming feeling of uncertainty. Tina is our own compact smotty bear, rushing about putting out scheduling fires and scattering the embers of cultural misunderstanding where they can simmer and start up new little conflagrations.

9:06 a.m. - We have all our baggage down on the street and we are ready to go. We pass our time watching Tina, George, Josep, Andrew and perhaps a half dozen other Armenians argue amongst themselves. We, of course, have no idea what they are saying, but we find them to be very entertaining.

9:11 a.m. - We wait patiently, and with amusement.

9:13 a.m. - We wait patiently.

9:15 a.m. - We wait.

9:20 a.m. - Why don't we go? No one seems to know, so we wait.

9:25 a.m. - Josep gives the order to load up our equipment truck. We jump to the task, anxious not to miss our 11:00 flight.

9:32 a.m. - The truck is loaded.

9:39 a.m. - We wait.

9:45 a.m. - Andrew and Josep order us to load onto our two vans. We breathe a collective sigh of relief, knowing that we will soon be at the airport and will be able to catch our 11:00 flight.

9:46 a.m. - We are on the vans. Josep begins an animated discussion with a guy walking by on the sidewalk. Tina rushes about asking us to hurry, but soon is embroiled in a loud discussion with Andrew. Having nothing else to do, we wait.

10:01 a.m. - The arguing at last over, the vans finally leave the Center for Cooperation and Cultured Cheese of Foreign Countries. We are off to the airport, and we are pleased. Soon we will be on a flight homeward bound. We have enjoyed Armenia and it has been a good experience, but we are anxious and ready to go. Of course, we are somewhat concerned about missing our flight. But, as

we figure it, if we hurry we can still make the flight.

10:15 a.m. - We leave downtown Yerevan, drive past the fountains which would undoubtedly be beautiful if they had water, across the mighty Razdan River gorge, past the brandy factory, a few gas trucks and on to the airport. Cars whiz past us, policemen wave down cars and demand bribes from their drivers, people offer to sell cigarettes on the corners. Just a normal day in the outskirts of beautiful Yerevan.

10:28 a.m. - We arrive at the Zvornots Airport and we rush to get our equipment into customs. We have to wait in line as the Armenian airport woman checks the passengers before us. The man Oright in front of me checks a bundle of AK-47s, a bag of hand grenades, two pounds of nitroglycerin, and a stinger missile. But the airport woman, concerned as she was about security, refuses to let him check his T-72 tank. I don't understand all the conversation, but from what I can gather from the hand gestures the airport woman seems concerned that the tank would not fit in the overhead bin.

10:35 a.m. - Our luggage is checked and we are ready to go. The group gathers its baggage, and we wish our host goodbye. Tina flutters from person to person wishing us luck. It is joyous, yet sad to be leaving our friends and experiences in Armenia.

10:38 a.m. - We are told the plane will be slightly delayed. So with good humor we put down our bags and prepare to wait a while. Tina briskly traipsed through the crowd, apologizing for the delay. "We have much sorrow for the linger," she says. We all express our understanding and comment how fortunate we are to be able to stay a few more precious moments in Zvornots International Airport. The ambiance of the place is perhaps without equal. The building we "linger" in is late stalinesque, whose beautiful tufa stone facade peeks out of 40 years of accumulated muck. To wait in the Zvornots International Airport is to experience the cutting edge of Armenian comfort. Much time and effort was put into making the place as rustic as possible, and every detail, even down to the nausea-inducing bathroom, was designed with special care to make one as anxious as possible to leave the country.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *tufa* \t(y)u-fuh \ n 1: : TUFF 2 " a porous rock formed as a deposit from springs or streams - tu fa ceous .

10:59 a.m. - We continue to wait, realizing that our flight will not leave on time. We all take it in good humor - all except Andy Madsen, who has a near death experience. As he revives from his coma, he tells us that on the other side it is forbidden to give toasts. This thought bolsters our spirits and makes the wait much easier.

11:15 a.m. - We wait.

11:27 a.m. - We wait some more.

11:45 a.m. - Still we wait.

11:59 a.m. - The ambiance of the Zvornots International Airport is beginning to wear thin.

12:10 a.m. - Where is the plane?

12:15 a.m. - We learn that our plane will probably leave in only about one hour. We all take encouragement out of this good news.

1:20 p.m. - We are still waiting. In order to make our wait more bearable, we are reduced to building toy log cabins out of cigarette butts. The sweat pours off of us in the heat and we begin to hallucinate about American food and drink. Tina appears to me to be a root beer float. To break the monotony, Scott Horman suggests that we place bets on our leaving time. We think it's a wonderful idea. Being the most optimistic, I guess 1:49 p.m. Mark Jensen, the most pessimistic, guesses 4:09 p.m.

1:29 p.m. - It is announced that we will board now. With much glee we gather our belongings and prepare to board the plane.

1:36 p.m. - Tina guides us out onto the runway, stops and argues briefly with a stewardess, and then leads us on a 300 yard trek to our plane. Upon arrival at the plane, she goes from dancer to dancer, kisses them on the cheek, and wishes us luck. Other of our Armenian friends do the same. Rueben, whose father played Peter on the T.V. show "The Monkeys", gives April a picture of his rock band. Others exchange gifts, until finally it is time to go. We are sad to leave our hosts, but are anxious to get out of the sun and into the cool shade of the airplane. Tina insists on VIP treatment for our group, and the stewardess shoves aside the crowd of Armenians who have now gathered around the entry stairs. As we ascend the stairs, we can hear the endearing voice of Tina arguing with the waiting Armenians, explaining to them, no doubt, that they should be happy to wait a little longer on the runway so the Americans can board first. It is our last impression of Armenia, and will no doubt warm the cockles of our hearts in future years. The luxury of our plane is in keeping with the general feel of Zvornots International Airport. I stumble over the bunched carpet in the aisle, while Scott Mahoney's armrest falls apart as he touches it. I'm going to win the bet.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *cockle* \ 'kak-uhl \ n 1 : any of several grain field wheats, especially corn cockle. 2 : a bivalve mulusk (family Cardiiday) having a shell with convex radially ribbed valves. 3 : pucker, wrinkle.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *cockles of the heart* \ 'kak-uhlz \ 1 : the core of one's being.

1:55 p.m. - I lost the bet. The airplane waits on the runway as I mop sweat off my face. The Armenian woman behind me nonchalantly lowers her tray and begins to fry an egg.

2:09 p.m. - More folk dancers lose the bet. I look out the window and see Tina, her head begins to look like the froth on a root beer float.

2:22 p.m. - The plane's engines begin as we prepare to leave. Peggy loses the bet.

2:28:10 p.m. - Emily wins the bet. We are on our way to Moscow. Cool air blows into the cabin as people begin to breath again. Andy recovers from a second near-death experience. He tells us that on the other side no one is ever allowed to drink buttermilk. Once again, our spirits are lifted.

2:40 p.m. - We fly.

2:50 p.m. - We still fly.

3:10 p.m. - We still fly.

3:45 p.m. - We still fly. Emily tells me the story of how she dumped Hans once. It is very sad and I begin to cry.

4:00 p.m. - The captain announces that we will soon land in Volgograd, formerly Stalingrad, the site of the tremendous battle of the Second World War. This battle lasted nearly four months — or just a little longer than the average layover — and destroyed most of the city, allowing the skilled Russian architects the opportunity to rebuild an impressive new modern city with buildings featuring the cutting edge of Soviet squatty-potties. How any country can make bathrooms so deliciously disgusting is something I will probably never know, but it must be a sign of national greatness.

4:07 p.m. - We land in Volgograd. The child two seats behind me is hurled into the seat in front of him, forcing the lady behind me to lunge forward, but I brace myself just in time. Fortunately, no one was hurt badly. The boy's leg can probably be set once we arrive in Moscow.

4:10 p.m. - Out of the plane we go, onto the runway and into the terminal. We pass a Russian kiosk selling chocolate-covered ice cream bars. We buy some, and as we devour them we are simultaneously hit with the cool sensation of ice cream and the bitter and somewhat revolting taste of fine Russian chocolate.

4:25 p.m. - Our taste buds somewhat recovered, we begin to relax in the warm setting of the Volgograd airport. We notice how beautiful the weeds are growing out of the cracks of the sidewalk; how little bits of litter nestled in the corners of the building and scattered about the grounds look somewhat like a poppy field in full bloom; how fragrant the air is with the rich, carcinogenic smoke of hundreds of Russian cigarettes mingled with the odor of a city without Dial. Russia . . . what a great land.

4:30 p.m. - Intourist tells us we will depart in about an hour.

4:45 p.m. - The first gas truck approaches our plane, slows for a moment then whizzes past.

4:50 p.m. - A second gas truck whizzes past our airplane - only without slowing this time.

5:10 p.m. - Suspecting the worst, we began another betting pool. Times range from 6:00 p.m. to 8:10 p.m. Of course there is no way we could leave later than 8:10 p.m.

5:35 p.m. - A cat wanders into the airport terminal. He is a lonely cat. His family was trapped in a plane bound for Uzbekistan and were never heard from again. Now the cat wanders the air terminal alone, hoping to find just a crust of bread, an old sausage, or a rat or two to maintain his meager existence. It is a very sad story. I begin to cry.

5:52 p.m. - We wait.

5:57 p.m. - We wait some more.

6:23 p.m. - Still waiting. By the way, I made up the story of the cat.

6:40 p.m. - By now most of us realize that we should have predicted a later time.

7:20 p.m. - We wait some more. April meets a nice friend. She talks with him long and deeply. I can see them in the distance and from my vantage I would guess they are discussing astrophysics.

7:30 p.m. - To 'de plane! We rush to the passport control. We squeeze through the crowd. Now I realize how nice it would be to have Tina back to insure us V.I.P. Treatment.

7:41 p.m. - Half of the group makes it to the plane while the other half are trapped in the holding area. As we peek longingly at our plane through a chink in the metal wall, a very helpful English-speaking Russian man tells us the plane will leave without us. "But it's ok," he says, "you'll be able to leave in a day or two. . ." Then he says, "Just kidding" and breaks into a wide smile. What a funny joke. And though I had only just met the man, this one small joke immediately convinced me that I hated his guts.

7:52 p.m. - The Russian matron guarding the gate lets us through to the plane. What a relief. Everything about the plane emitted a sense of security. The torn carpet, the broken tray, the blood-stain where the little boy hit the back of the seat. Yes, I was on my way home.

8:05 p.m. - We thought Mark Jensen would win the bet. But at the last moment, the plane takes off and Scott Horman — with a guess of 8:07 — wins. We are on the way to Moscow!

8:25 p.m. - I fall asleep and begin to dream. In my dream I am a cat, the same cat, in fact, that I saw in Volgograd. Only this time I live in Yerevan, on Abovian Street. There is no running water or electricity, but of course as a cat, I don't care. A pool of stagnant water eases my thirst and I spend my day wandering the streets looking for bread, sausages or rats. On this particular day, I wander into the Center for Cooperation and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. I mosey, in that way that cats do, up the stairs and into a room filled with people sitting at tables. It's a banquet - A wonderful banquet, with all sorts of food. My folk dance friends are all here, but somehow, in my own special cat way, I can tell they are bored. I can't figure out why at first but then the reason becomes clear. At the head table a man stands with an upraised glass. He is an intellectual with a grey beard and few front teeth. He is offering a toast; and I know, in the way you know these things in dreams, that he has been toasting for a long time. Being a cat, as I am, I'm not too interested in the toast and instead began to wander under the table looking for bits of food. As I wander to the front of the table, I have a sudden urge to sharpen my claws. So I begin to look for a place to perform this task. Several opportunities avail themselves to me. But I finally decide to do my sharpening on the leg of the man standing up. So, being the cat I am, I mosey on over to the leg, perch up on my haunches, and dig my claws deep into the man's flesh. Suddenly the drone of the toast is replaced by a scream and even as a dumb cat, I realize I have done something wonderful....

9:50 p.m. - I am awakened by the mumbling of Russian. From it I gather that our flight is nearing its end.

10:03 p.m. - The plane lands. The little boy two rows back learned his lesson from the last time and strapped his seat belt. Of course he still slammed into the seat in front of him breaking his other arm while the lady braced herself to prevent slamming into me.

10:15 p.m. - The plane stops and the stairs come up. At the bottom, I meet Nina, our Intourist guide. She grimaces in that Russian bureaucratic way as if to say, "make me laugh." We decide to try a little experiment/contest. I tell everyone that anyone who can make Nina laugh will win a prize.

10:22 p.m. - Andy Madsen comes down the stairs. I appraise him of the contest. He gives it a try. In his smoothest voice he goes up to Nina and says, "When we first flew through Vnukovo Airport, we couldn't believe that there could be an airport so dilapidated, disgusting, deplorable, and out right terrible. Now we see Vnukovo is all these things, but it is a little better than Armenia." Nina, not understanding English, smiled and chortles a little, but no guffaw and no prize.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *guffaw* | *guh-'fah* | *n 1* : a loud burst of laughter

P.S. - I chose to use considerable artistic license on this one. What I think Andy said to the nearest of my recollection, is, "This place is a hole, but at least in Moscow."

10:30 p.m. - We walk into the airport. It has light! It has water! It was the best a third world airport ever looked to me.

10:31 p.m. - We wait - but we wait in Moscow.

10:35 p.m. - We wait some more.

10:40 p.m. - We are dad-gum tired of waiting!

10:41 p.m. - Sorry - loss of control.

10:45 p.m. - We board our beautiful western-made bus. Off we go to Moscow.

10:51 p.m. - We travel to the hotel where we are expected.

11:11 p.m. - We arrive at the Hotel Ukraine - a wedding cake set in stone with a single red star on top, where the bride and groom should be.

11:32 p.m. - We have our rooms! Upward we go!

11:44 p.m. - I am searching for food. The desk tells me there are three places in the hotel to eat, two buffets and one bar. I suppose I was a little naive, but at the buffets, I expected to find one a'la Chuck-a-Rama. The actual buffet had some similarities with Chuck-a-Rama. Both had tables and chairs and cashiers, who could barely speak English. But foodwise, well, there was none of this all-you-can-eat for \$4.99 stuff. The thing that really upset me though was that they didn't have root beer.

11:50 p.m. - I go to the Bar. Now some Russian words sound like American words, but really have nothing to do with the American item. Take, for instance "Toilet". In English we know what it means. But ask a Russian where a toilet is and they'll direct you to a place that really doesn't remind you of the American counterpart. I think the Russian 'toilet' is really something of a carnival ride, except that you don't ride anything. You walk in, begin to gasp and then pay the lady as you leave. It's all very strange. Other Russian words, like "McDonald's" are the same in Russian and American. Only in

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Russia its a little more prestigious to eat at "McDonald's" because the worker's there smile and don't make you feel like a chunk of Siberian tundra. "Bar" falls in the latter category. I walked up to the 'bar' in the hotel and peeked in. My immediate impression was that it was a place no self-respecting U of U Ute would be caught dead in, not to mention a Zoobie. So this was out.

11:53 p.m. - We decide to go the buffet route. We order some drinks, a few yogurts, a couple of frozen pizzas and some yummy chocolate croissants. The actual retail value of these items in the States would be about \$12.75 - not counting the croissants which couldn't be given away in America. The Hotel Ukraine price was (drum roll please) \$197.00.

12:01 p.m. - The food was good and everyone savored it, knowing that in spite of the taste, it could be filet mignon in the States. Scott Horman turns to me and toasts me for a day well done. I toast him back and say that I'm glad to be an American.

12:15 p.m. - Having brushed my teeth and said a prayer of thanks, I go to bed. Soon I am asleep and begin to dream. This time I'm the same cat, at the same banquet in Yerevan, only this time the man giving the toast has dark hair and speaks Russian. Being a cat, I couldn't care less about the toast so I begin to mosey toward the head table.....

Sunday, August 22

Kim Wise

Moscow - Berlin

This is day two of our three day trip home. We went to eat breakfast at Hotel Ukraine with about 50 different tourist groups who all met at 8:00 a.m. also. They had lettuce, cheese, meat, bread and cream of wheat. Great selection! We had the morning free to shop and see the town. We walked and walked and found that Arabat Street had nothing open, so we went to see the Kremlin which was only one subway stop away. As we all hopped off and checked to see if everyone was there, the doors of the subway slammed shut and Andy and Dana's faces were pressed against the glass as they waved goodbye. Thanks to Scott Mahoney who waited for them, we were reunited. When we got to the Kremlin it didn't open until 10 p.m. So now what? Luckily we ran into some Americans who said we could do some shopping at a flea market in another part of town. So we hopped on the subway and rode and rode and rode. We got there with rubels in hand and there was nothing to buy. It was now 10:20 and we only had until 12:30, so we went back to the Kremlin and we only had 45 min. to shop and see the Kremlin. So Lynn, Mark, Andy, Hans, Brian and Kim went to see the Kremlin and the churches inside. The shoppers found some street vendors and bought some dolls. We all met at 11:45 except we had lost Emily and Dana (again) but we had to leave or we wouldn't be able to eat and get to the hotel by 12:30. So Mark led a group while Lynn waited. We all arrived at McDonald's at the same time but we ate and ran! We crossed long busy streets and ran through parks to our hotel. We grabbed our stuff and loaded on the bus. We weren't even wearing tour clothes! (Peggy asked us not to tell anyone.) We arrived at the same dirty airport, yet it didn't seem that bad after all we had been through. Here was our last flight on Aeroflot! We were able to accept anything on this plane, but at least we were headed toward our Berlin home.

As we arrived in Berlin we all cheered until we found our luggage. Zippers were broken, locks were cut off and everyone's luggage had been looked through. We had tapes and CDs and pocket change

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stolen. The hardest thing was that \$2,000 of BYU's money was taken. Fortunately, we had some of our Berlin friends there and Lynn and them went to Aeroflot's office to try and recover our damages. When we got to the base and our apartments. We kind of settled in and got ready to go to dinner one last time at the hospital cafeteria. As we drove past the fairgrounds where we performed. We couldn't believe how empty the grounds looked. We picked up the leftover mail and we ate the leftover Dove bars. Then we went over to Tim's house for an all American dinner and a baseball game on T.V. Some of us slept through part of the experience. Finally we got home to the familiar hard army beds we were used to. That night we all dreamt of our real beds at our real homes wherever that may be in the good ol' US of A.

Monday, August 23
Peggy Wright
Berlin - Chicago - SLC - Provo

The End!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We could at least mention that our last breakfast in Berlin was good. No toasts (whoo hooo)!!! (Get it Peggy?!)*



ADDRESS LIST FOR WORLD TRAVELERS 1993:

Hans Andersen
1724 S. 165 W.
Orem, UT 84058

Ed and Vickie Austin
194 N. 1040 E.
Orem, Utah 84057

Kimberly Burke
2635 Lexington Terr.
West Linn, OR 97068

Dana Clark
1964 N. 2000 E.
Mapleton, UT 84664

Amy Coleman
1550 Newcastle Rd.
Newcastle, CA 95658

Mat & KC Cowan
235 N. 400 W. #2
Provo, UT 84601

Susanne Davis
492 S. 520 W
Orem, Ut 84058

Lynn Elliot
Brigham Young University
Oliver House
Provo, UT 84602

Eric Goodman
19013 S. Center
Homewood, IL 60430

Virginia Hancock
412 Prosperity Ave.
Winslow, AZ 86047

Amber Hendrix
575 J. Street
Salt Lake City, UT 84103

Scott and Karen Horman
1275 Mohican Cir.
Pleasant Grove, UT 84062

Mark Jensen
543 N. 100 W.
Brigham City, UT 84302

April Lancaster
221 W. 185 S.
Orem, UT 84058

Andrew Madsen
3132 Shadowbrook Dr.
Provo, UT 84604

Scott Mahoney
1525 Aqua Vista Rd.
Richmond, CA 94805

Janna Martin
4558 N. 150 W.
Provo, UT 84604

Marty Matheson
1321 W. 1050 N.
Provo, Ut 84604

Robert Newman
1207 Orange Ave.
Ramona, CA 92065

Alyson Oldham
11085 S. Conestoga Dr.
Spanish Fork, UT 84660

Ladd Olsen
560 E. Maple St.
Mapleton, UT 84664

Margaret Owens
2046 Banbury Rd.
Walnut Creek, CA 94598

Beth Payne
1726 N. 1850 E.
Logan, UT 84321

James and Deanna Taylor
612 N. 800 E.
Orem, UT

Brian Peck
4284 Bora Bora Ave.
Fremont, CA 94538

Michelle Wilkinson (Howell)
5838 Friesian Way
Murray, UT 84107

Scott Preator
Box 328
Burlington, WY 82411

Keven Williamson
885 N. 500 W.
Provo, UT 84604

Scott Rands
10409 Pariva Trail
Austin, TX 78726

Dana and Kim Wise
3855 N. Canyon Rd.
Provo, UT 84604

Emily (Wilson) Rice
9664 Ernwood Place
San Ramon, CA 94583

Peggy Sue Wright
22 W. Nova Dr.
American Fork, UT 84003

Ken Richardson
319 E. Broadmore Drive
Tempe, AZ 85282

Elmo and Myrle Roundy
3218 Mojave Ln.
Provo, UT 84604

Tiffany Smith
1553 N. Emerald
Layton, UT 84040

Lisa Stone
4540 NW Malhuer Ave.
Portland, OR 97229

Jeff Stowell
12398 Portland Rd. NE
Bervais, OR 97026

Thomas Sutton
2365 N. 1000 E.
Provo, UT 84604