

TOUR HISTORY

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International Folk Dance Ensemble

Brigham Young University



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Thursday, June 26th, 1997
Stražnice, Czech Republic

We descended into Vienna, Austria around 9:30 a.m. We lost 8 hours since we had left Provo, so the day felt weird. The airport was laden with the odor of smoke – it was strong enough to kill us all. But who cares! We are in Europe! Making our way to the luggage pick-up, we soon discovered that Delynne's suitcase wasn't with us! So she went the day (plus a few more) without her things.

We each had to lug two bags out of the airport to the bus. Somehow, several of the women ended up dragging four bags (30 lbs. each!) across the airport floor. Funny thing, I didn't see any men helping us. Somehow, when the real work needs to be done, the men seem to disappear. Interesting...

So we got to the bus – a bus that had the luggage capacity of two bags. Utilizing the back of the bus, we squeezed everything in. How we did it we'll never know. Once loaded, we drove 3+ hours to Stražnice, Czech Republic. We arrived at a hotel by a lake in the woods. We were joined by the Portuguese, Italians, and Romanians.

We began to unload the bus – specifically, all of the technical equipment was marched up the stairs . . . just to be taken right back down to the other bus. We loved the extra work – right? Lunch brought great pleasure until we saw the broth and meat – was it meat? – they brought to us. Worried, we all turned to the bread for comfort. Thankfully, more food followed. By this time we had met our guides and interpreters, Eva and Itka.

We went to the performance location and ran through a few numbers before going back home for dinner. Dinner was wonderful because we were given oranges. Ah, blessed fruit! Also, we all sang "Happy Birthday" to Dave. It would have been more appropriate had it really been his birthday, but it was fun anyway. Afterwards, to our pleasant surprise, the Portuguese sang to him, then the Italians, then Romanians, then Eva and Itka sang in Czech, and finally Walter sang in Polish. It was awesome!

After dinner, a few girls went swimming in the lake. As they innocently swam in the cool water, two sneaky men, namely Lane and Clayton, stole their clothes and hung them in a tree. Everyone's a comedian. While this was occurring, the men played soccer with the Romanians. How did we fare? Let's just say humility is a *good* quality. Ethan played his heart and his ankle out. He was hurt with a twisted foot . . . ow!

Walter and Mary, Delynne, Cameron, Tara [C.], and Scott and Karen all went to the festival's first party in the castle. They enjoyed themselves. Looking for a light snack, all they found was more meat and bread – a common occurrence! Group prayer also came and went.

Later, a bunch of dancers went to a dance with the Romanians. Dave was there, so the Happy Birthday song was sung again. Plus, the foreign women all took turns kissing his cheeks. Not a bad first day for Dave! Actually, not a bad day for all of us.

– Holly Haddock

Friday, June 27th, 1997
Stražnice, Czech Republic

First complete day in the Czech Republic, Stražnice, or otherwise known as Joseph's Land of Slapping Fantasy. Our first experience of the day was the breakfast of cucumbers, tomatoes, and various cheeses and cold cuts. We were invited to meet with the mayor of Stražnice at 9:00 a.m. in the city hall. He welcomed us to the festival and told us of its history as well as the history of the area of Moravia. He told us that Jan Komensky, the Father of Education, studied for a short while in Stražnice. He gave us a toast, and touched his glass of wine with everyone's glass of water. We were presented with a beautiful vase unique to this area. We then went to Stadion Bludnik to rehearse for the evening performance.

We returned to our resort for lunch, and then most everyone went back into town. František Nejedlik, our bus driver, wanted to show us a famous area of wine cellars in a small village, Petrov, outside of Stražnice. The narrow street was lined with wine cellars built into the ground. They are not open to the public, but a few people were there and allowed us to look into them. Eva's grandfather was a wine-maker, so she explained much of the process to us. We also found one with large barrels of wine, and an elderly man demonstrated the syphon and some wine-drinking songs, and we sang a song for him. There was another drunk man overjoyed to have his picture taken with Mormons. We went back to town and went shopping. The hot spot was a little ceramic shop with the same style of pottery as we received from the mayor, as well as ice cream and cold drinks.

We went back for dinner from 5-7 p.m., and then back to Stadion Bludnik for the opening ceremony and evening performance. We were able to watch the Slovak, Portuguese, and Italian groups before we went to get ready for our show during the Polish and Romanian groups. We were then on for our first real performance on tour! We had a time limit and performed the Spanish Waltz, a band number, Texas Fandango into [Frontier] Hoedown, another band number, and Monroe's [Hornpipe]. For an encore we came back out and did Showdown.

The crowd was amazing. When we first came on to the stage a group started the wave during "Will the Circle." They absolutely loved the chaps and cowboy hats, the bluegrass music, and went crazy for the clogging. People just kept applauding and wanted more, so we were standing in a half-circle and did the wave back to them. They estimated that there were over 5000 people there. A few of the girls from the Romanian group came and congratulated us for being "The Best" with kisses on the cheek, and others commented that we were "The Champions."

We returned home and had a disco with the Romanian group. Most stayed up 'til 1 or even 2 a.m., but Joseph discovered some new slapping sequences and was hitting himself 'til 4 a.m. It was an absolutely wonderful day, and the feeling while we were on stage was incredible.

– Chris Wells

Saturday, June 28th, 1997 Stražnice, Czech Republic

After a "hearty" breakfast of tomatoes and cucumbers with bread and cheese, some of us hopped on the bus and had the wild ride with Frank the bus driver into "downtown" Stražnice. When we got there, Chris, Joseph, Clayton, Jed, Ethan, and some others went to the festival grounds to watch the *Verbunk*, or military recruiting competition. Joseph took a front row seat and filmed the whole thing. Others went shopping, got some Italian ice, looked at the festival booths, walked to Stražnice castle, and listened to the Peruvian street musicians. Then we headed back for lunch and got ready for the parade.

It was a hot, hot day, but there were a lot of people lined up to watch the parade. While we were waiting for the parade to begin, we made friends, or at least took pictures with, the groups around us. There was a darling group of little girls who came closer and closer to us as we were singing and practicing, so we included them with elbow swings and some do-si-dos. They were darling. We also met up with some Texans-with-Czech-ancestry who were there. Richard had a good time talking with them, and they jumped in the parade with us. We did Salty Dog Rag, Exhibition [Square Dance], and Pioneer [Heritage Medley] (and of course we sang about the fiddle riddle and ol' Susannah) down the bumpy streets for a very appreciative audience. Many people offered us wine and drinks to cool us down. At one point (a perfect moment, when we were all parched), Frank, our bus driver, hopped out of the crowd and gave us three big bottles of water. At the end of the parade route there was a little stage where we did Pioneer [Heritage Medley] as our grand finish. The crowd was so nice and really cheered and waved!

By that time we were all so sweaty, hot, and tired that when we got home many of the group dove into the lake (they changed into their swimsuits first, of course), while the rest took naps. After dinner, the option was to go back to the festival for the evening performances, or to stay home and rest. I believe that the people who chose either option had a good time.

Itka and Eva attended group prayer that evening, and looked a little teary as we practiced "God Be With You" in Czech. From about 11:00 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., the Italians sang and sang outside, while some people from our group danced with them, or in the square outside of the disco. Joseph and others danced the night away with the Romanians, while the rest of us fell asleep to the sounds of the happy activities going on outside.

– Amy Pinegar

Sunday, June 29th, 1997
Stražnice, Czech Republic

This account was written in the book of Tour History by the hand of Jonathon Wood, or in other words, I, Jonathon wrote this account for the remembrance of our travels and doings amongst the peoples of Europe, to be kept and read by ourselves and anyone who wants to.

1. And it came to pass, the last day of the Stražnice Festival had arrived.
2. And I, Jonathon, along with my brethren and sisteren did meet with the other tribes of the Festival and those other peoples of the area. And we commenced to have Mass.
3. And I, Jonathon, and methinks, some of my brethren and sisteren, did begin to tire, and began to be slothful in trying to look interested. And to our despair, the Priest noticed our tiredness and made a comment in a language that our tongues could not repeat.
4. Yet, the Priest did use his tongue to utter words in our language; yea, he did utter "Jesus is Superman" which did then lift my people's hearts to joy.
5. And it came to pass, that at the end of our Mass we did stand forth with the Spirit and sing in the tongue of the Priest and his followers, and did bring joy and happiness to them along with the Spirit, as evidenced by the smile on the Priest's face and the utterings of praise from the congregation to our leader Walter Whipple.
6. And it came to pass, that after gaining food and sustenance at the lunch hour we did journey away from our dwellings to the promised first performance site; yea, only to find that that commandment had been removed from our burdened shoulders.
7. And to lift our spirits, some did eat ice cream.
8. Thus, knowing our duty that lay ahead, we journeyed to the next performance stadium where we did await the revelation of how to proceed.
9. Behold, my people were the first Americans at this Festival, and were liked enough to perform last at the opening and closing show; yea, we were the last because we were the first Americans to perform in this region in many days.
10. Therefore, it cometh to pass that the first shall be last and the last shall be first.
11. And it came to pass that we did dance forth and perform Appalachian [Patchwork], Mountain Music, Pioneer [Heritage Medley], Cluck Old Hen, Monroe's [Hornpipe], and Showdown.
12. And it came to pass we did meet in the Church created by the Lord, yea, even in the wilderness to partake of the Sacrament and worship our Lord and Savior, wherein our brother Chris Wells did deliver a message to increase our spirits, and Walter Whipple did teach of the importance of the Czech Republic in the restoration of the Gospel in the latter days. Yea, he did teach that Jan Hus was the first reformer on the Continent of Europe, and the people rejected him and burned him at the stake, yea, methinks a most ignominious death.
13. Yea, we rejoiced to have those who might become members of the Church of God, yea, those being Eva and Itka, who were amongst us.
14. And it came to pass, that we did celebrate and dance with the other tribes at a gathering place in this region as a celebration of the end of the Festival. We left praises and wishes of goodwill with friends from the other tribes, and then returned to our normal dwellings.
15. Yea, we did even sing goodbye to our bus driver Frank; yea, we did sing "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again" in Czech. He did then depart from amongst us, and may the Lord keep him 'til we meet again.
16. And I, Jonathon, dwelt in my room.

- Jon Wood

Monday, June 30th, 1997
Východná, Slovakia

Sung to the tune of "Oh, Susannah"

Oh we come from Stražnice,
On a bus that's hot as heck.
We said good-bye to Eva*,
and Itka* was a wreck.

We drove all day,
We had no grub,
Our tummy's were rather sore.
So when Walter took us out to lunch,
We burst right through the door.

CHORUS:

Oh, we're Folk Dancers,
A lot like Pioneers.
But if we don't get off this bus,
We're sure to have sore rears.

The waitress said,
"You have your choice,
"Fried chicken, or fried cheese."
Yet some just opted for the rice,
Hey Walt! More "Cappy," please!

Alexandra, our new guide,
Became number thirty three.
And all the castles that we passed,
Were very cool to see.

REPEAT CHORUS

We got to our location,
But plans were all confused.
The couples still are celibate,
And Lane's door is now see through.

The night was filled with "if's & then's,"
While others just played cards.
Mike Brown was good at "Zip & Bong,"
When we slept it rained real hard.

FINAL CHORUS:

Oh Folk Dancers!
Hooray! We're off the bus.
We've finally reached Liptovský,
But when we get back on – DON'T CUSS!!

* All of us grew to love Eva and Itka, our tour guides in Stražnice. Leaving them was difficult, and we were touched by the feelings that we shared as well as our final good-bye song. Eva commented that when we sang she felt 'something special,' and we were humbled to think of our role in sharing the Gospel and the Spirit of the Lord. We pray for them and hope that someday we will meet again.

– Amanda Neilson

Tuesday, July 1st, 1997
Východná, Slovakia

Today was our first full day in Slovakia, which is an incredibly beautiful country. We enjoyed seeing the green mountains and farmland scattered with small villages on the bus ride yesterday. As far as we knew last night at devotional, we would probably be without a bus all day today, which made us wonder what we would do with all of our time. It actually turned out to be a wonderful day.

After breakfast, we had until lunch to go to town. It is about a twenty minute walk to downtown Liptovský Mikuláš. Postcards and stamps were the first items on most of our minds, then we all split up to go check out our new town. One particular gift shop was visited by practically all of us, and will probably be bought right out by the end of this week. Amy, Chris, Shane, and Mike found an old wooden bridge over some railroad tracks that we climbed to get a view of the city and its surroundings. While on the bridge, we met a lady who tried to speak to us. After several attempts at understanding each other, she went on her way, but was back within a few minutes, wanting our addresses. We gave her the folk dance department's address at BYU, but we wished we could have spoken with her better.

After lunch, we had some time to show some dances to the directors of the festival in a room just downstairs from where we're staying. We had a new member of our team for this practice – Lane had most of his hair cut off by Clayton this morning. After the (non) Russians had watched us dance, we were able to watch them dance. Wow!

Their lines were perfect, and the strength and grace they performed with was very impressive. Besides their remarkable stage presence, it was fun to see them dance on their toes, and with swords and knives in some dances.

The Italians were next. Their dancing was very simple, but each song was a party of its own. They seemed really happy and full of energy. The women were bouncy, and the cow bell seemed to never end.

We really got dressed up for dinner tonight. Delynne asked us all to wear our Western costumes to dinner, even our chaps. We've suddenly become a mostly vegetarian group after having meat for every meal for the past week. Upon arriving here, we were given the choice of meat or no meat for our meals, and more than 20 in our group declared themselves vegetarian for the next week.

After dinner, we got on the bus and went to town for a parade. There was hardly anyone on the street to watch because it was cold and raining. Ourselves and a group of Slovakian children were also the only groups in the parade. We stopped and did Exhibition Square [Dance] without the band, because of the rain. Delynne called the dance, and instead of only the small square dancing the first part, the other squares did [it] too for the first time in months. Besides not knowing that first part, we danced with our hats on, and they were pushed down over our ears each time we did a lift.

We had a small performance after watching the Slovakian children dance. Afterwards they had food for us, and the children wanted to teach us a song. It turned into sharing songs and dances from both countries. They played "Oh Susannah," a Slovakian version of "If You're Happy and You Know It," and a tune that sounded like the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which we sang. We taught them "The Hokey-Pokey." We all had a good time singing, dancing, and laughing with these children who were so cute.

Amanda and Stanton had the devotional today. Amanda said that we can be and should always try to be happy and grateful despite the things that could otherwise stop us from feeling this way, such as hot bus rides, carbonated water, married couples not rooming together, and not having Charmin toilet paper (the stuff here is like double wide crepe paper). She even offered her smiley face umbrella to anyone having a down day. There really are many things here to be happy about. Walter gave another wise thought today – "Blessed are the flexible, for they shall not get bent out of shape."

Some of the group went to the "Disco" that the (non) Russians were hosting and made friends with many of them. Amy found herself being chased, or in her words, "danced at," by a couple of (non) Russian guys.

This was a fun day for us all. We will really enjoy our stay in Slovakia, and are looking forward to the festival in Východná.

– Mike Brown

Wednesday, July 2nd, 1997 Východná, Slovakia

Dear Mom:

Hope things are well for you at home. Just thought I'd send a little note to give you an idea of what we're up to here in Slovakia. Since we arrived at the Východná Festival early, we've had some time to play. This morning after our usual fare of bread, cheese, peppers, and tomatoes, we boarded the bus and headed to THE CAVES! We were off on a special mission to figure out if Slovakian stalactites and stalagmites are any different than American ones. We stopped at Pemänovska Jaskyňa first and walked for two kilometers in order to complete our mission. We also climbed 976 stairs! I don't think I want a stair stepper anymore! The cave was beautiful, and we had fun making pictures out of the rock formations. It was just like finding pictures in the clouds! In the big room, the tour guide told us she would "make a darkness," so the lights went completely dark. The married couples enjoyed these few moments immensely and I guess Lane and Anne were feeling a little left out, as they were caught in mid-embrace when the light came on! We sang "America the Beautiful" and headed back out to the surface where the sun shines SOMETIMES! Walter herded us back down the hill by stating "let's make like horse biscuits and hit the trail!" He keeps us laughing so we won't get *sooo* grouchy. He also said, "Come, come, my turtle dove, and we'll throw the skunk in the tunnel of love." Hmm – like I said, he keeps us happy.

After dinner we had a performance on a squishy SPAC stage. People were getting cuts and bruises right and left – either from the metal bars poking out on the stage, or Britney's fingernails! We danced in a little city called Lúčky at a health spa/retreat for women who can't have children. With the stage and audience being so small, we had a cozy show. They could definitely see the struggles we were having trying to fit everyone on the stage. It was quite

comical! (Betcha didn't know we had such a funny show – maybe we should go on Jay Leno!) We had Coke, mineral water, and sandwiches (open-faced, of course) after the show and looked forward to a night of disco dancing. The disco never came to be because our favorite group, the "non" Russian dancers also had a performance and didn't get back early enough. You know, I think this is the essence of Folk Festivals – meeting people, learning their dances, and creating ties around the world. Folk dance is most definitely for *people*, for expressing hopes, joys, sorrows, traditions, and for just celebrating life through dance! I am so thankful I am here and hope this helps you feel a part of the experience through a little picture of what I've been up to!

I love you all!

– Tara Christopher

Thursday, July 3rd, 1997
Východná, Slovakia

First, we traveled through time to a small town,
With old trinkets and old homes all around.
The school seemed a stage,
From a medieval age,
But Walter had his boyhood days found.

Next, we ventured to a glacier-fed lake.
(Not one soul swam in it, for Pete's sake!)
We took pictures with stumps,
And two massive ski jumps,
The view was so great that it looked fake.

We ate peppers, then came to the base,
To buy out the vendor of lace.
It caused us much relief,
That there had been no thief –
Those three boys had not done a disgrace.

For the show in Liptovský Hrádok,
The men's room was way up in the attic.
But all we needed was there,
After the thought and a prayer,
And the crowd was so charismatic.

We soon did the thing we had come for:
We were ready to dance – this time hard-core.
Since the stage was so big,
We jammed out in our jig,
We repeated two times our solo encore!

After Joseph sped home on the freeway,
We had our free time and our leeway.
Some went out for walks,
Some used charades for talks,
And the Woods had a midnight PDA.

– Jed Weyland

Friday, July 4th, 1997
Východná, Slovakia

Went to Východná for a morning rehearsal at the radio station. Saw a huge stork's nest balancing on top of a chimney near the station.

In the afternoon, I went with several dancers into town. Passed by an old abandoned building, or what we thought was abandoned. There was a laundry line with clothes hanging out a lower window. Soon after we turned to see a handful of Gypsy children run outside to play. One had only a dirty pair of underwear on. It was *so* sad. I couldn't believe the conditions they were living in. I hated it. To think of my "wealth" compared to them was humbling. I wanted to wrap them up and take them home with me.

Cameron Sneddon got pick-pocketed while in a shop with a group of dancers. His planner was stolen from his bag along with \$9.00 of Slovakian money.

Went to a folk art gallery prior to our national radio broadcast of "Oh Susannah" and "Come, Come Ye Saints." While waiting to depart for the evening show after our radio broadcast, I was sitting on the bench by our bus when a 78-year old Slovakian man came to sit with me. Adam was his name. Rastio, an interpreter from Bratislava, came over to translate. The little man was very poor. His hands still had dirt all over them, probably from working in the fields. His teeth were all rotted, the half that were still remaining. He had a dusty cap on his head along with dark glasses to shield his red, swollen eyes. Adam told me many things. I learned Východná had 3,700 residents.

Adam recently discovered a new spring the village could use for fresh water, yet a new highway being built could prevent access to the water. Inflation keeps going up in Východná while pay remains the same. Adam lives on 4,000 crowns per month, or \$100.00 in U.S. money. Adam was in WWII. Still has shrapnel in his neck. As I stood to leave, I thanked Adam for speaking with me, and thanked Rastio for interpreting. Then I took a photo of the three of us.

Went to the folk show in Východná called "Slúk." Walked around with Tara Christopher prior to the performance. We made our way over to the W.C. I've never had to pay to use a toilet. It was absurd to me.

On the way home we enjoyed singing patriotic songs while watching natural fireworks – a lightning storm. As I reflected on the struggles of these people in overcoming communism, I gained a deeper gratitude for the freedoms we take for granted in the USA. I'm so grateful to be here on tour, and for all I'm experiencing and learning. So glad to be here.

– Tara Taylor

Saturday, July 5th, 1997 **Východná, Slovakia**

*To rain or not to rain,
That was the question.*

It rained! Our trip to the thermal springs was canceled due to clouds and showers. This afforded everyone a lazy, free morning. Breakfast at 9:00 a.m. and nothing else was planned until lunch at noon. People slept, washed, visited town, and read their various books. After lunch, late of course, we went to the parade in Východná. After 30 minutes of dancing with Italians, Yugoslavs, and 3 Slovakian groups in the gym [Kulturny Dom], the parade was cancelled. The Slovakian girls had beautifully intricate headpieces. The rest of the evening was spent trading costumes with the non-Russian [Ossetian] group. It was almost 3 hours of changing clothes, taking pictures, and dancing. Both groups looked neat in the other's costumes. The girls' costumes were almost like wedding dresses.

I forgot to mention that after the parade was cancelled we went to the rainy festival where the performances were cancelled for the afternoon. People shopped in the rain at the festival for 45 minutes.

With all the rain and a rainy forecast it's been a slow day. A disco is going on tonight, as is a Phase 10 game.

– Dave Daniel

Sunday, July 6th, 1997 **Východná, Slovakia**

As our last day at the festival and our last full day in Slovakia, we all felt a little anxious. Anxious to perform well, anxious to find all of those Slovakian treasures we wanted to buy as well as spending the last few crowns we had, and anxious to spend time with new-found friends before we left the festival and would not see them again. Today was a day of excitement and fear.

Everyone woke up with vigor and energy, except me (I stayed up talking just a little too long the previous night). We went down to breakfast hoping to get sweetbread and jam. Instead we were served . . . hot dogs? Sure enough, Oscar Meyer somehow found his way to Slovakia and we had weiners for breakfast. We picked up the sack lunches they had packed for us, loaded the bus, and headed for the festival. Although it wasn't raining today (we prayed for good weather allowing us to perform), everything was muddy from the previous two days' storms. We left our costumes in the small dressing room they showed us and headed for the booths looking for gifts to buy. Some people bought beautiful wood sculptures like Hillary's girl playing the violin, or Mike's woodcutter panel. Many bought wooden Christmas ornaments. Some bought the leather dance shoes, like Karen. We came back and put on our costumes for the show. There was still a fair amount of time before we were on stage though, so most of the girls wore their tennis shoes with their dresses to prevent spoiling their dance shoes in the mud. Despite this, the Italian team took many pictures of/with our team. Our performance went well until the middle of the band number "Orange Blossom Special" when to no-one's surprise the bass speaker [amp] ran out of battery and died. Lindsay and Amy were busy exchanging the one pair of beige character shoes and the slip between Exhibition Square [Dance] and [Frontier] Hoedown, but managed to get on stage well anyway and smile as though nothing had happened. Unfortunately the

stage wasn't mic'd so hearing the clogs on Rise & Shine was difficult, but everyone clapped and had a good time.

After the performance we passed out many programs to the crowd who were all anxious to get one. We took our picture with Alexandra in costume, and then changed our clothes. To save time the guys changed on the bus. We took the costumes and props out to the bus, took our lunches in and watched the Slovak dancers present a show of dances from all of the regions of Slovakia.

We came back to the dormitory and had some Church meetings. Mary & Delynne taught a Relief Society lesson on "Handling Differences with Others" and Lane gave a Priesthood lesson on "Preparing to Establish Zion." These meetings were followed by a beautiful Sacrament Meeting where Ruth and Jon spoke. We stayed in our Sunday clothes for dinner and sang to the kitchen staff to tell them thank you after the meal.

We had the evening free, so many people played Phase 10 or packed, while others read, slept, and talked. Then the night began and the discos started up. The Italian group left at 1:00 a.m., so many said their good-byes to the Italians. Most, however, spent one final evening with the "non-Russians." Margo, "Sweet Pea", was spotlighted at evening prayer, so we got to hear about rooming with a guy in France! ☺ It was a fun day!

– Julene Wilcox

Monday, July 7th, 1997 **Východná, Slovakia to Biała-Podlaska, Poland**

This morning we woke up, ate breakfast, and were on our way to Poland. We finally got to the border! We waited and waited and waited. Walter told us that the Polish officer was asserting his authority. He was giving us trouble over Joseph Kroupa's passport and how expensive our sound equipment was. Our Slovak bus driver, Joseph, was very angry at the Polish officer, and Walter said that he called him an "old man that passes a lot of gas."

We were soon on our way into the beautiful country of Poland. We soon got to the town where we were to meet the bus we would use in Poland. We got to the culture house and quickly found out that there were two culture houses in the city, and we were at the wrong one.

We quickly went to the other one, found an alley, unpacked the bus, and waited for the Polish bus driver. While we were waiting, many of us played "catch" with the football, or we tossed the Frisbee. We hadn't been playing too long when a Polish woman walked out and started to yell at us. We thought she was mad at us for playing close to her car, but Walter said she didn't like the bus blocking the drive way. We quickly gave her a few souvenirs and her anger turned into passiveness. Heck, she was willing to help, and later let us use the "interesting" bathrooms at the vocational school she was in charge of. A guy in the stalls in the boys' bathroom could talk to girls in their stalls – very scary and interesting. It's a good thing she let us use those bathrooms, because many in the group had tried to use a high school's bathrooms, but to no avail – they were kicked and locked out of the building.

We quickly packed the bus, after the new bus driver backed up and dented his bus. We were off to Krakow. We got there in a couple of hours and arrived for a lunch three hours late – it was about 4:30 p.m. We then had an opportunity to go to the old part of town. We saw what looked like a "Monet" on the Vistula River, which was very high. We saw and walked by the enormously beautiful Wawel Castle, went down the cobble stone Girl Scout Street, and then went to the immaculate "Our Church of Our Lady Mary." Although it was under renovation, its pillars, paintings, and beauty were still breath-taking. Most of us then went to Cloth Hall, the market place, where we bought chess sets, folk dolls, and folk plates.

We then all got on the bus for a nine hour ride. This bus didn't have the ventilation that it should have. In the front by the windows it was cold, but in the back, with no ventilation, it was hot and humid. However, evening came and cooled things off. It was soon night and the wheels on the bus went round and round, while the people on the bus tried to sleep, sleep, sleep! Goodnight little missionaries.

– Shane Wright

Tuesday, July 8th, 1997
Biała-Podlaska, Poland

The first task of the day was recovering from our eternal bus ride. Time for bed kids. See you in about five hours. With the day nearly half over, we were just waking up and heading off to lunch. Hey everybody, take a wild guess about what was for lunch! Uh . . . hmmm, well . . . could it possibly be . . . meat and potatoes! I know it's shocking.

After a quick walk into the city and a tour around the palace remains and museum, the troops converged upon the bank for money exchange. The lucky ones accomplished the endeavor quickly and were free to look around the town of Biała-Podlaska. The unlucky few got stuck in long lines, attempted to communicate in Polish, and then stepped outside into torrential rain.

More free time after dinner. Phase 10 anyone? Just be sure you always skip Amanda! How about Ultimate Frisbee? "Just be nice to me, Stanton, and I promise to catch the pass." Dancing with Macedonians was the chosen activity for others. Regardless of the preferred activity, the evening proved a nice time for fun and relaxation. With the nightly ritual of prayer it closed. Goodnight all.

– Lindsay Slade

Wednesday, July 9th, 1997
Biała-Podlaska, Poland

Rhyme Without Reason: Thoughts and Insights On Tour

So here it is, my report de tour,
On this the 9th of July.
A day filled with fun and show's galore,
Parades and people; I tell no lie.

We began the day in the usual way,
With cheese and bread upon our plate.
Then off to town to dance around,
I'll tell you more, just you wait.

Exhibition Square, then Pioneer,
Were first upon our list.
Orange Blossom was next followed by Tex,
A slice of Americana; you get the gist.

After lunch towards mid-day,
Officials were met from the city.
Thus launched the festival on its way,
Biała-Podlaska, Oh! How pretty!

Songs were sung and friends were made,
With other groups and the folks in town.
Then off to the streets for a big parade,
Oh, for such fun we jumped up and down.

And how about that band, let's give 'em a hand,
Without them we'd be messed.
And to our directors: there are no betters,
And Stanton you're the best.

Some fantastic things happened, while we were dancin',
The two step and the polka.
And thus ends this day, Oh, remember to say,
"I love you," Biała-Podlaska.

– Cameron Sneddon

Thursday, July 10th, 1997
Biała-Podlaska, Poland

Breakfast was interesting today. A few people experienced problems with the Word of Wisdom. I won't mention any names, but Dave drank a whole half cup of coffee! Sweety (Shane) immediately lost his appetite when he discovered a dead fly in his cup. At devotional, Holly modeled her newly bought trendy shoes, Winnie was featured in today's spotlight, and Cameron gave an excellent thought on the dipper and the bucket.

At 11:00 a.m. we drove the bus to "the big M" store and did a 15 minute show in Appalachian outfits. Nothing extremely funny happened there. Different activities went on after that: lunch, shopping, hair cuts, naps, chess tournament, walk to the market place to buy fruit, and a big group of guys and Lindsay, DaÑae, Cecilie, and Amy played Frisbee football.

Following our fad rehearsal in the gym, we departed to Rukiton cultural house (6 miles from Belarus). We were blessed to receive a very protein-rich meal for dinner. One half of the table didn't touch the soup. They didn't bother telling the second half of the table that we were eating stomach and intestine [tripe] soup (obviously a Polish delicacy). Quite a few people felt sick after the news. Our show was on a small wooden floor. It was a good show. Shane, though, had some trouble pulling his gun out of its holster during [Texas] Fandango. Overall, I think Sweety had a rough day with the fly *and* the gun. When the show ended with "Go Ye Now In Peace" and a much practiced "God Be With You" in Polish, the lody-lady grabbed the microphone and talked like Niagara Falls. She was so grateful for us coming. Even the audience laughed a little at her. She was funny.

I was fortunate to sit next to Joseph on the bus home and get a full report on the history of chocolate and its productional functions. So, you know who to go to if you are interested in chocolate facts.

- Cecilie Karnil

P.S. Joseph managed to eat ½ kg. of chocolate today. He would have eaten more, but the kiosk (Sam's) around the corner closed at 10:00 p.m. (We came home at 10:30 p.m.)

Friday, July 11th, 1997
Biała-Podlaska, Poland

After another typical Polish breakfast, Britney brightened our day by sharing that all cultures and peoples, no matter how different, are children of Our Heavenly Father. Jon (Frankenstein) said the prayer.

We quickly got ready to go do a promo performance. Our backdrops were two "malodorous" (to quote Walter) garbage bins. It didn't smell that bad though. The show went well and a little blonde girl, 4-5 years old, took a liking to Jed Weyland and gave him a beautiful flower. ☺ Lady killer. Must be his smile and lots of winking.

Most of us went home to the dorms and a few were invited to Richard's house for lunch. Walter took the room key with him, so Clayton and Winston had to improvise by climbing from window to window. It sounds dangerous and it was. Walter is so generous we couldn't be mad long.

After lunch we went to see an Arabian horse farm. There were some striking, muscular stallions (not only our men, of course). We were able to pet them and dream of having enough money to buy the brown one.

We left the farm and went to a nearby city to perform in the street. It was supposed to be only 15 minutes, but upon arrival it was changed to 30 minutes. We are now used to changes, except for when it comes to food. We performed for a rather large audience and a T.V. camera. During the band number, Chris got us started dancing with the children.

We found out that a French group was there and wanted a picture. As we were about to take the picture, a drunk man stepped in front and started to speak to us (of course we didn't understand). David Daniel saved the day by grabbing the guy enthusiastically to the side and started teaching him a dance.

Our dinner was going to be served to us after our next performance at a "small" culture house. So, Walter bought 6 loaves of bread, 36 Snickers bars, and enough bananas so everyone could have a third of a banana. He thinks of everything.

We arrived at the "small" culture house in the pouring rain to find that our show had changed and shortened. Happiness was spread forth among the dancers. Before we started, a choir of 7 older Polish women in traditional costume sang some songs for us. They were so proud.

We all felt like molecules bouncing off of each other. Personal space did not exist. Singing for them was a great experience. Their faces lit up as we sang in Polish. The room was so small that our voices filled it in sweet harmony and emotion. Staring into their eyes and being so close to them was the highlight for me.

Joe and Monica approached us afterward in very good English to congratulate us. He was from Warsaw, and was 70 but looked like he was 60. Served in WWII, then lived 40 years in North Hollywood, California, and had finally returned to Poland. He was especially close to Shane and Holly because they were sitting by them at dinner. During dinner the 7 old ladies performed an old song which told a love story of a girl and a farm boy. The boy wanted to marry her but – *Michelle please explain story*. Greg, our bus driver, laughed and laughed. We laughed because he laughed so much.

It was a long day full of fun and activities. But it didn't end when we went home. Hillary left the washing machine on for 4 hours and one of her shirts was shredded and stretched. Maybe now it will fit.

– Clayton Dorny

Saturday, July 12th, 1997 Biała-Podlaska, Poland

This day was a very special day. It was Michelle Matthew's 21st birthday. We sang her happy birthday and she loved it. It was a bad day for Holly and Jon, however. Jon had some pants stolen off the clothesline. Holly had her warm-up pants and t-shirt stolen off the clothesline. It was a sad morning on that account.

Later in the day several people went on an excursion to the Farmer's Market, downtown. Tara T. and Mike had an interesting time with the shop owners. Tara bought a bag of cherries from one of the shops. Mike wanted to make the same purchase. While trying to explain to the shop owner what Mike wanted, he held up Tara's bag of cherries. The shop owner made a bag for Mike, and then promptly stepped over to Tara, opened her hand of change, took the proper amount, and thanked them. Tara and Mike found this a very humorous event. Next Mike and Tara went to buy some fresh peas. The exact same situation took place at this shop. Mike and Tara certainly had their laughs at the market.

Some of the group stayed at the dorms to play Ultimate Frisbee. Stanton accidentally knocked Clayton upside the head. Winston almost caused an embarrassing situation for Jedd Peterson, when his hand hit Jedd's shorts. His shorts were almost lost. Jon Wood's pants were recovered on a bench near where the game was played. The pants were sitting on the bench folded up nicely just waiting to be found.

Tara Christopher had extra curly hair. She wore curlers all day. She fit in with the Polish people. She wore a scarf on her head all day to cover them. She even wore it when some of us went to the Ukrainians' performance. The Polish women wear scarfs on their head, too.

When we were getting ready for our performance there was a lot of hustle and bustle. Tara C. was screaming in the hall when her hair turned out to be extra curly. This happened at the same moment apartment 110 lost their light. These girls lost their light because it fell from the ceiling and came crashing to the floor. There was glass all over their floor, with wires hanging out of the ceiling. It was an exciting night.

Our show was a great success. We received a Polish standing ovation. There were many smiles and tears as we sang to them in Polish. We all felt blessed to be in Poland that night.

The day ended as we all tried to sleep. The Swiss band was playing in the stairwell on the floor above us. On the floor below us the disco room had its music playing. Just outside the disco room the Turks had their music playing. All three music sources were very loud. It was an interesting sound as all three played as loudly as was possible. We were so tired that it didn't matter. We fell asleep anyway. It was a good day.

– Ruth Hansen

Sunday, July 13th, 1997
Biała-Podlaska, Poland

Top 10 reasons why today was today and not yesterday (or even tomorrow).

- 10 Today was Sunday, and Sundays are cool.
- 9 We got to do a show on a real stage.
- 8 We got to eat lunch in a pool room.
- 7 There was pickled herring for all to enjoy at the buffet.
- 6 No dinner until 11 p.m.
- 5 Once we did get dinner, it was at a fun farewell banquet and disco.
- 4 Richard, our pilot [guide] dancing.
- 3 Tara C. spilling her guts. (That is, she spilled her tripe soup. Some others ate their guts.)
- 2 We were able to have Church in the morning which helped set the mood for the Sabbath.
- 1 Great Sacrament Meeting talks by Hillary and Clayton.

And that folks, is the Top 10 list why today was today (and a great day, at that)!
– Scott Horman

Monday, July 14th, 1997
Biała-Podlaska, Poland to Siedlice, Poland

I believe it was the great Harry Connick, Jr. who wrote, "If I stand alone, either common or royal – I'm not afraid to cross the sea of toil, with imagination, I'll get there."

Well, it took a little more teamwork with imagination to cram props, luggage, and 38 bodies onto a small bus to perform the task of journeying onward to a new destination. We bade Biała-Podlaska farewell and ventured on to the neighboring province of Siedlice. The drive, with exception to a muggy climate, was brief and pleasant. In all honesty, changing provinces was about as eventful as changing socks. Siedlice is a city of about 105,000, and the city has far more twists and turns than Biała-Podlaska.

A gothic cathedral graces the skyline here, and many made the trek into town today to discover the terrain and new *lody*. Ice cream has hit the number one spot on the charts as a creative way to assimilate calcium.

An optional adventure was taken by some to see a beautiful manor home and surrounding landscapes. Dashing through the fields in a one horse open sleigh became an imaginary event as a few took pictures in Santa's abandoned transport. The quaint and beautiful landscape became a fabulous backdrop to a royal sausage roast at the end of the visit. Polish sausages look far more succulent and appetizing when roasted over an open campfire, then spiced with a kicky Polish mustard. Actually, it's not bread and cheese, so it was a delightful break from the norm.

At the end of the evening, two worlds collided as the Macedonians and the Americans went head-to-head in an exciting game of "Phase 10." Needless to say, the Macedonians won.

– Camille Heckmann

Tuesday, July 15th, 1997
Siedlice, Poland

Today is unique because it is a day for relaxing and sightseeing. Usually, we are always performing or have some other engagements. (There are still some other things that are routine, though, like sandwiches for dinner and breakfast, shopping, and ice cream.)

After breakfast, some stay in town to shop or see the town cathedral, unique for its entirely brick structure, including its round brick columns. Its two huge spires greet us majestically every time we drive into town. While many are in town, doing these errands, some are at home doing laundry or playing chess or resting. (Is it a surprise that Joseph is still in bed at 11:00 a.m.?)

We have our daily devotional, given by the Whipples. Today is a day to focus on nature – Walter teaches us about wheat, barley, oats, and rye. God's creations are both functional and beautiful. Mary leads us in "All Creatures of Our God and King."

Clayton Dorny is our spotlight today. What a good man! Sometimes called "Professor George" or the "Kissing Bandit," he tells us stories of the White Rooster and of a basketball game in high school. Regarding his nickname, he proves himself later today by kissing Cecilie on the bus. We all love Clayton; we were touched by his wonderful talk given on Sunday and by his example of hard work heading up the loading crew.

After the devotional, we head in to town for a delightful lunch, and then off to Liw, to see its castle. We experience intermittent showers of rain, but make it in the castle alright. In the museum, there are many pieces of armor and many weapons: rifles, spears, lances, and bayonets. Our guide tells us stories of the ghosts of the castle, in particular, the Yellow lady. Next, we climb the steps of the tower to see the guardpost. Many pictures are taken, either of the cows in the meadows, of folk dancers in shackles, or donning various helmets. This has been a neat trip and we are glad we came.

Next, Greg takes us to Liw itself. We have an hour to shop and see the town. Here everyone experiences an "O.D. on *lody*." Especially Ethan and Walter; they have fourteen scoops each. And then more after dinner!

The drive back to Siedlice is beautiful. There are endless fields, golden and green. And many wildflowers, too. We see many cattle, chickens, tractors driving along the road, an old man riding with a scythe strapped to the back of his bicycle, beautiful country houses, and quaint Polish life in general. Most spectacular is the bright rainbow painting the sky after the rain. Thanks be to God for his lovely creations, simple signs of his love for us.

Tonight is relaxed and simple. Some attend the festival, where our young Macedonian friends and the Turks perform. Some hit the field for games of Ultimate Frisbee, soccer, etc. And some have a journal fest in the hall, catching up to the day, and writing letters to family and significant others.

Our day ends, as usual, with a devotional; making plans for tomorrow, singing "Lead Kindly Light" and having "family prayer."

– Richard Heaton

Wednesday, July 16th, 1997 Siedlice, Poland

Surprise, surprise! Today was the 1st day we have been in Poland that it hasn't rained. We are all in awe. ☺ Breakfast this morning was interesting but good. They served us hot milk and rice and of course our usual rolls and jam. They also served us compote. They learned quickly after yesterday morning when they tried to serve us tea. After breakfast we had free time 'til devotional at noon. People used this time to sleep, shop, and do laundry. We had a wonderful lunch as usual at this restaurant – tomato noodle soup, potatoes, sausage breaded with corn flakes, tomatoes, and a dessert of Jello, whipped cream and raisins.

We had an afternoon performance at a youth camp. We decided to only do the fad section. The kids liked it so much they wanted more, but since fad is only on CD, the band didn't bring instruments. To satisfy them, we just repeated the show backwards. Delynné has decided to never let the band go anywhere without our instruments. They served some great refreshments of juice, sweetbread, and cookies. Then an afternoon disco started. The kids had been learning jazz dance, and so they would dance for us, and then we'd teach them an easy step, and then everyone would just dance their own way. It was tons of fun.

We then returned to the restaurant for their usual bread, meat, cheese and jam. The main performance began at 6:00 p.m. We arrived just at the tail end of the Cuban band. They were fun to watch and listen to. Our performance went fairly well after the boards for the hoedown table [bench] arrived. ☺ (The boards were accidentally left at the Dom Kultury.) After the program we handed out flyers and they quickly disappeared – everyone wanted one. Walter decided to buy out the little shack store at the arena to prepare for the long drive into Ukraine the next morning.

Some of the interesting thing that happened today:

Holly's hair was put in rollers by Lane last night. This morning you'd never have recognized her. She looked like a white pickaniny. It was really cute.

Joseph and Stanton weren't at the restaurant after lunch, so we just left them and hoped they'd catch up to us at the culture building [Dom Kultury]. Luckily they did.

We discovered that they make Cheetos with hazelnut flavoring. Very interesting, but I wouldn't call them *Cheetos*.

– Margo Wilcox

Thursday, July 17th, 1997
Siedlice, Poland to Lutsk, Ukraine

Sung to the tune of "Oh, Susannah"

We woke up early in the morning,
The bus was packed by eight.
After breakfast we went to leave,
But for the Turkeys we did wait!

At noon we reached Włodawa,
And around the town we toured.
After lunch of potatoes and meat,
To the *lody* stand we poured.

CHORUS

Oh, Ukraine!
We are on our way to you.
We hope the bathrooms are usable,
And the bedrooms are made for two!

With police escort and caravan,
To the border we did go.
Hoping you would let us in,
So we could give you a show.

Bread and salt and a big brass band,
Greeted us at the line.
All the groups sang a song,
While the girls stood in the bathroom line.

CHORUS

We had another escort,
From the border to Luck (Lutsk).
As we drove we sang Lane's songs,
And nothing rhymes with Luck (Lutsk).

By seven we arrived at a hotel,
It sure was a sight to see.
The couples had a room together,
But the towels, they were not free.

CHORUS

Oh, Ukraine!
We're here to perform for you.
We hope the crowds will like us,
And not off the stage we're booed.

– Jedd Peterson

Friday, July 18th, 1997
Lutsk, Ukraine

At noon all groups went to the University Park for a photo shoot. They did us once as a group, and then together with all the groups. The groups are: Italy (Sicily), Poland (Nowy Sącz, "Lachy"), Belarus, Ukraine (Luck), Turkey (Ankara) and us, and Macedonia (Skopje, "Kočo Racin," a different one than the one in Siedlice – in fact some of this group was in Springville last summer). There was music from some of the groups and some dancing.

The Nowy Sącz group did not dance today because Poland is having a day of fasting and prayer and mourning because of the flooding in Southern Poland. More than 40 people have died and it is said that in some areas the waters are 6 meters high. The news said that 25 out of 49 provinces are under water.

Joseph Kroupa told this story about Shane Wright. Joseph came in late last night because he and Cecilie Karnil were with Delynne to meet the mayor at a reception. It was probably about 2 a.m. Shane was fast asleep. Joseph went out in the hall and did a little visiting. He came back in about 2:45 a.m. He sat on his bed and Shane awoke and sat up. He looked at Joseph, and Joseph asked him if he would like to take the first or second shower. Shane motioned for Joseph to take the first one. Then he bowed his head to say his morning prayers. Then he looked up at his clock, but couldn't tell the time, because he couldn't see well. So he took it in his hand and looked, only to see that it was 3 a.m. Joseph laughed and laughed.

At 5 p.m. we were at the Luck Castle for the Festival's opening ceremonies. There was a very large crowd, and some of our students and Delynne were interviewed by the Press – live. Delynne said most of them asked for our impression of Luck and Ukraine and the Festival. At the ceremony our groups and the other visiting groups stood on roofed porch-like areas which extend between the towers. It was up two steep flights of stairs. Our job was to sing a

number and wave our flag on signal. We did "Oh, Susannah." The other groups sang their songs also. Below us, at ground level, there was a stage where Ukrainian groups (both singing and dancing) performed. It was about a two-hour ceremony. We estimated about 6,000 people were in attendance.

At dinner Grzegorz, our bus driver, sat with me, Walter, Karen, and Scott. He told us that about three years ago his daughter was very ill and had to undergo major surgery. She recovered, and he attributed her healing to God, rather than to medicine. He told us that he made a vow that he would never take a drink of alcohol or smoke a cigarette. He said his wife is happy that she never has to worry about him coming home drunk and causing conflict in the family. He said he discovered how much fun you can have without drinking. Today, twice, I noticed him reading his Book of Mormon and the thought crossed my mind that perhaps because of his faithfulness, Heavenly Father caused our paths to cross.

Also at dinner Karen noticed that at the table next to ours, everyone left after eating except Lane, Shane, and Cameron. They simply sat there for quite a while. She knew they were up to something, but could get no answer out of them. Soon she looked at them and they were eating a second dessert. They had waited until almost everyone had left so they could have an extra dessert. Well, Karen went over to get some from them (teasing) and they all quickly licked their desserts so she wouldn't want any.

Just before devotional I noticed that Julene was jamming with a couple of the Turks. one was playing a guitar-like instrument, and she taught him how to play "Orange Blossom Special." He learned it well. Winston and DaNae told me that that afternoon in the city they met three American women working in the Peace Corps. The two youngest, college graduates, were from Queens and Ohio; the older of the three is from Minneapolis. These two younger girls (Lilie and Wendy) were very helpful to Winston and DaNae. They helped them change money. They drank a pop together, and while doing that two gypsy kids came up to them and tried to take it from them. The girls explained to them that we must be *very* careful here. They said that all the policemen everywhere are here to protect us.

During dinner, the group sang "Happy Birthday" to Dave Daniel again, and the other two groups responded with their versions of "Happy Birthday." He began the tour at 22 and is now 25. A very fun and nice thing happened to Ruth at the disco downstairs last night. When she entered the room, the Polish group (Nowy Sącz) asked for our leader (Delynne) who wasn't there, so they said, "You'll do just fine," to Ruth – six strong men picked her up and threw her up in the air for about 2-3 minutes. She said it was such fun. They were singing "Sto Lat" while they did it. They gave her a bag of gifts for our group, and afterwards each one of them waltzed with her.

– Mary Whipple

Saturday, July 19th, 1997 Lutsk, Ukraine

Because this morning was rainy and wet, many of us opted to sleep some more after devotional, while some of us went into town. This afternoon we had to get into costume to attend a Ukrainian performance. Little did we know that we would never see daylight again! The performance began at noon and at 4 p.m. we found ourselves STILL WATCHING THE SHOW!!! Despite the painful length, the performance was full (and I mean full) of Ukrainian song and dance, and each team involved in the festival had an opportunity to sing a song from their country. Finally, at 4 p.m. the festival director ordered our team to leave to eat dinner. We felt bad leaving but since our last meal was eons ago we ducked out as quick as we could. Later this evening we had a 30 minute performance and were followed by the team from Belorussia—very technical and beautiful dancers! After dinner most of the team went to the nightly disco while some stayed on our floor and listened to music while playing beauty parlor—Lane loaded Britney's and Holly's hair with curlers and Holly braided my whole head. Fun, Fun!

– Anne McNally

Sunday, July 20th, 1997
Lutsk, Ukraine

It's possible we made history today as the first Saints to hold Priesthood and Relief Society in a bar. Despite the interesting atmosphere, Cecilie, Lindsay, and Jed taught us many important truths. Cecilie encouraged us to think of the experiences we've had that have already made this tour worth it, and related our journey to D&C 81:5 and D&C 108:7. Lindsay spoke of our 2-fold mission: to seize opportunities to share the Gospel and to uplift each other, and encouraged us to remember that we are helping to lay the foundation for the Gospel to be shared with all the nations. Jed discussed Joseph Smith and the revelations that have come since his time as prophet.

We then moved into an oh-so-tiny room for Sacrament Meeting. Amy spoke about the light of Christ and urged us to infuse that light into our souls. Shane dubbed us "glorified undercover member missionaries" and encouraged us to show the love of Christ through missionary work and to not leave the impression that Americans are sleepy (as Joseph slept in the corner!). Camille reminded us that we are here to glorify God, not ourselves and that Mormons are continually swimming upstream in a river that is going fast. We can't afford to take time to rest from our efforts. Tara Taylor then shared her testimony through her music as she played a beautiful arrangement of "I Know That My Redeemer Lives." Greg joined us for church again today, and Chris helped him find the scripture references in his Polish Book of Mormon.

The second Sacrament Meeting was over, we found out we had a half-hour show starting in 20 minutes so we hurried to get ready and left for the theater. After this show we sang our popular "Boudmo" [Будь мо] song and the crowd went wild. If only we had a clue what we were saying! After lunch, all the dancers attended Mass in the beautiful but pewless Russian Orthodox Church. Afterwards we loaded up on the bus and began a "bus parade" until we were stopped by a narrow road with a car parked in the way. A huge dilemma developed as the bus drivers and festival directors tried to decide what to do. All our macho men decided to jump out to help move the car onto the sidewalk, but their courageous efforts were not needed as the older directors pushed the car further down the street so the bus could make the corner. Greg worked some serious magic and we were back on track.

We drove back to the castle and paraded back to the theater. Along the way we were presented with a frosted loaf of bread from the priest. Supposedly we had a ten minute show, but we were asked to do another 30 minutes because they liked us so much earlier. Too bad the only costumes we had were Pioneer and daisy Clog! Loved that Hoedown! After the show we fought through the crowd to get back on the bus and go to the square o' fountains for the closing ceremonies. We all crammed onto the stairs and sang a few songs to entertain ourselves. We were awarded the "first diploma" and watched the fireworks which the activities committee claimed as their 4th of July gift to us. Thanks, I guess? We finally made it back to the bus and waved forever to all of the people crowded around us.

There was a special dinner for us at the hotel, and afterwards Camille was awarded the title of "Miss Festival" and received a t-shirt and some flowers. Good-bye Miss Provo, hello Miss Festival! Then we geared up for the "ball" which turned out to be a ragin' smokey disco complete with bubbles. It was fun, but oh so hot and muggy. We said good-bye to our little Ukrainian friends and headed back to begin packing. Greg was definitely the hero of the day if for no other reason than escorting all the girls from the hotel door to the bus with an umbrella because it was raining. What an incredible guy!

- Anne McNally

Monday, July 21st, 1997
Lutsk, Ukraine to Włodawa, Poland

Monday, July 21st, proved to be one of the most suspenseful days our merry band of roaming troubadours has encountered on this adventurous Eastern European safari. Buoyed up by the fact that Ethan Okura survived yet another horrific encounter with "Chian Drago" at the Club Disco 3000 the previous evening, the Folk Dance Ensemble woke to tackle the day with renewed vigor. Some of the faint of heart, however, were too terrified by the prospect of consuming dill for breakfast (i.e. Clayton "Cooter" Dorny) and hid themselves under a generous portion of blankets. Those who did venture down were pleasantly surprised to find Ukrainian Cakes with strawberry preserves, and manifest their support and appreciation for the cooking staff by uplifting their right arms. Wait, check that . . . by uplifting their voices with a rousing chorus of "Go Ye Now . . . Till We Meet Again."

Our steel chariot was tentatively scheduled to leave at 2:00 p.m., so lunch was planned for 1:00 p.m., and packing the bus at 12:00 p.m. That left hours of free time to comb the city, searching for exotic souvenirs. Shane Wright invested in Matrioshka [Матриошка] dolls which he plans to use in various Sunday school lessons.

A portion of our tribe broke off behind the fearless leadership of the Idaho Twins, Margo and Julene Wilcox, to chart the forbidden swap meet of stuff, only to be bitterly disappointed at finding a few tomato stands. At some point during the morning, someone must have sinned, because the windows of heaven were opened up, just as in the days of Noah, nearly drowning all who procrastinated their packing. Strangely enough, Walter Whipple did not go into town, preferring to stay at the "Hotel California." It was later learned that he was actually waiting in his private bathroom for someone to use it so he could tell his "in here we're all peers" joke.

Packing the bus went flawlessly as the packing crew reached a whole new level of space efficiency. (Had we known what lay ahead, that extra space would have been used to house a "Port-A-Potty.") Soon, all had boarded the bus so we could wait *on* the bus instead of *off* the bus. It was quickly brought to our attention that the delay was the result of two missing towels. Apparently, the daily ration of five squares of toilet paper was too Spartan for some.

We fell in line in our police-escorted convoy behind the smelliest bus in the world, after bidding farewell to Alex, the supposed number one rated DJ in all of Lutsk who's also a part-time 90210 extra. (There are four total, including the two polkafest DJ's and the children's party host who dresses up as "Pogo," the friendly clown, and plays Barney Tunes.) We also bid farewell to some other guide we mysteriously picked up somewhere along the way, who apparently learned to dress by watching smuggled episodes of *Charlie's Angels*.

We merrily traveled along as the pitter-patter of our summer rainstorm kept the beat as Lane "Buck" Hunter and various Sunday "backseaters" belted out beloved *King and I* melodies. Naively, we approached the Ukraine-Poland border without our passports. The young chap who returned and checked them was a rather chummy fellow who politely stamped all the passports, but couldn't help but laugh aloud at Jedd Peterson and Britney Wood's pictures. (Perhaps it was because her eyes were turning a light shade of yellow by that point – from "holding it.") The border crossing actually went quite splendid, and soon we were on our way to "Lody Land." Holly Haddock kindly encouraged the leadership to let her off at the next ladies' room. At that moment, the author believes that she would have chosen the porcelain throne over a whole truckload of Brian's letters. We were informed that a rest stop would take place at the nearest town, fifteen minutes away. The "town" consisted of fourteen trees, two flowering plants, wild grass, and a friendly family of raccoons. Surprisingly, three or four entire buses emptied, and everyone "ran for the hills." Men used the bushes on the roadside, while the women stepped into the executive washroom across the way, lavishly decorated in a jungle theme. Sitting, hanging, perching, squatting, stooping, standing, and hovering above, around, over, through, under, on, and near the branches, they did their thing. Most were fine, a fact I attribute to their Idaho upbringing, but Amanda Neilson was much too refined for such animalistic territorial marking. Without making any references to *Gorillas In The Mist*, and overcoming a lot of stage fright, she patiently waited for a little seclusion.

Happily, all returned to the bus. One rejoicing occurrence was the surprise reappearance of our original guide, Daria. As of late, it has come to light that due to the lack of a passport, she hid in Tara Christopher and DaNae Elton's costume bag (affectionately dubbed "The Big One") for our entire stay in Ukraine. We continued our journey and rode into Włodawa completely unnoticed. A splendid feast of cold cuts awaited us upon arrival.

Peace was soon broken by what has come to be known as the infamous "international shower incident." After flying in former President Jimmy Carter to mediate the Turks, Italians, Americans, and two tribes of Australian aborigines, they all agreed to peacefully co-exist by using bathrooms on two separate floors and showers in a neighboring city. One early casualty of this conflict was Walter Whipple, who mistakenly read the sign "Girls" to mean "Older Men are Welcome," and used the ladies' facilities. This time his "peers" joke didn't work, and he was thrown out.

By nightfall, all had returned to normal, and we were all lulled asleep to Joseph Kroupa extolling the virtues of hunting with automatic weapons because "it puts them out of their misery faster."

Hopefully with a good night's rest, and a bathroom "nearby," the BYU Folk Dancers will be ready for yet another exciting adventure.

– Stanton Neilson

Tuesday, July 22nd, 1997
Włodawa, Poland

Today is Tuesday, 22nd of July,
No hot water for the women, and they began to cry.
Until we went to breakfast, and cornflakes we did see,
Now we could be so happy, joyful as could be.

A problem with the power, which could make things pretty tricky,
I hope you brought your butane, for this morning must be cliky.

This morning's our big photo shoot where all the groups will gather,
They organize, then compromise, and finally I'd rather,
Be down at the local *lody* shop, enjoying an ice cold treat,
Instead of waiting patiently for all to find a seat.

At last we're done and now free time, except to learn Monroe's,
These European stages mean less people, some must go!
Reception time is always fun down at the culture house,
With exotic wine, speeches long, kebob made out of – mouse?

Some little girls were delighted when Amy and Michelle,
Laid on the playground, and let them draw with chalk around their funny shapes . . . oh well.
(Couldn't keep the beat)

Then off to do a grand parade throughout this little town,
But, what is this? Where is the rain? Today the sun shines down.
Upon our polyester garb is feels so warm and sweaty,
We can't imagine being dressed in wool, from head to toe already.

At last we reach the ampitheatre, but here come those black clouds,
Before too long the droplets fall, upon the stage and crowd.
We run to find some shelter, as the umbrellas all go up,
And then we sing some sunny songs to chase away those clouds – yup, yup!

It worked, and as each group performed the crowd would clap and cheer,
But when our group took to the stage, some even shed a tear.

The two M.C.'s were quite the pair; with words they could not falter.
They had some fun with a game they'd learned, that went something like, "Where's Walter?"

Festival life is getting to be a challenge for us all,
But soon it will be behind us so, let's count to ten, and dream of the mall.
– Delynne Peay

Wednesday, July 23rd, 1997
Włodawa, Poland

This Pioneer Day Eve started out extremely exciting, with a surprise breakfast of bread, butter, tomatoes, and cheese. You don't get something like that everyday! After the adrenaline of breakfast wore off, though, the day seemed to get more and more and more and more and more monotonous. We hopped on the bus at exactly 9:00 a.m., ready for a day of sight-seeing and a performance at night. Due to numerous pompous speeches about punctuality, we were all on the bus, counted off, and waited for forty-five minutes. Cause for the delay? We still don't know.

When we were up and running (some of us more literally than others), we rode for two hours to the town of Zamość. Walter showed us the old city walls and moat, although I'm not sure how effective it was, since we seemed to get inside the town completely unnoticed. When we made it to the town square we had to take yet another group picture; a blurry mass of poorly dressed Americans standing on the front steps of what looked like a church, but could have been an undercover dope factory for all we knew.

Upon completion of the snapshot, the leashes were released, and the market place was invaded by a horde of credit card wielding marauders looting any store of all and any over-priced kitsch, a favorite pastime of folk dancers. Little did the wild banshees know that their troops had been infiltrated by mercenary spies and paparazzi. The notorious agents are known as La Femme Britikka, Sam the Eagle-Eye Wood, Iceman Hunter, and Joseph the-man-with-1,000-faces-but-only-uses-one. Many a shot was taken with Britikka, blurry and in the foreground, decoying as a tourist while the camera focused on suspicious activities behind.

Others actually went exploring the city. Can you believe that? Many had gone down to see the catacombs and crypts under the church. I couldn't figure out why anyone would want to see gang members reciting religious verse, but Anne later explained to me that catechism was something entirely different. Amanda apparently wanted a refresher course in anatomy, but was repeatedly stopped by Stanton who didn't want her to open up the tombs.

After lunch at the Dom Kultury, we donned our Pioneer costumes and headed for a nearby hospital. We went upstairs and sang to some of the patients. They seemed very appreciative, although it seems a little awkward when people applaud after a hymn. I hope that we may have at least cheered some people. It's no fun to be sick. We went downstairs and sang primary songs to the children. They didn't let us in to see the children because they were so sick, but as we sang in the hallway, they brought a few out. Aren't children the most beautiful things in the world? No wonder we are to become as little children.

From the hospital we went to a Baroque-style church. We weren't allowed inside because they were in the middle of Mass. I was moved when I got to the front door and saw our bus driver, Greg, on his knees at the entryway. He is such a humble, gentle, and kind man. Sometimes as Mormons, I believe we can become too arrogant saying that we are bringing light to people out here, when in reality it was my testimony which has been strengthened by someone out here that is sacrificing so much to serve us. I can see by his example at that church that he loves the Lord and the Lord loves him.

We spent only a few minutes at the church, and then walked to the amphitheater where we were to perform a show with the Macedonian group. It was a nice big stage of wooden planks, and there were plenty of bleachers for a huge crowd, but there were only a few people, a hundred if that many, and they all sat in the back row. Delyne later said that she was proud of how much energy we had put into a show for such a small crowd. That was interesting to me, because I felt that I was rolling over in my sleep every eight counts. Anyway, since the night before Holly and Britney had mushed up the coconut filling of cookies, smeared it on my mustache as I lay asleep, exhausted, and took a picture, I decided to get even myself. I snuck into their costume bags and switched Holly's size large clog pantaloons for Britney's small ones. My hopes were that they'd make a big fuss over it so I could laugh, but nothing was said until Britney read my outline for this tour history entry, and then it hit the fan. Holly thought that she was getting huge on tour, and vowed off sweets and Brit had to roll her waist-band up three times so they wouldn't look like knickers. Ah, sweet revenge.

At this same show, Walter was kind enough to sport the Miami Vice look by loaning Winston his dark socks, since Winston had forgotten his. However, the best flub was Cameron, who forgot his clog shoes; so he wore his character shoes with white tube socks over them. He looked like Brian Boitano waiting for the judges' scores.

Another interesting thing was the changing conditions for the show. The Macedonians were given the backstage area, and we changed outside behind the bus and some bushes. I felt good about that, since I am always a little embarrassed at the gold star treatment that the Americans get in front of other groups. However, I believe a few of the girls may feel otherwise, in light of the fact that by changing outdoors they were attacked by mosquitos. Britney

and Amanda had over twenty bites, and DaNae had over thirty-six. I didn't get any, proving that I am just as bitter as they say.

We went back to the Dom Kultury to have dinner, but when we arrived we were greeted by the most vulgar meal I've ever had to look at. Each plate contained an enormous Polish sausage on it, and I can't remember what else, since the wiener pulled so much focus to it. Actually, it was quite tasty, but others felt it necessary to run across the street to the ice cream (*lody*) shop for reinforcements. Jonathon, however, wasn't running anywhere except back into the Dom Kultury's W.C. Someone drank the water (snicker snicker).

The bus ride home was an hour or so, and Stanton felt it was important to give Dave and Lindsay some private time. (How Dave felt about it, we're not sure.) Stanton hung costumes around the pair's seats, while the rest of the passengers serenaded them with love songs.

Now, I would like to end this entry with some predictions of the future. Delynne and Richard will go off on their own someplace. The group will visit a historical sight. I will twist my ankle, and then we will go home.

See, I told you this was a boring day, and what really stinks is that I have the worst writer's cramp right now, but when it gets typed up it'll only be a paragraph. Joseph, could you use Times Roman Bold and double space . . . no, triple space!?!

– Lane Hunter

Thursday, July 24th, 1997
Włodawa, Poland

Today was a very unique Pioneer Day. Instead of celebrating the arrival of the pioneers into the Salt Lake Valley, we turned our thoughts to the roots of the pioneers. Many Saints came from the European countries before coming to America and crossing the plains to Utah. These Saints were already pioneers. Jed Weyland gave a devotional thought about his forefather from Scotland who crossed the Atlantic Ocean westward to America. Jed made the journey eastward across the Atlantic to Scotland when he served his mission. We sang all the verses of "Come, Come Ye Saints." What beautiful words of hope, comfort, and faith these words must have been to the early Saints.

In the afternoon some of the group went into Lublin, while others visited Majdanek, a concentration camp. Majdanek was an eye-opening experience. We saw the gas chambers, the barracks, rooms full of prisoners' shoes, photos of the workers and prisoners, the cremation building, and the remaining ashes. We saw and felt some very hard things in history. As I wandered through the camp, I thought of all the simple things in which the prisoners might have found joy – the flowing fields, a wildflower, the sound of the wind blowing in the trees, a single blade of grass, and the flying crows. I thought of the inner freedom that could never be taken away.

Clayton reflected upon Jesus Christ and His Atonement for human suffering. A lot of prisoners might have found freedom as they thought about God. Ethan said that as he pictured the thousands of souls long dead and gone, he was "filled with compassion for those to whom this nightmare was reality." Cameron will remember Majdanek as a very sobering experience, but he is glad the remnants are still around to remind man not to make those mistakes in history again.

Our performance in the evening was on a beautifully decorated stage. There was a colorful backdrop, and a chandelier made of crepe paper flowers. We performed the Pioneer and Appalachian medleys. After the show, we headed to the cafeteria to eat quickly before venturing to KFC/Pizza Hut. Who could resist the temptation of American food? Next we gathered with the Lublin Festival directors in a room filled with folk dancer pins, flags, and art. The best part of the day for many was receiving long-awaited letters from home.

The day ended with a devotional by Dave Daniel, who said, "We honor pioneers because they are who we are." Happy Pioneer Day to all and to all a good night!

– Michelle Matthews

Friday, July 25th, 1997
Włodawa, Poland

Today started out a lot less eventful than yesterday. There were no middle-of-the-night-track-down-the-burglars games. Breakfast was great as usual because, hey, who can argue with cornflakes and cocoa? Again, the plan of the day was changed from the night before just previous to devotional. Upon arriving back in Włodawa from Lublin yesterday, there was a message from the national television company stating that they'd like to make a CD-ROM of our dancing. So, right after breakfast we took 2 dances in the parking lot or rather soccer lot outside of our accommodations.¹ Of course it took longer than we expected, but eventually we finished without major mishap. It was scheduled to be a free day, but what with going to the concentration camp, most of the group did not have the chance to see Old Town Lublin yesterday. So today we went back to have a few hours in town.² (Of course, shopping was part of the day). Not everyone came to Lublin, however. Walter had his plan of taking us to see the sculptor. So he and his loyal following went to the sculptor's on the way and caught the bus on the way back.³ It was not quite as harrowing as his taxi ride yesterday in which they covered 76 kilometers in 35 minutes on small country roads.

The castle and church in Lublin were magnificent and it was a pleasant excursion.⁴ We got back tired and a little sleepy, but glad of a day well spent. As evening drew nigh, we prepared for our concert here in town. The show was just like normal and went smoothly.⁵ Nobody forgot their black pants – yeah!!! Upon returning, we did such activities (involving watermelons) as were planned for Pioneer Day yesterday. Of course, the night ended with Joseph burning the late hours dancing and playing the drum beats with the pleasant and kind Turkish people.

–Amendments–

- 1 We relocated the T.V. shoot to a grassy area on the Polish side of the historical river which defines the border of Belarus, from which area the town's beautiful Orthodox and Catholic churches can be seen in the background. Lane sprained his ankle during the first take of Texas Fandango.
- 2 Because the filming took longer than expected (rather, as long as expected), there was not time to go to Lublin today. But shopping was still on many people's agenda, and they went to town in Włodawa.
- 3 Others went to the lake, where the Americans smoked the Poles, who couldn't seem to score after the first 10 minutes.
- 4 The trip to Lublin rescheduled itself for the next day.
- 5 We had to reblock a few things for Lane's ankle to take a rest. Shane did the solo for Fandango, and Cameron became fiddlin' Will.

– Ethan Okura

Saturday, July 26th, 1997
Włodawa, Poland

Today was our last day at the Włodawa Festival. We started with a traditional Polish breakfast of bread, jam, meat, cucumbers, tomatoes and cheese. At 10:00 a.m., we all headed to Mass in our Appalachian costumes. Just like all of the other festivals, on the last day all the dance groups attend Mass together. Mass lasted about one hour. Each of the groups did a musical number. We sang, "Jesus, Let Us Come To Know You." After Mass, it was a mad rush back to the dorm to change and be on the bus to Lublin. While in Lublin, we visited the Lublin castle and a beautiful Byzantine chapel in the old city. The castle was a museum full of folk art, paintings, an Armory, and other treasures. The walls of the Byzantine chapel were covered with paintings of biblical stories. We also spent some time walking around the old city, to take pictures, and to buy a few postcards and souvenirs.

By 3:30 p.m. we were back on the bus for Włodawa. At 5:30 p.m. we headed to the outdoor theater for the closing ceremony. About a ½ hour into the program it began to rain. All of the performers rushed backstage to escape from the rain. While we waited to see if the rain would stop, they gave out the gifts and awards to the different groups. We got a huge stuffed animal for being the audience's choice. [The toy was so large that we couldn't possibly pack it home with us, so we gave it to Greg for his little girl. – ed.] Camille also got 1st runner-up of the festival. A beautiful Italian woman received Miss Festival, and a Turkish girl got 2nd runner-up.

The rain finally calmed down, and we began the show again. We performed a ten minute segment which

included Appalachian [Patchwork] and Monroe's [Hoedown]. The audience cheered and cheered for us. It was an awesome performance, and there was such a good feeling there as we performed. After the performance it was time to say goodbye to many of our good friends we had met. There were lots of hugs, and a few tears shed as we said goodbye to the young Ukrainian dancers. They were all so sweet, and we had become very close to them. At the dorms that night we also said our farewells to our Turkish and Italian friends. The Turkish group dressed Amy, Michelle, Camille, Joseph, and Walter in some of their costumes. They then took pictures and danced with them. We also spent the night packing costumes and other luggage so we could be ready to leave for Warsaw in the morning.

– Elise Peterson

Sunday, July 27th, 1997 **Włodawa, Poland to Warsaw, Poland**

It was a travel day that started early for some. Mostly it was just an extension of Saturday night, as several of the group stayed up to see the Turkish group off at 3 a.m. Amy Pinegar, Chris Wells, Camille Heckmann, Ethan Okura, and Joseph Kroupa were the main attendees. There were tender goodbyes and long embraces, as neither group wished to leave the other. Joseph described the scene as a "Doublemint commercial."

At 8:30 a.m., the Italians finally left – we thought they would leave around 6 a.m. Most had said their goodbyes with them the night before. Then, at 9:30 a.m. or so, we boarded the bus and the wheels began to go round and round.

It was Karen Horman's birthday, and she received several birthday songs. Scotty bought her flowers on the sly later in the Warsaw Old Town Square, and she also received a gift from her daughter.

Ruth Hanson and Shane Wright were seat partners on the bus, and they became particularly comfortable with each other on the short trip. The bus has a way of lulling people to sleep, and before long they were both out cold. Apparently Ruth's hand was particularly cold. When Shane awoke, he found it tightly tucked under his buttocks. He looked at Ruth, who was sound asleep, and decided not to make an issue of it at the time as he was too tired. So, he just went back to sleep. The incident will now be known as the "Hanson Hand Experience."

Once we arrived in Warsaw, the Hanson Hand Experience became of little importance. We headed down to the Old Town Square and toured through the Royal Palace. Then we had some free time to check out the shopping for the next day. The place was crawling with tourists and locals, as no one had anything else to do on Sunday. In the shops and squares we heard many people speaking English – it sounded so good.

After the quick tour of Old Town, we had time for Sacrament Meeting at the Ward House. There we met Ed & Vickie Austin, President Bateman, and Mark Philbrick. "It was so good to see Ed!," exclaimed Cecilie later on. Ed had the Polish costumes for the group, and more importantly, there was mail.

Sacrament Meeting was nice, several locals, and then President Bateman spoke. Hillary Duncan spied out a seat right next to a tall standing fan. When the meeting started, the evangelical Elders plugged in some translation headsets, and Hillary's plan of coolness was foiled. Greg, our bus driver, attended Church with us, and we had some missionaries talk to him. Hopefully they can help answer his questions about the Book of Mormon and the Church. We said goodbye to Greg after the meeting and sang to him "God Be With You" in Polish over and over while he hugged everyone. He said to us, "I want to thank you for the best three weeks of my life. I will always remember you all close to my heart. Let me say it plainly, I love you. You are the most wonderful people on earth. I think your goodness will earn you places in the eternal kingdom of God. My blessing goes with you." Walter Whipple translated Greg's tender expression of love to us.

Not long after we had all said goodbye to Greg, we ended up hiring him for one more day. He gladly accepted, of course.

Walter & Mary Whipple and the Batemans stayed in Warsaw to put on a fireside, while the rest of the group went on down to Pruszkow to meet our host families. Our host families all had children on a Polish folk dance group, which had just returned from a North American tour two days earlier. This tour had included the Springville Folk Festival.

We went home for dinner around 7:30 p.m. with our hosts, then met back at 9 p.m. for a party. It seemed that many of the American dancers were tired of disco-ing and from the long drive, so many ended up leaving the party early with their hosts.

Amanda & Stanton Neilson had a particularly interesting host family experience. On the way home, their

host dad stopped at a gas station for some beer and mints. He didn't eat, but constantly smoked. When told that Amanda was allergic to cigarette smoke, the host dad spent most of his time out on the deck smoking. Later, while he was quite drunk, he took down a trophy display of a deer he had shot in Norway. He took it apart, and made a present of an antler to Stanton and Amanda. When he sobers up, he's going to wonder where part of his deer went.

– Winston Elton

Monday, July 28th, 1997
Warsaw, Poland

Dear Mom,

Today was another great day on tour! So much happened that I hope I can remember everything!! The day began with breakfast with our host family and then we met at the hall where we switched buses to a lovely and large one – oh – and it even had air-conditioning! Yippie! I'm sure from my other letters you now know how lovely that is for us. Anyway, we met at around 8:00 or 9:00 in the morning and took off for some sight-seeing and a day in Warsaw.

We first stopped at a castle with gardens called Wilanów. It was as lovely as all of the castles, but the gardens were especially beautiful. Unfortunately, there were a few repairs and renovations taking place, but it was still lovely. It always amazes me how creative we can become even when we're just walking around some gardens. Several people took some very creative pictures peeking out behind rows of shrubbery and trees while Lane stood on a pedestal and pretended to be a statue! Or wait, maybe there was actually a statue of Lane in some European garden!! It could happen. We all took some nice pictures – I hope they turn out okay!

From there we were shooed onto the bus and drove to a monument for Chopin. It was a beautiful place. The monument was very interesting, but was beautifully surrounded by water and a very large garden of roses. Once again, everyone's photocreativity came out as they attempted to take pictures that captured the beauty of the surroundings. Unfortunately, once again, my camera can never completely replace the memories my eyes create.

We were then off for a long day of shopping. The crazy shoppers unloaded the bus and began the mad hunt for the perfect goodies. Warsaw was well explored by the BYU Folk Dancers. We shopped for about 2 hours, met for lunch at a hospital cafeteria, and headed back out to scavenge a few more stores. A lot of money was exchanged and the bus became even more stuffed with gifts of all types. Some of the more popular ones were chess sets, dolls, linens, and some ceramics. One very popular store was a store with Polish folk art. Here, Lane FINALLY purchased two Polish hats and some beautiful dolls. Holly bought the most beautiful embroidered tablecloth with matching napkins. However, the big spenders were, as usual, Anne, Amy, Hillary, and Amanda. The shopping was good for these four.

After another exhausting 2-3 hours of shopping and exploring, we met at the town square to eat our warm sack lunches that the bus had so kindly heated for us. As we ate warm cheese and meat on bread, a few of us discovered something wonderful – Pizza Hut!! Not only was the pizza great, but so were the restrooms!! Yeah for Pizza Hut!!

The Polish group then arrived and prepared for their half of the show. We crammed our group into one tent and did the usual taking of turns changing into our initial change. The Polish group then performed beautifully and we frantically tried to figure out how to perform on such a small stage – not to mention how to perform on a slanted stage! Southern was the messiest dance, but everything worked itself out. Except for one little accident that may not have been an accident at all. During Jitterbug, Dave and Lindsay decided to play human Velcro on their way out of the waterfall. Luckily, no one was hurt. Except for a few other incidental mishaps, the show went very well. The most exciting part of the performance was the setting. We performed right in the town square right around dusk. It was absolutely amazing and beautiful. I think people were watching their surroundings more than the people on the stage. But it worked out okay. The audience didn't seem to mind. They loved the performance and received us very well.

At the end of the performance we all gathered for a group picture with President Bateman. I can't wait to see it! Then we hurriedly changed and packed up. Unfortunately, a few of us were not fast enough, because the stage hands were taking down the tent with people still inside. I'm happy to report, though, that everyone escaped safely. We then boarded the bus and headed back to Pruszkow, where we met with our host families for some dinner and gifts from the young Polish group. The gifts were very kind, but the best gift, by far, was their song. They sang "Come, Come Ye Saints" in English to us. Unlike us, they learned all 4 verses. Finally, for the first time, I realized what it must mean for all of the people that we sing for. It was such a great experience and the Spirit was definitely there, binding the two groups together.

It was finally time to take some last pictures and say goodnight and head home with our host families. What a wonderful day in Warsaw! You would have loved it! I wish you could be here! We love and miss you! Love, Me

– Britney Wood

Tuesday, July 29th, 1997
Warsaw, Poland to Schwerin, Germany

Another show last night, and another bus ride today. We got a new bus. Jarda was the driver. Although the bus looked bigger and nicer, leg room wasn't any better than Greg's bus. The drive was uneventful except for intermittent potty breaks and long lines at the bathrooms. At one stop, Cecilie complained about having to hold her last *złoty* from Poland, only to discover after 5 weeks that she had pockets in her practice pants. We left at 7:30 a.m. from Warsaw and sang a few fireside songs in preparation for the scheduled fireside in Schwerin, Germany at 6:00 p.m.

Around 5:00 p.m., we shouted approval at Ed's announcement that due to the trip's unexpected length (as was usual), we wouldn't make the fireside and would therefore stop for dinner in Berlin. Lane authored his "first serious song" entitled "Berlin," and we were able to see the relics of "the Wall" and the Brandenburg gate. We drove past the Monument of the Unknown Soldier and the "Triumphant/Winged Victory Monument" (the tall tower with a winged lady on top). After an hour driving, we all got 10 DM [Deutsche Marks] and went off for dinner to McDonald's, the Hard Rock Café, and other eating establishments. The city was beautiful and far more westernized than anything we've seen since Vienna.

Germany has a very different feel than Poland. We got to Schwerin at 1:00 a.m. to some very tired hosts. Cam[eron] and Chris became the interpreters, while Mary, Jed, Lindsay, and so many others tested out their language skills in this new country.

– Dave Daniel

Wednesday, July 30th, 1997
Schwerin, Germany

The day began all too soon – we were staying with our individual host families in Schwerin, Germany. Our lack of sleep made the morning come quickly – argh! Several of us stood outside our apartments at 8:30 a.m. and waited for the bus to come take us to the theater. Other, more spoiled members, were *driven* to the theater. Some have all the luck.

Anyway, we began getting ready for the 9 a.m. television taping . . . wait, where are Jon and Britney Wood? PANIC! We all figured out that the bus had left them standing on the sidewalk, locked out of their host home. After waiting for two hours, they were finally picked up by a woman in the ward. After we blocked a few numbers, we all got dressed in [Frontier] Hoedown and danced in the town square. We then mingled with an audience most of us couldn't speak with, so the mingling ended quickly. We began to walk back to the theater to change clothes and go sightseeing.

We saw the huge castle and walked through more gardens on our way back to the church for lunch . . . *fresh* green salad! Not cole slaw, but *salad*! It was welcomed with open arms. A slight battle for the Italian dressing made for an interesting prayer, during which Joseph stole the bottle from one table and took it to his own. Interesting . . . The rest of the lunch was fabulous rice topped with chicken. *Yummy!* We headed back to the castle and while some continued to walk, the rest of us sat in the shade. Pretty soon everyone was enjoying the chance to sit. We took a few pictures, and then everyone split to go their own ways.

We met again at 5:30 p.m. to get ready for the show. Changing conditions were cramped, to say the least. Piles and piles of sweaty bodies squished in the minuscule hall – we loved every second. The show went well, despite Cecilie's act of leaving Mike partnerless in Galop. Very funny. After the show, we met back at the church for a fireside with the Schwerin ward. It was a nice ending to a tiring day. Before we left, we ate sandwiches, fruit, and yogurt in a back room. They tasted wonderful. Exhausted, we all went our separate ways for the night. Our German experience was over.

– Holly Haddock

Thursday, July 31st, 1997
Schwerin, Germany to Prague, Czech Republic

Today was our day to re-enter the Czech Republic and see the city of Prague. Most of us were picked up by the bus in front of the apartments we stayed in while in Germany. We all met at the L.D.S. Church building in Schwerin, where the Saints and some missionaries were awaiting us. They had also put together some lunches for our bus ride. It has really been nice to spend time with the members we have met in Poland and Germany. They're so excited to meet us and talk with us.

Those who weren't asleep in some of the parts of Germany saw some beautiful scenery. We drove through Dresden, where very nice wood carvings are made, but we didn't have time to stop. We all know how long our bathroom breaks take! We enjoyed seeing the forests of Germany, and also the massive fields of sunflowers were amazing to see.

During these long bus rides, we have to find things to keep them interesting. This time somebody found a pair of men's underwear. Nobody claimed them, either! We all had some good laughs when Jedd, who was sitting behind Ed, pulled the underwear over Ed's head, while Clayton snapped a picture in front of him. We were all surprised just after we crossed the border into the Czech Republic to see so many prostitutes who were all over on the sides of the road, standing at bus stops and intersections.

We arrived at Hotel AB and checked into our rooms. The missionaries were waiting there for us to take us into Prague, which was ten or fifteen minutes away from our hotel. One of the missionaries took us into old town Prague, and showed us where McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken were, where most of the group gladly ate. We only had an hour and a half before we had to meet again, but it gave us enough time to eat and quickly scout out the old town area for tomorrow, when we'll have lots of time there. Many of us checked out the clock tower, shops, and St. Charles Bridge that was in *Mission Impossible*. We all met back with some good ideas of what we wanted to do tomorrow, and went back to the Hotel AB where we slept well. Prague is a very beautiful city, very unique from other cities we've seen. We're excited to be here and we look forward to seeing more of Prague tomorrow.

- Mike Brown

Friday, August 1st, 1997
Prague, Czech Republic

This was our day in a fantasy European city. We all got up early so that we could spend the day in Prague. The group was dropped off close to the castle grounds, which had a beautiful cathedral in the middle. At night, when it is all lit up, it looks like a scene from a fairy tale.

After seeing this attraction, the group split up and all went their ways, knowing we had to meet the bus at 3:00 p.m. to go to our performance site. There was so much to see. There were all kinds of winding streets to walk. We eventually walked across the St. Charles Bridge. This was definitely a time to stop and take pictures of everything and to also have your picture taken standing on the bridge with the city as a backdrop. As you moved more into Old Town, there came a storm and some of the group who were on the bridge were drenched. Others who had forgotten their umbrellas were also wet ducks. Some of us waited in a small shop for the storm to pass and continued shopping.

Four of the guys in the group decided to go to Prague using the Metro. We had all been warned that the Metro was not a safe place for valuables. The people who stole things were so swift that you were left helpless. Unfortunately, Joseph and Lane met up with these individuals. Joseph had been so careful with his video camera and was always aware of where it was located. He and Lane and 2 other guys were standing together on the train. They knew these guys were watching them. In fact, Lane ended up grabbing his camera out of a man's hands. The train lurched and Joseph lost his balance for 3 seconds, took his hands away from his bag, and when he stood up again, the camera was gone. They went to the police station to report the theft. During this same time in another part of Old Town, Tara C. lost her wallet. It didn't have her passport and a lot of American money, but it did have her credit cards and some Czech money. These two incidences did put a little gloom on a wonderful city, but at least there were no injuries to the students.

In the middle of the town square, is a clock tower. Quite a few of us climbed to the top. As you looked out all four sides, you could see that not one of the buildings matched another. The architecture is absolutely amazing. This same tower had mechanical movements which became animated with the chiming of the clock on the hour.

Between 2:00 p.m. to 2:30 p.m., the group began to take the Metro to go to the mission home to meet the bus. When we all go to the bus, we found that the bus driver had accidentally broken the ignition key in the lock of the bus. So, we had to sit and wait for about an hour for a man from his company to bring him a new key. We were then on our way to Kladno to perform.

The missionaries had worked so very hard in this area because there was not one member of the church. They had put up 500 posters around the town. They had personally handed out 10,000 brochures telling about the group that was coming to perform. On the back of the brochure was a picture of a covered wagon, and they asked that the children color it and bring it to the program, because there was a contest where backpacks would be given out to the winners in each age group.

The auditorium could hold 500 people comfortably, and the missionaries were hoping at least 300 would show up. Well, the audience attendance was more than 800 people, and the only Mormons in the audience were the missionaries, President and Sister Bateman, Bro. and Sis. Conlee, and members of our tech crew. The audience was overwhelmed with the brightness, enthusiasm, and spirit of the dancers and the band. When the program was finished, they just kept clapping and clapping.

During the intermission, the dancers all went out and picked their most favorite picture in various age groups. Then the mission president presented backpacks to the winners. Also during intermission, all the children received a banana, juice, and a chocolate wafer bar. After the program, the missionaries told Amy P. that people were standing in line for referral cards. The missionaries were so excited, and we knew that seeds had been laid that we hoped would blossom and grow.

When we finished cleaning and striking, we all got back on the bus and went back to Prague for one last look. During all the time we walked around Prague during the day and evening, Tara T. had a young man making sure she didn't miss any points of interest. Tara T. had pulled her Achilles tendon, and it was very painful. Dr. Neilson, Elise's dad, had wrapped her foot but it was still painful to walk. So, David D. would walk with her and then Tara T. would jump on his back and away they would go. So, she was able to see all of Prague.

When we all went back to Prague, the shoppers attacked one last place—Planet Hollywood! It was a wonderful day for sightseeing and a wonderful day for helping to spread the Gospel to these wonderful people in this beautiful city.

– Karen Horman

Saturday, August 2nd, 1997 Prague, Czech Republic to Salzburg, Austria

We began the day early in Prague and said good-bye to Delynne, who was off to Romania. Then we headed out across the Bohemian countryside on our way to Austria, the most beautiful country in the world. Of course, there was yet another border crossing with a few diplomatic entanglements. Austria is a land of Alps, and the hills are alive with the Sound of Music. Other features include *Edelweiss*, the birthplace of Mozart, flowers in the windows, lots of green, castles, and the *schilling* as your friend. We met our hosts just outside of Salzburg at Anif. They were excited to take us through the *Wasserspiele*, or "watergames." A Kaiser with a sense of humor had it built in the 1600's. It is completely powered by water, and if you are not careful you might just get a little wet. We enjoyed the tour of splashes and squirts, and even the floating crown.

We next headed into the fairytale city of Salzburg for lunch at a youth hostel, followed by a whirlwind sprinting tour of the *fuessgaenger* "pedestrian" zone. Our guide had little idea of the spending power of the group, and so bunch by bunch, small groups began to disappear along the way. We ended up at our destination, Scloss Mirabell with just a handful of what we had started with. Slowly, some started to arrive, but it was soon clear we needed to send out a reconnaissance team to retrieve the others.

Luckily, everyone was quickly assembled after a few sprints around the area and one last look in front of Mozart's house brought the last of us together. Back at Mirabell there is a beautiful rose garden, sculpted bushes, and tulips galore. Of course it led to another photo-op for the group, with cathedral towers and a fortress in the background.

We met the bus and headed out to the show site about 30 kilometers out of town. Nothing too eventful stood out about the show, except that the entire youth conference showed up and had a good time.

– Chris Wells

Sunday, August 3rd, 1997
Salzburg, Austria to Zurich, Switzerland

There was glorious sunshine in our souls today. We traveled through 3 countries with a General Authority. We sang hymns on the bus and we even had an Italian dinner made by a true Italian in Switzerland! Truly a glorious day.

Sacrament Meeting. We all met at the Salzburg Ward to attend Sacrament Meeting. The two wards were combined, so there was a large number of Saints gathered in the chapel. Before President Bateman spoke, we sang "I Need Thee Every Hour." Everyone was touched by President Bateman's talk – Jesus hears the songs that we can't always sing. After the meeting, our hosts or volunteers drove us to the bus. Many people stopped to view the Von Trapp family home. A dream come true for many! We said our goodbyes and were off to Switzerland.

The Bus Ride. The long trip today was much more comfortable than it has been in the past few days. Ed rented a van to transport the costume bags and the leaders' HUGE, HEAVY luggage! We now had plenty of room for all the students, President and Sister Bateman, Dean and Sister Conlee, and Mark Philbrick. Jon and Britney Wood celebrated their 1st anniversary with us! As the ride began, President Bateman shared more scriptures and thoughts from 3 Nephi that he didn't share in his talk. Almost everyone slept for the next 4½ hours until hunger and the need for a W.C. screamed out!

We finally stopped in Germany. While everyone took a potty break, Walter, Winston, Mary, and Vickie collected our lunch in bulk – sandwiches, juice, chips, fruit, and cookies. Yummy, yummy! We continued our drive as we ate our food. President Bateman gave us the scoop on the NBA contracts, BYU sports, and campus construction. Lane entertained us with his songs as we all sang along. We waited for the Hormans who were left at the border, because the man didn't realize they were with our bus! It was a good wait, because we got another potty break! For the last hour or so on the bus, we sang favorite hymns. It was a beautiful way to prepare ourselves for the fireside.

Fireside. Upon arrival at the Zurich Ward, we quickly rehearsed "Jesus, Let Us Come To Know You." We then cleaned up – put make-up on, brushed hair, and cleaned teeth!! We sang 2 of our fireside songs – the first was just mentioned, and the second – "I Need Thee Every Hour." President Bateman called upon Cecilie Karnil and Shane Wright to bear their testimonies and share some BYU experiences. Elder Bateman's talk focused on "Who Is Guiding the Church?" After the fireside we were seated in the cultural hall for dinner! I thought it was delicious!! Soup, salad, pasta with tomato sauce, choice of beverage, and choice of dessert. The zucchini cake was superb! And the Swiss chocolate divine!

Our hosts arranged for us to stay at a Youth Hostel. It was right on a lake and very beautiful—not to mention clean. The bunk beds looked fun, but not to the married couples!

– DaNae Elton

Monday, August 4th, 1997
Zurich, Switzerland

This was a day of pure dead brilliance. The mornin' started out with a delightful trip to an old monastery. We got the grand tour and saw everythin' from the monk's quarters to the stables. We were also permitted into the choir. There were beautiful wrought iron gates which took one brother ten years to complete. Our guide, a humble monk, was such a good soul. He was very kind and hospitable to us. Following the monastery, we went on a wee jaunt into the Alps. Feeling like something out of Heidi, we enjoyed a picnic on the grassy slopes overlooking the hamlet nestled in the valley below. Afterwards, some of the group swam in the lake outside of the hostel. This action-packed sunrise-to-sundown was sealed with a great show which the audience loved. (Is that surprising?) Th-th-th-th-th-th-that's all folks.

– Ethan Okura

Tuesday, August 5th, 1997
Zurich, Switzerland to Biel, Switzerland

This morning we ate breakfast in the youth hostel and left for Biel. We had a very nice and short bus ride, through which most of us slept, then we arrived right on schedule for lunch at noon. We ate a nice lunch at the chapel in Biel consisting of a good green salad, bread and butter, a chicken/pineapple/banana/curry mixture over rice, and Jello with fruit for dessert. Then we had several hours with nothing much to do, so they gave us free time in the church. However, Biel is an area with both German and French speakers, so Julene led us through "God Be With You" in French first. Then many spread out to sleep, read, or write in their journals. Some wrote their tour histories, and DaNae got hers turned in on time! Margo, wanting some chocolate, opened up the candy bag she bought in Poland named after herself, "Margot", only to find it was rum-flavored and tasted terrible! Clayton and Chris, in search of cooler ground, found a bomb shelter in the basement that housed the Scout den. They found a ping-pong table, but no balls. Jed W. and Jon found the chess table in there and spent the afternoon engaged in a thrilling game, that through Jon's mercy, Jed was able to win. Ethan, on the other hand, helped out the Relief Society by washing the lunch dishes.

Mark fell asleep in the chapel until Scotty started snoring, and he was forced to leave. Stanton and Amanda slept in the YW room until the allure of the grocery store across the street was too much, and then they bought a coffee "Magnum" bar so they could say they've tried every flavor. Joseph spent the day as could be expected – eating chocolate and reading books. While at the church, Walter had the opportunity to renew acquaintance with an old friend who had been a deacon when Walter served his mission. Sister Conlee found Sister Jaeger, who agreed to help a 90-year old Sister in Sister Conlee's ward to do Family History. Dean Conlee called home and work only to find that no-one really knew that he had left.

Meanwhile, Ed and Scotty went to check out the performance site. Ed reworked the narration and translations, and checked into an opportunity for us to swim. When the rest of the team arrived at the theater, we were in for a few surprises. First was the giant "Swatch" grape in front of the building that Winston says he was "nearly attacked by." The second was the swimming pool in the building—provided that we set up quickly, we were able to go swimming in. Lastly was the elevator used to bring the technical equipment up to the stage. It brought back some memories for Karen, who suddenly remembered getting stuck in it the last time the dancers were here five years ago.

Of course, as soon as there was an incentive, all of the team pitched in to have a quick set-up, and we got to go swimming. The pool was great, and fully equipped with a slide and both a high and low diving board. Nearly everyone got in the pool, and the guys made certain no-one left with dry hair! Tara Christopher and Elise did a little water aerobics, while Walter dove for the first time. Shane and Lane played, "Save the Catamaran," and chased innocent bystanders in the pool on their raft of floating styrofoam. Cameron, Clayton, and Richard tried to "regain" their diving form, but Cameron had trouble bouncing. On the other hand, we all wondered whether Jedd P. ever had it after watching his face-plant on a failed 1½. Dave and Richard raced, but Richard won two of three, even after he cut his foot in the pool.

While we finished swimming, Vickie helped the ward set out dinner for us. We ate quickly (and even enjoyed brownies for dessert!) so we could get ready for the show in time to attend the pre-show devotional that the Batemans gave us before they left. Unfortunately, the show didn't go as well as expected. Although there were no major flaws or mistakes, an overall exhausted feeling prevailed because the stage (and audience) was close to being unbearably hot. Even backstage it was hot – Cecilie gave a reprise of *Chorus Line* in the dressing room. Camille, despite her natural dancer's grace, tripped on Southern, upsetting her debutante image. During Exhibition Square [Dance], the middle square got on stage late and for the rest of the dance had trouble getting back on – they just walked in circles mostly!

Not everything was bad, though. Lindsay kissed President Bateman on "Johnny Angel," so Mark could get some good photographs, and after the show, Amy went outside and found a delightful strong wind blowing. She went and found Lane, and one by one they invited the team back to come and feel this cool wind. Holly says she will never complain about the wind again. Britney, however, thought it was a little bit powerful, and almost blew away. Although Mike still wasn't feeling well today, he ate a little more and had good energy in the show.

We mingled with the people after the show, and Mary got to talk with the Müllers, a family she knew while she was here on her mission. One of the missionary couples tried to set Julene up with their grandson back in Provo. And before he left, President Bateman issued Temple Recommends to all who forgot theirs so they could attend the Temple in Bern the next day. We met our host families after the show, and several people had some really good experiences. Ruth, Hillary, Michelle, and Anne took a refreshing swim in the Aare River by night. However, Hillary and Anne were "nearly" drowned, because they were laughing too hard to resist a swift current pulling them downstream. Holly and Lindsay ate Bircher muesli upon arriving and liked it so well, they were promised the recipe. For Tara Taylor, the day ended with the sound of cow bells as she tried to fall asleep.

– Julene Wilcox

Wednesday, August 6th, 1997
Biel, Switzerland

This morning, those that could made their way to the Swiss Temple in Bern. Those that couldn't go went to a castle called Overhofen. It was a beautiful overcast day and perfect weather. The Spirit was strong, although it was quite warm inside because the air conditioner of the Temple was broken. It didn't dampen the experience, although it was fun watching the Temple workers trying to turn on the fans at the beginning of the session.

After lunch, it was off to Bern for five hours of sightseeing. The word "Bern" actually means "bear," so we all made sure to go visit the bear pits. Many also migrated to the town clock to watch it chime. It was supposed to move, spin, and twirl, which it did, but not as much as expected. There was also the Bern Parliament building, a cathedral, and oh, the Swiss chocolate stores. While in Bern people bought patches, Swiss army knives, t-shirts, other souvenirs, and of course, Swiss chocolate.

At 6:30 p.m. we made our way back to the Temple to drop off those whose host families lived nearby. We were early, so we had more time to enjoy the peaceful spirit on the Swiss Temple grounds. At 7:00 p.m., off to Biel to our host families for a great opportunity to see the Gospel in this part of the world and bonding with these families.

The host families were wonderful and great examples – yes, the Gospel is also true in Switzerland. Heck, they say that Swiss German, especially the Biel dialect, is going to be the language spoken in Heaven. Better start learning it!!

– Shane Wright

Thursday, August 7th, 1997
Biel, Switzerland to Confolens, France

Today we drove eleven hours and twenty-two minutes. We played a guessing game. We all guessed how long the trip from Biel to Confolens would be. Jed Weyland won the game with a guess of eleven hours and fifteen minutes. He almost had to unload the entire bus as his prize. We had a real treat from Ed for our journey—he bought the movie *Jumanji* for entertainment. He also gave us candy. It was yummy.

We unloaded all of our European possessions off the bus, then said goodbye to our bus driver. He wished us all the happiness in the future. He wished us a joyful reunion with our families. We sang "God Be With You" in Czech, and each shook his hand in gratitude.

The festival here is very large. We have a sold out crowd of 6,000 spectators. There are 60 reporters and six T.V. channels that will be covering this festival. We are excited to share our light and our testimonies here in France. We are dancing with groups from eleven different countries. We are looking forward to the friendships and opportunities for missionary work. We love the Gospel and want to share it wherever we go. We all feel it a great pleasure to be here in France, and want to be an influence for good. May the Lord bless us and help us to do his work.

– Ruth Hanson

Friday, August 8th, 1997
Confolens, France

Arose early after having spent a short night (our first in Confolens) in an oxygen-poor school room/dormitory, furnished with rows of beds separated by chairs, and a couple of costume racks in the middle. The Conlees had entertained Brother Lerchner from Salzburg in their room in the exclusive Hôtel Emeraude, so he could get a good night's rest before driving the rented cargo van back to Salzburg.

Breakfast consisted of slices of bread which could be spread with butter and jam, or dipped in a dish of hot chocolate. The visiting dance ensembles from Bulgaria, Brazil, Ecuador, Turkey, Peru, South Korea, Yugoslavia, Mexico, and Ukraine are martialed through the serving line in five-minute intervals. It is a privilege to associate with people from so many quarters of the earth.

Today a get-acquainted trick was witnessed: the presentation of a slice of bread on a fork, which was reciprocated by the recipient with a bouquet of kisses on alternate cheeks. Today Jed and Elise Peterson celebrated

their wedding anniversary – they were married a year ago on Elise's birthday.

At 9:30 a.m. we had a rehearsal at the town square. At 11:30 a.m., Clayton and Camille went with Ed to a reception hosted by the mayor of Confolens. At 1:45 p.m., Ethan and Amy went to a hip-hop rehearsal. Meanwhile, members of the group had a free day to shop, nap, play sports, or iron their costumes.

Confolens, a small town of about 3,000 inhabitants, is situated on the Vienne river. At the medieval *centre de la ville*, a 500-year-old stone bridge crosses the river. Virtually all the shops in this quaint, picturesque town are within walking distance of each other and of our living quarters. It was fun to purchase shoes, souvenirs, pastries, and ice cream. The exchange rate today was 6.08 francs to the dollar. Many of the businesses, such as the banks, close down at noon for a two-hour siesta.

Tonight at 9:00 p.m. was a preview dress rehearsal, open to the media, for tomorrow's opening ceremony. The festivities opened by a theme-song played by the combined musical ensembles of all the groups. Each of the visiting ensembles presented a 10-minute segment, sandwiched by short *entreacts* by a local hip-hop ensemble.

The finale was a lengthy hip-hop number danced by a couple of representatives from each of the groups. The Brazilians dazzled the audience with their acrobatic solo improvisations, which included mid-air flips, one-handed pirouettes, and twirling on one's head. The performers seemed to defy gravity much of the time.

When this writer drifted off into la-la-land at 1:30 a.m., the night was still young. One of the bands was playing within ear shot of the dormitories, and a general festive spirit prevailed.

– Walter Whipple

Saturday, August 9th, 1997 Confolens, France

I, Hillary Duncan, do hereby promise to pay Lane Hunter one million violin lessons to write the tour history entry. (Signed) Hillary Duncan.

On August 9th we prepared for the opening ceremonies at the Confolens Festival by attending a rehearsal at 9:00 a.m. Ed was pleased that we actually had performed instead of marked it. Later, Winston sprained his ankle playing basketball, and it seemed as if we would have to reblock everything. At the last minute, Ed filled in by dancing Winston's places in both [Frontier] Hoedown and Monroe's [Hornpipe]. Mark Philbrick took our picture in the archway of an old street. After the show that night, filled with dance groups from all over, including Hip Hoppers, there was a huge party in the streets where we threw tons of confetti! Day done. Pay-up!

– Lane Hunter

Sunday, August 10th, 1997 Confolens, France

Sunday. Confolens, August 10th. We have been here a few days now and quite adjusted ourselves. Today was special because we had wonderful accommodations for our Sunday meetings. We had the opportunity to dress in our Sunday clothes and have Sacrament Meeting, including short thoughts from both Brother and Sister Conlee, as well as several testimonies. We had a few visitors, even: Philippe and Caroline, our guides, and Lupe, a girl from the Mexican group. Our situation was especially nice because we had the rest of the morning to stay in our church clothes and enjoy writing letters, in journals, reading scriptures, and relaxing.

Our afternoon, however, was not very relaxing. It started with a parade, full of confetti, spectators, and loud Korean drums. We tried out our new parade routine, which, I must say, worked quite successfully. Then we did four "animations" – yes, that's right, four! Everyone was so exhausted by the end of the afternoon, and there were ice cream buyers, as usual.

Dinner was as usual, especially that French bread game that we all love so much. The evening was left for various activities, although most people went to see the show involving the Peruvian group and the Ukrainian group. What a show! Others went into town to visit the Cabaret and the disco. Thank you, that is all.

– Richard Heaton

Monday, August 11th, 1997
Confolens, France

Following the norms of the Confolens Festival, we had a morning full of free time. I don't know about anyone else, but I used my time wisely by sleeping in! Some dancers journeyed to town to find divine contentment in ice cream. Folk dancers do their best to keep ice cream shops in business. Devotional was given by Dave and Amy before lunch. Dave's inspirational thought carried us to lunch, and that physical nourishment carried us right to bed for power naps.

We did our first matinee on the stage there at the school. We did a fifteen minute segment with [Texas] Fandango, [Frontier] Hoedown, and Monroe's [Hornpipe]. We could feel ourselves dehydrating through our sweat glands underneath lights that were more like heat lamps.

After a rebeautification session, we walked down to town for a last photo shoot on the foot bridge. Mark forced the girls to go nearly over the edge, but strong boys kept us hanging on. Then, the girls showed their strength by lifting the men. Folk dancers always know how to have fun.

Tonight was our forty minute show in conjunction with Bulgaria and Mexico. Except for shedding fifteen pounds through our sweat glands, the show was great and well-received by the audience. We presented Msr. Courseget with a large bouquet of roses and a French "God Be With You" in which we all seemed to know the words.

Many stayed to watch Bulgaria, especially to see their Šop suite, and then Mexico. The night took some to the Cabaret, others on the lawn to build international relations through friendship, and others to bed. Only six more days!

– Lindsay Slade

Tuesday, August 12th, 1997
Confolens, France

Well, we were up and ready by 9:00 a.m. for the rehearsal with Moldova and Ecuador . . . but when we arrived the Moldavians were already there warming up with their rigorous footwork. The rehearsal went well and didn't even seem very long . . . it was fun to learn the different styles of dance and make acquaintance with the other groups.

After lunch (where as usual the friendship bread – or several pieces of bread on a fork – were being circulated) it was time to do whatever we pleased. For some that meant sun-tanning, for some that meant a walk into the town, for some that meant a nice long nap, and for most (like Walter), that meant some "Glacé Italienne" (or two or three or five).

The sound of drums in the courtyard led many of us to the place where the Brazilian dancers were going through some kind of warm-up/conditioning/practice. It was as good as a show! They are so energetic and can move so fast so precisely. Later that evening was the show featuring Moldova, Korea, and Brazil. Then, of course, it was pretty late by the end of the show, but the Cabaret was open and Philippe bought drinks for those who went.

– Amy Pinegar

Wednesday, August 13th, 1997
Confolens, France

Greetings fellow sojourners during this, day 55 [day 50 I think] of our Babylonian captivity. Indeed, we are pleased and yet strangely sad upon entering our final week of summer tour. However, the signs of the times have commenced, and the gods have willed this crazy journey to end. The first heavenly manifestation was when Joseph "Doom-Bringer" Kroupa defeated the dastardly Black Knight in a swordfight to the death. Although the evil one's blood was not shed, it was more than apparent that Joseph would have run him clear through. A few hundred years ago, this victory would have opened the toll bridge, allowing us to cross the river Vienne, but, no less in today's modern world, we were allowed to enter Ye Olde Lody Shoppe across the way. Another sign was Walter Whipple's annual harvest of the sacred prune of purification. We all know of its powerful restorative properties, as Mike Brown can readily attest. Armed thus, no amount of French cheese and bread can stop us. Finally, and possibly most importantly,

was the Pentecostal manifestation witnessed in the boys' bedroom at 3:00 a.m. this morning. Joseph Kroupa was the first to speak in tongues, and he, in turn, was interpreted by Clayton Dorny. Sadly, Chris Wells spoke in an unknown tongue, leading us to believe he is possessed of an evil spirit (that goes a long way towards explaining his desire to be a dentist). This wondrous night of awesome millennial-like peace was rudely interrupted by the turning-on-of-lights-even-though-it-was-light-outside. When questioned why, the soulless perpetrators replied that they loved to hear Clayton Dorny and Lane "Buck" Hunter complain. Soon enough, the entire team was once again lured onto the bus for yet another ride. We really must be idiots to get back on Satan's own coach to the underworld. I mean, come on people, for the love of humanity. Luckily enough, we side-stepped purgatory proper, and arrived at Futurescope. I personally believe the space ship Hale-Bopp both came from and returned to this "magical" French Creation. In fact, Marcus Applewhite starred in a movie we saw there. Tragically enough, we all forgot our black Nikes. Futurescope did have redeeming qualities though, such as two new flavors of "Solero" ice cream bars that Amanda "Lody Machine" Neilson quickly tested and approved. Another plus was air conditioning. Other than that, the most excitedly reported event were the naps that everyone took. Really, that's it.

We returned to the standard dinner of noodles, *pom frites*, and raw cow patty. This dinner, however, was different. Amy Pinegar received the special visit of our resident flyless fly. Eyewitness Anne McNally reported, "It just stared at her, I think he had been watching her ever since the fly strips had caught its family. Man, if she doesn't start talking in the next day or two I'll be, like, really scared." Apparently the fly had caught itself in the macaroni noodles and could not fly away. It was eventually terminated by a swift stomping of the thong.

By evening we retired to games of Skip-Bo and listening to Jon "Beatnik" Wood and the Salsa Kids jam some tunes. So powerful was their music that Lane Hunter and Britney Wood did their own version of Brazilian "theatrical" dance. Other, more adventurous souls, dared to see Kalei Jahpamophasa [Khaled] sing French/Algerian tunes. Personally, I just washed clothes. Perhaps tomorrow will bring yet more chaotic adventures for our band of folk dancers.

– Stanton Neilson

Thursday, August 14th, 1997 Confolens, France

Because of the delinquency and lack of respect that Jed Weyland holds for the entire Folk Dance organization as a whole, it has become my responsibility to reconstruct the details of a day that occurred almost two years ago. But all bitterness and hostility aside—here goes.

Today was another free day for the dancers. Ethan and I had the opportunity to attend a reception at Monsieur Courseget's house. His house was amazing—packed with items he had collected from all over the world.

It was all about the band today. They had the chance to play at different venues all over town, and most of the dancers followed them around to cheer them on. Their first concert was a little shaky because the mic's didn't work, but their second concert in the chapel was amazing. The dancers sang a couple of songs with them—OUR BAND ROCKS!!

After the concert we headed back for dinner. We all had a free evening and most of us went into town to hang out before walking back and going to bed.

Jed, you owe me big!

– Anne McNally

Friday, August 15th, 1997 Confolens, France

9:00 a.m. rehearsals are all the fashion here in Confolens, and we were lucky enough to follow fashion and enjoy yet one more rehearsal. The best part of the rehearsal is when it is over early and we have free time. It was certainly welcomed, and free time here in Confolens is very leisurely and relaxed, due to the small size of the city. Excitement after lunch abounded when we participated in yet another parade, this time accompanied by a festive purple confetti. Confetti tossing became a little ugly, eventually turning into a confetti brawl. We were impersonating a pack of monkeys as we quickly picked out pieces of the purple stuff from each others hair and costumes before going on

stage, complete with a bright sun and humid heat. Off we went to animations at the Cabaret and corner park. Appalachian [Patchwork] came to a literal standstill at the Cabaret, due to the size of our stage. Maybe next time running sets could be done with one couple running around each other. Shoot the owl could get ugly – yet I digress.

Our show this evening was a triple treat – the Americans, the Ecuadorians, and the Moldavians. It felt like a glorified CAW backstage as we waited in the wings with non-Americans. The opener was great fun as we combined all three cultures into one fun 'suite.' All that needs to be said is that the Moldavians execute a "heel-toe slide" a little too gracefully. A brand new section was added into Showdown by Clayton this evening. Its a move we like to call pick-yourself-up-off-the-ground. Nice fall! Seriously, if you're going to fall in a solo, take lessons from Clayton and just do it whole hog. Yee haa–ahhh! But, Clayton has a great stage presence that made the whole situation much more fun than tragic. The finale to the whole performance gave us one last chance to dance with the other groups again. It truly is a delight to see our groups combined onstage – even if it is for a moment.

We quickly went back to the dorms to have devotional – and on French T.V. The T.V. producers asked to film one of our "meetings." Acting naturally certainly takes more practice than we'd think, but even in the presence of a camera and lighting crew, the spirit can be felt.

So, what to do at the end of a long day in Confolens? Why, go to the Cabaret, or course! The chocolate crepes and apricot nectar come highly recommended by one group. Humid days give way to muggy evenings, but the night sky comes to life with nature's performance. Falling stars are brilliant, and the month of August calls encore after encore. Being with friends, having good food, listening to good music, and watching nature bring the night sky to life, tantalizes the senses, and creates warm memories.

– Camille Heckmann

Saturday, August 16th, 1997 Confolens, France

This was our last day of many memorable ones at the Confolens Festival in France. In fact, it was the end of many wonderful experiences on a two month Eastern and Western European tour. I felt as probably most people did that we just created one of the best memories of our lives. Yes, we were ready to go back home to friends and family and tell them our amazing stories of tour. Two months abroad is indeed a long time, especially under our frequently lackluster living conditions.

Yet despite our yearning for the home comforts and routine life that America would inevitably bring us, we left some of ourselves in Europe. You can find it primarily in the lives we touched and even more so, in the memory of those who touched us. In that respect, the following are nuggets of history in an eventful time to encourage us to remember and not forget.

This was the last dance (pun intended) on the BYU Folk Dance Team for many. It therefore seemed fitting that two individuals gave one final *adieu* in the form of our evening devotional. I don't honestly recall the scripture or hymn that was sung. I do remember the feeling I had as Jon and Britney Wood spoke of their many years on the team. It was a deep-felt appreciation for the opportunity that had been given us to perform across the world, meet many wonderful people, and at times be an instrument in the Lord's hands.

We had one final hoopla on the large center stage that evening. Each group performed their best numbers and energized an appreciative and vociferous crowd. Our mainstay was Texas Fandango, Frontier Hoedown, some band numbers, and for the finale: Monroe's Hornpipe with Ed dancing. This (Ed that is) really got the crowd going. And who could forget the final number for all the groups: the partial breakdance moves to slow music followed by two members of each team coming on stage dancing a little jig. Meanwhile, the rest of the teams entered the stands holding candles punctuated by some fireworks. This truly lived up to the term festival: people dancing, singing, greeting, and all in all having a mirthful time. Unfortunately, we couldn't stay long for the party in the streets; we had to return to our dorms and load up the bus for Paris. Perhaps it is this next scene which I remember most vividly.

We were leaving a day early from the festival and had to say goodbye to many of our new-found friends among the other performing groups. Midnight was upon us and we needed to leave as soon as possible. To our astonishment, many members of the other teams helped us load our bus; they chose to serve us instead of going to the discotheque or visiting the many merchants' booths where most people would be. We were overwhelmed by their show of affection and friendship. Before we boarded the bus, we sang our traditional parting pieces: "Go Ye Now In Peace" and "God Be With You" for the gathering. This proved difficult. Many of us had tears in our eyes as we sang. One notable was

Carlos, our Hispanic friend who became an honorary member of our team. He often joined us in our evening devotionals and appreciated the mutual feelings of friendship shared. Invariably, the time came for final goodbyes and for us to leave Confolens Festival. We gave final hugs and took last minute pictures; boarded the bus and left behind a memory.

This final scene offered a poignant and indelible moment which reflected our experiences throughout the tour. So it was with mixed emotions that we left for Paris: excitement and anticipation of flying home (and sightseeing Paris)...and the bitter-sweet parting of new-found friends; the end of an ineffable era. Perhaps it is best summed up in these two thoughts:

*Those truly linked don't need correspondence,
When they meet again after many years apart,
Their friendship is as true as ever.*

–Deng Ming-Dao

*The world is round and the place
which may seem like the end may
also be the beginning.*

– Ivy Baker Priest

– Cameron Sneddon

Sunday, August 17th, 1997 Paris, France

After driving all night long, we finally arrived at our hotel in Paris at 7:30 a.m. We were all pretty wasted considering bus sleep is just as effective as no sleep at all. After we stored all of our luggage in one of the hotel rooms we enjoyed a breakfast of croissants and juice. The team was free to roam Paris for a couple of hours—see all of Paris in a couple of hours?—RIGHT!!! Everyone tried their best to see all they could—the Sainte Chapelle, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triumph, the Louvre, and many other museums. We all met back at the hotel at three for Sacrament meeting (we used croissants, of course!). We then had a few more free hours to conquer the city before meeting to take a tour down the Seine. Our day in Paris was far from relaxing, but not too shabby for our final day in Europe.

– Anne McNally

Monday, August 18th, 1997 Paris, France to Salt Lake City, Utah

After a most incredible opportunity to experience Europe, ending with a fantastic holiday in Paris, it was time for BYU's Folk Dance Ensemble to return home. But the adventure was not yet over. It was discovered that Cecilie had forgotten a portion of her papers (remember that she is a citizen of Denmark) required to re-enter the United States. It was decided to leave Chris to assist her in working with the embassy in obtaining new papers. We apprehensively left them behind, and the rest of the group had a comfortable and safe trip home. (It should be noted that obtaining the correct papers did not turn out to be easy. Finding a place to stay was also a trick. Chris finally ended up returning home alone; Cecilie arrived home safely a few days later.)

When one thinks of all that has been seen, and of all the people we have met since leaving Provo on June 25th, it is really amazing. And think of the variety: festivals in the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Poland, and France; performances on streets, in town squares, on rickety “postage stamp” size stages, in small town venues, and on beautiful stages with audiences of 6,000 and more; staying in private homes, hotels, chalets, and yes, even crammed together in school rooms; long, longer, and even *really* long bus rides, walking through villages, riding on metros, strolling through villages, and soaring on planes; Vienna, Warsaw, Berlin, Prague, Zurich, and Paris; *lody*, Magnum bars, and Italian ice—and the many, many new friends which each of us will long remember.

This summer we also had the privilege of having Mary and Walter Whipple accompany the group as cultural advisors. We also had the opportunity of having the Dean of our College and his wife, Brother and Sister Conlee, University Photographer Mark Philbrick, and President and Sister Merrill Bateman of the University join the tour. Each of us will long remember the spirit of the Batemans.

And of course, what a chance we all had in getting to know one another better, to continue to discover individual personalities, and then to feel the powerful spirit of the group—in performance, in testimony of the Savior and in love for one another.

I am reminded of the scripture in Mosiah 2: 23-24: *“And now, in the first place, he hath created you, and granted unto you your lives, for which ye are indebted unto him. And secondly, he doth require that ye should do as he hath commanded you; for which if ye do, he doth immediately bless you; and therefore he hath paid you. And ye are still indebted unto him, and are, and will be, forever and ever; therefore, of what have ye to boast?”*

Once again, we are forever indebted to our Heavenly Father for the blessings of what we have experienced this summer.

And I am thankful for the wonderful people I have shared this experience with. For each committed student, for the guest leaders, for Scott and Karen Horman and Delynne Peay, who never tire of their service—and most importantly, for my wife Vickie. Thank you all for your commitment, your friendship, and your willingness to testify of Jesus Christ.

– Ed Austin, Director

LINE-UP

Teton Mountain Stomp (Texas Fandango)

Exhibition Square Dance

Frontier Hoedown

Band #

Southern Band #

Southern Reflections

Spanish Waltz

Waltz Round

5-Step

Galop

Band #

Pioneer Heritage Medley

INTERMISSION

America Taps

Rock Around the Clock/At the Hop

Trickle, Trickle

Jonny Angel

Steppin'

Rodeo Swing

Band # Orange Blossom Express

Appalachian Patchwork

Goin' Down to Cripple Creek

Monroe's Hornpipe

Showdown

Go Ye Now In Peace/God Be With You

LANE'S SONGS

A LITTLE OLD LADY WHO...

Oh, I come from a land miles and miles away,
Where they say "yee-hah" and "yipee-kay-yay."
And I'm lookin' for somebody who will give me a hand,
And teach me how to yodel like in Switzerland.

I walked by a farmer who was milking a cow,
I said I'd really like to yodel can you show me how.
The farmer gave a grin, the cow it winked its eye,
And this is how the farmer replied.

CHORUS

I'm just a yokel who can't yodel but I know a little who lady who,
Can show you how,
She is the model of a yodeler if we hurry we can reach her now.
A little old lady who, a little old lady who, a little old lady who can yodel like the yodelers do.
A little old lady who, a little old lady who, would you like to yodel like the little old lady do.

So we started on our journey and saw a family near,
Just a woman and seven kids singin' "Doe a Deer..."
I said, "I'd like to learn to yodel and I've come so far,"
She looked at me and strummed her guitar,

"Let's start at the very beginning,
A very good place to start..."

CHORUS

Well, the farmer and the children and the crazy nun,
Climbed with me upon the cow and away we run.
But when we reached the top the cow was dead and we made a fuss,
"Hey, Lady," we said, "Get out here! You gotta help all of us!"

CHORUS (changed to the first person plural)

We're just some yokels who can't yodel but we heard you're a little ol' lady who,
Could show us how,
You are the model....[etc.]

When we finished our complainin' and the echo rang clear,
The little old lady stopped to lend an ear.
"You've come so far, and I am sorry 'bout the cow,
But you don't need yodel lessons 'cause you already know how!"

CHORUS

BERLIN

CHORUS

Berlin, Berlin,
Lookout I'm comin' in.
Ya kept me out too long,
And I ain't done no wrong.

Drop the bridge and open up the hatch,
Berlin you finally met your match.
Share all the secrets that you hold within,
And let me in, Berlin.

VERSE 1

You built a wall between us, and tried to keep me out,
But you know I'll never leave us, 'til we figure this out.
Somebody must have really hurt you, and it stings right to the bone,
But Berlin please know I love you, you don't have to be alone.

CHORUS

VERSE 2

You use a veil of barbed wire, to hide your crying eyes,
But iron curtains and concrete, make a thin disguise.
You want someone who will hold you, but the last one hurt you so,
Berlin please know that I love you, let me in and I won't let go.

CHORUS

NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINKING SONG

BASS

Oh, some say, in order to play,
You need a keg of ale.
But I say, in my own funny way,
That that only leaves you stale.

MELODY

So give me some friends and a song that won't end,
That's my formula for finding joy.
But please keep your beer, far far from here,
Chtěl bych nealkoholický napoj.

SOPRANO

Tra la la, la la, tra la la, la la
Over nine million Saints can't be wrong.
Tra la la, la la, tra la la la
That's my non-alcoholic drinking song.

HALE TOALLA HACIA ABAJO USANDO DOS MANOS

I woke up Friday morning, to take a little trip,
I packed *mi big sombrero*, some *nachos* and some dip.

CHORUS 1

Ai yai yai, ai yai yai,
Ai yai yai, ai yai yai.

I drank a lot of *agua*, to wash the *nachos* down,
Said, "*Lo siento mucho*, we must stop in the next town!"

CHORUS 1

When the bus she stopped, to take a potty break,
I pulled the towel and washed my hands but made a big mistake!

CHORUS 2

Oh, *hale toalla hacia abajo, usando dos manos*,
Oh, *hale toalla hacia abajo, usando dos manos*.

CHORUS 1

I got back on the bus-uh, and in my seat I sat,
But I was so embarrassed, my hands were *mucho* wet!

CHORUS 1

Then little *Taracita*, in front of me demand,
"Oh, *Paco* you're so cute I want to hold your hand!"

CHORUS 1

So with my hand I reached, to Tara here to take,
Oh, *Paco* that's all wrong, you made a big mistake!

CHORUS 2

CHORUS 1

This is an *importante* lesson [drum roll], for those of you traveling around [drum roll],
Never choose one or the other, but with two *manos* pull towel down.

CHORUS 2

CHORUS 1

SITTIN' ON A BUS WITH DI

Verse 1

There she is,
I see her every day.
We're always on the same bus,
Ridin' the same ol' way.

I wish I had the nerve,
To let my feelings show.
But I'm always in the back seat,
And she's in the second row.

Still I'm...

Chorus

Sittin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
Sittin' on a bus with Di.
Sittin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
My, how my heart flies!

Hair like night,
Skin like cream,
Lips like cherry pie.

Sittin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
Sittin' on a bus with Di.

Verse 2

Then one day,
My heart skipped a beat.
Instead of sittin' in row number two,
She was sittin' in seat number three.

Then seat number four and row number five,
And all the way to seventeen.
Finally, she was sittin' next to me,
In answer to all my dreams.

Now I'm...

Chorus

Ridin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
Ridin' on a bus with Di.
Ridin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
My, how my heart flies!

Hair like night,
Skin like cream,
Lips like cherry pie.

Ridin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
Ridin' on a bus with Di.

Verse 3

My palms were wet,
And my throat was dry.
I said, "Hi, I think my name is Lane."
She said, "Hi, my name is Di."

And when she turned to ask,
Why I sat so far behind.
I said, "Golly, miss, you're beautiful,
And I'm just a little shy."

Oh, I'm...

Chorus

Talkin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
Talkin' on a bus with Di.
Talkin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
My, how my heart flies!

Hair like night,
Skin like cream,
Lips like cherry pie.

Talkin' on a bus with Di Di Rodriguez,
Talkin' on a bus with Di.

Verse 4

In any kind of weather,
In rain, or sleet, or snow.
It didn't really matter,
We had no place to go.

So, all around the world,
On that bus we roamed.
Then one day she said, "I do,"
And we bought us a motor home.

I was...

Chorus

Married on a bus to Di Di Rodriguez,
Married on a bus to Di.
Married on a bus to Di Di Rodriguez,
My, how my heart flies!

Hair like night,
Skin like cream,
Lips like cherry pie.

I'll love that girl for all my life,
And even after I die.
Even after I die.
Even after I die.

SUGAR BABY

Oh I got a Sugar Baby,
She's so sweet to me.
'Cause she's hyperglycemic,
And she can't eat candy.

So I buy her lots of chocolates,
Which I know she can't eat.
And she gives them back to me,
My Sugar Baby 'za treat.

CHORUS

Sugar Baby vo-dee-o-do,
I buy my Baby sugar from wherever I go.
Sugar Baby ah-skid-a-lee-dee,
I got my Baby's sugar and my Sugar's got me.

Oh I could buy her diamonds,
Or a couple of furs.
But what's the fun in that,
When all the gifts stay hers.

So I buy her lots of goodies,
From the candy bin.
It keeps me nice and husky,
Keeps her nice and thin.

CHORUS

BRIDGE

I buy her chocolate kisses,
And we cuddle and coo.
I want her for my missus,
Have her cake and eat it too.

CHORUS (repeat and fade)

THE THIRD EYEBROW

There is a growth upon my face,
A sort of masculine hairy lace.
The women swoon and men cowntow,
To see my third eyebrow.

Some look or gawk or even stare,
At such a lovely lip of hair.
They underestimate the power,
Beware my third eyebrow.

CHORUS

My third eyebrow will catch your eye and reel you in,
And then the magic passion spell will begin.
My golden 'stache will sweep you off your feet,
Not to mention the lips with which you eat.

The others try, they can't succeed,
You see my mustache grows just like a weed.
The look you'll find yourself somehow,
Within my third eyebrow.

Like Samson with his locks of hair,
My power's strong but don't despair.
Succumb to it and hither now,
To kiss my third eyebrow.

CHORUS

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