

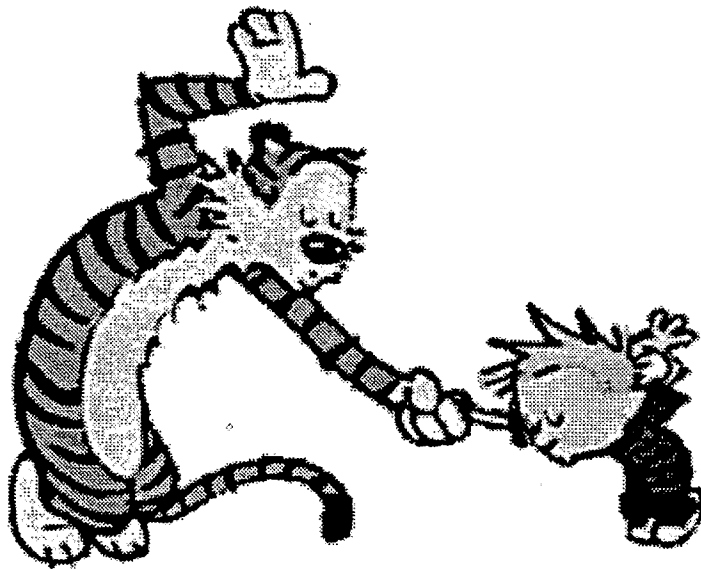
1998 Summer Tour History

Indonesia

Thailand

Vietnam

China



Editors: Jeffrey Dunster and Ryan Gibbons
with special assistance from Katie Strong & Kamae Bradburn

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Indonesia

Wednesday, May 13th
Bogor, Indonesia

Hmmm. I don't even know where to start. Not because there is so much to say, but because I don't know when the day even started. We left Monday evening from LAX and sometime along the way, we lost Tuesday (which still confuses me) and began Wednesday. I'm

not quite sure how it happened, but it did. I think there were some hours which didn't belong to today or yesterday. They were just kind of unaccounted for. Another thing that was strange was that we hadn't seen daylight for a long time. Basically, I felt like I was in the "Twilight Zone." During the flight we ate about 3 or 4 times, and watched 2 or 3 stupid movies.

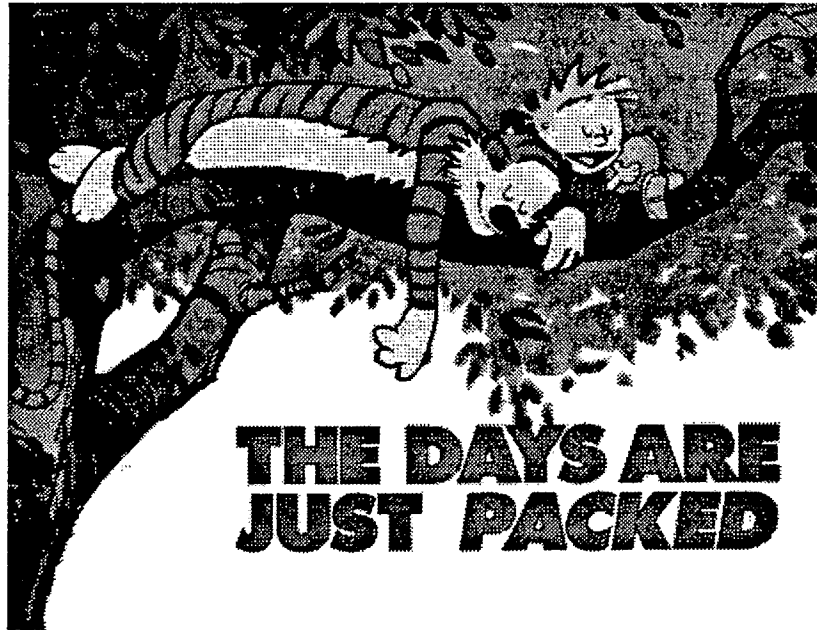
They played "The Boxer," "Hard Rain," and "Great Expectations." Some people kind of liked "Hard Rain," but the other two were pretty pathetic. Another funny thing about the flight was the instructional video that they show prior to takeoff. There were two ladies that "supposedly" spoke Thai and English. But I think to everyone it looked like they couldn't speak either one. Their mouths weren't matched up to the words at all.

Anyway, things started making sense to me time-wise when we landed in Osaka. It was about 1 a.m. when we arrived there. We had a half hour to just relax in the airport and get our blood circulating again. Some of us sat around watching Japanese television, while others either wrote in their journals or met people on our flight. Katie and Lisa made some friends that were from Thailand, and I think they even invited them to one of our shows. That half hour went by pretty quickly and it was boarding time again. We then flew for about 5 more hours 'till we got to Bangkok. We arrived there at 6 a.m., and as we stepped off the plane, the humidity just about knocked us over. It was so hot and it was only 6 in the morning. One good thing was that there was daylight again. For a while there, I thought I was going to be living in darkness permanently.

We then had a 5 hour layover which was very thrilling. We all sat in the same general area with all our carry-ons piled on top of each other. Mostly everyone went around shopping, or at least looking at the shops for a while. It didn't take us too long to realize that every shop was pretty much the same.

During this time, some of us were playing cards and others were talking to some people. A few of us were able to talk to a monk that was sitting near us. We also talked to a lady from India, and we gave both of them our programs--flyers, or whatever they're called.

A while later, Brother Holsinger gathered us around and gave us the update on the problems in Indonesia. He told us that more people had been killed the day before. He then



**THE DAYS ARE
JUST PACKED**

explained some of the political reasons behind the riots and protests. Apparently, most of the deaths had been student deaths, so there wasn't any hostility shown toward Americans. The situation was still relatively tame.

After we had this talk, it was time to board the plane to Jakarta. We flew for about an hour or so, then got off in Singapore. The airport was so clean and also very quiet. We were the loudest people in there not that that's a surprise or anything. We only had a few minutes there so before we knew it, we were on the plane again to Jakarta. We then flew for 3 or 4 more hours and arrived at 4:30 p.m. We then got off the plane and went to pick up our luggage. It was so hot our clothes were totally sticking to us. When the luggage adventure was completed, we then went and met some of the students from the university. After that, we then loaded our buses and began to drive to Bogor.

One of the buses we were in was totally tiny. There was no leg-room whatsoever. We were all totally sweating. It was a sad sight. An hour and a half later, we arrived at this mansion. It was pretty embarrassing when we went in there because we looked completely hammered. Also, pretty much everyone had to force themselves to stay awake while we were there.

The owner of the mansion was on the board of directors at the university. Before we ate, he said he was going to give a short speech. Well, it wasn't quite as short as we thought it would be, because half the team was fighting to stay awake. After the speech, some gifts were presented and then we ate. After we finished eating, people gradually got up and began to cha cha along with the music. We all cha cha'd the night away.

THE END (I never thought I'd make it.)

Patricia Greathouse

Bangkok and Jakarta

We are all, well most of us, sitting in the transit lounge of the Bangkok International airport. In a couple of hours we'll board another Thai Airlines flight that will take us to Jakarta, the first real stop in our itinerary. I confess to some apprehension. I love Indonesia but the economic turmoil the country is facing has led to widespread student unrest. It would be unfortunate to have the students come this far and be denied the opportunity to perform. I hope this doesn't happen.

Somehow we lost Tuesday, May 12. Sorry, it is still a little bit of a mystery to me how this happens.

We landed in Jakarta on schedule and were met by the (LDS) representative of the US Embassy. He didn't have good news. There were new reports of violence in many Indonesian cities, most especially Jakarta but also in Bogor and in Yogyakarta where our student dancers are scheduled to perform at the prestigious Gadjah Mada University. Also greeting us at the airport were various Pakuan University (Muslim University in Bogor where the missionary couple Richards have worked) officials and students and faculty who then provided us with buses and trucks to take us and all our baggage to Bogor. Scotty and Ed remained behind with Pres. Subandriyo in order to prepare for our performance at the Jakarta International School.

As soon as we arrived in Bogor, the students were parceled out to the different places where they would be spending the night, while we and the Henries were driven to the Novotel where we had reservations. We all had just enough time to drop off our bags, freshen up a bit and then return almost immediately for a dinner together at the home of Bogor's wealthiest

businessman, Mr. Mashud, a close friend of the president of the University. We were all struck somewhat speechless at the opulence and size of his mansion, but the food was fabulous and shortly after eating, the students were soon dancing to live music while the adults retired to a conference room where we discussed the worsening political situation. The kids must have been exhausted but they seemed to be enjoying themselves and went out of their way to talk with the other guests while getting them to join them in the dancing.

Meanwhile, the adults were busy trying to assess the benefits of performing in an atmosphere that was tenuous at best. After listening to each other, we decided to proceed with the next day's itinerary while remaining flexible enough to make any necessary changes. It turned out that Mr. Mashud was expecting us to spend the night at his home but since we had already checked into the hotel, we apologized profusely for the mix-up and promised to spend the next night as his guests.

In retrospect it's good that Ed and Scott stayed in Jakarta while the rest of the crew went on to Bogor. That way they are better able to help us get a flight out of Indonesia. Yes, we are leaving without ever having put on a formal show. This is what happened.

Well known to us and all Indonesia watchers, Indonesia has suffered an unprecedented economic turmoil for over a year now. Like its Southeast Asian neighbors the economic miracle rapidly collapsed when investor confidence lagged and a largely unsubstantiated fear spread quickly that markets were overheated. With currency devaluation consumer and industrial debt became impossibly high and many banks and numerous commercial ventures went bankrupt. Unemployment shot up accompanied by inflation of fundamental consumer necessities. The seemingly unstoppable chain spiraled downward plunging Indonesia deep into troubled economic waters.

What many of us always suspected then began to unfold before our eyes. The benign dictatorship of Pres. Suharto that began in 1965 could survive only as long as the majority of citizens perceived their personal economic interests as improving. Thus it was that when those interests began to reverse and personal fortunes were wiped out and living costs rose to unbearable heights, popular support for the Suharto regime eroded rapidly. This phenomenon took many forms but just as we were arriving, university-based student political groups began to mobilize themselves in active protest actions against the current government in general and against Pak Suharto in particular. Demands for his removal from office became increasingly strident but largely peaceful. Then, coinciding perfectly with our arrival, student-inspired protestors took to the streets with placards and rocks, inflaming public opinion and inciting to riot.

As we drove away from the airport in two large buses we noticed huge numbers of vehicles streaming into the airport from the opposite direction. Had we been able to interpret this correctly (none did) we would have seen expatriates and ethnic Chinese fleeing their homes and businesses which were at that very moment under attack by crazed mobs most of whom had no political motive whatever but took advantage of the chaos to loot, burn and destroy. By the time we arrived in Bogor, and completely unknown to us, a half dozen or so students had been killed.

Things were quiet that night as we settled into our various accommodations in local homes and hotels. Some of the students observed unrest in Bogor. The majority however slept in peaceful ignorance of the growing political unrest gripping the country.

Don Holsinger

Thursday, May 14th

Bogor, Indonesia

This assignment of "tour history" could also be entitled "world history." Our long journey yesterday placed us in the midst of a turbulent Indonesia. In spite of riots in Jakarta, our immediate surroundings have been very peaceful. The backdrop of riots and potentially dynamic politics contrast our activities at the palace, the university and the plush Novotel.

According to what we know now, this time is especially dynamic due to the further drop in relative value of Indonesian money. President Suharto, now away in Egypt, is the focus of heavy animosity among university students. They want him out. After Suharto's roughly 30 years in office, students now call for him to step down. They blame the recent economic downturn-at least in part-on him. Until today, there had been seven reported deaths, including students and police. Student demonstrations have been the sites for these deaths. By the end of the day, the total deaths were 22. In a confused, unfocused expression of rage, mobs burnt vehicles and buildings in several Indonesian cities. Jakarta took the brunt of much of the violence. Mobs looted stores, as law enforcement was apparently unable to restrain them. Apparently, Chinese merchants were hit hardest, since they are the object of much prejudice by Indonesians.

Meanwhile, President Clinton has spoken in favor of Suharto. This is bad news for Americans in Indonesia where the most audible and active voice is so strongly against Suharto. Mashud, our gracious host last night, was made rich by Suharto. Both of these associations with our group made us vulnerable with such potential dangers surrounding us. All Americans have been told by US officials to leave the country. The US embassy has been evacuated. For a good deal of the day, our leaders-both here and in Utah-tried to rush us out of the country as well.

With these world-changing issues about us, we went our merry way to the Presidential Palace with our Indonesian friends from the Pakuan University. These student were very warm to us. Judging from this gathering, you would guess that all Indonesians have a great love for Americans. They spoke English well. We learned some conversational basics. The tour of the palace was impressive, built by the Dutch, it was taken over by the Japanese in 1942 and finally occupied by the newly independent Indonesians (in either 1945, or 1950). Our group took in the beautiful sculptures, paintings, chandeliers, and rooms with awe. But, the excitement around the rubber tree just outside really got our engines revved. Some of the more impressive Tarzan imitations ended tragically. For example, Ryan actually made the Richter scale when the vine left him to gravity's cruel whim. It wasn't pretty, but it was entertaining!

That wasn't the only entertainment for the day-not by a long shot. We watched the exciting Bali dancing of some university students, accompanied by their traditional band. The women's angular poses were different from anything we've done or seen. In street clothes, we reciprocated with Monroe's (a capella), Fandango, and Exhibition Square. [By this time, we knew we weren't going to perform as scheduled that evening.] Also, the band entertained the groups from both universities with several wonderful numbers. Marcus joined in Orange Blossom-or was that the Millennial Falcon-special. Nice, nice, baby!

After lunch, festivities continued. And continued. Anyone who ever learned a song in their life, in either, group sang to Melissa's instant and competent accompaniment. Iya (SP?) and Nya (SP?) had impressive renditions of popular American songs. Marcus led da boys in rousing raps of primary songs (Give Said the Little Stream, Wise Man Build House On Rock, etc.) Hey, we've all got our own unique talents, right? We finished with Tania's victory in musical chairs. It was time

to leave.

Matt, Ryan, and others worked for several hours longer than the rest of us gathering bags from our hosts/hotels in a hurried movement to the isolated Novotel. We discovered a beautiful new world in this gorgeous resort. Supper and devotional were the only items on our restful agenda. The devotional itself was very restful for many tired ensemble members.

During all of our enjoyment and relaxation, we had been somewhat oblivious to the violence and rage elsewhere on this island. The matter is serious. This Novotel is paradise as arrangements are made to evacuate.

Jed Weyland

Friday, May 15

Novotel, Bogor, Indonesia

The only constant in tour so far is the lack of consistency. We certainly are experiencing the opportunity of a lifetime, as we are in a country where many changes are afoot. Due to the student rallies and protests, we will remain in the Novotel hotel until Monday. This is for our safety, as the entire city of Jakarta has erupted in riots, looting and fires. We are far from dangers way, but the mood is tense.

Despite that we could consider it to be house arrest, if there is any place to be grounded, it is here! We are in a hot, tropical paradise. Shopping for some has made us look "native," in bold batik pants and dresses, not to mention some of the guys looking pretty good in their new batik shirts. Give us a few more days in the sun, and our tans will turn native, too!

We are discussing the possibility of a performance here at the hotel. Mixed feelings are present. Safety of the hotel guests and ourselves is an issue among the students. We feel the prayers of our families and others in our behalf. So far, we have been very blessed. Anyhow, in the traditional Asian poetry form of haiku, Confucius now write poem:

Tropical water.
The sultry sun gives color
Paradise is found!

Camille Heckman

Saturday, May 16

Bogor, Novotel

The day dawned cool and quiet, a refreshing change from yesterday's relentless heat and humidity that only intensified the tense confusion we were all experiencing. As we gathered in a hotel conference room for morning devotional, everyone was obviously in much better spirits. First one and then another started tapping rhythmically on the table in a beat that quickly segued

into a strong African throb that turned into a hand-clapping finger-snapping exuberant group expression of relief and gratitude. A huge grin on her face, Carolyn remarked on the evident change and then read us a fax from Ed Blaser, the high point of which was the promise of a military escort to the airport on Monday if necessary. This was especially reassuring to some of the girls who had been awakened in the early morning hours by the sound of helicopters landing at the nearby golf course, there to pick up hotel guests fleeing the country.

Pat expressed the feelings of all in her devotional as she quoted from the scriptures and reminded us that we are in the Lord's hands, that He is mindful of us all and taking care of us at this difficult time. Carolyn had expressed her conviction that our location at the hotel was no accident. The Henrie-Holsinger double booking that had seemed a mistake, in fact made it possible to have a place where everyone could stay that was safely away from the political turmoil. She pointed out that the embassy personnel had explained to her that we were exactly where they would have chosen to put us to keep us out of harm's way outside a smaller city where the rioting could not reach us but close enough to the airport for easy access in an emergency. This was surely a witness of the Lord's love and care for us.

On a lighter note, Rachel received the bug award for the most bites, while Rich was given the Sweet-tarts award in honor of at least 3 phone calls received the day before from Pakuan female admirers! People spent the morning relaxing around the pool, getting massages, playing soccer and doing a photo essay of the resort. Following lunch it was time to set up for the dinner performance, a lot of work both for us and the staff.



By mid-afternoon, however, student unease set in. Second thoughts rapidly escalated into the very real possibility of canceling the performance. Sensing a spirit of division, Clayton called everyone together into the exercise room now doubling as a costume and prop room. Politely inviting the leaders to wait outside, he talked with the performers about the need for unity, and then opened up the meeting for everyone to express their concerns, their fears, their hopes. The leaders watched through the glass doors as the kids first talked and then knelt in prayer there among the dress bags and hanging costumes. Minutes later they walked into an atmosphere of love and tender feelings. "Our hearts are open," began Clayton. "We want to know what you'd like us to do." Another student stated the concern of many. "We worry that the leaders are not united in their decision."

Stepping forward in Carolyn's absence (who had been called to take a phone call), John spoke to their feelings of fear. "They are real and they are legitimate but you need to recognize and face them." A few students voiced the scriptural injunction that a light on a hill should not be hid, that we're here to bring joy. Others agreed with Matt who admitted that some of them would be fearful until they were on the plane and it was in the air, but if they were going to perform, he wanted to do it right, full out, giving it everything they had. Scotty took the floor and reminded us all of the role of the sustaining vote, explaining that he felt a need for it. First, however, Carolyn expressed a gnawing worry that simply wouldn't go away. But the general consensus was to proceed, so following a solemn heartfelt sustaining of Scotty's final decision, the whole group knelt yet once again in prayer. We arose with a feeling of total unity and commitment.

Then it was on with the show! And what a show it was. The kids sang and danced, fiddled and played, clapped and clogged their hearts out, perspiration dripping and clothes drenched in the tropical heat. Dinner guests went wild, staff turned out in mass, and children

lined the edge of the stage. Even after finishing their program, the students fanned out among audience members and the interaction continued as they shook hands and talked with people, much to the delight of the Indonesians who kept saying, "This has been a wonderful break, the first happy day in a long time."

It will be a lasting memory for all of us, the process by which difficult decisions are made, the need to support each other, the certain joy of that comes from raising the spirits of our brothers and sisters whose lives are made better, enriched by our willingness to bring them the light of the gospel through music and dance even under less than ideal circumstances.

Ellen Holsinger

Sunday, May 17th

Novotel, Bogor, Jakarta, Indonesia

Being Sunday, all the team had church together in one of the main rooms of the hotel. We have been fasting for a safe departure tomorrow morning. We had sacrament meeting together, then Priesthood/Relief Society thereafter. One of the hotel staff, Jeanny, from the email desk, was with us for those meetings. Her English was good enough to understand what was happening and it added a great missionary spirit to the meetings.

After the meetings we discussed our schedule for the departure the next morning at 2 am. We were missing nine seats on the plane to accommodate the whole team, but something must turn up or someone will stay behind for the next flight.

We will have a marine escorted departure. And the First Presidency would have us in their thoughts and prayers that day. Dean Conlee called to encourage us. The fear of the night before has dissipated. Several people haven't slept at all, but we have had lots of prayers for us. To top off the meetings, it was the birthday of Bro Holsinger, and the staff made a cake on their own and surprised us.

The rest of the day we relaxed, read and wrote in our journals, and some packed for the early departure the next morning. And those with TR's were wandering around this very romantic retreat drinking in this, our last night in paradise. What a way to begin a tour with four days here at this resort. One of the dancers reported that the hotel staff said we were the nicest people to visit; North American people were the nicest and the French were the rudest.

That night we had dinner at the hotel with the president and some chosen faculty from Pacuan university. We gave them gifts and sang "Irish Blessing/God Be With You..." to them. The president spoke and apologized for the situation and our leaders spoke gratefully with them for helping us through these times.

Monday, May 18th

Novotel, Bogor, Indonesia

May 18th was possibly the longest day of tour. At 2:30 a.m., we left the refuge of the ever-charming Novotel in Bogor, so that we could sit in the airport for an extended period of time awaiting our flight. The bus ride to the airport was largely uneventful. Most people slept. Those who weren't sleeping were awake. I had expected the group to expel a mutual sigh of relief upon our arrival at the airport. But if any such sigh occurred, it was smothered by Jared and Brandi's snoring.

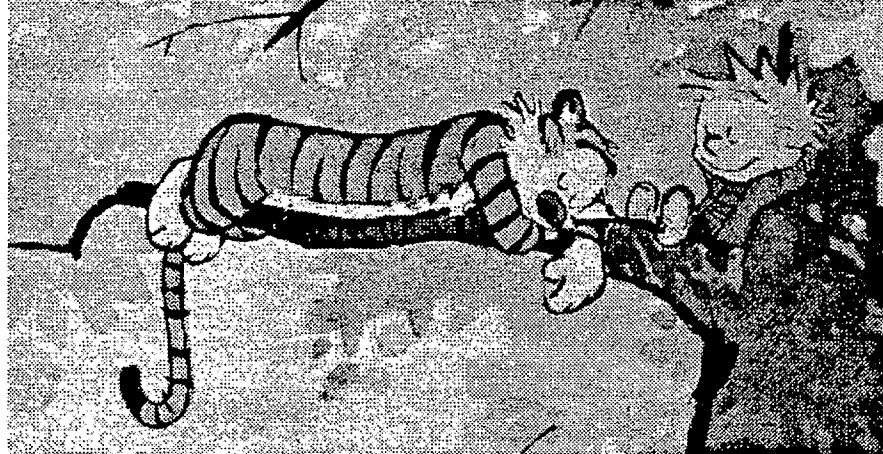
The otherwise dull airport scene was livened up by the melodious tunes of Mountain Strings. Though the vivid bluegrass rhythms ran through the airport like a bull in a china shop, something was clearly lacking in their sound. The tone of the songs they played sounded empty and shallow, like when Ringo Starr tried to cut a solo album. The hole left by the absence of the space bass did not go unnoticed. The music of the bassless Mountain Strings was suddenly interrupted as a sharp crack cut through the stale Indonesian air. One week earlier, the crack could have been mistaken for a not so distant gunshot or a tank crashing into a bus. Fortunately, unfortunately, it was Ben's elbow making contact with Lindsay's nose in the middle of a razzle-dazzle country swing spin maneuver. This incident also confirmed the belief of all the Asian on-lookers that no American activity is complete until blood has hit the floor.

The flight to Bangkok was like any other flight to Bangkok. We checked in at the Taipan Hotel, which for various reasons became my personal favorite. What it lacked in atmosphere it made up for with character. [(and romance)] Two little men stood by the entrance at all hours of the day to open the door for you. On arrival, you would get a glass of mystery juice to drink. Their lounge singer sang every note flat, and the middle elevator would plummet three floors when it wasver capacity. Another bonus was its location. It was a two-minute walk away from the Thai version of Bourbon Street. Ten minutes further brought you to the loving embrace of Pizza Hut, KFC and Swensons where many went to wrap up their days in Bangkok.

Joseph Andersen

Thailand

Tuesday, May 19th
Bangkok, Thailand



After our first night in Bangkok, the group ate an original buffet breakfast in the Taipan hotel. We checked out and prepared to leave about 9 a.m. But we had a little difficulty with the "pang" ("expensive" in Thai) price of our hotel rooms. But not to worry, Sister Henrie took control of the situation and obtained a better price.

On the bus ride through Bangkok, the "clothespin" game started up. It was definitely the craze of the day, especially while at the Grand Palace. Matt did an excellent job of getting footage of the clothespin sightings.

It was really hot and humid; we were all happy to have A/C on the bus. Right after entering the Grand Palace, it began to rain and pour. The palace was interesting and we enjoyed seeing the Buddha's yearly wardrobe, but we were honored to realize that we've had the "happy Buddha" with us all along in disguise as Scotty "Hormone." Members were blessed with "many good health, good luck and good money" while being sprinkled with lotus flowers.

Matthew enjoyed working on his own International Relations with our beautiful tour guide "Sunny." Ed's challenge of the day was to get a clothespin (the clothespin game) in the hair clips of the girls.

Following yet another buffet meal, we took off for Pattaya and another paradise resort. The bus was filled with songs and chanting until the bus driver turned on the radio. I guess he didn't want to listen to our beautiful choir. Then he turned on some movies that were a bit questionable but none the less a cultural experience being dubbed into Thai.

Jed took advantage of the slow songs on the radio and asked Andrea to dance. Matthew followed and pretty soon, he and Katie were also dancing in the aisle. Joseph too wanted a partner and asked Rachel to dance. But he was shot down hard core.

Amy tried to revive spirits and began reading compliments out of the "compliment bag" with the "American Flag." But every time one was read for Rachel, Joseph made sure that everyone knew that it was not true. He wasn't bitter.

Let us not forget our fashionable tour guide throughout the day, the ballroom dancer, Tom. Let us also not forget that he wanted to take Camille to a show. :)

When we finally got to the resort, Ryan complained because there was "only one fountain." The moving crew shed a few tears when the hotel guys took away their job. Inside the resort, everyone warmed up with a little whiskey in the tropical drinks.

Jed also announced the "Tour Predictions" today. Please refer to Jed's copy for the full reports (see appendix). Some highlights were the "Solid Gold Dancer" and "most likely to biff it on stage" both of which were won by our very own Pat! We weren't surprised to learn that Rich

and Ryan were "most likely to end up in jail."

Dinner in our hotel/resort was filled with great Thai food, clothespins and "friendship kisses." Well, that is for everyone but councilman Joe, who was again repeatedly denied by the beautiful Rachel. When he finally succeeded, about 5 or 6 of the boys got on one knee with fork and bread in hand.

Many enjoyed walking down to the beach and spending time in the Orchid Pool. There they played Ultimate Frizbee and "Sharks and Minnows." Ed led the group in untying the "Human Knot" and gave us all a lesson in synchronized swimming, followed by a "chicken fight"/war.

Matt and Lisa came by to see what was happening and despite the planning at dinner, Matt was thrown in, tour clothes, shoes and all.

Late-night strolls along the beach led to swimming in the ocean by Jed, Camille and Jeremiah who had encounters with a "killer Jelly Fish."

Katrina Madsen

Wednesday, May 20th

Pattaya, Thailand

Our day began as we awoke in beautiful Pattaya, excited to hear how the ocean would fit into our plans for the day. A meeting was held before our morning devotional and prayer, at which, we decided to take a boat out to an island where we would spend the day snorkeling and playing on the beach. This idea was short-lived, though, because the boats didn't supply life jackets, and a crazy group like ours would surely overturn any sea-worthy vessel. . . so we went para sailing instead!

We traveled to a nearby beach, which wasn't exactly a tropical paradise, but hey, it had sand and lots of water, and we were all excited to swim in the ocean. We swam, found seashells and sea urchins, built sand castles, bought out one man's bag of silk hammocks and sunburned through the clouds. We buried Katrina in the sand and made her into a beautiful mermaid. Likewise we buried Ed. (Vickie should have seen him then! Those muscles were an incredible sight.) For 300 baht, or about \$5, we each had a turn parasailing high above the ocean. We had a lot of fun watching each person get launched into the air and try to make a perfect landing at the end of their ride. It was refreshing to be all alone in the air, and the scenery was amazing.

After our experience at the beach, we returned to the hotel and were given money to have lunch on our own. Some ate at the hotel and went swimming in the pool, and others went out to explore the town. I'm not sure what everyone else found to eat, but Matthew, Lisa, Pat and [Mike] ended up eating rice with chicken parts and a side order of... rice. It was quite an experience trying to order from a menu with no written English, in a restaurant with no English-speaking employees.

The decision was made to return to Bangkok on the bus that evening instead of the following morning so that we could have a good night's sleep and a full day to see Bangkok. Brother Holsinger gave us our first written quiz on Thailand during the bus ride, resulting in scores from the upper 80's to the lower 50's. After discussing the answers to the quiz, our bus driver forced on us another one movie poorly dubbed into the Thai language, and kept the volume up high the whole time. Oh how those movies captured our interest and kept us occupied on the

road! [sarcasm]

We arrived that night back at the Thai Pan Hotel in Bangkok where we ate dinner, held devotional and prayer, and went to sleep. We were all happy for the opportunity we had to stay in Pattaya and to enjoy some time together at the beach. This was a memorable day for us all.

Mike Brown

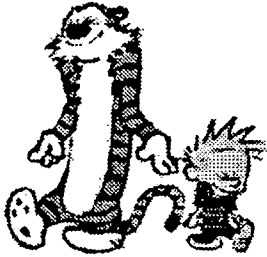
Thursday, May 21rd

Bankok, Thailand

Today we visited Vimanmek Mansion Museum (the teak wood mansion) and saw some art work and other period works. When we got there, Kenny G music playing over the loud speakers. It was surprising to hear American music at such a historical place. After removing our shoes, we began our guided tour. The guide explained that the door frames were places where the spirits dwell, that's why they are so large and we aren't allowed to step on them. The whole mansion is supposedly made all of teak wood, but it's all painted so it might as well be pine, or some other cheap wood. The mansion was very long with many high doorways and the sweat just kept coming, but eventually we were taken outside to see the Thai dancers.

The Thai dancing was graceful and very subtle, but after a while it got kind of boring. What must they think of our dancing, all bouncy and loud? But we sure have fun! We stayed watching for about 30 minutes and enjoyed the slight breeze blowing off the river water behind the dancers.

After the dancing, we went to a museum of art and history called the "Support Museum" which had a lot of cultural art, sculpture and achievements. John met a violin maker there and played some Thai-made violins. Most of us bought something there because it was also a bazaar of sorts.



Eventually we went to lunch back at the hotel and ate yummy ice cream that looked home-made. Our group went through two tubs in three sittings.

Soon we were on our way to Chang Mai, singing to the tellers, giving away pins and having fun all through the airport. We arrived there late and we went out to the night market right outside of the hotel, even though we were tired. We bargained and haggled with many shop-err, table-keepers. The whole block was a mass of tables and awnings with many table-keepers calling "Come, Americans. We best deal anywhere!!" Little beggar kids darted in and out of the tables trying to stay a step ahead of us and garner more cash. And to top it off, many of the tables were selling the little laser pointers and they would target any passerby they wanted so the street looked like a strange light display of clothing and textiles of all colors, all shades of people, wooden carts, bicycles, and little red dots flicking from place to place. Eventually, the marketers realized we were all wearing the same clothes and began asking many questions about us. Then, when the next teammate passed by, they would be accosted with all this new information as a persuasion to stop and buy. Smart.

When we got back to the hotel that night, we all compared our purchases. Jed showed off his pajama pants and the girls all taught Jed how to catwalk. After comparing purchases and trying to describe where we found our deals, some decided they would go back and get more

later.

Others played games, and tested reflexes with a method that Matt taught us. Every one that came into the room had to have the test. It was a lot of fun.

Friday, May 22

Chang Mai, Thailand

Well, the happy children on a big bus had a good day today. A few of us ate at the hotel with a meager selection of fruit and amazingly enough, some rice. We all boarded the bus fresh and showered to go to the elephant park, with the exception of Joe and Ryan, who slept in. We drove out of the city and into the beautiful countryside. We traveled up the mountain and Andrea gave the devotional. She talked about missionary work and us living the white handbook rules-personally, I don't think that we should restrict contact with each other to just a handshake.

The mountain was very beautiful, with the exception of trash dumped on the side of the road. There were farms on all the hillsides and sprinklers, of all things. On the bus, we learned a few random facts about elephants that I will here recite for those eventually going on the game show Jeopardy. The elephants here are Asian or Indian elephants that eat 150-200 Kg a day. They drink 15 L a day or seventy-two liters of Coke and a liter of Fanta. They are pregnant for 2 yrs and have a three year infancy and at 4 years old are old enough for trade.

We got to the camp and everyone had to sort out and come up with 500 Bhat (or about \$16.00 American) for the trip on the elephants. While we were all waiting in the pavilion for the work show, Jed was trying to turn over the elephants to see which sex they were. Scotty in his infinite, though limited knowledge, told him that he needn't wrestle the elephants, rather, just look to see if they have tusks. Scotty knew from his savage days as a trooper and hunter in the African jungle that males have tusks.

We watched the elephants drag logs and lift them with their trunks and take a bath. We tried not to watch them bath because it seems a bit R-rated, but it all worked out because they were only babies. The favorite of most of the group was when they turned on the music for them to dance. They shook their heads and moved their feet and it looked slightly better than tryouts for men in the fall semester. A personal favorite was the handstand performance, or maybe the aerial acrobatics. The girls loved it when they held trunks and tail to trunk. It was very cute, even for a cynic like myself.

It came time for the show to end and lots of people got pictures on the elephant's trunk before moving up the hill to ride them. We got on the elephants 2 by 2 and used most of the film in any camera we brought. We went down the hill and up the hill and all around for over an hour. Rich led the way and got on the front of his elephant and many followed suit and got a bareback ride. Ed and Scotty didn't get much of a ride because their animal was as stubborn as a dancer. Some rode through the water and others had minds of their own, but eventually, everyone made it back unharmed. Two pieces of advice for future riders: first, lean forward into the uphill and back going downhill. Second, when riding bareback, wear old pants or your butt gets wet and dirty like Katie's.

We ate our box lunches at the Pong Yang Elephant Camp and gave the extra to the drivers of the elephants. They loved it. We went home to the hotel and prepared for the performance, and some prepared too well and were a little late due to their pillows being over

fluffed. We went to the performance site and set up for the rest of the afternoon.

Scotty was frustrated with the theater people because we couldn't communicate with them at all. The floor was very slick and we wanted to coke it, but they were afraid it would ruin the finish on their floor. We had our leaders talk to them for a while before they finally allowed it.

The theater itself is very nice, with about 2600 seats in a very open convention-type setting. The stage was very big, with an off center banner announcing our coming. The banners here are made of Styrofoam and painted for effect.

We ate box lunch hamburgers and everyone ironed costumes before setting out for the show. The show was to start at 7:00, but due to the easy attitude of the people, it started actually about 7:30 with a group of orphans from a local orphanage/Christian school. All the proceeds of this Lions Club International-sponsored show went to the orphanage.

They were all so cute and wide-eyed. It broke our hearts to hear them sing and realize their struggle. They sang some western sounding music and opened for us very well in their little, blue outfits. Then it was our turn!

The show went very well with the exception of a few people who wanted a closer look at the coke on the floor. Ryan went down at the end of all-mens (Appalachian), Marcus as he went to the saw horse in Exhibition, Anne at the end of Tap, Jed during Steppin', Katie at the end of pioneer, Kamae in Lindy Hop, Ryan in Monroe's, Amy in Hoe-down, and Lisa in Exhibition Square. My vote for #1 and #2 are Greg in Pioneer and his solo---he totally wiped out on a hitch kick---and Ed during clogging slid across the carpet and totally wiped out and rolled across the stage.

At the end of the performance, they presented us with wooden boxes carved with elephants and we gave them gifts before we sang to them. We went into the crowd and greeted everyone. Our favorites were the kids from the orphanage. Many of them gave up their waist scarves so our group could wear them and have them. We cleaned up and drove home to go to the night market and sleep before our performance and big trip tomorrow.

Matthew Gammette

Saturday, May 23rd

Bangkok, Thailand

The 5 o'clock wake-up call came very early as we needed to get ready to go back to Bangkok. Most people skipped breakfast, but not because they were not hungry.:)

Our hosts from the Lion's club met us at the airport to say goodbye. They gave us a flower lai, which smelled good-better than some of us. We sang "Irish Blessing" for them. Tears were held back by the Lady in purple. I refer to her that way 'cause I don't know her name. If I did, I still would not be able to pronounce it or spell it. Peter [a church leader in Thailand] and his daughter came with us on the flight. We were happy to have him. He helped so much in Chang Mai.

Even before the plane left, about half the team was asleep. The plane ride was only a short nap though. It only took about 45-50 minutes to arrive in Bangkok. The leaders have a good system down so the unloading, picking up the luggage at baggage claim and then re-loading is running smoothly.

Some students were on the ball and got Burger King in the airport so they could sleep when we arrived at the Hotel. For lunch, some ate at the hotel, others went around the city; TGI Fridays, the mall , etc.

We all met again at 2:30 to go to the performance site. It took an hour because of traffic. The stage/theater was at an international school. Steve was the stage manager. He is confined to a wheel chair. He speaks great English and was extremely helpful. We went through our blocking on stage. Scotty and a few others had gone early to set up tech. We ate dinner that the Relief Society provided; chicken, rice, eggs and fruit (hair ball). [really hairy fruit]

Tom was our MC. He was impeccably dressed as usual. He did a great job. The show was changed a bit; Ed switched Fad with Pioneer to give some variety for all the circle dances. It worked out well.

The stage was not as slippery, Lisa managed to sit on the stage in grand fashion during the girls solo in Monroe's. Ed managed to advise us on using our cups wisely.

The governor of Bangkok was present and channel 7 news was there to video us as well. It's the bigger news station in Thailand. Gifts were exchanged. Our proceeds went to a charity for education.

We tried to sing "Irish blessing" 3 times before we were supposed to. We finally got it right.

We quickly rushed into the crowd to visit with kind people and take pictures. They were so pleasant.

We posed for a group picture with Peter and Steve and others. All the missionaries snapped photos. It reminded us of Christmas with all the lights.

We took everything down, loaded up and went home. It only took 1/2 hour. Less traffic. We were all glad to sleep and have Ed off the microphone.:)?

Clayton Dorny

Sunday, May 24th

Bangkok, Thailand

The day started early for Scotty "Hormone," and even earlier for Karen, who rode on the airplane through the night before meeting her hubby at the airport at 5:30 a.m. They embraced and kissed and then Karen confessed her undying love for Scotty.

The rest of us struggled to consciousness moments before breakfast, still tired from Saturday's performance, but happy to have had the opportunity to perform. Breakfast was tasty, especially the exotic fruit "yoghurt". Next, it was on the bus for a 15 minute trip a block and a half down the road.

Church was held in a nice, but secluded ward building. The membership of the branch consisted of a few English-speaking Thais, a number of Expats [expatriates], the Elders [and Sisters], and a surprising number of senior couple missionaries. Sacrament meeting was a choice experience, especially the talks by a young married couple who were recent converts to the church. For priesthood Quorum, we discussed the church's need for senior couples, and although for most of us it's a little ways off, the lesson was very informative. And after I've gained 20 or so grandchildren, my wife and I will serve a mission in St. George, teaching the discussions to all the

retired bishops and stake presidents.

After pizza and other American goodies for lunch, we headed for the fireside, which was well attended by the stake. Katie was the first speaker, followed by Andy, Rich and Rachel. Then Lisa and Clayton bore their testimonies. The interpreters did a great job and the spirit was strong. After the [fireside], we had a chance to get to know some of the local members. I was impressed by their dedication and their wonderful smiles.

After the show, everyone was thrilled to take off their perspiration-soaked sweaters and blazers. Then part of the group boarded the bus and headed for the Hard Rock Café. In reference to this untimely excursion, a familiar song was sung [to the primary Sunday tune.] "Sunday is a special day, it's the day we all go to the Hard Rock Café, where we eat yummy food and buy shirts that are good, then get back on the airplane on Monday." They were happy to see us at the Café, as they normally don't get a lot of Mormon business on Sunday. They clapped and gave discounts and even played "One Night In Bangkok," to the great delight of Matt, who now knew more of the song than the title.

A smaller group, Nate, Ben, Brandi and Jared Petersen, and Jeremiah, made their way to Planet Hollywood, where they enjoyed spacious surroundings, numerous bathroom toiletries, and one of the original Terminator Robots.

The night ended early for most. I had a condition that sounded like amnesia, so I kept Marcus and Matt up watching a budget Van Damme movie and a good and scary X-files about black goo aliens.

Jeremiah Hansen

Vietnam

Monday, May 25th

Hanoi, Vietnam

Oh, what a thrill,
We arose at four,
Packed our bags
And were out the door.

Oh, how wonderfully empty
Are the streets of Bangkok
When seen in the light
Of an early five o'clock

The airport was quite the ordeal,
When the scales were all broken,
We moved our stuff thrice,
But not a murmur was spoken.

At the appointed hour,
Aboard Thai Air we did climb
And to hear "smooth as silk"
For the umpteenth time

Into Vietnam we came
Into Hanoi city we flew.
Here we were to walk and shop,
And three performances to do.

Carolyn and John are so happy,
For dear old friends they greet,
And many new friends,
We are honored to meet.



Oh, the streets of Hanoi
What a wild ride.
With cars and busses
And bikes all side by side.

These roads are a free-for-all!
They pay no attention to the lines
And just drive all over the place.
With no fear of receiving fines.

As you gaze upon the scene,
You sense the spur of ages.
Some things are as they were
Back in history's pages.

And yet other sights
Belong to this modern day.
Which is best?
It's hard to say.

Scott Horman

Tuesday, May 26th

Hanoi, Vietnam

The bugles sounded early for the folk dancers in our troupe
They had the delightful breakfast of "fried eggs," orange juice and bread.
They climbed on the "speedy rapid" transit bus as one big group
For the Ho Chi Minh Mausoleum and walked the sidewalk tread.

As they walked along the sidewalks and viewed the scenery there,
There was Ho Chi Minh's house on stilts in designed simple elegance.
They saw the only two rooms that made up his house standing here.
Their thoughts were many of times gone by as they gave it their last glance.

Off to their next adventure in their "rapid" bus they were bound
It was time to ride the town to the Temple of Literature.
As they peered around the grounds sculptured turtles were to be found.
A message had been carved in each and every one to be sure.

Then the work began for this delightful, talented, grand troupe
For they now would go to the Children's Palace to do a show.
It was an amazing, appreciative audience for this group.
Because there were so many happy cheers, they hoped some seeds to sow.

Then quickly strike and pack and off to the Youth Theatre they did go
They handled the large costume bags, tech equipment two by two.
The show was a success and each member of the troupe did "glow."
They collapsed into their beds and were glad to say "Good Night" too.

Karen Horman

Wednesday, May 27th

Hanoi, Vietnam

This morning we met the bus at 8:30 and swerved our way to a dance university (nearly plowing down at least 3 more bikers along the way!) I don't think any of us knew where we were as we pulled into a cluster of what looked like condemned buildings on the outskirts of town. This university "campus" seemed in the process of deconstruction. The most scenic aspect was a large pond behind the dance building bordered by awkward shacks and strings of laundry.

We watched two ballet classes and a folk class. The dancers were beautiful and amazingly talented. It was explained to us later that the university is a public school, but students must audition for it at the age of 11 or 12. At first, they study ballet and traditional dance, but [eventually they] must "choose," with the help of their teachers, which style they want to do. Upon graduation, all of them will become professional dancers with ensembles throughout Vietnam.

Watching the folk dance class, we were all placing bets on the next CAW number. Likely candidates included a lively fan dance, a couple dance from the northern highlands, a dance about catching water turtles, and a dance with soda can bottoms that they stuck together. We danced Monroe's for them with the band jammin' behind us, and received a burst of cheers and applause. Then everyone had fun exchanging smiles, dance steps, and lots of laughter. The students told us they have to bend their fingers back everyday to be able to do the exotic hand movements. Yikes! My fingers definitely are not that limber!

Following our visit at the university, we were hosted for lunch by the ministry of culture. (We actually ate, though, at the guest house of the ministry of defense.) In the parlor where we seated for lunch hung a portrait of Ho Chi Minh. A few dancing members of our group posed nonchalantly in front of the portrait for a sly photo with "Uncle Ho."

Lunch was endless-they just kept bringing more food and pouring more drinks. Needless to say, it was heaven for Mike, Pat, and Camille. Mike downed about everything and then some. Pat had 12 spring rolls (at 300 calories a piece!), and Camille guzzled 5 cans of coke. For dessert, we were introduced to "dalmatian fruit" (really called dragon fruit) which



resembles an albino kiwi. Our hosts also seemed to enjoy the meal and service-they were quite happy with their supply of beer.

The highlight of the afternoon was the ao dai fittings for the girls. Despite sarcastic remarks from the guys about the sheerness of many of the native's ao dais, our gals were beautiful and modest. We had a fashion show at dinner, receiving quite a different reaction from the guys. Mike and Andy also sported their stylin' suits. It was lots of fun.

The rest of the afternoon was free-time. I had a fantastic nap, but others hit the streets to shop (or should I say, be accosted by postcard vendors.) among the more popular items were embroidered tablecloths, hot Titanic CD's for 2 bucks, and both Matthew and Nate bought a pair of "Dean Martins."

After dinner, we arrived at the youth theater a bit early to have a packing lesson by Lindsay and Clayton. Camille wanted to pack the juicy cockroach that scuttled under her feet, but it got away too fast. While in our dressing room, Marcus and Lisa heard thumping and scrambling claws overhead. Later, Kamae and Lisa heard squeals which Kamae claimed to be her stomach. Lisa said, "Yeah, That's what I thought." Rich gave us a great devotional. He read a story that posed the question, "How much do you love the people you serve?" It gave us a lot to think about.

The show went smoothly-nobody slipped or forgot to untuck their dresses from their bloomers. We were presented with a huge bouquet of flowers and lots of applause. Ethan got another girlfriend-complete with photograph and address backstage. After a lightning speed strike and load, we boarded the bus in high spirits. (Believe it or not, we were actually quite rowdy!, We sang everything from DosXs to Another One Bites the Bus.) But the best part of the night was the stampede to Caravel! We swarmed into the ice cream haven right before closing and probably bought more super Sundaes than they sell in a month! But hey, it's American's finest ice cream and, boy, did it hit the spot!

Lisa Thurston

Thursday, May 28th

Hue, Vietnam

Our wake up call was at 4:00a.m., and we got on the bus at 4:45. While traveling to the airport, we saw hundreds of people exercising. They were running in the park and playing soccer in the streets. The Hanoi airport terminal was about the size of the RB pool. The airport seats were soft. The Hue airport terminal was about the size of room 270 in the RB. Sack breakfasts were provided: a loaf of bread, 2 cheese packets and a 7UP. The city of Hue has about 1 million people and it's in the central part of Vietnam. While riding on the bus, I remember seeing the ocean, large trees, and sweat rolling off everyone's faces. Nap-time was from 9 to 12. For lunch, we had a seven course meal of a prawn, meat wrapped in green leaves, stuffed tomatoes, rice and fried eggs, "Dalmatian fruit," lemon sauce and chicken. I realized today that I haven't seen carpet since the U.S., just dirt, wood, and tile. A group went to the Hue University of Science for a formal greeting and thanks. Everybody met at the Emperor's Palace, or the hidden city. Workers were doing renovations. It's an old palace. I learned that dragons and the color yellow represents royalty. We next went to the "Thien Mu Pagoda" by the Perfume River. There were gardens and

outside of the garden walls, grave sites covered the hills. We also met a brown-robed monk who has stayed here at the Pagoda for about 38 years. He was 43 years old. We also saw the long, skinny boats motor their way around the river. The sun was shimmering off the water.

It was beautiful. Later that night, we played Uno and Mafia in Anne and Katie's room. Spencer happened to be in charge of the devotional today, and he shared 2 Nephi 1:15, "Encircled in the arms of his love." We all gave hugs and talked about our potential to be giving 98% more of our love.

Spencer Mugleston

Friday, May 29th

Hue, Vietnam

Today was quite an eventful day! This morning was pretty typical--hot soup for breakfast and loading the bus for some sightseeing. Today we went to TuDuc's Tomb who reigned for over 35 years over the Nguyen [pronounced Newen] Dynasty. His tomb was built 1864-1867 by 3,000 soldiers and workers. He constructed his tomb to be as a fairyland with poetical features. He wanted it to be a lifetime recreational palace and a place for his eternal life after death. It was an interesting place, but extremely hot outside, so not everyone was too excited about walking around in the sun.

We went back to our hotel and had some time to rest before our show. We set up in a record time of 30 minutes, so we had some extra time to rest or to go to the local market. I went to the market which turned out to be a very neat experience. This particular market was mainly a food market, kind of like our Smiths. I was amazed at how many people were there and the things they were trying to sell. The conditions were not sanitary at all; all of the food had flies on it. There were fruits, grains and meats that were being sold. It made me really appreciate our grocery stores! [This market was used by rich and poor alike. We saw some well-dressed people shopping here and there, standing in the dirt and muck along with everyone else.] Leanne, Katie and Rich found a small area inside to put on a little show for everyone and Matthew found some delicious chocopies :-) [sarcasm]. On the way home from the market, Jeremiah told us all how to determine what the different # of honks mean: 1 honk means "Hello"

2 honks means "Get out of my way!"

3 honks means "Yo Moma!"

4 honks means "I'm gonna hit your bumper"

5 honks means "Get out of your car and fight."

We were all glad he cleared that up for us. [Jeremiah of course discovered all this through his personal deductions. In the end, this is really just a tour joke. The honking isn't really ordered at all.]

We went back to the hotel for dinner and to get ready for the show. The theater was big, but had no air conditioning. The show was good, but I don't think we had ever been so hot. Camille fainted after Steppin' and was out for the rest of the show. Dr. Henrie was with her trying to get her cooled down and able to breathe. Anne was also out for some of the show because of her feet, so Katrina jumped in to help us out and she did a wonderful job! We made it through the show despite the rats, cockroaches, huge bright lights, raked stage and no AC. Karen was

backstage being quite vocal about the rats and the bugs, but she took good care of some of those juicy bugs!

Camille was ok and just needed to rest. It was so scary watching her have so much trouble breathing. The audience we had tonight was wonderful and we had some little kids watching us backstage. Oh yes, we can't forget the peeping tom in one of the dressings rooms; I guess he couldn't figure out where the show was :-)

Later in the week, Ben told us what he thought of the show that night. He talked about how much we shone that night, even more than normal because of our sweat. He said it was amazing to see how hard we worked and how much we smiled, even though it was one of our hardest performances. We brought so much happiness to those people which required a little extra sacrifice because of the conditions. Our experiences tonight are why we are here on this tour. I know that the people were amazed that we would work so hard and sweat so much for them. I think we all feel that we left some wonderful impressions with the people we performed for and all those we came in contact with.

Kamae Bradburn

Saturday, May 30th

Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

Most of the troupe are recuperating well from the heat exhaustion. Camille is almost back to normal. One last meal at Deng Da Hotel. Most will be glad for a change of menu; eggs for some and phu for the rest. French bread still the main bit, especially with the sweetened condensed milk as a topping.

Trip to airport uneventful. We even missed hitting chickens, pigs and the moving population. Dull trip. Check into the airport went smoothly with Mr. Phung's assistance and our somewhat "uptight" interpreter, Ngop. We haven't broken the ice too well with her as yet. Arrived on time to Ho Chi Minh and then off to the hotel, "Huong Set". A beautiful lobby greeted our entrance. The rooms are spacious and clean.

Performing arts agency had ordered lunch. Excellent meal with a fish soup, carmel pork, beef salad, vegetables, no bread, but fruit for final course.

A visit to the Ho Chi Minh Dance School with the students performing ethnic folk dances. They were very artistic. Our troupe then demonstrated square dancing and then an interchange of dances with each teaching a dance to one another. Very interesting exchange for both groups.

Evening dinner hosted by LDSC missionary couples at their home--an excellent meal. We then had a devotional at the home; preceded by questions from the students regarding mission life in Ho Chi Minh.

Final event for the evening for leaders and some students was a short hike to "31 Flavors"
Good night you all!

John Henrie

Sunday, May 31st

Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

Since it was Sunday morning, we had a more leisurely arising at the Huong Sen Hotel. After a breakfast of eggs, bacon, ham, fruit, etc., we held a joint Relief Society/Priesthood meeting in the room adjoining the Dining Room. Sister Holsinger gave a lesson discussing various morals and values from a story of the woman who gave away money etc. to be taken to her deceased relative in heaven. We had an inspirational sacrament meeting with Katrina, Ben, Marcus, Pat, Anne and Joseph speaking and bearing their testimonies.

Following a quick church, we boarded two buses for Can Tho University. Traveling through the Mekong Delta, we crossed over 68 bridges and took two ferries across the wider rivers. Even though the ride was long (4 + hours), we kept ourselves entertained counting bridges, games, songs and getting a better understanding of very real poverty and need in third world countries. Driving on the "highways" of Vietnam for the first time was very interesting. Our summary of traffic rules is you can use either side of the road as long as nobody bigger (no vehicle) than you is using it. Motorcycles and bicycles don't have much of a choice to use the paved portion of the narrow highway.

In Can Tho, we had dinner at the university and stayed in student housing-no air conditioning, just a weak fan. We learned quickly to appreciate the private baths we had enjoyed so often on this trip as we shared our men's and our women's.

The vice rector of the University held a reception for us and showed a film on the university. The university is quite nice and "modern" by Vietnamese standards.

After the reception, we all went to our room. Some of us even slept an hour or two in the hot, humid rooms. Others tossed and turned until morning and rumor has it that the leaders in the University Guest House had window air conditioning units.

We're all excited to get acquainted with the students here!

Carolyn Henrie

Monday, June 1st

Can Tho, Vietnam

An Interesting night with little sleep.

6:15a.m. - Loaded buses to travel to campus 1 (of 3. We stayed at 3, the agricultural farm.) for a breakfast of fried eggs, bread and fruit.

7:00a.m. - Loaded buses and traveled to the river for a trip to the "floating market." Contrary to some of our expectations, the floating market was not a place for the purchase of souvenirs. Rather, it is a bunch of boats loaded with fruits and vegetables where the local people come to buy their food. The boat ride was pretty good, unless you were unlucky and ended up sitting by the engine! The ride lasted 4 hours. The scenery was spectacular. We saw many people swimming in the river and a few people bathing. We also stopped at a tourist area which had animals: monkeys (anorexic), crocodiles, snakes, a ferret-looking animal. Here we received some fruit and coconut milk.

12 noon - Lunch of soup, shrimp and pork, vegetables, and fruit. Rest time.

1:45 p.m. - Bus to performance site.

3:00 p.m. - Performance for students. The theater was packed! The students liked us. They really responded and enjoyed the show. We sweat like pigs! Doc Henrie kept us alive with electrolyte solution!

5:00 p.m. - Dinner of soup, spring rolls with pineapple, pork, bread and fruit.

7:30 p.m. - Performance for staff. Again, the theater was packed. People were standing at the door. We also performed for about 30 bats that added to our performance with squeaks and low flying passes. Once again, they loved us and applauded often. And once again we sweat like never before! Ryan left a puddle on the stage big enough to see his reflection in. All of us were drenched—even the band; can you believe it! Any time one of the men moved (and some of the ladies too) a stream of sweat went flying.



9:30 p.m. - Back to the dorms. Showers and bed. Katie had quite an experience with some bug repellent! [She had hives and a light burn—like a sun burn. She wasn't in any real danger, though it hurt badly. But from the racket and hysteria of the other girls in the hall, she could have been dying.]

Andrew Olson

Tuesday, June 2nd

Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

It was attack of the killer cockroaches this morning at our 4 gecko hotel. We've been staying in the dorms at the College of Agriculture. Ben had a cockroach crawl up his arm and then his leg--needless-to-say, it got squished. All the dancers got packed on time this morning. We even got everything loaded onto the truck. Then we waited for the other bus, The bus finally showed up 30 minutes late with the leaders inside--and they tell us we're always late.

The ride back to Ho Chi Ming City seemed to go by a lot quicker than the ride out to Can Tho. The people and towns and constant motorcycles on the road never stopped. We crossed a ton of bridges and all the water was dirty. Some rivers were a dark, murky black.

For breakfast, we got some sweet bread and soft {***} cow cheese. It was good. By the time we pulled into the hotel, it was raining really hard.

The hotel personnel had a huge umbrella waiting for us so we didn't get wet getting off. We had some time to rest before the night's performance. Some slept a lot; others went for ice cream. Some dancers missed the bus when it was time to go to the site.

The place was the Ben Thanh Theatre. It was large with two levels and big, blue, comfy seats. The AC wasn't on so we all got really sweaty setting up. The AC was supposed to go on at 6:00 PM--it did and when we returned, the place was relatively cool.

Anne's feet were sore, so Katrina got a chance to dance. She did great. The best part of the show was the huge smooch Rich gave Amy during Appalachian [Patchwork]. He dipped her down and whammo! She didn't even know what hit her. It was funny. Her face turned red and she almost lost her balance.

Striking the set went quickly and soon we were loading everything into a back room for storage during the night.

It was pretty late when we got back to the hotel. We went straight to devotional in RM. 210. Ed talked a lot about costumes and stuff and it ended up being a very long meeting. Everyone kept falling asleep. At least it was cool in the room and there was a certain feeling of closeness and satisfaction for a great performance. The audience loved the show and it showed in their smiling faces and enthusiastic comments.

[During the devotional in room 210, which belonged to Katie and Leanne, a secret combination of male dancers succeeded in stealing all the toiletries and towels, a phone and a light bulb from their room as a prank. The phone was returned later that night to allow the hotel to give consecutive wake-up calls to their room at between 3 and 6 a.m.]

Ben Blaser

Wednesday, June 3rd

Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

Today was a very sobering day for many of us. In the morning, after a quick American breakfast, we visited the Cuchi tunnels that were built by the Vietnamese during the war. After we watched a highly propagandized video that made reference to "great American killers" among other things, we had the opportunity to crawl through some of the tunnels. They had been enlarged so we tourists could fit through. The Vietnamese must have been very skinny and short. Many of us had a hard time getting through and there were quite a few dirty butts and knees. After going through the tunnels, we looked at some of the traps the Vietnamese built to use during the war. It was humbling to think of some of the intricacies of war and what the soldiers on both sides had to deal with.

This perspective was even more enhanced after lunch which we ate on our own. Those who wanted to had the opportunity to see the War History Museum, formerly known as the Museum of American War Crimes. Obviously here at the museum, we saw the men from the perspective of the Vietnamese, but some of the pictures of how people were treated were very disturbing to many of us. The effect that war has on people was obviously drastic to many of the soldiers as well. The majority of us came away with a lot of questions about the war and especially some kind of justification for what happened. One commented on how interesting it is to be on the "enemy" side. It gave me a new perspective. Afterward, we were allowed to explore the city or shop on our own until dinner. After dinner, Bro. Holsinger administered the last of our grueling culture tests. Most of us had studied and there were a lot of challenges to answer on some of the questions. Bro. Holsinger responded well, though asserting his dignified personality to distill the masses.

Finally, because this was the last day of tour, devotional consisted of every member of the group talking some about the things they learned on tour. It was great to hear how everyone experienced and saw so many things and was a special moment for the group.

Nate Olson

Thursday, June 4th, 1998

Los Angeles, California

This morning we had our last Vietnamese breakfast - soup, bread, butter, and thick jam, and pineapple juice. Then half of the team went over to the theatre to pack up everything from the last show. There was a big fan there and Mike started talking and making sounds into the fan (like when you're a little kid). He was being pretty loud too. A man that works at the auditorium came rushing back to tell Mike to stop because there was a convention going on out in the theatre!

Everyone came back to the hotel and we checked out. At the airport, Camille left to go to Hanoi. We also sang "Go Ye Now In Peace/ God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again" to our Socialist/Communist guides. That was different for all of us because it's the only time we talked or sang of our God in public.

Airport waiting activities consisted of shopping and listening to Marcus' "Storytime with Jerry Seinfeld." When we arrived in Bangkok, we had just enough time to check our tickets for the transfer flight, walk to the gate and get on the airplane. When we reached Osaka, we all said our goodbyes to Amy, Ethan, and Jeremiah. About 9 hours later, we landed in Los Angeles.

Everyone was excited and ready to be home on American soil. It was about 65° outside and many of us were cold! We were all used to being in 100° weather plus humidity. When we went to pick up our luggage, Amy, Ethan, and Jeremiah's bags were also there, so they had no luggage in Japan. (I think it was sent back to them) We checked into the Day's Inn for the night, & went to Spires for dinner.

It was a great tour. Everyone learned many things about the Asian people, their cultures and traditions. It will be an experience to never forget.

Rachel Brems

China

Thursday, August 13, 1998
Beijing, China

This day began in the air at 35,000 feet as we flew into Hong Kong to a new and impressive airport by the water. We arrived early in the morning and made our way to Dragon Air. We had a 2 hour wait in the almost passengerless terminal. Most people read a book or listened to their walkmans. We boarded and flew to Beijing, where we debarked onto the tarmac and were bussed in to the airport. It was not as hot or humid as Vietnam, however, it was hotter than it is in Utah.

The airport was older, but clean and after getting through on our group visa, we retrieved our luggage which was much lighter than last time. All luggage was sent ahead on a truck and we loaded a nice Chinese bus which took us through Beijing with its nice high-rise buildings and run-down apartments to.....A WONDERFUL HOTEL!

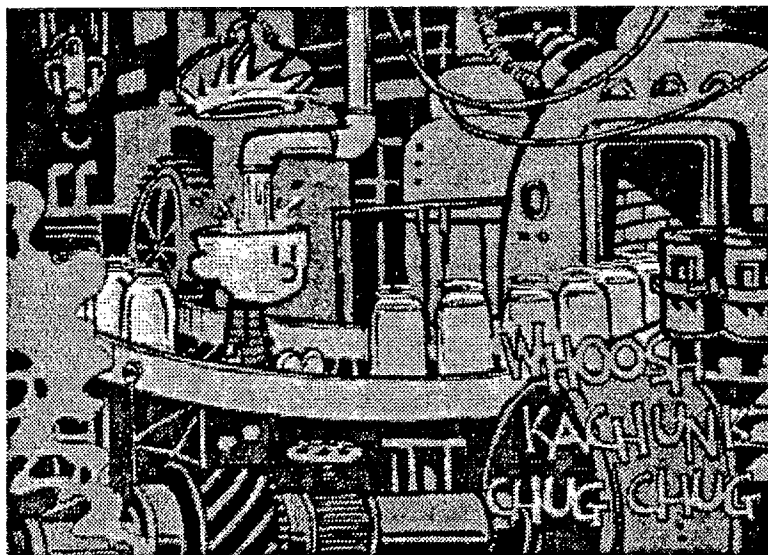
The month-old Courtyard Marriott. It even smelled new! After lunch, we assembled with all the countries outside for a flag-raising ceremony. It was nice at dusk and there was a slight breeze. After the festival flag was raised, we attended the welcoming party in the middle of the "mall" of the hotel. We spent the party eating, talking to everyone until the time came to go home, to rest for the next day. Jet lag was not so bad yet, but we slept just the same.

Greg Tucker

Friday, August 14, 1998
Beijing, China

Today was a busy day, a day that seemed like it would never end, but to all of our amazement, it ended too quickly. We arose and ate breakfast at 7:30. Our breakfast at the hotel was "Americanized."... This made a lot happy! But truly this wonderful buffet of pancakes, eggs (made to order), ham and fruits came as no surprise because the Marriott hotel was definitely a five star hotel. (Ed still liked to remind us, "don't get used to this!")

We were bussed with police escorts to the Capital gymnasium for our all day rehearsal. We arrived and found a huge "3 ring" stage setup along with a live band. Bright decorations of flags from all the countries and streamers flooded the gym. We gazed around in amazement at the colorful spectacle.



As the rehearsal began, we realized that we were truly limited. We could not understand any of the instructions being yelled over the P.A. system in Chinese. (Thank goodness for John, our tour guide and Jing Jing our interpreter!) After interpretation, we realized that we needed to do a quick dance of 15 seconds for the opener. . .this eliminated the band's participation, as it was decided to do a segment of Exhibition Square. Joseph Andersen and I composed a disco dance that would have excited Travolta himself, as a suggested opener, but Ed liked Exhibition better!

We were all amazed at the diversity of the different countries. Those represented were: South Africa, Croatia, Belgium, Korea, Spain, Italy, Russia, Israel, Egypt, Georgia, China, Mongolia, Mexico (sort of), New Zealand, and of course, the U.S.A. (That's us.) It was exciting to see all of our potential friends. Today was unique in the we got to see all of the groups together as well as watch them dance.



We were served a buffet lunch. On this buffet were several "mystery meats" as well as chicken feet. Hans Andersen, a brave soul, tried them; his comment upon his first sample? "Not much meat; mostly tendons and skin."

Yuck!!

After lunch, we continued rehearsing as individual groups for our evening performance. When we got on the stage and began rehearsing Monroe's, we ran into a bit of a minor problem; we broke the stage floor! The stage could not hold up to a big group of people dancing that hard in one spot. We held up rehearsal. The Chinese directors didn't believe us. They just couldn't fathom their stage not sturdy enough. It took several directors' complaints to get it repaired. I guess it was the communication and culture barrier.

After having a light snack, along with some free time, we all took the opportunity to mingle. We shared a changing room with Spain and immediately befriended them. Some of the boys took the time to learn some steps. We also got to know the South Africans. Here again, dance steps were exchanged as well as songs. It was a wonderful cultural exchange.

As it grew closer to show, excitement filled backstage. Friends from other countries were already being made through the sharing of talents, like singing. One group in particular, Croatia, had prepared one song from every country represented at this festival. Thus, it was only appropriate that "Johnny D's" (a.k.a. John Denver) "Take Me Home, Country Roads" was for the U.S. Several people from our team joined in on the song to create a wonderful memory. The sharing of song seemed to be the most popular ice breaker that night.

Performance time came quickly and before we knew it, we were running on stage. The audience responded by clapping in rhythm while we performed. Our high energy show added great contrast to the line-up and our audience showed their appreciation by giving us a second ovation as we turned and left the stage.

The closing number will always be remembered. A quick step dance accompanied by the waving of red festival flags created a colorful spectacle. Loud drums and cymbals provided by the Chinese Drum Regiment completed the finale number and the show with an excited mood. It was beautiful.

After being bussed back to our hotel, we ate a buffet dinner. It was at dinner that Jeff started the friendship bread, a tradition that carried on throughout tour. But truly, no bread was needed. Friendships had already begun to be made on this first full day of festival participation and these groups will always be remembered fondly.

Andrea Ivey

Saturday, August 15, 1998

Beijing, China

Procrastinating as I will sometimes do, I have been conducting a research project to unearth what actually happened on the alleged August the 15th.

My dilemma stems from the fact that different folks have clashing records of the same day when they should theoretically be a harmonious union of timeless memories. Alas, 'tis not so, our slothfulness in recording the feelings and happenings on the day of, limit the quality of future reminiscing. I selflessly share with you the results of my extensive survey. The consensus is as such...

In the morning most members of the group went to watch Tai Chi, a traditional Chinese meditational exercise similar to the likes of yoga. Many learned a few moves as they participated with the locals. We were then free until later that afternoon. We were pointed towards a free market specializing in pearls, and there our foreign capitalist money began to flow freely through the markets of Beijing. We joined with the Koreans and Georgians for the performance.

"Camilla," with her jack-of-all-tongues Russian, asked two Georgian fellows to come on stage ...wait, that's the 16th. You'll have to wait for that story. We did go out into the audience to watch the other groups though. In awe, the girls formulated plans of foreign romance (of which some were successful). The guys, on the other hand, waited mouths agape for the misguided errant sword to slice into a partner. Ok, that may be stretching the truth, but it did seem likely considering their intricate sword-wielding acrobatics. But in the end, the 15th of August must be considered a success...if this is what actually happened...

Marcus Williams

Sunday, August 16, 1998

Beijing, China

Today we were able to travel to the Great Wall. What an amazing sight! We didn't have much time just enough to get really sweaty. It was quite a hike and it was so beautiful to see the wall winding around the hills. There were plenty of children shouting hellos to us and wanting pictures. Our festival friends were there as well. On our way back, we sang hymns to try to keep in the spirit of the Sabbath.

This afternoon we were able to have Sacrament meeting in the hotel. Brandi and Camille, our soon-to-be missionaries, were asked to bear their testimonies. Spain and Uruguay will be blessed to have them. We were also able to hear from Ed and Vickie. We were blessed to have some very special guests with us, President and Sister Stratford and President Chen, the area authority - Seventy. We were able to learn so much about the future of the church in China and I think we were all pretty excited. Most of all, we learned how important it is for us to stay strong because so many of us will be needed to bring the gospel to China.

Our meeting went a little long so we had to hustle to get ready to leave for our show. All of the groups were able to stop at the Handicrafts expo to checkout some crafts. Some of our boys found a violin maker and broke in some beautiful violins. Tonight we had our second show at the same theater and we tried out Pioneer and our Fad section. It went pretty well but there wasn't as much energy as we had hoped. It was fun to do Lindy Hop, Steppin' and Rodeo swing.

All in all, today was a pretty cool day. We were able to learn so much about China's past, present and future.

Anne McNally

Monday, August 17, 1998

Beijing, China

Visited Summer Palace.

Pearl market.

Show that night.

Tuesday, August 18, 1998

Beijing, China

Breakfast this morning was scheduled at 7:30 am, however wonder of wonders, most of the FDE was there before that time and were early to the morning devotional in technical director Scott Horman's room at 8:00 am.

Due to a late night dancing engagement the scheduled devotional presenter was not there so on-the-spot Brother Horman shared a scripture from Peter, "the Lord is with thee." He shared Joseph Smith's experience when, in the Liberty Jail, he became so discouraged. The Lord told Joseph that (D&C 121:22) he was with him. We were reminded that he is with us as we go on our tour. We boarded our bus and left for the Forbidden City with its 9000 + buildings. No wonder it is called a city. For a palatial complex, it is huge. It is also very well preserved. Nevertheless, with the exception of some museum buildings we were only allowed to look in the palaces, not to enter. The outer complex is really amazing. It is so rich with centuries of history and intrigue. We were so fortunate to see this spectacular complex.

After leaving the Forbidden city, we were taken to shop at the "Friendship Store." This was a high quality store with absolutely everything. The prices were higher on some things than the free market.

This evening was the closing ceremonies in Beijing. More speeches, food, connecting with friends and a program followed by awards. BYU received a huge gold trophy accepted by Ed Austin. Possible were gold, silver and copper. Five received gold trophies. Sister Gibb represented BYU at the dignitaries table. The new World Center was beautifully decorated with flower baskets and long doves of peace backed by blue flags. The evening concluded with exchanging of gifts, songs, laughter and tears.

BYU was one of two groups asked to perform. The six couple clog number was fabulous a great day.

Sara Lee Gibb

Wednesday, August 19, 1998

Beijing, China

Today was my birthday & boy, was it ever some birthday. At breakfast this morning, everyone sang to me. It was fun, a little embarrassing, but fun. The Korean girls gave me presents--a pin and some crackers. It was really sweet. Anyway, after breakfast, Leanne, Rachel, Pat, and Lisa all gave me a card and a Chinese stamp with my name on it. I thought that was really sweet of them. After we all packed, we---Rachel, Leanne, Rich & I---left to go to the silk market. It was free time, so everyone kind of did their own thing. We walked for about 30 minutes & then we got pretty tired and we thought it was a long way so we decided to take a rickshaw. It was fun, like riding in a carriage. When we got to the market, the one driver was ticked because he wanted more money. He told us 10 yuen but then he wanted more. He was screaming at Rich in Chinese and we were cracking up. Finally he grabbed 5 more yuen from Rich and took off.

We were ticked, but it was kind of funny. We walked around the market for a while and I bought some jeans. Then somehow we got separated from Rich and we looked for him for a while, but we couldn't find him. We were beginning to wonder how we'd get back when we came upon some Americans. They have lived here for a couple of years. They are a young couple serving as missionaries for their church, teaching English. They spoke to a taxi driver in Chinese and told him where we wanted to go. Once we got in the taxi, we realized we didn't have any Chinese money. All we had was 10 American dollars. We had a feeling that the guy would be ticked off, so we didn't say anything. We decided we'd figure it out when we got home. After about 25-30 minutes of riding in the taxi, recognizing absolutely nothing. We decided to ask our cab driver where he was going. About that time, we realized that we were at the theatre where we performed, about 40 minutes away from our hotel. We tried to communicate with our driver and tell him he was wrong, but he was getting ticked. We finally got him to take us to Tiananmen Square about a 20 minute brisk walk from our hotel. He kept telling us he was going to charge us more money and then Rachel remembered she had a five, so we showed him that. He said he wanted 10 and we told him no. I was starting to get nervous and he was yelling. I just kept praying all the way that we'd make it back okay. He kept driving, lucky for us, and he let us out close to Tiananmen Square. We got out and gave him a five and he started yelling a lot. We just told him that's all he was getting and we took off. I was nervous and we really didn't know how to get back. We had to rely on Leanne's sense of direction to guess which way we ought to go. Thanks to her and our Heavenly Father, we made it back. We had to practically run to make it back in time. Poor Rachel has to take 2 steps for every one of mine. Anyway, we made it back a couple of minutes before Rich. He was really worried about us because he knew we had no idea where we were, we had no map, no card for our hotel, no money and we were 3 girls without a guy (not allowed on our team).

Anyway, it all turned out ok. We went and ate lunch really quick and then we got on the

bus. We all thought we'd do some fun stuff on the bus, but instead we all slept the entire way. I woke up once and I noticed that only 2 people were awake. We were pretty wiped out. Anyway, once we got to the hotel, we lined up one row of girls, one row of guys and they took us to our floor. Then, they counted us off by twos and put us in rooms. It was so easy and efficient. It was kind of funny because we are so used to getting to a hotel and taking forever to get our room assignments. Anyway, we unloaded our things into our rooms, a little scary and then waited for further instructions. The bathrooms were rather disgusting, but lucky for us, they had been "disinfected" and were labeled accordingly.

Ed came by and asked us all to "dress-up" our potato-sack dresses a little for dinner, so we all put on our pearls. Before that, however, we took the direction "dress-up" literally and all of us girls went and played dress up in Camille's room. Lindsay was the lucky lady. We put all of Camille's fabulous jewels on her--(all at once) and Lisa did her hair. Then we gave her a sash and a dowry and sat her upon her throne. We pulled the drapes and we all took pictures of her. It was really fun. After our little happy time playing dress-up, we all went to "freshen up" for dinner.

In the meantime, Camille and Andrea adorned their room with decorations, officially making it the red room. They had red stuff everywhere, red sashes, red pajamas, red paper, red shirts, red costumes--you name it, they had it up. It was hilarious. Anyway, after that came a dinner I will never forget. We sat down and Ed said, "This may be the meal that you are glad you brought granola bars for. He was a little misled by the small plates in front of us because following his comment came a 27 course meal! It was incredible. After about course #10, everyone on my team came and crowded around. They sang "Happy Birthday" to me and immediately, 8-10 camera men were taking pictures left and right.

I don't think that my team members had any clue what they started by doing that. After they sang, New Zealand came and sang to me, each one kissing me on the cheek and wishing me happy birthday. Meanwhile, flashes were going like crazy, people standing on their chairs with video cameras. Next came the Belgians, singing their native happy birthday song, kissing me on the cheek, each one. About 2 seconds later, all of the cooks and waiters came out with a huge cake all decorated with Happy Birthday in English and in Chinese. I was so surprised at how quickly they came out with the cake.

First, all of the camera people took pictures of me with the cake and then my whole team and several others all stood around me while I cut the cake--once again taking pictures the whole time.

Then, you guessed it, they took pictures of me eating it.

Ryan fed it to me and he dropped the first piece on me. It was pretty funny. Then the second piece he smashed all over my face. Everyone cheered and they took more pictures. I cut about 50 pieces of cake and just when I thought the fun was over, the Mongolians came and sang to me. It sounded like "if you're happy and you know it..." They presented me with some pictures of their team. Then came the Egyptians, then the Israelis and then finally the Georgians. Each of the Georgian women kissed my cheeks and each of the men my hand. One of them gave me a little paper flower. It was so neat to hear each of the different countries sing to me. Some sang the same tune in different languages and others sang completely different songs. Cameras were flashing at me all night and I honestly felt like a celebrity.

OK, I know you won't believe this, but just about the time things settled down, Jiaming told me that a famous author was coming to wish me happy birthday and give me flowers. Jing Jing said she would translate for me and then all of a sudden, the TV crews came in with their huge lights and cameras and then a man came in. I stood and Jing Jing--well, actually, he

introduced himself and Jing Jing translated. Anyway, he told me that they believe (in China) that if an outsider comes to China to celebrate their birthday they will have much luck. And he said especially if an American comes to Tianjin, they will have 10 years added to their life. Then he presented me a bouquet of flowers and kissed me on the cheek. Wow! I've never been kissed so many times in one day!

There were about 20 people standing around and then Jing Jing told me to pose for a picture in the paper. Then she asked me to come for an interview for the news! I am not kidding. It was out of control!

Jing Jing translated and the news lady asked me if this was my first trip to China, then she asked my impressions of China and then if I had enjoyed spending my birthday here. It was great! Then on the count of three, all of the guys on my team came up and kissed me somewhere on my head. It was a huge party and it was so much fun.

During all of this, remember that the waitresses and waiters were bringing out our other 17 courses. It was quite the celebration.

Once we got back to the hotel, we gathered for devotional. Camille interrupted the beginning of devotional to crown me the new "Miss Disinfectant 1998!" I got the banner and the tiara and some fabulous jewels--it was so funny!

Amy gave a great devotional. She told us about how some of them had tried to go to a discoteque the previous night. They were with the Georgians and as usual, the Georgians were smoking and drinking and those from our group weren't. The Georgians had noticed this before and made comments about it. There were some things about the dance club that our group didn't feel good about so they decided not to go. After a series of decisions not to do things, one of the Georgians asked Amy, "Who are you, Jesus Christ?" At first, Amy was taken back and was a bit offended, but then she felt honored that someone could associate us with Jesus Christ--whose name we take upon us.

After devotional, we played mafia for a while. It was probably the most annoying game of mafia I've ever played. There were so many people playing and everyone was yelling and being all serious and it was really annoying! But it still was fun. After the game, some of us went to the disco floor to dance. I danced for a little while and I just didn't have it in me, so Pat and I went home. I wrote in my journal for a while and then I conked out.

Katie Strong

Thursday, August 20, 1998

Tianjin, China

This morning we woke up and went to breakfast. Leanne and Kate ate only bread and these little bean things. Breakfast in Asia is not even close to what it is in America and many of the team totally lose their appetites at breakfast time. But there are a few others who have no problem chowing down.

After breakfast, we went to the Mini World. When we got there, there were Chinese groups everywhere, dancing traditional dances. There were the dragons and drums and cymbals and it was really loud! The whole effect was cool though. The Chinese, Koreans and Mongolians

all have really cool makeup.

After we watched them dance, we walked around Mini World. It's a park of all -- or many -- of the wonders and beautiful landmarks of the earth. They had the pyramids, the Taj Mahal, Mt. Rushmore, the Statue of Liberty, etc.etc. It was fun -- Marcus, Ryan and Jed climbed up on Mt. Rushmore. It looked like they were hanging from the noses. Anyway, it was kind of cool. Well, very hot temperature-wise, but the sites were fun. There was a spook ride that several of them rode for a few bucks. Watching them was hilarious.

We had a show and we did a workshop for a few hours. We learned Oas. Most of us did ok. There's still much work to do, but it wasn't bad. Many of us realized how glad we are not to be in workshop this year. It really is exhausting! We did a little Irish also, and Ed asked Kate to lead the review. By the end of that practice parts of the floor were slick with sweat. But the other teams loved our mini-show and they wanted to learn some of the steps.

It was a great show, especially hoe-down. There was plenty of energy and it was really fun!

Friday, August 21, 1998

Tianjin & Dagong Oil Fields, China

When we got up that morning, we had to have our luggage packed by 6:30 and we needed ourselves ready in our Appalachian costumes by 8:00. Eventually, we got on the bus and as we got off, we were greeted by drums and cymbals and Chinese people everywhere cheering and clapping and taking pictures. We've really felt like celebrities on this trip. It's crazy.

We got off the bus and went straight to a big space outside in front of all the Chinese dignitaries and tons of people. They gave a little speech and then it was our turn to dance. We did Appalachian and it was really fun. Dancing outside is so open and just fun! We danced on a carpet placed over the hard cement, ouch.

After we danced, we sat down in our section of the horseshoe facing the stands and the people behind us were going crazy. They were grabbing us and taking pictures and saying Ni How like 100 times each. This one lady was crazy. She was old and she just kept grabbing us and jumping up and down shaking our hands saying "Ni how, ni how...". She came up behind Amy and grabbed her by the neck to take a picture---cracking up the whole time. After the show people just kept grabbing us and shoving us to take our pictures. The Chinese always sound like they are ticked off, yelling at you. So here they were shoving us around, screaming at us in Chinese and we were cracking up. We honestly had no control over where we were going. Finally, the officials had to escort us to the bus and ward off all the people. It was really funny.

Then we went to the International Hotel for lunch. It was another 22 course lunch. It makes some of us feel so guilty and bad when they bring us so much food. Especially since we hardly ever eat it. There were these little things that tasted like Boston Baked Beans and we ate a ton of those. We pretty much tried everything -- even this fish that came out all intact. We had to dissect it and it looked really gross, but actually it tasted really good.

We played the friendship bread and everyone once again had a ball with it. Anne gave the bread to Alex, the "hottie" from Georgia.

Anyway, that was a fun place. There was music playing and all of the groups played the drums on their glasses. It was really loud, but fun. It was a little nervous because they told us to

go to the bathroom here because this would be better than where we were going, and the bathrooms here were really scary. (Squatters with no TP. Yuck!) Anyway, it's all part of the experience. So after lunch we went to another friendship store. The friendship store was fun. We bought chocolate and crackers. We were so excited to see Chips Ahoy, Kitkat, Snickers, Pringles and Ritz crackers. We went nuts!

Anyway, we sat for a while relaxing as the team gathered and then we got on the bus for the oil field. We had to switch busses and the bus we got on was really tiny. We were so crammed in there and we had all of our stuff. It was crazy but the windows were open and there was a nice breeze, so it wasn't too bad. We had a police escort, (we always do), but traffic was out of control. There was one spot where the traffic was really bad on our side of the road so our escort just moved over to the wrong side of the road and all of the other cars sat still until we got through. So anyway, when we, well, most of us woke up, we were at the oil fields in the middle of no where. There were some high-rise housing complexes and pretty much nothing else.

Saturday, August 22, 1998

Dagong Oil Fields, China

It's funny that I was asked to write about this day because this day was one of my hardest. I remember being a little down in the morning. One of the dancers came up to me and asked me how I was doing. I, of course, said, "fine" even though I wasn't, yet. This small act of kindness meant a lot to me. Today it rained and rained and rained. This was also the first day that I actually realized what color the water was we were washing in. I wonder what we are supposed to get clean washing in dirty water. As for the day, we performed in the morning, rested and performed at night. The most exciting activity was the crazy eight game in Scotty's room followed by the discussion of scouting. I think most men were still sore from the soccer game against the Georgians. Other than that, there was just the usual flirting with the Georgians, Egyptians and the rest of the world.

John Wright

Sunday, August 23, 1998

Dagong Oil Fields, China

This day has two authors, Vickie and Ed Austin, because Vickie and Sara Lee left the group to return home.

Vickie Austin

Vickie's and Sara Lee's Excellent Misadventure in Hong Kong

Vickie and Sara Lee left the group at the Dagong Oil Fields to go home. The drive to the

Beijing Airport was a study of nerves as the driver honked his way through the traffic for two hours—often driving in the middle of the road. The flight to Hong Kong was uneventful and we looked forward to a nice evening at the hotel and some fun the next day. Well, it was almost an hour to the hotel (We later found out we were clear out in the New Territories), they didn't have any record of a reservation and it was late. We finally got a room—which was very nice, by the way.

The next day, after breakfast, we decided to try and find some shopping and the Hong Kong Temple. The hotel sent us to a mall (that looked like any other American mall) and they had no clue that we were talking about with the temple. Disappointed, we decided to just go to the airport and check in. When we went to the ticket gate to check our bags in, we discovered that Vickie's reservation had been canceled—??—so we had to get that taken care of. Then Vickie, being determined to see the temple, went on a quest to find out where it was. After much discussion about the young men with name tags and their building, she discovered where it was and how long it would take to go there. She talked Sara Lee into going and off we went. Well, of course, it took longer than they said (We had 2-3 hours until the flight boarded) and we found out that where we needed to get on the train to the temple was in the mall we had walked to that morning. We finally got there and had to walk a few blocks (by this time we are discussing whether we should even try to walk there or just get back on the train and go back to the airport.) We walked to the temple, found a couple of sister missionaries who told us the fastest way back. It took us several tries to get to the right place and then getting the right train and ticket was another story. Starting to not be so calm makes it harder to think things through clearly (In other words, our time to get on the plane was getting very short) and no one was very helpful because their English was poor. We finally got on the right train, had to make a couple of changes along the way and got back to the airport and the Gate were they were boarding. I think we got back 20 minutes before the plane was scheduled to depart.

Anyway, we made it home in one piece. The flight was uneventful, the stop in LA was short. We were glad to have had the experience we had in China and happy to be home.

Meanwhile, back in the Dagong Oil fields...

Ed Austin

The rest of the group, now two members smaller, (I already miss Vickie!), spent the day in our oil field—and an oil field it really is. The scent of petroleum permeates everything. It is certainly something to get used to.

The highlight of the day was being able to take the sacrament. We met together in a conference room within the hotel. Today our freedom of religion in America was taken less for granted as we gathered together as Saints in this Communist country where others do not have the same privileges and opportunities. In fact, you only have the permission to meet together in this country if you hold a foreign passport. It is always amazing to me to see the power within this group. The students have much to share with each other in the way of light and knowledge. As we were instructed, and listened to individual testimonies, the Spirit rested upon each of us, and buoyed us up. It is always wonderful to meet with one another in whatever setting we are in, and in whichever country we are in. The Spirit of the Lord always attends us, and I always appreciate the members of our group even more.

The rest of the day remained quiet as we spent free time in a number of different ways: Taking walks, meeting new people, reading, and catching up on rest. We received some

additional souvenirs from our hosts which once again reminded us of how much money an English editor could make in China. They really do make funny mistakes with our language (i.e. oil fielbs).

We ate together with the other groups downstairs, (remember the slippery, slidey floors). Tonight was a bit sad because we were once again going to separate as a group, and only part of us would be going to Shantou. In fact, the information on whether we would see some of the groups again was sketchy at best. And so, in order to take advantage of the night together, we went from table to table taking group pictures with our friends. It was lots of fun, however, once we began, we realized we could not leave anyone out. So it was quite an evening for pictures.

We are making some wonderful friends here...and many are not even from China!

Monday, August 24, 1998

Dagong Oil Fields & Shantou, China

Today we left the oil fields and flew to Shantou in our own chartered jumbo jet----quite a difference! On the bus ride to the hotel we were all pretty obnoxious as we were singing all the Disney songs we could think of (“pink pajamas, penguins on the bottom!”) as well as many other random songs. We are staying in a 4-star hotel and everything seems very organized. We had another one of the famous 20-something course meals with many interesting dishes.

Tuesday, August 25, 1998

Shantou, China

Today we endured a long parade in the very hot sun(ok--so the parade was only one mile but it seemed like a marathon). The New Zealanders stole the show for the movie cameras. They would run up to the camera men and scare them with their chanting as they stuck out their tongues and bugged out their eyes. We attended a luncheon at a brand new apartment complex. We ate inside a huge un-air conditioned rotunda and man, was it hot! We were all split up at different tables and were given gifts from our hosts. Lunch was a wonderful buffet and each team did a small performance. The best part of the whole afternoon was Pat's brush with superstardom. A girl came out to sing “My Heart Will Go On” from the movie Titanic. Pat was singing along at her table—so unlike her!----and the TV cameras surrounded her as the singer came to sing with Pat! I think they even brought her a microphone. Pat played it up while laughing her head off. Tonight we had a rehearsal for the opening ceremonies. We were all really annoyed and grouchy because we couldn't understand anything that was going on. We had some awesome colored fans to work with and boy, did we work it!

Wednesday, August 26, 1998

Dongguan, China

We got up early this morning to say good-bye to half of the other groups. We sang "Go Ye Now in Peace" and loaded up for a bus ride to Dongguan. Talk about traveling in style! The bus was huge and we even had a stewardess! As great as that sounds—she was a bit over zealous. She walked around trying to buckle everyone's seatbelts and anytime someone tried to do anything--and I mean anything--she would jump up and try to help. Not annoying. We had a performance later that night.

Thursday, August 27, 1998

Guangzhou, China

Well this historic day began in a beautiful hotel (definitely something we're not used to!) in the city of Dongguan. All of us were able to enjoy a nice slimy egg breakfast which definitely tasted better than it looked! During our luscious meal, we were also treated to an enjoyable game of golf on the big screen TV.

The bus that picked us up was running on Folk Dance Standard Time, so it was an hour late. But mostly we, the Folk Dance Ensemble, were very used to this time schedule. So it didn't phase us one bit.

On to the bus went the tech. equipment and then the costume bags (Some of them carrying dead Chinese people inside???), then piled on the dancers and we were off to Guangzhou.

The drive was short and we arrived just in time to enjoy another 500 course Chinese meal for lunch, even though we weren't hungry. Our table was shot down by the evil glares of the waitresses as we spun the food around on that round thing but we didn't launch any of it.

Anyway, the men once again were called on to unpack the bags while Camille and the gang set out on a secret mission to "find the Georgian boys"; for rumor had it that they were somewhere in the Hotel. As we unloaded the bags, Kamae's bag came up missing but was found again before we could even get a good scare out of her.

The rest of the afternoon was free to shop or do whatever. Most of us had an overflow of Chinese cash so we set out to get rid of it. Most everyone stopped by the Hard Rock Cafe, to eat or pick up a t-shirt. Marcus, on the other hand, wanted to be the one person that could say he took a nap in the Guangzhou Hard Rock. So he found a comfortable bench beneath Lenny Kravitz and drifted away.

Tonight's performance was great. Rich Lucas gave our devotional on attitude and everyone did a great job. Brandi once again was a unanimous pick for most beautiful girl and dancer on the team. The band's performance was beyond exceptional and was led by the outstanding showmanship of Joe and I. Orange Blossom Special was played faster than ever, but still didn't seem to be recognized by the Chinese group. Hmmm.

After the show, we met in Ed and Scotty's room and had a longer-than-planned meeting and discussed lots of stuff. We closed the day with a spiritual thought from Spencer and prayer.

But that doesn't mean the day was over! Oh no, because the Georgians were there! It was

no rumor, which brought heartbreak to some and rejoicing to others. So Camille and the gang powdered their noses and went off somewhere with the Georgians. Camille was nice enough to further foreign relations with the tall, dark, big-nosed Georgian that all the girls were attracted-oh, wait, that's all of them, oppr!! Well, you know what I mean.

As for me and Joe, well, we snuck out to McDonalds for some burgers and fries. While we were there, two sweet-spirited Chinese women started speaking English to us. Joe thought this a friendly gesture and decided to be friendly as well by inviting them to sit with us. Well, a few bites into our burgers and we found the two mid-aged ladies scooting closer and smiling bigger. Then they invited us to go drinking and dancing. And as tempting as it sounds, we being the faithful men that we are, declined. So they were nice enough to let us buy them a Coke. But Joe very bluntly (but kindly) refused. I was lucky I had no money, honest. Joe finally gave in and gave them the equivalent of maybe 20 cents. Once they understood that we weren't going dancing, we were able to have a half-truth, mostly lie conversation about who we were and what we do. Did you know that Joe is 33 years old?

Jared Peterson

Friday, August 28, 1998

Guangzhou & Shenzhou, China

Well, today is my tour history day. Wow, it was a great day! We started out in Guangzhou and ended in Shenzhou. The morning was free so the choice was: sleep in, or get up early and go shopping.

Guangzhou was a nice city. There was a Hard Rock Cafe, and a McDonalds right down the street. We were right by the train station that we were banned from visiting. We met the Georgians again there. They made some girls very happy.

We found out here that the big "I love you" teddy bear was for Amy, not Camille. Speaking of Camille, we all vote her as the "foreign action beauty queen!" For lunch we met all our friends again. It was a happy hour. All the teams danced a number while the rest ate. We did Rodeo Swing which turned out great except when Scotty forgot the tape and my belt came undone. But, all was well in the end. The best part of lunch was when David went up at the end and on the microphone professed his love for Kamae!

It was sad to leave everyone. Israel, Georgia and New Zealand were at the bus giving kisses to some (Andrea, Kamae, Amy and Camille) and hugs to others. So then we left and headed to Shenzhou.

We stayed at the "Sea View Hotel" and the performance sight was right next door. During the devotional, we sang "Go Ye Now In Peace" for all those not returning next year. So, at the beginning of the show, everyone was crying. It was a great show and the audience responded wonderfully.

It was a great ending to an awesome year of folk dance. I just want to wish everyone a great year next year. Make PAC the bomb and don't forget me!

Brandi Blaser

Saturday, August 29, 1998

Lost in time (flight home)

Sunday, August 30, 1998

LA, Salt Lake City, USA

School begins tomorrow and we're exhausted.

Directors Note: This year has been a never-ending list of incredible experiences...ones that do not come very often. My best advice to the students has been, "Don't get used to this!". Just think of what we have been able to do:

5 star hotels

A bus with a stewardess

Gourmet buffets

21 legs of flight in a three month period

Police escorts

Swimming pools with waterfalls

Wet bars

People and police lining the streets to greet us

National TV coverage in PRC

Stipend money

Massages and golf

Sightseeing

Riding elephants through the jungles of Thailand

An American evacuation from Jakarta, Indonesia

Parasailing

San Francisco for a 2 minute performance

The Great Wall of China

The Cuuchi tunnels of Vietnam

The Mekong Delta

An all expense paid trip to PRC

Wow! Each of us should count the blessings of this year for the rest of our lives...the blessings of the gospel; the blessings which come from serving the Lord.; and the blessings of being able to spend this time together.

Thanks to each of you for your dedication and service.

Ed Austin

Appendix



Tuesday May 19th

Who is most likely to:

- Become a Solid Gold Dancer? Pat - 15
- Take over Ed's spot? Clayton - 14, ("Anyone but Clayton" - Joe)
- Take over Delynne's spot? Rachel - 8, Anne - 5
- Marry soonest (excluding engaged people)? Anne 12
- Have the longest student career at BYU? Clayton - 8
- Replace Bill Gates? Ryan - 11, Jeff - 7
- Replace Goofy? Jer - 7, Jed - 5
- Have a TR (name couple)? Matt - 6, Kamae - 5
- Have one TR this tour and a different one in China? Amy - 5, Joe - 5, Rich - 5
- Become bishop soonest? Jed - 6
- Become RS president soonest? Katie - 7, Camille - 4, Nate - 2
- Have the most children? Marcus - 1, Katie - 5
- Become president/Prime Minister? Jeff - 4, Joe - 6, Marcus - 5
- Get lost? Jeremiah - 11
- Lose passport? Jeremiah - 5, Nate - 4
- Spend time in jail? Rich - 7, Ryan - 7, Rachel - 1
- Get robbed? Tara - 9
- Rob? Ethan - 8
- Bite it on stage? Jer - 7, Pat - 8
- Stand out the most? Camille - 5
- Blend in the most? Ethan - 14
- Whine about honey at home? Lindsay - 20 (untrue)
- Break the most foreign hearts? Rich - 10, Ethan - 6
- Break an instrument? Nate - 9, Joe - 6
- Break character when Jared asks Nate to play a tune? Jared - 7

Who has:

- Best smile? Katrina - 6
- Kissable lips: male & female? Katie - 5, Kamae - 3, Katrina - 2, Camille - 2, Scotty
- "Hormone" - 1, Ethan - 3, Jeff - 3
- Funniest laugh? Pat - 7, Tara - 5

Who is:

Biggest flirt: male & female? Camille - 7, Amy - 6, Ethan - 7, Rich - 7

Violent sleeping habits? Camille - 4

Show Lineup

Summer Tour Program '98

indonesia/thailand/vietnam/china

Introduction

Texas Fandango

Exhibition Square Down

Frontier Hoedown

Mountain Strings: *Rocky Top*

Narration

Mountain Strings: *The Water is Wide*

Spanish Waltz/Waltz Round

Five-step Waltz

Galop

Mountain Strings: *Ashoken Farewell* (Shortened)

Narration

America Taps

This Room is Jumpin'

Musical Medley - Richard, Ethan, Jed, Ryan

Johnny Angel - Lindsay

Steppin'

Mountain Strings : *What I like About You*

Rodeo Swing

Narration

Come Come Ye Saints

Whoa Haw Buck and Jerry Boy Medley

Narration

Mountain Strings: *Orange Blossom Special Medley*

Appalachian Patchwork

Goin' Down to Cripple Creek

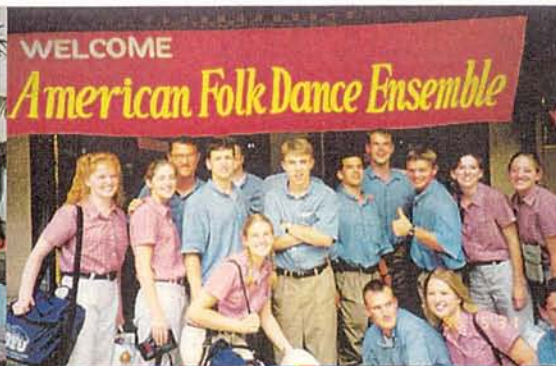
Monroe's Hornpipe

Clog Showdown

Tour Participant Address List

Name	Address	
Austin, Ed and Vicki	194 N 1040 E	Orem, UT 84097
Gibb, Sara Lee	(work) 212 RB	Provo, UT 84602
Henrie, Carolyn	(work) D-238 ASB	Provo, UT 84602
Holsinger, Donald and Ellen	(work) 237E HRCB	Provo, UT 84602
Horman, Scott and Karen	(work) 250-B FB	Provo, UT 84602
Jiamin Huang	(work) 294 RB	Provo, UT 84602
Jing Jing Lin	(work) MOA	Provo, UT 84602
Women		
Blaser, Brandi	4378 Kitsap Street	Boise, ID 83703
Bradburn, Kamae	PO Box 5928	Concord, CA 94524
Brems, Rachel	13438 SW Mtn Rdg Ctv	Tigard, OR 97224
Cox, Leanne	PO Box 1431	Gardnerville, NV 89410
Greathouse, Patricia	1135 Loganrita Ave.	Arcadia, CA 91006
Grossnickle, Melissa	15048 S Clackamas River Dr	Oregon City, OR 97045
Heckman, Camille	603 E 4300 N	Provo, UT 84606
Ivey, Andrea	1871 Ivey Lane	Springsdale, AK 72764
McNally, Anne	3007 Ramada	Billings, MT 59102
Madsen, Katrina	4401 Camela	Yorba Linda, CA 92886
Pinegar, Amy	3441 Brockbank Dr.	Salt Lake City, CA 84150
Slade, Lindsay	1701 Eastwood Ct.	Fort Collins, CO 80525
Strong, Katy	512 Palm St	Tazewell, VA 24651
Taylor, Tara	1800 Charleston Dr	Wichita, KS 67219
Thurston, Lisa	2550 E Neffs Circle	Salt Lake City, UT 84109
Men		
Andersen, Joseph	1724 S 165 W	Orem, UT 84058
Andersen, Hans	1724 South 165 West	Orem, UT 84058

Blaser, Ben	4378 Kitsap St	Boise, ID 83703
Brown, Michael	579 E Alpine Drive	Elk Ridge, UT 84651
Dorny, Clayton	395 N 700 E	Provo, UT 84606
Dunster, Jeffrey	15146 County Rd 194	Savannah, MO 64485
Gamette, Matthew	6119 W 10550 N	Highland, UT 84003
Gibbons, Ryan	14541 Tall Firs Ln	Port Orchard, WA 98366
Hansen, Jeremiah	2558 Barton Ave	Burley, ID 83318
Lucas, Rich	12 Lakeview Cr.	Brooks, AB T1R 0L9 Canada
Mugleston, Spencer	3609 Crestview Dr.	West Tacoma, WA 98466
Okura, Ethan	211 Amanulu Rd	Hilo, HI 96720
Olson, Andrew	3411 S Fancher Rd	Spokane, WA 99223
Olson, Nate	3411 S Fancher Rd	Spokane, WA 99223
Peterson, Jared	5562 N. Five Mile Rd.	Boise, ID 84713
Tucker, Greg	490 E 900 N	Orem, UT 84097
Weyland, Jed	369 Yale Ave	Rexburg, ID 83440
Williams, Marcus	865 N 160 W #111	Provo, UT 84604
Wright, John	1015 Country Lane	Draper, UT 84020



Vietnam and China



