

Europe 1982

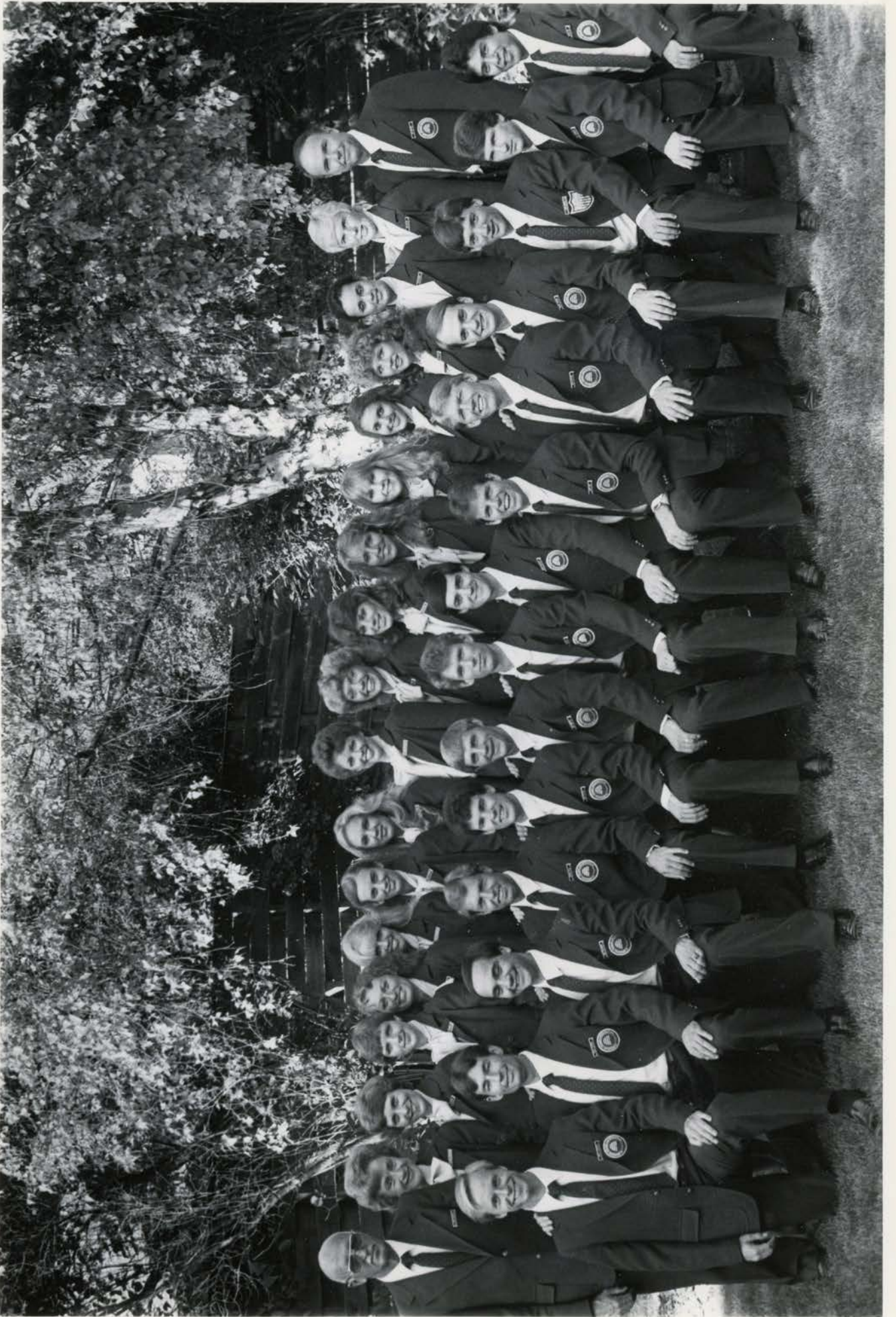


BYU American Folk Dancers

Europe 1982



BYU American Folk Dancers



Members of the
1982 European Tour

Colleen Anderson	Larry Long
Lorraine Austin	Jeff Moffat
Bryce Bassett	Becky Moffat
Gaye Brown	Mike Molinaro
Melanie DeVos	Ryan Purcell
Ron Ekins	Craig Redding
Jeff Fairbanks	Kathy Reid
Lisa Fairbanks	Lisa Roundy
Wendy Gibby	Craig Sanders
Kelly Gleave	Brent Schneider
Michelle Golightly	Debbie Strebel
Robert Heaton	Elizabeth Terry
Dennis Hill	Mary Bee Jensen
Kim Hillam	Don Jensen
Marianne Holmen	Ruth Naylor
Linda Jordan	Jay Naylor
Phillip Lee	Jan Hemming
Rob Liddiard	Ruth Hemming
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History Contributors

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Written Entries: Tour members

THANKS EVERYBODY!!



BYU FOLK DANCERS

Europe Tour

Itinerary

June 30 (Wed) Depart Salt Lake City 9:20 a.m. - TWA 708/844/840

July 1 (Thur) Arrive Rome 9:05 a.m. (Festival bus meets group)

CORI ITALY FOLK FESTIVAL

9 (Fri) Festival bus to Venice - remain overnight

10 (Sat) Festival bus to Tarcento

TARCENTO ITALY FOLK FESTIVAL

15 (Thur) Festival bus to Florence - remain overnight

16 (Fri) Festival bus to Menton Station - arrive by 3:00 p.m.

Transfer to bus provided by Nice Festival

4:30 p.m. - Arrive Nice - Dinner - Evening performance

17 (Sat) Gannat Festival bus picks up group in Nice (1:00 a.m.)

GANNAT FRANCE FOLK FESTIVAL

26 (Mon) Festival bus to Geneva - Evening performance sponsored by
Diplomatic Club of Geneva, Int. Labor Organization Auditorium
Drake Hotel (seats 300)

27 (Tues) Interlaken (charter bus) Park Hotel

28 (Wed) Interlaken - 2 evening performances - Casino, 8:30 p.m. (45 min)
10:00 p.m. (45 min) - Park Hotel

29 (Thur) Luzern - 10:00 p.m. Performance (Swiss American Society)

Overnight - Lake Luzern Youth Hostel

30 (Fri) Luzern/Zurich - LDS Youth Conference - at Youth Hostel,

Evening performance - Zurich Stake Center

31 (Sat) Luzern - Swimming & hiking - LDS Youth Conference - Evening
dance-party on ship

Aug 1 (Sun) Luzern - Church meeting held with LDS Youth Conference

2 (Mon) Bern

3 (Tue) Bern, Evening performance - Leuzhtersaal

4 (Wed) Geneva

5 (Thur) Festival bus transports group from Geneva to Confolens

CONFOLENS FRANCE FOLK FESTIVAL

16 (Mon) Festival bus to Paris - remain overnight

17 (Tues) Paris

18 (Wed) Depart for Salt Lake City - 12:00 noon - TWA 803/845/595

Arrive Salt Lake City 8:47 p.m.

AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS



Brigham Young University

23-29 June 1982

A tour of the BYU Folk Dancers actually begins when we return for the first day of preparation. June 23, at 8:00 in the Social Hall, brought all 24 dancers, 5 band members, and leaders together. There were a few new faces due to the various replacements required because of the numerous marriages, beauty titles, etc. Among the new arrivals we've Jeff Fairbanks, banjo player superb and younger brother of Lisa, our vivacious bass player; Lisa Roundy, Lorraine Austin in square #1; and Ryan Purcell in middle square.

We worked along side the Canadian bound group all Wednesday morning and afternoon reviewing dances that we pretty well knew and reworking some that were a little shakey. This included a renovation of Tennessee Clog and Smokey Mountain Clog. All ran pretty smoothly and a lot of steps were solidified. Wednesday evening, a couple of Lamanite Generation dancers instructed us in the art of Hawaiian dancing, afterwhich 5 men and 8 women were selected to perform these dances. 8:00 am till 10:00 pm is a long rehearsal day during which,

quite a bit was accomplished.



BYU Folkdancers Schdule

Pre-Europe, Canada Concert

The American Folk Dancers from BYU, soon to depart for performance tours of Europe and Canada, will present their panorama of American culture and dance June 26 at 8 p.m. in the Mountain View High School Auditorium, 800 W. Center, Orem.

The folk dancers will represent the United States at the Confederation of International Folklore Festivals in Confolens and Gannat, France, and Cori and Tarcento, Italy.

In addition, a second group of dancers will tour to Central Canada for the first Canadian International Folklore Festival to be held in Kingston, Ontario and Drummondville, Quebec.

Creating a mosaic of color and folklore during their 90-minute program, the student-dancers will tell the history of America through dance, according to Mary Bee Jensen, founder and director of the BYU International Folk Dancers.

Elizabethan quadrilles, exhibition square dances, the Virginia Reel and a round dance medley will reflect the rich fabric of Americana.

The BYU dancers are particularly well-known and well-remembered for their fast-paced clog work. The rapid footwork and remarkable union of the clog sections, from the flat-footed Tennessee Clog to the buck-step Smoky Mountain Clog, invariably stop the show.

The 25 dancers and six-member band in each troupe are only part of an extensive program in folk dance at BYU. "The students on our folk dance teams are noted for their expertise and determination to be precise," said Mrs. Jensen.

During two tours to the Orient in 1981, BYU folk dancers appeared in Japan, Korea and the Philippines, Hong Kong, Hawaii, Taiwan and the People's Republic of China.

Tickets for the Saturday night performance will be available at the door.



Michelle Ney kicks her heels.

quite a bit was accomplished. Thursday morning followed suit until 10:30 at which time, Jay and Ruth Naylor, Jan Hemming (the rest of the leadership), and Ed Blaser came to discuss planning and procedure. Lisa Roundy, Craig Redding, Gay Brown, Ryan Purcell, and Rob Liddiard were still missing passports but all else was in order. Thursday afternoon, we worked on Mary Bee's new square dance which was interrupted by Rob and Ryan being summoned to see Ed Blaser. He informed them that all but their two passports had been acquired but that theirs were no where to be found in San Francisco (who didn't even

have record of them). Calls and suggestions were made but hope was fading that all could be arranged by Wednesday departure time.

Thursday evening, we had a joint run-through of the Pre-tour show Saturday with the Canadian kids. To be honest, it was not the smoothest ever due in part to tiredness which caused worn nerves and responses plus, a little lack of good communication and hard work. However, Friday morning brought new freshness and a better attitude. We were assigned individual dances and that person was in charge during the run-through of his or her particular dance. It ran very smoothly and by noon, we had all the little bugs worked out. It felt nice, particularly Smokeys which had had major problems. Friday afternoon was free in order to prepare for the show.

We met at 6:00 (band at 5:00) at Mountain View High School in Orem. Probably much of the pre-show excitement was generated from the anticipation of wearing our new, exciting, smashing, and most of all colorful costumes. Pioneer, square dance, and clog outfits were definitely highlights of the evening. The show went so well and many remarked how superb it was for a pre-tour show. Of course, all parents overlooked any mistakes and raved. It was especially nice because of sharing the show with the Canada group. We worked together and it was really fun and motivating to want to get to our various destinations and knock 'em dead!

Probably the highlight of the week was our Testimony Meeting at Brother and Sister Naylor's. The peaceful, pretty backyard was an appropriate setting for the Spirit which was to ensue. Each tour member took his turn to express the importance

of this tour, the testimony of the missionary efforts, and gratitude for blessings, parents, Dennis, and especially Mary Bee, who ended the meeting on a very lovely note by sharing her conviction and asking us to find from within ourselves the goal and drive which will make this trip the best ever.

Monday morning brought that special "weigh-in" day. Actually, all went well as everyone pitched in and helped out in props, folding costumes, taping suitcases, etc. Monday afternoon, those who were in Hawaiian rehearsed and the others lucked out. That evening, again back at the Naylor's, we had a very well planned and delicious pot-luck dinner. Also, good news for Ryan and Rob. A member of the church in San Francisco who works in the Passport Agency hunted and found the two missing ones on some stray desk in a possibly monstrous stack, processed them, and sent them, via Western Air Lines, and Ryan and Rob went to the airport to retrieve them after the dinner. Tuesday was free which was desperately needed. Everyone roared and ran and hurried about getting last minute items and trying to get all settled and packed before 3:00 am. I wonder how many made it.



Written by Rob Liddiard



30 June 1982

Excitement filled the air in the Salt Lake Airport as the Folk Dancers prepared to board the plane for another European summer tour. Many of the group had spent the night in Salt Lake with friends and family while the others met at the Richards Building at 6:30 in the morning. The trip to the airport was spent in sleeping (Liz led the way) or in practicing very fluent Italian in preparation for our landing in Rome. We boarded TWA Flight #428 and flew out of Salt Lake at about 9:20. We flew to St. Louis where our first plane change was to take place. Flying into St. Louis, we could see the beautiful St. Louis Arch, fondly referred to as the Gateway to the West. After we boarded our next flight, #844, we were informed that the flight would be delayed 1½ hours so Mary had Rob strike up the choir and so we sang for the other passengers to help kill time. Eventually, our time for take off was moved up so we flew out.

Trans World Airlines



When we arrived in the busy airport of New York, we had to hurry to make our connection. The place was a madhouse but we finally got checked through and were seated on the plane. We

waited and waited to take off and when our turn arrived, we headed down the runway. As we were picking up speed, the pilot surprised us by suddenly putting on the brakes and turned the plane around and headed back to the terminal. There was a warning light in the cockpit stating that one of the luggage doors was not completely shut. This caused another delay but finally, everything checked out all right and we were on our way to Rome, Italy and on our way to having a great time!

Written by Colleen Anderson



I T A L I A N
F O R
F O L K D A N C E R S

A quick survival guide
for the industrious
and the desperate.

Most Italians, especially the youth, speak some English, but they are impressed by our efforts to learn and speak their language. Give it a try!

AND IF ALL ELSE FAILS:

- * ask Kathy, Ryan or Bryce
- * use hand gestures!
- * yell "Aiuto!" (HELP!)

CORI



IX FESTIVAL DELLA COLLINA

incontri con
il folklore
internazionale
1982



GRUPPO DI DANZE «MON PAYS» DI FRIBOURG - SVIZZERA

Direttore: Cyril RENZ

Maestro d'orchestra: Jean-Daniel LUGRIN

**GRUPPO DI DANZE E CANTI
DELLA CITTÀ DI OPOLE - POLONIA**

Presidente: Leon PRUCNAL

Direttore: Jan SLIWINSKI

COROS Y DANZAS DE LORCA - SPAGNA

**ASIAN DANCE TROUPE
SRI LANKA - MALAYSIA**

**BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS
PROVO (UTAH) U.S.A.**

Direttrice coreografa: Mary Bee JENSEN

«SBANDIERATORI dei RIONI di CORI» - CORI (LT) Italia



1 July 1982

We landed at Leonardo da Vinci Airport at around 9:45 am, Italian time. We efficiently gathered our luggage only to discover that Liz Terry's costume bag was missing! After checking all the luggage tags and loading the bus, the missing bag finally turned up with the luggage from the flight in just after us. What a relief. We were met by our two escorts from Cori-Claudio Lombardozzi and Bruno Corradini. As we drove to Cori, many of us noticed that the countryside looks quite a bit

like California, complete with palm trees.

Cori is set on a hill and a view from below is quite beautiful. The city is very old, dating back to latin times (700 years before Rome). Some of the original walls and towers still stand. My first impression of the city was a hill almost completely covered with white stone buildings and red roofs. The drive up the hill is on a windy, narrow road and olive groves and grape vineyards line the road on either side. As we drove into the city, we noticed that all the houses have little balconies with flowers and people waved to the bus from the balconies. The streets are narrow and some are cobblestone. It is easy to feel that you've stepped back in time here.

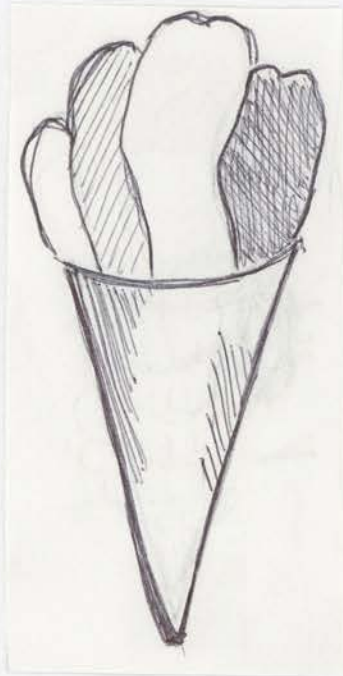


We are staying in an elementary school in four different rooms. After unloading, we had lunch. With us at the cafeteria were groups from Malasia and Sri Lanka. Most of us were quite subdued because of lack of sleep and so our after-lunch siesta was very welcome. Then, back up and to dinner where we met the Spanish group. After dinner, we sang Brotherhood of

Man, then we walked around meeting people. The evening was mostly spent in breaking the ice and getting to know the other groups. The Polish group arrived later in the evening and we sang Small World to welcome them. Some of us went to the disco on the roof of the school and danced a little.

It's so exciting to be in this beautiful little city knowing that in the days ahead, we will make many friends and hopefully, have some unforgettable experiences. From here on in, everything can only get better and better.

Written by Lorraine Austin





2 July 1982

Our first full day at the "Festival of the Hill" in Cori was a very enjoyable taste of festival life, and we can already look forward to many more like it. After a brief devotional and a typical continental breakfast, all 36 of us descended on the local bank to exchange our traveller's checks for Italian lire. The path leading down the hill took us down cobblestone steps and through the typically quaint narrow streets of Cori, past a remnant of a pre-Roman wall. The citizens of Cori were



out shopping and talking in the plazas. It took us only a few minutes to catch the small italian town flavor. We all tried out our "Buon Giorno's" and "Ciao's" and found the people very friendly. The first order of business was for everyone to eat a famous italian ice cream cone. We were lucky enough to be here on open market day where we shopped at the open-air square and bought our first italian wares. It was easy to see how our group in our matching travel outfits caught the attention of the people, young and old. We passed out post cards and pins and it sounded like everyone plans on coming to the performance in Cori tomorrow night!

At lunchtime, we did a lot more than eat, like presenting gifts along with the other groups to Romolo Palombelli, the President of the Tourist Agency of the Province of Latina and received, in turn from him, a pewter medallion representing the



province. Lunch was the first meal together with all the groups including Switzerland, who just arrived. We got right into the spirit of the festival with some spontaneous singing, first by the Spanish, then the Polish, and then ourselves. We are trying to do all we can these first few days to be friendly and reach out to all of the groups even though we don't speak their languages. There seems to be a lot of free time to our disposition here and it's obvious that sometimes we have to make our own fun by doing things with the other groups. We already have a frisbee fling set up with the Spanish and have asked the Polish to exchange dances with us some night.



At 6:30, we were on our way in costume to the city of Latina about fifteen miles away. Latina is the capitol of the province, a city of about 100,000. We shared our bus with a few members of the Cori Flag group. In Latina, we had a short parade with the Cori group, the Swiss group, the two Asian groups, and our group participating. Every night, the festival sends one or more groups to several of the surrounding small towns, so this is almost a regional festival. Shortly after the parade, we did our first show of the tour in the People's Plaza on an elevated wooden stage built for the open-air performances. There must have been several thousand people surrounding the stage from all sides and we got a warm response from all of them when our turn came, third in the program. We performed the Pioneer section, two Indian

dances and our Kentucky and Tennessee Clogs. I'm sure we were excited and "up" for this first show but the bouncy wooden slat stage sent us even higher with every step. After the Clog section, we were afraid they would have to nail the stage back together for the next group!

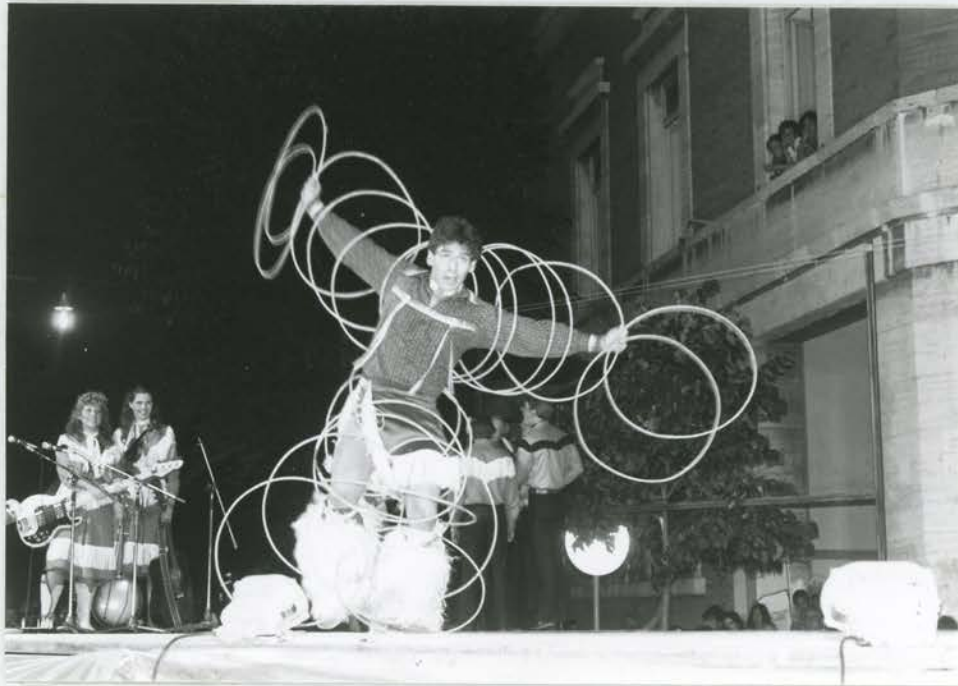
Once the show was finished, we were recieved by the mayor of Latina who thanked us profusely for our performance, explaining that Latina is celebrating it's 50th anniversary this year,



LATINA







making it the youngest city in Europe, and we were a big part of the celebration. A beautiful buffet dinner was laid out for us after the reception in a really nice restaurant where we ate, talked with the other groups and each other, ate some more, and exchanged gifts. Back at the school, a few die-hards took is an hour of disco up on the roof to cap a fun and fulfilling day.

Written by Bryce Bassett

3 July 1982

We are all so intrigued with the beauty of Cori and the surrounding landscape that we have forgotten about all the little inconveniences that hinder our comfort. Today we woke up to a crisp morning and scalded milk and bread for breakfast. After breakfast, the leadership let us loose on the city of Cori. Most of us found each other looking for the same thing, PINOCCHIO! We had heard of a man who carved little dolls of wood that resembled Pinocchio. After looking for an hour or so, we finally found his shop. Between all of us, we bought all his good stock and even ordered 30 others.

We found ourselves still suffering from "jet lag" so most of us slept until 1:00 when lunch was served. We had free time until 4:30 and much to our surprise, Mary Bee let us lay out. Of course, all the girls beelined to

the roof but they found our Indian dancer, Phillip Lee, had



already beaten them there.

We met at 4:30 in the foyer of the school. The leadership was a little late but we entertained ourselves, or Colleen Anderson did. She taught a mini tap class to about five people. As she taught, the crowd of foreign onlookers increased. One Italian man started his own rendition of the dance. We had a small rehearsal at the place we were to perform tonight. We sat in the shade while a cool breeze blew which made waiting for our turn more tolerable.

The performance didn't go as well as everyone anticipated which we felt a little bad since we had invited the Polish to watch us. Three zippers on the girl's costumes split in one dance. We danced with the groups from Switzerland, Spain, the two groups from Asia, and of course the Polish which everyone agreed was the best. They are very fun people and so enthusiastic. After the show, we drowned our sorrows in a dance which was held on the roof. Most attended while others slept as it was very late when the show ended (12:30). Ciao.

Written by Gaye Brown

4 July 1982

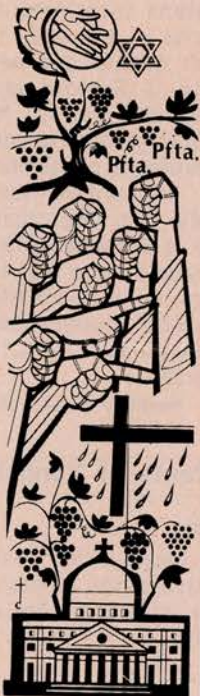
Independence Day dawned beautiful and warm for us in Cori. Many of us awoke to the call of the quaint church bells. Others tumbled out of bed after hearing the chirping birds and the alarm clock. Last night, many fascinating discussions revolved around the nature of the Polish, Spanish, Swiss group's cultures and countries. We taught them Oh, Suzannah and Cotton-



CORI - Pozzo Dorico

LA DOMENICA

IL PECCATO CONTRO LA LUCE - Non dobbiamo meravigliarci dell'incredulità dei compaesani di Gesù. Anche noi possiamo accogliere Cristo come uomo, un grande uomo della storia, ma non come l'inviato di Dio, anzi Dio stesso con volto di uomo.



Un profeta
è disprezzato
nella sua terra.

Eye Joe with a bit of clog thrown in for good measure. The Spanish instructed a few of us in their native Flamenco. Two Polish students, Hanyah and Stanley (fast becoming favorites) shared their feelings of good about America and their desire for freedom in Poland. We shared thoughts about the Gospel and our hope for peace and freedom for all men. It was very touching. Members of our group also shared such thoughts with other groups and made lasting friendships.

Each group attended mass in costume at Cori's ancient church. The Spanish, Polish, and our group sang songs during mass to share in the service. As we watched the Italian people attending and listening to the ceremony, a love sparkled in them and we know how much they loved the Lord. Singing "I

Am a Child of God" during mass touched us with how much we really have and know in the Gospel.

Pictures of the entire group together were snapped on the stairs outside the church after mass. Each country lined up and was led by a sign with the country's name and it's flag for photos and the parade which followed.



To the delight of young and old, dancers and singers and band members paraded up and down and through Cori's cobbled streets to greet them. Salt Dog Rag and American songs rounded out our part to give in each town square or plaza. People flocked to see us and cheer us on. It was overwhelming to feel so appreciated and somewhat in awe of. Bustling, friendly souls greeted and fed us with smiles, fruit, cold drinks, and cookies along the way. Children followed us in droves to share the excitement and we were filmed and waved to from every corner. They are such a delightful, giving people! Culminating the celebration was a presentation of each group, exchanging of gifts, and dances in the main town square. A tasty rabbit lunch followed. Gaye and Phillip (our Lamanite couple) dined with a town counselor and our guides and feasted on rabbit, deer, lamb, chicken, pasta, watermelon, cantelope, zucchini, potatoes, and peppers. YUM!

Our LDS church service began at 3:00 with Relief Society and Priesthood, followed by a thought provoking testimony meeting on honesty, example, and giving of self. As our hymns filled the air and we partook of the Sacrament, it was humbling and beautiful to know His love is with us and the Spirit can be found everywhere.

A short period of free time dissolved into feelings of anticipation for our evening show in Sermoneta. It was a timeless town set on a hill overlooking a verdant valley. Olive tree groves formed lines of green dots on the hillside in row after row. The hills were topped by a beautiful and ancient castle called



SERMONETA

the Castle Caetani. As we paraded through the cobbled streets, we were greeted by anxious crowds. We noticed Sermoneta to be a more modern and wealthier city than Cori though the buildings retain the same antique charm. Our show was set on a stage in a soccer field with our audience sloped up on the grass. We performed with precision and spirit, yet forgot the middle of Salty Dog Rag and thus, each couple rechoreographed it on stage. It was frustrating for us in part yet the audience didn't seem to mind. They were warm and responsive.

A fabulous meal of homemade pasta, steaks, salad, bread, and fruit greeted us at the Mulino Restaurant in "downtown" Sermoneta. Friendship, laughter, and song filled the air and we sang Brotherhood for the manager as a thank you. The romantic setting of a cobblestone, flower-filled courtyard with a full view of a full moon through jagged edged walls and city lights below, added flavor and charm to a delightful though busy day.

Written by Melanie DeVos



5 July 1982

Most of us woke up sleepy and wanting a little more sleep but for most of us, it was not to be. After a hearty meal of warm milk and chewy bread, we put on our costumes and got ready to go on a trip to Ninfa. It was a beautiful garden with ancient ruins hung over with flowers and creepers. It was quite impressive but what made it even better was that everyone at the festival was in their costumes and that made for great picture taking. The Polish girls looked absolutely beautiful with their



elaborate headdresses. This garden is owned privately and has been in a family's possession for hundreds of years. It was abandoned until 1920 when they were able to fix it up. A flowering magnolia was planted and it wasn't until 30 years later that it would bloom. It's a shame people can only go into this garden once a month. It is one of the most beautiful parks I've ever seen. After filling our cameras with great shots of Malasians, Sri Lankans, Spaniards, Swiss, and Polish friends, we were treated to a flag ceremony by the host Corians. After a fine show of precision and grace, we took the twenty minute bus ride back to Cori. We finally had cold Coke and had good pasta, beef, and potatoes. Then, we had rehearsal while the Polish got to go to the ocean and swim. We celebrated the Fourth of July by singing the Star Spangled Banner, Grand Old Flag, and then Yankee Doodle. Orange and lemon popcycles were then passed out and then dances, positions, and lines were reset. The band worked for two hours to learn the entire Hawaiian Suite.



PRIVERNO



At 6:30, we loaded up the bus and got ready to perform at Priverno. While we were waiting for the bus, we found out about the Brazil vs Italy soccer game. It wasn't until the bus ride out to Priverno that we found out to what extent the



Italians get excited over a soccer game. They were driving around honking their horns and hanging out of their cars waving Italian flags. When we got to Priverno, the crowd was going wild. Everyone must have seen the game. I haven't seen so

many excited people in one place since a BYU football game. We started our parade and the crowd went wild. The show was our longest so far, 30 minutes. We did a few dances and the band was able to do two numbers alone. During one of the numbers Jeff broke his banjo string but we were able to pull off the rest of the numbers without it (quite an accomplishment). Tonight, the dancers really pulled together and did a great job. We then walked down the cobblestone road to where we ate a fantastic dinner topped off with ICE CREAM! During dinner, we heard the Italians do one of their cheers so we sang the Cougar Fight Song in return. We also got to dance to the beat of the Swiss brass band. We finally finished dinner at 1:00 am then went back to the stage to pick up our costumes and equipment. We made it on the bus after a slight question of which direction to go. We got home about 2:30. All in all, today was a great day.

Written by Ron Ekins

ROMA serie II

6 July 1982

Today, we visited the city of Rome. It's about an hour and a half from Cori but the drive was very enjoyable. We drove down the Old Appian Way, went past the Catacombs, and even saw the old Roman Aquaduct. We stopped at the Colosseum first. We went inside and had a group picture taken. Many people were saying that they would have liked to see what it was really like when it was built. In the Colosseum, fights were held, man against man, man against animals, and even naval battles were



were fought there by filling the arena. On our way to the Piazza del Popolo, we passed the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The Italians don't like the building because it is so new and everything around it is so old. At the Piazza, we got off the bus and went shopping. When we returned to the bus, we had a show and tell time. Leather was the popular item. We went next to the Fountain of Trevi. This is a building with a large fountain in the front with statues of many people. According to tradition,





if you throw a coin in the fountain over your shoulder, your wish will come true. Several wishes were made. We shopped here a little and bought ice cream and popsicles. We ate lunch at a park and bought more ice cream. We also saw where the president lives. Then, we went to the Forum. We saw the Mamertine Prison where many people were held before being executed. The apostles Peter

and Paul were held there. On the way back to Cori, we stopped to see Albano Lake. This is where the Pope has a summer home. An ice cold spring with delicious water helped refresh us after



being in the heat all day.

We had a show in the evening in Cori. Switzerland and the USA danced for 40 minutes each and it was the best show we have done yet. The audience loved it. One thing Mike told me

to remember is that all roads don't lead to Rome and that it wasn't built in one day.

Written by Jeff Fairbanks

7 July 1982

Our second day in Rome was spent on a more spiritual note as we explored such places as the Pantheon, the Sistine Chapel, and St. Peter's Square. It was such a thrill to walk through



these historic sights and get a feel for the beliefs and ideas of the people in ancient times. Our first stop, the Pantheon, is a masterpiece of harmony and majesty with its massive dome and delicate artwork. It was built in 27 b.c. as a temple for their Gods. And for us as Americans to try to grasp the thoughts of that kind of history is something very new. For me, this feeling of antiquity is a new, exciting





experience. The Sistine Chapel was the highlight of the tour for me thus far. We ran through the streets of Rome, dodging tourists and souvenir stops to get there in time to see it all and as we leaned back and gazed at the Michelangelo paintings on the ceiling, we were in awe. So many times before, we'd seen pictures and copies of this, and now we were looking at the real thing!



It was amazing. You'd just sit there and wouldn't even have to try to feel the Spirit-it came across so strongly and so clear through this great masterpiece, you can't deny that he must have been inspired by God to do such a work of art. And

perhaps because the fulness of the Gospel was not present at that time, it was through the artists and musicians that the Lord was able to touch the hearts of the people who were sensitive. And aren't we blessed as a group to be touched and inspired by these great individuals that have made such an impression on men and women through the ages.

St. Peter's Square was also a thrill to see. Many of the kids were able to go inside because it closed after lunch, but Europe is such that you can't ever soak it all in the first try. The more I see, the more I realize that. But, for those who saw it, the sculpture and the dome were impressive.

We spent the evening seated in the square as we listened to Pope John Paul II. The setting was so appropriate for this event. To gaze up at the statuary on the tops of the columns around us and to hear the songs of a boys choir gave us a greater understanding of the Catholic Church. The Pope was so gentle and he is clearly a good and admirable man. I think we all have a special love

for him in America because he has had a great influence in making people honest and God-fearing. And yet, as we listened to his speech on marriage relationships, it just didn't give the

Pope renews call for negotiations in Lebanon war

The Associated Press

VATICAN CITY — Pope John Paul II has renewed his prayers for peace in Lebanon and called for stepped up negotiations to save the country from further suffering.

The pope, speaking in Italian to 25,000 pilgrims and tourists in St. Peter's Square for his general audience Wednesday prayed for "justice for the Palestinians and security and peace for all the involved peoples."

"We want to offer today another invitation to prayer for our brothers who are suffering in Lebanon and particularly in the capital, Beirut," the pope said.

"Hundreds of thousands of people are short of food, water, medicine and that which is indispensable for living. The capital is under the nightmare of bloody conflicts that might rage in the streets and from house to house if the negotiations do not arrive at a solution.

"It is necessary to step up the speed of the negotiations. Every hour that passes there is a new threat of even worse suffering of the unarmed population," the pope said.

"We ask God to inspire the responsible people of all sides so that the Lebanese might recuperate and consolidate the unity of their country and rapidly conclude an agreement that, safeguarding the safety of both the civilians and combatants, approaches the aspirations of justice for the Palestinians and of security and peace for all the involved peoples."

The pope has spoken out repeatedly on Lebanon since the Israeli invasion on June 6. He called for a ceasefire, said he was willing to go to Lebanon for the cause of peace, and said Palestinians have a right to a homeland in various comments during the past month.

same feeling as a session of General Conference. He stressed the importance of strong family ties but that the life of a celibate was the ideal in God's eyes. As dancers and musicians, we did enjoy his remarks about the power of music. He said that it is a great tool to touch and inspire. That's why we are here in Europe and we realize that. This is our calling as we are on this tour.

That night, we had no show so we all hit the disco! The music wasn't all too loud and there were no Star Palace flashing lights. But instead, we had the full moon and the lights of Cori with the silhouette of the Italian mountains. We have enjoyed the sights here in Cori and the people in the festival have been a true joy to associate with.

Written by Lisa Fairbanks

8 July 1982

It is the last day of the festival in Cori. We slept in and boy did we need it. Most of us wrote in journals, wrote letters and postcards, did washing or just plain rested in the leisure morning we all needed and enjoyed. We met at 12:30 pm to discuss the final business that needed attending for the festival in Cori. After our business meeting, we had our devotional. This is always a highlight. We need that spiritual boost each day. It's a spirit of spirituality that keeps us going all day. Larry Long gave the thought on the words to the song, Oh Beautiful for Spacious Skies. It made us all sit back and reflect what the Lord has blessed us with. This is such an important part of tour.

Some of the kids took a tour of Cori instead of sleeping in. They left about 10:00. Nicola Corbi was a gracious guide

and showed them the ancient ruins of the Roman Empire and the history of this charming town. He explained the heritage and the important events of Cori's history. This group returned home in time for the performance around 8:00 pm. They were even invited for free pizza from a real italian pizzeria.

Those of us who stayed, went to lunch at about 1:00 and enjoyed pasta, eggplant covered with mozzarella and wonderful green salad. Our afternoon was free as well and each used it to their best advantage (Sleep seemed to be a popular advantage). One highlight that we participated in with the Polish and Italians was watching their World Cup Championship Football (soccer) game. It was great. I haven't seen such enthusiasm for a long time. They would blow their horns and holler and cheer. The whole building was filled with enthusiastic Italians. They won 2-0. The Polish felt bad but the Italians were so hyper you couldn't help but feel glad for them. They immediately began to parade the street in a mass of horns and hollering in their cars flying their country flags and cheering their excitement. This continued for an hour.



We only had a few minutes to get ready for our performance. We danced for 10 minutes. Our performance was at the top of the hill in Cori. We walked there. It was like Aspen Grove, beautiful pine trees and fresh mountain air. It was refreshing. All the groups performed in the same area tonight, first the Spanish, then Swiss, next Malasia, then Sri Lanka, next were the Italians, then us, and concluding with the Polish. It was a good show because we're pulling together better as a group. Afterwards, we went to the top floor of our dormitory and all the groups exchanged gifts with the Giovanni Pistilli and the other festival directors. We presented ours and they, in turn, gave us flowers and a platter of pastries. We liked this very, very mucho. The crowd began to thin as the disco continued till the wee hours of the morning. Another festival, making friends, saying hellos and good-byes to people you may never see again. But, it's worth the joy and love you feel for people from all corners of the world, friendships you may only be able to hold in your heart as a memory. Another festival, another beautiful experience to cherish.

Written by Wendy Gibby

Arrivederci, Festival della Collina!



9 July 1982

It is not very clear where last night ended and today began. Since all the groups leave today, many people were awake most of the night saying good-bye to each other. For continuity's sake, this entry will start at 7:00 am instead of 12:00 midnight when the new day really began.



The bus was loaded and our last good-byes were said. It was hard to leave so many good friends. Even though we were only in Cori one week, we made lasting acquaintances. Some of the groups we will see again, others we will not. Almost immediately after leaving on the bus, we all fell asleep. The festival has taken it's toll on our sleep. We will need the seven hour trip to catch up. We were periodically awakened during the trip, once for a rest stop, once for a lunch break (which was graciously provided by Brother Naylor), and once because an Italian kid on a moped meandered out in front of the bus. The bus just missed him but we all ended up in the seat in front of us by the abrupt stop.

The groups arrived in Venice at about 4:00 pm. Melanie DeVos gave her report on Venice, filling us in on what to see and

do, and some history. We took the boat taxi through the main channel. The ride was very interesting. This town is loaded with character.

HOTEL
IRIS

VENEZIA
SAN TOMA 2910/A TELEFONO 22.8.82

The buildings along the Grand Canal are neat-the old styling of the houses and hotels, the flower-filled balconies and sidewalks. We saw gondolas everywhere and even the "barbershop" poles as we call them. The mooring posts for the boats were painted in stripes. We passed under the Rialto Bridge on our way to the hotel. Somewhat near the center of Venice, we disembarked and walked to our hotel, the Iris Hotel. This is a quaint little place. We were quickly settled in our rooms and then, groups went shopping and sightseeing. Dinner was served at the hotel at 7:00. That eliminated the opportunity for anyone who wanted to pass under the Bridge of Sighs at 7:00.





Tradition says that doing so will make your love last forever. However, as some consolation, dinner was quite good.

The evening was ours to do with as we pleased. Most went window shopping as they made their way to St. Mark's Square. The square is in the center of Venice. It's very large and bordered on one end by St. Mark's Cathedral and the palace and on three sides by part of the Grand Canal and a large hotel type building. The night air was so nice and cool with the scent of the sea. Around the square are various cafe's and three of them had their own bands playing. The bands generally consisted of a pianist, violinist, accordion, clarinet, and a bass viola. Many small tables were set up along the edge of the square where people could enjoy some refreshment along with mellow mood music.

It should be noted that the atmosphere is reflected in the prices. The square was like something out of a story book, the way things used to be. I didn't really think that anything like this existed on an every night basis. Those who say that Venice is a romantic place did not lie. Especially, St. Mark's square at night with the lights turned on.

A sort of boardwalk follows along the main canal as you leave the square. Along this boardwalk are many artists. One may purchase sketches, etchings, self portraits, water colors, etc. In most cases, the artist was right there, so you actually met the man who produced the art.

This city is overflowing with character and, especially, romance. All who had spouses or fiances here were enjoying the atmosphere. The rest of us enjoyed each other's company, but deep down wished that a special person was here instead.



The highlight of the evening for many was a romantic ride through the "streets" of Venice on the gondolas. They are somewhat expensive but with a little negotiating, the price came down to bearable level. One gondolier said it was better for us not to have us sing, so the dancers did. But as we rode along under the Bridge of Sighs, past Marco Polo's house, and through the canals, you could hear others singing and the gondoliers calling to each other. The slow rocking lulled some to sleep

while others, especially our married and engaged people, soaked up the atmosphere, exchanging dreamy and starry-eyed looks. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience and I can safely say we all have fallen in love with Venice.

Written by Kelly Gleave

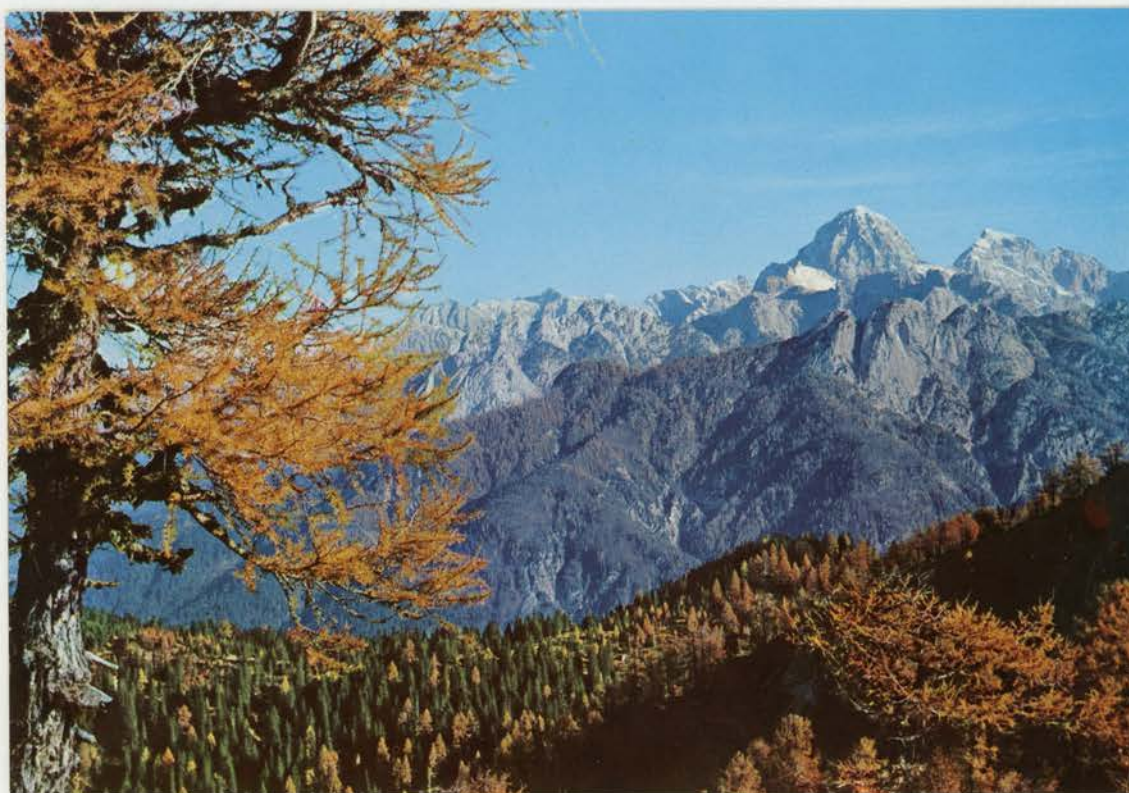


10 July 1982

Everyone seemed excited about getting an early start since we had so little time in Venice. Breakfast was finished in a flash and the group scattered only moments after. Those who were interested in seeing the artistic side of Venice found their fill. Just around the corner from the Iris Hotel was the Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari containing Titan's tomb and several of his works. His famous "Assumption" stood at the alter. Several saw other Titan works yesterday at the Santa Maria della Salute. Across the bustling businesses of the Rialto Bridge in St. Mark's Square is the remarkable basilica. The facade and interior are culminations of several stylistic periods, most prominent of which are Byzantine and Renaissance styles. The ancient mosaics

are beautifully unique and surprised those who were there for the first time. In the square is the Doge's Palace, where giant Titan, Tintoretto, and Veronese paintings are housed. The palace connected with the Bridge of Sighs which is where prisoners had their final look at the beautiful Venice. Across the canal, is the island of Georgia where the San Georgia Maggiore is located. In it is found Intorrento's "Harvest of Manna" and "Last Supper". The sights we had time to see were just a fraction of what Venice has to offer.

While a few were sight-seeing and art-seeing, most of the group was looking for bargains. Linens were purchased along with clothes, Capodimonte figures, and glass items. We loaded the bus for our drive to Tarcento and Show and Tell started. An hour later, people were still showing their "good buys". We all wanted to buy something to remind us of the city which we fell in love with. Venice is full of charm and romance. Not one went away without the real intent of returning some day.





The drive to Tarcento went quickly. Before we knew it, we were back in the mountains, these a little greener. The standard of living, from the surface point of view, seems a little above that of Cori. We have been well received and the ice cold water we've been begging for, we finally found-coming from the shower

heads.

All but the Turkish group performed during the show tonight. We were last (as usual) and didn't even enter the stage until well after midnight. With the combination of a carpeted stage, fatigue, light-mindedness, and illness, our show proved to be one we are not very proud of. We must keep working, ENDLESSLY!!! Of course, nothing could beat the performance that we had before the show even started. Backstage, Colleen was getting ready for the show when a bug dove down her dress. In a fit of screaming panic, she jumped up and down, begged for help (as if there was a whole lot we could do), and finally pulled off her costume. Meanwhile, we were



laughing in hysterics and the Polish girls were wide-eyed in amazement as they tried to believe what they were seeing this strange American girl doing. She finally resolved the problem and we just started to regain our composure when another bug (or maybe the same one) flew down Marianne's dress. Instantly, the same scene was repeated. Needless to say, the Americans have definitely made their first and lasting impression a unique one.

Written by Michelle Golightly

LE AUTORITÀ HANNO DATO IL BENVENUTO AI GRUPPI

Giovani da tre continenti al Festival di Tarcento

(Youth from three continents at the Festival of Tarcento)

PARTECIPANTI

- U.S.A.**
The Brigham Young University Folk Dancers.
Provo, Utah.
- MALAYSIA - SRI LANKA**
Balletto asiatico
- CECOSLOVACCHIA**
Folklore Ensemble «Ekonom» of Economic
University di Bratislava.
Bratislava.
- POLONIA**
Zespòl Piesni i Tànka «Opole».
Opole.
- SPAGNA**
Gruppo Municipal de Danzas Popolares
«Ciudad de Sevilla».
Siviglia.
- TURCHIA**
Atakoy Folklor Sport Kulubu.
Istanbul.
- ITALIA**
Gruppo Folkloristico «Chino Ermacora».
Tarcento.



TARCENTO
FESTIVAL DEI CUORI '82

Nº 554

**BUONO
PER UNA COLAZIONE**



11 July 1982

After an 8:00 breakfast of hot milk and bread, we walked to mass at the town's cathedral. Like the mass in Cori, each group sang. We sang Ye Elders of Israel and the first and fourth verses of Come, Come Ye Saints. After mass, the leadership and a couple went to the Al Mulino Vieri Restaurant where they were welcomed by the Mayor of Tarcento. Military officials and civic authorities were also present. Lunch was served there.



Priesthood Meeting and Relief Society began at 2:00. In Priesthood, Larry Long gave the lesson on Priesthood responsibility. He used Nephi as an example. We met together for Sacrament Meeting. Rob Liddiard, Ron Ekins, and Marianne Holman each spoke. It seems as if everyone in the groups has a knowledge and testimony of the Gospel as is evidenced by their talks.

Our parade through Tarcento was a lot of fun. Italians old and young gathered around the town's major plaza to watch. Each group danced a small number. When we danced Salty Dog Rag, some of us in the back couldn't hear the band because of the Czech's singing. The Czechs dance and sing with seemingly endless

D.S.A.

CONDIMINUMS = keuzi -TAB
= saying hot water

u. 17



enthusiasm. After the parade, their band played some Czech songs and they taught us some dances. They were a lot of fun and they wore us out.

After dinner, we boarded the bus and headed for Pordenone to do a show with the Spanish and the Czechs. We expected a small turnout to the show because Italy was playing Germany in the championship game of the World Cup. When 9:15 arrived at the Palazzo dello Sport where we were to perform, only a handful of people had shown up, including some members of the



of the Church. Since there was such a small turnout, it was decided that each group would perform only 15 minutes. After the show, there were pizza and drinks for all. On the way home, the back of the bus passed the time by singing a variety of songs. Some of them are now complaining of singing themselves hoarse.

During our ride home, which took over an hour, the endless sounds of horns could be heard. They went on until very late. That's how big soccer is over here. It's taken alot more seriously than football is in America. Italy won 3-1 and ever since, I'm sure all Italy is in ecstasy.

I neglected to mention that some of our men played some of the Polish men in basketball. They hooked a garbage can to a light pole. They had a riot of a time. We won by one basket.

Written by Robert Heaton

12 July 1982

Breakfast tasted especially good this morning. Tonight, we will be presenting a full concert in Tarcento. Originally, we were to share the time with the group from Turkey, but they haven't arrived yet. For this reason, the festival director, Vittorio Gritti, has requested that we use the full time.

This morning was spent in a full rehearsal. It was one that has been needed. It more than met our needs. We not only improved our dancing skills, but we finally started to draw more together. During the rehearsal, we were able to break down steps, reset choreography, and set entrances and exits. Rehearsal over, we adjourned to our rooms for rest, washing clothes, and a general day of getting ourselves in order. By the time everyone had finished their laundry, the roof of the school looked like a "Chinese laundry".

Lunch brought more of the delicious and different pasta we have been enjoying while here in Italy. Dennis even broke out three packages of Kool-Aid. What a delight for our taste buds. The afternoon brought more rest and washing. Some of the group spent a good hour and a half with some of the dancers from the Spanish group from Seville. It was good to be taught precise and exact footwork. After our Spanish "lesson", we spent the time visiting in typical festival "hand language". No one really speaking one common tongue, but communicating through smiles and laughter.

After dinner, we gathered as a group to make final preparations for our big show tonight. Everyone is in a really good mood and the spirit is high. Our show began at 9:15 on the main stage in Tarcento. Our program went very well. The entire member branch from nearby Trieste was at our show.





It really created a good feeling among the dancers and the repertoire and repertoire between performers and audience was unbelievable. Even though the audience was relatively small (350), we finally gave the kind of performance we are capable of. Our spirits were high and we danced from our heart. Sleep tonight will be welcome and sweet and we will know we have really accom-

plished a great deal today. We have finally become one in spirit and purpose!

Written by Dennis Hill



13 July 1982

At last, today became the reality of the dreams of the total "company". Everyone arose with enthusiasm, dressed in appropriate apparel, loaded the bus at promptly 9:30, and headed for ...the beach! YEA!!!

Our bus driver took us to Ignaniz, a private beach along the Adriatic Sea which is used by children in Summer Camp. We all dashed off the bus in our thongs, towels, and lilly-white skin and followed our "camp leader", Jay, with our sandwiches, fruit, and pop. We looked like a commercial for "Camp Icky-Orvey" or a re-run from ward camp outings.

The sand was exquisite, so soft and absolutely perfect for twiddling toes in or burying bodies...like Jan's. She was a party pooper however, so she'd only allow burial up to her knees. The water was such a treat, just the right mild temperature and perfect for playing frisbee, building people towers, and performing Exhibition lifts. Americans are such creative hams on the beaches.



Many of us walked down the beach to the public section where it was "wall to wall" sun bathers. It's interesting to compare European summer culture to our own. Here, people take month long vacations that they spend on the beach, taking life very casually, so laid-back. The life in town seems much the same. They take long breaks in the afternoon and rarely return on any certain schedule. They definately enjoy themselves.

Precious tiny bodies scurried about in the "buff" from sand to water performing for their parents. Older ones crafted marvelous sand structures-one a terrific sandcastle complete with moat, army, men, tank, aircraft, and other delightful additions. Another was a perfect replica of two crocodiles. Adults passed the time sunning, boating, watching and walking along the shore.

We had until 3:00 to soak up the rays and relax. It was a nice opportunity to enjoy the company of our own group in the lavish beauty of an italian beach.

By 3:00, most of us sported a pinkish hue and exported much of our energy so the hour trip home was a nice nap time.

Back at home, some of headed for town looking for ways to satisfy our cravings for such favorites as chocolate and italian ice cream while others spent the time before dinner washing out clothes, mingling with other groups, or just entertaining each other with self-interpretive song and dance-a rare sight for the beholder indeed.

After dinner while dressing for the show, we compared bodies as to which would be the best for a Solarcane commercial. We



had a lot of ties

Our show tonight was held in Tolmezzo where we performed with the Malasians, Polish, and Sri Lankans. We had about thirty minutes worth of driving to our destination and the blazing sunset was especially exquisite this evening as the brilliance of it's red color illuminated the western sky.

We gave our performance in a gymnasium with a large painted wooden backdrop of the Italian Alps and a small village. The audience was small but their response was astounding. They sounded as though there were thousands. It thrilled our American hearts and we danced with exhuberance and, hopefully, clogged our way into the italian hearts.

After the performance, we took the bus to a place where we were treated to pizza, meats, and cheese, breadsticks and cold drinks. At home, some of the sunburned bodies retired upon return while others mingled and danced with the other groups.

Written by Kim Hillam

14 July 1982

Today began slightly more relaxed than the previous days. The morning was ours to do as we pleased. The majority of us used our valuable time to sleep. We awoke at about 10:00 to lounge around until lunch at 12:30. After lunch, the dancers mingled with the Turkish group that had just arrived recently. Some of the Turkish girls tried on our American costumes-by their excited jibberish and the expressions on their faces, you would have thought it was Christmas morning.

At 2:00, we had an exchange with the Polish group. We taught them Salty Dog Rag and then it was their turn to teach us. It was a great opportunity to make friends, especially when

you were stomping on your Polish partner's feet. We danced dance after dance until we were all tired. We finished about 4:00 and many of us headed into town to buy something for breakfast tomorrow. We quickly learned that if the sign said the store would open at 4:15, it didn't mean anything. We spent the rest of the afternoon visiting with the other dancers. We all swapped costumes for the coveted photos.



After our usual supper, we prepared for our final show in Tarcento. It had rained most of the day and we weren't sure it would let up. The weather came through and so did our performance. We were fourth on the program and our performance brought a very positive response. After the show began the night-long last party of the festival. Many of us were up till all hours saying our difficult good-byes to newly made friendships. Many





were sad to be leaving
Tarcento. Before we per-
formed, we had the great
opportunity and honor to
meet the Consulate of the
U.S.

Written by Marianne Holman



BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB

15 July 1982

This morning, we left very early from the school in Tarcento to travel to Florence. We said a special good-bye to the Polish who have become favorite friends of ours, and to the Turks, whom we were only able to befriend for a day since they arrived at the festival much later than we did. There were many tears shed. I believe that people are the same wherever we go.



Brigham Young University

Performance Scheduling

May 12, 1982

Anna Poggi
Hotel Panorama Angelico
Via Cavour 60
Florence, Italy 50129

Dear Mrs. Poggi:

Rodney Boynton of BYU Study Abroad Program referred me to you.

We have another Brigham Young University group that will be in Italy in July of 1982. The BYU Folk Dancers will be participating in several Folk Festivals. The 37-member group needs one night accommodations July 15, 1982.

HA! Mr. Boynton has told me what a lovely hotel you have and I am writing to find out if you could accommodate our group on the night of July 15.

The Folk Dancers break down into 14 single men, 17 single women, and three married couples. We would like to have rooms with a private bath for the married couples.

Can you accommodate the group? Please write back as soon as possible with your response.

Sincerely,

Edward L. Blaser
Director

ELB:tf

*Editorial comment supplied by our beloved Jay Naylor!

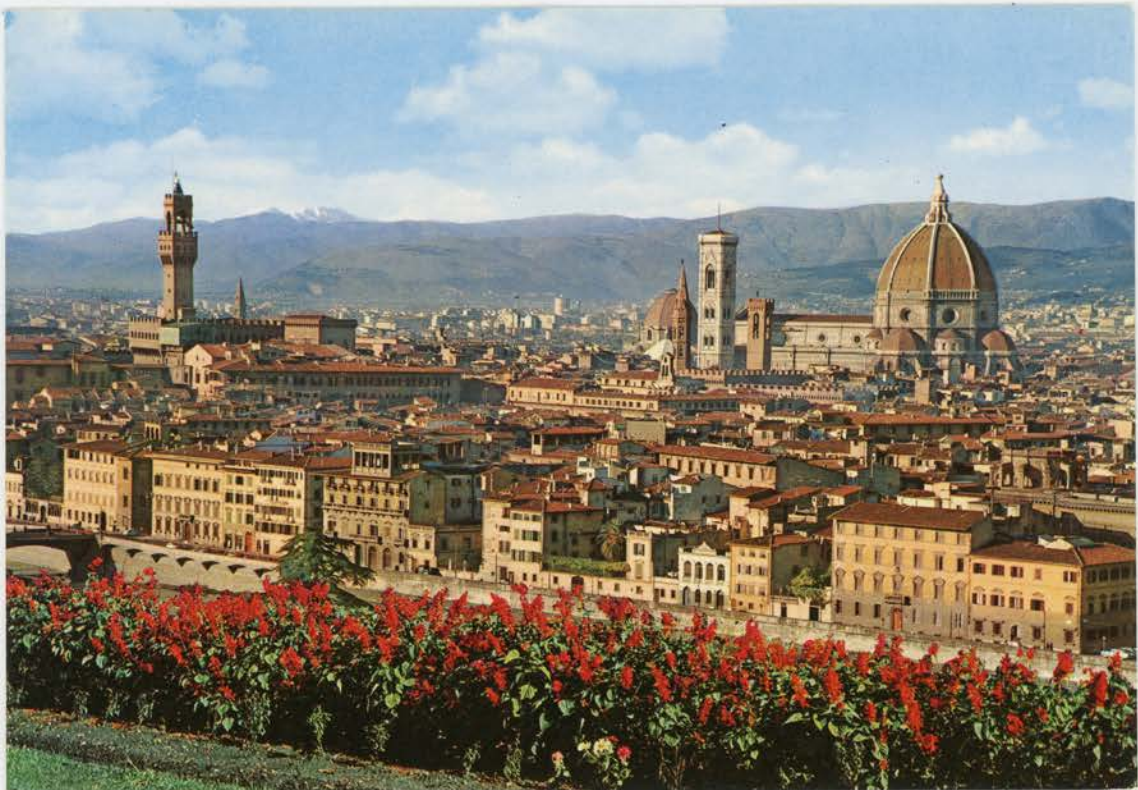
There are many choice spirits among the groups we associated with in Tarcento. I'm sure we have all grown and gained much insight due to these relationships and we all left Tarcento with many new friends-friends of spirit.

The bus ride to Florence took about 5½ hours. The countryside was beautiful-very green with smooth, sloping hills. The terrain is much like that of California.



When we arrived in Florence, we stopped to see Michelangelo's David at the Academy Gallery. However, it was closed so we left with the intent of coming back to see it in the morning. Next, we went to see the Baptistry and cathedral called Santa Maria del Fiore. It was a beautiful building, typically Byzantine style.

The name means St. Mary of the Flower, this invoking the Virgin's protection of Florence whose





Pensione "Panorama Angelico,,

Via Cavour, 60 - Tel. 24.243 - 296.455

50129 Firenze

emblem is a flower-the lilly. We also found Lorenzo Ghiberti's Door of Paradise which took over 27 years to complete. The panels of the door represent varioius scenes from the Old and the New Testaments.

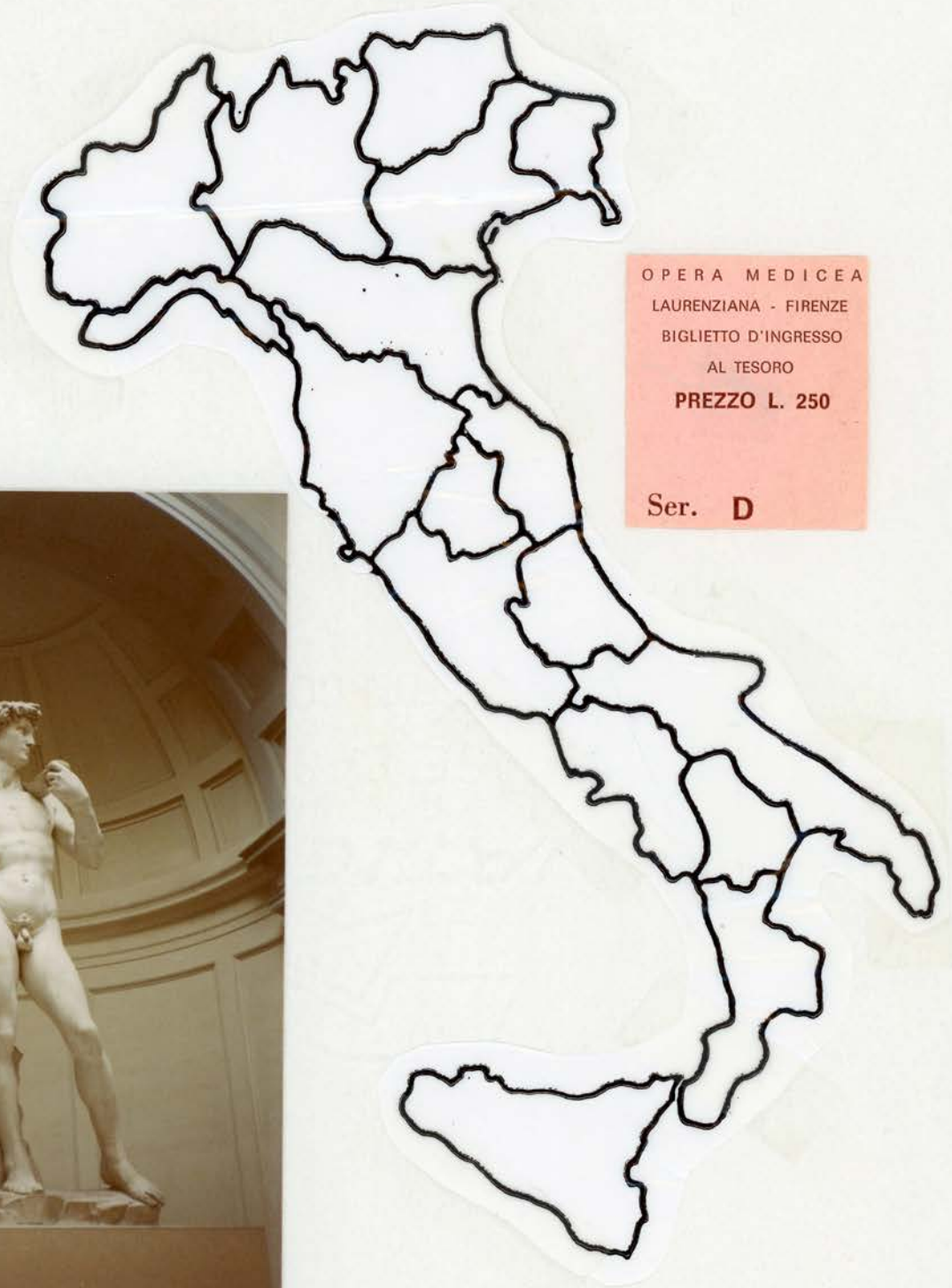
After seeing these famous sites of Florence, we went to stay the night at the Pensione

Panorama Angelico. It was a comfortable place to stay. We had the remainder of the day free to shop or sightsee or sleep, or whatever. Florence is great for shopping. It seemed to be a little more modern than some of the other cities of Italy we have seen. Yet, it has it's own personality, it's own character and atmosphere. One can almost see the people of ancient Florence walking the streets or worshipping in their magnificent cathedral; or Michelangelo sculpting his perfect form of David. Florence paints a picture of peace and refinement; culture and relaxation.

We all met together at 7:30 for a delicious dinner at our "hotel". We had a cute little man for a waiter and sang for him after we ate. He loved it! After dinner, we again

had free time. Some of the kids went out for real italian pizza and some went for their last taste of gelato. That's one thing we'll all miss since tomorrow, we're off to France. I hope we all make it without that delicious italian ice cream!

Written by Linda Jordan



OPERA MEDICEA
LAURENZIANA - FIRENZE
BIGLIETTO D'INGRESSO
AL TESORO
PREZZO L. 250

Ser. D



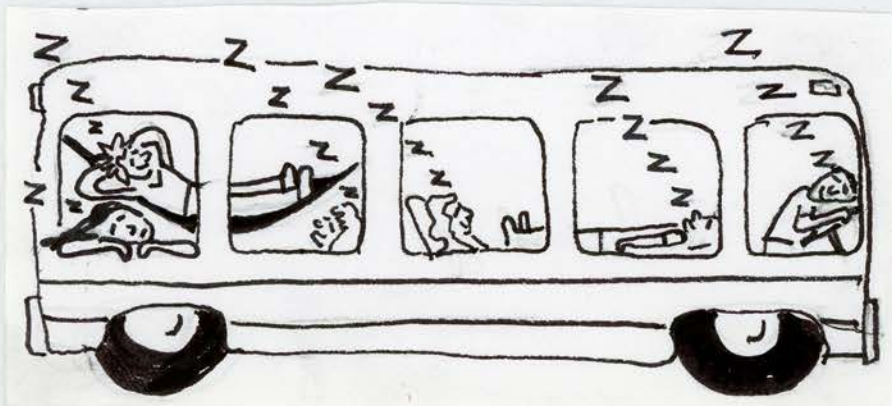
FIRENZE



16 July 1982

Another day and our last adventure in Italy. We had our breakfast in the Pensione Panorama Angelico and it had a view that captured your breath as you would look toward the city. You could

see the cathedral in all its majesty standing bold and strong. As you look at the city, you could feel a spirit of brilliance. The strong architecture has lasted through the centuries. After our breakfast, we had the privilege to feast our eyes upon one of Michelangelo's famous sculptures, the David. As we waited impatiently for the Academy to open, more people would show up. We were first in line but by the time they opened the doors, we were almost last. In any event, we all had the privilege to capture the magnificent piece of sculpture. Though motionless, it seemed to be alive. Every part of his joints, muscles, and hair seemed masterly proportioned correctly. As you would glance at Michelangelo's work, you could see the magic and talent he possessed. We actually saw this masterpiece after reading about it and seeing other replicas. After being filled with culture, it was time to undertake another journey, the BUS!!



Our bus takes us to France, to the lovely city of Nice. Our bus ride will last six hours. On the bus, as everyone quiets down and sleeps, the expressions on each face is unique in his or her own form of art. If Michelangelo could see our day, I wonder if he would do an art on the perfect tourist or many positions to sleep on the bus. That is art in a true and unique form.

As we got closer to the border of France, Rob was very excited and you could see a glow on his face. He gave us a little history on France. The bus ride seemed long because of the heat which drained us of our strength. We drove through small towns on our way to Nice and the ride was picturesque. It was like watching a movie with all these beautiful camera shots.

As we drove up to the Stake Center, a feeling of gratitude came over us that the trip was over. We were greeted by members of the Church who welcomed us with loving arms. They fed us a delicious meal which included a salad named after Nice. It was sensational. We then prepared ourselves for the show.

As we arrived at the performance site, the people were all excited to see us. They would ask questions about what we were doing and why we were there. The performers from the different countries seemed excited as we entered the room. The "company" was sharing their love and their sweet spirits with those who are not as lucky as we are to have the Gospel. Thus, friendship was exchanged. As the groups performed, each shared their love. Each of the dances the group did was well accepted by the people of Nice; not only the dancers, but the band and the Lamanites. Each number was up to par. After the show, we went back to the Stake Center and prepared ourselves for a long bus ride.

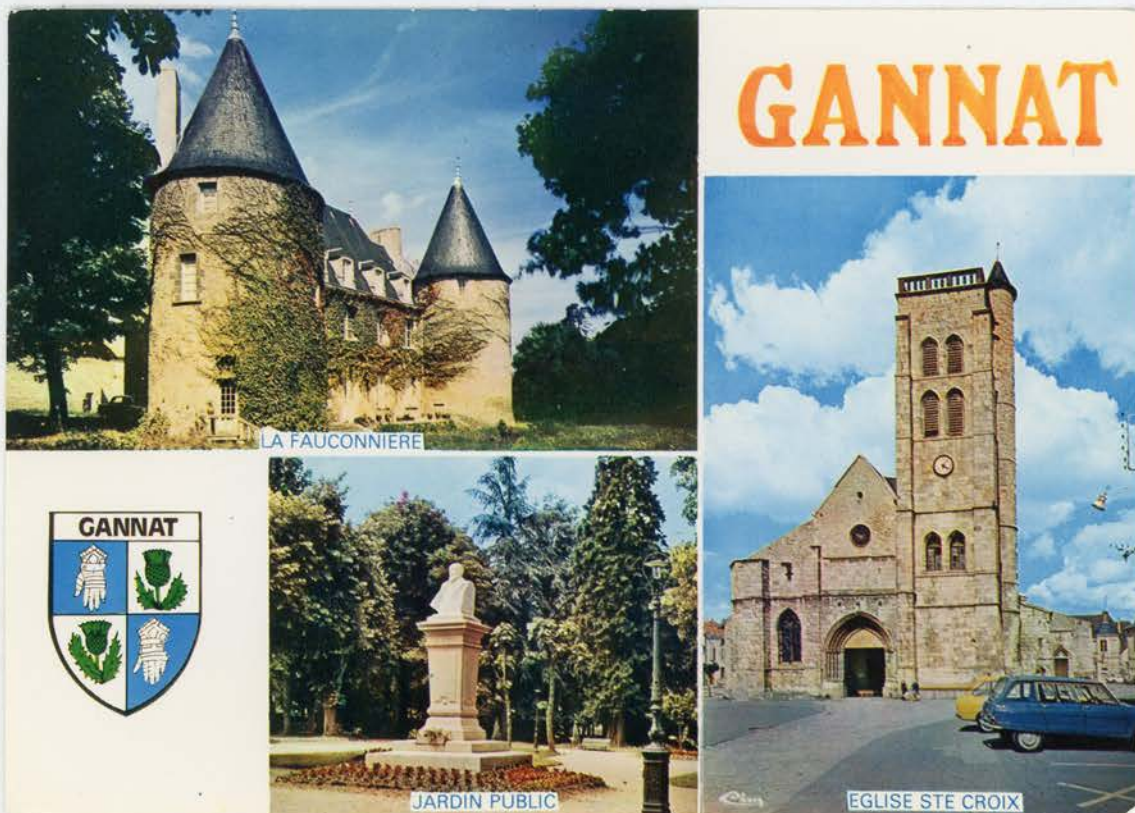
Written by Phillip Lee

17 July 1982

I think the most difficult thing about writing today's history is knowing when to differentiate between the preceding and following days. I will assume that my day starts with the close of the Nice one night stand.

Well, we met our bus driver at the festival grounds and returned to the Nice chapel to pack for our much looked forward to trip to the Gannat Festival. We left, accompanied by our future guide-George, at about 1:45 am for, what turned out to be, an 11 hour voyage. Of course, most got some sleep and everyone tried but there was a little concern that our bus driver hadn't had rest for ever 36 hours. He made it quite well and we all awoke to baguettes and juice provided by the Nice branch.

We arrived at Gannat ready to be totally informed and when we weren't, it was frustrating. But what an eventful day it was and by taking everything one step at a time, we made it and all ended with a terrific climax.



FESTIVAL

GANNAT



FOLKLORE

Panorama Mondial de Folklore

- La Bourrée Gannatoise - Auvergne
 - Tine Rozanc - Yougoslavie
 - Ensemble National - Togo
 - Ensemble d'Ukraine - URSS
- Ensemble des enfants de Lublin Pologne
- Cercle Celtique Brizeux de Lorient - Bretagne
 - Ensemble Asiatique - Inde - Thaïlande - Ceylan
- Ensemble de Maracaïbo - Vénézuéla
- Northern Folk - Grande Bretagne
- Ensemble de Bogyszlo - Hongrie
- Brigham Young University - USA

MONDIAL



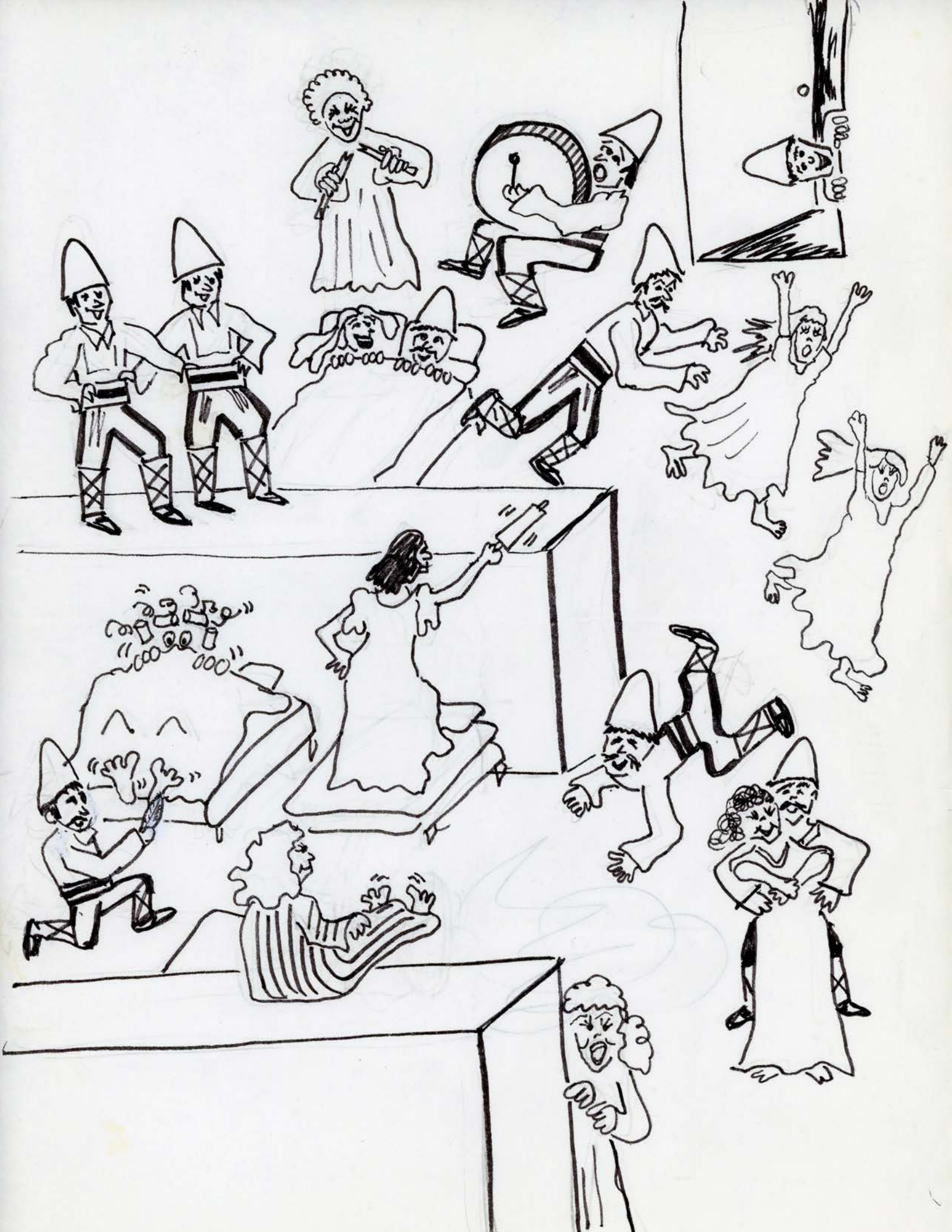
F R E N C H
F O R
F O L K D A N C E R S !

Brent and Rob are always available
Bonne chance

We were first shown our accommodations which were a little far from the middle of things but nice and close to the performance site. Lunch followed where we met Mr. Jean Roche, the festival director, who welcomed Mary Bee and

and the group with open arms. First item of business was a small recording session with the band and Brent to help translate. At 5:00, we had the first big parade and started to get acquainted with some of the invited groups-Ukraine, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Great Britain, and others. The town's people crowded the streets and were a true delight, full of life and with hundreds of the cutest kids. We were the featured group at the tent tonight which seemed a bit much after no sleep and an already full day, but what a neat, neat show. We followed the Hungarians and the Asians with 45 minutes. Even though we didn't get on stage till after 12:30, the audience was still wide awake and we were too because it came off well and so together. Boy, did that feel nice. We did four main sections plus three band and indian numbers, each introduced by Rob. It felt great to have a stage which helped instead of hindering the clogs.

Mary Bee, Don, and Rob attended the opening dinner for the group leaders. It was very nice to be seated with Phillip Conrerj, CIOFF Vice-President, and especially to meet and converse over dinner with Mr. Kenneth Larke, Cultural Field Inspector for the States, stationed in Lyon, France. He's just a charming man with whom we became close very fast and who will



be a big help to Folk Dancer's reputation and pull here in Europe as well as back home with the Government. He's English but he's been here for 30 years and I could tell he was really taken to us, and this before meeting the group or seeing us dance. He's a rare and valuable find, I think. We must end today's epistle with a Yugoslavian/Venezuelan flash!!!



18 July 1982

What a treat it was to again sleep in a bed! Our intentions were to get a restful night of sleep but our night ended up more eventful than we had planned. Awakened by the loud beating of drums, some of the men from the other groups decided to serenade the American girls, or should I say pound it into our ears) at 3:30 in the morning. Some made it more than a friendly prank and so Jeff Moffat and Larry Long came to the rescue to escort

them out of our bedroom. The situation was handled tactfully and our two "knights in shining armor" slept outside our door on the floor the rest of the night.

Still fatigued from lack of sleep, only two men made it to breakfast. At 10:00, we attended a ceremonial type mass for the festival where each group presented some flowers to form an "international bouquet" and then were given the opportunity to sing. Our men sang Ye Elders of Israel. Another parade followed and it had to be one of the funnest we've ever done. We only danced once and sang songs and hymns the rest of the way. It was a nice way to start the Sabbath singing hymns and patriotic songs. We then loaded the bus in our Pioneer costumes for lunch.



Before we ate lunch, we gathered on the grass and sang our medley of songs for Ken Larke, the U.S. Representative in Washington. What a touching experience for all of us. Tears welled up in some of our eyes as they did in his. A beautiful friend we've made even though knowing him just a short time. The young Polish children heard us singing and ran over to listen.

You couldn't have traded that precious moment after as we had our picture taken with them. Our men put the boys on their shoulders and the girls sat in front of the women. "A picture paints a thousand words" was never so true.

We got back to home base to get ready for the afternoon performance. We were given the opportunity to see all of the groups perform, which was exciting. This festival has really provided a wide range of talent, but the Polish kids still stole our hearts. Again, we were put last on the program which made



for a long day of waiting, but we pulled together. Although a short show, it went really well and we felt good about it. Time now for a "grupo foto". It's kind of fun being so popular, having our pictures taken, signing autographs, and sharing the excitement with the people of France.

After dinner was over, we came back to our rooms for our own meetings. Phillip Lee was in charge of Priesthood and Liz Terry and Peggy Little were in charge of Relief Society. It was nice to gather together at the end of the day for some spiritual uplift. Even though in Sacramento such obstacles as lights going out, and noisy groups playing music were present, we were still able to partake of the Spirit and had a beautiful meeting. Jeff Fairbanks, Bryce Bassett, and Ruth Naylor were our speakers and all of them presented excellent messages. Because of the sickness invading our group, a special blessing was given for the afflicted. It feels good to get a second wind now that this festival is just beginning. We've really needed it since we're getting close to the halfway mark!

Written by Peggy Little



Have you done something
nice for your partner
Today?

the
Sashi's



19 July 1982

This was partly a "catch up on your sleep" day so most of the kids slept through breakfast. A few brave ones headed for the food. Either the breakfasts are getting better or we are getting used to them because it tasted good today. After breakfast, some went back to bed while others washed clothes or relaxed.

At 11:30, everyone met for a short bus ride to a picnic. On the bus we had devotional. There was a song and prayer and Gaye gave the spiritual thought on bending with the wind. The social committee then gave out awards. Ron Ekins received the Frustration Award for breaking strings. Rob and Kim received the Gone in Four Seconds Award. Craig and Kathy received the Best Entrance Award for filling in Rob and Kim's spot. Jeff and Larry received awards for helping the girls out yesterday received a birthday card, song, and wish; and Wendy Gibby received the No More Mr. Nice Guy Award for her bravery with the raid.

We arrived at the picnic site. It was a hillside, tree covered area with a castle, grass, and beautiful view.





When we drove up, we could smell barbeque and saw ten full lambs being barbequed. All the groups were there in play attire. There was volleyball, music, dancing, and fun. The Polish children have won the hearts of many of us and we spent alot of time playing with them. Lunch was served consisting of lamb, tomatoes, eggs, peaches, apricots, plums, potatoe chips, and drink. There was plenty to eat and we all got our fill. I think the favorite items were the potatoe chips. They tasted good for not having had them for only a short time. There were more fun and games then, we drove back to town.



We were then given free time. Some slept, others washed,

and some shopped. We met at 5:30 in costume and walked to a nearby park where we sang, Phillip danced, and we performed Oh, Suzannah and Salty Dog. There were perhaps forty people around. We paraded down the street and sang, and had a good time. We stopped in front of a bar and performed some more. The highlights of that part was when we each grabbed a frenchman and danced. In the bar, we were served cookies and soda pop to cool us off. It was a fun afternoon. We then were given some free time because we weren't performing tonight. Most kids went over to the festival and watched Yugoslavia, Venezuela, and France dance. Yugoslavia is an excellent group and really pleased the crowd. Those who didn't go, rested. We have some sickness in the group and are trying to take advantage of rest time.

At close to midnight, we took the bus down to the festival headquarters for the after-party. Phillis Jacobson, the head of the dance department, and her companion met us this afternoon and came to the after-party. The Hungarian band played for awhile, then our band played. Peggy Little taught Oh, Suzannah, Virginia Reel, and Polka to people as part of her class. We came back home about 1:30 am and all ate ourselves sick on some candy one of the french girls had given Rob Liddiard. Good night!!

Written by Larry Long

20 July 1982

Today, we all had the day to ourselves and this certainly was nice because we were able to get "caught up" with our lives, a result of our past hectic schedule. Most everyone slept in, waking in time for lunch. The afternoon was spent doing such

activities as washing clothes, journal writing, sleeping, calling home, writing letters, exploring Gannat, eating pastries and ice cream, and exchanging costumes with the Yugoslavian group here at the festival. The sunny, summer day was enjoyed by all, but by the time we met at our bus to leave for our



performance (4:45), it had begun to rain. This rainstorm lasted most of the night.

We drove to a small neighboring town called Aiguesperse. It has a population of about 3,000. First, we met the mayor and formal introductions and speeches were made. Gifts were exchanged also. Folk Dancers received three very nice dolls dressed in the native local costume and





and each member received a jar of Pralines which are famous from this town. We gave their city some BYU and American artifacts. After this, we sang our Small World Medley and then were finally served some wonderful french pastries. Everyone had to try at least one of everything! It was all so very delicious as well as appealing to the eye. It was dinner in itself and extremely generous of them (and appreciated by us)!

After this meeting, we went to the Notre Dame of Aiguesperse en son Assumption. It was a beautiful 13th century cathedral



Pralines d'Aigueperse

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with very typical Gothic architecture. It has been restored and a medieval aura could be felt as we entered. Half of the church was destroyed in WW II and upon uncovering some of the walls of their plaster, old faded frescoes can now be seen! They tell stories

of Christ's life. My favorite part was the stained glass windows because of their vibrant true-to-life colors. The most beautiful painting there was done by a student of Michelangelo. This is quoted from our guide, the church bishop or priest, R. Darcillon. He also showed us one statue which the Germans stole during the war and the French found later in Czechoslovakia. Before we left, all the men in our group sang Ye Elders of Israel. It sure sounded neat!

From the cathedral, we went to the community hall where we performed a 45 minute show. It went very well and the people were receptive to us. Following the show, we each went in two's and three's and four's with our host families. We went with them to their homes where they served us dinner. Everyone had delicious, wonderful meals from the reports I've heard. It was

especially good to meet one on one with typical French families inside their homes. (The interior is a lot nicer looking and well kept than the exterior of houses here.) The people were all very friendly and it was fun trying to communicate through the language barrier. Luckily, most of the people spoke a little English. I really enjoyed learning about their everyday life-work, school, hobbies, families, etc. We each felt a closeness to these people who were so hospitable to us. We exchanged addresses and took pictures and some even got recipes for the wonderful food tasted. It was all-in-all, a highly positive experience for us here in France and we went home to bed (after midnight) feeling happy.

Written by Becky Moffat



21 July 1982

I don't think anyone made it up for breakfast this morning, especially after those great dinners we had last night with the French families. The first thing they had scheduled for us today was a short animation (small performance) at the square in front of the church. We performed half of our show, then Jean Roche came by and said he wanted to film our show for TV,



so we stopped our show and waited for the TV cameras. After the TV cameras got set up, we repeated our 15 minute show and at the end, we danced with people in the audience.

In the afternoon, the festival showed a movie about Utah at the local cinema. The movie was called "Utah's Color Country".

It was about 25 years old. Rob and Brent narrated the movie in French. During the middle of the movie, the projector broke down so Rob and Brent answered questions about Utah and BYU.

At 5:00, our band (musicians) and the Polish band were featured for 15 minutes each outside the theater. There was a crowd of about 150 people in attendance. We were scheduled to be first and do a 45 minute show under the tent at the festival tonight at 9:00, but they placed us third and put the Polish and French children on first. The French children did their dances in wooden clogs. They were cute, but we loved the Polish kids the most. Most of the members of our group have gotten to know



some of the Polish children quite well. They were so beautiful and charming on stage. Their dancing was very precise and attractive. Our show ran smoothly with no problems. The audience was very receptive.

Written by Jeff Moffat



22 July 1982

Today was a day of rest. We arose between 8:00 and 9:00 and made our daily trek to the pastry shop. This morning, I had Quiche. Tre Magnifique!! After breakfast, showers, etc, we boarded the bus at 10:45.

We traveled a short way to the Hotel du Chateau. Here, we did a short program for about 75 onlookers. After the show, the chef from the hotel had prepared pastries for us. They were hot out of the oven and seemed to melt in our mouths. After changing costumes, we went to lunch which was roast beef with Au Gratin potatoes. The rest of the afternoon was free and



was spent in a variety of activities. Some people washed clothes and others went shopping while others were strangely drawn to pastry shops.

At 6:00 in the evening, we met at the festival grounds to meet the families of Gannat that had invited us into their homes. Each of us presented them with flowers and we were off. Then we returned from dinner at about 11:00, the stories of the evening started rolling in. The stories of pre-dinner entertainment

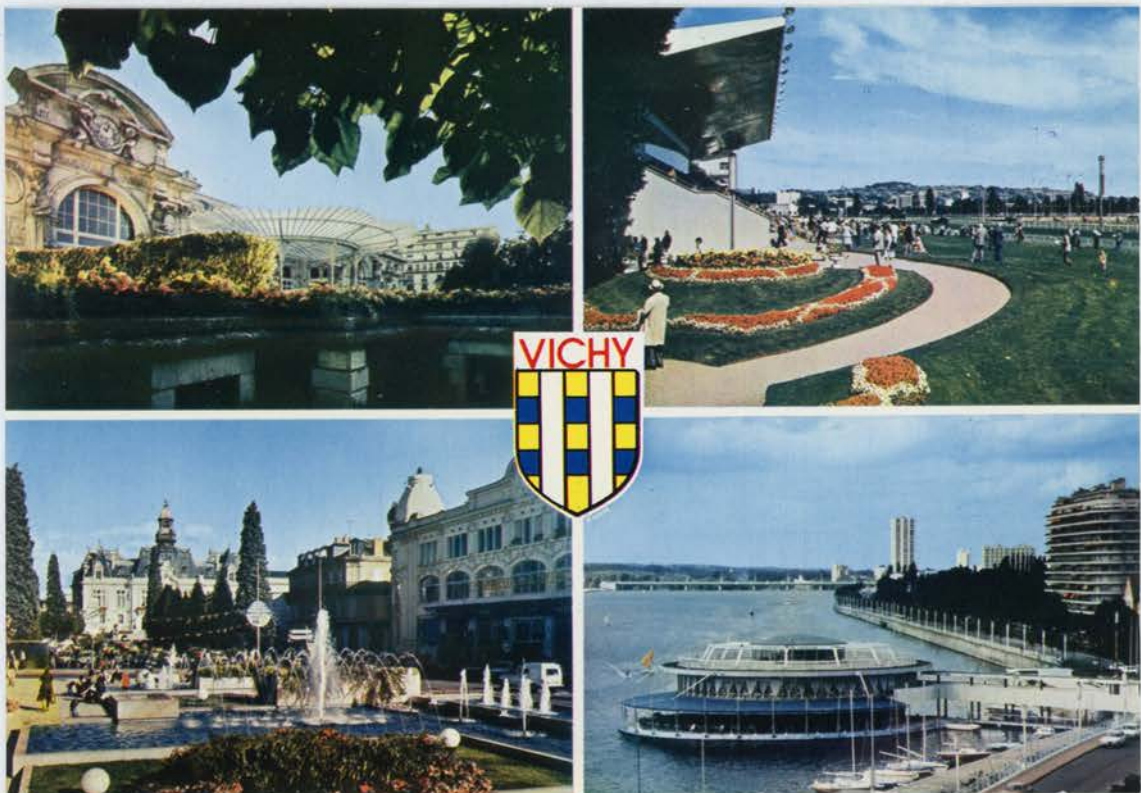


including watching a dog hunt rats. What to do when served escargot was a challenge for some Folk Dancers and getting to know your host by seeing six trays of family slides led to interesting times. All had memorable experiences and a good time was had by all.

Written by Mike Molinaro

23 July 1982

Morning came, as usual, far too quickly and even though the weather was clear and cool, the morning was half over before many were up to enjoy it. Breakfast was sparsely attended since many who did wake up were still too full from last night's feasts to be interested. The day was completely free of obligations and shopping, sleeping, and journal writing were common activities. Washing was all over the place and even costumes were washed or aired. Mary and Don went to a nearby town called



Vichy which was very beautiful, had pretty good shopping, and had a park area loaded with French charm. Vichy is a resort town and the location of hot springs heated by volcanos 250 km away (that's about 160 miles). The minerals in the water are believed to be medicinal in nature and many come to drink the water. The Jensens got back just in time to catch the bus taking us back to Vichy.

The group met for a picnic lunch at the festival grounds. Since it was our free day, the cafeteria was free of us. Ham and cheese sandwiches were wonderful and since there were no cups, the big accomplishment was to drink from the water bottles without letting it touch the lips. The methods were many and quite varied. Then, all interested persons left for Vichy. Shopping was the main attraction as it has been in Gannat and crystal was the common interest. Some did go down to the river and eat ice cream in a sidewalk cafe. We came back at 5:00 and Rob read us the article about our group that was in the paper. Those who didn't go, spent the afternoon doing what others had done in the morning.

We had a wonderful dinner that included a potatoe cassarole. Afterwards, we talked to the Yugoslavians trying to cushion any bad feelings arising from repercussion on their night escapade in our girl's room. They seemed to have no ill feelings which was good.

The show tonight was France, Asia, and Ukraine. The group from India was quite good and it was nice to finally get to see the Soviets, though we wished they had done more dancing and less singing. Their costumes were beautiful and though many of us liked our choreography better, they had a very strong

style about them.

Probably the event of the evening was between Rob and one of his admirers. Sending two kids in to bring him out of the tent during the show, she gave him an offer she didn't think he could refuse and when he did, she wound up and punched him out. Poor Rob was so shocked, he didn't know what to do. She quickly disappeared. Bed will feel good tonight, especially to Rob who needed to tend a dislocated jaw.

Written by Ryan Purcell

24 July 1982

The morning started off with a reception with the mayor of Gannat. The meeting was held in a courtyard full of green grass, which is rare for cities. In the back, near a gazebo, tables were set up with white tablecloths, small elegant glasses, and silver platters with cheese bread. The Polish children were playing quick-draw with each other and with Craig Sanders and Wendy Gibby. Wendy always lost and would roll her eyes and start to fall to the ground having those around her catch her. The whole





situation was humorous. Following the shootout, each group from the different countries gathered around the tables to listen to the mayor's speech and for the exchange of gifts from each country to the mayor and visa-versa. The morning was cool and several of us were enjoying the beauty of the spot, even through sleepy eyes. Several families that each of us had eaten with a few days



earlier were there and happy greetings were extended. The afternoon was lazy except for a short 15 minute show in the afternoon. In the tent, before the show, Rob announced that a pastry shop in town invited us to come down for some free pastries at 8:30. The reason being that we were such good customers and bought several pastries there.



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That night, we all walked down to La Ruche Pastry Shop and watched them pull out several different pies and cakes and started to cut them. Everyone was stooped down looking in the window from outside. Each of us were anxiously trying to decide what we wanted to ask for. After the first time through, we were asked for seconds and thirds. The girls were eating one piece of their pie after testing it and pawning the rest of the pie onto the guys. We, of course, didn't mind. There was lemon meringue, chocolate forest, apricot pie, blueberry, a creamy fluff pie with strawberry or raspberry topping. The girls all felt they were pigs, and the guys did too.

**IX^e FESTIVAL
MONDIAL DE FOLKLORE
de GANNAT**

....

Panorama

Samedi 24 Juillet, matinée

25 francs

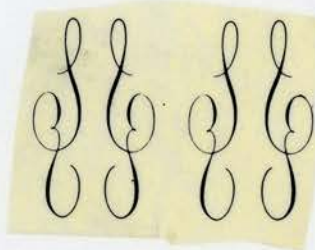
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N^o 14057

Imp. ESYAN - GANNAT.

Tonight, we all watched the Polish children and the Yugoslavians and the Russians. The audience enjoyed the show very much and the children were called on stage twice for encores.

Written by Craig Redding



25 July 1982

The groups stepped out into a slightly chilly, over-cast day to board the bus at 10:00 for the closing service at the cathedral here in Gannat. In bright red and white costumes, the BYU Folk Dancers carried their flag proudly as each group gathered into a semi-circle, in front of the cathedral, according to their country. Just like the previous Sunday, the ceremony consisted of the introduction of each group by the way of



two representatives going up on stage and adding a bouquet of flowers to the Friendship Flower Bowl. Rob went up to translate the words of appreciation expressed by Dennis Hill, Larry Long carried the flag, and Lorraine Austin presented the bouquet of flowers. Immediately after the words and flowers were exchanged, the rest of the group in the semi-circle sang one verse of The Spirit of God. The hymn sounded really strong and good. About 11:00, the parade started. Each group filed out of the square we were in and did the traditional parade routine, singing and playing instruments. Our group brought up the tail of

the parade and had fun singing songs such as Grand Ol'Flag, America the Beautiful, and Yankee Doodle Dandy. The parade ended at the festival grounds where the buses were waiting to take us to lunch after which, we all returned home to the school to be spiritually fed at our Relief Society, Priesthood, and Sacrament Meetings.



As soon as Church ended, we hurriedly dressed to go over for our final performance at the festival grounds. Colleen Anderson's sprained ankle is better so we were able to do Appalachian Clog. The audience was very responsive and clapped with the music. The entire town of Gannat seemed to be there and the festival grounds were packed! Directly after our 15 minute show, we gathered into the Big Tent and

presented John Roche several gifts from BYU.

Dinner time was poignant since our group had to say goodbye to the darling little Polish children. After dinner, we sang I Am a Child of God and God Be With You and there wasn't a dry eye! The spirit was very strong and the sweet love of Christ emanated from the faces of the sweet children.

From this spiritual plain, we move to baggage loading. After dinner, we returned back to the school to load the costume bags, slip boxes, and the band instruments so that we could

enjoy the International Ball in the evening.

At the Ball, each group's band played for ½ hour for the enjoyment of the other group's members as well as the people of Gannat. The champagne popped in a festive spirit as everyone jigged and waltzed the night away. The center of the tent had wooden planks laid down for the dancing and the wave of smoke, heat, and excitement hit you in the face when entering the tent.

It was a wonderful end to the Folk Festival in Gannat. The people of the city truly love folk dancing and thrive on the festival more-so than the dancers do who are participating. The quaint, European-village atmosphere of the city only adds to the folk tradition and becomes the perfect backdrop for all of the many folk dances from throughout the world.

Written by Kathy Reid

26 July 1982

We began loading the bus at 6:30 am after a late night of good-byes. We pulled out at Standard Mormon Time (15 minutes late) after singing God Be With You Till We Meet Again to Jean Roche and the Yugoslavian friends we made. We had planned to leave at 7:00 and left at 7:15.

Everyone slept until we took a "rest stop" at 10:50. We ate lunch out of boxes on the gravel parking lot by the bus. As we stood there eating, Dennis commented on the fact that we all looked like cavemen eating a primeaval lunch. Everyone stood with a piece of chicken in one hand and a piece of bread in the other, tearing off chunks of either with our teeth. It really was quite a sight!

We resumed our travel at 11:40. As soon as we were on our way, I gave a short devotional, after which we were entertained by Ron Ekins and his guitar. He made up the words as he went (which was fairly obvious). Then, Jan Hemming had worked with Kathy, Craig, Lisa, and Mike to bring us a short news release. They covered the main stories in the news since

we had left. It was very interesting as well as comical. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.

SWITZERLAND



We arrived at the LDS Chapel here in Geneva at about 2:30. After we unloaded the bus, we sang, for our bus driver and guides, God Be With You again. Soon after Pierre left, we were informed that the show we thought was cancelled, was back on. We were still staying with member families though.

We were given a couple hours to just mill around town and do what we wanted to. Most of us just walked by the lake and took in the beautiful scenery. A slight misunderstanding between one of our van drivers and Kelly left 22 of us waiting at the train station



Jim Porter
Economic Section
Department of State - U.S. Mission Geneva
Washington D.C. 20520

Dear Jim:

Thank you for your telephone call this week inviting the BYU Folk Dancers to perform for the Diplomatic Club of Geneva on July 26. I appreciate Henry Grady passing on the Folk Dance material to you and the information about their tour.

As we discussed on the telephone, in exchange for the performance we would ask the sponsor to provide hotel accommodations (hotel rooms should be twin bedded with private bath), three meals and local transportation for the 37-member troupe. The group will be coming from Gannat, France Monday morning, July 26.

The group will break down into 23 dancers, a six-member string band, and three adult leadership couples. In addition, there will be two American Indians that perform the Hoop Dance, War Dance, and Eagle Dance.

This past summer our BYU Folk Dancers appeared in Japan, Korea, and the Philippines, in addition to Hawaii, Taiwan, Hong Kong and the People's Republic of China. They have participated in many live television broadcasts. Chinese television crews produced a filmed version of the show for broadcast in Chinese provinces. In Japan, at Portopia '81, the Japanese International Fair held in Kobe, the Folk Dancers were acclaimed the most popular performing group at the exhibition.

The Folk Dancers would enjoy performing for the Diplomatic Club of Geneva. I hope all arrangements work out. Since we are trying to finalize the Folk Dance schedule, please telex me confirmation for this performance.

Sincerely,

Edward L. Blaser
Director

FOR : MR. EDWARD BLASER.

FROM: PRESIDENT OF DIPLOMATIC CLUB OF GENEVA, JIM PORTER,
C/O U.S. MISSION, GENEVA.

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR LETTER OF MAY 3, THE DIPLOMATIC CLUB OF GENEVA CONFIRMS ARRANGEMENTS FOR PERFORMANCE OF THE B.Y.U. FOLK DANCERS ON JULY 26, IN GENEVA. RESERVATIONS MADE FOR 20 DOUBLE ROOMS (INCLUDING THREE MEALS) AT THE DRAKE HOTEL IN GENEVA FOR THE NIGHT OF JULY 26. PERFORMANCE TO BE HELD IN MODERN AUDITORIUM (300 SEATS) OF THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION WHICH MEETS ALL NECESSARY REQUIREMENTS EXCEPT STAGE IS 20 FEET DEEP AND 35 FEET WIDE. PLEASE ADVISE IF ABLE TO PERFORM ON THIS SIZE STAGE. LETTER TO FOLLOW.

BEST REGARDS,

JIRTER.



for nearly 45 minutes. Finally, Mary Bee and Dennis came to our rescue in one of the vans. We then played "Let's See How Many Folk Dancers Can Fit Into One Van Within 30 Seconds". Luckily, we fit every one of us in it. I'm sure it was quite a sight to behold!

By the time we arrived at the Diplomatic Club, we had roughly an hour to eat, get dressed, and try to put on our faces, not to mention unloading the vans with all our costumes and instruments. In spite of being twenty minutes late to start the show, we got off to a pretty good start. A couple of minor error kept us smiling while we were on stage.

After the show, we met our families, returned to the chapel to get our suitcases, and each went our separate ways.

Written by Lisa Roundy

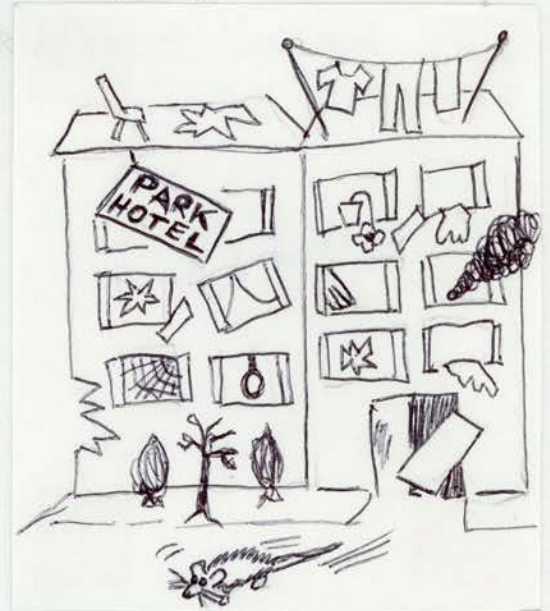
INTERLAKEN

27 July 1982

The morning brought several pleasant surprises including corn flakes, peanut butter, and yougart. We also had the opportunity of seeing our host's homes and surrounding landscape in daylight. Also, another person has been added to our tour-Jan Hemming's mother, Ruth.

The weather all day was cloudy and rainy which caused our trip to Interlaken to be a little less scenic than it may have been. We drove beside Lake Geneva to Lausanne where we headed northeast to Bern, the industrialized capitol of Switzerland. Our spanish bus driver, who speaks no English, gave us a guided tour of the area through Kelly, our Spanish translator. Liz helped out by explaining that the reason Swiss cheese and chocolate are better than anywhere else is the lush grass the cows feed on. We all felt edified.

The original schedule for our day had us taking the tram up the Junfrau but because of the rain, the decision was made to check us into our hotel and let us go shopping. As we drove to the hotel, which was several kilometers from the city, we noticed it's exterior had a distinctive "post-earthquake" look to it; which was interesting since there hadn't been any earthquakes in the area. The tour leadership went inside to check it out for cleanliness and comfort. It flunked in both areas. We cheered as Brother Naylor announced we'd look for other accommodations in town. Everyone was dropped off in town to shop and look around until 3:00 when we were to reassemble and move into whatever place had enough room for us. Within the hour, nearly every shop sported BYU Folk Dancer postcards in their windows. The hot items were 1. clocks, 2. sweaters, 3. hats, in that order.



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Our new accommodations were superb—the girl's hotel looked like a music box, complete with a flower garden and shutters. The men's

hotel was quaint with the top floor rooms complete with gables and slanted ceilings. The leadership had done well.

The whole day and night were free and people shopped, slept, wrote in their journals, and enjoyed a day free of pressures. As the evening wore on, the sky began to clear and more of the mountains became visible. We're surrounded on all sides by

lush, green, forested mountains. A triple forked, bluish green river flows on our side of the town. Hopefully, the morning will afford a view of the Rocky Jungfrau.

Written by Craig Sanders

Jungfrau



28 July 1982

Well, it finally came, the day that everyone has been planning for for lo' these many weeks, our trips up the Jungfrau. I mean, even before we left on tour, Mary Bee would use this one event to emphasize the importance of being on time-"One person late to the bus could make us miss the Jungfrau". As it turned out, we were all so excited about going, none of us were late.

We all met at the girl's hotel, the Chalet Swiss, at 8:00 after having had breakfast on our own at our respective hotels. We got on the bus for what was to be one of the most breathtaking journeys I've ever been on. The clouds had cleared around Interlaken which allowed us to take in the gorgeous scenery around us as we drove up the hillside to the train station. The countryside is so gorgeous here that at every turn in the road, there are audible gasps of amazement at what we see in front of us. Pastures and meadows of even green, dotted with multi-colored mountain flowers, interrupted only on occasion by a little swiss cabin which would, at first glance, be so quaint as to make one believe that it was built expressly for the tourist's sake. To complete the amazing tableau-add dense forests of deep green pines scattered "at will", it would seem, among the meadows of lighter green and steep

mountainsides rising majestically above the valley floor.

Our bus climbed the sides of the mountain and we were soon well above the city, and at the beginning of our train ride. This is when we all had that moment of uneasiness wondering whether the weather would be good for us. The train to the top cost \$30 and we didn't want to be cheated. But, as we got out of the bus and saw a waterfall cascading several hundred feet from a mountain cliff, we were all assured that our trip would be well worth the money-and that it was.



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Jungfrauoch
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45542

The first leg of our trip took us up higher and higher through the wonderful town of Wengen and then continued on towards Maanlichen where we would change trains. About half-way there, we went into a cloud and we were worried that we had reached the end of our scenery. How wrong we were. The hillside villages, lush green vallies, and sheer cliff hillsides, in all their beauty, were only a prelude to the snow-covered tops of the Swiss Alps. We were all just visiting, sitting in our train car, when all of a sudden, the clouds



broke and what was before us was so amazing that the car was filled with literal screams of amazement at the beauty around us. The snow-capped Alps against the brilliant blue sky was a sight never to be forgotten. The morning's devotional had dwelt with taking a mental picture of all the beauty around us to reflect on later and we were all just sitting there, mouths fallen open, drinking in all of the scenery that we could. Now, I know that just sounds like a lot of flowery nonsense because the pen does not allow the same expression as does visual and even the hundreds of pictures that we as a group took will not be able to catch the beauty that we saw. The rest of our ride to the top was made through a tunnel carved in the mountain. I can't believe how much work they must have gone through to accomplish this tunnel either. We were in there for almost an hour with only two stops to go look out some windows where the tunnel came close to the side of the mountain. That was really odd too. It made me feel like we were some people who had

moved underground to avoid some nuclear holocaust or something and we were just looking out these huge picture windows at a beautiful world we could no longer reach. (How's that for an analogy?)

We finally arrived at the top and unloaded the train. A few of the group, with that unconquerable tourist within them, stopped to buy postcards at the train stop while some of us rushed on to new experiences.

The first stop was at the Ice Palace which is a series of tunnels and sculptures carved through the glacier. It was really a trip, or slip I suppose since the ice was rather treacherous when it came to staying on your feet. From there, we went outside, in spite of the fact that from the doorway, it looked cloudy and gloomy. But for those of us who went outside, there was a whole other world. It was kind of slow climbing up to the top of the crest and rather dangerous too I might add, since we were all wearing our tour shoes which were not, by any stretch of the imagination, designed for hiking. The view was incredible and if it wasn't exactly what you wanted for a picture, in one minute you could have an entirely different backdrop,



thanks to the clouds blowing over the top of the mountain. After spending about an hour outside with different "expeditions" slipping and sliding their way up and down the 60 foot climb to the top of the crest, we decided to go in. The main factor in this decision was the fact that none of us could feel our toes anymore, except for a dull ache coming from below our knees. The girls really froze because most of them were in the open-toed tour shoes which have the rather interesting trait of having the heel fall off. (The glue that holds the sole onto the heel didn't last past the first few days of tour. This led to the interesting shapes formed when the heels filled with snow and then froze.) Anyway, we decided to go in and make our way to the Sphinx, which is a tall observation tower at the top of the crest, 11,723 feet. There was a 70 second elevator ride which took us about 300 feet up to the top where the view was amazing. Mike and Mel took some pictures together that could top any engagement picture ever taken.

We got down to the train station just in time to go back down the mountain. The entire trip on the way down was inside the mountain and unlike the way up, where we sang songs to help us burn off the extra enthusiasm (with a repertoire from Edelweiss to the "sun will come out tomorrow"), the way down was a carfull of sleeping satisfied people exhausted from the things we had seen and done.

However, with renewed enthusiasm, we arrived at Grindlewald, a city down the other side of the hill from where we had gone up. We had an hour and a half there to do some shopping or just wander. I ended up with a group of "just wanderers" which was great. We went up to a hill behind the hustle of the main

streets to take some "Sound of Music" type pictures. Just when we had all gotten to the middle of the hill and had all of our cameras ready, we were found out by a middle aged, irate Swiss woman who we assumed was the property owner, flinging her arms wildly which we took as a "subtle" suggestion that we take our pictures elsewhere. A little more wandering and it was soon time to get back on the bus which took us back into Interlaken, a little tired, but very happy about what we'd seen.

We had about an hour and a half to do some quick shopping before our 5:30 dinner at the Chalet Swiss. They had planned a Swiss fondue party for us, complete with authentic music provided by a little Swiss couple playing accordians. Luckily, I was in the small room next door where the "lovely" music was at least a little muffled.

The fondue was delicious, although Michelle Golightly insists there was wine in it. She tastes liquor in everything, which doesn't slow down her eating any I might add. For dessert, we had fried apples with vanilla cream over them. They



too were great. We all but ran straight from dinner to the casino for our show.

We had a really fun show with a great audience. The most entertaining part of the evening was doing the Clog Finale on the lift part of the stage. It started rocking so hard that



as we did our chugs, the stage would come up and hit our heels. It was a riot. The audience wasn't large as it could have been (about 100) but they were great.

We could either

either walk home or take the bus-most of us walked since it was a beautiful night. Some of us went to the disco in the casino only to find, after the band came out to play for us, that there was a 5 franc cover charge (\$2.50) so we decided that for the money, ice cream would be more worth our while, so that's where we finished out the evening-at the ice cream parlor just outside the casino. A delicious ending to a wonderful day!

Written by Brent Schneider

29 July 1982

One busy day! On the road quite a lot. From Interlaken, to Brienz, to Luzern.

While in Brienz, we were taken to Stahl's Woodcarving Shop. This lovely place on the lake of between Interlaken and Luzern is the center of woodcarving. In 1820, Christian Fischer,

founder of the industry, was the first person to carve ornaments, plates, and smoker's pipes. Brienz also has a woodcarving school where students learn to carve during a four-year apprenticeship. We were able to take a facinating look behind the scenes and see the woodcarvers at work. It was amazing to observe the production of such highly finished carvings done from once rough pieces of wood.

From Brienz, we drove past lake after lake (the scenic route) to Luzern. During this time, the devotional was given. The thought of the day, given by Deb Strebel, was summed up by the words of Emerson, "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen!" If Heaven is anything like Switzerland, I can't wait to get there.

We continued driving until we arrived at the youth hostel (our home away from home for the next four days) outside Luzern. Many of us thought the bus driver had pulled over to the side of the road for a scenic view. The lake was endless. Rumor was traveling from seat to seat that the hostel was down below.



I snickered to myself and thought "impossible!" Guess what? After looking for myself, I wasn't laughing. Off to the right was actually a pathway leading to the bottom. Well, here we are on what seems to be a camping trip. We have beautiful surroundings including the lake, picnicing, tables, ducks, lots of greenery and hot chocolate for breakfast. We even get to hike every trip from the bottom of the path to the bus. I'll bet nobody forgets anything! One hike is all that is needed for the heart rate to increase. The atmosphere is so refreshing. This is nice, up-beat, and will give us time to enjoy nature.

The afternoon was spent in the center of Luzern. We spotted the casino where we would be performing this evening, ate lunch, and shopped.

51 27 51
**CASINO
LUZERN**

BlackJack

Heute
Donnerstag, 29. Juli 1982
Sondergastspiel



American Folk Dancers
Ein buntes Feuerwerk von
40 Tänzerinnen und Tänzern.
(Sponsor: Swiss American
Society Lucerne. Dr. George
K. Nelson, Horw)

Anschliessend:
Grosser FCL-Knie-Abend
mit Verlängerung bis 3 Uhr



As a special treat, we were treated to a steak dinner at KNIE Aktualitater. The Swiss American Society spoiled us with plenty to feast on. Again, the setting was out-of-doors, beautiful, and in the Swiss mountains. Nothing is of poor



taste here. Everything is good!

The day ended after a fine show at the Casino. I must say that the Disco floor turned out to be alright. Just because Rob knocked over one of the observers drink doesn't mean that we were tight on space. The Mormon missionaries observing were pleased with our performance and so were we!

Written by Debbie Strebels



Rigi Kulm 1800 m

Rigi: Hochfluh 1702 m

Dossen 1688 m

Rigi Kaltbad-First 1440 m

Vitznau 440 m

Weggis 440 m

VIERWALDSTÄTTERSEE
LAKE OF LUCERNE

437 m



30 July 1982

Today was an especially refreshing and fun day. After a light breakfast at the youth hostel, we headed into Luzern to spend a day exploring the busy streets, to shop in beautiful shops, and to just enjoy the beauty of this Swiss city. The day caught many of us purchasing everything from Lladro porcelain pieces and music boxes to the sweet delights of Swiss chocolate. Many of us were caught in the splendor of the beautiful Lladro pieces found in a shop called Casagrande. We made them rich today by purchasing 30 pieces of Lladro and Nao.



The beautiful covered bridge and the magnificent lake decorate Luzern to give it an almost magical presence. At 4:30, we boarded the bus and headed for Zug, which was about 1½ hours out of Luzern, to a shopping mall where we would be performing. We all ate in the cafeteria before getting into costume. A small square stage was set up in the middle of the mall and soon it was surrounded by curious people waiting to see what the bustle was about. We started the show to a small excited crowd and gave a rather good performance. It was fun to watch the crowd. Their faces lit up as they, for the first time I'm sure, watched the fast pace of American dancing. It was quite evident though, that they watched our faces more than our feet though we were just feet away. They enjoyed

watching us just as much as we enjoyed performing for and watching them. When you see an excited face in a crowd, it seems to put an extra strength and spark in us and our dancing.

It was a lightened load as we pushed our costume bags in shopping carts to and from the bus. Maybe Folk Dancers should invest in a few of them?!

We returned back to the hostel at 10:00. The night was beauti-



ful and the lights glistened off the lake. The hostel is placed right next to the lake and in order to get to it, we have to descend down a small, windy path. Halfway down, a few of sat down to enjoy the beautiful scenery of sparkling lights nestled in the hills and to hear the faint sound of cow bells. What a way to close a day!!!

Written by Elizabeth Terry

31 July 1982

We have just completed an absolutely wonderful evening on board the cruise ship, Unterwalden. We met the group of Young Adults that we spent the evening with at 7:00 pm in Luzern. They come from Austria, Germany, and Switzerland and are really a fun group. Together, we set off on a four-hour voyage around the Lake of the Four States which is the lake that Luzern sits on. The evening scenery was so beautiful it hardly seemed real. The green meadows seemed painted on the dark forest green background and little houses dotted the hillsides. The sunset behind the mountains added a touch of magic to the setting because as it got darker, the mountains lost



more of their three dimensional aspect and became like a painting. We could have sat and watched the countryside all day as we drifted by. The moon was almost full and glistened off the water. The sound of the water finished off a beautiful atmosphere that was enjoyed by everyone, especially our couples. (This may sound flowery but it's hard trying to capture the feeling of Switzerland in writing.) A dinner of 2½ foot sandwiches and drinks was served to all and the kids danced to music from every possible era. At 9:30, we did a short dance program that was a lot of fun and enjoyed immensely by all the Young Adults. Later, we sang our songs and we finished the evening with a nice spirit. The dancing looked like a cross between Happy Days and a beginning ballroom class.



The morning was really casual and we spent most of the time entertaining ourselves. After breakfast, we had a discussion group with some of the YA's, but it was very poorly organized. We played Uno, wrote in our journals, washed clothes, and took on a pinball machine.

At 2:30, we loaded the bus and drove to a small town called Gersau.

17.00 h Darbietung der amerikanischen
Volkstanzgruppe aus der
BRIGHAM-JOUNG UNIVERSITY
aus Provo/Utah



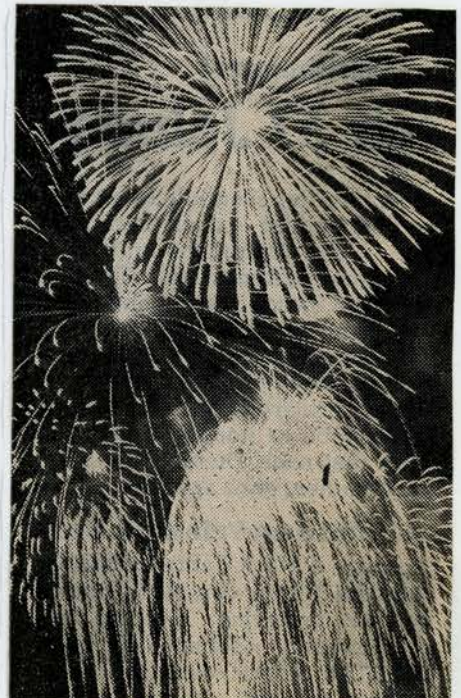
We danced for the townspeople as part of their Independence Day celebration which is tomorrow. The show was fun but cramped and we bounced the amplifier off the stage. The day has been loaded with relaxed activity and more beauty than we'll ever be able to remember. Switzerland is really BEAUTIFUL!!!

Written by Ryan Purcell

1 August 1982

A beautiful, clear, sunny morning greeted us over Lake Luzern this Sunday morning. The temperature was about 70 degrees, the lake almost glassy smooth.

We held Priesthood and Relief Society in conjunction with the YA groups staying at the same youth hostel. The European groups then left and we held our own Fast and Testimony Meeting.



The Spirit was one of love and peace as Brent conducted. Then Robert gave the opening prayer and we had the Sacrament. Brent set a beautiful mood for testimonies as he sang "The Outlaw", a song about the life of the Savior. He accompanied himself on the guitar. Many testimonies were then expressed with thoughts of love for our Savior and for each other on tour.

The afternoon was spent writing in journals, writing home, and walking the beautiful Swiss hills and fields. At 5:00, the bus from Vitznau, with Tatoo our driver, picked up the group from the hostel and brought them to the Kreuz Hotel in Vitznau for a beautiful dinner. Our group was asked to entertain the dinner guests as part payment for our dinner. There have been many times when we have "sung for our supper". The group did 15 minutes of singing for the hotel guests who were eating on the big, outdoor patio.

It was then our time to eat and the meal was great with BBQ steak, ham, fish, pork, tongue, salads, desserts, bread, etc. After dinner, our famous "musicians" entertained the guests with some great bluegrass music and we ended with everyone singing Edelwiess.

1 August is Switzerland's Fourth of July and the little resort town of Vitznau was a great place to be to celebrate. A parade, led by a band, marched through town followed by children carrying paper lanterns on long poles. The lanterns are lit by a candle burning in each one. The parade led to field where speeches were given. At 8:00, bells all over Switzerland rang for 15 minutes. Every little hamlet has a church with beautiful bells in the tower.

As darkness comes on, all the little homes on the hill light small red candles in red glass and dishes and put them on window sills, steps, doorways, etc. Another custom is to carry wood to the top of the hills in the villages and light big fires to burn through the night. Then, the fireworks start all around the lake with everyone doing his own thing, which seems to be a strong Swiss characteristic.

They seem so proud of this beautiful peaceful country. An almost full moon rose over the mountains to end this perfect day.

Written by Jay and Ruth Naylor

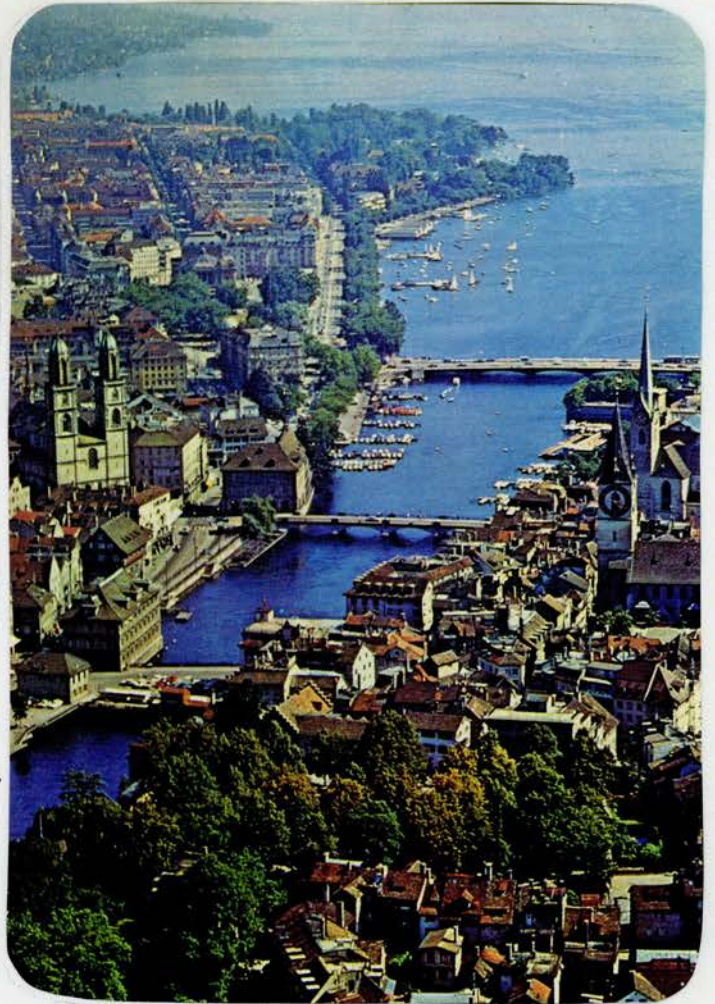
2 August 1982

A last look at the beauties of Lake Luzern, the quaint village of Vitznau, the memorable Youth Hostel located in a spot of beauty, and we prepared to leave one of the most beautiful spots in Switzerland. The last climb from the water-front hostel to the bus was as good a hike as climbing to the "Y".

The men had enjoyed their last swim at 7:30 am with yodeling and shouts to inform all within listening distance that the water was ice cold.

The devotional on the bus was thought provoking as Craig Redding recited "Look at Me". Robert Heaton answered all questions on "Why are Fire Engines Red" and shared his special day with Marianne Holman. Tatoo was honored and welcomed all girls as they left the bus. MASH awards were presented to the "look alike" on the tour.

Max Leiber conducted a tour of Zurich, the largest city in Switzerland with views of lakes, historic buildings, and mountains.



To Winterthur, home of
Max Leiber-Population 90,000.
Lunch was prepared at chapel
by Sisters and plates over-
flowing with beef strogan-
off. Chapel is lovely older home, stained glass windows,
beautiful woods.

To Rheinfall-an experience of a water falls with such
power one gravitated to the brink to admire. We all took boat





trips across the river.

A new club was formed "the Cub Club"-all members having participated in swimming in ice cold lakes-cold showers

not included!

We couldn't leave Winterthur without a shopping spree-mainly chocolate.

Returned to Stake Center in Zurich and lovely meal waiting-beef stroganoff and cantalope. Small stage. Band stood on stairs in back of stage and one of the finest shows was performed before a capacity audience. Non-stop, the show brought continuous clapping through many of the numbers. All dancers visited with people in the audience and a beautiful spirit filled the hall from dancers and spectators alike.

Max Leiber was estatic-wants us to come back-will write University. The bishop wanted all the students to know what a positive experience they had been with the young people at the Youth Conference during the week and then to see the show and feel the spirit of dedication and love made a total picture of committment easier for the young LDS Saints. One gentleman had traveled nine hours by train from Germany to see the show.

The bus was loaded and at 10:00 pm, headed for Bern. Right on the minute, Tadoo rounded a corner, and our guide, Brother Schimm was waiting to guide us to the "bomb shelter". The huge stadium came into view, the ramp leading to clean beds, eight showers each for men and women, hot water, hot water, hot water! As the leadership left for private homes,

they could hear the murmur of contentment for a rest well earned. The show at Surich was one of the "highs" of the tour and a sense of peace and well being filled each of us with a beautiful spirit of individual service.

Written by Don and Mary Bee Jensen

3 August 1982

Today was a day of contrasts. It began with the anticipation of doing work for the dead in the Switzerland Temple but ended with some very important work for the living as the "musicians and company" gave a sterling evening performance in the Bern Kursaal. Our planned temple trip was cancelled, victim to a very busy and overloaded temple session. The saints from Denmark had come in droves, over 40 to do living endowments alone, so a very disappointed group group of Americans reluctantly filled their afternoon and morning hours combing the streets of Bern looking for a few more bargains and American hamburgers. A small contingent did find the local McDonald's





and chowed down on burgers and fries. Most strolled up and down Bern's shopping arcades-street after street of elegant shops tucked away behind high stone arches, making a very distinctive downtown section. Pastry connoisseurs appreciated the wonderful cake and cookie offerings at



Eichenberger's, Abegglen's, and Beeler's-three of Bern's most notable bakeries. One of the most interesting specialty shops was Theodon Meyer on Marktgasse 32.

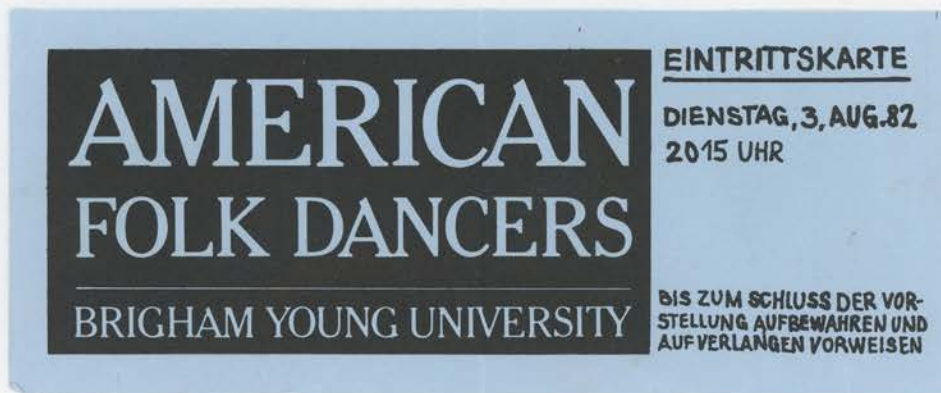
They sell fine things from Lladro to Cristofle crystal from Paris and Herren china from Hungary.

The more adventurous hiked until they found the most scenic view of this charming Swiss city and planted themselves on a hillside to gaze at bridges, river, and shops. A few ventured to the famous Barengraber, the bear pit, where a den of bears have been kept since 1480. Kathy Reid and Liz Terry

our culture buffs, headed for the Kanst Museum and studied some works of Picasso. Our beauty queens, Kim and Wendy, wandered into a bridal shop and were wooed and wined by the owner. He had them try on the latest bridal fashions and even took instamatic pictures of them which they proudly displayed for all to see.

Tatoo, our bus driver, gave my mother and I a private tour of Bern after dropping off the others at the Bear Pit. We drove past the stately Council Building and then went inside the late Gothic church called the Minister, dedicated to St. Vincent, a three aisled pillared basilica without transept began in 1421. The high arched ceilings and doorways framed wall after wall of stained glass windows-one, a very famous depiction of death called the Dance of Death window. It included 20 scenes created by Niklaus Manuel-Deutsch. A magnificent Baroque organ with 5,404 pipes is situated in the south alcove.

The highlight of the day, though, was an extraordinary



show from the Folk Dancers (and musicians-bitte!). Swiss audiences tend to be quiet and only clap very politely, but tonight, they couldn't sit still. They brought the group back for two encores, a first for the group during this tour. They brought the house down with their clog routines and the

audience howled for more. The missionaries guessed between 40% and 50% of the audience was non-Mormon. Prior to their performance, the group heard a short message from Swiss Temple President Rhees, who once again apologized for not being able to accommodate us but said the group would perform an important work for the Church on stage.



AMERICAN
FOLK DANCERS
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

SICHER
EINE DER BESTEN
VOLKSTANZGRUPPEN
DER WELT.
DIESE SOMMERLICHE
ERFRISCHUNG
SOLLTEN SIE SICH
NICHT
ENTGEHEN LASSEN!

DI. 3. AUGUST 1982
20.15
EINTRITT FR. 10.—
ABENDKASSE 19.00

**KURSAAL
BERN**

60479

PROVO. UTAH U.S.A.

The Swiss Folk Dance group from Fribourg which performed alongside us in Cori, came en masse to see us, including their director. It was a joyful reunion for both groups. A fellow from Radio Suisse International spoke with Rob and myself before the show and hopefully the next time through, they will do a live interview.

Mary Bee warmed the audience up with a short greeting that included our heartfelt belief that Switzerland was our most favorite country, and the audience loved it. She stunned us



all later that night as she donned a helmet, hopped on back of Brother Schimm's motorcycle, and sped off into the night. The kids just roared and clapped. The bomb shelter gave us one more night of hot showers and warm

comfortable beds, and the Relief Society sisters fixed lovely morning and evening meals for us, thanks to the extra special efforts of Sister Schimm, the President. We started counting

the hours until we had to leave this majestic mountain country.
It will be a sad good-bye.

Written by Jan and Ruth Hemming

4 August 1982

It was hard to believe that our last day in Switzerland finally arrived. I think many of us left the bomb shelter regretfully as we had enjoyed the comfortable quarters and hot showers there. We drove to the Visitor's Center and were again treated to a delicious breakfast prepared by the Saints and complete with COLD milk and chocolate spread. Every day, they seem to do more for us and it was with real sincere thanks that we sang God Be With You to them.

From there, we began our drive to Geneva. Lorraine gave us a thought on keeping the unity on stage that we had gained here and carrying it forth through our last day of the coming festival. Larry and Melanie's special day was announced and letters read from their parents. Among the awards given was one for Mary Bee for her surprising motorcycle ride last night.

We soon arrived at the chapel in Geneva where we received instructions for the day. Tatoo then gave us a driving tour of Geneva, explained that it is an international city where many important conferences are held, and pointed out spots of interest such as the American Embassy. We were let off to eat lunch and amazingly enough, the majority of the group gravitated to McDonald's and Wendy's for good old hamburgers and french fries. Vive l'fast foods! Back to the bus, then to our performance site.

We unloaded the bus, perhaps with just a little less than our usual efficiency due to a large accumulation of five weeks

of shopping treasures. Some of us will have a little condensing to do.

A free afternoon awaited. The group said good-bye to Tatro by singing Brotherhood. Although at times the changes



of time and place were often frustrating for him, I believe he grew to enjoy us and was touched by the song. Some of the group hitched a ride into the main city area with him. The others stayed behind to sleep, write in journals, and play games. Those bent on a more cultural afternoon in the city, went first to the Gothic style St. Peter's Cathedral of Geneva, then on to the Petit Palace. The latter is an art museum containing paintings from the Impressionistic and Post-Impressionistic periods. Almost all found it a quite fascinating exhibit.

Sack lunch dinners consisted of a banana, sandwich, drink, cake, and yougart-quite exceptional for a sack lunch. Finally, performance time. It was hard to believe it would be our last in Switzerland. Although the stage was small, the lighting less than perfect, and we experienced technical sound difficult-

AMERICAN FOLK DANCERS

TOURNEE EUROPEENNE 1982

SALLE COMMUNALE
DU PETIT-LANCY

(près de la croisée
Rte de Chancy / Av. L. Bertrand)
(Bus 2)

MERCREDI 4 AOUT À 20.00 H.

ENTRÉE : ADULTES FR. 4,-
ENFANTS JUSQU'À 12 ANS FR. 1,-

Réservations : Tél. 42 93 30



Indian and Western Dances

ies so we didn't sing the medley, the band and dancers pulled together for a show that left the audience chanting for more. There were a great many investigators in the audience which made the reception we got even more exciting. After doing the Finale three times, a gift was presented to Mary Bee along with CHOCOLATE for the dancers. Too bad all the girls are on a diet. The evening ended as we loaded our new bus. It is beautiful-plenty of room for everything we've got and more. Happy times. We parted company as we left to go to our hosts homes for the night.

Written by Lorraine Austin

5 August 1982

For many of us, returning to stay with our same church host families in Geneva last night was like coming home after our time in Switzerland, but our stays were short and by 7:00, we had loaded the bus bound for Confolens and were on the road with a song and a prayer. We felt like we had really contributed to the missionary work here in Geneve-about 2/3 of last night's audience were non-members and we are certain that many

were touched.

The first order of business was to officially meet our two guides from the Confolens Festival, Pascal and Anita, and our two bus drivers, Jacques and Roger.



We crossed the border into France right where we had left ten days earlier and were on our way. The eleven hour bus ride was spent doing the usual bus ride kinds of things: sleeping, listening to music, watching the scenery, and conversations ranging from General Conference to childhood memories to dating habits. It's amazing to come on tour with people you've known and toured with for three years and realize how little you really know about them and their backgrounds or how they think about even the simplest of topics. A long bus ride is a good way to explore some new ideas or just waste time gabbing. At one point, Jay broke out a puzzle that we had to solve to get one of those big swiss chocolate bars we were all given last night. Finding a verse from the Bible gave us something to do for a few minutes. I guess that's what a puzzle is all about.

About the only other break was a half hour for lunch at a grocery store. We've adjusted to the European culture really well. Our envoy into the supermarket came out with our now famous lunch of french bread, ham, cheese, chips, peaches, and cookies. After noon, we just kept on rolling. We passed through Lyons, but the rest of our route was through parts of France we don't know too well. Confolens is on the west side of the country.

Confolens 82:



GROUPES PARTICIPANT AU 25^e FESTIVAL DE CONFOLENS

AUTRICHE	« Harmonie de SAINT PETER - FREIENSTEIN »
BALLET ASIATIQUE	composé de l'INDE, MALAISIE, SRI-LANKA, THAÏLANDE
BELGIQUE	« Les GILLES MARCHIENNOIS » de CHARLEROI
BRESIL	« TRADICOES FOLKLORICAS CAERENSES » de CARUARU
CONGO	« LE BALLET THEATRE LEMBA »
RÉPUBLIQUE DOMINICAINE	« BALLET NATIONAL » de SANTO DOMINGO
ESPAGNE	« ENSEMBLE DE DANSE de MADRID »
ITALIE	« SBANDIERATORI Dei RIONI di CORI » de CORI
POLOGNE	« ORCHESTRE POPULAIRE de l'ACADEMIE AGRICOLE » de LUBLIN
TURQUIE	« ANADOLU FOLK TOPLULUGU » d'ISTANBUL
UNION SOVIETIQUE	« BALLET NATIONAL UKRAINIEN » de POLTAVA
U.S.A.	« BYU FOLK DANCERS » de PROVO (UTAH)
FRANCE	« La COMPAGNIE de DANSE POPULAIRE FRANÇAISE » « Le BAGAD KEVRENN ST MARC » de BREST « LOUS SEIGNOSSAIS » de SEIGNOSSE « LO GERBO BAUDO » de CONFOLENS « SAUT'PALISSE » de JUILLAC-le-COQ





We arrived at about 6:00, just in time for the leaders to go to an organizational meeting. It was kind of reminiscent of a UN conference with directors and interpreters from all these nations surrounding a big round table. Plans for the week were the main agenda.

The group, meanwhile, had time to settle into our rooms at the big school. We were greeted by our Ukrainian friends, then the Italian flag group from Cori who we know

so well, and a Turkish group many know from previous tours. Of course, our good and omnipresent friends from Malasia and Sri Lanka were here to welcome us too. The accommodations seem very nice. Our main challenge will be trying to sleep in a huge hall with all the other groups.

After a great dinner, we packed away our valuables into a locked room and were free for the evening. Many washed clothes and several groups strolled downtown to check out the city. There are lights and flags everywhere leading downtown.

The whole town seems geared for the festival. Even the steeple of the main cathedral is encircled with the flags of the nations. The huge outdoor stage area was dark and quiet tonight, kind of waiting for tomorrow's opening extravaganza. Confolens is a rather quiet town late at night, quiet that is except for one big bar and disco which (this is too good to leave out) is directly below the Naylor's and the Jensen's rooms at the Hotel Emeraude! Sweet Dreams!

We've looked forward to Confolens for many weeks and we're excited to finally be here. I think we can make it the best festival yet!

Written by Bryce Bassett

6 August 1982

What we all had anticipated as a good night's rest, ended up for some to be more of a concert impromptu, especially for the men. Three bands from the other groups decided to congregate in the men's room and serenade all to sleep. As we all know, festivals are not the place to expect to sleep. Knowing this is our last festival of the tour, we've all relaxed alot and made ourselves more at home. It didn't take long for the Turkish men to become acquainted with our men, as they gathered outside comparing physiques. Of course, our men definitely win the overall contest of qualities that women want. Yeh, for the American men!! We visited a restaurant called Auberge de la Tour de Nesle here in Confolens for cocktails (Mormon version) before lunch. It has barely been opened for only a few days. Martha and Patrick Tarthonnaud are the owners and they have previously lived in Salt Lake City and Park City, Utah but moved back to France to establish their

Auberge de la Tour de Nesle

Martha et Patrick Parthonnaud

Thank you for
the lovely "house warming"
3, rue de la cote
6500 Comfelen
Etel. (45) 84.03.70

own restaurant. We had a few minutes of scanning the town before lunch and for some, scanning the pastry shops again.

After lunch, all the groups loaded in the buses for a rehearsal for opening night. The weather was really unpredictable. At first it was cold and then just in time for the rehearsal, the sun came storming through the clouds. Each group was given a seven minute time period to be introduced and perform. To pass the time away before it became our turn, once again, the Turkish group came over to entertain the Americans, this time putting asleep our own Jeff Moffat. Free time came



after rehearsals and everyone more or less did their own thing. We had a late supper so it was a rush to get our costumes on

Confolens : Souffle de joie sur 25 bougies



for the parade. It had previously been pouring rain outside, so there was a slight question whether the parade would be cancelled, but it stopped enough for the show to go on. The parade route seemed much shorter than those in previous festivals but it was fun just the same. All the dancers gathered in a huge warehouse just behind the stage to wait for their turn to perform. It wouldn't take long to watch all the costumes mingle with one another. The exchange of silly games and tricks became a favorite for many of us. We were to perform during the second half around the fifth group, so we were able to watch four groups before us because of the platform we were standing on. It was a little chilly outside but adreneline began to flow through our bodies to warm us up as our time grew closer. "Introducing the American Folk Dancers!", Ah, those famous words! Quickly, we ran onstage for Appalachian Clog and for once,

CONFOLENS. — La joie de vivre des jeunes de ce groupe folklorique italien de Cori est à l'image même de la liesse qui enfante depuis hier soir Confolens. En 1898, Henri Coursaget et ses amis étaient pris d'un « coup de folie ». Pourquoi ne pas rassembler dans la cité de Charente limousine ces peuples du monde entier unis par la même foi pour les traditions populaires ?

Vendredi, alors que des milliers de bougies étaient allumées dans les rues de Confolens, on a commencé à célébrer les noces d'argent du Festival International. Premiers éclats, premières danses autour d'Henri Coursaget, entouré de deux des invitées d'honneur, une Aisakique de Sri Lanka et une jeune Indienne (photo en médaillon).

Aujourd'hui, à 14 heures, ce sera le défilé des treize nations (de l'U.R.S.S. au Brésil).

CONFOLENS A VINGT-CINQ ANS



had a stage where we could really spread out. It was hard to hear the band because there were no stage monitors but we got through it with flying colors. The audience was great and they were a real inspiration to our performance. We waited just a short time for the big finale with everyone. Pretty Gaye Brown was one of the four girls chosen from all the groups to let go one of the doves as the torch was lit.



At one moment, it felt like we were all participating in the Olympics, and the next moment, it felt like the Fourth of July with all the fireworks. We all then broke out into a farandol with everyone onstage, including four or five men dressed in huge headdresses that looked like they belonged to Las Vegas showgirls. This really was an extravaganza! This is sure going to be some festival!

Written by Peggy Little





*Contolens découvre
l'américain-cancan*

7 August 1982

It's one of those beautiful mornings of free agency where you decide whether you should go to breakfast or sleep in. The men usually let their stomachs win out and the girls always seem to let their pillows win out. Anyhow, it was a nice easy going morning of curling hair, playing frisbee, and doing wash. Lunch was wonderful, not just eating but it's the feeling of being a group and seeing our recently formed foreign friends that kinda gives you a tingle and lets you know that here we are in Confolens, France from all corners of the world eating chicken and brown rice, sharing smiles and distributing buttons and postcards.

After gulping down our last spoonfuls of yougart, we rushed off to our rooms to get ready for another parade. This town is so quaint. The streets are narrow and the cobblestoned streets seem to give you a feeling of a past civilization that you are stepping into, away from the asphalt, stop lights, and crosswalks. It's an exciting atmosphere here, so foreign to what we are accustomed to. The people go crazy over the Americans. In our parades, we are always a success singing Oh, Suzannah and doing Salty Dog Rag until the cobblestones have eaten our shoes to shreds.



*Confolens:
plumes, plumes*

It's a nice parade route. We go over some little bridges and rivers and it's almost like dancing in the country. Our performance was greeted with the same enthusiasm. We started with All Men's which is always a crowd pleaser to see all those gorgeous American men making eyes at them. Phillip did the Hoop Dance and the audience was almost giving Indian calls







from their seats. We ended with Exhibition Square and felt good about the show. It was fast paced and successful.

Most of the kids stayed after the show since we were number five in the first half and there are such excellent groups here, it was a treat to stay and watch. Some, however, sought refuge at the pastry shops and crocery stores for a sudden sugar urge. It was nice to have some free time on a Saturday night. You almost felt like you were ready for a date to the movie and a pizza. But, we substituted by strolling the streets leasurely and enjoying the beautiful little town and catching a glimpse of it's character.

After dinner, the night was yet young. Some of the men entertained themselves by dancing in front of the school with the Spanish and Russian groups. The girls tended to find themselves with the Turkish men and a few old favorites from Cori, Italy. Some dance exchanges started, then we started drifting



off to the disco, off to our soft beds, off to journal writing, and even off to do our wash before the Sabbath. A few of the girls exchanged costumes with the ladies from India. Elegantly adorned in nose rings, beauty dots, and Saari's, we took pictures to assure friends and family at home that we are culturally exposed and educated.



The disco stayed open until three. Most were in bed much before that. A few stragglers turned in much later and I'm sure they were glad that the lights were off so no clocks could be read as to the exact time of their bedtime. But, another day of festival life has ended and new friends made despite bloodshot eyes and sleepy yawns.

Written by Wendy Gibby

8 August 1982

It was really nice to be able to start out our Sunday with our meetings instead of ending the day with them. We met in the cafeteria of the school and it was nice to have plates to pass the Sacrament on instead of using Smokin'



Wood albums for trays. There was a real nice spirit and the singing sounded real good in the cafeteria.

After lunch, which was real good I might add, we got ready for the parade and our afternoon show. The parade was especially fun. We added new songs, running, and arches to our usual parade material and really had a ball. The best part of the parades is just mingling with the other groups. The other groups are so good and the kids are as friendly as any around.

After the show, we were free for the day. Activities were of the variety that had filled the hours on days past during the tour.

The show tonight featured the Italians and the Turks. Tickets were treated like gold so most of us had to be content with looking through the auditorium door. As usual, they were great. Unfortunately, one of the Turkish guys got cut pretty badly during their sword routine. It was one of those days that was spent making new friends and solidifying old relationships.

Written by Ryan Purcell

9 August 1982

Today has been one of the most enjoyable and fulfilling days each of us has had on the tour. Rob had worked with the Ukrainian group to arrange a time we could perform our own version of Hopak for their group. This morning, all of the guys met on the stage and set our solos for Hopak. The girls were going to set their part, but they were rushed, trying to prepare for our group pictures.

We all walked down to the festival grounds so we could take pictures on the stage. The pictures are to be given to local newspapers in places where Folk Dancers live. The weather was really misty this morning at the school but, it was clear when we took the pictures.

After lunch, we prepared for the parade. We were all dressed in our pioneer costumes. Before the parade began, the Turks got together and threw Mary Bee in the air. It was almost as fun for us to watch as it was for Mary Bee to get thrown in the air. We paraded down the same parade route



Le professeur est russe et l'élève américain



PENDANT le Festival, les frontières s'estompent. Naturellement. Depuis quelques jours, les Ukrainiens fraternisent avec les Américains de l'Utah. Les Russes se sont donné une semaine pour apprendre aux Américains les figures les plus spectaculaires de leurs danses. Ainsi, avant le défilé, les spectateurs ont pu voir les membres des deux pays s'entraîner sur l'herbe devant l'église Saint-Barthélémy. Le soir même dans la cour du lycée, des Américains avaient revêtu des costumes russes et inversement. Les premiers résultats sont déjà là. Les Mormons sautent presque aussi haut que les Russes. Et un Français est entré dans la danse pour relever le défi. A quand un spectacle russo-américain sur la scène du Festival ?

as the previous two days. We were number thirteen on the program, so we watched the other groups perform. Most every group did their dances very well. Our ten minutes consisted of Oh, Suzannah and Virginia Reel followed by the Indian Fancy Dance and finally, Running Sets. It was really a fun show for us to do. Afterwards, we ran through Hopak

backstage to prepare to show the Russians tonight.

After supper, we met with the Ukrainian group and exchanged costumes. We wore their Hopak costumes and their men wore our red shirts with the stars and their girls wore the red dresses. It seemed funny to see someone other than ourselves in our costumes, yet some of them looked like they'd been herding cattle all their lives. We all met on the outside stage and we performed Hopak to the Russian accordians. Although our performance was by no means a high quality one, it still went across very well. We could tell that the Russian dancers really





enjoyed watching us do our arraignment of their dance. We then each grabbed a Ukrainian partner and brought them on stage. Brent and Peggy taught Devil's Dream to them and we were amazed at how quickly most of them picked it up. We performed it three times. After that, each band played and we all danced. Some of us taught some of them how to clog and some of them taught some of us their footwork. Many friendships were built and respect was gained.

Written by Robert Heaton

10 August 1982

The morning began earlier than most as we readied ourselves for an 8:30 departure for Limoges. (Limoges is a fairly large town 58 kilometers northeast of Confolens.) We all anticipated our arrival as we rode the bus through the beautiful countryside around Confolens. The green rolling hills and quaint french homes with red roofs paint a beautiful picture. Upon our arrival in Limoges, we all headed our separate ways. Limoges is world reknown for the production of french porcelain. You can be sure the major shopping stop for everyone was the porcelain shop Don Jensen led us all to.

Many students visited a national exposition on the making of pocelain; and everyone enjoyed just walking through the town. It was most refreshing to be out on our own for awhile. The banks brought a pleasant surprise to many who needed to change money. The exchange rate today rose to 7.02 francs per dollar, the highest it has been in 6½ years. During our



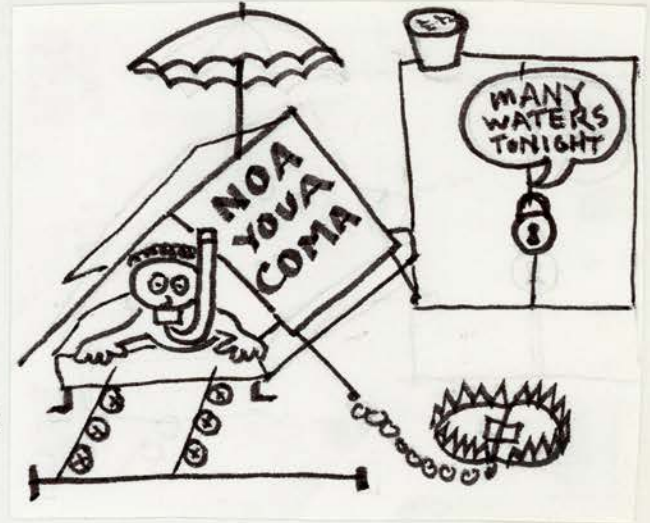
shopping spree, gifts were purchased for the Tour Leadership. The group all pitched in and we applied the "bucks" to precious memoriabilia. We purchased a soup tourine and platter for the Naylor's; a large ginger jar for the Jensen's; and a beautiful classic blue Limoges vase for Jan Hemming. For lunch, everyone hit the market to stock up on apples, bananas, yougart, cheese and crackers. It wasn't lone before the group had congregated in various parks laughing, talking, and of course, scarfing down the "laughing cow cheese". The return trip to Confolens found a bus load of happy but tired Folk Dancers. After only five minutes on the road, the motion of the bus had everyone in dreamland.

By the time we returned to Confolens, it was a little past 3:00. Most of the group headed for the city's public swimming pool. Here, a great historic event would unfold. A challenge was issued to the Turks for a 200 meter freestyle relay. When the race ended, the Americans were victorious by almost a full length of the pool. Way to go men! Honor and glory has been restored. Now if only we could get our girls back from the Turks!

While everyone was basking in the sun, Mary Bee, Rob, and Dennis were attending an open forum on world folklore. Mary Bee and the delegates from CIOFF from the Soviet Union were the featured speakers. It was a very interesting meeting. The major topic of discussion was how "authentic folklore could be preserved in modern society" and the question was raised as to "what is authentic folklore". 5:00 came quickly. When the meeting adjourned, Mary Bee, Jan and Ruth, Peggy and Larry attended a reception given by the mayor of Confolens at his home. At 7:00, we were all reunited for dinner.

Tonight was Italy and the Ukrainian's night on the main stage. The performance by both groups was extraordinary and the audience left inspired and uplifted by a night of beautiful folklore.

At bedtime, the last episode in the "war" of wits between Dennis and the Italians unfolded. An "anti-water Italian invader" alarm, along with waterproof sheets were installed on Dennis's bed complete with a



Sri Lankan body guard. Sleep well young prince. We all bid the sandman hello as we struggled into another "bright" and oh so very quiet evening of sleep.

Written by Dennis Hill

11 August 1982

Our tour is coming to a close and so today was the perfect time and setting to hold a testimony meeting. We drove to a very green, secluded spot just outside Confolens where the festival picnic would be held at noon. The Spirit grew strong as we expressed our love for the Gospel and each other as well as for the growing experiences we all have shared together in the last seven weeks. Brent likened our tour in a perfect metaphor saying that our tour has been like a rose. Though a rose has thorns, it is part of the flower which has much beauty. Our tour has been like this with a few thorns, but the experience in a whole has been wonderful and unique for each of us with secret meanings held in each of our hearts. The meeting ended in hugs of appreciation and then it was over to the picnic.



We all had lunch sacks of chicken, tomatoes, eggs, cheese, and a fruit cake. It was hardly what we would call a picnic but we didn't complain. The next few hours were spent in singing and playing, especially with the Turkish group which we have become well acquainted with. It all began as many of us were thrown high into the air and then caught as they laughed. Those of us thrown, however, were not laughing but rather shaking. We all played hand games which then ended in the Turks teaching our guys their sword and shield techniques.

The afternoon had not come to a close yet as many of us took more advantage of the sunshine and beautiful sky at the pool. The evening came along with beautiful stars and we ended up parading the streets in animation singing and dancing for those who wanted to hear and see. Of course, many followed us





through the streets to each performance site. The evening was still young for some and others retired. Looking back on the day, many events transpired which will be just a chapter in our tour book, but a very memorable one!

Written by Elizabeth Terry

12 August 1982

Our day began with rehearsals for our only major performance at Confolens and our most important one of the tour that

took place this evening. The rehearsal was held at the performance site which was across from the school where we are staying.

The stage was beautiful and spacious and long and narrow with a loft at the back of the stage. The band was positioned in the center of the loft, Mary Bee was framed in a window at left stage and our Indian dancers stood in the window at right stage making a very beautiful picture.

We practiced until noon when we broke for lunch. After, we met again for a quick run through of certain numbers and we set our bows for encores (what vanity). Our afternoon was left to our own discretion. Most of our free time was leisurely spent walking through town, resting, or visiting. At 7:00, we gathered for dinner, at least those of us who like to eat prior to a performance, and then we returned to our rooms to prepare for our show.

21 h 00 : SOIREE AMERICAINE

Salle du FESTIVAL - Route de Limoges - Avec la participation de :

FRANCE : « LO GERBO BAUDO » de CONFOLENS

U.S.A. : « BYU FOLK DANCERS » de PROVO (UTAH)

à partir de 22 h 00 : ANIMATION dans les Rues et les Cafés de la Ville

par la BANDA d'HASPARREN et des Groupes Folkloriques

Electricity began to spark as we went to all extremes in preparing to look and do our very best. Costumes had been washed and pressed, hair was coiffed with extraordinary care, make-up was done to perfection and the total group was exceptionally beautiful (or handsome as the case may be.)

Prayer circle was held outside where the excitement

really began to mount. Mr. Private (the Turkish director who was so named because he often responded to questions with "It's private") was with us to take pictures and wish us luck. None of the other Turkish performers were there, to our surprise, but we were promised they would be there for the show.

This performance was extremely important to all of us, however, for various reasons. For the folk dance organization at BYU and Mary Bee, the show was based on the reputation of our predecessors and would determine future op-

portunities for other BYU Folk Dancers. For many of us, it would be our final lyceum performance and our last festival tour. For all of us, it was an opportunity to share our spirit and enthusiasm for dance and to let the audience see we have something special because of our love for the Gospel.

The audience was overflowing with many of our new friends from the festival, church members and investigators, and of course, the friends we did not meet but hopefully, we touched their minds and hearts. Each performer and group member was filled to capacity with emotions spurred from the love we hold within our group, the opportunities we have been afforded over past tours and present tours, the joy found in making new friendships that will most likely only be reunited in our hearts,



**XXV^e FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL
de FOLKLORE de CONFOLENS**

Carte d'Invitation

Valable pour UNE SEULE PERSONNE

M

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MATINÉE-SOIRÉE du

7 AOUT 1982

*** Cette carte est strictement personnelle ***

and the realization, for some of us, that a phase of our life was quickly coming to an end.

The performance in turn was magical. Somehow, these situations and feelings brought us closer together as a group than ever before. The "musicians" gave a brilliant performance. Their music became inspiration to dance to rather than mere accompaniment. Their solo numbers found even the dancers in delight, especially Grandfather Clock. For me, and I think, the entire corp, the excitement and the joy of sharing ourselves radiated so strongly that we gave a performance like I have never before experienced. The audience played a key role by keeping us psyched with their continual, spontaneous applause.

Upon the conclusion of our Finale, Mary Bee came on stage for her recognition and was presented a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a plaque by Mr. Private. Then, before we even realized what was happening, our Turkish friends, who were in the audience, backstage, and in the loft, began showering us with flowers. Within moments, the entire stage was totally covered in fresh blossoms of every color and kind. I suppose we weren't speechless, but for a fleeting moment, perhaps motionless. We were beside ourselves! With continuing thunderous applause, we gave an encore with Tap Clogs and came around for one more bow with tears of joy and sheer delight for such a perfect ~~part-~~ final performance. It couldn't have been better and only our precious Turkish friends could have thought of such a marvelous display of friendship...even if they did raid every garden in Confolens to do so.

The excitement carried on the rest of the night. A path from the theater door to the door of our school was formed by



Les danseurs américains ont quitté la scène, jeudi soir, sous des pétales de fleurs.

Le music-hall pour les Américains

our Ukrainian friends and the French. They greeted us with magnificent compliments and applauded as each of us passed by. We were beside ourselves with happiness and unbelief to the response of our show.

The night continued with high spirits as our own Craig Redding with Alexander (Sri Lankan) on his shoulders and the Turks behind them, came into our rooms covered in a sheet with a large painted Indian mask illuminated by a flashlight at 2:30 am. Those of us who were still awake laughed with amused delight which was not the desired reaction by the Turks over

their moaning and haunting sounds. Another interruption came around 4:00 by a group of French festival guides humming the festival song as they paraded thru our rooms. And if this was not enough, at 5:00, a group of Turks came in and wanted to share a campout in our room. Our evening and night could not have been more exciting and we were thrilled by the whole thing. Fortunate for us, as well, was that we had the next morning to sleep in.

Written by Kim Hillam

13 August 1982

The morning got off to an early start for everyone or should we say last night ended with a late finish. About 4:00, a group of guides along with some Turks went parading through all the rooms playing instruments, banging drums, and singing. It lasted about ten minutes in each room. That must be what they call a "rude awakening"-only to those who were asleep, of course.

After getting out of bed, we had free time till lunch. Some never made it out of bed till lunch, some rested and



some went to town. At lunch, it was suggested that we go into the other part of the dining and sing a victory fight song to the Turks which we did and to promote brotherhood and show our friendship, we also sang to the Italians and officials of the festival. We sang the Cougar Fight Song to wish them luck on the soccer matches this afternoon.

After lunch, we changed clothes and about eight of our men went down to the soccer field to get ready to play soccer.



First, the Italians played. Our girls dressed up in the men's striped costumes with bloomers to be cheerleaders and cheered them on to victory. Next match included us. Seven of us along with some of the Congo players played against Bulgaria. We played the first half of two fifteen halves. Our coach was Arrogant Man of the Turks. He led us in a basic strategy of kick the ball and run. Because we were not good ball handlers, it was best to kick long distances. After a quick lesson on the rules of soccer, the match started. Most of us had never played before so as soon as the match started, we learned fast. In fact, we didn't do too badly but it was obvious we didn't know what we were doing. However, they only scored one goal on us in the first half and that was

on a penalty kick. We were out of shape, however, and were huffing and puffing. We managed to get only one shot off. It was a good one but slightly high and hit the goal box. We all got grass burns but it was fun and we were all pleased with ourselves. And, of course, the girls cheered for us. We didn't do too badly considering that the Bulgarians won the tournament. The Turks were favored but lost to the officials in the first round. Italy, also a good choice, lost to Bulgaria on a penalty kick. All in all, it was great fun and a great brotherhood promotion.

We put on a fun animation at 4:00 which included dancing with the Bulgarians, and then were invited over to our guide's parent's home for a reception including punch, cookies, and cheese. We sang a few songs for them and Phillip did the Hoop Dance. It was very relaxing and a fun reception for all.

After dinner, it was free time. Some went and had banana splits and others went to the International Ball where our band entertained along with the other bands.

Jay and Ruth left today for Paris to complete flight arrangements and prepare for our visit. We will miss their smiles at our shows but will see them soon.

Written by Larry Long

14 August 1982

Today, we started back into the parade routine (or route) after a few days of break. The parade was very nice. While we were waiting for the parade to get underway (which is taking more and more time), a group of us went over to a grassy area with our Turkish friends for "training". They taught some of us parts of their dances the other day at the picnic and

we've been excited about getting some more learning under our belts. It went pretty well; we only sustained three injuries: Kelly always wears away his knuckles on the sword, Craig S. got his finger smashed between the sword handle and a shield, and I was standing too close to the person next to me (on my team even) and got the top of my hand smacked a good one. But, three wounds as small as ours really isn't bad considering what the Turks usually end up with (one guy with four stitches in his head after a wrong move).

The parade went smoothly enough although the girls now complain about their arms getting tired because Mary Bee decided that it looks nicer if the skirts are being "swished". Pascal and Anita are just the best. They usually dress up in our costumes so that they don't get pushed out of the way by the crowd. They've really done an excellent job as our guides, always willing to help us with whatever we need.



We performed fifth in this afternoon's line-up which was the Western Section plus Hoop. Only two squares did Exhibition though because Larry really messed up his wrist playing on our country's soccer team (doesn't that sound impressive?!) and he couldn't do any of the lifts. It was a fun show-fast moving and very well received.

The rest of the afternoon was filled with various activities such as shopping, sleeping, a little of everything. Some of us did some more "training" with the Turks after dinner and then several of us went to the Bulgarian's show downtown. They were performing with our friends from Cori who also put on an excellent show. The Bulgarian group is amazing. Their fast moving footwork and choreography was equalled only by the enthusiasm and excitement of their band-a great show. We had just enough energy left to make it to our favorite crepe stand after the show for frites, crepes, and milkshakes. What a way to end the day!

Written by Brent Schneider

15 August 1982

Misty skies greeted us on our last festival morning. Emotions were topsy-turvy as we anticipated going home, our last dance, and leaving perhaps the dearest friends we had met. Tears were as prevalent as laughter and love for all of us.

Church began at 9:00 and soon many of our Turkish friends slid quietly in to listen. Gaye, Jeff and Becky Moffat talked about continuing to strive for excellence, being worthy to have others stand on our shoulders, life after tour, and sharing our light. It's beautiful how the Spirit can be as strong and burning whether we meet in a cafeteria or a chapel.

It was special to have our Turkish friends share that Spirit with us.

An insanely fun and funny costume exchange and lunch with the Turks entertained everybody. We watched our U.S. cowboys turn into swashbuckling Turks, sword in hand, as the Turks, outfitted in our finest western wear, hats dipped low, galloped in on trusty "horses" to chow down by our girls. It was here such famous phrases as,



"It's normal to smell like a horse." were born (compliments of Serazat).

Dashing to change for the parade, the group photos were not forgotten. It was a kick to watch them imitate each other,





complete with "shoot outs", yips, and crossed swords.

The parade crowds were out in force as we sang, arched, Oh Suzannahed, and Salty Dog Ragged one last time! A packed house and the sunshine greeted our Kentucky, Hoop Dance, and Finale with enthusiasm. Then, because we were fifth on the program, we had some free time. A reflective, yet somehow busy afternoon and

evening found us sharing time and gifts with our friends and packing costumes, addresses, and memories.

A kaleidoscope of color and culture overflowed throughout the closing performance of each group. Cuddled together as a performing team and friends for our final meeting before our last show, a feeling of unity and great joy in what we were doing encircled us. It was beautiful. Our Appalachian Finale took off with excitement and spirit.



15 h 00 : SUPER SPECTACLE

(Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville) avec la participation de tous les Groupes

17 h 00 : NOCE VILLAGEOISE par « LO GERBO BAUDO » de CONFOLENS (Ancien Lycée Emile-Roux)

19 h 00 : DINER en compagnie de la Formation « Docteur JAZZ »

21 h 00 : SOIREE de CLOTURE

Salle du FESTIVAL - Route de Limoges

« **PANORAMA 82** » - avec la participation de tous les Groupes

à partir de 21 h 30 : « LE CABARET » à l'ancien Lycée Emile-Roux

à partir de 22 h 00 : ANIMATION dans les Rues et Cafés de la Ville par la BANDA d'HASPARREN

We gave it our all one last time-what an unequalled feeling!

Closing ceremonies led us to put out the festival flame. Lined up by the Ukrainians and Turks, we paraded with arms around each other, torches in hand and singing, to the festival grounds. Perhaps one of the most touching moments was to see the Russian and American flags, bearers arm in arm, held side by side, swaying in unison as we walked and then feel the uncluttered feeling of love among the groups.

Once again, we joined in the Confolens festival song on stage and then we cried, cheered, and danced together. Frites and crepes grabbed our attention on our way back to the college to load the bus. (What a way to go!)







By 3:30 am, the bus was snugly packed and it was time to say good-bye. So many of our friends from Italy, Turkey, India, Sri Lanka, Malasia, and Bulgaria came to see us off. Many of our Russian friends even slipped out of their rooms and broke a strict curfew to

bid us a tearful farewell. The feelings of closeness and forever kinds of friendships we shared with all of them was so moving; love just sparkled off their faces and in our eyes and we all wept together. Many of the Turks rode with us a ways and as Goksonin (Rivate Man) presented out group with his sword, his hand as he called it, that beautiful feeling of spirit touching spirit radiated again. As we dropped them off and began to drive away, they were singing our favorite, "She'll Be Drinking Whiskey Soda When She Comes." We waved and laughed and sobbed. Yet somehow, we know that in our hearts we will always be together with those we came to love so deeply so quickly, for the bonds of love are inseparable. What a glorious place Confolens was to share that joy.

Written by Melanie DeVos



16 August 1982

This day of tour is hard to record since it blended into the day before. We never slept after the closing events of 15 August, we just stayed up and packed and decided to leave at 4:00 Monday morning so I guess that is where this journal entry should officially begin!

As mentioned, the closing ceremonies of the Confolens Festival were on Sunday evening and they were beautiful! The very last event, which directly followed the show where every group did a ten minute performance, consisted of a long march from the in-door theater to the out-door arena to extinguish the torch which had been lit at the opening ceremonies. Every group carried several fire torches and all along the road, the torches blazed. It was a sight to see all the groups from the different countries marching down the street with arms linked. Especially poignant was the sight of the American and Russian flags side by side, completely even with each other and almost touching. This ended the festival and most of us made it back to the festival dorms by 2:30 am. We immediately packed and the feelings started to churn as we were realizing what priceless memories and friends we were leaving behind. All of the girls had been giving their white bow blouses, false eyelashes, and dresses to the Bulgarian girls all day Sunday so as we packed, all the Bulgarian girls were right there saying good-bye and giving us what little they had. They even gave their underwear for gifts in exchange. Then, the Malasians and Sri Lankans, whom we had known since Cori and who had been at every festival with us, and the Indian girls, who had been at Gannat, were also bringing over gifts and expressing their sorrow at seeing us leave. Then, to top it off, the Turkish men and the Italian men were waiting for us at the bus to say good-bye. It was such a sorrowful parting-to know in that you might never see these beautiful people again during this earth

life and then to feel so indebted to them for the ways that they had enriched your life was almost too much to bear. We all tried to sing God Be With You but I have never heard a more stifled version, muffled with sobs from the heart. A few of the Turks even rode for a few more minutes with us to the middle of town before they got off the bus. We just didn't want to break the ties. Well, after most of the team cried themselves to sleep, we awoke about 10:00 to a sunny new day in Paris!!



Our hearts were still heavy yet we were all rested and ready for the excitement Paris had to offer. After checking into the Hotel Cecilia, we

hurried and boarded the bus to take a quick run around the city so we could all get our bearing.

The Hotel Cecilia was a very nice hotel in a great location! We could see the Arch of Triumph from our windows

and could be standing right underneath it within three minutes from the hotel.





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Anyway, the bus drove by Notre Dame, the Impressionist Museum, Louve, Church of the Maddeline, the Eiffel Tower (where we all got out and took pictures), and finally, ended up at the Place du Concorde where we got off the bus and had a picnic lunch of bread, cheese, ham, and peaches-the last "European"

style lunch for most of us. Pascal, our guide for Confolens, left with the bus to head back to Confolens and we all went our separate ways to explore the city of Paris. Most of the group went to all of the museums since this was our main reason in leaving so early from Confolens to arrive



early on Monday because on Tuesday, all museums are closed. Many also went to the Renault to have delicious ice cream sundaes with our 200 franc rebate money Jay had ingeniously come up with. Indeed a "journal entry" day.



Written by Kathy Reid

17 August 1982

Today, we were free all day and everyone spent their last day in Europe by doing pretty much their own thing. Two basic groups were formed, one that stayed in Paris and one that took the train to Versailles. Since the train wasn't mandatory, most stayed in town. There were about ten of us that went to Versailles although we were late leaving due to the usual folk dance delays.

We took the subway to the train station and took the train out of town. The ride was relaxed and we all felt real good due to a wonderful night's sleep. We arrived in Versailles after about a half-hour and as soon as we got off the bus, it rained.

The gates to the Palace were like those to Buckingham in London and the Palace itself was no less impressive. Maybe more so. There were two lines and by coincidence, we landed in the one we wanted, the cheaper one. Several of us had been to Herren Chimsee in Germany and since it was designed after the Palace of Versailles, we were expecting somewhat the same thing. We were impressed by the fact that even though everything was very luxurious, almost rediculously so, it was very beautiful and in good taste. Dennis bought a guide book and read to us the history of each room and we really had a good time. It was absolutely beautiful and the grounds of the Palace were immaculately kept with flowers of every color and style. The only disappointment was that the fountains weren't going.

By the time we were ready to go, we were really tired and it was



starting to rain again. We ran back to the station and stopped to eat in a little "greasy spoon" next to the station. The waiter was a rather interesting character but fun. After lunch, we loaded the train and headed back to Paris.

Written by Ryan Purcell

Most everyone spent today running around trying to see all that we could before heading home. Notre Dame, the Church of the Maddeline, the Pantheon, LaFayette (shopping) were some of the main attractions. Learning to use the Metro was quite an experience for everyone! Fortunately, no one got so lost that they couldn't find their way back to the hotel.

Paris really comes alive at night. People and cars are everywhere. People from all walks of life can be found in that one city...punk rockers to religious fanatics to wealthy snobs to beggars sleeping on the sidewalks.



MONTMARTRE

Revered scene where the first martyrs of Paris met their death, and site of a famous abbey of Benedictine nuns, visited by Saint Bernard, Saint Joan of Arc, Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Francis Xavier, Bérulle (founder of the Oratorians) and Olier.

THE BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART

This Basilica, in Romano-Byzantine style, was built as the mosaic above the choir reminds us, to accomplish a vow made in consequence of the extreme need of France and of the Church in 1870. Despite the obstacles encountered by the builders, work was brought to a successful conclusion thanks to a law passed by the National Assembly and above all to the countless humble offerings sent from all over France. Saint Theresa of the Infant Jesus, Father de Foucauld, the poet Max Jacob, the painter Utrillo,

Pius XII, John XXIII often prayed here, as well as the ordinary people, in times of distress : 1914, 1940, Budapest, Algeria.

I am glad that we had the rare opportunity to stay in the smaller villages and really be able to mix with the real people of France, to see more of their culture and lifestyle. It's a pity that more tourists don't see the simple side of the country as well as the people.

As I climbed the fumed steps of Notre Dame, I suddenly wished that stones could talk. The tales they could tell! I can't imagine the hundreds of thousands of people, styles, religious decades, generations, etc. that have passed right before those stones. So much history is behind it and so much history is still before it. The building almost seemed human to me. It seemed weary, but yet strong. On the top, nearly all of Paris could be seen. The top would have been a place of refuge many thousands of years ago. I can imagine a troubled priest or confused bishop on the roof pondering life. As I mentioned before, if only stones could talk.

Written by Lisa Roundy

18 August 1982

Homeward bound! We were up and at breakfast by 7:30 this morning, with the exception of a few late-comers. We started loading the bus and with a minimum problems, got the mountains of luggage and carry-ons PACKED. We got to the airport which resembles something like Space Mountain and checked in. We went to the gate very casually and very spread out as to not attract attention by the amount of carry-on luggage. All remaining francs were spent on chocolate and other goodies.



The flight lasted about eight hours and time was passed by writing, sleeping, eating, talking, or watching the movie, "On Golden Pond". We got to New York, unloaded the luggage, and prepared to go through customs, which was actually a very easy check through.

We boarded the next plane and headed for St. Louis. Our flight plan was just the opposite of that which took us to Europe seven weeks ago.

Our last flight took us to Salt Lake City and we arrived at about 9:00 pm. Friends and family were on hand to greet us and it was quite the royal welcome. Once again, we returned from a successful tour with hundreds of memories of places we've seen and people we've met. Most important are the friends that have been made and the hearts that have been touched. We will remember this forever.

Written by Ryan Purcell

CHECK-IN IS COMPLETED! PROCEED TO THE GATE TO BOARD YOUR FLIGHT.

Boarding Pass
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FLIGHT	DESTINATION	ROW-SEAT
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18AUG		COACH
See Reverse Side For Important Information		SMOKING
	EARLY CK-IN	Fumeur-Per Fumatori-Para Fumar
BRIGGS/M	KI MB STL	YES

Tour Statistics

Number of Countries Visited: 3
 Number of Cities Visited: 27
 Number of Miles Traveled: about 18,500
 Number of Shows Performed: 32
 Estimated Total Audience: 117,000

GOOD JOB FOLKS!

Successful European tour complete

Folkdancers 'captive' crowds



BYU's folk dancers performed in Europe this summer for more than 150,000 people, including this audience in Confolens, France. The dancers also performed in Italy and Switzerland. Confolens is the birthplace of international folk-dance festivals.

Before a standing-room-only crowd in Confolens, France, BYU's International Folkdancers recently ended a two-month tour of Europe, capturing the praise of foreign journalists and influential folk-dance officials.

Henry Coursaget, director of the Confolens Festival and president of the ruling Confederation of International Folklore Festivals, said the BYU show kept the audience "captivated throughout. I saw many in the audience with tears in their eyes and handkerchiefs in hand. That is by far the best tribute the French people could give you. They were touched."

Confolens, in 1956, was the birthplace of international folk-dance festivals. This year, representatives from 17 nations and nearly every continent celebrated the festival's 25th anniversary.

BYU student Gaye Brown was one of the four festival dancers specially chosen to appear at all major festival events.

The Confolens festival capped seven weeks of daily performances for BYU's 25 dancers and six musicians.

The group performed for more than 150,000 people in Italy, Switzerland and France.

A public visit with Pope John Paul II in St. Peter's Square and two performances before officials from the U.S. State Department and the International Communication Agency highlighted the European visit.

Giovanni Pistilli, director of the Cori, Italy festival and a member of CIOFF, said, "Two things stand out in my mind about your performance: the precision of the dancing and the character of the dancers. There is

something in the combination of the two that shines and illuminates the audience as well."

It was customary at the festivals in Cori and Tarcento, Italy, and Gannat, France, for the dancers to perform each night in different towns within the festival region.

Off stage, the BYU dancers were told privately and in public gatherings that they brought a fresh meaning to international brotherhood.

Throughout the 10-day festival, the Polish children and BYU dancers had become fast friends, although neither spoke the other's language.

Newspaper photographers watched the two groups intermingle and a newspaper caption in one paper said, "Although Mr. Brezhnev and Mr. Reagan couldn't be called best buddies, they should come spend a few days at Confolens and follow the example set by their respective representatives. The Americans from Provo and the Russians from Poltava are indeed continually together. If only the chiefs of state could take a hint from Confolens!"

"You've impressed us all — not only by your artistic quality but your moral quality," said Jean Roche, director of the Gannat, France, festival and a CIOFF representative.

News about the dancers appeared in a variety of newspapers and radio and television stations throughout Europe.

While in St. Peter's Square, the BYU group was filmed as a part of an ABC network special about the Pope.

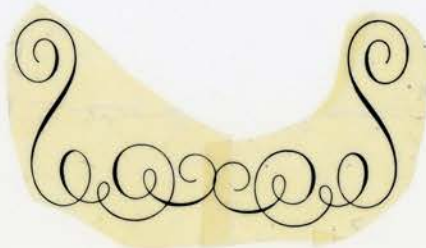
The documentary is expected to air this fall on national network television.

Remember...

when Mary Bee took a spin in a shopping cart with Tatoo?
when we sang to the Polish children and they sang to us?
when the Americans beat the Turks in a swimming race?
when Rob got punched out by the French girl in Gannat?
when Rob knocked the lady's beer into her lap at the casino in Luzern?
the disco in Cori?
when we first entered St. Mark's Square in Venice at twilight with the violins playing?
the Italian ice cream?
when Don was the hero on the Metro after he was pickpocketed?
when we ate cheese fondue at the Swiss Chalet in Interlaken and found a Salt Lake City Temple plate in their collection?
when we all thought "green drinks" were lime?
when we didn't speak to each other in broken English?
when the Polish director softened toward us and cried when we left?
when Italy won the World Cup in soccer?
when the Turks gave us a flower shower?
when Miss Terry gave us a lesson on why Swiss cows make good chocolate?
It's the grass!
when Ron broke three picks and three strings during our very last performance?
when Craig Sanders almost asked Roselee to dance?
when we had waffles for breakfast? NO!
when we danced Hopak for the Ukrainians?
how romantic Sermoneta was?
coming through the fog at the Jungfrau?
when Jan only took one picture after she said, "one more?"
the crepe lady?
when Lorrain got married?

when Pascal was the Puerto Rican Indian?
when Jay wore the right tie?
when Mary Bee became Motorcycle Mary on the way to the bomb shelter?
the fish eyes in Cori?
the Venezuelan "ghettoblaster"?
when the girls met the Yugoslavians...in their room at 3:30 in the morning?
when we got free pastries in Gannat?
when we ran to the David in Florence and missed it by less than a minute?
when Dennis forgot to count at the end of Appalachian for the Finale and we stood there and looked dumb?
when Jean Roche stopped talking?
when we paid a franc for a cold shower at the youth hostel?
the festival soccer tournament in Confolens and especially the cheerleaders?
doing aerobics in Tarcento?
when we'd reminice over hamburgers and chocolate chip cookies while eating french bread and french bread and french bread?
when we walked down the narrow cobblestone streets of Cori with the lanterns lit like a scene out of Merchant of Venice?
wondering how I could spend all this money in seven weeks?
calling home for more money?
one day when Jeff Fairbanks didn't get a letter?
when our clothes were clean?
Sophie?
when we saw the "recently" filmed movie of Utah in Gannat?
the cruise in Luzern?

AH YES, WE REMEMBER IT WELL!!



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