



LA FLEUR DE LIS

and scandal sheet

SEPTEMBER 1973
SPECIAL SUMMER TOUR REPORT

Official Newspaper of the

California American Legion State Champions
Parade, Concert, and Field
Western States Open Band Champions-Anaheim
West Coast Invitational '73 Band Champions-Van Nuys
Mid-American Combine Champions-Rock Falls, Ill.
Michigan Invitational Band Champions-Chesaning, Mich.
Michigan Marching Band Champions-Bridgeport, Mich.
Sarnia Seaway Band Tattoo Champions-Sarnia, Ont.
Burlington International Band Champions-Burlington, Ont.
Niagra Falls Band Champions-Niagra Falls, N.Y.
Parade of Bands Champions-Dover, Ohio
Hall of Fame Band Champions-Canton, Ohio

In otherwords, the Royal Cavaliers Youth Band.

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WELCOME HOME

By Luanne Pomerantz

8 people from the Royals show-
ed up at Van Nuys High on Saturday
August 4, to welcome home the
Cavaliers. There was an all girls
marching band there also. The girls
and the Cavaliers did their field shows.
Then there was a bunch of announcements
and we were supposed to be on TV but
we weren't.

VISIONS OF FOUR DEPT.
A Report on the Summer Tour of '73

It was Saturday, July 14, and the instructions were to be at the band office by 7:00 AM. Suitcases were to be in one place, bags in another. It all sounded so clear. Well, when I got there it was pure havoc.

We left the band office at 8:35 and arrived in San Clemente for the Fiesta Parade, which was the first actual performance of the tour, at about 9:45. After finishing a wild and sweaty parade we found out that we had won Sweepstakes, and were allowed to take showers in a nearby school (a luxury we soon learned to appreciate). We left for Las Vegas at 2:40.

We got to Las Vegas a little under 6 hours later and headed directly for the Mint for dinner. Decked out in fashionable attire, some of the band went to see a Las Vegas night time extravaganza, South Pacific. (They had some nice personnel.) After the show we had some free time until the busses left at 5:00 in the morning for Salt Lake City.

July 15

The band got to Salt Lake in the late afternoon after a long and uneventful bus ride. After we got to the depot, we were taken across the street to the Salt Palace parking lot for a marching rehearsal. After rehearsal, we were marched over to a Dee's Restaurant for dinner. Then we had time to see the town. And that's about all you could see (Salt Lake closes early on Sundays). We left late that evening, at 11:00, after seeing Russell Sears show his skill with women.

July 16

We reached Cheyenne, Wyoming, at about 7:00 in the morning and expected an immediate and hardy breakfast. But our unrelenting instructors, to make sure that we were in top condition, held another marching rehearsal, and invited the band to attend. Almost everybody came. We then had breakfast at Sambo's after marching there in formation.

Robyn Sharp, our solo majorette, was called upon to do a command performance when we got back to the school that morning. To add to the day's festivities, there were a number of casualties, some of the first to affect us. There was a cut forehead, a sprained ankle, and a plain case of the "watch out I think I'm going to throw-ups". We left Cheyenne after a catered dinner which most of us were still able to keep.

July 17

Thanks to the bus drivers, we caught up on 3 hours of lost time and made Rock Falls by 5:00 PM just in time to make the first performance of our tour, which was the last performance of the first Combine Tour held earlier in the month which we were unable to make. The band was being housed in a Disaster Center, and it was too. After another invitational marching rehearsal in the parking lot of the Center, we got ready for the show. We did the show and placed higher than expected which was really rather high. This was the first Combine show we won. (The mosquitos won also. We had previously learned they would be thick, but we didn't know they had iron stingers.)

July 18

We ate breakfast in a country club, finally, after having a little trouble finding our way. Getting back to the Center, we were given free time to wash our clothes or do anything that needed to be done, and then be ready in the evening to do an exhibition performance in Dakota, Ill., a small town

a couple hours drive away. They were doing a show for their director who was retiring and asked us if we would honor them by performing. They then honored us, by serving us huge amounts of pizza and when they ran out, hamburgers. It was late when we got back to Rock Falls.

July 19

Today seemed pretty uneventful. We drove all day until we reached Chesaning. We were treated to chicken, shrimp and fish box dinners at the school we were staying at. We roomed with Oregon High School and it was a traumatic experience for both of us. It was the first chance we had to meet our opponents, and most members slept with one eye open that night.

July 20

We ate breakfast in the cafeteria and then had a music and marching rehearsal. Things became very exciting when the band played "California Here I Come" because nobody knew it, almost. We were told to memorize it between IA and Cheyenne and then again between Cheyenne and Chesaning, but who listened to instructions? Well, the show went ok, and we won again. That night there was a great deal of celebrating, especially by us and we obtained permission to go to the local night club, the A&W, and have some hard root beer, then we went back and got stoned on the water. By now we had made friends with Oregon and we slept with both eyes open that night.

July 21

This was the day we were to do the show in our new found rival's hometown, Bridgeport. We loaded up in uniform to do a parade when we arrived. The trip was relatively short, and the parade was not enormously long, but it was bad enough considering the type of climate. At the end of the parade, our hosts had free soft drinks waiting for us, as well as airconditioned rooms and complete facilities. We were beginning to feel the physical strain by now and were late for forming up for the show. The show went well. But we did not. We were grounded for being late to form up, and were not allowed to attend the carnival of the Saurkraut Festival held down the street. But this did not dampen our spirits and we made merry into much of the night.

the end of the first week

July 22

We awoke in Bridgeport Mich. at around 7:00. After having been confined to dorms the night before, everyone was pretty anxious to get out. After breakfast of dry cereal, fruit and donuts, some departed for church while others departed for showers. At 10:00, the prop crew called for luggage and we loaded up to go on to Sarnia, our first stop in Canada.

We drove the busses for about 2½ hours and that took us into Port Huron, the last town before the border. In Port Huron the chaps decided it was lunch time, so when the camper arrived (after picking up Jay Seiden in Detroit), we went to a Me Donalds and a Burger Chef. We all became ecstatic when Mr. Bower said there would be no price limit on lunch and we could eat whatever we wanted. Within a half and hour, everyone was so stuffed they could hardly walk, so we boarded the busses and burped our way across the border into Canada.

Once we got into Sarnia, we found ourselves a park and set up a rehearsal field. We rehearsed for about 2 hours and were just in time to be late getting to our rooms at the school where we stayed. When we did get into the rooms, we wished we hadn't. The school we were staying in had been condemned for a year and was a bit dirty to say the least. There were bugs

all over the floors and dirt everywhere! The girls had been put in one small room and there were 52 of them. Anyway, it was time for the contest so we jotted off to Norman Perry Stadium and began to warm up.

We were the last on and for the first time we put on a show that everyone agreed felt good. At retreat we found out that the judges had been really tough, but we won again anyway.

The scores were:

Class 1	Bradley	34.8
	Oregon	51.5
	Rocori	52.9
Class A	Chesaning	44.4
	Bridgeport	59.3

and the overall champions were the Royal Cavaliers with a 67.2

After the usual rejoicing we loaded up and went to a pizza parlours for dinner, then we went back to the school and woke up all the other bands who had been back for some time. As it turned out, the Rocori band went to another school, so the girls took over their rooms and had plenty of sleeping space.

July 23

We woke up in Sarnia at about 7:00 and immediately loaded up for Burlington. Just to make sure Sarnia wasn't all bad, we stopped for breakfast in one of the local hotels. We found out Sarnia was all bad. The only things left were toast and eggs. Then somebody started a rumor that the eggs were green and the only thing left was toast. There was no milk, so you had a choice between bitter coffee and warm water to drink.

So on a hungry note, we took off for Burlington, about a 4 hour drive. About 2 hours later we stopped in London, Ontario, for an hour of free time. Everyone took off to find a place to eat, and soon discovered London was a nice town.

Upon 2 more hours of driving, we got to Burlington on time to be the last band in the lunch line. Half an hour later, we found that Vic Grosso and Wendy Drum, (who were sleeping) had been locked on the bus. It took us awhile, and if we hadn't used Vic's broked leg for an excuse, Bill (the bus driver) never would have given us the keys to let them off. But he did and we were past yet another crisis. After lunch, we drove to Central High School where we unloaded for the night. Then once again, we suffered another casualty when Patty Callan bruised her arm catching her rifle. But she still marched, with a sling.

Then it was back to Burlington High School for dinner. After dinner, we got ready for the contest and then they trucked us off to the stadium. Once again we were last on the field and hard work paid off.

The scores were:

Bradley	66.35
Chesaning	67.50
Rocori	72.05
Oregon	73.10
Bridgeport	79.40
Royal Cavaliers	84.78

This contest was an International Title and we won a flag.

After a lot of whooping and yelling, we went back to the High School gym and slept it off.

July 24

Waking up in Burlington, we loaded the luggage up in a slight rain and went to breakfast at Jocko's Pancake House. This turned out to be the first really good meal we had in Canada and it was a nice restaurant. The people who had finished wandering around the mall we were in for awhile were able to eat after those in the restaurant had finished. Then we drove for about 1 hour and arrived at Niagra Falls, Canada.

The bus drivers intimidated some lady in a Fiat while parking and we were given 1½ hours of free time to roam around the falls. Everyone grabbed their cameras (there were some great shots of John Bower jumping off the bridge) and took off.

1½ hours and 3 trips over the falls later, we loaded up again and started through customs for the good ol' U.S. of A. The local wetbacks on our busses were detained at customs. Then upon finding Bus 3 (which left ½ of it's members in Canada) we proceeded to the Niagra Falls YMCA where we were to spend the night.

We all rejoiced when we found we wouldn't need sleeping bags because for the first time on the tour we had real beds. We had free time until about 6:00 and could eat dinner at the Kentucky Fried Chicken across the street anytime.

At 6:15 we loaded the busses and took off to a very short parade that took us into the stadium for the contest. Since we were first in the parade and last in the contest, we had a lot of warmup time on our hands. While we were warming up, John Bower told us that Bradley had just scored a 91 and the judges were real idiots. He said they probably wouldn't understand our show and we were in real trouble. Well, it's a good thing the judges were dumb, because we put on a sloppy show. But we won anyway.

The scores were;

Bradley	91.5
Roccori	92.75
Chesaning	92.9
Oregon	93.75
Bridgport	96.4
Royal Cavaliers	97.75!

We won another flag and went back to the dorms happy again.

July 25

Waking up at 7:00 (or 6:00 if you wanted to take a shower) we found it was pouring rain. It took almost 2 hours to load due to the rain, so we had to send one bus out to breakfast early so the place didn't close on us. After a delicious breakfast of shredded wheat, at the American Legion, we set off on our journey to Canton, Ohio. It was an uneventful trip. Except for a lunch stop in Meadville, Pa. So at about 6:30 we arrived at Malone College in Canton.

The first order of things was dinner. That's where we met our friend (braised beef of potatoes?) who worked in the cafeteria. It was nice to know that, in the place we stayed the longest, the food was best. Then came the matter of dorms. The first time on the tour, we had 2 to a room instead of 50. That was nice. After that, we had free time until 11:00. There was pinball, bumper pool, and ping-pong. Some people watched TV and some went to a concert down the street. At 12:00 the lights went out.

July 26

We were awakened at about 7:00 in a moderate rain. Breakfast was at 8:00. After breakfast, there was free time until 10:00 when we started music rehearsal. Halfway through rehearsal, it started to rain. Since there was no place big enough to rehearse indoors, we were given time for individual practice until 12:00, when we went to lunch. After lunch, there was free time until dinner and then it started to rain.

It rained pretty hard but John said there might still be a contest and we went to Dover anyhow. So after 30 miles journey we arrived in Dover and found the contest was still scheduled. We were also informed that we had to play the National Anthem. We went off to practice faking our way through it and when it started to sound almost musical, we marched into the stadium and played it. Then, we were on the field again and continued to uphold our streak.

The scores were:

Roccori	67.55
Bradley	69.2
Chesaning	73.3
Oregon	78.65
Royal Cavaliers	85.85

Greg McVicker won the Best Drum Major award and we had to play a victory concert for the audience. We got into a concert formation and played the show standing still. Then we came back to the dorms.

July 27

We were awakened at 6:00 AM and sent off to breakfast. At 8:00 we loaded up and went to a special tour of the Pro-Football Hall of Fame. We were told to dress nice and were greeted by the sight of the other bands all in cut-off jeans and tee-shirts. The Hall-of Fame is a nice place but by 11:00 everyone was ready to come home. Bus 2 gave a ride to 4 girls from Oregon High School who had been stranded. Then we had lunch and turned in our tunics to be dry cleaned. After having free time until dinner we were greeted by the pants to our new uniforms.

We went to the contest in new pants, and for the first time, we were allowed to sit in the stands and watch the other bands do their shows. We finished the tour with a really great show, and the only problem was that Don Hahn fainted on the exit line. With such a great show no one could beat us. The scores:

Roccori	74.60
Bradley	80.45
Chesaning	87.75
Oregon	91.1
Royal Cavaliers	94.1

So we finished the Combine UNDEFEATED!!!!

July 28

No one remembers much about this day. We got up too early in the morning and then did a parade that was too long. We then came back and had lots of free time. Mike Acosta took the liberty of cutting his head, requiring 3 stitches (we won't embarrass him and say how it happened). We watched ourselves in the parade on TV and all agreed that we looked great. At dinner, we had a party for all the people celebrating birthdays on the tour. Then, we fooled around until lights out.
the end of the second week

July 29

Sunday morning we were up at six and had our luggage downstairs after breakfast. We loaded the busses and left Malone College where we had spent the last 4 days. In the afternoon when we arrived at Indianapolis we put our stuff in the dorms at Marion College. Then we were dragged down to the race track where we spent the rest of the afternoon taking tours of the Indy 500 track and going through the museum. There was a pool at the college too, and we were allowed to go swimming.

July 30

Today we drove to Des Moines, Iowa. Bus 1 was developing transmission trouble (it was later replaced in Cheyenne). Then we traveled to North Platt, Nebraska. All this time, we'd been eating at McDonalds and we were all getting sick of Big Macs.

August 1-4

We came to Casper, Wyoming, and ate breakfast at the fairgrounds. Then we had some free time to look around. We then all piled our weary selves on the busses and went back to the armoury where we had to wait for someone with a key to open it up. We were late for the parade, but were still in time to step off. We were also behind schedule after the parade. We had to go back to the fairgrounds to do the show in exhibition before the driver's driving time ran out and we almost didn't make it. But we did make it and we had hours of free time to walk around the grounds and look at the rodeo. A lot of people slept on the 2 busses left behind at the grounds. The Trooper's covered wagon, when it finally opened, was mobbed by Cavaliers buying everything from Trooper bumper stickers to night shirts.

About then it was time to get to the busses to get ready for the show. We went into the rodeo arena and discovered the mud. It was about 1 foot deep. The ring was small, but we were ready for it and pulled off a pretty good performance. Afterwards we got a little talk from John Bower. Then we went to dinner.

It was in the same restaurant where we ate on the '71 tour. It took us about 2 hours because the place was small. We watched ourselves on TV and then went back to the armoury where we had to share the showers between the boys and the girls. When we woke up, we loaded up and started out for Salt Lake. We stopped for a light breakfast in Rawlins, Wyo. and then drove on. About 1:00 we stopped to lunch in Little America, Wyo. and then drove through to Salt Lake.

We stayed in Westminster College (where Doug Young fell in the creek) and spent the night. Waking up on August 3, we had breakfast at the college and then drove to Cedar City, Utah. In Cedar City, when we stopped in a park for lunch, we met a student tour from the SFV. Then we drove on to Las Vegas where we got dorms and went to dinner at Circus Circus. We then spent the evening watching people lose their money.

Then we went back to the dorms and ironed our uniforms (for our surprise performance). On the morning of August 4, we had breakfast at the University of Las Vegas. And finally, we loaded for home (AT LAST!). We stopped for lunch in Barstow and caught ourselves in a thunderstorm. Then we drove forward towards a huge brown cloud looming over the city. It was nice to get back to smog. We stopped at Notre Dame to put on our uniforms and put up Don's signs (Hi Mom!). Then we went to Van Nuys High where we were met by the Edmonton All Girls Brass Band. We put on a final show, killed grass for the last time on this tour at least, and were at last dismissed to go home.

Mike O'Donovan, Ernie Star, Steve Pomerantz
and Patti Rivard

WHAT'S EATING YOU DEPT?.
A Movie Review of "Hex"

During one of the lulls of action at the Birmingham game, John informed us that the band had been invited to review a movie in place of the next rehearsal.

In accordance with what he said most of the band showed up at the 20th Century Fox Studios to watch the show. If you were a person who followed the signs and ended up at the barber shop, we're awfully sorry. A couple people rearranged the signs. Anyhow, the show started about 7:30.

The movie was called "Hex" and dealt with the supernatural. A gang of bikers ended up on a farm where they raised foxes. One more was soon aquired. One of the

two girls that lived there dealt out spells to finish off 3 of the 5 bikers, leaving them conv. ently with 2 guys, who they wind up falling in love with. The acting was good and the cast was great.

The show was just filled with fantastic one liners, plus the lower left house made things more interesting for the audience. How will we ever forget the perverted biker, and Whizzer and Oriole. And what about that kid letting lose on the barrel?

We'll just have to wait to see what normal people think of it when it's released.

Rich Rivard
Mike O'Donovan

A TYPICAL LETTER SENT HOME FROM THE TOUR DEPT.

Dear Mommy and Daddy,

I wanna come home! This trip is disgusting. I'm sitting on the second bus and it's terrible because if you want to go to sleep you have to stuff cotton in your ears. Bus One is even worse because it's rumored that hand-holding and even sweet-nothing whispering goes on. But Mommy, Daddy, --- do you know what they do on bus three? They sit on the bus all day sucking their big toes until they're in a wild state of excitement. The only good thing on bus three is that all the first and second trumpet players sit there and their playing has risen to tremendous crescendo (on the field they aren't bad either!). When we were in Las Vegas certain members of the La Fleur De Lis staff were caught fooling around in the casinos and Wilma was found chasing about the rooms in the Mint.

As for performances, we haven't lost yet. But I dont think that's too good because that nice band in the red and yellow doesn't like us anymore and they might not invite us back to their Saurkraut Festival next year. This would be terrible because I love saurkraut, the flavor reminds me of John Bower's disposition during rehearsals. (I also love John Bower)

Guesswhat? I turned into a vegetarian for a few days and I had to give up because everybody was calling me a fruit. I can't understand this because I've always tried to act like my hero, Underdog. As a matter of fact, the other day our bus got very quiet for some reason, so like Underdog might do, I reported it to the chaparones. John Combes had a little talk with the band that very night (bus three didn't even slow down its wild pace). Well, I have to go now because we have free

time and I want to go play with my friend Mike Drapkin. See you next week. Say hi to puppy for me too.

Love

Joey Pomerantz
(your son)

P.S. Please send my teddy bear to our next stop because I can't sleep without him, even though Andy Hernandez is nice and warm.

Santa Barbara Fiesta Paraxo

August 9, 1973, the day of the Santa Barbara FiestaParade started out as any other parade---few anticipated its sobering outcome. Cavaliers arrived in Santa Barbara and after seeing the extent of the equestrian participation everyone agreed that being the first band, at the very beginning of the parade, was very lucky; let the others step in it. This year we were defending the California Sponsored Band Championship for the 1973 award. Everyone expected an easy victory, especially because of the incredible undefeated record maintained during this summer's tour. The parade was as hot and long as the one last year and it ended in the same park. We gave Edmonton's All Girls Marching Band a standing ovation when they appeared at the end in appreciation for their attendance at our homecoming.

As the parade progressed, and we waited for the finish and awards, a float in Arabian motif passed by. On it were several scantily clothed bellydancers-- the blood boiled in the drum section. The time everyone was waiting for arrived as an announcer mounted a podium and started the awards. Reseda's junior and senior bands received participation trophies. Edmonton took 3rd. We took 2nd???? LA City

Youth Band took 1st and Los Caballeros got Sweepstakes????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
A general air of bewilderment and horror settled over our band as we watched Los Caballeros, who had not totaled more than 30 on the street with three trumpets and two trombones, walk away with a "state title". When we returned to Notre Dame, certain facts became known; there had been only one judge up in the reviewing stand and one score sheet. Upon inquiry about our appearant bad performance, John responded by saying that we had lost to band who hardly ever scored in the nineties (all the bands that placed had scores very close and in the nineties) and probably will never again. John also said that he was going to protest the one judge-one score sheet at the upcoming Youth Band Council meeting. But, the fact remains that we were beaten by a band 1/3 our size and a precedent has been established.

Lee Opatowski

DICTIONARY DEPT.

It is hard to put into words, or even to summarize what a tour is. Being stuck on a bus for 3 or more weeks calls for a definition of what the heck it really is. We asked Webster, but he didn't know.

so we turned to Sue Corner's definition.

A TOUR IS:

- Being told that your room is somewhere "over in that direction" and having 5 big buildings to choose from.....
- Finding that your suitcase, sleeping bag, and/or instrument was put on bus 4 by mistake.....
- Having to go to the head and finding all of the doors locked...
- Receiving the rules for tour (including the infamous Rule 17) the day after you got home.....
- Being called Van Nays when you've got Royal Cavaliers written all over the place....
- Using lots of insect repellent to keep from getting bit and finding that the mosquitoes thrived on it....
- "Fresh, clear, cool, refreshing" Chesaning water.

IEN-SUR

Chapter Two- JOURNEY TO THE COURT

Now a knight, I must make my way to the Crimson Court to pay homage to the Crimson King. The Crimson King resides in Pien Tao. I will ride there with my wife, Tsien. We travel swiftly over gentle hills, our black horses speeding us to Pien Tao.

Two days out from Sheng-Yang we met the 23rd Century Schizoid Man. A man with rat's feet and iron claws- he who strifes innocents

with napalm fire- he who strives to upset the natural reign of the Crimson King. Back in the days of dim recall, the twentieth century had its nuclear devastation. Now I must face the result of my ancestor's greed. We met him at night.

Death seed is Blind Man's greed.
Poets' starving children bleed.
Nothing he's got he really needs,
twenty third Century Schizoid Man.

Psychopath

MARCHING DOWN MEMORY LANE DEPT.

All of the band members who went on the Combine Tour this summer brought back home with them assorted memories of fun times and special moments they shared with the other members or with themselves. Some have been so kind as to share these memories with us. Perhaps you also share the memories of,

Karen Davis whose most exciting memory was "the water in Chesaning (eech!)"
Byron Baba who found bliss at "Dave Kaplan writing 'Ticket to DCI' on toilet paper dispensers."

Robyn Sharp who completely got gassed at "Don Hahn walking around in his night shirt and night cap."

Jeanine Frost when she drew back agasp and found out "the fact that Oregon had no idea what 'foxes' and 'heads' are."

- Warren Boule' recounting his childish behavior when "I turned vegetarian for 2 days. I started before Rock Falls and ended at Dakota when I ate a whole pizza."
- Bill Simon remembering "I was late for dinner in D kota and didn't get any pizza because somebody hogged it all up."
- Kathy Sinks recalling that terrible night "when Jill Teele chased Mrs. Stolz down the halls in Chesaning trying to see her legs at midnight."
- Jay Seiden modestly bringing to mind "the ping-pong tournament held at Marion College in Indianapolis." (He incidently came in first; the others aren't important)
- Dina Gilio, who from all her exploits still holds this one closer to her heart, remembers the "majorettes (and Doreen) wearing boxers as a part of pajamas." (it was later learned that most of the other girls in the band also had aquired these men's underfurnishings to sleep in.)
- Mike Daniel dripping with excitement when he recalled "In Canton, Ohio, Baba tried to hook a lugie and did it all over his face and arms."
- Ariel Rodriguez who claims "We will all miss the, "Get up boys, rise and shine, what is this mess, they never follow instructions, of Mr. Sears."
- Perry Lotta who still chivers with anticipation when he thinks about "when we bunked for the night in Indianapolis and in the middle of the night Mike Acosta got ice water poured down his shorts."
- Jill Teele squinting when she recalls "Gertrude- waitress at Circus-Circus (who) waited on Jill Teele, Patty Young, Craig Wickham & Daryl Speeter. (She) knocked Craig's glass over, tried to take his salad away, and (was) just being (w)itchy."
- Patti Rivard bring back her childhood when "At Marston College, some of the girls started a barnyard by hanging out their windows and making different noises."
- Robert Chassman whose first crush was broken "when Russell Sears was kissed by that man dressed up as a lady in the show in Las Vegas."
- Mike Dolei when he recalls with mixed emotions "It was really strange how everyone was at each others necks. It seemed to start at Rock Falls. Band members were yelling at each other, instructors were yelling at members and instructors at instructors.....This situation continued until the last week, when all of a sudden friends were starting to talk again. There was one person that kept his cool throughout the 3 weeks. He didn't get mad. He didn't (complain). I guess vegetables are good for you."
- Mike Rivard rigid with recollections of "Girls with boxers (WOW!)"
- Jim Thomsen showing his true colors when he thought "...it was funny in Chesaning, Mich., when Oregon's guys called us perverts for wearing boxers, but when we were in the showers one of them came in wearing black nylon lace bikini underwear. I wonder what he dreamed about that night?"

Mary Johns, still suffering from heartburn, recalls "The funniest thing was my first blue flame."

As you can see, there was never a dull moment.

BAY OF PIGS (SOYBEAN SUBSTITUTE OF COURSE) DEPT.

By David Zamora

Little did Bus 1 know when we left the band office that it was the main target for my vegie attack! By the third day, I had 6 vegies under my command. We were greatly outnumbered so Warren was killed off by 1½ pizzas and 4 cokes after his first vegie meal. Sue Stark was starved into submission after 5 days and Stan Polete' also starved after 1½ weeks. Honorable mention goes to Mike Delei who was forced off the diet due to cold, earache, and nose bleed after 2½ weeks. Last but not least, the purple heart goes to Tracy Watson who was struck down by a cold in Chesaning but made it through the trip. My army was defeated, but watch out for another vegie attack next year at Miami Nationals '74.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO ASK ABOUT THE ROYAL CAVALIERS BUT WERE AFRAID TO KNOW DEPT.

Who used up all the water on Bus 1 to wash their hair?

They saw Suzanne Stark what?

Who screamed wildly and had a nightmare of the drummers on bus 1 closing in and yelling ominously, "Baby, Baby,.....etc"?

Hey Phil, how's Karen?

Warren, how did you get that in your suitcase?

Why was everyone in Boystown on their knees?

Where's the rest of it?

Why is there water coming out of the floor?

What happened to the sign that never went up?

Who threw the first penny?

But Chuck, why did you want to leave your mother at the Canadian border?

The Falls are beautiful, but where is our bus?

How did Mary get wet? (It sure wasn't rain)

Myron, couldn't you have tried to get more than 5¢ a sheet?

Who hung Boo-Boo and why?

Is Mrs. Stolz still r. from where she got pinched?

If Sue and Shirley were the only girls on the boy's floor, then which rest-room did they use? (They didn't)

Who gave us trouble at the border by buying \$40.00 worth of souvenirs in Canada?

Boy was that close, he almost killed us with that screwdriver. Well, who's next?

Any woman can what?

Did he say pull a Vanguard or a Retard?

What can Whittier say now?

AD NAUSIUM DEPT.

The Continuing Adventures of
Doris Drill Team and Her
Friends By Susan Troyanek

As you may remember, several months ago, we left Doris in quite a predicament. Clarence was in Camarillo (the hospital, not merely loose in the town) and Doris was walking outside the building with her mother, not knowing Clarence was inside. Suddenly as the patients watched fascinated from behind their barred windows, Doris' mother screamed out.....

"Don't you realize this is for your own good? Believe me, I know."

"Mother, quiet down!" blushed Doris.

"Your father was like Clarence, that's how I know. He--", she sighed, "--was also a silver clarinet player."

"You mean the man with the long mustache that was kinda fat and had little beady eyes?" asked Doris.

"No, that wasn't your father. He was-- just-- and uncle," flushed her mother. "You never met your father. He ran away with-- well, let's just say he left me a month after you were born."

"But that means I have silver clarinet tendencies!" shouted Doris excitedly. "So Clarence and I should get along perfectly. Please let me find him! Please Mommy!" she pleaded.

"Well,...all right," answered Doris' mother reluctantly.

Just at that moment, a wild-eyed Clarence burst out of the front door of the mental hospital. Looking around, he spied Doris and ran to her like Romeo to Juliet, sobbing, "Doris, Doris!"

After a tearful embrace, Clarence explained that he had met a nurse who helped him escape. "But she kept my tunic, though-- she said it reminded her of Batman, and that she was secretly eloping with Batman, and that's why I got out." Doris' mother discreetly disappeared. Doris and Clarence were once again united, and from then on they existed happily ever after.

Thus ends another exciting saga in the life of Doris Drill Team and Her Friends. Join us again next week when tragedy strikes Doris as she shirks and says, "But I don't like sour cherries!!!"

STRANGE EVENTS DEPT.

On the tour this summer there were a number of strange events or happenings that were either seen or done by the band. One of the all time strangest things was that humungous monster in Canton. Never before in the annals of history has such a thing been recorded. It is beyond the scope of the LFDL to describe or even suggest to its origins. Another thing that is beyond the scope of this paper to describe was that special ritual utilizing a book of matches, either one at a time or an entire book in one blow. The technique was shown to the Oregon Band who automatically became gassed and quickly learned the "Blue Flame". BFling has become a popular sport among boys and girls alike who enjoy being strange

Another strange event that took place during this last summer, was the band council elections. After long and heated debates, the final council was elected. The new members are Ariel Rodriguez, Jill Teele, Steve Pomerantz, Patti McKinley, Gary Graham, Sandy Barrett and Nancy Harms.

WILMA'S WISDOM DEPT.

Dear Wilma,
When we were back East, I noticed that in the evening there were strange little bugs lighting up all over the grass and in the grees. Some people said they were fire flies, but I don't believe them. What were they really?

Bugged

Dear Bugged,
You're right, it was actually Bruce Umeck and friends trying their hand at Blue Flaming.

Wilma

Dear Wilma,
there is this girl in the band who drools whenever I change my uniform. I really don't care, but it is costing me a fortune in dry cleaning, and my mother is getting mad. What can I do?

Tuff Spots

Dear Tuff,
When she begins to drool, attach a vacuum cleaner to her mouth and leave it there while you're changing. She won't drip anymore.

Wilma

Dear Wilma,
Just the other day my first girlfriend (and probably my last) informed me that everytime you kiss you lose 5 seconds off your life. Is this true?

Trumpet Player

Dear Joe,
No, but I think she's hinting.

Wilma

Dear Wilma,
I have a problem. I am in rifles and everytime I spin the rifle, it bangs my right nostril. This is painful and doesn't look too well. What can I do?

Nose Bleed

Dear Bleed,
Why don't you use a sawed off shotgun? If that doesn't work, try twirling a sabre. That should out down your problems.

Wilma

Do you have any problems? Why not write Wilma and have her solve them for you? Just hand them in a plain brown envelope to any LPDL staff writer or into the band office. Wilma will find out the answer for you.

OBITUARY DEPT.

Died on July 27, 1973, the MYTH THAT CALIFORNIAN YOUTH BANDS ARE HOT DOG BANDS, after a long illness that began ten days earlier. The illness know as Royalcavalieritis had shown symptoms of its fatality when brown spots began to show on field show fields in the Mid-West. The eventual death came slowly after 5 bands from the nearby area had contracted the disease, spread by germs thriving on three Greyhound busses passing through the area. An autopsy shows the victims began their ordeal in a state of shock leading to a melancholy disposition. One band even showed signs of convulsions leading to its early demise. Doctors are now probing the possibility that death was caused by drinking poor music, however, no conclusions have been made.

ONE LAST THING DEPT.

A special thanks to the staff, the executive board, General Telephone, the chaperones, the band council, the bus drivers, the prop crew, the parents and all those who helped to make this summer's tour one of the most successful and pleasurable tours the Royal Cavaliers have ever had.