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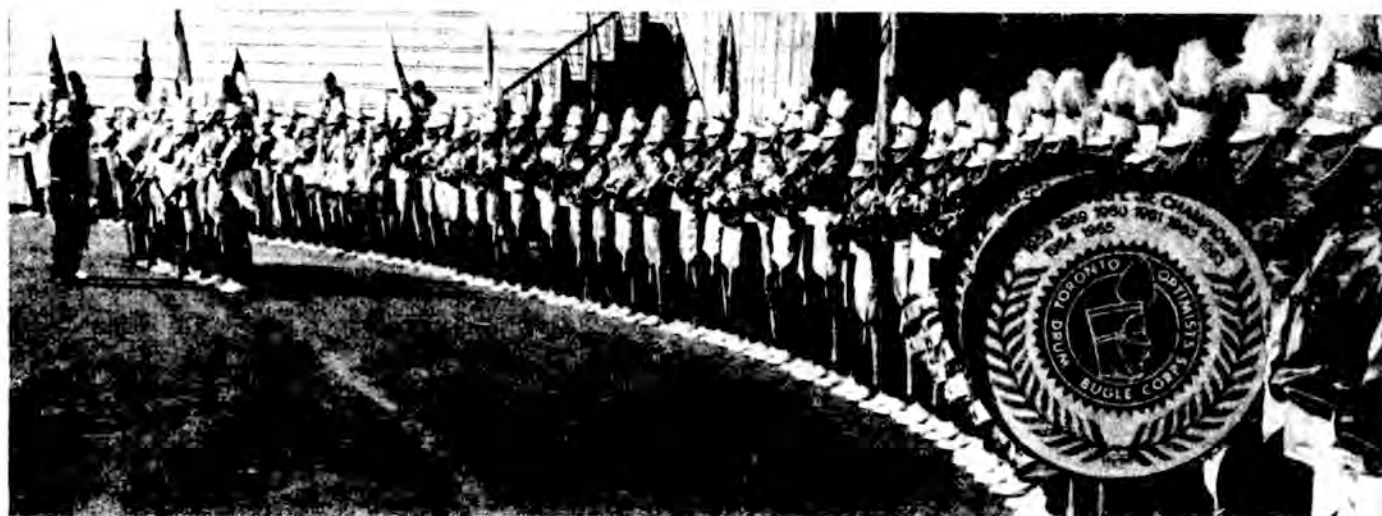


# green capsule comments

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE TORONTO OPTIMISTS DRUM CORPS  
THE TORONTO OPTIMIST CADETS DRUM CORPS  
Publication Offices — Suite 302, 205 Keele St., Toronto 9.

Our 9th Year of Publication I — 1960-1969

Our 10th Year of Publication --- 1960-1970.



1966 Nationals Inspection, Expo Stadium, Montreal.



*Editorial Feature*

*by Don Daber.*

1960...THE GREEN DECADE,  
1970...A NEW YEAR, A NEW DECADE...New Problems...  
Will Corps continue in the 70's?

At the beginning of a New Year our thoughts turn to the future and look back on the past.

The Decade of the '60s has been a great one for the Optimists. We blazed a trail as National Champions for a longer period than any other corps in history! When the era of the '60s began the Optimists had been Champions for two years and showed every outward sign of settling in for a long reign. Within the organization too, the Executive and the Instructors were closing ranks and completing the foundation of a drum corps organization that proved to be one of the best, if not the best in Canada.

### "THE EARLY '60s:"

Drum corps of the late '50s and early 60's were simpler then. Looking at a photo of the Optimists taken in the late summer of 1958 on a starting line position we can

count a total of 39...a drum line of 10, (3 tenors, 3 snares, 2 cymbals) a bugle line of 22 and a guard of just 7 (3 rifles, Nationals and 3 secondary). Compare that with the corps of today with a total of 90 ,..42 bugles, 29 guard and 19 drums.

In addition to smaller size, which meant less transportation problems, the instrumentation was simpler; drill was less complicated and the judging wasn't as involved but the complaints were still there. Needless to say there were more corps in existence. To start a corps then was easier than it is today.

In the early '60s the travel areas of Canadian corps was more restricted in the areas of competition. Scout House had blazed a trail south, west and east in exhibitions, but in competition Canadian Corps had still not gone west or east to the Boston area. Optimists were the first Canadian Jr. Corps to compete in the New Jersey area. In Canada we were restricted to Ontario, the southern part...the east was just opening up and corps activity was also opening in Quebec and early in the 1960's developed into a most exciting area of corps activity.

Canadian corps in the 1960's closed ranks ...many corps were started and fell. Some were mediocre, others quite exciting (as the Hamilton Conqueror) Then from the east came the corps of Quebec who added much to the Ontario corps scene...remember Les Diplomates from Quebec City? During this time too Scout House, Optimists, Conqueror and Del looked forward to their late summer Quebec trips.

The midwest finally opened up to Canadian Corps by way of competitions, although Scout House exhibited in the area early in the '60s; Optimists were first to enter competition. It was one of the more involved trips and took place over the July 4th weekend of 1964 to a 70 hour safari and 1650 miles through to Racine, Wisc., Milwaukee and Menominee then on homethrough Flint, Mich., Sarnia and finally Toronto.

By now there was one last corps territory left to appear in and that was the Boston area. Optimists finally appeared there in August of 1967 at the famed CYO National Championship.

International Contests in Canada came of age during the '60s. At first there was the traditional Leaside Lions "INTERNATIONAL" Contest which concluded the season each year at Varsity Stadium when some of the top American corps went in competition with the winners of the Canadian Nationals.

The first big Jr. International contest was sponsored by the Optimist Club of Toronto in June of 1962 at Varsity Stadium

featuring the Garfield Cadets, The Queensmen, St. Josephs of Batavia, Del, Optimists and Scout House. Then in June of 1965 another milestone was reached when the Rameses Shrine Temple sponsored the first great Shriners International and opened up the CNE Stadium to drum corps. Their first event was an all Senior event that featured Caballeros, Sunrisers, Royalties (Guelph) Commanders, Ambassadors and the Diplomates. Exhibitions were by the Optimists and Sarnia Sertomanaires. Finally, late in the 60's the North American Invitational brought the famed Troopers to Canada for the first time.

#### "THE CADETS PROGRAM. 10 Years..."

The system of a cadet corps for the Jr. Optimists was first started in 1959 and marched under the banner of the Toronto Optimists Bantam Corps. The membership the first year totaled 28 boys.

Almost from the beginning they made a name for themselves. At the end of 1960 they won the Jr. Novice Standstill Championship at the Canadian Nationals in Hamilton. During 1961, with a scarcity of instructors the corps stood still. The next year the corps reorganized and again ended the year as Jr. Novice Standstill Champions at the 1962 Nationals in Waterloo.

The Bantams opened their 1963 season by appearing in exhibition at the Optimists 2nd. Jr. International at Varsity Stadium. Vern Johanson was Drum Major for the Bantams that year. They ended the season by losing their Novice title at the Championships in Waterloo to a girls corps, the Patrolettes.

The Bantams did not finish out the 1964 season. They began in January with only about 1/3rd of the membership from the 1963 season...a membership drive was started to a total of 45 by March but later that spring a number of problems developed with Executive and Instruction and the corps was disbanded.

In March of 1966 the Bantams were reorganized as a training class with Richard Boehnke as bugle instructor and John MacDonald on drums. The program was fully expanded the next year when in September of 1967 the Optimist Jr. Corps paraded and performed an open-air concert in Scarborough as a membership drive for the new Optimist Cadets Drum Corps.

About 130 boys joined that month and the new Optimist Cadet Corps was on its way. They were able to enter many parades during 1968 and 1969 and have developed into a fine corps organization as a firm



foundation for the Junior Corps.

### 1970...A NEW YEAR, A NEW DECADE:PROBLEMS?

What of drum corps for the future? 1970 opens a whole new era and concept in drum corps. The top corps will be faced with the problem of leveling out. The total cost factor of keeping an "A" Class M&M Corps in operation each year will be an increasing problem for all 3 factions of a corps, the sponsor, executive and member.

During the 1970's the "A" Class M&M corps are in danger of costing themselves out of existence and this could spell the end of the present form of Jr."A" or Sr."A" programs in Canada in the early '70s.

Each year toward the end of the '60s the cost of running a top "A" M&M Corps started to get out of hand...more expensive instrumentation was added each year along with a great increase in marching personal on-the-field. This led to a subsequent increase in uniforming and transportation costs. This meant that the present Jr. and Sr."A" Corps had to work much harder to even exist...they needed more executive to administer and raise and handle funds and they required more experienced executive than ever in the past. Gone were the days when a corps could be run by one or two men as in the early '60s. Now the "A" calibre corps that could not add executive or raise the necessary funds were out of business or moved down the ladder to the "B" Class or parade. The trend began in the late 60's.

In Canada as the number of "A" Calibre corps decreased the problem became one of having the Jr."B's" move up to fill the gap. There were less, not more Jr."A" and Sr."A" corps in Canada by the end of the 1960's than in the middle of the decade.

But the Jr."B" Corps now have problems in moving up to the "A" Class. They require the experienced executive, the ability to

raise and sustain the necessary funds. They must also have the experienced instructors to compete with those in the "A" Class and the number and calibre of members to push the corps into the higher class. The ambitious Jr."B" Corps can make the transition but its a lot more difficult now than it was in the early '60s. The transition would be easier if the cost factor of the "A" Class levelled off.

Parade corps will be popular and continue to grow in the '70s and to move from this level to M&M and the transition will not be too difficult. Competition in N&M on the Jr."B" level in the 1970's will continue but there will be an increased problem in audience attendance to make these contests pay. Part of the answer may be split shows, Jr."B" the first half and Jr."A" the last half to give all corps more exposure on a local level.

### JUDGING & THE C.D.C.A.:

The many problems of the judges chapter by the end of the 1960s will have to be solved; education pushed forth and more people brought in as judges, if the Canadian corps scene is to prosper in the 1970s and standardized sheets and systems and education for all areas will have to be stressed more than ever before.

The CDCA will require a more aggressive program with strong leadership to advance the drum corps movement, especially on the "A" M&M level. More people will have to be recruited as instructors, executive and administrators to move the corps ahead. A program of new, fresh thinking and organization structure will be needed in the Association so that the member corps can be educated with an active program from the time they first form as a parade unit right up to the levels they move to reach "A" calibre.

Needless to say more Canadian contests



will be needed in the 1970s with more people in attendance and much of this can be worked through the CDCA.

The decade of the 1960's in Canada were the Optimists years. Most of our instructors and Executive that began 10 years ago are still with us providing that valuable asset called 'Experience'. In addition new instructors are moving in and upward, the other basic necessity. And finally, the most important quality, the members themselves, the guys in uniform, both the Cadet and Junior Corps. They will again make the 1970s as successful as the 1960s for the Canadian Green Machine, the Toronto Optimists.

Drum Corps are entering a new era in the 1970s and the problems of keeping the "A" corps active and strong and more numerous will require new thinking on behalf of everyone concerned with drum and bugle corps in Canada. As with everything, the problems and challenges are there to be solved, and that's where the satisfaction lies.

After all, isn't that what life's all about?

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THE CORPS CHRISTMAS PARTY *Report by*  
\*\*\*\*\* *Ray Rouseel*

Tuesday, December 23rd., 1969. A date that will remain sentimentally locked in the warm cockles of our hearts.

This was the first major Christmas event staged by the corps. In years past there have been small get-togethers consisting of sandwiches, drinks (soft) to inspiring corps' conversation but this year the Executive went completely bonkers! They lavished on the undeserving Green Herd a programme of entertainment and feasting that would have shamed a Roman Emperor staging his wedding orgy!

From the moment the corpsmen shook the snow from their boots and entered the Shrine auditorium their senses were assailed by a cacophony of sound and a kalaidascope of breathtaking colour!

First, a small name tag was plucked on to their scrawny figures and they were persuaded to join the frantic melee. A short rehearsal followed whereupon instruments were put aside and introductions were in order, so that the rookies in the guard would know the drum line types better, etc. The Old Guys introduced themselves while the Rookies were introduced by the Director, Mr. Tierney, as they lined up in front.

When the line was complete the sale of the 1970 Rookies followed. The disgusting mendicants were soon purchased in their loathsome entirety for the nominal price of 50¢. (It was Christmas). Immediately following the sale the Rookies were allowed to let loose with some emotion by singing out in all their Christmas glee, two Christmas Carols. Their performance did not overly impress the Old Guys so all the Old Guys immediately sang the only carol that first came to mind, the Corps Song.

As the stirring words of this song melted the snow on the roof a guy suddenly entered the scene. He wore a red suit and made his merry debut to the accompanying shouts and screams (mostly obscene) of little hearts welling up with sublime happiness. The jovial North Pole Fats then quaked about the room handing out presents to the beaming and eager Optimists kiddies. As quickly as he appeared around the room, he was suddenly "up front" to make a special Presentation to Gord Robinson...he then danced around once more in his shiny black boots, roared a good natured HO! HO! to the still enthusiastic audience, then minced out to his waiting barnyard animals chained to a new high performance sleigh!

The corps film from the 1969 Nationals then blazed on to Ben's Silver Screen from his portable 8MM and the assemblage was hushed in reverent awe for 13 minutes.

Assorted meat sandwiches, compliments of G.R. and cold drinks (again soft) were then served and the party broke up as the little hand wriggled halfway between the 10 and the 11 and the big hand hung limply by the 6. The corps shuffled out into an appropriate driving blizzard for the trip home, carrying with them fond memories of the First "Production Christmas Party."  
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*See the Farmers field...  
See the farmer plant the corn.  
See the corn grow in the field,  
See the nice straight rows,  
See the one out of line,  
See how it stands out...*

*The Undertaker covers his mistakes with soil, the plumber his with insulation, the bride hers with mayonaise.*

*The difference between GOOD and GREAT is a lot of extra effort!!!*



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THE JUNIOR CORPS EVENTS FOR JANUARY, 1970

Sunday, January 4th...9:50AM--1:00PM...rehearsal, ~~Rameses Shrine Temple~~, Armories 2-4PM.  
Thursday, January 8th.7:20PM--10:00PM..rehearsal, Lord Dufferin School.

Sunday, January 11th..9:50AM--1:00PM...rehearsal, ~~Rameses Shrine Temple~~, Armories 2-4PM.  
Thursday, January 15..7:20PM--10:00PM..rehearsal, Lord Dufferin School.

Sunday, January 18th..9:50AM--1:00PM...rehearsal, ~~Rameses Shrine Temple~~, Armories 2-4PM.  
Thursday, January 22..7:20PM--10:00PM..rehearsal, Lord Dufferin School.

Sunday, January 25th..9:50AM--1:00PM...rehearsal, ~~Rameses Shrine Temple~~, Armories 2-4PM.  
Thursday, January 29th.7:20PM--10:00PM..rehearsal, Lord Dufferin School.

Sunday, Feb. 1st.....9:50AM--1:00PM...rehearsal, ~~Rameses Shrine Temple~~, Armories 2-4PM.

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TUESDAY NIGHT REHEARSALS for sections at Fairbank Sr. Public School. To be announced.

Rameses Shrine Temple: Lakeshore Blvd. West at Dowling Ave.

Lord Dufferin School: Berkley St. Berkley is the first street west of Parliament, just north of Dundas.

Fairbank Sr. Public: On Dufferin St., East side, just south of Eglinton.

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1969 OPTIMIST TREE TICKETS: Please turn in any unsold tickets and all money immediately to Don. Daber. Please place in an envelope marked "Tickets", your name & #.

THE GUARD POLES: by Ben Burrage.

Your flag pole quite obviously consists of two main parts, the top and the bottom. These two parts are numbered so that when they are assembled the two numbers must match otherwise you will have problems.

The poles were hand made and although they appear to be exactly alike, there are very slight differences in the Chicago post-holes. If, for instance, the wrong pole parts are put together, say a #5 bottom with a #7 top, you may not be able to get your Chicago post in without forcing it or perhaps by pulling the parts apart a bit you can put the post in easily. In either case this puts an undue strain on the Chicago post and after use there is great difficulty in getting the poles apart. Sometimes they have to be drilled apart. BE SURE TO ASSEMBLE YOUR POLE THE PROPER WAY WITH THE SAME NUMBERS MATCHING. The strain of use is then taken by the shoulders of the pole and not the Chicago post. If you have any problems see the equipment department.

THE TALE OF GOOD OL' JOHNNY ONE-NOTE

by Kerry Burrage

Once upon a time, the beginning of 1968 to be precise, a boy applied for membership in our beloved corps, the Toronto Optimists. His name was none other than Johnny One Note, so named because he could only play one note--"C natural". On Sunday of that week he made his debut appearance at rehearsal. From then on he was to show up only occasionally, his own choice, of course. After wandering about during rehearsal he announced he was going to attempt top lead soloist, and make it right off the bat...with only 15 in the bugle line at the time he was a sure bet. So, to make it look like he was doing us a favor, he told the Director he would let him know the next Sunday.

The next Sunday rolled around and the entire corps was there except good ol' Johnny One Note. Where could he be? Maybe he was in an accident? What about his attempt for top lead soloist?

Well, readers, lets wait a month. Did Johnny turn up? And if so what had fate in store for him?

Remember, he was just a poor rookie, but an ambitious one.

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1989

a rather lengthy epistle by Ray Roussel.

*In recent years, newspapers have carried various accounts of the tragedies that have befallen that great and noble sport of soccer. Not since the slaving proletariat in ancient Rome screamed for the sight of christian blood has a major spectator sport turned into a murderous debacle. In past matches numerous referees have been bludgeoned to death or, just literally torn to shreds by the audiences who were more than a little angry at supposedly unfair penalties. They have murdered players, bystanders, officials and reduced not a few stadiums to rubble and smoldering ashes.*

*Since the gallant drum and bugle corps movement obviously possesses many enthusiastic and emotional followers perhaps, if we let our imaginations gallop about wildly we may one day see:*

(AP) AUG. 15, 1989. TORONTO, ONT.

This terror stricken city has again experienced another night of bloody rioting leaving scores dead and hundreds injured. Violence began Saturday night after an international drum and bugle corps competition held at Varsity Stadium. Late reports indicate the trouble began after a faulty or doubtful decision by the contest judges. Police and regular army troops are now on round the clock duty patrolling sections of the city where.....

*Years later, the details of this catastrophe might be inscribed on the golden pages of posterity in this way:*

T'was during the muggy summer of '89

When the meadows were emerald and the ivy atwined,  
 That the specter of doom whom we all know so well  
 Marched on Toronto with his legions from Hell.

And it occurred in that city on that infamous day  
 That corps the world over were on their way,  
 Armed with talent and a spirit to score  
 Hoping for victory and the spoils of war.

The scene of battle was a structure so old,  
 A mere 20,000 was all it would hold.  
 But, on the day of reckoning they were packed like sardines,  
 In order to observe those musical machines.

By noon of that day the streets were alive  
 As spectators and corps began to arrive.  
 The people came in waves and as in they poured  
 The heat became unbearable as the fahrenheit soared.

How many there were? No one knows.  
 'Tis safe to say they came in droves.  
 Like vultures attracted to the odor of decay  
 T'was the same habits revealed that day.

One cannot fathom the wheres or the whys  
 As they descended on cafes like regiments of flies.  
 Their food they mangled and slurped and they tore,  
 But, as hundreds dined there were thousands more.

Waiting outside, faces pressed against glass,  
 Hoping for a sniff of demi-tasse.  
 But the establishments were soon out of food or fare  
 And the sad news was greeted by moans of despair.

Of men and savages its often been said  
 There's no real difference save the use of his head.  
 The truth of this statement was doubted that date,  
 As the creatures followed their urges innate.

At first they were silent in an odd sort of way  
But men do strange things after starving all day.  
From eatery to eatery they were greeted by no's  
Which is very unwise with men in the throes

Of agonized hunger without a glimmer of hope,  
Only a fool would ever elect to cope  
With the problems that faced the restaurants that day  
For famished people react in only one way.

Thousands of persons who were refused in each place,  
Were determined to eat tho' there was nary a trace  
Of a crust of bread or a potato french fried,  
"We've gotta get food", they ultimately cried.

People so ravenous will go to any length  
So they mobbed together in frightening strength,  
10,000 strong they stalked up the way,  
Screaming for food on that horrible day.

Animal instincts won out in the end,  
As huge missiles of rock they began to send,  
Crashing through glass with a tinkling sweet  
Within an hour they'd demolished the entire street.

The barbarians scurried for cover to wait  
The contest was near and they couldn't be late.  
But the carnage was not yet over that day  
For the contest was soon to get under way.

At seven exactly the loudspeakers crackled,  
A signal was given and the gates were unshackled.  
A roar arose that resembled a cheer  
As the perspiring fans went into gear.

They pushed and they shoved with a savagery fine,  
As they ran madly for seats on the 50 yard line.  
The positions were guarded by gun and by knife  
For attempts at theivery could mean a man's life.

With half an hour to go before contest time  
It was spent recalling action on the grass and the lime.  
"Remember when", was a phrase oft repeated  
As acquaintences were renewed and old friends were greeted.

Heads scanned the heavens for a look at the sky,  
Good. There was no sign of rain for the contest was nigh.  
Then, stadium lights flashed to banish the night  
All was in readiness for the spectacular sight.

The announcer came on and he welcomed the folks,  
Then reviewed the evenings lineup for those who took notes.  
He bspake of great corps from the north, south and east,  
Then blurted that old standby, "Last but not least".

As he extolled the virtues of the hometowns group supreme  
The Fabulous Cabbagetown Crusaders, known better as the  
Chlorophyll Machine.  
His tirade was greeted by plaudits in profusion  
And the first corps took the line amid the confusion.



Tradition and sentiment was the barrier that day.

But they hoped to combat it in the only way.

Their talents were honed, the execution the same.

Yes, the Puddinville Rebels were good at this game.

They strutted to the line amid silence supreme

And they assumed their position on that field of green.

Their bodies were taught with concentration and fear,

But determination was their ally and had been all year.

At the crack of the gun they swung into motion

Deftly maneouvering, they dissipated the notion

That they were an inferior unit as many believed

And the assumption was quashed by the applause they received.

During this time, the Cabbagetown Crusaders observed

But worried? Not a man! They still had their nerve.

One at a time, they coolly strode to the green.

Making plans for the trophies in the midst of the scene.

And their show they did execute near perfectly,

But the excitement was missing it was plain to see.

Their 13 minutes were done in arrogant stride.

And they repaired from the finish line to the other side

Where the corps were grouped for the ceremony of retreat.

A time to discover whom they had beat.

The corps were a line in the position of draw.

It was the grandest sight that you ever saw.

The rainbow itself was challenged that night.

For the array of uniforms was a spectacular sight.

They were in formation on the rear side line,

And moved 'cross the field one at a time.

Toward the stands they presented their best,

And the majors came forward to draw abreast.

The audience screamed savagely for the fine display

They'd had the pleasure of witnessing that day.

Then all was silent. For the results they did wait.

"With a score of 25 and in position number eight--

The Majestic Meadowlarks", the announcer intoned.

Causing a slight disturbance as Lark fans groaned.

"And in seventh place scoring 25.3

The Noxious Cadets with a point penalty",

Minor insults were hurled at the judges below,

But tempers remained calm though soon to grow.

A short silence -- and then, the speaker droned on,

"With a score of 38 and sixth position,

The Lavendar Knights of Pleasantville Flats".

"BOO" screamed a supporter and another yelled "DRATS".

The crowd had grown fidgety so long in their seats.

They were anxious to leave and yet not miss the treats

Of this musical encounter 'twixt drumbeat and brass,

So they perched in the stands and it came to pass.



The Noxious Cadets they were known by name,  
While drunken parties and fun was the reason they came.  
Reactions were sparse as they stomped thru their shew  
Their chances were slim as everyone knew.

After this insult to drum corps had crawled off the field  
The announcer returned and then he revealed,  
The merits of the next very hardworking group  
Known as The Imperial Falcons from West Chickencoop.

Their drill was quite fancy and the music divine  
Tho' a poor drum section tarnished their lustrous shine.  
But their skill had been proved all over the land  
As ovations rolled in from the top of the stand.

Next on were the Toad Stickers, a marvellous crew  
They were obvious after blood cause their buglers turned blue.  
The major was excellent in her gargantuan grace,  
And many fans confidently expected first place.

The Zilchman Patriots then took to the line  
Their performance was horrible but the gaurd was fine,  
They were females you see with skirts short as could be  
They planned to excite the judges and ensura victory.

But those steadfast stalwarts of metal and stone  
Didn't so much as peek at a single leg bone.  
Their only interests were bugles, flags and drums  
And this is the only way in which victory comes.

An American unit was the next on the turf  
Called the Majestic Meadowlarks for what it was worth  
They visibly reeked as they charged down the field  
Not an iota of talent were they about to yield.

Formed for only a year but coming along.  
Their show was rancid from first to last song,  
They cracked notes, slipped, slithered and fell  
And their show was undertime which is just as well.

For the Fabled Lavendar Knights came into the story  
Hoping to regain their past fame and glory.  
They were good but amateur as is often the case  
And experts forecast an embarassing last place.

Six corps had now competed for the spoils of war,  
And there remained in the background yet but two more.  
Both were considered great with recent victories at hand  
One was a favourite -- the other - a flash in the pan.

As chance would have it the former drew last  
They had everything going for them as in the past  
They smugly reviewed the victory ahead.  
Losing? Not one of them seemed to dread.

The upstarts hailed from the American Mid West  
Where competitive corps are considered the best.  
But their time in existance was relatively short  
Tho' they'd proved themselves superior in this musical sport.

"In fifth position and tallying 44.27

Sponsored by Marvin Zilch V.F.W. post no. 11.  
The Zilchman Patriots", and tho' they didn't win,  
Their spirits were lifted by the ovation brought in.

The tension visibly mounted as the audience wrung their hands

"In fourth position and scoring", a hush befell the stands,  
"59.2, The Toad Stickers, hailing from Slag Heap town".  
Screams of joy rent the air and echoed for miles around.

The silence that followed was greeted by roars

"COME ON YOU IDIOT, GIVE US THE SCORES".  
The mob chanted and screamed in a unison complete.  
Not a body remained ensconced in his seat.

Testily, the emcee began to reply

"HURRY UP YOU SWINE", was the tumultuous cry.  
Emotions were flaring as the mass became quiet,  
And the announcer continued to avoid certain riot.

"With 65 points and the third place prize",

A dramatic pause --- followed by sighs.  
"The Imperial Falcons", And silence was disrupted  
As cries of joy from massed throats erupted.

Ominously, the announcer continued to speak

And heartbeats fluttered for the space of a beat.  
"With 72 points and second place it would seem,  
The award goes to the Chlorophyll Machine".

Ten thousand heads were almost snapped from joint

As they failed to comprehend the speakers point.  
"IMPOSSIBLE", they howled in disbelief  
And the announcers pause was short and brief.

Amid the roars of maniacal dissent.

He rambled on till the crowd was spent  
Toward the microphones they lent an ear  
In order to verify their darkest fear.

With doubt and suspicion in his voice too

He dryly stated, "The winner, with 80.2",  
And again the air became thick with hate  
"WHY THOSE DIRTY SCUM, THEY BEAT 'EM BY EIGHT".

Between shouts of "LIES FOOLS, FIX and BOO'S"

He attempted to complete his shocking news.  
But the people were impervious to the booming voice,  
A new champion had been crowned against their choice.

As the Rebel major moved to claim his prize

He looked to the stands and fear filled his eyes.  
For the audience was swarming like water on hill  
With features insane and looks that could kill.

He withdrew a pace to review the scene.

For fans by the hundreds were charging the green.  
They all brandished clubs and pieces of seat.  
For they couldn't accept the Crusaders defeat.

Now the major was intelligent and a fine judge of men  
 And as he stared at the fans he could tell then,  
 They were much less than human in their horrible plight  
 So he resolved to spirit his corps from the site

He spun on his heel, and being fast on his feet  
 He signalled his corps to immediate retreat.  
 They broke ranks quickly and then hastily fled,  
 In wild eyed terror and stifling dread.

They raced through the parking lot as an organized team.  
 Some exit for the conquerors of the Chlorophyll Machine!  
 To the buses they tore and into the seats:  
 And the vehicles accelerated into the streets.

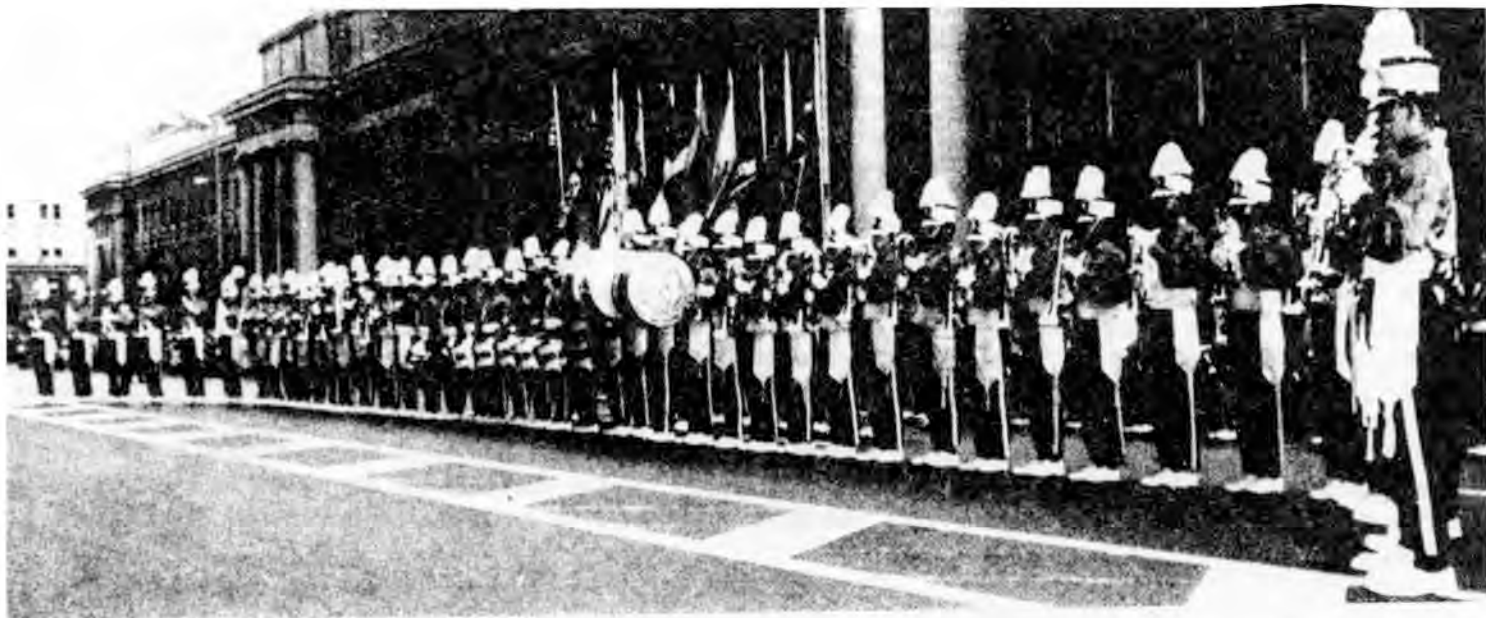
Alas, the tale does not end as some may suppose  
 For the violence that started took five days to close.  
 The creatures in human form it was evident by then  
 Had sunk somewhat lower than civilized men,

And they reduced that stadium to rubble and dust.  
 Destruction they felt was a necessary must.  
 Arson and murder was the order of the day  
 Justice and reason had gone by the way.

Three days of bloodshed had taken their toll.  
 When the military moved in to maintain contr ol  
 It was years before things were again quite the same  
 The "Musiacal Purge" it became known by name.

The strangest part of that times like a dream.  
 For the Cabbagetown Crusaders were never heard from nor seen  
 It certainly wasn't their fault as its plain to see,  
 They withered away from bad publicity.

The Puddinville Rebels went on to the top  
 Their victories are legend and have yet to stop  
 They don't speak of that day much any more.  
 It's embarrassing for winners being chased out the door!





# Canadian Scene



Colour Guards seem to be the thing this year in Canada. We have the Canadian Colour Guard Circuit, that is made up of Guards from Toronto and West, and we have the Central Canada Colour Guard Circuit, made up of Guards from Ottawa, Smith Falls, and the Province of Quebec. The Central Canada Circuit got off to a flying start and has held contests November 8th, November 22nd and December 6th. The top guard so far, is La Salle Cadets. They win just about everything. Best score, best M. and M. best GE and best Guard Captain.

Speaking of La Salle, they have started their corps paper again. Drum Corps On The March is now being printed like a small newspaper, and is very well done. To subscribe to this paper write to 373 Sussex Drive. Annual subscription is \$2.50.

The Guardsmen Jr. Drum and Bugle Corps of Windsor, Ontario, is having some trouble getting going. They started last year but are having problems both in recruiting and in getting capable instructors. They are working with a colour guard at the moment, and starting a recruiting campaign.

Midlanders are now producing a newsletter, called News in Brief. It certainly points up the necessity of communication, and makes it even more important that the C.D.C.A. rectify the error they made in closing down Canadian Comment. Despite the many rumors floating around, Midlanders are not going Junior A next year. They have applied for admission to the Associated Junior Corps though, as did Firefighters and Embruh. Midlanders sent several representatives to the Individuals in Lakeview, N.Y., November 29th. Best Contra Bass was won by Doug Roberts, and other members of their corps won Best Mellophone, Best Duet, Best Trio.

Kinsmen Girls are fielding a Colour Guard and are being instructed by Mr. Vern Johansson. At the moment they have virtually no corps. They had to discontinue for several months in the Fall, with sponsor problems and are having a tough time getting going again.

St. John's Girls from Brantford will be featuring mellophones this year and will be doing more shows in the U.S. this year. They have joined the New-York - Penn Circuit which should bring them more shows.

Mr. Fred Blazey, former President of the Ontario Drum Corps Association and Mr. Mel Cunningham former Vice-President of the Canadian Drum Corps Association, are forming a two-man committee to look into the reasons that so many drum corps fold. To my knowledge, this is the third time in the past six years that this type of enquiry has been carried out and nothing has been reported. Lets hope this time something constructive can be accomplished.

Rumor has it that there will be several bids for the Canadian Championships for this coming fall. Sites mentioned include Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Ottawa. It would seem that the Championships should return to the central part of Ontario. They have been held towards the Quebec-Ontario border for the past four years, but there has never been more than ten corps compete from Quebec and no less than twenty Corps from Ontario. Economics would dictate a return to the Toronto area.

As was reported here several months ago, the Diplomats, a Senior corps from Quebec will be back this coming year. They picked up a number of corpsmen from the defunct Metropolitans. Mets uniforms are advertised for sale, so thats the end of another promising corps. Thats it, for now.