

GCC

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THE WONDER OF IT ALL!



Singing The Corps Song (Reunion, 2003)

By Gord LeFevre

Have you ever wondered why a banana is curved? Neither have I. But I'm sure that you, like me are full of wonders about the Alumni Corps. For example:

I wonder when I will be able to execute our repertoire in ensemble from memory as well as I do in my garage by myself; I wonder when Lorne will stop losing his music stand; most importantly, I wonder how good we are and how good we are going to be. Some personal **observations from Sunday's performance at Bruce's Mill may shed some light on my latter** wonderment.

Firstly, I was stoked by the game-day jitters and atmosphere. What a jolt to the old synapses to be surrounded by and mingle with drum corps people, anticipating a live performance by two former rivals. This was an important event from many aspects but none more significant for me that it was my first public performance to **our potential.... Yet. What put our performance into** perspective was a conversation Vern had with a member of Scout House that he recounted to me. This person had asked Vern how long our Alumni Corps had been together and when Vern indicated 10 months, he **replied, "scary"**.

There's probably two ways to interpret this comment but I prefer the one that implies we have made significant progress despite a relatively small number of full-corps rehearsals and, like a good wine, we will only get better with time. Oddly enough, I felt a sense of accomplishment and pride by that comment and how good it is to be part of the Green Machine, again.

Secondly, it was a pleasure to warm up both individually and in ensemble and to run through our repertoire a few times before **curtain call. It's sessions like these that hone the execution** and ensemble. I believe this is the best the drum line has sounded since I joined the Alumni Corps and while we are not the world-beaters currently, I am excited and motivated by the level of excellence this group of drummers can and will achieve.

It's funny how I kept wondering when Ron Kaiser would appear. Maybe another day. As I was drive to Bruce's Mill, I was wondering whom I would run into (Ron included) at the Reunion. I recognized many former members but had the opportunity to speak with only a few of them, unfortunately. It was nice to speak with Mark Wicken, Vic Krukliis, Colin Hedworth, Dave Johns, Mike Thys and Doug MacKenzie. Speaking of Doug MacKenzie, I must relate a story to you. After the rain prematurely ended the Reunion, there were still a few diehards scattered amongst three tables under a couple of trees and a veranda roof who were happily quaffing the Jolly-Dispeller-Of-Cares and thoroughly enjoying the moment. I was darting between two tables located under different trees to maintain the beer supply but eventually I landed at a table where Doug MacKenzie was ensconced. Amid the group at this table, regaling each other with wonderful stories of days gone by, Doug casually asked Ron Chong if he could borrow his horn. Doug then proceeded to play his solo from the Party's Over and I admit unashamedly, it was so beautiful that it brought tears to my eyes. Naturally, we all asked him how long he had been practicing and he said he hadn't touched his horn since he hung it up many, many years ago. Whadup with that? His wife vouched for him on this too. While I believe Doug, I can't help but wonder if he wasn't practicing on someone else's horn.

On my way home from our Reunion, I was thinking about the GAS Reunion and that is was too far away to worry too much about it now but then it hit me that at our current pace of one rehearsal per month, it really is only 7 short, full-corps rehearsals away, 6 if you eliminate December or less if you miss some. What I'm trying to say is there isn't much time to raise our level of performance as you may think so it is important to keep focused and practicing to make the most of our rehearsals.

I wonder how good we will be.



All Photos by: Dave Johns

FROM UNDER THE LID

By Marcel Smolinski



“I’m pretty sure it doesn’t get any better than this.”

That’s how I ended my last column. I was wrong again (I don’t think these ‘seniors’ moments agree with me. It seems that it is entirely possible for it to bet better. We proved it! Our 45th Reunion Picnic was all of the positives from my first effort (note to Editor: if you make comments about my first effort, you’re treading on thin ice, Buster!) and a whole lot more. Sure, there were some warts on the Beast but the sum exceeded the parts by a mile.

Andy and the Corps Song, lining up, Vern’s ‘Atten Hut’, the cheers of the crowd, maybe a tear or two.

Large kudos to Henry Beben and his committee for their huge effort to pull this together. I know that there were some glitches and near murders involved but the end result was cool. Henry, et al, have kept faith for decades now and not only deserve our gratitude but I think we should all consider helping out on future endeavors. The paraphrase: “never in the field of Optimists fun, was so much owed by so many to so few.”

It was a pleasure to have our special guests, The Preston Scout Alumni Band, perform for the assembled masses. Pretty spiffy guys! I think the best quote of the day came from one of their members who approached Vern and enquired as to how long we’d been going. Vern replied, “11 months” and the guy said, “Scary”. Scout house, you’ve set the bar high for us again. We’ll see you at G.A.S.

Surprise, surprise! Hall of Fame inductions for the Alumni Corps’ FAB FOUR. Our congratulations and thanks go out to Mhairi Cumming, Ric Brown, George Wright and Vern Johansson. Without their dreams, vision and hard work, we would not have had the privilege of being the Toronto Optimists again, or for the first time. (Thanks are also flowing in from the many Watering Holes that were frequented by this foursome under the guise of “Alumni Meetings”. I know you will display Rob Judd’s beautiful plaques with pride and now family and friends can actually see you perform as Canadian Drum Corps Legends. This surprise was organized as a sneak attack because of the four people involved are also the committee that selects entrants to the Hall and Frick and Frack, Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum never would have gotten around to nominating themselves. Somebody had to do it.....GRIN!

Family, friends, good food and drink (Hey Joe, I guess homemade wine was actually on the list of acceptable beverages. If not, you and your late-staying buddies were very naughty boys!). It was particularly great to have our kids take part in this event and to even have some grandchildren there as well. Seems some friends from Mighty St. Joe’s Alumni Corps were in attendance and photos of our performance were posted on DeLaSalle’s website the following week. Cool!

Oh yeh, the warts. We are now 6 months away from our performance in front of real live Drum Corps people. We will share the stage at St. Joe’s Classic (see article this issue) and the G.A.S. Show in Hamilton with the cream of both Alumni Drum Corps’ and DCA Senior Corps in attendance. In this short period of time we will have to commit ourselves to improving even more than we did over the first 11 months. People are coming to see “The Optimists”. You know the drill. See you at Section Rehearsal.

Dobra Noe

P.S. Ivor Bramley doesn’t look anywhere near as scary now! I think I could take him.

DRUMLINE SHAKE'N ALL OVER

By: Ray Roussel



Whole Lot of Drumming Going On Saturday, November 15th, 2003 Hamilton Firefighters Hall, Hamilton, Ontario

More than 40 drummers from Canada and the US and nearly 30 spectators turned out for the 8th Annual C.A.D.R.E. "SHAKE" this past November 15th. C.A.D.R.E., in case you didn't know stands for "Canadian Associates-Drumming Rudimental Excellence" and there was plenty of drumming and thundering on until just after five p.m. Reports are that the festivities and percussion talk went on well into the night.

The day began with a massed percussion ensemble performing a series of rudiments and exercises. Featured in the last half was a remarkable array of individual and group performances by the likes of Dr. John Pratt, Paul Mosely, Doug Kleinhans and our own Optimists Alumni percussion line. From the warm rumble of traditional rope drums to the urgent crispness of modern snares the talent and technique on display clearly demonstrated that rudimental excellence, in the hands of these practitioners, is an art form, albeit an extraordinarily loud one, of the highest order.

The Optimist Alumni drum line was honoured to perform at the CADRE Shake. This is an association of drummers from all genres of drumming. They play the good old-fashioned way, you know, back before drum corps had guys playing Gourds and Chinese Temple blocks, etc. Their get-togethers are called SHAKES (don't ask). Drum Corps players make up the largest portion of membership in CADRE and in drumming circles, it is very prestigious to be asked to perform at a Shake.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO PAINT IT

By: Bob Cook

As you all have seen over many months, the drum line has been carrying a mishmash of different makes of drums, various colours and in various states of disrepair. Of late, the drum line has been fortunate (thanks to Mhairi) to have received a complete set of Yamaha "SFZ" (don't ask) drums. We now have a matched set of 8 snares, 4 quints and 5 bass drums. Though these drums are indeed an answer to our prayers, they are the wrong colour. This brought about a need to have them repainted. The Corps Executive has approved the cost for this and after discussions, the drum staff decided to strip the hardware on the quints and basses. The hardware on the quints and basses was originally chrome. The previous owners had painted the trim gold with black shells. Our colours are green and black so it was decided to strip the quint and bass hardware back to the original chrome and have the shells repainted in a gloss black urethane.

The next problem was the snares. The snares, for the sake of weight saving, have no chrome parts. The rims are cast aluminum; the tension rods are made of plastic. The shell is made of the same wood as the quints and basses. The shells for the snares will also be painted with a gloss black urethane. The floating rim assembly, top and bottom, will be powder coated in a green. This will give the drums more of a unique, custom look and reflect the corps colours.

This is a major undertaking both in man hours and labour to dismantle these drums and to paint this many instruments of different sizes. We were fortunate to find a company that does this type of work on a production line basis. This company is called P.B. Painting, located in Scarborough. The owner, Robin Brettschneider came very highly recommended for his company's expertise and professionalism. This company has for instance powder coated every traffic light in the province of Ontario. Ever seen, metal office furniture, filing cabinets in different colours with a flawless factory finish? Chances are they were painted by P.B. Painting.

It will take approximately 5 to 7 days to paint the complete set of Yamahas. The drums will be dismantled after our October rehearsal, shipped to P.B. Painting and be ready for our appearance at the November 15th CADRE S Shake (don't ask) in Hamilton. (see photos in CADRE article).

ST. JOE'S SPRING CLASSIC IS A GREAT SHOW AND WE'RE INVITED

As a result of our performance at the picnic, I received a phone call from Bob (Sully) Sullivan who said he received high praise concerning our Corps. He then invited us to play at the St. Joe's Spring Classic in Rochester next April 24. This will be a terrific warm-up to our G.A.S. performance the following weekend. I've been to this show and it is a classy event featuring a great mixture of current Alumni Corps and DCA competitive corps including Empire Statesmen, Syracuse Brigadiers and Rochester Crusaders. In short, we will be in front of a serious drum corps audience. I am very proud to be invited to this show because St. Joe's made the first donation of horns to help get the Optimists Alumni up and rolling. I'll have more details for the next GCC.

YESTERDAY'S PICNIC, TOMORROW'S FEAST

By: Vern Johansson

Last September, I had the pleasure of performing a one-man show based on the works of Mark Twain. Selecting two hours of Twain material, memorizing it and performing it in front of an audience was the hardest work I've done since trying to catch DeLaSalle in '69.

I did this because of the challenge it represented. The rehearsal schedule was grueling and I fumbled around a lot trying to learn how to act on stage---something I'd never done before.

If I hadn't been in the Toronto Optimists I never would have been able to achieve this. You see, the Optimists taught me all about preparation---doing the work necessary to reach great heights.

By the time I got to the stage, I was confident of the result. Before I uttered one word, I knew that I had this damn thing ached. I was proud of the effort.

At the Picnic, I spent a fair bit of time in the room with that amazing collection of old Corps photos and one thing came through in each and every picture I reviewed: Pride. Every member of the corps radiated it. Every single person looked completely prepared. Back then; some people mistook this for arrogance. Hell, most of us couldn't even spell "arrogance" back then. But we could all spell 'pride'.

Any accomplishment requires effort. There simply is no other way.

As a group, we have marched over many hurdles in the past year and we should take pride in what we've achieved. And now it's time to take PRIDE in is what to come. Our two most important performances are 6 months away and I know that it's 35 years up the road and we no longer burn with the same juices we had in our youth, but I also know this: The effort we make in the next six months will be the difference between "Hey, the Optimists weren't bad" and "HOLY SHIT, DID YOU SEE THE OPTIMISTS!!!"

So here's what I'm going to do over the next six months. I'm going to make sure the Corps has the military bearing we were know for. I'm going to keep at you to memorize the music. I'm going to show up at every rehearsal fully prepared. I'm going to attend as many sectional rehearsals as I possibly can so I can hear all the parts I have to conduct and learn the subtleties. I'm going to rehearse in front of a mirror at home while listening to tapes. I'm going to devote every spare moment I have for the next six months, thinking about and acting on every little thing I can think of to make our performance absolutely magic. I'm going to pay all my dues on time---a note about this---do you know that there are actually still people in this Corps that haven't yet paid the original \$50 fee? Did you know that a great many people have not paid the \$35 picnic fee? If you haven't paid the feels because you've forgotten (and Lord knows, memory is a failing faculty these days) then now's the time to remember. If you haven't paid because of economic hardship, please, please, talk to me. We can work it out. It is not our objective to make it hard on anyone to belong. But, if you haven't paid simply because you don't think you should have to, then I suggest you rethink your reasons for being here. Optimists are honourable and your behaviour is dishonourable and shabby. Enough about that.

In conclusion, I am going to do everything in my power, over the next six months, to make up the glittering jewel we once were. How about you? When we get up on that stage in Rochester and Hamilton, we should be proud and confident that we've done everything possible to earn the announcer's introduction: "Presenting the Canadian Junior A champions, 1958, 59, 60 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 72, 77...From Toronto, The Optimists".

Six months, folks. That's all we have. Let's make sure it's all we need.

UPCOMING REHEARSALS:

DECEMBER

SUNDAY, DEC 14 – 12 NOON TO 4 P.M. (PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF TIME WHICH WILL ALLOW US TO HAVE A BIT OF SEASONAL CHEER FROM 4-6 PM.)

JANUARY:	THURSDAY,	JAN 15 – 7 P.M.
	SUNDAY,	JAN 25 – 1 P.M.
FEBRUARY	THURSDAY	FEB 19 – 7 P.M.
	SUNDAY	FEB 29 – 1 P.M.
MARCH:	THURSDAY	MAR 18 – 7 P.M.
	SUNDAY	MAR 28 - 1 P.M.

The following article ran in the Chicago Tribune. It was sent to me by Bob Keenan. It seems to mirror our own experiences during the same time-frame. I enjoyed it very much and hope you do too.

MARCHING DOWN MEMORY LANE

THE ROYAL AIRS REUNITE TO HONOR A CHARISMATIC LEADER AND RELIVE THEIR GLORY DAYS.

Eddie Honda felt his breathing quicken and tears come to his eyes as he walked through the Ridgewood High School parking lot one recent Sunday and heard the familiar strains of the Chicago Royal Airs Drum Corps. The sound took the 52-year-old Honda back more than 30 years to his Near Northwest Side neighborhood of poor Italian, Polish, Irish and Jewish Families and a charismatic man named Sie Lurye, who somehow believed he could make a big difference in kids' lives by teaching them how to blow horns, beat drums, wave flags and twirl rifles.

Honda, now an engineer who lives with his family in Lincoln Park, was among the last of the old members to find out about a recent reunion and a revival of the corps, and he showed up to watch. It has been 35 years since the Royal Airs disbanded, but Honda still hears the music "just pop into my heart" at work.

Drum and bugle corps had their heyday in the postwar years of the 1950s and early '60s, when 700 junior teams competed in the U.S., a dozen of them in and around Chicago. Eventually, financial support from the American Legion and other veterans groups waned, and only 70 teams remain active nationwide. Though Sie (short for Simon) Lurye formed the Royal Airs in 1958 mainly to get kids off the streets and away from trouble; he also was determined to make them the best junior drum corps in Chicago and one of the best in the nation.

Despite having no musical know-how—his recreational background was boxing—the WWII Army Air Force vet found talented teachers to turn the kids into musicians, convincing the nationally known Truman Crawford to lend his talents as an arranger of marches, concocting schemes to pay for all of it, and spending the rest of his time being a father figure to the legions of kids from Humboldt Park—and later from Old Town and even some suburbs—who joined the Royal Airs.

Lurye, who owned a number of parking lots in the Loop and served as a Precinct captain in the 1st Ward, had a personality even stronger than his political connection to Mayor Richard J. Daley. The Royal Airs alumni describe him as Machiavellian, domineering, combustible—and caring.

Bob Doran, 56 of McHenry, sums up Lurye's leadership style with a story: "One day during brass rehearsal...and still during my first month as a Royal air, Sie called me aside and said: 'Bob, you are the new horn sergeant.' My reply was a huge mistake. I said: 'Sie, I am the new guy....There are others who have been here longer who deserve it more. So, no thanks' Sie looked at me sternly and said, as he cracked me firmly but affectionately across my face, 'I didn't ask you; I told you. You are the oldest kid and young ones really respect you. Yer duh sergeant' Then he hugged me and cried."

"He could make your palms sweat," says another Royal Air, Serge Uccetta, 57, of Inverness. "But he loved you."

Doran came to the Royal Airs after marching in the McHenry Viscounts Drum Corps where, he says; the staff "loved the kids but had no desire to grow toward a championship." Lurye, on the other hand, demanded that his corps be a winner. "When I visited my first Royal Air rehearsal to decide if I would join, I reeled at the pure electricity that filled the building," Doran remembers. Under Lurye, the Royal Airs won dozens of drum corps competitions, many at the national level, played for two U.S. presidents (Kennedy and Johnson) and established their place as one of the greatest team in an era that was the highpoint of the drum-corps movement.

Along the way, Lurye put some 800 boys and girls through an experience that many of them credit with saving them from the troubles that befell other kids in the neighborhood. "Three of the kids I hung around with would, before they were 18 years old, murder a man for his money so that they could buy 'goofballs,' the drug of that day," says Royal Airs member Chris Ferrara. "Another would be found dead on the steps of the police station of an overdose."

Almost all of the Royal Airs eventually left Humboldt Park and went on to successful careers—their numbers include a doctor, an airline pilot, a vet, playwright and banker—but many of them still consider their marching days as a peak experience.

"Being a part of the Royal Airs has truly been the best part of my life," says 46-year-old Barbara Stoffel, a banking executive in McHenry III. who is part of the reunited group. "I've had broken and jammed fingers, sore neck and shoulder...Was it worth it? Absolutely!"

Eventually, Lurye's ambition for the Royal Airs outstripped his ability to generate funding for their tours. He sold all his parking lots to pay for the team buses, occasional charter airplanes and many other expenses the kids and their parents couldn't afford. The group gave its last performance in 1968, and Lurye retired to Phoenix two years later, nearly penniless and somewhat heartbroken. He died in 1987 at 72.

Last year he was chosen to be inducted posthumously into the Drum Corps International Hall of Fame. Several of the old Royal Airs approached his daughter, Jackie Lurye Borrelli, to suggest an alumni corps be organized to play at the ceremony. She remembers laughing. "What do you think you'll be able to do?" she asked. A group got together, rehearsed for a day, then played for Borrelli. She couldn't believe how good they sounded. "All I could do was cry," she says.

Since their first reunion two summers ago, these boys and girls—all now in their 50s and 60s and spread out over 12 states and Canada—have been touring the country together as they did during the 1960's. They pay their own way to places like Scranton, PA. and Milwaukee and practice an average of four days a week during the season. They wear exact reproductions of the white and blue uniforms they wore all those decades ago, and they perform their precision routines for roaring crowds of nostalgic baby boomers.

At the end of a recent long day of practice and performance the 150-odd Corps members crowded into a nearby pub, leaving regular customers gaping at the strange middle-aged love fest. "We're big huggers," says Carm LoGalbo, an original Royal Air and now vice president of marketing for the 2003 group. "We're big kissers too."

The Royal Airs are not in great shape physically, even considering that their average age is around 55. Mary Ann Huseh, the busy "corps nurse," says 45 of the current Royal Airs have diabetes, several have cardiac stents and one has an artificial leg. Once, when the corps marched off the field during a rehearsal, one baritone bugle player was left behind—passed out on his back in the grass. (He was quickly revived and performed that evening.)

But many of the members relate the reunion experience with miraculous drops in blood pressure, increases in vitality and wholesale changes in personality. Robert Reyes, a 48-year-old electrical foreman for the City of Chicago, was embarrassed when he showed up at the reunion weighting 487 lbs. He wanted desperately to play his horn, but couldn't fit into a uniform. So he underwent gastro-bypass surgery and he's now down to 235 pounds and ready to play next year.

If there is a next year. As in 1968, willing marchers aren't enough to keep a corps together. Leadership and money are two other necessary ingredients. All the travel has taken a financial toll on many of the members; some have maxed out their credit cards and dipped into their families' savings. Marketing chief LoGalbo is trying to find a corporate sponsor, but the prospects are not bright. Moreover, musical director John Zimny hints he may not be back next year if corps leaders don't make a commitment to improve musically. It's not that they're still competing; they typically march as an exhibition at the end of modern competitions. And they perform at a remarkably high level considering their age and rehearsal time. But, like Truman Crawford before him, Zimny wants to do what the Royal Airs have always done: strive for perfection.

If they manage to stay together, the group hopes to perform at a prominent venue in Chicago next year, setting their sights on playing at halftime at a Bears game in Soldier Field, as they did 40 years ago at Wrigley Field. Meanwhile, LoGalbo is lobbying the city's Cultural Affairs Department for financial support and other venue possibilities.

Beyond that, the reunited members would like to find a way to use the Royal Airs to help give today's kids the sense of discipline, teamwork and drive that Sie Lurye gave hundreds of kids in Humboldt Park. If all that sounds too ambitious for a group of middle-aged Chicagoans, it's because you don't know who the corps director is.

Jackie Lurye Borelli now runs the Royal Airs with a rough approximation of her father's mushy heart and iron will.

"We dislike the word, 'No,' she says with a wink



LOVE THOSE BOOS

By: Gord Lefevre



I aged out of the Optimists kicking and screaming in September 1967, a memorable year to be sure. Canada had celebrated its 100th birthday and the Optimists had captured their 10th national championship in a row. A decade of Optimism, to purloin a line from Vern.

I certainly wanted my last performance to be my best ever and to go out a winner but oddly enough, I found it very difficult to focus and to prepare myself mentally and emotionally for our turn at bat. In fact, as I stood on the starting line in Ottawa on that fateful Saturday night in September, I was unusually distracted and apprehensive. The apprehension, I'm sure, was due to the fact that the LaSalle Cadets, a wonderfully exciting corps who had been snapping at our heels, had tomahawked up in Prelims. The source of my distraction was proving to be more difficult to pinpoint but I knew something wasn't quite right. My wife would attribute this intuitive emotion to paranoia. She believes I think the quarterback is talking about me when he calls a huddle. It's important to understand however, that just because you're paranoid, it doesn't mean that they're not out to get you.

Still, I was unable to shake the thought that something was amiss. The pre-show ambient noises weren't the same. The hostility in the air was palpable. That something-doesn't-feel-right awareness kept gnawing away at me until we were introduced as the Toronto Optimists. The boos that rained down from the stands shocked and stunned me momentarily. I remember thinking what's going on here, what we did we do to deserve this. Then it hit me! We were the Hogtown Boys, perennial champions about to do battle with the favoured sons in their own backyard.

Co-incidental with the catcalls, I noticed the demeanor, attitude and focus of the corps changed dramatically. An amazing transition was occurring before my astonished eyes. I could hear it in the exhortations and expletives bellowing forth from the line. Then, as one and on a command from Vern, we yelled back, at the top of our collective voice, shouting out, "TAKE TEN!"

I felt the line straighten and tighten into a galvanized unit in anticipation of the command to mark time. As the on-field drum judge came into my consciousness, I knew that he knew something extraordinary was about to occur but I was concerned that maybe we were becoming too hyped by the caterwauling and consequently might lose our composure and control and blow the show.

I shouldn't have wasted a nanosecond of electric impulses on that thought. From the opening bards of Born Free, the drum line snapped, crackled and popped like a bowl of Rice Krispies and the horn line sound full, rich, clean and authoritative. We were in The Zone. I define The Zone as the Zen-like space into which you are able to elevate yourself occasionally that enables you to perform effortlessly at the highest possible level without really knowing you were there until it's all over.

If I ever had any doubts about our performance during the show or about capturing our 10th championship and going out on a positive note, they were erased from my mind like an editor hitting the delete key as we were approaching the finish line to the strains of More. There was Jack Roberts waiting for us with a grin as wide and resplendent as the grill on a 1960 Caddy.

I knew another championship was in the bag, thanks in part to those lovely boos.

THIS CHRISTMAS, GIVE HER A SET OF PEARLS

Supreme Mellophonist and Corps heart expert, Bob Burman has a set of Pearl Drums for sale. Makes a unique, if not sensible gift. Drummers take note: she'll love them, honest. For details, see Bob and be prepared to do a little bartering.

THE TRAVELLER RETURNS

By: Ivor (Gillian) Bramley



Ivory Bramley (far left) at the Reunion Picnic

**The Traveller returns---
By train? Or did he swim,
Or row a skiff?
Sure didn't need the plane.
Perhaps the 60's crew, en masse,
Had stood in lines---and sighed.
So on that gust---that happy gust,
He'd wafted ocean wide?
A magic rug of memories,
All emerald, greeny hued
Had carried him back home again,
With cherished times imbued.
He'd laughed and, and sighed,
All but cried:
Been hugged by many a bear
Who through those years,
Long corps-less years,
Had never ceased to care.
For Green Machine, Once part thereof
Exerts a powerful pull.
Much polishing of times long past,
Much happy, harmless bull!**

