



The DCAT Purr-spective

The Newsletter of Drum Corps Alumni Toronto • June 2002

DCAT is an organization dedicated to the preservation and joy of Drum & Bugle Corps camaraderie, bringing together past members, relatives, friends and associates in a social environment for the purpose of companionship and musical activities.

Visit our web site at www.dcatchorus.ca

Our lease with the Royal Canadian Curling Club expires at the end of June. We were informed that our lease would not be renewed because they (RCC) had accepted a proposal from a group to gut and renovate the area to accommodate a daycare facility. The executive had prior knowledge of this possibility and set the housing committee to work searching for a new home. I am pleased to announce that the committee did an amazing job in a short period of time and presented the executive with a three possibilities. It was decided the one that best suited our needs is the Estonian House. It is located at 958 Broadview Avenue, north of the Danforth, just south of Pottery Road on the west side of the street. Parking is not an issue as the centre has a 90 car parking lot. For those who meet to eat before rehearsal we will try "Whistlers" on the corner of Pottery Road and Broadview. Our first rehearsal there will be on Wednesday, July 3rd. Congratulations to the Housing Committee headed by Bruce Brackett on a fine job.

Upcoming Events

The DCAT Chorus will perform a lobby show and a stage performance at Roy Thomson Hall in August. These will not be on the same day. The lobby show will be on Wednesday, August 21st. The stage performance date has not been set.

Sober Reflections on GAS 2002 • May 3, 4 & 5 - Hagerstown MD

The travelling roadshow known as the DCAT Chorus gathered in the parking lot at Xerox Corp. Everyone arrived on time for the 6 a.m. bus departure. We missed Tony, Gary and Rick who had to cancel at the last minute. A final head count and we were on our way. There were two marathon cut-throat euchre games that started up before the bus was out of the parking lot.

An hour or so into the trip Ann White realized that she had left her purse containing her money and identification in her car parked at Xerox (*the first "oops"*). Ordy to the rescue! He got on his cell phone and got hold of Doug Johns who was driving down later in the day. He explained Ann's dilemma and Doug said he would arrange with CAA to break into the car so that he could get the purse. Ordy then had to phone Xerox and have security alerted that someone would appear to be breaking into a car but they were not. Arriving at Ann's car Doug found no need

to call CAA... the car was not locked (*the second "oops"*). He phoned Ordy to say he had the purse. Ordy told Ann that there was good news and bad news. The good news: Doug had been able to get her purse. The bad news: Doug was spending the weekend in jail for breaking into her auto. She bought it for an instant then laughed. Ann owes Doug Johns big time (*the third "oops"*). Ann got across the border using a piece of Barb Jennings I.D. Barb was at the front of the bus and Ann went to the back hoping the customs guy wouldn't notice the shared identity.

The bus stopped in Niagara to pick up the "the queen" and her hubby (Gillian and Pat Maloney). We stopped again at duty free and picked up twenty-six cases of beer for the hospitality area and people picked up their own personal poisons.

I thought John Fox was quiet on the bus so I asked if he was feeling okay. He said he was saving himself and I said it was a little late for that.

Once again *Ted* got bounced from the euchre game but won the "booby prize". We were asked by the bus driver "not to overload the washroom". How many people does he think we would try to get in there at once? But that wasn't what he meant.

Ten and a half hours and four riveting movies later we arrived at our hotel in Hagerstown MD. A sunny and warm day greeted us, a nice change from the rain and cold we left behind in Toronto.

We were welcomed by some of our members who had already arrived including Don and Marg Gill who looked disgustingly tanned and healthy having driven up from their vacation in Florida.

We piled the 26 cases of beer on a dolly and it blew a tire and leaned seriously to the left, although we wobbled safely to our destination. With the absence of a hospitality suite Dave Wood (*my roomie*) and I volunteered to store the twenty-six cases of beer in our room.

The hotel layout was very confusing, Woody and I were fortunate to get a room just down the hall from the registration desk. *Noting my room number and other vital information on my "Palm Pilot" I was ready for the weekend.* Oh, I better check... opening my garment bag I was relieved to find that my uniform had also made the trip.

My uncanny sense of direction rubbed off on Dave Wood. On Friday morning we decided that we would have breakfast at the hotel restaurant. Locating the restaurant was a challenge, we were all over the map. Ah ha! finally, down the stairs go to the right and...the place was dark. We could smell the bacon but could not get to it. Okay, plan B, there must be a place to eat in the area around the hotel. We walked and walked, north, south, east and west (that's how I got the blister), nothing. We went back to the hotel, we ask John & Dolly if there was a place serving breakfast in the hotel. Yes, they said it's at the far end of the hotel blah, blah. Off we go (we're really hungry and a little, no, a lot cranky at this point). We found the stairs down again and Dave and Ellie were coming up with 'takeout', yes the restaurant is downstairs to the right. We fall over each other getting downstairs, turn right at the bottom of the stairs and the damn place is still dark. We could still smell the bacon. This was really getting spooky, we knew there were people down here having breakfast somewhere. We saw food being taken out, where the hell was it? Woody tried the door to the darkened restaurant and it was open, we crept in hoping we'd find an old bun or something that we could share. There was a door beside the cash register. Voila! there was the dining room with people having breakfast (some were hav-

ing lunch by this time). Duh!!!!

The GAS registration and main gathering area was a lovely outdoor like setting around an indoor pool. It was a great place to meet and socialize.

I didn't get to the Barracuda Lounge on Thursday night but I certainly heard about it. Some people can dance, some shouldn't (especially disco); some people can drink, some shouldn't. I, on the other hand, felt an obligation to stand guard over the beer stash in our room.

We had a lot of visitors to our room over the weekend. Two that I recall were Gord Broadbridge and Stan Babiarz. They had been to the bar and had a few "super sized" bar shots. Stanley sat staring mostly at the floor nodding his head as if answering unheard questions. He said he had to use the bathroom, he got up, we heard the door close and never saw him again. We figure he mistook the hall door for the bathroom door and ended up who knows where. I was told afterward that some of our ladies found him wandering the halls sans key. They took him to the front desk to get a key to get him into his room. The desk said that they couldn't for some reason. So they said they would just leave him to mess up the lobby. Voila, a key. *So the story goes.*

Ted Key had all kinds of lists; a list of pills to take, a list of rehearsal times and a list of what to pack for the trip, the last item on the what to take list was "take me". He also had a list of what combination of clothes to wear each day. Thursday..., Friday..., Saturday..., when it got to Sunday it said - Sunday, (see Thursday) ewww! *I'm not making this up, I saw the list.*

Before the Friday evening performances began DCAT sang the American Anthem and Bon Bons sang the Canadian Anthem. Following that there was the reading of the list of fallen comrades with photos being shown on a large screen. DCAT combined with Bon Bons to sing the Lord's Prayer. It was very emotional and very hard to sing with a lump in your throat.

The DCAT Chorus put on a dynamite performance if I do say so myself. The performance was titled "Tribute". From the emotional opening of "America the Beautiful" to the finale "Star and Stripes Forever" culminating with the planting of the flag on "Iwo Jima" it was a rousing and stirring performance. The performance was designed to get cheers and tears and a some points it got both at the same time.

The Queen's visit was priceless (a splendid performance by Gillian Maloney as the queen with script provided by Gord Irvine (R.C.M.P guard). The audience was in stitches. After the performance we

wrapped up with a group sing "We'll meet Again".

What a hellava great time we had after the Friday night performance. We had a good old fashioned sing along with Tom Hamilton at the centre of it all.

On Saturday at the Individuals there was the usual cast of characters and groups. Plus, we were treated to a performance by Riley Raiders, excellent. I spent a lot of time backpacking beer from our room to the hall.

Saturday night, Princemen had a very sombre opening to their performance with images of "9-11" displayed on a large screen...we will not forget.

Rip and the girls (*Bon Bons*) were enjoyable as always.

The party after the banquet was so-o-o much fun. (*how much fun was it?*) I can't recall ever having laughed so much, my stomach was sore, my face was sore. Marg was trying to gather enough helium-filled balloons to make her fly. She gave up and tied them to a chair beside her. Ordy went under the table and raised the chair to make it look like the balloon thing was working...it freaked her out. Teresa had balloons stuffed everywhere and was leading a conga line very

close to the edge of the pool, nobody went in. Ellie was doing her special version of "You Made Me Love You". The hairiest back contest open to men only was won by Pat Maloney. On it went into the wee hours of the morning.

Boarding the bus for the ride home I noticed a lump under a blanket on one of the seats, it was Wyatt who had not been to bed and was in for a very long day. The euchre game picked up where it left off, *with Ted on the sidelines*. It was a quiet bus ride home, the two hour lunch stop at the Amish Emporium and Food Place was a bit much. There was a lo-o-o-ong line up to get in. The restaurant seated 500 people and it was the after church place to go on a Sunday for the locals.

We arrived back at Xerox unpacked the bus, hugs and kisses goodbye. Another GAS Reunion is history.

There are some G.A.S. pictures on our website www.dcatchorus.ca

Here's the write up from the Email Female. She must have partied too hard, apparently all she can remember is day one.

We arrived at Xerox where Ordy had arranged for parking and bus departure after a brief stop at Tim Horton's. It was a very rainy morning, everyone moved quickly to put their luggage on board without getting too wet. The bus left at 6:05 a.m. minus Tony, Gary and Rick. We were all sad that they had to cancel at the last minute. The euchre game started promptly and the first beer popped shortly after thereafter - we can always count on Parkey. Wyatt decided to have a cram course on music lyrics. Drew joined in and tenor voices were heard; Cookie snoozing already and Dave Wood not far behind.

We stopped in Niagara to pick up Gillian and Pat at White Oaks at 7:15 a.m. - cheerful faces but slightly damp. At about this time Ann White realized she did not have her purse, it was left in her car back at Xerox, hence no I.D. and the border was 1/2 hour away. Panic set in, what to do? We assured Ann that we would completely disown her at the border and say she was a vagrant we picked up on the highway. Swampy said it was a good idea she had removed her burka. Ann moved to the back of the bus with Barb Jennings driver's licence and pretended to play cards. The customs guy went from front to back checking everyones I.D. but not too closely as Ann passed for Barb.

As the trip progressed the card games became more intense with great bouts of laughter interspersed with deep concentration. The liquid flowed. A full blown tenor rehearsal was now in progress. John Moffatt brought an excellent Red Skelton video. For pre lunch Elli's Deli made the rounds followed by Veggies by Ann and sweets by Ann #2. After the official lunch stop the excitement of the impending weekend seemed to kick in - more frivolity, more liquid, much bawdy humour, music of the 50's & 60's. Ted out of the card game, Beat Again. Arrived at 5:00 p.m.

Hagerstown is in a beautiful valley with all trees and flowers in bloom. Real eye candy coming from tundra. Met by Rip Burnett and Don Gill, smiling familiar faces. Some are lucky enough to get rooms overlooking the beautiful garden and indoor pool. Dinner in the Tortuga Room was a more pleasant experience for some than others (long waits) but the food was evidently excellent. Some ventured elsewhere for a steakhouse or Chinese buffet. Party Time, the Barracuda Lounge - large, large sound system - disco - yikes but it did get our regulars up, Teresa, Agnes, Claire, Ann, Marilyn and Parkey (wow can he gyrate). Bar service was slow and no white wine, what is it

with Americans and Zinfandel and generally bad bar wine. Donna Summers music turned off at the request of Teresa. The floor now full - Radar appears with some sweet young thing - a bachelorette party in progress in the club - the bride was definitely not doing the minuet. Jim B. in the far corner observing the goings on. Ted wandered around with a drink in one hand and paper in the other with times of rehearsal for Friday. Ellie got Ted up dancing - they did some very strange tango steps across the floor and other unknown moves. Many had sore feet, hips and backs the next morning but what a great start to the weekend. Who says oldies can't party?

A Humorous Look at Winter in Bobcaygeon Ann Watson

The expression (I'm paraphrasing) 'be careful what you wish for - it may happen', is one that has certainly rung loud and clear for Joe and me this past winter. We all at one time or another have thought, I wish I didn't have to go to chorus practice, it seems like too much of an effort. Come on now folks, be honest! It would be much easier to stay home, be inside where it is warm, not have to think about sitting on the DVP or the Gardiner or wondering if the "chance of a few flurries" will become a major blizzard by 10:00 pm.

Well fellow choristers we are here to state that you are fortunate to have those rehearsals to go to. Be thankful you can get there. From January to the end of April, Joe and I have missed 9 rehearsals. The factors that contribute to this are: snow, ice, freezing rain, fog, whiteouts, threats of all the above. Joe has observed these conditions usually occur on Wednesdays or Sundays in the beautiful Kawartha area, where we are at least 20 - 30 minutes north east of civilization, Lindsay?? We have on occasion spent an hour or more trying to get to Lindsay to say nothing of trying to go further south. This can be a lesson in terror and/or frustration depending on the conditions of the roads. S-o-o-o, you may be wondering, what is the purpose of this essay besides being a public pity party for good old Ann and Joe? I will tell you, we thought you might like to know what we did on those Wednesdays or Sundays - no not that!! well maybe, no forget it.

On Wednesdays Joe has become very adept at scanning the TV guide to see if ED, The West Wing and Law and Order are new or reruns, hopefully the former. But the kicker is they don't start until 8 pm. So the hour before is always a question. What to do. On a few occasions we stooped so low as to watch Wheel of Fortune with Vanna and then Jeopardy with Alex. Folks, this is pathetic. Why, you may ask don't you read, practice your music, have a project to work on - WE DID THAT IN THE DAYTIME.

On Sundays, a late breakfast of all the healthy stuff bacon, eggs homefries the works, then reread the Toronto Star.

This is the village of Bobcaygeon, we can walk to town in 15 minutes if the snow is not blowing or drive in 2 minutes. Once there you can food shop, go to the drug store, the post office and check out the fashions at Bigleys. In other words you can do all your errands within an hour, then go home, do your projects, practise your music, shine the silver, walk the dog, prepare a fabulous, healthy meal for the evening and it's only 1:00 pm. Some days seem 48 hours long. I have become somewhat proficient at the piano (not enough for Roy Thomson, Ted) and with my 5 1/2" TV in the kitchen I have become a food network junkie. Joe has become more proficient on the horn and at word wonder puzzles and staring at the frozen tundra, solving the domestic and international problems in the world and on good days after staring at the lake again - long, cold walks with his buddy Bill.

What do we miss when we can't get to practice? Dinner, laughs and gossip with the group, the music, the singing. On Sunday wondering who will bring what to the buffet lunch. Joe says he even misses John being loud. The 50/50 draw we never win and just being with DCAT. So dear friends be thankful for what you have within arms reach, warts and all - give thanks. With love and humour, Ann and Joe.

Pfizer Corp. (NYSE PFE) has made an announcement today that VIAGRA will soon be available in liquid form and will be marketed by Pepsi Cola (Pepsi Bottling Group NYSE PBG) as a power beverage suitable for use as-is, or as a mixer, under the name "Mount And Do". Pepsi's proposed ad campaign suggests: "It will now be possible for a man to literally pour himself a stiff one."

G.A.S. 2002 - Hagerstown MD



Chill'n by the pool



Will you memorize the damn music, I've got places to go, thongs to buy.



*Okay Rip I'll explain it once more.
The black keys...*



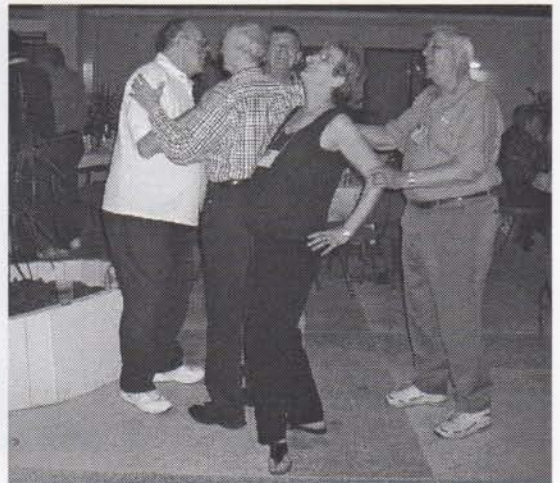
Yes dear. Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-



A mercy grope because I didn't have a date.



*Duddy DoRight of the Mounties
aka Swampy
aka Gord Irvine*



*You Made Me Love You, now teach me the
"Chicken Dance"*



*The hairiest back contest - winner Pat
Maloney (left). The front photo was
not fit for publication*



It's June's butt, what is it?





Dave and Ordy eavesdrop on "The Secrets of The Ya-Ya Sisterhood".



Secrets of the... Never mind.



After being bounced out of the euchre game Ted got the booby prize



Friday night group sing-a-long



Beer cart with flat tire.



What's with all these half-naked people running around and why are they after me?



The soon-to- be famous singing group Bucky and the Beavers.



Oh why can't I fly?



Ok, it's too good not to use.



Vavoom!

