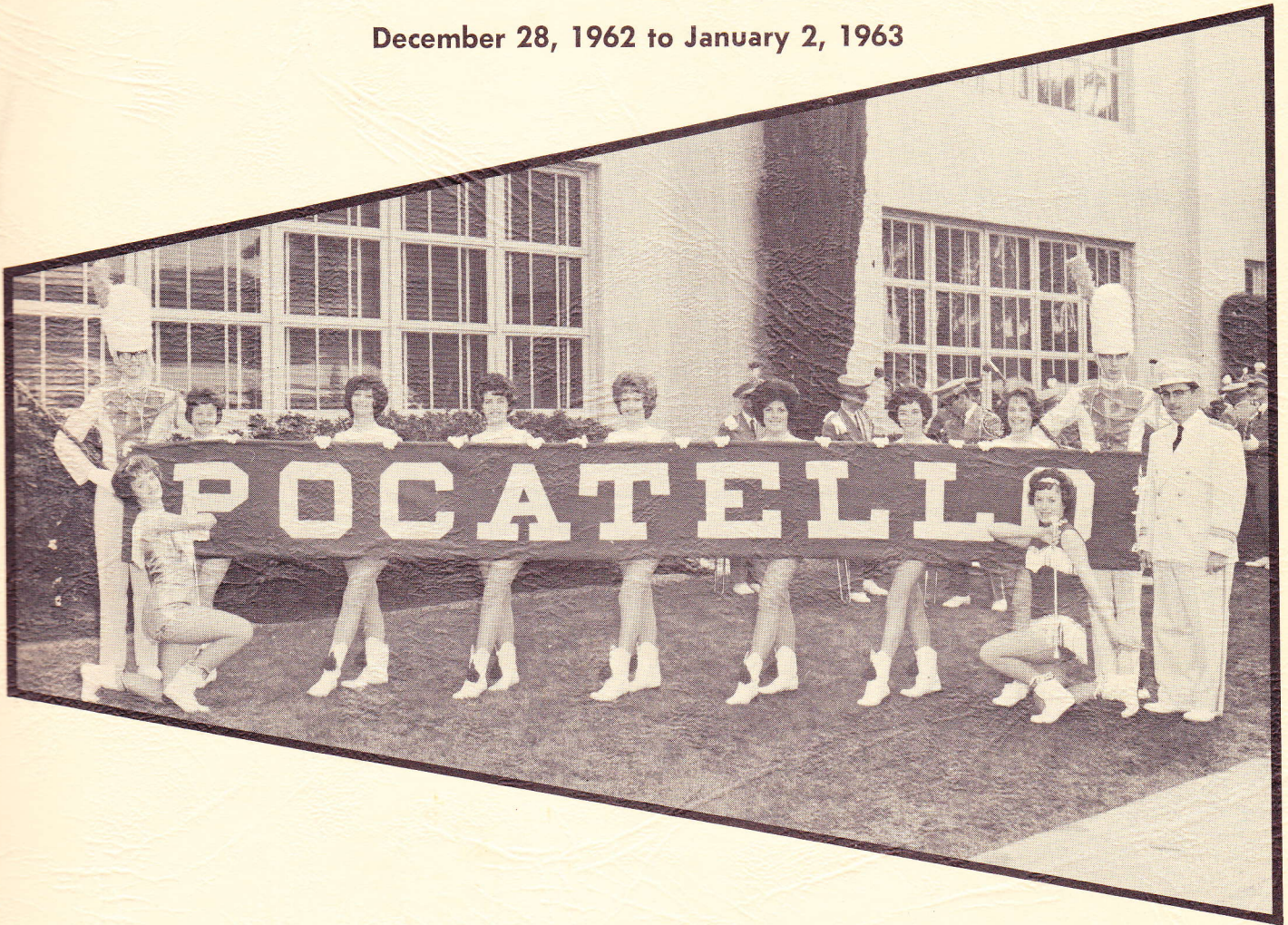


This is the story of

THE 1962-1963 POCATELLO HIGH SCHOOL INDIAN MARCHING BAND

"TRIP TO PASADENA"

December 28, 1962 to January 2, 1963



1963 Tournament of Roses Parade

As told by:

Miss Ginger Jones

Miss Kathy Kennard

Mr. Ted Peterson

"THIS IS THE STORY"
of the
POCATELLO HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND
"TRIP TO PASADENA"

For most of us the day started at 6:00 A.M. when those horrible alarm clocks began to ring. At 7:30 band members, parents, townspeople, school and city officials met at the high school auditorium for a grand "Send-Off" celebration. Dr. Clark Parker performed the duties of Master-of-Ceremonies, introducing Mr. Earl Pond, Chairman of the City Commission, Mr. Wayne Hall, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Rulon Ellis, Asst. Superintendent of Schools and Mr. Don Thompson, Asst. Band Director in the absence of Mr. F. Ralph Kennard (???!!!). Following short speeches by each of these gentlemen, a "Safe Traveling" prayer was offered by the Reverend Jo Austin Lininger. Then it was time to load the buses and head for Pasadena.

"Pasadena" - what a fabulous word that had grown to be these past few weeks. The time for departure was now at hand, and at 8:05 A.M. on Friday morning, December 28, 1962, after having said final "Farewells", our three Greyhound buses and Chevy Cor-Van pulled away from the high school amid loud cheers from our parents, townspeople and schoolmates. The trip through town was accompanied by more cheers from others who lined the streets, cars honking all along the route, and of course the flesh-tingling siren of our police escort. It was a scene that really made us all proud of Our Town - and the wonderful, heart-warming support it has given us. We left our police escort just south of the city limits at 8:20 that morning - and then it was really, really true - we were on our way to Pasadena. Our procession had barely lost sight of Pocatello when students on all three buses got out decks of cards and games of various types. However, before anyone got too engrossed in their games, our bus drivers outlined various rules of etiquette and housekeeping which would make our bus trip more pleasant. The driver for Bus 1 was Mr. Glen Yeagle, for bus 2 Mr. Leonard Fowler, and for bus 3 Mr. Ross Livingston. They also told us it would be a very good idea for us to remember the number of our bus, for the bus we were now riding would be the one we would be assigned to for the entire trip. With that matter taken care of - the card games began - magazines popped out of coat pockets - and everything seemed to be just fine. Up in the lead bus a tape recorder, courtesy of Sharon Diana, seemed to provide most of the entertainment. A dozen kids wanted to get into the act. Until the microphone was held in front of their mouth that is. And then most of 'em clammed up like a clam. But not Bob Steele. He lead the entire bus in funny noises for 17 straight minutes. "Gimme an M", "Gimme an A", "Gimme and S". And 50 or 60 letters later he had spelled out the name of a little

old college somewhere in the east. Conversation throughout bus 1 would have been worth recording, but there wasn't any tape left. One group was discussing "The Ten-Year Propheying", Peggy Powell was pretending she was an executive in a big firm, and Sandy Green told of a dream wherein she had married an old white-haired money bags. Back on bus 3 someone yelled: "We're in Utah." We wonder how come somebody was looking out the window. But not too long after that our procession made a ten minute Rest Stop at Cross Roads, near Tremonton, Utah. Some of the students used the stop for what it was meant for - while others went into the cafe and bought candy bars, gum and supplemented their supply of Funny Books. At 10:10 A.M. we all loaded on the buses again and headed for Salt Lake City. On bus 3 Doug Empey gave everyone a number, which he said would speed up Roll Call.

We entered Salt Lake at 11:30 and went directly to the Post House Cafe in the Greyhound Bus Depot. An early breakfast, plus a big send-off celebration and a 175 mile bus ride, had created huge appetites, and everyone was pleased to see a delicious fried chicken dinner waiting. During the hour we spent in Salt Lake some of the faster eaters were able to run downtown, some made "important" phone calls, and the shutter-bugs snapped a few pictures. Departure time from Salt Lake City was 12:35. Everyone, except the bus drivers, settled down for an after-dinner nap. Ah - the peace of it all. But sleep did not last long. We have chaperones with us who pick the oddest times to be wide awake. Mr. Kennard wanted Rook partners and made a point of asking everyone, especially those who were asleep. Lynn Miller and Jim Roberts, however, refused to get up. Numerous students on bus 3 complained of being thirsty, so Mr. and Mrs. Thompson passed out a supply of Life Savers. No matter which of the buses you were on numerous magazines were being read. The girls seemed to prefer "Mad" and "Playboy", while the boys were content with "Seventeen" and "Glamour". If John Taylor has any film in his camera he should have some real funny pictures. On bus 2 Steve Croxall and Darrel Buffaloe livened things up a bit by writing funny signs and placing them on the "little room" in back. All this while Bill Boyes was very busy resting in the rack above the seats. Julie Robertson was putting up her hair, Ernest Laible and Jim Nelson were playing cards, Patti Gardner and Karen Malo were trying to sleep. It turned out that sleeping on the bus was the favorite pasttime of Patti and Karen. The Life Saver treatment for assuaging thirst wasn't working too well, so a refreshment stop was made at the southern outskirts of Nephi, Utah.

My, those poor people operating the Drive-In didn't know what had struck them until it was too late. But then they took a look at their overflowing cash drawer and said: "What'll you have Dearie?" The camera bugs were busy during the Nephi stop, including



The bus was packed with students and faculty members. The atmosphere was festive and lively. The bus was decorated with streamers and balloons. The students were excited to go on their trip. The faculty members were also enjoying the ride. The bus was a great way to travel. It was comfortable and convenient. The students were able to relax and enjoy the ride. The faculty members were able to talk to the students. The bus was a great way to travel. It was comfortable and convenient. The students were able to relax and enjoy the ride. The faculty members were able to talk to the students.



The bus was a great way to travel. It was comfortable and convenient. The students were able to relax and enjoy the ride. The faculty members were able to talk to the students. The bus was a great way to travel. It was comfortable and convenient. The students were able to relax and enjoy the ride. The faculty members were able to talk to the students.

our 'more-or-less' official photographers Miss Emma Lou Bell and Leon Obeler. The buses pulled out of Nephi at 3:20 P. M. and again we were on the open road. On bus 2 Terry Bruns was having a little trouble with Gregg Maag. It seemed that Greg was getting great pleasure out of pulling Terry's ear while Terry was deeply engrossed in reading "Monsters of the Mojave". Greg said he was only trying to be friendly. On bus 3 things were pretty quiet for a while. And then one voice was heard above the hum of the bus tires. It was Dennis Ashton reading excerpts from a "Mad" magazine to Karen Hoff. At 4 o'clock a court trial was convened which involved John R. Taylor, Raymond Parr, Tom Jensen, Jeanne Croft, Doug Empey, Gwen Christensen, Paula Edwards and Wynn Kraus. It seems that Raymond Parr had been charged with assault for biting John Taylor's hand. After both sides had presented their cases in a series of stirring orations the jury acquitted Ray on the grounds that it was a smear of chocolate which had been attacked, and not John's hand. Further along on bus 3 we found Sherri Young and Allen Tripp in deep concentration over a Chess game. This seemed a good opportunity for Bill Frazier and Leslie Shuck to get some sleep. Gary Hill was winning a game of cards from John Lowry. We knew Gary was winning because John was doing a lot of griping. Linda Pein and Ardith Wilford were content to stare through drooping eyelids at faraway magazines propped up on their knees. As things began to simmer down Doug Empey got on the loud speaker and told jokes. At this, everyone seemed to have either a joke or a humorous incident to tell about. Mr. Livingston, the bus driver, joined in and told several good ones. That one was really a honey. The windshields of our buses were getting mudded up from the moisture and dirt thrown up from the pavement, so a stop was made near a bank of snow in front of Cove Fort. While the bus drivers cleaned their windshields, (with a lot of verbal help) a furious snowball fight broke out. Opposing forces were headed up by Lavoy Riley and Mr. Kennard. What a mess - but the next stop was too far to walk, so the bus drivers finally let us back on Janet Arms contended she was the new snowball throwing champ. Her target - Bill Phoenix.

Our procession arrived in Cedar City at 6:30 P. M. that Friday evening. We had plenty of advanced warning, but all of a sudden shoes were missing and even socks. "Where's my purse?" "Brent Johnson, what did you do with my loafers?" And so it went. But chaos was replaced with calm and we disembarked at the New American Motel. However, before room assignment were made, all 114 of us proceeded to Sullivan's cafe where we ate a delicious meal of roast beef, mashed potatoes, carrots, rolls, punch and ice cream. And sang a "Happy Birthday" song to Grant Anderson. He also received a beautiful birthday cake (make-believe) drawn on a paper napkin. We then returned to our motels. The majority of the students (and chaperones) were housed

at the New American. But there were far too many of us for one motel, so some 18 or 20 girls were furnished lovely accommodations at the Travelodge and a like number of boys at the Cedar Crest Motel. Having three hours of free time before bed check, most everyone invaded the town to see what adventures they could uncover. Unfortunately, everything of interest was either closed or not permitted. But the bowling establishment had quite a run on hot chocolate. And some of the kids visited the local cinema and saw "West Side Story". We must not overlook the fact that Cedar City, Utah was a cold, wintery, icy, snowy town the night of December 28th. And as a result, two of our band students suffered personal injuries. Raymond Parr, coming out of Sullivan's cafe with his arms loaded with pop and cookies, slipped on the icy sidewalk and got himself a badly bruised elbow. Craig Nelson slipped on the ice in front of his motel room, and it was first thought that he had fractured his leg. Dr. Cottle took him to the Cedar City hospital where X-ray pictures indicated torn ligaments in his knee. So Craig had a cast on his leg for the remainder of the trip and walked with the aid of crutches. At 11 o'clock the chaperones conducted a bed check and found everyone fast asleep(?). In unit A-15 Peggy Schultz was still doing Miss Bell's hair at midnight. And it seemed like about every 30 minutes Mr. Kennard's voice could be heard yelling across the court: -- "Wheeler! Get to bed." But finally, at about 4:45 A.M., all was quiet. And so ended the first day of our trip.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1962

Buzzers are ringing, alarm clocks are going off. Moans and groans are heard from every room. Somebody says, "What time is it?" Somebody else says, "I think it's about midnight." Mr. Bowser raps on the door and says, "It's five A.M. -- everybody rise and shine." We hate to mention names but, boy, you should see Nancy Graves at 5 o'clock in the morning. I mean, but -- oh well! After we had repacked our luggage and replaced all suitcases on the buses - we found out that the buses weren't completely awake yet so we walked 1/2 mile in the crisp morning air to Sullivan's cafe for breakfast. But WoW! What a breakfast. Ham, eggs, hash-brown Idaho potatoes, toast, jam and cow's milk. At 7:30 A.M. we departed from Cedar City and were soon on the open road again. Everyone was in good spirits and seemed ready for the long day of travel ahead. On bus 2 Steve Vincent, Mike Bunce, Dennis Stoddard and Bill Mauk started a game of Pinochle. This turned out to be a real time passer for the aforementioned foursome. Dave Kennison's game of "Password" was providing entertainment for the forward section of bus 2. Phil Hanson, Tom Gautier and Gary Hill started the day off on bus 3 by singing some songs. They weren't always on key, but it was better than trying to figure

out how many revolutions a bus tire makes on a thousand yards of pavement. Doug Empey is really fascinated with the "PA" system. The bus driver hasn't used the microphone once since Doug took over. The first mass activity of the day on bus 3 was a class competition project. The sophomores won by sheer numbers, since there were only four juniors and three seniors on the bus. After it got light we began seeing our "Rose Parade Band" signs posted along the highway. Some good little fairies ahead of us must be nailing them up. By the way - has anyone seen Jim Roberts and Mike Bailey this morning? At 9:15 this morning we crossed the state line into Arizona. Whoops! It must have been a mistake, here we are in Nevada. About this time Linda Pein decided bus 3 needed to be livened up a bit so she lead us in songs we all knew. Ones like - "Oar, Oar, Oar Your Skiff", and "Who Put the Mollasses in Miss Bell's Wave Set". And while Milton Bullock glared at Steve Mecham over a game of cards - Eddie Burns sang "The Twelve Days of Christmas" (in French) and Lee King told a Christmas joke. As our procession passed Nellis Air Force Base everyone strained their eyes for a look at the famed "Blue Angels". The quite noticeable lack of activity lead us to believe that jet pilots sleep in on Saturday mornings. Anyway, we had more important things to center our attention on. For we were entering that fabulous show town - Las Vegas, Nevada. Everyone on the buses were stunned by the beautiful casinos and hotels. All card games, funny books and thoughts of sleep were abandoned and eager eyes scanned both sides of the highway. First of the fabulous casinos to come into view was The Sahara with Buddy Hackett and Louie Prima; then the Riviera with Debbie Reynolds. Following in quick succession were the Star Dust with Roberta Sherwood; the Sands with Joey Bishop and Frankie Avalon; the Dunes with Betty Grable and Kookie Burns; the Desert Inn with Milton Berle; the Hacienda with Pearl Bailey; and the Thunderbird with "South Pacific". You should have heard the groans and oohs and aahs. Fifteen minutes were allowed us to see the Las Vegas Convention Center where many championship prize fights are held. Antonio Morelli was currently rehearsing his orchestra for a Holiday Concert. The next order of business was to consume a meat loaf luncheon at the Greyhound Bus Depot cafe. And in the bus depot waiting room were numerous slot machines which fascinated all of us who had not gone "all the way with Vernon Kay." Many nickels and dimes were placed in the slot by students while chaperones pulled the lever. Tom Norman got lucky and won 5 dollars, but he had to split with his partner-in-crime, Mr. Kennard. At 12:45 we pulled out of Las Vegas and headed for good old Los Angeles, California. However, our final destination was still a long way off and the spectacles of Las Vegas furnish conversation material for quite some time. Joyce Hymas' announcement that she had toured Las Vegas before drew several "Oh Boy's" and "No Fooling's?" Meanwhile, on bus 1

Earl Price, Arty Martin, Sharon Barta, Karen Conrad, Steve Howe and Mike Hatch are in the 'lounge' playing roulette. Now Ruth Harten has gone in. Dee Wheeler is occupied with spotting rare cars. He claims to have seen an Essex, several Overland's and a couple of Cord's. Speaking of Cord's, the fact that we are a musical group has been almost entirely forgotten. For the moment. A new fad initiated on bus 1 by Steve Shipley is for everyone to journey to the front of the bus and enjoy a "bus driver's view" of what lies ahead. As we traveled further into "unscenic" California a frantic fivesome collected at the front to perform for the underprivileged. Lavoy Riley, Sharon Diana, Dee Wheeler, Peggy Schultz and Ginger Jones gave moving renditions of "Moon River", "Men of Ohio", "Semper Fidelis", etc., etc. As a matter of fact, they got so self-inspired we couldn't shut 'em up. Mr. Gooch came to the rescue by volunterring to do two of his favorite Monologues, "Ten Little Indians" and "Big Bear and Falling Rock". Miss Bell had heard 'em both before - so she was busy pasting Polaroid pictures to sticky little postcards.

The buses were slowing down and pulling off the highway, so we must be going to make another "Rest" stop. Goody! In getting back on bus 3 Tom Norman and John Lowry seemed to be having a contest with Milton Bullock and Steve Mecham to see who occupies the front seat. A furious pillow fight breaks out on bus 2 involving Neal Van Natta, Gene Giesbrecht, Karen MacKinnon and Patti Patton. Tom Ogee and Gary Bain try to break it up. Tom finds out he isn't getting very far with that - so he sits down in the seat behind Terry Bruns. Terry was about to finish reading "Mojave Monsters" - but Little Tom's thumb kept plugging up the circulation in his right ear.

On bus 3 there was a real dog-eat-dog "21" game going on. The card sharks in this game were Bob Holden, Tim Clezie, Leslie Shuck and Karen Hoff. A comical incident was a slapping contest between John Taylor and Tom Jensen. They seemed to have a gay time just slapping each other's faces. Did someone say that was comical? A terrible accident has just happened on bus 1. Earl Price was resting comfortably in the luggage rack when nast Grant Anderson sneaked up and generously rubbed a Hostess Twinkie up and down his 4-day old sweater. Grant explained that his psychiatrist told him never to suppress an impulse - so what could poor Earl do? And so our buses travel on through Barstow and Victorville, with loads of Joshua trees everywhere. At about 5 o'clock we began the descent from a height of 4,700 feet into the San Bernardino valley. Everyone was yawning and chewing madly to keep their eardrums from falling out. The valley is very beautiful as we progress along the 4-lane Expressway. The setting sun has turned the nearby mountains into flaming slopes, and the sun is a pure crimson ball as it sinks below the California horizon. Barbara Green, sitting in the

front seat, was heard to say, "Did you ever see so many California license plates?" But the light of day soon faded, and quick as you can say "Pocatello High School Tournament of Roses Marching Band" it was dark. As we entered the San Bernardino Freeway we were treated to a fantabulous sight. Rows and rows of white lights coming towards us, and rows and rows of double red lights stretching before us as far as sight would carry. We would see many new sights in the following days but nothing would overshadow the view of San Bernardino Freeway - shortly after dark - with it's overflow load of holiday traffic. Whoops - pardon this writer. The bus driver slammed on his air brakes and I did a double cartwheel over the front rail. Cars, cars, cars. Everyone is diligently counting wheels and dividing by four. It's easy to count cars that way. Listen to the Oh's and Ah's. Below us on the right we are passing avenue after avenue with huge trees completely covered with Christmas lights. It's only four days after Christmas you know - and these people down here really go in for outdoor tree decorations. Our buses top a slight rise in the freeway and there - stretched out before us, is the great city of Los Angeles, California. The sight was breath-taking. As a matter of fact, it not only took the breath away from one of our bus drivers, it also took away his sense of direction. So - as buses 1 and 2 entered the Hollywood Freeway and headed for the U.C.L.A. campus, bus 3 entered the Harbor Freeway and headed for the U.S.C. campus. The two campuses are separated by some 44 miles of expensive real estate. But with the assistance of Southern California Tell and Bell, and a police escort for bus 3, we will manage to arrive at our destination somewhat near the same time. Continuing into Beverly Hills, we got glimpses of the fantastic homes in which celebrities might live. There's only one bad thing about all these abodes - they are too close together. We can just see Rock Hudson and Cary Grant playing badminton across their rooftops.

There seemed no end to the mysteries of Beverly Hills and Hollywood. We were awed by the beautiful homes, the wide streets, palm-tree-lined avenues, 10-story parking centers and huge department stores. Finally our buses halted before a large, magnificently modern building. It was SPROUL HALL! We were a famished bunch of mongrels as Mr. Kennard took over the "PA" system and said, "Well kids, here we are. Before leaving the buses I have an announcement or two to make." Poor Mr. Kennard - he sure lost a lot of weight there in the next 15 seconds. But with 114 band students trampling on you, something is bound to give. We raced for the cafeteria only to be told by a handsome, and very large, college student, that "you must first line up, sign the little slips, get your room keys, promise to be good boys and girls. Then you may quietly assemble in the dining hall." What a blow that was to our "Roses Parade



Sproul hall

open in 1960, is an imposing residence hall also located on the west campus, with separate wings for 400 men and 400 women students sharing a common dining area. This hall has been designed as the prototype for future residence halls at U.C.L.A. and, as such, has been uniquely planned for this new concept in California student living.

Photographs:

Courtesy Welton Becket & Associates.



Band" dignities. But we followed directions and were soon enjoying a tasty, and fattening dinner of whatever it was they served. Peggy Powell was amazed to find out she could choose her own dinner. Well not exactly choose the entire dinner, but there was a choice of either orange drink or grape drink. You've heard the expression "my cup runneth over". Well, that's what literally happened to many kids. They just couldn't seem to get the hang of that milk machine. After dinner everyone grabbed their luggage and ascended the elevators to their new "home away from home". After entering everyone else's room first - we all found our proper pad. Then it was back downstairs to the lounge or recreation room. And sure enough - certain people left both keys in their room. Well, it's a good way to meet the chap at the front desk.

At 9:15 P. M. everyone assembled in the East wing for a conference. Propped up in a chair in the middle of the floor was a bedraggled looking gentleman, and he was muttering: "Well kids, here we are. Before leaving the buses I have an announcement or two to make." After a short convalescence period our Band Director went over the schedule for the coming day, which was to start with a band rehearsal at 6:30 A. M. He also went into more detail concerning our conduct at Sproul Hall, and elsewhere. There was also quite a lengthy question and answer session. The meeting broke up at 10:30 and the chaperones announced that bedcheck would be at 11 o'clock. Now 11 o'clock would seem like a reasonable hour to seek admission to Slumberland - but little noises, and medium size noises were heard long after midnight. Finally, though, it's quiet - so may we take this opportunity to tell you a little about Sproul Hall. It is a large, beautiful, ultra-modern, co-ed dormitory. The very latest thing in campus living. Built in the shape of a "T", it has two hundred 2-person rooms for girls and a like number of 2-person rooms for boys. Access to the two sections is by elevators - originating on the main floor. Remaining floors of the 7-story structure are not connected. Each floor is generously supplied with lavatories, shower rooms, sound-proof typing rooms and study lounges. On the main floor is a huge recreation room with pool tables, ping-pong and lots of food vending machines and cold drink machines. Occupying another portion of the main floor are a number of lavish lounges. One with TV - another with Hi-Fi. The lounges are so arranged and separated by portable dividers that they can be opened up into one huge dance floor. Also on the main floor is a large lobby and information center complete with Postal boxes for each student in the building. Rounding out the facilities is a modern cafeteria with ample seating capacity. Running the entire length of the east side is an outside patio-balcony affair from which you can view the U. C. L. A. campus and parts of the Westwood section of Beverly Hills. This is only part of the Sproul Hall story. To fully appreciate its beauty, gracious living and versa-

tility, one would have to be in the actual scene. I hear buzzers buzzing - so it must be time to start a new day.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1962

Rise and shine at 6:00 A.M. At home it's really 7 o'clock, but that doesn't help much. After an invigorating cold (wow) shower we all get into some comfortable marching clothes and head for the practice field. Hurrah - the Poky Hi band is making its debut on California soil, much to the discomfort of the University of Wisconsin band boys who were still trying to sleep. That practice session started off in a most horrible manner. Our lines looked like the Great Wall of China, and our music sounded positively negative. But with the coming of daylight, we got better. And some time later it was a real sharp looking group that marched up to Sproul Hall for breakfast. The cafeteria stops serving at a certain time - and boy, we just made it under the wire. But the mess boys saw us coming and cooked up a whole bunch more sausage and eggs. After breakfast we early risers returned to our rooms for a short relaxation period and then changed into our Sunday-best clothes. With the exception of about 15 students, who remained behind to attend church of their choice, the bulk of the group boarded the three Greyhound buses and drove to Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery, located in Glendale, California. Everyone was truly impressed by the solemnity of Forest Lawn, with its "Great Mausoleum," the beautiful sculpture work, paintings and stained glass windows. Especially thrilling was the church-like service held at 11 o'clock in the Great Mausoleum to view the beautiful stained glass window, the "Last Supper," which was recreated from the original painting by Leonardo da Vinci especially for Forest Lawn. The accompanying taped "Commentary" was likewise inspirational. It was disappointing that time ran out and we were unable to see more of this world famous cemetery, but we felt very much rewarded that we had seen as much as we did.

It was well over an hour's drive back to the U.C.L.A. campus and we had to be in the chow line by 1 o'clock or miss lunch. However, on the way back to Sproul Hall the buses took us through China Town, out the Sunset Strip past "Ciro's" and "Dino's" and other clubs featured on daytime TV shows. We also took a short tour through Beverly Hills and viewed more of the fabulously expensive homes. Some TV addicts were disappointed that we never did find the home of the "Beverly Hillbillies," or the Drysdale's. Upon arrival at Sproul Hall, the first order of business was to partake of a delicious Sunday luncheon. And delicious it was too! Afterwards everyone went to their rooms and changed out of Sunday-best clothes into casual-wear. And at 2 o'clock we drug our weary bus drivers to their posts and began the trip to Disneyland. Bus 3

TO SERVE THE LIVING

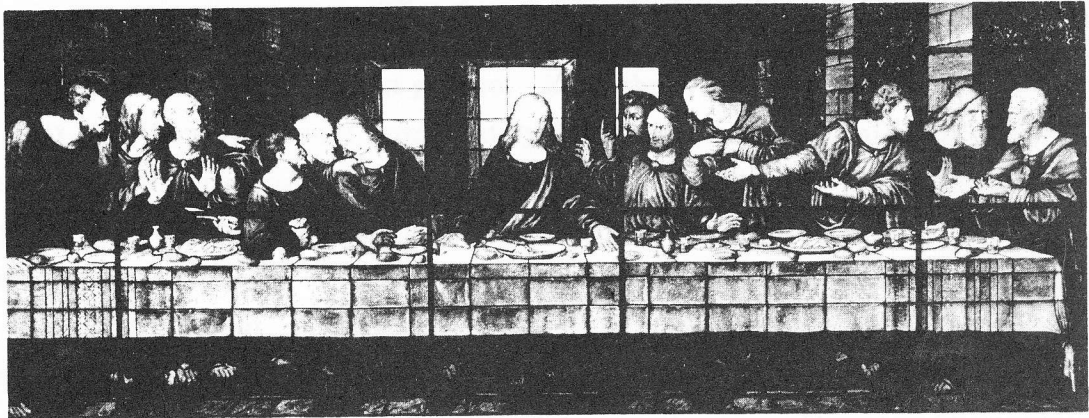
The spiritual beauty and dignity of the great works of religious art which you will see on your visit here will, we feel sure, inspire you as they have many others. Such beauty is a constant source of inspiration and comfort, for it affirms unswerving faith in an eternal life—a serene confidence that death is not the end, but the beginning.

“THE LAST SUPPER” WINDOW

“The Last Supper” Window, a glowing re-creation in stained glass of Leonardo da Vinci’s famous painting, is enshrined in Memorial Court of Honor, in the Great Mausoleum.

Because the painting of “The Last Supper” has deteriorated through the centuries, and has been so often restored by other artists, it is no longer Leonardo’s. Fading with the years, it will soon be lost to the world forever, but Forest Lawn has preserved it for the ages—for it was re-created from the artist’s original sketches, still in the museums of Europe.

One of the most memorable events in the life of Christ.



FOREST LAWN MEMORIAL-PARK—GLENDALE

1712 South Glendale Avenue

Telephones: CLinton 4-3131 • CItrus 1-4151 • Zenith 4151

carried two extra passengers - Ken Kuehlthau and Steve Britton - University of Wisconsin band boys who had missed their own bus. On the way out to Disneyland we sang the Poky Hi Loyalty song for Ken and Steve, and they taught us "On Wisconsin."

But on the way we passed through Hollywood with its movie studios and recording studios. And through downtown Hollywood with its Brown Derby, dress shops, sweater shops, C.B.S. and N.B.C. television studios. By the time we turned on to the Santa Anna Freeway everyone was near exhaustion from gawking out the windows. But as we neared Disneyland excitement was mounting. Those who had been there before could hardly wait to get back. And others, not knowing exactly what to expect, were especially anxious. Finally a great shout came from all three buses at once. A large illuminated star sitting atop the Matterhorn had been spotted. "This Was Disneyland."

On Bus 2 Gene Youree had an awful time trying to keep kids from crawling out the windows before the bus stopped. But when the buses did come to a halt, and it was time to disembark, there was a bit of shoving and pushing on all three buses. Each student, in his enthusiastic state, wanted to be first through the gates of Disneyland. Before everyone scattered in their respective directions, Mr. Kennard reminded us that we would be on our own for the following 6 hours. And that assembly time would be 10:00 P.M. - this being the time Disneyland closed for the night.

No one will ever forget the first glimpse of Main Street - a million (?) people, little trolley cars buzzing back and forth, the little park, the railroad station, and the promise of much more beyond the first glance. Even those who had seen it before were spellbound by it all. Some students immediately boarded the SF & D railroad. This took us on a grand tour through the beautiful Grand Canyon, where 3-D Murals and stuffed animals made the view amazingly real. Strains of Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite added to the effect and made the trip unforgettable. Then there were the innumerable little shops along Main Street. The candle shop, glass shop, camera shop, malt shop, hat shop - and the favorite one where many band members purchased marriage licenses and newspapers with their name in headlines. We understand that Virginia Chilcote and Craig Nelson bought a marriage license - together! After signing Idaho's register in the Main Street Bank, the next stop might have been Tomorrowland, according to which way you were heading. Here the main attraction seemed to be the great Matterhorn bobsleds for the waiting line wound clear around the base of the mountain. One forgot about the long wait, though, once the ride began. If you don't believe it, just ask anyone who rode that zig-zagging, up and down around and around whizzing doo-dad. Ask Bob Boyle, man, he was really wild-eyed. Many agreed that this was the best ride in the place. But there were also exciting rides on the Flying Saucers, the Monorail, the Submarine,



the Skyway, Astrojets, Rocket-to-the-Moon and the ultramodern Monsanto house.

The time was flying by as many moved next to delightful Fantasyland. It was getting dark now and lights were being turned on. This turned Fantasyland into a magic place. Here we took a ride through Storybook Land, where tiny villages and castles recalled stories we used to go to sleep by. Not a few came out looking pale after a ride or two on the Mad Tea Party saucers. Worst of the lot were Grant Anderson and Steve Shipley. In fact, Grant didn't fully recover until the following morning. But the rest of us had great fun being enchanted for a while on the Dumbo Flying Elephants and the Carousel.

But excitement of adventure began to stir our blood, so we turned our footsteps to Adventureland and Frontierland. As we entered these mysterious gates we could hear jungle drums, native chants and the various calls of wild animals. In a wonderful jungle boat trip down the Mekong river we were fascinated by lush tropical growth, beautiful birds and butterflies, dangerous crocodiles, hippos and elephants. Natives chanted their rites of ancient origin and tribes of headhunters threatened our lives. But our captain knew the river well, and we docked safely. After a trip like that, it seemed wise to depart for other lands, so we decided to journey into our own country's past - "Frontierland." Almost everyone took the scenic trip down the Mississippi River on Mark Twain's Riverboat. Some went to Tom Sawyer's island and explored to their heart's content. But all too soon the hour of 10 was approaching and it was time to head for the main gate. What a sight it must have been to see over one hundred tired, but giggly kids leaving Disneyland en masse. And what habberdashery - hats that would have made a Hedda Hopper creation look like a modest veil. An especially wild one was a blue felt thing to which was attached a racoon tail. Yes, it belonged to Steve Long, and his devotion to that hat tugged at your heartstrings. Thus, we boarded the buses and started home with Mike Hatch playing Al Capone (tommy-gun and all) in a yellow straw hat with vari-colored flowers. He was trying to assassinate certain people who insisted on blowing shrill toy whistles all the way home. Too bad too, because we were getting fairly good on "The Bridge on the River Kwai March." It was about this time that Mr. Bailey was dubbed "Uncle Bob" on the recommendation of Jim Roberts and Arty Martin. This name stuck for the remainder of the trip.

Meanwhile, on Bus 3 - come in Bus 3. Oh dear, are they lost again? Calling Bus 3. Calling Kathy Kennard on Bus 3. Someone said Mr. Livingston missed another turnoff. There's sure a lot of giggling on Bus 2. It's Kathy Ranstrom, and she's trying to keep all the passengers awake. But she isn't having much luck. Calling Bus 3. Are you there? Oh yes, there is good old Bus 3. Man, there's really some "gone" hats

showing over the top of the bus seats. Looking down the aisle that's all you can see is goony hats. Oh, there's a face with that one - and it's Willis Eaton. Tom Jensen keeps asking everyone if they're happy. Deanna Lish said, "No," and so did Larry Chandler and Leslie Shuck. Man, they are really "beat." After sort of a long, weary ride the bus lights snap on at 1 A.M. announcing our arrival back at Sproul Hall. We were all plenty tired and the chaperones had no trouble getting us into bed that night.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1962

Hurrah - we got to sleep in until 7:30. And then another delicious breakfast in Sproul's cafeteria. But today is the day before the "Big" one - and we have lots of work ahead. So, the entire band is off to the practice field. It's pretty hard to get serious with all those goony Disneyland hats in evidence. But away we go - whee, two, three, four, and through it again. This was the last rehearsal before the Rose Parade, and boy, Mr. Kennard screamed, yelled, hollered, pleaded, shed tears. You name it - he did it! And rank leaders chewed. Maybe all the good this did was to relieve the tension and weariness a little. But anyway, we settled down and really got things accomplished. Once we looked up towards Sproul Hall and saw the lady chaperones headed for Wilshire Boulevard. Probably to do some Snitzzy-ritzy shopping. And there go Mr. Bowser and Mr. Gooch taking Bill Frazier to the University Medical Center to get that cast on his leg repaired. Bill got a little too rambunctious at Disneyland last night. Now it's back to the old grind again. Whee, two, three, four. (Wonder why there's never a "five" in there?) After numerous loops around that field, many of us relinquished our shoes and socks. Who would ever believe that we marched in our bare feet on December 31st!

"Hey somebody, what's our cadence?" "One - Eight - O". Speed it up, says Mr. Kennard. "What? Speed it up! Is he crazy or something?" So now we're gonna whistle for while. Twee, twee. Twee, twee, twee, twee. That's the tune of "March of the Bridge on the River Kwai." Do bridges really march? "Sandy, leave Bob alone. This is serious business."

Finally, after umpteen times around that practice field, we sit for final instructions and a thorough briefing. And all of a sudden the immensity of the job facing us became real real. The heretofore air of gaiety and informality was replaced with seriousness and devotion to a cause. There was a job to be done - a big one - and many people wondered if we could do it. Each of us, to ourselves, must have decided that we could - and would. After making this decision, and confirming it with a loud cheer, we charged back to Sproul for a cold shower and LUNCH.

By this time another band had arrived to add additional color at Sproul. It was the Stockton, California high school marching band. And they were sporting brown uniforms. Oh well, everyone to their taste. We of Poky Hi, being three-day veterans of Sproul Hall, greeted the new arrivers and spread Idaho hospitality around like it was going out of style. A short time later we were privileged to watch from the terrace as both the Stockton and the University of Wisconsin bands performed on the practice field. On this afternoon's agenda was a trip to the ocean and hence to Marineland of the Pacific. All but a few were eager to get started. So while these few remained in their rooms the rest of us climbed those four little steps for the seven millionth time and boarded our buses.

During the first part of our trip activity on the buses was at a minimum, since everyone was pretty well exhausted following that four hour marching practice. But as we neared the ocean, and began sniffing that salt air, everyone perked up. Each wanted to be the first to view that broad expanse of water we had heard so much about. And then Ker-Wham, we all saw it at once. Believe you this reporter, the view was by no means disappointing. What an awesome thing to see water from horizon to horizon. Our buses drove on down the beach a short way and then stopped so we could all get out and get a better look. It was indeed a rewarding sight to us inland dwellers. Several cargo vessels were moving slowly a few miles off shore, and huge breakers were in evidence all along the beach. Even though it was quite chilly, there were a number of brave souls surfing along the shore. We stood there chilling considerably as we imagined how cold it must be in that water. Kathy Duncan and Barbara Green were sporting goose bumps as large as goose eggs. But since we were spectators we soon forgot about the frigid problems of the surf board riders, and marvelled at their daring and skill.

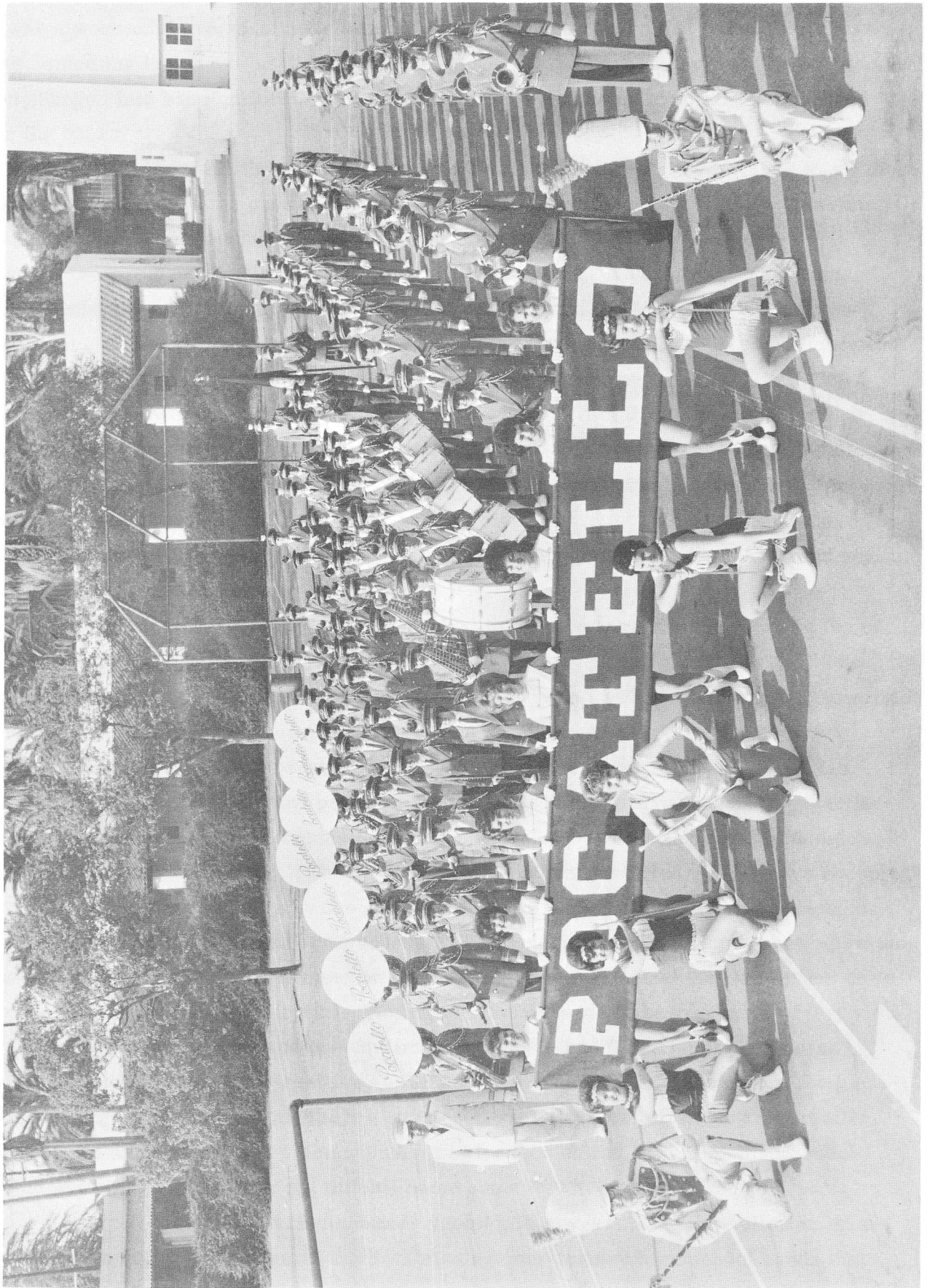
We return to our buses and drive further down the beach, passing mile after mile of beautiful homes that overlook the Pacific. The person who erected that road sign "Approaching Marineland," knew his business, because here we are. Marineland Of The Pacific! It looks very crowded and very interesting. After passing through the Turnstile we find we are just in time to see the last complete show of the day. We first entered the seal stadium and were thoroughly entertained by a troop of trained seals and porpoises. We then went to the main pavilion where a helmeted diver gave an underwater feeding exhibition. With the aid of a microphone in his helmet, and a "PA" system, he pointed out numerous deep sea animals and described their likes and dislikes as he fed them. It was fascinating to watch, but if some big fish swam into the corner of your viewing plate - and you were unaware - you could very easily have

heart failure. We then journeyed to the Whale Stadium where famous "Bubbles" and others of the mammoth species performed. In the short time that remained after the shows we looked briefly at the smaller aquariums and some very unusual sea life. Before boarding the buses for "home" we each latched on to a hamburger, milk shake and order of "fries." Perhaps the only event of significance on our return to Sproul was when the Freeway took our buses directly under the huge runways of Los Angeles International Airport. This gave us all quite a "start" - because we didn't know what was taking place. Here comes a huge Hawaiian-bound Super Jet bearing down on you from the right. The bus is proceeding straight ahead. You just know there's going to be a big collision. Then at the last instant the bus drops off into a tunnel, and the Jet passes overhead. Yeh Boy, that was close!

At about 7 o'clock or so we arrive back at Sproul Hall. With approximately one hour to kill some of the students go to their rooms for a short nap, others engage in a ping-pong game and some attack the food vending machines. At 8 o'clock we all assemble in the main lounge for the last of our little get-together sessions. All were present and accounted for and then the instructions began to fly. Tomorrow morning the girls will be awakened at 3:30 A.M. - the boys at 4:00 A.M. Pack all your luggage except your "going home clothes" and your band uniform. Put your luggage here, your linen there, check in your room keys. Just about the time we were feeling like an I.B.M. card, we were dismissed for bed. But this is "New Year's Eve." Not much use giving it a second thought though. We have to be up at 4 o'clock. And then there's a little matter of a five and one-half mile hike. But one couldn't help but wonder what the folks were doing back in Pocatello on this New Year's Eve. Probably all at the local Super Market testing T.V. tubes. The hour was late (past 9 you know), so after doing part of our packing, and enjoying a last shower at Sproul we poured our weary bones into bed. In the girl section of the dorm Miss Bell and Mrs. Bowser began their bed-check. And as they visited the rooms they gave each girl a very colorful "pom-pom" and wished a tender "Happy New Year." Upon leaving the room Miss Bell would turn and shout: "Now shut up and go to sleep."

JANUARY 1, 1963

This is THE day. For the girls it starts at 3:30 A.M. (Yes Momma, that's 3:30 A.M.) The boys were permitted to sleep thirty minutes longer because they needed it - being the weaker of the two sexes. As soon as we had collected linen, towels, clothes, suitcases, toothbrushes, souvenirs, and our wits, we donned our "going home" clothes and went downstairs for breakfast. This was our last meal on the U. C. L. A. campus.



It was a wonderful breakfast consisting of eggs, sausage, bacon and toast. But there was something lacking - "no liquids". At the end of breakfast we returned to our rooms and changed into band uniforms, put our going home clothes on a hanger, and headed for the buses.

In the midst of all the confusion we said final farewells and good wishes to all those people we had met in the past few days. They returned all our greetings and also mentioned that our band looked "great." However, they predicted we'd never make it through the parade at "180." But they said: "Best of luck in trying." That boosted our morale and determination. With girls on one bus and the boys on the other two buses things were a little quieter than usual for the trip over to Pasadena. There were only two sounds heard - snoring sounds, and sounds of nervous tension. Until Bus 3 got lost again. Wowie - that Bus 3 is a real Maverick. And it took us on a trip that morning we'll not soon forget. But since we had Providence on our side we stumbled across Mr. Bowser and Mr. Kennard who directed us to our final destination - the band forming area. For the next hour and a half we bided our time by calling band assemblies, having rank inspection, sizing up the other bands, having our pictures taken, and trying to stay away from the drinking fountain.

The twirling line girls were real shocked to discover that the make-up on the back of their legs would come off if they sat in the bus seats. Time passed quickly though, and before long we were formed into a marching block and were on our way up the palm-lined street that would lead us to Orange Grove Avenue. As we entered the parade route, and made our initial presentation, everything else was completely forgotten. We were here to perform - and perform we would do in the grandest fashion possible. People along Orange Grove Avenue seemed to really enjoy our snappy cadence and synchronized dance routines. They applauded, yelled and whistled. They have accepted us at the "World Series" of parades and we are off to a good start. It was not long before we approached the first corner where T.V. cameras were waiting to show us to the many thousands of "stay-at-homes" in the Los Angeles area. And then we turned on to world-famous Colorado Boulevard. No band member needs to be reminded of that view. It was breath-taking. One and one-half million faces - and "Tournament of Roses" banners floating above the street for as far as the eye could see. The color, the glamour, the pageantry - it was all there - stretched out before us for five straight miles. And now we are "on stage." The spot light is focused on the Pocatello High School Indian Marching Band. How did this all come about? Why are we here?

It started, actually, during summer vacation last year. One day following summer band practice Mr. Kennard was reminiscing over former high school bands that

he had directed. And reiterating their respective accomplishments. But it wasn't the past he was really interested in. It was the future. The future of the Pocatello High School Marching Band. If there was ever to be a "banner" year for the band, the 1962-63 school year was it. The hold-overs from last year's band, who would become this year's seniors and juniors, were a talent-laden group of bandspeople. And there was a terrific crop of sophomores coming up from the junior high bands. Adding weight to Mr. Kennard's enthusiasm for a terrific 62-63 band was the fact that the coming year would see the last of the one high school curriculum for Pocatello. And so it was decided - this would be THE big year. And we'll shoot for the moon. What is the top parade in all of these United States? Naturally, there's one that stands out above all others -- The Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, California on New Year's Day.

And so an initial letter was written to the Rose Parade band committee, inquiring as to procedure and means of making application for participation in their festival. In the coming weeks a reply was anxiously awaited. Receiving none, Mr. Kennard paid the Rose Parade Committee a personal visit at their offices in Pasadena. He then returned to Pocatello for the fall school term, and to await further word from Pasadena. Shortly thereafter a brochure of application forms and questionnaires were received. In double quick time the necessary colored photos, tape recordings, list of past accomplishments and letters of recommendation were gathered and forwarded to Pasadena.

Then followed another long wait. During the latter part of these proceedings all band members were aware of what was going on - and our hopes were rising. However, we were soon to be jolted by a very sad announcement. Mr. Paul Hoff, upon learning he had a friend on the Rose Parade Committee, made a long distance phone call and was advised that the Pocatello band WAS NOT one of the five high school bands chosen to participate. Long faces? Yes! Unhappy? Yes! But such was life, and fortunately we had not let our hopes soar too high, so it was back to the old grind and we worked diligently on precision and snap. If we can't go to Pasadena at least we can look like a million in the Utah State Homecoming parade in Logan on October 27th. It was a great trip and numerous people said we were a smashing success. But it was a real let-down to return to school on Monday morning - nothing more to look forward to.

And so it was we struggled through the first part of band practice that fateful morning of October 29, 1962. Finally Mr. Kennard gave us the "wave-off" and said we'd call it quits for the time being - and said he had a letter to read to us. It began, and ended, something like this: "Dear Mr. Kennard - We are happy to inform you that information previously furnished you was in error and that the Pocatello High School Indian Marching

Band HAS BEEN selected to participate in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses parade on January 1, 1963!" Wow, the rafters literally shook as we let out an ear-splitting scream - unequalled in the history of mankind. For five solid minutes we screamed and yelled. It was wonderful! We'd made it!

From there it is a matter of record. A hurried up luncheon meeting was held at the Red Rock cafe with school administrators and officers of the Band Boosters organization in attendance. The announcement was read - and a decision was arrived at -- "the band will go to Pasadena." From 7 o'clock band rehearsals to Bumper Sticker sales to "Have Band - Will Travel" concert. Those were busy days. The press, radio and Chamber of Commerce cooperated in grand fashion. There was "Chevrolet Day" and "Okay Food Store Day" and "Community Stamp Promotion" and the Chief Theater show. But the greatest support of all came through outright donations from the wonderful, wonderful people of Pocatello, and from their civic, fraternal and labor organizations. From the smallest contribution to the largest - everyone did their share in making this trip possible.

And so, on this bright and sunny morning of January 1, 1963, we proceed eastward on Colorado Boulevard, straight into that sea of faces which lines both sides of the street and, at times, flares out in to bleachers which rise 30 and 40 feet in the air. What a strange town - there's no shops, no stores, no service stations, no sidewalks, no intersections - nothing but faces. But those faces have hands, and as we pass they applaud loud and long. They like us - they really do like us. Listen to that crowd yell and cheer.

Now we are approaching a sign hung across the street. It says, "Look your best - and play your best - for NBC Television." Boy, this is no time to get buck-fever. We're going to perform now for the entire United States including Alaska, Rhode Island and Pocatello, Idaho. We approach NBC's television cameras playing "Semper Fidelis" and then go into our "Idaho" routine. We hope against hope that we have been seen at home - and approved. Then once again we step off with our fast cadence amid the roars and cheers and shouts of approval from thousands of persons in that block.

Ever eastward we go on Colorado Boulevard. And as far as the eye can see are those "Tournament of Roses" banners strung across the street. Now a sign tells us we are approaching the CBS television cameras. So we look our best, and play our best for the CBS viewing audience. Then off again at "One-Eight-O." After a while though, we began depending on the slower cadence of Semper Fidelis and River Kwai to pull us through. It was hard all right, no mistaking that fact, but at no time did we lose the enthusiasm, or drive, or determination that we were noted for.

At intervals, when it seemed we would march forever, we noticed that one bandsman would slyly smile or wink at his neighbor, who would in turn pass it down the line, and then the weariness seemed to vanish, as comrades united in a common cause. On-lookers must have known this too, for their cheers and good wishes increased as we advanced along the parade route. Now and then we would hear an extra loud shout as some current or former Idahoan would try to get our attention. "Hi Poky - we're from Idaho Falls. You're doing Great." "Good show you guys - we used to live in Preston." "Mommie, why don't they look at us?"

And so it went - many, many other calls of encouragement. The thing that drove a good percentage of us mad was the never-ending row of flags that hung over the street. They were beautiful banners all right - but it seemed like they would never end. And as we ended the fourth mile and began the fifth - many students showed signs of wavering. Then came Mr. Kennard's favorite words of encouragement: "Just two more blocks, kids - you can make it." And so two more blocks came, and two more, and two more. Finally we made a left turn off Colorado Boulevard and thought "Oh Boy - we've made it." But then we marched for blocks and blocks farther. And we marched and played in the snappiest fashion we could muster. Poor Mr. Kennard had quite a time there at the last. Each of us had only one person to worry about. Mr. Kennard had 95 of us to prod and keep moving.

Finally, at long last, the point of dismissal was in sight. For most of us it seemed as if this parade had started day-before-yesterday. But now the end was near, and we completed the 1963 Tournament of Roses parade with one last surge of unspent energy. And then collapsed! When we had recuperated sufficiently we headed for the drinking fountains and gulped tons of water. It was a tremendously happy and thoroughly exhausted bunch of kids who took off in the 3 buses for the Rose Bowl.

On the way we ate box lunches given us by the Rose Parade Committee. Sandwiches, potato chips, a candy bar, an apple and a carton of milk. One hundred little orphans gobbled and gobbled all the way to the Rose Bowl. Upon arrival at the football stadium parking lot we were greeted by the cheery faces of our chaperones who poured out heaps and heaps of heart-warming praises. About 30 or so of the students said they didn't have too much desire to see the football game, so they loaded on to one of the buses and headed for Knott's Berry Farm. The rest of us got our tickets and into the stadium we went. Now anyone who's ever been to the Rose Bowl would know what we mean when we say there were "quite a few" people. Shortly after the game got under way the man on the "PA" system announced the attendance figure as 99,476. That's a lot of people! Twice the population of Pocatello, Chubbuck and Tyhee, plus all those living up Johnny

Creek.

For those of us who knew our football (?) it was a real thrill to see the No. 1 team and the No. 2 team in the nation oppose each other in bone-cracking action. University of Southern California versus University of Wisconsin. The first half was all USC. Wisconsin just couldn't seem to get going. And so the first half ended with a pitifully lopsided score in favor of USC. We band students were particularly impressed with the half-time activities - including superb performances by the marching bands of Wisconsin and Southern Cal.

The second half of the football game was quite a different story from the first half. Clark Parker, Tom Ogee and Grant Anderson slept the entire first half - but they sure woke up for this half. Wisconsin came to life and created some real exciting moments. However, U.S.C. finally eeked out a 42 - 38 victory.

As soon as the game was over we fought our way through many thousands of native and transplanted Californians to the parking lot. And then through a multitude of enemy buses until we located our own. We first drove to the Rose Parade park where all the floats were on display. We were only allotted 30 minutes to view the floats, but it gave us an opportunity to see most of them at close range, and to appreciate the tremendous amount of planning and work which went into each float. To think that we had been a part of all this - it was really humbling.

But now we were off to Knott's Berry Farm. Upon arrival at the "Chicken House" we were served a super-duper "Victory Dinner" in real uptown fashion. The dinner started off with soup, salad and rhubarb sauce, followed by "finger-licking" fried chicken, mashed potatoes and chicken gravy, a cooked fresh vegetable and drink. This, together with steaming hot rolls and a variety of Knott's famous Jams and Preserves, plus a choice of Boysenberry pie or Boysenberry ice cream (or both), rounded out a neat 7 million calorie meal. Boy oh boy, was it ever good!

Following dinner each of us removed our band uniform from the three buses and loaded them into the Chevy CorVan. Then Mr. and Mrs. Bowser took off in the van and headed for Pocatello. After cleaning the three buses and removing all excess debris we now had free time until 10 o'clock (supposedly). And so the souvenir shops were visited, purchases were made, and other points of interest at the "farm" were visited and re-visited. Came 10 o'clock and all the other patrons of Knott's left, leaving only us Pocatello people. It seems our bus drivers (who had to drive all night) had gone to a nearby motel to get some sleep and hadn't returned as yet. So, much to the dismay of the Knott's Berry Farm security police and the Orange County deputy sheriff, we stayed on and on. And entertained ourselves with Polka dancing in the street, singing

INFORMATION and DIRECTIONS

to

**KNOTT'S
BERRY FARM
and
GHOST TOWN**

OPEN DAILY

BUENA PARK, CALIFORNIA



Main Street in Ghost Town

**Hours of Free Entertainment
60 ACRES OF FREE PARKING**

33 INTRIGUING SHOPS

Presented By



Chicken Dinner Restaurant

**Menu
CHICKEN DINNER**

Mrs. Knott's Fried Chicken
Cherry Rhubarb Sauce
Salad

Mashed Potatoes and Gravy
Vegetables
Hot Biscuits

Home-Made Berry Jam
Our Home-Made Pickles

Choice of Coffee, Tea, Milk

Choice of
Berry Pie Vanilla Ice Cream
Boysenberry Sherbet

HC
SUMMER SCHEDULE: Memorial Day to Labor Day
WINTER SCHEDULE: Labor Day to Memorial Day
CHICKEN DINNER RESTAURANT: Open daily.
of 25 or more.
STEAK HOUSE RESTAURANT: Open daily. Gho:
Summer Schedule
GHOST TOWN: Open daily.
BUS SERVICE DAILY: Metropolitan Coach Lines
Telephone: Buena Park - LAWrence 2-1131
Knott's Berry Farm Closed Christmas Day

songs from "West Side Story" - and you name it, we did it. True, it was fun, but we were real pleased to see our bus drivers being delivered to us in a deputy sheriff's car, and soon we were on our way.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1963

Student activity went to absolute zero on all three buses as soon as we cleared the front gate of Knott's. We had been up and on our feet for a good many hours the previous day and now the only thing we could think of was sleep. Sitting up, laying down, curled up, stretched out - it didn't matter what the position was. Sleep came quickly to all of us. and so the buses rolled on through the night. But someone in the rear seat of Bus 3 has their eyes wide open. It's Charlyn Garteiz - the excitement of all the activities has made her the lone road-watcher. Someone said we made a stop at Barstow, California sometime during the night. And others said they were awake in Las Vegas while the buses were being serviced. But for the most part, we passed through Las Vegas in a much different manner coming back than we did going down. Ron Jones, Gene Wood, and many others slept real comfortable in the luggage racks while these stops were made. But as the early morning pushed along a few bodies began to stir about. Raymond Carter decided it was time to start a "21" game. Which provided Ted Peterson and Mike Bean an opportunity to show Sherri Hollingsworth how to make teeth out of white Life Savers.

But, at 7:20 A.M. everyone was alerted with the delightful news that Bus 3 had broken down. Good old Bus 3! It couldn't possibly have happened to either of the other two buses. Anyway, it seemed that a shaft on the fuel injector pump had broken, and Bus 3 was done for the day. So all the kids on Bus 3 loaded on to Buses 1 and 2 and away we went again. At the next town, which we believe was Glendale, Nevada, Mr. Yeagle phoned the news of our dilemma back to the Greyhound Bus dispatcher in Las Vegas, who promised to do something as soon as possible to alleviate our crowded condition. Jim Carter, Dave Higbee and Mike Bean were shoved up in the luggage compartments to make room for the students displaced from Bus 3. Charles Smith was telling all the newcomers the latest Bus 2 news, and Lee Caldwell stood up and made funny noises all the way to Cedar City. We were supposed to have been in Cedar City for breakfast, but here it was almost noon. So instead of having a delicious Sullivan breakfast we had a delicious Sullivan luncheon. And something that made us real happy was when Mrs. Sullivan came to our tables and said they had seen the Pocatello band on T. V. and how great we looked, and that she was just real proud to have been a part of our trip. We returned the compliment by saying the three meals we had eaten in her restaurant were the "best ever."

Following lunch we sprung on the town of Cedar City one hundred and fourteen strong. The ring of cash registers was heard in all directions. Anyone who had a dollar left spent it in Cedar City. Peggy Schultz bought a whole new wardrobe. She said she was tired of wearing yesterday's clothes. There was plenty of time for everyone to purchase to the full extent of their pocketbooks for we were in Cedar City for over 3 hours. What we had forgotten was this - when we left poor Mr. Livingston back there on the desert with Bus 3 we forgot that when the substitute bus showed up from Las Vegas it would rest squarely on Mr. Livingston's shoulders to transfer all that luggage and all the numerous souvenirs gathered from Disneyland to Knott's Berry Farm. So it was a real "beat" bus driver who came rolling into Cedar City about 3 o'clock that afternoon. Many of the boys told Mr. Livingston they were sorry they hadn't stayed behind and helped him with the luggage transfer. But no one was in the mood for small talk - and very soon we all boarded three buses and headed for Salt Lake City.

For the first time since leaving Pocatello some 5 or 6 days ago we have brand new bus drivers. Different bus drivers, that is. But Messrs. Yeagle, Fowler and Livingston are still with us. We don't know how they managed to find seats, but they're in these buses somewhere.

On Bus 1 Roger Malm and Steve Long are deeply engrossed in their newly acquired Funny Books. And several boys have piped up with - "I'm next for that Jane Doe Lonely Hearts" book. If you heard peals of laughter from some obscure corner you could just pretty well bet that either Jane Doe had lost another husband or Tarzan had been eaten alive by the bad old crocodiles while "Me Jane" and "Boy" looked on with horror-stricken faces. And back on Bus 3 Russell Brown, Dee Harmon and Bruce Orchard were quiet as mouses. Or is it mices? Charlyn just said the proper word is "meeces." Anyway, these three boys slept and slept and slept. And so the weary afternoon drags on and on.

A great many of the students are just sitting, and staring into space. We can only guess what thoughts are going through their mind. For some it's probably Sproul Hall and the wonderful hospitality afforded there. Others are no doubt re-living that afternoon and evening at Disneyland. And then there's Marineland. Most likely yesterday's parade is coming in for its share of day-dreaming. No one can deny how tired we got. And just thinking about the parade makes the eyelids droop, and finally stay gently closed as we are off to slumberland for a short snooze.

But at 8 o'clock that evening everyone is awake and eager to get off the buses as we pull into the depot at Salt Lake City. Having not eaten for several hours we are naturally starved, and so the first order of business is to head for the Post House Cafe in the bus depot. Upon being seated we are told that Fried Chicken dinners are waiting

to be served us. This announcement is met with a great many moans and groans. Some of our people though do settle for the Fried Chicken. But others have their heart set on a good old Hamburger, Fries and a Shake. The man with the checkbook had decided some time back that we were a pretty good bunch of kids, so he said we could eat anything we wanted - providing it didn't run over 55¢ a piece.

It was Salt Lake where we sadly parted company with our original bus drivers. As we each said our "Good-bye's" to Mr. Yeagle, Mr. Fowler and Mr. Livingston we realized how these gentlemen had, on numerous occasions, gone out of their way, and far beyond the call of duty, to make our trip more pleasant. But now the Greyhound dispatcher had other work for them and so we climbed those four little steps for the last time, and headed out on the last leg of our journey.

Next stop - "Pocatello." All signs of sleep and weariness have now vanished. The anticipation of reunion with our families brings forth much laughter and a multitude of smiling faces. And as we pass the state line from Utah into Idaho at 11:05 P. M. there are numerous card games in evidence and much, much singing. On Bus 2 Neal Van Natta is telling Gene Giesbrecht, Karen MacKinmon, Gary Bain and Patti Patton all about the art of "Cutter Racing." His audience seems to be attentive, but we have a suspicion their thoughts are all dwelling on a spot some 60 miles up the highway. Miss Bell has just told Joe Barber he ought to rest for awhile. And Joe comes back with a friendly, "Are you kidding?" Group singing is going on everywhere. Some stick to the old stand-by's like "Sweet Adeline," "Old MacDonald's Farm," and the "Battle Hymn," while others come forth with "Jacob's Ladder" and "True Love."

As we pass the Port of Entry at McCammon we have reason to believe our progress is being reported by short-wave or something. Anyway, just south of Pocatello our buses pick up a police escort, complete with blinking red light and siren. And so we re-entered Pocatello in the same grand style which was afforded us on our departure. As we drove north on Garfield Avenue past the high school what should appear but a huge gathering of people waiting to welcome us home. The thought of that many people, waiting up until past midnight - put a king size lump in all our throats. But the lump quickly disappeared as we all began to scream and holler and shout.

It seemed there might be numerous fatalities when they opened the bus doors and we all stampeded out. There was complete pandemonium - cheering parents - flood lights -hugging - kissing - hand shaking - photographers - TV cameras. Excited band students were being interviewed by Radio Station KSEI's Bill Ryan. And it was Mr. Ryan who aptly described the scene in these words: "Like Roman Legionnaires returning home after a successful conquest." But the hour was late, and after receiving the news

there would be no school first three periods next day, the crowd began to disperse, everyone going to his own, warm, familiar home. It was really grand to be back. Yes, the long awaited trip was over, but no band student will ever forget the wonderful things we saw and did. Nor will we ever forget the wonderful support that every citizen gave in making the trip possible.

"POCATELLO . . .

"WE HOPE YOU WERE PROUD OF US

"AND THANKS A MILLION."

SCRIBES:

Miss Ginger Jones
Miss Kathy Kennard
Mr. Ted Peterson

PS; Responsibility for consolidation, continuity, and all inaccurate insertions, will be assumed by Mr. "Uncle Bob" Bailey.