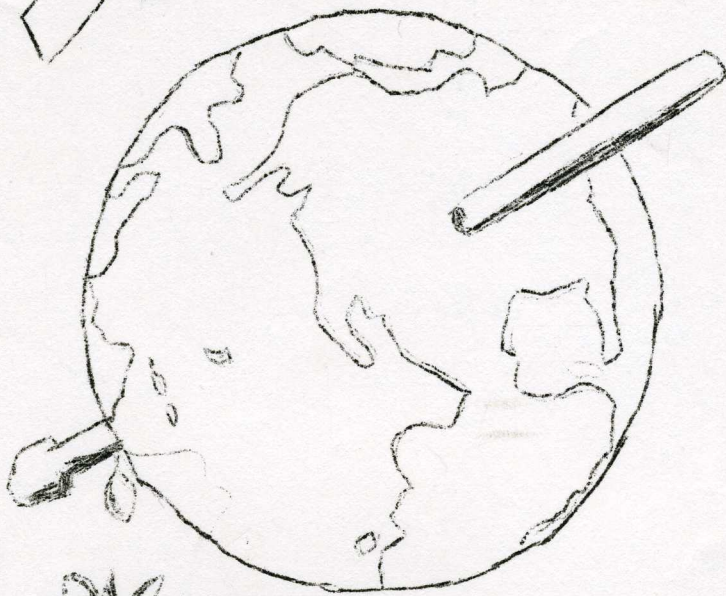


# BEST OF THE DRUM GET ROCK



TIQUE of the CLIQUE  
AN ANTHOLOGY OF PERCUSSIVE HUMOR



## EDITORIAL

DEAREST READERS,

AFTER OUR LAST SUPERB RENDITION OF THE "DRUM CLIQUE-BAND III WEAKLY PLANET, THE STAFF HAS DECIDED, BECAUSE OF POPULAR DEMAND, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR YEARS, TO DO A SECOND CLIQUE. THIS SECOND EDITION IS NOT YOUR EVERYDAY CLIQUE, IT IS THE CREAM OF THE CRA...OOPS CROP. THE FIRST OF THE NEW BREED OF WEAKLY PLANETS WAS IN 1970 IN THE TRUEST TRADITION OF CLARK KENT, LOIS LANE, JIMMY OLSEN, AND THE CHIEF. OUR STAFF RESEACHERS HAVE RAVAGED THE FILES AND HAVE BROUGHT TO LIGHT THE PIQUE OF THE CLIQUE. THIS WAS NOT AN EASY TASK DUE TO THE FACT THAT OUR FILES ARE AT THE EXACT SPOT WHERE ADMIRAL BYRD ENDED HIS EXPEDITION FOR THE ANCIENT MONGOLIAN FERTILITY RITUALS. THE GROUP WAS DELAYED SEVERAL TIMES. THIS EDITION IS FULL OF THE HUMOR OF EIGHT YEARS OF DRUM CLIQUE, SO ENJOY YOURSELF AND LAUGH HEARTILY.

NOSTALGICALLY YOURS,  
YER EDITOR,  
R. KNOWLES



## WEST TEXAS VOCABULARY

This section is presented as a public service to those bandmen who are new to West Texas. If at first you don't totally understand our tongue, don't feel inadequate.....Robyn Ruhlman (the Conroe Yankee) has been here in "de South" for almost two years and she still doesn't know what we're saying, and vice-a-versa.

FORM.....Where lots of folks in West Texas live.

KAYO.....What else besides folks lives on forms.

WAIL.....Where you git water for form kayos.

RHINE.....What you might look for if it gits dork in the daytime. (Also, you can find it in the sky, on your head, and up your pants at Hurst.)

SOD.....What you should go in if it rhines.

WEIGH IT.....What you git if you stay outsod when it Rhines

CORES.....What rich West Texans drive, big and new.

GRUDGE.....Where they keep their cores.

YAWL.....Who Anita Johnson says she "jist loves."

ARES.....What it is if it isn't yawl's.

ISLE.....Cheap drink besides beer.

HAIL.....Where we go if we drink beer and isle.

FAR.....What's hot as hail.

HAIFTOM.....When the band marches.

DOANWIGGAL.....What a good bandsman does during haiftom.

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## BELIEVE IT OR DON'T

In 1942 Herman "The Flying Squirrel" Schwartzfeld in Boise, Idaho attempted to leap from the 23rd floor men's room of the Dopodney Gas Building and Cleanomat into a two-gallon wicker basket filled with a 40-60% mixture of Crisco and Wicker. He ended his dramatically dull career when he misjudged the wind and missed the basket by 15 yards (English system), striking a sanitation worker, breaking Herman's fall and neck.



"DEAR SCABBY....."

In this world of technology, pressure, and K.C. and the Sunshine Band, there seems to be a lack of escape. If nothing else, just someone to tell our problems. A-HA! Search no more bandsmen, for hidden in these pages is the Way, the Truth, the Light, the B.S. I speak of none other than "the ear of the world" the proverbial pillow to rest our heads on..... Who else but, but, but, SCABBY! Yes, at last there is an escape; someone to listen to our problems. In order that you have no doubt, we have selected some random letters, representative of the sage-like wisdom possessed in our dear Scabby. Without further ado, we submit the following.....

Dear Scabby,

I have this terrible problem. You see I can't. In other words, every time I see a grocery sack, well, I just have to put it over my thighs. But you ask "Why can't you see if the sack covers just your thighs?" Well, you see, there I go again, I can't see. Anyway, I have to put my face in the sack to see if there are any stamps or ticket stubs in it. But don't worry, I'm starting to enjoy it.

Signed,

Sacked-out in Dallas

Dear Sacko,

Your problem sounds like the punch line to a joke. Ha-Ha-Ha! Seriously though, I really can't see your problem. I guess with your head in a sack you can't see it either.

Scabby

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Dear Scabby,

I-I-I have to tell you.....I-I can't go on like this! AH-H-H-H! There it goes again. HELP! I've got to have help! It all started with her. Ugh! That night...NO!...OUR night! AHHHHH!! Yes! Of course.....that's it! THAT'S IT!! Scabby, Oh Scabby! You were right all the time. How can I... I mean, what can I....Oh, Scabby! Yes, YOU! It's YOU! Geeeee, thanks!

Signed,

the late R. Serling

Dear R. Serling, (wherever you are)

I-I-I-I don't know what to say. I've never received a letter quite like yours. It's-It's-I-I- WE have to meet! You're right....You've always been right! AHHHH! I've played the fool. A meeting --- That's it! OHHHHH YES!! We can't get around it....then a meeting it is! See ya!

Scabby

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Dear Scabby,

My husband and I have been happily married for 14 years and have both learned to overlook certain oddities and idiosyncrasies of the other. Lately, however, my husband (I'll call him Herschel) has developed a new practice which I find difficult to understand or overlook. Herschel works eight hours a day in a doughnut shop and every evening he brings home a bushel of dough in a basket. This in itself is a little strange, but to top that all off, he then takes off all his clothes, carries the basket of dough onto the front porch, along with a radio and a bag of Cheetos, and sits in it and waves at passing cars.



I've tried reasoning with him, but he refuses to quit this habit. He did agree to take the dough back to the shop instead of leaving it around the house, but now I am afraid to buy doughnuts because they may have been made from sat-in dough. Please tell me what to do because I love Herschel and I want to help him through this stage.

Dear Wife,

## Scabby

The following people have done some particularly notable "thing" and therefore deserve the DRUM CLIQUE GLUR AWARD ....

Hank Stence ---An A&M student of Agriculture, Hank raised a 700 pound chicken. The chicken was quietly taken off the market after breaking a truck axle and giving Col. Sanders a hernia.

Maude Blergo---Maude was arrested at an old folks rally, because her varicose veins coincidentally spelled out obscene words.

Morton Plerk---Morton performed mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to the entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Norrell Whittinghill---Norrell was the first man ever to crawl into a baked potato. He then leaped into a vat of sour cream and was chived to death.

Ernie Pharr---Ernie was the first man to successfully reach down his throat and pull out a vital organ.

Ernie Pharr---He also set the record for the world's loudest scream.

\*\*\*\*\*&\*\*\*\*\*

Pakistan harvested 2,567,396 tons of wild rice in 1962.

There are only two known living African red-tongued waterhole jumpers left in the entire world. There are, however, 3,572 dead ones disguised as cacti and placed in strategic places in the Gobi desert.



Following our last excursion, during which the high point was undoubtedly, our all to brief stop in Brownwood, certain bandsmen felt inspired to compose a ballad concerning the the cuisine, surroundings, and general atmosphere of the anxiously-awaited oasis called Chisholm's. The following is the result of ptomaine-inspired minds.

The Ballad of Chisholm's \*  
( Sung to the tune of "Branded")

All but one man died,  
At the smorgas bord,  
And they say he ran awaaaaaaaaayyyy....

Poisoned.... That's not the way to go.  
What do you do when you're poisoned, well you die very slow.

The lines were long,  
And the food was gone;  
But they say there'll be some moreeeeeeeeeee...

Chisholm's. That's not the place to eat.  
Try to swallow the food, but don't try... to find your own seat.

They had pickled corn,  
And pickled beans,  
And pickly waitressesssssssssssss....

Chisholm's. The service wasn't great.  
'Twas bad for the first seven busses... much worse for bus Ate.

REFRAIN:

Wherever you go for the rest of your life,  
You'll have GASSSSSSSSSS.....  
From Chisholm's.

We were ignorant,  
Of the fate in store;  
For the mighty Raider Band.....

At Chisholm's... Brownwood's pride and joy.  
The whole Raider Band got heartburn... Every girl and boy.

The waitresses,  
Told us where to sit;  
And those who disobeyed.....  
Were punished... taken by the hand,  
Strapped in their chairs and spoon-fed... molded Spam.

As we left the place,  
In the ambulance;  
They asked, "What happened here?"

\* will be performed by the Band III Chorus on request.



Chisholm's. Pump my stomach fast.  
That was my first meal at Chisholm's... It'll be my last.

REFRAIN:

Tell all that you meet that they should never eat,  
In Brownwood.....  
At Chisholm's.

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## THE TRUE STORY OF Z.I.T.

Through the years the true story of Zeta Iota Tau has been lost and mis-stated and we of Z.I.T. feel it is our duty to enlighten those bandmen who have been wandering around their foot and a half asking the questions; Who ZIT, where ZIT, What ZIT? In answer to these questions, this Z.I.T.

First of all, let us answer the question, "Who is Harvey Neptune"? Harvey Neptune-- isn't-- he was, but he used to be. In 1973, Harvey was Band III's selection for Lubbock's outstanding citizen, and he had high hopes that he would be allowed to enter Lubbock's Hall of Fame (Hub's Heroes). Up until September 9, 1971, Mr. Neptune was head of Grounds Maintenance at the Boaz Prescription Pharmacy, 2316-19th St. He met his untimely demise on the night of September 9, 1971, as he was edging the Boaz Pharmacy lawn, he was sideswiped by a KEND mobile news unit as it was attempting to parallel park. When Band III heard of the accident, one of our supporters (Luap Onacazzam) rose to the occasion and founded the organization of Zeta Iota Tau as a living memorial to their new patron saint, Harvey J. Neptune.

Other additional information which might tickle your fancy or possibly your neighbors fancy ( or whatever), when one has a saint, it follows that one must have a god to complete the set. Realizing this, ZIT went to the local union, Gods Local 331 (American Brotherhood of Gods), and found a rather unorthodox, but devious unemployed god by the name of Kerchak. It is to his diety that the drummers offer their prayers during the roll for the Star Spangled Banner.

Anyone wishing to pay tribute to Harvey may do so by going to his tombstone next to the entrance of the Harvey J. Neptune Memorial Lounge in the basement of X-91. (Mastercharge and BankAmericard accepted)

That ZIT.

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WARNING-- TTubas and box lunches may be hazardous to your health.

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The Drum Clique "Billy Carter Jerk of the Year" Award goes to anyone stupid enough to call himself "Z".



## BUS GAMES

As we all know, it's a long way to Dallas and an even longer way back to the "Hub," On extended drives, one often finds himself completely bored. The guy next to you has bad breath and wants to talk politics, the couple in front of you has been grubbing since Post without even surfacing for air, and the guy across the aisle is a tone-deaf tuba player who insists on whistling all of the tunes from Porter's new album. You know-Wagoner. Dolly's friend. Oh, Pardon me. What can a poor fellow do? The DRUM CLIQUE offers the following suggestions:

HATE SOLITAIRE- This is an excition game which requires only one bored and totally unscrupulous (but fun-loving) bandsman who enjoys watching a good fight between dear friends. To initiate play, one has only to select two victims, A and B, and to fabricate some vicious gossip or rumor about victim A. ~~In order to best facilitate~~ play, one has to have victim A directly in front of you and victim B directly behind you. A good openingtactic is to lean forward and whisper something like, "Hey, the guy behind me has been telling everybody back here about your sister. WOW! Can he tell a good story!" On hearing this, victim A will usually reply, "Ho, Yeah? What did he say?" From here on the scope of the game is only as limited as the player's imagination. Ordinarily, rumors about sisters or mothers draw the quickest and most excition results. In order to best utilize the potential of the game, it is advisable to repeat the above mentioned gossip to victim B, thereby broadening the scope and depth of the hate and enhancing the possibility of a truly spectacular climax.

"Hey, Mr. Bus Driver...." This game can be played by any number but is usually more successful with one player. In order to best



enjoy this game, it is advisable to get on the bus early enough to claim one of the seats in the aisle near the driver (preferably the one directly behind him). The game can also be played while standing in the aisle near the driver but this position makes it too easy for the driver to win by either having you return to your seat or tapping the brakes just hard enough to send you sprawling to the floor or through the windshield; therefore, the seats behind the driver are far more desirable for the players. To start the game, the players, or player, need only begin asking stupid inane questions are: "Hey, what's that little red light for? What would happen if I pulled this." Did you drive busses in the war? Aren't you going too fast? Have you ever hit a cat with this thing? Can you really empty the john from up here? Did you hear about the big bus wreck in New Mexico yesterday? It was a bus just like this one. How many horses does this crate got? Do you mind me asking all these questions?" This game can become an exciting battle of nerve and wits if played correctly. The game is won when either the player or the driver is assigned to a different bus, or when the driver loses control of himself and the bus. The recognized champion of, "Hey, Mr. Bus Driver," is Marvin Kukuk, who has been credited with the deaths of 73 passengers on 25 different busses, and over 367 confirmed driver resignations.

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-----'66VW SENT TO OLD VOLKS HOME

-----TUBA SHIRT MISTAKEN FOR FLAG AND BURNED IN PANAMA CANAL ZONE

-----MOUSTACHED MECHANIC GETS FACE CAUGHT IN RADIATOR FAN...REALLY HACKED OFF.

-----JOHN WHITE WAS MISTAKEN FOR THAT ORIENTAL CRIMINAL CHARLIE WONG  
 ..... CAN'T THEY TELL WHITE FROM WONG?

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## MARCHING HYMN OF THE GOIN' BAND

His ears have heard the discords from a thousand blaring brass  
He can even catch the rumble of a drummer's stomach gas!  
He has poured invective on the heads of every lad and lass  
His band goes marching on---

(CHORUS--

Glory, Glory, Mr. Killion  
Glory, Glory, Mr. Killion  
Glory, Glory, Mr. Killion  
His Band Goes Marching On.

We have watched him wave that stick at us in wind and rain and snow  
There've been times we wished we had the nerve to tell him where to go  
But we'll work like hell to keep our spot to march in next week's show  
As Dean goes marching on--

(CHORUS)

We have played Tech teams to victory and we've cheered 'em in defeat  
We have marched with blisters on our hands and blisters on our feet  
We have covered miles of astro-turf and mud and city street  
And still we're marching on---

(CHORUS)

He has marched us 'til we thought we'd drop in weather at its worst  
We have played 'til bones were aching and both lips and drumheads burst  
But if Dean should ask for volunteers we'll sure as hell be first  
His band goes marching on---

(CHORUS)

His glance has caught the bloodshot look of morning-after eyes  
He is quick to note each added ounce on twirlers hips and thighs  
If you think that you can fool him--boy--you're in for a surprise!  
As Dean goes marching on---

(CHORUS)

We have seen him seethe with anger when the Aggie band ran long  
And beam with pride at half-time shows when not a thing went wrong  
But spirits high or spirits low we're damn glad we belong!  
Our band goes marching on---

(CHORUS)



There are memories we will cling to--there are some we'd rather not  
Like the dust that grits between your teeth or the spit valves frozen shut  
And that lonely point of panic when you're standing in your spot  
And the band goes marching on---

(CHORUS)

We have heard him from his watchtower hurling insults through his horn  
We have heard him ream the right guides 'til they're sorry they were born  
We have heard him tell some hairy cat to come back when he's shorn  
And Dean goes marching on---

(CHORUS)

Then we've heard him after half-time praise the drummers for their style  
And we've heard him compliment the brass in terms that brought a smile  
And we've felt a surge of pride sweep down through every rank and file  
As we go marching on---

(CHORUS)

There are days we swear we'll shoot the guy that schedules one more drill  
And our section head evokes in us a burning urge to kill  
But every time the roll-off sounds we get that same old thrill  
And we'll go marching on---

(CHORUS)

Various members of Z.I.T. have been asked what the strange noises coming from the drum section during the pre-game invocation are. Well, obviously, those who ask aren't doing much invoking or they wouldn't know that there was any noise. However, since so many have asked, we feel a mild obligation to educate the masses. Yes, there are noises, but they are sacred noises. While the rest of the band tries to get in their respective diagonals and looks around to see who doesn't have his head bowed, the drummers are carrying out a beautiful and time honored ceremony-- the "Kerchak Prayer for Strength". For the believers, it goes like this:

OH KERCHAK, GOD OF ALL Z.I.T.S, HOWARD BE THY NAME. GIVE TO US, YOUR CHILDREN, THE STRENGTH TO COMPLETE THE ROLL DURING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. OPEN OUR BOUNCES AND TIGHTEN NOT OUR FOREARMS. FOR THINE IS THE TEMPO, AND THE METER, AND THE RUDIMENTS FOREVER... AHOKAY???

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After a great deal of research, time, and money, a special division of the Drum Clique reporting staff, the Drum Investigative Reporting Team (DIRT) has uncovered the forbidden knowledge of what the "M" in M. Dean Killion stands for... "MISTER!!"

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### HINTS FROM HELL-O-WHEEZE

Dear Hell-O-Wheeze,

Those pesky neighborhood kids can be taken care of! Invite them into your home for some Campbell's Botulism Soup. After they (the children) become sufficiently stiff, you can panel your den with the bodies. This provides an interesting conversation piece and is much more impressive than the trite moosehead or bearskin.

Yours truly

Sally Mander

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Dear Hell-O-Wheeze,

I have seen several suggestions in your column concerning those empty thread spools that sewing thread comes on, but I use mine for something that no one has ever mentioned. My grandmother is an invalid and must be helped in and out of bed. I find that if you put 25-30 spools under her in bed, then she can be rolled out of bed instead of having to be picked up. I'm sure others will find this helpful.

Yours truly,

Cliff Hanger

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### TORNADO WARNINGS

Can you dig tornado warnings? I mean the one"s that go like this: "Those living three miles either side of a line extending south of a line drawn twenty-three miles north by northeast of Tumlow county to four miles east of a line extending from Harpers Dream to eighteen miles south of Roopertown are under an immediate tornado alert and should seek shelter immediately." If a tornado ever did strike at wherever that is, everybody would be swept away because they were all sitting around trying to figure out whether they were under a tornado alete or alert.

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### What Makes Up the Tech Band

By now, many of you are probably wondering what makes up the Tech Band. We as Editors of the Drum Clique plan to destroy any foolish thought you may have in your minute cranial cavities. Listed below, in order of importance, are the different bands that make up the GOING BAND FROM RAIDERLAND.

- Band III: Drummers and twirlers, need we say more?
- Band I : This is the band on the south end of the field for bandsmen who enjoy the milder climates of the south.
- Band II : This band is for bandsmen who couldn't make Band I.
- Band IV : The Flag Corps. The only group in the now existent band who may reach the legendary esprit des crpses of the TECH BAND DRUM CORPSES<sup>1</sup>.
- Band V : Alternates. These are bandsmen who were barely afloat but Sank.
- Band VI : Band Wagon crew. This is a crew made up of two of our most trusted bandsmen~~N~~ Thumbs O'Malley and Lefty Lumpquist.
- Band VII : Ladder Carriers(guards).These are bandsmen who thought a lot of ROTC, but ROTC didn't think much of them.
- Band VIII: Directors. Every band has one , but with our luck, we have four!!!



## "WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

Randy Armstrong, Joe Rackley, The Royal Canadians, Pa Kettle--men who at one time or another have shared the same experience. No, we're not referring to metal shop or personal hygiene, but to the performances turned in by these one-time members of the Tech Band. Despite the fact that some of them have lost track of time (so to speak) we would like to give you the latest on Tech Band members from a generation earlier than these. Yes, graduates who have long since lost their embouchures, their mouthpieces, their lists of cadences, and licked their last reed(AAAHHHH). Have you ever wondered what happened to them? Have you ever wondered, "Where are they now?"

BILLY BRAD PHLEGM-Remember when old "BB" livened up the 1970 Dad's Day pre-game show by marching his part of the Cole Porter halftime show instead? If he had only known the music, he would have really been a hit.

Well, Billy Brad is currently a trustee in the Tarrant County Jail where he has been serving a sentence for molesting parking meters during a holiday. When the Clique staff contacted Billy Brad, he commented, "No, I don't remember nothing about no band. Wanna buy a watch?"

RASHAD AL NURFAISAL-"Rash" who hailed from Oumnalf, Saudi Arabia, was probably the only Tech Band member to go through eight semesters in the Tech Band without speaking one word of English. Mr. Killion always addressed Rashad as "fuzzy-headed trombone player from Oumnalf."

Rashad is today the second in command of NOT SELLING OIL TO ANYONE WITH JEWISH FRIENDS, INC.

BOBBIE JO LOU JEAN RITCHIE-That twirler that everyone referred to simply as "Lungs," will not soon be forgotten, especially by that photographer who received 14 stitches in his face when the zipper on Lungs' uniform gave out and ripped across his leer.

Today, Lungs is employed by some gentleman in Detroit who calls himself "motown Maurice," and wouldn't give us Lungs' address unless we paid him an exorbitant fee.

If you have any old friends, or enemies, whom you would like traced by the didigent Clique staff, don't hesitate to ask our help in finding out... "Where are they now?"







**Answers**



Rick Knowles - City Desk

Kristi Mason

Bruce Bray

Jim Hardaway "Plug"

Danny Minion

Michael Turner

Erud Fella

Jerry Clark

Leslie Nossaman

John L. Sutton

Mike Myles

Ron Howell

Karl E. Gore

David Slesher

Bob Fuchs (Fox)

Donna McCarty

Cindy Mills

Ally

Jim Parton