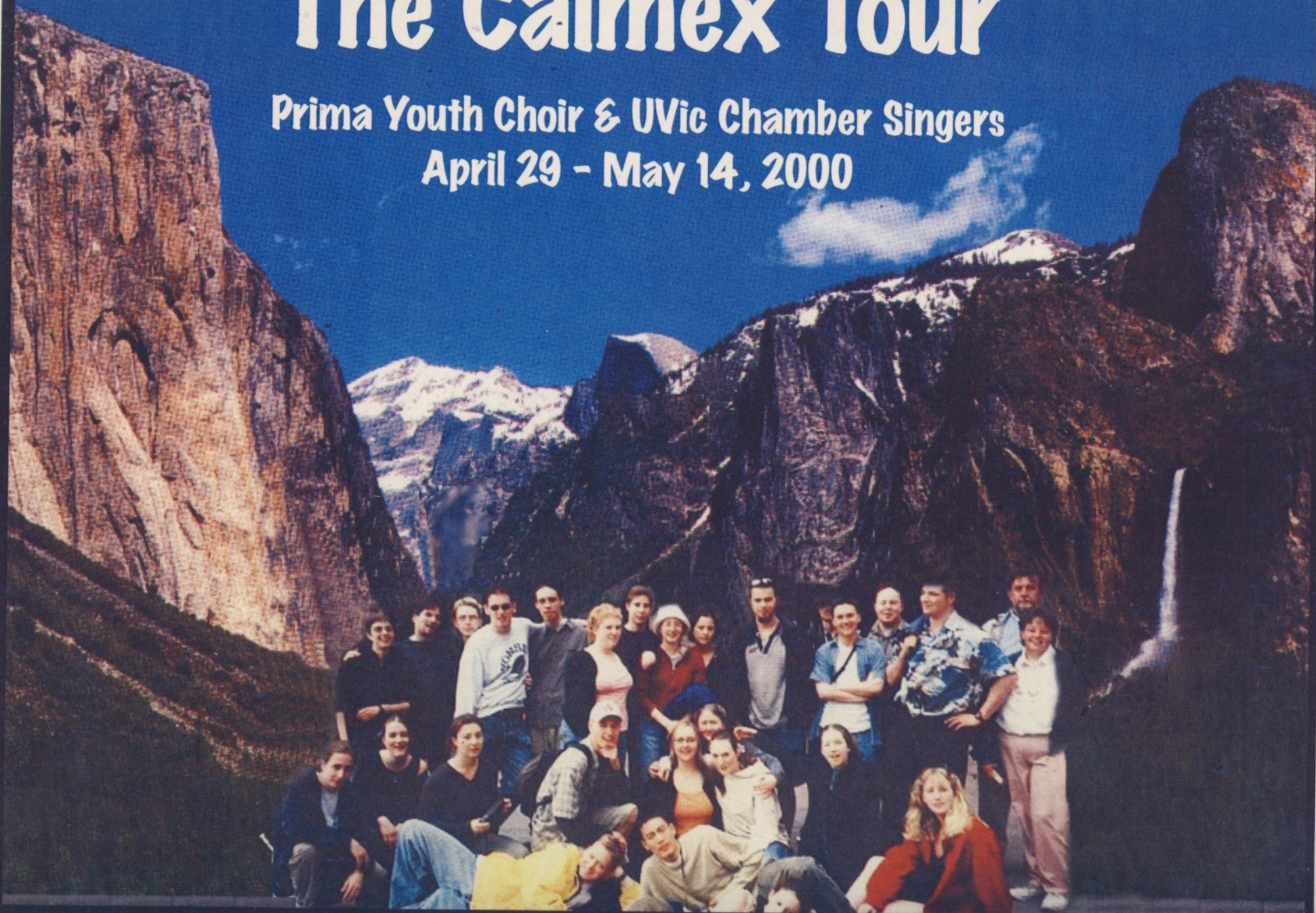


The Calmex Tour

Prima Youth Choir & UVic Chamber Singers
April 29 - May 14, 2000



Day 1 - April 29th

Our lovely Brooke Argus had graciously put me up for the night before tour, and so there I was, waking up after a great 3 hours of sleep to the 1st time of that annoying sound my super old school alarm clock makes, which went on to annoy endless other roommates of mine. So Brooke and I start the frantic relay of trading in and out of the bathroom to do our various duties to make ourselves presentable on the First Day. Breakfast consisted of a quick mug of hot tea to wake me up, and I as watched B.A. down her toast, I think to myself, "Self, this tea is too damned hot to be chugging." Uh, that last quote is cheating; Celia passed that quote on to me in the later part of tour. No really, Brooke and her family were one of the main factors in starting off an amazing tour, as they were amazing hosts and fed me well (very important, eh?) and were so gracious and giving. Into the car for the cold trip up to UVic, where the yelling began as the group comes together. To the some of our delight, Lloyd is our bus driver! So, already everything was pointing to a great, fun filled tour. The next while passed by as I dwelled over how much Graval was to be consumed that day, and after conferring with some guy called Todd, I decided to not take any and wait out the 45minute bus ride to Schwartz Bay. I can't recall whom I sat with, but I believe most of that short bus ride was spent walking around the bus. I tried to check with everyone individually to see how he or she was feeling, how they were doing, and all the general group care I like to extend to try and do my part of getting everyone happy and excited. I remember wondering if the "division of bus seating" was to remain that way all tour? "Nope." After doing "the rounds," I sat down and curled up, wishing for my pillow which was below the bus, wishing for a Discman which I've never had, wishing for Dave Matthews who instantly puts me in a great mood and hopefully will father my children alongside Mats Sundin and Jason Newsted. Seriously, I thought about that in 2 seconds as I sat down and began to relax. In my mind, I went over the day's itinerary, the hours logged on the bus, and just tried to calm down and build up my excitement over going on tour so that I could be pleasantly high on excitement for as long as possible. You see, up 'till the tour, there seemed to be this great divide occurring between the choir, and myself, as I was the "pianist" and everyone either the "choir" or the "conductor" or the "bus driver." This feeling peeled away that day, for everyone was already getting along great and meeting each other and bonding and all that jazz. And so, Felipe, Big G, and Ryan pull out the "film" and there's my excitement for the ferry ride. For myself at least, the ride seemed to fly by as people spread out all over the boat and walked around. When the time came, Ryan and I adjourned to the top deck where we "took heavy pictures" with his "film." Sending it to its watery death below was the saddest thing that happened that day. Onto the bus again for the short ride to the border crossing. This leg of bus was uneventful really, with Herr Bruce going over the coming itinerary and carefully stressing the procedure at the border, which was mostly "don't f*** up or you will be f***** up." And soon Mr. Big mounted the bus and asked us if we were all Canadian citizens. And of course somebody decided to indeed "f*****" it up. "Nope" rang like a bell, and I could feel the entire bus tense up beyond belief. That was the suckiest part of the day. And so the major bus trip began. I was feeling happy enough to not want Graval, and proceeded to do the rounds again, except with the intention of meeting people, and this is what went down:

Michelle D.: quiet, and so happy to be going on tour. I was happy just

seeing the spark in her eyes as we went over how great the tour should be. The sparkle was in almost everyone's eyes, and made for an incredibly happy first day.

Todd: whoa. Graval. Nice. He wins already, I think.

Amy, Heather, and Andrew were inseparable as of the first day, and I thought that was totally cute and wondered if this guy Andrew had any idea what he was doing or appeared to be doing. Amy was great, offering up smiles already and commenting on how exciting everything was. Heather was more like, "You look a little low or 'lost', Jon." And so I met Andrew for the first time, who said, "Dude! Listen to this!" and handed over his headphones. I knew I was going to like this guy!

I unfortunately didn't really get to talk to Tristan, but Ed and Becca were right there, and Ed smiled and we exchanged pleasantries, all the while Becca laughing about something's or others like she always does in that way of hers. Impressions of Ed were that he dressed super well.

The back of the bus was filling up with legs and bodies so the going got slow, and I ended up bailing on the meeting thing around this point. Most of the rest of the ride consisted of little conversations with different



people, mostly people I already knew, like Felipe and Little G and Big G and Ryan and Darryl. A debate about Starcraft started and I ran my ass outta there to go chat about other things with other people. I remember Darryl's famous headphones splitter being brought out, and somewhere in there Brooke called me over to listen to some Dave Matthews. Holy. Indeed, tour was going to be great! The group was so alive, Lloyd settling into dealing with us, Bruce settling into dealing with us, and the kids all pumped up rarin' to go, whether that meant concerting, partying, or passing out and sleeping on the bus. Everybody was smiling wide at some point on the trip to Meaford. One of the not-so-good things during the day was the non-stop questioning of the itinerary. This set a different mood for tour, the almost-none-of-us-know-what's-happening mood. Die Zeit Zu Motel G! Everybody cheered, everybody leered, and everybody beered as we piled off the bus and ran to be with our wanted bed buddies. I had an uneventful supper, at the Buffet, where the 7-9 of us who went just horked down our food and made our way back to the motel. Lucky seemed to be in abundance, and I downed 1 or 2, and everyone kind of got together to party, but as it was the first day,

and so there were various groups of people spread out in the motel. I remember thinking as I fell asleep that everybody had better get along!

Jon "FUCKY FUCK FUCK" Yee

Jon was given the DEMENTED FRENCHMAN award, for having an amazing grasp of profane language and the WORST French accent in the history of bad French accents.



Day 1 - version 2:

Well, the moment had finally arrived. For most of us, it could have started in a more exciting fashion than waiting bleary-eyed in the Mac Lauren parking lot before the roosters had ever gone to bed from the night before, much less gotten up and sounded the morning. We finally left the lot one person short. Yes, rainbow Phil O'Reilly had slept in. Luckily he caught up to us later.

The ride to the ferry was interesting due to the fact that many of us singers (Darryl!) were still hosed from the night before. Unfortunately, Darryl missed his pass-out record by a good seven minutes. The ferry ride was, well, a ferry ride. Our fearless, reliable, and courteous bus driver then navigated us, surprisingly without getting lost, the next five hundred miles to the lovely city of Meaford Oregon. Well actually, it was more of a hole, but lovely sounds more poetic. The rest of the night was a drunken barge with twenty-nine singers partying their first night together. Even with another arduous day of travels ahead, not one spirit was dampened that first night of the CalMex 2000 tour.

Tour Quote of the Day: "I took it..." - Dr. G-Love

Evan "HERE, PICK A CARD" Fabri

Evan was given the NO-SO-PRIVATE PRIVATE award for praying to the porcelain god, despite claiming "little alcohol affects him."

Day 2 - April 30th

This morning we fled screaming from Meaford and hit the road from San Francisco. We drove for a while, and ate some stuff and got a bit lost and then found our hostel. The Fort Mason Youth Hostel was a pretty swell joint what with the free towels and free bagels. We stowed our gear and then a group of us took off to sample the San Francisco nightlife.

We found a club located not too far from the hostel. It was called "Bohemia" and it more than lived up to its name. Populated by hippies, wholesome granola types, and a group of strange fire-eating drum beating "cyber freaks." The club was fun and kind enough to not ID those among our ranks who were chronologically challenged. We danced and got sweaty and drank some stuff. Tristan macked on by one of the Cyber Freaks, but he kept his distance. Whether out of fear or respect for his girlfriend, I couldn't say. I might mention that this was the first night I went dancing in my "ass-pants," thus earning me the nickname of Erin "Hot-Parts" Carsor. Hey, I didn't invent it; I'm just repeating it.

Erin "HOT PANTS" Carson

Erin was given the TRUE CANADIAN award for her tight red bar pants and bringing our Canadian flag for the bus.

Day 2 - version 2:

It's early in the morning, and there are three people snoring in my room. The showerhead is psycho and I have come to the conclusion that I am no in Victoria anymore. As the realization hits me I board our bus and embark upon the second day of our whirlwind tour.

After leaving Medford, Oregon the bus began its journey towards San Francisco. We stopped at a grocery store to procure breakfast food, and started the drive. To be perfectly honest, at this point most of the bus ride is a blur in my mind but I do remember feeling like I was driving through the set of M*A*S*H* because of all the scrub covered hills. I also remember one philosophical discussion about perceived stereotypes with Lauren, Kim, and Felipe.

After driving across the bay bridge (the one that collapsed in the earthquake) and seeing the off ramp that was longer, we arrived in San Francisco. After a bit of confusion we found our way into the Fort Mason Hostel and settled in - after which we promptly left to explore.

Exploring will forever be known as the day we walked up all the hills. Everyway Todd, Lauren, Michelle, Michelle, and I turned seemed to result in us climbing an increasingly steeper street in the world as well as encountering a rather interesting magician - apparently Lauren's choice of the eight of diamonds reflects her entire life - what that means exactly remains a mystery. We eventually ended up in China Town where we found an athletic Dim Sum restaurant after scuttling through some less desirable parts of grant St. We then discovered the joy of hanging off a cable car as passengers or the oncoming car passed by us at an alarmingly close range. We ended up next to the famous Ghiradelli Chocolate Factory, and after proving ourselves some wee samples, we headed back to the hostel where we encountered about another third of the choir. We then set off to explore another one of San Francisco's finest establishments, the Safeway. After returning from the Safeway, Todd and I somehow became the winners of a Trivial Pursuit game with Ed, Michelle, Cale, Phil and Evan, though I don't think we should have won since Ed seemed to know all of the answers to the people and places questions leaving us gasping in his wake.

And so ended my second day of tour.

Laura "RIGHTEDOUS BASE" Fawcett

Laura was given the FALL FROM GRACE award for becoming completely corrupted into a "roaring" woman.

Day 3 - May 1st

We awoke this morning after our first night in the Fort Mason Hostel in San Francisco. Many people were tired due to the loud snoring keeping them up all night. This morning was our Bus tour of San Francisco.

Our first stop was Golden Gate Bridge. We wandered around for half an hour taking pictures and looking around. Darryl and I had already finished our first beer. We had decided on one between each stop. So, minutes after getting back on the bus, we had another, which was downed quickly because we were already nearing our next stop, the Sea Baths.

These were fun. The ruins and tunnels were amazing. Some of us went down to the lower lookout and were soaked by some large waves. As we were leaving, I realized Dimitri had been forgotten somewhere. I sprinted

back to find him and was able to rescue the poor monkey from the side of a cliff. After sprinting back to the bus and only having had two beers so far



for breakfast, I was feeling mighty good. So, Darryl and I cracked open some more beer.

Shortly after, most of us were dropped off in Castro. I (not realizing that I wasn't getting off here) pounded my whole beer and got off the bus only, to get right back on. Ryan, Jon, Phil, Bruce and I got dropped off in China Town for the day. Bruce went quickly on his way and Phil, Ryan, Jon and I set out to explore and find good food and sunglasses. After a few expensive restaurants, I suggested we turn down the next street, and we had found our place. The food and drinks were good and cheap. Fully satiated, we resumed our explorations. We came across an evening gown shop and wished the girls were with us to model some of the beautiful oriental dresses. Phil had left us by then and we went next door to the shop, which looked like a gutted theatre. It didn't take us long to stumble across the weapons section. There was everything from machetes to knives to throwing stars. I purchased my lethal lipstick there, which I wouldn't recommend anyone wear. The three of us then tried on kung-fu suits, which we ended up buying and using later on during the tour.

During our expeditions in Chinatown, Jon bought himself a CD player. Little did he know he'd set off every alarm system in San Francisco soon after! We made our way towards downtown and the Sony Metreon Complex. On our way, we all realized that we needed to make a deposit at the nearest restroom.

It just so happened that we were walking past the Ritz Carlton at that moment. Jon decided we were going in. We looked at some sculptures and wandered some more before we found the bathrooms. These facilities were truly amazing. There were three stalls, and we each took on and did what we needed to do. There were individual hand towels stacked on the sink and everything was made of marble. This concluded our \$#!? at the Ritz.

A few alarms and a lot of walking later, we finally arrived at Metreon. We spent a couple of hours exploring this centre, which was pretty spectacular. We finally decided to head back to Fisherman's Warf for dinner. We

went to the bus stop to catch a train; we waited and waited... finally, the train! Or maybe not. Apparently it had run over someone or something. There were two big work trucks pushing it down the tracks blocking traffic. Another glance saw what seemed to be every damn car lined up behind it. Finally, we got on the train and made it to Pier 39. We tried to find food, but only found that it was very expensive, so we settled back to the hostel. I bought a massive waffle cone and we watched an amazing street painter. My search for sunglasses also continued.

Finally (back at the Rarch (Hostel)) we realized that barely anyone from our choir was there. I found an Iron, and Jon, Ryan and I ironed our new kung-fu suits. Some people played psychiatrist and I went to sleep. That was the end of our eventful day.

Felipe "OUR VERY OWN SLEEPING BEAUTY" Sequeira

Felipe was given the ONCE AGAIN award for his repeat performance as tour drunk, being passed out numerous times, and for the Felipe F.p.

Day 3 - version 2:

Day three was sunny, hot, and best off was a day off to do whatever each individual wanted. For many this meant a walking tour of the city. After the a brief bus tour of the Golden Gate Bridge, the Park, and Twin Peaks, a number of us were let off in the Castro. With its many interesting shops, cafes, restaurants, bars, the Castro was my favourite part of the City, oh not to mention the fact it is also Gay as well. Terribly hungry, a small group and I stopped for a bite to eat at the famous Harvey's, a restaurant named after Gay rights political activist, Harvey Milk. We ate a very well prepared meal, did some people watching and were on our way off to see the city.

This day was full of walking because it is the best way to see everything. I guess I earned the nickname "Hugo Bossy" well as I pushed or from site to site hauling poor tired Lauren along the way. First off it was to Union Square, then the Old Navy Store, did some shopping in the shopping district, then China Town, then Grace Cathedral, then down the hill to the Italian district, then up the hill to Coit Tower. By this time I was starting to feel like I did at the top of the waterfall in Yosemite. But my adventure in the City was far from over of course.

After returning to the hostel, it was a quick change, shower and out the door again to have sushi in Chinatown with a large group. As we sat and ate very expensive sushi from floating boats, we planned an evening or the town, in the Castro of course. Brook, Becka, Michael, Erin and I headed for the streetcar and searched for a bar to dance at. Daddy's on Castro was not our taste and neither was the pick up place next to it, so we headed to the Cafe, a free dance club. After lots of dancing and drinking we bar hopped a bit and miraculous (given our drunker state) found our way back to the hostel. Overall, I would say, day three was a very full day. The bus tour, the walking, the eating, drinking and dancing made this a day I will always remember and San Francisco a city a want to return to as soon as possible.

Ed "ALWAYS NEEDING A PLACE TO PUT HIS HEAD" Johnson

Ed was given the HUGO BOSSY award for stealing Brooke & Becca's pillow, being so horny in Castro, and knowing exactly what he wanted to do and where he wanted to go... in style.



Day 4 - May 2

We arrive at San Jose State U. mid morning and head over to the music building for our pre-concert rehearsal. It's interesting to see campuses of other universities, especially in different climates. There are a lot of classrooms that open right on to outside. As our troops troop over to the music building, we pass a few real 'troops', well, some guys in army-type uniforms. It was a little odd. I don't know why they were walking around in uniform but for a second it made me remember the difference in certain control policies etc. between our homelands and the lands we were currently in. It is too bad that so many Canadians have anti-American thoughts, no matter how brief, while traveling; it puts a damper on things. Anyway, off this tangent and back on track.

We find the music building and the hall that we are to sing in. We have a slightly rusty rehearsal (as it is our first of the tour) but our fearless leader pulls us through and by lunch time we feel ready to perform the first concert of the Calrex tour 2000. We break for lunch but before going to eat, we attempt to locate the room that has been 'set aside' for us. After ten minutes or so of wandering up and down hallways following false cries of 'I found it!' we are informed that the room number that we are looking for does not exist. Nice! So, the group scatters. Some people take their stuff with them, others leave tuxes and bags in the hall.

Kim (head) and I walk over to the student food court across the way and select the pizza option for our mid-day meal. We are joined by Jonathan and Graham (R) and others while I enjoy possibly the greasiest pizza roll-type thing or the face of this planet and Kim fails to enjoy her meal. You can't blame her for not enjoying her tasteless, carb-loaded, cheese-curry, cold pizza; it wasn't very good. We liked it, though. Lunch is soon over and we return to the hall and our uniforms to perform for approximately ten to fifteen people (maybe a few more). 'It was the middle of the day and many students have class' is the apologetic excuse for the poor turnout. That's okay - it's their loss. After our concert, we walk down to meet the San Jose State Choralers in their rehearsal room. We do a little singing for each other and then we watch them rehearse for a bit. They quite an exceptional group; that one alto soloist or that gospel -

WOW. An hour or so later it's back to the bus and on to the Santa Clara Mission and university.

This place is beautiful - and I don't just mean the architecture. No sooner had we set foot (or wheel) on campus, and there were too very good-looking boys waving at our bus (nice fishing, eh Laurer? good waters for bass). We all pack off the bus in front of the mission church where we will be performing later on and have a quick but quiet look inside: beautiful. Everyone then wanders off in various directions to explore or play a little Frisbee or just relax on the grass in the warm California sun.

After sitting on the grass for a while, Laurer and I go exploring. By pure coincidence, we start off in the direction of the cute boys. No luck, they're gone. We start wandering around in buildings and we come across the student art gallery. The displays are really amazing and we discuss the noticeable difference in influence of these artists compared to the artists back home; there is a definite flavour of more southern native American art and beliefs. After absorbing as much culture as we can we continue our walk around. We pass the SLB (where there are some of our very own Calrexers with their feet in and around the fountain) and complete a semi-perimeter tour of the campus, finishing back at the mission church via the housing area. There is an absolutely super lovely rose garden next to the church. 'Holy, I thought (in more than one sense of the word). It was great, with the golden sun kissing the abundant blooms, set against the old stone wall of the church.

At the appointed time we congregate together again and head over to the SLB for supper. (I will not fail to note the game of Frisbee that took place in which there were numerous 'heads up!' shouted to the nearby choirsters who were trying to relax, the multiple tree incidences one of which resulted in Evar ripping his pants, and the trees fighting back by having dropped their droppings on to the grass so that unsuspecting Frisbee players might step on them - like Becca, ouch! The student cafeteria had excellent food for affordable prices. When everyone is sufficiently suffocated we walk back to the church. During said walk, I have a conversation with Dan and Tristan about the high attractiveness factor that both the men and the women on campus share.

Now it is time to rehearse and get ready for our second concert of the day -- oh, the life of a travelling musician is so hard! Some guy wants to tape the performance - cool! He's using a mini-disk player with mikes that lie on the ground so 'be careful and don't step on them'. Maybe we should have translated that message into a bad french accent for Mr. Yee who practically totaled the ore by the piano (crappy, eh?), after all, we are from a bilingual country. The show goes well. There is a Philpino choir in the audience who we are to meet later. They have great enthusiasm, but calling out a request for 'fire fire' in the encore? Come on now. With the concert over, Michelle and I run off to sell some cds. Everyone now gets all their stuff together and we meet our hosts for the next two nights. I go off with five other girls to a lovely home. (Or the way home we pass the Cirque du Soleil for the first of three, count them, three (3) excruciatingly painful times over the course of the tour.) It has been a super great day and we are all ready for a good night's sleep.

oops, insert somewhere in the later portion of the day the singing we did with the choir from Santa Rosa: the sing through of selections of Camira and the informal concert with us, then and the Philpino group, who were excellent!! and a sorse of Jon's and my oh-so-furry-ress - especially in the Matrix - I believe I can fly...

This is Celia "CAN'T GET MY PANTS ON" Brown, singing off.

Celia was given the THERE IS NO SUNBURN award for her creative burn. Honourable mention went to Jon for helping with the sunscreen.

Day 5 - May 3

The soft sunlight pouring through the window bronzed the surface of his skin. What tender magic had electrified us the night before? I beheld the passing deer outside, and he kept all the innocence lost from my face. The match head flicker of his eyes graced me, warming my smile, and bequeathing me of all my impulsive desires. WHOA! Wake up. What the hell? I got out of bed, and we (being myself, Tristan, Campbell, and Ed) crossed the valley I about 20 minutes en route to Santa Clara University, where any given student is at least as beautiful as any cast member of 90210. Since we figured Heather would be late, Tristan and I decided to take in some campus scenery. We decided to check out the breakfast, which for a Jesuit University was positively sacrilegious. On a bulletin board, I found a badge of honour for Dimitri, and Sturt Morkey was born. Anyway, we loaded up the bus and found our way to St. Joseph's Cathedral. Sometime in these precious morning hours, Jon picked up a terrible French accent, which proved sadly contagious. Regardless, we sang Biebel's Ave Maria in the beautiful church. The reverb was like three seconds. Escaping the clutches of Goal-ress, we greased ourselves up for the sun and surf in Santa Cruz. The sheer spectacle of Evar screaming "humar shield" and diving head first into the mucky sand before the waves crashed over him to protect a sand castle thirty feet away will last in our minds for about five more minutes after reading this.

Growing restless, Sturt Morkey rallied the more adventurous types



among us to the roller coasters, which were both pretty sweet. We left the beach prompting the question, "Where's Ed?" The answer, naturally, was "Fixing himself in the bathroom." We left the beach again. We stopped for lunch, probably in a mall though for the life of me, I can't remember and returned to the church to rescue Campbell's backpack, which was looking

like a casualty for a minute there. ~~ONE WEEK~~ Santa Clara U. incited an informal choir concert with us, them, and a kick ass choir from the Philippines. For the ensuing dinner run, we took a portion of the Philippine Choir with us on our messy and smelly bus, where a hunger-crazed Darryl forced them to pet his monkey. After wining and dining at the Stone Church of Willow Glen (Darryl and Jon tried to make it classy) we did some more singing.

What's up with that? I thought I was on vacation!

We then read (mostly) through Faure's Requiem. With time marching on, we more or less split up (you separatists!) and my roommates and I headed back to the ranch where we discovered the Leafs won (Yay!). They have since lost the series in six (boo). My hand has now tired of writing, which coincided nicely with the end of my journal day. Only two more days left until I hit Disneyland. I can hardly wait.

Daniel "WILD" Hoag

Dan was given the WADE NOBLE award, who despite his Wade Nobleshriness was still able to get the phone number of a girl at San Jose State University.

Day 6 - May the 4th

We had yet another early morning (8am). We met at the Stone Church where some of the strange boys were hiding in the trees. The church cat, Bardit, tried to attack them! We piled once again into the lovely bus we called home for a long drive to Lompoc. We were to take Big Sur, which is a gorgeous scenic drive, but the highway was closed (foiled again!) We stopped in at Carmel, which is just next to the Pebble Beach golf course, and the most posh and quaint little town.

Some people lazed on the beach, while we both went in search of coffee and snacks. The only grocery store we could find was a mini-general store that was well hidden into the quaint surroundings. Our own Aloe Boy, Todd, stopped in at a pharmacy to get (surprise, surprise) Aloe for those poor unfortunate souls who were burned at Santa Cruz. Lauren found a great post card for her step-dad and we all headed back to the bus.

That afternoon we ACTUALLY came to a consensus to watch a movie... After numerous voting sessions (gotta love democracy) we decided on the Matrix. It was a crazy movie (THERE IS NO SPOON!) (ES GIBT KEIN LLEFEL!) During the movie, Felipe became quite entertaining. He slowly slid down the chair and on his ass with his face planted into the table on the back of the seat in front of him. He slept like that for another good ten minutes despite the camera flashes! For days afterwards his legs hurt! What a nerd! Our own sleeping beauty!! The bathroom was especially odorous (rank, putrid, disgusting, horrible, get my drift??) and we had to suffer in silence and acclimatize ourselves to the odour. The rest of the trip was pretty uneventful.

We stopped at La Purissima Mission, just outside of Lompoc to prepare for our concert there that night. We all piled off the bus and strolled into a very Mexican looking Mission! It was beautiful. But since we wanted to check into the hotel, we didn't stay long. Once we had checked into the hotel, (after driving past Lompoc's United Way! YIPPIE!) we found out that our concert at La Purissima was cancelled and we were all pretty burned that we didn't stay longer to look around. The girls decided to get all dressed

up for dinner.

At seven, we all piled back on the bus into "town." The majority of us decided to go to an all you can eat Chinese Buffet which was very appropriate for Jon, Ryan, and Felipe due to their black, red and white Kung Fu suits!! However, Jon decided to join some of us at IHOP where we had a



rather rowdy ice fight while old people looked on in disgust. Meanwhile, back at the Ranch (Chinese Restaurant) Bruce was imitating W. C. Fields, "Water is horrible stuff, fish fuck in it, you know!!" The quest for air freshener was on as some of us took over the K-Mart! Vanilla was the choice... so we had vanilla smelling urine for the rest of the tour.

We arrived back in the motel in time to make a beer run and get in the best party of the tour. Felipe and Lauren picked out the grossest Hemp Ale for Andrew, Celia and Kim H. We all crammed in one room (while the third longest Hockey Game was happening in the next room (ok, not the game, but people were watching it!)) We started with a ROCKIN' game of "I Have, I've Never," where Bruce divulged WAY too much info about himself, Connie, and their Hot tub AND was felt up by Celia. Todd told the whole group that he had thought that for the last two years, he thought that Phil was gay... to which Phil answered "BASTARD!" under his breath. We were also told that our trusty driver, Lloyd, had eaten * of a bottle of beer. THE GLASS INCLUDED! After the weak and old were weeded out of the group, we graduated to a game of spin the bottle, number style. Glynis had all the luck, until the Manager broke up the whole party! Boo hoo!

Special Mention goes to Laura and Lauren for introducing the Sesame Street "Thunder, Lightning" from Ernie and the Count.

And thus ends Day Six!

Lauren "COUNTESS" Moline + Kim "CATCH PHRASE" Head

Lauren was given the THUNDER, LIGHTENING Award for her laugh and her undying love of Sesame Street.

Kim was given the PEARLS OF WISDOM award for giving us gems like "push it further," "it's better with your pants off" and "I just want to rub his head all night."

THE HOCKEY DRINKING GAME: DRINK ANYTIME

1. MICHAEL ASKS A DUMB QUESTION ABOUT HOCKEY.
2. MICHAEL MENTIONS HOW ATTRACTIVE A PARTICULAR PLAYER IS.
3. MICHAEL HAS A FAMEY MOMENT.
4. SOMEONE SCORES.

Day 7 - May 5th

Early Friday morning, the half-drunk/half-hangover tour group arose after an active night of drinking games and rowdy parties. We left the Tally Ho Motor Inn in Lompoc at 8 am for a morning full of driving and more drinking, destined for the City of Angels with Lloyd as our guide.

The long, uneventful drive filled the bus with empties and brought us to the Financial District in the heart of L.A., which, according to our great mentor Bruce, was so clean and airy because of an agreement by the surrounding businesses to "go green." We then stopped in the Biltmore hotel - very snazzy - and sang in the lobby to an appreciative audience, thanks to our fearless Hez.

From there, we continued our walking tour and came across a sound sculpture garden, in which Evan found pleasure in attacking several innocent sculptures in hope of producing a wall of sound. It was then time to return to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Upon arrival we were rushed by giggling hoards of California's finest beauty pageant dropouts and prom queens, and those were just the girls!

After sitting through an entertaining exhibition of American pride and glee club madness, we enjoyed a comical rendition of the Echo Song by Orlando di Lasso, performed by the Los Angeles Master Chorale Chamber Singers. Oh, and I dare not forget to mention the three old New Yorkers whose conversation was so interesting they insisted on speaking through the performance despite Heathers numerous attempts to hush them up.

Barely escaping the Jaws of Doom and American Patriotism, we beat the traffic out of the Pavilion, only to inch our way to the Anaheim Desert Inn through the afternoon rush. We were strategically placed across the road from Disneyland, which made it easy for some of our eager members to indulge in the temptations of the "Happiest Place on Earth," (happiest, that is, this side of Tijuana) Of those restraining themselves from getting a bit of Mickey action, most slipped into the pool for a refreshing dip.

It was then time to discover the joys of American takeout: Pizzal! After polishing off eight pizzas and eight litres of pop, it was time to call home. That didn't prove to be the best time to call, as Heather, Laurer, and Amy rounded up our home front reunions with a cry fest outside of Derry's. As usual, the evening was filled with drunken acts of embarrassment as we prepared ourselves for Disney Magic.

Andrew "OUR TOM CRUISE OF GRAFFITI MISSION IMPOSSIBLE" Scorbier

Amy "JUST TRY TO FIND SOME DIRT ON ME" Cross

Andrew was given the WHAT-R-U-TALKIN-ABOUT MAN? Award and an honourable mention for kissing Ed so softly he didn't even wake up. Amy was given the TOUR SWEET HEART award for beginning a cry-fest outside of Derry's, across from Disneyland.

Day 7 - version 2:

Everyone woke up hurting from a night of boozing. (What's new?) We departed Lompoc by 8 am and headed for L.A. We arrived in Los Angeles at 11:30 am and Bruce took us on a whirlwind walking tour of the majestic architecture of downtown L.A. His tour took us through the Biltmore where we stopped for a choral quickie, our biggest audience yet! We proceeded to