

The Kiltie Times

SINCE A LONG TIME AGO IN A GALAXY FAR FAR AWAY . . .

Seasoned Kiltie Veteran Reports of Director for Life Without the Possibility of Parole's Worldwide Fame

Dear The Kiltie Band, To Whom It May Concern, et al. &c.,

I wish to regale you with a tale. But this tale is quite unlike many tales I would tell you, for those of you who know me well; this tale is *mostly true!*

You see, it all began several weeks ago when I was wandering around London. "Oh ho," you cry out, "why were you in London, dear sir?" Well, I tell you I was there, sure as I'm sitting here now, and I was there for the express purpose of installing a video game at a large beach party concert in the lovely, rainy, cold, and windy seaside town of Weston-super-Mare. It reminded me of Pittsburgh weather. I think I saw Wales across the water. But that is no matter; the matter is that I was there, and I spoke to British people, who were in fair abundance in that part of England. And I swear to you that no sooner had I stepped from my airplane to the Heathrow Express train to Paddington Station to the First One train to the Weston station to the driver's car to the T4 production crew location on the beach but somebody asked me the most curious of curios:

"Dear Sir American, do you know one Paul Gerlach? We hear he shot a hole in one at the fair game!"

Indeed, good readers, our favorite director is famous across the land, the sea, and the other lands for his recent golfing prowess! Of course, they had their facts all wrong. So many tournaments and so many possible shots all became a whirlwind of conversation all around me. In the end, I left them with the impression that he had shot a total score of 24 in the Byron Nelson Classic. Silly Brits! Toothbrushes!

Also, the Paddington station makes you pay money to go to the bathroom. It's 30 pence, which at the contemporary exchange rate worked out to approximately 50 cents. Imagine that! And then imagine that in addition to having to pay 30 pence you're not yet familiar with the coinage in your pocket and can't figure out how to pay a machine 30 pence when the nearest you can do is two pieces of 20 each. Luckily, there was a change machine on the wall, which I only discovered after asking passers-by, in broken English of course, whether they had change.

At least I wasn't in Cleveland.

Dictated but not read,
Bob Rost

We Are Not Alone: Visiting with members of the Yale Precision Marching Band

This summer, I spent my time at Cold Spring Harbor Labs doing something that sort of resembled science. More importantly, I made good friends with one Julia, who was my roommate and a biology student at Yale University. Come to find out, she is also a "band dork". Come to also find out, her circle of friends includes (drum roll please) other band dorks.

Julia shared many choice stories about her experiences with the YPMB. Most of them include foul cheers at football games, annoying the other team's spectators at basketball games, and questionable acts that cause their director to make a face of disgust. There were many other stories that included ethanol but certainly NO underage consumption thereof.

As you may imagine, when presented with opportunity to visit a number of YPMbers at Yale campus, I jumped at the chance. Over a short weekend, I crashed on the couch of a very nice flautist, met a fairly creepy French hornist (who is clearly not an accurate representation of the demographic as a whole), and chatted it up with trombones, percussionists, and trumpeters (other instrumentation is left out solely due to the limited sampling of band members). It was a welcoming menagerie of undergrads who shared stories of band antics, again many of which included ethanol but NO underage consumption thereof.

One of the most exciting discoveries to be had was that YPMB leaves out a very important letter from their acronym: 'S'. You see, YPMB is also a self-declared precision *standing* band. It appears that band only performs scatter routines, which, according to multiple members, end up looking like "a box or something." They sound so familiar...

The similarities between Yale Marching Band and our own Kiltie Band is rather exciting, and leads to one obvious conclusion: join forces and take over Boston. By our powers combined, not only will we summon Captain Planet, but I bet we could take down Harvard and MIT. Who's with me? Really, what could be more terrifying than 200 undergraduates, half of whom are wearing kilts, who are standing perfectly still but playing so loud, and are fueled by ethanol (with no underage drinking thereof)?

Carnegie Mellon University 09

From Your Director

Hello everybody,

I hope you all are having a restful and fulfilling summer vacation, away from the pressures of classes, exams, presentations and precision standing. As you know, my vacation began rather auspiciously with a hole in one (my 3rd) at Highland Country Club. Since then there has been plenty of golf, travel, yard work, and relaxation. I've managed to go to campus at least twice each week doing the various "nuts and bolts" work to keep the band moving forward. The uniforms have been cleaned, new music purchased, general attention given to school instruments and plenty of time devoted to recruitment. Now that most of that has been accomplished I look forward to seeing a large turn out on August 24. Enjoy your remaining days of "freedom", get that horn out of the closet and be ready for another year of Kiltie madness.

Mr. Gerlach
Who is ready for a nap!!

The Care and Feeding of Freshpersons

It's very important that the new students feel comfortable with the Kiltie Band. PLEASE make it your business to introduce yourself and speak with them on Aug. 24, especially before rehearsals. It's a crucial day for our group.

Want to Borrow a Horn?

If you wish to use one of the school's instruments this year make sure you report to the band room no later than 4:30 PM on Aug. 24. If you don't they will be given to the new students.

Hey Percussionists!

After considerable financing we now have all new marching snares AND marching bass drums. In addition, the bass drums will have customized heads that have the CMU mascot! (Sorry tenor players we didn't have the funds for your instruments. We hope for next year.)

Lou Bega Scholar Unearths Lost Mambos No 1 Through 4

BERLIN—The music industry was in for a spicy, Latin shock Wednesday when Arnie Frupper, the world's only Lou Bega scholar, announced that he would be publicly airing previously unheard material from the late 90s one-hit wonder.

Frupper, 47, became interested in Bega's body of work in 2007, when he saw a Toyota commercial prominently featuring Mambo No. 5, a song that once rose to the top of the pop charts in a truly nauseating number of countries. Since then, Frupper has reportedly danced to the song at several weddings while shouting Bega factoids over the music to anyone who cares, which is nobody.

"Many Bega scholars, like myself, had theorized the existence of lost Bega masterpieces," Frupper recalled. "After a great deal of research, I determined that, since the song everyone knows was called Mambo No. 5, there were probably at least four more out there."

Indeed, it appears that unlike many "lost" recordings, which are often released as publicity stunts to drum up excitement for an artist who has lost the public eye, the unheard Bega mambos were actually physically misplaced. According to Frupper, when he broke into Bega's home for a research trip early in July, he found an unlabelled demo tape buried under a mountain of gaudy jewelery, foreign currencies, and cocaine.

It was only when he popped the disc into his car's CD player on the drive home that Frupper realized he had found the fabled Mambos No. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

When a Kiltie Times reporter reached out to Bega for some explanation, he only responded in the cryptic fashion he is so famous for. "Hey man, ain't no surprise, had to be doing something for all those years right?"

"Besides making love to all those women I mention in Mambo No. 5, yeah?" Bega added, with a sly wink.

Meanwhile, Frupper was only willing to release a few details about the tape, saying the world will have to wait just a little longer to bask in its jazzy glory. He points out that, as they were written before Bega had achieved any real fame, the lyrics of the lost mambos actually deal with some less glamorous subject matter, like tax evasion, watching "Murder, She Wrote", and being sad and alone.

"Get psyched for the kazoo solo in No. 3, though!" Frupper reported, beaming.

The discovery of the lost mambos has left many confused, wondering "why now?" But although there has certainly been some controversy, the lost Bega tapes have also had their fair share of supporters. Among the most outspoken is Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards, a noted follower of music history. The famed rhythm player believes the previously unreleased mambos may yet prove to be a positive influence on modern society.

"I was like, yeah, well, it's good they found the bloody things, right?" Richards said through a haze of smoke. "They're right delicious and go quite good in that, what is it, magnolia or ambrosia or whatever."

While it was previously explained to Richards that mambos are unrelated to the deadly African snake known as the mamba, it is unclear as of press time, based on his statements, whether or not Richards is aware that a mambo is also not a tropical fruit.

-Jason Fishel

A Quick Note Regarding the Weather

As you all know, last year the dreaded R word disrupted the Kiltie Band's displays of hi-jinks and ballyhoo much more frequently than it's members would have liked. As a precautionary measure, members of the band will gather on the roof of the parking garage next to Gesling Stadium and play loudly in all directions to blow away any incoming clouds, much to the delight of nearby residents.

MISSING

"Bart" the Statesman



AGE: 73
EYES: Blue
HAIR: White

Bart was last seen 9/20/2008 at the CMU vs. Hobart football game mingling with some suspicious persons in kilts. He is a really, really old man and his ability to survive this long without his medication is slim, so if you have any idea where Bart may be (dead or alive) do not hesitate to call
1-800-HOE-BART.

-Bradley Jamison

**As a legitimate publication, The Kiltie Times is required to publish all missing persons ads in full. That being said, the turning in of missing mascots who's disappearance may or may not have anything to do with the Kiltie Band and it's members will be considered the highest form of treason.

Medical Jokes

So there was this girl driving down the open roads along magnificent cliffs (like in the car commercials.) And out of nowhere, a truck came in the opposite direction and side slammed their convertible. The girl, who was sitting in the passenger seat, had her arm dismembered from the midshaft of the humorous down. The lower part of her arm fell down the cliff.

The EMTs rescued the girl and packed her into the back of their ambulance. They treated her bleeding and were ready to go to the hospital. But they could not find the arm and hand. The patient was devastated and began to envision life without a right arm.

Later that day the police found a bum walking around with the extremity. Apparently he had found the limb and was trying to pawn it off to unsuspecting tourists. Police took him into custody, charging him with "armed robbery".

-Mickey Reiss

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Get your limited edition copy of *The Best of the Kiltie Band* on DVD!

Relive classic Kiltie moments such as:

- Tastefully loud performances of "Land of 1000 Dances"
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- Secretly boisterous chants of "The Director is Gone" anti-cheer
- And most importantly:
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Dates to Remember

Aug. 24 : First Rehearsal

Sept. 5: Ohio Wesleyan

Sept. 12: Grove City

Oct. 10: Allegheny

Oct. 31: Washington University
Haloween!

Nov. 7: Case Western Reserve

Nov. 26: Thanksgiving!

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