

BATTLE OF THE BAND BUSES.

A report of the first annual Boston to New York Band Bus Race - reported from the shotgun seat of the Maynard Ferguson Band Bus - piloted by Bernard "The Bolt" Myers of Pittsburgh, PA.

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A bright sunny Boston morning set the scene this Oct. 3rd. 1973, the grand final of the Boston to New York Band Bus race was about to commence. Both finalists for this first annual race were selected (after many thousands of miles had been tolled in sheer hard work) by that renowned agent Mr. Willard Alexander of New York City, not forgetting his right hand man (or is it his left ?) the jolly Bob Kasha. Note. Both Alexander and Kasha were asked to resign from the last Olympics as they were discovered to be the worlds worst darts players.

Two of the world's hottest bands lined up at the starting gate.

From California in the yellow bus the mighty STAN KENTON ORCHESTRA. And today sporting the traditional red, white, and blue bus, from England, Canada, New Zealand, Philadelphia and Aroher St, THE MAYNARD FERGUSON ORCHESTRA.

After four bars in from a man heavily disguised as Woody Herman, they were off!

Ferguson's band leaped to the fore only to stop completely several furlongs from the starting gate as it was discovered that lead trumpet Lin Biviano was not on board. After a wait of some 45 minutes Biviano arrived, he said he couldn't get the cork out of his vino bottle, and Myers, (Bernie to his friends) was galvanised into action and manned the wheel (He had been training on watered Seven Up and two blondes per night for the past two weeks and was all adtion!)

After a rousing cheer from the band Bernie soon had the iron lung into top gear and rocketing down the fast lane.

For the first 70 or 80 miles or so nothing spectacular happened, (except two punctures and a tea stop for the English guys,) until we spotted on the horizon near the outskirts of New Haven - the Kenton bus.

The atmosphere was tense - a hush fell upon the Ferguson band - everyone strained to see the distance between the two buses shorten. Inch by inch - could Myers keep up this gruelling pace after such a disappointing start ?

But Bern toiled his fourteen ton bullet in and out of lanes like the master he is and slid past Stan's bus into the lead.

Mr. Ferguson was quoted as mumbling, "Just like shit through a goose."

More cheers from the band and after a sip from a rusty Coke can and a quick rub down with a wet Melody Maker, Bernie settled down to a steady 90 miles an hour.

However, this proved to be false pride for at the next toll booth Kenton's yellow arrow again took the lead - Myers gave the limp excuse that he had no small change. After another 20 miles, by skill and dangerous driving, the MF's caught sight of their yellow target. Myers grinned confidently and proceeded to close the distance, helped no doubt by Ernie Garside, who was seen throwing out of the windows weighty suitcases, old band uniforms and Glenn Miller Wawa mutes.

The man was desperate , as he also threatened to throw off heavy packs of M.F.E.U. forms, PLUS all the girls on the bus if Myers couldn't do better.

Ferguson cursed the day he bought " all that heavy rock and roll equipment".

As Bern once again drew level Stan's men decided also to unload weight, and threw out a pile of disused Hank Levy charts and Willie Maiden's old beer cans.

It was no good, for both buses ran neck and neck until the finishing line, where the Turnpike splits into a South and West right angle.

A photo finish was called for, (copies sent in plain brown wrapper £2.50 from this office, or direct from The Destructive World Of Maynard Ferguson, 58, West St. Harrow on the Hill, England.) before the race was declared a tie.

Heavy money is already being placed on the next time they meet, - terms and dates are being discussed. Less 15% to Willard of course.

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