Cal Football proved that they are still on the rise by kicking off the 2015 season with a stunning score of 73-14 against Grambling State University. The game on September 5 was special, not just because it raised the hopes and expectations of Cal fans for the coming season, but also because of a unique and exciting visit from Grambling State’s famous marching band. As always, the Cal Band was welcoming and friendly to the other band; we’re always happy to meet another marching band, especially one all the way from the other side of the country.

On Saturday, the football game began at 2pm. It was a beautiful day in Berkeley and the sun was shining on Memorial Stadium as we performed a rousing pregame performance—our first of the season! During the pregame show, the Grambling State Band joined us on the field and we played the National Anthem together, our incredible combined sound filling the stadium as their director conducted us.

While the Bears made us a bit nervous at the beginning of the game, we quickly saw that we had nothing to worry about. Our team scored the first touchdown, and went on to score many, many more. Cal crushed Grambling State, and managed to set a first-half scoring record with an incredible lead of 52-0. Despite the southern team's struggle on the field, their band and cheerleaders remained spirited throughout the game. The Grambling Band wailed out... (continued page 6)

FTP Moves to Hayward

Oscar Farias Jr., Baritone ’13

Hello there my good friends that are reading this article while eating/drinking some sort of food/drink (or you could be at the park, or at home. You get the idea!). My name is Oscar Farias Jr., a Teaching Assistant 3rd year in Band who plays the wonderful (yet species endangered) instrument known as the Bearitone! Hooray! And I am here to tell you of the wonderfully exciting, weather-friendly (it was pretty sunny though, so maybe not that friendly) adventure known as the Fall Training Program (FTP) at Hayward... (continued page 5)

Will Rohrer, Trumpet ’01

I remember a lot about that game, more than a healthy person should. If the game had been played in September as scheduled, nobody would have cared about the score from a Cal/Southern Miss game. It wouldn’t have mattered that, on the second to last play of the game, J.J. Arrington ran up the middle to make it a 17 point game, a good looking, comfortable victory. But! A cheap holding call negated the score. On the next play, instead of trying to win style points by going for a final score, Tedford had Aaron Rodgers take a knee to end the game.

I remember ESPN continually showing a few Texas fans sitting in the front row, actively cheering on Southern Miss in the hopes that their unworthy team could somehow steal our rightful Rose Bowl berth. Because it became the final game of the season, it turned into a proxy battle for the... (continued page 2)

Tara Hurley, Clarinet ’12

Hello there my good friends that are reading this article while eating/drinking some sort of food/drink (or you could be at the park, or at home. You get the idea!). My name is Oscar Farias Jr., a Teaching Assistant 3rd year in Band who plays the wonderful (yet species endangered) instrument known as the Bearitone! Hooray! And I am here to tell you of the wonderfully exciting, weather-friendly (it was pretty sunny though, so maybe not that friendly) adventure known as the Fall Training Program (FTP) at Hayward... (continued page 5)

Aditya Bhumbla (baritone ’14) “grrr-rah”s” at FTP Hayward

Will Rohrer, Trumpet ’01

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I remember ESPN continually showing a few Texas fans sitting in the front row, actively cheering on Southern Miss in the hopes that their unworthy team could somehow steal our rightful Rose Bowl berth. Because it became the final game of the season, it turned into a proxy battle for the... (continued page 2)
NorCal Benefit

One sunny afternoon in June, I sat down at my computer and sent out a few … hundred emails. I was reaching out to Cal Band supporters and alumni for donations to the NorCal Benefit prize drawing, and for most of the summer I was plagued by an image of crowds of people entering Pauley Ballroom in the newly renovated MLK Student Union and gawking at rows of empty prize tables. To my surprise, my inbox was flooded with emails and a few months later I walked into Pauley Ballroom with carts full of boxes containing the beautiful things that people had decided for some reason to give to me.

In the months between my initial emails and phone calls and the 2015 NorCal Benefit, I had the great pleasure of coordinating donations from local businesses, alumni, and various Cal sports teams, all of whom were very enthusiastic about supporting the Band. I was genuinely surprised by all of this enthusiasm until the night of the NorCal Benefit. I was reaching out to Cal Band fans and community members who attended the benefit, I came to realize that the Cal Band is so much greater than myself and the four years I will spend within it. There have been so many before me and will be many after me who feel a deep connection to the Band for their entire lives. I can honestly say that garnering support for the Band is an easy task simply because people love it and want others to have the opportunity to love it for many years to come.

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NorCal Benefit photo by Jennifer Ding, Japan Tour photo by Don Dweggins

GSU Tiger Marching Band at Cal

Talkin’ Out The Side of Your Neck from the stands, and their cheerleaders did flips across the end zone when they scored a touchdown. Meanwhile, the Cal Band gleefully played "Fight for California" again and again. The entire stadium was in high spirits.

Come halftime, Grambling State’s marching band took the field first. They were uproarious, rousing the crowd, as well as us, with their dance routines. They even surprised us by performing "California Love" by 2Pac as a friendly shout out. Once they finished, Cal Band took the field to perform the first halftime show of the year, Guardians of the Galaxy. The show consisted of five classic songs that appealed to both alumni and students, who recognized the hits from the blockbuster summer movie, "Guardians of the Galaxy." Arranged by our very own Robert Calonico, the halftime show included "Hooked on a Feeling" by Blue Suede, "Escape (the Piña Colada Song)" by Rupert Holmes, "Come and Get Your Love" by Redbone, "Fooled Around and Fell in Love" by Elvin Bishop, and finally " Ain’t No Mountain High Enough" by Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell. Our drum major, Sam Cappoli (trumpet ’12), and his Stunt Committee ran around the field during the show dressed in costumes of characters from Guardians of the Galaxy, performing a silly skit that ended in vanquishing the Stanford tree with Oski’s help.

Our team finished off Grambling’s team with a score of 73 points. The Cal football team crowded in front of the Band to sing along to "Fight for California" in celebration of our first win of the season. Then Grambling State’s marching band joined our band on the field for the post-game performance and we took turns performing some of our most popular songs. As the Grambling State band marched off the field and headed back down south, Cal Band sadly waved them farewell, grateful for the opportunity to meet and watch such a lively band with a style so different from our own.
It was on October 22nd, 2015, the Cal vs. UCLA game, when I experienced one of the most stressful days in my time as a Cal Band member.

The day started average enough; it was a typical hot Southern California day, one that a SoCal native such as myself would recognize. It was a heat compounded by anticipation, the thick uniforms, the dry air, and the fact that I had become accustomed to the far more temperate climate of the Bay Area. But other than that, it was business as usual; Cal fans were hopeful to make the most of UCLA’s current losing streak and beat their “little bears” of the South. Personally, it was not so much the game I was looking forward to as the halftime show. 

Dubbed The Downfall of Troy, the joint show involved both the UCLA and Cal bands, united by their mutual disdain of USC, to dress up as Greeks and Trojans to depict the legendary Trojan War. It is a show done every four years by UCLA and a visiting marching band, and this time we received the honor of ragging on the USC Trojans. While most of my fellow bandsmen would be portraying the Greeks, a fair number of us, myself included, were given the difficult duty of representing the Trojans. I was excited to perform this show and “act,” far more than in any other show I had done.

That afternoon, the Cal and UCLA bands practiced the show together, and while we all held different levels of seriousness for this show, the ultimate result was a performance that I knew would be extremely entertaining. With so many of us on the field, I could tell that the performance would become extremely chaotic. Cal Band shows are generally pretty straightforward and scripted in specific ways, at least in my experience, but this show seemed highly improvised, especially when it came to form and movement. It held a certain charm, distinct from other performances. The thought of how the fans would react to such a humorous and exciting show filled me with a great anticipation, which was also mirrored on the faces of my fellow Bandsmen. With high spirits the Band headed to the Rose Bowl where our destiny awaited us.

And, as we all saw that night, our hopes and anticipations were utterly crushed.

It would be accurate to state that our football team performed far worse than many had expected. Despite this we played on, even as they trailed more and more, and continued to make more and more mistakes. We were in “enemy territory,” and were booted off the field after we had finished our pregame show. I had expected as much, and I was not shaken by it, even if I were far more used to being cheered off by our supportive fans. We could only move forward and play our hearts out, for it was not the points that mattered, but our determination to continue to fight; such is the duty and struggle of a spirit team.

By the time we went onto the field for the halftime show, the score was a depressing 26-10, and some of us seemed already conceded to defeat. But, even if the game’s prospects were running at an all-time low, I put that aside for a moment to let loose and really have fun. That is why I became a Cal Band member, after all; I enjoy performing music, and I strive to make people smile. Even as I donned my despicable Trojan costume, I proudly marched into battle; the show had begun, and it ran without a hitch. Fueled by adrenaline and pride, I charged at the Greeks, my wooden sword in hand, my friends beside me—what an experience! The show was so free in regards to movement, action, and form, I did not feel that sense of nervousness that often accompanies other halftime shows I have done.

And most importantly, bonded by common contempt for USC, the crowd loved us! It is these kinds of moments that, to me, make being a Cal Bandsman so gratifying. With everyone—Cal and UCLA fans alike—cheering us on, I felt so very joyful and proud to be in the Marching Band. I felt so happy that I could put on a great show for everyone.

But I found, in the end, it was still impossible to satisfy everyone. My happiness was, unfortunately, fleeting.

Perhaps it was a lack of context, perhaps a miscommunication of our intents, or maybe even a violation of tradition, but our supporters back on the home front hated it. California Golden Blogs 

The leading fan page for the Golden Bears said on Twitter “Cal band is dressed in red. This is an violation of tradition, but our supporters back on the home front hated it. California Golden Blogs.”

It was parody, and that despite that, the fans still strongly disagreed with our costume choices. With all these thoughts spinning in my head, I could not sleep on the bus that night. The whole experience, intended to be fun and enjoyable, was soured. And at first I felt I had no one to blame but myself.

But I realized something in the days following the game: those feelings I felt during the halftime show—that anticipation, the thrill, the utter joy I felt as the fans cheered us off the field ... it was all real. The smiles on the faces of my friends as we charged the wall, the laughing we did as we walked off the field. Regardless of what any singular person or group had said, I could truly say that not only did I have fun, but the Cal Band had collectively done what we had set out to do—bring a driving force of support to our fans and the Golden Bears. I realize that it is always going to be impossible to please every single fan out there, but it is okay, because we put our full effort into our performances. Though I cannot speak for all Cal Bandsmen, I think we are all proud of what we accomplished. Because for us in Cal Band, it is not about scores or tweets. It is about far more than that.

It is about being a proud member of the Golden Bear family.
My first experience living at Tellefsen Hall was this past summer while the house was under extensive renovations. Only a few days after I'd moved in, the scaffolding went up to install new windows and give the house a little tender loving care with a brand new paint job. All of this much-needed TLC gave those of us who were living at TH over the summer a chance to bond with one another. Most summers at the house are relatively quiet compared to the buzz that feeds the social environment of TH during the academic year and marching season. But furniture moving parties and workdays that brought Bandsmen together helped foster the sense of community that is hard to find in the summer. There were a lot of laughs about old desks that were too complicated to take apart and clever manipulation of the tight door spaces to get couches in and out of rooms.

Slowly but surely we made sure that room furniture was moved away from windows so the construction workers would have enough space to hammer in the new windows. More often than not, we couldn’t help but laugh about how ridiculous our rooms must have looked with desks stacked on top of each other and dressers pushed to the dead center of the room.

There was no room to question the experience justice because the weekend was a lot more fun! In addition to the kickball game on Friday we had a softball game on Saturday. Both were a lot of fun but it was even funnier trying to play kickball with a beer in one hand! There were so many Band alumni that we could not play Band versus others since we would have easily outnumbered the other team. The weekend probably would not have been as successful if we hadn’t had such a large and spirited contingent of Cal Band alumni. The games were a lot of fun, and technically the “Band team” always won!

We did a lot more than just play games, we had three performances as well. One of our performances was playing to the Young Alumni Weekend campers, which was funny considering most of the people at the Young Alumni Weekend were in the Band and so we only played for a few people. Another performance was playing for the Women’s Wellness camp at Camp Blue. They simply loved us! They all stood up from their chairs, applauded us, sang along to a few songs, and when we saw them the rest of the weekend they would thank us for our performance. Our last performance was for the families at Camp Oski. We marched into their cafeteria while they were eating dinner and they soon followed us outside for a small concert. All of the families participated in the Cal cheers and sang along. A few kids even had some fun banging the bass drum!

This was an amazing weekend and am truly glad I went. I only wish it were a little longer! In spite of all of the little inconveniences that arose throughout the summer, the house was transformed into a better living space. The new windows help it look more modern and allow big breezes to sweep into the rooms, and the new layer of paint outside gives it the warm feeling of a place that can truly be called home.

TH with its new windows, front doors, and fresh coat of paint.

What is the Lair of the Bear?
That was my first question when my friends asked if I were going to the Young Alumni Weekend. They told me many stories about the weekend and convinced me to go, but the stories do not do the experience justice because the weekend was a lot more fun! On the drive up I went with Rachel Sweet (trombone ’10), David Strachan-Olson (mello ’11, DM ’14), and Steven Hewitt (trombone ’10) and were among the first to arrive. We quickly picked a tent so that we would be close to the festivities and then we went exploring. We were amazed by all the Lair had to offer! There were basketball courts, a volleyball court, a baseball field, a pool, a hot tub (actually a repurposed kiddie pool), and so much more! We ended up playing a few random games before more people arrived and then we decided to check out the lounge. We met some alumni who used to be part of the Greek and spirit life. We all signed up for some of the events the Lair had to offer and night quickly came. There was an ice breaker at the lounge and to wrap up the first day we had a bonfire! The staff had skis where they introduced themselves and sang what their duties were, and it was hilarious! They wore silly outfits, made chocolate milk, and most importantly radiated Cal spirit. With all the fun I had on the first day, I couldn’t wait for the rest of the weekend.

I was excited for Friday morning because we went kayaking. I have only gone kayaking a few times but my friends Ashley Whittaker (piccolo ’09), Erika So (alto ’10), and Steven had never gone before. We drove over to the lake, quickly got a kayak, and soon we were on the lake making our way across. The sun was nice and warm, while the water was cool and refreshing. While we were exploring the lake, we came across a little island in the middle of the lake where we parked our kayak and went swimming. After swimming, we headed back to shore for lunch and afterwards we had a kickball game!

In addition to the kickball game on Friday we had a softball game on Saturday. Both were a lot of fun but it was even funnier trying to play kickball with a beer in one hand! There were so many Band alumni that we could not play Band versus others since we would have easily outnumbered the other team. The weekend probably would not have been as successful if we hadn’t had such a large and spirited contingent of Cal Band alumni. The games were a lot of fun, and technically the early mornings. On more than one occasion, the workers would wake me up as the nails were pounded into the walls above my room. Sometimes, they would start work later than usual. I’d get up without hearing the sound of work taking place, and then I’d come back from my morning shower wearing only a towel around my waist and, sure enough, there would be a worker on the scaffolding outside my window!

In spite of all of the little inconveniences, the house was transformed into a better living space. The new windows help it look more modern and allow big breezes to sweep into the rooms, and the new layer of paint outside gives it the warm feeling of a place that can truly be called home.

Young Alumni Weekend at the Lair of the Bear

TH photo by Sabrina Kaufelt, Lair photo by Tara Castro

calband.berkeley.edu

Tim Niemann, Mello ’13

Chris Martinez, Trumpet ’10

Young alumni pose for a photo before heading over to Camp Blue to perform for Women’s Wellness Weekend
Sausalito Celebrates the Panama Pacific International Exposition

Every year in Sausalito we construct a float for the July 4th parade, with strategic components designed to satisfy the Band members’ hydration requirements. Sometimes the vehicle is topical, i.e. a Yellow Submarine commemorating the 40th Anniversary of the Beatles in America, or a replica Rose Bowl commemorating 50 years of frustration since 1959.

In 1915, San Francisco “invited the World” to celebrate its rising from the 1906 ashes, and built the incredible Panama Pacific International Exposition (PPIE). Sausalito is fortunate to have three surviving pieces of the PPIE. Two elephants and a fountain were brought to town by William Faville, one of the PPIE’s architects, placed in Depot Park, and have been lovingly maintained since then.

At the Cal Band Alumni’s bi-annual Big Game Party last November, Laura Ackley (cymbals ’88) brought her beautiful book about the PPIE, San Francisco’s Jewel City: The Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915, and casually suggested the PPIE as a theme for our 1915 float. After a few months of marinating, this gem of an idea evolved into reuniting the Palace of Fine Arts, still standing in San Francisco’s Marina District, with Sausalito’s Elephants and Fountain. Another few months brought photographs, blueprints and sketches.

The Sausalito Lions Club has partnered with the Band in Sausalito since our first participation in 1994. This year, one Lion built a scale model of the Palace, demonstrating how it could be constructed in eight modules and a two-part base. Over two weekends, we cut, fitted, painted, assembled and de-assembled an eight foot tall, eight foot across model of the Palace. On Friday, July 3rd these components were brought to Sausalito and assembled on a trailer, and Friday afternoon the trailer/float was towed to Third Street for detailing and decorating.

At the PPIE, John Philip Souza’s band introduced Pathfinder of Panama, dedicated to Teddy Roosevelt and the completion of the Panama Canal. To my amazement, the Band had the arrangement. Eric Dezendorf (trombone ’05, SD ’08) and Chris Bailey (trombone ’70, SD ’73) rehearsed the Band and directed the modern songs. I masqueraded as Souza, and waived a baton for show.

Of course, the Sausalito Historical Society would want to play a role in the celebration. Members and friends wore 1915-appropriate costumes. Laura Ackley marched with the Band, and wore a period costume. Gretchen Stagg, who has assisted our hydration for about a decade, dressed in a toga and lounged inside the Palace, looking totally “at-home.”

As Hannibal Smith put it so succinctly in The A-Team: “I love it when a plan comes together.”

The parade is about 1 1/4 miles. As is our custom, we made a loop back to repeat the last 1/4 mile where the crowds are largest. The back of the parade moves slowly, so we can play for everyone along the street (and sometime inside buildings). After a few more songs at the reviewing stand, we marched a couple of blocks to Dunphy Park for a short concert. We performed the Star Spangled Banner before breaking for Rotary Club hamburgers and hydration.

Of course we won the award for Best Overall Presentation … we deserved it. Thanks to everybody for making this a special day for Sausalito. See you next year.

Fall Training Program moves to Hayward

It was the standard ordeal: as we arrived at CSU East Bay’s dormitories we all got settled in our rooms, which were pretty comfortable and spacious. One room alone had about six rooms inside of it that could each fit about two people (for a grand total of 12 people per room), so that was great. Even better was the fact that there were two sets of toilets and showers, so no one had to wake up super early and fight to the death for showering or other bodily necessities. Compare that to the dorms that we stayed in at UC Davis when FTP took place there: each room fitted about four people max, so this was a definite improvement of accommodation.

After we all got settled in, it was straight to work! The first and second day of FTP were pure marching and playing; the day would be evenly divided between learning the fundamentals of marching, which includes building our ability to learn shows by learning marching drills, and increasing our marching stamina by doing multiple reps of marching forward. The day was also accompanied with music sectionals in the afternoon and music rehearsal in the evening. Then towards the end of the day we focused on refining the form of our two most important fundamentals, which are high step and show high, in what we like to call hall-work. Hall-work took place in, you guessed it, the halls of our dormitories (I’m funny, I know; I’ll be here all semester in the Lounge). Hall-work was divided into three stations: one for practicing 8 marching steps per 5 yards, one where recruits would observe themselves marching in the mirrors, and finally there’s the famous mattress work—a secret facility designed to maximize our calf muscles to bring in that extra snappiness (because you can always be snappier).

Then finally, on the third day, alongside learning our final marching drill, the recruits and oldmen tested out their marching abilities by learning their very first show! And then we headed home, which is only about 30 minutes away, so that’s really convenient.

But what is especially enjoyable, considering my position as a TA, is the fun that everyone is displaying on their faces when going over all the marching logistics. Because it’s just an indication that marching season is about to start all over again, and everyone, including the recruits that are probably in awe of everything that is going on, is putting on a display of enthusiasm that makes me want to say, “Go Bears!”

Jerry Taylor, Glockenspiel ’66
The North Tunnel Echo

continued from 1

Photos by Will Rohrer

Rose Bowl. Cal was ranked one spot higher than Texas, whose coach, Mack Brown, had started whining that his team was more deserving. With a win, Cal would (seemingly) earn their first Rose Bowl berth in 45 years. That was the deal—win, and we’re in.

Texas invalidated that deal. They were the big kid, casually swooping in at the last minute to take something that was rightfully ours, in our grasp, and that we had desperately coveted for decades. They got away with it, too—they won the Rose Bowl, and then the national title the following year, and went to a couple more BCS bowls in the coming years. Meanwhile, Cal lost in the consolation Holiday Bowl, lost in a couple other bowls, lost in La every year, lost to a bunch more teams, and finally boiled out with four total wins in two seasons.

The worst part, though, wasn’t that Texas got away with it—it was that they barely cared, and had no idea how much we did. That was the real catharsis from our quasi-dominant, pseudo-miracle 45-44 victory a few weeks ago. After my body finally stopped involuntarily shaking, I shouted to no one in particular on a mostly vacated concourse, “A decade later we finally have revenge for something you didn’t even realize we were mad about!”

It’s completely true that Cal missed out on the 2005 Rose Bowl due to a hurricane postponing the Southern Miss game. It’s at once amazing that Cal missed a Rose Bowl due to a hurricane, much less any natural disaster, and completely believable. We’re located thousands of miles from hurricane country—missing a Rose Bowl due to an earthquake would have been far too on-the-nose for Cal.

That said, it’s also completely true that Cal missed the 2005 Rose Bowl due to Texas.

Truth be told, we didn’t go to Texas for revenge. When this game was announced years ago, Cal was mired in the aggressive malaise of the late Tedford era, and Texas was Texas—a national power. Cal doesn’t win road games, not against Maryland or Nevada and certainly not against Texas. We circled this trip for Austin. We went for the barbecue, live music, 6th Street, the Berkeley-lite oasis in the middle of Rick Perry country. If it had been Texas Tech stealing a Rose Bowl from us, I highly doubt we would have made the rage-pilgrimage to Lubbock.

On this level alone, the trip was worth it. After touching down around 9:30pm Friday night, we went straight to 6th Street and immediately ran into a group of Band alumni. Central 6th Street (“Dirty 6th” as it’s called) reminded me of a tiny Vegas—the street is wide and filled with drunk 20-somethings. On this particular night, it was filled with giddy Cal fans. We formed amoebas, growing as one person in the group recognized someone on the street. The climate is perfect for wandering and drinking outside after dark.

It turns out that same climate is a bit oppressive during the day. We arrived at La Barbecue around 11 Saturday morning, choosing it over the very famous Franklin’s because it supposedly has a shorter wait and, according to locals, even better food. Many Cal fans apparently got the same memo, and just like the previous evening, we were the majority of the crowd.

The shorter wait turned out to be about 3.5 hours, during which consumed many Lone Stars. LA Barbecue doesn’t have a liquor license, so they just bring a keg and a bunch of cans and hand them out for free. I discovered first-hand why beer companies advertise ice cold temperature instead of taste (and why the hoppy/craft movement started on the west coast)—when it’s 95 degrees and humid, a tasteless, freezing beer is the most delicious thing in the world, and the thought of an IPA is nauseating. The Lone Stars, the boisterous Cal fans, the live music, and the Lone Stars: it felt more like hanging out in a friend’s backyard than waiting in line. It was a blast, and the barbecue was as good as advertised (especially the fatty brisket).

We hit a couple more barbecue spots on Sunday: J. Mueller, where J. had incredible food (plus no wait!), and the Salt Lick outpost inside the Airport. We even visited a few non-barbecue venues during our trip, places like stores and bars, and had a great time in these spots as well. Rainey Street was our favorite section of the city, a low key alternative to the younger crowd on Dirty 6th. South Congress was fun for a few hours of shopping, especially in the gigantic cowboy boot store.

Finally, the game. It was largely beside the point, a side attraction, an excuse to visit Austin for the first time, but it turned out to be a hell of an excuse. Cal was up by 21 entering the fourth quarter with Texas fans streaming out of the stadium, but we Cal fans knew better, fearing exactly what was soon to come. In less than fifteen minutes, Texas erased the entire deficit.

Well, almost the entire deficit. I’m not sure the “Block that Kick!” chant has ever worked before, but what a time for it to work! I even texted a Cal Bandsmen stuck at a wedding, “They just tied it” before responding to myself a minute later: “sooo...they missed the extra point.” I don’t think I exhaled until we recovered the onside kick, and then kneeled, twice.

While beating Texas in the most humiliating way possible was fun, the band performances were also fun (not as fun, but still fun). It was alumni band day, which for Texas means live-hundred alumni marchers. They performed jointly with the Texas band, the show a tribute/welcome to their new, Cal alumnus university president. They formed the state of California and a script Cal, and played Fight as the president sat on the field next to the director. It was cool and gracious of Texas to welcome him (and us Cal fans) with this show, and then also give us the game by missing an extra point.

After the game, as we wandered away from the stadium, we heard something through a stand of trees: “Is that the Macarena? That can’t be the Macarena.” We rounded the corner and came face to face with approximately thirty Texas fans doing the Macarena in unison. A ringleader stood on the sidewalk, beaming. In that moment, he was the happiest guy in the world, guilelessly and enthusiastically congratulating Cal fans as we walked by. He was so thrilled for us: “Congratulations, you guys deserved it! Can’t WAIT to come to Berkeley next year!” It was a weird moment, at the end of a weird game, on a weird little island in Texas. It was all slightly weird, but it was good, too.

Barbecue enjoyed by alumni visiting Texas

Will’s view of the Texas Alumni Band Day show

calband.berkeley.edu

Photos by Will Rohrer
CBAA Council Information

The CBAA Council is the governing body of the California Band Alumni Association. Its members are elected annually for terms of three (3) years. General meetings of the Council are held quarterly and are open to all Band Alumni. For more information about Council meetings contact the President. For minutes of the CBAA Council meetings, please contact the Secretary or visit calbandalumni.berkeley.edu.

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Erin Proudfoot ‘92
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Juliette Bettencourt ‘76
Matt Bjork ‘87
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Ashley Whittaker ‘09
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Robert Calonico ‘72
Cal Band Director
Alex Dominitz ‘12
Cal Band Senior Manager

Terms expiring 2018:
Pete Alvarez, Jr. ‘71
Elizabeth Campos ‘07
Patricia Canad ‘08
Andrew Capule ‘95
Jason Clark ‘99
Nitza Cuevas-Macias ‘02
Colin Downs-Razouk ‘05
Barbara Goodson ‘77
Tori Hirata ‘06
Eric Mart ‘66

Council Members

Ex-Officio Members:
Robert Calonico ‘72
Cal Band Director
Alex Dominitz ‘12
Cal Band Senior Manager


“New Member” Discount Package. Good for any first-time sustaining CBAA member. Includes: 2-year Membership, Alumni hat and polo shirt ($60 value). $50 enclosed.

Life Membership. Paid in full. Includes a free Alumni hat and polo shirt. $400 enclosed.

Life Membership. 5-year installment plan. Includes a free Alumni hat and polo shirt. $100 enclosed ($500 over 5 years).

Choose shirt size:

Men’s polo shirt (S, M, L, XL, XXL, XXXL)
Women’s polo shirt (XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL)
Youth polo shirt (S, M, L, XL)

Choose baseball cap type hat type:

Soft, low-bill with canvas snap-on/buckle closure
Hard, regular baseball cap with plastic tab closure

You can also visit us online to become a CBAA member! calbandalumni.berkeley.edu/membership

CBAA Membership Form

Join the California Band Alumni Association! Your membership dues make possible such things as this North Tunnel Echo, Alumni Band Day, Cal Band Executive Committee workshops, and other projects that support both the Cal Band and its alumni. Membership entitles you to discounts on CBAA merchandise and events. New 2-year sustaining members and life members also get a free polo shirt and hat. Please send this form to:

Cal Band Alumni Association
University of California Marching Band
72 César Chavez Student Center # 4280
Berkeley, CA 94720-4280

Parents and fellow alumni should consider giving their Band alumni friends and relatives a “gift membership,” great for graduation, birthday, or any occasion.

☐ Check here if this is a gift membership

Name _____________________________

Address ____________________________

Phone _____________________________

E-mail _____________________________

Instrument _________________________

Years in Band ________ to ________

Senior Officer? (Office/year) __________________________

Lived in TH? (list which years) __________________________

Choose shirt size:

Men’s polo shirt (S, M, L, XL, XXL, XXXL)
Women’s polo shirt (XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL)
Youth polo shirt (S, M, L, XL)

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In This Issue:

Cal Band Hosts Grambling State

Redemption in Texas

FTP in Hayward

Young Alumni Take Over The Lair of the Bear

UPCOMING EVENTS

Date          Event                          Location
Saturday, Jan. 30  Cal Band Career Day, 2 PM  Anna Head Alumnae Hall
Saturday, Feb. 13  CBAA Council Meeting, 10 AM - 12 PM  BRH, Berkeley
Saturday, Dec. 19  Joint Cal Band and Alumni Band Basketball Performances
          Men’s Basketball vs Coppin State, 4 PM
          Women’s Basketball vs UCLA, 6 PM
          Men’s Basketball vs Davidson, 6 PM
          Women’s Basketball vs CSUN, 7 PM
          Men’s Basketball vs Colorado, 8 PM
          Men’s Basketball vs Utah, 4:30 PM
          Women’s Basketball vs Colorado, 7 PM
          Women’s Basketball vs Utah, 2 PM

All basketball games take place at Haas Pavilion. Times listed are game times.

For additional information, write to the above mailing address or bandalumni@calband.berkeley.edu, or go to:

Cal Band web page: calband.berkeley.edu
CBAA web page: calbandalumni.berkeley.edu

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