INTERVIEW WITH

RICHARD M, AUSLEN

Senior Manager 1946

French Horn
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Interviewee: Richard Auslen, Senior Manager, 1946.
French horn

Interviewer: Dan Cheatham, Drum Major, 1957

Date of Interview: May 19, 1993

Place: Home: near Zephyr Cove overlooking Lake Tahoe

Transcriber: Barbara Gabler


[Dick’s brother Don Auslen reviewed it in 2002, and in July 2005].

[Editorial notes are attributed thus:

Norden H. (Dan) Cheatham - NHC
Don Auslen, Dick’s younger brother - DA]

Keywords: Audition, trip to Sacramento State Fair, Tom Simonson, marching rehearsals, pantsing, performing in Memorial Stadium, bonfire rallies, Big Game night, uniforms, traveling to Los Angeles, Clifton’s Cafeteria, Oski, ASUC, parades, drum beat, phonograph records, Room 5, Straw Hat Band, being drafted, lie-down stunts in the Mid-West, Ohio State Band, reorganizing the Band after the War, parody of USC Band, Chris Tellefsen, Don Griffith, Bill Ellsworth, Tomato Soup automobile, Coach Frank Wickhorst riot, post game routine, water boy Dan Cheatham, Little Auslen, Alumni Band, Commodore Hotel, Berkeley Parade of Lights

Editorial note:

To fully understand the significance of this interview, the reader has to visualize the campus situation as it was in the immediate post-WW II years when thousands of veterans were returning home and arriving on campus to conditions shaped by the hardships of the war.
The incoming students basically had a clean slate to write upon. There had been four years of discontinuity between the long-standing traditions and daily living of the prewar years, and the newly reawakening campus. Not that this was necessarily a bad thing but issues of dormant school spirit and esprit-de-corps were involved.

With regards to the Band, Dick and his friends stepped up and reconnected the then-present, with the past. Had they not done so the now-present would would likely be a creation of the late 1940's rather than a continuation going all the way back to the Cadet Bands of the late 1800's.

Additional note: Richard M. Auslen died on February 12, 1996 from complications of Parkinson's Disease. As a result he was not able to review this document for clarifications, additions, and corrections.

In some cases, clearly indicated, I have made some judgments as to the point he was trying to make. There is also additional material added by his wife Carol and his brother Don.

Cheatham: My name is Dan Cheatham. I was drum major in 1957.

Auslen: My name is Dick Auslen. I joined the Cal Band, the first time, in 1939. The war came along and interrupted my pleasures. I returned to Berkeley for the Spring semester of 1946. Russ Green, Leroy Klokamp, Dave Wenrich, Bill Fay, and I decided we were going to restore the Cal Band to its prewar splendor. My instrument was the French Horn although I could play some of the other instruments but not that well. In 1946-47, I was Senior Manager of the Band, which was a fantastic experience in my life.

Cheatham: When did you first become aware that there was such a thing as the Cal Band?

Before his first marching season

Auslen: Growing up in the Bay Area, I was exposed to Cal and the Cal Band. I played at Piedmont High and our music instructor played with John Philip Sousa. Mr. Weiss and I got along well and he gave me music lessons free. Having gone to a lot of Cal football games...I used to ride my bicycle to Berkeley and sneak into the stadium...I decided I wanted to play with the Cal Band
RICHARD M. AUSLEN

Piedmont High School band uniform
and subsequently, when I got to Berkeley, all the good things happened.

I never had the opportunity to follow the Band around on the field or on the streets during any of the performances, like other kids, but I was enchanted really with what they were doing.

**Cheatham:** So time passes and you are now an entering freshman at the University of California. How did it happen that you became a member of the Cal Band?

**Auslen:** As an entering freshman, I decided that I wanted to play in the Band and of course, this led to an audition with Professor Cushing. I was terrified by his goatee wagging up and down but somehow or other I made it. (*I think he meant this statement in jest. NHC*)

Before school actually started...the Band took a trip to Sacramento...marching through all the small towns to appear at the State Fair in Sacramento.

As a naive freshman, I was kind of aghast at some of the things that were going on but we had a good time anyhow. (*I think Dick is referring to the sophomoric behavior of the Bandsmen during the bus ride along the old highway 40, through towns like Pinole, Hercules, Rodeo, Vallejo, etc. Remember, this would have been the Band's first gathering after a summer's absence and there was bound to be a lot of jocularity and festivity. No doubt done to excess. NHC*)

**Cheatham:** The routine was to get off the buses at the outskirts of town, march along the main street, and get back on the busses at the other side of town. There were no highway bypasses and Highway 40 went through town. The main streets were only three or four blocks long.

**Auslen:** My main problem was that the uniform didn't fit, and every time I sat down, something else tore. (*No doubt an old uniform leftover after the older Bandsmen got the good ones. NHC*)

In high school, the emphasis was on music, not marching. In fact there wasn't even much performing except on the school campus. This did nothing to prepare me for marching and somehow or other, with all four feet, I managed to survive and we had an absolute ball on that trip to Sacramento and back - I think
there were a few hangovers on the way back, but I was too inno-
cent to know about them. [I suspect they stayed overnight. NHC]

**Cheatham:** I have an image of a freshman, awkwardly trying to
keep up with his fellow Bandsmen who were skilled marchers.
Someone had to either take you under their wing, or otherwise
indicate what should be done and how to do it.

**Auslen:** Learning to march was a whole new experience for me, as
anybody can imagine. The Drum Major, Tom Simonson, I think it
was, had two Assistant Drum Majors.

During marching rehearsals, their job was to go up and down the
field and tell everybody to straighten their lines. [Here he is
referring to practicing for field performances. NHC]

I guess, by osmosis, we all learned what to do and how to do it
respectfully. [At this point, I think he is switching back to
the subject of learning how to street march on the trip to the
State Fair. NHC]

**Cheatham:** I have the image of the Band on its way in an old-
fashioned Greyhound bus, headed to Sacramento, but from time to
time, stopping at some of the smaller towns between Berkeley and
Sacramento for a short, impromptu, street parade. Would you
tell us what you can remember about some of those.

**Auslen:** Again, going back to being an innocent freshman, I was
more than a little overwhelmed by the first activity which took
place before school even started...the trip to Sacramento to the
State Fair. We traveled by Greyhound bus I guess. There were
probably 3 of them considering the size of the Band and the pro-
cedure was to get off the bus at one end of town...take Dixon
for example...march through the town and get back on the bus and
keep on rolling. That is what you might call learning on the
job. Sooner or later, everybody caught on.

Some of the seniors who you got to know would help out a lot.
The Drum Major would yell. His assistants would yell. And the
whole thing worked out very neatly sooner or later.

One of the more interesting things was the tempo, or cadence, at
which we marched. As you know, military cadence is 120 beats
per minute, and here we were marching at 180 or running. It made
a heck of a good show band out of the whole thing. [I think 180
beats is an exaggeration. I think he is referring to the extra
energy and enthusiasm generated by the fast tempo and the knowl-
edge that they are the only band around that can march to that tempo. They weren't actually running, just moving at a fast pace using small steps. There was a certain element of scuffling and they quickly wore out their shoe soles.

It was eye-catching and the Band considered this its trademark, combined with the drum cadence that went along with this. Currently the Band has more than one cadence and this cadence is referred to as the "fast cadence". It was written by Charles Cushing. It can be heard on the 33 1/3 rpm recording titled "Cal Marching Band". (FSR #LP-1229). This is the one with the two bass drummers on the cover. The front bass drummer is Grove Thomas and the one in the rear is Dan Cheatham. Actually, even in my day, when we were excited we would start out at about 160 beats per minute but settle down to about 140. NHC]

**Cheatham:** So then you felt some pride at being able to be in a marching band that was able to march at that tempo?

**Auslen:** I think all of us had pride in what we were doing. We wanted to do a good job. Some of us were not that, shall we say coordinated, but we made it anyhow.

Do you remember performing at the International Exposition at Treasure Island in 1939?

**Auslen:** The appearance on Treasure Island was one of many appearances the Band made throughout the Bay Area in those prewar years.

We must have performed at every parade that marched on Market Street in San Francisco, behind every horse in San Francisco. Market Street I think is the longest street in the world when you're marching on a hot day in September. I know we always performed on Admission Day at that tempo, the good old 180 cadence instead of the military cadence of 120 so we probably almost tramped to death some of the other marching units.

**Cheatham:** In later years, in the fifties, they had something in Berkeley called the Parade of Lights, sponsored by the Berkeley Junior Chamber of Commerce. The concept was that since Pasadena got to close the intercollegiate football season with the Rose Parade, Berkeley would open it by having the "Parade of Lights".

At that parade, one of the things that the Cal Band always took pride in was out-drumming the drum sections in any other marching unit near us. Our tempo being different from theirs, our
drummers would sort of close their ears to any other drum sections within hearing distance and just beat away and force the other Band to break its step and its tempo. When this happened, the Cal Band would feel an extra measure of pride.

One of the things I've been having fun with while I've been interviewing people that remember the International Exposition at Treasure Island is to ask them their memories of the Sally Rand Nude Ranch. What are your memories?

**Auslen:** As an innocent spectator, too young to take part in any of these activities, we all fought tooth and nail over trying to look through the windows to see what Sally Rand's Nude Ranch looked like and it probably looked like just any anatomy book.

**Cheatham:** For a detailed explanation of this see the interview with Abe Hankin, but it was actually very tame compared to the expectations.

One of the legacies that was left by that prewar band was some 78 rpm phonograph recordings. Would you tell us about those?

**Auslen:** In 1941 or '42, the Band made its first recording, to the best of my knowledge at any rate. The recording was done in I think, it was the KRE studios, KRE being the popular station in Berkeley at the time.

The Band was reduced way down in size for this because Cushing got the instrumentation he wanted. But in order to get balance we were spread all over the recording studio, huge distances from one instrument to the other. As I recall the record, and I still have it. It went over very very well. [Actually, there was a set of several records. NHC]

To explain about balance, if the whole ensemble were together in the normal seating some instruments would have been buried and some would have been dominant [in sound and volume]. So it was essential to use this technique for recording and I believe it was the same technique that the recording studios used for pop bands of that era.

**Cheatham:** Some of this was also governed by the technicalities of the microphones and the recording equipment available at the time.

**First Football Season**
Cheatham: Well, the preseason State Fair appearance is over and now you're back on campus and you are faced with several major events. One of them is the awesomeness of being a freshman at Cal. This is compounded by the awesomeness of being a newcomer to the Cal Band...preparing for its football season. What was a typical Saturday morning like?

Auslen: During football season, Saturday rehearsals were scheduled around 11 to 12 in the morning, somewhere in that time frame. The performance was not orchestrated in the manner that the present-day band does. It was rather helter-skelter but somehow or other, the goal of the Drum Major was achieved.

The rehearsal took place on Hearst field outside the women's gym and I guess there must have been chalk lines on the field so we could line up in some orderly fashion. [June 2005: There had to be lines on the field. Hearst Field, now covered with temporary buildings, is between Hearst Gymnasium for Women and Sproul Hall. It is bounded on the north by Barrows Hall. NHC]

The performances were in no way as elaborate as it has been for the past many years.

Thursday afternoon rehearsal was a prelude to what we were going to do on Saturday...Saturday morning serving as a dress rehearsal. Tuesday was always a music rehearsal under the auspices of Professor Cushing who placed music over and above anything else. It didn't matter what it was. It had to be played right. You could play one number fifty times until he was satisfied and then it probably sounded terrible at the stadium...in the end. [I think Dick means that, as well as poor acoustics, the Bandsmen were concerned about finding their spot on the field and probably were not watching the conductor very closely.

Everyone comments on Cushing's fixation on the perfect performance. Surely he knew the field performance would fall short. I suspect he was privately enjoying conducting the perfect performance even though he was the one to hear it. Surely the students enjoyed it too and certainly it must have been a learning experience too. NHC]

When I had my audition, I borrowed a French horn from my high school and waited, along with a lot of other guys to perform for Professor Cushing. He was neither warm nor cold nor cordial nor rude. He told it like it was. We did sight reading, scales and a couple of other simple numbers. He was probably listening for sound more than anything else. He certainly didn't care how the
Band looked when it marched as long as it sounded good. Marching was out of his realm. That belonged to the drum major.

The problems of Saturday rehearsal were compounded by the fact that an awful lot of the members of the Band were taking Saturday classes and they kept straggling their way in and we had holes here and there, some didn't show up at all. But, we made it.

In the course of all this, we had to grab a sandwich from somewhere. It was probably stuck in the bell of a horn or someplace or other. During the rehearsal, we were partially, if not entirely, dressed in our uniforms which were old and worn out at that point.

The stunt for the first game as I recall was a lie-down stunt on the field. It was nothing at all like the present-day band.

We entered through North Tunnel as has been tradition since time immemorial. We started with the *Hail to Cal Fanfare* written by Professor Cushing, and in those days, as in present times, there was a roar from the crowd as the Band came out into the stadium marching on to the field, in a block formation. There was no such thing as moving formations. [*Referring to the choreography of today’s stunts. NHC*] Many things have since been added to the repertoire. [*These changes came during the 1954 season and the reader is referred to numerous other oral histories. NHC*]

One of the chief extracurricular activities that seemed to take place in rehearsal was to see that somebody, or more than one somebody, forcibly lost their pants. [*On signal, everyone would pile on somebody and take his trousers off and then place them in awkward place for retrieval. NHC*]

Pants were everywhere! And the chief place seemed to be Eshleman Court where the poor sucker had to go there and retrieve his pants from the Ladies Aid Society [*A metaphorical reference I am sure. NHC*] that was having lunch in Eshleman Court.

My biggest problem for that first day was in that lie-down stunt in the stadium, the seat of the pants came out. I was kind of chubby at that time and pants were rather skimpy so my derriere was well ventilated for the rest of the day. [*Mother was always repairing. DA*]

**Cheatham:** In those days, Eshleman Court, which is now referred to as the Class of 1925 Court, was the center of student activ-
ity, as Sproul Plaza is today. Everybody who was on campus that
day would traipe hither and thither through Eshleman Court dur-
ing the course of the day. So, what Dick is referring to is that
some poor bloke in his skivvy shorts, i.e., in his underwear,
would have to enter Eshleman Court, or wherever, to his embar-
rassment and amusement of all others, in order to recover his
trousers that were thrown in that area for the precise purpose
of embarrassing the guy. [Bob Desky once found his pants on the
goal post. DA]

Let's talk about the reasons why pantiing went on. What social
function did it serve?

Auslen: Pantsing was a extracurricular to the rehearsal activ-
ity. I recall it was was a matter of teasing...good natured
teasing...nothing malicious about it at all.

Cheatham: As I encountered it during the immediate post war
years, it served the purpose of informal Band discipline as well
as general merriment. If you didn’t have the proper work-hard
attitude, they ganged up on you and took your pants off and you
had to retrieve them from some embarrassing place like Eshleman
Court.

Let's get back to the subject of performances in Memorial Sta-
dium during those prewar years. Does anything else come to your
mind?

Auslen: Lie-down stunts in the stadium were not a pleasure on a
wet day. It may not have rained on that day but the field nev-
ertheless was usually quite damp but again, we survived it.

Cheatham: What about bonfire pep rallies in the Greek Theatre?

Auslen: The Greek Theatre bonfire rally on the eve of the Big
Game was a well-established tradition. The Band performed on
the stage. It was hotter than heck with that bonfire fire going
full blast. After the Greek Theatre rally, the Band visited
alumni class reunion dinners scattered throughout various San
Francisco hotels and restaurants.

As best I can recall, the Band was broken up into two bands,
each one traveling a different route by bus and appearing at
these alumni class reunions. [Yes. NHC]

One of the chief activities at these reunions after we made a
dramatic entrance, was that a lot of the alumni would try and
ply us with enough liquor to get us totally plastered so that we couldn't perform the rest of the evening, but we were a hardy bunch and survived the whole evening with great pleasure.

One of the other interesting things that almost became a tradition during these years was to see how much furniture could be stolen from the hotels. I can remember one incident, I can't remember what year it occurred...but the S.F. Police Department arrived the next morning to retrieve the furniture...I think it was the St. Francis Hotel. [The Band marched off in formation with the furniture...cocktail tables and stuff like that...safely protected in the interior. DA]

In the course of our meandering through San Francisco, we came across the Stanford Band one night, visiting their class reunions on top of Nob Hill. I guess it was in front of the Fairmont Hotel. Nothing serious. There were no real incidents that took place. We probably yelled and jibed a great deal, to and fro, against one another but there were no incidents...no major problems of any kind that occurred. Everybody was having a heck of a lot of fun.

Cheatham: You made reference to the band uniforms of your early undergraduate years. What were they like?

Auslen: The uniforms of that era were a medium blue coat with gold braid on it, creamy white pants with a blue and gold stripe running down the sides, a Sam Browne belt which I believe was cloth with brass buckle and the hats were coordinated in color combination. They probably were orange [An attempt at Gold. These were the very same hats that water boys Don Auslen and Dan Cheatham wore. NHC] with a visor. Actually the band cut a very smart figure on those.

The uniforms that followed that set of uniforms had nothing going for it as far as presenting a good appearance. [These were the uniforms that some people felt made a Bandsman look like a hotel doorman. NHC]

Cheatham: What are your recollections of the Stanford Band of that era?

Auslen: As best as I can recall, the Stanford Band had a traditional type uniform. It was probably a red blazer jacket and white pants and I imagine a red hat and this was the image that bands, both in high school and college, presented throughout the country.
Cheatham: My recollection during the 1950's, is that their uniform was similar that depicted in the movie The Music Man. I seem to recall that the breast of the jacket was similar to what one might find on a European prince as depicted in artwork on children's books, or on the jacket of a military officer in Tsarist Russia. Actually, it was a quite respectable band and were suitable competition on the field. [They were heavy with brass and played traditional music. DA]

Auslen: The radio station loved to "listen-in" on the half-time performances. The main thing we had to do was clear the music first. Present-day bands are not picked up on radio anymore and very little of it is picked up by the TV cameras. We always prided ourselves on doing a good performance, enough to keep Professor Cushing happy. We knew exactly how many minutes of air time we were going to have.

Cheatham: Sports casting was at a much more leisurely and conversational level in those days. Celebrities weren't part of the scene yet.

What are your memories of trips to out of town games?

Auslen: One of the big activities that the band members looked forward to was an outgrowth of the rooting section's enthusiasm for traveling to football games wherever they could.

It was an annual affair for the band to travels to southern California for either the USC or the UCLA game. In fact, the Band's budget included enough money to make that trip.

On a Friday evening or late afternoon as the case may be, we assembled at the Berkeley Southern Pacific train station at the foot of University Avenue. How we got there, goodness knows because we had no trucks. We had nothing to haul all the equipment with but everybody got there with their sousaphone or their piccolos. It didn't matter what it was.

As soon as the train pulled out, there were more portable bars appearing than you ever can imagine and that's where this innocent freshman got his first hangover. That was my first experience with a Singapore Sling [A type of mixed drink. NHC].

One of the other horn players, a senior horn player, was a chap by the name of Herb Ligda who took me under his wing. He had a small portable suitcase with him and I figured that that's what he was traveling with, to have a change of clothes. Wrong.
That was a bar! And he insisted that I learn to drink Singapore Slings, which I did...not well at times but I managed to make it and we were probably a pretty sorry sight when we got off the train at Union Station in Los Angeles...hung over and hungry, but prepared to do our performance.

One of the key things that came up during the trip to L.A. was lunch at Clifton’s Cafeteria. I guess Mr. Clifton was an alumnus and for many years, he welcomed the Band to his cafeteria for lunch on the day of the game. The cafeteria was downtown L.A. near Pershing Square and down the street from the Biltmore Hotel. We assembled in that area and marched through the hotel terrorizing everybody and then to the cafeteria for lunch. We then re-boarded the buses and on to the game.

Clifton’s Cafeteria was something unusual for that day and age, as far as we were concerned. There were waterfalls. There were fake trees and everything they could put together to make a tropical appearance. In fact, the water in the drinking fountains was green, to add to the tropical experience. [Others remember it as lemonade. I don’t know if Dick is talking about the prewar years or after. NHC]

Cheatham: The full name was Clifton’s Pacific Seas Cafeteria. It was located at 618 South Olive Street and is mentioned in many of the other oral histories and was part of the routine even into the 1950’s.

The interior was decorated with plastic palm trees and waterfalls and stuff to appear like the Hollywood version of the South Seas. See photo on page 28 of the Cal Band centennial book The Pride of California.

Do you have any memories of Oski?

Auslen: Present day colleges, universities have a mascot, often with somebody wearing a papier-mâché head, or somebody with costume that identifies them. In the Fall of 1941, a creature named Oski appeared on the Berkeley campus. [See interview with Bill Rockwell for the full story of Oski as told by Oski himself. NHC]

I haven’t the vaguest idea why or how but the Band Room, Room 5, Eshleman, was where he hung out and we worked with him...helped him put his act together, as it were. In some way or another we helped him arrange his stunts. For instance, at one point, after I returned, we brought him onto the field inside a base
drum. Bill Rockwell [The original Oski. NHC] was a very creative guy.

**Cheatham:** His original costume consisted of two pairs of band uniform trousers sewn together as one in order to create with the help of padding, a roly-poly image.

I have vague recollections (1947) of that drum stunt. As I recall it was a larger than life-sized base drum so it must have been some sort of a prop. At some point in the stunt, he broke out of the bass drum head and made an appearance.

**Auslen:** It was a regular concert bass drum and Bill was small enough to fit into it. [These kind of bass drums are much larger than the Scottish-style, narrow, bass drums we marching with. NHC]

The way we handled this...I guess I must have been involved in some way or another...was we took the head off the drum, put him in it and then loosely secured the head back on the drum so when he burst out of the drum at the stadium, he really burst out. [I wonder if it was a paper drum head. NHC]

**Postwar Years**

**Cheatham:** In your marching days, the Cal Band was a function of the Associated Students. Tell us about the relationship between those two organizations in the prewar years.

**Auslen:** The Cal Band was an activity of the ASUC, Associated Students University of California. All money that the Band had to operate on came from the student-run ASUC Executive Committee. My memory is not precise on this but I believe the annual budget the first couple of years that I was in the Band was either $10,000 or $12,000. This included the stipend for Professor Cushing. [...] to augment his regular salary as a faculty member in the Music Department. NHC]

I recall, after the war, in my term as Senior Manager, having to go to the ASUC Executive Committee and beg on bended knees for additional funds for the budget. Otherwise there would have been no trip to L.A. and it was out of this money that we purchased new band uniforms. [I would observe that this was probably another example of the break in continuity from the prewar days. Not only the Band, but the ASUC also, was remaking itself. It would be interesting to research that situation. The
adult campus leadership could easily have restructured the ASUC so as avoid the whims of ephemeral student attitudes but instead reestablished the strong student self-government that was the legacy of the days of President Benjamin Ide Wheeler. [NHC]

The Band was an activity of the ASUC. However, in 1946 one of the priorities of the Executive Committee of the ASUC was reestablishing the intercollegiate athletics program and the Band had to wait its turn.

(End of side one of tape one)

**Cheatham:** There was a period under Coach Pappy Waldorf, that football games drew such big crowds that there was enough football revenue to support the non-revenue sports and the Band was able to tap some of that money too, but that was after Dick's time.

**Tell us about Room 5, Eshleman Hall, now called Moses Hall.**

**Auslen:** Room 5 Eshleman Hall was the home of the Band. It was a very spartan-looking room, consisting of a whole bunch of lockers...clothes lockers and instrument lockers...one shabby desk and a ping pong table where an awful lot of Bandsmen received most of their education. There were a few showers in the bathroom where some of the Bandsmen would freshen up for their dates before they left the Band Room. But the predominant thing and the important thing about Room 5 was the ping pong table, far and above anything else. [Enthusiasm for ping pong carried on until 1960 when the Band moved from Room 5 to its present quarters. Room 5 is now part of the "back room" of the library of the Institute of Governmental Studies.

Room 5 was really the home for members of the Band. Most Bandsmen did not belong to fraternities so this became a common meeting place for them with their friends in the Band. In fact, I always felt that the Band was my fraternity. Other embellishments in Room 5 Eshleman were a worn out leather sofa of some sort, a telephone that we weren’t supposed to use, unless we got permission from the operator at the switchboard. The Senior Manager was, I think, the only person authorized to use it.

**Cheatham:** That was because the Band’s budget had to pay for any "outside" phone calls. The phone was hooked up to the main switchboard located somewhere in the Stephens Union. When you picked up the phone receiver a light went on at the switchboard and the operator asked what number you wanted to call.
Tell us about the informal kind of appearances that the Cal Band was involved with in the prewar years? In recent times, we would refer to it as the Straw Hat Band, but that's a later story.

**Auslen:** The geographical location of Room 5 made it ideal to be called upon for various spontaneous functions. From time to time, there were noon rallies on Wheeler Hall steps which was just a hop, skip and a jump from the Band Room. You could always find enough guys in the Band Room to grab enough instruments to make a sound. The same thing occurred in Eshleman Court, often at noontime. In later years, the pickup band was what it was known as, if it had a name at all, evolved into the Straw Hat Band.

Pickup bands played, as I just said, on Wheeler steps, Eshleman Court, but then there became a demand for a band to play at the basketball games and even at Cal ice hockey games.

To play at basketball games, a sign-up was necessary. [I think he is talking postwar here. NHC] The Senior Manager and the Student Director must have been involved in it too, specified how many of each instrument could be accommodated. You couldn't just fill the arena with as many Bandsmen as you wanted. As to how the Straw Hat Band actually came into existence, I really don't know. What I do recall is that a few of the guys acquired straw hats for some reason or another...some function they were involved in...and started wearing them to the basketball games and this led to the creation of the Straw Hat Band in subsequent years. [For further detail see the interviews by Bill Fay, Bud Barlow and and others. NHC]

The same thing applied for the ice hockey games at Berkeley Ice Rink.

Its amazing how many sousaphones you can get into the trunk of a car. To get to the ice hockey game, very few of us had cars. I was fortunate enough to have one so we crammed a sousaphone, a base drum and innumerable people into the thing and tried and get from the campus area down to Iceland, down around Shattuck and Adeline without the cops stopping us for having the car overloaded.

**Cheatham:** Even though the Band played at hockey games post-war, it also happened prewar and this automobile that Dick is talking about right now was in the prewar years. [1937 Plymouth club Coupe. DA]
Auslen:  My world came to an abrupt change when I got home one day and opened the mail and there were greetings from the Draft Board. "Greetings! You have been selected by a group of your friends and neighbors..." and so on and so forth. [Referring to the well-known wording in the draft notice. NHC]

I had about sixty days before I had to report and I think I spent the whole sixty days eating! By the time I reported to the induction center, I weighed 230 pounds. That didn't bother me so much as the fact that I couldn't find a uniform to fit me.

The Army, in those days, had two kinds of uniforms. Everyday one and another one that was made out of old horse blankets. [I thought he was going to say, "Those that fit, and those that don't". NHC] They were scratchy. You couldn't help but scratch all the time. Farther down the road, I finally figured out how to get rid of the pants. I took them off one day and rubbed them on a sidewalk until they wore out and the supply sergeant had to give me a new pair of pants.

I was inducted into the Army in San Francisco and the inductees on a given date reported to the railroad station at the foot of Broadway in Oakland to say a fond farewell to their families and anybody else they wanted to say goodbye to. The train took itself to the Presidio in Monterey and that's where we began our army life. [For more on the Presidio in Monterey, see the interviews with Fred Barker and Bob Rice. I have no direct evidence but I recall hearing that President Robert Gordon Sproul and Provost Monroe E. Deutsch, in the very early days, would go down to the train station to say goodbye. Remember that the campus was very small in those days and both of those men were very gregarious. They probably knew each of draftees personally. Also, see the interview with Bob Rice. NHC]

An addendum to that, I received orders after six weeks to report to some miserable place in Arkansas. There were two of us on this train that spoke English. They all spoke either Chinese or Spanish and I was in charge of this whole unit because I spoke English. When we got to Albuquerque, the train stopped and all the non-English speaking draftees took off. I was panic stricken because I was responsible for all these poor innocent gypsies. The only thing I could think to do was to ask the Military Policeman what I could do. He said, "Forget it." They'll get somebody else to pick them up and put them on some other
RICHARD M. AUSLEN
1943
At home in Piedmont
train passing through.

[In December 1942, Dick had been made Corporal (Laboratory Technician 5th Grade) in the medical corps. DA]

**Cheatham:** Give us a brief resume of the rest of your career in the military, up to the time that you returned to campus.

**Auslen:** After finally getting to Arkansas from Albuquerque and our lost personnel, I took basic training in Arkansas and went to school in Missouri. Then I went to Louisiana State University. While there I played in their orchestra. The Army decided I should learn French which I spoke in the first place so they sent me to Ohio State University where they didn't teach French, so they taught me German. While at Ohio State...I was there for a year...and one day there was a bulletin...anybody who wants to play in a band or orchestra, come sign up. So, I signed up. It turned out I was only one of two people there who had stripes on their arms [referring to badges of rank], which was sheer coincidence. So I ended up as cadet first sergeant. Another fellow ended up as cadet conductor.

The job had a real good perk. It had a Class A pass that went with it so when the First Sergeant says he was going to lock the building, you could go out, go anywhere you wanted, any day of the week. We were there for a full year, almost. We were there for the football season so I introduced the Midwest to lie-down stunts, which they had never heard of before. It wasn't very colorful in olive drab uniforms but at the same time, it got a fantastic reception. [A lie-down stunt is a way to spell out words when you only have a few members. I think there is a photo in the Herb Towler interview. A photo can be seen on page 108 of the Cal Band centennial history book, *The Pride of California*. NHC]

[Dick passed an exam in French at L.S.U. This got him sent to Ohio State to learn German. That countermanded orders he already had for the Pacific. That ship was sunk. His language skills saved his life. Dick was an A student in high school. French was spoken at home. DA]

Anyhow, after the Army decided we should proceed overseas, I went into France on D-Day Plus Ten. [With Patton. DA] I was in a Military Government Civil Affairs unit, which was supposed to be a non-combat job. But tell the Germans that. They kept shooting
RICHARD M. AUSLEN
1943
At home in Piedmont
at us and I spent the rest of the war in Europe doing military government civil affairs work, ultimately coming back to the United States to be discharged and back to Berkeley.

Cheatham: Tell me more about how and why a military band was appearing on a football field in the Midwest.
Auslen: It was an idea I had that it would be a lot of fun to do it. The regular Ohio State student band was performing so we represented the visiting team in each case.

Cheatham: What was your reaction to a Big Ten, Midwest band of that era, considering your Cal Band origins.

Auslen: The Midwest band, Ohio State I guess we're referring to in this case, was totally different from what we were familiar with in Berkeley.

First of all, they seemed to have unlimited funds. Firms like General Motors helped to underwrite their activity. They were given academic credit, which gave them motivation to increase enrollment....things that in Berkeley were always wished for...were on the top of our wish list...but could never be achieved because the whole administration was different. [...meaning that the Cal Band was an extracurricular activity of the Associated Students. There was no money, no academic credit, no university-resources, student run, etc. The Ohio State band later played a crucial role in the development of the Cal Band marching and uniform style. See interviews having to do with the Ohio State Rose Bowl game in 1950 and it aftermath. We were totally out-marched and subsequently reinvented ourselves. NHC]

Postwar years

Cheatham: Let’s talk about the Berkeley campus in the Spring of 1946. You have changed a lot. The campus has changed a lot. Your student friends have changed a lot. What was your reaction to the Cal Band that you returned to, compared to the Cal Band that you left?

Auslen: To answer that question, you have to go into the Fall of the year, into football season, because the Spring semester was always concert band season administered by the School of Music. And that was always under the strict control of Professor Cushing. Although there was always need for pickup bands on Wheeler steps and the like, the formal activity was the Concert Band. And of course, although it was not yet called the Straw Hat Band, there was always a pep band playing for basketball, baseball, or ice hockey. [I believe the ASUC had an equity interest in the Berkeley Iceland and may have been influential in its being built. I believe the ice hockey team was considered a "club sport". NHC]
As far as attitude and behavior are concerned in the Fall of 1946, the first football season after the war...you have to visualize a rowdy bunch of ex-GI's being drilled around in rehearsal for a football appearance.

Marching rehearsals were done in Memorial Stadium. [Perhaps in 1946, but in later years at various locations on campus, mostly at Hearst Field, the field between the Hearst Gymnasium for Women and what is now now Sproul Hall, or on North Field, the field between Hearst Gym and the present music building. NHC]

Russ Green was the Drum Major. Leroy Klekamp was the Student Director, and I was Senior Manager. You have to visualize the reluctance of almost all returning service personnel to be governed by anybody at all. As newly-minted civilians we were all free spirits and reluctant to be bossed around as we once were in the military. Nevertheless, we put on some very creditable performances in the stadium during the football season.

We transported a PA system up to the stadium every Thursday, before the rehearsal, and Russ would try and tell them what he wanted done with the stunt and they would immediately boo him as loudly as they could, naturally. But the main point of the whole thing is we got it done.

But, part of this is that the whole attitude on the Berkeley campus was that people had grown up. We had a much more mature student body than we had before. They came to achieve rather than to take a free ride on the GI bill, although I'm sure there were some involved in that. [This is documented in many historical references of the time. Clark Kerr was a keen observer of this. As a young faculty member about the same age as the veterans, he was close to the students and a confidant. These insights influenced his attitudes when he later became the first Chancellor of the Berkeley campus. Some of this is reflected in his oral history as part of this series, also in his published books about the University. NHC]

But we also had a good time.

I think our initial thoughts, campus wide, were to try and go back to the world we had known before the war. But that was never to be. It couldn't be done. We came away from the war with lasting memories and, in turn, left campus with lasting memories. I think it was that way for the whole campus, and for the Band in particular. [I think this is a point worth remember-
Cheatham: Any Cal Band alum can certainly relate to the point about leaving campus with lasting memories.

Let’s return for a moment to the subject of pantsing. You have mentioned the response, relative to military regimentation, at the very early rehearsals in 1946. One difference is that the Drum Major/Drill Sergeant was one of their peers. I am sure this took some of the "edge" off of the experience. But as a peer, the Drum Major had limits on how much authority he could exercise over the group. However, the group as whole could apply its own discipline, and focus, by jumping on an offender and registering group displeasure by sending the offender off chasing his pants somewhere. I also suspect that as performance time came closer, the military sense-of-mission took over and the rehearsals got more down-to-business.

I also note that this sometimes-casual attitude toward rehearsals and authority was still present during the days of the three Rose Bowl appearances under Pappy Waldorf. This will explain some of the comments by others in this series of oral histories regarding their reactions when they witnessed the get-down-to-business attitudes of the other bands they faced at those Rose Bowls. This also helps understand the attitudes in the Cal Band and the forces that led to the revision of Cal Band marching style subsequent to the Ohio State Rose Bowl.

[Note: These comments were added later, Consequently, Auslen did not have a chance to respond to this point. It is my speculation. NHC]

The 1946 football season is a crucial time in the history of the Band and you play a key role.

Service as Cal Band Senior Manager
How did you happen to become Senior Manager?

**Auslen:** When I returned to the campus I went back to visit the Band to see what was going on because it had always been my first love. It was disappointing compared to my prewar memories. The small nucleus of the Band was made up primarily of fellows who weren't eligible for the Service for one reason or another. [Most likely they had a 4-F draft status. This was the status that deferred them from the draft, often for health reasons. NHC]

It was a band but it just wasn't "the same". [However, please note the role that Herb Towler and Alcide Marin played in holding together what was available during the difficulties of the war years so that there was at least something left for Dick Auslen and the others to work with. See the oral histories with these two as well as the one with Philip Elwood. NHC]

That Spring semester, in particular the Fall semester of 1946, brought the influx of servicemen back to school. In the spring of '46, Russ Green, Roy Klekamp and myself got together. We had the same concerns that I mentioned before...it wasn't the same Band and what do we do about it. Well the obvious answer was to step into the administrative roles. So we went to Professor Cushing, who might have even been relieved to have somebody come along and say they wanted to do this. We told him what we wanted to do and we agreed who would hold which job. I ended up as Senior Manager and we took it from there.

**Cheatham:** Is it correct to say that as a result of the lean years during the war, that the Band was in danger of losing its long and wonderful heritage and taking on a whole new persona?

**Auslen:** No, that wasn't bothering me much but we lacked the spirit that existed before. Our morale was good. We had a lot of fun and camaraderie, a lot of horseplay and a lot of clowning, that lead to a high esprit-de-corps. Some kind of a band would have always existed but it took some stimulation and machination to turn the organization back in the direction of the good-old-days...a bunch of serious musicians, serious students who enjoyed a lot of fun.

**Cheatham:** Is it safe to say that you guys provided an important and necessary continuity from the present of the post-war era to the past of the prewar era?
Auslen: Whether it's the entire answer, I really don't know but I think, in fact, I'm sure that we provided the major part of the stimulus to the "rebirth", if you will, of the organization. [Looking back on this conversation, I think the missing concept here is "leadership". Herb Towler had graduated. People returned and wanted to participate but no one was in charge. What would have happened if no one had stepped forward? NHC]

Cheatham:

[Added later: I am speculating that during the war years Herb Towler and Alcide Marin held the Band together as the stalwart, leftover prewar presence, while the rest of the membership frequently turned over resulting from the fact that a lot of the members were on campus as part of various special military training programs that were on campus in those days. These people would move on as their training was completed. The turnover was continuous. While there was a group of people present by permission of their military units, who played musical instruments, they had no ties to the mirth of the prewar years. Knowing Prof. Cushing, I am sure they sounded fine but the marching/pep band aspects were limited to what Herb and Alcid could provide.]

I have this image of the three of you wanting to turn a rag-tag group with fond memories into a proud football-style performing unit. That meant applying expertise for things like arranging for rehearsal spaces, issuing uniforms, designing and teaching stunts, and all the things that go together to putting on a show. It must have been daunting.

Auslen: To organize the half-time performance before each game...there really wasn't an awful lot of preparation involved from the paperwork point of view. Russ Green and I would usually talk about the stunt. Maybe there were a few written notes, maybe there weren't. It would get put together during rehearsals in the stadium. This probably sounds haphazard and slap-dash, but it always came out very good given a strong desire and hard work on the part of the Bandsmen. [I can remember the few who had helped plan the show would grab individual bandsmen by the shoulders and place them at a given point on the field at a given time. NHC]

The Saturday mornings were carried on just like they always had been done. We'd march to the stadium. [Prewar they would tune up in what was then Eshleman Court then form up at the top of what was then Eshleman Steps, on what was then Allston Way, march East up the hill to Galey Road then south to the stadium. In the immediate postwar years, When Don Auslen and I were water...}
boys, they would march up Bancroft Way to I-House and turn north. [NHC]

There was merriment that was a heck of a lot of fun. [Things like singing The Ship Titanic, playing the Stanford Waltz, etc. This sort of stuff carries on even today. [NHC]

As you may or may not know, USC was made fun of for their flamboyant display that they put on at half-time shows. [We characterized it as being "Hollywood Style". See other oral histories. [NHC] We did a parody on the USC Band, with ladders, all kinds of props, and everybody laughed their heads off, simply because it was good clean fun, not taken seriously. [Over the years, there have been many parodies of the USC Band. [NHC] [Let fly a flock of pigeons. [DA]

What I just said in the last few paragraphs was what we were trying to do was return to the past we had known before and I think we achieved the bulk of that.

[Speaking post war now.] Things were moving ahead, things were forever in a state of change, but that's true today, yesterday and tomorrow. But we ended up with what we thought was a darn good band and we were proud to be part of it. We had the same special activities such as a trip to Los Angeles and the off-campus performances that we were asked to do for various and sundry affairs. I remember one was the Navy Supply Depot in Oakland. [There is a photograph of this in one of the scrapbooks. [NHC]

Memories of people

Cheatham: One constant element throughout all these years was of course Chris Tellefsen. What are your impressions and memories of Chris?

Auslen: Chris Tellefsen...Chris Tellefsen was the godfather, grandfather and father of the Band. I don't recall how this came to be but he was always there when we needed anything. Chris' job was in the ASUC store stockroom...right across from Room 5. Also, he took care of the Band uniforms...saw to it they were clean.

He was a father image for most of the fellows in the Band.
For myself, he found a job for me whenever I needed one...wanted one. He was a shoulder that you could lean on. His past was fascinating. He was part of the Alaska gold rush. I really don't know if he ever brought any money home from it or not, but he was a fascinating character who we all loved.

His counterpart, and this is an off-campus story, the mother of our former next door neighbor in Marin County, had known Chris in Alaska. Maybe she should have married him. I don't know but she said he was a marvelous person to have known in all those years. [See interview with Chris' daughter Betsy. NHC]

Cheatham: Tell us about Donald R. Griffith. He received the Bell Award in 1943. His oral history is deposited in the Bancroft Library.

Auslen: Don Griffith or Dick Griffith, as he was known to his wife, was the classic example of a dedicated Bandsman and a very very special friend. One of the most memorable things I can recall about him was seeing him attend his daughter's wedding ten days after his wife died and he made it through it and I didn't. But he is just one of the nicest people that a man would ever want to know in his life. [Best man at Dick's wedding. DA]

Cheatham: What are your memories of Bill Ellsworth?

Auslen: The name Bill Ellsworth brings back a memory of a big smile and red hair. Bill was your permanent Bandsman. Bill was just one of the nicest people anybody would want to meet.

(Begin Side One of Tape Two):

He was a nice gentle person who did a good job whenever he did one. [We didn't get a chance to talk about this but Bill is another one of the guys that was in the Band before the war. There is no oral history with Bill but he is talked about in many of the interviews. In 1957 Bill became the Band's announcer and served for years, until his death from lung cancer. NHC]

Cheatham: Are there any particular anecdotes of your own undergraduate days that you are willing to put on tape?

Auslen: The "Tomato Soup Can" as it was affectionately known was a car that I acquired after I got out of the service. And that's a story in itself. I had an uncle who was an attorney and he was handling a probate case which included the car. He
posted all the notices on the back of the door of the Hall of Justice in San Francisco and nobody ever wanted it so I got the car. The car was a perfect color of cream of tomato soup put out by Campbell soup company. It could be identified miles away and was so important to the whole campus scene that it was even depicted in the Blue and Gold.

Cheatham: To help us get a feel for life on campus in that post-war era, would you compare the rooting sections before the war and the rooting sections after the war?

Auslen: I think the principle difference between prewar and post-war rooting sections were the same as they were in everyday campus life. Post-war rooting sections were made up largely of ex-service personnel and as I've said earlier, they were not conformist. They said what they wanted, did what they wanted and expressed themselves in a very vivid manner. An example of that was their attitude toward Frank Wickhorst, the football coach who had a lousy season. This would be 1946-'47. The rooting section got so unhappy with the performance of the football team that they started tearing up the planks in the stadium seating. [See other oral histories. NHC] The Band was seated at the bottom of the rooting section and our biggest problem was to keep from being decapitated by the planks being passed down overhead and to keep the instruments from being destroyed. [This occurred after losing the Stanford game that year. I have heard that many of the wooden seating planks had rotted to the point that it was easy to pull them loose from their fastenings. I have also heard that some were set on fire. These points would have to be verified in the Daily Cal's of the day. In those days the ASUC paid the coach's salary, as well as all the expenses of intercollegiate athletics, including the Athletic Director's salary. In a stormy session of the ASUC Executive Committee, Coach Wickhorst was fired and Athletic Director, legendary track coach Brutus Hamilton, was dispatched to hire Pappy Waldorf. It wasn't until Chancellor Seeborg's time, in 1958 or shortly after, that athletics became a function of the University administration. See the interviews with Seeborg and basketball coach Pete Newell. NHC]

Cheatham: So the biggest contrast then is that the post-war enthusiasm ran high, with a very expressive rooting section in the sense that they weren't reticent to let the world know what their feelings were in terms of how loud they yelled and what they yelled, whereas prewar, they at least were respectful and had some semblance of behavior. Shall we say, they were enthusi-
astic but polite? Is that correct? (Dick nods his head up and down in a “yes”.)

Well this sets the scene for the arrival of Pappy Waldorf.

**Auslen:** The arrival of Pappy Waldorf was identified with the word "hope." After the lousy postwar football start, everybody just couldn't help but visualize a winning season and Pappy Waldorf, as well as being a good football coach, was also an interesting and perfect gentleman to have around, selling good will and enthusiasm all the way.

**Cheatham:**

Entered later: What Dick did not discuss was the arrival of Pappy Waldorf at the Southern Pacific Train station at the foot of University Avenue. Perhaps Dick had graduated by then and did not participate.

There was a spirited mass of students there to greet him as he stepped off the train. The Band was there too and from then on, there was special bond between Pappy and the Band that is talked about in other oral histories.

Tell us about the after-game routine.

**Auslen:** Exiting through the North Tunnel was [and still is] the tradition. The Band formed up and marched out playing *One More River* and *One-Balled Riley*, assembled outside the chain link fence located north of the tunnel exit, joined with the assembled rooters, yelling for the coach to come out onto the balcony. After that, we formed up again and marched back to Room 5, Eshleman, playing the *Stanford Waltz* along the way.

**Cheatham:** [Added later: Auslen didn't elaborate much on this but...I don't know if they called for the coach during the prewar years but certainly after Pappy Waldorf's first game. (Cal 33/Santa Clara 7.) Everyone gathered outside the locker room balcony and called for him. Out of courtesy to the Band he would not appear until the Band arrived.

Other interviews describe how it was a film of the Ohio State Band that Pappy presented to the Band that pro-
vided the raw material for the Band's change in marching style for the 1954 football season.

In time, a routine developed.

After a game when the Band came out of North Tunnel, the Band and the fans would start chanting in a slow, sing-song fashion, "We want Pappy" with the Sousaphones setting the musical note and the tempo. The crowd would tend to speed up the tempo and with great force of presence, the Sousaphones would slow it backdown.

After that the Band would march to Bowles Hall and stop and play *By the Old Pacific Rolling Waters* while the Bowles men, standing on their lawn, would sing the words to "their song".

Then it was down the hill and back to the Band Room. Along the way the Band would play the *Stanford Waltz*. This is, what was then the Stanford fight song, played in waltz time as an insult aimed at Stanford. The tune is the trio of the *New Colonial March*. While playing, the Bandsmen would waltz around in formation.

I'm going to show you something and I'd like you to describe it on the tape and tell us the importance it has to the Cal Band.

**Auslen:** I've just been handed a brochure from the Lokoya Boys Camp, a boys camp in the hills above Napa, California. This is very significant because this is where Dick Auslen and Bill Fay, as camp counsellors, spent a summer tending to little boy-monsters. Danny Cheatham was one of those little monsters. However, he grew up and is diligently at work putting together a marvelous history of the Cal Band.

**Cheatham:** Well, let me give you my twist on that answer. The significance is that Bill Fay was the Senior Manager that followed you and between the two of you...I guess you cooked up the idea that you'd ask Dan to be a water boy for the 1947 football season, which was Bill's year as Senior Manager. I'd like to stick in one other name. There was a third counselor from the Berkeley campus by name of Herb Schmalenberger, who was one of the lineman under Pappy Waldorf and was later one of the football coaches on the Davis campus. [See interview with Bill Fay.]
So I showed up as water boy in that football season, 1947, and I was outranked by another water boy by the name of Little Auslen. Who was that?

**Auslen:** Don Auslen is my little brother, for better or worse, and he had an awfully good time for himself as water boy. As his brother, I was responsible for getting him into the exalted position of water boy for the 1946, which gave him seniority over anybody else coming in after him. [Meaning Dan Cheatham. NHC]

**Cheatham:** Give us some further insight as to the role of a water boy as you knew it.

**Auslen:** The role of the water boy was to look after every wish of the Bandsmen and to keep them comfortable. [Said with a twinkle in the eye.] After all, it's a pretty hot job marching around that stadium in those heavy uniforms. The water boys were responsible for carrying buckets of ice, cups, all the necessary paraphernalia to be sure that the Bandsmen had water to drink. [**Don Auslen adds that water was not the only thing they had to drink.**]

**Cheatham:** Buckets of ice. You're absolutely right Dick. In those days we didn't have access to a vehicle, the way the Band does now, to take its apparatus up to the stadium. We water boys each had a galvanized iron bucket with a 25 lb. block of ice in it. I remember going to get that ice by driving in Senior Manager Bill Fay's World War II surplus jeep to one of these large dispensing...I don't know what to call it...it's not exactly a machine because it was like a small walk-in refrigerator. You put a quarter in a slot on the outside and a block of ice came sliding out. Most gas stations had one in their parking lot.

That block of ice got transferred into a bucket, one for me and one for Little Auslen and as the Band marched up to the stadium (via Bancroft Avenue as I recall), we would be running along behind carrying these buckets that were very heavy and with wire handles cutting into our hands. (Dick says in the background, "It was good for you.")

So that's one scene having to do with the early days of water boys. What's Little Auslen doing these days?
Auslen:  Little Auslen, otherwise known as Don, lives in Tiburon and he's in the rag business [Women’s clothing] and he's forever running up and down highways trying to peddle his stuff. He has three kids. The oldest one's getting married August 1. [Cathy ’81. DA] He's very active in the Cal Alumni Association, Marin Chapter. He's Chairman and President of that and is working hard being involved. What he'd love to do is be involved with the University and stop working. [I have. Starting in 1998 I became involved with the committee advising on the Lair of the Bear summer camp. DA]

Cheatham:  I presume that when the war was over, the Band picked up again on the custom of taking the "rooters trains" to the games down south. Do you recollect any differences in attitude or changes between the pre- and post- war era on these trips?

Auslen:  The Fall of 1946, as I said before, brought back an effort to renew old customs. One of these which was always looked forward to was the annual trip to southern California to visit either the UCLA or USC campuses and the football game that went with it. The trip was done by train. I doubt if it is any longer.

As Senior Manager, I was sitting in my compartment [A Pullman sleeping car had a compartment at one, or both ends. On a rooters train, the Band had the privilege of having a sleeping car. The Manager, in deference to his rank, got the compartment. NHC] after we left Berkeley, counting out the expense money when I heard a commotion in the hallway. Among the revelers was a young lady. The net result is that Carol and I have been married for some forty-odd years!

Cheatham:  It is my understanding that you had a role in the creation of the Alumni Band. Tell us about that?

Auslen:  The Alumni Band came into being because a lot of ex-Bandsmen didn't want to lose their identity and wanted to help support the Cal Band. A few of the founders were Bob Desky, Herb Towler, Russ Green, yours truly, and others...as the football announcer always says. [Notice that these are the same guys who resurrected the Band after the war. See interviews with Herb Towler, Dave Wenrich and Russ Green. NHC]

Organization of the Alumni Band was not easy. We had to do it out of pocket but essentially we created a small organization the first year and showed up for a football game, representing whoever Cal was playing that day. The Alumni Band of that imme-
The duration of the period has grown into a very, very large and excellent organization. [See interviews with Rick Mart and Jerry Taylor. NHC]

**Cheatham:** On the first appearance of the Alumni Band, did they march in the stadium that day?

**Auslen:** I don't recall marching. In fact, I think we were grateful we made it alive up to the stadium, absolutely out of breath, from advancing age. [They sat in the stands and, when appropriate, played the fight song of the opposing team. It was a nice gesture that was appreciated by the coaches. NHC]

**Cheatham:** Any insight into the three Pappy Waldorf Rose Bowls that you can share with us?

**Auslen:** Since I wasn't in school any longer, I was trying to figure out how I could get to that first game and get in. The first thing I needed was a place to stay so my girlfriend and her friend had a hotel room at the Commodore Hotel in downtown L.A. and they said well, just drive up to the door and we'll have the bellman take the bags up to the room...their's and mine...so I did and he did. He took the suitcases up. I slept on the floor with Don Griffith and somebody else in another room. The bellman took the bags up and parked the car I said thank you very much, Sir.

**Cheatham:** The Commodore Hotel was where the Band stayed in those early postwar years. It was located at Seventh and Lucas streets. At the top of the Commodore Hotel was one of those business signs that spelled out the word *Commodore* with light bulbs that individually screwed into their respective sockets. Is it true that the Bandsmen went up to the top of the roof and unscrewed those lights to spell out "Hotel Commode?" (He says, he doesn't know.)

This a story I have hear many times but I have never been able to confirm it. [July 2005: Looking at the graphic on the letterhead I just found, I can now see that it would be difficult. I now think that this is just one of those great stories of Cal Band mythology.]

Do you have any anecdotes to tell us about the Commodore Hotel?

**Auslen:** The location of the Commodore Hotel was such that those who didn't have anything better to do, collected all the bars of
soap they could from housekeeping and threw them at people as they walked by the front door of the hotel. With the proper trajectory, you could hit them from the tenth floor. [Here again...some of the rowdyism of the those ex-servicemen although this is more typical of teenagers. His reference to location I think is that was in an out of the way part of town. People got bored. NHC]

Cheatham: Well the sun has passed the mid-heaven and this has been an enjoyable interview, and as I look out over the lake, I can see that the shadows are getting longer than they were when I first arrived. Maybe it's time that we start bringing this interview to a conclusion. Give us a brief synopsis of your career subsequent to your graduating from Cal.

Auslen: Since leaving Berkeley after the 1947 football season, I guess it was, I spent most of the years thereafter in the import business on nothing anybody needed. This was followed by illness, twenty-five years ago and since then, Carol and I have spent our time in our own real estate work, without any employees, thank heavens and we're just grateful to be here on this earth leading the life we're leading at our home at Lake Tahoe, which is a wonderful place to live. [Lived in Marin till then. Died of in 1996 of Parkinson's three years after this interview. DA] [He was tiring as the interview went along and I was not able to dwell on some of the questions as long as wanted to. NHC]

Cheatham: Looking back on it, how would you describe your years with the Cal Band?

Auslen: To summarize, the Cal Band that came into being as a result of our efforts after World War II was a means of saving an entity that was virtually gone. Since then, the Cal Band has become a very fine organization, thanks to the efforts of a lot of people.

Cheatham: Well, I hope it's very evident to those who read this interview that if it hadn't been for you, Russ Green and LeRoy Klekamp, we may not have the organization that we have today.

Those of us who followed you, owe the three of you a great deal and it was because of this that I took some rather great pains to come and have this interview with you. I would like to thank you very much for spending the time and this will definitely become part of the historical record.
I'd like to introduce Dick's wife, Carol Auslen. What are your observations of the role of the Cal Band while you were a student?

Carol: Well obviously it created a lot of school spirit and I looked forward to going to the Saturday football games. I wouldn't miss a game and it was a lot of fun. I think that maybe it gave something for the fellows who had come back from the Service to look forward to and it gave them a chance to mix in with the younger students. There was probably some advantage there although the younger students bore a little bit of the brunt of some jokes - like Bob Desky - but I do think that the camaraderie they had was great and I know personally my very dearest friends are my friends that I lived with in college in our Co-op. I've noticed that through the years, our Cal Band friends who particularly live in the Bay Area, in our age bracket, have continued to get together. In fact, as years have gone, in the last few years, I almost have the feeling as if they have drawn closer together to support one another, as they've grown older.

Cheatham: Were you in the stadium in that football season of '46, when the students rioted against Coach Frank Wickhorst?

Carol: Yes I was and I must say I was pretty amazed and taken with the whole thing cause the bleachers were literally ripped up like toothpicks and passed up and down through the stands.

The other thing that really amazed me...not that it really involved the Band was how the people would get picked up...especially if you were wearing the forbidden color red...and got passed overhead up and down the stands very rapidly.

Cheatham: That was called being "Rolled". Rooters would bodily pick you up and pass you overhead to the people behind you. They would "roll you up" to the top of the rooting section dump you off at the back of the rooting section...or to the bottom where the Rally Committee traditionally sat.

The concept was, since Rally Committee, among other things, was "in charge" of the rooting section...here is a rowdy rooter for
you to take charge of. This was a bit of an oxymoron since everyone in the rooting section was behaving on the rowdy side. In the University Archives, among the Robert Gordon Sproul papers, is a cardboard box of letters from irate spectators to the University President.

Tell us what it was like to be in the Women's Rooting Section segregated to the south of the Men's Rooting Section?

Carol: With all these years that have gone by, to be frank about it, I think I've forgotten that we were discriminated against. We were discriminated in so many ways that you just kind of take one after the other. Now of course, the young women would not tolerate that. But, basically I went to the football games with my roommates and my friends from the dorm in which I lived. I can remember that some days, it would be pretty hot over there and we'd come back with sunburned faces. I think this is before the days when we either didn't have the money for sunburn lotions or perhaps they didn't exist as much, but we would be red for the rest of the week. Of course, I had a hat.

Auslen: One of the interesting marching stunts the Band did was to split the Band and put part of it at the south tunnel. Based on split second timing, one would go into the north tunnel as the other one came out the other end. It gave the illusion of a very large band. It was very very effective.

Carol: Actually, when I started school the Fall of '45, it was just that transition period after the war. It wasn't until '46 that the Band was really very obvious. I'm not even sure if the Band was there at all in 1945 but I think as years went by, the Band became a more prestigious and highly recognized organization. In '46-'47, there wasn't really that much prestige to being a part of the Band. At least that was my impression. [Those were the building-years and yes, I think she is right. The Band was surely present but in the background getting its act together with the help of Dick Auslen and his friends. NHC]
APPENDIX I

By
Dick's little brother Don

Known as
"Little Auslen"

Richard (Dick) Auslen, my big brother, made me the Cal Band's first water boy in 1946. I was thirteen years old. What a thrill being in the Band Room before the games with all those "big guys".

This lasted for three years.

I was responsible for all the equipment that had to go to the stadium. I wore a band hat that came down to my nose. I felt really proud.

There was a ping pong table in Room 5 Eshleman Hall (the Band Room). Because Rich and I played at home I was pretty good and could beat most of the Bandsmen.

The Bandsmen were really kind to me, and the other water boys that soon joined me.

After the games, the Band marched out through the North Tunnel playing the song One More River was really a big time moment.

I have felt a part of the Band from my water boy experiences.

My heart swelled whenever I got to march along with the Band on its way to and fro from the band room at Room 5 Eshleman Hall.

Being anywhere with Rich was always important to me. I idealized him when I was a kid.