

Brass Roots

Volume 10 - Issue 1

Michaelmas Term 2008

In this issue:

- Editorial
- Chairman's Report 2007-08
- Annual Dinner 2007
- Life: Post-CUBB
- 6 tips for Girls
- Weddings and Babies

FoCUBB Events:

- 2nd May 2009
Annual Dinner 2009
- 5th June 2009
Whit Friday Marches

For more info visit:
www.focubb.org.uk

Editorial

(by Di Brady)

Now children, it is time for this, the **second** issue of Roots for 2008-09. Wahahahahaaa! As I write this editorial on the night of Halloween, I can barely contain my excitement as I know it will terrify you to your very core. Packed with haunting stories from our past; you will read articles that have been brought back to life from as far back as 2006! A nail-biting horror story by 2007 chairman, an annual dinner that disappeared, a past band member who truly believes she has escaped CUBB, but perhaps most terrifying of all, Rob Richards' 'Tips for Girls.'

Well, ok, unless I ship this off to John in the next hour, he prints it and sends it out via some kind of emergency e-post, this isn't going to reach you on Halloween is it? Well, in that case, it's not scary at all. It's just Roots, doing what Roots does best. Reminiscing.

Enjoy! My Precious

Brass Roots

Annual Dinner 2007 by Alex Carroll

I write this having completed my Part I less than ten hours ago. I had requested from the Band a list of quotes with which I might embroider this article in order to fill up the spaces. Some may say that I am being lazy by using this tactic. Indeed this is the most crafty and cunning ploy of skiving in writing any article. A list of quotes means I do not have to think.

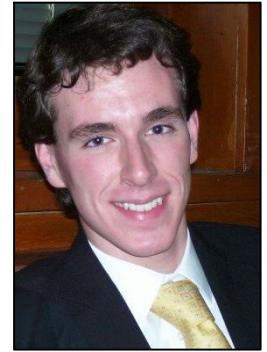
Unfortunately it is now almost a fortnight since I sent that email and I have received not one, not two replies, but nil. Yes nil. It seems that nothing of note, whatsoever, happened at Annual Dinner this year. Nothing was worth even mentioning. It is as if the event did not happen! And yet I have a hard-drive filled with photos and videos of the night! Did no-one appreciate the lack of prawns for the starter! Was the leg of lamb on the bone or the veggie and even the dessert forgotten? Then there was the excellent traffic lights sherry beforehand and the port and prize-giving afterwards. Was this lost within a drunken fervour which annihilated all memory of the event from our minds? I certainly remember the grand oratorical showdown between JC and the Dean of Selwyn College to allow us to return to their hall (a battle of wit and banter which would have terrified even the lawyers of the Band) after Queens' turned out to be a bunch of bureaucratic, expensive secretaries. And it is hard to forget the bribes and promises of satisfaction made to the Robinson College Porters (a grand company of men) not to turn us out the Basement/Dungeon at midnight and permit the flow of chemical beer to continue unabated.

But the question of whether the Annual Dinner of 2007 actually happened is immaterial in comparison to whether the tours of the last three years in fact happened. Neil, where are those DVDs? But nonetheless, I am certain that something happened on the night of 28th April, but it seems that no-one is capable of telling us.



Chairman's Report 2007-08 by Andrew Cooper

It would be fair to say that CUBB's 20th year of existence didn't go entirely to plan. With a reasonable (and much needed) intake of fresh players, along with a new conductor in Dave Amann, the band worked towards its first concert of the year in November - a joint concert with the Somersham Town Band and background accompaniment from City in the church next door (an occurrence which only helped to dwindle our OAP audience head count). The usual bout of Christmas carol playing came and went, with several unfortunately soggy engagements highlighting the need for the carol book to contain an arrangement of 'Singing in the Rain' amongst the more traditional favourites.



With the arrival of baby Luke Amann, Lent term began with Greg Fedorenko taking up the baton again, and the band made its first appearance at the RAG carnival in a vain attempt to boost audience figures for the annual RAG concert on the same day. It didn't work... But the following week brought a very successful trip to Oxford for the second Varsity concert-cum-contest, a fixture which now looks to be permanently in the CUBB calendar.

As ever, the term finished with a tour, this year to Scotland. To describe tour as bad may be a bit harsh - after all, we had accommodation, a bus (eventually), and we played every day. But we almost bankrupted the band to do it (leaving just over £4 in the bank the day before tour, *after* having borrowed from the Treasurer), and had no proper concerts, with the closest thing being a performance outside of an Edinburgh shopping centre on a cold and blustery day having being informed that we could not play inside because we were a fire safety hazard!

Easter term thankfully went more to plan, with an excellent annual dinner followed by the traditional engagements at the Wolfson Garden party and St Mark's Church fete, as well as a 1940s cheese-fest at the Air Squadron Ball. With the end of the year seeing the departure of a number of members who will all be sorely missed, both in the rehearsal room and the bar, the next year may be a challenging one for CUBB. There is no reason, however, why the band should not live to be much older than the youthful 21 it is now.

Life: Post-CUBB by Hazel Rogers

I played trombone in CUBB from 1998 to 2005 in which time I gained a natural sciences degree and PhD. As it is now over 3 years since I left, when Di asked me to write something for roots, I thought I would let you now what I have been doing since then.



I initially left the band and Cambridge in January 2005 but was soon back for a "surprise" leaving do then the 2005 tour to Malvern. After that I made more of an effort to get away from Cambridge by travelling to the other side of the world. I went away for 7 weeks, spending one month in New Zealand and stopping off in Singapore, Sydney and San Francisco on the way there and back. This was a brilliant trip and I would recommend all these places as holiday destinations. Planning a holiday is also a great incentive to finish your PhD.

After this I finally got around to getting a job and eventually managed to find a post doc job in Nottingham researching children's brain tumours. I also decided that after about a year of not playing regularly it was time I found a band to join. I contacted the closest band to me to see if I could come along to play with them. They said yes even though they were rehearsing for the areas. I didn't play with them for the area but on looking up the results found they had won the third section and gained promotion to the second section. I joined the band properly after this and went with them to the national finals in Harrogate which we also won. We also gained local TV stardom being filmed by the BBC for the programme inside out.

I am still in Nottingham now and hoping to extend my contract on my post doc for another few years. I still enjoy coming back to Cambridge for CUBB events and hope to carry on doing so in the future.

Six Tips for Girls: Advice for recent graduates written when Charlotte Pursey was editor - that's the laptop that got rained on. Who wrote it? Guess.

It's been almost five years since I finished my course and almost five months since I found myself estranged from the shores of Cambridge, so I figured now would be a good time to impart some cunning knowledge regarding the outside world in an attempt to make your eventual exodus more smooth.

1) Keep it up

This seems to have come as naturally as rain to every previous retiring agent that I can think of, but, as your parents probably said before you came to Uni, it's important to keep up your brass skills. I've found it invaluable to maintain a healthy blowing lifestyle because almost any job you'll find will be mind-numbingly soul-sappingly boring and, perhaps most disappointingly, will involve precious little Born Free.

I was a little concerned that moving to sleepy Middle England would reduce the band-joining potential, but there have been surprisingly many options to consider. I've even heard on the grapevine that Canada, Oh Canada, has provided Mssr. Hardiman with a chance to wow the (N.) American girls with his lip flexibilities. The author can only presume that T.D. Price has done the same thing, unless San Francisco has provided other activities to occupy his evenings.

One word of warning though - don't expect to be guaranteed the same level of post-rehearsal mind warper that CUBB has long provided. I've yet to find this glorious practice amongst the Milton Keynes minstrels. Oh and, as alluded to above, make sure you are well versed in your part for Born Free; every band in the world plays it. That and that Henry VIII piece.

2) Career advice

Here are a few tips I've picked up from the world of work; 4 years of auditing and 4 months of accounting. Maybe not the source of universally applicable wisdom but these are from my experience and I can cry if I want to.

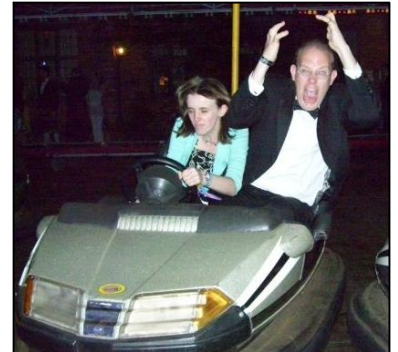
- a) Plunder the man - If you sell out and join a big company, chances are you will be offered quite a few freebies from time to time - especially in a pub environment. When presented with this opportunity, take it by the horns and get as much as you can. I don't care if you usually fall flat on your face after two pints, it's free booze and your body knows that - it will adapt and accommodate at least a gallon more, in my experience. And calories should not be a consideration when the steak fajitas are financed by 'the man.'
- b) Try to get a keyboard with a working N key. It gets a little annoying otherwise. Coincidentally, annoying becomes an annoying word to type if the N button is screwed.
- c) If you're a bloke, avoid working in an office full of girls. It turns out that a lot of girls are really boring. Not to generalise, but all girls take each others' criticisms to heart and that leads to anger, a tense workplace and bitchiness.
- d) Develop an addiction to caffeine. Not only does it seem to be a lot more socially acceptable than a daytime alcohol dependency, but it also gives you something to do when the day gets dull - see how many coffees your body can devour before you start getting the shakes. For those who simply cannot dispense with the joys of booze, make sure you've had enough beer by last orders to keep you buzzing until, say 8pm the next day. The Price formula suggests this is 20 units, or a very achievable 7.04 pints of Abbot.

3) If you stay in Cambridge, move out of Cambridge. A little.

You'll have limited choice in this matter unless you're uber loaded, but choice suburbs such as the 'Coleridge Rd pleasure zone' and the 'rinsin' Fen Ditton centre of culture' are, I hear, the places to be. A move to Linton might be a little extreme, but you'd have good company.

4) If you go on an adventure, leave the fat wheezy guy behind.

About halfway through my time at Deloitte, we were auditing a little café in the woods, which was largely disused outside the summer season. During a fixed-asset physical verification test, we came across a car in the garage, ridden with bullet holes - something sinister was surely afoot. We were suddenly confronted by the client, a couple of dodgy looking Italian spivs, led by their demanding MD - a hard faced butcher's dog of a woman (she always reminded me of another auditing incident involving "momma" and a train).



Anyway, long story short, we found an underground tunnel, went in search of One-Eyed Willie's treasure (a bizarre name for a stock manager) and I managed to cop off with a girl practically twice my age - she was mighty skilled at the organ.

My point is, all the way through this otherwise enjoyable excursion, we were burdened by this fat wastrel of a trainee, constantly complaining about being hungry and generally slowing down progress with his sporadic screams and whines. So when you go on an adventure, keep the oriental chap with his gadgets and ditch the useless cry baby. Especially if he's called Chunk - it's a sign.

5) In the real world, one must always carry 3 items about the person.

- a) A silver dagger
- b) A crop of Witch-hazel (*Hamamelis*)
- c) Richard Ashcroft's Speak & Spell

I shall explain. Although the people who police our streets, the Police, aren't so keen on the transportation of items which could be used as a weapon, (e.g. a dagger) I find having something sharp and pointy handy is useful in a whole manner of situations, such as when the bit you lift up on a can of bitter breaks off before puncturing the bit it's supposed to penetrate or when you lose the straw on your carton of wine or if you don't have a bottle opener and you need to carefully lift up the edges of the ale bottle top to remove it. There are also uses not involving booze, such as stabbing midwives.

Now Witch-hazel, as any herbalist will inform you, is a common treatment for thrush (see Charlotte, I told you I'd make this erotic) but it also, like a silver dagger, has many non-thrush related uses. For example, I was once concocting a potion to produce an allergic reaction to flags which I intended to slip into the soup at the annual Sellafield Semaphore Conference - a high school jape if you will. Witch-hazel was a main ingredient, second only to rat poison, blowfish and sugar. For other uses, consult your back alley pharmacist - I'm particularly fond of the Chinese variety (*Hamamelis Mollis*).

Richard Ashcroft, lead singer of cack-handed troubadours The Verve, has but an elementary grasp of contemporary poetry - indeed, until mega-hit "Bittersweet Symphony" was squeezed thrashing from his song-writing womb, his only solace lay with a soiled rhyming dictionary. Luckily for him, he was searching the gutters for lyrical inspiration in early 1997 (having lost his dictionary), and came across a discarded Speak & Spell, batteries on their last life. He chose to have a game of hangman with the computer and as it wearily challenged Richard to such words as slave, no, road, sweet, no, money, die, no, bitter, change, no, change, change, no and change, he built up something resembling lines of prose with the potential to be moaned across a sample of an orchestral version of a Rolling Stones song. I like to carry his money-making Speak & Spell around with me (I sometimes shake it), because then I know I won't have to put up with more of his rubbish.



6) One for the ladies

It may be worth questioning the practical need for a bra. Many women prefer not to wear a bra and go braless on a regular basis. In many nations, including those in Europe, a bra is often not worn. Some have suggested that a bra does little to prevent the effects of ageing on the breasts, and some have claimed that breasts are healthier when left free to move rather than being restrained. Also, the bra has become charged with political and cultural meanings that overlay its practical purpose. Traditionally it is viewed as symbolic of a young girl's coming of age, one of the tokens that indicate that she has become a young woman. On the other hand, some may see it as a symbol of the repression of women's bodies. All of these debates mean that the bra has assumed a cultural significance which far outweighs that which is normally accorded to an item of clothing. So choose carefully!

To conclude, I hope this top advice helps you all; maybe one day you can achieve the same success that I have.

UK Bonus Knowledge

The claim that the brassiere was invented by a man named Otto Titzling who lost a lawsuit with Phillip de Brassiere is an urban legend that originated with the 1971 book *Bust-Up: The Uplifting Tale of Otto Titzling and the Development of the Bra* and was propagated in a song from the movie *Beaches*.

Weddings and Babies by Di Brady

William Hopkin was born on 12th June 2008 (son of Helen and Gareth Hopkin). According to Gareth, he attended his first concert with Flixton Brass Band in July and enjoyed every note - he slept through the lot! Congratulations to Gareth and Helen.

I was sitting in Neil Bennett's house at New Year when Becky Collis received a text from an ex-cornet player of CUBB - the man who was responsible for getting me to join no less - and it is true ladies, Pete Massey has officially been claimed by a lady called Bobbie. Congratulations on the engagement (and wedding!) Pete.

If you have any news for me to get excited about and publish in the next roots, please email me on db362@cam.ac.uk. Also please drop me an email if you can help me with some life-changing research I am doing into how many weddings and babies we have had in our 21 year history. I would be interested to know who you are, when you were in the band, and any children's names and ages...and which instruments they now play.



Notices

Annual Dinner 2009 - 2nd May 2009

This year the meal will be at Wolfson College, on Saturday 2nd May. Yes, this is a week later than normal, and it is a bank holiday weekend, but Wolfson is busy the week before. The price has not yet been fixed. Do watch out for the details on e-mail, but we expect it will cost around £35.00. Do let us know if we can help with any transport or accommodation troubles.

FoCUBB Whit Friday Marches - 5th June 2009

We are going, we hope, along with a few people from the City of Cambridge brass band. Plans are to meet up somewhere on Friday, hook up with a local coach, and then go and do at least four or five contests. There is also a plan to try and book some accommodation that night. At least it will be somewhere for the coach to pick us up and drop us off! Anyone up for this, contact John on john@johngarbutt.com.

Our own Website

We now have our own website: www.focubb.org.uk. This is a work-in-progress, but as a start we have found all the old issues of Brass Roots! There is a hope we can start a big wiki of everyone's CUBB memories, and maybe allow people to organize their own gatherings. Send your ideas to: john@johngarbutt.com

21st Birthday Appeal

As you know we are trying to buy a cornet for the Band. As we now have control of the bank account again, do please make your cheques out to "Friends of Cambridge University Brass Band", and send them to us right away:

FoCUBB
c/o John Garbutt
84 Thorpe Way
Cambridge
CB5 8UB

That's all for now

Well that's it for this edition. If you would like to write an article, please email to me. It can be anything at all as long as it is band related, obviously. We look forward to hearing from you/seeing you soon. Here are those key email addresses again:

Di Brady (Editor): db362@cam.ac.uk
John Garbutt (FoCUBB Chair) john@johngarbutt.com
Jonathan Cameron (Secretary) jic23@cam.ac.uk

Thanks for reading...

Brass Roots