

Bandstand

Vol. 4, No. 1 Box 1145, Brown University Providence, RI 02912 February, 1981

Reagan drops out of Band race; Armstrong elected President

by Norman Meyrowitz
and Jane Fried

When Election Day 1980 rolled around, public sentiment chose a 70-year old former chimpanzee to run the nation.

When the next Tuesday rolled around, a more important choice loomed. Who would be elected to run the Brown Band now that Ronald Reagan was out of contention?

Bruce Yannett offered to do it again, figuring it was his best political opportunity of the year. Alan Schiffres was willing to do it, but alas, he was too short. Jessica Stulman was suggested, but she was disqualified due to lack of experience.

So once again, the Brown Band decided to take itself seriously and held honest-to-goodness elections. The old band board was encouraged, as a new enthusiasm embraced the elections, with four and five people vying for each position.

When the dust settled, Walter "He's Too Big To Handle" Armstrong had captured the presidency. Schiffres hypothesized at the Band Banquet that this would mean all band events would start after 1 pm. Bob Abbatomarco continued a long standing tradition of losing presidential bids which started with Billy Leiserson in '78. Billy spoke for Norman Meyrowitz in '79, and Norman spoke for Bob in '80. Anyone who would like to lose the 1981 presidential race should speak to Bob quickly.

Walter's vice was none other than Jane "Love Furnace" Fried, former Head Librarian. Lou "I Wish I Had a Piccolo" Casagrande swept to victory in the business manager spot, despite being blackballed by all the females in the Band.

Steve "Second-Time Around" Shinn was re-elected to the Corresponding Secretary slot. Commenting on the victory, Sluggo gave himself a black eye with his tongue. Donna "Voluptuous" Kishi, threatening to wear hot pink pants for the rest of the winter if she lost, filled out the board in the Recording Secretary position.

Later on in hockey season, Irvin "Ice Lipped" Lustig was appointed by the Band Board to fill Jane's pants as Head Librarian. The Board also appointed new conductors, picking Phil "DJ" Hutto as Student Conductor and Judy "Does It" Wells as Ass. Stud. Con. Karen "Styx" Mellor was reappointed as chairman of *very special events*.

Early in January, Barry "Ba" Fagin completed the new faces, after being elected by acclimation to the position of show-writing chairman.



THE BIG BAND WITH A DIFFERENCE... Brown University's marching band not only marches, but it skates as well. The Bruin musicians are unique among hockey bands, and are a featured attraction at all Brown home games.

Tom Maguire photo

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THE WORLD'S ONLY AND BEST Skating Band was one of only 10 pictures featured in the 1980-

81 ECAC Hockey Guide. Sources say that they thought it was the hockey team.

On the road to liquidation

by Curt Rist

Cornell U. - not the place to quaff Dom Perignon. People get depressed in the winter and kill themselves.

The Preppy Handbook

High above Cayuga's waters lies a land of gorges and Arts quads, a land overrun with aggies and H.P.'s, a land where a "milk machine" is something that slides onto cows' udders.

Once again, the band is offering its alums an incredible deal-a set of 1980 buttons for a \$10 dollar donation. Receive literary gems such as "BELT THE PUSS" and "BLOW DART". Don't delay!!!!

BROWN BAND ALBUMS ARE STILL ON SALE FOR \$5.

Be ready when those feelings of nostalgia set in. Remember, if you don't want to play it, you can always use it as a frisbee.

Make all checks payable to BROWN BAND and mail to Box 1145, Brown U Providence, RI 02912.

Bandstand

Vol. 4, No. 1

The Brown University Band
Box 1145
Providence, RI 02912

Editor: Jane Fried

Layout, Design and Procrastination:
Norman Meyrowitz

Special thanks to John Bennison and the Brown University Computer Center for use of their typesetting facilities.

To Cayuga goes the Brown Band, instruments in hand and two warm beer kegs oozing into a canal that once was the aisle on the bus. It was a flawless October afternoon, with the Phillies and the Kansas City Royals 2 and 2.

Not far out of Providence the boredom of the bus sparked an intellectual extravaganza; a reworking of "Ever True to Brown" in nine languages, including French, German, Latin (B-R-U-N-E-N-SUS), Yiddish, Esperanto, Czechoslovakian, Russian, Sign language, and Morse Code.

Seven o'clock, Albany (to grab a bite to eat). With two-dollar bills in hand, the band marched on the mall, to the delicatessen, for a fine meal of butcher's offal spread on thin toast. Phil's parents came to greet him in the parking lot.

The band arrived before midnight, after driving over a gorge and yelling "Ahh! Splattt!" with windows open. The Cornell band, partying on its own - presumably celebrating its final virginal hours - forgot. They finally arrived, gushing and apologetic, and separated the Brown Band into single-sex fragments for Frats and Sororities, in an attempt to keep pre-wedding activities chaste.

Midnight. A tired and drunk band assembles at Ezra for the Ritual, someting for which no one has used the toilet since Albany. Jane Fried's sister yells out "Oh my God, they're peeing on my founder!"

9:30, morning. Rudeness and rain and no sleep, as the band practices for the show. The Cornell Band arrives at practice with funny walks and Rose Bowl suits.

Halftime. The Cornell and Brown bands sit next to each other, separated only by a row of bleachers and a sense of humor. Cornell spelled "BONZO" on the field, and played "I Love Lucy". The Brown Band show was an extravaganza: a hasty marriage between the two bands.

The marriage worked well, for a few minutes, until midway

down the aisle when the enormity of their union with Bonnano sunk in. the band was trapped, no where to turn. They were in...THE CORNELL ZONE...An unknown force compelled them to walk to the gorge and truly become one with Ezra....AHH! Splatt!

Or so we would have liked. Censored in an attempt to commit suicide before seven thousand depressed people, the couple was swept away by the great cow of Paradise (Matthew Merzbacher and Bill Thomas) who swooped in from the sky and carried them off, band in band.

Brown won, 32-25. The Phillies won, eventually. And Phil's parents came back to the parking lot in Albany. Soon the band will return to Cornell to officially consummate their union, but until then, watch them at Meehan, where they finally "stop balling and start pucking around."

Bazinga of the Month

The lucky stiff this month is an extremely generous individual -- the owner of *Used Parts of Body Shop* in Rome N.Y., whose business is located across the street from the Esquire Motor Lodge, will give you the shaft at every opportunity.

This will be a regular feature in *Bandstand*. Nominations will be accepted and audition times announced. Send all inquiries c/o President of Vice, Brown Band.

With this issue of *Bandstand*, the new Band Board would like to take the opportunity to pledge for a continuing concern with Alumni Relations this coming year. In keeping with this promise, we are considering establishing a new non-board position of **Alumni Coordinator / Historian**. More on this in the next issue.

Baritones secede from Band

by Jewel Bradstreet

It was cold -- too cold to be sitting outside in bad seats, far from the safe shelter of our alma mater. In that barren area of Cambridge known as Harvard, the Brown Band struggled to keep its spirits up (and who knows more about spirits than the Brown Band?). Naturally that valiant unsung heart of the band, those five noble individuals known as the baritone horn section, sensed the need for a rousing cheer, conferred quickly and burst into one of those ever-popular baritone tunes designed to encourage the players and excite the crowd. Unfortunately, the people excited by this cheer were the flute players, who had already been playing a cheer of their own. How appropriate the offending cheer was entitled *Civil War Cheer*, for indeed civil war seemed likely as incensed flute players surrounded the hapless baritones.

Undaunted, these brave hornists bided their time and decided to try *Civil War Cheer* again. No sooner had they begun than the wrath of the entire band descended upon them, for alas, they had this time interrupted the famed *Harvard Cheer*, a shockingly criminal act. Rejected, unappreciated and unloved, the baritone section (after an unsuccessful attempt to join the Harvard Band) has regretfully seceded from the Brown Band to form its very own Brown Baritone Band, a small but enthusiastic and semi-musical group.

What is it that attracts a group of people to a specific instrument and to spend time together as a unit? The five people involved in the baritone section are Margaret Chase '81, Steve Shinn '82, Ronald Lacko '82, Nicholas Philipson '84 -- and myself, five people with little more in common than the ability to play Brown songs on an instrument resembling a small tuba. Various circumstances brought this group together by chance, as several formerly played other instruments. I myself am a former trumpet player, as is Ron, and Steve at one point in time played the trombone. Nick,

however, is first and foremost a baritone player, and an exceptionally fine one at that.

As our youngest member, Nick is indisputably our finest musician, playing in the wind ensemble and beating and upper-classman in auditions to do so. From far away Chicago, his enthusiasm is expressed not in loud cheering or rah rah spirit, but in perfect attendance in the face of rain, five o'clock a.m. buses, and pressing class work. He is quiet, yet dedicated and dependable.

No less dedicated, but considerably more vocal is Margaret, our sole senior, know for often developing a hoarse tone by the



half and losing her voice altogether occasionally. Always ready to play a cheer or yell at the team, she can be counted upon to show up and participate at football games in her familiar attire of a Red Sox hat, brown sweater, and shorts, no matter what the weather or temperature. Margaret is always ready to take action and has yet to miss a game. Not a Brown Band member until concert season last spring, she is totally immersed in the Brown Band spirit. Ron has also become a faithful member after a year's absence from both the band and Brown itself, contributing his bizarre sense of humor combined with his cheery disposition.

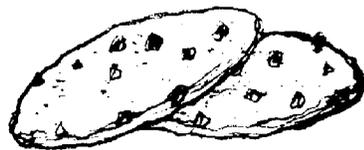
But enough about them -- the true force behind the section is Steve Shinn, the only returning member of last year's section (and in fact the only member of last year's section). He revived a good percentage of the dormant Baritone cheers, (including that infamous *Civil War Cheer*). Although he did not originate these musical wonders, he saved them through that bleak period in which there was essentially no section, and distributed them this year for use. They are often used (although not always as successfully as we would like) and help generate enthusiasm among us and unite us as a section, a fearsome sight to behold. It is at these times that general craziness and pandemonium breaks loose in the form of much loud yelling and shaking of fists as well as manic laughter from this group of five.

Now that you know who to blame for the creation and unity of the current baritone section, you might as well understand that this same person is responsible for the administration of the band as the corresponding secretary, a distinguished position enabling him to write members funny newsletters over the summer as well as less glamorous and more sober (can that word be used in a description involving the band?) duties. His deep commitment to the band is there behind a seemingly light exterior, influencing the rest of us in subtle ways.

No story about the baritone section could be considered complete without mention of that legendary baritone player, Elrod T. Snidley. Although rumored to be a figment of former band member Jeff Engel's vivid imagination, he has often been seen hanging around the old band room T and is currently traveling with that other Brown notable, Professor Josiah Carberry.

In the meantime, we are available for weddings and Bar Mitzvahs. Contact Elrod T. Snidley for details. We are also trying to get our own time slot at half time on Saturdays.

Civil War Cheer Fight!!



The view from '79

by Gilbert Neiger

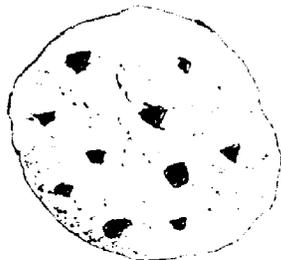
I guess I'm officially recognized as a band groupie by now. Don't waste your time trying to figure out what I played in the band. I was never in the band as an undergraduate. I was never more than a band groupie.

I first got involved with the Brown Band in September 1977 when I moved into Chapin at the beginning of my junior year. A lot of band members lived in Chapin then, and a lot of them were active in the dorm social organization, as was I. Living next door to me that year was Richie Brown, then president of the band. It was that year that I learned that football and

hockey games were not just watched, but were social events which anyone could participate.

It wasn't until a year that I started baking cookies was during that hockey season (78-79) that I actively tried to attend as many away games as I could. Liz Neblett, who was living in Providence and playing the band, drove me and some of our friends to most of the games in the Boston area. But Liz wouldn't drive to UNH, so I borrowed Bruce Yannett (by then president) to let me ride on a not-full bus. But Bruce wouldn't take me, so I had to content myself with watching us lose 8-3 on TV.

Before that, I had decided to go to Dartmouth, a Saturday afternoon game. To do this I had to ignore the warnings of my friends, who said I'd be crazy to show up there with or without a ride. I also had to get a ride on an alumni bus and a ticket to the game through a friend of Liz Neblett's at Dartmouth. Being a Brown fan at that game was a bit of a letdown (we lost), but I found it bet



Spanning

The view from '84

by Peter Ostrow '84

Let's say you decide to conduct a poll, interviewing any member of the Brown community and selected sports addicts from any college we have ever battled in football or hockey. Your only question is "What do you think of the Brown University Band?" If you live to report the results, most of the responses would probably contain adjectives such as "obnoxious," "rowdy," "juvenile," "drunk," "disgustingly filthy," etc. These, of course, are only a few terms of endearment with which the band has been blessed during its more or less distinguished career. Well, as an "innocent" freshman member of this bunch of lunatics, I would like to elaborate on exactly what a newcomer may feel about the band, what it means, and why we may have acquired such an image.

After serious introspection and research, I have come to the conclusion that the reason people

call us "immature," "raunchy," and the like is, quite frankly, because it's true! Where else might you catch a glimpse of Ivy League pre-professionals run out in forty-degree weather, dressed in Indian costumes (or lack thereof), from a phallic symbol during a break in one of America's most sacred institutions, and do a cheap imitation of the Doors? Would you respect an "Easy Laity" squad that entertained its parents in the pouring rain by forming a tampon on the gridiron? And I doubt many outsiders would believe any talent whatsoever lies behind a bunch of cheering fools who are yelling "the ref beats his wife! the ref beats his wife!" Let's face it -- we are immature, sex-starved looney tunes, and to make matters worse, we're proud of it! Why should we grow up, anyway? It's fun mooning at toll both attendants.

Yet any person who has been at all involved with the Brown Band or any of its members (yes, that is Freudian) knows that there is much more to this circus than

raises the eyebrows, having survived my first football season a few hockey games to boot, I see a lot of the redeeming quality that the band does indeed have, contrary to public and private opinion.

First comes the guts of a band, no matter how abnormal it is: the music. It amazed me, a five-year orchestra nerd, that I was able to produce any single, discordant note allows anyone to join the Brown Band. And I mean anyone -- I was accepted before the audition began, just while warming up for it. You would think that such an open group would sound like poison, but somehow, we're the best players ("At \$10,000 a shot, is five more really gonna hurt you?") actually sound good. An incredible amount of musical talent lies inside the warped bodies who scream, "seduce 'em, seduce 'em, lay 'em all over the field!"

The music, the trips, the public relations, the champagne and doughnuts, and the \$20,000 budget that accompanies our band

sit with the band than all alone behind the goal.

The following year brought me a job, a car, and the ability to go to whatever away games I felt like. Highlights of that year's football season included a drive from Philadelphia to Providence on US Route 1, just so my roommate and I could count traffic lights, Burger Kings, etc., and a drive up to Hanover one cold November morning. I had an advantage over the band on that trip, because I got to the stateline liquor store *after* it opened. After arriving in Hanover, we were surprised to run into Kelly Nelson in the C&A House of Pizza. Kelly had graduated the year before and was supposed to be working in Connecticut. He had come up to Providence the night before and had ridden up on the band bus.

It was that trip that brought my inauguration as band groupie. It was the first time that I wore my "Brown band Groupie" T-shirt, and I was baptized in the stands by Dartmouth fans who threw eggs at me as well as at the band. As usual, we lost the game.

My car proved itself snow-worthy by getting me to Harvard in January, so I was undaunted when I woke up to find it snowing heavily the morning of the away Cornell game in February. Before leaving, I silently hoped that if we had an accident that it would be at least halfway to Cornell so we wouldn't have to turn around. Sure enough, halfway there, between the Mass Pike and the NY State Thruway, we hit a skid and spun around 180 degrees. I knew we were all going to die, but for some reason the car just stopped in the middle of the road and then went back end first into a ditch on the side of the road. The first tow truck that came got stuck waiting, the band bus went by. We all ran up to the shoulder to try to flag it down, but to no avail (it turns out that we were recognized, but the officers thought one truck would be enough to get us out). To spite them, and to keep warm, we ate the cookies. We eventually got out and made it to the game with fifteen minutes to spare, the trip taking a little over eleven hours.

Come fall 1980, things

changed. Despite my total lack of musical ability (ask those who have heard me sing), I was considered to be a band member and allowed to ride on the bus a few times. You already know what riding on a band bus is like, but let me highlight a few important differences from driving:

- (a) you can drink;
- (b) you can close your eyes and fall asleep without getting scared;
- (c) you can sing and not hear yourself;
- (d) you can watch the baritone section get sick;
- (e) you can get slapped in the face by girls you don't know, and you can
- (f) the Princeton Band.

I know I've left out a lot, like driving to Yale in fog so thick that we didn't see another car between Providence and New Haven; or being responsible for getting the percussion section's girlfriends to games. I've enjoyed it all (why else would I do it?), but I wish I could communicate to you how crazy you appear to someone normal like me.

five years...

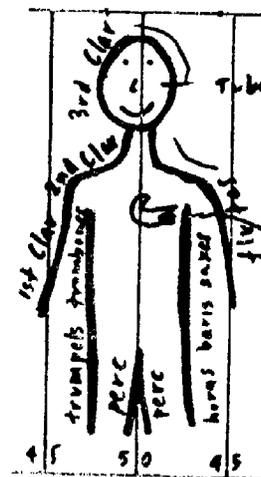
ness managers to Bermuda -- how does all of this stay in line? Somewhere in this band is an awful lot of organization. What is so great, though, is that I honestly don't know how much or exactly what kind of work the band board and some other key individuals do each week for the rest of us. It is actually quite unique to be able to rehearse our phallic symbols and percussion cymbals twice a week and perform on Saturday simply by being told, "just look for another clarinet and follow him."

Outside of elections, which are one of America's most treasured jokes anyway, the only serious endeavor of the Brown University "we used Penn as a safety school" band is the honoring each football season of three members with spirit awards.

That's what the band is all about -- there is so much energy, dedication, and enthusiasm -- with a capital "E" -- that it must seem like we eat it for breakfast every morning in the Ratty. And all this fuss over a pack of Neanderthals chasing each other around with a pigsaw? No,

this spirit is part of the band itself. It is so contagious that the band has easily become the most enjoyable organization of which I have ever been a member. If nothing else, it's the only non-toxic spirit that could induce me to turn cartwheels and flips on the Princeton football field screaming "It's Mr. Bill...OH NOOOOOO!!" Or yell myself hoarse with the regularity of a prune addict. Or actually believe that I can skate and play the clarinet simultaneously, once I learn to do each separately.

I think what I'm trying to say here is that the Brown Band suits me just fine. Latent crazies who can on rare occasion be serious and on most occasions make good music. Alright, so we are all the nasty things people say, but the (A) talent, (B) organization, (C) dedication, (D) love, and (F) the Princeton band that inspire us to make fools of ourselves every weekend make all the insults, eight-hour bus rides, and fights with Dartmouth well worth it.



(B) On a whistle we form Leslie Kamen's body. Note that one tuba will have an alligator in its bell. Peter Ostrow will be Mr. Bill, who runs up and down the body per Michele's instruction (sounds like for, Leslie, huh?)

Band rises to the banquet occasion

by Eric Muller

The Brown University "You can dress us up, but you can't take us anywhere" Band took a road trip on November 21 to Warwick, R.I. Why, you might ask, was the Band going to, of all places, Warwick? Well, many band members were asking themselves that same question, but the answer soon became apparent. It was time for that most honored and expensive of Brown Band traditions: the Band Banquet.

Yes, the band, dressed in its Sunday (or Saturday, as the case may be) best, descended upon Warwick's Rhode Island Inn for an evening of fine food, dazzling entertainment, and final fond farewells to the preceding football and hockey seasons.

The evening began with cocktails, and then moved rapidly along to more cocktails. After about an hour, many of the band members decided it would be wiser to sit than to try to remain stand-

ing, so the band sat down to eat. The meal was served buffet-style—much like at the Ratty, actually—except for the quality of the food.

Now the evening progressed to the entertainment program. This year's entertainment consisted of moving and humorous speech from Band president emeritus Jessica Stulman, a few numbers by the Brown Band Barbershop Quart (complete with a founding member), and not a single one-liner from Band ex-vice Norman (Henry) Meyrowitz. Norman, however, was involved with new Vice Jane Friedman in the creation of a new Brown Band tradition: the annual nose rubbing between incoming and outgoing vice-presidents.

Finally, the lights went down, Band members taking advantage of the dark and the soft, yet irresistibly provocative and romantic strains of "Ever True", did what came naturally, they showed horror movies. These movies and slides of Band performances having been shown, the Brown Band Banquet drew to a close, leaving the band to another action-packed season of ice shows, halftime extravaganzas and bus rides to New Jersey (for bagels).

Editor's Note: The Band Board would like to take this time to publicly thank Karen M. for all the hard work she put into the banquet.



OUTGOING PRESIDENT Jessica Stulman and incoming president **Walter Armstrong** strike a pose

as a married couple at the annual Band Banquet.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Friends and Alumni . . .

The Brown University Band

*Ladies and Gentlemen,
Friends and Alumni*

The Brown University Band RECORD!!!

<p>ALUMNI</p> <p>1. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1950-1951)</p> <p>2. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1952-1953)</p> <p>3. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1954-1955)</p> <p>4. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1956-1957)</p> <p>5. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1958-1959)</p> <p>6. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1960-1961)</p> <p>7. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1962-1963)</p> <p>8. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1964-1965)</p> <p>9. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1966-1967)</p> <p>10. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1968-1969)</p> <p>11. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1970-1971)</p> <p>12. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1972-1973)</p> <p>13. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1974-1975)</p> <p>14. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1976-1977)</p> <p>15. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1978-1979)</p> <p>16. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1980-1981)</p>	<p>ALUMNI</p> <p>1. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1950-1951)</p> <p>2. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1952-1953)</p> <p>3. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1954-1955)</p> <p>4. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1956-1957)</p> <p>5. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1958-1959)</p> <p>6. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1960-1961)</p> <p>7. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1962-1963)</p> <p>8. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1964-1965)</p> <p>9. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1966-1967)</p> <p>10. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1968-1969)</p> <p>11. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1970-1971)</p> <p>12. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1972-1973)</p> <p>13. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1974-1975)</p> <p>14. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1976-1977)</p> <p>15. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1978-1979)</p> <p>16. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1980-1981)</p>	<p>ALUMNI</p> <p>1. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1950-1951)</p> <p>2. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1952-1953)</p> <p>3. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1954-1955)</p> <p>4. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1956-1957)</p> <p>5. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1958-1959)</p> <p>6. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1960-1961)</p> <p>7. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1962-1963)</p> <p>8. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1964-1965)</p> <p>9. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1966-1967)</p> <p>10. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1968-1969)</p> <p>11. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1970-1971)</p> <p>12. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1972-1973)</p> <p>13. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1974-1975)</p> <p>14. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1976-1977)</p> <p>15. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1978-1979)</p> <p>16. THE BROWN UNIVERSITY BAND (1980-1981)</p>
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Alumni Notes

Liz Neblett '78 received her master's degree in Teaching English as a Foreign Language from Boston University and is currently teaching in Boston.

Steven Levine '78 is living in Cambridge and is a technical writer for WANG laboratories in Lowell, Mass. He is planning to move to either San Francisco or London.

Rich Fellman '80 is living in Providence and working for the YMCA.

Richie Brown '78 is finishing his last year at Brown Medical School and is looking for a hospital at which to do his residency.

Rozan Stone Brown '78 is working as a technical writer in Boston.

Sue Kahn '78 is an officer for Industrial National Bank in Providence and is planning to go to business school next year.

Marilyn Vine '78 is working as Bio Researcher for Brown University.

Kelly Nelson '79, after having worked for a year for Clairol, is back taking courses at Brown, and is planning to apply to medical school next fall.

Bobby Rosenberg '78 is in his last year at Harvard Law School and is in the process of job hunting.

Mary Ellen Pavolovsky '79 is a federal examiner for the Federal Reserve bank in Philadelphia.

Joel Dwortesky '79 is working in the Defense Department for Chrysler in Detroit.

Alan Schiffres '79 has been living in New York City for the past two years working for Citibank. He will return to academia this fall when he enters Harvard Business School.

Todd Richman '79 has been living in Manhattan where he works for Citibank. (He and Alan have offices next to one another). Todd is planning to attend business school in the fall.

Doug Traver '78 is living and working in Manhattan as an officer for Manufacturer's Hanover Trust Bank.

Seth Chernick '79 is living in Boston and working as a corporate systems engineer for Data General.

Steve Fields '78 is in his third year at Hahnemann Medical School in Philadelphia.

Joel Maxman '78 is in his first year at Boston University law school.

Mike Levinger '79 and Nancy Schwartz were married on January 11 in St. Louis.

Yanna Bergmans '79 said "goodbye" to Lee Iacocca and "hello" to San Francisco, where she now lives and works for Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Yanna welcomes anyone in sunny California (especially if they're tall, blond.....) to stop by.

Rich Hoffmann '77 is working for Allstate Insurance outside of Chicago where he lives with his wife and 2-year-old daughter.

Gary Katzenstein '79 is getting his Master's Degree in Computer Science at UCLA and is applying there to get an MBA.

Allan Grossman '79 is attending the University of Wisconsin at Madison where he is getting his Master's Degree in Biochemistry.

Mitch Lester '79 is attending medical school in St. Louis.

Matt Chin '78 is working for Westinghouse in their sales department in Los Angeles.

Billy Leiserson '80 is working as a research assistant in biochemistry at the National Institute of Health (NIH) in Bethesda, Maryland.

Bruce Yannett '80 is living in Washington, DC and planning a liberal political career.

Jessica Stulman

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