

THE MUSICAL MAIL

A Monthly Magazine for Bandmasters and Bandsmen.

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APRIL, 1916. No. 134.

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MUSICAL TABLE TALK.

Paper Economy.

The Royal Commission on Paper desire to draw the attention of the public to the consequences of the restriction upon the import of paper. Newspapers and magazines must not only be reduced in size, but it is hoped by the Commission that the system of putting such publications on sale or return will be abolished by the publishers, since, although it is convenient to the casual purchaser, it is very wasteful as regards the consumption of paper. For this reason THE MUSICAL MAIL will no longer be supplied to the trade on sale or return—therefore we trust our readers will help us by giving a definite standing order to their newsagent, or, better still, send 2s. 6d. to this office, when the paper will be posted regularly for twelve months.

Important.

We shall stick to our self-imposed task, or pleasure, of sending the "M.M." to our soldier bandmen free—the cost of postage alone is a substantial item each month—but otherwise all complimentary or specimen copies will be cancelled after this issue.

Paper and Printing.

Music publishers are not only handicapped by the extra cost of paper, but the extra cost of engraving, printing and production generally, which steadily increases. Unlike many other businesses, it is not an easy matter to pass on the extra cost to the purchaser, but there is no doubt that something must be done in this direction.

Band Music.

Take band parts for instance—which we always considered too cheap even in pre-war days—the cost of production has advanced 25 to 30 per cent., which is more than the producer can possibly bear.

In comparison to the prices paid for copyright music by pianists or vocalists, the present price of band journals, whether orchestral, brass or military, is ridiculously cheap. An orchestral or brass band of twenty performers do not pay as much for the complete band parts of a march, say, as a pianist pays for a pianoforte copy, although the initial cost of the band parts is double that of the pianoforte copy. Such a state of affairs could not have been maintained all these years without

CHEAP GERMAN PRINTING

and cheap German paper. Now that the German music trade has received its death-blow in this country, we trust and believe that the Government will build a tariff wall high enough to prevent the importation of the products of sweated labour. Ten years ago we stated that British bands would gladly pay a little more for band music engraved and printed by their own countrymen under trade union conditions than encourage German industries—but we were mistaken. However, the whirligig of time has brought about many changes in the band

world, not the least by any means being the change from indifference to absolute hostility *re* German music printing.

Next Month.

Reference to German trade reminds us that a well-known commercial gentleman of thirty years' experience in the band world is writing an article for us on the subject of "The Band Trade after the War."

A "Popular" Success.

Good bandmasters would rather deserve applause without obtaining it, than obtain without deserving it. It can be neither deserved nor obtained without merit in the programme as well as in the performance. This fact is now freely admitted by all experienced bandmasters, who realise the importance of judiciously "sandwiching" heavy and serious music with bright, buoyant melodies that the public appreciate—and applaud. Hence the absolute success of *Feldman's Popular Band Journal*, to which hundreds of the best programme bands in the country have already subscribed for 1916, although the cornet parts of the first two quarters' music are only just published. Some delay in production is inevitable these days; but, notwithstanding, most of the numbers now advertised have been despatched to subscribers.

A Happy Misprint.

On a recent military band programme sent to us the arranger of "Melodious Memories" appears as *Human* Finck.

A Popular Personality.

When we prevailed upon Mr. J. Ord Hume to write the racy reminiscences now appearing in this paper exclusively, we did so because we thought they would interest both bandmasters and bandmen the world over. We no longer think so, we are sure. At the time of writing we have received some hundreds of congratulatory letters, and the general verdict is that the life story of this versatile musician is the most interesting feature we have ever had. Space permitting, we shall give a page of interesting quotations from these in this issue.

Martial Law in Germany.

The following interesting and official permit, granted by the German police to the famous violinist, Herr Willy Burmeister, is reproduced from the *Vorwärts* :—

"A Permit for Public Entertainment.—Herr Willy Burmeister is hereby permitted to give a recital on December 11th, 1915, at the Frankfurter Hof from 8 to 11 on the violin, but without the drum, small or big. The prescribed stamp duty has been raised and applied. This permit is to be shown at the district police station before the commencement of the entertainment. Only a musical programme in consonance with the seriousness of the time is to be performed."

Does this mean that all the drums, "small or big," are required at the front?

"Some" Testimonial.

From an American catalogue we cull the following typical testimonial :—

"Gentlemen,—I have played a — for the past ten years, but after playing your new — have decided to throw the old one in the river. I can now play the most difficult solos that were ever written. I freely admit while practising on the old cornet, while located in Greens Landing, the neighbours had great trouble in keeping the cows in the barnyard, but when I practise on your new cornet, the canary birds all leave their stalls and come and sit on my knee.—Yours truly,

"I. J. MORLEY."

As we are not altogether unfamiliar with the terms sometimes arranged for a testimonial here—which is as dull as a directory when compared with this—we begin to guess and calculate the market value of Morley's imagination in this country.

Professional Courtesy.

Our doctors and lawyers are very careful of their conduct toward members of their professions, but, unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the musical fraternity. One often hears such remarks as the following: "He is a good player, but lazy"; "He was good in his day, but is now a has-been"; "He has been very successful as a conductor, but anybody could do well with good material"; and so on. Such remarks, though not particularly derogatory, are, to say the least, in very bad form. Damning with faint praise is another trick peculiar to musicians. If a brother artist does good work, no matter what your opinion of his general ability or training may be, speak of his good work as such, and not in any half-hearted manner that robs your words of their normal meaning.

Scottish Composer's Illness.

We regret to learn that Mr. Hamish MacCunn, the famous Scotch composer and conductor, is lying seriously ill in London.

The British Tone.

Comparing notes the other day with a famous French conductor *re* the national characteristics of instrumentalists, he waxed enthusiastic over the many incomparable qualities of British trombone players. He had never met anything equal to our principal exponents in France, especially from a tonal point of view. "Italian trombonists ruined their tone by an excess of emotional vibrato," he declared, "while the tone of Germans and Russians generally was dull and tubby."

Why?

We have often wondered why composers will persist in writing the instrumental cue of a solo in one key and the pianoforte accompaniment in another. As a special part for the soloist is always published, what reason can there be for such a conservative custom except to annoy the pianist?

Instrumentation Again.

A bandmaster friend of ours, now on duty in France, is astonished to read in last

month's "Table Talk" of the existence of a "piccolo platoon" in a recognised military band in this country, and asks us to publish the name of the band and bandmaster. For obvious reasons we must decline, but the fact remains nevertheless. Our friend then refers to many curious combinations he has met at the front, and challenges us to quote anything more comical than a band he met at —, which consists of clarinets, mouth-organs, melodeon and drums. Yes, and without travelling many yards from this office, where, at a very fashionable rendezvous, the orchestra is composed of piano, two banjos and drums.

Who can beat this ?

Bands in the Parks.

It appears that London is not the only place where music in the parks is having a struggle for existence. According to the *Musical Herald*, New York is "enjoying" the same—or worse—conditions. It says:—

"Music in New York parks is to suffer from an epidemic of 'reform.' In a fit of economy the sum allotted to music has been cut down by the Corporation. New York was, two or three years ago, first among American cities for its attention to open-air music; it is now, according to population, twenty-fifth. The total amount offered for the season is £6,600. In reading the discussions one is struck by the rotten state of 'politics' in the U.S. Posts as bandmasters and bandsmen are given by the aldermen to those who have helped them in the elections. A few high-minded men are powerless against this corrupt influence. Let us be thankful that nothing of this sort rules in Great Britain."

Paying for Playing.

The Society of American Composers has been beaten in the Appeal Court in its attempt to compel restaurant orchestras to pay royalties for performing music which the Society controls.

Good Advice.

"Don't 'andle that there rifle like an 'arp!" shouted the corporal to the new squad. "None o' you'll be wantin' 'arps for a month or two yet."

Germany's National Anthem.

The German papers say that there is a prospect of Germany treating itself to a new National Anthem. As most people are aware, the present one, "Heil dir im Siegerkrantz," is sung to the tune of our "God Save the King," and the Germhuns apparently don't like it. The Kaiser is going to write the words and Richard Strauss the music. Our National Anthem will have a sigh of immense relief at this news.

The Domestic Piano.

A musical paper says: "It is the tactlessness of our family and domestic music that makes it so trying; and the combined noise of half-a-dozen pianos, contiguous as to place and divergent as to pitch, in a suburban street on a Sabbath afternoon or evening, is as effective a foretaste of the coming torture of the damned as could be offered."

The English Piano.

The English piano trade is having the time of its life, and business is reported as being brisk everywhere. The only fly in the ointment is the calling up of the Groups, and the consequent shortage of labour.

Performers' Criticisms.

A writer in a musical paper suggests that by far the best and most competent critic of a piece of music is, not the professional musical critic, but the performer who has studied the composition sufficiently well to be able to present it at a public hearing. This may be so, but from the many criticisms of various compositions given by the performers of them, and which we have been privileged to hear, we do not commend the idea for general use. Performers have a habit of occasionally becoming extremely pungent when referring to a piece which has necessitated an undue number of rehearsals; and their verdict, we are afraid, would be likely to be somewhat biased in consequence.

"King of Robbers"

Is a title that Handel earned many years ago for his exploits in the realms of plagiarism. Whether Handel really deserved this dubious distinction is a question that we are unconcerned with here. What we are concerned with, though, is a suitable title for such composers as Mr. J. Ord Hume reveals in his reminiscences—men who are not content with borrowing or "twisting," but who actually lift lock, stock and barrel. If Handel had only been the *Prince of Robbers*, we could easily find plenty of rivals for the throne; but, as it is, we are in a bit of a quandary, especially as we might not select a title sufficiently dignified. Such instances, although not generally known, are by no means uncommon. We meet them frequently in one form or another.

Two of the worst cases we have ever heard of, in fact, have just been brought to our notice, and both have been perpetrated in London productions by composers whose names are prominently before the public. As legal proceedings are pending, we will leave the subject for the present.

"The Realities of War."

Hardly a day passes but what we hear of one or another of our old pupils being killed or wounded, which—as Bandmaster Kane says in a letter intimating the death of Bandsman Clanaghan, Port Glasgow—makes the realities of war press home.

"Girls in Bands."

The par. in our last issue *re* this subject has drawn a letter from Mr. H. Parrott, who encloses the photograph of a charming lady cornettist, Miss P. Chapman, a member of Shoreditch Borough Band. Mr. Parrott informs us that this clever cornettist is a most assiduous member, and attends all rehearsals as well as engagements.

Britain for the —.

Overheard at a London Musicians' Club: Dutchman (telephoning to another neutral): "What! You disengaged! Never mind, there will be plenty of business here presently, when the Englishmen are called up."

Early Bands.

The band of the 1st Life Guards has an interesting history, which sheds a light upon the musical customs of centuries ago. The trumpet and drum in early times were only allowed to be used by Royalty and nobility, and the playing of kettle-drums was a right which the King's Bodyguard alone could exercise. Thus, in 1660, the music of the King's Life Guards consisted of four trumpets and one kettle-

drum! How things have changed since then! The gentlemen who played these instruments held warrants of appointment from the King, and were paid the sum of 5s. a day—a princely salary in those times. A change was made in the composition of the band by Charles II., who, influenced by French tastes, attached six oboes and two side-drums to the regiment. The early bandmasters of the regiment were all foreigners, in accordance with custom. A noteworthy one was a Mr. Bies, who in 1820 transferred from the Duke of Kent's Band and took with him a composition by the Duchess (Queen Victoria's mother), which was eventually adopted as the slow march of the regiment.

Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

Time brings its revenges. And so, during the month, there was given on the stage of the very theatre in Rome, where it met with so hostile a reception one hundred years ago, a centenary performance of Rossini's apparently immoraal "Barber." The Roman public of 1816 was "up against" the work from the first, and frowned upon its young composer for his "presumption" in selecting the same subject as that of Paisiello's once very popular opera, although the latter had ceased to be played then. Nevertheless the Argentina audience hissed him even before they had heard a note of his opera. The overture (not the one afterwards substituted for it) was performed amidst ominous murmurs, and even the subsequent appearance of Almaviva, in the person of the famous Garcia, failed to stem the tide of opposition. And matters became worse when Garcia, preparing to sing beneath Rosina's balcony a Spanish melody, began to tune the guitar on which he was to accompany himself, and a string broke. At this there were hisses and laughter, and afterwards the pit joined in a mocking imitation of the air. In the theatre slang of to-day they "gave it the bird." The appearance of Zamboni, as Figaro, with another guitar in his hand, was greeted with a further burst of derisive laughter; and so things went from bad to worse, the duet between Almaviva and Figaro being sung to an accompaniment of boisterous shouts, and a climax being reached during the finale to the first act with the sudden unrehearsed appearance on the stage of a cat, which the various artists proceeded to chase from their midst with ludicrous results, the intruder seeking to escape first in one direction, then in another. At the final fall of the curtain there was a regular uproar. Yet the "Barber"—for which Rossini only received £80—still lives, and the Roman public of 1916 have properly avenged the treatment accorded the composer by their predecessors in 1816.

* * *

The following amusing story is told of Donizetti on his endeavour to study the score of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" at the Royal College of Naples. Regarding it as a dangerous work, Sigismondi, the old librarian, had relegated the volume to the top shelves:—

Donizetti climbed a ladder and was about to seize the volume when in rushed Sigismondi, who, after asking about his requirements, begged him not to waste time on such rubbish! Realising the humour of the situation, Donizetti said he only wanted to examine the music so that he might learn what to avoid. The answer pleased the old gentleman, who forthwith pointed out what he considered were Rossini's inequalities and mistakes!

MUNICIPAL MUSIC IN WAR-TIME.

By HUBERT BATH,

MUSICAL DIRECTOR LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE question of continuing "free" music in the public parks and open spaces throughout the country at the present time appears to be causing an amount of diversion among the various municipalities. The propriety of any music at all, which occupied their minds during the early stages of the war, seems to have given place to the question of economy. Naturally, when talking or thinking of economy in war-time, Music must come before Milk, Mustard or Mutton. Our bodies must be fed at any price, even if our minds and souls starve. I suppose that is why so many people have a jolly good dinner before going to a theatre or concert. And then, again, these frivolities make one so hungry and thirsty after the theatre or concert. To do without the music would be economising in the big dinner before and the supper after. And then in the case of the band there would be the enormous saving in refreshment consequent upon the wind power expended.

Now this is all very well, and is one side of the question; but there is another side to it which the ordinary individual possibly never thinks of. Music is just as much a necessity in our daily life as Milk, Mustard or Mutton. Do without music in any shape or form and you will soon discover that something very big is missing. Prohibit mouth-organs, barrel-organs, church-organs and hurdy-gurdies. Stop the glass-eyed woman with the cork leg who gasps out in a throaty contralto, "Hark, my inside craves with hunger," to the tune of "Hark, the herald angels sing." Arrest the blind fiddlers and legless sailors on the pavement grinding out their warbling parchments. To be logical, this must all be done at the same time as the concerts, band performances and contests, theatrical and music-hall music, choral societies and military bands are stopped. They all represent money in some form or other, or a waste of money from the municipal standpoint. From one point of view I almost wish this would happen, because it would mean such an enormous reaction for music afterwards when we arrived at saner times. But this will not happen, for the municipal mind seems to argue that music is all right so long as it has not to be paid for. It is "the divine art" when it tickles the ear in passing, but it is an unnecessary luxury or an unmitigated nuisance when it tickles the pocket. The attitude of the public business man or the politician towards music is quite an enigma. Our soldier-boys had to jog the streets and country roads for months without a sound, apart from their own vocal or siffluent efforts, before the War Office realised that music was a part of their life and work, if only it was a mouth-organ. I think "Tipperary" woke things up as much as anything. That, and "Here we are again!" were certainly the

first "tunes" of the war, and helped to hammer home the necessity—the vital necessity—of music for our boys. The Recruiting Bands soon followed, and things began to move a bit musically. Now our Guards' Bands are doing their musical duty at or near the front in rotation. This is as it should have been long ago.

The varied decisions which have been arrived at, and the economic reasons which have been set forth for a general stoppage of public municipal music, make most interesting reading, in that one has been able to gauge the feeling and attitude in different parts of the country towards music in general. I find that the northern counties and provinces have succeeded in throwing out most of the economising amendments in council as regards public music, which is distinctly significant as showing where the musical pulse of the country is to be felt. In the south, the dear old cosmopolitan south, most of the amendments in council have been carried, with the exception of one or two seaside resorts. And even there it has been the business side of the question and the drawing capabilities of the band which has troubled them most in their decision. In Brighton, for instance, I believe the heat of the discussion was most appropriate to the locality. At Torquay the presence of Bernard Shaw, who made himself felt in the local papers at the time, acted as an antiseptic on the urban demagogues. In short, Parliament does not represent the People, and neither does the Council represent the Crowd. They only think they act for the crowd as they think the crowd ought to act, not as the crowd would act. They would ignore the fact that thousands of our wounded have been cheered and their spirits kept up by music. To keep a sick man's spirits up is as good as a hundred bottles of medicine and an hour's surgery. What about the Piper of Dargai and the Piper of Loos? Their feats were better than a barrel of rum to the Scotties or a hogshead of whiskey.

If music is so necessary to our men at the front, how much more so is it necessary to us at home, and especially to those who cannot afford to pay for it to any extent. There is a certain amount of mental relief in action and to those who are actually fighting. But to those who are feeling war here at home as against those who are acting war at the front there is a devouring sense of passivity and anxiety which needs feeding; and music, and plenty of it, is the only thing which satisfies to any extent. It may be a tune which takes them away from their thoughts, if that is needed, or it may be one which, by association, brings them nearer to the distant friend or relation; but whichever it is, it brings more relief than Milk, Mustard or Mutton.

As long as Music does not interfere with Munitions, Men or Money, and *can be paid for*, it must be provided by the municipalities in all parts of the country for the immediate good of the community. After all, it is the community who pays for it out of the rates, and it is therefore entitled to a certain amount of it consistent with the times. But it must be paid for. The Germans, from all accounts, are very hungry, but they are not doing without their music. Opera is almost in full swing in Germany. We know that music makes us hungry; but, apparently, hunger makes one musical too.

Let us have plenty of music. It can be provided without interfering in any way with the military demands. It is a vital necessity for our public and private *morale*. As to what sort of music we should have, that is a question of local taste, whether it be "Somewhere in France" or "Somewhere in the North Sea." (And they have music even there, as I know from a friend who wrote to tell me of a march of mine which he had heard played by the ship's band in an unmentionable latitude.)



MUSICAL DEFINITIONS.

(MODERN VERSION.)

Accidentals.—Signs which are put in to make music more difficult.

Band.—A gathering of musicians who combine to make money out of the public. (See Banditti.)

Cadence.—This is used to bring the music to a close. It is very rarely used by modern composers.

Concord.—Now abolished. It was an agreeable interval or chord which was employed when composers used to try to make music pleasant.

Consecutive 5ths.—A much-used progression which is employed to show the harmony teachers that you are utterly independent of them.

Discord.—In the old days every discord had to be resolved; now the composer merely resolves to use every discord.

Divisi.—When one quarter of the band are one beat behind the conductor, and a few others two beats behind, and several others one beat ahead, the music is said to be *Divisi*.

Encore.—This is the repetition of a number because the audience demands it. Sometimes it can be arranged without the audience demanding it if the musician is quick enough in getting back to the stage. Much depends upon celerity in such a case.

Finale.—That part of the music where you grab your hat and rush for the door.

F.—Forte. *F.F.*, Eighty.

Full Orchestra.—Unknown since the early closing act came into operation.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

By "MOMUS."

"TR-R-R-R-ING" went the telephone bell. I seized the instrument and impatiently asked "Are you there?" He was. "He" was the Editor; and, in a voice from out of the misty depths of so many yards of mere wire, he enquired in the accents of a decomposed gramophone, as to whether the "copy" for "Searchlight" was about ready. I gasped. "Ready?" I enquired in surprise; "it was sent off to the printers some weeks ago." "I don't mean last month's," he chortled; "I mean *next* month's—April number, *you ass*." There's a friendly familiarity about editors, by the way, which is very conducive to the cultivation and subsequent employment by them of vivid personalities which goes far to enrich the delights of "writing for the press." Those two words—"you ass"—are an example. I rung off, and then told the telephone to its face what I thought of it and of *him*. When I'd recovered, I realised that another month was passing—another "M.M." was nearly due, and that "The Searchlight" was again required to cast its beam in its mission of discovering knotty little bits of interest to the band world. In other words, "Momus" had to start on his monthly pilgrimage of "looking for trouble with a light."

Last month I mentioned the case of bands which stint and starve themselves in the matter of music, and a letter I have seen lately to a publisher goes far to emphasise this meanness most unmistakably. This letter stated that the band had their own arrangements made of a number of popular melodies (they paid "a few shillings" for the arrangement), and wanted to know which were the most popular! Ye gods and E♭ fishes!

Now apart altogether from the fact that such an "arrangement" is wholly unnecessary, seeing that properly arranged selections of the most popular melodies are published and on sale, the making of a private arrangement of these songs is distinctly *illegal*; and not only the "arranger" of such a selection, but the band which employs him to make it, render themselves liable to a prosecution at the instance of the publishers of the songs concerned. Such ingenious and artless procedure might be excused in the case of an obscure village band, but is open to severe criticism when a well-known and once-famous band is concerned. The band-alluded to knows well enough that selections *are* to be had, properly arranged by professional men, but for some reason it prefers to get something done for "a few shillings" rather than pay for the real thing. It only remains for me to add that *you would be surprised* if I was to tell you the name of the band which has so far forgotten its self-respect as to be guilty of such meanness.

MUSIC AND—DRAINS. Not much in common, the average man would say, but ye ex-jerry-builder councillor, and ye one-time successful-pork-butcher alderman, know far better. They can *and do* see that there is a certain affinity between these two apparently irreconcilable matters—and *that* is where they beat you and me to a frazzle. It is said of a late County Councillor that when the provision of music was first mooted for the London parks by an enthusiast, he listened attentively while the scheme was being explained to him, and then replied: "Well, put your suggestions in the right form, and we (the Council) will consider it *just as we do the drainage question*." That is the attitude of mind which deals with the question of the provision of music for the people. It is deplorable that such a state of affairs should exist in a country like England, where we are always boasting of refinement and progress. The attitude of these municipal Bumbles towards Art has always been comical, but it is now becoming positively serious.

While the L.C.C. is warbling to its bands "We really cannot pay you, but we think you ought to play," Barking has distinguished itself. After an exhibition of sub-committee cant and hypocrisy, in which one councillor referred to what he was pleased to term "his taste" being offended by bands playing in the parks, it was eventually agreed that *only one band* be engaged (at £4 15s. a performance), and that band was to be *Barking Military*. There's *local protection* for you!

Another gem is from Bournemouth, and it deserves an electric sky sign as showing what may be done with a legal phrase or two coupled with a sufficiently pliable conscience. It appears from a Bournemouth paper that three or four members of the military band joined the forces, and were guaranteed and paid certain allowances while serving. Under the new economy arrangements the military band has been temporarily done away with, and the Town Clerk says that the continued payment of these allowances *will now be illegal*, inasmuch as the men are no longer employees of the Council! The matter is not settled yet; but for the sake of the honour of the Bournemouth Council—if not for the pockets of the brave boys who laid down their clarinet and cornet and took up their rifle to help to defend Bournemouth and its Councillors—let us hope that the suggestion of doing the "Scrap of Paper" trick on their brave musicians will not be persisted in.

Rhyl Council Entertainments Committee has waxed warm over the question of Sunday band performances. The Edwardses, the Joneses and the Hugheses have all had the satisfaction of seeing the nonsense they talked appearing in

cold type in the local paper, and very, very silly it all looks. Rhyl, however, may be congratulated on possessing *some* sane people in its crowd, and they have insisted on the continuance of the Sunday music. Worthing will have its band as last year; Weston-super-Mare (by a single vote) loses the right to have Sunday evening band performances; while Bath hopes to have its summer band as usual.

Not possessing the bump of locality, I had the usual difficulty in locating the hall wherein the Hornsey Quartette and Solo Contest had so effectively (as I thought) concealed itself. Hornsey, itself, is all right, but for the fact that a venerable and green old age has caused it to wander slightly. The consequence is that it has developed a rotten habit of leaving bits of itself lying about all over North London, and whenever I get to a part of Hornsey I find it is one of the other bits I really want. However, on the quartette night I *sampled 'em all* in my endeavours to find the genial Mr. Kichenside, and was rewarded ultimately with complete and satisfying success. The Highgate Silver Band is to be congratulated on the success of its venture and the energy and business-like qualities of its conductor, Mr. J. H. Kichenside.

Is it true that the L.H.C. Association are suggesting that they should receive 10 per cent. of the takings of the bands which play in the parks for what they can make out of the collection? I can hardly believe this to be true, and should be glad if some correspondent would furnish me with full particulars.

If things get much worse, and many more men join the colours, we may yet see the unique spectacle of some conductor cheerfully struggling on with a band of youngsters armed with baby-rattles and mouth-organs, and old men with ear-trumpets—in E-ar-flat!

Chatting with a well-known conductor the other day upon various matters, we got to the subject of Mr. Hume's reminiscences, and I told him of a little episode which happened many years ago, and in which Mr. Hume and myself were the "villains of the piece." He thoroughly enjoyed the story, and then, turning to me, said: "That's the worst of *writing* one's reminiscences; many good stories must be *told*—they cannot be written." While there's a good deal of truth in that, Mr. Hume has, I know, enough and to spare of stories which will well bear the test of cold type.

*He's writing his "rems" in a sheltered nook,
Where the Thames comes up to its banks to look
At the marvel of Mister Hume "making a
book"*

*Of his life, and all that's in it.
He has many a yarn that he can spin,
And he'll take good care that none are thin;
I wonder, now, if he'll yank ME in?
I warn him not to begin it!*

"MY REMINISCENCES"

(A Life Story).

By J. ORD HUME.

CHAPTER III.

"SOLDIERING IN THE SEVENTIES."

OUR arrival at Glencorse Barracks was a cold and unimpressive one indeed: no flourish of trumpets other than our own, and not even a school urchin followed the band! The barracks, at first impression, seemed to be merely a *depôt* for Indian time-expired soldiers, invalids, married quarters, and a military prison. It seems, from an historical account of this place, that "*The old mansion-house of Greenlaw (afterwards changed to Glencross, and finally to Glencorse) was converted into a French prison at the breaking-out of the war after the short peace of 1803, and was for a number of years the only French prison in Scotland. Shortly afterwards, the Government having purchased the grounds there, a spacious wooden dépôt was erected, calculated to accommodate 7,000 prisoners. The war, however, having come to a termination before the buildings were actually finished, the new buildings were never occupied as a French prison, but one half had been made into a prison for British soldiers, and the other half as a barracks for soldiers, which also had a Married Quarters and a Sergeants' Mess.*"

I have already previously remarked that the day we arrived at Glencorse Barracks was one of the coldest of that very severe spring of 1878, and the surrounding snow-clad Pentland Hills did not enhance our opinion of this forlorn prison-like place.

There were prison warders' cottages on either side of the main gate, which is on the main Edinburgh-Penicuik road, and, facing the main gate, was the round, bleak, wooden guard-room. Immediately on entering the barracks, to the left, was the dreary-looking wooden military prison, and on the right was the old wooden barracks, which seemed to have been held together for the last seventy-odd years by the application of annual coats of tar. The entire buildings were absolutely "rat-ridden."

The canteen was immediately opposite the guard room, so that the sentry could have a business eye upon Tommy when wending homewards his weary way at "First Post" sounding. Below these antediluvian buildings were what might be termed "ploughed fields," which were shortly to be made into a barrack-square on a very large scale.

New stone barracks had already been built, also a large "keep" or store, officers' quarters, hospital, and married quarters, which were to accommodate the newly-formed Brigade *Depôt*.

One can now imagine the daily scene at Glencorse Barracks. Both soldiers and prisoners working together in levelling the field so as to make a barrack square!

From *Reveille* till *Retreat* this work went steadily along from day to day, the prisoners marching, with escorts of warders, to and from the prison to their work, whilst Tommy Atkins got extra pay for doing his "little bit" of pick and shovel drill.

Out of the three bandsmen who were left in the regiment, two were married, and thus I was left absolutely alone, and the only boy in the Brigade.

The Commanding Officer considered me far too young to be put into the men's barrack-room, so I was placed under the



J. ORD HUME WHEN TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

charge of an unmarried Colour-Sergeant (Simpkins) and in his room, and my dining hall was in the Sergeants' Mess kitchen. This was indeed grand, as I had free access to all the dainties that were going, under the kindly care of an "old soldier mess cook."

I may casually remark that I was on boys' pay, which did not allow of any special feeds of buns; but I was very much "in benefit" with the kindly old cook in the Sergeants' Mess, so that boys' pay was not any great drawback to me at this particular time. How long would this elysium last?

The regiment, very shortly after our arrival, were issued with their new April clothing, and I mention this particular issue as being the last of both "my old

shako" and my dear old knapsack, which were taken into store and a helmet and valise issued in exchange. (Exequies both shako and knapsack!)

My ideal life in a Colour-Sergeant's room, and my glorious feeds in the Sergeants' Mess kitchen, were, alas! soon to become a dream of the past, and that soldiering was about to commence in all its reality.

A Brigade *Depôt* Band was about to be formed, and in the meantime several old soldiers in the *depôt*—old bandsmen—were supplied with instruments. Boys were then enlisted from a school near London, and a bandmaster was appointed. The Army was not yet nearly done with German bandmasters at that time, so it was no great surprise to anyone when we found ourselves under a typical German—Christopher Mangelsdorff—who had previously served as bandmaster of the 6th Warwickshire Regiment.

Amongst the buglers and duty-men who were called into the band were several who will be pleasantly remembered by many an old Royal Scot: Tom Birley, Billy Simmons (afterwards Drum-Major), Jack Baine (a splendid clarinet player, afterwards in Edinburgh Theatre Royal), Tommy Wytt, Matthew Wishart, Coonahan, and others, who latterly joined the ranks, and all the latter ultimately became Colour-Sergeants or Sergeants-Majors in the Royal Scots.

Old Mangelsdorff was a "sneezer" at band practice, and his "conducting desk" was always a barrack-room table which was guaranteed "full of knots"—this table and a big stick, with some weight in it. He would bang on the table with his big stick during the whole rehearsal, and when all the knots were knocked out of the table it would be changed for another one with knots, and so on *ad lib*.

Mangelsdorff was, however, a very good and indefatigable teacher of boys, individually. He was very thorough, and he was also a very good conductor when playing a programme, but most horribly bad-tempered. He did not scruple at throwing his *bâton* at any one whom he detected making wrong notes.

The band gradually became larger, and also gradually more proficient, but at band practice he always made more noise with his big stick on the barrack-room table than the whole of the band put together playing *double-forte*. The louder the band played the louder he would bang until another knot gave in.

Well, the arrival of the boys, and the addition of several soldiers' sons enlisting, put an end to my Sergeants' Mess career, as we were all put into one of the rooms in the old wooden barracks. Every one of us were on boys' pay and ordinary rations, which at that time consisted of a pound of dry bread, and what *should be* three-quarters of a pound of beef. No jam, no butter, no ham and eggs, and no plum duff; only "slingers" and "coffee cutlets," which are practically the same dish, only that "slingers" were slices of dry bread dipped in our basin of weak

"I CANNOT DO IT, NEVER ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING—I WILL TRY," HAS WROUGHT WONDERS.

tea, and "coffee cutlets" were merely a variation, by dipping our slices of dry bread into our basin of morning coffee. See?

It can easily be seen that we could not very well treat ourselves to luxuries from the dry canteen out of our pay, which very seldom rose higher than one shilling a week; and to buy a pennyworth of butter it almost required the use of a magnifying-glass to see it! "Slingers" was the order of the day, and none of us ever grumbled at our menu. Sometimes, but only sometimes, we might be treated to a plum duff, made by Tommy Atkins in the most primitive manner, and when this god-send took place it was generally on a Sunday. Well, if it was not eaten up whilst hot it would have to be broken up with a hatchet if left till it was cold. Our band boys, however, never gave the duff a chance of becoming cold!

There was no gas at Glencorse Barracks at this time, so each barrack room was served out once a week with a supply of Government "farthing dips" of the most tallowy description. Indeed, were we to light the whole week's supply at once, it was all but impossible to see from one end of the room to the other with such wretched "dips." The consequence was that we would use the lot in about two nights, and then, for the remainder of the week, would have to grope about in the dark, besides going always supperless to bed because our pound of "dowzer" was long ago *non est*. Gas was shortly afterwards brought into the barracks, and this gave us band boys great sport for a little while, but only for a little while. One of our chief pieces of mischief was to take turn-about in getting on the table and blowing as hard as we could down the gas-pipe, so that we might put the lights out in the other barrack rooms.

This happened once too often, as we were caught red-handed by the Regimental Sergt.-Major, whose own light had gone out on previous occasions. Result: Old Sergeant Bob Morris, a big, brawny Scot over six feet high, was sent for, and with him came a bed-strap! We were, in turns, put across the table (stomach downwards), and the sore penalty was duly paid and receipted.

One of the older bandmen was then put in charge of the boys' room; but, as he found life not worth living, he soon cleared out: his name was Bryce, a very clever fellow. He purchased his discharge, and immediately joined the 21st Hussars, and soon became Trumpet-Major, afterwards joining the Royal Artillery Mounted Band at Aldershot.

Boys will be boys—especially is this true of band boys—so that one other little story may not be out of place here, although it ended in disaster: It was a usual thing at field-days for many of the men, instead of firing their blank cartridges, to throw them away, so as not to dirty their rifles. *We knew this*, so after a field-day we would go and pick up the undischarged blank cartridges and bring them home. All that was then required was to borrow a rifle from one of

the rooms *when no one was looking*, take the powder out of the cartridge, and then insert the cartridge in the rifle, putting a little powder down the bore, just enough to make it shoot a pen or pencil on to a home-made target against the wall. Our game was generally quite in order, and turn-about with the gun was great sport. One evening we could not get it to shoot the pencil, and a little more powder was put in several times, but without result, so yet a little more powder was added, and one of the boys—Thorne—pulled the trigger. Bang! Up went Thorne against the wall. The rifle burst and broke down the ceiling, as well as breaking every one of the windows! Thorne was put into plaster of Paris for several weeks, and we were all more or less invalidated.

Had we to pay for all the damage out of our nimble shilling a week for this little bit of mischief we would have been in debt yet. However, when we were considered convalescent, we were all brought before the Colonel, and confined to barracks till further orders. None of us has ever been let off yet, because they soon forgot that we were confined to barracks—"till further orders"—and so did *we* also forget.

Old Sergt.-Major Mackenzie, however, was not long in finding us some odd work to do, so he ordered the band boys to turn out on coal-carrying fatigue! Bandmen of to-day will hardly credit this, but we had to carry coals from 6.30 a.m. till *Retreat* at night, and if not finished by that time we had to begin again the next morning until it was finished. We carried all the coal from the shed in the old wooden barracks for nearly a mile to the new barracks, Officers' Mess, and Married Quarters, whilst the men were paid to make the new barrack-square! It was absolute ruination to boys' fingers for playing clarinets, etc., but there was no hope for us at all. *This is one blot on soldiering that I shall always look back upon as a shameful and scandalous thing to do with young lads, each of us scarcely in our 'teens*. Such a thing would not be tolerated nowadays.

Then there was the route-marching season, so different to what it is to-day. I remember the severe winters of 1878 and 1879—two extremely severe Scotch winters—when we as boys had to do forced route-marches, very often being snowed-up on the Pentlands, and our instruments also frozen up, even as we tried to keep them warm. This was very hard indeed, and many a time we have route-marched to an absolute standstill, caused by the enormous snowdrifts during those two exceptionally severe winters, in which the snow-plough was universal throughout the whole of Scotland's roadsides. Here can be depicted a score of famishing band boys on a twenty-mile march, through blizzards of Arctic severity, and whose only meal, previous to the early morning parade, was a pound of dry bread—if all was eaten up at breakfast there would be none left for either tea or supper—and a basin of coffee. This meal,

as previously mentioned, might be, and generally was, enhanced by turning the "dry dowzer" into coffee cutlets.

Hence, upon our return from these never-to-be-forgotten marches, we had often to drag ourselves homeward, foot-sore and almost at the point of collapse, and with not one word of pity from anyone; and even then, upon our return, there was very little food for hungry boys after such dreadful experiences and long hours fighting our way through the snowdrifts.

I shall have something further to say about this in Chapter V., together with other interesting facts regarding severe soldiering in the seventies.

CHAPTER IV.—MUSICAL PART OF PERIOD IN PRECEDING CHAPTER.

It will be seen, as far as I have related in the preceding chapter, that my beginning as a soldier was not akin to the proverbial "bed of roses." Neither can it be assumed that I was born to boast the "silver spoon." I had no "friend in court," and the only thing that I could really boast about was an indomitable courage and forbearance. My chief aim was to become a musician, even although under most exceptional hardship and discouragement. What seemed to be required in the Brigade Depôt was jolly hard soldiering first and last, and no consideration of musical ability whatever—and this state of affairs never seemed to alter.

Perhaps I would have been much better, so far as music was concerned, at the North or South Pole than in this part of the world as to finding anyone to interest themselves in my work; but, thank God, I had a stout heart and an enduring spirit, which was exercised in all kinds of hardship, so that no one could say that I was a pampered boy.

My music always took first place after my various duties were done, and that was my one and only solace.

Among the several new-comers to the band was Band-Sergeant Macdonald, who transferred from the 93rd Highlanders, and who was one of the finest exponents on the euphonium that I have ever heard. Sandy Macdonald was also a very fine theoretical musician—the best that I had, so far, met. He was at once deputed to give instructions to the band boys, and to him I owe my only pleasure and advancement in those early days. He was very much astounded when he learned the fact that I was the boy who had written some of the marches that had been copied and played in his own regimental band, and when he saw me at my work, scoring new marches on sheets of butter-paper, he became a real fairy godfather to me afterwards. It was he, *and he alone*, who taught me how to put in counter-subjects for bassoon, euphonium, and the various instruments in a regimental band. He also taught me how to colour a score, and to *varie* an arrangement. Indeed, this excellent musician put quite a new life and vigour into me entirely, and I soon

began to compose and arrange at least a couple of new pieces every week. These marches soon became so popular that they were copied by the older bandsmen and sent round to the various regimental bands, as well as many of the local Volunteer bands in the neighbourhood.

I never received, nor did I ever desire, one penny for my many pieces, as I never considered them worthy of recognition. But I still continued to receive sheets of butter-paper from the canteen steward, who had taken a keen interest in me, as a remarkable boy. I borrowed a ruler from the Sergeants' Mess, through the kindness of the Band Sergeant, and after carefully ruling the paper I was again ready to run off another march. Every-one of my boyhood's marches—over fifty in number—have long since been published in various journals. (This will be dealt with later on.)

Sandy Macdonald, being such a fine

were at engagements with this band. We played "firework" variations to the old "Clock" and "Garden Wall," but in the "Punjaub" we practically kept the band together with melody. Perhaps there may be one or two of the good old Loanhead Band who will remember the big Volunteer Reviews at Peebles and Kelso in 1879, when we played for the dancing after the review in the park.

Macdonald, with his euphonium, got into the centre of the ring, and, although we had no music whatever, we both played full sets of Lancers, Quadrilles, and Waltzes from memory, accompanied by the busking of the remainder of the band and big drum!

Needless to say, we were easily voted the best band by the dancers, because none of the other bands could play Quadrilles and Lancers at all! Macdonald and I had many engagements with the Loanhead Volunteers. The only trouble

generally known in Scotland, and long before the arrival of Dick Marsden and Jimmie Robinson.

I now seemed to be gradually coming along in general estimation, as I was shortly afterwards asked by Mr. Mangelsdorff to go over to his house at Penicuik to practise with his two sons—very clever youngsters, and much younger than myself. This was indeed great news to me.

On the appointed first evening I could be seen strolling about outside Mangelsdorff's house a good half-hour before the appointed time. That was always my enthusiastic way. On the stroke of the hour I knocked at the door, and was ushered into the music room. Music everywhere, and a piano. Almost immediately in came the two youngsters, practically trembling, and they at once took their seats at the piano, and the old man opened out the overture, "Poet and Peasant," arranged as a pianoforte duet, with cornet *obbligato*. The boys seemed to me to be absolutely afraid of their father at the very beginning, and I was not long in seeing the reason why.

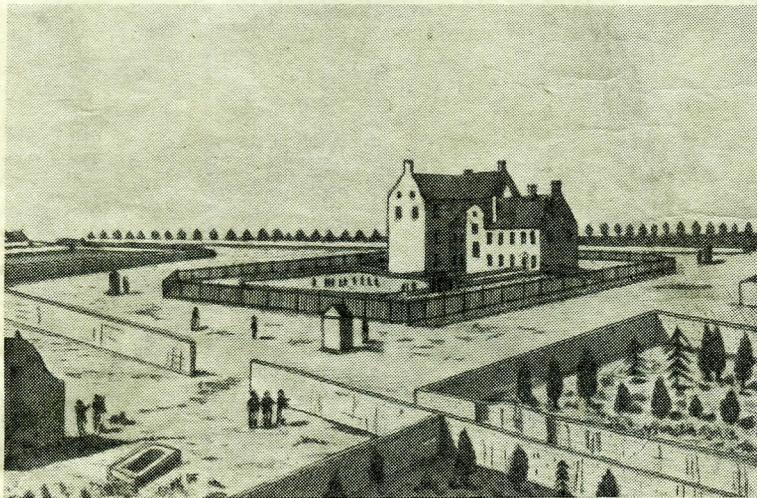
From the first bar of the overture he continually banged them on the shoulders, actually knocking them from their seats, and causing the poor youngsters to strike both wrong notes and chords. He was cruel enough to us band boys in the barrack room, but his treatment of these two boys was to me doubly bad.

However, I went to his house very often, and that is the reason I had formed such a high opinion of these little boys. They were very clever little chaps, and when the father was not present they played really good classical music, both as individuals and as duettists. I believe that one of these boys, A. E. Mangelsdorff, is at present bandmaster of the 1st Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Musical luck seemed to come my way now, notwithstanding my real hardships as a boy soldier, and I was often asked to play the piano at sergeants' dances and smoking concerts. I was also lucky in having good opportunities for pianoforte practice through the good grace of one of the sergeants who had a piano in his bunk. This was Sergeant Senior, who was a No. 1 amateur of the "one finger" class of performer. The opportunity of practice on this piano was a great and glorious boon to me.

I was not long in becoming the dance and smoker pianist, and very shortly afterwards I was appointed organist of the Military Prison Church. This was our only church, and in consequence both soldiers and prisoners attended Divine Service at the same hour. My organ practice was invaluable, as it gave me a splendid opportunity of dabbling in choir-training amongst my many other musical hobbies. I soon got together a fairly good choir, as the men got exempt certain duties for attending choir practice. *And so did I.*

Now comes another remarkable opportunity for my musical prowess: We had a rather theatrically inclined Major in the depôt, Major Tombs, and he instituted



GREENLAW MANSION.

(Greenlaw, Ord Glencorse Barracks and Prison, as it appeared in 1803.)

euphoniumist, was not long in finding his way amongst the Volunteer bands, and in this way he also introduced me as a handy cornet player. This was exactly what I wanted: to gain some experience with civilian bands. Our first venture was with the Loanhead Rifle Volunteer Band, which at that time was a very primitive combination, with a decidedly primitive music library.

This was the hey-day of the new and wonderfully popular marches, "Grandfather's Clock," "Over the Garden Wall," "Far Away," "Belle Mahone," "Seeing Nellie Home," "Sweet Chiming Bells," "Thy Voice is near me in my Dreams," and many others.

But the Loanhead Volunteers (of blessed memory!) did not possess such a large collection as this. I remember them playing "Grandfather's Clock," "Over the Garden Wall," and the old "Punjaub," but I do not think there were any others until Macdonald introduced a few easy ones.

Mac and I never used a copy when we

they had with me was in endeavouring to find a Volunteer rig-out small enough for me to wear at the job.

Then there was the good old Shottstown Band, and Bandmaster Graves, whom I played with a great deal, also at Kirkcaldy Asylum with Graves' little orchestra as flute player.

Shottstown Band will be mentioned a little later on, when I come to mention Mr. S. C. Griffiths, who afterwards became Director of Music at Kneller Hall. Then there was the Penicuik Rifle Volunteer Band, under Mr. Nevison, one of the best Volunteer bands in Scotland at that time. The Nevison family was a very musical family, and had been connected with the Penicuik Volunteers from the beginning of the Volunteer Movement. I had the pleasure of a chat with one of the Nevisons (old Charlie) only a couple of years ago, when I was giving a concert with one of my Edinburgh bands at Penicuik. He is the only old member left now. This was at the time before band contesting was

an amateur theatrical company at the barracks, the Commanding Officer placing one of the large new barrack rooms at his disposal. I was enrolled a member, and, as I was known by this time to arrange marches, etc., I was asked to give a hand in the musical arrangements. What luck!

The first thing to appear in the barrack room when the stage and proscenium were erected was a splendid Broadwood grand pianoforte, hired from Edinburgh. Our aim was "tit-bits" from Sullivan's operas.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that the first of Sullivan's operas that was published in the *Army Journal* was "Trial by Jury" in 1876, and the next two did not appear until 1878—"The Sorcerer" and "H.M.S. Pinafore."

We decided on excerpts from "H.M.S. Pinafore," and after collecting a good company of mixed voices together, we started off in real earnest. Not one of the men could read music, but the ladies were pretty good—both musically and vocally.

"H.M.S. Pinafore" was first produced at the Opera Comique, London, on May 25th, 1878, and was so immensely popular that a No. 2 Company was soon required in London; and in New York there were four companies performing it simultaneously at different theatres.

It may not be out of place to mention here that this comic opera was so successful that it was actually pirated in London as well as in the United States. This extraordinary pirating success caused Gilbert and Sullivan to commence on a new opera, which was appropriately called "The Pirates of Penzance," produced in 1880.

Our amateur theatricals soon got into working order, and, as several of the officers and ladies had already seen the opera performed on several occasions, the various sections, particularly the choruses, were soon well under control. Mr. Mangelsdorff, perhaps on account of his uncontrollable temper, was not asked to take part, so that Band-Sergeant Macdonald and I had all the male chorus work between us—I being also deputed to arrange the various numbers for the band.

I was not quite fourteen years of age at this time, but I felt that the work was quite within my knowledge from the vocal score.

My first arrangement was the office-boy song, "When I was a lad I served a term," which was Major Tomb's song. When this was played over by the band at rehearsal every one was delighted, but not a soul among them more so than myself. *My very first attempt at arranging a song for band and voice.* After this was finished I was deputed to "get along with the work in quick time." This now leads to the first time that I ever used real score-paper! Butter-paper was discarded, for the time being, at least, as supplies of the genuine article was procured for me from Edinburgh.

We had splendid rehearsals—everyone

thoroughly enjoyed their work; whilst my whole heart and soul was put into my arrangements and tone-colouring of the various numbers from the vocal score. This, my first venture, was a huge success, and I felt that I had gained much experience from my initial theatrical venture.

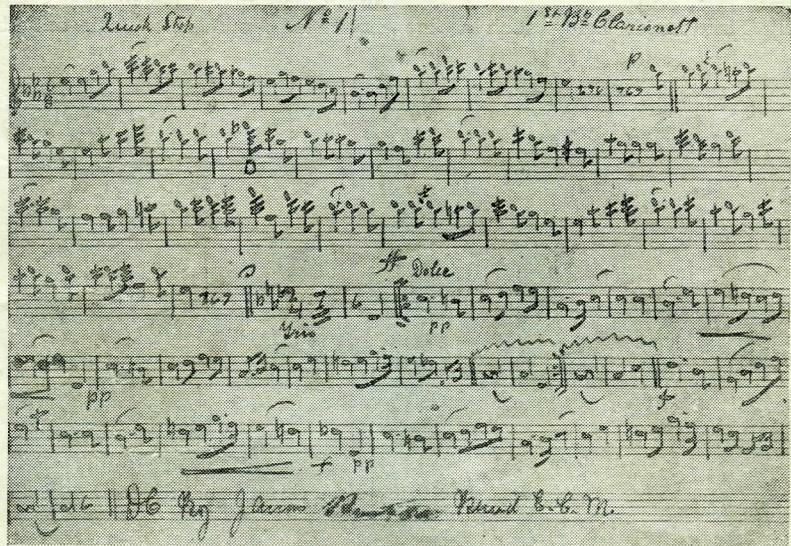
My own compositions had previously been pirated from band to band, but this never troubled me at all—*there were more where they came from*; but from this time I often lost the original marches in most unaccountable ways.

Piracy at this time seemed to be a kind of fine art in Army bands, and our Mangelsdorff was certainly no exception to the rule. When Mr. Mangelsdorff first joined us he introduced a good deal of well-written manuscript music—he was a splendid copyist. Much of it was,

as it was, but merely trimming it down and re-writing every part in manuscript. This, to the ordinary outsider, looked like a new arrangement by Mangelsdorff. I could name many such selections that he brought with him to Glencorse, all of which we had already played in Dalkeith under Mr. Miller.

Among the many new journals that I have had the pleasure of performing *as new pieces at this time were* Fred Godfrey's "Reminiscences of Scotland," "Ireland," "Wales," and "Beethoven"; besides the beginning of Waldteufel's waltzes, such as: "Mello," "Manolo," "Tout à Vous," "Bien Aimés," "Au Revoir," "Mon Rêve," "Toujours ou Jamais," "Entre Nous," and "Pomone." *These were Waldteufel's first waltzes.*

Following our regimental theatricals,



THIS is a photographic reproduction of my first military band march, known as No. 1. There is a good story attached to this march, which was stolen by a young bugler named Boston, who for several years posed as the composer, and who ultimately sold it to the Edinburgh Police Band. Some years after this a member of the Scots Greys Band, named Molloy, joined the Edinburgh Police Band (1882), and at once recognised both my music and my MS., although my name had been erased, and Boston's substituted. The fraud—only one of many played upon me—was now discovered, and Boston duly exposed.

however, quite familiar to all the bandsmen, particularly to the older members; and I personally recognised many of the selections from Boosey's *Military Journal* and Chappell's *Army Journal*. This is how Mangelsdorff did his pirating work: He would take a fancy to an existing selection in one of the large journals, and after he had rehearsed it through he would gather in all the parts and trim it down to his own liking, taking in the entire arrangement

we had concerts and various entertainments through the winter months, and a very fine Glee Party, the arrangement of the band parts for which always gave me both experience and delight; but as this all took place when military duty was over it may be surmised that I was an "early bird."

The continuance of this musical period up to and including the Queen's Review at Edinburgh, in August, 1881, will be given in Chapter VI.

J. P. Macdonald

FELDMAN'S POPULAR BAND JOURNAL.

Solo Cornet B \flat
(Conductor.)

Melodyland.

SELECTION.

Arranged by
SHIPLEY DOUGLAS.

Tempo di Marcia. (♩ = 126)

ff Trombs.
"WHEN IT'S NIGHT-TIME IN DIXIE-LAND." (Berlin)

Night-time down in Dix-ie - land, Darkies strolling hand in hand, South-ern mel-
- o-dies Floating on the breeze, Let me tell you, it's grand; For when you
hear those darkies harmon-ize, Tears of gladness fill your eyes, Bar-i-tones and
Bas-ses, Lounging round the places, Dix-ie-land em - bra-ces the hap-pi-est of ra-ces,
All you see is smi-ling fa - ces, when it's night-time in Dix-ie-land. *rit.*

Valse lento. (♩ = 132) "BLUE EYES" (Williams & Nicholls.)

SOLO *con espress.*

Blue eyes, true eyes, Sweet-est I ev - er knew, Blue eyes,
con passione cresc.
true eyes, With-out them what should I do! Some day
mf dim.
love may Fade like the June rose that dies, But I'll keep on
rit. *ff* *rit.* Basses
lov-ing for ev - er and ev - er, Those Two Blue Eyes.

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Solo Cornet B \flat (Conductor)

Tempo di Marcia. (♩ = 132) "WHEN THE ANGELUS IS RINGING" (Young & Grant)

mf
When the an-ge-lus is ring-ing in the bel-fry on the hill,
And the whip-poor will is sing-ing in the night, when all is still,
I am wait-ing for the time when I can come to you and sing love's sweet song
cresc. While the sil-v'ry bells peal out their dong dong dong, Down the road of love we'll wan-der
— 'mid the vi-o-lets per-fume To the lit-tle cot-tage yon-der
tr where we'll spend our hon-ey-moon, — And as we go thro' life from year to year,
mf Cares and worries dis-ap-pear, *f* when the an-ge-lus is ring-ing, dear.

Andante espress. (♩ = 96) "SHOW ME THE WAY TO YOUR HEART" (Mills & Scott)
mf *rit.* *Sop.* *Euph.* *Trom.* *a tempo* *Euph.*
Show me the way to your heart dear
Sop. Show me the way to love You're my i-deal I want to
rit. *a tempo* *Euph.*
feel the bliss of a lin-gring kiss dear There is a pow'r that enchants
Sop. **SOLO**
me When I gaze in your eyes; For the way that leads in-to
Trom. *rit.*
your dear heart Is the way to Par-a-dise

Solo Cornet B \flat (Conductor.)

Moderato. ($\text{♩} = 84$) "AT THE FOX-TROT BALL, THAT'S ALL." (Ayer.)

p

At the Fox-trot Ball! at the Fox-trot Ball! You ought to see the cou-ples dancing
up and down the hall! When the bands play— oh! say! You don't ev-er want to stop! You
don't ev-er want to stop! When I hear that tune I'm a cra-zy loon! I could keep on dancing till to-
morrow af-ter-noon! When they play that mel-o-dy, A fun-ny feel - ing comes o'er me,
I want to keep on going while the go-ing's good

Andante moderato. ($\text{♩} = 76$)

1. all! *ff* At the all! 2. *Sop. mf* *Euph* *rit.* Shure a

a tempo. ($\text{♩} = 76$) "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN?" (Brennan & Ball) *rit.*

Sop. a tempo *rit.*
little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day, And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far a-way, And
when the Angels found it, Shure it look'd so sweet and fair, They said, suppose we leave it for it looks so peaceful there:
sprinkled it with star dust just to make the shamrocks grow; Tis the on-ly place you'll find them no
mat-ter where you go; Then they dot-ted it with sil - ver To make its lakes so grand, And
when they had it finish'd, shure they called it Ireland

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* For you're a
Horns

Moderato. ($\text{♩} = 104$) "YOU GREAT BIG WONDERFUL BABY." (Ayer.)

p-f great big won-der ful ba - by You're the dearest thing I know, You make me
sigh, cry, die to be near you, Oh! oh! oh! you are a dear, you

Solo Cornet B \flat (Conductor)

great big won-der-ful ba-by! When your eyes be-gin to shine, It makes me
 want to do the things I wouldn't do, It makes me want to do the things I shouldn't do For you're a
 great big won-der-ful ba-by! You're the dearest thing I know! For you're a know!

Sop. Basses Sop. *mf* *mf*

Moderato ($\text{♩} = 104$) "GOOD-BYE, VIRGINIA" (Clarke & Schwartz)
 Solo 1st Tutti 2nd.

p *f* Good-bye, Vir-gin-ia, I love the lov-li-ness that's in ya, I'll miss Vir-gin-ia's
 beautiful, beautiful eyes, I'll miss Virginia's beautiful, beautiful skies and flowers It's no wonder I'm
 Both Virginia's are di-vine I couldn't get you so I must forget you dear Vir-
 weep-ing

1. 2. rit. **Tempo di Marcia.** ($\text{♩} = 126$) **SAVE YOUR KISSES**
 -gin-ia mine -gin-ia mine. *p* *ff* Save your kisses till the boys come
TILL THE BOYS COME HOME (Mellor, Gifford & Godfrey)
 home, When the boys come home, They'll be ev-ry-bo-dy's dár-ling! You must say "Good-bye" to the
 fellows dress'd in flannel, Keep your love for the boys who are o-ver the Channel fighting
 They've all missed you for a long, long while And they're lonely o-ver the foam So girls save
 all your lit-tle kiss-es till the boys come home. *ff* home.
 (2nd time) 1. 2. *ffz*
p *ffz*

"WHEN THE ANGELUS IS RINGING."

Solo Cornet B \flat .

(CONDUCTOR)

Founded on the well known Song.

ENTR'ACTE.

SHIPLEY DOUGLAS.

Andante Pastorale. (♩=84)

Bell Solo.

Bell

ppHorn

Sop. & Horns. Sop. pp Cornets & Troms. mf dim. rit. dim. Tempo di Gavotte (♩=138)

p Basses p Meno mosso

poco rall. Tempo I^o (à la Gavotte) mf f

tr rit. molto a tempo cresc. ff tr tr

to Coda

mf mf p poco rit. mf mf

Andante religioso. (♩=76) Tempo di Gavotte. (♩=138)

p Hn. dim. p cresc.

mf mf cresc. f p

1. 2. Andante religioso. Tempo di Gavotte. §

Hn. dim. p D.C.

CODA. poco rit. Grandioso. (♩=84) rall.

mf mf mf p ff

"Blue Eyes"

Solo Cornet B \flat
(CONDUCTOR.)

VALSE.

HORATIO NICHOLLS.

Arr. by Shipley Douglas.

Andante. *ff* *mf* *sfz* *mf* VALSE. $\text{\$}$ Euph. & Bari. SOLO *p*

f *cresc.* *f* Troms *mf* *mf* Euph. & Bari. SOLO *p* *cresc.* *p* *f* *f* *cresc.* *f* to Φ Coda *mf* Sop. & Rep. *ff* 2nd *pp* *mf* Φ CODA. *accel* *ff*

1. 2. *pp* *sf* D.C. *ff*

Solo Cornet B \flat "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN"
(CONDUCTOR) Cornet Solo.

Ernest R. Ball.
Arr. by Shipley Douglas.

The "MUSICAL MAIL" is the Best Bandman's Magazine - 2d. monthly.

Moderately, with expression. rit. SOLO a tempo

f Tutti *dim.* *p*

Basses

a tempo rit. *pp dolce* *p*

cresc. rit. *f*

a tempo rit. molto

B. Feldman & Co., Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

"SHOW ME THE WAY TO YOUR HEART"

Solo Cornet B \flat (CONDUCTOR) Cornet Solo.

Bennett Scott.
Arr. by Shipley Douglas.

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Andante con espress.

Andante. SOLO con espress. cresc. con passione

poco rall. rit. SOLO. Andante con espress. *p*

a tempo rall.

Tutti Cors *mf*

rall. a tempo

cresc. *f* allarg

B. Feldman & Co., Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Solo Cornet B \flat
(CONDUCTOR.)

"MICHIGAN"

March.

Shipley Douglas.

Musical score for Solo Cornet B \flat of the march "Michigan". The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of 11 staves. It begins with a *ff* dynamic and includes various markings such as *f*, *mf*, *cresc.*, *Sostenuto*, and *p-mf*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

B. Feldman & Co., Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

Solo Cornet B \flat
(CONDUCTOR)

"GOOD-BYE, VIRGINIA."

Quick March - On the Popular Song.

Shipley Douglas.

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Musical score for Solo Cornet B \flat of the quick march "Good-bye, Virginia". The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of 11 staves. It begins with a *ff* dynamic and includes various markings such as *fz*, *mf*, *cresc.*, *mf-f*, *ff*, *div.*, *p*, and *mf-f*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

B. Feldman & Co., 2, 3 & 4, Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

D.C.

Solo Cornet Bb.
(CONDUCTOR)

"IRISH EYES" March.

Shipley Douglas.

The "MUSICAL MAIL" is the Best Bandman's Magazine.- 2d. monthly.

Musical score for Solo Cornet Bb. of the march "IRISH EYES". The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of 12 staves. It begins with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The first staff contains the main melody. The second staff has a *cresc.* marking. The third staff has a *mf* marking. The fourth staff has a *mf* marking. The fifth staff has a *mf* marking. The sixth staff has a *mf* marking. The seventh staff has a *mf* marking. The eighth staff has a *mf* marking. The ninth staff has a *mf* marking. The tenth staff has a *mf* marking. The eleventh staff has a *mf* marking. The twelfth staff has a *mf* marking. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

B. Feldman & Co, Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London. W.C.

D.C.

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Solo Cornet Bb.

(CONDUCTOR)

MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.

QUICK MARCH.

Jack Judge.
Composer of "TIPPERARY"
ARR. BY SHIPLEY DOUGLAS.

Musical score for Solo Cornet Bb. of the quick march "MICHAEL O'LEARY". The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of 12 staves. It begins with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The first staff contains the main melody. The second staff has a *mf* marking. The third staff has a *mf* marking. The fourth staff has a *mf* marking. The fifth staff has a *mf* marking. The sixth staff has a *mf* marking. The seventh staff has a *mf* marking. The eighth staff has a *mf* marking. The ninth staff has a *mf* marking. The tenth staff has a *mf* marking. The eleventh staff has a *mf* marking. The twelfth staff has a *mf* marking. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

Cor's & Hns.

Basses

Musical score for Cor's & Hns. and Basses of the quick march "MICHAEL O'LEARY". The score is written in 2/4 time and consists of 12 staves. It begins with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The first staff contains the main melody. The second staff has a *mf* marking. The third staff has a *mf* marking. The fourth staff has a *mf* marking. The fifth staff has a *mf* marking. The sixth staff has a *mf* marking. The seventh staff has a *mf* marking. The eighth staff has a *mf* marking. The ninth staff has a *mf* marking. The tenth staff has a *mf* marking. The eleventh staff has a *mf* marking. The twelfth staff has a *mf* marking. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

B. Feldman & Co, Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London. W. C.

D.C.

The Only Girl.

Waltz-Hesitation.

Solo Bb Cornet.
(Conductor.)

Victor Herbert.

INTRO, Clars. Sax. & Bassoon.

Mod^{to}

poco rit. più rit.

Tempo di Valse. "When you're away."

Bb Clars. & Sop. Sax.

1.

(Play in Brass Band.)

Alto Sax.

Clars.

$\text{\$}$

mf

Brillante. "Here's how"

Fine.

sfz

D.S. al Fine.

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Solo B♭ Cornet.

(Play in Brass Band.)

2. *mf* **1st Cor.** "Tell it all over again." *p*

mf

1st Cor. "Here's how." *f* *fz*

E♭ Cor. *f*

CODA. *cresc.* *f* *poco pesante.* *Grandioso.* *ffz* *D.S. ad lib.* *ff*

Molto più mosso. *fff* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *fff* *fff* *fff*

The musical score is written for a Solo B♭ Cornet. It begins with a dynamic marking of *mf* and a first ending bracket. The first ending is marked *p* and includes the instruction "(Play in Brass Band.)". The second ending is marked *mf*. The score then features a section for the **1st Cor.** with the instruction "Here's how." and dynamic markings *f* and *fz*. This is followed by a section for the **E♭ Cor.** with a dynamic marking of *f*. The **CODA.** section starts with a *cresc.* marking and includes *f*, *poco pesante.*, *Grandioso.*, *ffz*, and *D.S. ad lib.* markings. The final section includes *Molto più mosso.*, *fff*, *poco rit.*, and *a tempo* markings, along with multiple *fff* dynamic markings.

Solo Cornet B \flat "THE MARCH OF KITCHENER'S ARMY"
(CONDUCTOR)
QUICK MARCH.

J. Ord Hume.

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B. Feldman & Co., Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.
D.C.

Solo Cornet B \flat
(CONDUCTOR)

"A BRITTON'S CALLING"
QUICK MARCH.

J. Ord Hume.

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B. Feldman & Co., Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. *Song: "A Britton's Calling."
D.C.

*Published by the British Music Co., 70, New Compton Street, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. Price 3/- net.

The Only Girl.

Solo & 1st B \flat Cornets. Selection.

"Opening Chorus Act III."
Tempo di Valse. (Brillante.)

Victor Herbert.

ff ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz

ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz

ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz

ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz = ffz

"Why should we stay at home and sew"
Mod^{to} grazioso. Solo & 1st div. *mf*

Trb. *poco a tempo rit.*

Poco animato.
Play in Brass Band

Molto mod^{to} "When you're away!" *sfz fz = poco rit.*

P a tempo

Solo.

mf

F1.
mf

Solo & 1st Bb Cornets.

f Clar. Cad. *rit.*

All^o giocoso.
a tempo *mf* *sfz* *mf* div. "You have to have a part to make a hit!"

mf *fz* *mf* *fp* *p* *tr*

sfz

Meno mosso. "Entracte Act III."
Solo 2nd Cor. & Eb Alto. Bell Solo. Bell. *poco rit.*
mf *p*

Molto mod^{to} (Quite slow.)
stacc. *poco rit.*

a tempo *p*

poco rit.

a tempo Wood. Cor. Ob. & Clar. *mf*

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PASSED BY THE CENSOR.

Pleasant Memories.

Band-Sergeant R. C. Bliant, "on active service," writes:—

"I am in receipt of the last two copies of the 'M.M.,' and they are a source of much interest to me out here. We are the only Canadian band, I believe, to have made an official recruiting tour through London, and those of us who are fortunate enough to return to our Canadian homes will take back happy recollections of the splendid reception accorded to us during our stay in the Metropolis."

Back to "Blighty."

Sergt. D. Fulford (Band) 4/4th London Regiment, Salisbury, writes that he is anxious to see the "M.M." again, as he is now invalided home. He adds, "I was a constant reader of your splendid paper for ten months in France. I want some music for our band, so that we can keep the game going."

From a London Bandsman.

Drummer A. Matthews, 2/1st Batt. London Regiment, Royal Fusiliers, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, says:—

"I should be glad if you would send me the 'M.M.,' as I was a constant reader, but since being away I have not seen a copy. Being an old London bandsman, I like to keep in touch with bands and the musical world."

Copy now on its way.

They All Want It!

Bandsman H. Coyle, 5th Lancers, B.E.F., "Somewhere in France," would be very pleased if we would send the "M.M.," as he is very anxious to have it. He adds: "I am asking my wife to post this, as I am enclosing it in her letter."

Music an "Extra."

Bandmaster H. Alexander, 2/2nd London Brigade, R.F.A., writing from Woodbridge, Suffolk, says:—

"I enclose a programme of one of our concerts, also a criticism from the local paper. It may interest you to know the band is quite a side issue, and my boys are doing their duty just the same as any other soldier, viz.: as Quarter-master Sergeants, Military Police, Gunners, Drivers, Orderlies, etc., and whatever we do as musicians is in the nature of 'extra turns.' We have played at various hospitals to the wounded, at several concerts in aid of Red Cross, funerals, church parades, etc. We like to do it, as it is not only a change from the routine duties, but is keeping us fit for return to our former 'shops' if, and when, we do return."

An ambitious and well-chosen programme concludes with the popular selection, "Melodyland."

An Old Besses Boy.

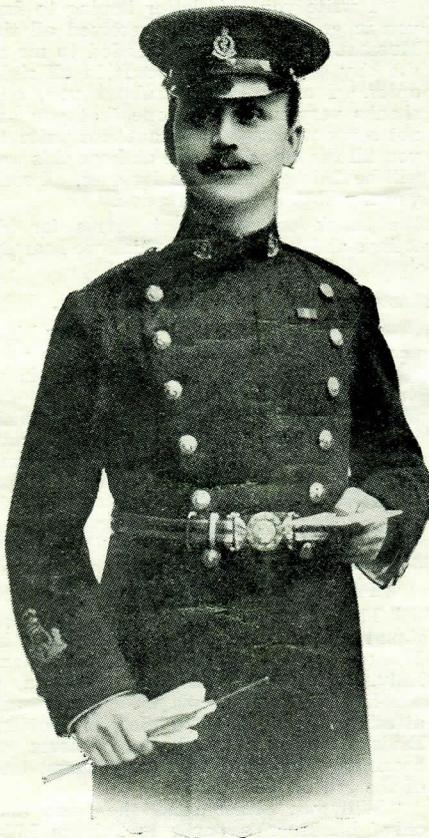
Private Frederick Lee, writing from the Wynn Ellis Ward, Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, London, says:—

"Thanks very much for the 'M.M.' I like the article by Mr. Ord Hume very much. Walter Adamson came to see me the other day. We had a visit from the King and Queen the other Saturday, and I had the proud distinction of being the

only soldier to shake hands with both of them. Their Majesties both enquired where I was wounded and to what regiment I belonged, and wished me a speedy recovery. I have had my gums examined by the dentist, and have been sent back for another month, so shall not be leaving here yet awhile."

A Young Veteran.

Paradoxical though this heading may appear at first sight, it is not. Bandmaster Kitchen, though only forty-two years of age, and young for his years—has actually completed thirty-two years' service with the colours, a record that is something to be



BANDMASTER KITCHEN, R.A.M.C., Leeds.

proud about. Since the war started, B.M. Kitchen has been with the R.A.M.C., and at present is stationed on Salisbury Plain. As well as being a veteran soldier-musician, young Kitchener—without the er—is also a capable organiser, as the development of his business in Leeds goes to prove.

Bonnie Dundee.

Bandsman R. McLaren, Dundee R.N.V.R. Band, Hood Battalion, Royal Naval Division, "Somewhere," sends a cheery letter, saying:—

"I have to thank you once more for the February 'M.M.,' and for the great kindness to me and so many other bandsmen on active service. We are at present in huts; but don't know, of course, for how long. It is a real luxury to be in a hut

after all we have come through, what with holes in the ground and such-like as our quarters. We were vainly looking for the 'Scottish Notes,' but find they are included in the news from all parts. They are very interesting to us. The 'M.M.' is still tip-top, and deserves all success for the pleasure it is affording. We have at last got our instruments back, and they have been 'through it' all right! They have had a good tossing about, and to finish up with were on board a ship which took fire, but were luckily saved. As there are only nine of the old band left here, we fall back on our old friends of the Glasgow R.N.V.R. Band, who are attached to another Battalion, neighbours of ours; and, as they have only about ten left, we make a very decent combination, and the officers and men are very enthusiastic. The only thing we want is some music, as ours was nearly all destroyed or lost, and, as we are in a desolate spot, it is a bit of a drawback. Thanking you once more."

The Overture: "Morning, Noon and Night."

Bomb. A. Clelland (late Glasgow Co-op. Band), B.E.F., France, romps in with:—

"Once again sincere thanks for the prompt delivery of 'M.M.,' and I can assure you it is a boon and a blessing to all of us chaps who are far away from the 'Land of Hope and Glory.' I have read with great interest the article by Mr. Hume on his struggles when a boy, and I hope your next issue comes my way, with the continuation of this grand article. Well, life is not *all* sunshine in France; and the only music we get now is all *ff*—no *pp* here! The guns play the music, and their favourite overture is *Morning, Noon and Night*; and what annoys me is that there is *no light and shade* whatever—all *ff*. They want a 'pro,' badly! Best wishes for success of the great and only 'M.M.'"

Blown Up!

Lance-Corporal Evan A. Jones, 10th Gloucester Regiment (late Cinderford Town), writing from V.A.D. Hospital, St. Anselms, Walmer, Kent, says:—

"I expect you'll be a bit surprised to hear of me after such a prolonged silence. For a deuce of a time I have been dodging about Flanders, and I haven't seen a 'M.M.' for months and months and months! The conditions were so awful, and one is constantly changing from one place to another until one's main problem in life resolves itself into 'How can I carry my pack in the easiest way?' I was unlucky enough to get blown up by a shell a week or two ago, and am having the bits grafted back on me here. I have experienced such longings for a sight of the 'M.M.' again that I felt bound to drop you a line."

A Budget from France.

Private Chris. Reekie, "Somewhere in France," sends us a budget of cheerfulness. After thanking us for the "M.M.," which he receives each month, he goes on:—

"Your paper helps to keep us in touch with the bands at home, and it is read with great interest by bandsmen and non-bandsmen alike. We are all looking forward to that time—*après la grand guerre*—when we will take our old places in the band, and again go in for contesting with greater gusto than ever. In the

trenches we have very little music; it all depends on what sort of a place we are in. We make the best of a bad job with mouth-organs, or perhaps a gramophone, but when these aren't forthcoming, we fall back to the greatest of all gifts, and sing ourselves hoarse. Everyone at the front has a voice of some kind; quality doesn't matter so long as each and all join in the chorus. Even the wee French newsboy has caught the lilt of 'There's a silver lining.'

"In the towns and villages behind the line there are various places—huts, school-rooms, etc.—where we hold our sing-songs. After a spell in the trenches it is fine to be back and hear a band on the street, or to hear all the boys singing at one of these concerts. When we arrived in France last July—skirlin' pipes at 2 a.m.—we were all fresh and eager for the fray, after many months' training in the camps. On the march to the front we sang 'Tipperary' as we had never sung it before. At a village about a score of us invaded a lovely little church. The priest showed us round, and led us to the top of the tower, where we got a magnificent view of the fields of sunny France—very different to the desolation and ruin we saw two weeks later. I played our National Anthem while he blew the bellows of the old organ. In September last the Pipe Band was broken up, only a few pipers and drummers returning from Loos and the village beyond the hill. Lately it has been reorganised, and a dozen of us are trying to solve the mysteries of the bagpipes. (It is a great change from repiano cornet in the band at home!) We have a grand old Pipe-Major from Aberdeen, who has a rough time teaching the Kilties how to rattle off what (at present) seem to be myriads of grace notes. When out of the trenches we get all sorts of jobs to do. At present we are on 'ration fatigue.' We go up to the trenches each night, pushing small boegeys over the fields loads of everything and anything, from bully and biscuits to bombs and grenades! And plonked on the top is the ever welcome post-bag. After leaving your office, 'M.M.' sees some life—what with boat trains, transports, etc. It finally reaches Jock on the fire-step, who passes it round among his pals—many from Broxburn, Falkirk, Forfar, Kirkcaldy and Motherwell, and also from far-away Stornoway, Wick and Aberdeen. The other week I saw the funeral of Lance-Corporal Dunsire, V.C., of the Royal Scots. It is sad to think this bandsman was killed so soon after gaining the great honour. He was given a military funeral, pipers of another battalion of Gordons playing 'Scots wha hae' along the street of the little French village a few miles behind the line. In February I was lucky enough to get a few days' leave, when I met those members of the band at home who are doing their bit by keeping things going during our absence. I am proud to say that three-fourths of our members and several ex-members answered the call, and are now fighting on the Eastern and Western fronts.

"It was nice to be home again after eight months out here: to hear the organist in the kirk at home play 'Tannhauser,' and to hear the band of the 3/6th Royal Scots as it marched along High Street in first-rate style! (Good old Musselburgh! We of Selkirk Burgh Band hope to meet you in Waverley Market again.) 'M.M.' for March has just arrived, so *Bon soir*; and here Jock goes on the hunt for another candle ere he plonks

himself down to read the first chapters of 'My Reminiscences'—by one whose name I heard before I toddled off to school—Ord Hume! With best wishes."

A Famous Family.

Bandmaster L. Allison, 16th West Yorks, France, is delighted at renewing acquaintance with the "M.M.," which he read from the first, until he went abroad. In the course of a chatty letter, he tells us that "his brother Arthur is B.M. of the Royal Scots, Charlie is with the 2nd Devons, Angus with the 10th West Yorks, and Albert with the Yorks Light Infantry."

Jolly good luck to the Allison lads, who are a credit to the band world in a martial as well as a musical sense.

The Entente Cordiale.

From P. Paladino, a French bandmaster, we receive the following:—

"I write you this letter hoping to find you in good business. I received all the MUSICAL MAILS that you sented to me at the city of mine abbanament in all right order. I am very glad about you, and thanks very much. I hope that you are not sorry with me, if I have not write to you till the last day. We all hope this war will be finished one time for ever. I send you my obbediently salutation."

We thank our brother in arms for his greetings and good wishes, which we heartily reciprocate.

From the Warwicks to the Workshop.

"Will you please cancel my free paper," writes P. Lawton, "as I have now ordered a copy from my newsagent. I have been released from the Warwicks for munition work, and I am back again with the Metropolitan Works Band, Birmingham. I thank you for sending the 'M.M.' to me for seventeen months, and wish you the best of good luck."

Thanks, and good luck to you.

Among the Scotties.

From Private Jas. Hunter:—

"Thanks for 'M.M.,' which has passed round the gunners here—'somewhere in France.' I also lent it to Private Adam Lilly, trombonist, and Andy Johnson, a well-known cornet player. Both are attached to the band of the 9th Scottish Division, which I had the pleasure of hearing, under Bandmaster Walsham, late of the 9th Scottish Rifles.

"Will you please send the 'one and only' bandsman's paper to Private Lilly also?"

Certainly. Wish we could send the boys a guid hot toddy inside it, too. That would be "some" supplement. Eh?

"Stickers."

In the course of a very cordial letter Corporal Braman, late solo trombone of Cowdenbeath, tells us that, although his "M.M." has not reached him for a few months, he has been able to borrow one from W. Armour, a brother Scot and bandsman.

"I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Hume's article in March issue," he concludes, "and eagerly await the next instalment. Although we are having a hot time here, we are stickers, and, as Mr. Hume says, soldiers of the King. Convey my warmest greetings to my old bandsmen and bandmasters, and I trust the day is not far distant when we shall have a happy reunion."

So say we all.

Heaven.

"The most impressive *ensemble* performance I have heard since the war started," writes W. Gregory, musical director, from a camp in Hants, "was the singing here of 'A Little Bit of Heaven,' by a massed body of troops, upwards of 15,000. I have been accustomed to big productions all my life, but I have never heard anything like it before."

A Bolton Bandsman.

Bandsman Mann, son of the Bolton bandmaster, who is well known in County Palatine, in returning thanks for regular delivery of the "M.M.," "somewhere in France," says:—

"There is always rejoicing in camp on its arrival. The paper not only brings 'Blighty' nearer to us, but keeps us in touch with our pet hobbies. If you could just see what a reception the boys here give your genial paper, you would be better able to appreciate our gratitude."

Well, we are busy getting our kit in order, and will pop over when the word of command is given. Then —! —!

Interested in J. O. H.

Stretcher - Bearer McQuirk, B.E.F., asks us to give expression to the interest of the boys in Jas. Ord Hume's life story. Oliver-Twist-like, they "want more," and eagerly await April issue.

Mr. Jas. Ord Hume thanks Mr. McQuirk and other correspondents for their kindly expressions and congratulations, and promises them many interesting moments in succeeding chapters.

Likes Mr. Hume's "Life."

Sapper D. Spiers, 2/1st N.M. Field Company, R.E., "Somewhere in France," writes a cheerful note thanking us for the "M.M.," and adds:—

"I am always pleased to receive your bright little paper, and I read with great interest the many excellent articles it contains. I am already eagerly awaiting the April issue, so that I can 'bury my head' in Mr. J. Ord Hume's life story—'My Reminiscences.' Best wishes to 'M.M.' and the staff."

Anxious for Next Issue.

Private John Lunn, 9th Highland Light Infantry, B.E.F., France, sends a "Field" post-card, saying:—

"Very many thanks for the 'M.M.,' which I received yesterday (7/3/16). I have read and thoroughly enjoyed it, and am looking forward eagerly to the next issue. I wish the paper every success, as one of our Allies."

Liked the Band.

Lance-Corporal W. F. Orman, 2nd Essex Regiment, "Somewhere in France," in a few lines, says:—

"Again I have to thank you for 'M.M.,' received last night. I had only come out of the trenches the previous day, after very rough weather, deep snow and frost, and had a couple of days' march, to another place (we were a month in our last place), and a bit of band news was most acceptable. We had a good band to march us part of the way on the road, and this was much appreciated by us all—especially myself—as it beats all your drum and fife bands. I only wish I was still in a brass

band! We have lost about twenty-five in killed and wounded since writing you last. Glad to see Mr. J. Ord Hume's life story. Knowing him as a fine teacher and full of humour, I shall follow every detail."

Ready for their "Visitors."

Bandsman H. B. Graves, 1st Welsh Regiment, Salonica Force, writes:—

"Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the 'M.M.' which was passed round among my band pals here and greedily devoured. We are very busy at present getting ready for our visitors (the Huns), and hope they'll be pleased with their 'welcome.' Best wishes."

In Hospital.

Drummer G. W. Bowen, 7th Battalion Middlesex Regiment, No. 9 General Hospital, Rouen, France, says:—

"Sorry to tell you I have not seen my usual 'M.M.' since December last. I left my Battalion then for hospital, and on arriving there I wrote and told you of the change in my address, but the letter evidently has not reached you. Since then I have been out of hospital, but had another turn of illness, and am 'hung up' once more. I should be very pleased if you could let me have all the issues from December, as I would rather miss anything than the good old 'M.M.' Glad to say I am well on the way to recovery."

The Concertina.

Private C. A. Gaunt, M.T., A.S.C., 9th Division S.C., B.E.F., "Somewhere in France," writes:—

"Just a few lines to thank you for the 'M.M.'; it seemed like old times to be reading once more about bands and music. I see Keighley Concertina Band has given a concert for wounded soldiers. I am pleased to know that those left at home are doing their bit to keep things going and helping to cheer others up. I only wish I was able to be with them and help them to do it. It is difficult to make some people believe that a concertina band can make any sort of a show at all, and they are mightily surprised at the organ-like effect that a good band of these instruments can produce."

A Credit to Cardiff.

Bandsman H. Brisen, of the Cardiff City Battalion Band, on active service, writes a long and interesting letter, in which he states:—

"A line concerning the Battalion Band perhaps would not be out of place. Being greatly reduced in numbers, owing to numerous causes, before we left England, we arrived in France with a band of thirty performers, under the able conductorship of Sergeant C. George (the well-known cornet player, late of Aberdare).

"Later on we were called upon to take our positions in the trenches with the rest of the lads. We were there, in and out, for about two months, having varied experiences during that time. All our boys of the band were lucky to come out unscathed. On our return from the trenches we were appointed the 'Welsh Divisional Band,' and as such we proved ourselves to be capable of being sent to the 19th Division, whilst our own division were in the trenches.

"While with them we gave daily programmes, which were very much appre-

ciated by the different battalions. On leaving them to rejoin our own battalion we received a letter of congratulation from the general officer commanding the division on behalf of all ranks, which confirmed their appreciation of our services. No doubt we shall be in greater demand in the near future. We intend to keep up our reputation as the 'Cardiff City Band,' although we are 'Somewhere in France,' and Cardiff need never regret having raised the battalion and band."

Scotland for Ever!

Private McDougall, an old Edinburgh bandsman, "Somewhere in France," in returning thanks for the Scottish march books we sent out to his small but enthusiastic band, says:—

"The dear old songs our mither's sang have pride of place here now. On the march, 'Rolling home to Bonnie Scotland,' 'Mary,' and 'Of a' the airts,' are first favourites, although we love them all. Some amusing words have been fitted to popular Scottish tunes by the disciples of Robbie Burns, the following being a good and humorous example, sung to the tune of 'My Nut-brown Maiden':—

"I canna see the target,
I canna see the target,
I canna see the target,
It's ower far awa'!
Oh, bring the wee thing nearer,
Oh, bring the wee thing nearer;
I canna see the target,
It's ower far awa'!"

"Conducting Eyes and Ears."

Bandsman Burns—now a bombardier—sends a very interesting programme he heard recently by a French military band in a village close to the trenches. Comparing the band with those in this country, he remarks that "instead of the men forming a circle with the conductor in the centre, they form up three deep with the drums in the front. The conductor, with the *principal soloist*, face the men—one evidently commanding the eyes and the other the ears of the band."

Fond of Scotch.

Bandmaster Bosanquet, 3rd G.H.Q.A.P., B.E.F., who has a really excellent double-handed band, says that the two most popular programme pieces at the front are "Wee MacGregor" and "Kilties' Kourtship."

THERE is nothing in the Bible to show that David had ever had any lessons on the harp, or had attended classes at any conservatoire. He was a shepherd by upbringing, and his harp-playing was no doubt merely that of the ordinary well-meaning amateur. We all know what an infliction that sort of person can be. It is all very well for the Bible to say that Saul threw the javelin because he was possessed by an evil spirit. The same libellous statement is made about musical critics to-day.—Ernest Newman, in the *Birmingham Post*

* * *

THE gorgeous uniforms of the Royal Horse Guards' Band are well-known features of all important pageants, but the fact is not generally known that the original band of the Foot Guards was actually, shocking to relate, a German band.

DONIZETTI.

MANY musicians think lightly and are wont to speak slightly of the music of Donizetti, but thousands upon thousands of people have been enchanted by his operas, and he forms an interesting link between Rossini and Verdi. Moreover, it is not improbable that, given certain vocalists, "La Favorita," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "Lucia di Lammermoor" may yet have a future in England. Certainly the celebrated "Mad Scene" from "Lucia" will not be lightly foregone by *prime donne*. There is, therefore, good reason for Mr. Richard Northcott's "Donizetti: A Sketch of His Life and a Record of His Operas." It has evidently been a labour of love, and the labour must have been as great as the love to collect such a mass of names and dates of notable performances of the composer's works. Mr. Northcott writes sympathetically of the composer, but with frankness concerning his failings. It is interesting to note that Donizetti was the grandson of a Scotsman, a native of Perthshire, whose name, Donald Izett, became corrupted to Donizetti when he went to Italy as a valet. The composer was born in a humble basement of Bergamo, on November 25th, 1797, his father being a concierge. His parents soon perceived the gift of melody, and they were in a country where such an endowment was not likely to pass unnoticed. Donizetti made his first appearance as an operatic composer at the age of twenty-one with "Enrico di Burgogna," produced at the San Luca, Venice. Subsequently he wrote so many operas and such an enormous quantity of music that some of his compositions have never been performed. His facility was extraordinary; but it was a fatal gift, for it diluted the strength of his inspirations. He wrote "Lucia di Lammermoor" in six weeks. Had he been six months on the task he probably would have deleted several of its dull pages. Mr. Northcott says that the earliest of Donizetti's operas to be heard in England was "Anna Bolena," produced here in 1831. "Lucia di Lammermoor" followed seven years later, "Lucrezia Borgia" in 1839, "L'Elisir d'Amore" in 1841, "Linda di Chamounix," "Don Pasquale," and "La Favorita" in 1843, and "La Fille du Regiment" in 1847.

Donizetti died in an asylum in 1848 at the age of fifty.



And Why Not?

News from various military camps regarding the bands go to show that the young "eligibles" are being weeded out and placed in the ranks. In some cases there is a wholesale disbanding of musical combinations which only came into being with the birth of the new Armies.



IN the theatrical world everybody knows who you mean when you speak of "Willy" Clarkson. If an actor or an actress wants anything, from a stuffed pig to a pair of green whiskers, they hie them to "Willy" Clarkson's, and the rest is easy. The band world also has its Clarkson—its "Jimmy" Clarkson—and he is to the band world what "Willy" Clarkson is to the theatrical world. Uniforms are his speciality, and he is it.

The Brass Band Commission.

(BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.)

THE second meeting of this intelligent company took place, as had been agreed upon, at "Bowton." Several of the members were conspicuous by their absence, but when the Chairman took his seat at the table no excuse was forthcoming for their non-appearance.

THE CHAIRMAN: "Gentlemen, I am again delighted to meet you, and trust that our present meeting will be as pleasant and as valuable as the last one. The first topic for discussion is 'The Amalgamation of all the Brass Band Associations in the Country.' I will leave Mr. Allegri to introduce the subject."

MR. ALLEGRI: "As you all know, Associations are capable of doing much good, and it has occurred to me that if these were all amalgamated into one big body, we should be able to do much *more* good. We could corner the market with regard to contests, test pieces, adjudicators, and everything else. What a vast amount of power would be concentrated in one body, which could be used just as we like."

MR. TITO: "It would be interesting to know how many Associations there are in the country, and what good they have really done during the last few years. Perhaps Mr. Allegri will supply us with this information."

MR. ALLEGRI: "There is the London and Home Counties Association, which *has*, and *is*, doing a splendid work; the South Wales and Monmouth Association, which has had a wonderful effect there; the West Wales Association, which has nearly been as successful as its neighbour; the Severn Valley League; the Birmingham Association; the West Yorks Association; the Cleveland League; the Scottish Associations, and several others."

MR. PUCK: "This is all a piece of *bosh*."

THE CHAIRMAN: "You must not express yourself thus, Mr. Puck."

MR. TITO: "Mr. Allegri must have been asleep for several years, as most of the Associations named have been defunct for ages"—[MR. PUCK: "Call him Rip Van Winkle!"]—"and where the Association still exists it is only represented by a few torn shreds."

MR. DECANI: "Associations are a mere humbug. They serve no useful purpose; their object is to uplift bands. Do they accomplish this? Does any band in the Association benefit by being a member? Yes! The two or three best bands *do* make expenses, but the lower grade bands are pushed down still further."

MR. TAFFY: "Look what the Welsh Associations have done for bands there, whatever, and U. Richards and his education scheme. It has educated not only Welsh, but English musicians. Quite a number of resident conductors has been brought down there to be trained, and

then—the rascals—have gone back home to give our secrets away."

THE CHAIRMAN: "Don't use Welsh terms, please."

MR. TAFFY (continuing): "Had it not been for Associations our bands would have been no better than the non-Association English bands. I say, let us have more Associations—they are worth encouraging."

MR. STRINGER: "I am of the same opinion. A great part of my work is the result of Association contests, and if these were to drop out I should have very little work to do." [MR. PUCK: "You mean you would have to do *more* work."] "Associations help the profession, and the profession must be considered."

MR. BUSONI: "Associations are all right in their way—at least, they are no worse than many other things. They afford an opportunity for representatives of bands to call one another foul names at the meetings, and they afford the married men an excuse for getting a night out occasionally. With regard to the integrity of these affairs, I am not prepared to stake much. Tell me the names of the officials, and I will tell you which bands will get most benefit from them."

MR. DU ROSE: "Associations foster malice, selfishness, and all forms of twisting; and on this account are neither necessary nor desirable."

THE CHAIRMAN: "That's just my opinion; the next topic, please."

MR. FINANCE: "The most serious thing in connection with brass bands is the difficulty in getting subscribers, and thus many bands not only live a hand-to-mouth sort of life, but are always head-over-heels in debt. One discomfiting sign of the times is that the voluntary subscriptions are not nearly so great now as they were in former years."

MR. TITO: "A band's income depends very much upon itself. If it remains in the bandroom, and waits until people throw their money in at the door, it is likely that they will find themselves in a chronic state of impecuniosity. It is too much like vagrancy."

MR. POPULUS: "My friend 'Tit' has hit the nail on the head. I know one band which can scarcely keep up the quarterly payments for their instruments, and thus are prevented from spending anything on music."

MR. AGITO: "Never mind about instruments and music, we are now talking about money. If the speakers will stop 'grasshopping' about and suggest something useful, it will be much better. I hate to sit here and listen to this rambling."

MR. TITO: "I was coming to that, but Mr. Agito must keep to the proper *tempo*; this is a *Grave* movement." [MR. PUCK:

"It is a pity that many of the bands are not pushed into that grave."] "I have quite a number of things to suggest. It has often occurred to me that bandsmen are not as careful with their instruments as they might be; not as careful, in fact, as they would be if the instruments were their own. Fifty per cent. of the repairs which are done to instruments would be unnecessary if the men took proper care of them. Then there is the uniform. Some of these scarcely ever have any connections with a brush, and some of the dust on them must be years old. I suppose the men are afraid of brushing off the pile; still, it would look better than having *piles* of dust on it. Then again, some men throw their uniform on one side when not in use, as they would do a bundle of rags. Uniforms treated in this way will not last half as long as they would with proper treatment. If bandsmen would bear this in mind they would have more money to go on with."

MR. STRINGER: "They would then be able to pay their pros. One band owes me £12, and there seems no signs of getting it."

MR. HARMONIC: "Don't trouble; you will be paid in full before you are asked to give the band another lesson."

MR. PUCK (*sotto voce*): "That sounds like the *sack*. Serves the devil right; I warrant he's nothing but a gasbag."

MR. DECANI: "I think that all bands should pay the current expenses out of their engagement money. This would be a simple matter if they devoted, say, 20 per cent. of it to this purpose."

MR. MODERNE: "What would you do if the band had no engagements?"

MR. PUCK: "Sell up, and go in for fishing."

THE CHAIRMAN: "It appears to me that bands which desire to get on *can* do so; if they are too lazy, or indifferent, or selfish, it is their own fault, and they deserve to go under."

MR. DU ROSE: "I wish to call attention to the importance of euphonium and trombone players learning to play from the bass clef. I have sometimes to get a small military together, and my chief difficulty is in finding men who have an acquaintance with the bass clef."

MR. PUCK (interposing): "That reminds me of a Lord Derby man who appealed. He said that he was the only euphonium player in the town who could play from the bass clef, and if he was not let off the band would smash up. After due consideration, the Tribunal let him off. You see, the bass clef saved that man's billet, and perhaps his life."

THE CHAIRMAN: "What would be the best way to bring about this most desirable state of affairs?"

MR. DU ROSE: "The best way would be to try and persuade publishers to print the parts for these instruments in the bass clef, then the player would be forced to learn it."

MR. STRINGER: "I doubt if they ever would learn it."

THE MORE A MUSICIAN ACCOMPLISHES, THE LESS TIME HE HAS TO TALK ABOUT IT.

MR. MODERNE: "How does the G trombone player manage?"

THE CHAIRMAN: "Can anyone suggest an easy way by which euphonium and trombone players can acquire this accomplishment?"

MR. MODERNE: "The thing is as simple as A B C. The scale of C on a euphonium is really the scale of B \flat . Let the player write out the scale of B \flat in the bass clef, and place the proper fingering under it, thus: B \flat , C, D, E \flat , F, G, A, B \flat ; the corresponding fingering would be 1-0-1 3-2 3-1-0-1 2-1."

MR. TITO: "Why all this bother about trombones and bass clefs?" [MR. PUCK: "We have only mentioned *one* bass clef yet."] "The trombone is to me a hateful instrument. I have heard hundreds of bands absolutely spoilt by the 'blarting' trombones. If I had my way, I would compel every trombone player to use a mute during all his operations."

MR. HARMONIC: "I should think that 'Old Tit' has never heard a trombone properly played. Certainly, they can 'blart' on a trombone, but all trombonists are not 'blarters.' No wonder trombonists make so much fuss about themselves when everybody in the band tries to imitate them. Bands would be poor things without trombones." [MR. PUCK: "Yes, something like beer without malt."] "What is more exhilarating than a quartet of trombones? You could shut your eyes when they are playing, and almost imagine that you are in heaven." [MR. TITO: "Trombone-playing always suggests the other place to me."]

MR. MODERNE: "Perhaps if arrangers would give them more to do, they would not make quite so much noise. The amount of resting which they get keeps them continually at full strength. More playing of a subdued kind would perhaps take away some of the volubility."

MR. HARMONIC: "I have played the trombone for a quarter of a century"—[MR. PUCK: "What punishment you must have inflicted!"]—"and I have never been accused of 'blarting.' I think that subdued playing on the trombone is superior to any other kind of tone which emanates from a brass band. The instrument has its peculiarities just like any other instrument; it possesses great power, and if kept under proper restraint is a tower of strength to a band. A trombone player (and the same remark applies to those who operate on euphoniums, baritones and B \flat basses)—"

MR. MACDUFF: "No doubt it is desirable for trombone players to learn the bass clef, but in my opinion it is more important to learn the positions properly in one clef or another. It is surprising how ignorant some players are in this respect. If players knew the positions properly, they would be able to get through with less than half the shifting which they indulge in. It is amusing to watch them 'slither' up to the first position whenever a note occurs which

can be obtained thither. It reminds me of the days when I used to play football, and indulged in the playing for safety device known as *kicking into touch*. Nearly every note on the instrument can be produced in the two or three positions adjoining the bell-end of the instrument. Every trombone player ought to be acquainted with 'The Switchback'—." [MR. PUCK: "Is that a pub.?"] "I might say, for the benefit of the ignorant, that 'The Switchback' is a trombone solo, with band accompaniment. It is fingered—I mean *shifted*—in other words, it tells the most convenient way in which the solo can be played. Let the trombone player study this solo and he will learn how to economise his energy. The best trombone player is not the one who shifts the most, or *blarts* the loudest, but the one who shifts least and plays with the most expression. It is impossible for arrangers to get the most out of the trombone, because players will not use the 4th, 5th and 6th positions as freely as they ought to do. Sometimes we hear people talking about this or that solo being unsuited to the instrument. This is an old woman's tale; if bandsmen would only practise the 4th, 5th and 6th positions like they do the 1st, 2nd and 3rd, they would increase their executive powers one-hundredfold."

THE CHAIRMAN: "I would like to have a word here about trombones and trombone players. Whenever a band passes my house I always keep the door shut until the first row has got past. What a row they do make! If you stand in front of the average brass band you can hear nothing but the blasting of the trombones and the asthmatic coughing of the basses, especially the E flats. One of the greatest punishments that can be inflicted on a sensitive person is to make him walk in front of a brass band. I would rather have a month's C.B. Why cannot the trombones blow about half as hard? There is another thing: The way in which these men roll along *wagging* their instruments from side to side, at an angle of 45° with the ground, is anything but pleasing to the eye. Why don't they stand upright, and hold their instruments up? This concludes the sitting for to-day. The next meeting will be held at the 'North Pole,' Sheffield, on April 1st."

MR. PUCK: "I shall be *shifting* Germhuns by that time."

MR. MODERNE, MR. TITO, MR. HARMONIC, and MR. DU ROSE also intimated that *music* of another kind would be absorbing their attention.

MR. STRINGER: "I expect to have a R.A.M.C. band under my control before that time." [MR. PUCK: "How much a lesson?"]

MR. TAFFY: "I shall be in the Navy along with Mr. Busoni and Mr. Finance."

THE CHAIRMAN: "Then we will disperse until the Germhuns have been *straffed*, and Kaiser Bill and Little Willie have been—"

MR. PUCK: "Blown to —."

WIT AND HUMOUR.

"UN PEN D'AMOUR" was announced as an entr'acte on a recent programme.

The pen must have slipped.

* * *

The staffs of the principal gramophone companies are now making munitions.

They should break all records.

* * *

A bandmaster in Belgium has been severely reprimanded for including in his programmes Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette."

It is said that the Crown Prince was very much annoyed at the lack of respect.

* * *

A trombonist can never be called shiftless, for the first thing he is taught is how to shift.

* * *

A "Derby" man at Swansea told the Army doctor that he suffered from *operatic* fits.

* * *

An amusing story is told which is attributed to Gounod, of the days when he was serving in a military band in Paris. The band was playing on parade, and the Colonel reined up and listened intently, keeping time with his riding-whip. The piece over, the following conversation ensued:—

Bandmaster (saluting): "The programme is concluded, but is there anything more which M. the Colonel would like?"

M. the Colonel: "Oh no, unless you will have the goodness to play for me that piece I love so much."

Bandmaster: "Sir, that was the piece we have just played."

M. the Colonel: "Ah, yes! Then nothing more, thank you." [Salutations. *Exeunt.*]

* * *

Because the London County Council will not engage bands to play in the parks this season, they will save money to some tune.

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## TONE.

TONE-DEAF PERSONS are perhaps more common than colour-blind persons. By a tone-deaf person, I mean not only one who cannot distinguish between good or bad tone, but one who cannot recognise by ear the varying colours and subtle shadings that make up the poetry of tone. A person may have a good ear for tune, may have a sense of absolute and of relative pitch, and yet may lack an ear for tone. I think it is this more than anything else that marks out the tip-top conductor from the ordinary conductor.

HUGH S. ROBERTSON.

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CROWDED OUT.

SEVERAL pages of "Notes and News," "Passed by the Censor," and "Answers to Correspondents."

TELL HIM ABOUT IT.

Do you know a musician who does not read THE MUSICAL MAIL? If so, tell him about it. He will thank you.

PASS IT ROUND.

BAND NOTES & NEWS FROM ALL PARTS

HIGHGATE QUARTETTE AND SOLO CONTEST.—This contest was held on March 11th, and the number of entries was indicative of the keen interest in the competitive movement still displayed by the London brass bands. An excellent audience assembled to hear the fifteen quartette parties and thirty-five soloists serenade Lieut. J. Ord Hume. The total number of soloists who desired to compete was forty-eight, but the committee very wisely restricted the number of competitors to three from each band. There was some very indifferent playing in both competitions, the winners standing out prominently above their fellows. In the quartette sets, Dartford A, led by Mr. Percy Shaw, managed to finish ahead of the South of England champions. The management of the contest did Mr. Kichenside great credit. The full results were as follows:—

Solo Contest (thirty-five played): (1st) C. Clarke (cornet), Enfield; (2nd) A. Gibson (euphonium), London Silver; (3rd) T. Smith (cornet), Wandsworth; (4th) E. Millard (euphonium), Willesden Junction.

Quartette Contest (fifteen parties played): (1st) Dartford Town A, Mr. P. Shaw; (2nd) Luton Red Cross, Mr. F. Mortimer; (3) Wandsworth B, Mr. W. Heath. Next in order of merit, Willesden A, Mr. C. McManus.

UPPER NORWOOD PRIZE BAND.—The short respite granted to the later "Derby" groups has come as a relief to Norwood, who stood to lose more than half their effectives by this "call." The good work among the wounded Tommies has been a feature during the past month, and the advance bookings for similar engagements are heavy. We are glad to hear that capable juniors from the Bugle Band are likely to enter for the vacancies caused by enlistment, and Upper Norwood will undoubtedly maintain the reputation they have made during the past twelve years.

DEPTFORD BOROUGH have a capable leader in Mr. F. Emerson, and are anxiously awaiting the Council's decision. They have put in a claim for Peckham Rye, or, failing that, Brockwell Park.

EALING V.T.C. BAND number over fifty performers of a good type. Deptford (2nd South London Regiment) have thirty or more players, some of whom do duty at the local "Empire" during the week. Dulwich (3rd South London Regiment) have twenty-six players, composed in the main of Upper Norwood Prize Band members. Camberwell Company (3rd South London Regiment) has a capable Reed and Brass Band, composed principally of members of the National Reserve Band.

THE NATIONAL GUARDS (CITY) have a

good full military band, which comprises a number of first-class musicians of the old school.

THE "ANZAC" BAND of the Abbey Wood Australian Depot now number over thirty-four performers, and, considering their youthfulness, the combination is doing excellently. Not a few of the members were drawn from contesting bands "down under," to whom the Ballarat contests are still a pleasant memory. A performance was given at the Australian Military Headquarters at Westminster last month.

STAINES V.T.C. BRASS BAND (South-West London Battalion).—This recently formed combination (composed mainly of experienced players of local bands temporarily suspended owing to the war) paraded in their new uniforms at Hanworth Park. Colonel Willoughby Wallace inspected the Battalion, and Commandant Tanner introduced Bandmaster W. Sanders to the Colonel, who congratulated him on the smart appearance of the band, and approved the neat brass arm-badges. The other Sunday the band headed the Battalion, and marched from the Mansion House Station to Liverpool Street, *en route* for the section of trenches in Essex they are responsible for keeping in order for the defence of London. During the day and at dinner-hour interval suitable music was rendered by the band, which was greatly enjoyed by the busy workers.

RHONDDA BRASS BAND CONTEST.—A brass band contest was held at the Drill Hall, Porth, the adjudicator being Mr. J. G. Dobbins, the conductor of Messrs. Cory Brothers' Workmen's Band. There was a large number of entries. Awards: Quartette (1st and 2nd) Aberaman; (3rd) Cwmaman. Solo instrument (1st), Mr. W. Evans, "Gates of Mercy"; (2nd) Rufus Jones, "The Village Blacksmith"; (3rd) Bufton Williams, "Total Eclipse."

GOODSHAW BAND.—The general meeting of the Goodshaw Prize Band was held under the presidency of Mr. Edward Hindle, before a large gathering. The following officials were re-elected: President, Councillor J. W. Stansfield; bandmaster, W. Pollard; deputy bandmaster, H. Trickett; treasurer, E. Hindle; secretary, John R. Pickles; auditors, Messrs. J. S. Chalk and A. S. Hollows.

RISHTON.—It is several years since Rishton possessed a brass band, the old band having been disbanded for lack of support. The local V.T.C. are endeavouring to resuscitate it, and to that end are prosecuting inquiries as to the whereabouts of the instruments formerly used by the band, the cost of which was defrayed out of public funds. When the instruments have been secured the formation of the band is to be proceeded with.

GREAT CLIFTON BAND.—The annual meeting of this band was well attended. Mr. James Ireland presided. Mr. James Rafferty presented his yearly statement of accounts, which was considered satisfactory. The following sums had been paid: To the Local Relief Fund, £63; Clothing Fund, £12; Russian Relief Fund, £10 11s. 6d.; Workington Mayor's Fund, £6 8s.; for a Prisoner of War, £1; Soldiers' Cigarette Fund, £14 11s. 8d.: making a total of over £107. This sum has been raised principally by the members of the band themselves by concerts and treats. Mr. George Macdonald was appointed president of the committee; Mr. James Rafferty was again elected hon. secretary, and Mr. J. Furnace treasurer; and Messrs. P. White and R. Richardson auditors. Mr. Edward Douglas was appointed secretary for the Soldiers' Cigarette Fund.

ROYAL SCOTS (MUSSELBURGH).—The band of the 3/6th Royal Scots (Musselburgh) is doing good service in the Borders. They have contributed not a little to the comforts of Border soldiers at the front. The local bands are greatly indebted to them for the assistance given; for in their present depleted state the bands of Gala, Hawick, and Selkirk are quite unable to render much assistance. Under the able guidance of Mr. Malcolm and Sergeant Alexander, the band of the 3/6th has made a great improvement in their playing since coming to the Borders, and comforts committees and the public generally are loud in their praises.

The band of the 3/9th (Dandies) continue to make progress. This is a younger combination, but every week shows an improvement both in numbers and all-round playing. They gave a concert at Galashiels, and another at St. Boswells, where they had bumper houses.

LEICESTER CLUB AND INSTITUTE BAND are keeping up well, and give a few programmes of music on Sunday mornings at their Institute, which has a membership of about 1,000.

LEICESTER IMPERIAL BAND have just had the misfortune to lose their bandmaster, Mr. S. S. Iliffe, who has enlisted. They gave a concert on March 5th.

IVANHOE BAND are having poor rehearsals at present owing to several of their members working late.

IBSTOCK UNITED BAND have lost one or two more members, but have several young members ready to fill their places. Mr. J. Underwood works hard for them as bandmaster.

COALVILLE CORONATION BAND are in good order musically, and have a good man in Mr. Clarke as bandmaster.

BARROW-ON-SOAR have a fair band and

A BEAUTIFUL QUARTETTE FOR TWO CORNETS, HORN AND EUPHONIUM, "THE SEASONS."
(See Special Offer.)

enjoy good rehearsals. A hard-working secretary is Mr. E. Sutton.

SWADLINCOTE BAND are not up to contesting form owing to several good men enlisting.

HULL MILITARY BAND have had to abandon all their engagements on behalf of the Red Cross and other funds in consequence of the disastrous fire at their bandroom, which destroyed the whole of the band's property.

PRISONERS IN GERMANY.—The Y.M.C.A. has recently sent to the prisoners' camp at Giessen, for the use of the British soldiers, musical instruments sufficient for nineteen performers. Under a competent leader an excellent brass band has been formed, and at stated intervals, as at noon on Sunday, this band is allowed to parade and play outside.

LEICESTER.—At the headquarters of the 2/1st Leicestershire Yeomanry, Bandsman E. Freestone, solo cornet in the band, has been presented with a case of carvers as a mark of respect on the occasion of his marriage. The bandmaster made the presentation on behalf of the band and trumpeters.

SILVERWOOD COLLIERY.—The members of the Silverwood Colliery Band held a very interesting gathering the other Saturday night at the Dalton Progressive Club; Mr. Fred. Wroe presided. Messrs. Carr, Barber, Ward, and other members gave musical items, and the secretary read the annual report, which showed the band to be free of debt and a good bank balance in hand. The report was unanimously adopted. Afterwards, the chairman said they had a pleasant little function to perform, and that was a presentation to their esteemed friend and bandmaster, Mr. Dodd. Mr. W. Ward (secretary) and Mr. James Grey spoke of the good and painstaking work of Mr. Dodd, and Mr. T. Fitzgerald then handed the presentation to Mr. Dodd, who suitably replied.

CRAWLEY.—The West Crawley Brass Band have sustained a great loss by the death, from wounds received in action, of Drummer Joseph Izard, Royal West Kent Regiment. Drummer Izard joined the New Army shortly after the outbreak of hostilities. He was a most popular and efficient member of the West Crawley Brass Band, playing first the solo horn and then baritone during the time the band was carrying all before it in competitions. A brother is with the 4th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment.

WEST HULL SILVER BAND held their annual tea and social on Saturday, February 26th, when about 180 bandsmen and friends took part. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Pegg. After tea a slow melody contest was held amongst the bandsmen, when eight silver medals and four other prizes (subscribed for by friends of the band) were distributed to

the winners by Mrs. R. Smith. The contest was adjudicated by Mr. R. Smith, of Beverley, and all were satisfied with his decision. Altogether twenty-one soloists competed. Later a social evening was held, about 300 people taking part. The affair was a great success both musically and financially.

BOURNEMOUTH.—The Mayor is appealing in the local press for donations towards the purchase of instruments for the band of the 1/9th Hants Regiment.

"BORROWED BRASS."—The question of raising funds for regimental bands arose at a meeting of a County Territorial Association. The Lord Lieutenant remarked to the Commanding Officer of a certain battalion: "Well, you, at any rate, will not need any funds. I see you've a fine lot of instruments." The C.O. laughed. "But we've got to return them all to the Salvation Army next Sunday."

PORTH.—The Cymmer Colliery Military Band, under Mr. George F. Martyn's inspiring direction, gave a splendid programme at St. John's Hall, Porth, and included an admirable rendering of a new march, "The Devil's Own," a frolicsome item, whose composer's name was not divulged. The overture to "Raymond," "The Gondoliers," and other items were also given.

THE PIPER V.C.—The Piper of Loos (Daniel Laidlaw, V.C.) was recently presented by the Musicians' Company with a gold watch during a concert at the Mansion House for wounded soldiers. The Master of the Musicians' Company (Mr. C. L. Collard) mentioned that four V.C.'s had been awarded to Army musicians during the war. Piper Laidlaw said a lot of people did not think there was much music in the pipes, but it seemed that the musicians of London took a different view. Afterwards he delighted the company by playing "The Blue Bonnets"—the tune he played on the parapet at Loos.

NORTH LONDON EXCELSIOR, under Mr. J. W. Pursglove, had a band of nearly forty for the Mayor's concert at the Northern Polytechnic last month.

NEWTON HEATH.—The Newton Heath Military Band have just held their second annual tea and social, at which nearly 200 sat down. The company included Councillor F. J. West (President), Councillor C. Godbert, Mr. W. H. Ogden, and Mr. G. Grattidge (Vice-Presidents), Mr. F. B. Sykes (Treasurer), and other officers. The Secretary (Mr. J. C. White) reported that the band had been formed two years, and eighteen of their members had joined the colours, besides others who had attested. Bandsman E. Millward has been severely wounded. There are still twenty-eight bandsmen working hard under Mr. Lyon, the conductor, who deserves great praise for his untiring efforts.

BUCKHAVEN TOWN BAND.—With

twenty-one players, mostly "Derby" men and miners, the Buckhaven boys are very busy with Mr. Terris, who gives them two practices a week, besides two with the orchestra.

GORTON.—The Gorton English Concertina Band report that the membership is keeping up to full strength, and the band are pursuing their way and their rehearsals as usual.

PENDLETON.—Mr. J. Baxter, the soprano player of Pendleton Public Prize Band, is fifty-four years of age, and has recently competed at solo contests at Waterhead and Stalybridge, and succeeded in getting the medal for the best soprano at each place. Quite a notable record. One of the cornet players, Sergeant Robert Briggs, Lancashire Fusiliers, has, we regret, died of illness at the front. The secretary reports the band can still turn out a full and capable band of their own members.

GREAT CENTRAL AND METROPOLITAN SILVER BAND.—The general annual meeting has just been held, at which all the officers for the past year were re-elected. Donations from subscribers are very satisfactory, and, with collections, the band hope to be able shortly to clear off the debt on the instruments and uniforms. During the year the band have paid no less than £120 towards these accounts, and, considering the fact of it being "wartime," this is excellent.

SPENNYMOOR TEMPERANCE.—In spite of all difficulties, Mr. J. Mutton and his band still endeavour to keep things going. In February they lost two young cornet players, and now they have lost a family, including trombone, euphonium and horn, besides which there are more to go as "Derby" men! Still, their motto is "Never say die."

JOHANNESBURG.—The Johannesburg Orchestra and Military Band gave a grand concert in the Joubert Park, Johannesburg, on Sunday, February 20th, when a well-chosen and carefully-arranged programme was given under the able direction of Mr. F. W. Peters, the musical director.

CHILD'S HILL SILVER BAND.—A quartette contest, in two sections, is being promoted by this band, to be held about April 22nd or 29th, when Mr. J. Reay will probably officiate as adjudicator. Mr. J. E. Unwin is the secretary, and his address is 71, Oakwood Road, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.

CRAVEN'S WORKS' BAND.—A presentation and concert were held in the Darnall Public Hall on March 18th last. The presentation was to Mr. A. G. Foster, and was made on behalf of the staff and work-people. An effective programme was provided, in which the band, under Mr. A. Prescott, took part, and the proceedings were in every way an unqualified success.

NORTH SKELTON.—The report and

balance-sheet of the North Skelton Hope-to-Prosper Silver Band show that, starting 1915 with a debt of £10 13s. 8d., the year's working has reduced the amount to £3 18s. 6d. Donations received amount to £19 os. 6d., while subscriptions from workmen amounted to £10 6s. 3d. From engagements £39 7s. 1d. was received. Considering the times the report is eminently satisfactory. Owing to the rough weather the practices have had to be suspended, but they are now recommencing. With so energetic a secretary as Mr. Walker, and Mr. T. Hunter as bandmaster, the committee and members all do their best to make a success, and they ably succeed in their object.

BANDMASTER PLUME, of Enfield Silver Band, holds a record which must be unique amongst London bands. He has been connected with this band for over thirty years.

DUNNIKIER PRIZE BAND have had a very successful contest, the proceeds of which were devoted to a fund for providing comforts for sixteen of the members who have answered the call. The contest, which was confined to playing members, was adjudicated by Mr. F. Farrand, who awarded the prizes as follows: Solo Contest, for basses only, Mr. J. Baird; Solo Contest, for other instruments—1st, Mr. J. Mills; 2nd, Mr. P. Hebburn; 3rd, Mr. W. Blair; 4th, Mr. R. Campbell; 5th, Mr. W. Smith. Mr. Robert Rimmer, professional conductor of the band, acted as accompanist. The proceeds realised £16, which will provide the sixteen members on the roll of honour with a nice parcel of comforts. The organisation of the contest does credit to the heads, as well as the hearts, of the promoters, and we offer our congratulations.

BANNOCKBURN TOWN BAND are promoting a concert with a view to raising sufficient funds to clear their uniform account.

BANNOCKBURN COLLIERY BAND have just held their annual meeting, when the financial report revealed a very healthy condition of things, considering the present crisis. The band is not only free from debt, but have a cash balance of £22 9s. 8d. Last year's officials were reappointed.

WINGATES TEMPERANCE PRIZE BAND were engaged at Bolton Victoria Hall on March 18th. There was a crowded audience, and every item was received with great applause.

THE BAND OF THE L.N.L. REGIMENT also paid a visit on March 22nd, when they showed the Bolton audience that they are possessors of a band to be proud of. They came from Blackpool to take part in the concert—Bandmaster J. Wright in charge.

HALLIWELL BAND are putting in very good rehearsals on Sunday mornings. Mr. W. Greenhalgh, their B.M., a Derby grouper, has been called up.

VICTORIA HALL BAND are once more in being, and doing very nicely under Mr. T. C. Mann, no member being eligible for military service.

BOLTON PARKS COMMITTEE have decided to engage a few of His Majesty's Guards Bands to play in the Queen's Park during the summer.

BOLTON QUEEN STREET MISSION BAND are busy leading the V.T.C. on their route marches.

ALVA.—An old and respected member of the band, Joe Yeats, is reported "killed in action." He had been a member of the old Rifle Volunteer Band, and afterwards of the Town Band. A widow and four children are left to mourn his loss.

DARVEL BURGH enlisted as a band in the 3/4th Royal Scots Fusiliers, and are now stationed at Loanhead, near Edinburgh. All the members were unable to get free, so the band has been made up by members from Bath, Newmilns, Bolton, Glasgow, Falkirk, Edinburgh, etc. Mr. Bennett, bandmaster, is in charge.

MANCHESTER.—The Manchester English Concertina Band have been busy fulfilling engagements as a result of their hospital concerts, and have received great praise for their performances. They are in some anxiety (pretty general just now!) as to what effect the "Derby" scheme will have on their members, but it resolves itself into a case of "Wait and see."

THE HECKMONDWIKE ENGLISH CONCERTINA PREMIER PRIZE BAND have been entertaining the Low Moor and District Old Folks (P.S.A.) at their tea and concert. Over 390 old people were present, and the band, assisted by other artistes, provided a most enjoyable entertainment.

Professional v. Amateur.

THE professional is inclined to flout the amateur, particularly the professional who has acquired a position in the artistic world more by hard work and perseverance than by natural talent, says "Lancelot" in the *Referee*. On the other hand, the amateur, while having a certain awe of the professional, is often inclined to think that he is more commercial than artistic. He or she who gained a living by any form of art was accounted a professional, but in recent years a considerable number of people who would not venture to call themselves "professional" take every possible opportunity of making money by what artistic skill they possess. This has widened the breach between the professional and the amateur, for the amateurs invariably take the "soft" things, partly because they have not the training to overcome difficulties and partly because they avoid the restraints which professional work imposes. This poaching on professional preserves is often a real grievance in all branches of art, but it is a matter which cannot be remedied by any passing of rules or regulations.

THE REAL DIFFERENCE between the professional and the amateur is training. Of course there are professionals who have been badly trained or who have received very little training. These are the shady members of the craft. Such will always be found, just as shady lawyers and doubtful doctors exist, but they do not do much more and they are likely to do less, for with the wider sweep of general education the public has acquired greater perception of what a professional should possess. The training of the professional varies from that of the amateur, because the former has to live by his or her knowledge, and the other has not. Hunger, or its possibility, is the greatest energiser in the world. It makes talent practical and genius sane.



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molto cresc. dim. ff
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