

Band Age

Number 43
September 4th., 1953
GRATIS

HERE'S YOUR NEW MANAGEMENT

EVERY YEAR ABOUT THIS TIME WE HANG out a sign called "Under New Management", although there are no rules governing the degree of novelty.

This year it's the newest committee of all time—except, of course, the first "new order" committee three years ago. Nobody got chucked out, but we had graceful retirements from Bill Voyer, Ken Voyer, John Withers, Eric Sutherland and Cr. Ern Gunn.

Now we're going to put a number after everyone's name, indicating the number of years they've spent already as committee members. Clear? Okay; here they are:

President: *His Worship the Mayor of Caulfield, Cr. Howard Sims, J.P. (3)*

Vice-presidents: *Cr. Bill Thomson (1), Mr. Ron Jarrett (1½)*

Secretary: *Mr. Ted Edsall, 3 Stone St. Caulfield (3)*

Treasurer: *Mr. Fred Howard (3)*

Committee: *Messrs. M. Long (1½), J. Wilson (1), A. Hurst (1), R. Bunton (½), G. Parsons (0), F. Bowden (0) H. Sly (0)*

That's the mob to run the band for the next year. Let's hope it reigns intact; last year a couple dropped out and had to be replaced—hence the half-years.

Let the committee direct the band with true directiveness; let it be truly successful in its successes. Let it be decisive in its decisions and deliberate in its deliberations.

The band has once again been granted a committee; let the committee then have a band to commit it.

Let us not neglect to thank the last committee, which was also wise in its wisdom, unanimous in its unanimity, etc. etc.

Let us indeed be thankful for a successful year, and hopeful of another.

Let us be thankful we have filled up the front page.

Thank you for reading it all.

Contemporary Number Three

WE RECENTLY LEARNED, FROM OUR READING of the 'Frankston Band Post', that a new band journal will shortly make its appearance. Party responsible is reported to be Frankston's co-peninsularian, Mornington Citizens'.

Splendid news! Makes a threesome of it! And, as Frankston gently reminded its readers, they were all alone and exclusive with the news—a big responsibility for a little paper.

So, they've made their little joke, and everyone laughed. We regret having omitted the matter from *Band Age* 42, but our reporters had a very busy month. They were all down at Chelsea interviewing the Chelsea City Band. Appears that Chelsea's new paper, 'The Reveille', is due out this month.

This makes three-quarters of the Eastern Bayside Group—the only bands beside Caulfield to have caught on to the idea of running a news-sheet. Only Mordialloc's left now, and they're keeping pretty quiet. We might send a man down to Mordi, to sniff out the sea breezes...

FURTHER AFIELD WE'RE NOVICES

Although blissful in our position of Victoria's oldest-established band journal, we blush with humility when reminded of the big thrippeny weekly that's enjoyed coast-to-coast spread in England for years and years. They call it 'The British Bandsman and Contest Field'—a pretty ordinary sort of title to the casual observer, but a chappie by name of Ord Hume gained some measure of inspiration from the initial letters.

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Much jubilation around the band room lately, but not entirely without a stray headache here and there. Jubilation followed hard on the receipt of our usual £150 subsidy from Caulfield Council; headaches are the property of Messrs. Committee, entrusted with Not Spending It All At Once.

Still, it all goes for a good cause, and next year maybe it won't get any further than our sorely overworked bank-book. Meanwhile a few private donations could be put to good use.

That's page 2 finished. Are you still with us?

OUT AND ABOUT

subject to alteration
SEPTEMBER

Saturday 5th Caulfield Races

Thursday 24th (Show Day) Caulfield Races

Rehearsals 8 pm Fridays, 10 am Sundays, Caulfield Park.

Marching Drill 10 am any Sunday, Caulfield Park (weather rules)

Learners 8 pm Mondays, Princes Park.

Committee meeting 8 pm Thursday 10th, Caulfield Court Room.

CHANGE OF TRADITION?

Strong moves are afoot to have Sunday morning rehearsals switched to a week night—probably Tuesday, if a hall can be discovered. We'd like to hear our members' views about it before swinging into action, if they care to let us know. Even the blokes who don't go to rehearsals any more can have their say.

RACES ARE ON THE MEND

The usual winter slump, or whatever it is that causes a periodic depression in attendance figures, is over—as far as the races are concerned, anyway. Anything else—rehearsals, contest preparations, marching drill—are still very much *infra dignitatem*, but the races—well, we've had some good bands there lately, and (keep this under your hat) tomorrow we expect to see Neil Anstee who, contrary to anticipation, hasn't fallen off the garage he's been building every race-day for the last six months. And Roy Osbourne'll be there, too—playing one-handed. The other one's broken.

Why the sudden enthusiasm? Dunno—but they've had a few long-priced winners lately.

Be in it, boys; although rehearsals are still on the nose, race-course recitals are just *THE* done thing.

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We've been nosing around a bit lately, and discovered that we're not the only band whose members won't practise—in fact there are others a long way worse. Seems that a sort of cloud has settled down over almost every band in the metropolis at least. Now there's several types of clouds—rain, dust, smoke, cirrus, war, gloom and fly-tox. But this one's a new sort of cloud.

It's a cloud of indifference.

ONE OF THE BAND

No. 29 — George Matheson

Introduced six months ago by Band League secretary Len White, George "Chummy" Matheson immediately turned around and won us two marching trophies; he's our drum major; or, to the uninitiated, the bloke who walks out in front with a big stick and a whistle—a combination which, in the hands of a man like George, is as good as any steering-wheel. Better, in fact; you can't make a motor-car turn inside out and double back on itself and still look the same, but George can make a band do that with his stick and whistle. Or he *could*; these days most members of the band reckon it marches all right without any practice. Smart, eh? That's nothing—same guys play all right without rehearsing.

AGE: Bald. OCCUPATION: Joiner. (*Only decent thing he ever joined was Caulfield Band*) RECREATION: *Giving us a hand with Band Age.* VICES: *Lifting other people's car hoods to see if they make the same noises his does.* STATUS: Married, no kids. PET AVERSION: *Cars that don't make noises like his.*

BADINAGE

Bloke on the wireless the other day told us all about a new type of Hammond organ someone's invented. Main improvement is that it "enables the player to change his combinations without moving his feet." All done with zippers, no doubt.

Haven't seen Barry Chambers around the band room lately. Seems he still gets most weekends off from Sale RAAF, but spends them fixing the car to get back again. Ought to be out for good soon, anyway.

Same bloke's been haning a blurt with Sale band, we hear. Good way to keep in trim, but we reckon one instrument's plenty for a normal or one-headed player.

Matrimonial bells: Max Howard last month, Hal Jobson this month, Frank Bowden next month. That cleans it up for a while.

1 month left to the spring contests.