



The Bradwell Bugle

Newsletter of the Bradwell Silver Band

June 2009

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From the Editor

Hello everyone

I'm writing this, just about to comment on the beautiful weather and now it's just started to rain! However, that's good for the garden and all things growing—and we're especially interested in what you've got surplus growing in your garden of the fruit variety—see below!

Maggie

SUPPORTERS CLUB

The second Supporters Club meeting was held at the school on June 4th. We are now planning for the forthcoming engagements, the next being the combined concert at Stantonbury on July 4th. Please start telling all your contacts and sell some tickets!

The Supporters Club has been asked to provide the tea for the performers and players during the break between rehearsal and the performance. We would be very grateful for offers of cakes or sandwiches for the day. Please let Maggie or Lisa know if you are able to help.

Also many thanks to Eve, Gary's wife for her kind offer to make some jams and chutneys for the Supporters stall. What we need now is produce to make them with! So by donating any your spare fruit, windfalls and ingredients would make the difference between a profit and not! If perhaps when you go shopping, an extra bag of sugar in your basket, and likewise, start saving jars again! We were so impressed by the generosity of response to the cake stall at the last event, that we're sure you'll rise to this next challenge! Thank you in advance.



Engagement Reports —by Keith Jones

Picnic In The Park, New Bradwell Sunday 17th May

Organised by the New Bradwell Parish Council, this was a new engagement for the Band and hopefully one that will become a regular event. It would seem that many people, including myself, were unaware that there is a park in New Bradwell, This is not too surprising as it is hidden away behind the houses of Queen Anne Street and Wallace Street, but it is a pleasant grassy area with a small playground.

Under our Musical Director Brian Keech, we opened with "When The Saints Go Marching In" and continued with items from our current repertoire which included a first performance of "New York, New York". We featured three soloists, Keith Jones on tenor horn with "Over The Rainbow". Vince Jarjadian on trombone with "The Acrobat" and Karen Wilson on flugel horn with "I Don't Know How To Love Him".

Sadly we were not blessed with the best of weather although we did manage to play out our allotted time. The weather was cloudy, windy and with some rain so we were again grateful for our fleece jackets which are smart in appearance and very useful for keeping warm. We were obliged to take cover from one particularly heavy shower but this soon passed over and we continued with the first half of our programme. Our interval allowed players to make comfort stops and partake of welcoming hot beverages. We managed to play the second half without interruption from the weather, indeed for a few brief moments the sun came out and shone on Karen as she played her solo!

It was a good performance and seems to have been enjoyed by the people who braved the conditions to come along. It was good to see family groups there and there would have been many who were hearing the band in concert for the first time.

Our thanks go to guest players Liz Keech, Lisa and David Huckle, Pete Eales and it was good to have Mike Sanders playing with us again for this engagement.

Thanks go to Robin for transporting the chairs and other Band equipment.

—oo00oo—

The Big Parade—an insight into an event that shaped Keith's life!!

My secondary education was at a boys only grammar school in South London. The school was very keen for its pupils to participate in one of the many out of school hours societies. The pride of these was undoubtedly the Combined Cadet Force (CCF). Divided into two sections, Army and Air Force, boys were encouraged to "join up" and dress up in real uniforms for their drills and occasional weekend camps. Run by teachers who themselves were ex-regulars, they all took it rather seriously but the CCF only seemed to attract the nerdy types. The rest of us thought it highly comical and would watch their efforts at marching with much hilarity.

One day it was announced that some bigwig in the London area Cadet Force had decided to pay a visit to inspect the School's pride and joy. Extra drill practices were held and the CCF was looking in good shape for their historic inspection.

The Big Parade—continued

The day before the parade, the headmaster was running through the arrangements with the Commanding Officer of the Cadets. They suddenly thought how good it would be if they could have someone play the “General Salute” as the V.I.P arrived. It was a good idea but there was a major snag. There was no one in the cadet force that could play a bugle. My elder brother - who was a member of the CCF at the time - and I played in the local Salvation Army band and although he was a competent tuba player, my brother did not want to risk humiliating himself by attempting to play the bugle. Instead he went to the CO and suggested that they got me to play it on my cornet.

Now you should know at this stage that I was not a member, had never been a member and had absolutely no interest in becoming a member of the CCF. I was hastily summoned to the headmaster’s office where I stood in total disbelief as they told me what they wanted me to do. They had heard that I could play the cornet and I was “invited” to become an honorary member of the CCF for one day.

I was provided with a uniform (horrible scratchy khaki material), a pair of well worn boots several sizes too large for me and instructed to stand in front of the parade as it was stood to attention and sound “General Salute”.

“Don’t worry, you won’t have to march or anything else” I was assured.

“Have you got the music?” I innocently asked.

“Don’t be stupid Jones, buglers don’t play music”.

“Well how does the tune go then?” I asked.

There followed what can best be described as an excruciating musical experience as the CO tried to sing the “General Salute” in a less than musical basso profundo voice. I just about got the hang of it and had less than 24 hours to prepare for the biggest day in the School CCF’s history.

As I turned to leave I was told to “Go and get your hair cut”. This being the early sixties, hair-styles were being influenced by the groups that were causing such consternation to the establishment at that time. My hair was not particularly long but it would have hung below the back of the beret and that was not to be permitted.

With no further ado, I left school and crossed the road to what in those days was called a barber shop. Glossy photographs were pinned all round the walls showing men with film star looks sporting desirable hairstyles. They must have been there for decorative purposes only as the grumpy old barber knew just one style of cutting. Flicking the cut greasy hair from his previous client off the chair, he motioned me to sit down. A grubby sheet was placed round my neck and I was at least given the courtesy of asking how I wanted my hair cut. “I’ll have a Tony Curtis” I said full of bravado.

Niftily wielding the scissors, the barber set about his work and I silently watched in horror as I received the basic short back and sides. It was all over in a couple of minutes and the barber held the up the mirror for me to admire his creation.

“Tony Curtis doesn’t have his hair cut like that” I feebly protested,

“He would if he came here” was the sharp retort.

/continued overleaf

The Big Parade—continued

I grudgingly parted with the cash I was supposed to be buying my dinner with and as I left was perplexed as the barber asked me if I wanted “something for the weekend”. ‘What was the old fool talking about?’ my young innocent mind wondered. ‘It was only Tuesday, why would I want anything for the weekend?’

Came the day of the big parade and I very self-consciously went to school for the first and only time in my army uniform. I had stayed up half the night to try and get some shine to the ancient boots, my brother, probably feeling a bit guilty in volunteering my services, at least helped me with the webbing and buttons.

A rehearsal was held in the morning and although I say it myself the “General Salute” sounded at least recognisable. “Well done Jones” the CO grudgingly conceded but pointing to my cornet said “You can’t play it on that silver thing this afternoon, you’ve got to do it with a proper Army bugle”.

As a thirteen year old you are always at a disadvantage in an adult world and without protest I was led to the CCF stores where an ancient bugle was produced. Goodness knows when this was last played, could have been at the Relief of Mafeking by the looks of it. It was filthy and I spent the whole of my lunchtime trying to clean it up. Having never played a bugle before I then had all of ten minutes practice before it was time to go on parade.

With my uniform fitting where it touched and touching where it fitted, I was like the proverbial bag of sherbet tied up with string. With a beret worn at what I hoped was the correct jaunty angle and my battered bugle clutched in my hand, I took my designated place at the front of the parade.

The Staff Car arrived, the door ceremoniously opened by saluting cadets and the big wig emerged. The CO nodded in my general direction, which was my cue to “sound off”. Fair do’s, it went well. I was feeling very pleased with myself and almost enjoying my moment in the spotlight.

What happened next turned me off the military life for evermore. The VIP escorted by the CO and other officers began to inspect the assembled ranks and being stood at the front of the parade you can guess who was inspected first.

They came to a halt in front of me and I could feel the eyes scrutinising my very un-military like frame. Give the V.I.P his due, he did say “Well played” to me before muttering something to the CO. The CO glared at me and then turning to his second in command growled “Take this cadet’s name, his boots are an absolute disgrace”

And so my glorious military career came to an end. No medals, no mention in dispatches, just one bugle call, one inspection and on a charge for being slovenly on parade.

The following day I returned my uniform, boots and bugle to the stores and fortunately was never asked to play again.

Keith

BIRTHDAYS & CELEBRATIONS!!



Do you have a special birthday coming up? Or perhaps a celebration—wedding or similar event? Don't forget the band is available for hire! They play a mean hymn in church (just how many players can you get crammed into a lady chapel in Great Brickhill?) and can provide entertainment for your guests before during and after the event.

See Robin for further details.

Engagements



June

7th	Lillingstone Lovell Fete	pm
13th	Stoke Hammond Fete	2pm
20th	Great Linford Waterside Festival	Midday

July

4th	Concert with the Northampton Male Voice Choir Stantonbury. There will be an afternoon rehearsal with the choir. Robin to advise.	7.30 (tbc)
11th	School Carnival	1pm tbc
15th	School Concert (including Development Group)	Evening (tbc)

August

15th	Drayton Parslow Fete	2pm
31st	Stony Stratford	1pm

September

5th	Newport Pagnell Show	Around midday ish
6th	Tin Hats	TBC
19th	St Mary & St Giles, Stony Stratford	

October

10th	St James, New Bradwell	7.30pm
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PLEASE NOTE DATES AND/OR TIMES MAY BE SUBJECT TO CHANGE—ROBIN WILL NOTIFY YOU AT REHEARSALS OF ANY CHANGES IN BETWEEN ISSUES



Bradwell Silver Band Membership List

Committee

Chairperson:	Sue Snoxell	Playing Members:	Karen Wilson, Gary Morris , Luke Colvin, Jack Wilson
Secretary:	Robin Allen	Junior Rep:	Sam White
Treasurer:	Dave Sanderson	Non Playing:	Michael White
Bandmaster:	Vincent Jarjadian		
Librarian:	Sam White		

Playing Positions

Principal Cornet:	Sue Snoxell
Solo Cornets:	Jack Wilson
	Bill Holding
	Gary Morris
Soprano Cornet:	Ralph Tatam
Repiano Cornet:	Clive Keech
2nd Cornet:	Sam White
	Brin Carstens
3rd Cornet:	Alison Drury
	Rachel Griffith
Flugel Horn:	Karen Wilson
Solo Horn:	Keith Jones
1st Horn:	Byron Cox
2nd Horn:	Luke Wilson
1st Baritone:	Position Vacant*
2nd Baritone:	Position Vacant*
Euphonium:	Fraser Cousins
	Luke Colvin
1st Trombone:	Vincent Jarjadian
2nd Trombone:	Lawrence Matthews
Bass Trombone:	Position Vacant*
E♭ Basses:	Dave Sanderson
	Joe Hillyer
BB♭ Bass:	Robin Allen
	Position Vacant*
Percussion	Steve Osborne

Non Committee Positions

President:	John White
Musical Director:	Brian Keech
Publicity Officer:	Position Vacant*
Magazine Editor:	Maggie Snape
Fundraising:	
Quartermaster:	Sam White

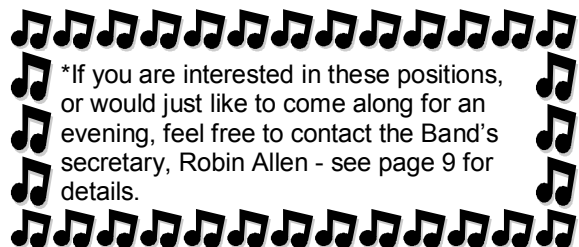
Honorary Members

Chris Coull	Brian Keech
Malcolm Hills	David Wilson
Jim Whyte	

Development Group

Jack Wilson	Jez Billingham
Orla Howell	Luke Wilson
James Fosch	Kay White
Lewis Wilson	Jack Nicholls
Steph Chappell	Rachel Griffith
Adam Chappell	Lucas Chappell

The Development Group is open to everyone, irrespective of age. So if you know anyone who's been thinking of taking up a brass instrument, get them to come along. No experience necessary.



*If you are interested in these positions, or would just like to come along for an evening, feel free to contact the Band's secretary, Robin Allen - see page 9 for details.