

not to mention that indispensable laser printer! Thanks most of all to **Margaret Ericson** and **Darcy Fair** for making our interview with **Billy McComiskey** possible. Finally, of course, particular bows to Billy himself, for patiently fielding the Editor's questions, and to the redoubtable **Marty O'Keefe** for similar endurance.

ASIDE FROM all the upcoming stuff on new

manufacturers, we have some eye-popping material on the horizon, including that interview with Hamish Bayne and a report on the New York "Big Squeeze" festival. A special interview with an ex-Wheatstone craftsman has been promised by **Colin Dipper**. Due to popular demand, we're also working on new repair articles for both concertina and accordion. In other words.....plenty of great material ahead! Until then.....*Onward to Squeezedom!*

### *In Memoriam*

## FRANK BUTLER: 1903-1992

C&S readers worldwide will join me in giving thanks for the life of our cherished friend **Frank Butler**, who died February 21st after a long illness.

Frank's career was in the educational publishing trade, but he will always be remembered for his lifelong association with the English concertina. He was a grandson of the renowned concertina maker George Jones, related to the famous Webb Brothers, and an exceptional player, arranger, composer, author, historian, *raconteur*, teacher, and performer. He was a founding member of the ICA, and introduced thousands of players around the globe to the English system instrument through his popular tutor *The Concertina*, which remains without question the best method on the subject to this day. For many years Frank taught evening concertina classes in London, and maintained until the last a lively correspondence with enthusiasts worldwide; he punctiliously answered an average of 450 letters annually. From 1927 onward FEB penned countless arrangements for the English concertina, featuring classical and popular music, including well over one hundred arrangements for treble and baritone concertina duets. He also made a number of arrangements for concertina quartets, as well as for other instruments; it is little known that Frank was also a superb pianist. His non-profit publications included *Concertina Mini-Tunes*, *Songs of Germany*, *The Concertina Workshop*, and several books of music for recorder groups. A frequent and always welcome contributor to these pages, Mr. Butler published numerous letters, arrangements, and articles in C&S including *Concertinas on the Commercial Road: The George Jones Story*, *The Webb Brothers: A Memorial*, and *Basic Music Theory for Concertina Players*. His name is practically synonymous with the English concertina and, I firmly believe, he was the instrument's ablest promoter for well over half a century.

Frank's last years were greatly troubled by the death of his beloved wife, Doris, and his own ill-health; from 1985 or so he could not hear music, but continued to arrange with his customary finesse and was able to play the concertina from music, much to the enjoyment of visitors; but increasing blindness put an end to this as well. I must say he bore these tribulations, heavy as they are for a musician, with the calmest possible patience and fortitude; I never heard a complaint from him—only typically matter-of-fact reports interspersed with his usual dry jokes.

Fortunately for the concertina world, not long before he died Frank presented me with the copyrights to a number of concertina arrangements including *Concertina Mini-Tunes* and a second, hitherto unpublished, advanced tutor for the English concertina, *Concertina Two*; all of which will be available in



due course—a wonderful legacy for all players of the instrument. Frank also specifically asked me to mention that his concertinas (including the magnificent red amboyna baritone formerly owned by Hubert Kennedy) will not be for sale; they are already being put to the best possible use by his daughters Valerie and Judith, to whom, speaking on behalf of our readership, I extend the deepest condolences.

Frank Butler and I corresponded for many years and I knew him to be as fine and generous a friend as one could ever wish for. He was always ready with eminently sensible advice and, being blessed with a delightfully understated sense of humor, had a wry quip or canny observation for every occasion, which made his letters a real joy. Frank had devoted admirers everywhere, myself first among them. He was, as we say, a lovely man. *Comprimere in aeternum*, dear F.E.B. —Joel Cowan

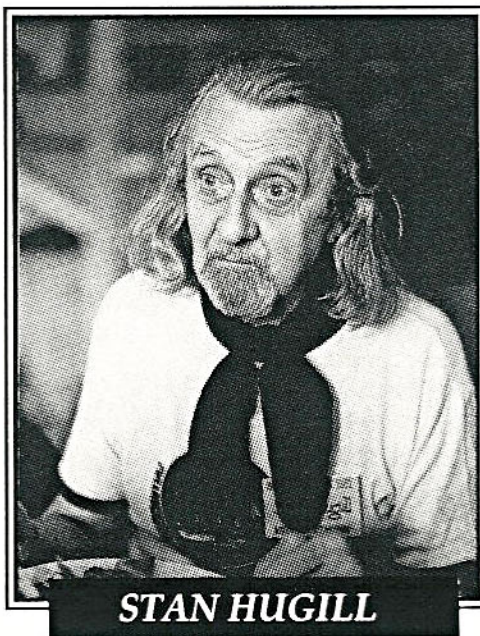
## *In Memoriam*

### STAN HUGILL:

1906-1992

I am sad to report the passing of my friend Stan Hugill—one-of-a-kind sailor, singer, writer, painter, historian, and maritime philosopher—last May at a hospital near his home in Wales. He was the last real-life shantyman of the tall ship era and our final link to a unique musical past which might have been lost without him.

A brief biographical sketch relates only some of the breadth of his achievements, musical and otherwise:



Raised in a seafaring family, Stan took to sea at an early age when commercial British sail was coming to an end. He served aboard the last British commercial square-rigger *Garthpool* when her career was ended with her wreck in 1927. Stan was her shantyman, and he recalls the last song he led aboard her the day before her demise was “Fire Down Below.” He continued to serve in steam and during World War II his vessel was captured and sunk by the German raider *Atlantis*, and he spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp. Later he became deeply involved with the Outward Bound movement and after pulling together a lifetime of sea song collecting, in 1957 authored *Shanties From The Seven Seas*, the 600-page definitive volume on maritime work songs and their origins. Other books on sailors and sea music followed, including the unique history of the portside sailors’ environment *Sailortown*. Stan toured America and

Europe repeatedly during the last two decades, performing countless concerts and lectures at museums and festivals while still finding time to turn out hundreds of maritime oil paintings. At his death, he left behind an as-yet unpublished 400,000-word history of the sailor.

Stan was wiry, durable, and tough, the archtypical sailor. Strong as an ox, he never hesitated to run up the ratlines to the topmost yard right up until the end. His “quack” (as he called his doctor) warned him to watch his health, but regular tots of Captain Morgan rum and the ever-present Peterson pipe full of St.

Bruno simply added flavor and aroma to the perfect ancient mariner. There were rumors among us that