

BOOMPS-A-DAISY INTO BATTLE!

New Marching Song Is In Waltz Time

B OOSTED by Jack Hylton in London "Boomps-a-Daisy!" has boomped into fame as a possible new marching song for the troops, in competition with "Tipperary."

But "Tipperary" should win, for the new crazy dance craze is in three-quarter time, and as it is at present the troops couldn't even goose-step to it.

Already strained by the new edict that platoons shall form in threes instead of fours, tradition would surely not stand for the spectacle of soldiers waltzing into battle.

Imagine a tank spinning round in a barbed wire entanglement to "Blue Danube" time. Marching to "Boomps-a-Daisy!" would be something like that. Only radical alteration of the time would make it in any way suitable.

Publisher Lawrence Wright co-operated with Jack Hylton and other prominent band leaders a month or two ago to give "Boomps-a-Daisy!" a sales push rivalling and finally outclassing "The Lambeth Walk." The bands featured it, bustle-ballets featured it, music shops featured it, and half the population boomped around London to the jingle.

Now, say the cables, the Tommies and Poilus have adopted it.

In New Zealand, the song has so far barely got beyond the news stage, and though the catchy melody has already been heard over the air, other popular songs have not yet been "boomped off" under the latest musical barrage. But both the song and the dance will be quickly learned. Simplicity is the big thing.

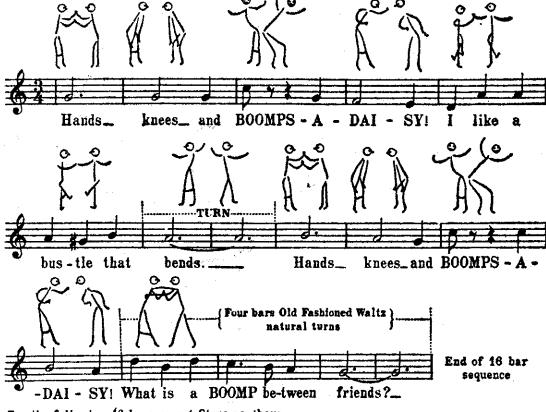
Roughly, the dance-step sequence is:

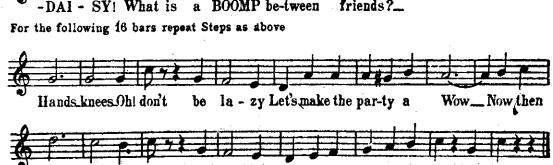
Partners face in and clap both hands, touch knees, rustle bustles, and bow. Then, holding left and right hands, spare arm poised gracefully, they

swing the inside foot across, then the outside foot, swing back to back again, and come into a clinch for a final waltz-valeta twirl.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres is getting on in years now. But she could still beat this one.

Below we give the music and directions for dancing "Boomps-a-Daisy!" as reproduced in English papers:—





hands knees and BOOMPS-A-DAI-SY Turn to your part-ner and bow, BOW-WOW!

THE NEW SERGEANT-MAJOR

[Composed by The Listener's tame poet while under the influence of "Boomps-A-Daisy."]

Solo by Sergt.-Major:

When I'm here on parade in the square, All the folk passing by turn and stare, For they say this seems quite crazy— The way they march to BOOMPS-A-DAISY!

When I spin, Birds fly in, Daisies fade;

By a waltz tune we are not dismayed. Liszt and Chopin seem quite trite, Raw recruits pale with fright, When the boompin' Major's on parade.

Chorus by company:

Our Major said
We never should,
Play with the fairies
In the wood.
If we did,
He would say,
Naughty men
To run away.