

Have Tuba Will Play

I was excused from work a half hour early tonight, so I decided to go to the inaugural [Bryan City Band](#) concert of the season. One of my best friends has played trumpet in the band since high school. The new director is someone I have known for the past umpteen years. I just learned tonight that Emily was the band director of the city's high school just prior to Mr. Krause's assuming the position. THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO! (sorry, Terry).

As I was making my way to finding a spot to enjoy the magnificent concert, I heard Carol shout my name so I ventured over her way and enjoyed the music together. Marches and medleys of tunes were the order of the day. Of course, my favorite selection was "Marches from Broadway" (imagine that). But there are many more great marches from the Great White Way than "Before the Parade Passes By," "Comedy Tonight" (wasn't aware that that is a march), and "Seventy-Six Trombones." In a grab bag from "The Fifties" we heard another ("March of the Siamese Children") as well as a reprise of those trombones and cornets right behind.

Next Wednesday (as I previously made known), I will be making my directorial debut. The director told me to be at the high school for rehearsal Tuesday night. We would run through my piece and then I could leave. **WHAT!?** **Sounds like a waste of gas to me.** Someone (I think it was either my oldest brother or my godson) suggested that we find a spare tuba. WHOO HOO! BRING IT! So, if they remember to bring the horn, I will not only be conducting but sitting in to play as well.

So... come on, come all. But, be warned, it is the week of the Jubilee so come early for prime parking. I'm not excited or anything.