

POLICE ASK SILENCE FROM TOOTERS AND BEATERS

By JOHN J. LEMON

The American Legion drum and **bugle** corps contest didn't end at Memorial stadium last night. Some of the musicians were going strong at 5:30 this morning on downtown Spokane streets.

Police eventually were forced to request the tooters and beaters to seek a little rest and give other citizens an opportunity to sleep.

Soon after the championship contests at the stadium were over, busses and private cars disgorged brilliantly uniformed bandsmen and high-stepping majorettes on downtown streets where they immediately assumed parade formation and continued their battle for supremacy.

The processions weren't confined to the streets and sidewalks, however. Many of the marchers closed ranks to single file formation and paraded through hotels, restaurants, clubs and taverns.

The Davenport hotel lobby was

crowded with drummers and buglers from 11:30 to 5 a. m. As soon as one unit completed a concert of one or two selections, another would take their place.

Sometimes several corps joined; other times, one group would play in one corner while another blared from across the lobby or on the mezzanine.

At six a. m. police found a bugler leaning from a fourth floor window, serenading another bugler across the street, who would respond in turn.

It took a long time for their enthusiasm to wane, but as the morning grew older, several of the musicians dropped from the ranks. A few **bugles** got off key and some of the drummers were missing the beat.

Many of the young majorettes stuck with their units until 4 a. m. today, but they weren't quite as lively as they appeared on the grass at Memorial stadium.

One majorette, about 17, with her chaperone in tow, halted Police

Sgt. Perry Miles and asked to be taken to the Parsons hotel. She wanted to get her batons.

"Another girl is trying to take my place with our drum and **bugle** corps," she explained. "I aim to be where I belong."

"Then it's best you go to bed, young lady," was the sergeant's advice.

Sometime after 5 a. m., a tired voice came over the telephone to Desk Officer James Read.

"I'm a veteran myself, but I just have to work tomorrow. Please ask the buglers at Trent and Howard to go to bed so I can get some sleep."

One would-be bandsman joined a group parading down Riverside at an early hour. In place of cymbals, he had appropriated two garbage can covers and was banging away beside the bass drummer.

After the sun rose this morning, remnants of bands from Everett, **Bellingham**, Spokane, Auburn and Seattle were organizing their own corps, and it didn't make much dif-

ference whether everyone was playing the same tune.

A few lone drummers or buglers bravely formed one-man parades as they made their way to hotel rooms and cars.

Even the bagpiper had his day. A small group from British Columbia with kettle drums, cymbals and a piper walked wearily down Main in the wee sma' hours. As they approached the Galax hotel the bagpipe emitted a final, worn-out wheeze.

There could be no better climax to a day and night filled with music of American Legion members than the little drama at the Davenport hotel shortly before 6 a. m.

Standing before the elevator doors was a paunchy veteran of World war I and his wife. As they waited for the lift to take them to their room the man whipped out a harmonica from his coat pocket.

Softly and sweetly from the mouth harp came the soldier's farewell to the dying day, "Taps."

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These guys knew how to party!