



The Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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During the last several years, something important has been missing in the Face of Fillmore. That something is a marching band in the July 4th Parade. While our parades are festive and quite impressive for our small community, they are quieter than they should be. I love a marching band and the excitement it adds to a parade. I love to hear the drum cadence as the band approaches with hopes they will stop in front of me and play a rousing Sousa march.

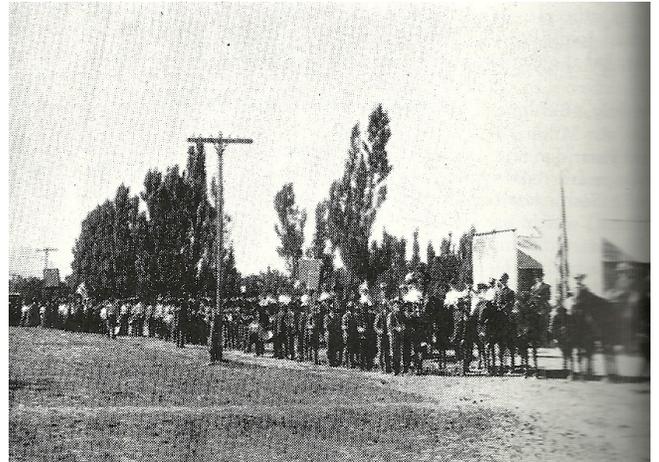
An exciting thing happened this last week. I was headed toward my clothesline to hang a load of laundry, when I heard drums. Their beat was loud and clear even though a few blocks away and I was excited about the possibilities. I called McKay Shields, the high school band director, and he assured me that I was not hallucinating, that I had indeed heard drums practicing in the high school parking lot in preparation for the July 4 Parade. While not the 76 trombones I had always hoped for, there will be a drum line marching in the parade and adding greatly to the festivities. Thanks to those who are helping this happen.

Parades had always been a great part of the history of our town, even on occasions other than Independence Day. Pictured here is the Blackhawk War Veterans Parade on Fillmore's Main Street in 1882.

Also pictured is the Millard High School Band of 1913 with band members (seated left to right) Jack King, Freeman Brunson, Noble Day, F. Earl Stott, director. Back row: Thomas Whatcott, Clyde Brunson, Rulon Starley, John Smith, Chauncy Childs, Adrian Frampton, Hart Johnson, Platt Trimble and Rulon Melville.

I asked a few longtime residents about marching bands and the name that came from all of them was Dallin Nielsen. His award winning bands excited the people of Fillmore. Being in the band was the "in" thing for the youth of the day.

As our own children reached the high school age, they became involved in the Millard High Band under the direction of Kirby Giles. Every early summer morning, our band students were up early to get to marching band practice. Every morning, that is, except one. We had had a busy week and when the girls slept it, I just let them sleep; thinking missing just one practice was not a big deal. Well, it was a big deal! As I listened, the



drum cadence got louder and louder, until I looked out and saw the marching band in our front yard. One at a time, as the drums beat, band members left their ranks to ring our doorbell and then return to their place in the band. It didn't take long for two embarrassed young ladies to throw on their clothes, grab their instruments and head out the door.

The emphasis has shifted in recent years but the drums I heard this week bring hopes of bigger musical things for the Face of Fillmore.