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## I'M WITH THE BAND

Mardi Gras parades start and stop abruptly. During one break in the action, a man in a black-and-purple windbreaker raced in among the band members and feverishly began handing out brochures and forms. “My name is Jeffery Herbert and I am director of bands at [Texas College](#), in Tyler, Texas!” he shouted. A whistle sounded, the musicians began marching away, and a cloud of forms went up in a gust of wind. “I was band director here in New Orleans, at St. Mary’s Academy and John McDonogh High School,” Herbert told me as he frantically gathered his papers. “And then assistant band director at Southern”—[Southern University](#), in Baton Rouge. “That’s where they got me and took me to Texas!” he said, as though he’d been kidnapped. “I need these New Orleans kids! I need their flavor!” His voice began rising. “I need that filé in my gumbo!” He bellowed at the receding backs of the Walker kids, “S.A.T., A.C.T., we don’t care! We take ’em!” Herbert excused himself and ran after the band.