

Chapter 33

Jazz in L.A., the Golden Years in the Golden State

Pitiable Parents of a Painful Punk

Lloyd woke from a sound sleep, stretched out across the seats in the central section of the 747. He gazed over at the attractive stewardess and sent her a loving smile as she passed by, returning his caring glance. He looked up at the ceiling of the plane and thought back to his early life in the States. He cringed that he now had to return to that cultural wasteland where he knew he would suffer many disappointments, setbacks, continual resentment and persecution from those Yankee retards who lived only for money, drugs, booze, cigs, junk food and just junk, while despising anyone who wasn't a carbon copy of their ugly ideal as dictated by TV and the lowest common social denominator. Lloyd knew he was in for a hellish future; but he had no choice. He had foreseen that Iran was soon to become very hostile towards the Yankees who had puppeteered the Shah and forced unwelcome Westernization with its so-called 'freedom' which was just license to commit any sin possible without any repercussions. And he had unwillingly prophesied, against all logic and his own common sense, that the streets of Tehran would run with blood; so he figured it might actually happen.

As he sorrowfully sighed about his impending fate, he mused "my first and worst mistake was being born." That would seem to be true looking at his abnormal, objectionable and uncomfortable youth. Lloyd was a real pain in the neck to say the least. But his parents were just as bad in their mishandling of the awkward situation. They wanted Lloyd to be a reflection of their high-class (or so they strived to be) status in California society since they had inserted themselves somehow into the Southern California Blue Book, the Who's Who register of Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Glendale and other not quite as 'appropriate' locations. Lloyd sort of remembered his untimely and uncalled for birth in a Glendale hospital, the room, the color of the walls and a nurse with the old fashion cap. Was he crazy (well everyone would stipulate to that) or did he really remember being shoved feet first into mundanity from a comfy spiritual pre-existence like a hesitant paratrooper vigorously and viciously shoved out of the airplane.

Fate played a practical joke on the young parents as well as on the hotshot know-it-all spirit eager to be born and to save the world from its stupid materialism. Just to be cruel to the young couple, the heavens assigned them a headstrong hard-line rebel whose life mission would be to expose and attempt to eradicate phoniness, worldliness and materialism at every turn. But instead of being born to Shia Sufi family, to a Guru in a cave in Kashmir or to an Amish or Fundamentalist Polygamist family where he could be heartily launched into his life's work, he got Sherman and Maxine Miller whose life's ambitions were to rise in southern California society including attempting to rub shoulders with Hollywood and Beverly Hills elites every chance they could. The heavens must have had a good laugh with this prank and wondered how it would all turn out, if it ever would. From the moment he was born, Lloyd was a little monster making his parents' formerly peaceful life almost unbearable.

As he grew up (as if he ever did), he would shout "stop me I'm going to break it" while he rushed towards an item of his mother's cherished Italian or French ceramic or crystal ware or some other precious thing. Mostly, they did stop him just before the sound of a crash would pierce the air of the otherwise peaceful plush neighborhood of Rossmoyne up on the hill in Glendale. Then he cut his little brat teeth on the legs or his mom's precious Italian furniture acquired in Florence when she attended a special arts academy there. Then when his mother and her uppity society friends from one of the various socialite charities she belonged to, like Las Benevolas, a group helping the crippled children's hospital or whatever,

were sitting at the card table in the living room alternating shuffling a double deck of cards, Lloyd would burst into the living room. He did everything he could to embarrass everyone out of resentment for their snooty social climbing. He would sometimes disrupt their bridge game by messing up the cards after his mom had so dexterously shuffled them downward, upward and every which way. Or he would make outrageous declarations like “mommy’s a Mormon; but she never goes to church and has whisky and cigarettes in the house.” If that didn’t embarrass his mom, he would grab some cigarettes from the fancy carved glass container in the living room and drop them down between the breasts of some of the more overly voluptuous ladies. Sometimes he might say outrageous things like “mommy says she hates all you old bags and can’t stand you coming over here.” When he was a bit less abusive, his mom might cheerily chime out that hated mantra “play some piano for the ladies, Lloyd.” Gag, that was Lloyd’s most detested phrase. He valued his playing, however unpolished it was in those days, and he hated to be just another tool of his mom’s social ascension.

Lloyd’s involvement with music started way before he could remember or even talk. His mother, who played C-melody sax and banjo in high school and later piano and who studied ballet with Pavlova’s partner Michael Mordkin in New York, later starting her own ballet school in her hometown Rexburg, Idaho, insisted that Lloyd be taken to performances of all kinds. This included symphony concerts, ballets, operas, musicals, plays, poetry readings, art exhibits, etc., etc. She also sent him to learn piano, ballet (very short-lived), ballroom dancing, acting, ventriloquism, painting (including finger painting), sculpture, crafts, woodwork, model making, horseback riding and even telescope lens grinding at Griffith park observatory. His mom had been quite an independent and talented lady. She was invited to attend the academy in Florence, Italy that was started by her schoolteacher from Rexburg. There she became a fencing expert and, with her roommate Polly, she staged a fencing match for Mussolini’s Brown Shirts who went wild throwing flowers and madly cheering. It was the first time they had ever seen female fencing experts and they were young pretty American girls. Then when she returned to USC in California, she started the first and only women’s college fencing team there. One of her friends, Evan Shaw, was head of the men’s polo team and encouraged her to establish the first women’s college polo team at USC since she was an excellent equestrian from her early years in Idaho. She was one of the first young women to have her own car on campus, thanks to her wealthy lawyer father and she became Helen of Troy, which was the highest honor attainable by a women student at USC. As for performing arts, she also innovated the concept of dancing to poetry and, during her USC days, created dances based on East Indian and Asian culture.

Lloyd’s dad who was a former football player back in his home state Minnesota and coach at Glendale College where he was coaching a big Armistice Day game which was slightly interrupted by Lloyd’s wrongful birth. Lloyd’s dad was from a large family of five brothers and two sisters in Minneapolis where their German father, a watchmaker from Frankfurt named Frederick Müller, made sure everyone played an instrument in the family band. Lloyd’s dad worked his way through Carlton College playing in a band with famous Chicago era cornet man ‘Doc’ Evans as pictured in the 1927 Carlton Argol. He met Lloyd’s mother on a college-sponsored trip to pre-war Japan. On the boat, some jerky prankster kid from Carlton grabbed Maxine’s round leather purse which looked like a football and started passing it around to his friends. Unfortunately, the purse was accidentally thrown overboard with all her money and identification, which cost her much torment and emotional pain to try to replace when the boat came into port. The college groups visited Tokyo then the beautiful quiet garden in Kyoto where Maxine was crunching along in the gravel when Sherm chided “hey could you crunch a little louder?” She spurted some sarcastically “mind your own business” and added that he was one of those no-good Carlton boys like the ones who lost her purse.

Eventually the rivalry ended up in romance and finally marriage. So Lloyd's dad also offered him every possibility, even if he was less than mildly interested, to excel in football, basketball, baseball, swimming, ice-skating, fishing, camping, boxing and judo while his mom trained him in ballroom dance, horseback riding and badminton. Lloyd's parents were classy dancers and often won the Charleston contest whenever one occurred at the various country clubs or social events they attended which were many, way too many for Lloyd's taste. But his parents took him to all types of performing arts events like symphony, ballet, opera, theater, musical theater, icecapades and a rare jazz concert. Once in the mid 40s, his dad drove him down a street in central L.A. where, according to his dad, some horrible Bebop was being played by crazy dope addicts Charley Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. He pointed out the 'decadent' zoot suiter 'bums' with their long coats, long chains their flat pie-pan hats and with alleged pockets full of marijuana. Lloyd didn't believe that it could be so bad and he liked the slick zoot suit look. Lloyd fondly remembered the night his parents took him to an L.A. Symphony concert to hear the famed double contra bassoon. It was a huge monstrous thing that had to be wheeled in on a special cart. Then everyone waited and waited to hear it play something, which it finally did at the end of the concert. For the final note, the whole building seemed to rumble and quake as the big old contra bassoon bellowed out a huge blast of a note so low no one could really hear it but only feel it as the floor and the whole building seemed to shake.

Fooling with Faith and Forebodings of the Future

As for Lloyd's religious training, that suffered quite a bit. He was drug to church by his parents who dropped him off for babysitting, it seemed, while they went to play cards or golf with their social-climber fakey friends. So although Lloyd didn't really care about church, at times he enjoyed some things. One such a time was when an important family from Mesa Arizona visited the Glendale West Ward and sat on the stand. Lloyd couldn't help but notice the two drop-dead gorgeous beautifully attired blond apparently twin girls who were children of the important guest. He might not have believed in religion much but he sure believed in those girls and developed a silly kiddy crush which lasted over a year. He would often go to church hoping that some day those glowing beauties might return. He was like an Aztec waiting for the return of Quetzlcoatl or Pacific Islanders waiting for another abandoned cargo to accidentally float ashore. Usually Lloyd would do rebellious things in church like singing alternative lyrics for songs in the hymnbook, replacing them with silly phrases or even once sitting outside against the church wall smoking. But one time something important sobered Lloyd for a moment. Apostle David O. McKay came to visit the ward and was greeting various members. Suddenly Apostle McKay noticed Lloyd lurking around and came up to him and warmly shook his hand holding on to it for a while his eyes radiated a special kindness and, for some strange reason, respect. Respect for Lloyd? Who could even stand him much less respect him. And why a Mormon apostle; it was too unlikely. Lloyd couldn't understand why this kind old man, who he didn't even know, was so interested in him. Later he heard from his mom that one of her friends, maybe Noreen Callister, noted that apostle McKay recognized Lloyd as a very special young man with an eventual very vital mission in life. That alleged mission, promised again later in a personal blessing by a Mormon patriarch, never materialized; so it must have been scheduled for way later in the next life if at all.

More information on Lloyd's possible future came when the family went on a trip to Indio in the southern California desert. His parents had probably foolishly bought a small grape farm. They wanted to visit and see if they could figure out if they were making any profits on the crops. On the way, they stopped at a then famous roadside stand where various fruit was sold and where there was a citrus tree that had branches from other citrus fruit grafted into it thus producing oranges, tangerines, grapefruits and

lemons from the same trunk. Lloyd got out of the car and was walking forward on the side of the road when a mysterious stone on the roadside written in a strange alphabet drew him like a magnet. As he approached the two or three foot high smoothly polished stone, he felt he could almost understand the curvy gentle lines of writing that was carved into flat surface of the stone and colored black, which years later he would come to know was classical Arabic. His parents came from shopping and shouted at him “hey where were you; what are you doing; you missed seeing the amazing tree?” Lloyd felt and heard a confident strong voice speak from his mouth emphatically affirming “some day I will read and write that language and live among those people.”

His parents angrily scolded “that’s absurd, what are you talking about you silly kid; get away from that thing and get back into the car!” Lloyd glared piercingly at them and reconfirmed “but I will, I know it!” His parents muttered in disgust and, all during the remainder of their visit there, chided and derided him for his stupidity. Lloyd was tough as nails from having to oppose his parents from almost the moment he was born; so their ridicule just confirmed that was right and that he knew best on this matter.” Later in life after becoming fluent in Farsi and Dari, adequate in Arabic and Turkish plus basic in Urdu, all languages that had been affiliated with the mysterious writing, Lloyd tried to find that stone again on a special trip to Mecca for that purpose and to buy dates; but he never could find it. He did remember that it resembled a passage from the Quran or something official with the same style of writing and he sometimes imagined he could almost see the writing in his mind.

Even after a resounding reprimand all the way home and several days afterwards, Lloyd decided to hunt down that curvy writing and learn it if he could. One day at the Glendale Public Library, he was snooping among the books and came across a book in Ottoman Turkish. He knew it was like the writing on the stone, so he checked it out and hid it under his shirt. When he got home, he hid it under his mattress so his parents wouldn’t persecute him for trying to follow his apparent revealed path in life. Late at night, he would quietly sneak the contraband book from under the mattress and with a dim flashlight try to read it letter by letter following the writing with his index finger. Of course he was trying to read the wrong way, from left to right as if it were English. In a couple of weeks, he had gone through the whole book twice until one fateful early evening, his dad burst into the room and yelled “he what are you doing, you little brat? You’re supposed to be sleeping!” His dad ripped the blanket away revealing Lloyd’s secret Turkish book. “What the samhill is this trash; are you trying to read that stupid stuff like on the stone? We’ll make sure Dr. Finkelstein hears about this!” Lloyd cringed thinking of that creepy little Jewish psychiatrist grilling him over and over about his being disturbed for liking jazz and now for wanting to learn Arabic script.

Lloyd started shaking worrying about the molding clay in which he had engraved a message in Persian cuneiform letters he had found a year ago in a book on ancient history. He wrote himself a secret message engraving the letters perfectly and then hid his ‘clay’ tablet in the top of the freezer compartment of the refrigerator on top of the frozen salmon. So he had been trying to learn Ottoman Turkish and had attempted to write in ancient Persian script; boy he could really be in trouble. He knew his uncle hated “Kikes” and “Niggers” and his dad occasionally supported that concept. It flew in the face of Lloyd’s love for jazz and admiration of traditional Negro jazz stars like George Lewis, Johnny Dodds and many more. Also most of his true friends in the various schools and camps he was sent to were Jewish; and the few of his parents’ classy and intelligent friends, as opposed to the motley crew of social climbing losers like the McDermitts and the McGees, were also Jewish. How about the many shrinks they had been sending him to; weren’t they Jewish? And, if they were so untrustworthy, why did his parents give them full control of Lloyd’s life? Actually, Lloyd did have to admit that, once in a while, a less than perfect Jew would show up in his life and those were mostly the sicker-than-any-crazy psychiatrists he had to endure.

Shrinks, Finks and Finkelstein

So almost the next day, Lloyd was off to be cured of his lingomania by Dr. Finkelstein because, not only did his parents expose Lloyd to all types of performing arts but they also exposed him to all types of quack shrinks. Since Lloyd was an uncooperative non-social even anti-social (especially anti social climbing) little brat, they felt he needed serious therapy from some the area's best (or most messed up) shrinks. These fun freaky little doctors with their thick glasses and sometimes thick accents were recommended to the Millers by their top drawer Beverly Hills Jewish friends who somehow had been 'helped,' or thought they had been helped, by the beady-eyed little creeps. Lloyd didn't really hate the shrinks; he mostly felt sorry for them because they seemed to be more disturbed than he was supposed to be. So he usually ended up trying to 'help' them. The Miller Buick pulled up in front of Finkelstein's and Lloyd drudgingly trudged up the stairs to the 'good' doctor's, to be grilled about his insane obsession over strange languages and, of course worthless jazz. As he was waiting the entrance of the doctor, he noticed a few Brubeck LPs in the doctor's record collection and, heaven forbid, a Bunk Johnson LP. Boy, now Lloyd could really get old Finkelstein if he tormented the poor boy too much about his jazz enthusiasm.

The doctor came in and sat down nervously chain-smoking cigarettes. He put on his almost pleasant personality, asking "so Lloyd, how have you been doing? Have you been good at school? Are you doing what your parents want you to?" He lied "yes I have" (sure, purposely doing the opposite of everything they want). Lloyd learned from a very young age that whatever THEY (whoever THEY are) wanted to make him do, he made a special effort to do exactly the opposite because THEY were always wrong. So if an ad said a certain cigarette or soap was the best, he knew it was probably the worst. When the big lie blurted out that some worthless white bread supposedly "builds strong bodies eight ways" he knew for sure that it would definitely eventually kill you at least eight ways. Old bald and nervous chain-smoking Finkelstein glared at Lloyd over his thick glasses resting on his big hook nose and declared "now were are going to look at some colors." He turned the lights off and flashed various colors on the wall from a slide projector and asked Lloyd how each one made him feel. The 'good' doctor was monitoring Lloyd's reaction and writing everything on a notepad even before Lloyd made any comments. Then he asked Lloyd how he felt about homosexuality trying to define the term in detail making Lloyd very queasy and uneasy. Lloyd wondered if the doc was trying to initiate a fruiting session or something which was interrupted when suddenly his witchy old bag wife burst in and declared "yer 3 o'clock is cancelled."

Lloyd sighed in relief when the doc turned the lights back on and, before he could interrogate further, Lloyd started putting the screws to him. "Hey doc," he started "when are you going to quit that sickening smoking habit, huh? It's gonna kill ya off. Is it because yer old wife is so mean?" Then he moved closer glaring directly into the old doctor's eyes exclaiming "it's because yer mom treated ya bad, right. Maybe you were in love with her and were scared of yer dad? How about you wanneda be a homowhatever you said with yer dad er sumthin.'" Then Lloyd grabbed the doc's cigarette he was starting to nervously light and tossed in the wastebasket shouting "stop it yer gonna kill yerself." Then he sat down and calmed a bit before he tried to talk the doctor into cutting down on smoking thinking up ways of postponing his next smoke. Soon poor old Dr. Finkelstein was so shaken up that he left the room. A while later, his mean wife appeared informing Lloyd that the appointment was over and to go outside and wait for his dad. That was fine with Lloyd who was sick of the whole rigmarole and didn't want to have to make up the usual stories to go with the stupid inkblot test. Lloyd was sent to

Finkelstein again the next day because he still maintained that he would learn the strange script and language and that it definitely would be part of his purpose in life.

But the next day, after his dad dropped him off, Mrs. Finkelstein came to the door and angrily shouted “he’s not here today” then slammed the door leaving Lloyd alone to try and figure out where he was and how to get home. He wandered down the unfamiliar street sobbing because he was hopelessly lost in an L.A. suburb somewhere. He was about five miles from his home and had no idea what direction to go. So he conjured up some confidence and sort of prayed for guidance; praying was not one of his usual activities. As he wandered aimlessly, he noticed a larger street that seemed familiar, with a name he thought he recognized. He took that street for a while and then another that seemed somewhat familiar. After trudging down various streets for hours he came upon road names that were more recognizable until he knew he was somewhere in Glendale. He kept going until he found Verdugo Road and finally was at the bottom of the hill by Glendale College.

He felt relieved and started up Royal Blvd. As he crossed Del Monte where the boys used to play touch football in the late afternoons, his dad cruised by in the Buick, stopped and shouted “where in the samhill have you been; get in!” Lloyd blubbered out the whole story about being sent away and having to find his way home somehow. Needless to say, Lloyd’s appointments with Finkelstein were cancelled and he was sent to another slightly less weird Jewish shrink the reset of the week, one who Lloyd ended up trying to ‘help’ because the doc’s wife was treating him bad. Eventually the Millers gave up and hired a Turkish language tutor to try to help Lloyd learn the strange writing. But since Turkish was no longer written in Arabic script, Lloyd lost interest and the whole language idea faded away. Luckily they never found and destroyed Lloyd’s ‘clay’ tablet on Persian cuneiform writing in the freezer. He was able to rescue it and eventually mould away the cuneiform letters.

A Persecuted Prey and Mad Dog Maniac

Lloyd was quite a pest and actually more of a victim at Verdugo Woodlands where he was in Mrs. Lamont’s 5th grade class and Mrs. Beduer was principle. Lloyd started calling her Mrs. Manure, which didn’t help his grades. He had to be summoned into the office on many occasions, one being when he stole a dime off her desk while he was there to be reprimanded for doing badly in fractions and other subjects. His mom was called in to discipline him that time and he truly felt bad and vowed to never steal anything again which promise he basically kept thereafter. Once, when the teacher was discussing the Indians and how they came to America, Lloyd stood up in class and said that, according to the Book of Mormon, some of the Indians could have come from a family who took a boat from Jerusalem and others who came on boats from Babylon and that the school history text was wrong. The teacher became angry and the all kids were really mad. So after class, the boys all ganged up to beat Lloyd nearly unconscious. In his bloody and bruised state, he crawled under the fence to the girls’ playground where they tended to his wounds the best they could and tried to cheer him up. They said he could always play in their playground where he decided to hide out for the rest of that school year. From that time on, Lloyd decided all boys were rotten and he vigorously detested them and only wanted to be around girls. Because of this anger that stayed with him for life, he was never a candidate to be turned homo by any older fruiters who he shunned and detested when they tried to accost him.

One time months later when the same vicious gang of boys from Verdugo Woodlands was hounding and harassing Lloyd and began punching him, he flew into a superhuman rage, picked one kid to pummel viciously and could have killed him. Everyone backed off in terror until Lloyd’s dad showed up to take him home thus breaking up the near murder. He made Lloyd shake hands with the boy, but then Lloyd

went into a rage again and once more started pounding the kid bruised and bloody. Lloyd's dad almost couldn't stop him. Obviously after that incident, the boys stayed away from Lloyd who they feared as an uncontrollable mad dog.

Another time that Lloyd went uncontrollably wild was during a neighborhood dirt clod flinging fight. He was captain of one team of boys and they were doing well pulling up and slinging muddy dirt clods from a recent rain. Then one of the mean boys from the opposing team ran up and pushed a big ugly wormy dirt clod in Lloyd's face breaking the unspoken rules of the war and Lloyd went crazy. He pounced on the little twerp knocked him down and was pummeling him nearly unconscious when his dad ran out of the house with a blanket to wrap Lloyd up and tie him in it then trundle him off to his room for an ice cold shower and a light thrashing. It took a long time to partially calm Lloyd down to only swearing and screaming. This was resolved by his dad forcing a bar of soap in his mouth on which he gagged and choked before finally shutting up. While he was shaking in a lump on his bed, his dad quickly ran out and gave a few dollars to the injured boy and apologized for Lloyd's improper behavior. Of course the neighborhood kids were left with a healthy respect for Lloyd as a madman, someone not to mess with. Too bad Lloyd's basically fun and happy personality couldn't win any respect with anyone. Lloyd's dad had been taking him to boxing class where Lloyd always wanted to run and not fight. His dad tried and tried to get Lloyd so he would defend himself. But that didn't work out. Finally Lloyd was enrolled in Judo and there he seemed to be comfortable since it was mostly defensive tactics like falling and rolling. Sometimes Lloyd could talk bullies out of beating him up. One time on the way home from school in a park near the Glendale Civic Auditorium, a big bully on a bike accosted him. Lloyd became friendly by talking about girls and bikes until the bully finally let him ride past on the little path.

Then Lloyd discovered he had a weapon in the form of his little pet dog. When the obnoxious neighbor girl kept throwing dirt clods and other garbage over their fence down onto the back patio by the avocado tree outside Lloyd's room, he constantly pled with her to stop. He bribed her with candy and quarters like he learned from his dad and even threatened her, but to no avail. Finally he worked and worked to somehow train his little dog Tippy to attack and bite viciously. Then late one afternoon, he quietly led Tippy around the back to access to the neighbor's back yard where the little witch was playing with some friends. Then he sicked Tippy on her with instructions "sick 'er, kill, kill!" Little Tippy lunged into action as Lloyd quickly scampered back to his room and pretended to be napping. The little bratty girl got bit all over and had ended up in the hospital which made Lloyd so happy to finally get one of his tormenters for a change. But his parents were not happy at all and little Tippy was immediately sent to the pound to be put to sleep. No one really knew that it was Lloyd who had trained the dog, so at least he didn't go to reform school over it. He was already being sent to classy fancy reform schools and summer camps anyway.

Fancy Camps and Summer 'Fun'

One summer camp that Lloyd's parents found out about from their snooty friends was Barton's School in Topanga Canyon, one of the hot shot schools he attended in 1946 where he ran around with and developed a kiddy crush on Sara Sue Dix, daughter of the famous cowboy actor Richard Dix. He learned to climb trees there and to cross over from one tree to the next. He also learned how olives were cured and how grapes were stamped by some of the girls accompanied Mexican guitar and violin music and how the juice was then kept in bottles until it became fermented. Some of the older boys at the camp sneaked into the wine shed and got a bottle. Lloyd was offered a few glugs, but he didn't like it at all. It tasted bitter and

especially didn't like the dizzy feeling. Also at Barton's, Lloyd was introduced to grass sledding, that is sliding down hills on a flat board or cardboard where dried tan colored grass became a slippery surface.

At Barton's, he was in his first play, *The Prince and the Pauper*, after which his mom decided to put him in a leading roll in a play in Pasadena. But he chickened out at the last minute leaving everyone without a lead and his mom in tears as usual. At Barton's, Lloyd learned a few magic tricks from his accordion teacher, but once betrayed the teacher by telling a classmate how it was done. That ended his magic and accordion lessons for the time being. Lloyd's real music interest was in the sound of a few instruments playing different things at once like he heard on the radio from time to time during the era of traditional jazz revival. At Barton's, in shop class once he got some of the kids tooting into various size metal pipes playing in counterpoint until the teacher broke it up. He tried it a couple of more times and knew that some day he would be playing music like that all the time.

Other than Barton's in Topanga Canyon, another excellent institution where Lloyd was sent for a summer was Ojai (pronounced ohai) Valley Camp located up the California coast near Santa Barbara. Although Lloyd felt he was being sent to a reformatory, it was actually quite plush and with excellent learning opportunities along with some needed strict discipline. The place was situated near the Sespe Wilderness where mysterious huge round boulders lurked in the river and on the hillsides. Campers would hike to the Sespe and sit on or occasionally slide down the monster boulders. At the camp, the usual big fat stupid red head bully immediately found Lloyd as his prime target for punching, slugging and kicking. Lloyd wrote about it to his parents who came up and his dad tried to bribe the bully with candy bars and quarters. But as soon as his parents left, the bully would still harass Lloyd whenever possible. A couple of weeks into the camp, there was an occasion where Lloyd was invited to play piano for the campers and he put on quite a show. Immediately after, the big bad redheaded bully came up and whimpered "can you teach me to play piano?" He cheerfully agreed and soon they were best friends. No one dared bother Lloyd with his newfound pal and bodyguard. Lloyd showed the bully and two of his chubby friends all the parts to six-hand Chopsticks and had them sounding fairly good. The next talent night, Lloyd presented his three disciples who stole the show especially when Lloyd came in on the last chorus with some jazzy tinkling on the highest keys ending as a seven-hand extravaganza. The bully and his buddies couldn't do enough for Lloyd; they gave him some of their coveted tasty greasy potatoes and sometimes sacrificed their deserts. Lloyd realized already at the age of ten that music was his only way to somehow exist in the otherwise materialistic mayhem of twentieth century society.

One of the fun events at Ojai was the trip to Carpinteria Beach with its vast sands and its little section of ancient tar. Lloyd had not yet become aware of the value of hugging and kissing girls and was still a bit afraid of cooties. But since girls were always his friends when the mean bully boys would beat up on him, he preferred to be with girls as much as possible and usually found a fun friend among the female population wherever he was. For the beach trip, although he acknowledged and respected his new bully friends, he spent most of the time with a quiet sweet sensitive little female playmate who had shared long deep (as deep as ten year olds can fathom) conversations and exciting slides on the monster boulders. They enjoyed the long day and gazing into the sunset over the beach before the bus gathered up the campers and trudged back up the hill to the camp.

An aspect of Ojai, which was valuable to Lloyd later on, was learning how to correctly ride horses. Lloyd relearned how to post a trot which his mom had taught him at a riding club in the L.A. area. She had been an excellent rider and expert polo player, so she made sure Lloyd learned basic riding. The instructor at Ojai explained "posting a trot is light and effortless using the motion of the horse rise up and sit lightly like there are egg shells on the saddle. OK? Let's try it; you match the rhythm of the horse rising up when the horse's outside leg goes forward; so: one two, one two." Lloyd quickly remembered how it

went; then they progressed on to canter and gallop, which Lloyd already knew to some extent, but now could improve. He learned both English and Western riding in his youth but never had an opportunity to continue those skills later in life. Ojai was just one of many elite and somewhat expensive distinctive locations where Lloyd would be sent for education and training. But the Millers went too far trying to control Lloyd's friends and forcefully insert nerds into his life who they felt were high class and respectful enough for him. There was Marsten from a 'good' family across town with his stupid long shorts and funny hat who was supposedly 'good company' or the boring sons of one of their social climber families where Lloyd was sent to build model battleships and aircraft carriers. That was fun but the kids were no fun at all. Mostly Lloyd's fond memories were of music, learning instruments and playing them.

Early Days of a Potential Jazzman

Lloyd often languished home alone many evenings while his parents were out partying with their California Blue Book and Hollywood or Beverly Hills friends. Or when he was locked in his room for some punishment which was at least a couple of days each week and the door was only opened for a moment two or three times a day to slip a plate of boring punishment food in, Lloyd spent the long lonely hours working on learning all the instruments around the house. He worked on his father's clarinet then, when he got tired of that, he worked on his mom's C-melody sax or banjo for a while before moving on to other instruments like the old cornet his dear friend Doug Callister gave him so he would stop playing on Doug's good trumpet every time he visited Doug. As for piano, since before he could walk, Lloyd's mom sent him to excellent teachers who threw up their hands in frustration because he had amazing talent, actually a rare and astounding musical genius as they all claimed, but he couldn't learn to read music and fought with every fiber of his being to not use written notes. After months of one of his teachers carefully training him to play some complicated piece for an upcoming concert, she just gave up on him warning his mom that he wouldn't learn to read the notes and was not memorizing the piece correctly but instead wanted to put his own ideas into it.

The day of the concert neared and Lloyd's mom was a nervous wreck because some of her society friends and their kids were going to be showcased at the concert. No matter how much she pressured him, Lloyd could care less about the silly concert and about impressing a bunch of snobby ladies. The concert day, Lloyd's mom was fit to be tied and at the end of her rope. She dolled Lloyd up to look presentable as a snooty hotshot almost rich kid and dragged him and herself almost in tears to the dreaded concert. The various kids played brilliantly as their mom's beamed with pride while Lloyd's mom sat hiding her tears. Finally, the teacher called out Lloyd's name as the next artist and then sunk into her seat with her head in her hands dreading the impending disaster. Lloyd strode up to the piano as if he had been born there, sat down and belted out the piece he was supposed to play with vigor, brilliance and power like no one was expecting from anyone that day. He added frills, arpeggios and runs and some syncopated jazzy innovations, which stunned everyone, present as they all rose to clap their hands red and yell out approbations. Lloyd slunk back to his seat paying no attention to the applause but just fidgeted hoping to be ignored and for the show to go on.

After that incident, Lloyd was not forced to officially study piano; but he continued picking out tunes and finding chords on the living room upright when his mom wasn't practicing some popular tune she was learning from her piano teacher Eddie Edwards. Meanwhile, Lloyd was encouraged to learn accordion. Lloyd was sent to an accordion teacher who had a large kids accordion band and eventually his parents offered to buy him his own accordion. One day they went to Southern California Music Company on South Hill St. in L.A. where they looked at various accordions. Finally, Lloyd picked a very expensive

one for the 1940s, a total of \$675, almost the price of an automobile. His parents were stunned, saddened and very uneasy at putting out such a large sum for something that might not be used to its capacity. After over an hour of trying to figure out how to pay for it, reassurances from Lloyd that he would put the instrument to good use and a few tears from his poor mom, his parents agreed. Lloyd was very happy with his new instrument and its various stops along with its powerful sound. However, his parents would bring up the mantra “we bought you that \$675 accordion” every time they wanted to make him feel guilty, which was almost every day. Lloyd did play it and did become quite skilled until his mid teens when he discovered that accordion was not cool when he began playing traditional jazz. But later in his college years, he used it often to play European music then eventually Cajun and Zydeco on paid gigs.

Piano, however, was the keyboard instrument that Lloyd would excel on. When his parents were out at night attending various social events, which was quite often, Lloyd would spend hours in the playhouse. It was their second garage on the vacant lot on the corner of Royal Blvd. and Puebla, which had a dance floor, player piano and a small workshop area where Lloyd built various things. He would sit at the player piano putting in piano rolls and pumping through various pieces. He would slow the speed down so he could see every key that was activated and follow it placing his fingers on the keys as they went down, controlled by the piano roll. After hours of following keys in both hands, he was able to crudely imitate the pieces in an almost acceptable manner. What Lloyd didn't know was that some of the piano rolls were cut by two pianists playing fourhanded piano. So sometimes he was trying to play fourhanded pieces with only two hands, but he could almost pull it off. At least he started out expecting more from himself than was really possible, and decades later; he was actually able to play things that were beyond any perceived possibility.

The Smog City Syncopaters

The first band Lloyd organized or was part of was a duo which included himself and his friend Spencer Dryden from up the hill at the top of Royal Blvd. Spence was interested in drums so Lloyd created two from a couple from barrels with the ends cut out and covered by tire inner tubes stretched over the ends and nailed to the sides. Often Spence would come down to the playhouse to jam on the homemade drums with Lloyd playing piano or pumping the piano rolls and joining in on clarinet. The two became best friends and, when Lloyd found from listening to Frank Bull's trad jazz radio show, that George Lewis was the epitome of 'real New Orleans jazz' and that the band with Bunk Johnson and George Lewis was the best traditional band ever to record except maybe Louis Armstrong's Hot Five or Hot Seven and Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, Lloyd and Spence tried to emulate that style. Lloyd lectured Spence that he had to learn to play like Baby Dodds.

One day when Spence finally got a real drum set, Lloyd visited him at his place at the top of Royal Blvd. Spence had been practicing hard so his cute sister Jenny popped in and suggested “hey why don't you stop that noise!” After she left, Lloyd noted “your sis is really cute” to which Spence made an ugly face like he was ready to throw up. Then he said “and what do you think of your sister?” reminding Lloyd that he was being uncool. Spence told Lloyd to sit down then he put on the Baby Dodds talking and drums album that Lloyd was to hear for the first time. Upon hearing the LP, Lloyd stared in stunned amazement loving every second of it. Then Spence pulled out two sets of sticks and did the nerve sticks trick that Dodds demonstrated on the album. He rattled the two sticks in each hand together with a very fast clicking sound. Then he proceeded to play all the tricky patterns from the album so perfectly that Lloyd couldn't tell it from the original. From that day on, Spencer Dryden was a full-fledged highly skilled jazz drummer in the Baby Dodds genre and later became a top modern jazz drummer before selling out to the specter of

rock, a disease that eventually ate away jazz like a cancer and turned potential intelligent jazz fans into monotone imbeciles. Even if rock was and is one of the most evil disasters of the century, Spence's exceptional skills from his youth when he played real music remained with him and his Jefferson Airplane band became a landmark group. That didn't make up for the fact that Spence became victim of the whole drug scene and other inherent rock and pop problems, even if he was a great musician, and it finally did him in. In their early days playing trad jazz, Lloyd warned that neither one of them should ever go modern and start playing that stupid Bebop.

One day years later, Spence came down to the playhouse when Lloyd was running piano rolls to learn new tunes and knocked on the door. He was wearing a very slick zoot suit with the tightly pegged pants, lowered belt loops and a skinny belt from which a long chain hung with his keys on the end. His coat was really long and had one button in the middle with another button sewed on the back of it. He had a bright pink Billy Eckstine or B-roll shirt with collars straight across that rolled up against his cheeks. He also sported a pie pan hat, a thin flat hat with the back curved up and the front curved down and a thin mustache with a small goatee. Lloyd shrieked with horror "hey man have you gone modern?" Spence slyly chuckled, "yea baby and I am packing heat" as he pulled out a small black automatic pistol what appeared to be a 22 or 25. Lloyd was devastated as Spence told him about the cool jazz jams he had been going to and how he was really into the hip style of drumming. Eventually, Lloyd also got into cool jazz but without abandoning his dedication to New Orleans and Chicago trad jazz. And he was becoming a rising figure in the L.A. jazz scene before he had to leave town in the late 50s to go to Iran.

But in the early days when Lloyd and Spence were the big deal in Rossmoyne during their pre-teen and nearly teen years, their band grew to a four piece group with Lloyd on clarinet, Buz Leifer, a friend of Spence from Glendale High, on trumpet, a trombone guy and later a piano man who called in when Lloyd went on the Frank Bull show as a guest and mentioned that their band, the Smog City Six (then only five), was looking for a pianist and a banjo player. Lloyd used to run around with Buz who Lloyd's dad had bribed to watch him. Lloyd was uneasy when his dad would sidle up to a new friend and slip a ten-dollar bill in his hand whispering "watch Lloyd and see that he doesn't get into trouble." His dad didn't even try to hide what he was doing and Lloyd had been embarrassed dozens of times by his dad in that way. When Lloyd was a lot younger, his dad would give a quarter or even a dollar to the neighborhood or school bully to protect Lloyd rather than beat up on him. It worked, but Lloyd was uncomfortable having his dad buy friends and protectors for him. And his dad couldn't be everywhere; so Lloyd got his share of beatings by bullies and gangs of school kids who didn't like him or hated Mormons because they thought it was the thing to do.

So since Buz was a spy on Lloyd's dad's payroll during, he drove Lloyd around places like to Glendale High where he had to go to a few of his classes before he, Lloyd and Spence could get together to practice. When he was sitting in Buz's car, Lloyd would sneak Buz's trumpet out of the case and practice it until he got pretty good. Once Buz came back from class early and caught Lloyd playing his horn. From then on, he took the mouthpiece with him to stop Lloyd using his horn. But Lloyd developed a new technique of playing without a mouthpiece using the side of his mouth to blow through the narrow lead pipe. He got pretty good at that technique until Buz caught him again and then started locking his trumpet in the trunk.

Buz had a very cool Deuce or 32 Ford hot rod, chopped and channeled, with a dagoed chromed front axle, ground cam, shaved heads and the works. One day after school, they were driving near the wash and Buz took a strange turn onto a street that somehow went down into the wash where a tiny stream of water was trickling along the center; but the rest of the cement bottom and sides were perfect for driving. Buz revved up his rod and squealed out cramming it through the three gears up to 60 in just a few seconds,

seriously scaring Lloyd and probably himself too. Then he drove up the wall on the right then over to the wall on the left which were at about 45 degree angles. That was really frightening and Lloyd protested that they should cool it in case the fuzz found them and hauled them in. After a few miles of dare-devil hot rodding in the wash, Buzz whipped into a sort of tunnel and out into another street before wending his way through the outskirts of Glendale back to the center of town, then onto Mountain and Royal to drop off a frightened but exhilarated Lloyd after making him promise not to tell his dad because Buz was afraid he would lose his watchdog job.

Lloyd had weaseled a driver's license out of Idaho on one of his summer visits to his grandparents in Rexburg since there the law was more lenient allowing 13-year-olds to drive to help with farm work. The sheriff was a friend of Lloyd's grandpa who was a big time attorney in town and a politician active in state affairs and even national politics. So with a driver's license, Lloyd could borrow his dad's big old Oldsmobile and gather his band up to go rehearse various places. One day, no one could find a place to rehearse because all their parents had events going on at their homes or for other reasons; so the Smog City Six (or Five) couldn't practice anywhere. Lloyd came up with one of his crazy ideas declaring "let's just stop somewhere and play on someone's front lawn until the cops come to chase us away and then we'll make a run for it to another front lawn somewhere."

The plan worked and, instead of people being angry, they actually came in droves from all over the neighborhood to hear the band and cheer them on. They still kept moving to avoid a possible visit by the cops until, in one neighborhood, the dreaded black and white car pulled up and two officers got out, sauntered over to the grass where the neighbors were sitting and joined the audience. Then at the end of the tune, one of the cops said "play Saints." The rest of the audience chimed in agreement and the other cop waived a pair of cuffs warning "yea or we'll have to take you down to the station." Everyone laughed and the band broke into Saints as the audience members and the cops sang along while the lawn and adjoining lawns filled to overflowing with fans. At the end of the tune, one of the cops said "hey you were disturbin' the piece, I mean the piece you were playin' cuz you didn't give the drummer a solo." Spence said "OK check this out" and went into one of his virtuoso Baby Dodds imitations that stunned everyone. Then the band helped Spence throw his drums into the car and off they went to another neighborhood, leaving their new fans waving and cheering. One other time that the Smog City Syncopaters (when they were only four) had a brush with the law was when the cops drove along the street, stopping for a minute to warn the band that they were possibly breaking a city ordinance and to finish their tune and move on. This mobile musical blitzkrieg became a weekly event for the band and was much better than a boring rehearsal and was a chance to become known. Eventually the band played their final and most illustrious concert for the Flintridge Preparatory spring festival the year Lloyd graduated from there as an under classman in 1952 before eventually going off to Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, Illinois.

Chapter 34

A Germinating Jazz Genius in Private Prep. Schools

Kicked out of Two, Accepted at Another

First, Lloyd's parents took him to Chandler where a few celebrities had attended. During his interview with the admissions director, Lloyd freely expressed some of his odd ideas and explained how he was a potential jazz musician. After less than an hour of questioning, he was politely but firmly informed that he was not Chandler material and his parents were called to take him away. Next, Lloyd

was dropped off at Chadwick in beautiful Rolling Hills near the beach. He had been reluctantly admitted on a trial basis and spent a week trying to make friends and fit in. His amiable Jewish roommate suggested they stash other friends' cigs and booze in Lloyd's drawers under socks and underwear for a party that night. Eventually, with the addition of a couple of scary switchblade knives and even a small loaded automatic pistol, Lloyd's dresser drawers looked like a police evidence room. Then Lloyd's roommate proudly showed some of the stash to a supposed mutual friend who immediately ran to snitch to the administration. Soon a group of officials poured into Lloyd's room and confiscated all the contraband, helped Lloyd pack up and had him ready for his teary-eyed parents to pick up and whisk away rather than suffer the scandal of police participation. As he left his room, the Jewish roommate hung his head choking back tears along with other new friends who thought of Lloyd as a kind of brave hero stashing their 'valuables' for the evening party. A semi-attractive potential Jewish girlfriend, Marsha Jaffe, tearfully slipped Lloyd her phone number and said "call me." Later Lloyd did, developed a nice friendship and even became part of her Jewish youth social group. Lloyd let them all believe that Miller was a good old Jewish name rather than being considered a Goy boy. Of course, his ski-jump nose was a bit suspect; but he soon picked up some of the lingo and, to his surprise, he finally had been accepted somewhere even if his parents cringed at the thought of him running around with a Jewish girl. That was hard to fathom since many of their dearest and most valuable friends were Jewish like the Oppenheims and similar Beverly Hills or Hollywood people of class.

So Lloyd was finally somehow admitted to Flintridge Prep. which prided itself on whipping the most unlikely boys into college material. At first, he used to walk from his home down Royal Blvd. to the bottom of the hill to catch the bus near the corner gas station across from the Glendale Civic Auditorium. On the bus, he usually sat with Clifford Kayman whose family were friends with the Millers. Most of the Flintridge kids were a bit weird, either really smart or a few of them emotionally or socially messed up. Lloyd was all of the above, so he fit in fairly well. The bus would go up Canada to Verdugo Blvd. then up the hill through the intersection by Montrose continually climbing. It went down to the corner of the Church of the Lighted Window where the road turns right into La Canada town then on Foothill for a while until it finally climbs up the ridge to the corner of Crown where Flintridge Prep. was located.

After a year of trying to succeed as a left-hander fighting those horrible right-handed half-desks which were the rage in the beginning of the 50s, Lloyd became accepted enough to finally obtain permission from both Drs. Lowery and Dickenson to live in the little dorm where his parents could be assured that he would be watched closely. Of course Lloyd was a prankster and troublemaker, like the time the Golden State milk truck was parked in the parking lot off the campus on Crown Street. Just to be a pest, Lloyd instigated everyone chanting "we adore Adore," then shifted the chant to "we hate Golden State!" Subsequently Lloyd was issued five of those dreaded demerits written up like traffic tickets on little blue printed papers. When a student got ten demerits, he was obliged to be at school on Saturday or several weekdays after school to participate in arduous physical labor, emptying garbage or doing other unpleasant tasks to work off the demerits. Lloyd was a demerit magnet with his inherent trouble making and his occasional pantsing of fellow students who were stupid enough to wear their jeans too low, a disgusting fad that attracted a few idiots in the 50s. Little did Lloyd know that in the 2000s the whole country would be forced like gutless sheep into this fad. After his 13th year, Lloyd realized that the big blood-sucking companies were behind the stupid ugly jean fad and he threw his jeans away forever to be free from corporate bondage. However, when he first attended Flintridge, he joined the We Wear Low Club but ended up not wearing low enough and instead pulling down the pants of his classmates to embarrass them and get a sadistic laugh.

Of course, neither he nor anyone else dared to give any trouble to a senior because each freshman had a senior tormentor who made sure the freshmen wore their ugly ridiculous-looking blue and white beanie caps all day long. They were forced to carry big pails of bricks, stones, or worst of all, full to the brim with water, up the unbelievably steep stairs from lower campus. If any freshman spilled a drop of water or disobeyed a command, seniors could whack them with a tree branch switch or worse with one of the painful paddles which all the seniors carried just to discipline freshmen. On several occasions, on the way up the steep steps, Lloyd would spill a few drops of water from the pail (or when a senior wanted to be even meaner, two pails) and he was ordered to refill and start all over again until he got to the top without spilling a drop. Eventually, he actually won the school record for getting two pails full of water to the top without losing a drop. No reward was ever given for following orders, just swats, insults and punishment for not obeying. However grim it might sound, resembling strict British academies of past eras, the harsh training seemed to build character in some of the hard-case delinquents like Lloyd. Actually, he was one of the few freshmen who finally charmed his way into the good graces of the seniors with his cheerful willingness to carry their books, their pails, or accomplish any other hard task set before him. The silly fool would even ask seniors for some task and sometimes no one could come up with anything other than remark that he was a good guy and the best freshman there.

But as successful as Lloyd became, no one could outdo the Smoot brothers, a pair of Jewish boys whose aloofness and obnoxiousness tried everyone's patience. They were best in every sport, the best in every class and generally a pain in the neck. But Lloyd stuck up for them and even unsuccessfully tried to be their friend. Once there was a near fistfight when a Catholic boy named Stamm was enraged because he thought one of the Smoots said "that's as funny as Christ on a cross." They claimed they really said "as Christ on a crutch." In any case, the result was a long period of shouting insults back and forth and furious red faces. Lloyd tried to go out to the front plaza near the dorm where he had been relaxing to make peace; but to no avail. Not even the administrators could calm it down completely. In the following days, Lloyd tried to talk to both Stamm and the Smoots to try and smooth things out; but he wasn't fully successful. He couldn't figure out why Jews were often blamed for the Savior's crucifixion since all his apostles, supporters, family and friends were all Jewish and it was actually the Romans who carried it all out. In reality, from what Lloyd had been taught in Sunday school, Jesus actually went completely of his own will because it was part of the divine plan. And from what Lloyd later learned, almost all the present day Jews are converts from the Khazar Turkic race and thus were innocently living on the Volga when Jesus was crucified. So they never killed any Old Testament prophets and never even knew Jesus.

Other than rough treatment from seniors, everyone in Mr. Jardine's shop class was in constant fear of hard swats and stinging snaps from Jardine's long rubber medical tube with a knot at the end. He freely stretched out that tube and snapped it hard into the right butt cheek of anyone who made one little mistake in drilling a piece of wood, forgetting to both glue and nail a project, forgetting to glue both pieces of wood or some other infraction of his exactly strict rules. Every afternoon when the shop class was over, the last person to clean up their area and stand at attention was given swats by the whole class using a mean looking and meaner feeling paddle that Jardine had fashioned just for that purpose. So no one could really avoid pain in shop class; just thinking back on it would always bring a sting to Lloyd's rear. Once Lloyd dared to kid around with Mr. Jardine and called him Mr. Sardine. He got double swats and several snaps for that. But even then, occasionally Lloyd's prankish nature lead him to start making an 's' sound before immediately changing it to 'j' as Mr. Jardine's face would turn red with anger before breaking into that evil sadistic grin as he threateningly pulled his tube in preparation for a potentially painful snap. Lloyd and Jardine had a sort of amiable relationship although Lloyd suffered many black and blue marks for various infractions, some for pranks or some for cleaning up late and other times for

being a ‘Spanish mechanic’ as Jardine called anyone who did sloppy work. The result of that strict training was that Lloyd became a very careful craftsman, which later facilitated his ability to eventually make Persian and other instruments.

The one time Lloyd was issued a record number of 20 dreaded demerits was when he was caught with a radio in grim Mr. Smith’s English class. Lloyd had discovered a wonderful blues station hosted by black disc jockey Hunter Handcock or ‘old H. H.’ He enjoyed hearing Hunter’s radio shows at his home on Royal Blvd. until one day his dad caught him listening to ‘that Negro music’ when he was supposed to be studying. So his radio was taken away but to no avail because soon he used his hard-earned lawn mowing and weed hoeing allowance to buy a crystal set kit and quickly build his own little radio he could listen to through a small earpiece. Hiding under the covers in his bed, he could dig old H. H. and pick up cool ideas for his piano styling. One day he decided to take his crystal set to school so as not to miss H. H. or Frank Bull’s trad jazz show. He hollowed out a large book with a pocketknife and hid the crystal set there. So in English, when Mr. Smith asked Lloyd to conjugate a sentence, he noticed that Lloyd was distracted. Smith marched over to Lloyd’s desk and discovered the earpiece wire. He grabbed the book, opened it and to his horror found the crystal set. Not only was Lloyd listening to unapproved music on a cursed radio, but he had carved the insides out of one of Smith’s favorite novels. Lloyd was in big trouble and not only got plenty of demerits but also got the dickens from Dickenson as well.

Lloyd had been one of the serious problem kids his first year at Flintridge in 1949 as noted in remarks by co-director Dr. Dickenson who wrote on a report card that Lloyd was “creating a certain amount of disturbance” and in another report card “we are still having a great deal of trouble with his classroom behavior.” Maybe the right-hander-only desks could have been part of the problem. In any case, by 1951, Lloyd had been reformed somewhat and was accepted to have a coveted spot in the small dorm with a handful of other students where they would watch *Dragnet* on a black-and-white TV and eat chocolate-coated marshmallows on graham crackers at night. He did occasionally play hooky and sneak off campus. Once time he took off with a friend to visit downtown Pasadena; yes, ugh, the place the Millers hated because it was way beneath their Glendale dignity. On the way back to Flintridge on a more classy street they noticed a girls school. Just for a silly prank, they sneaked up to the wall around the swimming pool and peeked over. No one was there, so they climbed over the wall and flopped onto the cement on the inside ready to do some serious sightseeing. At first no girls appeared, then three very hot looking slender yet beefy babes appeared out of nowhere and ran up to the boys and started hugging and kissing them even knocking them down and sliding on top of the traumatized yet tantalized kids.

After having been seriously kissed and crushed under the weight of two of the beauties, Lloyd slithered out from under them and seemed to recognize one of the girls. She also beamed with joy at recognizing him and they both blurted, “Barton’s?” Then Lloyd gasped “Sara Sue, wow you are gorgeous.” He shouldn’t have encouraged her because she and her friend wrestled him to the ground again and were starting to get real fresh when he struggled away and started running around the pool. They were right behind him giggling and grabbing his arm or leg trying to get him back on the ground. So in a panic he boldly and stupidly jumped into the empty dry pool, and not in the shallow end. He felt his ankle wrench and learned later that it had been broken, taking almost a month to heal with the stupid cast with signatures and all. The girls worriedly jumped into the shallow end and ran to help him. All three braced him up to get him back to the ground level where they propped him against a tree. Sara Sue held him in a fond firm embrace comforting and kissing until he felt his lips would wear off. He tried to talk amidst all the unrequired love and did get to say a few words. She told him that the school was very strict and they never got to have any boys around. She admitted that since Barton’s, she still loved him madly (he didn’t know she did back then, they were too young to even care). She promised to hunt him down later and

marry him. Just about then, Lloyd realized that these poor gals had become delirious from lack of male presence and it was unfair to bait them any more by being there. Using the excuse that they had to get back to Flintridge or turn into pumpkins, the boys got the girls to help them over the wall to freedom and safety where Lloyd could limp with the help of his pal back to the Ridge where his parents had to come and take him to a broken foot specialist.

Sneaking off to Beverly Caverns

One day after his foot had healed, Lloyd turned off the radio after hearing his favorite disc jockey Frank Bull announce that Lloyd's idol, clarinetist George Lewis, was playing at the Beverly Caverns that weekend. Lloyd had once gone to the Caverns a while back to hear hard driving New Orleans Creole Trombonist Kid Ory. He remembered how he had to trick his dad into driving by there one night on their way to some party with their Blue Book society friends. He had heard Frank Bull mention "the Beverly Caverns right on the corner of Beverly and Ardmore" and had asked his dad if they could drive by there some time. When they did drive by, his dad warned that it was a bar and kids were not allowed there because alcohol was served. He noted that none of the Miller family, none of his siblings nor the Miller parents, had ever touched a drop of alcohol and it was bad to go to bars. Lloyd always wondered why his parents had all kinds of hard liquor up in the top kitchen cupboard at the house on 1510 Royal Blvd. in Glendale's plush Rossmoyne area and why they had so many parties where their friends were obnoxiously drunk if booze was so bad. Lloyd remembered unfondly how occasionally drunks would stagger into Lloyd's room with a member of the opposite gender, also totally plastered. They would harangue Lloyd about their problems, sometimes slap him around and usually flop onto his bed for some sloppy and disgusting quick sex. Once in a while, when a lone drunk burst into Lloyd's room, Lloyd was even able to do some positive counseling and help the poor wretch. After spending hundreds of hours with goofy shrinks, Lloyd had gotten a knack for 'helping' people with emotional problems.

Anyway, Lloyd had seen the Beverly Caverns and had noted where it was in comparison to Glendale. Something like from Glendale Blvd. down Hyperion then Silver Lake to Beverly. So one night he attempted a daring escape from his dorm room at Flintridge Prep. up in La Canada near Pasadena. Pasadena, of course, to most folks from Glendale was a lesser place that had substantial populations of Mexicans and even a few Blacks, a place to avoid. Glendale prided itself on having apparently no Mexican, Black or Asian population and if any such people wandered into Glendale, they would be stopped by the city police and kindly guided or driven back to L.A. or wherever. Of course, a good Japanese gardener with a legitimate purpose was always welcome. In spite of the fact that the high-class 'good' families of Rossmoyne would get cold chills at the mention of Pasadena, Lloyd's grandma Miller, believe it or not, actually lived in Pasadena. So little old ladies from Pasadena were somehow not necessarily tainted by living among the ethnics. Grandma Miller lived right on a main part of the Rose Parade route; so all the Millers and sometimes friends would collect on her lawn to watch the parade before the Rose Bowl game for which Lloyd's dad occasionally finagled tickets for from some Lions Club or Glendale College colleague. It seemed that boarding at a school almost in Pasadena wasn't too much of a step down for the Millers because La Canada and Flintridge were somewhat snooty areas and Flintridge Prep. was touted as the best and most successful college preparatory school around. In the 1950s Flintridge was a very strict boys academy with harsh, sometimes military type discipline, yet Lloyd became somewhat comfortable there since he had been kicked out of a couple of other high-class schools for various circumstantial situations and foolish decisions.

One evening Lloyd left the window of his dorm room ajar, placed his pillow and some clothes under the covers to appear as if he was asleep, quietly climbed out the window, slipped under the chain link fence at a spot some other students had dug out a bit and slid down the hill to the street. He crossed Foothill and continued down the steep road towards Pasadena turning right on Oak Grove continuing on to Linda Vista before Devils Gate Dam. He continued on to Colorado Blvd where he hitched a ride through Eagle Rock and on to Glendale Blvd. then Silver Lake Blvd. which became Beverly. He thanked the driver and got out near Ardmore and went into the Beverly Caverns where he used his tallness to appear old enough to be there and than dodged the waitresses for just long enough to hear Kid Ory play a typical growly solo on a slow blues. From the tonic in a slow arpeggio, Ory blasted down the notes of a Bb chord to the lower tonic; Ory played “deta do **do**, and deta do **do**,” then “detadodo, detadodo, deta do **do**,” he growled a couple of times on the semi-flat third blue note before resolving to the tonic then again resting on the fifth. It was very simple but full of emotion and power that churned the listener’s soul. Lloyd kept moving to avoid buying a drink since he had nearly no money. Then, after about a half hour of enjoying Kid Ory’s potent and pleasant trombone blasting, he decided to leave before he could be caught. He made his way back to Flintridge by hitch hiking and fast walking. Luckily he made it back to his dorm room before the sun actually came up and fortunately he remained undetected.

So now Lloyd rested on the small bed in his dorm room overlooking the cars occasionally passing by on Foothill Blvd. He gazed out the window in the direction of Sacred Heart girls’ academy remembering the time the fire on that hill required evacuating all the girls. Flintridge was quick to help with upper classmen driving their cars up the hill to help bring the girls down to safety. Sacred Heart shared an occasional dance or party with Flintridge where the girls, under supervision of the sisters, could dance with the preppies but using the Arthur Murray position only. No close dancing, and absolutely no bunny hugging where the girl would stand on the guy’s feet and they would hardly move but would just hug tight and kiss often. If anyone dared try that, a nun, maybe in conjunction with a Flintridge representative, sometimes Doctor Dickenson with his dark wavy hair and imperative eyes, would push the couple apart. Lloyd was not really interested in such social events and his romantic contact with young ladies was limited to nearly nothing. The few times attending Marsha Jaffe’s Jewish social club was as close to a romance and social life as it got that year. As he rested on the bed, Lloyd’s tall slender Central American roommate was sitting at his desk playing some very fast Spanish tune on the radio that went “*quanta le gusta, le gusta, le gusta, le gusta, le gusta le gusta le gusta*,” etc. As a first-year Spanish student, Lloyd asked “so it means ‘how much I like it’ or something, right?” His observation was semi-confirmed with a reluctant nod as another Central American native entered the room. After some very fast chatter in Spanish about plans for the evening, the two friends left as Lloyd called out after them “*a la onze, yo sero sovando*” attempting to let them know he would be asleep by the Saturday night curfew of 11 p.m. when they returned.

It was after 9 p.m. when Lloyd nervously slipped into his nice clothes, set the window so it looked closed but wasn’t locked, then sneaked out the back door finding the loose spot in the fence where he slid to the street in a thump and crept up to the corner of Crown and Foothill where he crossed the street then followed Foothill down the other side opposite La Canada city. It was a steep drop into the darkness. But it was a pleasant darkness in a quiet nice residential area with plush greenery and plants, mysterious in the early night with the moon reflecting off large shiny green leaves. Like on the first time he had escaped to the Caverns, Lloyd turned right on Oak Grove as the incline leveled off continuing on to Linda Vista with a hillside on the right. Lloyd (nicknamed ‘Walker’ for his quick, steady and long striding gate) kept up the speed as the road curved on towards Devils Gate Dam. He harbored a spooky remembrance of the time he and his dad spent the whole afternoon waiting to see what happened to an old car with three drunk Negros

who had crashed into the bottom of the dam killing all of the poor fellows. When they were pulled up, their corpses appeared green, maybe from all the booze; it was weird and scary. If Lloyd had been with a classmate on this escapade, he would have frightened him with on that dark street by offering a gory exaggeration of that whole incident. But himself, Lloyd wasn't afraid of anything anymore. After suffering in Mr. Smith's English classes and dozens of Mr. Jardine's paddlings and swats, he was only scared of getting caught off campus and being issued a whole pad of demerits.

He continued on with Devil's Gate Park on the left until he reached the old bridge, the fateful site of the accident. He kept right following Linda Vista around the hill then a long walk under beautiful trees in the mysterious moonlight past nice homes. He continued downwards in the middle of the street since there was no sidewalk, not knowing exactly where to go but following his instinct in the direction of Los Angeles and Hollywood. He noticed a familiar name Glenoaks, which was splitting off Linda Vista up the hill to the right. It felt like over an hour since Lloyd had left the dorm when he finally came to Colorado Blvd. where he turned right in the direction of Glendale since he knew that street would end up there eventually. Lloyd was fairly tired by now; so he looked back to see if any cars were approaching and saw a pair of faint head lights in the distance. Walking backwards, Lloyd stuck out his right hand thumb hoping that the car might stop. To his surprise, the car squealed to a halt and the driver stated "hop in, where ya headed?" Lloyd complied and replied "Beverly and Ardmore."

To his amazement the driver said "oh, Beverly Caverns, huh? I saw George Lewis there last week; he's great. But I liked him better on the recordings with Bunk and Baby Dodds." Lloyd stammered in stunned amazement "you dig New Orleans jazz?" The driver smugly philosophized "hey man, who doesn't?" During the long drive through Eagle Rock, Lloyd and his new friend discussed Bunk, Bunk's band with Baby Dodds and his recording with the Yerba Buena band along with some of the other unwelcome innovations that had crept into Pure New Orleans jazz. When they crossed Verdugo Road, Lloyd knew they were passing through the outskirts of Glendale especially when they traversed Chevy Chase. When they hit Glendale Blvd., they turned left until it became Hyperion which curved slightly then went right becoming Fountain, a few blocks later crossing Normandy where the driver let Lloyd out since he was driving into Hollywood. Lloyd thanked him and got out as the driver pointed the way down Normandy to Beverly. It was a bit more walking before he got to Beverly and then two streets right to the corner of Ardmore where the Beverly Caverns stood like a monument with its gray walls and the name clearly carved on the side with letters painted black.

Meeting George Lewis at Beverly Caverns

Lloyd's heart pounded faster with anticipation of hearing George Lewis in person and also from fear that, as an under age teen, he might be refused admission because, no matter how plush, it really was a bar. He stood tall and conjured up an air of self-confidence hoping that his six foot two height might pass him off as old enough. He strolled into the club greeting the doorman noting "wow, George Lewis, he recorded with Bunk and, according to Frank Bull, is one of the last exponents of authentic New Orleans jazz." Lloyd strode on towards the men's room snooping around for the break room since the band was not playing. He finally found it and entered with an air of authority walking right up to George Lewis whom he recognized from album cover photos. He shook George's hand declaring "I play clarinet too and just love your style; I try to sound just like you." The kindly, mellow-mannered, dignified, thin black gentleman self-consciously looked down and then smiled back "thank you." Lloyd, still holding on to his hand firmly, asked "can I get your autographs?" George agreed and helped pass around a 3 x 5 card Lloyd had brought from school as he shook hands with the all-star cast. Big friendly trombonist Jim Robinson,

short banjoist Lawrence Marerro, shy bassist Alcide ‘Slow Drag’ Pavageau, sparkly pianist Alton Purnell and a trumpet man who Lloyd hadn’t yet familiarized himself with since Bunk had always been his favorite. Lloyd was about to leave when George blurted out “hey, don’t forget Joe.” Again, Lloyd only acknowledged Baby Dodds as the real authentic New Orleans drummer and wasn’t really aware of Joe Watkins yet.

After collecting all the signatures, Lloyd made his way out into the club as the musicians returned to their places kicking off with a wild rendition of Down by the Riverside. The first ensemble chorus was an unbelievable tapestry of George’s great singing sound, lilting up and down arpeggios from the lowest concert D available on clarinet up to F above high Bb with Jim powerfully punctuating each measure, jumping in on root notes just before they were due and occasionally sliding downwards a half step or quarter step to a blue note or the 2nd. The trumpet floated along intimating the melody while hanging back. But no one was skilled in denying the steady beat of a solid rhythm section like Bunk. Alton pounded hard on the piano with both hands, octaves with an occasional 5th in the left and triad chords in the right, sometimes the left pounding out the 4 beats with the right beating accented punctuations or the other way around. Marerro’s strong banjo strummed a steady 4 in exact unison with Drag’s thumping snapping bass. The only disappointing part of the band was Joe’s drumming which Lloyd felt was a sell-out to the Swing Era using a steady ride cymbal which seemed to undermine rather than assist the solid rhythm section. It was too modern and contrary to the traditional solid clacking on the bass rim with the fat part of the sticks, often two sticks at once, and only occasional Chinese tom or cymbal punctuations as favored by Baby Dodds. But Joe’s vocal work was nice. After the ensemble chorus, Joe came in with “down by the riverside I’m gonna lay my weapons down” while George furnished a tasteful noodling background in the lower register. Then George took a stunning sincere and spiritual solo joined by Jim’s punctuating trombone which strengthened each idea with tasteful yet simple counter phrases.

It was quite a juggling act for Lloyd to keep moving around the club behind the tables so as to be difficult to accost by the aggressive waitresses who continually asked if he needed a drink. On top of being under-age, Lloyd had a total of maybe 30 cents in his pocket which wouldn’t buy anything. Finally he picked up a half-full tall glass left by a departing customer and pretended it was his. He quickly jockeyed himself into the territory of another waitress who wouldn’t remember Lloyd or that half-drunk glass. Lloyd just held on to it but had no interest in what was in it. The band played favorites including Closer Walk With Thee starting slow then speeding up at the end. Joe sang the phrase “only thee dear Lord, none but thee.” Those words stuck in Lloyd’s head for decades, being remembered by him during various tragic experiences in his life that always brought him back to the reality that most everything in life is temporary. He eventually realized that what really counts is God and our appreciation of His blessings because we are all “just a little while to stay here” as another favorite New Orleans standard relates. He eventually learned that whatever is other than God might be taken away from a person until he finally understands “only thee, dear Lord, only thee.”

Lloyd had to keep moving about for the hour he was at the Caverns before a manager eyed him with a glare of disapproval and kept suspiciously glancing at Lloyd until he decided it was time to leave before being caught and also so he could return to his dorm before dawn. He made his way towards the door and the manager followed him out into the street. The manager accosted him with “so too young to be in there, huh?” Lloyd hung his head in shame and then boldly declared “I just had to see George Lewis, I am a clarinet guy and he is my idol.” The manager smiled warmly and put his hand on Lloyd’s shoulder “that’s OK kid, a lot of great cats learned jazz by sneaking into places or listening outside of clubs.”

Back to Flintridge at Midnight

Lloyd thanked the manager for his understanding and waved goodbye as he headed up Beverly in the direction of Glendale past the church at Alexandria and past Vermont down a hill until it became Silver Lake Blvd. He trudged up Silver Lake ever onward until Parkman where he went slightly left a block to Sunset which was a familiar street from trips to Hollywood with his mom. There he turned left towards the foothills that seemed somewhat recognizable. When he came to Griffith Park Blvd. he knew he was in more familiar territory since he had visited the Griffith Park Observatory to see star shows, learn about dinosaurs and for his failed attempt at grinding his own telescope lens. He turned right on Griffith Park past Lucille up a hill through a nice area until Effie where he stopped to get his bearings and noticed the next street to the left was good old Hyperion which he had traveled many a time with his mom, a street which would go to Glendale for sure. Hyperion Ave. became Hyperion Way that curved slightly through a residential area and past where there were stores that Lloyd recognized. Eventually, he went under an old bridge then was on a familiar bridge that indicated he was coming into his hometown Glendale with Forest Lawn to the right. When Hyperion finally became Glendale Blvd., Lloyd was getting tired of the long hour plus walk, so when he saw the dim headlights of a lone car in the distance coming his way, he stuck his thumb out and was amazed when it stopped. "Are you like lost man?" the young driver asked. "No, just was just at the Beverly Caverns digging some great New Orleans jazz and getting ideas for my clarinet playing." The driver threw open the door and instructed "get in and hip me to the scene." Lloyd leaned back as the car shot off up Glendale, continuing "like I went to dig George Lewis because he is so cool and now I have to get back to my dorm at Flintridge Prep. before they find out I split." The late teens driver introduced himself "I'm Sol and I'm just groovin,' nothing to do back in Beverly Hills. I'll run you up to Flintridge but you gotta hip me to how to get there." Lloyd sighed in relief, "cool, man. I wasn't diggin' walking all that way. Just keep on headin' up Glendale to Verdugo then left."

"Since you're a jazzman and a cool cat you'll dig this" Sol assured as he slid open the ashtray revealing a stash of half a dozen big fat funkily-rolled joints. He picked one up, lit it, took a long drag, holding his breath and just letting enough air out to sputter "have a toke," as he passed it over. Lloyd didn't want to appear unhip or uncool; so he pretended to be interested although he never liked pot because he hated constantly dropping his keys or being victim to hunger attacks which would end in stuffing down so much pizza that he would become nauseated. And non-stop uncontrolled laughing over nothing seemed to be actually square and not groovy. Lloyd pretended to take a big toke, sucking in more air than pot before passing the joint back declaring "this is some cool gauge." Sol agreed "I'm hip man, some really good weed from T.J." Then he asked Lloyd where he was from and Lloyd responded "Glendale" but added that he hung out with a few Beverly Hills people like Marsha Jaffe from the social club. Sol straightened up, his eyes widening "you know Marsha, man?" Lloyd proudly responded "yea, she's a *shayne maidel*, a *bisel zaftik* but a *tstaskeh*." Lloyd took another toke and continued "you dig *Yid maidles* or *shikseh* chicks?" Sol questioned "you a *Yid*, man?" Lloyd responded "no, just a *meshugener goy* boy, a *komisch klutz shaigitz*, a *bisel krank*, maybe even a *dumkop eisel chamoole*. Man, you're a real *mentsh* to *schlep* a *nudnik schlemiel* all the way to Flintridge; it's a *mitzva* and I got a lotta *chutspesh* askin' ya."

Sol stared in disbelief at Lloyd's ability in Yiddish and continued up Glendale Boulevard until it became Verdugo road then veering left on Canada at Verdugo Park, when he asked "this is like how you get up to Flintridge, right?" Lloyd nodded a yes and accepted another toke against his better judgment noting "we fondly refer to it as Pimpridge 'cause of some of us losers up there." Then Sol stated "if you dig really groovy beer, I got some Bach beer in the trunk." He pulled the car over and yanked a couple of

bottles from a six-pack in the trunk then he climbed back in. As he drove on, he handed Lloyd one of the bottles. "You'll dig this stuff" he said popping the cap with an opener that was hanging from the rear view mirror. Then Lloyd popped the cap on his beer and sat back sipping and chatting as they continued upward through Glendale now on Canada going toward Montrose. Sol invited Lloyd to come to dinner with his family in Beverly Hills which he eventually did and had great food and some laughs with Sol's family. His dad told the joke "why did the guy stop to watch when a Mercedes crashed off the road? The guy explained: I always wanted to see if a Mercedes bends." That evening in Beverly Hills, since the boys didn't have wheels, they tried to hot wire a car and got it to go a few blocks before it finally sputtered to a halt.

So upward they climbed as Canada and Verdugo rejoin by Oakmont Country Club then on to the intersection near Montrose, climbing up higher then down into La Canada. As they came closer to Flintridge with Lloyd giving directions, Sol said "man, like you can take a bottle of Bach beer with you if you want." Lloyd was excited at the possibility of having one even if he would have to hide it really well. When Sol came to Crown, Lloyd said "just let me off here and I'll get back in through the fence." He put the beer in his belt, waved goodbye to his new friend, crossed Verdugo to the school fence and climbed the cliff-like hill and through the open spot in the fence. It took a lot of straining to get through that spot at the top of the steep incline. When Lloyd reached the top, he caught his breath and found a flat sharp stone which he used to help dig a hole deep enough to stash his prize beer bottle. Lloyd carefully and quietly slid the window open and crept into the room and into his bed. He thought he heard his roommate turn over and maybe realize that he was sneaking in; but there was no indication of that the next day. Except that when Lloyd couldn't keep his mouth shut about the great Bach beer he got from a friend and buried somewhere, the word must have circulated enough that a few days later the beer disappeared. Lloyd never found out what happened to it. Did the administration find out about it and just confiscate it rather than have a scandal or did his roommate and or one of his friends figure out where he must have buried it and dug it up for a little party? Lloyd figured that, if his roommate was somehow aware of his escape and escapades, loosing a beer to pay for silence is worth more than a stack of demerits and another grim report to his poor parents.

The high point of Lloyd's days at Flintridge was the spring festival where his New Orleans jazz band, the Smog City Syncopaters, played to an audience of very enthusiastic fans. The band included the masterful trumpet man Buz Leifer from Glendale High, the cool trombone guy Lloyd found when he went on the air on Frank Bull's jazz show and invited people to join his George Lewis type band, Lloyd's dear neighborhood friend Spencer Dryden on drums and Lloyd's friend and occasional trumpet man Benjy Jackson's sister Faith on piano. It was a landmark band with a great sound for a bunch of kids. Lloyd recorded the concert and cherished the tape until it was left and lost at Todd School for Boys when Lloyd was whisked away for accidentally mildly injuring a pal when kidding around. Another Flintridge highpoint was when Lloyd graduated in 1952 and Mr. Smith, with his characteristic 1920s hair parted exactly in the middle, actually sort of smiled at him for the first time ever, admitting that his English might be acceptable someday. He also got a friendly handshake and encouraging words from old man Jardine without any swat or snap. "Well now you ain't no Spanish mechanic; you'll be a good woodworker" Jardine had to admit. Even Dr. Dickenson with his wavy black hair was unusually friendly. Maybe it was the great band Lloyd put together for the fair or maybe they were just glad to get rid of him.

Chapter 35

Todd School for Boys in Woodstock Illinois

In 1952 Lloyd's parents decided to send him off to the famous Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, Illinois. Todd was a real new experience for Lloyd who had only visited the Midwest a few times on trips to Minnesota with his dad to fish in various lakes using leeches and other odd bait. Lloyd hated having to find leeches and, even more, he hated them finding him whenever he went for a swim. Then cleaning fish was another pet peeve that disgusted him and made it difficult to force down a meal of the final cooked product. Visits to Minnesota were sometimes fun when he stayed with his uncle Dave at the cabin and tried (but always failed) to water ski. He usually quickly ended up in the water rather than on it and wading to shore to pick off those ugly fat black leeches. But when he was given the afternoon to cruise around the lake in the motorboat, he had a chance to experience new places. One time on a drive from the lake to the Twin Cities, uncle Dave was raving on and on about how the 'niggers' and 'kikes' were ruining the country. Lloyd boldly countered that really great jazz musicians like George Lewis, Bunk Johnson and his disciple Louis Armstrong had made valuable contributions to America's culture. Also he asserted that Jewish people had contributed extensively to the arts and sciences and, if they got ahead more than non-Jews, it is because they were just better. Uncle Dave wouldn't be convinced; so Lloyd remained silent and was finally glad to get away from the racial haranguing and to be back at the lake and the leeches.

So Lloyd was talked into going off to Todd school because of the great music program, the month on a Florida key to learn sailing and for other reasons. Somewhat reluctant and apprehensive, he joined his parents climbing into the family car to drive to the L.A. Union Station. As they were walking towards his train, Lloyd was engulfed by a group of friendly Negroes carrying instrument cases. It was the George Lewis band who all remembered Lloyd's visit to the Beverly Caverns and thought that Lloyd had come to the station to meet them. Of course, he played along and chatted with each of his idols, George, big Jim, Drag, Lawrence, etc. Lloyd's parents finally urged him along towards his track as he waived farewells to the jazz giants. His mom asked, "how do you know those men?" He responded "oh that is George Lewis the clarinet guy." His parents knew how much Lloyd was enamored with George Lewis and his band but couldn't figure out how he had a chance to meet them since they played at the Beverly Caverns where kids couldn't get in. Luckily, Lloyd was rushing off to catch his train so it was easy to change the subject to which train car he was booked on. Lloyd was shown to his car with instructions what to do when he got to Chicago. His parents tearfully hugged him and wished him well as the Pullman porter called out "all aboard" and the train chugged off. As they traveled eastward Lloyd enjoyed, the panorama that was different from the automobile Route 66 which he had been on for several trips to Rexburg, Idaho. He thought back on those trips starting when the Miller family had an old funny-looking black box-shaped car with two round metal air coolers at the top of the windows fastened to the outside of the car filled with ice and a bit of cold water. Those things were a lot of trouble to keep filled with ice or cool water and they didn't seem to cool very well. Lloyd's mom always suffered from the intense summer heat when crossing the Nevada desert. They took Route 66 for a ways then up to Nevada and through the middle of that grim state passing little towns like hot and dry Tonopah and Ely before finally getting to Twin Falls, Idaho then Pocatello, Idaho Falls and Rexburg. It was a hellish trip every time and Lloyd's delicate mom really suffered.

Lloyd's memories were interrupted by the porter calling out "dinner is served in the dining car." Lloyd closed up his room and followed the porter who eventually asked "you know George Lewis?" Lloyd answered "yes, why?" The porter continued "Cuz you was talkin' to him and his band back at Union Station. I been on a couple of trains with 'em and dey's really great guys." Lloyd couldn't agree more and added that he was also a clarinet player and someday was going to visit George in New Orleans. Lloyd had a nice dinner and returned to his room to practice a little clarinet before the porter came to pull down his upper bunk bed and chat more about New Orleans jazz. Lloyd always treated blacks as teachers or gurus because of their deep wisdom. He never understood why whites usually tended to treat them like hired help or servants. Finally, Lloyd arrived at Chicago and as he stood near the door with the window down he could see several huge powerful engines pushing or pulling various strings of cars different directions. The power of the stream and the huge wheels always fascinated Lloyd who would watch the trains come and go at the little station in Rexburg in the 40s when he was visiting his grandparents. The train station was only a few houses from the Adams home and he loved to be at the station to see a train pull in and leave. He knew the pattern; to slow down the engineer would reverse the direction of the wheels, spinning them backwards till the train lumbered to a halt. Then there was the plethora of fun noises of steam puffing, being released and building up while the train waited to start up again. It started with a few really slow chugs barely moving then the engineer would spin the wheels very fast forward until the train gained a little speed then he slowed the wheels down to match that speed and off the train went with a warning whistle and bells clanging. It was so amazing how many passengers and goods could be transported across the country with just water and wood or sometimes coal. The water could be just swamp water or anything available and the wood often appeared to be chunks of old rotten or termite-eaten dead trees. It seemed to be the most economical and sensible method of transportation and Lloyd hoped that steam trains would never become obsolete. But unfortunately they were replaced by stupid diesel much to the detriment of America, eventually causing wars and many blood-for-oil intrigues, conspiracies and assassinations of world leaders and murders of millions of innocents under the direction of the greedy oil conspiracies.

As the train slowed and the platform approached, Lloyd went back to his room to gather his suitcase, clarinet and other items. His porter friend set the stool down and Lloyd got off with the other passengers. The porter told Lloyd which track the train to Crystal Lake and Woodstock was on and, after warmly clutching the hand of his porter pal, Lloyd juggled his belongings along to his next train. The trip out of Chicago towards Crystal Lake passed through a grim inhuman industrial area that was quite depressing. It was nice to eventually get out into the countryside and Lloyd was happy to finally arrive in the wooded area of Woodstock where he was met at the station by the family with whom he was to stay until he got set up at the dorm. The next day, he was taken to Todd School where he met the Skipper, an amiable old fellow with strong flashing blue eyes and a positive powerful personality not easily forgotten. The school assemblies where students often gathered to hear Skipper's wisdom and wonderful rhythmic poetry recitations were an inspiration to Lloyd who finally became quite a poet himself. The recitations with Skipper's emphasis on the pounding beat of some of the verses convinced Lloyd that poetry was like music and something he should add to his interests.

Todd had many music opportunities and Lloyd was able to play in various ensembles. Mr. Henderson, the Swedish music teacher, decided that Lloyd should be the school bass player and instructed him on the proper method for playing bass with and without a bow. When Lloyd's child prodigy persona kicked in, the teacher would stop him, take a breath and, in his laid-back singing Swedish accent, declare his wise advice "slow is fast." In other words, taking time to slowly absorb a technique or musical phrase and repeat it often before bringing it up to speed was actually the fastest way to learn it. This philosophy

of slow then fast, Lloyd later found, was a prominent factor in the study of Indian classical music. Lloyd played in the Todd band for concert tours to neighboring communities and also had his own duo with a boy of Norwegian descent named Jorge Hauge who played banjo and who Lloyd trained in New Orleans jazz. Once in a while they had a drummer, also trained by Lloyd and they were one of the most popular performing groups in the “Bach to Boogie” concert series.

In the machine shop class, Lloyd was able to learn enough to make a brass barrel for his clarinet on the metal lathe. He needed one that was shorter than what came with the clarinet because it seems that the old 1800s Albert system, which Lloyd insisted on playing because that is what all the New Orleans masters played, was more like an A than a Bb clarinet. He figured that maybe a hundred or so years ago all the brass instruments were tuned to A or near it. In any case, it seems that Albert system clarinets, although much more soulful and human than Boehm, are always a bit lower than the Bb on the piano. Lloyd would never touch a Boehm; it was too much like a machine, no soul, too many unnecessary keys and no in between ‘blue’ notes. During Lloyd’s year at Woodstock, he recorded an LP with Jorge that sounded fairly authentic. He had two copies made at the school sound studio, one for himself and one he planned to give George Lewis when and if his imagined trip to New Orleans ever happened. Little did he know that his dad was already planning to take him there near the end of his year at Todd.

When winter set in, it was a new experience for Lloyd, a southern California kid who only knew perfect weather, not too cold and not too hot. Although he had been in Rexburg a few times in the winter snow, he now had to learn how to keep warm and not slip. Actually, he decided to learn how to use his ice skates to do the slipping. The boys had built up an ice pond on the tennis court by spraying several layers of water with the hose and letting it freeze each night. Jorge Hauge was the master skater of the school and so Lloyd had his own personal trainer. Lloyd had skated at the Pasadena ice rink many times where his Minnesotan dad taught him a few things. But Jorge showed Lloyd how to skate backwards which Lloyd practiced on the homemade ice rink late into the night for days until he could speed along forward, switch backward, whip around a couple of laps then forward again on one skate. But since he was afraid to become addicted and too expert in a non-musical field, Lloyd slowly phased out his skating hobby, trading it in for evening walks around the town of Woodstock. He was a fairly fast walker with big steps and thus earned the nickname of Walker.

Todd Odds and Town Clowns

There was an unfriendly resentment between the so-called ‘Todd odds’ and the ‘town clowns’ which Lloyd found himself caught in the middle of. One night when he was strolling around town a car full of high school kids slowed down and one of them shouted “Todd odd freak!” and the others laughed. Another boy yelled out “nothing to do at that freak school with those Mafia brats, huh?” To their surprise, Lloyd moved closer to the car and began to converse like an old friend. He noted that there were no Mafia dons’ sons that year as far as he knew; but instead the son of famous Orson Well’s was there. He admitted that the Todd kids were weird especially himself as a jazz musician goof-up. As he strode along the sidewalk with the car cruising along-side, one of the boys with a more friendly attitude asked him what instrument he played to which Lloyd answered “piano.” Then the driver stopped the car and asked “you got a few minutes to jam with our band?” Lloyd said of course he always had time for music and they invited him to ride over to the home of one of the boys for a great jam session with Lloyd on piano, one of the town clowns on drums, another on bass, one on sax and one on guitar. Late that night, the drummer’s mom came downstairs in her nightgown and asked “who’s your new friend?” The drummer said “just a

Todd odd freak.” Lloyd added “I wanted to see if these town clown jerks could play at all.” Everyone laughed and Lloyd knew he was in with a bunch of new pals.

During his time in Woodstock, his parents had asked (probably hired) a well-known Mormon speaker, a former Catholic priest named Brother Sarver, to take Lloyd on trips around Illinois to see various historical Mormon spots where Sarver would speak on his research about the Jaredites coming from the Tower of Babel. Brother Sarver gave him some much needed religious input but Lloyd was not much into religion because he was too unestablishment to be a ‘goody goody’ just yet. On his visits to LDS, Reorganized LDS and other Mormon break-off group’s meetings, Sarver gave him a valuable religious foundation that eventually became very beneficial. Sarver had explained the whole history of Joseph Smith becoming a Mason for protection and some of the common points in the philosophies. So when one of the town clown boys at the jam noted that his dad was a 32nd degree Mason, Lloyd asked about it. All the boys took turns explaining the benefits of Masonry and that Lloyd should come to their DeMolay gatherings. At the end of the evening the town clowns took Lloyd back to Todd where he was able to sneak back into his dorm. The next Sunday, he asked Sarver about Masons and how hard it would be to join them. Sarver explained that it took a lot of commitment and maybe DeMolay might be good for him. Lloyd knew that something like that was too much for him at that time in his life. Otherwise he could have become committed to the Jewish youth group in L.A. or become really active in the Mormon Church if he were ready to become religious. Instead he had started having a drink or two at Todd whenever a bottle was shared in the dorm. Some of the boys had even encouraged him to start smoking. Neither of those vices appealed to Lloyd much because his dad had made him smoke a cigar and drink a glass of whiskey in his pre-teen years. He became so sick that he couldn’t imagine actually smoking or drinking for enjoyment which, of course, was his dad’s purpose and his lesson to Lloyd.

Even so, one night Lloyd, some Todd buddies and his town clown friends went to a party off campus where the booze flowed freely. Lloyd was cajoled into drinking a few various alcoholic beverages and he had become fairly inebriated. When it came time to drive home, the girl who had picked Lloyd up at Todd noted that she felt too drunk to drive. Of course, Lloyd with his very limited driving experience volunteered. But as they started down the hill, he misjudged how close or far a telephone pole was and he significantly creased the fender. The poor girl was in tears because her folks had warned her against any little dent in their car and now there was a big dent. Again Lloyd was in trouble, but all his friends kept it quiet. Sarver got the story to Lloyd’s parents and somehow the girl’s parents were sent the money to repair the fender and she was Lloyd’s friend again. How many times, by way of Lloyd’s poor parents, his grandfather or some kind person, had God rescued him from dumb mistakes and careless lack of sensibility. But Lloyd had caught the bug of drinking and now he was open to any opportunity to get a beer or more substantial beverage. Yet he had to be careful because he was on the football team, a bench warmer at best. His dad, as a former football player and later a coach, wanted Lloyd to make him proud as an athlete. Lloyd could occasionally make a basket and less occasionally catch a football. He was fairly good at swimming, but otherwise he as a klutz in most everything but music and maybe dancing. At Woodstock he was on the team with some big, tough, and fast players like Lyle Lipschultz, a big Jewish guy who was amazing on the field. Once, just to be kind, the coach sent Lloyd in on right end. As a tall guy he was perfect as an end and he occasionally caught the ball at practice. Lloyd went in and a play was called where he was to dash forward around their line and catch a fast pass. It worked and Lloyd actually gained ten yards before he was taken back out, probably so he wouldn’t have an embarrassing mistake ruin his reputation because one lucky incident was too good to be repeated.

When the real cold of winter set in, it was time for the Todd boys to travel to Florida for their month in the sun. They went in style, in fancy Pullman busses called ‘Big Bertha.’ These busses were the most

luxurious completely equipped sleeper busses in America at the time. They could provide forty boys with complete facilities for dining, sleeping and studying with air mattresses and bunk beds where the boys could sleep while the two drivers alternated driving almost 24 hours a day. The busses had hot and cold running water, a shower, a nice bathroom, and a full kitchen where complete meals could be prepared en route. Along with the two drivers, each bus carried a cook and four faculty members so studies would continue. Leaving northern Illinois on Friday evening, the boys would be in New Orleans early Sunday morning. In New Orleans, Lloyd was aching to try and find George Lewis; but they only stopped a short time to see historical sites and move on. In Sturgis, Kentucky, however, the bus had some mechanical problems and they were stuck there a couple of hours. Lloyd made friends with an old Negro man who, for a fee of fifty cents (a substantial amount in those days), got a bottle of wine for Lloyd which he shared with a couple of his pals, the ones who had started him on booze.

Finally they arrived at Todd Island which they said was Crawl Key 27, seven miles from Marathon, 50 miles from Key West and 100 miles from Miami. Lloyd enjoyed the warm days sailing the little pram assigned to him, learning how to tack back and forth against the wind and how to come about without getting clobbered and knocked into the water; which happened the first time he tried it with the wind at his back. The long afternoons sailing in the little bay on Todd Island offered Lloyd plenty of time to think and to try to understand the world, something he never did quite accomplish. One day some of his prankish pals got a hold of a bottle of rum and Lloyd helped them finish it off. Lloyd was so soused he had no idea what he was doing. So finishing off three or four fresh pineapples was hardly noticed until, soon afterwards, he threw up for a half hour and was sick as a dog for the rest of the day. What a hang over the next day! If his dad's forcing him to down that awful tasting whisky when he was a little kid didn't prevent him from ever drinking, this should have been a lesson that booze was no good. But it would take more than that to finally get Lloyd to kick his eventual harmful addictions. Eventually, one of Lloyd's silly pranks which caused a mild injury to a classmate at Todd, ended in him being whisked away in an airplane back to California before the cops would arrest him and just before the school year officially ended. He left with a stern warning from Skipper never to ask for a recommendation from Todd. That incident, added to building resentment among the community, may have caused the unfortunate closure of Todd as one of the best prep schools in the country.

Chapter 36

Way Down Yonder in New Orleans with George Lewis

Before Lloyd got into trouble at Todd, his dad had arranged a visit to New Orleans so Lloyd could hear authentic traditional jazz in person and finally visit George Lewis at his home. He was sent a train ticket and instructed to meet his dad in New Orleans. The train chugged off from Chicago southward as Lloyd was gazing out the window watching trees and fields pass by and listening to the clicking of the rails. He contemplated jazz history information he had heard about from radio shows, books and discussions with other musicians. He remembered with a warm smile the story of how Johnny Dodds with a toy whistle and Baby Dodds with toy drums would play music when they were kids. Then one day Johnny's dad came home and unwrapped a rolled-up newspaper revealing a nice Albert system, stating "son, I want you to have a real clarinet." That was similar to this trip with Lloyd's dad arranging for him to go to New Orleans and meet to hear a concert by the famous clarinetist Alphonse Picou. Sometimes dads can be pretty nice, he thought. He also remembered how Louis Armstrong had saved up money from his hard work to buy a cornet and finally got ten dollars together for an old dented instrument to start out

on. Lloyd knew a bit of information about Bunk Johnson from the Frank Bull's trad jazz radio show. Since Bunk had been rediscovered working in a rice field in New Iberia, musician friends took up a collection so he could have some false teeth made by Sidney Bechet's dentist brother Leonard. Reportedly Bunk's occasional disciple Louis Armstrong selected a trumpet and a band that was arranged for him so he could recreate the original New Orleans jazz sound of the beginning of the 1900s. Bunk picked George Lewis who he had worked with before and liked. Later Bunk recorded with another old friend, Sidney Bechet.

The recordings of the traditional recreation band with George Lewis in 1942, and an improved version of the band recorded in 1945, had become international hits. Bunk's band was an all-star group consisting of: George Lewis on clarinet, Jim Robinson of trombone, Alton Purnell on piano, Lawrence Marerro on banjo, Alcide Pavageaux on bass and Warren Baby Dodds on drums. Bunk had started out in music by taking music lessons at seven years of age and by 1895 had his first playing engagement. He allegedly worked on and off with jazz innovator Charles 'Buddy' Bolden and later with pianist Jelly Roll Morton, Joe 'King' Oliver and Sidney Bechet. Eventually he was in the Superior band and later with Frankie Dusen's Eagle Band, an outgrowth of Bolden's original group. He was invited to be in the King Oliver band in Chicago, but turned it down. Lloyd always loved Bunk's laid back method, almost ignoring the beat at times, which was obviously the framework for Louis Armstrong's free floating feel. Bunk had a special skill for melodic invention which combined with his crisp tone. He claimed to have introduced the diminished chord in jazz, which he often used along with hints of other chords in downward arpeggios revealing his extensive knowledge of music. From Bunk's recorded descriptions of early jazz locations, Lloyd knew about Dago Tony's on Perdido and Franklin where Louis would peek in the back window of the hall watching Bunk and listening to his high notes and improvisations on different melodies.

Finally the train chugged into New Orleans and Lloyd excitedly gathered up his clarinet and cornet along with his precious copy of the LP he and banjo man Jorge had recorded and cut on the Todd School sound equipment. On that 78, the boys played Burgundy Street Blues and St. Phillips Street breakdown. Those were not the best examples of how perfectly Lloyd replicated the George Lewis clarinet style; he was much better on Closer Walk or Little While to Stay Here. When he got off and thanked the porter slipping him two quarters like his dad would have done, he strode along to the station feeling like a true jazzman. He had his old cornet he got from Doug Callister in one hand, he had his dad's old Albert clarinet in the other and he was in New Orleans the birthplace of jazz. He wandered into the station where his father was waiting to take him to their fancy hotel and to enjoy a nice dinner in a nearby classy restaurant. Then at dinner, his dad smiled and said "I have a surprise for you, tonight we're going to see the famous Alphonse Picou, the clarinet player who created that legendary clarinet solo on High Society." Lloyd's eyes bulged with excitement. He couldn't wait as they went to Bourbon Street and found the Paddock Lounge. They took seats right in front of the band and Lloyd's dad explained that the Paddock started in the 1920s by an equestrian named Steve Valentine and thus the horse theme with a statue of a jockey in front of the bandstand.

The band took their spots and then Lloyd's dad quietly went up to Picou and slipped him a five whispering a request for High Society for his clarinetist son. Picou smiled kindly and nodded in agreement. The band was ready and Picou stomped off High Society. The music seemed older, simpler and stiffer than the George Lewis band or even the old 1920s recordings of King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton or Louis Armstrong's Hot 5 and 7. But that may have been point since Picou was one of the oldest living exponents of the original sound. He was a gentle partly bald fellow wearing a nice suit, white shirt and short broad dark tie. Cornet man Alvin Alcorn carried the melody in a free-riding manner, but not quite as

laid back or creative as Bunk. Trombonist Bill Mathews represented the typical role with occasional slides upward as opposed to George Lewis' trombonist Jim Robinson who would only occasionally use short slides downward. Everyone had the fast tight vibrato from the turn of the century. Picou got around the clarinet agilely in both registers sometimes moving smoothly from lower to higher registers like George Lewis often did. When he came to his distinguishing solo, he played clean and perfectly with a staccato attack and clear tone. For a man in his 70s, Picou was exceptionally accurate on all the breaks and runs as he played his famous solo three times. When it came time for his first chorus, Picou stepped forward with full confidence and belted it out while drummer Christopher Goldson skillfully followed the notes of the solo on the wood block. Lloyd was thrilled to hear the master himself play his own celebrated solo in a club on Bourbon Street, an experience few other non-native clarinetists would witness. The band played some other selections like St. Louis Blues which was more soulful, but not anywhere near as bluesy as any of Johnny Dodd's 1920s Chicago recordings. Picou would often hold a high tonic or 5th and he would often play his characteristic tonic for a half note then 6 8 6 3 as quarter notes ending on a 5th whole note. The band did a typical Creole French vocal, Eh La Bas which Lloyd would later be able to understand after years of living and studying in Geneva and Paris.

The next morning, Lloyd's father woke him up and sat down for one of those serious talks. He began by informing Lloyd that the hotel people warned that going to Algiers where George Lewis lived could be very dangerous for a young naive white boy from California who was totally unfamiliar with the town and the south. They said Algiers was mostly Negroes and Lloyd might get killed or something. Lloyd smiled and assured "I'm not one bit afraid; Negroes are the nicest people in America and they invented jazz. They are my idols and teachers; I'm not worried one bit." Lloyd's dad saw that he was determined and had a very positive attitude, which could save him from any potential dangers; so his dad reluctantly agreed. He then reached in his wallet and gave Lloyd a whole \$10 so he could take his idol George Lewis to dinner, maybe at the famous Antoine's restaurant, a place deserving of one of the living giants of true New Orleans jazz. His dad also gave him a few more dollars and some change for transportation. Lloyd was so excited; but he didn't know anything about New Orleans or how to get to Algiers. He thanked his dad then went downstairs and asked the hotel people for directions. They told him how to find the ferry to Algiers and again warned him of the 'dangers.'

Lloyd had decided that he wouldn't try to seek out all the important jazz history sites like Lake Ponchartrain where Bolden's powerful horn could be heard across the waters at night or Milneburg for which the tune Milneburg Joys was written. Those places were way out of the way. And he thought he remembered that Royal Garden, also a tune title, was a south side Chicago location so not on the list. He also decided not to try to find Buddy Bolden's old homes on Calliope or Howard or First; nor would he try to visit Lincoln and Johnson parks where Bolden played because they probably weren't there anymore. He really wanted to visit the site of Pete Lala's on Marais and Customhouse where both Bolden and Later Bunk Johnson played, allegedly a few times with Bolden. And for sure Lloyd planned to visit the location of Dago Tony's on Perdido and Franklin where Bunk played and where Bunk allegedly would find young Louis Armstrong asleep on the piano bench waiting for Bunk to come in then he could fool around with Bunk's horn before the gig. Lloyd knew that was an important location because Matgranga's where Louis Armstrong played his first job was also located there. Louis lived on Liberty and Perdido; so he had a lot of chances to hear Bunk, to carry his horn and where Bunk gave him his first cornet lesson.

After getting directions from the hotel folks, Lloyd asked if Burgundy and St. Phillips Streets were maybe on the way to the ferry. They indicated that he could pass by that way and again warned him about walking all over town alone since he was unfamiliar with various areas. He assured them that he was in the birthplace of jazz and it was his musical home even if he had no idea where he was going

and where anything was. He wanted to walk a ways on Burgundy and St. Philips because they were also the names of George Lewis tunes; and at one point George lived on St. Philips next door to trombonist Jim Robinson. Lloyd decided for his first day of touring, he'd better get over to Algiers and hunt down George Lewis because that was his main reason for being there. So off he went following the directions walking a long time until he came to the ferry dock. He rode the ferry for a small fee to the other side of the river and got off to boat. It seemed like there was nothing there so he walked a bit and came upon what looked like a strange hotel and went in. To his surprise a mean looking white guy glared at him from behind the desk and growled "whadya want, kid?" Lloyd stammered that he was looking for the great clarinet man George Lewis. The grouchy guy stared hatefully at him and grumped "I donno where he lives; go ask some Nigger." Lloyd wanted to respond in defense of his Negro heroes; but he decided that might be really dangerous. Maybe this was the danger the people had warned him about; white guys were the ones to be scared of. Lloyd quickly slinked out of the odd building and down the road a ways until he met an old gray-haired Negro who smiled broadly asking "c'nah heop ya suh?" Lloyd smiled and asked if he knew George Lewis and where he lived. The kind old man gave general directions and warned him it was quite a walk out there. Lloyd thanked him and started the long expedition to find the place. There was no exact street or address, just a general direction to follow.

After a while walking, sometimes without any real road maybe just a path, Lloyd met a pair of young Negro gentlemen who he greeted and then asked about George Lewis' home. They seemed surprised at how friendly Lloyd was and how he treated them like old friends chatting and joking. Lloyd was a California boy and friendly to everyone. He did notice with enthusiasm if someone was a Negro and he always expected them to be wise, spiritual, kind, helpful and sensitive. Lloyd had never been disappointed in that expectation and never would be until decades later when a type of resentment built up against whites and then a bastardized ugly stomach pounding loud non-music torture was taken from the lowest inhuman white trash retards to accompany angry hate verse called 'rap.' But since that plague hadn't invaded the human race yet and wouldn't for decades, Lloyd enjoyed affiliating with the warm and helpful Negroes all over America and always learned from them. His two new friends waived in the direction of an empty field and said George lived out there a ways. Lloyd thanked them and continued trudging along through the large field. Finally he met a short old cheerful Negro walking the other way through the tall grass who greeted him warmly and asked if he was lost. Lloyd admitted that he was; so the kind old fellow pointed down the sort of path indicating a house off in the distance declaring "dat's Jojuz place, ovah deah."

Lloyd thanked him and sped along until he came to the front door of the cabin. He knocked and was greeted by a young girl who sweetly asked him what he wanted and he replied he was looking for George Lewis. The girl called into the house to her dad that someone was at the door. In a few moments, he appeared, the giant of pure New Orleans, the kindest sweetest old gentleman Lloyd had ever known from the time he first met him at the Beverly Caverns and again at Union Station in Los Angeles. George immediately recognized the jazz-crazed kid, offered his long fingers and firmly shook Lloyd's hand welcoming him into the humble abode. Lloyd had to blink to keep the tears back because he was finally with his master. He nervously chatted in disjointed phrases as George and his kind wife invited him to sit down. First Lloyd gave George the LP he had made at Todd School and George put it on his old turntable. The family listened and praised Lloyd's almost perfect imitation of the master's style and sound. Then Lloyd announced that he had ten dollars from his dad to take George to dinner at Antoine's. A roar of hearty innocent laughter from the whole family almost shook the walls as Lloyd stared questioningly then blurted "ain't Antoine's good enough; can we go somewhere better?"

Another bellow or healthy laughter from everyone as Lloyd sat totally bewildered. “But” he whimpered “what’s wrong with Antoine’s?” The family finally had to let their naïve California kid guest in on the problem. George smiled broadly and said “dey’d nevu’ lemme in deah.” Lloyd’s face squinched up and he blurted “but you’re the best clarinet man in town, why not?” They all chuckled again and George tried to explain to his inexperienced teenage guest that it was because he was Negro. Lloyd sat for a while staring at the wall in unbelief. Surely someone as great a musician as George would be welcome, actually invited to go anywhere in town. George calmly and kindly assured that Lloyd would be having dinner there at the house with his family. Lloyd acquiesced and eventually enjoyed one of the finest steaks he had ever eaten with a warm caring family that he wished he had been part of all his life. When Lloyd asked about Bunk, George and his wife smiled and agreed that Bunk was great and important in the history of New Orleans jazz but the intimated that Bunk could sometimes be a bore talking about how much he was involved in starting jazz and how much he contributed. He was better when he just let his music do the talking, they both agreed.

After dinner, just before George was ready to leave for his job at a club near the river, Lloyd pulled out his cornet and asked George to play a tune with him; but George kindly and sweetly said he couldn’t. Lloyd was sad but guessed that George had to rest his lip for the evening performance. George and Lloyd left with fond farewells from both of them to his wife and daughter. They walked through the grass to the road and the ferry where George insisted on paying Lloyd’s fare. Lloyd tried to pay George’s but didn’t win. They got to the other side and walked to the club. As George was warming up in the break room, again Lloyd asked to play a tune with him. This time George noted that in New Orleans, according to union regulations, black musicians couldn’t play with white musicians. Again Lloyd stared in unbelief wondering how white musicians ever learned jazz if they couldn’t play with the masters. He put his cornet away hoping no one saw him with it so George wouldn’t get into any trouble. The band members gathered one by one each remembering Lloyd from before and chatting cheerfully. He found a seat in the corner where he would be out of the way and the music began, a whole night of happy exciting jazz, all the tunes Lloyd loved played exquisitely. Near the end of the concert, Lloyd excused himself, explaining that he had to return to his hotel so his father wouldn’t worry about him. Back at the hotel he told his dad all about his visit with George and the joke about Antoine’s.

The next day, Lloyd met George for a scheduled visit to the Latin Quarter. Bassist Slow Drag Pavageau was with him and the two trad jazz giants led the way through the streets of the French Quarter, down Bourbon Street, across to Burgundy Street then past Beauregard Square over to St. Phillips Street. During their stroll, Lloyd observed the intricately fashioned wrought iron grated balconies and historic architecture. Once in a while George would share a little jazz history in describing a club or building. Mostly George and Drag were chattering quickly in a dialect or maybe Creole French or something because Lloyd couldn’t understand a word. He wondered if it was a very thick southern accent but then he couldn’t really recognize any of it. Later that afternoon George and Drag climbed on a buss and Lloyd joined them. They were the only three people on the buss as it drove off from the stop. George paid for everyone then he and Drag went to the back and took seats. Lloyd followed them and suddenly the driver, glaring in the rearview mirror at Lloyd, squealed to a stop, turned around and shouted “hey boy, get up ‘ere wi’ me; you cain’t sit back thea!” Lloyd protested “but why not, I’m sitting with my idol, famous clarinet man George Lewis.” The driver folded his arms and declared “get oon up ‘ere or I ain’t goin’ no whea!” Lloyd looked forlornly at George and Drag who chuckled and instructed “gwan up ‘n sit nex to ‘em an’ make ‘em happy.” Lloyd grudgingly trudged to the front and sat behind the driver as the bus slowly moved away from the curb. That night Lloyd listened to another fantastic performance by the band then returned to the hotel.

The next morning, before he could get out of bed, Lloyd's dad became grimly serious and then started lecturing about how he had arranged this nice trip to New Orleans for Lloyd who should appreciate it and should try to be a better son. Then he glared grimly at Lloyd and asked "so who is Snack?" Lloyd responded "that's that Snakenburg kid, the scoutmaster's son." His dad severely demanded "then why do you call him a #%&ing little %#\$&er." Lloyd had never heard his dad use such language because the Miller Family never use swear words or profanity. It was so silly and even humorous that Lloyd had to hide under the covers while he cackled with wild laughter. His dad opened an old letter that Lloyd had sent to his friend Snack that was returned for insufficient postage and so Lloyd's dad had a chance to see what stupid silly things the guys were writing back and forth using every dirty word they could conjure up just to be stupid. It was all just a joke; but Lloyd's dad took it all very serious. He continued on reading the whole filthy letter emphasizing the worst terms in dead seriousness like a Catholic priest reciting mass or a U.S. president reading an important declaration. The more his dad emphasized and dramatized the obscenities the funnier they sounded. Until Lloyd was giggling like a mad man under the covers. His dad put the letter away and eventually Lloyd came out from under the covers and dressed to take the train back to Todd School through Chicago, Crystal Lake ending in Woodstock. There was silence until the reached the train station then Lloyd's dad scolded "so no more dirty letters like that so you won't have to be crying with embarrassment under the covers." Lloyd nodded in agreement trying to remain serious hoping his dad would realize that was his reading of the silly smut that was so funny and that Lloyd was actually laughing hysterically. He thanked his dad for the nice trip and climbed onto his train car and the train chugged of north.

Chapter 37

Ridin' & Ropin' at the Orme Ranch in Arizona

A Character and Confidence Building Experience

Lloyd's parents, who were always beside themselves trying to find a way to make something socially acceptable out of Lloyd, had found out about a wonderful ranch in Arizona from their Blue Book friends and social contacts. It wasn't a fakey dude ranch like a few places they had all gone for a vacation and a little horseback riding in Idaho. It was an authentic ranch where the young campers would experience work, mild but necessary discipline and some fairly exerting activities like long rides and rodeo experiences. It was a completely new world for Lloyd who had only experienced a little farm work and animals while visiting his grandparents in Rexburg, Idaho. But even though he gone fishing with his dad and saw his parents riding horses, he had little first hand experience in ranch activities. It was a place called the Orme Ranch or the Quarter Circle V Bar in the deserts of Arizona. In 1929, Charles 'Chick' Orem Sr. and his wife, Minna, had purchased the Quarter Circle V Bar, which was a 26,000-acre cattle ranch in central Arizona near Mayer. Uncle Chick and a Mexican man with 13 kids he had hired, built the original Adobe house. The Orme family then invited friends to send their children to the Quarter Circle V Bar for a summer of ranch life and an outdoor experience in the Southwest which included horseback riding, roping, learning rope tricks, calf dogging and, for older campers, steer riding. The campers were assigned horses for the duration of their camp stay and each camper learned to identify their horse, catch it with help of the counselors and wranglers, tie their horse at the rail and to groom, saddle and bridle their own horse. When not in the saddle, campers had the opportunity to choose from traditional camp activities such as target sports, leather working,

jewelry making, ceramics, desert survival and more. On the weekends, they would travel to the natural and historical southwest sites. In July the campers would ride in trucks and wagons in the Prescott Days Parade and attend the world's oldest rodeo in Prescott. Other trips included the Hopi Festival in Flagstaff and Lava Tubes north of Flagstaff, the Hopi Mesas with the ancient city of Oraibi, and the most popular trip, a visit to the huge Indian ceremonies in Gallup, New Mexico and an all night hayride back to the ranch.

When Lloyd arrived at the ranch on the bus full of campers traveling from Phoenix, he knew he was really way out in the empty desert. They approached the location passing little bushes, sagebrush, reddish tan rocks, clumps of grass and dusty hills. Then they crossed what seemed to be a potentially powerful river that, when fully flowing, could prevent access to the ranch. They drove through the main gateway marked by long horizontal pole resting atop two long vertical ones from which the characteristic ranch emblem hung. That was the upside down quarter circle of a wagon wheel below which a V from two wagon spokes was strung with another horizontally hanging straight branch attached below the bottom point of the V. Lloyd soon learned that the log fence joining the main gate was a main hangout where friends would sit on the top rung hunched over with their feet resting on the rung below. The fence, which was five rungs high, was where a young man might occasionally even be able to occasionally chat with one of the girl campers.

Lloyd was soon assigned to his residence which was in the north end of Stirrup Dot dorm which was a row of rooms in a long rectangular old building built in 1951 from which the wooden slabs roof extended providing a quaint Wild West type cover over the cement walkway connecting the doors of the rooms. Lloyd's communal room had one simple table and chair and a few bunk beds where some six campers could be housed. In the morning, they immediately made their beds to perfection with the correctly folded hospital corners and the sheets and blanket taut enough for a quarter to happily bounce if dropped. When the counselor's quarter wouldn't bounce or only bounced a little, he would order the camper to tear the bed apart and redo it until it was acceptable. Meals were announced by ringing the huge camp bell and then everyone would cluster together in the common dining hall where substantial but simple fare was offered. Lloyd learned to use steak sauce on the thick slabs of fresh meat which he enjoyed, little knowing that a decade later he would be a super strict almost vegan raw-food vegetarian and would have gasped in horror at the thought of those wonderful thick Orme steaks.

Lloyd's camp counselor was from England and endowed with the fun characteristic accent, one that Lloyd had seldom heard. During the first few days of camp, Lloyd was standing in front of a toilet in the nearby bathhouse and restroom where he flushed the toilet before he was actually finished. The British counselor had entered the restroom and noticed "so you flush early too?" to which Lloyd cringed in embarrassment. Then the counselor took a turn at another toilet noting "I always do that, it indicates that we try to get things done quickly and will eventually succeed in life." It gave Lloyd a new outlook that maybe he did have some positive characteristics that would result in some type of success in the distant future, a hope that never really came into being; but it kept him trying for decades. Some of the boys in Lloyd's room were a bit bratty and practical jokers. Once Lloyd climbed into bed and found that he had been short sheeted; some of his goofy roommates had folded his top sheet in half and remade the bed so he could only get half way in. When he shouted "hey what happened to my bed?" everyone in the room roared with laughter as Lloyd had to try to remake the mess in the dark. He lay awake for a while trying to think up a good revenge. The next day a couple of roommates who were not in on the short sheeting plot suggested that he put some ugly sharp rocks in the beds of the two instigators of the prank. So Lloyd rounded up a few handfuls of rocks but decided not to use sharp ones because he didn't want to be vicious. He sneaked them into the room and that

evening left dinner on the excuse that he had to visit the bathroom, during which occasion he deftly planted rocks in the bottom of the beds of the two scoundrels. That night when those two villains shrieked in surprise the moment their feet hit the marauding stones, Lloyd pretended to be asleep but was secretly snickering under the covers. The pranks and practical jokes continued between Lloyd and the two belligerents until they really got him when it was time for the five-day pack trip into the Bradshaw Mountains on the Danderia Ranch.

Five-Day Pack Trip and Persistent Pranks

It was early in the morning and Lloyd and the other boys, after cleaning their room and making their beds to perfection, all rounded up their horses for the long 30-mile ride. Lloyd found his trusty steed, stood on the right side, then first tossed the blankets on his horse's back and positioned the saddle on top of them. He reached under the horse for the cinch then strung the latigo through the ring and tightened it temporarily. As usual, he had to make sure his horse hadn't fooled him with the perpetual bloating trick. So after checking the tightness with three fingers, Lloyd turned away pretending to be involved with other things ignoring the horse until it finally unbloated. Then Lloyd turned and quickly cinched up the saddle a couple of more notches then checked with three fingers again defiantly glaring into the horse's apprehensive eyes. "See, I caught ya again, you silly thing" he boasted lovingly running his fingers through the embarrassed animal's mane. The riders had all gathered together and off they went northward towards distant the Danderia Ranch and the cool refreshing Bradshaw Mountains. During the long ride towards the hills and the pines, Lloyd's horse was walking along "clop-a clop-a clop-a clop-a" occasionally turning his head to the right to shoot an askance glance a Lloyd before stopping for a moment to munch on the top green leaves of a mesquite bush. Lloyd let her have a bite or two before urging her on again by a gentle nudge with his heels on the horse's belly. When he first started riding at Orme, the wranglers had informed him that shaking the reigns didn't do anything and was just a dumb Hollywood film gimmick. They rode through sagebrush, bushes, through sandy creek bottoms, over rock beds and past prickly pears. Lloyd was enjoying the fresh sweet air as a pleasant breeze wafted through his hat and shirt rustling the mesquite bushes and gently tossing the clusters of desert grass to and fro.

Suddenly a little black bird shot up from the top of a tall mesquite bush and then Lloyd's horse jumped to the left and let out a wild whinny starting from a high squeal and ending in a low grumble. Lloyd stroked her neck and spoke soothingly to her noticing a big rattlesnake who had been lounging in the sun now curled up and rattling fiercely. Lloyd also spoke soothingly to the snake although he knew it probably couldn't hear much but might feel the good will. The snake must have realized there was no danger and it calmly slithered into the bushes as Lloyd rode on. Near lunchtime he lifted his trusty canteen to his parched lips and took a swig but immediately spewed out what appeared to be some horribly strong mouthwash. He looked from side to side and noticed his two tormentor roommates a few horses away trying to suppress a hailstorm of vicious laughter. Lloyd pretended nothing was wrong so as not to allow them the satisfaction of getting the best of him. At a later stop, Lloyd went to in a nearby dried up river bed and secretly dug as deep as he could in the sand with his bare hands like one of his pet rodents to finally find some damp sand from which he was able to extract enough moisture to last until they came to an active trickling stream later that afternoon. This was Lloyd's first experience of being really thirsty, something in which he would later become an expert during travels through Afghanistan, Pakistan and India where there was no safe water. After lunch, the wranglers let the campers trot for a while then gallop a short distance along a wide clearing. Lloyd's

two antagonist roommates were starting to race him when the wrangler slowed everyone back to a walk sternly squinting at the two troublemakers.

That evening they reached the cool refreshing pines and, after Lloyd had washed out and refilled his canteen a few times trying to purge the mouthwash taste, everyone started gathering around the campfire to listen to Mort chat about history and tell a few stories. Lloyd occasionally looked towards the perpetrators who fought not to giggle when he caught their eyes. Thank goodness the little brats didn't vandalize any of his limited gear, so he was able to enjoy a peaceful night under the intense brilliance of the Arizona stars. The next morning, the campers were awakened by the pungent smell of bacon and sausages then the excitement of Mort's famous monster pancakes. While the huge pan was still deep with grease from the bacon and sausages, Mort would fill it with pancake batter, hold the pan over the fire just the exact amount of time necessary; then he would skillfully jerk the pan upward with a powerful rehearsed sweep tossing the pancake up into the air where it turned over perfectly with the grace of a gentle gymnast and landed exactly in the middle of the waiting pan. Mort then lowered the pan back over the fire to yells, whistles of wild approbation accompanied by a thunder of applause from everyone. After several perfect pancakes, which were gleefully shared by everyone, breakfast was over and it was time for other activities like hikes and rides to points of interest and, for Lloyd, to find fresher water since he was always trying to get that infernal mouthwash taste out of his canteen. For lunch, the campers would feast on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches along with any extra items their parents had sent them or they might have purchased on one of the rare occasions that they were near a store.

During the days in the mountains, Lloyd had a chance to feel real life in nature away from most modern conveniences and he decided that such a simple lifestyle could be much more preferable to the social whirling of his parents among their shallow Glendale and Beverly Hills friends. On the ride back, Lloyd shot a few grim glares at the culpable kids as a warning that their beds would be visited soon. This time Lloyd vowed vicious vengeance and eventually short sheeted, side sheeted and pebbled the beds of his adversaries even once filling their beds with prickly pear cactus and bugs which finally got the attention of the dorm counselor who sternly reprimanded him. Word eventually got to Uncle Chick, Mort and Charlie whose stern glares during a few consecutive dinners at the Old Main House was enough to let Lloyd know that the prank war was over. One day in the presence of the counselor, he called the two problem kids over and said "OK, let's make a truce, no more pranks, agreed?" The two boys who were also tired of the continuing strife, quizzically gazed at each other then offered their hands which Lloyd shook firmly then, one by one, he ruffled their hair noting "we sure got each other good didn't we, especially the mouthwash trick" which incited cheerful cackles from all three. Then he added "the word will get out that we are a now gang, so no one in the world will dare mess with us." The boys smiled in agreement and from then on they were best friends.

Visit to the Hopi Mesas and Gallup

Mostly all the boys were on good terms with each other and Lloyd was even on good terms with a couple of the girls from whom he was hoping to round up a companion for the famed hayride back from Gallup. One girl he was feeling close to was chatting with him once walking through the back yard behind the Adobe among the sycamores. It was a lazy early evening after dinner, a squirrel happily hopped along the top of the wooden fence and families of tiny flies were swirling around each other hovering in clusters here and there. As the two walked, the conversation turned to kissing and then French kissing. Lloyd had learned all about the birds and bees from his dad and had experienced it

all first hand from the Japanese live-in college student; but he never heard of French kissing. After a full description from the shy girl, the two silly kids were ready to venture a try; but then they got nauseated at the thought and just ended up sharing a long meaningful standard kiss. That was enough to seal their bargain to be cuddling companions on the famed hayride back from Gallup, and of course earn a stern reprimand and substantial punishment from Mort if he ever found out. On various Orme excursions like the one to Gallup or visiting the cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde, Monument Valley, Four Corners and the Grand Canyon to sit and gaze down on the awe-inspiring spectacle, the campers would ride in three big old open trucks with tarp tops. Other than the late night drive back from Gallup, at night the tarps were draped from the sides of the trucks so the campers could sleep on the cold hard ground by the sides of the trucks under the tarps. Wherever the campers went, Charlie, who sometimes used a bullhorn, always instructed them to leave the campground better than they had found it which everyone tried to obey.

Finally it was time for the eagerly awaited trip to Gallup. On the way, they took a side road from Tuba City to visit the Hopi Mesas and the famed old town of Oraibi. Lloyd had heard about the Mesas and the old traditional villages and how Oraibi had been thriving since 1100 A.D. so he was excited to see it, but fell into a slumber on the way. Suddenly as his truck respectfully slowed, he woke up and gazed out the window to witness a scene he could never forget and was only matched by his first visit to Kandahar, Afghanistan decades later. Out the window he saw a completely quiet mysterious town of adobe dwellings built one top of each other on a gentle sloping hillside. The roof of each allowed accessed to the other by simple staircases or rudimentary ladders. There seemed to be no electronics or any curses of modern society and a strange peace permeated the atmosphere. Lloyd immediately straightened up to see and feel more as they bumped down the dirt roadway quietly passing through the treasure to traditions. Lloyd felt that he had found an example of what he had been searching for his whole life, a society without all the fakery of the modern world, a place where a person could breathe and not be rushed or not have to keep a schedule. Of course the campers were only allowed to walk around quietly in a limited location; but Lloyd knew that some day he would find a similar peaceful traditional location somewhere and spend more time basking in the freedom from contemporary crassness.

Both of his years at Orme, Lloyd had treasured this trip eastward, looking forward to finally rolling into the larger traditional Indian city of Gallup and stopping at the famous Toby Turpin's Trading Post near the middle of town. But both times at Toby Turpin's, he was challenged by some of the naughtier other boys to steal a turquoise ring. Lloyd never felt like stealing anything; but he didn't want to be a chicken, so he tried it. There was a big basket full of rings in the corner not far from an old Indian gentleman who was sitting peacefully with his head down. Lloyd lifted up various rings checking them out, then clutched one fairly large piece intricately inlaid with turquoise with the end of his thumb carefully pressing it into his palm so it wouldn't fall. He then calmly walked to another basket somehow slipping the ring into his pants pocket unnoticed by anyone. When the campers returned to the bus, he slipped the ring out of his pocket and boastfully flashed it to the challengers. He kept the ring but with a gnawing remorseful guilt that hung over him for decades to come. The next year, he stole another smaller ring just to show he could do it. Eventually, more than five decades later, Lloyd returned to the store, which had moved and was under new ownership, and gave the rings back with an apology. The larger rare Zuni designed with its intricate multiple rows and columns ended up being worth several hundred dollars when it was finally returned. But even if it had been worth thousands of dollars, Lloyd would have taken it back because he never cared about material things that much since he realized that we leave everything behind when we die anyway.

Dynamic Dances and Driving Drum Circles

After Toby Turpin's, the campers were trucked to the Indian ceremonies in an huge field where thousands of audience members clustered to witness the wonders of true traditional American ethnic culture of the western deserts. Since its initiation in 1922, the ceremonies had become so popular that some 20 tribes from various states joined in the event. The peaceful pounding of varied drum circles accompanied by a vast variety of dance traditions from jingle to the most breath-taking hoop dance virtuosity continued long into the night. The Inter-Tribal Ceremonies was attended by thousands and was held in a large natural outdoor arena bordered by a remarkable red rock background. Once during the show, while the next group was gathering to perform, the announcer chatted with audience. He quoted the text from the last drum circle's vocalizing "heya heya" then chuckled "so now you learned the words to that last song, OK?" A titter of laughter rippled through the audience as one of the Orme campers near Lloyd piped up "has he been sippin' fire water?" A few campers giggled before Lloyd scolded "let's be respectful. This whole country is their country, we just stole it from them; so have some respect. In reality, the announcer could have been a white guy, and Lloyd thought to himself "we forked-tongue freaks were the ones who brought them fire water anyway."

The campers became meditative as the next group came on with a drum circle of about half a dozen, each intensely hitting a huge horizontal drum with long slender wooden sticks the ends of which were wrapped in soft material. The beat was the usual 4/4 with the accent on one or on one and three. Some groups used a slow 3/4 with the accents on one and three which became a 6/8 when played fast. The campers relaxed placated by the soothing thump thump thump of the drum circle accompanied by high pitched singing with vibrant vibrato and the refrain "**haya haya hay** hay haya, etc." Lloyd and the girl or maybe girl friend who had agreed to be his 'date' for the whole night were thrilled at the panorama of colorful performances until it was time to be rounded up and then to pick a comfy place on the trucks.

The two lovebirds found a private spot in the front corner of the truck with cozy hay bales all around and settled in for the dreamy drive all the way back to the Orme ranch. At first, they cuddled together hugging tight and occasionally innocently kissing thinking they were involved in some rabid love affair although Lloyd knew what the real thing was like and didn't associate how he had experienced that with any real romance. After the trucks rumbled out of town and on into Arizona, soon the two 'sweethearts' were slumbering in placid joy, Lloyd with his head against a bale and his 'darling' with her head on his shoulder. When they finally arrived at Orme and gathered their things together off the truck, parting with one last harmless but long kiss, they were convinced they had known true love; and maybe they had more so than many couples who believe that the physical version of romance is the real thing when it can be just a counterfeit if there is no true caring. For the remaining few days of camp, Lloyd and his 'girl friend,' or friend who was a girl, enjoyed sharing fun activities like leather crafts where they both made belts, or a simulation of such, and their shabby version of Indian jewelry. However they never had a chance to try the wonderful sand painting they had seen the Indians do and, for decades later, Lloyd still wished he could have learned that art form.

One thing that Lloyd did learn at Orme, but quite by coincidence, was the possibility of multi-tracking recordings. Often the mellow sounds of Les Paul and Mary Ford doing their famous How High the Moon or The World is Waiting for the Sunrise would waft from some electronic source around the camp. Lloyd was given an explanation how two people could re-record up to 12 tracks each

to make a finished product that appeared to be a full band. In his mind he started planning how he was going to borrow another tape machine and record back and forth putting together cornet, clarinet, trombone, banjo, piano and drums to replicate the Bunk Johnson band that had become the rage in the trad jazz world since their 1942 recordings. He decided that he would start with piano to set the beat and chords; then he would add cornet, trombone, clarinet, banjo and finally drums. When he eventually attempted his first multiple recordings back in Rexburg, after 5 times back and forth through the microphone, the piano ended up sounding too tinny and so did some of the other instruments. But the general sound was very much like Bunk's band, so Lloyd continued to pursue the idea finally achieving a nice clear cool jazz recording in 1960 in Paris with Jef Gilson as the technician. Too bad that Les Paul, who was an excellent virtuoso guitarist, through his inventions and electronics started something that would eventually be ruthlessly abused by uncultured brutes and musical imbeciles to become the horrid rock devastation similar to the way some feel that the religion of Jesus was quickly twisted and deformed by evil charlatans to become the Church of the Devil.

Ridin,' Ropin' and Calf Doggin'

At Orme, although Lloyd was not very good at rope tricks like the Goldwaters and certain other hot shots, when he participated in the calf-roping event with other campers, he tried his best not to look silly. When the calf ran out in a straight line then, starting from a standstill, Lloyd urged his horse into a gallop nearing full speed. Lloyd started his lasso swirling around his head then threw the loop of the lariat around the calf's neck. With the rope around the calf's neck, Lloyd pulled the end of the rope tight on the saddle pommel, quickly yanked the reins towards him halting his horse then he jumped to the ground and ran over to the standing calf. He grabbed the calf and flipped it onto its side then quickly tied three of the its legs together in a half-hitch knot with the short rope or 'piggin' string' which he had been holding between his teeth. His horse had been trained to slowly back away from the calf maintaining a steady tension on the rope. When Lloyd finished tying the calf's legs together, he raised his hands to signal his success then returned to his horse, mounted and urged the horse forward a bit loosening the rope while waiting the few required seconds to assure that the calf remained tied. He did fairly well but didn't break any camp records. Then Lloyd climbed back down off his horse to untie the calf, give it a kiss on the forehead and a kind stroke on the cheek before it jumped up and wandered away.

Although Lloyd did not excel formidably in roping, he did happen to be on the team that won in calf dogging. For this event, the calf ran out in the open, shadowed by a hazer, as Lloyd rode up alongside leaning over from his galloping horse to grasp the horns of the running calf. Lloyd partly lunged and was partly pulled off his horse to the ground where he firmly planted his heels into the dirt slowing the calf while he grabbed its nose with one hand throwing it over in the dust while assuring that all four legs were off the ground awaiting the official flag to wave marking the time. Then the calf was released and trotted off after a friendly pat on the neck from Lloyd who always cared about animals of any kind as if they were family members. He felt he had been raised by rodents because his pets, whether rats, mice or hamsters, were with him much more than his parents were and, by watching them, he had learned a few things like hoarding food, carrying things in his mouth and how to survive and hide.

When it came time for the final awards barbeque when the silver spurs were given to the best campers for their expertise in all categories like riding, roping, calf dogging, etc. everyone was glum because they knew that one of the snooty Goldwater brothers would surely win the silver spurs. Just like the smug

Smoot brothers at Flintridge who were resented by everyone, the Goldwaters were disliked for being so perfect in everything and not concealing it. In this case there wasn't any animosity towards their Jewishness per se, it was just everyone's weariness from hearing their names all the time as the best this and the top that. Lloyd actually admired them and tried to strike up a friendship with them. He had many Jewish pals back home in California and thought they were pretty neat. But Lloyd wasn't able to succeed in developing a warm relationship with the Goldwaters who may have suspected that he had some ulterior motive. Lloyd surmised that when people sometimes feel slightly ostracized, they can have difficulty relating to outsiders. When the announcement came, the campers maintained stern looks on their faces when the words pierced their ears with "for the best" this and "for the best" that "the silver spurs go to" either one Goldwater or the other. Lloyd later argued that the Goldwaters had worked harder and were just better and so they deserved it. But that didn't calm the campers who would be going home with no spurs to show their parents. Little did Lloyd know that when the Goldwater dad Barry was running for president later in the 60s, Lloyd would be working like crazy to round up all the votes he could among the students at BYU. He knew the Goldwaters were a really good family and perfect at most everything; so Barry would have made a perfect president and Lloyd just loved all his ideas. Unfortunately he lost.

In 1954, Lloyd's last summer at Orme, he had been planning to stay a couple of extra weeks to help make adobe bricks and blocks or even cement ones. He had always been fascinated with the process, pouring mud or cement into the square or rectangular-shaped wooden forms, letting it dry; then a day or two later stacking them up to be used in buildings. Lloyd loved useful labor much more than what other kids considered 'fun.' Most acceptable 'fun' things bored Lloyd to death; he could care less about sports, skiing, or anything that he felt was thrill-seeking wastefulness. He did like riding horses because it was a legitimate means of transportation that he felt should never have been abandoned, especially in favor of stupid gasoline or diesel driven conveyances. He was convinced that steam was superior for trains and boats and even cars if someone had developed the idea. Otherwise Lloyd was sure that some day all the petroleum would run out or stop coming and no one would know how to transport themselves unless they still had a horse somewhere. So in 1954 Lloyd wrote to his parents that he had been working with the ranch hands and Charlie didn't mind if he stayed a couple of weeks more. He had been shoveling, raking, bucking hay, driving trucks and caterpillars, feeding horses and doing other ranch chores. He wrote "Bruce, the foreman, might let me work next year" and in another letter he bragged about how the next year "I am pretty sure about being a senior camper."

But unfortunately, as always, Lloyd got into trouble somehow, probably over the prank war added to the theft of the rings from Tobe Turpin's; then there was kissing a girl all of which likely came to the attention of all the Ormes. They called him into a meeting and informed him that he hadn't acted like a good Orme camper and that his parents would be coming and get him right away. They also added that he wouldn't be welcome to return next year. Lloyd was so accustomed to being kicked out everywhere he went that he was wondering when it would finally happen at Orme. But Orme was one of the best experiences he had ever had as a kid. He gathered his things together and awaited the arrival of his grieving parents; one more of the many disappointments they faced for trying to offer Lloyd great opportunities while gladly getting him out of the house rather than embracing his differentness which were actually pretty hard to deal with. Lloyd loved Orme and everyone there; so he was saddened to hear about Mort when he eventually met an untimely death from an incorrect blood transfusion in a Phoenix hospital during an operation. Mort's sister Katie, who occasionally visited the ranch and played beautiful piano, prematurely died while in college of an illness which seemed to indicate that sometimes good people are given a short sentence in this earth prison; so they are allowed an earlier release to be happier in a much better place.

Chapter 38

Madison High in Rexburg and Torture in a Denver Nut House

Lloyd was sent to Rexburg, Idaho to live with his grandparents and to go to school there since his parents couldn't handle him any more. Lloyd's grandpa was a self-made man from Mormon pioneer stock. His father, Henry Adams, was born in England and walked across the plains at 8 years of age ending up in Nephi, Utah where he was lawyer and eventually County Attorney. His mother, who lived to 95, was born in a wagon bed in a wilderness that would become the town of Nephi, Utah. Her philosophy was based on a few simple dicta. One was "idleness is the Devil's workshop." Another was "never tell what you plan to do, the Devil will hear you and beat you to it." Yet another was "always carry your welcome with you; if you're always glad to see people, they'll always be glad to see you." Other maxims passed down from grandma Adams were: "make lemonade," "don't run and tell," "never think I can't, just how can I," and, most important, "do it now!" One of Gramp's favorite concepts he used in his law practice was "it doesn't matter who is right or wrong, just solve the problem." When Lloyd's grandpa left Nephi to seek his future with only one silver dollar in his pocket, in Salt Lake he saw a sign in the window of a newspaper seeking a typesetter. He went inside to apply and indicated that he knew a little about the job. Of course he had never done any typesetting, but after a day of trying ending in being fired, he learned enough to try again at another paper. He lasted a few days there before being let go, but now he had learned enough to actually do the job when he had another opportunity. In fact, when he moved to Idaho, he took over the Sugar City Times then later the Rexburg Standard.

He learned law by reading law books to cattle he was watching in his youth and he often quoted Blackstone "law is common sense." When Idaho made a law that lawyers had to pass the bar to practice, he made sure that it allowed those already practicing to continue so he would be able to keep his practice. He mostly solved problems, patched up failing marriages and helping wayward youth to avoid reform school, not earning much from his practice but more from his retainerships and wise investments. He became a key person in Idaho politics and advised senators, even a few presidents. A kind letter from Thomas Dewey thanking him for his support in the presidential campaign, which too many thought was in the bag and thus did not go out to vote, demonstrated how far his influence reached. He used to wave his arms in frustration and strongly declare to Lloyd "community leaders, senators, governors even presidents ask for my advice and many pay for it and I can't give it to you for free!" Lloyd was very stubborn and would listen to absolutely no one after having become convinced from his birth that his parents were wrong about everything and so was everyone else. It all built him up as the toughest nut possible who never wavered one hairbreadth from a position or concept he adhered to.

After a year of ups and downs at Madison High, one evening Lloyd was relaxing in the early evening on the living room couch at his grandpa's with a Frank Rosolino 45 on the turntable. He was gazing out the window at the cars turning on or off of Main Street from or towards Porter Park on the road that eventually became the highway to Rigby. He was contemplating the silly store break-in of a few days prior when he and his cousin Terry got drunk on a half gallon of wine and then prankishly stole some things from a store on College Avenue. Lloyd thought it was a really stupid and wasteful stunt that didn't have any benefit; it could have no effect either positive or negative on his standing among the Madison High kids who mostly shunned him whatever he did. No one really knew for sure that he was the culprit; but he figured those who knew him would realize that only he was gutsy or dumb enough to pull a job like

that. He couldn't blatantly brag about it like he did the former stop sign folding and cycle and hammer painting caper because this time he would be prosecuted since his poor old wasn't in town to save him. Gramp had checked into a fancy mental hospital in Denver probably for a possible alcohol addiction problem that was occasionally mentioned in gossip.

But before he left town, Gramp had plead with Jode Summer to try to straighten Lloyd out somehow. Since Jode was the father of Deanna who Lloyd had a major crush on, Lloyd was more willing to listen to him than to his grandpa or anyone else in town. Lloyd loved to work and was especially fascinated with building construction. So he would often visit a site where Jode was the bricklayer and watch, maybe even try to help out stacking or carrying bricks and, on rare occasions, try out the trowel smoothing cement and placing a couple of bricks in a wall. Jode took Lloyd to an LDS priesthood conference at the Rexburg Tabernacle and offered religious counseling on the way over. Maybe Gramp suspected Lloyd in the store break-in and probably urged Jode to convince Deanna to find out about it and to try to talk Lloyd into repenting of his anti-social antics that were becoming way too dangerous.

A Surprise Visit from Lloyd's Main Crush

Gazing out the window at the headlights of various cars at his gramp's house on the corner of Main with Frank Rosolino's cool sophisticated trombone on the turntable, Lloyd heard a soft knock on the door. He got up and went through the living room to the corner of the kitchen to open the door. He was stunned by the awe-inspiring visage of his beloved Deanna dressed beautifully as if for a prom date and with a loving smile on her luscious lips. Lloyd was frozen in amazed shock as she whispered "can I come in?" Lloyd tried to recompose himself as he stammered "a, yea, a, of course, yea sure." She timidly shuffled into the living room, spied the couch then went over and curled up like a kitten waiting to be cuddled. Lloyd was so amazed that he didn't really know what to do. He had been pining for her in lovesick longing for a year and a half and she had hardly even acknowledged his existence at school and had never called, much less dropped over on a Saturday night. His grandma had gone to bed upstairs so he was alone in the house. He went over and sat next to her trying to act self-assured. He gently touched her knee as he sputtered "How great that you stopped by; are you going on a date or something?" His lovesick puppy eyes glared into hers, awaiting her answer. "No, I just wanted to be with you this evening since you have been so nice to me over the last year and I haven't been very friendly." She then amazed him by leaning over and planting a sensual kiss on his longing lips. Although unable to believe what was happening, he slid his arm around her and drew her close for another and many more very intense kisses. He leaned back and she sunk on top of him. Their kissing became more powerful as they sensed the silent hum of their bioelectric energies blending in intensity.

Although his whole being burned with desire for her, he feared that they might break the bounds of morality to which Deanna and her family firmly adhered. So Lloyd quickly sat up and, with Deanna's legs resting on his knees, continued to hold her in a loving embrace feeling her firm chest against his and basking in the comfort of her deep dark eyes. Then he broke into tears admitting "Deanna my darling, I am so bad and so unworthy of this wonderful moment. Please forgive me for a very stupid thing I did a couple of weeks ago." As he sobbed softly, she propped his head up for a few intermittent kisses asking "you mean the store break-in?" His head fell in shame as he muttered "yes" then added "I figured you would know it was me since we played a couple of jazz gigs together then we did that prank of painting a cycle and hammer on the city hall. I am sorry, I thought you didn't care about me at all and I was kind of suicidal." She stared warmly into his eyes then hugged him divulging "I really like you a lot and I could share the same feelings you have for me, but I am waiting for a missionary. I promised to be good and I

want to keep my promise.” Then Lloyd beamed with admiration and turned to sit properly facing her. He took her hands in his and smiled “then I will help you to keep your promise. Let’s be really close friends and, now that I know you might have loved me, I can try to become a better person, one that might be worthy of such an honor.”

He took some Kleenex from the box on the table and dried his tears and hers, which had started to weal up in her beautiful dark eyes. Then squeezing her tender hands in his he vowed “we will honor your missionary by being good and I will turn back the things that were stolen from the store.” She brightened with a glow of respect and relief wondering “should we take those things back to the store or what?” Lloyd thought for a moment then suggested “let’s put them in a cardboard box and after midnight we can sneak up and put them on the owner’s doorstep.” She giggled in agreement excited to be in on another plot, but this time to do the right thing. They quietly went to the garage then the basement where he had stashed the booty in various weird locations, loading up a box until it was full. “OK that’s all I have; my cousin Terry has the rest and I will convince him to turn it all back” he said.

They put the cardboard box in Deanna’s car and then went back to the living room to watch TV until after midnight. “You won’t get into trouble for being up so late, will you?” he asked. She responded “no, especially not when I can swear I made a real difference in your life.” Lloyd hugged her tight and sobbed “you have completely changed my whole perspective on everything. I may not be able to stop all my sins right away, but your kindness and potential yet unavailable love will someday help carry me back to working toward saintliness. At least I am vowing now never to do any harsh aggressive act against anyone every again.” Lloyd kept that vow all his life, never stealing, fighting or attacking anyone but remaining mellow and kind except for the one drunken rage in Paris which was an incident that became the doorway to his repentance from a life of debauchery.

After midnight, they purposefully got into the car and drove to the owner’s home on the hill near Ricks College. Lloyd left her in the car with the motor running then quickly and quietly scampered up the grass and the steps leaving the box in front of the door. Then he rushed back to the car and they drove to Lloyd’s where, after a few friendly, rather than lustful, kisses and hugs, they both swore not to tell a soul about their adventure. The next day there was limited hubbub about the return of most of the stolen merchandise. Marvin the cop, who had been after Lloyd for his obnoxious hot rodding and his drunken behavior at the Madison High, Ricks College and the LDS Tabernacle basement dances, was out to pin the robbery on him. Lloyd’s gramp had continually saved his sorry rear by drawing on long friendships with Sheriff Hansen, the judge and city officials. So his gramp had been a thorn in the side of the cops for continually trying to save delinquent kids, especially Lloyd. But now Lloyd’s poor old grandpa was in Denver in a sanitarium and unable to save him from potential arrest, conviction and potential jail time. Highway patrolman Ben Newman had also been hoping to get Lloyd on some charge to because of all his drunken doughnut spinning in the snow in Gramp’s Buick between the Burg and IF and for doing almost 90 over the scary viaduct in Thorton.

Escape from the Burg and a Sentence to Scary Mount Airy

The next afternoon, Lloyd was sitting on the couch listening to a Brubeck record when the phone rang. He went over and picked it up and was surprised to hear his mother say “we are here in town over at Mary’s and we will be down there in a few minutes so don’t go anywhere.” When they arrived, they were very tense and grim. His mother sat him down and declared “the police think you had something to do with that robbery and your grandpa isn’t here to try to save you. So you have to pack a few things and we need to get you out of town right now before they arrest you.” Lloyd was stunned

and scared but had the presence of mind to grab a few changes of clothes, his clarinet and a wallet-size picture of Deanna. In a few minutes, his tearful mom and grandma exchanged sorrowful hugs and, as dark approached, Lloyd was sneaked into the back seat of the Miller car with a pillow covered by a blanket as they sped off towards Denver to see Lloyd's grandpa. Lloyd was told to lie down under the blanket until they got out of Madison County then the feeling was less tense, but the trip was long and grueling as Lloyd's parents exchanged driving. Other than occasional sobs from Lloyd's mother, almost total silence reigned during the whole drive until the amber rays of dawn shined through the car windows. Lloyd rose up to see the beauty of the morning and the outskirts of Denver.

Soon they arrived exhausted at Mount Airy Sanitarium where Lloyd's grandpa was undergoing treatment. They entered the lobby and met Dr. Ebaugh who, along with Dr. Drake, was treating Lloyd's grandpa. Lloyd was introduced to the doctor, but he winced since he had never been fond of shrinks because he had been sent to dozens of them throughout his life and most of them needed help much more than Lloyd ever did. The doctor took Lloyd down the hall of the sanitarium and showed him a cell size room and, with a friendly smile said "you can stay here while your parents visit your grandpa." Lloyd sat on the metal cot and soon a beautiful young nurse came in and sat next to him bringing a paint-by-number kit and offering warm and kind assurances that he should just relax. She was attractive, well built and radiated loving warmth. He had to strain to subdue a wild urge to hug and kiss her. She talked softly for a while then left squeezing his shoulder with a smile and a giggle like a hot high school date.

It took Lloyd a while to come down from the elation resulting from the pleasant visit from nurse Farr who immediately became the target of a substantial crush. He started painting the first projects by number then went back to redo the landscapes adding his own personal artistic touch. He was visited by each of the doctors who praised his work and discussed various topics. They weren't like the weirdo shrinks he had been to in California, but were friendly, sympathetic and seemed to be truly compassionate. He liked the doctors and was love-struck by nurse Farr; but after a few hours when darkness had set in, he was ready for his parents to come and take him home to Glendale. But the hours passed until, late at night, a pair of very weird orderlies dressed in white appeared. They were a couple of misplaced Germans with very heavy accents, one very tall and the other very short. They introduced themselves as Hans and Fritz and ordered Lloyd to get ready for bed because he was staying there. Lloyd was confused and asked about his parents and was told "don' vory dey iss OK; zo you shtay heer nau, *gel?*" Lloyd reluctantly searched his suitcase for pajamas. Fritz came over to the bed and took Lloyd's shoes explaining "you von't neet dees heer, ya, you yust vea dee zocks, OK? *Gel?*" That was the last time Lloyd saw his shoes. Hans and Fritz checked around, turned off the light in the small cell then closed and double locked the door.

Lloyd felt betrayed by everyone and very alone realizing that he was locked in a cell and had no idea what was going to happen to him. His parents had already driven away in tears knowing that Lloyd would never be whole again, if he even survived what they had felt obliged to sentence him to. Although Lloyd felt he was in jail, he was still happy basking in the joy of that evening with Deanna. He took her picture from his wallet and smiled thinking of the sweet words they exchanged. She had written her name on the back "Deanna Sommer Rexburg, Idaho 1956." That photo was about the only remnant of Lloyd's past and of the outside world that he would retain for his period of imprisonment at Mount Airy. After a couple of days working on paintings, playing clarinet and thinking, Lloyd had resigned himself to the fact that he was locked up in that cell as a psychiatric prisoner, maybe forever. He enjoyed occasional visits from the beautiful nurse Farr, the doctors and goofy, scary yet humorous Hans and Fritz. He realized that he would maybe never see Deanna or any of his friends again.

He lost track of time and just continued perfecting his paintings until one day nurse Farr came in, sat close to him on the bed and lovingly put her arm around him. She said "starting tomorrow we will

be giving you treatments that will help you forget your troubles and change your thinking; It will really help you.” Lloyd had been ‘helped’ by psychologically damaged shrinks since he could remember and he was completely convinced there is no way a shrink could ever help anyone including themselves. He patiently listened to her, thinking “just keep your arm around me and give me a hug you beautiful babe!” As for being ‘helped,’ the only thing that would help him and solve his ‘problems’ would be the end of the whole ugly American materialistic society with its corporate dictatorships, harmful hazardous products that are forced on unwitting victims and the government that is the puppet of those corporations. The disgusting ads on billboards everywhere, on radio, on TV and in publications are just proof of the corporate greed and companies screaming at everyone to throw away their money on their useless garbage. Lloyd’s ‘problem’ would only be solved when America finally collapses like the other evil empires of Greece and Rome, to eventually be replaced by a new loving, caring and non-materialistic society. It was the whole bad system that forced his parents to become social climbers, continually partying with their loser drunk friends leaving Lloyd alone most of the time to resentfully mope, get into trouble but also to perfect musical skills on any and every instrument he could get his hands on. He spent his time with his pet rats, mice or hamsters so he felt that he had been raised by rodents. Lloyd didn’t understand what nurse Farr was telling him; he didn’t know that the barbaric destructive shock and insulin treatments would destroy his mind and any ability to ever succeed in life.

Nurse Farr left, then the doctors visited Lloyd to reassure him that they planned to ‘help’ him to be a better person. The doctors departed, so Lloyd grabbed a pencil and paper and wrote ten things to remember, a list of ten commandments, so he would remember something in case they destroyed all his memories. He wrote:

1. I am a musician and that is my one purpose in life.
2. I hate America for putting me and other kids in nut houses to destroy them and many other crimes they have commit against their citizens.
3. I hate America for allowing evil corporations to turn everyone into junk product purchasing puppets having to slave to pay for trash no one needs.
4. I hate shrinks for trying to mind-control everyone into worshipping materialism.”

He continued until he reached 10 then he practiced reciting them over and over again hoping to assure that he would never forget how he felt about everything. He then folded the paper and hid it in a pair of rolled-up socks where he hoped Hans and Fritz wouldn’t find it.

Barbecued Brains and Shuffling Zombies

The next day, Hans and Fritz appeared with sadistic sneers holding a straightjacket instructing “you goingk tsu yer shock treatment nau, *gel?*” Lloyd waved the straightjacket aside assuring “you don’t need that guys, nurse Farr convinced me to cooperate.” He lied but had no choice. They set down the jacket and each one took one of his arms, then sternly led him to a room where he was strapped firmly into a chair. The doctor came in and explained that Lloyd would have a needle in his vein and he would be asked count backward from ten. Lloyd cringed at the thought of a needle since he always hated intravenous invasion because once in his youth he had an extensive blood test that was more like a double donation that left him weak for days after. The hated needle was forced into his arm with a long tube attached to a container of sodium pentathol. The doctor ordered “start counting backward” and Lloyd muttered “ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . then went unconscious. The doctor injected him with a muscle relaxant which shut down all muscular activity including breathing. A headband with electrodes was placed on his head and a rubber gag placed

in his mouth. Then the doctor pushed the button on the electroshock machine and about 200 volts or more violently burned through his head as his unconscious body suffered a major seizure. His limp body was then unstrapped and transferred to a gurney by Hans and Fritz who wheeled the poor unconscious kid to his room, placed him on his bed and looked on his unconscious form with perplexed pity. They had never seen such a young victim of savage electroshock before and were very uncomfortable at the unfairness of causing such destruction without a kid's consent or any understanding of what was happening.

Sometime later, poor Lloyd began to revive and wondered where he was, who he was and what had happened to him. He slowly looked around and noticed the painting kit and his paintings and he wondered where they had come from. Then there was a knock on the door as Hans and Fritz timidly entered. He didn't recognize them at all and asked who they were. They introduced themselves explaining that his name was Miller then Hans muttered "*er weiß nichts* (he knows nothing)." Lloyd surprised himself by retorting "*so wo bin ich* (where am I)?" The German orderlies were stunned that Lloyd knew German and spoke with no accent since he hadn't told them that he had tried to learn a little in Woodstock to get in touch with his dad's roots. But he hadn't really learned much and couldn't speak it. Fritz sputtered "*er spricht Deutsch*" to which Lloyd affirmed "*ja sicher; ich bin Deutsch; Müller, nicht wahr?*" Then Lloyd fell into a daze not knowing if he was German or what and wondering how he could seemingly fluently speak another language with no effort.

As he sat pondering trying to make sense of everything, the Germans came closer and handed his clarinet case to him. Fritz said "you play dis ting, you know dat, ya?" Lloyd gazed at the case muttering "*ich spiele was?*" Then some muscle memory took over and he noticed his hands undo the snaps of the case and slowly assemble the instrument making a few mistakes before he had it together. Hans encouraged "you put dis on it" handing him the reed and helping him fasten it to the mouthpiece. "Den you blow on it." Lloyd tried blowing but with the mouthpiece upside down before Fritz corrected "*nein, der udder vay.*" Maybe Lloyd's brain had been burned back to the days of Mozart when it was played with the reed on top. Lloyd tried unsuccessfully to get a tone out of the instrument but, after a few puffs and encouragement from the goofy Germans, he began to play fast intricate phrases in the style of Jimmy Giuffre then wailed out some Johnny Dodds licks in the 1920s Chicago style ending with a perfect rendition of George Lewis' famous Burgundy Street Blues.

His friends Curly, Elvis and a few other inmates slowly gathered in the small room to dig the great sounds, which came from nowhere since Lloyd had absolutely no idea what he was doing. But he was playing beautifully and perfectly like he never could before, as if he had been practicing every day for 20 years or more. Then he belted out a few minutes of totally authentic Turko-Grecian wailing which he had never done before and never really heard in his life. An old Greek patient chuckled and smiled as tears weald up in his soft eyes. Suddenly, Lloyd put down the clarinet and asked everyone "what is this thing and what am I doing?" He took the instrument apart and placed it back in the case dismayed that he didn't know what he had just done and how he had done it.

Although Lloyd had suddenly become a musical and linguistic genius due to some freak of science wherein his brain had become burned up and reformatted, all his former super genius math skills, his perfect spelling which had continually won him high honors in spellings Bs, his vast knowledge of facts and all his memories of his past life were wiped away. The math, spelling and other skills never returned nor did any ability to relate to others, especially Americans since it was them who had destroyed his brain and his life. His memories of past events were only reconstructed and relearned through long, tedious and scattered discussions with his friends and family. But Lloyd would never be a whole person again, never be able to earn a living or succeed in American society or be able to understand the material world or be

understood by Americans. He would relate warmly to peoples of other nations, especially Third World countries who were more like how he had become: open, simple, trusting and non-materialistic. As Lloyd endured some twenty of the horrid shock treatments and also the similarly wretched insulin treatments, all he could do was shuffle about in a daze with his socks half off muttering gibberish and keeping away from everyone.

Hans and Fritz felt sorry for Lloyd and took him under their guidance. They taught him to make beds with perfect corners so that a quarter would bounce off the bed. He had formerly been a master of bed making from various harsh camps he had been sent every summer like the Orme Ranch in Meyer, Arizona. The more treatments he was subjected to, the more morose and dysfunctional he became. But Hans and Fritz tried to keep him active, continually retraining him in bed making and other chores he would help them with for which they would reward him with 'Salty Dogs' which were drinks given to alcoholics to help them withdraw from their addiction. Lloyd could get a minor high from gulping a Salty Dog and that was the only minor enjoyment he experienced as an inmate in the nut house. He was a good hard worker for the Germans and they grew fond of him and enjoyed kidding him about getting a lobotomy. They explained in gory and horrifying detail how it was done and how a person would become a total worthless vegetable as a result. Every so often they would wave a piece of paper at him and with grim freakish staring eyes and swear that his name was on the list for a lobotomy. The only contact Lloyd had with his past life was the list of commandments he had hidden in his rolled up socks which he kept rediscovering in his drawer and then he would religiously recite them to himself for hours in order never to forget what he had wanted to remember: how he despised America, the evil government and horrible society that did this to him and many other points. Besides his 'commandments,' all he knew was that he had a photo of some Deanna from Rexburg, Idaho and he had painted a picture from the photo so she must have been important to him. He asked other inmates about Idaho and sort of found out generally where it was and where he was; but he had to constantly relearn it all as the treatments left him in a dazed stupor most of the time.

Near Death Torture of Insulin 'Therapy'

The insulin treatments were even more medieval, barbaric and disconcerting than electroshock. Hans and Fritz would lead Lloyd into a large room full of squirming victims strapped onto cots where they were frothing at the mouth like mad dogs twitching and writhing in ghastly patterns like a combination of Dante's Inferno and a hideous Halloween nightmare. Lloyd was strapped down then shot full of insulin so as to momentarily kill him in a deadly coma from which he would be revived just before permanently dying by administering a warm saline solution. So he was killed and resurrected as a new person or more correctly a destroyed person not able to ever successfully fully function in society. It was actually a death sentence administered by a doctor rather than a judge and without any semblance of a fair trial. Should doctors be administering death sentences to kids even if they are temporary? In fact, one or two people out of a hundred really stay dead from this hideous process and no one has ever really benefited from it except the doctors who amass obscene incomes from administering insulin and shock treatments. Is it the role of doctors to cause death then some semblance of semi-resurrection or should that job be left to God only? This horrible process is a type of murder but not punishable because the corpses still live on as some kind of dazed zombies. Lloyd bitterly remembered the horror of lying in a catatonic semi-trance seeing a couple of dozen of his fellow inmates jerking, drooling, gasping and moaning all around him, some still in comas, some in traumatized trances.

This nightmare, along with the electroshock, continued day after day until Lloyd was nothing more than a half-dead shuffling blob who could play clarinet like a super genius, could learn and speak languages and dialects but couldn't remember his own name or anything about anything except Deanna whose photo was all he had left from his past. He didn't know he had any family which was for the best because, if he had realized his parents allowed him to be placed in that tortured existence, it would have made him even more bitter. If that were possible. And when he finally did realize that they put him in there, he could never feel any warm affection for them ever again. Once in a while, he wrote letters to Deanna and once he even received a little note from her, probably under his grandmother's urging. Hans and Fritz would often sit on the bed with Lloyd, comforting him as he cried bitterly, trying to remember Deanna and his former life which had been completely burned out of his brain. They would sneak him a Salty Dog and admit how they, too, had suffered treatments and had forgotten their lives in Germany during the *Hitlerzeit* and all the things they had been through. Lloyd wondered what he had been through that he needed to forget. Maybe that he was living in a miserable country, worse than Hitler's Germany, a place that destroyed the minds of and tortured brilliant kids out of fear of their abilities or just to force everyone to be milk-toast sheep stupidly buying junk and slaving all day at miserable jobs to get money to spend on taxes and useless products fostered by the government. America is maybe even worse, at least the same as Hitler's Germany, Stalin's Russia and Mao's China, but cleverly disguised as a 'free country.' Everyone thinks it is a heaven of individual rights, but only for the handful of corrupted leaders and corporate bosses with their cronies who lord over the puppets and the zombies who shuffle along obeying every ad they see or hear. So Lloyd was not responding positively to the treatments but was becoming more and more bitter, wishing that God would totally annihilate this scum hole of a country for all the horrors it has wreaked on anyone in its path starting with wholesale genocide of the native inhabitants.

In interviews with doctors Ebaugh and Drake, Lloyd always perplexed and mystified them because of his growing bitterness and anger at everything. Curly had taught Lloyd to play pool, which he constantly forgot the rules for due to the treatments and the goofy rock and roll fan dubbed 'Elvis' couldn't convince Lloyd that Elvis Presley had any musical skills. Lloyd was now fully musically aware and could spot a phony after only hearing a few seconds of their so-called music. The doctors worried about Lloyd's completely negative attitude and feeling of total hopelessness locked up with a bunch of crazies, and that included the orderlies and the doctors. Finally, attractive nurse Farr came to see Lloyd and counsel him. She sat on his bed and planted a loving kiss on his forehead then on his lips hoping to cheer him up. Lloyd looked up into her kind eyes, wishing he dared pull her towards him and smother her with kisses; but he was even too sunk in despair to try it. She tenderly ran her fingers through his hair and whispered "Lloyd sweetie, you have to find something to hope for, something happy to cling to." He broke into tears blubbing "I don't know why I am locked up in here and who I am and what is happening to me. Do I have any family? Who put me in here and why?" Nurse Farr choked back tears not being able to answer his questions then lifted him in her arms and hugged him tightly. Her firm breasts pressed against him and momentarily tingled him with a feeling of warmth. He winced a smile and stuttered "I guess I can hope to maybe hug and kiss a beautiful girl like you someday. Maybe I should go find Deanna, the girl in the photo wherever she is." Nurse Farr tucked him in, kissed him long and sensuously on the lips then turned the light off, whispering "good night sweetie;" then she discouragedly moped down the hall wondering why they were torturing and destroying a poor teenage kid who didn't belong in a place like that.

Parole from the Nut House

The next day after treatment, Lloyd decided that the only thing he could hope for was to have someone like nurse Farr to hug and kiss and feel comfortable with. He decided he needed to find Deanna, find out who she was and who he was. He saw that the return address on her last letter and showed it around to some of the other inmates asking for information about Rexburg. They offered sketchy descriptions of Idaho and Rexburg, which Lloyd learned, was beyond Wyoming, the next state over from Colorado. One inmate said that he could get there by hiding in a boxcar on the train. Lloyd wondered how he could get to a place he had no memory of in the cold of mid winter with no shoes, no money and no food. Then the next day, Dr. Drake came to see Lloyd and explain that since he had not been responding to treatment, he should maybe try to go to a local high school to relate to other kids and live a while with a foster family. What the doctors didn't realize was that Lloyd had been a misfit everywhere because he saw through the fakery of American society and resented all its stupidity most of all school and the grim materialistic and sex-sick brain-washing imposed on unwitting youths. Also wherever he went, Lloyd was resented and despised by other kids because he had his own way of thinking and of doing things. Being left-handed and brilliant added to his detestability. So the worst place for him was in school where he had been razed, hazed, hated and beaten to a pulp. Lloyd didn't really have any recollection of any of his past, but he sensed that school might probably be a main reason he was in Mount Airy and he tried to relay that information to the doctor. Doctor Drake kindly tried to convince Lloyd that it was a good idea to try being outside the sanitarium. This was especially true since the funds Lloyd's family had to invest in expensive treatments and residency at Mount Airy were drying up. Then Lloyd had an idea, maybe if he got out of the nut house, got his shoes back, saved up a stash of food and maybe a few dollars, he could escape Denver and go to Idaho to find Deanna. So he pretended to agree with the doctors and soon he was settled in with a nice older couple, the Lamsons and going to school at Randall. He was settled with the Lamsons on Niagra Street and enrolled at Randall where he tried to attend advanced math and calculus but couldn't understand a thing. His spelling was on the level of imbecile and all his classes were a disaster. Every evening, he sat glumly and moped around the living room or kitchen of the Lamsons.

One evening, he was slumped in a suicidal depression due to what had happened the first day of school and worsened every day since. On his first day at Randall, as he was walking down the hallway, he was stopped by a beautiful friendly girl who chatted a while and seemed to be attracted to him. But when she asked him his name, he stuttered and muttered "just a minute and I'll tell you." He pulled out his wallet, checked his social security card then mumbled "a, Lloyd, yea Lloyd Miller." She politely excused herself and hurried away. Soon the word was all over school that they had a total nut case kid on campus from the stupid Mount Airy mental institution and to be careful. Students would rush away when they saw him coming, others razed him with remarks like "hey stupid, don't know yer own name, huh?" Or "hey crazy guy, go back to the nut house and get a lobotomy; or maybe you already got one." One evening before dinner, Lloyd was checking out the big carving knives with remarks like "hey Mrs. Lamson, this would be just right to sink into my heart don't you think." He knew they would panic and call Dr. Drake or Ebaugh to hurry over and recommit him which he felt would be better than the constant insults all day at school. He was totally convinced that the whole rotten country of America needed to be completely wiped off the face of the earth starting with the scum rat high school bastards; they should be executed first. Lloyd tried to put a strong curse on Colorado high schools forecasting that some day someone who

was a lot more vicious than Lloyd would take permanent vengeance on those little punk pukes. But since Lloyd was always a peaceful non-violent artist, he could only hope that the wrath of God would someday be fierce enough to annihilate America and every aspect of its decadent, egotistic mean heartless 'culture.' Only pure jazz of all eras and old ethnic minority music with some of the accompanying classy dance forms should be saved along with the Mormon Church, although Lloyd never went there much because he was too sinful to feel comfortable at meetings.

Lloyd sat down to dinner and Mrs. Lamson quickly dashed into the other room to make a frantic call to the doctors. When dinner was over, Dr. Drake knocked on the door then came in to kindly chat with Lloyd. He asked how things were going at Randall then soon realized that school wasn't going to work. How could a kid be tossed into classes near the end of the school year and be expected to keep up if he couldn't even remember his name? He asked Lloyd what he wanted to do and Lloyd responded that he had to find his girlfriend Deana in Idaho to try to find out who he was from her and any other friends or family, if he had any. Dr. Drake looked down then kindly took Lloyd's hand and, blinking away a potential tear, said "I don't think that is possible yet; you need a little more adjustment first. You wouldn't know anyone there and wouldn't be able to fit in." Lloyd saw that he surely didn't fit in among those obnoxious little creeps at Randall, so he blurted out "then just take me back to the hospital where I know a few people and can play pool with Curly and help Hans and Fritz make beds and stuff." Dr. Drake reassuringly put his arm around Lloyd's shoulder and comforted "sure, let's do that for now." He helped Lloyd gather up his few personal items, his clarinet, paintings and clothes then put him in the car with thankful farewells to the Lamsons.

Back Home in a Nut House Cell

Back at the hospital, Lloyd felt more at home but in the counseling sessions with the doctors and his partial heartthrob Nurse Farr. He more vehemently continually reiterated his deep burning hatred for everything American except jazz music and old-time peoples from the 1800s who hadn't been poisoned by modernization. He detested everything recent except for cool jazz. The doctors were worried that their shock and insulin efforts hadn't helped him at all and that he had gotten worse going from an unusual artist with a few harmless quirks and a nearly 200 IQ genius mind to a severely mentally disabled enraged wild beast who hated everyone and everything American. One wonders if they themselves might have become the same after suffering the continual brutalization of shock and insulin daily for weeks. It seems anyone would be outraged about being killed in comas by insulin then brought back as incoherent zombies to have their brains burned to a crisp, leaving them with no knowledge of who, what or where they were.

One day, Hans and Fritz nervously burst into Lloyd's room with terrified grim glares on their faces as if they had been shoveling ashes of victims in Dachau and had just been themselves sentenced to the furnace. They brought him two Salty Dogs and indicated that he gulp them down; then they sat on each side of him on his bed. They each took one of his hands then Hans nervously declared "you must go von heer" confirmed by Fritz "ya you got to geed ous von heer zoon." Lloyd looked into the eyes of one then the other, realizing that this time they weren't kidding like they used to when he would grab a Salty Dog off their tray and scamper off as they threatened "vach eet, vee gonna geef you lobotomy!" Or when he was practicing clarinet they would jump up in front of him waving a paper and threatening "ya Müller, heer iss der order von dee doctorz *für* yer labotomy." It was all in good fun; but this time they were dead serious and Lloyd knew he was in deep trouble. Hans broke the gruesome silence with "dees time dey really do got you on der list fer lobotomy." Lloyd gasped "*aber ist das sicher? Haben Sie es wirklich*

gesehen?” Fritz looked both ways then pulled a paper from under his white orderly shirt and, with flashing blue eyes like an ex-Nazi informant, declared “*guck mal hier*; zee dees, yer name is right heer *für ein* lobotomy in *zwo, ja* tsu days. Vee gotta get you ouda heer or you gonna be just *ein* blop of yello *mit* no braintz.” Lloyd glared at the schedule in unbelief then, anxiously staring from one to the other, broke into tears blubbering “what can I do?” His pals calmed him down then Fritz pulled out two pairs of socks from his pocket and said “take dees, vee can’t geet you no shuss und our shuss iss tsu beeg oder tsu schmall.” Then Hans dug two more pairs of socks out of his pocket and added “dees was von udder guys who vent home; eff it geets colt, you can put dem on yer hants like glofs.” A noise in the hallway made the Germans jump to their feet whispering “vee geet you zom foot tsu eat ven you iss out dere, vee kom zee you tomorrow, *gel?*”

Lloyd hid the socks in his drawer and checked his meager supply of clothes figuring how he could wear everything he had if and when he could break out of the nut house. Lloyd had a new roommate, a nice businessman whose wife had put him in Mount Airy to get his brain burned out so he wouldn’t remember he was wealthy while she could spend his money running around with younger guys. Lloyd had taught him how to write down everything he wanted to remember on a secret list and then recite everything over and over after the dreadful treatment. On the first day, the poor guy stumbled into the room in a daze. Lloyd went to his roommate’s drawer and fumbled through a few pairs of socks finding the list then sat down on the bed next to his poor roommate and helped him recite the list over and over. 1. “My wife put me in here to get my money; I have a lot of money in the bank. 2. I am not crazy, but my wife put me in here to get rid of me,” etc.

When his roommate came back from counseling, he saw that his friend Lloyd was really down and asked “hey, what’s going on kid?” Then Lloyd told him the whole lobotomy story and his roommate was immediately ready to help. He jumped up and went over all the walls of the room then settled on a small window in the corner. He noticed that it was two pieces of glass with a thin curved wood strip in the center. Then he measured the bottom section with his eyes then looked Lloyd over. “I had a home construction business before being put in here, so I am sure you can crawl out the bottom half of this little window. You land on the ground a few feet below behind the hedge, then you sneak off down the driveway to the street; we are between Clermont and Birch near the corner of 12th Street.” Lloyd was in a daze and didn’t really follow the directions only remembering a few instructions like crossing Larimer. He just remembered he had to go down that to a main drag then on into town. “You go through town till you reach the tracks, then try to find a friendly switchman on night duty. One of my friends down there is a switchman there named Stringer; he might be on duty this week. Tell him you are a friend of mine and he’ll set you up in a freight car going towards Idaho.” After repeating everything a few times, Lloyd was ready for his escape the next night, the evening before his scheduled lobotomy.

Escape from Terminal Zombiehood

The next day, Hans and Fritz came by and gave Lloyd a few small packages of crackers and chips for his escape. The helpful roommate added two pairs of his warmest socks; so Lloyd almost had enough socks to make up for having no shoes with two extra pairs to use as gloves. The night of the breakout, Lloyd’s roommate covered the window with two towels, gently tapped on the lower half breaking the glass, then he carefully removed the towels which were full of glass pieces. He used washcloths to pull the remaining chunks of glass from the window frame until every sliver was gone. Lloyd helped hide the broken glass under the bed then they slid his bed closer to the window to see if Lloyd could climb up high enough to squeeze out then realized they needed to add a chair. Lloyd had shoved pillows under the

covers of his bed to make it look like he was asleep. He was wearing almost all the clothes he had to keep warm in the mid winter snow. He put the few snack foods Hans and Fritz were able to scrounge up in his clarinet case which was all he was taking; then he climbed onto the chair which his roommate steadied for him. He figured his few other things would be shipped to whatever family he had, if he even had one. He stuck his legs through the small opening then eased his body through, scratching his arm on the one tiny glass sliver still in the frame. He hit the ground feet first then his roommate handed him his clarinet case, closed the curtains of the window, pushed the bed back into place, took the chair down and fluffed up the pillows under the covers then went to bed ready to swear that Lloyd was asleep if anyone came in. Lloyd told him to pretend the breakout had occurred when he was asleep and he didn't know anything about it to avoid getting in trouble and maybe on the lobotomy list.

Lloyd sneaked down the driveway to the street then onto the main road to downtown Denver, trying to look inconspicuous taking giant steps and moving swiftly towards the lights of the city and avoiding main streets so no one would notice he had no shoes. He made his way through town to the railroad tracks and was quite cold and tired as he crept about looking for a friendly rail worker. After a while he noticed someone checking boxcars to make sure the doors were shut. He carefully approached to see if the man looked friendly. When the moonlight hit the man's face, Lloyd saw a dignified gentleman who he was sure he could trust. "Hello" he said, slowly drawing near. "Hello there young fellow," the man responded, "are you lost?" Lloyd timidly offered "no, I'm looking for switchman Stringer in case he is on duty tonight." The kindly fellow beamed a comforting smile declaring "I'm Stringer, how did you hear about me?" Lloyd timidly extended his hand as Stringer firmly grasped it. "A friend of yours, a home builder whose wife put him in the nut house to get his money." Stringer chuckled "oh, yea, poor guy, how's he doin,' or you wouldn't know?" Lloyd continued "he said you could help me get to Rexburg, Idaho; my girl is there and I gotta see her." Stringer noticed "hey, what happened to your shoes" to which Lloyd responded "oh, my feet swelled up real bad and didn't fit my shoes so I put on lots of socks." Stringer cocked his head trying to believe it then put his arm around Lloyd assuring "sure kid I'll get you out soon on a train to Ogden then another switchman can get you to Rexburg." Stringer led Lloyd over the tracks and down through the yard to a few cars waiting to be hitched onto a train. "Here kid, this is a lumber loader; there is a bit of heavy paper in a large sheet you can roll up in to keep warm. This car goes through Laramie, Wyoming and it will be way below zero and you could freeze to death." Lloyd climbed into the boxcar, found a spot in the corner and wrapped up in the paper using his clarinet case as a pillow. Stringer called out "you OK in there kid?" Then he added "I'm gonna nail a block of wood in the door so no one can lock it on you; otherwise you might be stuck in there for weeks on some side track." Stringer got the block and nail, whacked it a few times with a crowbar then said "OK kid I gotta get back to work so just hang on and in a few hours your car will be coupled onto the train to Ogden."

Clicking Rails to Ogden

Lloyd felt relieved because he had avoided becoming a lobotomized zombie and he was on the way to see Deanna, the only person thought he had any connection with in the outside world. He dozed off for a few hours then felt the jolt of the boxcar being coupled onto a train then soon the sound of the wheels happily rolling along the tracks to Wyoming, ka-click ... ka-click ... ka-click ... ka-click. Occasionally, he would feel the train slowing into a station where it stood for a while then was off clicking along through the snowy mountains. Once in a while, a rail worker would shout into the car "anyone in there?" Lloyd would timidly respond positively and the worker would shout "OK!" In one station, a worker started hammering away at the wooden block that was keeping the door from locking until Lloyd called out "hey

don't, someone is in here!" The worker apologized and hammered the block back down. Then he asked "where ya headed?" to which Lloyd replied he was going to Ogden. The worker warned "ya better get into the next car cause this one ain't goin' nowhere for three weeks." Lloyd obeyed, clutching the paper roll around him and shuffling out and into the next car, thanking the worker who pulled out the door block and hammered it into the next car. There Lloyd curled up, shivering incessantly trying in vain to get warm in his paper roll which stopped at his ankles. Later in life, Lloyd sometimes wondered if he might have been better off quietly frozen to death on a side track in Wyoming rather than having to remain alive in an era when America and the whole world would become musically lobotomized brainless blobs, soulless zombies worshipping ugly inhuman electronically conjured noise called 'rock' when 'rot' should be its correct name. He might have been better off not having to witness the world's cultures and arts trodden under the foot of 'progress' and pulverized by scummy freaks whose vile screeching of blasphemous bilge replicates diabolic demons from the dregs of hell. He could have avoided seeing four satanic freaks with ugly moppy hair who hated God, classiness and culture, snuff out America's one contribution to the arts, jazz, in the worst musical genocide in world history since Adam and Eve.

Lloyd didn't know whether it was hours or days as he shivered in a daze in the lumber car when the train finally clinked to a halt. A rail worker came by and hammered the block out of the door when Lloyd shouted "where are we?" The worker answered "Ogden" and Lloyd called out "OK, I'll be getting out here." He picked up his clarinet case and limped on his completely numb feet to the door and out into the yard. The rail worker asked "you staying here or goin' on?" Lloyd answered "I gotta get to Rexburg, Idaho." The worker thought for a moment, then advised "you should go to Salvation Army, get some warm food, stay there a night and tomorrow get a train straight to Rexburg." He explained where the Salvation Army was and Lloyd shuffled away on his numb feet till he found it and went in. It was evening so he had a nice dinner after days of only a few crackers and chips with a few clumps of icicles or snowflakes melted by blowing on them and sipping the water. At dinner he made a few friends among the other unfortunates then was assigned a bed for the night. He got a top bunk and was relieved to finally be warm. But the next morning he woke up moaning and sometimes yelling in horrible pain. His feet felt as if they were being crushed under a train wheel. Soon the helpful director came and decided that an ambulance was needed because Lloyd's blue and green colored feet had to be treated immediately. The pain had been so terrible that Lloyd had bent the metal bar of the bed head that even a muscle-man weight lifter couldn't have done. Everyone there sympathized offering comforting remarks and encouraging him to hang on until the doctors could help him.

Frozen Feet, Sawed or Salvaged?

At the hospital Lloyd had to check his social security card because he still couldn't remember his own name. He was admitted and administered heavy pain medication until the doctor could come and make an analysis. The doctor was a tall dignified confident surgeon who quickly diagnosed the problem as severe frostbite which required immediate surgery before gangrene could set in and cause death. Lloyd probably should have chosen death to avoid the rest of his useless messed-up life; but he felt he needed to find Deanna to try to find out who she was and who he was. The doctor gave Lloyd eight hours to reveal the names of his parents or guardian to sign the authorization for the operation. Poor Lloyd had no idea who he was much less who his parents were, if he even had any. He tried to explain that he wasn't sure who to contact since he was on bad terms with his parents and was running away to Rexburg. The doctor didn't buy it and every hour came back to Lloyd's room asking for the information. Lloyd couldn't admit that he had just escaped from a nut house to avoid a lobotomy

which would certainly be waiting for him when the cops showed up to drag him back in there. So he figured having his feet cut off would be better than eternal zombiehood. Fortunately, one sweet old lady who worked in his ward befriended him and, after a few kindly chats, learned he was going to Rexburg to see his girl. She found out that the girl's name was Deanna and she knew that he was Lloyd Miller from his chart. Thank goodness for the plethora of gossips in small towns and for the Relief Society of the Mormon Church; because after a few calls to a relative in Rexburg, the sweet old lady learned all about Lloyd and Deanna and that Lloyd had been going to Madison High and had been staying with his grandparents W. Lloyd and Belva Adams. She soon had Lloyd's grandma on the phone who said they were so happy to find that Lloyd was all right and promised she would be there on the next train to see him and sign the release for the operation.

Sympathectomy and Sympathetics

When the doctor returned, this time he had a wicked-looking surgical saw in his hand which he waved in Lloyd's face warning "OK Lloyd, they have to come off in an hour" as he sawed back and forth with a sadistic glare. The kind old lady entered the room and quietly beckoned the doctor to hear what she had learned. Soon the doctor was smiling and tossed the saw on the table saying "OK Lloyd, your grandma gave permission for the sympathectomy; so no saw. She'll be here tomorrow to see you." Lloyd was then wheeled into the operation room where the doctor and assistants were waiting to perform the operation. Luckily Dr. Farr had performed many such operations successfully on soldiers with frostbite in Korea and was an expert in the procedure. He had explained to Lloyd that by cutting the sympathetic nerves which controlled the blood flow to the main arteries in the legs, a vigorous flood of blood would revive the dead feet. The only negative side effect could be swollen feet in summer and a 4F status in the draft which, wouldn't bother Lloyd one bit. Dr. Farr noted "so you probably won't be a postman or a soldier; but you'll walk fine even if you might have hot or painful feet in the summer." As he was fast fading into unconsciousness, Lloyd looked up at the doctor and muttered "glad I have a grandma and that she gave permission; I didn't want to bother my family."

The next day, Lloyd woke up to a sumptuous breakfast and the hope that he could realize his quest to find Deanna and reconstruct his past. He was happy to learn that he had a grandma and possibly more family and was anxious to meet her. Later that afternoon, a sweet kind angelic lady with curly gray hair and soft loving eyes came into the room and kissed Lloyd. She cried a bit then declared "I'm so happy to know you are alright and that your feet will be fine." She then slipped a pack of cigarettes out of her purse and stuffed it under the mattress warning "don't tell anyone I brought these for you." Lloyd was stunned because he had become a bit of a smoker in the nut house; but he thought no one knew about it. She must have heard it from Ebaugh and Drake. Then she instructed "and don't mention the sanitarium and you breaking out of there. We will just keep that to ourselves. When you are released from here, Mary will come in her car and bring you back to Rexburg where you can go back to school." Lloyd added "and see Deanna." His grandma smiled "of course, we'll have her come see you the minute you get there."

The few days recuperating were pleasant as Lloyd partially regained his naturally cheery personality and became pals with the hospital staff and even the doctor whom he thanked profusely for saving his feet. Lloyd's next visitor was his mother who he didn't remember at first, but was glad to find he had a mother somewhere. She also sneaked him a pack of cigarettes, even though he really hated smoking but had just started out of frustration and self-defense against other smokers. The two packs of a brand he had been using at the nut house lasted him for weeks and he wondered how everyone even knew the brand that he occasionally smoked. His mother filled him in on a few segments of his life sharing some fun and

funny incidents. He had learned a few things about his friends and his cousin Terry from his grandma but nothing about the store break-in. His mother informed him about his musical activities in Rexburg, none of which he remembered due to the shock and insulin treatments. Most of what he heard about his past seemed as if it was someone else and many things seemed hard to believe. He had no memory of any of it but tried to believe that it had really happened.

His last day at the hospital in Ogden, Dr. Farr came into his room and told him that his feet would be just fine and that he would probably never notice any problems. But his potential 4F draft exemption would probably still be in effect. Lloyd lay peacefully in bed waiting for his grandpa's dear friend and long-time law partner Mary Smith. He had no recollection of her but was anxious to meet her. Lloyd wondered why the good doctors at Mount Airy hadn't sent out an arrest warrant to bring him back in a straightjacket for his scheduled lobotomy. He surmised that staying in that expensive sanitarium must have cost way more than his family had budgeted; so they must have agreed to take Lloyd back to recuperate in Rexburg where they hoped the cops would leave him alone now that he was a harmless brain-dead blob.

A classy, dignified, well-dressed and charming woman entered Lloyd's room and introduced herself as Mary. She helped Lloyd get into a wheel chair and wheeled him to her big comfortable car where he leaned the seat back to keep his feet somewhat elevated as the doctor had advised. On the way to Rexburg, Mary related some of his past activities there; then she sternly warned "now you and your cousin Terry were involved in a childish prank breaking into a store. The police wanted to put you in jail so we had to commit you to the sanitarium so they couldn't arrest you. The doctors found you had some psychological problems for which you received treatments which they claim changed your thinking for the better." Lloyd wondered as he gazed at the sagebrush passing by "my thinking was changed to nothing since I don't remember anything." All he really remembered was his list of commandments that he wrote down and read continually the general message of which was that he hated America for what they did to him and because they despise and torment real artists and prevent them from ever succeeding. That and other statements remained engraved deep into his mind all his life resulting in his complete conviction that America is the evilest of all modernist tradition-trashing dictatorships. He fearlessly vocalized that knowledge and dedicated his full-time efforts to reviving traditional art forms, traditional attire and fundamental religious concepts all as hopeful bulwarks against the dangerous death grip with which the cruel arrogant multinational corporations strangle the entire globe. By trying to turn a fun-loving happy harmless musical genius into a mindless consumer blob through violent vicious barbaric psychological tortures, they actually created an enraged mortal enemy, although utterly powerless to do anything against them except rage and rave angrily the rest of his life.

Back in the Burg and Reconstruction of a Forgotten Past

Finally, Mary's car drifted into Rexburg past Porter Park where she noted Lloyd used to play and ride the famous vintage merry-go-round in his youth. They came to Main Street and Mary turned left and into the driveway of the gray stone Adams home on the corner. Lloyd tried to remember something about the place, but still couldn't bring back any recollections of the past. He climbed out of the car and onto his crutches hopping up the steps as his grandma opened the door. Mary brought his clarinet as he was shown to the sofa where he and Deanna had last shared a moment of harmless passion, which he had totally forgotten. He laid down with his feet on the couch and gazed out the window at passing cars as Mary and his grandma quietly chatted. It seemed that his grandpa was not there, maybe still at Mount Airy from what Lloyd was able to overhear. He wondered if his gramp was in another wing of the hospital and if

Hans and Fritz were bringing him Salty Dogs, if he was there for alcohol problems. His grandma brought him some of her wonderful corn on the cob, steak and potatoes which Lloyd gratefully devoured; then laid back and tried to remember some of his past. He dozed off for a while and in the early evening he was awakened by the sound of soft footsteps.

He looked up to see that familiar face from the photo he had cherished during his imprisonment at Mount Airy. Glowing with care and tenderness, Deanna came closer, sat on the couch and kissed Lloyd gently causing a comforting warmth to permeate every fiber of his being. Lloyd began to gently sob with both joy and sorrow. He was happy to finally find her, but sad that he could remember nothing about her; only that her photo was all he had to cling to and was his only reason to live during the torturous weeks of shock and insulin. He drew her close to him as she kicked off her high heels and slid next to him on the narrow couch. They kissed and hugged then kissed and hugged more until she ended up on top of him. He felt her firm breasts pressing against him when they both realized that they were approaching a degree of intimacy that neither were ready for. She slid from on top of him and he respectfully responded by trying to sit up then they just hugged tight for a few minutes before she noted “remember this white cashmere sweater? You gave it to me and made the whole school envious.” She was also wearing other gifts he had given her. Lloyd began to sob blubbering “tell me about you, about me and about us if there ever was an us. I can’t remember anything except that I cherished your picture as a reminder that I had a beautiful friend somewhere who might tell me who I was. It gave me the strength to endure the horrors of the sanitarium and to finally escape and somehow find my way here to you.” She mopped his tears with the embroidered handkerchief he had given her and assured “it’s alright Lloyd, I’ll tell you everything I remember.”

She began with how they first met when he insisted on carrying her books home from school, how they were in the clarinet section of the school band together and how Lloyd and his friend Charles Pendry got drunk on a band trip to Logan and how he drove band director Hal Barton crazy playing hot jazz licks on march tunes. Then how hard he had worked to be able to perform a perfect version of High Society hitting a C above high C on the clarinet for a music contest but only got a 2 instead of winning with a 1 because it was jazz not classical or band music. She noted how Lloyd would often park up on the hill by the water tower and have a few beers and sometimes play hot jazz on his cornet late at night, either alone or while his cousin Terry and his girl Vi were making out in the back seat. She described in enthusiastic detail how she and he with Terry and Charles one night cruised the town, folding stop signs and painting some with red cycles and hammers and how Lloyd had painted a big red cycle and hammer on the side of city hall while the rest of the gang sat in the car giggling. Then how dumb and drunk Lloyd spilled half the can of red paint in the back seat of Gramp’s Buick and, even after hours of trying to clean up the paint, stains still prevailed much to Gramp’s chagrin. She told him how he had broken into the store and stole some things and then confessed to her and how they had taken back what he had stashed in the garage. She divulged how they once were starting to make out like minks then broke it up because she had promised to be good for her missionary and how respectful and nice Lloyd was about it. Lloyd sat with eyes bulging in amazement at the string of stories.

Deanna went on to describe the crazy hot rod he and Charles had built, mostly Charles because he was a master mechanic, and how the cops would stop Lloyd for every possible little violation to harass him for his obnoxious hot rod. Then she promised “Charley and all your other friends will come over and tell you more about your antics. I’ll tell everyone you are back and to come over and see you. I’ll even tell Marvin the cop to drop over; he’s a friend of my dad’s. You can make peace with him since you are cured of your wild ideas.” Sure, Lloyd was cured of any ideas since he was just a lost boy with no memory. Lloyd thanked her with a loving hug and a kiss then began to sob again. She reprimanded him “hey cut it

out, where's that tough guy who scared everyone in town, that cool cat zoot-suiter who played hot blues sax on the Idaho Falls TV? Where's the groovy hot-rodder who could out-drag everyone in town?" He choked back tears muttering "I can't believe there is someone so beautiful, so kind, so caring and so fun like you, someone who can help me get back part of my memory."

The rest of the night all the way till two in the morning, Deanna delightfully divulged many things she remembered about Lloyd's past, about his grandpa and his studies. When it came to math and other subjects he had to admit "I can't do math anymore much less the calculus you say I was working on. I don't know anything about history or science or anything except music which I can do better than ever, for some reason." He limped over to the piano and cranked out some burning hot boogie then drifted into very hip cool jazz before Deanna warned "your grandma is asleep upstairs." Then she added "you never could play like that before. You were fantastic, just great; but this is even way beyond some of the music on those jazz records you gave me. So be happy that the hospital somehow made you more of a musical genius than ever and who cares about math or science. You always said that anything we learn in school is no good anyway. So be glad that you won't be able to do anything but music because that is what you were always destined to do." Lloyd gazed deep into her brown eyes then kissed her forehead hugging her firmly. "Thank you Deanna," he sighed, "you were worth freezing my feet for; you have given me a reason to live, even if we won't be romantically involved. I hope you have a beautiful life with your missionary because God, whoever and wherever He is, must love you a lot. You are an angel in a cashmere sweater." She giggled and noted "hey, I gotta get home, my folks told me to stay as long as you needed me; but tomorrow is school." He hobbled to the door and gave her one last harmless kiss. As her arm was sliding out of his hand, she noticed a tiny cycle and hammer sketched in pencil on the gray stone on the porch. She pointed to it and broke into hilarious laughter joined by Lloyd's wild cackling as he somehow tried to partly recall the prank. "Hey hush, you'll wake up your grandma" she warned as she climbed into her black car then backed out of the driveway throwing him an innocent kiss.

A Parade of Pals and Stirring Stories

The next day, as promised, Lloyd's friends and acquaintances poured into the house one by one to tell wild tales of fun adventures they had shared with him or had heard about from him or other sources. First to drop by was his dear pal Charles Pendrey who went over all the details of how he built Lloyd's hotrod which had remained languishing in the garage while Lloyd was away. He took Lloyd out to the garage and showed him the hotrod. Lloyd couldn't understand why it looked so funny and why the bottom of the windshield stuck out towards the front. Pen explained how they had found an old 32 Ford and reworked it. First of all, Pen had hunted down a 48 Merc V-8 engine and calculated the motor mount adjustments to fit it into the Deuce. Meanwhile Lloyd took the car up to Bell's Blacksmith shop up Main Street past Shirley's corner store where Lloyd used to love the burgers they made by sautéing onions before adding the burger with lots of pepper and, at the end warming the sliced bun face down on the grill. Their burgers were famous throughout the county and beyond. At the blacksmith's, Lloyd and the burley and clever younger Mr. Bell figured out how to drop the front axel a little over four inches. Bell found a big strong steel rod which he said he could cut two short pieces from, then cut the axel and weld the rods on both sides dropping it four and a half inches. Lloyd watched the welding through a mask to protect his eyes. When it was done, it seemed even stronger than before. When he asked how much it was, Bell, who was the kindest friendly guy, said "you got five bucks?" Lloyd pulled a five out of his pocket remarking "but that's not much at all." Bell smiled and said "we'll getcha next time." But every time Lloyd had work done there, Bell undercharged him. On a future visit, Bell chopped the top down, leaving only a few

inches for the windows. Since the windshield would be difficult to resize, Lloyd decided to reattach it and let it slant. He figured it would be better for speed although it looked a bit goofy. Lloyd had concluded that since he was from Glendale, and since the Glendale/Burbank area was the birthplace of hotrods, he had the right to create his own design.

Meanwhile, Pen, who worked in a garage as a mechanic, got the block of the Merc engine drilled out and got special oversized pistons and rings. He had the heads shaved and ground the cams and valves. Then he installed dual carbs and adjusted them for more power and installed dual pipes. The souped-up engine was then lowered into the Deuce, big tires went on the back and small ones in front. With a customized transmission, the rod was ready to lay rubber which it did all over town. Every time Lloyd needed some item for the car, Pen or cousin Terry or both would accompany Lloyd on a walk up to the his Gramp's law office past Watt's barber shop, Jolley's Drug, to Graham's Hardware, then up a long set of stairs to the door with lettering on the window that said "W. Lloyd Adams Attorney at Law." Lloyd would be ushered in by Rhea Fulmer, an excellent secretary and good friend, or by Gramp's kind and caring law partner Mary. Then Lloyd would launch into a long explanation about the cost of grinding cams or shaving heads. Gramp would nervously twitch then blurt out "forget the details, just tell me the cost!" Lloyd or Pen would timidly quote a figure then Gramp would dig into his pocket and produce the amount plus a little more in case they needed it for something unforeseen. After a few moments chat, Lloyd would thank Gramp and politely leave to get the parts or have the work done.

That hotrod was the bane of the burg. It was loud and scary, out-dragging everyone and setting 0 to 60 records (for Idaho) up and down Main Street where the speed limit was a lot closer to 0 than 60. Because of Gramp's power in the town and the respect everyone had for him, the cops couldn't do much about Lloyd, the little California creep who was a rabid rebel against the whole ugly American system. He thought the cops were part of the system, but didn't then realize that it went much further than that. He later discovered that the whole world is being held hostage by the horrible greedy multinational corporations and their government flunkies who control everything, plan and cause wars and secretly run the world for their own benefit. No one can do anything against them because the Devil himself is at the head of it all. Poor Lloyd didn't then realized that any feeble effort on his part to fight or improve the world would have less effect than a mosquito bite on an elephant. No one can ever expect to make even a tiny dent in the Devil's kingdom; the Devil is too smart, too powerful and has totally taken charge of almost everything on earth for his last big push to own it all, exactly according to the master plan. Every time Lloyd tried to explain or write about the problem later in life, the Devil successfully squelched his efforts.

Cousin Terry

So after Pendry, cousin Terry came to visit. He stayed most of the afternoon going over old times. He divulged how when they were kids they would put a dime or once even a silver dollar on the train tracks and then hide off in the bushes as a train chugged away from the station towards Idaho Falls. After the train had passed and the caboose faded off in the distance, they scampered to the tracks to retrieve the huge flattened remnant of the coin. Or how once, Lloyd as a young kid went to see the train chug into the station when a group of girl bullies were sitting on the large hand-pulled wooden mail wagon. They teased and insulted Lloyd in a hurtful way that surprised him since girls had always been his real friends and kind comforters. Lloyd tried to be so friendly, but one bad mean girl bully just kept calling him names. He went away that day in tears, wondering how girls could be mean like boys usually were decades later learning that a small handful of females in the world were man-hating

feminazi lesbians. Near the station, old aunt Heddy (everyone called her that) popped out of her home with a hot slab of ginger bread which she gleefully offered Lloyd. He ate some and felt much better then, near Gramp's house, he was beckoned by his cousins Sharon and Janine from next door to come and share some green apples with baking soda on them.

Terry reminded Lloyd of the many visits to the Jensen place across the tracks at 137 North 5th West where Terry taught Lloyd how to drive a tractor with the weird pedal controls and how to do farm chores such as feeding the mink. The mean little critters were restlessly pacing in their myriad minute cages clustered together in the garage-size mink pen. Terry warned that Lloyd should never get a finger anywhere near those vicious creatures because they would bite it off in a second. Lloyd thought the little fury guys were so cute since he had been fond of his several sets of pet rats in his childhood. Terry warned that mink don't become pets but are always mean and ferocious; he felt that since they were so evil, they deserved to be killed for their furs. Still Lloyd felt sorry for them and had a warm feeling for the poor little guys, even though he kept his hands deep in his pockets when he wandered around the stinky mink pen. The time he tried to drive the tractor and almost crashed into the mink pen would have been a disaster for the neighborhood; with those little monsters running loose, everyone would have fingers and toes bitten off. An animal that Terry highly praised was the pig. Lloyd had seen huge ugly smelly fat sloppy pigs rolling disgustingly in the filthy mud in a gaggy green sewagey pond out on Gramp's strawberry farm where Gramp tried to teach Lloyd some work ethic bending over and painfully picking strawberries in the hot summer sun. Lloyd thought pigs were just gross and horrible; but cousin Terry swore that they are the cleanest farm animal if you give them a chance. The one little baby pig that lived in the straw on the Jensen farm actually did seem to be quite clean, cute and very friendly. Lloyd wondered why anyone would eat those guys.

Terry described to Lloyd the two weeks of potato harvest vacation when everyone from school worked in the fields for a pittance; but it was welcome spending money for the kids. When big six foot two Lloyd went out into the field for an assignment, they figured he could buck 100 pound sacks of spuds onto the slow moving truck. After an hour of straining and grunting with the sacks, it became evident that he was a wimpy city slicker from sissy southern California who couldn't do any real work. During a welcome break, Lloyd shamefully slithered into the shed where Terry suggested that he help bust dirt clods on the combine with the girls. Sure Lloyd was always more comfortable around girls, but not as a wimp that could only do a girl's job. Some of the kids were giggling as big tall Lloyd rode around the rest of the day trying to keep up with his girl classmates pounding hard clods of dirt through the metal screen leaving the potatoes to be automatically bagged. He wouldn't be getting the big pay of a dollar a day for bucking spuds but would just get girls' pay for busting clods. Even if Lloyd had tried to be a sort of pachuco and wannabe tough guy in L.A., he was now pegged as a big sissy at Madison High where he had to try hard to get a few drops of respect or resentment or anything from the other students after that potato field embarrassment.

From information supplied by other friends, Lloyd learned that, while he totally messed up his first day a school and was a total flop with the girls at Madison High, cousin Terry and Pen were more successful, at least in picking young ladies who were mildly interested in them. Pen had a big crush on a gal named Elaine from Thornton, a little village south of the Burg on the way to Rigby. Terry fell for her little sister Violet or Vi and the two silly guys would make Lloyd cruise by their small home and park as they drank beer, or whatever was in their possession, and mope over their beloved sweethearts. Even Lloyd, who was an incurable romantic, got nauseated about how much the two were in love, pining and whining. Terry would start the song *Sweet Violets* and the other two semi or total drunks would join in with bad off-key harmony or worse. Poor Terry would sometimes cry in his beer and

Lloyd would razz them both about them being in love with a couple of Holy Roller chicks. Pen would retort that he wasn't LDS either and so was also a holy roller. Lloyd was really silly for such an accusation, he was about as LDS as Johnny Walker and hardly ever went to church and, if he did, they would probably have to ask him to leave because he reeked of tobacco and hangover booze. In fact, Vi and Elaine were against Terry and Pen's boozing and their parents were even more against them as bad kids. It was mostly Lloyd's fault as a really bad influence. Terry's stern redhead mom Mable didn't like Vi at first because she was non-LDS and lived out in the sticks. In the end Terry and Vi got married and stayed together long after Lloyd went through a few bad marriages. Vi proved to be a great influence on Terry; she joined the LDS church and got him so active that he had various leadership callings. Poor Pen never got Elaine to fall for him, even with his really great looks and very nice personality.

Gas Robbing Runaways & Adventures in Cal with a Bear Lake Booze Binge

Terry also recounted how he often got stuck with the chore of siphoning gas for late night cruises around town and in the countryside and recounted the time they decided to run away from town but were broke. So they filled up old Gramp's Buick at the station on the way out of town southward towards Rigby, then squealed out of the station without paying. They continued getting filled up then, to the shock of the attendant, digging out without paying making their way southward through Idaho Falls and on to Twin Falls. They weren't aware or didn't care was that the station attendants had been writing down their license plate number with its telltale 1M for Madison County. Then in Twin, the dummies thought they were invincible and went into a small market and shoplifted some snacks. When the storeowner accosted them, they ran like frightened rabbits to the car and laid rubber heading out of town to follow back roads towards Rexburg. They listened to the cops at the end of the dial on the car radio and were able to outwit them enough to get back to Pocatello before being arrested. Of course, good old Gramp, smooth and well-connected politician that he was, convinced the police that it was just a series of childish pranks, paid everyone involved probably more than they were owed and got the victims laughing about the dumb silly kids and their wild spree. Then Gramp convinced the cops that his friend, Madison County Sheriff Hansen, would take the train to Pokey and drive back with the pranksters. On the way back, Lloyd and Terry had to stop at almost every bar and beer joint and wait in the car for Hansen to have a drink or two until they finally made it back to Rexburg where they both had to help to good sheriff stagger into his office at City Hall before they drove Buick home.

Another time, Lloyd joined three hood kids who drove into town and were heading to Seattle. After bumping into Lloyd and sharing a few beers, Lloyd convinced them to take him along. This time he engaged in the same gas stealing prank and the gang got all the way to Pendleton Oregon before being caught. Lloyd saved his new friends by confessing to all the gas stealing and swearing the others had nothing to do with it. He spent a couple of days in jail before poor old Gramp came up to meet with the local judge and sweet talk him into turning Lloyd over to Gramp as a type of parole officer since Gramp had a few bad boy junior criminals reporting to him in Rexburg saving them from being locked up in the reform school at Saint Anthony. While in jail, Lloyd penned his first poem called To a Prisoner, which impressed his gramp and also the Oregon juvenile judge.

Even more crazy was the time old Cuz Terry came to visit Lloyd in California and they cruised around in Lloyd's dad's big Buick. There was a really hot chick named Myrna who Lloyd found on the cross-line that he and his classmates used at Flintridge to try to meet girls. One evening in the phone booth near the administration office, Lloyd dialed the number of the payphone, he got the usual busy

signal plus his dime back, then listened to the various voices trying to be heard over the busy signal. Then a sexy sounding girl was announcing that she was lonely and wanted to make out with someone, just anyone. Lloyd put on his most soothing and friendly personality and began reassuring her that she didn't really want to make out with just anyone but with someone who would really appreciate her and then he argued that he could be that person. Lloyd gave her his number, Citrus 1-7313; she give hers and they became phone friends, eventually secretly meeting at the Alex Theater in downtown Glendale. Lloyd was stunned at her fantastic figure extending way beyond the norm in just the right places, but with an unbelievably slender waist. She had beautiful long brown hair and a cute come-hither face. They made out like minks that afternoon staying through the show three times until Lloyd got scared his parents would wonder why he had been gone all day. He figured he could tell them he stopped to play touch football with neighborhood kids on the lawn of the mansion at the bottom of Royal Blvd on the corner of Del Monte. Since his dad would be happy to hear that, even though in reality Lloyd hated sports especially when it involved touching guys whom he despised with all his might. Lloyd figured guys who liked touching other guys in any sport were possibly unwitting fagots.

So outside the Alex, Lloyd and Myrna parted trying to pry themselves apart but rushing back for more succulent French kisses and sensual hugs. Other than his wild affair with the live-in Japanese student maid, Myrna was the only really hot babe Lloyd had experienced in his mid teens. Now that Terry was in town, Lloyd suggested that they drive up to Alta Dena where Myrna lived. Lloyd finally consented to Terry driving the car so he and Myrna could make out with a mad passion for a few blocks before she had to get back to the supervision of her parents. At the corner near her house, Lloyd flipped open the car door and she squoze in next to him then sat on his lap frantically kissing and hugging him and offering her fabulously protruding breasts for a few furtive feels. Terry was dumbfounded as was Lloyd until finally Myrna had to jump out of the car to get back to her house before her mom got mad, buttoning her blouse back up and showering Lloyd with a myriad more final kisses. He never saw her again and only talked a couple of times on the phone since he was no longer living in Glendale and also because her other 'boyfriend' had called Lloyd and warned him to stay away from her if he didn't want his face smashed in.

While Terry was in Cal, Lloyd's dad, always trying to do the right thing and usually missing the mark, had planned a fun trip to Big Bear Lake. They headed up into the mountains and got a cabin. One afternoon, Lloyd and Terry were walking from the cabin towards town, when at a curve in the road, a lowered sedan full of teenage punk hoods cruised by. Two of the hoods flipped the bird to Lloyd and Terry and Lloyd flipped it back. The sedan squealed into reverse and sped back stopping right next to Lloyd and Terry. The roughest of the hoods sitting on the passenger side of the front seat challenged out the window "you little jerks want a fight?" Lloyd, always the diplomat and a fun funny goofball, started his friendly prattle quickly calming the situation to the point that the hoods said, "get in and let's get some booze." Because Lloyd was tall and had an Idaho driver's license with a phony birth date he had doctored up making him old enough to but booze and weeds, he had volunteered to do the buying. Also he had a few bucks and, after taking a collection from the hoods and Terry, there was enough for a gallon of wine. After the purchase, he pranced out of the store with a sheepish smile, climbed into the sedan and announced "I got a gallon of Mogen David." Everyone but Terry moaned and looked nauseated because no one could imagine getting drunk on that sticky sickeningly sweet syrup. Then Lloyd pulled the gallon out of the bag revealing a regular easy-drinking red wine with plenty of alcohol content as everyone offered admiring remarks. After passing the gallon around many times with many crude remarks and wild cackles, they finished the whole thing off and all six were smashed out of their minds. The car weaved about as the hoods approached the curvy spot where they

picked Lloyd and Terry. They thanked the cousins, waved and drove off as Lloyd and Terry staggered along the road. Soon Lloyd's dad, who had been scouring the area for hours, drove up to the two drunks and yelled "get in!" He could tell that the two little jerks were drunk as skunks and he was silently fuming all the way back to the cabin and on the long drive back to Glendale. During the tedious trip back, Terry vomited out the window all over the car, so that later at a gas station, the attendant jibed "looks like they had one too many." Lloyd's dad cringed in disgusted fury over the embarrassment and irately glared at the vomit on his precious car which he always spent hours polishing and pampering. Although the cousins were giggling, Lloyd's dad didn't think it was a bit funny. Back in Glendale, the cousins sobered up just long enough to raid the liquor stash in the cabinet above the pantry in the kitchen. After a little whisky, gin, cognac and rum, the little creeps were drunker than ever. Lloyd's dad was sure relieved to get the bums out of the house and back to Rexburg where poor old Gramp had to deal with them.

Bad Start at Madison High

After a good laugh about the Bear Lake incident, Terry reminded Lloyd of when he first came to Rexburg which Lloyd called Hicksburg because of the farmsy dumbness of everything compared to L.A. Terry told Lloyd about his first fateful day at Madison High where he totally messed up forever. Lloyd was timidly climbing the steps to the main doors of the school when a cute saucy little babe approached him with an overly friendly come on. She extended her hand and stated "I'm Maureen" then she slid her arm around his waist like his longtime girlfriend. Of course Lloyd wouldn't refuse such warm affection from a fairly well endowed and nice looking girl. The two entered the building where curious students had been waiting to meet the interesting new guy from California. The minute they saw him with Maureen, they all looked terrified and hurried away. Half way down the hall, Terry rushed up to Lloyd and whispered "hey Cuz that's Maureen Gee, the school slut! Her dad's Johnny Gee, the town drunk! You are ruined forever in Rexburg." Then Terry took off not to be contaminated by Maureen's presence. Lloyd, who was to be the competing town drunk, resented that this poor sweet girl was branded and boycotted because of her dad and a few possible sexual encounters. So he belligerently hugged her boldly planting frequent sensitive and loving kisses on her lovely lips as they strolled down the hall like he was a letterman with a cheerleader, completely disgusting everyone who witnessed the horrid scene. After school, Lloyd drove Maureen to her little run-down house across from Porter Park and they made out for an hour in the car avoiding any blatant sexual activities. He wanted to prove to those little brat snobs at Madison High that Maureen was actually a pretty and nice girl not the school slut. Lloyd was never able to recuperate whatever reputation he might have built and to live down his effort to defend a poor girl's dignity and from then on everyone treated him like a leper. And nothing permanent ever ensued from his temporary 'fling' with Maureen.

Too bad, because during that first week, Lloyd came across who he considered the three hot shot school super babes: Deanna, Sharon and Pam. Pam was a cute little proper and religious blond, Sharon was a cheer leader, the daughter of a well to do dry farmer and Deanna was an intriguing dark mysterious beauty that Lloyd immediately fell for but to absolutely no avail especially now that he had become the school scum. The tantalizing trio wouldn't even look at Lloyd much less return a greeting. However, he kept hounding Deanna with kind remarks and was blessed to be sitting near her in the clarinet section of the band every day. After continually being nice to her, she finally agreed to allow him to carry her books home from school since it was a heavy stack of stuff. Although Deanna was in the hotshot gang of three, she had a soft heart and realized that Lloyd had been wrongfully condemned

because he was kind to Maureen even if Maureen actually was pretty loose and wild and thus partially deserving her reputation. Others of the students could see a sweet and kind innocence in Lloyd even if he had a fake tough outer shell for protection. When it came to his skills in music, as usual, Lloyd could be forgiven for some of his shortcomings which included his exaggerated Southern Cal greasy offensive wannabe pachuco hairdo combed up on both sides and hanging forward in his face with a greasy ducktail in the back. Lloyd had convinced his grandpa to buy an expensive cashmere sweater for Lloyd to give Deanna and other classy gifts from time to time which she reluctantly accepted, more out of pity than any selfishness.

Deanna was a real saint and her goodness was one of the influences that eventually helped Lloyd to abandon his sinful ways later in life. Lloyd felt that maybe he could become more acceptable if Deanna would take him seriously; but he wasn't aware that she was semi-engaged to a really nice guy who was on a mission and for whom she was faithfully waiting. Lloyd had been baptized a Mormon at eight years old but was never really active because his parents were not at all active. They mostly used the Church as a social club to hobnob with important families in the Rossmoyne area and as a convenient way to babysit Lloyd and his sister. Rexburg was almost totally Mormon which explained why the kids at Madison High eventually became friendly and tried to 'help' Lloyd out of his sinful lifestyle. They couldn't know the permanent damage he had suffered from the ugly parties and stupid friends his parents had and the whole social climbing nightmare that caused him to despise America and everything about it. This emotion could never leave him until the U.S. eventually is wiped off the face of the earth and the Kingdom of God rightfully replaces it.

Painful Plight as Pinsetter at Park Lanes Bowling Alley

Terry reminisced about the torturous nights slaving as underpaid pinsetters at the Park Lanes Bowling Alley working for Mary's husband Volney Oldham. It was a tormenting grueling job that always seemed to last forever, night after night after night. The worst was the weekend leagues where supposed hotshot bowling stars, often sporting various outlandish attire, cowboy fashions or team jerseys or whatever, would spitefully spin speed balls at Lloyd and Terry often before they could get out of the line of fire. So every night the poor kids were hit in the legs a few times by the nasty little ego-tripper bowling bastards. No matter how fast the boys jumped from one alley to the other, occasionally manning all four alleys at once so the other guy could run or limp to the bathroom, no one ever gave them time to fully clear all the pins away before shooting another insane speed ball right at them. Almost every ball could have killed Lloyd or Terry if they weren't quick like rabbits at jumping aside when the thump of another ball made them jump to their safe spot between the alleys. But at least once a night, a left over pin they couldn't clear flipped up and hit them somewhere, even in the face or head. At the miserable end of each night, they compared bruises, bloody cuts and various wounds as the haughty snotty leaguers loudly and often inebriatedly boasted of all their 300s and close to 300 scores. It was horrible especially when the creeps were from IF or Poky and had no remorse over any damage they imposed on the poor pinsetters who were apparently targets to be assaulted by the drunks.

Only once there was a overly built lady from IF who stunned the boys with her gorgeous face, her silken locks and exaggerated sexuality that jiggled through her tight fitting bowling outfit as she rolled her continual 300s. But she was more dangerous than the most vicious speedballers because she sidetracked the pinsetters so that once Lloyd was smashed in the leg by a speedball which put him out of commission for the first month of school with a broken leg and an ugly cast. He learned how to jump up on his crutches and hop on them at a fast pace amazing the kids at school and winning many

well-wishing autographs on his cast. Terry was not so lucky. Weeks of working two and sometimes four lanes and dodging speedballs or flying pins, seriously injured his back in a way that caused permanent disability. He had to struggle for months to finally get some tiny remuneration from the insurance of the bowling alley. But the two substantial injuries finally and happily ended Lloyd and Terry setting pins at Park Lanes or anywhere ever again.

Possibly as a consolation, Volney offered Lloyd and Terry a better paying summer job assembling Wonder Buildings that were corrugated slabs of thin metal with holes drilled so they could be bolted together to make a huge grain storage structure. That summer, Lloyd worked hard and effectively, as always, finding faster ways of bolting and attaching rows of sheets together. But on the negative side, Lloyd would bring a gallon thermos of beer to which he would add ice and offer the fun refreshment to his exhausted companion workers resulting in their efficiency suffering in the late afternoons. The cold beer was a great improvement over the occasional vanilla extract that the cousins had been obliged to buy at the market in the Burg for the meager alcohol content. Eventually Volney caught them boozing and again Lloyd was in trouble with poor old Gramp who was seriously tiring of all the nuisance Lloyd continually caused.

More Former Friends and Restored Recollections

Terry had to break off his stories for a while leaving Lloyd to contemplate and to try to remember any of it. A while later there was a knock on the door and Lloyd opened it to find Marvin the cop who had wanted to have Lloyd put in jail for he store break in and everything else. Lloyd wondered who Marvin was and invited him to come in. After a few minutes of conversation, Marvin realized that Lloyd really had been brain burned and knew nothing about the break in or Marvin or anything at all. Marvin was hoping for a few remorseful confessions from Lloyd about the robbery, the bent stop signs, painting the red cycle and hammer on city hall or other illegal activities. But after he saw Lloyd's pitiful situation, he felt sorry for him and just chatted about Lloyd's old hotrod and how he used to win all the drag races up and down Main and vex the cops with his loud pipes. Lloyd moped that he wasn't interested in driving the hotrod anymore and didn't know how to drive and wasn't really interested in doing anything. Marvin then started to offer religious counseling, encouraging Lloyd to become active in the Church and to pursue his musical skills and forget about being a delinquent. Since Lloyd didn't know what a delinquent was anymore and only really remembered music, he readily agreed and they ended up friends as Marvin warmly shook Lloyd's hand wishing him luck in the future and promising him that someday he would be a strong Church member and would bring many to the knowledge of the gospel. Marvin slowly wandered to his police car as a couple of tears dripped from his eyes wondering how a poor kid could have completely lost his memory of anything and was now just an empty hollow husk. Lloyd returned to his couch stunned wondering how Marvin could have prophesied such craziness. Lloyd had been worthless boozing bum, a girl chasing (but almost never catching) little creep and now a shuffling mindless zombie; how could he ever be a vibrant missionary for something he didn't really know about or even believe in?

Various other former acquaintances and friends dropped by to chat including the super sexy hot shot cheer leader friend of Deanna, Sharon Rammel. She entered the room and sat close to Lloyd on the couch in her snug fitting sweater and skirt romantically gazing up at him. As unforgettable as she was, Lloyd didn't even remember her at all. She tried to cheer him up recounting funny stories about band where she was in the flute section close to his clarinet section. She reminded him of the time he wrote a jazz Dixie arrangement of Skokiaan for the pep band and how he tormented Mr. Barton with

his high riding hot New Orleans clarinet licks on Semper Fidelis and other band tunes. Then she glared at him and suddenly wrapped her arms around him pressing her protruding chest firmly against him and smothering him with hot kisses. Then she drew back apologizing “I know you are in love with Deanna, but I always liked you. Sorry, I shouldn’t have done that.” Lloyd disagreed “no that was great but I am sorry to say I don’t remember you but I sure wish I did because you are definitely worth remembering. Anyway, I have something beautiful to remember now.” Sharon blushed timidly and, after one more kiss, left promising that Pam and other friends would be by soon. Just at that moment, Pam drove up to the house and exchanged greetings with Sharon in the driveway.

Pam, with her fun blond hair and cheery personality, had become a cheerleader that year. She entered the living room, sat in the chair with its back to the picture window facing the street, leaned forward and began a powerful and convincing sermon about the LDS Church and the importance of the Gospel. She argued that Lloyd needed to change his lifestyle and become active in the Church to become really happy and to be a useful force in society. She promised him that someday he would be active and why not start now. Lloyd answered that he didn’t know how or when he would become an active participant in religion. He promised that he would think about it; but right then he was pretty brain dead and not able to do much of anything but try to learn of his past and try to put it all together. Pam continued to affirm the truth of the Gospel and had Lloyd convinced; but it didn’t do any good since he was not even a person yet but was just a zombie blob with no memory and nearly no feelings left. Lloyd thanked her for caring and she left giving him a sisterly gentle hug.

Distressing the Band Director Barton

Finally, Lloyd had met enough former friends and acquaintances that he decided to go back to school and try to go to classes. Again on crutches, like after the pin setting accident, Lloyd limped up the steps of Madison High acknowledging occasional smiles and greetings from sympathetic students since by now they all had heard of his grief at Mount Airy. Everyone was very friendly and kind including band director Hal Barton who offered Lloyd a job working at his new music store repairing instruments. Every day after school, Lloyd went to the store and first worked on a tuba with a stuck valve. Lloyd had gotten a stuck trombone slide working in California during his junior high years by sliding it thousands of times until the stiffness loosened and finally is almost played well. Although Lloyd didn’t remember anything, he felt like he could keep working the tuba valve with grit until it would finally play smoothly. He learned how to tune pianos and replace clarinet and saxophone pads. But then Hal pulled a dirty trick on Lloyd and insisted that his gramp buy him a new Boehm system clarinet which Lloyd abhorred. He hated the inhuman machine character of the stupid Boehm with more useless keys for chromatic runs and fancy commercial or classical techniques that were not necessary for playing trad jazz. Also Boehm clarinets had no tone, they were inhuman and lacked the warmth of the traditional Albert system. The in-between notes, the half-flats characteristic of blues and Eastern music, we lost in the heartless Boehm.

Lloyd began a tirade about how valuable his authentic clarinet was and how it had kept him going through his miserable days in the nut house and, as Lloyd had relearned from friends and family. He stressed how he had recently learned that his dad had worked his way through college in the 20s playing that very clarinet with the famous Doc Evans at Carleton College in Minnesota. Barton was unyielding like a typical western classically trained schoolteacher. Unbeknownst to Lloyd, Barton had convinced Gramp to buy the Boehm. Soon the philosophical tug of war between tradition and so-called ‘progress’ came to a head when Barton glared at Miller in band class and, in front of everyone yelled

“Miller, don’t come back to band with that piece of crap clarinet!” Lloyd smiled at his friends Pen, Deanna, Sharon, French hornist Linda Weiser, etc., put his dad’s clarinet in the case and limped out of class on his crutches. Needless to say, Barton lost the respect of the students for his harsh treatment of Lloyd the musical genius who was trying to recuperate from savage psychiatric torture and mental annihilation.

Lloyd went home and said nothing to his grandma or grandpa but went to the garage and found a piece of conduit pipe that his clarinet mouthpiece would fit over and tried playing it finding to his joy that it was in Bb. So Lloyd frantically drilled a hole and played it finding that he had successfully guessed where F would be. He then planned the other main notes in the Bb scale working from the psychic genius that had taken the empty space where his destroyed brain had been. He continued drilling the necessary holes and correcting two that were a bit off by using masking tape above and below the holes to adjust the tones. Since the bottom Bb was a bit high, Lloyd found a funnel which he sawed off to fit over the pipe and then taped it onto the end of the pipe. Then, since the last hole was very difficult to reach with his little finger, Lloyd got a wire and rounded the end where he taped a chewed up piece of paper towel in the center. Then he taped the top of the wire to the pipe so that he could press down on the wire like a key. Then he practiced *Semper Fidelis* and a few Bb trad jazz clarinet pieces using both octaves that amazingly worked almost as well as a real instrument. He went to bed then peacefully woke the next morning when he took his homemade conduit pipe clarinet and carefully disguised it in a scarf. Finally he confidently strode into band, the boy who the evil doctors at Mount Airy couldn’t change without a lobotomy which he miraculously avoided. He was determined that no one was going to force him to abandon his father’s clarinet and the jazz tradition passed down from Alphonse Picou, George Lewis, Johnny Dodds, Omer Simeon and others.

Barton entered the room and started the rehearsal and Lloyd was playing exceptionally following all the clarinet parts he had learned from listening to others in the section since he wouldn’t read music. On the final chorus of *Semper*, Lloyd was happily doing his usual jazzy George Lewis licks when Barton suddenly halted the band, threw down his baton and stared at Miller angrily shouting “what the hell is that?” Lloyd blandly retorted “just my jazzy licks I do on the last chorus.” Barton fiercely growled “I mean that piece of junk you are playing.” Lloyd calmly responded “you said if you ever saw my dad’s beautiful Albert clarinet here again, I would be kicked out of band. Well, you haven’t seen it and this works fine and is better than that garbage Boehm you forced my gramp to buy.” He looked at Pen and Deanna who smiled in respect for Lloyd’s courage before they returned to the frightened faces that they thought Barton preferred. Barton raised his arm and fiercely pointed at Miller screaming “Miller, get out and never come back!!” Needless to say Lloyd’s job at the music store was over too.

Lloyd was discouraged with all his classes since he couldn’t do math or science any more and remembered no history or any subject. The only thing he could have excelled in was music but now he was banned from band. So Lloyd ended just sitting just sitting in the living room all day and listening to his jazz 45s or playing the piano. Mostly he was depressed, alone and unable to understand who he really was and what he was supposed to do in life. He came out for New Year’s Eve to get drunk with a couple of friends and they decided to drive by Barton’s place at midnight and Lloyd blew some hot licks on his cornet until Barton opened the upstairs bedroom window and blandly offered “thanks guys,” and closed the window. Lloyd became a hermit the rest of the school year except for the few people who dropped by to sign his yearbook. At the end of the school year, Lloyd daringly asked Deanna’s little sister on a date, mostly to show that he was still alive. They went to the Madison High game and Lloyd was mildly making out with his date under the bleachers when Deanna stormed into their hideout and broke up the

lovebirds declaring “hey leave her alone!” The next day Lloyd was visited by the sister’s boyfriend and told the same thing. He apologized and promised to leave everyone alone because in a few days he would be going to California to stay. He soon made friends with the angry boyfriend demonstrating his basic friendliness even if he was still unaware of who he was. Soon, Lloyd’s parents came to Rexburg to gather his and his belongings and to take him back to Glendale. Lloyd was remembering a few scattered events in his life and, from reports by his friends, remembered a little about his childhood pal drummer Spencer Dryden. Lloyd started remembering more and more but he never became a normal ‘happy’ person but was permanently deeply scarred from the horrors of Mount Airy and an avowed enemy of the evils of the satanic heartless materialistic society that the U.S. had become to allow and support such a horror.

Chapter 39

Factory Gig in Bell Gardens and Jamming Around L.A.

Lloyd was destined to be part of the California jazz scene almost to the point of becoming one of the well-known jazzmen before rock invaded the music scene and crushed jazz like the vicious and cruel Mongol hordes that decimated innocent nations as they marauded west. So after Todd School and Madison High School in Rexburg, Idaho, Lloyd returned to California to seek his fortune in the jazz scene, playing at all the right clubs occasionally with other up-and-coming jazz personalities. He never completed his degree at Madison High because of his burned out brain. He did get a diploma because his poor mom had to salvage his schoolwork by making up his last classes for him and turning in the work. He tried to find a day job in the L.A. area and started out at Sears Warehouse where he was a very enthusiastic and hard-working stock boy. He got the job through the LDS Church job service and was soon very well liked by all his coworkers for his cheerful and helpful attitude. The AF of L CIO union representative had almost talked Lloyd into joining the Union although Lloyd was not a fan of organizations. He had been an AF of M member since he was 13 in the Rexburg Local where the secretary Gar Gibson helped him find a few jobs and kept his membership current. One day, an administrator came up to Lloyd, shocking him and his coworkers by handing him a final check and saying “you’re not working here anymore, we don’t want your kind around here.” Lloyd was stunned and the union rep mused “if you had just joined, we could fight for you to stay.” Lloyd muttered “that’s OK, I think I know what happened and it isn’t their fault.” He remembered what his friends told him what Skipper said at the airport when Lloyd was whisked away from Todd School “just don’t ever ask us for a recommendation.” So Sears probably found out about Lloyd’s foolish prank at Todd and were rightfully, although unnecessarily, worried about him working at their warehouse.

Lloyd drove back to Glendale that day to tell his teary-eyed parents that he had been canned, but that was OK. The next day, his dad went to work on all his Lions Club and Glendale College friends to find another job for Lloyd. Soon he arranged one at a factory in the Industry area of L.A. and Lloyd was off to try his luck again. This time he didn’t put much on his resume so that the places he had been kicked out of wouldn’t be able to offer any scary stories about him. Lloyd drove to L.A. and found Slausen then drove to the corner of Bandini where National Screw and Manufacturing was located. When he read the name on the building, he chuckled and then winced, realizing that he would have to undergo a lot of kidding from his friends and anyone he told about his job. He went into the big building where workers were busily making and assembling strange bolts. He asked for his new boss Roger who was known as Rog, a completely dedicated, hard-working yet friendly and understanding young fellow with short reddish hair.

Rog gave Lloyd a quick rundown on the history of the company that started out in the 1800s making horseshoe nails and later bolts. Now it had become the main manufacturer of special fasteners for the aircraft industry, which could be tightened from one side without needing someone on the other side as had been necessary with riveting. The wonderful fasteners were called jo-bolts named after Joe, the man who had invented them. Rog handed Lloyd a jo-bolt and told him to check it out. Lloyd with his former over 180 IQ, although burned out in the nuthouse, quickly realized that the thing screwed backwards and that the sleeve at the end was set up to expand to hold the bolt firmly in place. He excitedly observed “wow, this is really ingenious; it’s amazing!” Then Rog proudly put a jo-bolt in the hole of a metal piece in his vice, placed an automatic screwdriver on the end and pulled the trigger, introducing Lloyd for the first time to the happy ‘zzzzzz’ sound that would come to be a major part of his life for the next year. The flat threaded bolt turned against the round cone-shaped nut as the sleeve at the other end expanded to hold it in place. Rog explained “our job is to test one or two from each batch to make sure the sleeves don’t break before the bolt is fully tightened. If so, we have to toss out those sleeves and then we need to assure that they make stronger ones.” Lloyd was hooked on the fun job of testing jo-bolts and by the end of his first day he was somewhat of an expert.

After his first day of work, Lloyd drove into the nearby town of Bell Gardens to seek a room he could rent. After a couple of hours, he came across a sign boasting “room for rent.” He went up to the house and knocked on the door and soon his future landlord Mr. Devito appeared. Devito was businesslike but cordial and quoted a monthly rate that seemed to be within Lloyd’s budget from what his wages were. Devito showed Lloyd his accommodation in a building separate from the house with a small living room, a tiny kitchen area, a small bedroom and a small bathroom with a shower. The best part was that there was a piano there; so Lloyd knew he could work on his jazz. He sat down and plunked out a few chords and a blues line as Devito gazed admiringly, noting “so you’re a musician?” Lloyd admitted he was and said he was working at National Screw to keep alive while he tried to make it in the L.A. jazz world. Devito shot a sardonic smile his way and warned “you won’t find any jazz in Bell Gardens, just country. Most folks here are Okies and Arkies . . . come to work in the factories. Me, I’m a Dago; I dig jazz and other music; so you got one fan.” Lloyd handed Devito the cash for the first month rent, money his dad had lent him, and thanked him. Devito added “if you need anything or want to know anything about the town just come over and knock on the door.”

Mr. Devito, although he tempered his warm Italian personality with a serious tone to maintain a good business relationship, was considered by Lloyd as a good friend. One night when Lloyd was really low on cash, Devito came over to collect the rent. Lloyd frantically scrounged around the whole apartment for any change he could find, emptying his cup of pennies and digging his emergency dollar bill from under the ice tray in the fridge. He just barely got the full rent together and thanked Devito for accepting so much change. Lloyd sat back down at the piano and continued to interpret Funny Valentine with deep emotion and sorrowful sensitivity. Devito lurked for a few minutes outside the door then finally knocked again. Lloyd opened the door and Devito handed him back the rent saying “hey kid, keep this until you get paid.” Devito never did collect that rent and Lloyd considered it an act of kindness that he hoped would go on Devito’s record in heaven. It was one of thousands of kindnesses Lloyd was to experience throughout his life, continual reminders that people are mostly good and that God is always there helping people even when they don’t believe in or care about Him.

The first week at work, Lloyd met some of his fun and quirky coworkers. He was drawn to a pert and pretty girl named Della who was in assembly. He sat mesmerized how fast she could assemble the bolts and ventured “I’m Lloyd and you are?” With an adorable southern drawl she shot back “I’m Della” to which Lloyd responded “so you’re an Okie or an Arkie?” Della dropped the handful of jo-bolts and glared

at him angrily “don’t you ever say that again; I’m from Dallas. I ain’t no Okie or Arkie!” Then she tossed her long red pony tail and smiled “you can call me Tex or Dallas; so what’s your story?” Lloyd timidly responded “I’m a jazz musician and this is a day job until I get known.” Della chuckled “you ain’t never gonna get known in Bell Gardens; ain’t nothin’ but country here. Sandy Stanton has a country band over at the Lido; you could probably play there sometimes.” Lloyd thought for a minute then asked “do you go there?” Della flashed a flirty smile and said “sure, why don’t you drop by tonight; I’ll buy you a beer, or maybe you’re too young.” Lloyd blushed and retorted “well not too young for everything.” They giggled then Lloyd noticed Rog struggling along with a handcart stacked above his head with shiny new jo-bolts in those characteristic wooden boxes similar to orange crates. “See you tonight,” he promised as he rushed to help his boss and pal unstack the crates and begin testing the sleeves.

After work, Lloyd went to his apartment, showered and dressed up then knocked on Mr. Devito’s door to learn where Lido’s was. Devito noted that it was a hick joint on the corner of Eastern and Clara. Everyone knew where Eastern was and Bell Gardens was a very small town; so Lloyd was soon strutting into the place where dozens of fairly inebriated obvious hicks were slouching, staggering or attempting to dance as whiney twangy hillbilly sounds oozed from the bandstand. Lloyd had to wince a lot, having spent his life discerning between bad music and good trad, modern jazz or blues. Nothing yet had knocked his brain about like this corny hokey stuff, although there was a portion of familiarity in some of it from the old New Orleans music Lloyd was accustomed to. He found a seat and tried to figure out what was happening musically.

A few minutes later, Della, dolled up beautifully, came over and sat down next to him. “So can you ‘dig’ this music?” she coyly challenged. “I think I can follow the changes and the simple melodic lines” he answered then added “how about that beer?” Della took his hand and admitted “I was just kiddin; I’d get in trouble.” He smiled “don’t worry, I’m cool.” Then Della jumped up, pulled Lloyd to his feet and dragged him to the bandstand where she shouted to the leader “hey Sandy, this here’s my friend Lloyd from work and he plays a mean piano.” Lloyd wasn’t really sure if he dared even go near the piano in such a place; but band leader Sandy Stanton grabbed his hand, shook it and then gently pushed him onto the piano bench instructing “just plink out some triads, mostly high notes in the right hand and follow the bass with the left. Sandy leaned into the microphone and announced “Fokes, tonaht we got us a speshul guest here at Lido’s in Bayl Gordens, Floed who’s gonna be on piyana fer our nex song ‘Yer Cheetin’ Hort.”

The first few measures, Lloyd was struggling to find what key they were in then, much to his horror, discovered they were playing in E natural, a key he had never even thought of playing in for any reason. All through the set, everything was in E, A and one in B all of which terrified Lloyd who was used to F, Bb and occasionally C or Eb. Soon Lloyd figured out how to plink those high triads that Sandy wanted and sometimes play a swinging left, following the bass line with phrases in E natural like for instance E and G Ab B Ab back to E. After a few tunes with Sandy singing in his strong southern drawl, Lloyd was told to take a solo. Well, it wasn’t like a cool jazz club where he could wow everyone with his sophisticated changes, voicings and intricate melody lines. He just kept pumping the swinging left like the old piano roll tunes he imitated in his youth and the tinkling triads in the right with overtones of some more sophisticated bluesy ideas taken from New Orleans pianist Alton Purnell.

Somehow Lloyd became a hit at the hick joint and was asked by Sandy to come back anytime to play with the Westernairs. Sandy was such a nice and kind man, that Lloyd felt it his duty to drop by a couple of nights a week to sit in a set of two. Eventually, when one of the musicians was indisposed, Sandy asked Lloyd to come and play a full night and he almost became part of the band. It wasn’t his goal to become a hillbilly piano plinker, but at least it was a gig, unpaid, of course. One night Lloyd’s dad came to see him in action and, as was his custom, sidled up to Sandy to slip a twenty in his hand whispering “keep an eye

on him and don't let him drink any alcohol." Sandy was an honorable fellow, so he later told Lloyd about it then gave Lloyd the twenty, telling him it was for all his help and made Lloyd promise to honor his dad's request and never to drink at the Lido especially when playing there. At work, Della became very chummy with Lloyd who had become the new country piano star of Bell Gardens (big deal). He thought she was kinda cute; but, as in most cases, their friendship was platonic only, although they flirtatiously kidded around a lot and shared a couple of kisses and very warm hugs.

Another co-worked at the jo-bolt plant was Dave who sported a Shorty Rogers type goatee and was the one other 'cool cat' in the company. One day, he motioned to Lloyd to join him in the narrow hallway where he divulged his groovy information. He said "hey man, you're a jazz cat, right? So like the cool place to jam is like the Red Feather over on 88th and Figueroa; some really hip players drop in there for the sessions. Like I hang there sometimes, it's way out man. And like if you need an easy high, you can get codeine turpinhydrate cough medicine by signing for it at a pharmacy and one bottle can stone you out a couple of times. And like some cats use Velo inhaler by chewing on it, but it's some nasty stuff, not very groovy."

Red Feather, Digger, Purple Onion and More

Lloyd thanked Dave and decided to hit the Feather for the jam that weekend. He practiced his cornet in the car parked inside the fence on Bandini during lunch breaks and worked on piano every night at his pad. So that weekend he cleaned up, dressed up and gulped down a half bottle of that nasty tasting codeine turpinhydrate cough syrup he had started using occasionally for a cheap high. He climbed into his dad's Buick which he had been borrowing and headed up Eastern to Slauson where he turned left following the direction that Rog had suggested. He went down Slauson crossing Atlantic past the single story buildings and little mostly industrial shops through Vernon city and eventually to Figueroa where he turned left. He continued down Figueroa, which was occasionally lined with palm trees passing Gage Ave. and Florence which he later decided was the best street to make the trip from his Bell Gardens apartment to the Feather. Finally, he passed Manchester and, at the corner of 88th and Figueroa, there on the left side of the street was a parking lot and the Red Feather marked by a red neon sign in the shape of a feather on the side of the building.

Lloyd excitedly pulled his car into the parking, grabbed his cornet case and headed into the club. Inside he noticed the jukebox on the right playing Julie London's recording of Cry Me a River with the bandstand at the front. On the bandstand was a drum set, an upright piano and a bass resting on a chair. There was no microphone, which wasn't important in those days of acoustic jazz; it just meant that the bass player had to really play strong, the drummer had to be soft and sensitive, which most were, and the pianist had to take the covers off both above and below the keys. The singer had to honk it out hard and move among the tables at times to reach everyone. Lloyd looked around and noticed a fairly full crowd at the small place that served drinks and food. The owner came up and asked "you a musician?" Lloyd answered positively and asked "is it cool to sit in?" The owner said "of course, man; that's what's happening here." During the many times Lloyd played there, he never figured out if there was a house trio or something who were paid and everyone else sat in or if it was only a sit-in place.

Soon a tall thin square-looking intellectual girl with glasses and a self-conscious shyness went up to the piano and hit a few chords. A hip-looking bass player with a short beard wandered up and checked the tuning on his G and D strings and soon a drummer sat down at his set, laying down a few subtitle patterns with his very thin light and soft sticks. "Let's do Dig" the pianist quietly suggested and in a moment she was wailing out the head with precise perfection. Her solo was very hip although not as funky and hard

driving as the Hampton Haws or Horace Silver style Lloyd preferred. But she had some of the cool and groovy chords like Brubeck and nice melodic patterns like Tristano. After digging a few tunes, Lloyd asked if he could sit in on cornet. The trio members looked at each other with partial sneers and a chuckle as if to say that cornet was a square axe. But when Lloyd put his horn to his lips for the head of Doxy, he belted out some strong, funky and gritty bluesy sounds rarely heard on the West Coast where cool jazz was prominent. At the end of the tune, the pianist called a break and timidly struck up a conversation with Lloyd. She spoke confidently as if she were a guru offering wisdom which was not far from the truth. The pianist, Joanne Grogan, told Lloyd she lived in the Valley and came all the way to the Feather to jam. Lloyd admitted that he was mostly a piano player and Joanne suggested he play piano the next set so she could see what he did. The next set, Lloyd went up and hammered out some very hard-hitting jazz that got everyone groovin.'

Towards the end of the night, a black saxman came in and joined the jam. Joanne played a few tunes with him then turned the piano over to Lloyd who got a groove going with the saxman. After the session was over, Joanne complimented Lloyd's playing but added he could use some better fingering and needed to learn the heads to Dig and other bop tunes. Although she was the same age as Lloyd and a girl, Lloyd realized that she knew her stuff so he set up a few piano lessons. So one Saturday afternoon, Lloyd drove all the way out to the Valley to Joanne's place for a lesson. She was always a bit distant and businesslike, although she could really wail at the sessions. She carefully guided Lloyd through the head for Dig phrase by phrase showing him the correct fingering. After a half hour, he had it down fairly well and was able to bring it up to speed. She also showed him some changes to a few of the more tricky tunes. Lloyd went back a couple of times to polish up heads and work on changes but five dollars a lesson was a bit of a sacrifice for a struggling factory worker in the 50s. Other than a few lessons from Lloyd's mom's piano teacher, Eddie Edwards, who just encouraged Lloyd to keep playing and occasionally showed him some alternatives, Joanne's three lessons were the only piano instruction Lloyd ever had. Of course, following the keys on the old family player piano should also be seriously considered instruction.

During the sessions at the Feather, Joanne would sit-in more than Lloyd because she had better technique and could play difficult tunes. Although she was good, she didn't swing that much even when spade cats came to sit in. Lloyd on the other hand played hard, heavy, bluesy and funky just like a spade. He had a lot of energy combined with anger, a quiet rage against the system, a setup where Lloyd felt that the big greedy companies and the government were abusing people, making them spend most of their waking hours doing slave labor so they could buy the worthless junk advertised in all the media. He perceived that the big corporations sell their worthless wares per force, their poison pops, their destructive tobacco, deadly liquor their fatal fake foods and their ugly stupid clothing items forced on everyone through their flunkies, the fashion conspiracy. The government finds ways to dispossess everyone of as much of their money as possible through taxes and other means. He realized early on in life that the whole 'free country' and 'democracy' myth was just to get everyone to think they are free so they can work, work, work to get things they don't need or even want because supposedly everyone else has them. Americans are 'free' to get, get, get as much as they can so they can spend, spend, spend on worthless garbage and taxes. Lloyd's pent-up rage served him well at the piano since that was the only place he could expel it because otherwise he was by nature a calm, kind and sensitive young man.

One night Lloyd was on break on the bandstand at the Feather when a pert and pretty girl with luscious long black hair and a striking gown breezed into the club as Julie London was crooning Laura on the jukebox. She purposely came up to the bandstand, gave the quiet bearded bassist a hug and some substantial kisses then turned to Lloyd and asked "you know 'S Wonderful?" Lloyd sort of knew it so he reluctantly replied positively. She held out her small tender hand and said "I'm Daphne." The bass player

chided “we call her Daffy Duck.” She winced a little and added “yea Daffy’s cool. Are you hip to Gone with the Wind, also in Eb?” Lloyd thought a minute and said “I guess.” Soon the next set was happening and Lloyd was able to back up Daffy who was quite good with the breathy sound of Julie London added to a bit of Ella Fitzgerald. She had a charming personality and would go out to the audience and wander among the tables since there was usually no sound system at the Feather. She was kind of spacey, maybe stoned on pot, but charming, cute and well proportioned. If she hadn’t been committed to the bassman, Lloyd could have fallen for her; but that would not have been beneficial and she surely wouldn’t have been interested in him.

During the break, Lloyd had noticed that Daffy and the bass man were making out in the corner of the bandstand; so for the next set he suggested “hey Joanne just came in, so if you want, I can play a set on bass and you guys can keep on makin’ out.” The bass man, usually timid and introverted blurted out “can we borrow your car a set to blow some weed in the parking lot . . . maybe drive around the block?” Lloyd, who was always the good guy told them OK, handed them the car keys and lifted the bass off the chair where it was leaning. An older trumpet man sat in and they started out with a blues in F. Lloyd’s bass studies with Hendrickson at Todd school paid off as he got a groove going with the drummer’s ride cymbal. As soon as Daffy and her cat dug that Lloyd was hip to bass lines they, split and were gone for almost an hour. The habit of sitting in on bass and the cuddly couple borrowing Lloyd’s dad’s Buick for a set or two became a common happening at the Feather.

Lloyd thought the trumpet man who sat in was a bit weird; sure everyone there was some kind of weird, but he seemed to be way too square. His riffs were square and he sometimes said ‘hep’ instead of ‘hip.’ He tried to shuck cool, but came off really uncool. When he played, he didn’t even try to swing but sounded like he was giving a boring preachy sermon in a run-down church. Once he even counted off a tune snapping his fingers on 1 and 3 which totally gave him away as a fraud. Then when the spade cats came in to jam, during the break he asked if anyone had some joints or a shake of grass they wanted to sell. That cinched it; he was the fuzz posing as a jazz cat. Everyone at the club was hip to his scene and soon he felt the coldness and split. Later the spade cats invited Lloyd into their big bad lowered Cady to blow some weed. They had the usual spade car, dual pipes, dual mud flaps, dual aerials with dual foxtails, etc. Lloyd slid into the back seat with a big friendly spade on each side and three others in the front seat. They broke out the weed and started a joint around. Soon everyone was pretty high except Lloyd who was faking inhaling because he didn’t want to be goofed up for the last set. They were shuckin’ jive and Lloyd was sounding as black as any honkey could.

The cats in the front seat were talking about the trumpet man cop. “Jya dig dat jive ass honkey cat tryna bus’ us?” The guy to Lloyd’s right chimed in “dat cat was mess’ up if he sinks we wasn’t hip to his scene.” Lloyd added “man, like dey’s always trayna bus us spade cat musicians fer blowing guage.” The whole car full cracked up at Lloyd’s nearly perfect knack at shuckin’ spade talk as he continued “baby, hope you cats ain’t gonna be drug if dis honkey ofay foo’ pyana cat ain’t hip to all dem changes onna nex set.” Again they all roared with laughter and passed another fat joint to Lloyd as one of the spade cats warned with a smirk “hey Laid baby, don’ nigga lip it.” Lloyd retorted “hey whaya thinkin’ man, a’m jus’ gonna honky lip it” instigating more crazy laughs. Then the guys in the front seat started to open the door to make their way back into the club. Lloyd took his last fake toke and handed the joint back to the tenor man who snuffed it out and stashed it under the seat. Everyone slowly and imperfectly made their way from the parking lot, which started at the corner of 88th and Figueroa and ended at the wall of the club under the red neon Red Feather sign. Lloyd would be invited out to that car often especially when a new spade cat would come by so that they could show off Lloyd the honkey spade who could shuck jive and then wail like a memba on keys.

Romance and Platonic Pals

One night, after Daffy sang some romantic songs and the club slowly quieted down, a very beautiful girl slowly made her way up to the bandstand and sat on the piano bench next to Lloyd. She fooled around on a few notes almost rendering a familiar blues head then turned to Lloyd and said “man, you wanna drive me home and hang out at my pad a while? I got some grass and I’ll turn you on.” Lloyd knew that she wasn’t the fuzz, so he agreed. She guided him the few blocks to her apartment where she opened the door and sat him down on a big comfy chair. She poured him a drink then put on a stack of wonderful albums, mostly fabulous drum solos, Shelly Man and others. She made him a tasty sandwich then turned the lights down. After sharing a few tokes on a joint, she slid off her dress and gently slipped into her bed which was in the front room right next to the chair Lloyd was in. She mumbled something like “you can join me if you want” to which Lloyd muttered “thanks I’m cool; goodnight doll” and remained frozen in the chair digging the great LPs and trying to finish the joint and booze. Maybe they were both too stoned or he was too much of a musician or gentleman; but Lloyd gave up a possible rare chance for some wonderful romance and soon they were both asleep in their separate locations.

Lloyd was gently awakened when the sun began to brighten the small apartment; then he stumbled over, restacked the LPs in the record player then drifted back to sleep. Later his new friend slowly slid out of bed and came over to give Lloyd a solid caring kiss. He hugged her then she went over to the stove and cooked up some eggs and toast muttering, “you can stay her as long as you want; have some breakfast.” Lloyd sent a loving smile her way and ran his fingers through her hair as she passed by again on her way to the shower as she shot him an inviting smile which he returned but didn’t budge. He dozed off for a few minutes and woke again to find his new ‘girlfriend’ gone. He later made his way to work where he tested jo-bolts with a peaceful smile on his lips, happy that he had shared a beautiful evening with an attractive and friendly girl but in a manner that was much more valuable than some crass sexual encounter. Even at a young age, Lloyd realized that real love and caring is most often expressed in gentle ways without having to end up as some mundane physical exploit.

One day Lloyd was riding the bus in Hollywood when a Japanese girl walked up and harmlessly hugged him blurting “Lloyd, it’s me, Yoko, remember?” How could he possibly forget the person who had introduced him to the secrets of sexuality when she was a live-in foreign student and domestic assistant at the Miller’s on Royal Blvd. He remembered that evening when they were goofing around, Lloyd dared her to show him her chests. Instead of a visual version of his request, she stunned and frightened him by turning off the lights and inviting “feel.” He gleefully obeyed, then she gently guided his hand and said “now feel down there.” These secret activities continued from time to time ending in Lloyd experiencing the real thing in his early teens, even if he hadn’t really been planning in going all the way quite yet even if he really wanted to. But it was very enlightening and definitely a lot less degrading and disgusting than the mutual fruiting get-togethers of the neighborhood boys in various basements of houses under construction, activities which Lloyd always abhorred and avoided like the plague. After all, since the many beatings he endured from the kids at school, he hated all boys and wanted nothing at all to do with any of them. He kept the enjoyable romantic activities with Yoko a secret; but one night when he and drummer Spence Dryden were jamming in the playhouse, Yoko knocked on the door and entered with “you better come in now or you won’t get any.” Spence glared in stunned disbelief at the utterance as Lloyd whispered to her “he knows.” He meant that her statement had given it away; but she thought that he had been telling all his friends. So that was the end of their secret sexual activities, a short, sweet and crazy part of his early teens.

This time when he recognized Yoko on the bus, she invited him to have dinner sometime with her and her husband in their plush home on the hill in Hollywood. She gave him the phone number and he eventually set a time to visit them. He learned that Yoko's husband, also Japanese, was a big shot drug enforcement officer and Yoko promised that they would keep an eye out for Lloyd because of his affiliation with possible drug users and pushers in the music business. They kept that promise because, a few weeks later, a friendly guy who really didn't quite fit in at the Feather or the Digger started hanging out with Lloyd. He would occasionally have Lloyd drive around the area asking strangers if they had any weed he could buy. Once in a while he would cop a joint or two but was really looking for a big buy. Lloyd wondered if he hadn't been sent his way by Yoko's husband. It didn't matter much to Lloyd because he was basically clean; but he hated to think any of his friends might get busted. One spade bassman he had been jamming with was asked by the guy to get a big buy of pot together. Lloyd wasn't sure the guy was really the fuzz or what the two were planning, but one day a few weeks later he went by the bassman's pad to find it empty and nothing there. The neighbors indicated that he had been busted or something. Lloyd was saddened at the demise of a pal, but relieved that someone had been looking out for him all along.

Another drug-related incident which was just a crazy fluke was the evening that Lloyd drove into the driveway at his apartment followed by a local Bell Gardens cop car. He got out and two weird-acting cops got out and followed him to the door. They were occasionally giggling like kids on pot and asked him if he had been smoking any reefer. He said no, then they insisted he let them look around the pad. He opened the door and they began snooping around looking for drugs. They even checked the fridge, in the icebox and everywhere. They didn't notice the line of dozens of empty codeine turpinhydrate bottles on the ledge against the wall. Duh, if they were really looking for a scandal that could have been something. Then they asked him if he was sure there was no pot anywhere then shocked him by confiding that they were bored and wanted to be turned on. Lloyd apologized, noting that he didn't like pot because it made him silly, he preferred booze. Then the cops noticed the piano and asked him to play something. He sat down and did a way-out Tristano imitation, which was beyond their capability of comprehension. They said that it was really weird and then just split laughing like hyenas in the driveway. Lloyd thought it was pretty goofy to have stoned cops on the loose trying to score weed from citizens.

Cool Spade Clubs on Central Avenue

At one of the sessions at the Feather, a spade sax cat hipped Lloyd to what was considered a real hard-core jazz scene down on Central Avenue in L.A. When Lloyd told friends he planned to go there to jam, everyone was horrified. They warned that he wouldn't come back alive because it was the very center of the Black community and that no white person dared go there. Lloyd wasn't a bit worried, he had heard the same warnings about visiting George Lewis in Algiers across the bay from New Orleans and he felt more at home there than in Rossmoyne where he occasionally had to dodge bullies. That weekend, Lloyd headed down to Central Avenue and found the jazz spot called Downbeat and later another place called the Last Word. He walked into the club like he completely belonged there and he really did as a highly skilled upcoming jazz pianist. He went right up to the bandstand as a few of the spades looked at him questioningly, like what was a weird honkey kid doing there. He asked the bandleader if he could sit in and then he recognized the saxman from the Feather who had referred him to the place.

Suddenly, he was no longer an ofay but a musician and welcome. He sat down at the piano and they called a blues in F. Lloyd wailed like crazy pounding out accents and sometimes rumbling his Hampton Haws boogie type left hand. This was the first jam where he felt right at home, playing with cats that knew

their stuff and could really swing. Lloyd played like a spade whether it was New Orleans clarinet or bop piano and now finally he was playing with and for cats who could dig what he was doing. After the set, everyone came up and complimented him telling him to come down and jam anytime. The drummer who had really dug sharing many of the same accents said “hey man you don’ play like no honkey.” Lloyd was very complimented and felt like he was floating on a cloud. During the rest of his days in Bell Gardens, he often dropped in at the Word or Downbeat and was always right at home. Even on the street when he was walking to the club people smiled and greeted him kindly. Lloyd always radiated positive and loving vibes when he was among spades or other ethnic populations because he felt that he was one of them and not a white. It was whites who had given him a bad time all his life, who had beat him up, stole from him, lied to him and treated him like trash and burned his brain out in the nut house; so he had long ago decided that they were the enemy. One night, Lloyd brought his cornet to jam on Central Ave. and knocked everyone out with his hard blasting confidence and he became a type of neighborhood celebrity.

Time to Leave the California Jazz Scene

Meanwhile, Lloyd’s parents thought he was hanging around with some really bad cats and wanted to get him out of L.A. So, like always, they sent him to another shrink. But this time the doctor was a Mormon bishop and a really nice caring guy. He used hypnotherapy on Lloyd and worked to find out what improvements Lloyd actually wanted in his personality. While Lloyd was under, the good doctor only encouraged him in his music and things Lloyd wanted to excel in. A couple of times, the doctor said that Lloyd would go to a far away land, learn their music and return to mix it with jazz and become famous. That idea was really far-fetched for Lloyd, but it became engraved into his head somehow. The truth was that Lloyd’s parents were really afraid for him because it appeared that Daffy and her bassman boyfriend had been borrowing Lloyd’s dad’s car for a few drug sales and the cops had the plate number. One of Lloyd’s dad’s friends from the Lion’s club in Glendale was a narc and warned him of the impending danger and possible arrest. So just about that time, Lloyd’s dad was offered a job in Iran to set up a business school for the Shah. He decided to take the offer to get Lloyd away from the drug dealers who were using the car and also far from the whole L.A. scene. So the doctor had been hired to hypnotize Lloyd into wanting to go to Iran, learn the music there and put it together with jazz and become a success in the music world.

The spell was working and Lloyd, although he hated to leave the jazz scene just when he was starting to break in, was sick of all the messing around trying to sit-in and the futility of it all. He mentioned to his coworkers at National Screw that he might be going to Iran, wherever that was. Then one of the internationally traveled colleagues said “you know how they spell *sahib* in Pakistan?” Lloyd said he didn’t. There answer came “S.O.B.” A light laugh traveled around the room then Lloyd asked if anyone had ever heard of Iran. No one could tell him much about it except that it was on the other side of the world and maybe had camels and donkeys, probably carpets. Meanwhile Lloyd wanted to keep up the effort to make it in the L.A. jazz scene, an almost impossible task. A new lady friend from near Bell Gardens, an attractive Hispanic jazz pianist named Maria, had prodded Lloyd to take her to the jams at the Purple Onion in Hollywood on Sunset Blvd. They had only kissed and hugged a bit, but she promised him the real thing if he could get her some downers. So Lloyd asked the nurse of his hypnotist shrink for some sleeping pills which he brought along on one of their visits to the Onion. The various times he had gone up there, Lloyd had played with some really great musicians including Brookmeyer and similar talents. Of course, when a known jazz cat came up to the stand, it was only one or two tunes before a really good pianist replaced Lloyd. But he had the chance to jam with some very hip cats and was getting pretty good.

The night he brought the pills for Maria, she took some and was feeling great and initiated some serious kissing, cuddling and a little petting on the drive up to Hollywood. When they got to the Onion, a very cool session was happening with some fine players; so Maria just sat at the piano all night not letting Lloyd play even one tune. He was fuming and didn't say a word all the way home. She hinted a couple of times that she was in the mood for hardcore love declaring "hey honey, your Spic chick piano babe is hot for some action." But he was still so mad he didn't even answer.

It was then that he realized that neither chicks, booze, drugs or anything were as important as music. But as time went on and Lloyd struggled to sit in on piano at the Feather and the Onion where competition was fierce and he was becoming very discouraged almost suicidal. Booze, the codeine cough medicine, nothing could cheer him up. One night after hopelessly trying to sit in for four hours at the Feather, he returned to his little apartment and finished off a bottle of liquor then rolled onto the floor and started crying hopelessly. He wasn't getting anywhere in the jazz world; his playing was good but he couldn't seem to make it. He had never been very religious and thought that church stuff was stupid; but he did figure that God was out there somewhere and might be able to help him. So he poured out his heart in sobbing prayer sputtering over and over again "Lord, please show me the way to succeed in music." He finally drifted to sleep and woke up on that hard floor the next morning discouraged, but still always harboring a tiny drop of hope not realizing that events in his miserable life would soon drastically change possibly as an answer to how he could eventually partially succeed (as if anyone ever really can) in music.

Not long after the Onion fiasco, Lloyd's childhood best buddy Spence Dryden invited him to check out Westlake College of Music where a lot of really good cats studied. They found 1520 North Gower off Sunset and parked nearby. As they approached the building, big band sounds were oozing out of the top floor windows. They went in and Spence showed Lloyd around. One of the students who Spence knew explained how they used numbers for all the charts. If 1 was C then 5 was G and 4 was F, etc. That way very cool charts could be transposed to any key just by telling everyone that now 1 was Bb or Eb, or whatever. Or parts could be switched among sections if the ranges were similar. Lloyd was so impressed with the system that he started using numbers for all his arranging from then on. He told everyone about it, the musicians at the Feather, the Digger or wherever. Some thought he had lost it and others just humored him. When Westlake College moved to 7190 Sunset, Lloyd revisited the place again and was even more impressed with the excellence of the teaching and the skills of the students, some of whom were already jazz figures in the California scene.

Then one night, Lloyd went to a session maybe at the Onion but likely somewhere near there, he wasn't quite sure. There he saw two wonderful musicians who he couldn't believe. One was Frank Katz, an intellectual guy with big Einstein hair who played fantastic jazz cello using a bow. Then there was another cellist named Harry Babasin who played unbelievable pizzicato solos just like a guitar or some supernatural jazz bass. He was actually a respected bassist who also played great cello. Those two musicians so impressed Lloyd that he eventually was able to approximate the pizzicato cello bit for one of his NIRTV jazz shows in the 1970s. The producer brought a cello one day and said "see what you can do on this." Lloyd retuned it for jazz, practiced a few minutes and was ready to wail like a star.

One night near the end of Lloyd's jazz days in California, Spence invited him to a concert at one of the jazz clubs, like the Digger but bigger where some new weird cat called Charley Lloyd was blowing sax. Spence had turned Lloyd on to some pot against his will and, for once, he actually inhaled becoming fairly stoned. They stumbled over to a couple of seats and slumped down. Charley was playing some really weird beyond far-out solo that was in complete opposition to any sensible changes, jazz phrasing or good taste and it definitely didn't swing. Suddenly, Lloyd couldn't control how he felt about the completely goofy comical meanderings on sax and broke out in wild laughter like a hyena soon joined by

Spence. Other audience members, maybe also stoned out, began to giggle while hard-core fans who imagined they were being treated to some wonderful ground-breaking genius creativity glared in haughty anger at the cackling stoners. Lloyd and Spence quickly restrained themselves only to be smitten by several more outbursts even wilder than before with more audience members catching the contagion. To avoid some big bad bouncer violently tossing them out, the two goof-offs from Glendale retraced their steps and stumbled out to the street still giggling and glad to be out of there. After several efforts to get the continually dropping keys in the car door with more intermittent wild laughter and discussions of strong cravings for pizza or sweets, the crazies were 'driving' back to Royal Boulevard. If this was where jazz was going, Lloyd was ready to leave the States as his shrink hypnotist was suggesting and his parents were coaxing. Little did he know that jazz would later meet its death at the hands of a non-music noise so imbecilic, obnoxious and evil that no intelligent being could even imagine such a horror. And his lifelong buddy Spence would join the evil empire of rock as a mainstay with the Airplane, be inducted into the rock hall of fame (more correctly infamy) finally meeting an early demise from all the inherent debauchery.

Leaving L.A.

As the time to leave L.A. drew close, the Millers hired a tutor to teach them Farsi because Mr. Miller had accepted the two-year job of setting up a business school in Tehran. The tutor was a young Armenian guy who became chummy with Lloyd and who Lloyd's dad, as usual, in broad daylight bribed to 'watch' Lloyd and take him to the beach one afternoon. Since they were planning to go to the Santa Monica area, Lloyd knew of a place around there where trad jazz experts jammed. He had heard about it at the Southern California Dixieland Jazz Society meetings when famous 1920s banjo man from Louis Armstrong's Hot 5 and Hot 7, Johnny St. Cyr, was president. At one of the meetings in a pleasant park somewhere, Lloyd pumped St. Cyr for info about Bolden and Bunk. He couldn't find out more other than Bolden played really loud and strong. He also couldn't get an irrefutable confirmation that Louis learned most of his cool licks and laid-back styling from Bunk. In any case, the Armenian tutor came over with two really hot Armenian babes, one for him and one for Lloyd. As they drove off towards Santa Monica, Lloyd revealed his plan to spend the afternoon jamming at the trad jazz spot while the Armenians could lounge around the beach. Then they could come pick him up and he would hang out at the beach a while to get a bit of a tan so his parents wouldn't know he was skipping out on a date to play jazz. He had sneaked his dad's clarinet wrapped in a beach towel but pretended to be interested in his 'date' by making out like a fiend which wasn't such a bad ruse. His date seemed to really like him and was almost in love.

They dropped Lloyd at the jazz spot that wasn't a bar or anything, more open and bright rather than dark and dingy. He got out his clarinet and soon was jamming with the other musicians when he couldn't help notice the very cool black piano man. After a couple of sets and during a break, he went over and noted "hey man you are great, you play just like Alton Purnell." The piano man chucked and revealed "I am Alton Purnell!" Lloyd was stunned and overjoyed to have played with such a great authentic New Orleans star from the Bunk Johnson and George Lewis bands. "Wow!" he exclaimed as he slumped onto the piano bench next to Alton. Then he admitted "I copy your style on piano" to which Alton offered "show me what you do." Lloyd slid over a bit and Alton got up and leaned against the top of the upright. Lloyd belted out some Purnell licks pounding chords in his right hand with alternating octave root notes in his left or pounding octaves with his left sometimes with the 5th in between and occasional accented chords in his right. Or he would pound out chords with both hands sprinkled with occasional bluesy melodic patterns in his right. Purnell was impressed and complimented Lloyd who then said "I also play

that stupid modern jazz stuff too; but please don't you ever sell out." Alton laughed and affirmed "not me man;" then Lloyd showed him some cool chords and riffs he had been doing at the Red Feather and a fast head he learned how to correctly finger from Joanne. Purnell was impressed but promised not to use any of those bop ideas in New Orleans jazz.

After an afternoon of great jamming, Lloyd rolled up the clarinet in the beach towel and went outside to meet the Armenians. His date had been crying because she had missed him and felt jilted. She smothered him with hot kisses and they went back to the beach where he enjoyed rubbing suntan lotion all over her firm hot form several times as she seemed to melt with pleasure. Soon they had to get back to the Miller home while Lloyd and his very hot date made out like a minks in the back seat. His date was really in love now; but Lloyd was still high from having jammed with Alton Purnell and no chick, no matter how beautiful, stacked and hot to trot, could top that. The poor girl was heart-broken because she couldn't understand why, when all the guys craved her affections, Lloyd was not that interested. He left the sobbing love-sick Armenian girl and the other couple, waving goodbye as their convertible squealed out from in front of 1510 Royal and Lloyd entered the house he would soon leave for a long six years in Iran and Europe before eventually reluctantly returning a much better jazzman and a better person as well.

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section D, Born in L.A. & Early Days, Chapter 33

Lloyd's mother, Maxine, a pioneering woman



Playing banjo in school, Rexburg, Idaho



First women's polo team at USC



Student of Michael Mordkin in New York



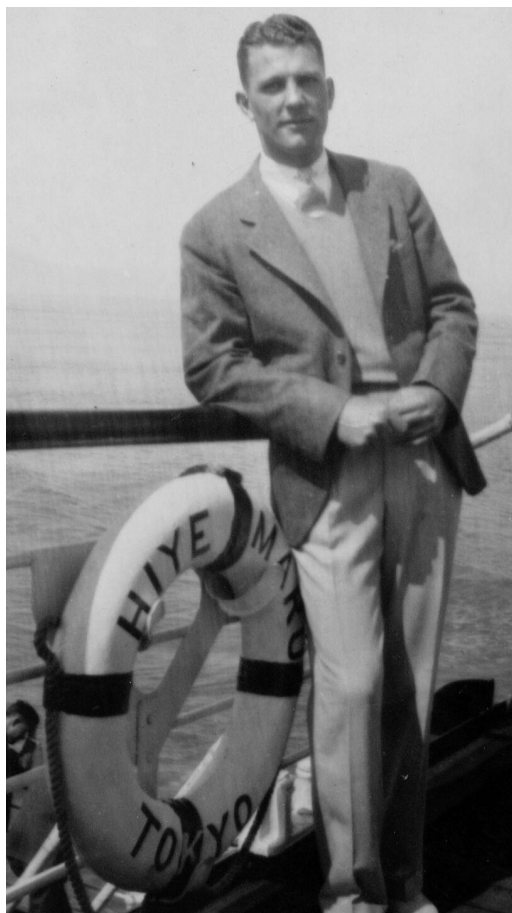
First woman from the west presented at the Court of St. James



Fencing for Mussolini's Brown Shirts



Grandpa Lloyd Adams (R) Idaho Governor signing his bill creating Madison County

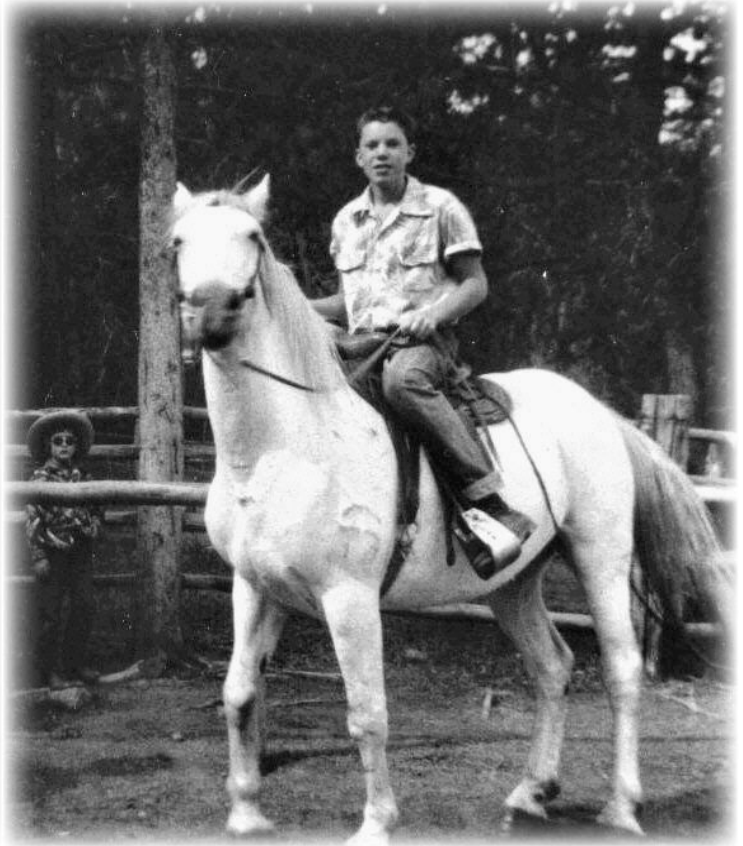


Lloyd's dad, boat to Japan Carleton College Algol: Doc Evans & Sherman Miller

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section D, Born in L.A. & Early Days, Chs. 33-37



Young Lloyd, raised by rats



Horsin' around at summer camp



Lloyd with that infamous "\$750 accordeon"



Composing at home in Glendale

Sufi Saint & Swinger: photos for Section D, Born in L.A. & Early Days, Chapter 38



At Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, IL



jammin' with Terry & Lloyd in Rexburg



Lloyd in Madison High band in Rexburg



Deanna's photo, only link to the past