

Jim Lawrance

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MMS - Okay. Here with *Jim Lawrance* in the shack on August 28th. Yeah, August 28th, 2019. Thanks very much for doing this, Jim.

JL - You're more than welcome.

MMS - Okay. Awesome. If I could just kick this off and maybe just ask you how music came into your life and what your early years were like and where you grew up and just the times I guess a little bit.

JL - Yeah, sure. I think about it quite often, particularly as regards to the harmonica because that's one of my big instruments now. I was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia and I was born into a family that lived right on Barrington Street, lower Barrington Street, near Pier 21 when it was a pier and the big ships came in. I lived in a boarding house for sailors that my great Aunt ran. This was until the age of six, so it was a very important early influence. My grandfather was from Newfoundland and he played the bones and they were actual bones maybe I think perhaps from a whale, two rib bones and they were polished up black probably with a black shoe polish. And he would play along with the 15 minute radio broadcast that *Don Messer* and his Islanders had every night. Sort of the classic (*sings*) type of music and he would clack along with the bones and of course at this time I am probably maybe three, four.

I remember it so clearly. He would make me jig while he played the bones and listened to *Don Messer*. So that was the benefit of a 15 minute radio program every night. So probably for a year that happened. And then my mother at the time, my father was overseas, he was with the army in the war, the Second World War. My mother had trained as a classical pianist and her sister who also lived in the boarding house had trained as a classical violinist and she played with the Halifax Symphony. And my mother didn't play with the symphony but she did a lot of rehearsal with other musicians and so on.

So my daycare at the time was the Halifax Conservatory and I would be taken along and sat down on the floor in a chair with my little dinky toys or whatever I was playing or my coloring book and I would sit there maybe for the whole afternoon. There would be quartets rehearsing and sometimes maybe the whole Halifax Symphony. And so I absorbed a lot of music by osmosis, it was just around me. Age four or five was everything from classical music to "*Don Messer* and his Islanders".

MMS - What years would these have been, Jim?

JL - It would be 1944 to 1950. I didn't see my father until I was three years old because he was overseas. So I was living in sort of an unusual environment although it was a boarding house for sailors, I had no contact with ... we had separate units off to the side. There was a classic kitchen. There was a parrot in a cage that knew my name, "Hello, Jimmy. Hello, Jimmy." It knew everybody's name. Sometimes the parrot would sing along with the bones. It was wild. And then my grandfather introduced me to the harmonica. He couldn't play it but he had one. He gave it to me and I would just make noises on it at that time. I couldn't play it. So I absorbed all that music. And then my father came back from overseas and quit the army and then rejoined the army. He was posted to Petawawa, Ontario which is in the north of Ontario, as it were. Primitive, primitive army camp with H huts and so on. It was a drastic move. I mean, I remember it. I loved it. I lived for six years, seven years in Petawawa. I grew up there and we just ran through the forests and so on. And the only thing I had at that time I got for my birthday was a "Hohner" harmonica, just your standard "Marine Band" harmonica. And I'd sit up in my bedroom and play and play and play. And in grade six there was a talent show at the school and my father said, "You know you should go and play the harmonica in the talent show." I was actually, I know it's hard for some people to believe now but I was sort of a shy, non-assuming person, afraid of audiences.

I got that cured pretty quickly later in life. So I entered the talent show and I forget what I played. I'm not quite sure what I played. It was all adults in the talent show. I didn't win the talent show but I did come second. I came second in the talent show. But the guys that won, I remember it clearly, it was a duo and one guy was playing guitar and the other guy was singing and they played "Old Shep", which was an *Elvis Presley* hit at the time. "Old Shep" is a sad story about a dog and everybody in the audience cried. So they won. And I went and played a couple of Newfoundland jigs and I came second in the talent show. And there were a lot of acts in the talent show and I thought they were pretty good.

There was the cute factor because I was the kid in the talent show. But after hearing those other musicians, like now I would be, let's see, grade six, I'm like 11 years old and I'm starting to put it together and I realized I could play music. It was my first epiphany. I went home and I was pretty pleased with myself. So I started playing the harmonica all the time, learning as much as I could on this key of C "Marine Band".

MMS - What kind of songs would you be playing? Traditional Newfoundland songs?

JL - Yeah, Newfoundland jigs. Sorry, I didn't bring a little harmonica for a demonstration but yeah, traditional Newfoundland jigs, "Oh Susanna", "Red Wing", fiddle tunes.

MMS - Would you be learning those out of a book or just off the radio?

JL - No, strictly by ear. When I was young and my mother was a classical pianist, there was a piano in the house and she attempted to teach me how to read music and how to play on the piano, where to put your fingers and that sort of thing. This would have been when we first got to Petawawa. She took the piano with her. She couldn't play without having the music in front of her. She was, you know, which is, we all understand that music, how that works. Some people can, some people can't. I was the opposite way. I just played by ear as they say and listened to the tunes and I could make them up. And it's a genetic thing, I guess. So, yeah. I played the

standard Newfie stuff, the *Don Messer* stuff, stuff, “*Cece McCracken Breakdown*”, (sings) embedded in my brain.

So that's the grade five, grade six, it was just strictly harmonica. And then we moved again and we moved to Kingston, Ontario and this would have been in the '50s. And that's where I started listening, that's where I started hearing the first rock and roll on the radio. We still didn't have a TV or anything like that. So I started hearing rock and roll on the radio. I never thought I'd be playing it or anything but that seeped into my brain too.

MMS - What stations would you be listening to? From where?

JL - There were really only one or two popular stations in Kingston. And then we had another move because my father was in the army and this was the big move for me. We moved back to Halifax. At that point I was going ... oh no, before we moved back to Halifax, I was going to KCVI in Kingston, Ontario. I was in grade nine, high school was grade nine in Ontario at that time. So I was in high school. And you had a choice of options. You could take this, you could take that. I took typing and music. So typing and music and the typing served me in good stead and not so much the music though I could talk about that. And there was a band, a school band.

So of course I was interested and my mother said, "Well he should go to try this." So I went to try out for the school band. And my father always listened to music. In fact, he played in the bugle band in the army. So that's more of my musical background. One of my grandmothers sang, lots of music in the background, in the genetics. So I go to join the band or hopefully to join the band and he gives me a saxophone, alto saxophone. I knew nothing about it. And we were encouraged to take it home for the weekend and practice. And I took it home and at the time on the radio it was *Moe Koffman* “Swingin' Shepherd Blues”. (sings)

So I took the saxophone home. I'm trying to make a noise on it. I had my fingers on the keys and it wasn't long before I could go (sings)... I just think from playing the harmonica I could figure out the thing. I remember on Monday morning going to the school, got there early because I had to take the bus and I took the saxophone out of the case and I went into the washroom where it reverberated really good. I was really impressed with the three notes I could play. Oh my God. This sounds just great. Couldn't play the rest of the tune. So I get to the first big band practice and I can't read music. I don't have a clue. I just, I look at the thing and it's like hieroglyphics and the band guy, the band teacher, I think his name was *Mr. Crookshank*.

He was surprised and I played the opening notes of the thing. He said, "Okay, you can be in the band." But I couldn't read music. So it was a big band, it was a big high school at the time. So he sat me in a line with the saxophone players and he put me beside a guy in grade 12 who knew how to read music and play the saxophone. I think there were four alto saxes. This was all tenor saxes, this was a big band. I don't know, there must have been 40, 50 people in this unit. I don't know. I thank him to this day so many times for doing that. He didn't have to do that, insert me in there. I learned all the tunes by ear, I listened to the guy sitting next to me. We used to have to march because the band would support the Cadet Corps and I'd have the little music notes up in front of me and be marching.

I couldn't read them. I just listened to the guy next to me. And so it was alto sax. So like for "Colonel Bogey's March" and all those standard marching tunes, I learned the alto part naturally and I can still sing in alto too. Somebody could sing and I can go right into an alto mode. So I learned another set of skills for the ... so I faked it basically for that entire year. Then my father was posted again to Halifax and that's when my ... I guess you'll call it my rock and roll career began.

And because I had done grade nine in Ontario, they only had 12 grades in Nova Scotia. So I was sent to Halifax and I had to do grade nine again. Grade nine twice, the most exquisite torture that anybody could be put through in their lives. That's when I grew bitter about the system. Fortunately in Petawawa I had skipped grade four. So I graduated on time.

MMS - Always a payback.

JL - So anyway, we're at the next phase, now I'm in Halifax. I'm 13 years old. The upshot of that being before, I didn't do very well in grade nine. I was distracted by a lot of things and I was taking typing and music and I failed music because I couldn't read the notes, I couldn't learn and I guess I had a mental block against it. In the meantime I've learned a little more. I can't sight read. I can look at the black dots now, maybe figure out where the key is and what's going on. But yeah, at the time it was just a mystery.

MMS - But you had almost like that ear training, like you're talking about your first piano lessons and then being around that much music and stuff. And especially again with the harmonica, you're just picking stuff up by ear because you had that relative pitch, you could kind of go, "No, that's wrong note. That's not the right one." And then figure it out that way.

JL - I can still sit at a keyboard and do some impressive stuff in the key of C. Soon as I move outside that I was done. Grade nine, for the second time, Halifax, Nova Scotia. At that time Halifax had a music scene, I suppose that today would be considered miraculous. Also in Halifax, there was a very large black community. They lived on the outskirts of Halifax, without running water, in a community called "Africville". And when I was growing up in Halifax, we had a black cook at the boarding house. So here I am back in Halifax, music happening everywhere. I'm intrigued, I'm listening to music. On the radio, I'm listening to *Chuck Berry*, I'm listening to *Little Richard*, I'm listening to *Brenda Lee*, I'm listening to *Buddy Holly* and I'm listening to ... I guess I could name more. Not so much *Elvis*, I wasn't attracted to that, I was attracted to the more rock and roll stuff.

The epiphany came when I bought my first record. I bought "Hey Bo Diddley" by *Bo Diddley*, my first 45. And I must have played that thing, I had a little tiny record player in my bedroom that I shared with my brother. A little tiny record player and I'd play that thing over and over again. I'd listen to it and it was *Bo Diddley* and *Jerome (Green)* on maracas and a drummer, there was no bass player. It was just the most intense rhythm I'd had ever heard. So I'm at a school dance and there's a band at the school dance. They're older guys. To my mind, they were older guys. Guitar, drums, bass, blah, blah, blah. I was fascinated watching these guys play their version of these rock and roll songs that I already knew in my head from listening to them, especially *Buddy Holly*. *Buddy Holly* and *Bo Diddley*, there's a good white/black contrast.

and I learned to play that way. Before you know it, I was playing rock and roll. It was all in the key of E.

And then I heard *Johnny Cash*, with the classic sort of the three strings, (sings) dunk, dunk, dunk, dunk, dunk, dunk. I learned to get my palm down on the strings and get the pick going, I'd play hours. I'd play hours. I'd sit on the end of the bed, enamored with myself being able to do this sort of stuff.

Other guys were playing guitars and then I wanted an electric guitar. I'm still in grade nine. Eventually, my father acquiesced and I got an el cheapo electric guitar from a pawn shop in Halifax that he bought for me. An "Egmond", E-G-M-O-N-D. A little double cutaway black guitar. I didn't have an amplifier but who cares? I had an electric guitar. I played through a series of radios and speakers, anything. I'd go to guys' houses that did have amplifiers. I guess my knowledge of the evolution of my guitar skills began there.

MMS - What years would those have been then?

JL - That would have been, let's see, '44, '44 to '54. It would have been the peak of the classic rock and roll, '55, 1954, '55, '56. *Fats Domino*, I forgot about *Fats Domino*. Man, oh, man. So I learned all those numbers sort of in my head and I could play them myself. I could approximate certain things. I never gave any thought ever to joining a band or wanting to be in a band. It was just self-interest. In the meantime, my harmonica disappeared. The harmonica was a dorky instrument. Who's going to play Newfoundland jigs on the harmonica, when you can play "Bama Lama Bama Loo" by *Little Richard*. Totally enamored.

MMS - Did you take any lessons?

JL - No.

MMS - Nobody sat down and ...

JL - No. I didn't seek lessons, I didn't take lessons. I just presumed everybody else was playing in open E. I had zero conception of keys or what was happening. It was a benign ignorance, I guess. Which turned out to serve me well in the long run when I finish my *Bo Diddley* anecdote. The second record I went out and bought, I remember clearly was ... I used to wait until they went on sale, the 45s. They'd go down from \$0.49 to \$0.19, so I could go out and flip through the pile. The second record I bought was *Chuck Berry*, "Jo Jo Gunne", very obscure. And on the other side was "Brown Eyed Handsome Man". The third record I bought was *Buddy Holly*, "Peggy Sue". "Peggy Sue", man, the speed of it.

I remember buying my first *Fats Domino* record, my first *Little Richard* record and then some of the obscure ones that would go on sale that other people didn't buy. As it turns out, they were very interesting records to listen to. And then when my guitar knowledge exploded was when we moved yet again. My father was posted to Oromocto, New Brunswick, Camp Gauge Town, the big Army camp and I met a guy whose father was a distributor for 45 records to all the jukeboxes around New Brunswick. This was like a fateful moment in my musical career. This guy, *Ron*

Joudrey had a collection of 45's, at that time they were in boxes. Boxes and boxes and boxes of 45's that wore out on the jukeboxes. He had every *Chuck Berry* 45.

By now, I'm going from grade 10 into grade 11. I probably spent all of grade 11 listening to *Chuck Berry* tunes. Now that's when I realized there was more to guitar than open E tuning but I was paralyzed, I had to stay in the open E tuning. But fortunately, I could learn to mimic the *Chuck Berry* licks. *Chuck Berry*, many of his tunes were in B flat, a lot of people don't know that. I could not play the licks in B flat. I could never figure out, "Why can't I do this?"

So to learn the licks, it was classic, I'd learned this from somebody. I would take one or two or three pennies and I would tape them to the tone arm of my record player which would grind the record down slow. The records were already destroyed from the jukeboxes. So instead of the opening riff to "Johnny B. Goode" being, (sings) da, da, da, da, da, da, it came out something, (sings) do, do, do, do, do, do, do. So I'm learning all these *Chuck Berry* riffs, I'm just in seventh. Still never considered playing with a band or anything like that. Then sure enough, it's an Army camp. There was a guy who played primitive bass. There was a drummer, *Keith Clarridge*. The guitar player, *Robert Trottier*. Another guitar player, *Eric Pudsy*. I remember all the names. Me, another guitar player. Perfect. One drummer, three guitar players.

MMS - How can you go wrong?

JL - Away we went. I had never really given too much thought to singing either. We just played instrumental stuff. We'd play at little teen dances and play our instrumental things and be happy, happy, happy with them.

MMS - What instrumentals were you playing?

JL - *Chuck Berry, Chuck Berry*. We'd just play it without singing it. We probably played the intro over and over 100 times.

And I never really learned to sing but occasionally I'd go to the microphone. No, we were an instrumental band. We did bad versions of "*The Ventures*", "Walk Don't Run", that kind of thing. The other two guys couldn't play guitar very well either although they were in standard tuning. In retrospect, they knew a lot more than me. In the meantime, I'd learn to sort of do a bar chord, so I could change keys, stuff like that, so it sounded presentable.

We had a band called "The Swinging Kings". We had matching cardigans, red cardigans with black trim. We wore black pants, we wore black pointy toed shoes. We'd slick our hair back with brill cream. We were hot, man. We were the best thing in the high school. I haven't thought about some of this stuff for a long time. So that was it, that was "The Swinging Kings". I graduated from high school. I was going to teachers' college, learn how to be a teacher. And there was a country band out of Oromocto, they were all older guys, they were in the Army. They needed a guitar player. I said, "Yeah, okay." I joined.

They used to do a gig in rural New Brunswick, a place called "Lakeville Corners" with a classic dance hall, with people bringing their own booze and fights and just a crazy dance hall. They had

a Saturday night gig there. I got to the first gig with them, they were older guys, they were in the Army. Some of them were in the Army with my father. Got to the gig out at "Lakeville Corner", I hadn't inquired about anything. I was just happy to be playing and bumblng along on these country numbers with as much guitar as I could muster, just generally in a bar chord.

The gig was over, the end of the night and we all got paid \$100 each. \$100 each. This would have been 1962, '63. I was astounded. I went home with \$100. I was married shortly thereafter, I was still going to teachers' college. That \$100 was like Manna from heaven. Got that \$100, played at "Lakeville Corner", played at "Lakeville Corner". Despite playing in open E, was able to make a bit of a reputation for myself as being a hot guitar player. It's hard to imagine these days but there I was. So I was going to teachers' college in Fredericton, New Brunswick and there was a musician in Fredericton, his name was *Tony George*. He had studied with *Oscar Peterson*, he was a drummer, studied with *Oscar Peterson* in Toronto. He came back, he was teaching music in Fredericton. He was trying to set up his own music store. He was active. He had a band called "*Tony George and the Imperials*". They lost their guitar player, he heard about me.

They had a job three nights a week, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, at the Fredericton Boat Club. I was asked, I forgot who asked me, to come and check it out and try out for the band on a Thursday night because somehow they'd lost their guitar player. And I remember motoring there early on a Thursday. They were going to see if I fit in or so on and I was there with my primitive little amplifier and my nasty little guitar tuned in E. There was a bass player. They were all older. They were in their mid-20s. I was 18. 18, married, apartment, a little baby, a little car. Thinking back on it, it's remarkable, really. So I get to the gig and I go in, I'm really intimidated. I don't know what's going to happen. I prepared for it. I knew they were a rhythm and blues band and they had a singer out of Halifax, although he was in the Army, *Teddy Bryant*. Excellent singer, handsome guy. They had another black guy on guitar, *Thane Claiborne*. *Tony* was Lebanese, he was on the drums. *Lou Walsh* on bass. Anyway, I plug in. I'm tuning up as best I can. No tuners in those days, it was ridiculous. *Tony's* behind me and he's got the drums set up. I'm standing there, facing away from him and I hear what sounds like what they call a press roll. I'd never heard anybody do that before. He's right behind me setting up. I hear the press roll and then I'm astounded by that. Then while the press roll is happening, I hear dings on the cymbals, on the bells of the cymbals. I have to, I look over my shoulder, I turn around. He's doing a press roll with one hand and checking out his cymbals with the other. I didn't know that was physically possible at that time.

MMS - Even now.

JL - I mean I've since seen it with *Gene Krupa* and (*Louie*) *Bellson*, and all the other drummers. I said, "What have I got myself into here?" Anyway, he says, "We're going to do "Midnight Hour" by *Wilson Pickett*," or one of the R&B standards. He says, "Let's go boys. "Midnight Hour." I look at *Lou* to see where he is on the bass and sort of figure it out. He counts it in and suddenly the bass comes in, and he comes in on the drums. I couldn't even play, I was stunned by the magnificence of what was happening. I get my bar chord going, "Midnight Hour". "Pretty Woman" by *Roy Orbison*, another big one we'd play. It was eventually banned in "The Boat Club", because when they started those riffs, the people started stomping their feet and "The

Boat Club” was on the second floor. You could feel the whole floor going. The bar manager said, "No more “Pretty Woman”. We can't play “Pretty Woman” anymore." Three nights a week, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, for six months, \$100 a night.

MMS - Damn, man. You're talking mid-60s here, like what? '63? '64?

JL - Yeah, you'd have to get a chart out, I guess, to see what \$100 was worth then. It was a lifeline for me, a lifeline. The only thing that happened there was that I realized right after the first rehearsal that the open E tuning was not going to cut it. I had made enough money, despite going to teachers' college and not having any money, I made enough money to order a double neck guitar from “Carvin” of California, “Carvin Guitars”. And I had them make me a double neck with two six strings, not with a 12 string and a six string or a mandolin and a six string but two six string guitars. I had the double neck, I tuned one to the straight E chord and I tuned the other to Spanish tuning. It took me about a year and a half before I didn't need the open E neck anymore. I missed it because it was so nice to play the *Bo Diddley* stuff. That's how I learned to play Spanish tuning, Spanish guitar, playing with “*Tony George* and the Imperials”, a rhythm and blues band.

I don't know, there were no books in those days. It was weird, there was no information. You just sort of absorbed it. Of course, I made it a point, whenever any band came to town, I would go and I would sit there and I would watch them. So I learned to play standard Spanish tuning and got pretty good at it by the time I moved. I didn't really move, the band disintegrated before that but anyway when I left the *Tony George* band. That was quite a while I was with him for quite a while with *Tony George*. And of course, I learned my rhythm from him. He was supreme, supreme rhythm master. I didn't sing with that band, I just played guitar. Wow. I haven't thought about some of this stuff for years.

By this time, I'm living in Fredericton and I'd taught a couple of years. Then I went back to University because with two years teacher's training, you didn't get paid anything. In the meantime, “*Tony George* and the Imperials” had ceased to be as a band. But *Tony* started another band. The way that happened was, when “The Imperials” broke up, it was because the two black guys in the band, *Thane Claiborne* and *Teddy Bryant* one of them was in the Army and he was posted to Halifax. He was the core of the band, our singer, *Teddy Bryant*. Beautiful voice, showman with the mic and the *James Brown* thing. People loved him.

And *Tony* had a bunch of gigs booked in Fredericton. He says, "We've got to do the gigs." At this time, the most discouraging thing about being in the rhythm and blues band was that “The Beatles” were suddenly popular. And so to keep the job at “The Boat Club”, we had to play things like “I Want to Hold Your Hand”, and “She Was Just 17”, which were well crafted pop songs. But you know, after playing “Midnight Hour” and “Funky Broadway” and all of a sudden, (sings) "She was just 17, ooh." We had to shake our heads and such to keep the job at “The Boat Club”. That was sort of discouraging. But once “Sgt. Pepper's” came out of course, that changed my opinion of “The Beatles”. “The Beatles” sort of ruined our rhythm and blues band. *Teddy* wasn't comfortable singing, “I Want to Hold Your Hand”. He was singing, “Papa's Got A Brand New Bag”, stuff like that.

Tony had all these gigs booked. The first one was at the “Knights of Pythias” in Fredericton, it was a dance. We get there, there's *Tony (George)* and there's *Lou (Walsh)* and there's me. I still have the double neck guitar, I'm playing that. And so *Tony* says, "I can't sing the numbers," he says, "*Jim*, you're going to have to sing the numbers." I didn't know any of the lyrics or anything. So by that time, “The Rolling Stones” were in vogue. The number I remember most clearly was “Satisfaction”. The bass player, *Lou*, had the fuzz box by then and he could do the (sings) dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah. I come in with the dah, dah, dah. So I started singing, "I can't get no satisfaction," that was my first number that I ever sang.

The only lyrics I knew to the song were, "I can't get no satisfaction." Nobody knows the lyrics to (sings) "When I'm driving, I'm driving..." I just made them up, I just made up the lyrics to “Satisfaction”. I made up the lyrics to “Midnight Hour”. I made up the lyrics to “Papa's Got A New Brand New Bag”. All I knew was the titles. It just astounded me because nobody knew at the dance. Nobody paid attention to the lyrics. I used to sing “Bama Lama Bama Loo” by *Little Richard* and the only lines, even to this day, the only lines I know are, "Bama Lama Bama Loo, I got a gal named Lucinda.". That's the only, I used to sing it with “The Red Devil Rockin' Blues Band” up here. I still don't know the lyrics. I just make them up. I had a facility that way for doing it, I was an early rapper. Just make the lyrics up. I made the lyrics up with *Tony*.

We were successful. We got a *second* guitar player, a really talented guitar player that used to play with *Dutch Mason*, from St. John. *Lucky Splude*, what a great name, *Lucky Splude*. He had a “Showman” amplifier, a “Fender Showman”, and (Fender) “Stratocaster.” He knew how to play. That was good because I went back and just played rhythm. I learned to sing, he did the leads. Established a new band called “The Jekyll's and the Hyde's”. *Tony* and I, the crazy guy in the band, were the Mr. Hyde's. And the two, *Lou* and *Lucky* were the Dr. Jekyll's. They dressed in sort of nice suits and spats and ties and stuff. *Tony* and I dressed like monsters, with crazy clothes. “The Jekyll's and the Hyde's”.

\$100 a night still continued. We wrote some numbers. We went to Boston, drove down to Boston with our amps and guitars. Went to the triple A, “AAA Recording Studios” in Boston, recorded two *Bo Diddley* numbers, “Can't Judge a Book” was the big one and made a 45. Came back to New Brunswick, had a regional hit on the jukeboxes, with “The Jekyll's and the Hyde's” doing a ridiculously bad version of *Bo Diddley*. I'm still embarrassed when I hear it. Played at super speed. Went back to Boston, recorded an original called “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde”. *Tony* and I went to New York City to shop the record. We went to all the big record producers were there. You'd go in, you'd bring your record in, if you could get in. *Tony* was pretty good, he was an older guy and he was a musician, like he knew how to handle these people. I didn't, I was like 19, 20 years old. It was just he and I in New York City, a few stories there, for sure but I won't get into that.

We go around, we go to, I forget his name. It was “Kama Sutra Records”. They had acts like “The Loving Spoonful” and stuff. We go in, we sit in the chairs. The guy pulls out a little record player, it was unbelievable. He takes our 45 and slaps it on and starts listening to it. It gets about four bars in and we had some nonsense stuff. It was a novelty song, (sings) "Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde”. Boogely, boogely, boo, da, da. Just another you and me, doodily, doodily." Gets about, I don't know, a third of the way through and he takes the needle off and takes the record off and he

looks at it. He talks with that New York accent, "I can't understand a thing you're saying," gives the record back. We were just crushed. We walked out. Go back to New Brunswick, it's a bit of a regional hit. \$100 a night, two, three gigs a week. Remarkable.

MMS - Probably making more money playing music for those three nights a week than you were for the whole week teaching.

JL - Oh, definitely, yeah. I remember my teacher's salary my first year of teaching. It was \$3,250 a year, a year. So you can see how \$100 ... Now I'm thinking about this, you know \$100 bucks stood up. At New Year's, we'd always make a big, \$200, \$300 bucks we'd make at New Year's, each. It was like a lifeline. It was incredible.

MMS - So in the scope of things, as far as the years and the timing, are we up to '65, '67 here, or are we still sort of-

JL - No, now I'm with "The Jekyll's and the Hyde's", would have been '65, 1965. That's when, I suppose you could call it, it went from rock and roll to what you would call the *Jimmy Hendrix*, *Janis Joplin* era of music, "Grateful Dead" which really took off in 1967, '68, starting at "Monterey Pop Festival" in 1967, a DVD that every musician should watch, the "Monterey Pop Festival". That was the first outdoor festival, '67. And of course, '69 was "Woodstock".

MMS - Yeah. When you were in New York and shopping this single around, did you get a chance ... Who was sort of playing around? I know that, that transition time that you're talking about, this is maybe ...

JL - '64, probably, we had no money, *Tony* and I. I had to stay at the "Holland Hotel" on 42nd Street, in a horrible, horrible room. I had some weird experiences there. So we didn't have a lot of money. *Tony*, of course, being a jazz drummer, he wanted to go see some jazz. I was underage. You've got to remember, the drinking age was 21. I was like 18, 19, 20. They were older guys I was playing with. It was *Tony* and I and he found a jazz club, I don't know who we were supposed to go and hear. We went into the jazz club and we're standing at a bar listening to the group and right away a big bouncer came up behind and ordered *Tony* to order something to drink. Like you couldn't come in and not get a drink, eh? Then he spotted me and I looked youthful. We were out of the jazz club. So *Tony* went off and he visited a few clubs and I don't know who he saw. But then one night, we were walking down off 42nd Street and there was a big, famous nightclub called "The Cheetah". "The Cheetah Nightclub", it probably held like 300, 400 people, had different rooms. We got in there, I wasn't carded or anything, we just sort of walked in. It was *Solomon Burke*. *Solomon Burke*. I was sort of stunned watching him and his band. It was almost too much for me to take in and we were at a distance. It was a dance floor, everybody's dancing. That's the era, everybody danced then. If you couldn't play dance music, forget it. You weren't going to play. Even in the jazz clubs, people danced.

Solomon Burke, (sings) "Everybody needs somebody". Everybody ..." Boy, as we walked out of there, I was just tingling. That was the first time I saw, shall we say professional music of that caliber. Anyway, we went back to the hall and everything bombed out, we headed back to New Brunswick. Then *Lucky Splude* had to quit the band, he had an engineering job somewhere. He

had to quit the band and *Lou Walsh*, who was a traveling salesman for “Procter and Gamble”, got posted to Newfoundland. “The Jekyll's and the Hyde's” were no more. “The Jekyll's and the Hyde's” ended, and that was the end of “The Jekyll's and the Hyde's”. I guess it was 1964, one morning I looked in the mirror and I said, "Why am I shaving? Why am I cutting my hair?" That was it. That was my last haircut for 20 years.

MMS - Wow.

JL - That was my last shave for 20 years. I went au natural and I met three musicians from St. John. They had sort of an advanced group called “The Ho’ Dads” and they were playing some gigs. I had finished my university training at the “University of New Brunswick” but I had two more courses I had to complete. I decided I would complete those in Montreal, at “Sir George Williams University”. That was the main thrust of my move.

So *Lily* and little *James*, he was about four at that time, four or five, left the apartment in Fredericton and moved to Montreal. I took the three guys from St. John with me and we formed a band, a psychedelic band called “The Magic Tangerine Toilet.” “The Magic Tangerine Toilet”. We had long hair, we had just crazy clothing. We got to Montreal, it was 1967, Expo '67, Expo, which was an amazing event. We got there, we knew nobody, we knew nothing, we had crappy gear but we looked good. Oh my God, we looked like we'd just come out of San Francisco. We had a lot of original music. I was deep, deep into psychedelic music. By that time, I had discovered *Frank Zappa*, *Captain Beefheart*, *Miles Davis*. I was always a jazz fan, right from the start. All the musicians of that era.

Got to Montreal, got to see the original lineup of “The *Paul Butterfield* Blues Band”, got to see them at “The New Penelope” on Sherbrooke Street, up close. *Al Cooper*, *Mike Bloomfield*. That's when I twigged onto, "Oh, the harmonica, maybe not so bad an instrument after all," I saw *Paul Butterfield*, it sort of blew me away.

Now, at the time, I was obsessed with our own music and we were trying to get jobs and so on. We eventually got a job at a club called “The Barrel” on Mountain Street. I went back there two years ago, it's a high end, hi-fi store now. It sells \$3,000 turntables. Really, that's what it is. “The Mountain” on Barrel Street and it was a really unique club. We got the gig and we started at 11:00 in the evening, that was our opening set. We only played an hour, an hour and a half. We played til 12:30 in between 1:00. Then at 1:30 in the morning, the jazz musicians from New York that he imported, came in and played. They played til about 4:00 in the morning.

The group I remember seeing that probably changed my life, it was “The Marion Brown Quartet”. It was freeform jazz and saxophone in the *Ornette Coleman* mode. “The Marion Brown Quartet” with *Rashid Ali* on drums and a bass player, I don't know who the bass player, I could research it. I have one of the original albums. He was there for a week and I never talked to them. I just sat at the back and *Lily* was there. To make a little extra money, she ran the little coffee bar at the back of the jazz club. And to make extra money, unbeknownst to the owner, we would run the coffee through the filter a second time and dish it out to the customers. The customers, we won't get into that. This was deep hip-o jazz, this was....

I sat there and I watched *Marion Brown* do his stuff. Between that and the *Frank Zappa* and the standard rock and roll and the *Jimmy Hendrix* and the *Janis Joplin* which you could hear on the radio at that time. You'd turn on the radio and "Purple Haze" would be going over the radio. I got to see the original "Jefferson Airplane" at the "Paul Sauvé Arena". Expo '67 was bringing acts, I got to see *Ravi Shankar* and *Ali Akbar Khan* do their thing. I got to see *James Brown* at Expo '67 with his full thing. I got to see the ancient, by then, *Wilson Pickett*, at "The Esquire Show Bar". Who else did I get to see? Other musicians, it'll come back to me now. I haven't thought about it for some time.

But the defining moment in my life was, who knows, Expo '67 booked "*Frank Zappa* and the Mothers of Invention". I'm talking the original "Mothers of Invention", the ones you see on the first three album covers. There they were, Expo '67, playing on a stage, maybe 1,000 people, it wasn't, you know. 3:00 in the afternoon, Montreal, heat, humid, hot. I only liked playing in dark clubs with spotlights, I really hated playing outdoors. I didn't like it at all.

There's *Frank Zappa* on stage, wearing nothing but a set of leotards. His band, *Don Preston* on keyboards and man, they launched into something, I don't know what it was. Then they went into "Peaches on Regalia", sitting there. He invited people from the audience up on stage, had the dance contest, right? The *Frank Zappa* dance contest. He didn't make fools of the people but he used them in a way that was just masterful, eh? So I got to see three live *Frank Zappa* shows. In the meantime, we really couldn't get work. We opened for a few of the big Montreal groups. There was "The Bonaventure Curling Club" had big shows and so we got to play some gigs. We were making probably \$10 a night. My \$100 a night gigs had vanished, I had this psychedelic band. We only lasted two months in Montreal that was it. However, we made a big impression.

We had a toilet on stage. We had a magic tangerine toilet on stage. We brought it from New Brunswick. I found a toilet at a junkyard and we spray painted it tangerine and put a black fur cover on it. Then we put what's called a variable audio oscillator inside the toilet. I picked it up from my father who was from the Signal Corps. We plugged that in. Then I put a foam rubber seal around the toilet seat, so that when I closed it and opened it, there was a change in air pressure or volume inside the toilet. So in the middle of one of the numbers, I would sit on the toilet backwards and lift the seat up and down and through the Marshall stack it would go "awhoo, awhoo." I would play a toilet solo, toilet music we called it. It was just crazy.

The other band mates were having some personal problems, due to the ... I want to be polite about it. Let's put it this way, it was 1967, LSD wasn't illegal. Other things weren't illegal. Nobody really cared too much about what you were doing. Anyway, a couple of my band mates went off the edge of the cliff. Then the bass player, he was young, he was younger than me actually. At this time, what would I be? I don't know, I was in my early 20s. Let's not figure it out. I was 22, 23. We bombed out, we couldn't get jobs in Montreal. The thing I regret most about being a musician is not doing something I probably had a chance to do then. She was female, I forget her name, I have all this somewhere in my files. I kept everything. She was the manager of "The Fugs" in New York City, "*Dave (Ed) Sanders* and the Fugs". She approached me and she said, "Why doesn't your band come to New York?" It was impossible. We had no money, we didn't have passports. We just couldn't. I probably could have done it individually. I

talked to *Lily* about it, I said, "Maybe I should just make them ..." It never happened, I still think about it.

Somebody had a van, they offered to drive us to Quebec City. A guy in Quebec City was running a tourist place in Old Quebec, it was a beat up place, held about 150 people. It was a huge amount of music going on everywhere. They would bring tourists into Quebec on a bus and they would get off the bus at 7:00, and come into this place and check out our psychedelic show. We were the psychedelic monkeys, eh? Still "The Magic Tangerine Toilet" but we were something to see. We became like a sideshow attraction really. I didn't think of it that way at the time. The tourists would come in and sit in the bleachers and watch us do our set. We'd go crazy for 15 minutes and then they'd go. Then at 9:00, the second group of tourists would come in.

I lasted three nights under those circumstances. Something happened. This was prior to "The Who" destroying their gear onstage. *Greg Stevens*, don't know where he is today, gave me a push on stage. It was something about the loudness and the tuning and a fight didn't break out but I sort of pushed him back. I had two guitars at the time. I had an old National, it was beat up which I used for part of the show. I did a classic, I took that National guitar and I whacked it against the edge of the stage. We stopped playing, I smashed it on the edge of the stage. It didn't break.

I took the end of it, the tuning end and I just drove it into the speakers. My old "Fender" amp, I drove it through the speakers. He smashed his guitar. By then, we weren't quarreling, it was totally spontaneous. He smashed his guitar up. The bass player (*Peter Kindred*) didn't smash his guitar because he'd borrowed it from his brother in St. John to take on the road. *Condewar*, (*Conrad Dewar*) the drummer, he had double bass drums. In front of the stage was sort of a little concrete pool, a reflective pool, this was a ridiculous thing. I remember him taking the double bass drums and just kicking them right into the pool, kicked it, knocked his cymbals over. That was the 7:00 show. If we wanted to get paid, we had to do the 9:00 show. Jesus, we spent the next hour fishing the drums out of the pool and putting duct tape over the speakers, trying to get the guitar functional again. We played the 9:00 show. Don't know what happened after with... The last I ever saw of those guys.

So "The Magic Tangerine Toilet" fell apart. I had no money. I was in Montreal with my wife and little boy. I went down to the library and we were living in a cheap little room, went down to the library in Montreal, took my pen and paper, started combing through the newspapers and applied for teaching jobs in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia. Borrowed money for stamps from the landlord. Borrowed money for stamps. The \$100 a night days were gone. Borrowed money for stamps. Sat around, had the landlord's phone number. A miracle, got a call about four days later, however long it took letters to go out west. Got a call, "Hello? This is *Mr. Walette*, I am the superintendent of schools in Brooks. We'd love to have you out here as an English teacher. We read your ..." I had good references from "Oromocto". "We'd love to have you out here."

MMS - In Brooks, Alberta?

JL - At the time, I didn't know it was Brooks, Alberta. He says Brooks, I hung up the phone and I said to *Lily*, "I got a job. I'm supposed to report to Brooks, Alberta by August 28th," or whatever

or, "To Brooks." She says, "Where's that?" I said, "I don't know." I'd sent out so many letters of application, I didn't know which province it was in. Went back to all my rough notes, went back to the library and I got out the newspapers. "Brooks, Alberta, yes, now I know where I'm going."

Lily went back to Quebec City with little *James*. My father, thank you dad, my father, he was in the Army. He was passing through to Toronto for some assignment. He brought me \$40 so I could buy the train ticket. Can you imagine? I could buy a train ticket to Alberta for less than \$40. He brought \$40 for me and my brother's suit so that I would have something to wear because at the time, I owned one pair of jeans, two pairs of socks, one pair of leather boots, two t-shirts and a denim jacket. Those were my only possessions. If I had to wash the pants, I had to sit by the washing machine and wait til they were done and dry, maybe have to put them on wet. I had nothing, we had nothing.

Got on the train, rode out to Brooks, Alberta. That's a long story, we're not talking about teaching here. Taught in Brooks, Alberta for three years, never touched a guitar. Music was gone. This was just that time of life, I concentrated on teaching. So that was the end of phase one of *Lumpy Gravy*. Look, Jesus, I'm crying. I'm remembering it. It's all passing in front of my eyes. I can't believe how poor we were. I had no money. I went back to the club, "The Mountain", where we used to play. Anyway, we had two floodlights, the screw in type floodlights and I still had those in the little room up on Desrochers Street. I went back and I sold them the two floodlights for a dollar each. Then the grocery store that was near us had date cakes on sale, this crummy, sort of brown cake in a thing, for I don't know, \$0.25 each, eh. Went and bought about six date cakes. We ate date cakes for three days.

MMS - Yup, the things we do, did. You're in Brooks, Alberta.

JL - Brooks, Alberta. I went to Brooks, Alberta. Three years on the prairies. Didn't play any music at all, didn't touch my guitars. Except, in Brooks is where one of the miraculous musical things in my life happened. It had nothing to do with playing. There was a teacher's conference in Medicine Hat, Alberta and I drove down with the principal from our school in his Mustang convertible. Hot prairie day. We get to Medicine Hat and it was about three hours before the beginning of the conference. I take a walk around downtown Medicine Hat. There's a pawn shop. There's guitars hanging in the windows. Well, obviously I walk in. I go to the back. There's about eight or nine guitars in cardboard cases. I ask the guy, the pawn shop guy, I say, "Can I take a glance at those?" He says "Yeah." So I'm going through the cases and it was a couple of "Harmony"(s) and a "Kay", and beat up old electric guitar.

I open up one of the cardboard cases. And I had referred earlier, when in Halifax being invited up on the stage to play a guy's "Gibson" guitar and it was double cutaway TV model, single pickup, "Les Paul Jr." in the TV yellow. I open up the case and there it is. A 1959 "Les Paul Jr." TV model, double cutaway, single pickup, black pick guard. And my heart stopped. I almost went to my knees. This is 19 ... Let's see. I left Montreal in ... this is 1968, I guess.

I close up the case and I pick it up, holding the case because it might fall open at any time, cardboard case. I walk up to the counter, and I say, "This one was in the lineup back there, those seven or eight guitars that you have." He says, "Huh." "How much would it be?" He says,

"They're all \$80." They're all \$80. I didn't have \$80. I had maybe \$20 with me. I didn't want to leave it. I said, "Could you put this behind the counter, I'll be right back." I went out. I looked for *Jerry's* convertible. He was walking around the town, too. I found him, I go up to him, I said, "*Jerry*, I really, really, really need \$60."

It was okay. He was the principle of the high school. He had a good salary. He says, "Yeah. I'll front you 60." I think he gave me 60 or 70 bucks. I run back to the pawnshop. I put my \$20. I give it to the guy. There's no receipt or anything. "Good luck," he says. I walk out the door with the thing. I was palpitating all the way. And *Jerry*, "What'd you buy there, *Jim*?" I said, "Oh, just an old guitar." I didn't want to ...

Got back to Brooks, Alberta and went into the house and open it up. *Lily* knew about this event of mine. I open it up and there it was. I still had the old "Carvin" double neck with me in Brooks, although I wasn't playing it. I also had two "Fender Bassman", two "Fender Bassman" bottoms, and two "Fender Bassman" heads because in the psychedelic band I used two Bassmans and two head with a split cord so I'd have lots of sound.

I got back to Brooks. I've got that "Gibson" guitar, it's got old rusty strings on it and so on. I take some of the strings off my "Carvin" because I didn't have fresh strings I wasn't playing. Put it on, played with it. Left Brooks, Alberta. Sold the "Carvin" to a guy named *Clifford Juss*. If he's out there, *Clifford*, I'll take it back even though it wasn't very good. It had gone out of tune. It was cheaply made. It was just not a great guitar. It served its purpose. I sold it to him for, guess what, \$100. And, noodled away on the "Les Paul" for the rest of the year. And then, I decided to return to New Brunswick to go back to university because I only had two years teacher's training and I wanted to be able to make a salary for the rest of my life. So, we packed up and bought a school bus and we drove back to Fredericton. And on the school bus was that "Les Paul Jr". in its case. Got back to Fredericton, started doing a university year. Needed money and then another amazing serendipity thing happened.

Those shows I was telling you about in Quebec City where we kicked the drums in the pool and put them together and play the other gig. There were two Quebec musicians who had seen us. One was *Richard*, a bass player. And the other one was ... can't remember his last name. *Jean*. He had a "Hammond B3" with two "Leslie" cabinets. And they had come to New Brunswick in search of me. They came to my door in the apartment we had in a student co-op, knocked on my door and introduced themselves and asked if I'd like to start a band. It was maybe one of the strangest things that happened.

Now, I didn't know how well they could play. But they said, "Do you know a drummer?" I said, "Yeah, I know a drummer. He plays for "The Thomists" over at "St. Thomas University". His name is *Jerry Burke*. He's a fabulous drummer." I said, "He might like it." Because then gigs were paying \$100 a night. I went and spoke to *Jerry*, we got together, they found a place in the basement of a Catholic church downtown to practice and we practiced and we got a show together. A bit of originals, a bit of psychedelic music, bit of rock and roll, bit of *Chuck Berry*, bit of this, bit of that.

And the reason we did that was because in New Brunswick, now I'm talking early 1970, 1970, '71. In New Brunswick in those days, every tavern, every bar, every high school, every university, live music, it was live music and it was available. And it generally paid three, four hundred dollars a night for a gig so it was \$100 each. The magic figure.

We got the band together and I was in the university so I had the time to do it. We played every Legion, every high school graduation, every event we could find for a year. Found another guy, *Harold Goreley*, who had a van and a sound system because he used to do gigs with a big band, sort of a "Tower of Power" kind of band in Fredericton. They'd disbanded. So, he drove the van and set up the gear and we traveled with him.

We went back to Quebec for some gigs that the two guys from Quebec City who came down to meet me, had arranged. We played "Laval University", big successful gig. \$100 each. Perfect. Played a rock and roll show at a big theater in Quebec. I can't remember where it was. Rock and roll show was over, I went back to get our pay and I was informed that ticket sales did not cover the amount that we were owed. In fact, we were owed nothing. There would be no pay for us. When I objected slightly, a man in the corner with a tweed sports coat on put his hand in his pocket and the tweed sports coat went back a little bit and there was a pistol. We were ripped off. It was like something you read or see in a movie. There we were.

So, we got out to the motel outside the city where we were staying and in the meantime, *Jacques*, the keyboard player with the "Hammond B3", he was having a lot of personal problems. A lot of substance abuse problems. It's a tragic thing but we got up early in the morning and he was passed out and we left him in the motel room with his "Hammond B3", his double "Leslies" and we went on down the road back to New Brunswick.

And then we were three piece and we took off because three piece, I realized then that three piece suited me. We continued to play \$100 a night, sometimes we were playing four nights a week. Got some big gigs. I finished what I had to do at university but then it was time to make other decisions and the band was starting to peter out. It had been a solid year, a lot of gigs. Any musician will tell you that starts to... things change. That band disbanded and the money that I had saved going to university, imagine that, going to university and saving money, we packed up and when to Europe, where *Lily*, my wife, was from. Antwerp, Belgium. We went to Europe for a few months, bought an old Volkswagen and traveled around Europe. And then I didn't play for some time. Came back to New Brunswick and very briefly had a job with the federal government. Was a member of the Civil service. Worked for Secretary of State, checking out projects around the province. But that wasn't going to sustain me. I saw an ad in the newspaper, "Wanted: Teachers for Canada's Northwest Territories. Interviews at the "Lord Beaverbrook Hotel in Fredericton," de blah, de blah, de blah."

Got in the car, went down for the interviews. I thought there wasn't much chance of really getting a job because of my peripatetic background and things that had happened. So I went down, just sort of in my jeans and a plaid shirt and my work boots. I was living on a farm, we were living on a farm with friends at the time. I was sort of working like a farm guy. Went down for the interviews. A lot of the applicants were dressed head to toe. They had the suits and everything.

I'm led to a little room upstairs for my interview. My papers looked good and they said, "Okay. You'll be interviewing one of the superintendents." Walk into a little room, there's a man with a brush cut, older man with a short brush cut sitting behind a desk, looking really stern. His name was *Joe Cody*. I sit on the other side of the desk. He says, "Your qualifications look pretty good. Where would you like to be?" I had looked at maps of the Northwest Territories and for some reason I thought I want to be isolated. I've had enough of people. I don't want to play music. I want to just get away, do my teaching, make some money for once. I said, "Nahanni Butte."

"Ooh", he says, "well that's an interesting place," he says. "But you know" he says "I've been reading your letter here and what the woman told me from your phone call. And now I've talked to you a bit." He did talk to me a little. He said, "And I know where you'd fit in. It's a place called Inuvik. Are you familiar with it?" I said, "Well, I've seen the name on the map." He pointed his finger at me and says, "You, you belong in Inuvik." I go back, I tell *Lily*, "I think I've been hired. I think we're going to Inuvik, Northwest Territories." The cheques arrived in the mail like magic. The plane tickets arrived in the mail. The money arrived in the mail. Health forms arrived in the mail. Filled out the health forms, sent in the thing. Took the tickets, went to the Fredericton Airport with minimal possessions. *Joe Cody* said, "It's all there. There's a house for you with "Vilas" furniture and cooking pots." The little bit of stuff we had we put into storage.

Then I looked at the guitar case with the "Les Paul," with the "Les Paul Jr". in it. It almost went into storage but I loved it so much. I didn't have to play it. I just had to open it up every now and then and look at it. That's all I had to do. It was like a sacred object. So I said, "No, we're going to take the guitar." So I had to carry that. I couldn't put that with the luggage. A cardboard case. I took duct tape, cardboard case looked like a mummy coffin. I just sealed it right up. Took it.

We got on an Air Canada flight and made it to Montreal and touched down. Made it to Toronto and touched down. Made it to Calgary and touched down. Made it to Edmonton. The Edmonton Municipal Airport in 1971, '72. Landing in the middle of the city. The ears popping. Get out of the plane in the municipal airport. There was about seven of us going north. Only a couple with families. *James* was still young. *James* was going into grade five or six. Shuffled to the back of the airport where we physically sat on our luggage, all soft luggage and waited for the DC8. The DC8, this awful rickety looking plane. We all file on. We're basically sitting in metal chairs. DC8 takes off. I don't know where it landed. Takes off from Edmonton, it goes down in Norman Wells. It went down somewhere else. Maybe Yellowknife, I can't recall.

Suddenly, there we are in Inuvik. It's August. We arrive in Inuvik at midnight and the sun is up. I say to myself, "Wait a minute." I was an educated person. I knew about Canada. To experience it that first time. Come down the ramp, there's *Joe Cody* with a car. Picks us up. Drives us into downtown Inuvik, through the dust and the gravel. All the roads are mud. There's no pavement, there's no sidewalks. It's all boardwalks. Drive by what was "The Mad Trapper". It had a swinging door, like a saloon door. Swinging doors to go in.

MMS - Wow.

JL - Drive us to a row house which was the government housing. Into the row house. Nice "Vilas" furniture. Most of the things we needed we put in a barge order before we went up and

the barge order arrived and I went to work at "Samuel Hearne Secondary School". And, that's about it. There I was, there we were, established in Inuvik. Happy. Making money, more money than I'd ever seen in my life. My beginning salary in 1964 in Oromocto was \$3,250. Now I was making \$30,250. Life couldn't have been better. We're about three weeks in, four weeks in. I'm onto "The Drum", the local paper. I'm checking things out. I see a little ad, "Saturday night arena dance. Featuring *Louie Goose*." I showed it to *Lily*. I said, "Look at this. *Louie Goose*. What a great name for a band." I thought the name of the band was *Louie Goose*. I thought, "Wow. Wish I'd thought of that name."

Go up to the arena dance. I see the band. Pretty good. They're playing *Neil Diamond* numbers. The people are dancing. Good drummer. A couple of guys on guitar. Got a front singer out there, looking pretty commanding on stage. Good bass player. Good bass player. I don't know anything about them. I start asking people. I say, "Great band, this "*Louie Goose Band*." Somebody informed me, "Oh, it's not the "*Louie Goose Band*." It's *Louie Goose*. That's *Louie*, the guy singing. That's *Louie Goose*." I didn't know people could be named *Louie Goose* or *Dorothy Chocolate* or *Celine Football* or *Cathy Rattlesnake* or *Debra Squirrel*. I didn't know about the animal names. I came home, I told her, I said, "That band up there, the place was rocking. They were pretty good."

Time goes on. Time goes on. Time goes on. At that time, there were no what were known as jam sessions. There really were no jam sessions. And suddenly, it all starts dawning on me that these are the boom years in Inuvik. "Dome Petroleum" is drilling. The guys, they got two weeks on, one week off. They're coming into town with rolls of money. The first time I ever saw money rolled up with elastic bands. Rolls, bank rolls, literally.

There was "The Mackenzie Hotel" with its infamous "Zoo" going six nights a week, with bands from maybe Seattle or California. They were flying in bands from California. There was "The Eskimo Inn", with bands from California, Edmonton, Calgary. There was "The Mad Trapper", with bands from California. The bands changed every week. There was "The Legion" with bands. There was the DND messes with bands. There was the community dances with bands. There was the arena dance with bands.

Pretty soon the lights went on for me. \$100 a man. I can teach school. My act is now teaching school. Why not take an arena dance now and then? Because they didn't want *Louie* all the time at the arena dance. Not every week and the California bands and stuff couldn't take it because they were working Saturday nights. Saturday night was a big night in the bar.

So I sniffed around and asked around. There was a guy up there, I think he's from Edmonton, *Gary Selman*. He was a drummer. He wasn't playing with *Louie*. He said, "Yeah, I'll go for it." I got together with him. He turned out to be a pretty solid drummer. I needed a bass player and so, back of my mind, I said, "I remember that bass player. He was really hot." Searched around, asked around. I meet a guy named *Willie Gordon*. *Willie* shows up. I don't know wherever he got it, he's got a "Fender Precision bass". That was a good sign. I never did find out where he got the "Fender Precision". I spoke to *Willie*, *Willie* didn't speak too much. He was a big, silent guy. He was only 19. He was just out of high school, I think. *Gary Selman* was pretty young, too. By this time, I'm sort of an older guy. Spoke to *Willie*, I said, "We should get together." And he was

working at CBC. There were lots of studios available at CBC after hours. We went down, I spent about a half an hour getting the duct tape off my "Gibson". Scrounged up some strings from somewhere, I'm not sure where. Went to the CBC studio, sat down with *Gary Selman* and *Willie Gordon*. I don't know what we did first. I forget. "Johnny B. Goode". Boom. We could all play "Johnny B. Goode". That was enough for me. I booked an arena dance. \$500 a night.

MMS - Big time.

JL - Three of us. Way to go. *Louie* always took in five or six. I only had to take in three. We go up. We play the arena dance. Not to sound conceited but it was a piece of cake. Band was good. We were playing standard rock and roll. I wasn't trying to play any originals, just trying to get through the thing. People were dancing. I was having fun. We got paid \$500. I phoned up a music store in Whitehorse, ordered a "Peavey Musician" amp, ordered a "Shure" microphone, ordered another "Gibson" guitar, ordered a stand, ordered strings. It all arrived on a truck or by airplane, I can't remember. Ordered a PA set, a "Yamaha" PA set. Four channels, boys. Four channels. What a PA set that was.

Got ourselves set up. And then the time came when a band was going out of "The (Mad) Trapper". I went to the "Trapper" bartender, I said, "I've got a band for you. We'll do a week here." I forget what they were paying. It was an inordinate amount of money. It's money I could've only dreamed of playing music before. And they were flying, they were paying the airfare for these bands to come up. So here, they didn't have to pay airfare. I don't know what it was for the week. It was over a thousand bucks each. We went into "The Mad Trapper". We killed. It was a small place. People wanted to dance. We played and played and played. One thing led to another and then there was a week at "The Mackenzie" and then there was a week at "The Eskimo Inn". Then we could take a couple of weeks off and then play an arena dance. To say that I was sitting on top of the world, (sings) I started doing that number with feeling because I was.

MMS - Yeah, indeed.

JL - I was teaching Art and English in Inuvik, I started designing T-shirts for "Place of Man". Silk screened T-shirts. They were flying off the shelves. I was doing oil company T-shirts with drilling rigs and stuff. Money was coming in from the T-shirts, money was coming in from the band. This went on for, well, I didn't really start seriously till my second year in and that went on for the next two years. And I don't know whether it was like a fool or whether it was the wisest thing I ever did in my life, I still have a lot of feelings about it, I decided to go back to New Brunswick and pursue another degree. Because the degree I had which was a teaching degree, was going out of style. To teach English, you needed a Bachelor of Arts with honours English to get a good teaching gig anywhere in Canada.

I resigned from Inuvik. And we left and we returned to New Brunswick. I did the university thing, de blah, de blah. Finished that off. Bought a place in the country in New Brunswick and tried to settle down with local jobs. Tried to make a living in a country band wherein I was right back at \$100 a night. Which in 1975, '76 was not the \$100 a night it was in the 1950s.

Not feeling desperate but wondering what to do, wondering what to do. While we were in Inuvik, *Lily* worked a couple of jobs. She worked in construction. She was an aide with kindergarten, blah, blah, blah. Flew all over the North as a dental assistant. She's been to every community in the North. All of them. Lots of experiences. Worked for a guy up there, a lot of people in the North will know him, *Ted Curtis*. He was running a construction company. Get a phone call one day, he says, "You know, Jim, you might be interested but there's an English position open at "Samuel Hearne Secondary School." He says, "You should get on the phone to the principal."

Got on the phone to the principal. Made the deal. So it was three years in Inuvik, three years in New Brunswick. And then, sure enough, by mail the airplane tickets, the health forms, de blah, de blah, de blah. Get on the plane. Great big jet direct to Edmonton this time. Great big plane almost direct to Inuvik this time. No more DC8s or whatever. Land in Inuvik. I've got the "Gibson" with me. I've got the "Les Paul" with me.

As soon as I got there, I realized the boom years were over. '79 to '82 were the bust years. There were no more bands coming in from California. So, I didn't really have a lot of pretensions about playing. Teaching school. Working away. No jamming happening, strangely enough, around town. A couple of bands. *Louie Goose*, *Louie Goose* was there working every now and then. *Louie* and *Willie*. *Willie* was not interested in playing bass again. He was a fiddle player by now. And *Willie* and *Louie* worked at CBC. Very good to my son. My son was in high school. He had got a job at CBC and *Louie* mentored him at CBC which I'm always thankful for. But I looked around and I realized the market was still there because there were three places featuring music, "The Eskimo Inn", "The Mackenzie Hotel", and of course, the venerable "Mad Trapper". And the money was still really good, so sure enough, I got a band together. This time the band consisted of, well actually, *Willie* did play bass for a short time with this band.

I needed a drummer. There were no drummers. I heard a little punky kids' band rehearsing one time back of the high school. I looked in and there was sort a tall, skinny looking shy kind of guy pounding away on a bad set of drums. His name was *Howie McLeod*. I walked up, I said, "You know, I've got a little band going. Would you like to come and play drums?" He didn't talk a lot. He said, "Yeah, okay."

So we set up. Well, sure enough, he could play. He wasn't great but I knew that with a few gigs he was going to be okay. Didn't have any drums. Phoned down to *Tony George*, my old guy from the early '60s who was running a music store in Fredericton. He sent me up a set of "Rogers". Nice little set of white "Rogers." Small bass drum, snare, nice little "Zildjian" cymbals, if you can imagine. The drums arrive at the airport. We go pick them up, I give them to *Howie*. *Howie* doesn't know how to put them together. He knew nothing about drums. Between *Willie* and myself and my wife, *Lily*, who was very adept that way and *Howie*, we got the kit together. We got the kit together and got set up. Got a job at "The Mad Trapper" six nights a week. Honked it out there for a few weeks. And then *Willie* had had enough of it, decided he wanted to work at CBC, be a fiddle player. He didn't want to play the bass anymore.

So I needed a bass player. So I phoned up *Tony George* down in Fredericton and said, "*Tony*, I need a bass player." He convinced a young guitar player down there who hadn't played a lot of

bass, a guy named *Rob McPhee* convinced him to fly up. I sent him down a ticket. He flew up. We played "The Trapper" for, I don't know, three months, six nights a week.

MMS - Straight.

JL - Straight. Full house every night. I don't know how much we were making. A thousand plus each a week. We were making money.

MMS - Yeah.

JL - We were making money as a musician. That band lived its life out. *Rob (McFee)* wanted to go back to Fredericton. He'd had his stint with it. Six nights a week for two or three months. "Okay, that's good, *Rob*." *Howie (McLeod)* had found employment. I'm not sure what it was. And "The Trapper" had had enough of us. And so, that dissipated. So I guess about six months went by and once again, I didn't play. I just sat back and I was happy. I'd made some money and put a little bit in the bank. Making good money teaching. But then the time came, for some reason there were no bands in town except one. There were still three bars and there were arena dances.

And I couldn't resist. So I phone up *Tony (George)*, my old friend, drummer from Fredericton. Phone him up at the music store. I said, "*Tony*, I need a bass player and a drummer up here. Do you have anybody in mind?" He says, "Yeah. I know a good guy, *Derek Briggs*. Just got out of high school and doesn't know what he wants to do. He's been in here to the music store asking if he could give lessons because he's a really good bass player." I said, "Wow. That's excellent." I said, "What about a drummer?" He said, "Well, there's a guy named *Danny Thomas*. He plays in a band. He says they're pretty heavy. They do a lot of "Led Zeppelin" stuff." I said, "Well, have you seen him play?" And *Tony* says, "Well, I've only seen him play once. He was playing at the festival down here and they were out on the street in the middle of the day playing on the back of a flatbed truck." *Tony* says, "He's pretty loud, though." I said, "That's my guy. Send them up."

I sent them down the tickets. I'm paying for the tickets. It was big money still, the tickets in those days. I sent them down. These two guys get the tickets. They come up on the plane with their guitars and a change of clothes and not much else. We go to a back room in the school that wasn't being used. I didn't want to go in totally cold so we ran through a week of rehearsals. I had a pretty good bead on what was happening. They both turned out to be really more than adequate players. Of course, they got better as they went along and our repertoire went along.

So, I go down to "The Mackenzie Hotel". They recently got a new manager, *Mo El Bardo* from Lebanon. *Mo. Moses El Bardo*. A Christian from Lebanon but he looked like an Arab and his name was *Mo*. Everybody thought it was *Mohammad*, right? But it wasn't. It was *Moses*. He's up there with his family and two children. I walk in there and introduced myself. I said, "*Mo*, we had a band there down at "The Mad Trapper"." He says, "I heard. I heard you guys are pretty good." I said, "I'm wondering if you could take us on here at "The Mackenzie Hotel"." He says, "Well, I've got the "Mackenzie Delta Band" in here right now." I said, "Well, they've been in there for three or four months." He says, "Well, you're right. It's probably time. I'm here and it's probably right for a change."

This is where the story gets a little sticky, where resentments still flower in certain places.

MMS - Small towns.

JL - He let "The Mackenzie Delta Band" go. It's a dirty business. Everybody should know that. Hired us on. Nine months, six nights a week, rehearsal on Sunday. Nine months. But we were raking it in. We were raking in the dough. We played New Year's Eve, this was shortly before we finished playing as a band. We knew the end would come and I knew when that came I wasn't going to be playing around Inuvik at arena dances anymore. Nine months. In the meantime, *Briggsy*, (*Derek Briggs*) got himself a job with NTCL which he's held now for 30 years.

MMS - Wow.

JL - Became a manager, raised a family, living in Yellowknife, about to retire.

MMS - Wow.

JL - *Danny (Thomas)* who had dropped out of high school and was working as a bouncer because he was big, a good man to have on drums. 6'4, don't mess with the band. He was excellent. He saved my neck several times. Got a job at the liquor store. Got a job cleaning out airplanes. Got a job doing this, got a job doing that. Was working with us six nights a week. Saved his money. Went back to Fredericton, enrolled as an adult student in university, finished his BA in three years. Did an exchange tour of Germany and Russia. Got a Master's degree in Russian History and became a school teacher in Ontario and then later became a union negotiator and he retires this year.

MMS - Wow.

JL - Neither of them ever played music again.

MMS - Ever.

JL - Ever. *Danny (Thomas)* never touched the drums again. *Briggsy*, *Briggsy (Derek Briggs)* never touched the bass again. Nine months, six days a week drained them. Did them in. I don't know, I was flying high. I was able to do it. I was able to teach school. I did a good job up there. I have no regrets. In the meantime because of the first stint in Inuvik, we were able to buy an old schoolhouse in New Brunswick. So did three more years in Inuvik, left. Flew back to New Brunswick and existed there for another three years. So it was three years Brooks, Alberta, three years New Brunswick, three years Inuvik, three years New Brunswick, three years Inuvik, three years New Brunswick.

I get a call from an old friend of mine, *Ted Curtis*, who's now working in Yellowknife. He says, "Jim, I hear you're not teaching full time down there in New Brunswick." No, I wasn't. I was

playing with a country band, making \$100 dollars a night playing once a week. "Yeah, *Ted*, I probably need a job." He said, "There's an interesting position opening up at a school called "Sir John Franklin" in Yellowknife." I said, "Really?" He said, "You'll know some of the people there. Your references from Inuvik will be very helpful."

I make the phone call. I speak to the people. The health papers arrive in the mail. The tickets arrive in the mail. The contract arrives in the mail. I sign the line, we go to Fredericton, we get on the plane, we come to Yellowknife. I come up by myself to clear the way. I get off the plane in Yellowknife. I don't know anybody. *Ted*, in the meantime, has returned to Inuvik. Don't know anybody. I got off the plane, I'm feeling alone. Take a taxi to the "Twin Pines Motel." Book into the "Twin Pines." Sitting there feeling sort of alone and depressed but happy because I have a really good job coming up and I'm going to be able to make money again.

I step out of my "Twin Pines Motel" room, my second night in Yellowknife. I look around and I look to my left and a guy comes out the door in the room next to me and it's a guy named *William Greenland* whom I taught in Inuvik years previous. "*Mr. Lawrance.*" "*William*, you can call me *Jim.*" "*Jim.*" "*William.*" "What are you doing here?" "I'm here to teach school." "Where you going?" I said, "I don't know, I just came out to look around. Maybe I'll go, I see the town is up that way." I didn't know anything. Well, I did. I'd looked at some maps and stuff, I don't want to sound totally ignorant.

I said, "Well, I was just going to walk uptown." He says, "Oh, great. Do you have any instruments with you?" I said, "I've got a couple harmonicas." Which I always carried harmonicas from that point on, always have two or three harmonicas. Went back to the motel room, picked up a couple of harps. He says, "We've got to go up to where there's a place up here called "Bar Expo 2000." "What, "Bar Expo 2000?" He says, "Yeah. Every Thursday night," I guess it was Thursday, "Every Thursday night they have a talent contest." I said, "Oh, far out." We're walking up, I said, "Yeah, I'll go in and check out the talent contest. I've got my harmonicas." I said, "What do you get if you win?" *William* says, "\$300."

So I look at him, "\$300?" He said, "Yeah. It's really popular. A lot of people come, the place will be just packed." We go in, the place is just packed. There's just, just bad talent on stage. Bad, bad talent. Doing things. I said to *William*, "Well, I don't know." In the back of my mind, being a professional musician, this just doesn't feel fair. I said, "Okay. I'll go up and I'll just do a brief little thing."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we've got a man here all the way from New Brunswick. He's going to come up here and I think he says he's going to play some harmonica." I walk out, I take my little "Marine Band" out from my pocket. To that point, I hadn't figured out what I was going to play. I looked down at the crowd to see if they're paying attention or not. I grab the mic, I decided to play what they call "The Train Song". "The Train Song", wah, wah. Open with big wah wah ... Do all this crazy stuff. I did the train thing and I'm about 15 seconds into it. I got them all stomping their feet like in time to the train thing. I'm urging them on. They're all, they're up and they're stomping, doing the whistle. Then I say, "then the train slows down" and they all start sitting down in their seats. End the train. 60 seconds. "Our winner tonight is that guy from New

Brunswick." Three one hundred dollar bills. I give one to *William*. "Way to go, *William*." "What a lead!"

We go back. We go out. We go on the town. I see all the places. There's bands playing. There's stuff happening. All of a sudden I'm starting to feel, "All right. I can probably live here. I'll be able to survive here." Go back to the motel. Keep in touch with *William*. Go up to the school. It's going good. I've got my classes. Classes are nice, school's nice, students are pretty good. Sort of an international community of students. Five Dene groups, Inuvialuits and two Inuk groups and Newfoundlanders and Albertans and Polish people and Chinese people. My classes were like United Nations. I loved it. I loved it. Spent nine really good years there.

Anyway, back to the "Twin Pines Motel." So I'd been there for a couple of weeks before my family is coming up to join me. I'd been assigned an apartment. The next Thursday comes, get my harmonicas. I head to "Bar Expo 2000". I get to the door and my better senses overtake me. I realize I'm in Yellowknife for a while. I belonged to the "American Federation of Musicians". I can't go in and win another \$300. It would be unseemly. About a month later, maybe two, "Bar Expo 2000" is no longer. It's gone. It's no wonder they went broke, giving out \$300 a night for a talent show. Anyway, "Bar Expo 2000". So, I didn't. I stopped at the door and I'm happy because I was later able to enjoy working in the Yellowknife musical community. It would've been unseemly to be entering talent shows and playing 60 seconds. It's the best money I ever earned in my life. 60 seconds for \$300. I'm not sure what it is. It's \$5 a second, I think.

MMS - Something like that, yeah. I don't think you're going to find that again.

JL - No. No. That was my best paying gig ever. Yellowknife "Bar Expo 2000".

MMS - Well, that's great introduction to town, then.

JL - It was. And then as I was teaching at the school, not quite certain how I entered into the music thing. I've talked about this with various people from time to time. But I met "The Gumboots", who were on the go. I met "The Komatiks" who were on the go. I met *Pat Braden* and *Norm Glowach* and de blah, de blah, de blah. On and on. *George Tuccaro*, all kinds of people who were involved with musical stuff in Yellowknife.

I remember sitting in on some gigs and so on. And then I discovered the jams at "The Gold Range" which could be extremely painful but mighty educational for me. I spent the next nine years going to as many of them as I could with a selection of harmonicas and attempting to get up on stage and to participate. Maybe play by myself with a guitar or something but try to play harmonica and help make other people sound better and get my licks down. By then, I had, I hopefully matured a bit as a musician. No longer desired to be the center of attention or whatever. That's why I think I've reverted in my older years back to the harmonica. I owe a lot of it to, I hate to say it but the jams of "The Gold Range Hotel." Learning to integrate.

And then, once again, we could call it serendipity or strangeness, interlude in my life. I had absolutely no desire, certainly not to do six nights a week, I really had no desire to even play recreationally. I was just happy to go and tinker away at "The Gold Range" or do some folky

stuff for “The Gumboots”. And then, there was a northern show at “NACC (Northern Arts and Cultural Centre)” and “CBC” was involved. I'm not sure if it was “Arctic Winter Games” or if it was the Northern Showcase ...

MMS - The CBC-

JL - “True North” Concerts, or one of those. And I'm not sure how I was involved but it was either one of the CBC people or one of “The Gumboots” or it might've even been *Pat Braden* or *Norm Glowach*. It's a long time ago. I was approached to be part of a backup band for the other performers and I really didn't want to do that. I didn't want to get involved. I knew there would be rehearsals and other people and I had a very intense job at the high school which I was immersed in. I was directing drama at the high school. I had a life as a high school teacher. Good life. I transmitted the news that I would be happy to play two or three numbers with a band or on my own but I didn't want to be part of a backup band. Somebody said, "Okay. Let's try that. Let's do that." I remember arriving at NACC and there was *Pat Braden* on bass, electric bass guitar, and *Norm Glowach* with drums set up. And the duct tape was off the case by then but I got out the old “Les Paul”. Didn't have an amplifier that was working. Headed down to NACC and got in there backstage and met *Pat* and *Norm* and I might have met them before but that wasn't a big deal. We got together and I strummed a few chords. Really wasn't much rehearsal because we were just going to do something standard. I think we did a *Bo Diddley* number, a *Chuck Berry* number, maybe even a *Johnny Cash* number. I'm not sure. I think it was the CBC guy during the introductions said, "Well, what can we classify your music as in this show?" And I told him, "It's traditional saloon music." I'll always remember the announcer coming out and saying, "And now from Yellowknife, playing traditional saloon music, Mr. *Pat Braden*, Mr. *Norman Glowach* and Mr. *Jim Lawrance*."

We come out and we did our thing and we closed with a *Bo Diddley* number and sort of killed. I remember people coming to their feet. We're getting at standing O at NACC for playing *Bo Diddley*. And we went off stage pretty pleased with ourselves, as I remember. Somebody, maybe *Pat Braden*, I can't remember, said, "You know, we should do this again." And then I thought back on it when I got home and I said, "We didn't even rehearse for the gig. We didn't even rehearse these numbers and they worked." I forget how it happened next but I think we got together for one little brief rehearsal. And it was, "I know a place where we can play. There's this bar “The Float Base”." I'm not sure if that was our first gig at Yellowknife. It's all a bit of a blur now. I was pretty busy at the time. And we started a three piece rock and rhythm and blues band. We named it “The Red Devil Rockin' Blues Band”. We played innumerable gigs in Yellowknife and were in residence at “The Float Base” for many, many weeks, and many, many nights. Played some concerts. Played some dances. As I recall, we each made \$100 a night, each. That's about what it was, I think, \$100 a night.

I was right back where I started when I was in high school. \$100 a night but I didn't care. I don't think any of the three of us were ever really in it for the money. I can distinctly remember after a hard driving work week at school, on a Friday and I was waiting for that bell on Friday, despite the hard work week I was getting energized, energized. I'd go home, I'd have a little snack. I'd wait till 9:00 we would start at “The Float Base.” 8:30, 8:40, I'd pack up the “Les Paul” in a case. I had a metal case now, not a cardboard case. I'd pack it up and I'd grab a cab and head down to

that "Float Base". And I would be energized when I went in. I had more energy than I had the rest of the week. I'd get in there and we'd start at 9:00. 40 minutes on, 20 minutes off. 40 minutes on, 20 minutes off. 40 minutes on, 20 minutes off and a little stinger at the end to get people out of the bar.

I can say it in all honesty, I don't remember a bad gig. I remember sometimes when the music wasn't what it should be but still the gig wasn't bad. I never remember walking away from one of those gigs shaking my head saying, "I don't want to do this anymore." It was a great time for me, musically. Good time for me teaching. Great time musically. And I don't think we ever rehearsed. Just things fell into place naturally. The three of us didn't have to talk about it. It just happened musically and it sounds trite and ridiculous but was sort of a magic or a chemistry. I think it occurs in all of the arts. I think it occurs for painters. I think it occurs for architects. I don't think it's exclusive to music. But when you get three disparate characters like we were, from different backgrounds and different...and it works, it works, it works. It worked and it worked and it worked. It worked until the day it partially died which was when I left Yellowknife. It was time to return to New Brunswick. My wife was into painting as a profession, doing big paintings. We had a beautiful place in New Brunswick. I'd earned enough money to get back there and to be able to survive for a couple of years without working. And that's basically what happened. I went back to New Brunswick. I hardly touched the guitar, except for a brief interlude, playing a little bit of three piece music. I retired from teaching in 2010. Picked up an acoustic guitar. Did a solo show for five years. Played festivals, et cetera, et cetera. Put that down, didn't play for about a year and a half. Now I'm back in Yellowknife with some harmonicas, doing a music interview. I'm just sitting here waiting for somebody to pass me \$100.

MMS - Yeah.

JL - Not going to happen, is it?

MMS - Yes, it will, *Jim*. Yes, it will. Wow, that's-

JL - Anyway, that's part of the story. I saw lots of musicians along the way. I saw lots of great shows. I owe my musical debts to the Northwest Territories in many respects. I still think it's a land of opportunity although a lot of the opportunities are being blown and wasted as we know. Maybe hopefully some of that spirit will come back and people could continue to earn a hundred bucks a night for making pleasant sounds for the benefit of others. You know? Is that enough for you?