



My Life

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I have had a few people ask me about how I got interested in music or about why I studied more than one embouchure. I have also had people ask about why I got interested in martial arts and why I became an Ordained Minister. To fully answer these questions takes some background info and so I finally decided to write about me.

Nothing of any real interest to people who read my books happened before I got to the 8th grade. I will run through these years very quickly.

I was born Oct 21st, 1957 in Tyler, Texas. My mother was already over worked because she had 2 children already. One of those children was my brother GA who was born in 1950 and the other child was our father. As I later found out my father suffered from Bi-Polar and was never medicated for it. He rarely held a job for more than a few months and he also had a drinking problem. My mom had to divorce him and I never saw my dad again after I turned 6.

My uncle Michael was in Nam in the Marines. His birthday was October 24th and mine was October 21st. 3 days after my 7th birthday my mom, aunt Karol (Michael's wife and I were in the car. My mom said that she wondered how my uncle was doing on his birthday. My aunt looked at me and said you have a birthday soon. I said yes in a year. My mom then said oh your birthday was a few days ago. I forgot. I answered I know.

My mom was working for Humble Oil and they moved us to Dallas. We were there a few months when my mom got very sick and was in the hospital for a couple of weeks. We moved back to Tyler and stayed with my grandparents, while my mom was recovering.

During this time President Kennedy was assassinated and The Civil Rights Act was passed. All I remember of the Kennedy assassination is that I was making too much noise while my grandmother was watching TV. I had to go get tree branch switches twice that afternoon.

I was already in school but neither had an impact on me yet. Tyler along with most of the South ignored the new law and it was years before integration happened.

By now I was in the 3rd grade. The next few years flew by and by the time I was in Jr. High I finally became interested in karate.

1969

When I was 12, I started taking Judo at the YMCA and I really enjoyed it. Sadly my Judo teacher died of a ruptured appendix. My uncle who had become interested in martial arts while he was serving in Viet Nam started taking me to an Isshin-ryu Karate school.

A friend named Ricky and I would sword fight after school. We didn't have the safe bamboo swords. We had fiberglass fishing rods. We learned a lot about avoiding getting hit. We were lucky that we never poked an eye out.

1972-3

When I was 15, I became interested in the trumpet and we got a 35 or 40 year old Pan Am trumpet at a garage sale. There was a nice old couple a few blocks from us and they gave music lessons to kids. They were both retired and bored and they gave lessons to keep active. I was very lucky because Mr. Arthur Ford had been a professional musician, he started the music program at OK A&M and he was taught to play the cornet by Herbert L. Clarke.

Mr. Ford had also been an instrument designer for Conn. At the time I didn't understand how much GREAT info Mr. Ford was giving me. I started playing in May of my 8th grade year.

During football season of my 9th grade year (4 months after I started playing) I was the soloist with the band at Hogg Jr High in Tyler. I remember my 1st solo at a football game. I'd like to teach the world to sing; yes the old Coke song.

Mr. Ford had me lip buzzing and mouthpiece buzzing and doing range exercises that he had learned from Clarke. I was literally getting some of the stuff I now teach. Besides being the solo player with the band I was also one of the guards/escorts for the school mascot.

Getting chosen as a guard for the mascot led to a fight that made my tough guy reputation all through school. I beat out a starting tackle on the football team for the mascot. The sad part was that he actually tried to get the gig. I didn't even apply for it. I was chosen because of my grades, being trumpet soloist with the band and writing for the school newspaper and yearbook.

He was very embarrassed by this and attacked me at lunch the day we got the results. He felt that a football player could scare a band kid away and he would get what he wanted. We were eating lunch outside and I was sitting on the ground under a tree. He came and made a threat. I told him to _off. He attacked me and while sitting on the ground I did a foot sweep and a take down on him. I let him up. He attacked again and I threw him again (while I was still seated). Everyone laughed at him and he ran off. From then on people thought of me as the school tough guy. That stayed with me in High School and College.

During my 9th grade year I also started playing sax and I went to region contests on both trumpet and sax. I added trombone over the summer. My 1st paid professional job was for an oil company Cinco de Mayo party. I even arranged the music for it. Most of it was Herb Alpert music. How odd that decades later I would give him lessons and we would be friends.

I always liked animals and looking at fish pools and waterfalls. My grandfather helped me dig and pour cement to make a big fish pool with a water fall in the backyard. It was nice having bigger fish and turtles in the pond.

1973-4

By best friend Lee's dad had a cabin on a private lake. The place was overrun with snakes, foxes, wolves and other pests. We went hunting every week during school and every day in the summer. We got to be good shots.

With a rifle I could shoot through the mouth of a bottle and knock the bottom out. One weekend we had several friends out hunting and one of them did something VERY stupid and was shooting from the upstairs window into our campfire.

Luckily no one was injured but we stopped going hunting with others.

When auditions came for the varsity band at Robert E. Lee High School; I tried out on trombone, alto sax and trumpet. I made it on all 3 and was told to choose so I picked trumpet.

I broke my arm playing football in PE and was transferred to stage band. They were all surprised when I played some lead parts my 1st day there. In varsity band NOBODY was ever allowed to play a part higher than written. So they had no idea what I could do. LOL

During my 10th grade year I learned the Stevens Embouchure. I learned from David Wright who had spent 2 summers taking daily lessons from Roy Stevens. (He had over 100 lessons with Stevens.) I had good control to Bb above high C and could hit

Quad High C.

It was an interesting time but the sound was different from what I was used to with the lip buzzing embouchure. (4 years later Don Jacoby helped me merge the 2 ideas into a much better embouchure for me.)

Things were really strange at school. The Federal Govt finally got around to making the city of Tyler desegregate. They put chains and locks on the doors of all of the all Black schools. The kids were bused across town to other schools.

I remember adults lined up with guns trying to stop the buses. There were always police at the school and most of the students (both white and black) had some kind of weapon on them all of the time. Mostly the kids didn't have any real hate for each other but the adults caused most of the tension and problems.

A girl had been accidentally pushed through a window. This caused a big fight and by the end of the week we had racial riots at school. To this day I still think outsiders caused this because the kids had not ever had any bad issues before. School was not pleasant as we had police on the roofs of the buildings. Several pep rallies ended in the entire student body fighting.

Everyone was carrying some kind of weapon and most had knives. This went on for about a month and then it stopped just as suddenly as it had started. By the end of the year there were no more adults lined up trying to stop things and 90% of the kids had stopped carrying weapons.

As I look back on it I realize that nobody who didn't live through those times could imagine the things that happened.

Although my town and High School had finally integrated, other schools in our football district hadn't yet. Several times we had people shoot at our buses when we travelled to out of town football games. Several football games were stopped during the game because of violence among the fans in attendance.

1974-6

My mom remarried and we moved to Longview. His 3 adult/near adult kids lived with us for a while. The oldest, his daughter, had 2-4 dates a night; never seeing the same guy twice. (wink) The middle child joined the army to avoid some problems. The youngest kept telling people that he was a witch.

During this time mom and Ray bought a beer joint in Kilgore. They called it Wanda's Lounge. It was a real dive and I got to shoot a lot of pool.

Ray and all of his family had been or were still members of the KKK. I couldn't stand to go home and so I rarely did.

I spent most of my time in the local pool hall playing foosball until they closed. There was never anyone up when I got home and I left for school before anyone got up. The strain from the kids ended that marriage. I was already used to being a street tough and kept that up for a while.

I was still keeping up with my martial arts training all during this time. My best friend had a pool and they had pool parties every weekend. Even though I had a car I used to bike the 25 miles to his house and enjoy the pool parties.

I had other exercise too. There was a mid 20s thug who walked the loop around Longview every day. That was 23 miles. I knew he walked to buy and sell drugs but as long as I didn't bother him, he didn't bother me. I wasn't interested in drugs but I was a street thug myself in those days so it didn't bother me either.

A couple of times a month I would walk the loop around town and shoot the bull with him. Whenever he needed to do a business meeting; I hung back about 100 yards or so and stayed out of any business that was more than likely shady.

I was at least smart enough to stay completely away from drugs. I knew a lot of people who took them and some who sold them but I stayed away from everything. My old man and his alcohol problem showed me how bad an addiction was.

I started attending a church youth group 1 night a week. A few weeks later I joined their church. I attended Church every week by myself. A couple of times I got home from Church to find everything that I owned out in the street. Dogs running down the street dragging my clothes and stuff. My mom forgot that I went to Church on Sundays and thought I had been out all night and still hadn't come home yet. I felt so wanted.

At Longview HS besides Band and jazz band we had a 1 hour practice period and so I got to play 4 hours a day at school. I also did 2-4 at night so I progressed rapidly. During football season the band had 1 practice a week at the football stadium. It was a weekly thing to have a race from the band hall to the stadium. There were 2 cars that were really fast and both had 351 Cleveland engines. I was driving a 302 Nova and had some good runs but usually needed a little luck. LOL

I had skipped several math and science classes when I entered HS. I skipped pre-algebra, geometry and trig. This new school however had a rule where everyone took pre-algebra. They made me go backwards and take it. I sleep through every class and finally got tired of going and skipped the class over 100 times. (I still had an A in the class because I turned in all the homework and took the tests.) I was sent to the office for detention 30+ times but I never went and so I never got detention. They caught me the last week of school and I served 1 day of detention.

I decided that I wanted to go to all state in physics; because of a scholarship opportunity. I asked to join the science and math team.

They didn't think I was qualified because of the current math class I was in, but they allowed me to take practice tests. When I scored at the top of the team on the tests they let me join. I ended up going to the state meet and getting my scholarship. The experiences I had at math and science meets is what finally got me off the street at night and out of the pool halls. I realized that I had more in common with the geeks than with the hoods.

I actually got some good teaching experience in HS. The music program was big and the poor players didn't get the help they needed. I took several brass players and helped them to get medals at solo contest. That qualified them for state and some went. That is when I realized what I wanted to do with my life. This made me a lucky man. Most people have no real idea what they want to do at 18 and I did. (I didn't know exactly how I would do it yet.)

My last month of HS was a little unpleasant. We normally went on our band trip in April. Because of that our seniors were used to taking the ACT in May. There were 6 of us that needed to take the ACT in May because of where we wanted to go to school. (They didn't accept summer scores or the SAT.) The day the Band Director told us when our trip was, we went and talked to him.

We told him that we had to take the ACT the weekend of the trip. He went wild and tried to kick us out of band. He did demand we return our gold medals from solo contest and he took our jackets from us. We just stayed away from him the rest of the year and didn't get to play in band. One of the fathers of the 6 who lost their jackets went and had a rather forceful meeting with the director. That afternoon the parent handed us our jackets and medals back. We were still, sort of, out of band. I took the ACT killed it and got a scholarship for the score.

I graduated from mHS. During the ceremony nobody from my family came. Mom dad, brother, uncles, aunts...nobody.

During the summer before college I did some dumb things. I drove my car on a moto-cross course. I made it half way but when I got to a big jump; I had to drive in reverse all of the way out. Several of us with cars would drive up and down the town drag and throw lit bottle rockets at each other. We got some wild reactions.

One afternoon I had to pick up some friends who were working on the baseball field. So before we fixed (raked) the field we ran the bases in our cars. I did some dumber things too but I won't go into them all.

I got my braces off right before college and I didn't enjoy my 1st semester (except for the abundance of women there.) The first week of school we had a school wide panty raid and I got more phone numbers than I could get to. I loved my physics class and music theory was great. However; the trumpet teacher was changing every player's embouchure to a German French horn embouchure because he liked the sound it got. This is what shot the semester down. He lost all of the Freshman class the next semester.

During this 1st semester of college my Grandfather died. My Grandmother refused to move in with anyone but she wanted someone to live with her. There was a Jr. College in town and I was displeased with the teacher at school so I moved in with my Grandmother and went to school there.

1977-8

Tyler Jr College was great fun. The band director Jack Smith had been an Army musician. He was doing experiments with the Maggio Embouchure and that interested me so I did it with him. I continued to excel in Music Theory and finally got a scholarship in it.

I got hooked up with a Kempo school and they did some hardcore training. They did training courses for the Sheriff and the Police dept and I did some of the teaching. I fought 6 days a week all through college. I fought in lots of tournaments. The teacher was ex Special Forces and a bit crazy. I learned a lot of new stuff like hand trapping and control moves.

I went to my afternoon class one day and there was a line of blood running around the entire building about face high on every wall. I later found out that the #2 instructor had slept with the owners wife. The owner got some serious revenge.

My 1st semester at TJC; I wasn't in jazz band because of a schedule conflict. One day someone came into Chemistry and asked if I could go to the band hall. I went and the jazz band was playing a Maynard Ferguson chart "Stoney End".

Mr. Smith asked me if I could play lead on the chart and I had before and said yes. He had me get my trumpet and I played it. Then he asked if I could play it again, and I said yes. So I played it again. (He wanted to see if I was consistent.) I ended up playing concerts with the band even though I couldn't be in the class.

I even had to do a Summer gig that was supposed to be Bud Brisbois gig. They hired Bud to sell tickets and make money for a band trip. Bud had just killed himself and I was called in a couple of days before to play his part on a few songs.

Because of the high kick drill team (The Apache Belles) we got to play everywhere. We got national TV coverage in parades. We got to play at NFL games (many Dallas Cowboy half times.) We played for Presidents and former Presidents. We made lots of trips. The school had security and escort guards for the girls on the drill team. I was one of the guards because of my martial arts training and because I was working part time teaching the Police dept. This was a great job because the girls and I became friends and I dated some majorly HOT girls.

It was a strange job on some trips. The drinking age was 18 so the girls could go to the hotel bar, have a few drinks and get some old men TOO interested. We had to be in the bar and also had to make sure the girls got into their rooms alone. We would take turns watching the halls and usually play cards and watch TV all night with some of the girls (with the door open.) The school didn't care if we stayed there but they didn't want 40 year old men staying up there with the girls.

My best friend Mike had gotten into photography and built a darkroom at his house. I started taking pictures and developing and printing them. Before long I was doing pictures of our trips and other functions for the school paper and year book. I played and took pictures for the school. At one cowboy game the show started with a short solo from me and then the band came in. During practice at Texas stadium I played my solo and then walked out and took pictures for the rest of the practice.

I liked photography and wanted to take the commercial photography course. They made me take a basic course at the same time. The 1st assignment of the basic class was to shoot a roll of film. I shot a really unique car wreck. A custom car had driven under another car.

When I turned in prints the teacher accused me of buying pictures (because he had seen it in the newspaper and tried to kick me out of class. I showed up at the dean's office with a newspaper and a byline under the photo. I was never questioned again. Several of my prints were hanging in the photography building and in the College Library already before I ever took a course there.

We did lots of photography and we even did weddings too. We played trumpet and took pictures at some weddings. That was different.

I joined a frat while I was here. They had a tradition of taking people to the woods to hide. If you hid for an hour it was over. If they caught you then they took your clothes and let you walk home from about 8 miles from the school.

I put on a black gi, black socks, black shoes... I was the only person who didn't get caught. I went out about 50 feet from where they dropped us off and then buried myself in leaves. I stayed there and never flinched or made a sound. They walked by me at least 40 times and never saw me.

It was here at TJC that I got my nickname. I got the name Pops for several reasons. I was always having people consider the responsibilities of their actions. This was the 70s and nobody had heard of AIDS/HIV yet. Anything you could get from sex could be cured with 1 shot. But I was the person who reminded people about babies, marriage, responsibility... So some people called me dad or pops.

We went on a trip playing for President Carter and while we were on the trip; the composition class turned in a final work. The works had to be played in public. One guy turned in a work with a trumpet part that nobody left at the school could play. It was crazy and had lots of leaps of 12ths, 2 octaves...

He was about to fail when they saw the bus come in. They ran and got me to come play it. I saw it, then asked the composer what style it was. I adlibbed a part for him. (I played some of the written music but fixed some of it too.) The teacher who was an old beatnik; vaguely remembered people called me dad or pops or something like that. He liked what I played and said, "Pops has some chops". Everybody started calling me Pops after that.

There were 3 players in the band who studied with Don 'Jake' Jacoby. I noticed how much better those guys had gotten and I tried to get lessons. 'Jake' was booked up and I couldn't get in. One day while I was visiting with Mr. Ford; I mentioned how I had tried to get lessons with "Jake".

Mr. Ford left the room and came back in a few minutes and said “Your lesson is 10 am Sat. Here is his address.” It turns out that the Fords had known Jacoby since he was a teen playing solos in Central park with the Sousa band. (It is a small world sometimes.)

I started taking lessons from Don ‘Jake’ Jacoby. My 1st lesson I was sitting on the couch talking to his wife Dori. After a few minutes I heard yelling and saw Jake with one hand on someone’s shirt and the other on the seat of his pants. Jake was throwing the man out of the house. He then turned around and yelled NEXT. Dori said “That’s ok honey. Go on.”

Lessons with Jake taught me that EVERY lesson should make improvement. I learned that you had to have short term goals (this lesson), mid-range goals (4-6 months) and long range goals (1-2 years from now).

Taking lessons from Jake put you in the pipeline. You got called up for good gigs and one day Jake asked me if I could live on 250 a week. I couldn’t because I had bought a convertible and had car payments, insurance... I asked him why and he told me that they were looking for a trumpet in the Maynard Ferguson band. I felt honored to be asked and bad because I couldn’t afford to go.

One of my favorite things about big gigs was that many of those headliners had groupies and TOO many groupies at that. It was impossible to not score. It was during this time that I learned I had a talent. I could talk to girls and pick them up easily.

I would often go to a bar in a group; talk to a girl get her to our table and introduce her to one of the other guys. I would then go get another girl... until everyone including me was hooked up. (I finally even wrote a book about getting dates. I had often given advice to students and several asked me to write one.)

1978-9

After getting my AA degree I transferred to Texas Tech because I was still into both music and physics.

The summer of 78 was busy. I was playing, taking lessons, working as an assistant manager at a Pizza place and running with 3 hot waitresses. The girls didn't care because they all had semi-boyfriends in college. (They all claimed that nothing was serious or committed.)

I spent lots of time at the lake with the girls getting sand in my sports car. The girls were hot and more than a little wild. I got to do photo shoots with 2 of them. I did other things too. One of the boyfriends found out and shot through my bedroom window. (It seems he thought they were more serious than she did.)

The pizza place was a hotbed of excitement. I was robbed once and the gunman stayed 20 feet away the whole time. He got away. We called the police and they showed up 30 minutes later.

A man came in with a shotgun wanting to kill the owner for sleeping with his wife. He got too close to me and I took the shotgun away from him. I put it in the freezer that was beside me. I then did a hip throw and threw him on top of the freezer. I jumped up and sat on him and waited for the police.

Several of us went bowling one night after we closed the Pizza place. We bowled from about 1 until 4am. I took the others to their cars and we saw flashlights inside the Pizza place. I parked the car against the backdoor so it couldn't open. I got my gun from the glove compartment and we went in. There were 3 teens who broke in, turned on the oven and were cooking pizzas.

School

I liked the campus and the teachers at Texas Tech but the commute to take lessons was tough. It was a 5 hour drive to Jake's house. At the time the TT band only went to one out of town game so I made most of my weekend lessons with Jake.

It was fun being in a music program that big. I was able to play in groups that were new to me like British brass band. The one down side was the 12 noon marching practice on the music building parking lot. Everyone had to move their cars plus it was just hot there.

As a pregame for football games we would march to the stadium and play. I took everything up an octave during this. It was great fun and the band got excited.

Frats used to play hard in Texas. I was kidnapped, tied up and thrown in the trunk of a car. I made so much noise that the campus police got there as the trunk was closing. I got out pretty quick. The usual thing was to be taken to the airport and left there naked and with no money. You would have to beg for change and call someone to get you. Animal house had just come out and several frats were trying to get the title of Texas Tech Animal House.

There was a Tae Kwon Do school a short walk from the campus and the teacher had been a ROK Marine so he was tough. This was good for me because it concentrated on kicks and I was lacking there.

Lubbock was a Texas environment. The motorcycle group Banditos came to town Spring of 79. They rode in right past the college and 30 minutes later they were going the other way, leaving town with a hundred trucks chasing them. Every truck had a shotgun pointed out the window.

Lubbock had wind, mud storms (when it rains during 60 mile an hour sand storm; mud lands on everything. Your windshield gets covered every few minutes. It also gets snow. We walked across the street from the quad to get some pizza. We ate and when we left there was 18 inches of snow on the ground. It fell in about 45 minutes.

One weekend a couple of us drove to New Mexico to ski. We went looking for hook ups and ski bunnies. For some reason we thought it would be all inside fun and none of us brought real winter clothes. Mostly what we saw were hundreds of guys wondering where the girls were. So being bored I tried to ski and learned that I had NO skills in that area. My skiing was more like sliding down hill on my rear. The funny part was no winter clothes. I put on 2 karate gis that I had in the trunk. I'm sure it look really funny but I was warm. Still we had fun that weekend.

In the spring the wind was normally 45-70 miles an hour. We built and flew model planes. We did dog fights with them. The problem was that half the year the wind exceeded the speed that planes could fly well. We would go anyway, knowing that we would crash them.

There was a 4th degree black belt who lived in our dorm. He and I sparred a lot in the commons. We were asked to present and teach rape self-defense to the girls in the dorms.

I would often drive to Dallas from Lubbock for trumpet lessons with Don Jacoby. One weekend I left my lesson and drove into Longview to see mom. I got home and went in around 10 PM. Another family was living there. My mom had sold the house and moved but didn't tell me that she moved or where she moved to. The family knew where she moved because she was their realtor. So I did get home and woke her up knocking on the door. Nice to be remembered.

1980

I had done everything except student teaching and my recital. I was allowed to do this back home because there was a college there, to evaluate my practice teaching. I did my student teaching in all level music. So I taught 3 areas. The middle school was great because the teacher had finally gotten it broken down to beginning drums, beginning brass, beginning reeds, beginning flute and then band class. That is how it should be done.

Getting ready for my recital was great because I had the college teacher Dr. Muckelroy (a student of Ghitalla) and I also had Don Jacoby. Mr. Ford came to the recital and I was very happy that he was able to attend. My mom and brother who lived 30 miles away did not come.

I got my BFA in December of 80 and was tired of school so I took some time just working and saving for grad school. Graduation was held in a nice rose garden. Again nobody from my family showed up. I was not surprised. After all I was mainly raised by wolves. Getting off of the street and respectable was all my doing.

I was still getting gigs and did some road shows. I discovered that I didn't like being on the road. I hated to travel and enjoyed being at home and comfortable. So I told Jake that I wanted lessons in teaching.

1980-1

I started working at a photo finishing place in the summer of 80. I did all of the custom enlargements. I had been doing this kind of stuff since Jr. College and I was fast and good. I picked up accounts with wedding photographers, sports/school photographers, 2 art galleries and a museum. I ran 5 enlargers and did several sample tests of several negatives on each enlarger. I took notes and then went out to look at what came out. I then went in and did full enlargements of several negatives on all 5 enlargers and started other test strips. I did maybe a million custom enlargements while I was there.

I was still playing. I had some performances with the East Texas Symphony and I was doing some work for a couple of churches. I was also playing in the Longview Symphony.

I got a call one night and it was from one of the organists at one of the churches. She said her son had gone to the biker bar at a place called Whiskey Bend. He went to claim the girlfriend of one of the bikers. She told me that he had never been in a fight and didn't understand the danger.

I used to be crazy. I had hundreds of fights and always found a way to survive. I went to rescue the boy. When I got there they already had him on top of a pool table. Most of the people there knew me from my days on the street. I told them that nothing bad had to happen. I was there to get the idiot and I promised he would disappear and leave them alone. They let me have him. I really didn't think it would work out that nice and had some weapons with me but hidden.

Meanwhile at work I had increased their business from 100 enlargements a day until I was doing 800-1000 a day. I pointed that out and asked for a raise. He proudly gave me 25 cents an hour and I told him I was leaving for grad school.

I went back a year later and there were now 3 people trying to do my job and some of the accounts had left them.

1981 School

I moved to Nacogdoches 2 months before school started. I got an apartment and a job during that time. I also took my grad school tests like the GRE and music theory placement and others.

I spent some time in the practice rooms working on everything and one day the trumpet teacher came in my practice room and introduced himself. He wanted to write a book and asked me lots of questions about lessons with Jake. He asked about range and endurance and finally one day I told him that I gave lessons.

They finally had auditions for the bands and I went and played. Then they had me sight read after about 30 minutes (I was about to finish the book) I was told that I could sit anywhere I wanted. I chose the end of the first part. They looked at me funny and asked why I chose that. I told them that I had done lots of solos and played with a lot of people and I thought I should give the undergrads their chance.

One of the classes was marching band. The 1st night of practice there was a solo on a piece. They started with the 1st player and went down the row as player after player didn't play it correctly. When it was my turn I played it and the director said it was mine. I told him after class that I would make sure the 1st player could play it by the end of the week.

There was a girl there who looked at me several times. I know because I was looking at her. We talked later that night and went out that weekend. Now as I write this book we have been married 37 years. I kid her and tell her it was her form fitting yellow jeans that caught me.

The school had a karate club which I joined. By the end of a week I was 1 of the 2 coaches of the club.

The band would march from the band hall to the stadium on game days and as before I would take lots of lines up an octave. I got some students from this. There were some people who didn't have the range or endurance for their senior recitals. I worked with them and helped them to meet their goals.

The 1st game was shocking to me. The director kept his back to the band and some of them acted wildly. There were 12 tuba players and they made their own frat. They had shirts and hats and no manners. During the game they would stand and do chants that insulted other band members. When they found one that got upset, then they would do it over and over.

They picked on one of the trumpets with this cheer: "My wiener has a first name it's (then they spelled out his name). My wiener has a second name it's (and they spell out his last name)." The chant then got a little worse and you can use your imagination.

After 4 different times with the same guy the crowd was booing them. I got up and went to their leader. I told him I would kick their asses if they chanted to anyone again ever. Before I got to my seat they did another one. I went back and told them that I would be looking for them at the band party later that night. I went to the party and found the boys.

One by one I made them back down in front of their friends and dates. That took the steam out of them. They behaved at the next game and the dean had received a newspaper article that a prospective band student had written about the chants and how they would no longer consider that school.

Before the 3rd game the director had been talked to and he read the article to the band. He had no idea that was going on.

I first met Jan's parents on parent's weekend. They thought I was a nice quite boy. The truth is I was really sick and by Monday I was in the hospital. I was in the hospital in Longview about 200 miles from the school. Jan took the bus to come see me there. I had to withdraw from school.

Jan was pregnant and so we had a wedding to plan for.

1982-7

Jan and I got married on January 9th and David was born in June. I used my photography skills and worked at the Longview Newspaper. I was doing graphic arts and 4 color stripping (doing the color on the special supplements). We won an award for one of my supplements one Easter.

I started teaching in Sept of 82. Besides band and music I had to do an extra class every year. I taught choir (twice), history, math and science during my years teaching.

Teaching at a small school was interesting. They were not used to going to contests partly because of the school pass/fail rule and partly because the band only had 30 kids in it. I took popular songs and did my own arrangements for their skills and instrumentation. That excited the kids and more joined every year.

By my last year we had 120 kids and could do some more serious things. We had gone to concert contest, sight reading, all region and solo contests several years.

I did marching season as a means to get more kids interested in band. We did a new show every week. To do this we learned lots of tunes. One football game we were the only band and so we played over 40 different songs.

In Sept 86 we had our second child Robert.

That year Halloween fell on Friday and for that game we did Ghostbusters in costume.

I enjoyed most of the job but some of it bothered me a great deal. We had some latch key kids. The football games would be over by 10:30 but some of the kids had no place to go. Many weeks I was still looking for a place for those kids at 2 or 3 in the morning. That was just accepted there. Parents would use us as baby sitters and have date nights or gamble... I finally decided that I needed to get away from that.

All this time I was at Yoder's ATA Fitness center. I studied with Mr. Yoder and I taught there too. I had my own school and I taught Saturdays at his school. It was a big school with over 1200 students and over 100 black belts.

I taught a fighting class and a black belt class every week. It is during this time that I wrote my self-defense book. I redid it and made a color ebook version in 2010.

I gave a lot of lessons to people in a 100 mile radius. This was in part because I was in the Symphony but mainly because I had been a student of Jacoby. The schedule finally got to me and I quit the symphonies.

1987-9

We moved to Houston just for a change of pace. I was teaching lessons but I was new to the area and it wasn't full time. The job market was not good and so I took a job in a topless bar. Hey the kids had to eat and money flows in those places. The club was run really well. We searched for drugs constantly to make sure we didn't get busted. Most of the girls were working their way through college and things were mostly square there.

We had a few really bad days at the club. I had to disarm an ex-navy seal. I had to break up a fight between 2 marines and 2 navy guys. But normally it was a well behaved club.

I was on an episode of Cops in 89. They ran in with the lights and cameras. Everyone was taken outside, cuffed and loaded into the police van. As soon as the cameras were turned off they let everyone go except for one patron who cursed at the police. The entire raid was fake and done just for the show.

We got a few famous people in the club. One night Eddie Murphy was there and he was doing nonstop jokes. I gave him the microphone and let him go wild. The group Whitesnake was there one night. I talked music with them for a while and as they were leaving the lead singer David Coverdale kissed me.

One of our girls disappeared and was never found. She was really naïve and would sometimes meet people for breakfast at 3 am. The police think she met the wrong person one time.

Another girl left her car and went somewhere with her boyfriend. They came to get her car about 5am and both were kidnapped by a group of 5 men with guns. She was gang raped and he was shot when they finished. They were really sweet people and I took that hard.

In Dec 89 we had our daughter Rebekka. I decided that we really needed insurance and I didn't want to see anymore friends get hurt so I looked in the paper and took the 1st job I found.

I had a sleep study done because of snoring and found out that I had over 300 Apnea episodes a night. I had UPPP surgery and that was the end of my playing for many years. They cut too much from my soft palate and I could not get a good sound because I leaked so much air through my nose. (It took years for me to learn how to play again and I will discuss as it happened.)

1990-3

The job I took was a training class to sell cars. It was a series of unique experiences. First they alternated being open on Sat and Sunday so we worked 13 days in a row then had a day off. This happened over and over so that I had 2 days off every month. The hours were long 8 am to either 7 or 10 pm (it alternated).

I made good money there but I never saw my wife and kids. That put a strain on everyone.

I tried to sell cars without telling anyone a lie. I lost some sales doing that but I could look myself in the mirror every day. Still I sold a lot of cars because of the hours I worked. I earned 3 diamond rings from Isuzu.

Selling cars really wasn't for me mainly because of how everyone is treated at car lots. If you want to be ridiculed, called names, belittled, cheated, and taken advantage of; then work at a car lot. Customers would come to the lot and we would greet them. After all there is a million dollars or more worth of cars on the ground and we need to make sure nobody damages them. Often I would greet someone and they would tell me to F off or they would kick my ass. One woman told me that she wanted a skinny salesman. She said a fat salesman made too much money and would cheat her. I really learned to dislike people as a salesman.

We had a one armed salesman who the GM was constantly making fun of.

"When you wash that car, don't scratch the paint with your hook." This kind of thing was said 10 times a day. For me since I was overweight the big line was, "If you gain any more weight I'll have to hire someone to wipe your ass."

I had a friend who needed to rent a room and I had a friend who lived alone in a 3 bedroom house. I introduced them to each other and they roomed together. About 8 months later I get a call saying my friend the renter was in jail and that I needed to come to the house. I went to the house and my other friend was flushing pills and powder in the toilet. There was a big cook top and pill press in the room and lots of stuff that we still don't know what it was. You never know about your friends.

We did have some fun at the dealership. One day a salesman took a trooper to a mud pit and tried to 4 wheel. Sadly he got stuck in the mud BEFORE he locked the hubs in 4 wheel drive. He called and I went to pull him out. Another salesman followed me just in case. I didn't have to tow him because I was able to rock it free and drive out. On the way back the idiot who got stuck drove across someone's front yard. The GM was waiting at the gate for him when he drove up.

We would take turns going to get lunch for everyone and eat in an empty office. One of the salesman got mad and complained that he found crumbs on his desk. He had left crumbs on other desks before. I decided to play a joke on him. I bought 5 pounds of nacho chips and cheese sauce. I filled every drawer in his desk and his briefcase with chips and cheese sauce. An hour or so later he came in with a customer and tried to find paperwork. He opened drawer after drawer.

He finally opened his briefcase and then asked the customer if he wanted some chips and dip. The look on everyone's face was great.

The week of Thanksgiving one year we had a lame promotion. We were giving away a set of 4 steak knives with every test drive. Hundreds of people were coming for rides just to get the gifts. One night a guy came in in a 4 month old Town car. He told me he only wanted the knives and he didn't care what he drove.

There was a new Jag on the lot and I hadn't driven it yet. I got the keys to it and 3 hours later he drove home in his new Jag.

Christmas eve we worked until 10pm. We didn't have a customer after 4pm. 2 of the salesmen were pitching pennies. They were pitching for a dollar. After a while it became double or nothing and the last pitch was for 1,024 dollars. Yep some poor fool lost over 1000 dollars pitching pennies.

We hated drive bys. People who drove through the lot and looked at cars but never stopped. We had to go out to follow them to make sure they didn't accidentally hit something. One of our salesmen was complaining that they couldn't be sold. I went out and took the next drive by. I jumped in front of him and shouted STOP. As he stopped I opened his door and helped him out. He drove home in his new truck that night.

I sold a Trooper to a crack dealer one day. He had a big paper bag full of 20s and an automatic with him.

3 men from Russia bought 7 cars one day. They were stocking a car lot in Moscow. I took them to a topless bar and made the car deal for 7 cars. They had over 200,000 in a briefcase and all three had guns. When we got back to the dealership they put the guns on the desk and started putting cash on the table.

Sometimes we were really bored. Our manager was in his office with his back to the door and the chair leaning back. I think he was asleep. We took every piece of furniture that we could find and barcaded him into his office.

Sometimes hail damaged cars are for real. We bought out a dealership in another state just to have the hail damaged cars to sell.

Sometimes the hail damage is fake. They wanted to advertise a truck 3000 under cost. So they handed us tiny ballpeen hammers and had us hit the truck. It had thousands of dents on the hood, both sides and the tailgate. People would come in for the cheap truck and we showed them the monster. Most of them got mad.

I decided to sell the damn thing. The next call I got I told him the whole story and he laughed. He said he didn't care what it looked like and he bought it.

I couldn't play a one octave scale during this time because of all of the air leaking through my nose. I hadn't figured out what to do yet.

The martial arts part of my life was good. I took Wing Chun lessons from a student of Wang Kiu (Bruce Lee's training partner when he studied with Yip Man in Hong Kong). I learned a LOT about traps, slipping punches, the wooden dummy drills, controlling the center line and combining blocks with punches.

1993-9

I was tired of not seeing my family enough and Jan's dad needed some help fixing his tomato farm so we moved to Arkansas in Oct of 93. Her dad had 3 huge hydroponic greenhouses. They had taken some damage in a hail storm. He was up and running in a couple of months and sold the business. I took a job doing 4 color stripping at a publisher.

It was nice having a life again. We took kids to concerts, opera, ballet, Maynard Ferguson...

I really got the trumpet bug and started working on a book I had started 18 years before. Working on 'The No Nonsense Trumpet From A-Z' made me really evaluate why I couldn't play. I knew the surgery had cause the nasal leaking but how to fix it?

The answer was 3 fold. 1st I had to change how I did tongue arch. My old arch shot the air right to the soft palate. I started using a forward arch at the teeth anchor tonguing.

2nd I had to reduce the amount of pressure needed to play. That required me to learn to relax the muscles that don't have to contract to create sound.

3rd I had to learn to move the vibration into the aperture tunnel. A concept that I exposed the world to in 'How The Chops Work'.

Things took a turn for the worse when Jan got cancer. She had surgery, chemo and finally radiation. Her chemo took a lot out of her. She stayed home and I took an extra weekend job baby-sitting computers at a new family center. I took Jan to chemo in the day time, cooked and washed for the 3 kids, worked nights and weekends and finished my book. Jan recovered completely and it has never come back. Thank God.

Arkansas is a great place to raise kids. There was a youth center about 5 miles from our house. They had a pool, basketball, pool tables, foosball, judo classes, karate classes and lots of other activities. There was a family center about 20 miles away that had a computer center, library, pool and ice skating.

Old traditions were still going on there. For example Halloween was still big. At Halloween every Sorority House at the college decorated and let the kids Trick or Treat room to room. The girls would dress up and different parts of the house would have Halloween themes. About half of the Frat Houses did the same thing so all together there were 15-20 of these and you couldn't get through all in one night. The fire stations did the same thing and each one also had a costume contest. We would go Roseanne overboard making costumes for the kids. It was fun because the community also got in the spirit.

The kids did every activity you can imagine. They did band, football, baseball, basketball, soccer, judo and karate.

Just when I thought that we had exposed them to everything I got an email.

The Arkansas park service was sponsoring a Renaissance Faire for the 150th anniversary of one of the state parks. They saw my website and wanted someone to play a fanfare trumpet. I started looking for a trumpet but people wanted 1000-3000 for them.

I designed and build one for the Faire. We all dressed up, we made a wooden cart with wooden wheels and did skits in-between stage acts. I also played the fanfare trumpet at the joust. A TV news crew filmed part of our family skit (based on Monty Python and Bring out your dead). That was part of the news cast and the new TV ad for the Faire. (The kids liked seeing themselves on TV.)

Our old man was a 7 year old girl and as I walked through the park shouting 'Bring out your dead' I always had people lay on the cart and stay for the entire skit. We had 6 people on it one day before I got to Bobby and Rebekka.

When they asked again the next year we jumped at the chance. By year two I had several different types of horns to play. The kids were playing the fanfare horns some by the second year of Ren Faires.

We also went to the Castle in OK for their Faire. The 1st time we went Rebekka was 5 and dressed as a princess. People are great at these places. Everyone bowed to her and she giggled all day long. The king was looking for a husband for the washer woman so I volunteered our 8 year old Bobby. The way he acted getting away and her chasing him was hilarious. We went here every year and one year I got to help out with the Tortuga Twins show.

The twins were 3 people and one weekend 2 were sick and didn't come. I helped start the show with one of my fanfare horns and he got through the day.

We did other things too. There was a yearly Mardi Gras street block party in Fayetteville and we took the fanfare trumpets there and played on the streets. The kids loved getting beads and making noise. (There was no nudity there.)

Fayetteville had a Christmas parade and a Spring Parade too. I entered our family as a group and we dressed up and marched the parades. WE did the Christmas parade as a family 3 years. Every other entry was a business or a club.

One parade; the 2 younger kids were in children cars. Rebekka was a beauty queen with hundreds of paper roses on her car and Bobby was in a car with a stuffed tiger in a cage behind him. The day ended with the kids being on Nickelodeon.

At Christmas one time all 3 kids had lights on, one was a tree, one a present and one a candy cane. They were on the front page of the newspaper the next day.

The next Christmas parade we were dressed as train cars with lights on. All of us had an instrument. We played Christmas songs during the parade and around the square. We were on TV that year.

We did one year playing instruments on a trailer that we decorated too. I did all of this so the kids would have experiences and things to choose from when they got older.

We went to lakes, rivers, caves and historical events like weekend civil war battles.

The kids found a piece of Styrofoam that was 5 feet by 5 feet by 2 feet thick. Whenever we went to the lake that thing went with us. The kids would stand on it and surf any little waves that came in.

There were several caves that you could go through. Some were wild caves like at Devil's Den and others had lights, trails, handrails. One had a river in it which flowed 100,000 gallons an hour at the waterfall.

There was a glassblower in the area (Terra Studios) that started making the blue bird of happiness. They now make everything and have a fantasy courtyard behind the shop. They often had weekend events for kids and everyone enjoyed them.

During this time I had cataracts removed from both eyes.

I got better and better making my comeback and joined a big band. Because my book was being sold online I got thousands of emails of playing questions.

I took the questions that I got most often and wrote the 'Trumpet FAQs' book. That book was very easy to write. I have the ability to mimic a player's sound and then quickly analyze what I am doing. Then I know what they are doing wrong and I can help fix them.

As more and more books sold more and more people also started asking if I would give them lessons.

I had an idea for a new way to teach. I wanted to do all day lessons where I could get rid of the tension, fix their tongue arch, teach them good support in 4 stages and work on pivot and lip compression.

I wanted to work on the process though. I did some for free and then started charging a bare min amount and kept fine tuning the process. (It finally became the video ebook 'Be Your Own Teacher' with 3 hours of video, some audio and some text.)

I was getting more and more requests for lessons even though I wasn't advertising them. We lived in too small a place for people to get there cost effectively. After a lot of thought we decided to move to the Dallas area.

Jan had 2 sisters there and my mom and brother were only 100 miles away.

1999-2000

We moved to the Dallas area the 1st of August 1999. The week we moved back we heard about a Ren Faire that was starting the next weekend. We went up and talked to the management and showed pictures and tape of what we did in Arkansas and Oklahoma.

They hired all of us to work the Faire. It was called Hawkwood.

We led the parade, played for the king, did the chess match, and did shows in the lanes. There was a character there in a tutu; smoking a cigar. He told stories to the kids and called himself "The Fairy Godfather". We talked some and I mentioned my wife's name. He said I have a cousin by that name. I then mentioned her parents' names and he was Jan's cousin. I then surprised Jan with her cousin.

We did this Fair for 2 seasons and the kids got involved in other groups like dance, chess, the trebuchet water balloon toss and others.

I tried teaching at the elementary level. It was depressing. Band was treated like a mini course. I had every child in school. I had them divided into classes and I had each class for 6 weeks. (What can you really teach to a beginner band in 6 weeks?) Plus since the kids were forced into band I was not allowed to make them get their own reeds or mouthpieces.

So since I didn't want to allow 6 kids a day share the same mouthpieces; I made them drum /rhythm classes. The principles liked the drum classes but they bored me and since I was diagnosed with Congestive Heart Failure; I decided to retire from Public School.

The Heart Cath showed that I had 2 arteries to my heart that were malformed from birth. 1 artery was completely missing . So I had 0 blood flow to that part of the heart. Aother artery that was passing through a heart valve had 30% of normal blood flow. The cardiologist informed me of my odds of living to Christmas, the next Christmas... and that 5 years was 0% odds.

By this time I already had 5 trumpet books and was doing lessons on the weekends and at nights. I started giving lessons during the week days too.

2001-5

Mainly I was getting used to my new physical limitations including playing. I was almost always short of breath. I was also getting Angina attacks whenever I was under physical stress. If I played more than 30 minutes I would have Angina and sleep all day the next day. I was told to just not play.

I started doing things that were on my bucket list.

We went to New Orleans for Mardi Gras in 2002. We stayed on the parade route 3 blocks from the French Quarter for 4 days. It was as wild as people say.

At one parade a drunk girl beside us kept asking her boyfriend to go back to their room. He just kept drinking. She climbed onto the police barricades, wiggled back and forth and rode it hard. She had an orgasm, screamed in a few minutes and fell off to the ground.

Every one flashed for beads and if you had some nice looking beads, the girls would pull down their pants and panties also. One of the parades inside the French Quarter was a painted parade. They were nude except for shoes and body paint. It was an interesting experience.

I got a chance to play fanfare trumpet on a float Sat before Mardi Gras in 2003. I knew it would make me sick for at least a day but I took the risk. It was for the Krewe of Tucks and I am still somewhere on their website. My wife Jan made a banner flag for my fanfare horn and I played the parade.

I was also sick for the next 36 hours. (That makes you not want to play.) During this trip I also got to go to a Playboy party and one of my Facebook photos is Jenny McCarthy kissing me. (You only see the top half of the picture because she has nothing on down below.)

I could play in 1 and 2 minute spurts and not get Angina. So I started playing fanfare trumpet at Scarborough Faire Renaissance Faire. The gate was about 1 minute. Playing to start the court dance was about a minute. At the joust I played for every knight but I had about 10 minutes between each one. I did this 2004 and 2005.

The next year a Faire needed trumpets and Bobby and Rebekka did the entire job.

2005-7

I kept writing books and teaching. The wear and tear of my health got me depressed. It also wore my wife down a lot. Jan was deeply depressed and started to hate me. This finally led to her cheating. I accidentally found pictures and we had a rough year going through therapy.

We went to a "Weekend To Remember" workshop and I realized that I wanted to learn counseling and be ordained.

This was a tough time on the kids too and our youngest moved out the day she turned 18.

2007-17

Jan and I worked on our marriage. I wrote several books on trumpet. I studied and became ordained. I wrote a Marriage help book and a dating/relationship book. Things went back to normal in our family and the youngest came back and started school.

Things were going really well until I started having Angina every day. I finally had to have open heart surgery and I had a long rehab for that. The week of the surgery was interesting. I had some old friends come to visit. Rex Merriweather drove in from California and spent a few days. My old Tae Kwon Do teacher Jack Yoder came to pray with me. Joe Slaughter came and administered the Last Supper. Nothing picks up your spirits like good friends.

The surgery went well. The rehab was rough. I picked up 2 infections while at the hospital and among other things I couldn't pee. I was on and off a catheter for 10 weeks.

My breathing measured at 57% of normal and we were trying to find out why.

Heart Failure, stage 4 Kidney Disease, enlarged fatty Liver... Not good.

Teaching

I have had some exciting things happen as a teacher. Because I teach via Skype to people all over the world; I keep some bad hours. I give lessons at 6 am, I also give lesson at 6pm, 10 pm and sometimes 2 am. My in home lessons and 10 - 6 but I teach all hours of the day and night. Leon Merian (rest his soul) used to call after he got home from gigs. The phone would ring at 2 am and when I answered he would be playing. When he stopped there was always a question.

I have had 2 different students write articles for National Publications about their lesson experiences with me. I didn't know about either of them until I got them in the mail. I have had teachers write books based on something I taught them in a lesson.

2 of my 20+ books were reviewed in the ITG Journal and they were both good reviews.

I have written articles for Windplayer and 2 for the ITG Journal. I have written over 35 books and lots of other things like the subliminals.

I worked with students that played on Broadway in Musicals, in the NY Philharmonic, in the LA Philharmonic, in Major Symphonies in London, China, Australia, Hong Kong, and other places. I also worked with players in Minor Symphonies all over the world.

In the commercial field I have worked with players that recorded movie sound tracks, worked with Tower of Power, played with Maynard Ferguson, Guns and Roses... and hundreds of other road shows.

I have worked with comeback players who later became full time professional players. I have worked with pro players when they were on vacations and I have worked with them when they were on tour coming through Texas.

I won't mention them all here but many more are listed on my website.

One of my favorites was Herb Alpert. His playing was one reason why I took up the trumpet. It was a blast to be able to help him with his comeback and see him do 3 CDs and several tours, after working with him a few months.

I have been shocked to receive great testimonials from teachers and authors like:

Eric Bolvin (Trumpet Book Author),

Bill Churchville (Tower of Power),

Kiku Collins (Trumpet star),

Mark Curry (Player and Mpc maker),

John Haynie (40 years at UNT, Trumpet Book Author),

David Hickman (Trumpet Book Author, past ITG President and professor at ASU),

Bill Knevitt (Trumpet Book Author),

Roddy Lewis (Trumpet Book Author),

Jim Manley (High note artist),

Leon Merian (Trumpet Book Author, 60 year pro),

Jeanne G Pocius (Embouchure Clinician and Trumpet Book Author),

Eddie Severn (Recording star and Trumpet Book Author),

Matt Shulman (Trumpet Player, Composer, Inventor of the Shulman System for Brass).

Some of these people were given lessons in my home, some by skype and some bought my books and sent emails.

I am amazed by how many people I have helped. I answer emails every day. I talk to LOTS of people pointing them in the right direction. I do LOTS of 5 minute phone calls, LOTS of Skype lessons...

I have about 100 testimonials on my website and most are from Pro Players. I have thousands more in my email from players that I simply don't have the room to put on my webpage.

I was also blessed through the years to have gotten lessons and instruction from some trumpet greats. I have already mentioned my teachers. (People I saw for years). There were countless others who I got 1-2 lessons from or went to a clinic or 2 which they gave.

I don't list them because

The list would be huge and Taking 1-2 lessons from someone doesn't make them your teacher. Yes they influence you but to claim them as a teacher isn't honest.

2018 - 2019

I started having extreme bladder and kidney pain. I was in the hospital 18 times in 1 year. I spent so much time in bed in the hospital that I lost the ability to walk.

I finally had surgery for a suprapubic catheter . I started do some rehab in April 2019. I had to strengten to learn to sit up by myself. Then stand and finally walk some. It is slow and will take a long time but I do hope to walk oneday.

Clint 'Pops' McLaughlin

<http://www.BbTrumpet.com>

Some accomplishments that set me apart from others:

1. I am world famous for teaching and have been mentioned in magazines and books written by other teachers.
2. I have helped players to become full-time Professional Players.
3. I am the first person to ever write about The Aperture Tunnel (TM).
4. I am the first to both explain and give musical exercises to learn about Lip Setpoint (TM).
5. I am the first to write about different embouchure systems as a 3-D model (Farkas, Maggio, Overlap, Stevens, Superchops, TCE.)
6. I am the first to write about the 4 Trumpet Octave Keys (TM) relaxing enough so that mouthpiece seal raises pitch an octave, Air stream Focus (TM), Air Kicks (support), and correct lip compression; which are used by pro players but almost no hobby players use them.
7. I have written about which facial muscles to use and which ones hinder playing. This enables you to play and be relaxed, when you stop the facial tug of war.

8. I wrote about and connected the SS or hiss to tongue arch and wrote about how arch relates to anchor tonguing.

9. I created a new way to hold the trumpet that helps to reduce mouthpiece pressure.

10. I developed a new way to reduce facial tension in ONE day.

11. I did the 1st rewrite of music to The Arban Book in 150 years and brought the techniques into the 21st Century.

12. I am the 1st person to do a Thermal Imaging study of people while they were playing trumpet.

13. I am the 1st to do a study on resonance and spectral analysis of the entire Trumpet Family, Flugel, cornet, Bb, C, Eb, Picc and on how embouchure tension relates to resonance.