



Acknowledgements: *(So much recognition due; so little space!)*

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Alaska, where I took up the double-bass and began learning about jazz—and where the only battle was with sub-freezing temperatures. Incidentally, the music school, at that time, was in Washington D.C., where I was stationed when John F. Kennedy was assassinated and our band-in-training thus had the honor to march in his cortège.

Getting to the actual fabrication of this story, I salute my long-time dear friend, violinist *extraordinaire*, **Vincent P. Skowronski**; a true maestro who, while we were yet at college, revealed to me the wondrous enchantment concealed within that instrument and who, unwittingly (and reinvented significantly as Vyncent), was my model for the protagonist of this endeavor. Another dear friend from Northwestern days, Hollywood entertainment attorney, **Susan Rabin**, deserves mention, having provided (albeit also unwittingly) an outline for a minor character who appears briefly but colorfully. (*Any conversations or situations found in this book that might in any way correspond to their real lives and/or relationships are purely coincidental and unintentional.*)

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“The best lead trumpet player this band ever had!”

—David Clayton Thomas.

Thanks for all the good times, Forrest!

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—M.S.