

Chapter 5

[“Oh no! Is this Purgatory?”]

It had been five months since Scotland Royce (AKA Clyde) had undergone the radical surgery necessary to change his appearance. With a quite different nose and facial structure, and natural gray hair and beard, he only slightly resembled the missing eccentric billionaire.

No evidence of any brain injury damage was found that might have been responsible for Royce’s amnesia. The doctors, however, had noted the two tiny round scars at the top of Royce’s head, located immediately above, and in line with, the region dividing the two cerebral hemispheres. They surmised that, possibly a few months earlier, Royce had undergone some

type of neural surgery; and from the location of the scars, the incisions had most likely involved the frontal or temporal lobes of the cerebral cortex--perhaps to remove a growth or tumor. However, these were not the normal entry points for such standard operations, and tumors are almost never found in this cerebral locale.

Despite Dr. Hoffman's varied attempts at psychotherapy, Royce could remember no more of his past than from those haunting, recurring nightmares.

After his hospital release, Royce moved into his penthouse apartment at the Drake Tower, a residential property located next to the Drake Hotel. He lived in electronically-controlled privacy on the top level of this thirty-two story, sixty-five unit high-rise. It was located in the heart of one of the most affluent residential sites of Chicago: *The Gold Coast*. It developed into this magnificent landmark, along the lakeshore, as wealthy Chicago residents--those with the most gold--began moving there, away from the congested downtown *Chicago Loop* area.

Through fact-finding discussions with his now-acknowledged daughter, Susan, and with letters, diaries written by his parents, and formal genealogies willed to him, Royce learned that his family heritage had been that of wealth and privilege.

In transitioning from those months of deprivation (as Clyde) to attaining terrific riches far beyond his belief, amnesic Royce knew that, in order to at least function appropriately and socially, he must absorb all there was to know about the Scottish ancestry of the Royce Clan. Therefore, his research had to be quite intensive.

Scotland's father, Lamont Royce, was born in the family castle on February 11th, 1898. The Royce Clan acquired the land and built the castle in the early 17th century. It was situated on five hundred acres of fine woodlands, twenty miles east of Edinburgh, Scotland; a magnificent, towering fortress on a rocky bluff overlooking the city to the west, the Firth of Forth to the north, and the North Sea to the east. On a clear day, the celebrated St. Andrew's golf courses, on the southern coastline, could be viewed.

Ethan Royce, Lamont's father, married Martha, of the affluent Kennedy Clan in 1896. A year later they were blessed with robust twins, naming them Rob and Ray. Lamont, on the year to follow, had the misfortune of being born frail and with a serious heart murmur; consequently, he grew small of strength and stature. For this reason, during adolescence, he was physically dominated by his athletic twin brothers. But Lamont found and applied other ways and means of supremacy, mainly through his intellect.

Lamont married Gaeland Murray, his feisty childhood sweetheart who served as a faithful protector for him against adversity. Lamont worshipped her and promised over and over again that he would somehow achieve greatness and leadership. Gaeland was not at all concerned by his prophetic motivations--just wanted to mother him as she always did--for he was the only man she had ever loved.

Lamont decided America was his best hope for greatness, and set forth to win his father's emigration approval.

After months of Lamont prodding and Ethan anguishing, the decision about America was settled. Ethan, not only gave his heartfelt blessing, but, as a financial safeguard, provided Lamont with *six five-hundred Troy-ounce ingots of pure gold*.

Lamont's mother, tearfully resigned to her son's departure, presented him with a letter addressed to *Justin Figg, Drake Hotel, Chicago, Illinois*. Martha told Lamont that, if they ever visited Chicago, Justin, a cousin, a good man, a true Scotsman, would willingly help them get established and make cultural adjustment.

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On Monday, June 7th, 1926, Lamont and Gaeland Royce boarded the RMS Mauretania in Liverpool, with first-class accommodations, for their six-day voyage to New York City. They were both twenty-eight years old. Lamont, frail, dark features

with blue eyes, only five and a half feet tall, but filled with exuberance--and Gaeland, taller, shy, plain and fair, with flowing blond hair to her waist.

The Mauretania was not only the fastest at that time, but she competed with every luxury of liners afloat. Fine gilded Edwardian elegance graced public rooms. Decorations boasted a rich assortment of fine woodwork, which included a sweeping grand staircase, electric lifts (for first-class passengers only), a two-story dining saloon paneled in polished oak, and featuring a domed ceiling decorated with the signs of the Zodiac.

Lamont came to love the trip, cherishing every lavish moment of first-class treatment. He meticulously dressed as requisite for every occasion--and convinced, with some difficulty, his lethargic, homespun wife to do same.

On a lovely Saturday, June 12th, they arrived in New York and proceeded to Ellis Island. First-class voyagers received the most convivial treatment, while steerage could be detained weeks for medical examination and paperwork finalities. For those traveling to New England, the next stop was at the railroad ticket office. Subsequently, with Admittance Card, Railroad Pass, and Box Lunch, the immigrants' journey to and through Ellis Island was completed.

Lamont had no idea where they should settle, so they traveled north, getting off at the smaller towns to determine their likings. They decided they could always return, if nothing proved better. Nothing seemed satisfactory, and upon questioning fellow passengers, most told them to go west.

Then Lamont heard about the Erie Canal, a water passage to the Great Lakes. Consequently, through maps and more probing questions with strangers, he learned he could travel by water all the way to the sparsely populated central states. Lamont quickly remembered the letter to Justin Figg he had kept--hand-written by his mother. He loved traveling by boat and soon convinced Gaeland that it was the safest way to get to Chicago--and, more importantly, to a family-related Scotsman who could possibly assist in their New World adjustment. At Rome, New York, they managed to book passage on a river barge for the 363-mile journey through Syracuse, Rochester, and ending at Buffalo, located on the northeast coast of Lake Erie.

In Buffalo, they took a Passenger/Package Freight Steamer west across Lake Erie, northwest on Lake Huron, and then south, across Lake Michigan to their final destination--the city of Chicago with its *Gold Coast*.

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The Drake Hotel opened in 1920 and is a legendary landmark of elegant service and stately accommodations. Located in the

Gold Coast, its ten stories overlook the panorama of Lake Michigan. The hotel boasts 470 guest rooms, 65 suites, 18 conference rooms, and features exemplary dining, recreation, and entertainment. The Drake is the center of shopping, nightlife, and culture--the pride of all Chicagoans.

Lamont and Gaeland Royce entered this fabulous hotel with wild anticipation. They sat on chaise-lounges in the expansive lobby to relax after a long, somewhat strenuous journey. Eventually Lamont went to the Reception Counter to enquire the whereabouts of Justin Figg. To his delight, he was informed that Mr. Figg was the General Manager. The Concierge rang for the bellhop to escort Lamont to Mr. Figg's office.

Mr. Figg's secretary cracked the office door, with the message, "There's a gentleman here to see you, Mr. Figg. Says he's from Scotland."

"Scotland! Well now, send him right in."

Justin Figg was a stout, charismatic red-haired, mustached fellow that could make anyone feel unrestrained.

As Lamont entered, Figg greeted him with outstretched hand: "Good afternoon, young man, nice to see a fellow countryman."

Lamont shook hands: "Hello, mah nam is Lamont Royce."

"Royce? Royce? Wa, ye main be Martha's son. Come in. Come in. Sit doon."

"Yes eh am. Eh hae a letter fur ye fae mah ma." Lamont handed Figg the crumpled letter.

Figg opened it and noted that it briefly and simply told Justin Figg to "please tak' braw caur ay her son, Lamont Royce."

Figg smiled with an air of pleasant nostalgia.

"I kin we aur related, Mr. Figg."

"Yes, we certainly aur." Figg edged forward. "Young man! We are in America now, so let's speak English. You surely speak the King's tongue.... Martha Kennedy. My precious cousin Martha, sweet Martha, your mother, is very dear to me. We grew up together in Edinburgh. Wonderful woman.... Lamont, I'm deeply indebted to her, for she graciously helped finance my immigration to America. You have a marvelous and generous mother."

"Thenk ye..... I'm here with my wife, Gaeland. She's out in the lobby. We just arrived in Chicago."

"Do you have a place to stay?"

"No, nae yit."

"Good! Then you'll be staying here in one of our special suites," he winked, "made exclusively available for my fellow Scotsmen."

"That would be fine. We can afford it."

"Afford nothing! You're staying here as my honored guest. I'll have our bellhop get your baggage."

"I have one other thing to ask of you, Mr. Figg."

"Call me Justin. Well, why not Uncle Justin?"

"My father gave me some heavy bars of gold to support our adjustment. My wife and I are worried sick about losing them; may we store them here in safety?"

"Gold!" Figg's eyes widened. "Well I'll be damned. By all means!" He became serious. "They will be put into the hotel vault immediately--nothing safer--believe me--nothing safer. Hmm, we better have a security guard accompany that bellhop.... Everything will be taken care of properly. Now, let's go meet the better half."

* * *

Lamont and Gaeland were ecstatically living in their sixth-floor suite, with a spectacular view of Lake Michigan. Justin Figg visited them often, taking them out to tour the nearby attractions, like the Navy Pier, the Oak Street Beach, and the Museum of Contemporary Art. Several times Lamont thought: *Some day I'm going to own this hotel.*

Lamont, on occasion, would ask Figg about investments and the reply was usually, "Why not invest in the Drake? It's incorporated. I have loads of shares. But, wait until the stock dips. Trust me. I'll tell you when and how to do it."

"Nae jist yit," Lamont responded. "Maybe later. Right now, I want to be a little frugal, like us Scotsmen always are."

After about two weeks, Gaeland began getting restless:

"Dearest, wa dinnae we move tae an apartment ur a wee hoose? Eh want mah ain furniture an' things. Eh jist canny feel at ham in a hotel. Besides, we shooldn't tak' too much advantage ay Mr. Figg. He's sic' a nice cheil."

Lamont, as always, unable to deny anything his wife desired, found, through Figg, a very comfortable apartment in the "Old Town" district, directly west of the Gold Coast. At the first opportunity, Gaeland rushed out to shop for "the proper furnishings and niceties."

Lamont wanted to learn all about Chicago, even wanting to speak like a Chicagoan, as Justin Figg did. During the weeks to follow, he and Gaeland took classes in voice lessons and American history, both intensely determined to become loyal citizens.

Once, while strolling and shopping along State Street, they noticed a store with the name *Solomon's Jewelry* engraved above the entrance. In the large front display window there was a huge *GOING OUT OF BUSINESS* placard visibly posted. When they entered, they saw a full-bearded little man, with thick glasses and balding head, sitting on an old rocker directly behind a glass showcase. Only a few scattered items--necklaces, earrings, bracelets--were on display. The general appearance was of dejected neglect.

"Are you the owner?" Lamont asked.

"Ja, I'm Sidney Solomon," he lazily replied with a guttural German accent. "Want to buy? Everything cheap! Half-priced."

"Why are you going out of business?"

"Why does anyone go out of business? No dollars," Solomon replied, grasping his rocker arms and leaning forward. "When you can't buy materials, you can't sell products--ja.... Like to buy my lease?"

Then he relaxed and rocked.

"No, I don't know anything about jewelry. Do you make things out of gold?"

"Ja! Right here, back in lab. I make everything, necklaces, bracelets--anything. My pride...crafting gold necklaces. So many gottsdamn years...hard, dedicated know-how."

"Strange that you're not doing well. This is an ideal location."

"Schiesse! It's not the business. It's me poor wife, Bea. Year or so ago, my frau contacted, of all verdamnt things, polio. All money now goes to doctors--hospitals--medicine--physical therapy. She's become an invalid--needs constant care. I'm hopeless. What else can I do? Have to close down--before those lawyers come--evict me."

"Maybe I can help you, Mr. Solomon. Perhaps you can help me--in return. My name is Lamont Royce and this is my wife, Gaeland. We aur raither new haur in America. From Scotland."

"Immigrants, huh? Well--me too. Wife and I from Bremen, Germany--some while back. Left there, after that damn war." He perked up, "Hey, you got something to offer. I listen."

"Yes, I do have something to offer. I would like to bring one of them for you to examine. Could you be here tomorrow morning?"

"Ja, I be here."

Solomon remained in his rocker, unperturbed, as they exited--Lamont briskly leading the way with flushed enthusiasm--and Gaeland casually waving goodbye.

The next morning, Lamont went to the Drake Hotel carrying an empty black bag, and had Figg go and open the vault. Inside, Lamont lugged one of the gold bricks and carefully transferred it to the bag.

Figg asked, "Gonna cash one in, huh? Need money?"

"No, no. Do you know a Sidney Solomon?"

"Sure do. Owns the jewelry shop on State Street. Going out of business. Poor old guy. Wife's in a wheelchair."

"Yes, polio. Mr. Figg, would you trust him?"

"Damn right I would. He's a fine ole kraut."

"Well, I'm ready to make my first investment."

"Lamont, you be careful now. I have a lawyer you might need. He'll make everything legal.... Hope you know what you're doing."

"Thanks, Mr. Figg. I'll talk to you later about that lawyer." Lamont shook hands. "You have been very good to Gaeland and me. We'll always remember your kind and generous hospitality."

Within moments, Lamont was back in *Solomon's Jewelry*.

Inside, Solomon was sitting in his rocker, just as the day before.

"Mr. Solomon, may we go in the back? I'd like to show you what I have to offer."

"Sure!" Solomon said, easing off the rocker with difficulty. "My wife, Bea, er Beatrice, is in the lab working. I'll have her watch the store."

Once in the back room, Solomon grabbed the handles of her wheelchair and turned it to face Lamont: "Beatrice, this here's, eh, what's your name again?"

"It's Lamont Royce, and I am happy to meet you, Mrs. Solomon."

"You look like a nice boy," Bea said with a sweet smile, adjusting her shawl to cover thinning legs.

"Schatz, I'm gonna roll you out to the front. We got serious business."

As they exited, Lamont unzipped his black bag and lifted the gold bar onto the worktable.

Upon his return, Solomon shouted, "GOD ALMIGHTY--what's that? No, it can't be. Is it--is it pure gold?"

"It certainly is...and there's more where that came from."

"Ach! What I could do with this."

"I thought you would like it."

"Partner, we back in business. You tell me now what you want--I listen."

"I would like to work here--hopefully, as your partner. You can teach me how to make gold products--couldn't you?"

"Ja, ja, I can do that, sure."

"As for Mrs. Solomon, my wife, Gaeland, can take care of her--like she takes care of me. She could give the physical therapy your wife surely needs. Gaeland loves that kind of mothering."

Solomon became wildly energized: "BEA! BEA! COME HERE! COME HERE, QUICK! GOLD!"

He slapped his thoughtless, shiny head: "Stumm--forgot. Gotta go wheel her back here."

* * *

The first business improvement was attributed to Gaeland. She washed the walls (inside and out), squeaky-cleaned the windows, polished the furniture and showcase counters, and

scrubbed and waxed the floors. Then, while Solomon and Lamont were in the lab melting the gold and crafting elegant necklaces, Gaeland cared for Beatrice faithfully. She took her daily to a health spa near by, and compassionately massaged her legs in the hot whirlpool, which eased grateful Beatrice's pain tremendously.

Lamont learned the meticulous craft of jewelry making under the competent supervision of a master, Sidney Solomon. More importantly, Lamont had the knack of selling their wares to the stingiest of customers, at handsome profits--something rather lacking in the stoic Prussian mannerisms of Solomon. They developed a warm relationship and trusted each other implicitly.

On State Street, that great street, *Solomon's* became THE place to buy jewelry. Sidney Solomon now had the time to enhance his beloved craft, creating fashionable and quality articles of jewelry from raw gold. Lamont helped, but soon found his talents lay in the business aspects of the shop. As success grew, he had the little lab expanded into a small factory, where craftsmen were hired and products generated via mass production. Solomon loved his new status as supervisory manager, ensuring that all products were in exact accordance with HIS specifications. Success, rewarding profits, and expansion continued on for three lengthy years of rigorous but co-operative labor.

Then came Black Thursday, August 24, 1929, and the dreadful Stock Market Crash.

The Great Depression was the worst economic slump ever in American history, one that spread to virtually the entire industrialized world. Many factors played a role in bringing about this disaster, including gross imbalance and highly excessive speculation buying. Such conditions kept the stock market artificially high, eventually leading to huge market depletions with no safeguards. The market crashes thereby caused the American economy to capsize.

Lamont was not hurt too badly by the crash, because he had made no stock market investments thus far. The jewelry business, of course, slackened, but the remaining wealthy continued their lust for gold products.

Lamont had other ideas towards achieving his desire for greatness. He went to see Justin Figg and said he was now ready to invest in the Drake Hotel. Figg was hesitant and concerned because he had lost hundreds of thousands due to the crash, saying, "I can only weakly advise--be very careful.... Come to think of it, young man, you are worth more than I am now--so you must damn well know what you're doing."

Lamont invested nearly everything he had in DHI shares with Figg always shaking his head: "What if the Drake goes bankrupt?" What if this? What if that? Lamont kept pouring in

money in the months to follow, even from borrowed sources, until he reached that controlling level of power. In doing so, he undoubtedly saved the collapse of Drake Hotel, Inc. and, thereby, was summarily and unanimously elected Chairman of the Board. Immediately, he appointed his mentor, Justin Figg, as Board Director.

"Eh tauld ye sae! Eh tauld ye sae, mah dearest gaelain. Eh hae nearly reached mah goal ay greatness an' leadership."

As reward for their prosperity, Lamont and Gaeland Royce, accompanied by Justin Figg, returned to Scotland for a well-deserved pleasure vacation, first-class, aboard that same ocean liner--the RMS *Mauretania*. His parents, Ethan and Martha, his twin brothers, Rob and Ray, the Royce Clan, the Kennedy Clan, and the Murrays, subsequently held a spectacular arrival celebration to these proud, successful American entrepreneurs, at the fabulous Royce Castle. Martha and Justin were ecstatically inseparable.

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