

# **CHAPTER 7**

## **ENJOYING RURAL LIFE**

### **1992 – 2002**

In 1992, I began the process of moving to my farm on a full-time basis. I had spent enough time there to get to know the area and determine that it really wasn't the boonies. I was only 30 minutes or so from Charlottesville which was large enough to provide good shopping choices and some good restaurants. And the farm was less than two hours drive from DC, and only a little over an hour to the Richmond suburbs. And travel in the area was much easier and faster than in the DC suburbs with their increasing traffic congestion. I decided I could live at the farm full time, and hire a few local staff to assist me in marketing, producing and distributing the publication.

Because I had rented out the upper floor of the big house to Lisa and Bob Law, I needed to wait until their lease expired, and I offered them the use of the lower level of the big house at a minimal rental rate until they could find alternative housing in the area. I planned to use three extra rooms in the upper level of the big house as office space for local staff I would hire, with the expectation that I would renovate the old log house on the property to use as the future offices for the business. In preparation for the move, I had the telephone company run a new cable to the big house to provide for up to eight additional telephone or fax lines.

Meanwhile, my marriage was not great. We had been living in the Maryland suburbs and coming to the farm on some weekends. One weekend EYB had brought her two children with her (young adults at the time), and we were enjoying a hot Sunday afternoon at the swimming pool. Late in the afternoon, I suggested that it was time we started getting ready to head back to Maryland; we needed to be back to work at our offices on Monday morning. I proceeded to shower and change into street clothes, but EYB and her children stayed at the pool. As the evening was wearing on, I walked back to the pool to ask them to please come in and get ready to leave. I was standing by the pool, in my street clothes, with my wallet in my trouser pocket, when EYB came up behind me and pushed me into the deep end of the pool. Then she hid behind her kids and they all had a great laugh. After recovering my glasses and shaking the water out of my wallet, I went in and changed my clothes and shoes again.

I decided right then that I needed to begin the process of breaking up the Brubach Corporation operations including separating my international publication business from any control by EYB. I knew this marriage was not going to last, and I needed to prepare for the end.

## **CINDY IS MARRIED**

My youngest child, Cynthia Joan, got married in the fall of 1992, to Ted Hart. They had been at the University of Maryland together, and had been dating for a few years. Ted had taken a job with Dean Witter right out of college, and was working to develop a decent income before they married. I performed the usual duties of the father of the bride, including walking her down the aisle.

It was a beautiful wedding, held outdoors, followed by a lovely cocktail party and dinner for all the guests. Simply Elegant Catering took care of catering the event. There was a large cast of attendees, including some of our former neighbors from Gaithersburg, some of Jan's relatives, Ted's parents and other family members and some of their friends, and many of Cindy's and Ted's friends.

Here is a photo of Cindy dancing with her proud dad.



## **MOVED INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS TO THE FARM**

In October 1992, I moved office equipment and furniture from Reston to the farm, and set up offices in the big house. The house had plenty of room for four offices as well as our living space. I hired three local staff and trained them to handle phone calls from potential subscribers and from employers. Most of the job openings were faxed to us from employers, and I trained staff to type the ads in the proper format to go in the publication, and I trained staff to lay out the publication in the right format for printing. Initially, I continued to use the same printing company I had been using in the DC area, and had the printed publications delivered to the farm where we would label, stamp and mail them. I made arrangements with the little post office in Stanardsville to prepare to handle a large increase in their outgoing mail when we made our large delivery every two weeks.

While I was busy setting up operations of the international publication at the farm, EYB continued to work in DC most week days, and she would come to the farm on the weekends. This was working out well. I was separating my international business from her business, and was spending less time with her as a result.

One of the local staff I hired to work on the international publication was Lisa Law, who had rented a part of my house at the farm, in 1991. I offered Lisa a job typing and editing help wanted ads, and taking orders from job seekers. The pay was actually less than she had been offered for other positions, but there was opportunity for advancement that the other positions did not offer, so she accepted.

Lisa was a star employee and was soon providing suggestions on how to expand sales and improve the publication. She quickly became the indispensable employee in the company. She was given primary responsibility for marketing and sales, where she was a natural talent, as well as having significant sales experience.

Lisa had a unique background. She had graduated from college in Kansas, where she had been very active in Democratic politics and had been elected for two terms as President of the Kansas State Young Democrats. She had been encouraged to run for political office in Kansas by the Governor and other top Democratic officials in the state, but she decided she should have some military experience and more worldly knowledge before running for office. She joined the Army and served in Germany for three years before coming back to America to care for her newly widowed mother. Lisa had recently moved to Virginia with her husband, baby daughter and her widowed mother. She was hoping to return to Kansas, and resume her political career, but her husband refused to leave Virginia, even though he was currently unemployed. She agreed to live in Virginia at least for now, to save her marriage.

## **Carlyle Corporation**

In 1993, I established a new corporation in Virginia, named the Carlyle Corporation. I reached agreement with EYB to transfer the international publication to my new corporation, and in return I gave my stock in Brubach Corporation back to the corporation.

International Employment Opportunities continued to grow. The company we were using to print the publication was not doing a good quality job, and Lisa found a printer near Stanardsville who could print the publication faster at a substantially lower cost. As our sales grew, we were providing about 30% of the postage income for the local post office. We were mailing about 3000 copies all over the US, and to many foreign countries, all by first class mail.

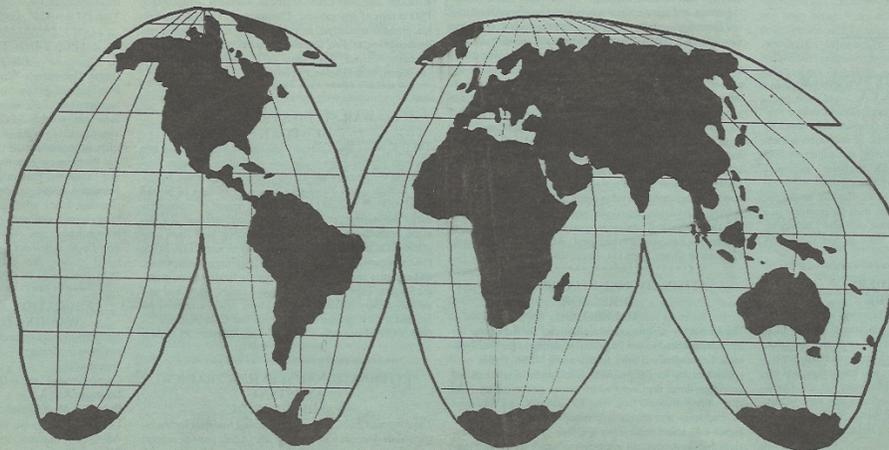
By 1993, the World Wide Web (WWW), which was started in 1989, was beginning to be used by some companies to advertise their products or services, and I hired a website development firm in northern Virginia to prepare and launch a website for International Employment Opportunities. This firm was just getting started in the business as the WWW was starting to grow. It was a simple website, with information about the publication and how to contact us by mail, fax or phone.

Email was not yet widely used; email became more widely used only after 1995 when AOL distributed free disks with software for email systems. We did not yet have a functioning email system. This initial website did not have much of an impact because few people were going to websites back then, and search engines to find relevant web pages were in their infancy and not very useful. Yahoo search engine was started in 1994, and Google was launched in 1998.

As the website usage became more widespread, I learned how to use HTML code to create a website myself, and I created a new website for International Employment. I got an Earthlink satellite dish at the farm that we could use for internet access and email, and I used Earthlink to host our new website with the web address of [www.internationaljobs.org](http://www.internationaljobs.org). The early versions of the website were quite simple. Job seekers and employers still had to contact us by email or phone, rather than placing an order directly on the website. But with the wider use of email after 1995, more and more employers were able to email their job descriptions to us. This saved a great deal of work for our employees, because they could use the email text directly and edit it to fit our format, rather than retype the entire ad as required for ads faxed or mailed to us.

Below is a copy of the cover page of the December 26, 1995 issue containing over 600 job listings in a 24 page tabloid-size newspaper. We had changed the name of the publication to add "*Career*" to the title, to emphasize that we were listing positions for people who had or wanted a career in international work, not just a short-term job overseas.

# International Career Employment Opportunities



The *only* comprehensive source of information on  
international career positions

December 26, 1995

\$7.95

More than 600 current job openings in this issue

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## A News Service for Job Seekers

We are a not-for-profit corporation whose only business is to identify and describe international career positions with employers in all sectors of the job market.

We collect information on current international job openings with Federal agencies, government contractors, private voluntary organizations working overseas, corporations involved in international trade and finance, export management firms, engineering firms, associations, foundations, student exchange organizations, universities, state governments, and international government agencies, including United Nations agencies.

We are not an employment agency, and we do not collect any placement fees from any source.

We do not charge employers for describing their jobs, so we can report all vacancies.

Many employers have come to rely on **International Employment Opportunities** as their primary means of advertising their international job openings.

## IN THIS ISSUE

This issue contains 688 positions.

- \* 501 job openings, 73%, are based overseas;
- \* 187 openings, 27%, are based in the United States.
- \* 191 openings are new with this issue.

## HAPPY HOLIDAYS

All of us at **International Employment Opportunities** want to wish you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous, safe and happy New Year.

Carlyle  
Lisa  
Cindy  
Bill  
Nadine  
Bob  
Bob  
Mike

## NEXT ISSUE

Because of the Holidays, there will be three weeks before the next issue. The first issue of 1996 will be mailed on January 12. The deadline for submitting job listings for the next issue is January 9.

We continued to run ads for our publication in most of the largest newspapers around the country, and we sold the publication in many major bookstores, including all the top bookstores in the Washington, DC area. We also provided free copies of the publication to be placed on international flights of major airlines.

As our publication grew, we quickly became the predominant source of international job information. There had been three other small hard-copy publications listing international jobs. One stopped publishing after losing supportive funding from the government. Another offered to sell their publication to us, and I purchased *International Employment Hotline*, which was a monthly publication and was primarily sold to colleges and universities. We continued to publish *International Employment Hotline* monthly, and expanded it to include the much larger number of jobs that we included in *International Career Employment Opportunities*.

As sales increased, the company started publishing every week, rather than biweekly, and we changed the name to *International Career Employment Weekly* (ICEW). We started selling advertising to employers as well as selling publications to job seekers. Revenue expanded rapidly, which required and permitted hiring more employees to service the orders. As the web and email developed, Lisa started convincing employers to pay to place help wanted ads on the company website, and then started selling “email alerts”; we used bulk email systems to send email alerts that submitted an employer’s job opening to thousands of job seekers around the world in a few minutes, and employers would start receiving resumes within minutes. Lisa travelled extensively around the country attending job fairs, international health conferences, economic development forums, and other events that would help spread the word about the services the company provided.

Lisa took on a larger role in managing the business, freeing up more of my time for my hobbies on the farm. As Lisa’s income increased, she and her husband were able to purchase their own home. Bob worked at a few jobs but was mainly a house husband. In 1996, Lisa took a few weeks off from work to give birth to her second child, a son named William. She now had another dependent, and more demands on her time and more need for her salary.

## **A Business Partner**

In 1997, I promoted Lisa to President of the company, and agreed to sell the company to her over time. She continued to expand sales, and her income was tied to profits, so she was making far more money than she had expected when she started in this job, and probably more than she could have earned as a politician or political operative. And she was doing an important service for people in need around the world. She wasn’t personally helping provide food aid, or medical aid or disaster relief, but she was helping find the people who could do those demanding jobs in some of the most difficult and dangerous places in the world. She was not in Kansas, but she was making a difference.

Below is a screen shot showing approximately the appearance of the “Home” page of the ICEW website in 1999 (this view does not show all the colors or the actual sizes of the print). The Home page contained many links to other pages and other websites.



## International Jobs Center

The only comprehensive source of international jobs for professionals, including international development jobs

<p><b>Employers:</b> Click here for Information on Posting Your International Jobs</p>
<p>Membership Information and Application Form</p>
<p>Renew Membership</p>
<p>Half-price special on memberships for students, recent graduates and volunteers</p>
<p>Read a complete Recent Issue of International Career Employment Weekly, at no charge</p>
<p>Other Useful Web Sites</p>
<p>More about our organization</p>

[Membership](#) is open to anyone interested in international jobs, and everyone is welcome to view today's "[Hot Jobs](#)" (updated daily).

Members receive the following services:

- [International Career Employment Weekly](#) newspaper with over 500 current international job vacancies each week, including hundreds of international development jobs.

[See Sample Job Vacancies](#). (If you would prefer only a monthly newspaper, see below.)

- [Access to critical job openings](#) posted on this web site, including development jobs, education jobs, health care jobs, foreign affairs jobs, and internships.
- [Profiles of major employers](#) of international development and humanitarian assistance professionals.
- [Email Notification](#): Add your name to our list of candidates to receive email notification of urgent job openings in development, health care, trade, foreign affairs, and other international fields.

### [Become a Member Now](#)

Employers [attest to the effectiveness](#) of this service in filling their vacancies.

#### Monthly Newspaper

If you are not ready to start a full scale international job search, but want to be aware of current international opportunities, you may prefer to subscribe to our Monthly newspaper, [International Employment Hotline](#)

Email Us: [webmaster@internationaljobs.org](mailto:webmaster@internationaljobs.org)

In 1997, we started a third publication, called *Public Health Jobs Worldwide*. As the name indicates, it focused on health jobs, primarily based in developing countries around the world. This was a relatively small niche market, but one where there was continued demand for specialized health care related staff, and where there was frequent turnover among staff. The publication had a smaller circulation than ICEW, and it became entirely electronic, with no hard copies produced.

## MOTHER DIED

In 1993, the family knew that mother's health was failing rapidly. She had been suffering from bouts of pneumonia and other problems which probably resulted from the radiation treatments for lymphoma. Judy took the lead in organizing a family reunion in Watford City in August, 1993, so we all could come and spend some time with mom in her last months. All of my brothers and sisters and many of the cousins were able to attend, and had a nice long weekend visit.

Below is a photo of all nine offspring with mom (we were still trying to get organized). Front row: Phyl, Judy, mom, Joyce, Val. Back row: Wally, Norry, Eileen, Carlyle, Milton.



Mom and me with three of my children, Cindy, Greg and Cheryl (holding Julia)

Mother passed away on November 5, 1993. She had been hospitalized again a few days prior, for pneumonia and related problems. She called me on the phone from the hospital on November 4, and asked if I could come out to Watford to see her. This was on a Thursday; I said I would fly out there on Sunday or Monday. She said she didn't think she could hang on that long. I was a bit surprised that she thought she was dying, and I assumed that she would recover again in a week or so, as she had done in the previous times at the hospital. I tried to convince her that she would soon get better, and I would get there as soon as I could. The next morning I received a phone call from my sister Joyce, telling me that mom had died. I was terribly shocked and felt very guilty that I had not made an effort to rush out there. I knew that even if I had left for Watford right away, I would not have made it there before she passed away, but I still felt that I had failed to make the effort.

I knew that mother had expected me to be in charge of her affairs after she passed, so I quickly booked a flight to North Dakota, drove to National Airport, flew to Minneapolis, then changed planes for the next leg to Minot, ND, arriving about midnight on a cold, snowy night. The next morning I drove to Watford City to meet with Joyce and the funeral home staff to make arrangements. We scheduled the funeral for Monday, with visitation on Sunday.

The funeral director asked if family members would be wanting to speak at the funeral. I said we would. I asked by brothers and sisters if they would speak, and all demurred. I expect that they thought they could not keep their emotions under control enough to speak. I decided I would provide a eulogy, and began working on what to say. Following is what I said about mother:

## EULOGY FOR MOTHER

### ESTHER FRAZEE HYSTAD

First, I want to give a special thanks to Borghild DeFoe for all her love, attention and caring for Mother in her last months. Thank you, Borghild.

We also thank our cousin Shirley Minette for her support and help for Mother.

And the family owes a special debt of gratitude to our sister Joyce and her husband Myron for their caring, assistance, and patience for Mother these past few months.

And thanks to Judy for being the driving force behind our reunion here in August that gave many of us a chance to be with Mother one last time.

Thanks to all of you who have helped us these past few days, particularly Morris and Olga for opening their home to us.

I volunteered for this very difficult task because I think it is important for us to try to appreciate the enormous value of Mother's life. It is clear to me that the world would be a much better place if more of us could live our lives as she did.

Few of us have such a clear and firm understanding of what is important in life; Mother had an unwavering focus on her reason for being. Mother's mission in life was to help others - - a mission which kept her occupied almost every moment of her life. She never wanted for something to do. She was never bored.

While much of her attention was given to her large family, her caring extended far beyond, to almost everyone she came to know. I continue to be surprised by the large number of people who considered Mother their friend.

Mother's objectives were to help ensure the survival, health and happiness of others, while never expecting anything in return for her love and caring. (For us children, health always took priority over happiness; we were to eat our liver and stewed tomatoes, or no dessert.)

Mother performed her mission in accordance with a firm set of values, which included:

- Personal responsibility - - the world did not owe her anything, and was not to blame for any of her problems;
- Independence - - she would not be a burden on others;
- Respect for the rights and needs of others; and
- Pride; she always conducted her life so that she could be proud of herself and her family. (Us kids were expected to "act normal".)

And my sisters can attest that Mother also placed cleanliness fairly high on her list of values.

Mother was extraordinarily successful in her life's Mission:

- She was the ultimate mother figure for 9 children, 38 grandchildren, and 26 great grandchildren;
- She was a loving friend for many, many others.

Mother was so successful because:

She could out-work most of us:

- From raising 9 kids in a home without electricity or plumbing or any of the conveniences we take for granted today;
- To driving a team of horses to help with planting and harvesting;
- To growing acres of cucumbers to sell to the local pickle factory to bring in a few dollars in cash for her family;
- To milking cows by hand twice a day;
- To working long hours in a retail store;
- To serving as doctor and nurse through hundreds of illnesses, real and imagined;
- To cooking and baking millions of meals and goodies for everyone - - cinnamon rolls, jelly rolls, chocolate cake, doughnuts, angel food cake, banana cream pie, cream puffs – (you can tell I preferred dessert).

She could out-smart most of us:

- Her wisdom about the meaning and purpose of life was unsurpassed;
- Her intellect permitted her to stay one step ahead of the devious plans of her kids;
- Her quick wit was a source of humor and fun for all of us.

She could out-will most of us:

- She had no doubts about what she wanted;
- And she had no end to persistence and patience.

She could out-love most of us:

- Her love and understanding of her family was a given;
- Her eldest granddaughter, Pam, reminded us yesterday that her love for all of us was unconditional - - we all knew her love was there regardless of our successes or failures;

She could out-laugh most of us:

- She was not all work and no play;
- She loved to laugh and make others laugh;
- She enjoyed life.

My sister Judy has noted that in the past few days we have been sharing our memories of Mother, and each of us has our own stories, but they are similar. They're about:

- Mom's strength;
- Her humor;
- Her tireless hard work;
- Her worrying about us;
- Her silliness;
- Her food;
- Her love of music;
- Her flowers;
- Her strays;
- Her home, wherever it was;
- And always and above all, her family.

Although her body has failed her now, her wisdom, her love, and her joy of life has been multiplied 70 times, as she lives on in each of her 70 descendants.



Cheryl, Chris and Greg attended the funeral, along with all my siblings and many of the other 70 descendants.

I worked with my brothers and sisters to deal with all the final financial and legal issues and distribution of mom's belongings and family memorabilia. We also arranged for a nice grave marker to be placed on the cemetery plot for mom and dad, as shown below.



## IMPROVEMENTS MADE TO THE FARM PROPERTY

One of my favorite pastimes, or hobbies, was to build or renovate things. I often thought that I should have studied to be an architect, so I could have made a living designing new buildings or renovating historic buildings. The farm gave me many opportunities to build or renovate.

One of my first projects was to build a small pond, of about one acre, down the hill from the house. There was a small stream that I could divert to feed the pond, and the ground was solid clay to make a good bed for a pond with minimal seepage. I laid out the perimeter of the planned pond, with a tripod and transit, and then used the old Ford tractor and blade to move earth from the center of the area to build a dam along the downslope sides of the pond. I installed an overflow pipe and a drain pipe at the lower end of the dam. When done, I had a pond basin about 10 feet deep at the deep end, with a small island in the middle to attract nesting geese or ducks. After diverting the stream to start filling the pond, it took a few weeks before it was full, with the excess incoming water flowing out the overflow pipe. And a few weeks later, water plants began to grow along the edges of the pond, and water birds began to appear on and around the pond. There were wading birds, and wood ducks, Canadian geese, great blue herons, little green herons, and others that used the pond as a place for food and/or nesting.

The photos below show the pond under construction, and after completion.



I also made some major renovations in the main house to permit use of the lower level of the house as a separate apartment or in-law suite. I converted a workshop room into a bedroom, closet laundry room, and a second bathroom; I covered the exposed ductwork

in the ceiling of the downstairs hallway; I installed a kitchen in what had been used as a canning room; and I built a wall and doorway to permit separation of the downstairs area from the upstairs. The downstairs now had three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a laundry room, a kitchen, and a living/dining room with large glass doors off to a patio, with views of the mountains.

Upstairs, I replaced a large window in the master bedroom, with French doors, and built a deck off that door leading to a large hot tub on a concrete pad. The photo below shows the deck off the master bedroom to the new hot tub.



## Horses

In 1994, I began preparing the farm for a few horses. I designed and built a stable with three stalls and room for hay and grain storage. It was a pole barn, designed to be expanded in size. I built a three-board fence around the front pasture, using treated posts and oak boards. The total fenced area covered about ten acres, with about 5000 feet of board fence, including cross fencing to make three adjoining paddocks with gates to permit movement of the horses among the paddocks. I also built a riding ring where beginning riders could receive lessons and practice riding with relative safety. The farm equipment I had purchased from the previous owner included a post hole digger that attached to the three-point hitch and power takeoff on the Ford tractor, so I was able to dig the post holes quickly. I also made arrangements with a neighbor friend, Admiral Dudley Carlson, to jointly acquire an old hay baler, so I could bale hay on the farm for the horses. We were able to keep up to four horses, and usually had at least three horses. I later expanded the stable to have four 12 x 12 foot stalls, a separate enclosed tack room, and a hay storage area. The expanded stable had clearstory windows to provide southern light into the stable. All four stalls had split doors to the outside paddock.



## Renovating the Log House

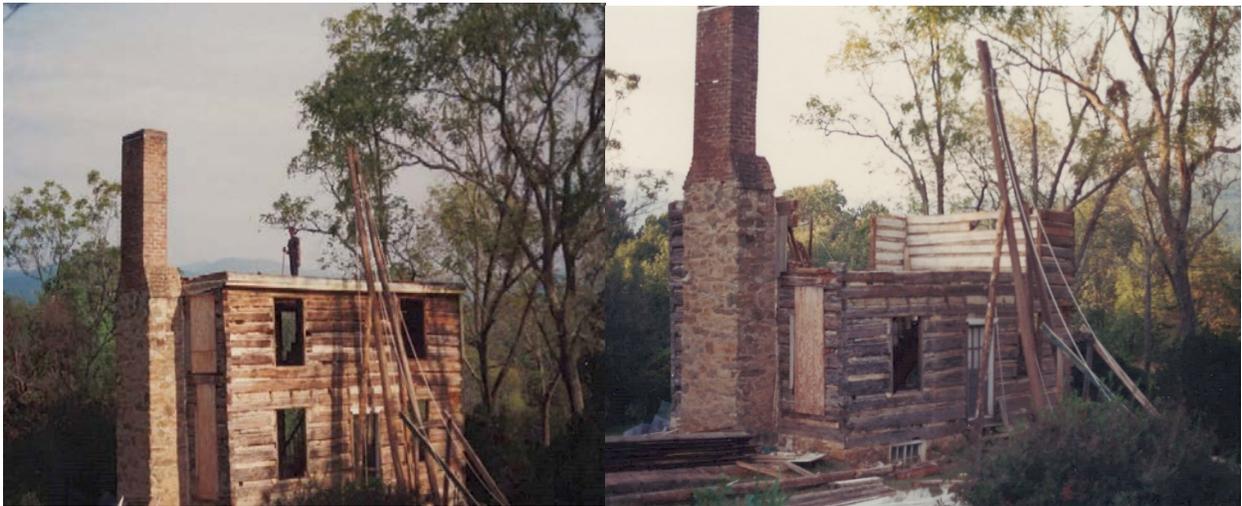
The most ambitious project was the complete rebuilding of the old log house. A previous owner had applied clap board siding over the logs, to make it appear to be a more “modern” frame house. That was a serious mistake, because rain water had leaked behind the board siding, particularly on the north and west sides of the house, and the board siding then prevented the logs from quickly drying. Over the years the logs on the northwest and northeast corners of the house had rotted substantially, so that it was surprising that the house was still standing. The overlapped corner logs are what hold the walls together, and they hold up everything above.

I had decided I would remove all of the siding so the bare logs would be visible. As I removed the siding, I discovered the rot, and quickly determined that I would need to replace many of the logs on the north and west sides. And because of the large number of compromised logs, it was not sensible to try to jack up the roof and replace the bad logs. I would need to take the house down to the foundation and rebuild it. I determined the number of replacement logs I would need, and proceeded to cut down selected poplar, pine and oak logs on my land to use as replacement logs. I let the logs age and cure for a year, prior to shaping them for use on the house.

I removed the roof of the house, down to the attic floor, and then prepared to remove each log in the reverse order they had been placed. In order to lift the logs, I build a “crane” that could have been built in the early 1800s when the log house was built. I used my hay wagon, removed the rack on the wagon, and attached a strong, 18 feet long, log to each side of the wagon frame, with two shorter logs attached to those longer logs to form a triangle off the rear of the wagon. I could raise or lower the tripod to reach logs over the side of the house, by ropes attached to the front of the wagon. At the top of this tripod, I attached a large pulley between the posts, and added a 100 foot rope, 1.5 inches thick. One end of the rope would be attached to the log to be removed, and the other end would go over the top pulley then through a second pulley at the wagon bottom, and out to the front of the wagon and attached to my tractor. I could move this crane around the log house to remove the logs and to hoist the replacement logs as I rebuilt the house. I soon discovered that I needed to add a few hundred pounds of weight to the front of the wagon frame to keep it from rising in the air as I lifted logs. I could have used a team of horses to lower and raise the logs if I had not had a tractor. When the log house was built the plantation owner probably used slave labor and a similar tripod to do the raising of logs.

I removed all the logs down to the rock walls of the basement. I recorded each log as to location in the event I could reuse it as I rebuilt. As the logs came down I identified any rot problems and decided whether it could be reused, or maybe shortened and reused in another location, or discarded due to excessive problems. I needed to discard more logs than I had estimated, and now I did not have enough seasoned replacement trees, so I decided to downsize the house. It originally had two full eight-foot stories above the full rock walled basement, with an attic on top of the two stories. I decided to rebuild it as one and one-half stories, with the sloping roof on top of the half-story upper level. The

upper level would still provide ample room, with only the outside two walls with restricted head room near the walls.



Now I started rebuilding. I was able to reuse the first course logs except for the north end log, which I replaced with one of the oak trees I had seasoned. I cut the sides of the log to match the width of the old logs, and then notched the ends to receive the logs that would come on top. The slaves who built the house had done all the work by hand, with axes; I used a chain saw. I had difficulty even imagining how much work it would have been to do that shaping using an axe.

As I added the subsequent courses of logs, I was able to reuse several of the logs in their original places; I was able to use some of the old logs by cutting off one or more of the rotted ends and notching them to fit; and in several cases I needed to use one of my new seasoned trees, requiring cutting the sides to match the old logs, and then notching the ends to fit over the log below and to accept the log above.

This also required the proper placement of doors and windows, with an outside door on each of the long sides of the house, a window on each side of the doors, and two windows on the north end of the house. The south end of the house contained a large rock and

brick chimney that contained a fireplace at three levels, the basement, the first floor and the second floor, with three separate flues. The logs on the fireplace end needed to cross in front of the chimney except not in front of the fireplaces. The doors, windows and fireplaces were framed by rough cut oak planks, with oak pins connecting the planks to the logs. Usually, each log would receive two pins. When the house had been built, these pins had been hand carved to about one inch in diameter, sloping slightly toward the inside end, and about six inches long. A hole slightly smaller than the pin would be drilled in the framing plank, and into the end of the log, to about six inches in depth, and then the pin would be driven in place. I continued to use the same process. Fortunately I was able to reuse most the pins. Thanks goodness I did not need to hand drill those holes, or make many of those oak pins.

I also needed to reinstall or replace the joists between the basement and the first floor, and between the first and second floors. Those at the basement ceiling had been logs of about 8 inches diameter and I had to replace a few of these with my seasoned logs. The challenge was to try to ensure that the top side of all the logs were at the same level, so floor boards could be attached to make a flat floor. The joists for the floor of the second level had been rough cut oak, about 2.5 inches thick and about 10 inches high. Because I would not need an attic floor, I had enough of these joists for the second level floor. The joints needed to be notched into the supporting logs on each side of the house. The challenge was to cut the notches so that the top of all the joints would be at the same level, side to side and end to end.

Another major challenge was to make sure that all four corners of the logs increased in height at the same rate, so that the attached floors and the roof would be level and flat. As I added logs using the homemade crane, I also built scaffolding around the outside to permit work on logs safely. When the logs reached the designed height, I attached the original rafters to the side walls, and attached roof sheathing. I built a double roof with insulation between, because there would be no inside ceiling. I topped it with cedar shakes. On the ends above the top log, I attached vertical framing for windows, and inserted short logs to enclose the ends.

As was typical in those log houses, there was a space of one to two inches, more or less, between the logs. The width of this opening depended on the rough shapes of the adjoining logs, so in some cases there was almost no space, and a few places there could be more than two inches. This space needed to be filled with chinking. Originally this chinking consisted of chunks or slabs of wood split to the right thickness and driven between the logs. Then a mixture of clay and horsehair or straw or some similar material would be pressed into any remaining openings, and spread smoothly between the logs on both the inside and outside to create a neat appearance. The chinking in the old log house had originally been a clay mixture, which had been patched or restored a few times, and later that had been replaced or covered it with cement mortar, which had been patched or repaired several times over the years. Rather than using clay or mortar, I used a new product called Permachink. It was a polymer based material that came in a five gallon can and looked like heavy cake frosting. To apply it, I first filled in the openings with wood slabs as in the original, then I applied a low expansion foam to fill in all

remaining openings. The foam is like the Great Stuff foam found at your local Home Depot, but with little expansion. I then shaved the set up foam with a wire brush on a drill to make a flat surface on both sides of the chinking. Then I applied the Permachink, which is to be applied  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick over the foam and adhering to the log below and above the foam. A spray bottle of water is used to moisten the Permachink so it can be spread to make a neat surface. It is like putting a careful coat of frosting on a cake. The entire chinking process was very time consuming; I probably devoted as much time to that as all the rest of the project.

After completing the log structure, I installed thermal pane windows, and pine board doors; installed floor boards on both floors; added a front "porch" which included stairs from the basement to the first floor, a bathroom at the main level and a furnace room at the basement level; installed plumbing for the bathroom, and a kitchen in the basement; installed electrical wiring, and installed a propane furnace and central air conditioning. I designed the heating and AC system so it was almost invisible on the inside of the log house. The inside of the house contained only wood and stone; there was no drywall, and no paint. Windows were covered with wooden blinds.



The photo on the top left shows the logs going back up. The photo on the top right shows the rebuilt house with the rock chimney being rebuilt.

The photos below show the renovated log house, with winter and summer views.



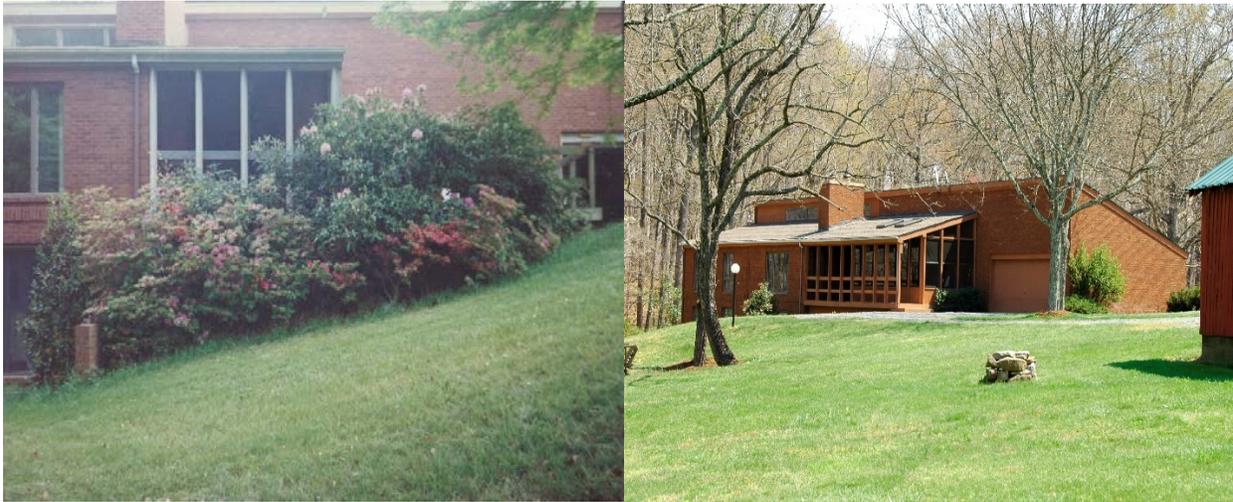
The log house was now almost ready to be used as office space for the Carlyle Corporation, with four separate offices, a kitchen with a lunch area, and office supply and storage space. I installed multiple phone lines and internet connections, moved in office furniture and equipment, and it was a comfortable modern office, with space for five or six employees. In 1997, we moved the Carlyle Corporation operations into the log house.

The photos below show two of the four large offices in the log house.



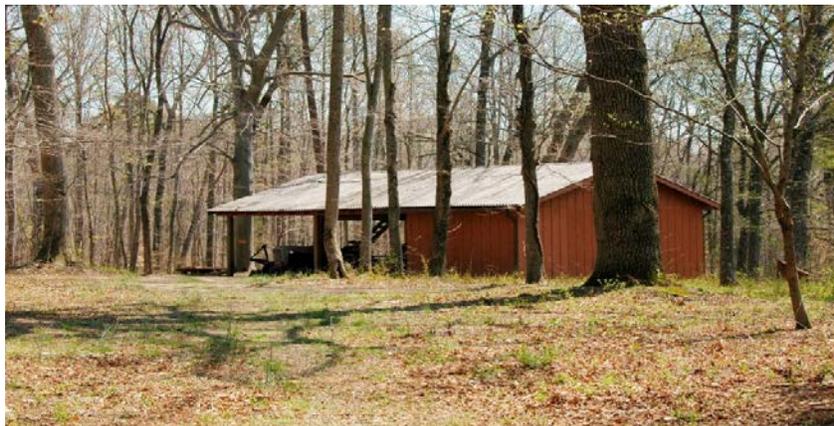
## Other Projects

After completing the log house project, I had time to take on other smaller projects. I replaced the old, small screened porch and the adjacent open deck on the main house with a much larger 3-season porch and a covered walkway to the front door. I first installed new deck flooring, and used 3" by 8" cedar posts for the walls of the porch, with screened windows between the posts. Two ceiling fans helped keep it cool on hot summer days, and a propane wall heater kept it comfy on cold days. In the winter we used it for overflow crowds when entertaining large groups, such as our annual New Year's Day party when there were usually over 100 guests.



I also built a concrete bridge over Conway Run, which was a large creek that ran across the middle of the farm. This made it easier to access the back 40 acres with a tractor and machinery. And I installed culverts to make it easier to cross two small streams on the property.

There was a need for more space to store hay, and to store farm machinery out of the weather, so I built a hay barn and storage shed, 36 by 24 feet. I used about one-third for hay storage and the rest for storing tractors and other equipment.



Later, I remodeled the kitchen, family room, half bath, and laundry room on the upper level of the main house, including relocating the laundry room, installing granite countertops in the kitchen, installing laminate flooring, installing a larger, new kitchen range, and making a new entry way to the laundry room and half bath.

When I had nothing else to do, I installed outdoor lighting around the main house, and installed electricity in the granary and stable. And I built a patio near the pool and installed a new lattice fence around the pool area.

## **THE GREAT FLOOD OF 1995**

In 1995 I learned about some of the risks with running a business in a rural area of Virginia. On June 27, we were hit with what was later called a 1000-year flood. The area had received heavy rain for a couple weeks prior, and the ground was saturated. On the 27<sup>th</sup> it started raining hard, with over 16 inches measured in a few hours in our part of Greene County and neighboring Madison County, including the nearby Blue Ridge Mountains. By mid-morning the Conway Run across my farm was over its banks, and the flat ground on the back 40 acres of the farm, to the Conway River, soon looked like the Mississippi River at flood stage. Our electricity soon went out, and then the phones stopped working. Without electricity and phones it was impossible to work on the publication.

One of our employees never made it to work that morning. She lived on the neighboring farm and she was stranded on the other side of Conway Run – a small stream normally, but now a roaring river. A low-water bridge across the Run was several feet under water, And the high foot bridge I had built over the Run was washed away in the torrent. But the rain kept coming down, and the water kept rising, as all the water came cascading down the sides of the mountains and overflowing the rivers.

It was raining so hard that it was difficult to see what was happening, but we did manage to get a photo of the raging water over what had been my hay field.



Water was up to ten feet deep on level ground, and the raging river was over a half mile wide from below my house to the neighboring county on the other side of the Conway River. My pond had disappeared – it was entirely submerged under the raging water.

As the rain continued to pelt, a man walked up to the house. He had been trying to drive toward the mountain but had been stopped; the road was washed out. A bit later we heard a faint scream coming from the neighboring farm; we heard what sounded like “Carlyle, we need to be rescued”, repeatedly. It sounded like Cindy, the employee who had not made it to work that morning due to high water. My sons, Chris and Greg, happened to be at the farm that day, and we all ran down toward the voice to try to determine whether there was anything we could do. Cindy and her husband and two children lived on a small rise across Conway Run, near where her father had a large greenhouse nursery operation. The nursery greenhouses had all been washed away, and the water was almost to the doorstep of their house on the little strip of land that rose about ten feet above the surrounding land. It appeared that if the rain continued, they could be swept away. As we were considering what we could do to save them, a large Coast Guard helicopter flew into view. We learned later that helicopters had been rescuing people from roof tops and trees in the area before seeing these four victims in distress.

But as the helicopter approached, the pilot noticed that a large propane tank had broken loose from its moorings and had floated downstream and lodged near Cindy’s house, and was probably spewing propane from the broken pipe. The helicopter flew away, and apparently radioed the Greene County Rescue Squad that sent a team out by road. They arrived quickly but they now needed to try to get a boat or raft across the raging water of Conway Run. It appeared that this team had never actually performed such a water rescue before, because they took a very long time deciding how to get a rope across the water that could then be used to guide a boat across. Meanwhile the rain stopped, and the water started receding. And by the time that rescue crew finally got a boat across the water, there was little need for a rescue.

Now we began to explore the damage. We discovered that the main road from the farm going south was now open. It had been closed earlier as water came over the South River bridge. And there was still some concern about the safety of the bridge. The road going north was closed because the bridge approaches in that direction had been washed away. We learned that several people were unable to get to their homes because they were stuck on roads between two rivers where the bridges were now closed. Lisa was able to get back to her home, going south over the dangerous bridge, with a crowd of people on the other side of the bridge clapping as she made it across. The really odd thing about the flood was how it was concentrated in a relatively small area, and south of that bridge there had been little or no rain, and no damage.

It appeared that electricity and phones would be out for many hours or days because transformers, substations, and power lines were destroyed, and repair personnel would have difficulty accessing the area due destroyed bridges. Chris and Greg set out to find a generator to rent, and after driving on detours for many miles they were able to find a

place to rent a generator and we were able to keep some activities going at the farm, but the phones did not work.

It was over a week before electricity and phone services were restored. Meanwhile we were attempting to continue operations. Lisa was able to get the phone company to roll the company's main phone line to her home phone so she and other employees could take calls there, and to roll the fax line to the home of a friend so we could continue to receive job listings faxed to us. We were able to produce and mail the next biweekly issue on schedule.

We learned that one person had died in the flood, and over 80 people had been rescued by helicopter, and many more by boat. Officials credited the low death and injury toll to the fact that the flood happened in daylight hours, and most residents were able to avoid the flood waters. The flood caused massive mud and rock slides down the sides of the Blue Ridge mountains, leaving scars visible for several years.

At the farm, the flood had carried several cattle down stream, and I found a few live cattle and one dead steer on the flooded area of the farm. The water washed away several stone fences on the farm that had been built up over the past 200+ years, and deposited the rocks all over my hay fields. And the water deposited up to a foot of mud over much of the forest area of the farm, along with tons of debris including fuel tanks, old lumber, insulation, half a canoe, dozens of old tires, bottles and cans, and anything that would float. The woods acted as a strainer to capture much of the debris as it floated down the raging river. But I did not suffer the catastrophic damage of my neighbor who lost his entire greenhouse operation, including all the greenhouses, all of his rare plants and his inventory of plants for sale, and much of his equipment including a truck and tractor. The flood ended his business.

As a result of that flood experience, we developed contingency plans to keep the business operating in the event of another disaster; this included the purchase of a generator so we could have an uninterrupted power supply. A year later the area was hit by the remnants of hurricane Fran which caused massive flooding in the region and another lengthy loss of electricity service. But this time we were better prepared.

## **BIRD WATCHING**

In the 1970s I got interested in identifying and studying birds, primarily because there were so many birds around my house in Maryland that I had never focused on previously; there were many more species than I had known in Minnesota. I guess it was just too cold in Minnesota to attract very many birds, even in the summer time.

I purchased a couple of good bird books and good bird watching binoculars, and began learning about birds. Just around the house in Montgomery Village, I identified over 50 species, with some of them changing with the seasons, and some hanging around all year.

A bit later I signed up for an Audubon course on birds, in which the class made several field trips around the DC area. I discovered that the Washington, DC, area is a great area for bird watchers. Travel a short distance east and you will see a large variety of water birds on or near the Chesapeake Bay, or near the Atlantic Ocean. Travel a few miles west and you will see birds that generally hang out in the mountains of the Blue Ridge. And the region is part of the Atlantic flyway for migrating birds in the spring and fall. Birds from eastern Canada and the US northeast migrate south in the fall, to southern states or to Central and South America, and then back again in the spring. The Audubon Society says there are over 500 species that migrate along the Atlantic seaboard. And there are some spots in the region where migrating birds congregate. For example, I visited Cape May, NJ in the fall where birds frequently “stack up” as they reach the southern tip of the New Jersey peninsula at Cape May, waiting for favorable winds so they can cross Delaware Bay without being blown out to sea. A similar stack up can happen at the southern tip of the Delmarva Peninsula. And the ridges of the Blue Ridge Mountains are a favorite path for migrating hawks. In addition to all the migrating birds, there are many that stay in the region year around, and the Delmarva Peninsula is a wintering spot for many birds, including geese, swans, and ducks.

At the farm, I kept feeders full in the winter to attract many year-around residents including Blue Jays, Goldfinch, Mockingbirds, Robins, several species of Sparrows, Mourning Doves, Cardinals, House Finches, and Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers. Additional winter-only visitors included Tufted Titmice, Carolina Chickadee, White-Breasted Nut Hatch, Purple Finch, Dark-Eyed Junco, and Snow Bunting (rare).

In the summer, my Blue Bird nesting boxes were full, the Mockingbirds were everywhere, a rookery of Great Blue Herons had four or five nests high in the trees near the pond, ducks and geese nested on the island or near the pond, Carolina Wrens were abundant, as were Robins, etc. And the woodpeckers and owls loved the farm. There were resident Pileated Woodpeckers who could be heard for a mile or more, Yellow Bellied Sapsuckers, Hairy and Downy and Red Bellied Woodpeckers, and sometimes flocks of Northern Flickers. The hoot of the Great Horned Owl was common, as was the scream of the Screech Owl, and Barn Owls and Barred Owls were common. A flock of Wild Turkeys would make their way through the woods and pasture frequently. And hawks were always around, particularly the Red-Shouldered Hawk, the Red-Tailed Hawk, and Kestrels.

Other regular residents or visitors included the Black Vulture, Turkey Vulture, Canadian Goose, Crow, Wood Duck, Bald Eagle, Pewee, Acadian Flycatcher, Purple Martin, Wood Thrush, Gray Catbird, Brown Thrasher, Scarlett Tanager, Eastern Towhee, Indigo Bunting, Brown-Header Cowbird, Belted Kingfisher, and the amazing Ruby Throated Hummingbird.

On rare occasion I would see other birds that were less common in the area or were passing through on their migrations south or north. Some of these included the Bobwhite (that was disappearing due to loss of traditional crops in the area), Horned Lark, Yellow Billed Cuckoo, Common Nighthawk, American Woodcock, Chimney Swift, Barn Swallow,

American Redstart, Baltimore Oriole, Red-Winged Blackbird, Blue Grosbeak, Loggerhead Strike, Great Crested Gnatcatcher, Whip-Poor-Will, Spotted Sandpiper, Green Heron, Cedar Waxwing, Yellow and Pine Warbler, Ovenbird, and the Common Loon.

Of course, there were plenty of those species I would just as soon not see, including Starlings, Common Grackles, and Crows. Lisa told me that there was an unusual phenomenon with Crows: there was a high number of Crows being killed by trucks on roads in the area, but relatively few killed by cars. I questioned why that would be the case, and she responded that Crows had learned to warn other Crows of cars, by calling “caw”, “caw”, but they had never learned to call “truck”, “truck”!

### **A NEW GENERATION – I AM A GRANDFATHER AGAIN & AGAIN!!**

In the 1990s, I suddenly became aware that I was now part of the “senior” generation. All my children were now adults, and three of them had spouses and children of their own. Without doing anything, I was now called “grandpa”, or “grandpa on the farm”, or maybe just “the old man”. I realized that I was now part of the generation populated by people who were expected to die at any time now. I remember thinking that my parents might die at any time, when they were only 60 or even younger. And now I was one of them.

As noted in the previous chapter, my oldest daughter, Cheryl, had been married since 1982, but they did not have a child until 1991, when Julia was born, my first granddaughter. Cheryl was married to Allen, who had received a PhD degree in a medical research field from John Hopkins University, and had received grants from the National Institutes of Health to conduct medical research at Johns Hopkins after graduation. Cheryl had a successful career as an attorney, and had worked for several years as an attorney for the Legal Aid organization in Baltimore. In 1994, Cheryl gave birth to a second daughter, Caroline. Both Julia and Caroline enjoyed coming to the farm for visits, although Caroline has an unpleasant memory of being chased by one of the goats I had on the farm.

My oldest son, Christopher, was father to my first and only grandson, Michael, who was also born in 1991. Chris was married to Maria who was completely dependent on her mother, and refused to move out of her parents’ home after their marriage. Chris was faced with a choice of living with Maria at her parents’ house, in Maria’s childhood bedroom, and under the close supervision of a mother-in-law, or he could live by himself. He did both over the years, as Maria continued to refuse to be a real married partner while expecting Chris to be loyally committed to her. In 1999, they produced a second child, named Ashley. As discussed later in these pages, Chris suffered from bipolar disorder, which became progressively more disabling. Unfortunately, he received no support from his wife, who eventually divorced him, and did everything she could to try to turn his two children against him.

As noted above, Cindy was married in 1992, and in 1998 she gave birth to my third granddaughter, Amanda. In 2000, she was the proud parent of my fifth granddaughter, Megan. My second son, Gregory did not get married until 2002. Greg had worked as a computer and data processing technician for a major law firm, in DC and then in New York City, for several years, before moving back to the Baltimore area.

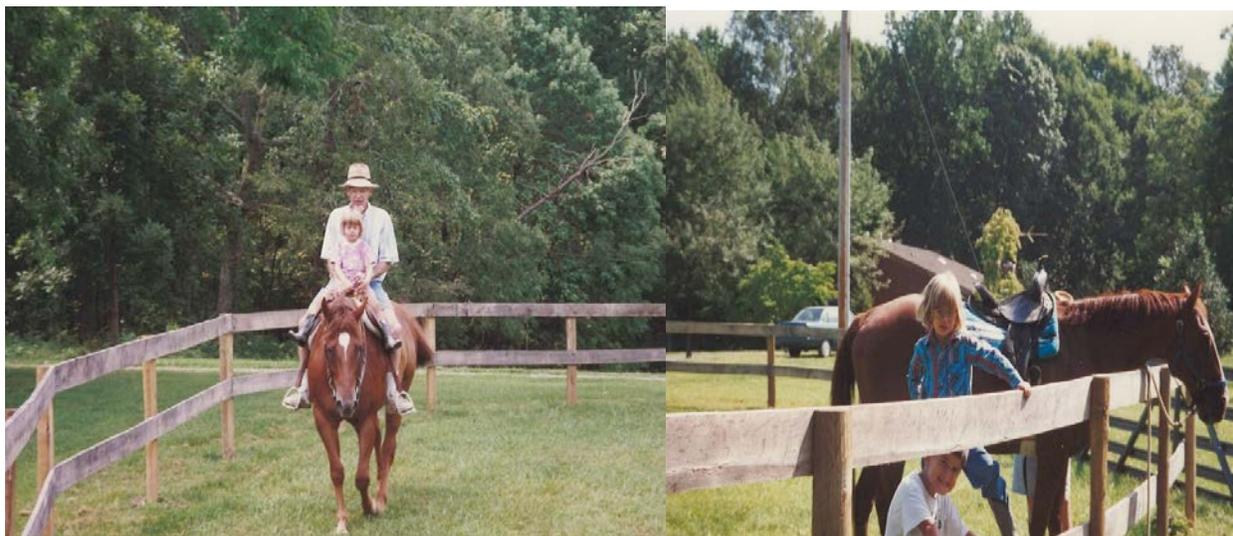


Here are my children with their spouses and children in 1996. On floor: Caroline, Julia and Michael. On couch: Ted, Cindy, Chris, Maria, Allen, Cheryl and Greg.

The swimming pool at the farm was the center of attraction for the family in the summer months. Usually the entire family would celebrate my birthday in July with a couple of days at the pool.



Riding horses was a favorite sport of the kids and grandkids while visiting the farm. The quarter horse, Skippy, was their favorite.



Above left, Grandpa is giving Julia a ride on Skippy.  
Above right, Julia and Michael are preparing to ride Skippy.

Below left, Greg is going for a ride on Skippy. Below right, Chris is getting comfortable on Skippy.





Caroline and Julia are having fun playing in the hay at the stable.

Caroline and Michael try catching bass at the pond.



## **BECOMING POLITICALLY ACTIVE**

Now that I was no longer working as a public servant or marketing my consulting services to the government, I was free to be publicly involved in politics.

As a teenager, I had almost no interest in politics, but what few thoughts I had were quite distorted. I had come to think of politics as a somewhat dirty game played primarily by a few wealthy guys, primarily attorneys, who were trying to get elected to a good-paying job with few responsibilities. I didn't really connect politics and government. I thought government was basically good, but politics was basically a scam. I thought government was mainly at the Federal level, with little impact on individual citizens, and I was largely ignorant of the role of local and state governments. These impressions probably were based on conversations I had heard among adults, including my father, as well as what I had learned in school. I knew my father thought he was a Republican, but I didn't know why he was a Republican, and mom never participated in any political discussions. As a teenager I assumed I would be a Republican to carry on the family tradition, but I had no rational basis for this.

By the time I was a junior in college, I had learned a bit about the policies and programs of the parties, and the fact that politics was all about government; politics was how we determined what policies and programs would be implemented by the government. But in 1960, the differences between Democrats and Republicans was not very clear. Democrats had continued to accept segregation in the south, and ignored or winked at the horrid Jim Crow laws and practices in the south. Democrats in the north supported labor unions, but southern Democrats did not. Republicans had once been the champions of the slaves and all African Americans, but had ignored their plight for decades. On most foreign policy issues there was little difference between Democrats and Republicans. Democrats gave lots of lip service to small businesses and farmers, but so did Republicans. Republicans clearly were more supportive of large Corporations, but Democrats largely accepted the predominant role of big corporations in the economy and in government. And Republicans had come to largely accept the New Deal programs such as Social Security and increased government financial and economic regulations. It was easy to identify Republican Senators and Congressional Members who were more liberal or progressive than many Democrats, and vice versa.

It was not until I met Senator Hubert Humphrey in person, in his offices in Washington, DC, that I concluded that the Democratic Party was moving in the direction that I thought our country should be moving. And Richard Nixon helped convince me that the Republican Party was trending in the wrong direction.

After college, I became a public servant, working for the Atomic Energy Commission, and later the Executive Office of the President, and the Department of Energy, and public servants were prohibited from participating in electoral politics. And we clearly were expected not to be publicly expressing our opinion about the relative merits of the political parties. So for nearly 20 years I did not openly participate in election politics, and I accepted that my job was to help implement the laws and programs passed and funded

by Congress and signed by the President. I had testified before Democratic controlled Congressional committees as a representative of a Republican Administration, and I had testified before Republican controlled Congressional Committees as a representative of a Democratic Administration. And after I left government employment I worked as a consultant to government agencies for another ten years, being careful not to alienate potential clients by being perceived as an advocate for different political policies or programs. But now I was no longer a public servant, and I was no longer working for government agencies as a consultant. I was free to express my opinions and help elect government officials of my choice.

The two major political parties that existed in the mid-1990s had little resemblance to those parties in 1960. In 1960, the Democrats relied on and accepted the support of the segregationist Democrats in the south, and the southern Democrats usually dominated the US Congress, as the seniority of the southerners resulted in their rise to Chairing most of the key committees in the House and Senate while Democrats had the majority. Northern Democrats tended to tolerate segregation as long as it gave them control of Congress. With the ultra conservative southerners in control, Democrats were not able to enact any significant progressive legislation, but the southerners helped keep Republicans from pursuing their agenda.

Republicans were almost shut out of the south, with most of their southern support coming from African-Americans. And Republicans attracted little support among union members, who were solid supporters of the Democratic Party.

By the mid-1990s, the Republican Party had become the champions of the white supremacists in the south (and throughout the country), and had gained political dominance in the south. And the Northeast, which had been the hotbed of Republicans, had switched heavily to the Democrats. Meanwhile, the power of unions had been declining due to reduced membership, resulting in reduced support for Democrats in the northern industrial areas.

By the time I became interested in becoming politically active, I found that the parties had almost reversed their positions and their constituents from what they were in 1960. Democrats now had fortunately abandoned their white supremacist supporters, and had attracted a much higher percentage of middle class and even upper income voters in the north. Republicans had come to rely on the old Dixiecrats of the south, and on a higher percentage of blue collar workers in the north, while losing much of their base in New England and the West Coast. But strangely, Republicans continued to focus on supporting the interests of the ultra rich and large corporations, and pretty much ignoring the interests of their working class supporters. And Democrats continued to support the interests of unions and the working class generally, even though they had lost much of their support.

Back in 1960, I had some difficulty determining which party most fully represented my interests. In the 1990s, there was no confusion. Democrats now clearly represented what I considered to be the most important roles of government, including programs to

assist those in society who have difficulty supporting themselves; improving public education, including higher education; protecting the environment and reversing damage already done, including global warming; working to reduce and end discrimination and the privileged positions of the European-American majority; returning to a progressive taxation system to prevent the continued concentration of wealth in the hands of a small minority; regulating and ending monopolistic actions by large corporations that inhibit success of small business; supporting labor unions which are critical to ensuring that workers receive their fair share of the economic benefits of their work; and reducing or ending religious influence on government laws and actions. I rejected the Republican party because it is opposed to all of these government roles. More than opposing these roles, the Republicans usually actively work to undo or overturn existing efforts in these areas, and to increase the privileged position of the rich and large corporations.

### **Atrophy of the Political Parties**

I had noted the atrophy of the two major political parties over the past 30+ years (which continues to the present time). Prior to the 1960s, the political parties played the principal role in selecting, funding and campaigning for their candidates for office, at the local, state and national levels. Today, the parties are not much more than a name attached to a concept. The parties have given up their role in selecting candidates; they are now selected in most cases through a primary or open caucus process that has eliminated the ability of the party leadership to influence the selection decisions, particularly at the national level. The parties no longer have enough money to be able to adequately fund campaigns at any level, and candidates now have the ability to raise funds through television ads and online advertising, so they can and do ignore the party. And the party activists at the state and local level have largely disappeared. The national and state party organizations do not have an ability to organize and direct a full scale campaign; they don't have the funds or the staff to do that, and the large number of party activists at the local level have declined or disappeared entirely due to lack of leadership and funding. Today, candidates for office do their own fund raising, they hire their own paid staff and recruit their own volunteers, and they establish their own policy platforms, all with little or no input from party officials. The Obama Presidential campaigns were set up and operated completely independent of the Democratic party, and the campaign staff at the local level generally ignored whatever party staff existed at the local level.

For practical purposes there are no longer any political parties in this country. Some voters still identify themselves as being Democrats or Republicans, but that has about the same meaning as identifying themselves as vegans or football fans. They do not pay dues to a party; they do not volunteer to work for the party; they do not take any direction from the party, and they may not even come out to vote for the party candidates.

The result of this atrophy of the political parties is that any individual can decide on their own that they will be a Democratic or Republican candidate for an elected office. And if they can raise enough money, or already are rich enough, to fund their campaign and win the primaries, they will become the official party candidate. This is how we got President

Trump. Prior to 1960, Trump could never have been selected as the Republican party nominee in a national convention. He got the nomination even though the vast majority of party activists and elected Republicans were strongly opposed to his nomination. The current process opens the door to any demagogue who can come up with the funds for a campaign, and who can win primaries even if such primaries are won by appealing to fear and hate.

The old party structure provided a screening mechanism to screen out the most undesirable candidates because they were corrupt, uninformed, unethical, incompetent or otherwise unfit for public office. That vetting process has now been largely eliminated, and we are likely to pay the price in the future in the form of incompetent or even dangerous elected officials.

### **Greene County Democratic Committee**

In the 1990s, I sought out and joined the local Greene County Democratic Committee. I believed optimistically (or naively) that I could help rebuild the role of the local Committee, and help elect Democrats at all levels. This County in Virginia was one of those southern counties that had made the switch from majority Democratic to majority Republican in the years after the Democrats brought about the end of official segregation in the south. The county was about 65% Republican, which meant that about 35% voted for Democrats. The Democrats included newcomers who had moved into the county, usually from the Northeast or from other urban areas, a few former local Dixiecrats who still considered themselves Democrats because their family had always been Democrats, and most of the local African-American community members who had made the switch to voting for Democrats after years of either not voting or voting for Republicans. There was an almost overwhelming pessimism among many of these Democrats, who thought they were even a smaller minority than they were, and they saw little or no hope of ever being able to win an election in the county. One of my objectives was to help overcome this pessimism by showing that there were a large number of Democrats in the county, and that the number was growing with each election.

I served as a member of the Committee for several years, and in 2001, I became Chair of the Committee, until mid-2004, when I temporarily moved out of the county. I became active again a few years later, as discussed below.

During these years I supported several Democratic candidates for elected offices, both financially and through volunteer work. I provided financial donations to the Democratic National Committee, the Virginia Democratic Committee, the Gore for President campaign in 2000, the Kerry for President campaign in 2004, the Richards for Congress campaign, the Al Weed for Congress campaign, the Warner for Governor campaign, the Couric for State Senate campaign, and many more. In looking back over my records, I was surprised to note that I had donated several thousand dollars to Democratic candidates over those years. I also actively worked for several of these campaigns, including making phone calls, knocking on doors, recruiting campaign workers, and sending out email blasts.

Most of my efforts did not result in electing Democrats, but I did not give up. And I take some credit for helping two Democratic candidates win well over 50% of the votes in Greene County. In 1995, Emily Couric ran for the Virginia Senate seat for our region; she won, and won again in 1999 with majority support in the County. In the 1999 campaign, I was pleased to escort her as we walked down main street in the July 4<sup>th</sup> parade. In 2001, she would have been the Democratic candidate for Lt. Governor, but she was diagnosed with terminal cancer and passed away in October.

In 2001, Mark Warner, who had been Chair of the Virginia Democratic Committee, ran for Governor and won handily, including in Greene County. He went on to win a US Senate seat in 2008, and again in 2014. These two candidates showed that Democrats who worked the County and connected with the voters could win even in this predominately Republican county.

### **MY BROTHER MICKEY DIED OF CANCER**

In early December, 1997, I received a phone call from my next older brother, Milton (I called him Mickey), to tell me that he had been diagnosed with terminal melanoma cancer. It had spread to several organs and the doctors told him that there was no effective treatment available; they could try chemo and radiation but such treatment had a very poor success rate. Mickey had opted to not have the treatments. He had been given only a few weeks to live.

A day or two later I flew to Minnesota and drove to Fergus Falls to see Mickey. Other brothers and sisters had also come to see him. He was already weak from the impact of the cancer, and was under hospice care to minimize the pain.

Mickey had recently retired from his position with Koch Industries where he had worked in the oil production and collection operations in Western North Dakota for many years. He had moved from Dickenson, ND to Fergus Falls, MN upon retirement, expecting to spend many retirement years in the lake region of Minnesota, near where he grew up.

Mickey passed away before the end of December, at the age of 63. He left behind his wife Diane and four children. The youngest were age 12 and 16. Diane and the children moved back to Dickenson after Mickey's death.

### **GETTING AWAY**

With more free time, I did some more traveling around the United States and to other countries, including:

A three-week trip to The Netherlands, Germany and Switzerland. The adventure started in Amsterdam, with several days to explore the city, including the famous "coffee shops" where cannabis was served instead of doughnuts or burgers. There are many

interesting museums and historical sites to explore, as well as the unique canals. And it is easy to rent a bike and join the natives in moving about the city.

A “Windjammer Barefoot Cruise” on a small sailing ship that cruised among five Caribbean islands. The small ship carried fewer than 100 passengers, and moved from island to island during the night, and docked or anchored at an island during the day to permit exploration of the islands. The ship visited islands in the northern Leeward Islands, east and south of the Virgin Islands. The cruise started and ended at St. Kitts, and included Anguilla, St. Maarten, St Barts, and Nevis. The ship had sails for moving by wind power if winds were right, but it mainly used engine power. As indicated by its name, it was very casual, without any of the upscale features of the large cruise ships – no swimming pool, minimal cabin space, few food choices, etc., but it had the big advantage that it could come into ports that large cruise ships could not, and the number of its passengers did not overwhelm the local ports when it docked or anchored. St. Barts was the most inviting place; a small island but with some great French restaurants, several white sand beaches, easy travel around the island, and a few good nude beaches not crowded by noisy Americans.

Two additional vacations on St. Barts in the Caribbean, staying in weekly rentals, with a rental car to get to anyplace on the island quickly. The white sand beaches, snorkeling, French food, and a few nice evening entertainment spots make St. Barts hard to beat.

An “ecotourism” vacation in Costa Rica, which was a package tour covering some of the most interesting natural environments in the country, including the Pacific coast beaches with giant leatherneck sea turtles, snorkeling off the coast, a cloud forest camp in the central mountains, a white water raft trip down a flood-swollen river, swimming in lagoons with water warmed by a nearby volcano, kayaking in mangrove swamps, a bicycle trip of several miles through the coastal hills, and walking through forests tracking howler monkeys. And with over 900 species of birds, Costa Rica is a bird watchers delight.

A week or two on the Caribbean coast of Mexico, south of Cancun. This area has the nice weather of Cancun, and easy access from the US, without the crowds of Cancun, and with much nicer beaches, better restaurants, and good snorkeling.

Three weeks in South Africa, with stays in several wildlife reserves, including the famed Kruger National Park. I rented a car, and refreshed my memory of driving on the left side of the road, as I drove to the destinations, and within the game reserves. Kruger has comfortable accommodations within fenced compounds in the Park, and there are several more luxurious private accommodations adjoining or near the Park. All the Reserves offer both driving and walking safaris through the surrounding bush, with trained guides and rifles at the ready. During daylight hours I was able to drive within Kruger at my own pace. At one point I was surrounded by a large herd of elephants that

happened to decide to cross the road just as I was passing; they could have crushed the little rental car, but they all stepped politely around the car and continued on their way. All of the “big five” animals (Elephant, Lion, Leopard, Rhino, and Hippo) can be seen in the Park, as well as giraffe, water buffalo, hyenas, wildebeest, impala, cheetah, baboons, jackals, African wild dogs, zebra, steenbok, crocodiles, several highly poisonous snakes, and many more critters. The Park claims to have 147 species of mammals. In addition to the game reserves, the trip included a visit to the little independent kingdom of Swaziland, and to the large city of Johannesburg, as well as a day at an Indian Ocean beach.

I made several trips to Florida, and a few to California, to enjoy warmer weather in the winter time.

And I spent ten days in Hawaii, with several days on the island of Kauai and several days on Oahu, mainly in the Honolulu area. A visit to Pearl Harbor and the memorial to those who died in the Japanese attack was a highlight for this history buff.

## **HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

I learned that in a small community such as Greene County, anyone who volunteers to do good work for the community is likely to be recruited for additional duties. I had been interested in the history of the county and had attended some meetings of the local Historical Society, and I was asked to serve on the Board of Directors of the Society.

The most obvious characteristic of the Society was that all the active members were relatively new residents of the County. They all had moved to the County after they retired, and had the time to devote to such volunteer activities. But there were many residents in the County whose families had been the original settlers of the area back in the early 1700s, and they either were not interested in recording the history of the area, or maybe they had been pushed aside by the newcomers. After doing more research on the recent activities of the Society I concluded that the locals had been largely pushed aside by the newcomers who had taken over all the leadership positions; and most of the decisions were being made by one person, the President of the Society who was a newcomer. In earlier times the Society had been run by members whose families had been in the area for several generations.

I decided I would work to get long-time residents back into leadership positions in the Society. I led a successful effort to ease the current President out of his commanding role, and to bring in more long-time residents to the Board and officer positions. I also assisted the Society in establishing useful financial management procedures, and efforts to expand membership and visibility of the Society. I left the Board when my term expired, but I rejoined a few years later, as noted in the next chapter.

## **FAMILY REUNION WITH BROTHERS AND SISTERS**

In mid-October, 1998, I hosted a Hystad family reunion for my brothers and sisters and their offspring. My two brothers, Norris and Wallace, and four of my sisters, Valeria, Phyllis, Eileen and Judy, attended, along with spouses, and several grandchildren. We were missing brother Milton, who had passed away the previous year, and sister Joyce who was not able to make it to the reunion. My brothers and sisters stayed at the farm, in the big house, and I arranged quarters for the grandchildren in the log house and in other houses in the area.

We had dinners catered at the big house, and we all had lots of time for conversations and reminiscing. In addition to good food, drink and conversation, the guests enjoyed roaming about the farm and visiting nearby historical sites such as Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, and James Madison's Montpelier, and the Shenandoah National Park. The leaves in the area were in full fall colors, and the weather was warm and sunny.

Sister Judy seems to be entertaining the table



Below, I'm posing with my sisters Eileen, Phyl, Judy and Val



## **SELLING THE BUSINESS**

In 1999, I sold controlling interest in the Carlyle Corporation to Lisa. She now held 50.1% of the shares while I held 49.9%. Although technically Lisa now had the power to make all decisions about the operation of the corporation, we both expected that we would continue to work as a team. I continued to serve as Chairman of the Board, and I continued to handle all financial management, including preparing financial reports and tax returns for the Corporation. I also maintained the websites, and other technical aspects of the business, including updating and maintaining several computers and printers. Although I was still heavily involved in the business, my duties required less than 20 hours per week on average, leaving more time for my hobbies, community involvement and travel.

Lisa discussed with me the feasibility of her moving the business operations to Kansas, so she could fulfill her dream of going back to Kansas and maybe renewing her involvement in politics there. She also mentioned that she would rather have her children go to school in Kansas. I agreed that there was no reason she couldn't manage the business in Kansas. With the internet and email it was feasible to manage this business just about anywhere; she may want to have easy access to an airport assuming she would

continue to travel to conduct her marketing efforts. She could certainly hire staff there to assist her, and I could continue to handle financial management and website responsibilities from the farm.

Lisa discussed with her husband the idea of the family moving to Kansas, explaining how she could manage the business there. He rejected the idea; it was not an option. Apparently Kansas could just as well be on the back side of the moon. Lisa informed me that she would not be moving, and did not discuss the issue with me again.

## **FAMILY REUNIONS IN NORTH DAKOTA AND NORWAY**

In 1999, the extended Hystad clan in North Dakota – my second cousins – organized a family reunion of all descendants of my father's grandparents, including those still living in Norway as well as those living all around the United States. The reunion was held in and near Velva, ND, where four of my grandfather Nils' siblings had settled, and a large crowd of Hystads arrived, including a few dozen from Norway. After the reunion, twelve of the Hystads from Norway decided they would like to visit the Washington, DC area, and asked if they could come visit me at the farm – or maybe I could arrange a place for them to stay. I invited all of them to stay at the farm, and offered to show them the key places of interest in Washington, DC and Virginia.

To transport 12 people, I rented a 15 passenger van with enough room for all plus their luggage. I gave them the grand tour of Washington, DC, the Bull Run Battlefield National Park, several other Civil War parks (one of the visitors was a Civil War buff), James Madison's Montpelier, and several other historical sites. Some of the group were very interested in gospel music, so I arranged to take them all to a Sunday worship service at a local African American Baptist church that had a reputation of having an excellent choir and men's quartet. The sermon and music at this church was one of the highlights of the visit; it had little in common with the rather sedate Lutheran services they knew in Norway.

After the Norwegians' experience in the US, several of them decided to organize a family reunion in Norway, to be held in and near the village of Hystad where my grandfather grew up, on the island of Stord, on the west coast of Norway, south of Bergen. It was scheduled for the weekend of the third week of June, so we all could experience the summer solstice in Norway, when it is still light at midnight.

I decided this was a good opportunity to make a return visit to Norway, and to see relatives there who I had not seen since 1965, or had never met. And I convinced my daughter Cheryl and her husband Allen and their two kids, Julia and Caroline, to make the trip. A few dozen other US Hystads also decided to attend.

After a few days in Oslo, I rented a car and drove along the south and west coast of Norway to Stord. I stayed at the home of my second cousin, Jon Birger Wold, who had been one of those staying at my farm in Virginia.

The weekend activities included a dinner and entertainment by family members. Knowing about the planned entertainment, I had arranged to have the Americans in attendance sing a song to our cousins in Norway. I had written the words to a song to be sung to the tune of "This Land is Your Land". The song was in English, and some of the Norwegian relatives did not know English very well, but most of them were quite proficient in English. Following is what we sang:

### **This Land is Your Land**

This land is your land, this land is my land  
From arctic glaciers to west coast islands  
From the mountain forests to the gulf stream waters  
This land was made for you and me.

As we were traveling that ribbon of highway  
We saw above us that mountain skyway  
And we saw below us the fjord's green waters  
This land was made for you and me.

We roamed and rambled in ancestor's footsteps  
To the island of Stord and the village of Hystad  
And all around us a voice was saying  
This land was made for you and me.

The sun was shining while we were dreaming  
Of those days of old with Vikings sailing  
And a voice was chanting from the snowcapped mountains  
This land was made for you and me.

As we visit our homeland with all its beauty  
We stop and wonder why our grandparents left here  
And we envy our cousins who make their home here  
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land in my land  
From arctic glaciers to west coast islands  
From the mountain forests to the gulf stream waters  
This land was made for you and me.

I think the Americans present appreciated the sentiments in the song, but I'm not sure the Norwegians were very excited about having us move back there.

The reunion activities also included a boat trip from the island of Stord to the home town of my dad's grandmother, located on the mainland. Most of the families living on Stord own one or more boats, because the most direct travel route from the island is by water, and many of the residents of the island have been involved with fishing.

Below is a photo of me and cousins on one of the boats provided by a cousin. It was a two-mast sailboat with sleeping quarters. Other family boats joined in the excursion.



The top left photo below is of me, Cheryl, Allen, Julia and Caroline standing on the shore of the original Hystad farm, with the series of islands along the west coast of Norway in the background. The top right photo below is of one of the public school buildings in the present village of Hystad. The bottom photo shows the farm house where my grandfather Nils Hystad grew up, with several Hystad cousins in front. The house is still owned by my second cousin.



After the reunion events, I traveled along the west coast of Norway for several days, including ferry trips across fjords, steep climbs up mountains to glaciers, a drive through the world's longest tunnel, and stops at some very good restaurants. Below is a photo of a typical scene of a river flowing down a mountain side from the glacier on top.



A common scene on the west coast, of a fjord, the glacier-covered mountains, and water falls dropping a few thousand feet to the fjord.

## **Greg Married Marsha**

In February 2002, my second son, Greg, finally got married. He was now 37 years old and I was starting to wonder if he would ever marry and have children. But he did, in a nice ceremony in Baltimore, with family and friends. Marsha has a graduate degree in nuclear engineering and was employed with the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission.

The photos below show me, Greg and Chris wearing our Tuxedos prior to the wedding ceremony, and Greg and Marsha at the Baltimore harbor in one the wedding photos.



## **A NEW TOY – A NEW HOLLAND TRACTOR**

In August 2002, I decided I didn't need to continue to rely on my 1954 Ford tractor to do the farm chores; it was a fine old tractor, but it was almost 50 years old, and it had very limited power, and no capability to handle a front-end loader. And there was no need for me to be a tight wad with money. So I bought a brand new New Holland tractor with a front end loader, and four wheel drive. Now I could do just about anything and go anywhere with the tractor. I could move large trees, hoist things 15 feet in the air, drive through deep mud and snow without getting stuck, handle modern farm machinery with hydraulic systems, and travel at relatively high speed on the highway. I guess I was a bit like the husband of a neighbor woman who said about her husband and his new tractor: "if that tractor could cook and make love he wouldn't spend any time with me".



## **PRINCE MICHEL**

A major highlight of living on the farm was the nearby Prince Michel vineyard and the associated French restaurant. The vineyard and restaurant were owned by a French aristocrat, Jean LeDucq, who owned multiple vineyards in France and the United States, as well as a few top restaurants in France. He enjoyed visiting his vineyard in Virginia except for the lack of a good restaurant in the area, so he enticed one of his best chefs in Paris to come to Virginia and manage a new restaurant at the Prince Michel vineyard. Chef Alain and his wife Annie established a wonderful French country restaurant, with a superb menu and a great wine selection, and impeccable service. It was the quality of restaurant that one might find in Paris or New York, but it was not crowded and the prices were reasonable. Clearly, they were not expected to be financially profitable, but to meet the high standards of Mr. LeDucq.

Lisa discovered this new restaurant and convinced me and other employees that we should go there for company events such as the annual Christmas party, or Corporate anniversaries, or employees' birthdays, or Ground Hogs Day, or because it was Friday. I also entertained family and friends there on many occasions. It was better than the best restaurants in Washington, DC, without the crowds.

I noticed in my files a paid bill for a Corporate Christmas party in December, 1997, for ten guests (five employees with their partners). Dinners were \$80 each, plus about \$300 for six bottles of wine.

After the September 11, 2001 attacks on the World Trade Center towers, Monsieur LeDucq hosted a dinner for the best customers at Prince Michel, as his way of showing support for America, and it was the usual superb dinner.