

CHAPTER FOUR

ADJUSTING TO THE PROFESSIONAL WORLD

1962 - 1971

Atomic Energy Commission Near Chicago

We arrived in Illinois after an all-day drive from St. Paul, pulling the U-Haul trailer, and stayed in a motel one night while I finalized the rental of a townhouse for us in Park Forest. The Atomic Energy Commission's personnel office had helped me find short-term housing in a relatively new suburban community south of Chicago called Park Forest. It was about 20 miles from the AEC office located at the Argonne National Laboratory on the west side of Chicago. I was going to be here only until the end of September, and it was hard to find housing I could afford with only a month-to-month lease. But we were lucky and found a nice two-story, two bedroom townhouse. We were able to move in immediately. I backed the U-Haul up to the front steps and we unloaded, with the friendly help of our new next-door neighbor.

This was going to be an entirely new experience for all four of us. Jan would be staying home with Cheri and Chris; I had promised her that she would not need to get a job when I finished college. Cheri and Chris would no longer have to go to a baby sitter five days a week; they could stay home and play with their mommy all day. And I would go to work for the government in a "management" position. No more manual labor jobs; no more janitor work; no more part-time jobs; no more seasonal work.

The next day I drove to work and began the three-month training program. The first four weeks would consist of a basic introduction to the atomic energy programs, how they were organized and managed, and the roles of the various Divisions in the AEC's Chicago Operations Office. The first few days we watched several movies on the science and engineering of nuclear fission and fusion, how nuclear weapons are created, how nuclear reactors worked, the use of atomic energy in medicine and various industrial applications, safety aspects of working with atomic energy, and a primer on security and classification.

The new Management Interns were all cleared by the FBI for access to Top Secret atomic energy information, the highest level of security available. That didn't mean we would get access to all atomic secrets; such information was available only on a "need-to-know" basis. If we didn't need the information for our work, we would not have access to it, but if the information was required in order for us to perform our duties, we were authorized to receive it.

I came home from work the first few days feeling like I was on vacation. I was putting in my eight hours each day, but I was used to working 16 hours a day or more. This is pretty easy stuff, but I guess it will get harder soon. They'll probably make us start working hard one of these days, to make us earn all that money we're getting paid. As the days went by I was beginning to wonder if we would ever start working. We watched more movies. We attended meetings and briefings with each Division in the AEC office; we received tours and briefings by the various departments at the Argonne National Laboratory which was operated for the AEC by the University of Chicago; we saw a nuclear reactor; we visited a cancer research hospital in Chicago where radiation was being used to try to kill cancer cells; we visited labs full of white rats who were receiving differing levels of radiation to study the effects of radiation; we watched more movies about how fissionable nuclear material, uranium 235, was captured from natural uranium in gaseous diffusion plants; we watched movies on how plutonium was produced in large nuclear reactors by bombarding natural uranium with neutrons; we watched movies on accidental exposure to radiation at some of the AEC facilities which killed some workers; and we watched movies about what horrible fate awaits people who sell nuclear secrets to the Russians. But we still were not given any work to do. I had never had a job before that didn't require any work. But I kept reminding myself that this was all part of my training program; we were learning.

Meanwhile, Jan was having a similar adjustment. She didn't need to jump out of bed early in the morning to get the kids ready for the baby sitter; she didn't have to work eight hours typing away at a typewriter; she even had me at home in the evenings to help entertain the kids and get them into bed. Suddenly there was so much time. She was starting to look for things to do to keep herself occupied; she got acquainted with some of the neighbor women and joined them for coffee; she started focusing on the need to buy more or better furniture and clothes; and she started exploring new recipes to make for dinner. So much time; so few worries. Amazing.

Financially we were still not in great shape. We had to make payments on the college loans and the dentist bill. And Jan now had more time to buy things, so expenses for food, clothing and things for the kids seemed to increase substantially. My salary of \$6345 a year was quite good for a starting salary by national standards; the median household income was only about \$6000 at that time, and a comparable salary in 2003 would be about \$35,000. But with four of us to feed, and with all of our old bills to pay, we had a very tight budget. We did manage to come up with enough money to buy a new bed; we had been sleeping on that old saggy bed that I had bought in my \$100 trailer load purchase back when I started college. It was nice to have a decent bed finally. That was my first tangible reward for those years of college.

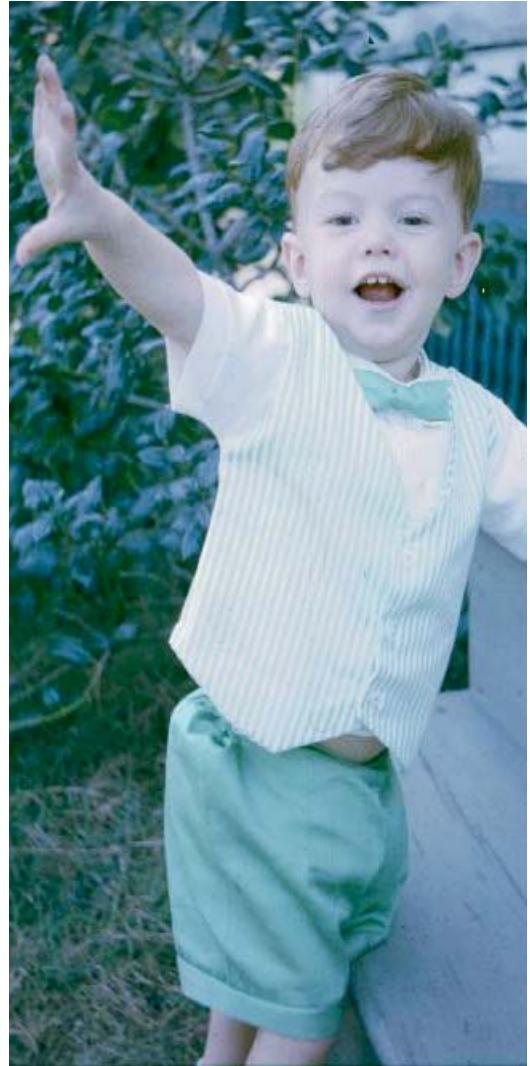
Our weekends were free to explore the Chicago area between naps for the kids. Jan and I even had time for naps ourselves some weekends.

During the last few weeks of my training in Chicago, we were given some actual work assignments. I was assigned to review personnel applications against Federal selection criteria for a couple of days; I reviewed a batch of contracts and purchase orders to determine whether they complied with all applicable Federal Procurement Regulations; I drafted some summary reports for the research and development division; and I reviewed and filed some travel reimbursement claims for the finance division. These were obviously make-work assignments, but I did learn something about the duties of these divisions as a result of the tasks. I was getting very anxious to move on to the Washington office.

On to Washington

At the end of September we were ready to move to Washington. The government was paying for our move this time, so we were able to hire a moving company to come and load up our furniture and boxes. We just took our suitcases and drove to Washington. Jan had an Uncle living in Alexandria, Virginia, a suburb of Washington, so we stayed with her Uncle Gene and Aunt Opal for a few days while we were looking for a place to live. I was going to be working at the AEC Headquarters at Germantown, Maryland, so we started looking for rental housing in the area. We quickly learned that there was nothing available anywhere close to Germantown; there simply were no apartments or houses for rent in the Germantown, Gaithersburg or Rockville areas. There were a few apartments available in south Rockville, near Bethesda, but they were too large and expensive for us to afford. We finally found a nice garden apartment complex in Kensington, just off University Blvd, only a few blocks west of Wheaton Plaza. We signed a lease for a two bedroom with den. It had a large living room area with a dining ell and a sliding door onto a small balcony; it had a very small little kitchen, a bathroom, two decent sized bedrooms, and a small little room adjoining the living room that was called the "den".

Our furniture movers didn't arrive when they were scheduled, and I didn't like driving all the way from Alexandria to Germantown, so we moved into our apartment without any furniture for a couple of days. After several telephone calls and threats we finally received our furniture and got settled in.



In August we celebrated Chris' first birthday. He was all dressed up in new clothes.

My first month in Headquarters was devoted to a general orientation; the AEC Personnel office had prepared a thorough orientation program for the new management interns who had been hired that year by all the AEC Field offices as well as Headquarters. About 60 of us new interns were to receive a month of orientation and indoctrination before heading to more focused training programs for the remainder of the intern year. A few of us would stay in Headquarters after this one month, but most would go back to a field office where they would eventually receive permanent positions. So once again we watched more movies, sat through briefing sessions, and read introductory materials. I was learning a great deal about atomic energy and the history of the AEC and how the AEC functions and how the AEC fits into the rest of the government, but still no work. There were no exams; no term papers; no weekly tests; no thesis to write or defend. Just sit back and absorb.

Cuban Missile Crisis

We did have a great deal of excitement from outside AEC however, as the Cuban missile crisis unfolded. President Kennedy announced that the U.S. had discovered that the Soviet Union was placing missiles in Cuba, targeted at the United States, and that the President had demanded that the missiles be removed. The President was placing a complete blockade around Cuba to prevent any further shipments coming into Cuba. It appeared that the Soviet Union already had some missiles with nuclear warheads installed in Cuba and ready to fire. Many people thought we were going to have a nuclear war; people were digging bomb shelters; some even decided to leave the Washington area that was considered to be a prime target for a Soviet missile attack. The Atomic Energy Commission Headquarters building also was thought to be a key target for a Russian missile, and we were informed of the contingency plans to continue operations from other locations in the event of an attack on the Washington area. It was a very scary and exciting time; here I had been in Washington only a few days and already I was right in the midst of a world crisis. Of course I had absolutely no role in that crisis, but I still felt like I was part of history in the making here in Washington. After a few days of tense waiting, Khrushchev agreed to remove the missiles, and things gradually returned to normal.

Finally our one-month orientation was completed and we started rotational assignments to key Headquarters offices. We were to spend about six weeks each in seven different divisions, including finance, contracts, basic research, international affairs, military applications, reactor development, and personnel, to complete our one year of intern training. Some of the divisions gave me real assignments to do, but most of them weren't prepared to fit us into their normal work, so we got make-work assignments, more briefings and more reading.

The Contracts Division gave me what they thought was a make-work assignment; the Policy Branch Chief asked me to analyze various options for determining how much "fee" or profit should be paid to contractors working on cost reimbursement contracts.

He gave me a large stack of regulations and articles to read and put me in a back office. I'm sure he thought that would keep me occupied for the six weeks. I worked on the project like I used to work on my graduate-school work, and in about four days I had prepared a detailed analysis of some new options that I had invented, with my recommendations for major changes in determining the amount of fees paid. I presented it to the Branch Chief. The next day he called me into his office; at first he questioned me as to whether I had really written this myself. When I convinced him I had, he said he was amazed; he had guys on his staff who had worked in procurement for 20 years who couldn't come up with such a good paper if they had all year. He bragged about my paper to the Division Director and the other Branch Chiefs, and they started giving me some real work to do, analyzing problems and alternative solutions, and writing papers. They even requested that my time in the Division be extended.

My experiences in most of the other divisions were not as good. In most cases they didn't give me anything substantive to do; in the Controller's office I was given some clerical assignments to kill time, but I didn't learn much other than I thought their work was very easy. Personnel work was boring. Security and Classification work was deadly boring. The Basic Research division didn't give any interesting work to anyone who didn't have a PhD in Physics or Chemistry. The Military Applications Division didn't give substantive work to anyone who had no experience in one of the facilities which designed or assembled weapons.

Outside of work, we had plenty of spare time to learn about the Washington area. Every weekend Jan and I and the kids would explore the area. We went to museums and to all the monuments, and drove to the Blue Ridge mountains to see the Fall colors, and drove to Annapolis to see the Chesapeake Bay and the Naval Academy. One weekend I was playing with Chris, and was swinging him by his arms, which he really liked. All of a sudden he started screaming and holding one of his arms. I didn't know what was the problem, but we finally determined that I had pulled his shoulder out of joint when I was swinging him. His shoulder popped back into place, and the pain gradually went away. I decided not to do that anymore.

The photo on the right is Chris playing in a field north of Gaithersburg, MD.



We celebrated Christmas by ourselves; just the four of us. It was the first time that we had not been with some other family members at Christmas. On New Year's eve, we drove to Baltimore to spend a couple of days visiting Lu and Mary Hintz and their kids. They had been next-door neighbors to us in married student housing at the University and Lu had taken a job in Baltimore. We had a good time bringing in the new year, 1963, with them and some of their neighbors, dancing the Limbo, listening to good music, eating good food and discovering new drinks.

***Cheri and Chris are opening
Christmas presents on
Christmas Eve, 1962.***

That winter in the Washington area I discovered something called a "Snow Emergency". It seldom snowed in the area, but there were signs on many roads indicating that it was a "Snow Emergency Route". Having lived in Minnesota all my life, I had never heard of a snow emergency or a snow emergency route. I discovered that anything greater than a few flurries could qualify as a snow emergency, and if such an event occurs, drivers must have snow tires or chains on their vehicles to drive on snow emergency routes. I had never had snow tires or chains in Minnesota, but now that I was in this polar region, they were required. The guys at the local service station didn't believe me when I told them we didn't have such things as snow emergencies in Minnesota.



Introduced to International Relations Division

At work, I was finally assigned to the Division of International Affairs for six weeks of training. The Division Deputy Director decided I should be assigned to the Office of East-West Relations, which was a two-person office which was supposed to be in charge of any interaction with the Soviet Union or other Soviet Bloc countries. It was a disheartening experience. The head of this East-West office was a former security official with the Army who apparently was hired for this position because he had at one time worked in an office which was to catch any Russian spies trying to get secrets from the Army. He had never caught a spy, but he thought he would know one if he ever saw one. The second person in the office had worked in the FBI for a few years where he was involved in determining whether selected documents should be classified as confidential or secret or top secret.

Neither of these two members of the East-West office had ever studied the Russian language; neither had ever studied the Soviet Union; neither had ever been to the

Soviet Union or any other Soviet Bloc country; neither had any interest in learning anything more about the Soviet Union. When I reported to the office, they gave me some documents to read, which were reports passed along from the CIA to the AEC about various atomic energy activities in the Soviet Union; it appeared to me that all of the information had been taken directly from Soviet newspapers, or in some cases from Western European newspapers. Wow! This is really some deep intelligence work! When I asked the office head if he wanted me to do some research of Soviet documents myself, he said no; they didn't have any need for any more information.

It soon became clear that the only role of this office was to try to keep tabs on any individual associated with the U.S. atomic energy program who ever visited the Soviet Bloc and any Soviet Bloc person who wanted to visit any U.S. atomic energy facility. But they didn't have the capability to gather any information themselves; they relied on the CIA and the FBI to send them any relevant reports. I soon got the impression that these two guys were suspicious of me; they knew I had been in the Soviet Union and had studied Russian, and they didn't trust me even though I had been cleared by the FBI. I was very happy when that "training" period was over.

We Are Pregnant Again?

In January, Jan discovered that she was pregnant again. We really need to figure out what is causing this!! The due date was early September. Even with two little ones at home already, this pregnancy was much easier than the previous two; Jan didn't have to go to work every day. And Cheri was already getting big enough to pretty much take care of herself and even help keep Chris out of trouble. She would be five years old on May 1!!

The weather in the Washington area was a pleasant surprise. Almost no snow. The temperature seldom went below about 20 degrees on even the coldest winter nights, and on March 18th that year, the temperature reached 86 degrees. It was a Sunday, and we had a picnic outside; and we thought about those poor people in Minnesota still deep in snow.

That Spring, we decided that it was time to buy a better car, because the old Ford was starting to fall to pieces, and was no longer reliable transportation. After looking at a wide range of new and used cars, I decided to buy a new Saab, made in Sweden. A friend at work had recently bought one, and it seemed like a good, reliable and inexpensive little car. I bought the red one that was on the showroom floor, and paid the enormous sum of \$2100 for the car. I was able to get a new car loan to pay for it. The Saab had a three-cylinder, two-stroke engine with about 35 horsepower, and it sounded like a lawnmower.

We also bought a new television and a stereo record player, both of which we had done without during our years at the university. We were definitely moving on up.

In June, we discovered that summers in Washington can be very hot and humid, but fortunately we had central air conditioning in our apartment, so it was not a big problem. We had time to go to Rock Creek Park nearby, and to other state parks in the area, for picnics and to let the kids run.

After completing my intern training, at the end of July, 1963, I was assigned to the International Relations Division, and promoted to the GS-9 grade, with a salary of about \$7,000 (which compares to \$45,600 in 2020). We were living high on the hog now! I requested to be assigned to the European Relations Branch; I certainly didn't want to work in the East-West office, and they probably didn't want me. So I was finally given my first permanent assignment, working as an "International Affairs Assistant" in the European Branch.

My job was to "facilitate" the implementation of exchange agreements that had been made under the "Atoms for Peace" program initiated by President Eisenhower. The AEC had agreements for cooperation on peaceful uses of atomic energy with several European countries. The largest cooperation programs were with the European nuclear powers, Great Britain and France, and there were smaller agreements with Belgium, The Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, Italy, Western Germany and others. As a new staff person, I was to assist the senior staff with various projects such as helping with arrangements for European scientists or administrators visiting the U.S. or U.S. personnel visiting Europe, or to help ensure the proper distribution of research reports that were to be exchanged.

I kept thinking that I would soon be given more interesting and complicated assignments as soon as I learned the basics here. But after several weeks I came to the conclusion that there were no more interesting or complicated assignments. This office had no other role than a facilitator; our job was to help make sure that other people did their jobs and to serve as a contact point if any problems arose regarding an exchange matter. We were not expected to make any substantive input; and we were clearly discouraged from doing so. Boring.

As I learned more about the various offices and functions within the International Division, I concluded that almost the entire Division served the same facilitator and coordinator role. Some individuals got involved in a little substance regarding the shipment of enriched uranium overseas, but even that was largely a repetitive process. Another office organized official receptions for foreign atomic energy dignitaries visiting the Commissioners; they probably made more real decisions than any other office; where to hold the reception; who to invite; what to serve; how to seat the guests; decisions, decisions, decisions. I learned that only the Division Director and two or three of his most senior staff ever got involved with the negotiation or revision of exchange agreements, and even they usually played a secondary and supportive role to the program division which was involved in the exchange, such as the Division of Biology and Medicine or the Reactor Development Division.

This was not what I expected when I decided to come to work for the Atomic Energy Commission. I was not using any of my international relations expertise or my knowledge of the Soviet Union; I was not even using my ability to do research and write papers. I certainly didn't need a Master's degree to do this "facilitating". I was getting quite frustrated and discouraged. It looked like I made the wrong decision coming to work for AEC. I should have gone on to get my PhD, or maybe waited for an opening with the Foreign Service.

I had been discussing my feelings of disappointment with a couple other interns, and they seemed to be somewhat dismayed also, although they didn't seem to be all that concerned about the lack of substantive work. Apparently, I had greater, or more unrealistic, expectations about working for the government. I had been expecting to use my job with the government to help make the world a better place, not just earn living.

A Child is Born in Silver Spring

As the summer came to an end, Jan was getting very big, and on Labor Day night, she went into labor. At about 3:00 a.m., I drove Jan to Holy Cross hospital in Silver Spring. One of our neighbors in the apartment building babysat Cheryl and Chris. By 7:30 that morning, there was still no baby, and the doctor told me it would probably be several more hours, so I might as well go home. I wanted to get home so I could get Cheri ready to go to her first day of Kindergarten, on September 3, 1963. I went home and got Cheri all ready and helped her get on the school bus to go off to her first half day of classes.

I barely had Cheri off to school when the phone rang; it was the doctor informing me that I had a son; congratulations. So off to the hospital I rushed to see Jan and Gregory Scott, then I rushed back home to be there when Cheri got back home from Kindergarten. I picked up Chris and was out at the bus stop waiting for her. The bus came and stopped; three or four little kids got off the bus, but no Cheri. Oh no! What has happened to her? Did she miss the bus? Where is the school anyway? I've got to go find her. I was heading back to the apartment to get my car keys to drive to the school, when Cheri came walking down the sidewalk, she had decided to get off the bus at the stop just down the street a block, because she had made friends with the girl who lived down there. That's Cheri; smart, sociable and independent.

After a couple of days of baby sitting Cheri and Chris, Jan and Greg came home from the hospital. I took some more time off work to help around the house while Jan recovered. Jan now had her hands full with a new baby, a two year old and a five year old. But she didn't have to milk cows or bake bread or tend a garden or churn butter like my mom had to do with all those little ones.

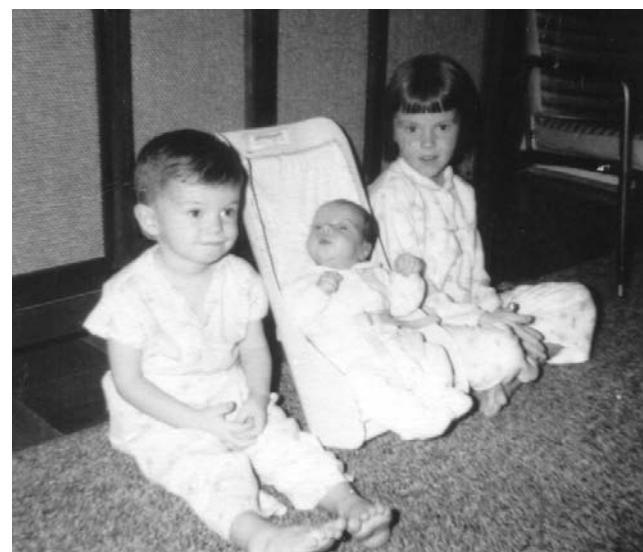
At work one day in October, I heard the rumor that there would soon be a job opening at the AEC's office in the American Embassy in London. There were now four

people in the London office, including the head of the office who was a "scientific" person, a senior administrative officer with international exchange expertise, and two clerical staff. The senior administrative officer would be returning to the U.S. in early December, and the rumor was that the powers-that-be were planning to replace him with a junior administrative person because of reduced workload in the office now that the exchange agreements with Great Britain were running smoothly. I was very interested in that position; it wouldn't be dealing with relations with the Soviet Union, but it would give me real overseas experience which could be important for future international jobs, and I would have an opportunity to see and experience first-hand how an American Embassy operates. Plus I could show Jan the highlights of Europe and we could go to the theater in London, and hop over to Paris for a weekend.

A few weeks later, I heard that they had definitely decided to fill the London vacancy with a more junior person, and that person would probably come from the International Relations Division. There were three junior staff members in the Division, including me. The other two were unmarried; no dependents to move. The Director decided to offer the job to one of the unmarried people, Billy Hill; he and I were both interns and had similar backgrounds, so it was a logical choice. Billy first decided to accept the assignment, then changed his mind and decided he didn't want to live in London, then changed his mind again and said he would go, and then finally decided he would not go.

A couple of days later, I was called into the Director's office and was offered the job in London. I accepted on the spot. Maybe with this new job I could help change the world. We would be leaving in about a month, about December 6. They were anxious to get the position filled as soon as possible. I had already discussed the possibility with Jan, and she did not object violently; she was nervous about leaving the States with three small children, but she also was excited about the adventure. I think I convinced her it would be no more difficult to raise three kids in London than in Maryland. In addition to my regular salary, we would receive a housing allowance which would pay for all our housing costs, so we would be better off financially.

Here is a photo of Chris, Greg and Cindy in our apartment in Kensington, taken shortly before we packed up to head for London. Greg was less than three months old and unable to hold up his head. They were about to go on a big adventure to London.



The Russians are Coming

Meanwhile at work, I had been assigned to assist the Division Director with a major visit by nuclear scientists from the Soviet Union, including the head of the Soviet atomic energy agency. They would be in Washington for several days, and then tour atomic energy facilities in Illinois, Tennessee and California. I was to help organize the entire trip and would assist in escorting the Russians while they were in the Washington area. I received the list of Russians who were coming to visit as well as a few officials from the Soviet Embassy in Washington who were planning to accompany the visitors throughout their stay in the U.S. As I scanned the list, the name Boris Ponemyrov jumped out. Boris; that was the same Boris who was our "guide" and torturer during my visit to Russia; he was the Young Communist League official assigned to our group, and he was now working at the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

I immediately told the Division Director that Boris should not be allowed to join the group touring the States. I told him about how Boris had treated the Americans in Russia, and convinced him that Boris would only create problems for us if he were allowed on the group. He drinks too much; he has a bad temper; and there is nothing he could contribute to the group. A few days later the Russian group arrived in Washington and the American hosts had an initial meeting with them. I participated in this first meeting, and sure enough, there was Boris. I walked up to him and said Hello in Russian. For a few seconds he obviously couldn't remember how he knew me, and then he turned pale. What a stroke of bad luck. He knew the shoe was now on the other foot.

The next day, the Soviet Embassy was informed that Boris was not welcome to join the Russian visitors on the tour of the U.S. Sometimes revenge is sweet.

I spent a few days assisting the Russians while they were in Washington, and then they all left for the other stops on the tour. I did not join them because I needed to get ready to go to London. I made arrangements with an international mover to come and pack all of our belongings, and we got our "official" passports and shots and physical exams and everything that needed to be done before we left. I even arranged to have the new Saab shipped to London, at government expense.

The President is Dead

Jan's parents had decided they would come out to Washington to visit us before we left for London, and they were to arrive by train on November 22nd. On the morning of November 22nd, I went to Union Station in Washington to pick up Jan's parents, Norma and Duncan Campbell, and brought them back to our apartment, then I went to work. I was in my office working on some material regarding the Russian visitors when I received a call from Jan. She said: President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas; they don't know if he is still alive. She told me what she heard on the news.

As I was on the phone, I noticed that all the other phone lines were starting to ring. I hung up and walked across the hall. I was shaking, with the chills. I went into the Assistant Director's office; he was working at his desk. I said: President Kennedy has been shot in Dallas. He turned completely white and I thought he was going to faint, and he slumped back into his chair. I went down the hall to tell others. After a couple of minutes, the public address system came on and made the announcement, and then they connected the PA system to the radio so we could get the direct news reports.

By now everyone was milling around in the halls; people were crying; some women were screaming; the phones were no longer working, just a busy signal. We waited in a state of shock, and then they announced that he was dead. More sobbing and screaming. People were running out of the building and going to their cars. Then the Chairman of the Commission, Glen Seaborg, came on the PA system and made a few comments and told everyone to go home.

I drove home, still in shock. Jan and I and her mother and even Cheri were crying as we watched the events unfolding in Dallas; the swearing in of Lyndon Johnson on the airplane; the flight back to Washington; the stories about the hunt for the killer; the rumors about multiple attackers. Duncan sat there completely dry eyed; he acted like we had arranged all this excitement just in honor of his visit to Washington. I never did know whether he was not distressed by the assassination or whether he was in a state of shock; no reaction; he could have been watching the weather report.

We attended the funeral procession in Washington, and watched as the caisson carried the dead President to Arlington Cemetery where he was buried and the eternal flame was lit. As we were waiting for the procession to start, someone in the crowd shouted that Lee Harvey Oswald had just been shot by someone as the police were moving him in a courthouse in Dallas.

The next two weeks were very difficult for me. We still had many things to do to get ready for our move. I had to finish up some assignments at work. And I was quite depressed every time I saw or heard that Texas drawl when Lyndon Johnson spoke. I was having a hard time accepting him as President. I harbored a suspicion that Lyndon had something to do with the assassination of President Kennedy, although I had no evidence to support such suspicion.

On December 3, the movers came and packed up everything except what we were going to carry on the plane, and loaded it into large crates which would then be loaded on a ship to go to London. And the Saab was taken away for shipment. We spent the next two days staying with friends in Rockville, until our flight on December 6.

Moving to London Town

On December 6, we took a cab to Dulles airport, all five of us and our luggage, and boarded the plane bound for London, with a stop over in New York. Cheri and Chris were both enjoying the excitement, and Greg slept through much of it, but it was still a very trying experience for all of us, as we landed in London early the next morning London time, but only about 2:00 a.m. Washington time. A car from the embassy was there to meet us, and the driver took us to our temporary quarters that the embassy had arranged for us. It was an apartment with a living room-kitchen area and two bedrooms. We all crashed in bed for a few hours, and then in the afternoon I found my way to the Embassy that was about ten blocks away. I told Jan I would go get checked in at the Embassy and then I would go get some groceries. I spent the rest of the day at the Embassy, meeting the people in the AEC office and being shown around the Embassy.

Working hours at the Embassy were from 9:00 to 6:00, primarily to give an extra hour of overlap with working hours in Washington, where it was five hours earlier. I got back to our temporary quarters at about 6:15 that evening, carrying a few bags of groceries, and discovered that Jan had been in a state of near panic because she had no watch or clock in the place and it had been dark for three hours and she thought sure something bad had happened to me. She didn't realize that it got dark by about 3:15 in the afternoon in mid-winter in London.

The next few weeks were very exciting, educational, intimidating, and tiring. It was tiring because the kids would not go to sleep at night until about 1:00 in the morning, which was 8:00 in the evening Washington time. I had to get up early in the morning to go to work, and I would try to get Jan and the kids up earlier each day so they would sleep later, but it took a few weeks before they were finally going to bed at a normal time.

I found places to shop for the things we needed for meals and supplies for the baby and a few basic household items. Our furniture and everything wouldn't arrive for about six weeks, so we would be living in these furnished quarters until then. I learned the currency and explained it to Jan. I learned how to get around on the subway (called the "tube") and the double-decker buses. I took Jan and the kids out to some department stores to do some Christmas shopping. I bought a little Christmas tree for the apartment. When we were out and about in London, we frequently had people tell us how sorry they were about President Kennedy's death.

At the office, I discovered that my supervisor was not the best in the world. His name was Sam Nordlinger, and he was the AEC's Scientific Representative in London and head of the office. He had a personal secretary who had been working in the Embassy for over twenty years. She was American, but had lived in London so long, and had married an English guy, that she was more English than American. I

had the other large office in the AEC suite, and I also had a secretary, a young black American woman who had been there for about two years.

Sam was supposed to be the Scientific Representative, but I soon discovered that he seemed to know very little scientific about atomic energy. He had obtained an engineering degree many years earlier, but it was apparent that he hadn't worked in engineering for years. Whenever any technical issue came up for us to handle, he assigned it to me. Sam spent most of his time on "diplomacy", which included taking people to long lunches, talking on the phone, roaming around the Embassy, or just absent at some unknown location.

On weekends, I would hunt for a house or apartment to rent, and go to look at those that seemed possibilities. It was a difficult process because the Saab had not arrived yet, so I had to take the subway and buses everywhere. I learned a good deal about the London area as I struggled to find my way to the houses for rent. I was very surprised at the state of housing in England. Many of the houses and apartments had no heating and not even any hot water. Some didn't even have an indoor toilet; and some apartments shared a bathroom with other apartments in the building. It was like the good old days on the farm.

Finally I saw an ad posted by an American Navy officer who was leaving the UK and had posted a "house for rent" notice for his landlord. I talked with the officer about the house, and it sounded better than anything I had seen, so I went with him to look at it that evening. It was a detached home far out in the suburbs of London, but it was only two blocks from the Hillingdon subway station, on a line that would take me to the Baker Street station only a few blocks from the Embassy. It also was only a few miles away from a major U.S. Air Force base where there was a PX, commissary, American school, and a hospital, all of which could be used by Embassy personnel. The house had no central heat; it had two coal burning fireplaces and a few little electric burners on the wall. But it did have hot water and a shower, which had been installed by a previous American tenant. On Saturday, Jan came with me to look at it, and we signed a lease.

This is the front of the house we rented in London for two years. The yard (called a "garden" in England) was full of many varieties of roses.



A couple of weeks later our household goods and Saab arrived, and we moved into the house in Hillingdon. It was mid-winter, and very cold in the house. The landlord had a coal fire going in the cast iron cook stove in the kitchen and he and his wife were huddled around the stove. The rest of the house was about 25 degrees. I immediately started to try to warm up the place, but even with all the little heaters in the house going, it was still cold, and I worried about the fire hazards of those heaters. The first few nights I got very little sleep as I kept checking on all the little heaters to make sure they were not setting the house on fire, and trying to keep enough blankets on the kids.

So the next Saturday, I went to the PX and bought a new oil-burning space heater, sort of like the heaters we had in married student housing. I hunted around and found two 50 gallon barrels to hold oil, and found a company to deliver oil to fill the barrels. Then I connected piping from the barrels to the stove, and we had heat. The heater was in the living room, so it got very hot in that room, but it kept the rest of the house reasonably warm, and it was safer than all those little heaters.

We explored the area with our Saab, and Jan learned how to drive from our house to the PX and commissary and the doctor's office and the local shops. I took the subway to work every day, and then hopped onto a double-decker bus to get from Baker Street station to the Embassy. It was difficult adjusting to driving on the left side of the road, and the Saab was made for right side driving, so it was a little tricky driving in England, and Jan avoided it as much as possible. There were no Kindergarten classes in the American school, so Cheri didn't go to school that first winter.

Jan had all three of the kids at home all day while I was at work. She tried to get to know some of the neighbors on the street, but they were not friendly. Some were quite old and didn't want to be bothered by a young woman and three little kids, and some apparently were not interested in associating with Americans. One neighbor informed Jan that she wasn't interested in socializing with her because "we are in a different class, you know". Jan didn't know whether the woman thought she was in a higher or lower class. We did have the largest house on the street, and had one of the few automobiles on the street, and many of the men on the street were blue-collar workers, so we guessed that some of the neighbors thought we were in a higher class, and probably some considered any Americans to be of a lower class. In the two years we were in England, we continued to find this focus on "class" which we had never heard of in North Dakota or Minnesota.

Learning About the Foreign Service

At work, I was becoming acquainted with the other staff at the Embassy. I discovered that almost every agency of the government had an office in the Embassy, including the Internal Revenue Service, the FBI, Customs Service, Federal Aviation Administration, Postal Service, NASA, Commerce Department, all four military services, the Coast Guard, and of course, the State Department, and a large contingent

from the Central Intelligence Agency. The latter were referred to as the “spooks”, and they had an entire floor of the Embassy. There were over 600 employees at the Embassy, with about half of them being Americans and half British. The British filled various administrative, clerical and support positions such as drivers and cooks. Of the 300+ Americans, about half were with the State Department and the others were with the “attached” agencies. About 60 of the State Department employees were Foreign Service officers. I learned that less than ten of these Foreign Service officers were in any way involved with foreign policy or diplomacy. The remainder were assigned to various administrative and counselor duties, including assisting Americans overseas, handling visa requests, and administering the Embassy operations.

The Foreign Service officers did not socialize with staff from the attached agencies. They weren’t even interested in having lunch with someone from an attached agency. They obviously considered themselves to be superior to the agency staff; they had their own “class” system within the Embassy. The surprising thing to me was that the attached agency staff handled almost all the substantive work at the Embassy, not the Foreign Service staff. Anything to do with atomic energy was handled by our office; any tax matter was referred to the IRS office; any military matter went to one of the military attaché offices; any trade issue went to the Commerce Department office, and so on.

So I found myself getting to know staff from the other attached agencies, and I became good friends with staff from IRS, Customs, and FAA. I learned that the IRS staffer, John Walker, had a wife and five children and that his youngest was about the same age as Greg. We started getting the families together on weekends for various social events. And on many evenings, Jan and John’s wife, Eleanor, would come to the Embassy and the four of us would go to dinner and the theater. Jan had found a few good baby sitters to leave the children with, so she could get away from the house.

The Marines provide guards for the Embassy, and they always have one or more guards at the front door in full dress uniform. One day as I was leaving the Embassy, I happened to look at the Marine guard, and he looked very familiar. I looked at him closer, and said: “Tub”? He said “Hyster the Shyster”! It was Ron “Tub” Johnson from Henning; my old drinking buddy from my senior year at Henning. He explained that he had joined the Army, and had been sent to England; and then he finished his tour in the Army and joined the Marines so he could come back to England. He was married to a British woman and they had one child. He was planning to stay in the Marines at the Embassy as long as he could, because his wife didn’t want to leave England. Jan and I had Ron and his wife over to our house a few times, and we visited their place a few times; it was nice to see a friend from home, although we had very few common interests now.

Jan and I went to the live theater in London as often as we could; usually at least twice a month. They had so many great shows, and the prices were so reasonable, it would have been a crime to miss them. We saw all the great shows and many not so great; London has the best theater in the world. One long weekend, John and Eleanor and Jan and I drove to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, and we went to three performances at the Royal Shakespeare theater there. It is an experience of a life time. The best theater, and the best actors.

Bored With My Job Again

At work, I was bored again. There was not enough to do. I was not changing the world. I wasn't even changing the AEC office in London. I was having no impact whatsoever! A typical day would consist of reading four or five newspapers to collect any information about any atomic energy activities in the country; reading one or two technical magazines for any atomic energy news; maybe make a couple of telephone calls to UK Atomic Energy Authority staff to arrange for a visit by some Americans and to get any gossip that might be floating around the agency; maybe greet an American visitor and provide him a short briefing about the UK programs and what arrangements had been made for the visit; and maybe enter a petty cash expenditure into the accounting book. I seldom had anything for my secretary to type; an occasional letter or a short report back to Washington. My Secretary also handled a few requests for movies on atomic energy issues that the U.S. AEC made available on a loan basis. Sam seldom did any real work, and spent most of his time pretending to be important.

I would periodically find an assignment that I would devote lots of time to, just to keep myself busy. For example, one of the British atomic energy research centers had a large cyclotron that was used to smash atoms to try to identify sub-atomic particles, and they had a mechanical failure in the cyclotron that caused significant damage to the machine. I took it upon myself to get the details of what had happened, which required me to do a great deal of research about the engineering involved in building cyclotrons. I managed to get a good detailed description of the failure by talking with several British staff on the project, and then I prepared a detailed report and sent it to Washington. I completed this work while Sam was out of the office on vacation for a couple of weeks, so I sent my report off to Headquarters without waiting for Sam to review it.

The Director of International Affairs in Headquarters, Algie Wells, was greatly impressed with my report, since he knew Sam was not in the office so I must have done the work myself. He even sent a nice memo to Sam praising my work on the report. But Sam was really upset when he got back to the office. Normally I would prepare the technical reports, and Sam would sign his name to them and give me no credit. And now his cover was blown. Sam was not a happy man.

London was a favorite stopping point for government officials who were on overseas "junkets". Congressmen and Senators and their staffs and top Executive Branch officials would stop by the Embassy for a few minutes so they could pretend that they were traveling on official business rather than just vacationing at taxpayers' expense. Whenever any of these visitors had any responsibility for atomic energy matters, our office would be responsible for meeting them at the airport and helping them with any travel or lodging arrangements they needed. We usually would arrange a meeting for them at the Embassy to discuss some general atomic energy issues, before they rushed off to see the sights with their wives or mistresses.

I frequently was given the job of meeting these officials at Heathrow airport, with an Embassy car, and accompanying them to their hotel; I would also provide them with local currency and help with whatever other assistance they wanted. This gave me opportunities to give these officials some "inside" information about the AEC office in London. On several occasions I informed AEC Commissioners, Congressmen, and other senior officials that the office was over-staffed. I suggested that there was no need for my secretary or for my position; there was not enough work for even two people; they could close the office completely and almost no one would notice. I naively believed that it was my duty to identify opportunities to save taxpayers' money. I didn't yet understand how staffing levels were determined in the government, or why managers at every level had an interest in expanding their empires rather than diminishing them.

Sam would have burst a blood vessel if he ever heard what I was telling these officials; but there was no need for him to worry. There was no danger that anyone would decide to close the office. They did decide not to replace my secretary when her two-year assignment came to an end, but Sam's position and my position were secure. Most visitors to my office were quite envious of me and my neat job. They couldn't understand how I could be dissatisfied with such a great assignment; I had a large office with my own secretary; not many responsibilities; didn't have to work overtime; got paid well plus a housing allowance. What more did I want? Maybe something was wrong with me. Maybe I was a workaholic, and just couldn't be satisfied unless I was overworked. Probably I was unrealistic about making any impact in a low level job with the government.

As the weather began to warm up a little, I planned a driving trip around Great Britain, to visit some of the British atomic energy facilities and to see the country. Jan got a baby sitter to keep the kids and we set off for the north, driving to Nottingham, Sheffield and Newcastle (we didn't bring any coals), and then into Scotland. We spent a couple of days in Edinburgh (pronounced Edinborough) and then went north along the east coast to Dundee, then Aberdeen and then across part of the Grampian Mountain range to Inverness, and then all the way to the northern tip of the country, to John O'Groats and then west to Thurso, where I visited an atomic energy facility near Dounreay. After a couple of days in the area, we started down the western side of Scotland, through the very barren and rugged Highlands, where we drove for hours

without seeing anything but thousands of sheep. We eventually made it to Loch Ness, where we stopped to watch the monster do its thing, and then continued on south through the loch country. We had a picnic lunch on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomand one day, before seeing Sterling castle, where we tried to pick up a few pounds Sterling silver, and then on to Glasgow for another visit to atomic energy facilities.

From Glasgow we went south to Carlisle (no relation) and then to the very industrial city of Manchester, and then south to Birmingham, and finally back to London. The central part of England is very industrial, quite dirty, and not a very interesting place to visit, but Scotland was quite nice, except for the industrial parts of Glasgow.

We also made several shorter trips in the next months, including a few days in the south of England, in Southampton and Portsmouth; a trip south to an atomic energy facility near Bournemouth, which is a nice town on the English Channel, west of Portsmouth; a trip to Oxford where we visited friends nearby and toured the university grounds; a trip to Cambridge where we spent a weekend with friends from the University of Minnesota who were living there on a year sabbatical; a trip to Canterbury to see the famous cathedral and the home of the Church of England; a trip to Winchester and its cathedral; we visited Norfolk and Suffolk, and Essex and Sussex, and Shropshire and Hampshire, and Herfordshire and Worcestershire. We ate steak in Salisbury, but not in Braintree. We even visited Watford, which is a small city not very far to the northwest of London.

Here are Jan, Cheri and Chris enjoying the sun on Brighton Beach in June, 1964. It was chilly even with winter coats.



Vacationing on the Continent

Living in London provided opportunities to travel around Europe relatively inexpensively, and we took advantage of this as much as we could afford. In the summer of 1964, John and his wife joined Jan and me in a three-week vacation tour around the Continent, in my Saab. We took a ferry boat across the Channel to France, went through Belgium to the Rhine river, into the Black Forest region of southern Germany, then into the Alps and down to Venice, and across Italy to the French Riviera, and

then through France to Paris, and back across the Channel. We saw all the typical tourist stops as well as many small little villages along the way. We went on a nice boat ride on the Rhine, watching Germans dance the polka and drink liters of beer. We visited Hitler's Eagle's Nest and bunkers near Salzberg, Austria. We survived the drive over the Alps with hundreds of hair raising turns. We enjoyed Venice and the Italians. And we leaned in the Leaning Tower at Pizza. But by the time we got to the French Riviera, we were all getting a bit tired of riding in that small little Saab, and we were having more vocal disagreements about where we should go and what we should do next. John had wanted to go to Rome, but I concluded that we didn't have time to do that if we wanted to have any time in Paris. Since I was driving, I won that argument. Jan wanted to spend more time in Monaco, but the rest of us were not very interested in that, and John was opposing anything now that he couldn't go to Rome. And Jan and Eleanor were getting quite grouchy. By the time we hit Paris, no one was speaking to anyone else except to complain about how cramped and uncomfortable it was in the Saab. A few days in Paris helped all of us recover a bit, but I highly recommend against such a trip with four people in a midget car.

Of course, I should mention that part of the reason for Jan's discomfort was that she was pregnant. Oh no; not again. As I recall, we had figured out what was causing these pregnancies, but we hadn't figured out an acceptable cure. The baby was due about the end of March. This was getting to be sort of old hat to us, and Jan was not going to give up a vacation in Europe just because she was pregnant.

Cheri and Chris help Greg celebrate his first birthday at home in London. Note Chris' fancy new hat with feather that we had brought back from Germany for him.



Second Christmas in England

The five of us celebrated Christmas at our house in Hillingdon. Chris received a train set and I built a nice platform for the train, upstairs in the hallway.



Here is a photo of Chris and me in front of the Christmas tree in the living room, and a photo of all three kids posing on the coffee table. Aren't they cute?

In December of 1964, I received a promotion to GS-11, which was equivalent to about \$55,200 in 2020 dollars. This promotion was given to me by the Assistant Director of International Affairs back in Germantown; Sam would never have given me a promotion on his own accord.

That winter was quite cold in London, and dark and foggy as usual. The unusual cold was causing high demand on the electric power system and on cold days they couldn't meet peak demand in late afternoon and early evening because so many people were using electric heaters for heat. So we had rolling blackouts many late afternoons at the Embassy. The electricity would go off for 15 or 20 minutes once or twice between 3:30 and 6:00 and we would sit with candles until power was back.

One afternoon in late February of 1965, I was in my office at the Embassy when I received a phone call from Bob Campbell, Jan's brother. I was surprised to receive a call from him and immediately assumed it was bad news. He told me that Jan's dad had died suddenly of a heart attack. He was only 56. Bob called me rather than calling Jan at home, because they thought I should be with Jan when she heard the news, particularly since she was about eight months along in her pregnancy. It was my job to go home and break the news to Jan. I was not looking forward to this.

Before heading home to tell Jan, I called her doctor and asked if he thought it was safe for her to travel to North Dakota for the funeral. He said it probably would be no problem, but he advised against it. There was nothing she could do for her dad now, and she shouldn't risk her baby. I caught the subway for home, while trying to figure out how to tell Jan the news; I concluded there is no way to break the news gently. When I got home, about two hours earlier than normal, Jan immediately suspected

that there was some serious problem; maybe I had been fired or something. I told her I had received a call from her brother Bob and it was bad news; your father died of a heart attack last night. I caught her as she nearly fainted, and held her as she sobbed and screamed, and I tried to explain to Cheri, Chris and Greg what had happened and that their mother would be fine, but now she had to cry for her daddy.

It was a long night. I called the Navy Chaplain who we knew, and he came over for awhile to help comfort Jan. Every time Jan would break down into sobs, all three kids would start crying also. And I was worried about an early labor as a result of the grief and stress. Later that evening I called Bob to tell him that Jan was doing O.K., and to ask about funeral plans. Then Jan tried to talk with her mother, but they both just cried and couldn't say a word.

The next day Jan decided that she would not go home for the funeral. She didn't want to take a chance of going into labor while on the long flights or while in North Dakota. I was relieved.

Child Number Four

About three weeks later, March 17, I once again drove my wife to the hospital as we timed the labor pains. She went to the U. S. Air Force hospital near where we lived. It was near midnight when the nurse advised me that it would be a long time yet, so I might as well go home and get some sleep. I went home, and sent the baby sitter home. About two hours later the doctor called and informed me that Cynthia Joan had checked in (and was talking already) and my wife was doing fine. It was only about 9:00 in the evening back in North Dakota, so I called both grandmothers to give them the news. I was at home at 2:00 something in the morning, with three little kids, so I had to wait until morning to get a baby sitter to the house so I could go visit Jan and little Cindy. Jan told me that the baby came very quickly, and she was feeling good, and she had been up this morning helping some of the new mothers in the ward because the nursing staff was not very helpful.

Now there were six. Two pair. Four of a kind. And a full house. Four young ones in eight years. All of them smart and beautiful and great to have around, and I wouldn't trade any of them for anything. But I guess we need to find the cure before we have too much of a good thing. Fortunately, we had some good baby sitters so Jan could get a little relief.

My work at the Embassy continued to be easy. I spent a lot of time studying the British program to build more gas-cooled, graphite-moderated nuclear reactors to generate electricity. The electric power system in Great Britain was entirely owned and operated by the government, and the Electricity Generating Board had decided to rapidly expand its use of nuclear power to increase generating capability. I studied the engineering of the reactors, which was much different from the water-cooled and moderated reactors being developed for commercial use in the States. I studied

the construction cost estimates and expected generating costs and compared them with U.S. estimates for water-cooled reactors. And I prepared several reports that were sent to Washington, under Sam's signature of course.

Trip to Norway

A few months after Cindy was born, Jan was ready to travel again, and we took a trip to Norway that summer of 1965, to visit my relatives in Bergen and Stord and see where my grandparents grew up. We took a passenger ship from Newcastle, England up to Bergen. We spent a couple of days in Bergen where grandma Caroline came from, and visited with my dad's first cousin Martha who lived there. Martha was the daughter of Engel, who was grandpa Nil's brother who inherited the Hystad farm on Stord. Then we took a hovercraft boat from Bergen to Stord. I had written to my relatives in Stord earlier to tell them we would be visiting, and Martha called ahead to tell them when our boat would arrive. As the boat pulled into the dock at Liervik on Stord, I immediately spotted two bald-headed men standing there who obviously were Hystads; they looked just like my dad and Uncle Hank and Uncle Sam and Uncle Alfred. These two men who had come to meet us were Ivar and Laurits, sons of Engel. Ivar and his wife Nelly lived in the old house where grandpa Nils grew up, and Laurits had a house nearby on the Hystad farm.

The photo on the right is of Ivar (on the left) and Lauritz Hystad, sons of Engel Hystad who was a brother of my grandfather Nils Hystad.



Jan and I were taken to Ivar's house, where they had the Norwegian flag flying in celebration of this momentous event. It was rare that they were visited by any Hystads from America. Only one other descendant of the American Hystads had ever come to visit Stord. We were given the Master bedroom in Ivar's house, with a beautiful view of the fjord and the mountains on the mainland. That evening they had a big celebration at Ivar's to welcome us. All of the Hystads from the area came; it was a huge crowd. We were introduced to Ivar's brothers and sisters and their spouses and their children. We met his brother Nils and wife Borghild and their sons Edmund, Karl and Marit; we met Laurits' wife Guri and their children Eilif, Dagmar, Gunro and Bodil; we

met his sister Helga and husband Lars Steinsland and their son Kare; we met his brother Sigurd and wife Susanna and their children Trond, Rolf and Dag; and we met his sister Hilda and her husband Alfred Wold and their children Magne, Gerd and John Birger, and many more spouses and children and cousins.



This is a painting of an old photo of the Hystad farm on Stord where my grandfather Nils Hystad lived as a boy. His brother Engel inherited the farm, and Engel's son Ivar lived here in 1965.

After eating a delicious meal, Ivar made a long welcoming speech. He spoke in Norwegian and one of the younger generation interpreted for us. He talked about the grand history of the Hystads in Stord and in America, and how good it was that I took time to come back to visit them. He talked about the qualities of the Hystad family; we were solid, independent, self-sufficient, reliable, sober, God-fearing people; we were never in trouble with the law and there were no bums in our family. As I sat there listening to his long speech and the translation, I was thinking that when he finished I would be expected to make a speech in response, so I started making mental notes about what to say.

So I gave my speech, with interpretation into Norwegian. I praised their hospitality; I apologized for not speaking Norwegian; I praised the beauty of Norway and Stord and Hystad, and said I was regretting that my grandparents ever left here. I told them how the Hystads had struggled and endured many hardships when they came to America, but they survived and prospered and multiplied and were now all across America, and now we were even spreading into Great Britain. I think I even told them a joke about Norwegians and Swedes in North Dakota. It was a very good party, and I really was sort of regretting that my grandparents decided to go to America. But if they had not, I wouldn't have been born, so I guess it was a good thing they did. Later,

I showed them my Embassy security badge which read "Carlyle E. Hystad, Assistant Atomic Energy Attaché". They were impressed and they were surprised that we still spelled the name the same way as they did, even though we pronounced it differently.

After several days at Stord, we went back to Bergen where we visited with some other cousins, Gerhard Meland and his wife and children. Gerhard is my second cousin; he was the grandson of Sara Hystad, who was a sister to grandpa Nils. They told us about life in Bergen during the German occupation in World War II, and showed us around Bergen.

In Bergen, Jan and I visited a large furniture dealer and exporter, and we purchased several nice pieces of Norwegian furniture, including a leather easy chair which is still in use in my house 36 years later.

On the boat trip back to England, there was a sizeable storm on the North Sea and almost everyone on the boat was seasick. I was just about the only passenger who ventured to the dining room for breakfast as we were tossed around by the large waves.

A few weeks later, Jan was suffering from a cold which was not getting better. She finally decided she needed to see a doctor, and she was diagnosed with pneumonia. They checked her into the Air Force hospital on Friday, but they gave her no treatment for two days as she lay there and got sicker. On late Sunday, I finally found the doctor on duty sitting in a back room playing poker; I asked if he could take time out to treat my wife. He looked at me disdainfully and asked what rank I was. I threatened to have the Ambassador call his commanding officer if he didn't attend to Jan immediately. He reluctantly went to work and put her on penicillin.

I had to go to work the next day because we had some big-shot visitors coming, so I had to take the four children to baby sitters. I took Cheri and Chris to one baby sitter and Greg and Cindy to another. Cheri and Chris did not like their baby sitter, because she had very strict rules; for example, they had to stay in their beds in the morning until a specified time. When I took Cheri and Chris to the baby sitter that day, Cheri took me aside and begged me not to leave them there. She was so grown up, and so serious, I had great difficulty telling her that I had to leave them there so I could go to work. I was in tears as I drove away that day.

The Good, The Bad and The Ugly

During our time in London, and our travels in Europe, we learned a great deal about some of the finer things in life, including great theater, excellent food, the best French wines, great music, and even the best ballet. We rubbed elbows with Ambassadors and Congressmen and Senators and Prime Ministers and Lords and Ladies and all sorts of accomplished and distinguished people.

But the work experience at the Embassy was a great disillusionment for me and my dreams of a career in foreign affairs. I had learned that most Foreign Service officers have a very minor role or no role in developing foreign policy and most have little or no role in diplomacy. I learned that most Embassy staff are under-utilized and bored with their jobs. I learned that most of the real interaction between countries is handled by those with specific substantive expertise, not by foreign affairs generalists. By the time my two years in London were drawing to a close, I had decided I did not want to continue to work in the international relations field in the government; I would try to move into another area of expertise, or maybe go back and get a PhD and be a professor.

On December 12, 1965, we were ready to leave. The movers had come and packed up all our furniture and other belongings and taken them away. The Saab had been taken for shipment. We had a passport for baby Cindy, so we could get this British-born girl into the United States. I had said goodbye to Sam and his secretary and my other friends at the Embassy and in the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority and the Foreign Office. Sam was delighted to see me go. He was still mad at me for laughing at him when he stood on a box in the reception line at the last Embassy party he threw; Sam was about 5'1", and even standing on his box he wasn't as tall as his wife. It's sad that a marginally competent person like Sam is able to spend so many years on the government payroll.

But here comes the taxi to take us to the airport. We wave goodbye to our landlady, Mrs. Peacock, who had purchased the oil burning space heater from me; she was huddling up to it as we drove away. We didn't say goodbye to our neighbors, because they were "in a different class, you know".

Back in America

We arrived back in Washington, and spent a few days with Jan's uncle Gene and aunt Opal in Alexandria while we waited for the Saab to arrive at the port in Baltimore, and we searched for an apartment near AEC Headquarters in Germantown. It was great fun coming back home with four kids. At 2:00 a.m they were all wide awake and ready to ramble; it was 7:00 a.m London time. How do you keep four little kids quiet for four hours or so in a very small house where others are trying to sleep?

We found a nice three bedroom apartment in Bayla Gardens in Gaithersburg, only about ten minutes from my office. It was on the ground floor, with a kitchen, dining room, large living room, small den, three bedrooms and two full baths, and the rent was reasonable. This was a new apartment complex that had been built while we were in London.

I checked in at the AEC Headquarters and was informed that I would be working for William Yeomans, an Assistant Director of International Affairs who was responsible

for all international exchange programs. I would serve as sort of a special assistant to the Assistant Director and have the title of Foreign Affairs Officer. It was nice to learn that at least Mr. Yeomans respected the work I had done in London. Then I left again to start three weeks of vacation. I didn't need to be back until after New Years.

The Saab showed up in Baltimore, and we all piled into it and headed for North Dakota. After two long days driving, we arrived in Minneapolis; the first time we had been there since we left the University. We visited with Jim and Marjorie Hanson, who had been our neighbors in married student housing, and a couple of our other friends from university days, and then continued on to Watford City. It was an emotional reunion for Jan and her mother, and everyone was happy to see the foreign travelers return.

We had a nice Christmas in Watford, with some good times visiting our old friends. My family arranged a large reception for us, and invited all of our relatives and friends. I was requested to make a presentation about our experiences in London, so I showed slides of our time in England, and only a couple of people went to sleep.

My dad proudly showed off his latest backhoe equipment during our visit to Watford. He had been able to buy a larger new tractor and backhoe, as well as a dump truck and a trailer on which to haul the backhoe. He seemed to be doing well financially, for the first time in my life time. Mom was still working, and they had no kids to support anymore, so they finally seemed to be comfortable financially.

My little sisters were suddenly all grown up and married and they all seemed to have kids or have one on the way. It didn't seem like I was gone very long, but suddenly my four youngest sisters are all married and mothers. They had all changed so much since I saw them last, that I barely recognized them. And I had a bunch of new brothers-in-law. Phyllis was married to Bill Mindrup, and they had baby Brent. Eileen was married to Jim Ostergaard and they had baby Jim. Judy was married to Michael Brooks, and little Michael was on the way. And Joyce was married to Myron Forland, and they had baby Myron Dean.

The years 1964, 1965 and 1966 produced a bumper crop of grandchildren for mom and dad; eight of their nine children had children those years; everyone except Milton! The new kids in the tribe were: Tara, Allison, Carmella, Cynthia, Brent, Jim, Michael, and Dean. Mom was going to have a hard time keeping track of all the grandkids. There were now 25 grandkids, and more to come.

On Christmas Eve, Jan and I had told the kids that we should take a ride around town to look at all the nice Christmas lights, and maybe, if they were lucky, Santa would come while we were gone. Santa didn't really like to have people standing around watching him while he unloaded his bag of toys. So we all climbed into the Saab and were about to back out of the driveway, when Santa came out of the house next door and starting walking toward Grandma's house. He apparently had just finished mak-

ing his delivery next door. We were leaving just in time. The kids were all amazed; even Cheri, who was now a grown-up eight year old and was not easily impressed by the Santa stuff.

On December 29th we started back to Minnesota; we were going to visit my brother Norris in Grand Marais and spend New Years with them, and then drive back to Washington. Jan's mother decided she wanted to come back to Washington with us and stay with us for a month or two. So we all squeezed into that little tiny Saab. Three adults, four kids, all of our luggage and all of the Christmas presents we had received. We were like sardines in a can. I barely had room to move the shift lever. We first drove to Minot and stopped briefly at my sister Eileen's place. By then it had started snowing hard, and there was a strong wind. The wind was so strong that I couldn't keep the car in fourth gear going into the wind; the Saab just didn't have enough power, so it was slow going in third gear. We headed east toward Grand Forks as the snow was accumulating on the highway. After a few hours we were going through snow drifts one to two feet deep across the road. And then we ran into sheer ice on the highway. After creeping along on the ice for a few hours, we made it to Grand Forks where we spent the night.

The next day we drove all day on a slick sheet of ice to Grand Marais. We had a nice two days visiting with Norris, Lennie and family and celebrating the New Year, and then we drove three more days to get back to Washington. I strongly recommend against driving from Watford City to Washington in mid-winter in a tiny car with three adults and four kids and lots of luggage and Christmas gifts.

Our furniture had arrived from London, and we moved into the apartment in Gaithersburg. Cheryl started school in Gaithersburg, in the second grade. My moving had made things difficult for Cheri; her Kindergarten was interrupted with our move to London, and now she had to change schools in the middle of second grade. But she was smart, adaptable and mature, and she managed. Meanwhile I was struggling to manage our finances; we no longer had a housing allowance or access to a PX or commissary with discounted prices. We would have to tighten our belts; no eating out at expensive restaurants; no theater or foreign travel; no expensive wine or beer.

I also was struggling with my job; not because it was difficult, but because it was so boring. I was back doing the same clerical-type tasks I had before I went to London, with a few more substantive tasks, but not enough to keep me challenged. I was torn between trying to make this job acceptable, or just abandoning the international relations field entirely and trying something different.

On January 29, the East Coast was hit with one of the worst blizzards of the century. It has come to be known as the Blizzard of '66, or the Blizzard of the Century, from the Carolinas north to Maine. It snowed for three days, accumulating up to 30 inches of snow; there was a strong north wind with gusts over 60 mph; and the temperature

fell below zero in the Washington area. Snow drifts reached over 20 feet deep in places. Almost all highways and streets were blocked, and several people died in the storm, including a few who froze to death in their cars stuck on the Interstate highway only a few hundred yards from the nearest homes. The military was called out to help rescue people stranded in cars and unheated homes in the area.

It was so cold and windy that the furnace in our apartment could not keep the place warm. The furnace was running continuously, but the temperature in the apartment kept falling until it reached the bottom of the thermostat scale at 55 degrees, and it kept on falling. Our apartment was on the northwest side of the building, so we got the full force of the wind. It got so cold in the apartments that some water pipes froze in the inside walls between the kitchen and bathroom. We had to bundle up and spend most of our time in the back bedrooms which were sheltered from the north wind. We had been telling Jan's mother about the nice warm weather in the Washington area, and now she was living through about the worst blizzard she had ever seen while living in North Dakota all her life.

To the right is a photo of all my responsibilities, looking chipper after surviving the blizzard.

Below is a professional photographer's work, taken in February 1966.



Back at work, my assignments were mostly quite easy and boring even though my boss was doing his best to give me some challenging work. I talked with several potential employers about other management jobs within the AEC and in other agencies, and applied for several job openings, and the common response was that they didn't have any need for an international relations specialist. I tried to explain that I was not looking for an international position; I was a good analyst and a good writer and a quick learner and I could do a good job in many other positions. But it wasn't selling. It was obvious from my resume that I was focused on the international field; I had two university degrees in international fields; I had studied in the Soviet Union; I had worked at the American Embassy in London for two years; I was now working in the International Relations Division. Why would I want to leave that field when I obviously had been very successful so far. I was starting to think that I had already been so type-cast as an international relations specialist that I would be stuck with it the rest of my career.

I seriously considered going back to college to get my PhD, but when I calculated the costs and the impact on Jan and the kids, it became clear that it was not feasible to quit my job and go back to school. I had responsibilities to my family. I had no choice but to keep on working. I was starting to think that I should just work hard at my current job and maybe things would improve; maybe I could discover some challenging work here if I really tried. I was going to give it another shot.

Disgusted With International Relations Division

In June, the Division Director asked my boss to give him a report on the status of the nuclear power industry in the United Kingdom. The Division Director was new; the previous one who liked my work in London had retired, and this new guy was an engineer who had previously worked in Reactor Development. My boss assigned the task to me; I was the expert on British atomic energy programs. I knew the British nuclear power program thoroughly; I had studied it extensively while in London; I had visited some of the plants; I had analyzed the economics of their gas-cooled, graphite-moderated reactors; I had studied their electricity demand curves and projections; I had studied all of their reports; I clearly knew more about their nuclear power system than anyone in the AEC, and probably more than anyone in the country. I prepared a very thorough report and presented it to my boss; he thought it was great, and asked me to deliver it to the Division Director immediately. I took my report to the Director's office; after waiting for some time, I got in to see him and handed him the report. Without even looking at the report, he asked me who had prepared it; I said I had. He said: "I want the Reactor Development Division guys to do this; you don't know anything about nuclear reactors." And he handed the paper back to me and shooed me out the door.

So. I took my report to the Reactor Development Division and found the guys who knew anything about the British nuclear program. They read the report and said they really didn't have anything to add. I told them that my boss wanted the report to come

from them. So they had it retyped and added a couple of sentences and got their boss to sign it and send it to my Division Director. My Division Director thought they did an excellent job. I got no credit.

That was the last straw. I was not going to tolerate any more of this. But what to do? Then I remembered that the Contracts Division people had tried to get me to come work for them after I finished my internship program, so I decided to see if anyone there still remembered me. Contracts was not something I was excited about, but it would get me out of the International Division and let me build a reputation as something other than an international specialist. That same day I stopped by the office of one of the branch chiefs I had worked for as an intern; he was now Deputy Director of the Division. Sure, he remembered me; I explained my situation and asked if he had a vacancy or could give me any suggestions for other positions. He said a position had just opened up and he needed someone right away, and he would love to give me the job. Great. I'll take it.

Contracts Specialist?

Two weeks later I was in my new job, with the title of Contracts Specialist. And they gave me a promotion to the next grade level, a GS-12!! The salary was equivalent to about \$66,000 in 2020 dollars. I was no longer an international relations specialist. I had jumped ship. Over the next few weeks, several staff of the International Affairs Division stopped to congratulate me on my move, and told me that they had been trying to get out also, but had not succeeded yet. It was now mid-1966. It had been four years since I received my Master's Degree and started my career, but now it seemed that I was starting all over.

In evenings after work and on weekends I would play with the kids; take them to the swimming pool; go for rides in the Maryland countryside; and take them to the playground. At bed time I would tell them stories about my childhood on the farm in Minnesota, and how I had to walk several miles to school every day, in deep snow, going uphill both ways.

Here I am with Cindy and Greg on the patio of our apartment in Gaithersburg, Maryland.



In August, we decided to spend a week at the beach. Jan and I had never been at a beach in the United States, but a college acquaintance of mine suggested that we should all go to Rehobeth Beach in Delaware for a week. His name was Garth Johnston and he had been an international relations major at Minnesota while I was there. He left after receiving his Bachelor's degree and had taken an administrative job with the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda. He lived nearby with his wife and a couple of kids. Johnstons found a house to rent in Rehobeth, and on Saturday morning we all headed for the beach. The house was located about five blocks from the beach, and was a typical old two story beach house with a wrap-around porch and no air conditioning.

The kids all loved playing on the beach, and I was having fun riding a boogy board in on the breakers, at least until a wave picked me up and rammed my head into the sandy bottom. But back at the house, Jan was discovering that Garth's wife was not doing her share of the work around the house, and Jan soon started feeling over-worked and frazzled with six or seven kids screaming while she was trying to cook meals for the entire crew. The weather turned very hot and it became difficult to sleep in the bedrooms without air conditioning, and various kids were up at all hours of the night, demanding care, and Jan was nearing her breaking point before the week was over. It was not a good first experience at the beach.

That fall, I decided I would go to college in the evening and work toward an advanced degree in Public Administration; maybe get a PhD eventually, but at least complete enough courses so I could present myself as a public administration specialist rather than an international specialist. I worked hard to learn everything I could about the contracts and procurement business; I took some special training courses on government contracting and on procurement and on financial controls. I enrolled as an evening graduate student at American University, and started taking evening classes in public administration.

Even with my evening classes and new job, I still was able to spend three evenings and weekends at home with Jan and the kids. I needed to study a little on weekends, but I was mainly free to play with the kids and the kids' mother. Jan and I started playing tennis; she had played a little before, and she was good competition for me. It was good exercise and fun. In the summer months we spent a lot of time at the swimming pool at the apartment. The kids were learning to swim. They had lots of friends in the apartment complex.

This Fall, Cheri would be going into third grade, and Chris would be starting Kindergarten. Chris loved to dress up in a white shirt and tie and look like his daddy did when he went to work. Jan had convinced Cheri that she should be a majorette and a baton twirler, just like her mother, so Cheri was a good sport and learned how to twirl the baton and march in parades.

The photo shows Cheri marching in a Memorial Day parade in Falls Church, Virginia in May, 1967.



And Jan and I had met many couples who we spent time with. We played bridge with a few couples almost every week. We became very close friends with Bill and Jill Vose who lived above us in the apartment, and with Ray and Linda Brady who also lived in the apartments. Things were looking up; we were settling into our new life in Gaithersburg.

Money was still very tight, but my bosses in Contracts gave me another promotion even before the mandatory one year in grade; they got approval for an exception to promote me to a GS-13 after only about ten months in the job. Salary at the GS-13 level was equivalent to about \$78,000 in 2020.

By mid-1967, I was a full-fledged member of the Contracts Division team. I was given responsibility for all procurement of nuclear fuel for naval reactors, including submarines and aircraft carriers. I also was starting to handle some major contracts for the nuclear weapons program. The work was interesting; I was learning a lot about the U.S. nuclear programs and about how those programs are managed. And I was getting top grades in my evening school classes. I was assigned to travel to various atomic energy facilities in the U.S. as part of this work, including the weapons research lab at Los Alamos, New Mexico, the research centers at Berkeley and Livermore, California, and the nuclear materials production facilities at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

During the summer of 1967, all six of us crammed ourselves into the little Saab and headed for Minnesota and North Dakota for a three-week summer vacation. Our first destination was my brother Norris' home in Grand Marais, Minnesota, where a Hystad family reunion was scheduled. It was to be the first reunion since the Christmas of 1955 in Henning. We decided to take the scenic route from Washington to Grand Marais by driving north through Michigan, into Canada, and then along the north shore of Lake Superior to approach Grand Marais from the North. It was a long two and a half days drive, and it wasn't very scenic; most of the road north of Lake

Superior was through dense forest, and we couldn't even see the forest for all the trees.

At Grand Marais, my mom and dad and all my brothers and sisters except Milton arrived over the next couple of days, and we had an enjoyable time. We went fishing on Gus lake with Norry; he had a little log cabin on that lake. We caught a few fish but not enough to feed the entire tribe. At Norris' we spent most of our time trying to keep tabs on 20 grandchildren; it seemed more like 50. There seemed to be about a dozen little ones about Cindy's age, and I never did figure out who belonged to whom; I just made sure that I got Cindy back when we left.

Here are mom and dad with their grandchildren (and their mothers). What a flock!



Here is my family posing with grandpa and grandma on the lawn at Norris' place.



After spending about a week in Grand Marais, we drove to Watford City and spent over a week there, mainly visiting with Jan's mother and her relatives, and with some of our friends. Jan's family organized a picnic at the tourist park in Watford, attended by many of her aunts, uncles and cousins as well as her brothers and their families. Our four kids now had a chance to pose with their cousins on Jan's side of the family.

My kids are posing with Ralph's and Bob's kids at the tourist park in Watford City.



While we were in Watford, we stayed at Jan's mother's house, which was the same small house that she and Duncan had lived in for the past several years. The house had a living room, a small bedroom and a small kitchen on the main floor, two small bedrooms upstairs, and an unfinished basement. The basement contained a toilet stool which was just sitting there in the open basement, and it had a shower head with a curtain around it. To get to the basement, one had to lift a heavy trapdoor to access very steep stairs to the basement. Jan's mother, Norma, was complaining about the problems she had going up and down those stairs, particularly because she had varicose veins in her legs.

So I decided I would pay to build a bathroom on the main floor. I designed a small bathroom to go in the corner of the living room, and I got a bid from a plumber to install the bathroom, and gave Norma the money to cover the costs. She had no extra money; Duncan had left her with nothing, and she had very little income from working in the laundry at the hospital in town. It cost me over \$1500 to have the bathroom built, which was about all the savings I had at the time, but I thought it would make Jan happy to know that her mother would have an easier life.

On August 18, Chris turned 6 years old. He is getting to be a big boy. Notice the devilish grin.

That fall I continued with evening courses at American University; I was still intent on establishing myself as a public administration major rather than an international relations specialist. I also saved up some money and bought Jan a piano. She enjoyed playing piano and liked music, and I thought a piano



might give her some enjoyment while she is trapped at home with the kids. She seemed to enjoy it, and I taught myself to play a few simple tunes as well.

During our two years in London we had missed some of the political activity in the U.S. Although I tried to keep up with events in the States, I was surprised upon returning to America that civil rights for blacks had become such a major political issue, and that President Johnson had become a champion of the cause. I also was surprised at how opposition had started to grow against U.S. involvement in the Vietnam civil war. By late 1967, Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota had started to campaign for the Presidency, running against President Johnson's escalation of the Vietnam war. He had decided to challenge Johnson for the Democratic nomination for President in the elections of 1968, and started a "Clean for Gene" campaign among college students across the country. In the March 1968 New Hampshire primary, Senator McCarthy shocked the political establishment by winning 42% of the vote against Johnson, and this was considered to be a large anti-war and anti-Johnson vote in a relatively conservative state like New Hampshire.

As a result of McCarthy's success, four days later Robert Kennedy decided to get into the Democratic race. Robert Kennedy soon gained substantial support among liberal Democrats, and he won a couple of primaries, and he and McCarthy were now the front-runners. Lyndon decided not to face the competition, and announced he would not seek reelection. With Johnson's withdrawal, Vice President Hubert Humphrey announced that he was a candidate. But it was too late for him to get into any primary elections; he had to focus on picking up delegates in states that didn't have primary elections.

Then on April 4, 1968, Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee, allegedly by a white man, which triggered riots in black communities across the country. Much of the black area of Washington, DC was in flames as blacks set fire to many buildings owned by whites, and rampaged through the streets, setting cars afire and looting stores. Even little Frederick, Maryland near us had rioting. The President called out the National Guard and the military to help end the disorders.

The assassination and riots reinforced Robert Kennedy's popularity, and he won the California primary on June 5. As he was leaving the hotel ballroom after acknowledging his win, he was shot and killed. This assassination, coming on the heels of the King assassination, and less than five years after President Kennedy's assassination, shocked the country. There was a general feeling that things were out of control; that the country had sunk into anarchy. And we had no outside enemy to blame; we were our own enemy.

Kennedy's assassination gave new life to Humphrey's campaign, and he became the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. Strange that these two Minnesotans, McCarthy and Humphrey, were now fighting it out for the nomination.

Despite all this political chaos, our lives were quite normal and under control. In the spring of 1968, we managed to buy another car; a new Rambler station wagon. We had outgrown that little Saab. And now Jan had her own car to drive while I was at work. On May 1, 1968, Cheryl celebrated her 10th birthday. Hard to believe she is that old already. Chris will soon turn seven, and Greg will be five. Cindy had celebrated her third birthday in March. I will be 30 years old in July. I'm getting old, and I'm still trying to figure out what I want to be when I grow up.

This photo shows Cheryl with her 10th birthday cake, and Chris and Greg being silly, in the dining room of our apartment.



Marriage Strains

Jan was going through a personal reevaluation of her life. Maybe an early mid-life crisis. Or maybe she was just tired of staying home taking care of four kids. She was 31 years old. She apparently was realizing that there were things in the world that she was missing. She was now getting to know people who had a much wider range of experience than she had. She had a taste of a different life that she couldn't live, and maybe she was feeling that life was passing her by. I believe she was feeling unsatisfied with our marriage; unsatisfied with her role as mother and housewife; unsatisfied that she was almost completely dependent on me; unsatisfied that she had almost no options available to her. And she could not see any light at the end of the tunnel. She informed me many years later that during this time she would have liked to run away and start a new life, but she could never leave the children. She was stuck with her responsibilities, just like I was.

In hindsight, I failed to appreciate Jan's frustrations. I saw the two of us fulfilling our traditional roles. I was the bread winner and Jan was the mother and housewife. I

thought that was the natural order of things. While I was fretting about my career, and feeling frustrated that my career was not going in the direction I wanted, I ignored the fact that Jan had no career at all, and really had no prospects of ever having one. I did nothing to help her find any creative outlet. I rationalized that I was stuck in this job to make money to support Jan and the kids, and she had no more reason to be unhappy than I did.

And meanwhile, I was sometimes feeling annoyed that Jan seemed to be living in the past; she seemed to continue to view herself as a small-town girl from North Dakota who was just temporarily away from home. She continued to like country music, country food, and country politics. Although I had become a left-wing Democrat, Jan stuck firmly to her Republican roots. While I was preaching tolerance and acceptance of diverse life styles, Jan was sticking with her provincial intolerance. I felt that I had become very cosmopolitan, but Jan was still most comfortable back home in Watford City. Despite our frustrations with each other, and our growing differences, we were both intent on keeping the family together for the sake of the children.

Joys of Camping

In the summer of 1968, we decided to all go on a camping trip. I have no idea who came up with the idea of camping in northern New York, but I know Chris was interested in camping, and Cheryl was in Girl Scouts, and I had recently been to the Schenectady area of New York on a business trip and it reminded me of Minnesota. In any case, we decided to rent a "fold-out" camper trailer and go to up-state New York for a week of camping in a state park. The camper trailer we rented was theoretically able to sleep six; the camper expanded out on each side of the trailer to make a narrow double bed on each side, plus a double bed on the floor of the trailer. We packed the trailer full of all the necessary equipment: cooking equipment, lantern, sleeping bags and bedding, food and drinks, toys, games, etc.

Late Saturday morning we headed out. The first day we made slow progress, and we found a campground in western New Jersey where we experimented with setting up the camper, cooking a meal, squeezing six people into the camper, finding our way to the outhouse in the middle of the night when one or more of the kids had to go to the bathroom, doing without a shower in the morning, and then repacking everything back into the trailer. It wasn't too bad. The weather was nice, and we were able to sleep for a few hours. And the kids were having fun.

On Sunday we made it to our destination in up-state New York, and found a camp site in the state park, in a deep pine forest not too far from a lake. We set up camp, cooked dinner, sang songs around the campfire, and had a good time. Until about 2:00 a.m., when we all were awakened by a loud banging of pots and pans right outside the camper. I grabbed the flashlight and spotted the intruders: two large raccoons who were searching for any food scraps and who were not in the least frightened by humans. After the raccoons decided to try another campsite, we got back to

sleep, but I was awakened about 4:00 by one or more of the kids trying to climb into our bed. They were cold. I realized that it had gotten very cold in the camper, and we did not have enough covers to keep warm. We huddled together until sunrise, and then I got up and built a fire to try to thaw out. I discovered that it was 34 degrees. This was the middle of the summer; how can it be 34 degrees? But it got worse. A little later that day, clouds rolled in and it started raining. We tried to maintain a dry area under a canvas cover, where we could cook and eat, but it was not working very well. And then the kids all started tracking sand and dirt into the camper and into our beds, as they ran in and out of the trailer with their wet feet.

It rained all afternoon and all night. Next morning it was still raining, and it was still cold, and the forecast was for more rain. The camper was getting full of sand and everything was wet or damp. By mid-morning, Jan had all she could take. She insisted that we pack up and go home. I tried to convince her to stick it out at least one more day, or maybe we could find another campground up here where it wasn't raining. She said: "No. I have done all the camping I'm going to do." The kids didn't want to go back home. I didn't want to go back home. But we were out-voted. I threw all the wet, dirty camping stuff into the trailer and we headed for home. I drove almost non-stop all day and we reached home near midnight. It was warm and dry back in Maryland. Jan was happy; back in her own bed, with a shower and TV; this was her kind of camping.

The next morning I opened up the camper, pulled out everything, cleaned out all the sand and dirt, and dried it out in the bright sunshine. That afternoon I asked the kids if they would like to go camping with me up at Coctoctin state park in Maryland, near Camp David. Yes; yes; please; let's go. Jan was not having any part of it: you go on, I'll camp here in the apartment. So my four children and I headed for the mountains. We stopped at a grocery store and loaded up with food; the kids got to buy all sorts of goodies that their mother wouldn't normally let them have. We found a nice campsite and set up camp. We cooked great meals, hiked in the woods, gazed at the stars, found our way to the toilets, and got plenty of sleep. We stayed there Wednesday through Friday nights, and had a good time. Jan drove up to visit with us Friday evening, but she wouldn't spend the night. She seemed to be quite happy having a vacation away from all of us. On Saturday I had to return the camper to the rental place, so we had to pack up and go home. It was time to leave anyhow, because the camping area was getting very crowded and noisy with the influx of weekend campers.

Another Promotion

My bosses continued to be pleased with my work, and they gave me a promotion to GS-14, with a salary equivalent to about \$93,000 in 2020 dollars. The Division Director mentioned to me that I probably should be planning to get some experience in one of the AEC Field Offices; I could get a senior level management position in one of the offices, as Director of Contracts or Administration, and prepare myself for a

"super grade" position as a top manager. He said he could help me get such a position, maybe after another year or so here in Headquarters. I was not certain I wanted to relocate to a field office; they were located in Chicago; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Richland, Washington; New York City; Berkeley, California; and Savannah River, South Carolina. The Berkeley and Albuquerque offices were the only locations that appealed to me, but I was concerned about being isolated away from the rest of the Federal government. If I went to a field office, I probably would be committing myself to spending the rest of my career with AEC, which is exactly what the AEC management wanted. So I was starting to think about possibly moving to another agency in Washington rather than going to an AEC field office.

My promotion was very good news because we were still barely making ends meet. Jan and I were feeling more and more cramped in our apartment, and I wanted to buy a house so we could build up some equity rather than dumping our money down the rental rat hole. The primary problem was that we were not able to save enough money for a down payment. We had finally paid off our loans from college days, and now we were hoping to save some for a down payment. We had less than \$2000 in savings, and I would need at least \$6000 for a 20% down payment on an inexpensive house.

Democrats Self-Destruct

At the end of August that year the Democrats held their nominating convention in Chicago. The McCarthy supporters among the delegates claimed that Humphrey and Johnson were rigging the convention, by not recognizing delegates supporting McCarthy. There was near chaos inside the convention hall, aided and urged on by news people, particularly a junior reporter named Dan Rather who ran from one group of delegates to another spreading gossip and rumors in an attempt to rile up the delegates to an even greater level of animosity. At one point one of the delegates got so annoyed with this obnoxious reporter that he took swing at him; Rather immediately ran back to Walter Cronkite to literally cry about how horribly he was being treated. I never could tolerate cry-baby Rather after that convention.

Meanwhile outside the convention hall, over 3,000 anti-war demonstrators protested the war and protested against Johnson and Humphrey and the establishment in general. Then Mayor Daley, a Johnson-Humphrey supporter, ordered his police and the national guard to disperse the demonstrators, which led to a massive battle, with several hundred demonstrators injured. President Johnson even had military forces standing by in case they were needed to quell this popular uprising. The nation watched this farce unfold on national television. Although Humphrey finally won the nomination, he was a severely wounded candidate heading into the fall campaign. And George Wallace also was running as a third party candidate, appealing to southern Democrats who opposed the civil rights stance of Johnson and Humphrey.

Although Jan was not very interested in camping in the wild, she was interested in Cheryl's activities in the Girl Scouts (as long as the activities were indoors, preferably with air conditioning). She particularly liked taking Cheryl to the Girl Scouts Tea. Here they are all dressed up to go to the Tea. Notice Jan's white gloves.



In the fall of 1968, my cousin Buzz Thompson and his wife Nell and their three children moved east from Colorado. He was working as an auditor with the General Accounting Office, and had been transferred from Colorado to Headquarters in Washington. I helped him find a three bedroom apartment in Bayla Gardens about the same as ours, and they settled in there. I thought it was strange that Buzz and I were living in the same apartment complex in Gaithersburg, Maryland, after taking quite different routes since our days running the backhoe in North Dakota.

Chris was getting involved with organized sports in school and with community groups; he was quite proud of his full football uniform. He also was learning to play baseball and basketball. I tried to make sure my kids were not retarded like I was regarding sports.



I learned that Buzz was inspired to come to GAO Headquarters as a result of my assignment to London for AEC. GAO had offices overseas, primarily auditing activities at U.S. military bases around the world, and he asked to be transferred to Washington so he could be considered for an overseas assignment. (He did receive an assignment in Germany a couple of years later, and they lived there for four years.)

Humphrey Defeated by Nixon

The Presidential election of November 1968 was a huge disappointment to me. Nixon received 31,785,480 votes; Humphrey 31,275,166 votes; and Wallace 9,906,473 votes. Now we were going to have a new President, elected by less than 44% of the voters, who couldn't even get elected governor of his home state, and who had that outstanding running mate, Spiro Agnew. It wasn't until the election of 2000 that I was more upset with a Presidential election.

Although I liked McCarthy's position against the war in Vietnam, Humphrey was my political hero, for several reasons; he was a dedicated liberal and one of the few senior Democrats who consistently fought for the interests of workers, minorities and the dispossessed; his position as Vice President under Johnson prohibited him from opposing the war, but I expected him to end the war if he became President; and I had been very impressed with him when I met him in Washington in 1960 on my way to Russia. He lost the election primarily because he refused to distance himself from Lyndon Johnson's policies on the Vietnam War, and many anti-war liberals refused to vote for him. This short-sighted action by liberals resulted in the election of Nixon who continued and escalated the war in Vietnam, in addition to the domestic atrocities of that horrendous President. I was depressed for a few weeks after that election.

That election also gave encouragement to the racists and bigots and other intolerant know-nothings in the country, as Nixon and Wallace between them received over 57% of the popular vote. This was the signal for the right wing ideologues to become much more vocal in espousing their racist and religious fundamentalist hatreds, which continued on into the 21st century. (George W. Bush and his staff have taken the worst of Nixon's unethical, cynical and paranoid practices and made them an integral part of his Presidency.)

Moving On

Fortunately, life goes on for most of us, largely unaffected by who is in the White House.

Thanksgiving of 1968 we spent with Buzz and Nell at their apartment; Jan and I helped cook and we had a nice big family celebration. We were making it easy for Buzz and Nell to adjust to their move. And this was the first time in several years that we had been with any relatives for Thanksgiving.



At Christmas, 1968, Jan took some pictures of me with my two sons and my two daughters. I was very proud of all four of them.

More Responsibilities

In early 1969, I was given a special assignment at work. I was to develop a new standard contract to be used to provide funding to universities for basic scientific research. The existing commercial contracts were unnecessarily complex and largely irrelevant, and the traditional grants made to universities were too loose and open-ended to ensure that the funds were used for their intended research purposes. My job was to create a standard contractual agreement that all AEC offices could use which would minimize the bureaucratic requirements on university scientists but still ensure that the universities weren't using the money for other purposes. So I talked with the funding offices and with several university scientists and administrators and developed a Standard Research Support Agreement. After getting general acceptance of it by the scientists and administrators, I then fought with the attorneys in AEC until they gave in and agreed it was legally acceptable. It was then adopted by the Commission as the new standard to be used by all AEC offices. I then spent a few weeks traveling to all the field offices to introduce the new standard and train the staff on how it was to be used.

A few weeks later I was talking with a friend of mine, Glen Schleede, a former AEC employee, who was now working at the Bureau of the Budget, which was part of the Executive Office of the President. I mentioned that I had just finished developing a new research support agreement for AEC. He said that some Bureau staff had just been talking about the need for such a standard university research contract for the entire Federal government; maybe I could help them. A few days later he called and asked me to come to a meeting at the Bureau to explain what AEC had done. As a result of that meeting, the Bureau of the Budget asked AEC to loan me to the Bureau for a few months to head up a team to establish a Federal-wide standard for university research support.

By early spring I was working in the Old Executive Office Building next to the White House on my temporary assignment. I had a couple of staff assigned from other agencies to assist me, and full authority to call upon any agency in the government to work with me in developing a standard for all agencies. We first reviewed what was now being done by all agencies; they all had their unique contracts or grant agreements. We then talked with the university administrators and documented the bureaucratic mayhem created at universities as a result of all these differing requirements. And then we proposed a standard research support agreement, which looked very much like the one I had developed for AEC. Within three months we had obtained general agreement by all the agencies on the new standard agreement, and the Bureau issued a Bulletin requiring its use for all university research support efforts. The Director of the Bureau of the Budget sent a nice letter to Glenn Seaborg, the Chairman of the AEC, praising my work on the project.

Cindy celebrates her 4th Birthday on March 18th, 1969.



In late March of 1969, Norris, Lennie and their three kids, Pam, Karen and Tara, came to visit us. They drove from Grand Marais during their spring break from school and spent about a week with us. Shortly after they arrived, former President Eisenhower died, and I took all of them downtown to watch the funeral procession along Pennsylvania Avenue. I also gave them a tour of Washington, including the White House, the Capitol and the Supreme Court building. As a lawyer and sometime politician, Norry was very interested in seeing where the government operated. We also took them to Gettysburg and toured the battlefield there.

Buying a Townhouse

During early 1969, I also was exploring all possibilities for buying a house. I finally found a deal that I thought we could afford. Montgomery Village, a new "planned community", was in early stages of development just outside of Gaithersburg. I found

a townhouse model that was priced at \$32,000, and the developer would arrange financing with an 80% first mortgage and a 10% second mortgage, so I could buy the place for only about \$3500 cash, including closing costs. The town house had three levels, with three bedrooms and two baths upstairs, a kitchen, dining room, living room, foyer, half bath and a deck on the main level, and a walk-out basement with sliding glass doors off to a potential patio area. I was thinking I could divide the large basement room to make a fourth bedroom downstairs, and still have a nice recreation room down there. After debating for several days whether we could afford it, Jan and I decided to do it. I somehow managed to scrape up the \$3500 cash, with the help of a loan from the AEC Credit Union.

I was a bit annoyed that it was so difficult to come up with a down payment, because I had spent much of my savings to pay for that new bathroom for Jan's mother, and meanwhile Norma had met and married a wealthy rancher and they had sold that old house with the new bathroom, and I guess it never crossed her mind that I could certainly have used that \$1500 now, and it would have been easy for her to repay me. In any case, by late June 1979, we were owners of a house. It was small but we loved it.

This is our townhouse. The kitchen window is on the left. Cheryl's bedroom window is above the entrance door; Cindy's is above the kitchen window. Notice that I had no grass to mow.



The decision to buy the townhouse now was also a decision that I would not be moving to an AEC field office any time soon. I had decided I did not want to commit to a career with AEC. I was afraid that if I stayed with AEC I might soon find myself typecast as a contracts specialist, with no opportunities for new experiences. I had observed several contracts experts who had settled into narrow specialty areas and seemed content to sit in their offices and wait for someone to come to them with a problem. For example, we had a small business contracting expert who waited for some small business problems to arise, and a construction contracts specialist who twiddled his thumbs unless there was a construction contract problem, and a specialist on Davis-Bacon wage issues who didn't want to be bothered with any other subject. This seemed to be a deadly way to make a living. My experience on the spe-

cial assignment with the Bureau of the Budget made it clear to me that there were many options available in other agencies now that I was no longer an international affairs specialist.

As soon as we signed the papers to buy the townhouse, I went to work to build the dividing wall in the basement and create a nice large bedroom for Chris and Greg. Cheryl and Cindy would each have their own small bedrooms upstairs. Cheryl was now 11 years old and she didn't want to share a small room with Cindy. On a very hot day in late June, we moved into our own house. I now had lots of work to do to fix up the front yard, put in a brick patio in the back yard, help Jan find some new furniture, and all the things that come with being a homeowner.

The boys had their own bedroom down in the walkout basement, two floors below the other bedrooms. So I explained to Chris and Greg what they should do in the event of a fire; they should just go outdoors through the basement doors, and not try to come upstairs. There were smoke alarms that would wake them if there were ever any smoke in the basement. Greg told me many years later that for the next few nights he tried to stay awake all night, waiting for the inevitable fire to start.

Later that summer we drove to North Dakota for our summer vacation. We visited with all the relatives, and I helped dad do some work with the backhoe. As the years past, there were fewer of our friends still living around Watford, but there were still lots of relatives to visit and not quite enough time to please everyone.

That fall, Cheryl, Chris and Greg had to go to new schools in Montgomery Village. They didn't like changing schools, but they did like the townhouse and they quickly made new friends in the neighborhood. The Stedwick townhouse community was still under construction when we moved in, so there were many new neighbors moving in that summer, and Jan and I quickly established friendships with several neighbors.

In September, I resumed my graduate courses at American University. I was now planning to start looking for a new position in another agency of government which would broaden my experience and help prepare me for a higher level management position. I was doing some research on possible jobs in NASA, or Health, Education and Welfare. My work at AEC was still interesting, but I felt I had learned about all I could learn about contracting in AEC, and I was restless for a new challenge.

Jan seemed to be happier with her lot now that we had a house. With three kids in school and Cindy already four years old, she had more time for herself and her own hobbies. Maybe our marriage will survive after all.

At work, my bosses were giving me special assignments to try to keep me from getting bored. The Division Director, Joe Smith, gave me full responsibility to organize a major conference and training session for contracts and procurement staff of all AEC field offices and major prime contractors. I designed the program, arranged the

speakers and trainers, handled all logistics and managed the conference with over 400 participants at a conference center in Boulder, Colorado. My bosses were impressed, but it was very similar to what I had done as an undergraduate in organizing the Model United Nations conference. No big deal for me.

On my way back from the Boulder conference, I flew to North Dakota and drove to Watford to visit mom and dad, because I had just received word that dad had been in an accident and was in serious condition. He had been working on an old house he had bought in Watford, that I think he was planning to fix up as a rental property. He was up on a ladder and fell and injured himself; when they got him to the hospital they found that he also was suffering from a heart attack as well as injuries to his legs, ribs, etc. It was not clear whether the fall caused the heart attack or the heart attack caused the fall, but the latter seemed to be the most likely to me. In any event, he was in bad shape when I arrived; he was home, but could barely move. He couldn't walk because of his injuries, and was on medication for his heart. I had to carry him to get him into the car to take him to the doctor for a checkup.

Dad never seemed to fully recover from the effects of this heart attack and fall, and was never able to go back to work full time with his backhoe business, and he sold his equipment a few months later. He was 66 years old at the time, but his disabilities made him seem much older.

Changing Jobs Again

In late 1969, I received a telephone call from Hugh Loweth in the Bureau of the Budget. I had worked under his overall supervision during my special project there. He asked if I might be interested in coming to work at the Bureau full time. There will soon be a job opening for the Budget Examiner to handle the National Science Foundation budget. I said I would like to be considered. In early January, I was invited for an interview. I already knew Hugh quite well from my previous assignment, and we got along well. I told him that I knew nothing about budget examining, and he said I didn't need to know anything; I could learn it quickly. The most important qualifications were to be a good analyst and a good writer, and he knew I was good at both of those.

A few days later I was formally offered the job, to start in early February. This was going to be a major change for me. I would be working in the most powerful office in the U.S. government; the people in this office are responsible for helping the President control all the agencies; they control funding levels, staffing levels, all legislative proposals, all proposed regulations, and generally serve as the watch dog for the President to make sure the agencies are implementing the President's programs and policies. I would be moving into entirely new specialty areas for me, including budgeting, program evaluation, and legislative controls. I had the feeling that this would be the real start of my career.

The thing that impressed me most about working at the Bureau of the Budget was that there was more work to be done than any one person could possibly do. I would be expected to learn everything there was to know about the work of the National Science Foundation, with a budget of over \$500 million a year, recommend appropriate funding and staffing levels for every part of the Foundation, and evaluate all proposed legislation affecting the Foundation. I noticed that everyone at the Bureau was always busy. No dead wood here. This looks like my kind of place.

I informed by bosses at AEC that I was leaving to go to the Bureau. The Division Director offered to give me a promotion if I would stay; I refused. A couple of days later, one of the top managers in AEC asked me to come to his office. He asked if I would reconsider my decision. He told me that I was on AEC's list of "comers"; those staffers who they expected to move into top management positions in the future. And he tried to convince me that I would do better staying with AEC than going to the Bureau. I said I would consider his message.

During the next couple of days I talked with several people in and out of AEC regarding the relative merits of staying with AEC or going to the Bureau. Most thought that it was an honor for me to be offered a job at the Bureau; it was hard to get a job there, particularly at such a high grade level. The decision was easy for me: I wanted a new challenge.

AEC people had a nice going-away party for me at the Washingtonian Country Club, with lots of food and drink and even a few speeches. I was touched. I was going to miss these folks. It had been a very friendly place to work.

Bureau of the Budget

In January, 1970, I started work at the Bureau of the Budget, Executive Office of the President. I shared a large office with two other budget analysts in the Old Executive Office Building, next to the White House. Part of the Bureau was housed in this building and part was in the New Executive Office Building just across Pennsylvania Avenue. The Old Executive Office Building also contained several other offices supporting the President, including the Vice President's offices, the Council of Economic Advisors, the Scientific Advisor and his Office of Science and Technology, part of the National Security Council staff, the President's Domestic Policy staff, and other "big wigs" in the Administration. The first few days on the job was a bit intimidating, just finding my way around that huge building and learning about all the offices in the building.

My first job as the Budget Analyst covering the National Science Foundation was to learn about the budget process; what I was expected to do, and when. Other budget examiners told me how it worked, and filled me with many war stories about prior "budget seasons". I learned that "budget season" started every September when the agencies were expected to submit their budget requests to the Bureau, for our review

prior to submittal to the President. The requests were to provide details on the amount of money requested for each discreet program element, along with the amount expected to be spent in the current year and the actual amount spent during the past year. They also were to provide details on how the funds were to be used; how much for salaries and wages, how much for travel, how much for grants, how much for construction, etc. The agencies were expected to prepare their budgets in accordance with general guidance from the Bureau regarding the overall spending targets for the upcoming year.

Once the agency has finished its budget, it submits the request to the Bureau. Then it would be my job to review the agency submission and determine how the request should be changed to be more consistent with overall goals of the Administration regarding program objectives, spending levels, and staffing levels. I would have about a month to review the request, including collecting additional information from the agencies if needed. I could hold hearings and have agency officials come and explain their budget requests, if I wished. In about a month after receiving the agency request, I would need to be ready to make my recommendations to my bosses on what the agency budget should be. I would need to provide detailed numbers for each program, and identify any major issues to be decided by the Director of the Bureau or by the President.

After my immediate boss reviewed and approved my recommendations, then we would have the formal “budget review” hearings during which all the top officials of the Bureau and other White House offices would form a panel to hear the recommendations of the budget analysts. I would be required to make my presentation and defend my recommendations in front of this panel of officials. After the Director of the Bureau had made his decisions, the recommendations would be presented to the President in a series of formal budget presentations to him, and the President would make a preliminary decision, which we would then pass back to the agency. Throughout this process in the Bureau, the agency officials have no role and are not informed of any preliminary decisions until the President has made his decision. So when the agency head receives the President’s markup, the agency head has a couple of days to make an appeal. If the agency head is important enough, or is a good friend of the President, or has a very controversial issue, he or she may get a meeting with the President to present his or her appeal. Bureau staff will be there to defend its position as well, and the President will make a final decision.

After the President’s final decision, I would be required to make sure the agency submitted revised numbers and justification, and then prepare all the materials to be printed in the President’s Budget, including an overview of how the budget supported the broader goals of the Administration. By mid-January or thereabouts the Budget would be submitted to Congress. Then it would be my job to try to make sure that agency officials supported the President’s budget. I would review proposed testimony by agency officials, attend Congressional hearings on the agency budget, and

generally try to ensure that the agency was doing everything appropriate to support the President's requests.

I was told by my boss, Hugh Loweth, that I had until next September to become an expert on the National Science Foundation budgets. So I had a little over seven months to learn what NSF was doing and why, and identify any possible budget issues. Should some programs be cut; should some be increased; should some be ended? During this study period leading up to the next budget season, I would have a few routine tasks to perform, such as reviewing any proposed budget amendments or proposed legislation from NSF, but I could spend most of my time learning about NSF programs.

After spending a few days reading all the available written materials describing the NSF programs, I scheduled a series of meetings with NSF program offices to receive briefings on their programs. This was pretty heady stuff for me; when I called, the agency staff would jump, because they knew that their future budgets depended largely on my recommendations. NSF staff were always "pleased" to meet with me; it was their opportunity to try to impress this naïve, inexperienced budget analyst about the importance of their program and their need for more money. After a month or so of meeting with NSF staff in Washington, I arranged a series of visits to major recipients of NSF research support grants. Over the next four months or so, I visited dozens of research centers around the country, mainly university-operated centers. I visited the marine research center in southern Florida, which was quite nice in March. I visited several research centers in California, including LaJolla, UCLA, Cal Tech, and Berkeley. I visited LSU and Tulane in Louisiana. As the weather warmed up, I moved north, and visited universities in Colorado, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, New York, and Massachusetts.

The university officials were also very "pleased" to have me visit, because NSF had made it clear to them that I was now the guy who had great influence over the amount of future funding from NSF. During most visits I would be escorted to see the President of the University for a brief chat; in some cases I would be the guest of honor at a lunch with the President, Deans and other officials. And at LSU, the President invited me and a few other officials to dinner at his mansion in Baton Rouge. Hey, I could get used to this. I'm finally starting to receive the respect that I deserve!!

Becoming An Analyst

During the course of these briefings and visits, I was starting to identify some major policy and budgetary issues which I thought should be addressed. I had learned that the NSF had some large programs designed to increase the number of science and engineering PhDs in the country and to increase the number and quality of PhD-producing research universities in the country. These programs were initiated after the Soviet Union launched Sputnik and beat the U.S. in putting a man in earth orbit,

which resulted in much hand-wringing among U.S. officials who claimed that America had fallen behind the Soviets in the science and engineering fields. This idea that the U.S. lacked enough scientists and engineers was pushed by various government agencies, including the CIA, the State Department, the Defense Department, and NSF, and was promoted by university officials who saw a way to get more Federal funding for their research programs.

But by 1970, when I was reviewing these programs, there were widespread complaints from newly graduated PhDs that they couldn't find any research jobs. They had spent all those years to get a PhD in physics or chemistry or engineering, etc, and now there were no jobs requiring this expertise. University officials were pressing NSF and other agencies for more research money so they could hire some of these new PhDs. Meanwhile, NSF was continuing to spend nearly \$100 million dollars a year to help produce more PhDs. They were providing large grants to help more universities develop capabilities to produce more PhDs, by building research labs, buying research equipment, and hiring experienced professors. The program was very popular with Congress because it was giving large grants to smaller or lower-ranked universities to help them compete with the MITs, Cal Techs, Purdues and other major research institutions. NSF also was making large grants to universities so they could provide financial support to PhD candidates pursuing their science degree.

I knew from my years studying the Soviet Union that the premise that the U.S. was lagging the Soviets in numbers of qualified scientists and engineers was pure propaganda and had no basis in fact. In the late 1950s the Soviet Union had been leading the U.S. in only one area, and that was their ability to build large-payload rockets. That achievement permitted them to put a man in orbit and it gave them equality to the U.S. in nuclear deterrence, but it didn't require lots of scientists and engineers. It only required them to give high priority to that effort, just like the U.S. subsequently gave high priority to putting a man on the moon by 1970. It was obvious to me that these NSF programs to increase the output of PhDs were based on a false premise that resulted in an inappropriate goal. Hey, I'm finally getting to use my knowledge about the Soviet Union!

I started focusing in on these programs to determine whether there really was any valid reason for them. I visited several universities which had been selected for major grants to upgrade their science programs. I concluded that these "second-tier" universities generally had improved their science programs as a result of the NSF grants, but I could not identify any national need for U.S. taxpayers to be paying for such improvement. These institutions were not likely to increase the number of significant scientific discoveries in the U.S. because they did not have, and could not attract, the best scientists in the country.

Meanwhile, some changes were taking place in the Executive Office. The Bureau of the Budget was renamed the Office of Management and Budget, and a new Director

was named: George Schultz, who had been in senior positions in the Administration, (and who became Secretary of State Under President Reagan.) The organization changes had almost no impact on my work.

During the spring and summer of 1970, I also was receiving information from NSF, universities and the Office of Science and Technology in the Executive Office, that some other Federal agencies were in the process of reducing their support for basic research at universities. In particular, the Advanced Research Projects Agency in the Department of Defense was reducing its support for basic materials research, electronics research, and other basic research with potential long-term applications to defense hardware, weapons and telecommunications. NASA also was reducing the level of its basic research support as the Lunar Landing program was coming to an end. And AEC was reducing the level of support for basic research in high energy physics and biology related to atomic radiation. I gathered information from the budget analysts for these agencies to determine how much these agencies were reducing basic research funding at universities.

I did take time for a vacation that summer. Actually, I was prepared to skip a vacation, but Hugh insisted. So Jan and the four kids and I rented a resort cabin on the seashore on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, on the Long Island Sound side of the arm, just west of the elbow. The water was warm and the beach was nice, and we all had a good time. We explored the Cape and the coast up to Boston, stopping to check out Plymouth Rock to see where my ancestors came ashore way back in the early 1600s. This break from work was good for me. It helped me process all of the information I had been collecting during the past few months.

By August of 1970, I had concluded that the NSF program to develop additional large research centers at universities should be terminated on the grounds that there was no national need for the program. I also had concluded that the program of grants to provide financial assistance to PhD candidates should be phased out as current enrollees graduated; no new students should be given that assistance. NSF officials were starting to be suspicious that I was planning to cut these programs because of all the attention I had given them and all the questions I had asked, and they began a campaign to convince me that these programs were essential. Even the Director of NSF asked me to meet with him so he could make a pitch for these programs. My response was that no decisions had been made regarding any NSF programs, and the President would have to make any such decisions.

In Stedwick, we had more new neighbors move in. We became good friends with the Rohms, Howard and Peggy. They had a baby girl, and Cheri would babysit for her sometimes. Jan and I started playing doubles tennis with the Rohms; we could usually beat them, because Jan was a much better player than Peggy, and Howard and I were about even, so sometimes we would change partners just to make it more competitive and to keep Howard from getting too mad; he hated to lose. I also started riding my bicycle around the bike paths in the village, to get some exercise.

Chris was busy playing baseball on a Village team, and was one of the best players. I tried to get to watch him play whenever possible, but I didn't get home from work until about 6:30 or 7:00 on weekdays, so I missed many of the kids' activities. Cindy had just graduated from Kindergarten; she was the tallest and cutest girl in the class. This fall all the kids would be in school and Jan would have more time to herself. She seemed to be happier with her life now that the kids were growing up. But now I was busier at work and had less time to spend with her.

Kettler Brothers, the developers of Montgomery Village, were now expanding Stedwick into the field behind our townhouses, and they were building a swimming pool and tennis courts less than a block behind our house. We would soon be able to take a short walk to the pool and tennis courts. It would be like living at a country club.

Making a Difference

At the end of September, NSF submitted its budget request to me. They proposed continuing funding for the institutional development programs and the graduate student scholarship programs, at about current year's levels. They proposed small increases in funding for research grants. I studied the requests in detail, working evenings and weekends for a couple of weeks, and then I conducted some hearings with program officials; I felt that I already had all the information I needed to make my recommendations, but I wanted the agency staff to feel that I had given them every chance to make their case.

Toward the end of October I was ready to make my recommendations to my bosses. I proposed eliminating all funding for the institutional development program, and phasing out the scholarship program, resulting in a total savings of nearly 100 million dollars. I proposed that the savings from stopping these programs be used to increase NSF funding for basic research efforts, primarily to offset the cutbacks by the other Federal agencies. These changes would provide more opportunities for recent PhD graduates while ending the efforts to increase the glut of PhDs even more. The total budget for NSF would be about the same as requested by NSF, but with a major shift in how those funds were used. I figured that it would be difficult for the NSF Director to oppose my recommendations because he would have all of his research program directors urging him to accept this increase in research funding, and only two program directors urging him to oppose my recommended cuts in their programs.

My boss, Hugh Loweth, liked my recommendations, even though he had been the budget analyst for NSF back when these institutional development programs were started. He supported me when I made my recommendations to Jack Young, the Division Director, and Jack vigorously approved my proposals; he thought it was a great idea and a terrific strategy. My next step was to present my proposals at

Budget Review, to the panel of all the big wigs. My turn finally arrived. Hugh and I sat on one side of a long conference table. On the other side sat George Shultz, the OMB Director, Cap Weinberger, the Deputy Director of OMB, James Schlesinger, an Associate Director, Don Rice, the Associate Director responsible for NSF and many other agencies, Edward David, the President's Science Advisor, and a couple of other White House staffers.

(George Shultz had been Secretary of Labor before being appointed Director of OMB. Later, he was appointed Secretary of Treasury by Nixon, and then Secretary of State by Reagan. Cap Weinberger later became Director of OMB when Shultz left, and later he was appointed Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare by Nixon; he was Secretary of Defense under Reagan. James Schlesinger was later appointed Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, then CIA Director and then Secretary of Defense, by Nixon; he was Secretary of Energy under Carter. Don Rice later left OMB to become President of the RAND Corporation; later he was Secretary of the Air Force.)

My presentation followed a standard format for such Budget Review sessions. I first gave an overview of the NSF budget request, and then an overview of my recommendations. Then I presented three separate issue papers. The first paper focused on the institutional development program; I recommended no funding for the program; NSF asked for over \$60 million. After a brief discussion, they accepted my recommendation. Then I presented the issue paper regarding scholarships for graduate science students. I thought that George Shultz might object to this, because he was a former university professor and he still had close ties to universities. But again they accepted my recommendation. Finally, I presented the issue paper recommending a large increase in funding for research, over and above the amount requested by NSF, to help offset the cuts in basic research by other agencies. They loved it. All my recommendations were approved.

Now I had to prepare the materials to go to the President. The same issues would be presented to the President, but I had to summarize each issue on one page, with a one page overall summary of the NSF budget request and the OMB recommendations. A couple of weeks later, George Shultz met with the President to go over the NSF budget issues.

The next morning after Shultz met with the President, Jack Young, my Division Director, called me into his office. He told me that the President had approved my recommendations, but the President wanted OMB's recommendations on whether NSF could use an additional \$100 million, and if so, how should they use it. Jack said he needed a one page paper from me by noon with my recommendations on how NSF would use an additional \$100 million. It had to be no more than one page, and no later than noon. I had about two hours and 45 minutes, minus about one hour to get it typed with no errors (there were no word processors then). So I had less than two hours to figure out how the agency should spend \$100 million. Is this fun or what?

I knew that NSF could use another \$20 million to offset cuts by other agencies. And I knew that they could use about another \$20 million to fully offset the effects of inflation during the past couple of years. That would get the total funding for basic research back to the levels that they had been two years earlier. But what would they do with the other \$60 million? I decided that the \$60 million should be used to fund basic research that might help solve major national problems that were not being addressed by any other agency.

I had noticed in my study of NSF that their research grants were neatly categorized by traditional academic disciplines. They had grants for physics; grants for chemistry; grants for biology; grants for astronomy; grants for meteorology and geology, and even social sciences. I also noticed that they didn't know how to handle a proposal from a university researcher if the proposed research covered more than one discipline. For example, if a researcher wanted to work on understanding how certain materials reacted in a biological environment, the work might involve chemistry, physics, and biology issues, so which funding office should consider this proposal? Such research might be very important for solving problems related to surgical implants, for example, but it didn't fit neatly into any NSF discipline. NSF had even set up a small grant group called "Interdisciplinary Research" where such proposals were sent, but this group had a very limited budget and clearly was viewed as an undesirable stepchild by most of the scientists at NSF.

It seemed to me that NSF's funding should have been organized on the basis of providing understanding of the fundamental mysteries of the universe, rather than on the rather rigid academic disciplines. For example, an office might focus on funding research related to understanding the interaction of atoms in the formation of elements and new materials, which could provide the basis for new materials of use in industry, the military, space, medical applications, etc. The research might include physics, chemistry, astronomy or even biology, as long as the goal of the research was to improve the understanding of how materials are formed and modified. Such a goal-oriented approach to research funding would make it easier for NSF to support research being dropped by the other agencies, and it also might result in more funding for research which could have more near-term application to solving human problems, like reducing environmental pollution, increasing transportation safety, or improving efficiency in electricity generation.

Other agencies had been supporting basic research which had the goal of helping achieve the mission of the agency; NIH supported basic research which might eventually lead to a cure for cancer, for example; NASA supported basic research which might lead to better materials for space vehicles; and the Agriculture Department supported basic research on genetics which might lead to improved plants and animals for agriculture. But NSF had this strange notion that if they specified any possible ultimate goal for the research, such research would no longer be basic research; they thought their mission was to support creative scientists with bright ideas, and

just see what happens. But their organization structure meant that the bright ideas had to fit neatly within an existing academic discipline.

So I sat down and wrote a one page memo to the President, to be signed by George Shultz, which said the NSF would use an additional \$100 million as follows: \$20 million to fund good research being dropped by other agencies; \$20 million to offset the effects of inflation; and \$60 million to support goal-oriented research which had the potential to provide knowledge which could be used to help solve national problems. This research would be in areas not now funded by other agencies, and I gave some examples, including research related to improved transportation, telecommunications, electronics, and energy efficiency. I briefly explained why NSF was not funding such research now.

I got the paper typed and proofed and into Jack before noon. He liked my recommendations, and said he was going to walk it to the Associate Director for approval and then over to the West Wing of the White House to give it to George for his signature.

The next day Jack called me into his office. He handed me the memo I had written to the President. On the bottom of the page George Shultz had written: "this is what the President wants to do."

Wow! I still didn't quite believe that I could have so much influence. This was almost the opposite of the way things were done at AEC. There I always had to get four or more other staff offices to concur with any recommendation I made, plus several layers of supervisors had to approve. It would take weeks to get anything through the concurrence process. At OMB I had just recommended an entirely new program to be funded at \$60 million, and it had gone to the President and been approved in less than 24 hours. Amazing.

This is Fun

My boss also was quite amazed. There had never been such major changes in NSF programs in any one year before. It was unprecedented that a budget analyst would have this much influence. Most budget analysts would recommend some relatively minor decreases or increases, but it was rare that a budget analyst would recommend and obtain approval of a program that had not been requested by the agency.

But now we had to meet with the Director of NSF and his key staff to inform them of the President's decision, and see if they were going to appeal any of the decisions. I arranged a meeting in one of the large, impressive conference rooms in the Old Executive Office Building. NSF was informed that the Director and a small number of his trusted staff should attend. On the OMB side would be the Associate Director Don Rice, Jack Young, Hugh Loweth, and me. We also asked the President's Science Advisor to be there, to help emphasize that these changes in the NSF budget had

been carefully considered by the President; they were not just OMB's positions. The meeting was scheduled for late that afternoon, at 5:00. It was already dark outside on this December afternoon. The NSF officials entered the conference room; they were surprised at the formality of the meeting, and more surprised that the science advisor was there. They appeared to be apprehensive; normally the budget markup is passed back in a more informal manner, and usually the agency head does not attend, and the science advisor had never before attended such a budget meeting with NSF. It was obvious that this was going to be either very bad news or very good news, and they didn't expect good news.

Don Rice and the science advisor proceeded to inform the NSF officials of the budget decisions. The total budget approved by the President for NSF would be \$100 million higher than that requested by NSF. This was a shock; the NSF Assistant Director couldn't contain a smile. Then they were informed that there were to be some major changes in how those funds were to be used: the institutional development programs were to be terminated; the graduate student scholarship program was to be phased out with no new awards; basic research funding was to be increased to offset cuts in other agencies; and NSF was to start new programs to support goal-oriented basic research with the objective of finding solutions to major national problems not being funded by other agencies. They were told that NSF would be expected to propose the target problem areas to be funded, but OMB would need to approve their proposed target areas and their proposed organization to manage the new programs.

The NSF officials sat there in an apparent state of shock for several seconds; the Director looked at his staff, who smiled and shrugged their shoulders. Then the Director said: This is great; it is exactly the right decision. I agree that those two programs should be ended, but I couldn't make that recommendation because of all the political pressure I'm under from the program officers, the National Science Board and from the Hill.

There were handshakes and back slapping all around, and they were all congratulating each other on such a great outcome. Except for me; I was just the lowly staff person at the end of the table. Some of the NSF staff knew that I had made some of these recommendations, but they had no idea that I could have been responsible for all those changes. As the meeting broke up, I reminded everyone that NSF would now need to revise their budget submission to go into the President's budget, and we would need their proposals for the new goal-oriented research programs. I was just the junior staff guy taking care of the details.

I was quite surprised that the NSF Director agreed with all the decisions, and there would be no appeals. I had expected a contentious appeals session. But I was most shocked that the NSF Director really believed that those programs should be terminated, but he felt no responsibility to make such a recommendation. A sorry state of affairs for all taxpayers.

The next morning Hugh Loweth called me into his office for a chat. He congratulated me on a great job. But he said there was a problem with all this success: what was I going to do for an encore? How could I match this next year? I have created expectations that will be almost impossible to live up to in the future. Hugh said he wasn't trying to discourage me, but he thought I needed to give more thought to my own career rather than just doing a good job.

He pointed out that many of the budget analysts who moved up in the organization the fastest were those who were always looking out for themselves; they spent effort kissing up to the right people; they took credit for everything they did as well as what others did, whenever they could get away with it. A couple of examples of analysts who were very good at marketing themselves were Paul O'Neill and Don Derman. They weren't any better as budget analysts than many others, but they were very aggressive in promoting themselves, and had been moved up to Branch Chiefs and were likely to get Division Director jobs soon. He noted that I was being a little shy about claiming credit for my successes. I responded that I thought that good work would be recognized, but maybe I'm naïve. Hugh thought I was naïve; good work has to be marketed, just like anything else. But Hugh admitted that he didn't do a good job of marketing himself either.

But I did get some reward. I was promoted to GS-15, with a salary of \$23,000, which was equivalent to about \$109,000 in 2020. This is the highest grade level for a public servant who is not in a supervisory position. So I had reached the top promotion level for a specialist; in order to go higher I would have to move into a supervisory role, where the bulk of my responsibilities would be supervising the work of others. I had made it to the top in 8 ½ years; promoted six times in 8 ½ years, which was very good but not spectacular.

1970 was the first year that I really felt good about my career. I was enjoying the work; I felt I was doing something very useful; and I was never bored. I loved working for OMB. This was my kind of place.

Things also were going well at home. We finally had enough money to buy some of the things we wanted for the house, and we could even afford to go out to dinner now and then. Jan particularly liked to go to the Charcoal Inn restaurant in Gaithersburg where we usually had surf and turf, with South African lobster tail and a small filet mignon, with baked potato, salad and wine. We also could now take the whole family out to dinner on special occasions, including every child's birthday. And we joined the indoor swimming pool and spa, where we went swimming in the heated pool on cold winter days.

At Christmas time, all OMB staff members were invited to come to the White House for a lighting of the Christmas tree in the East Room, so Jan and I went and pretended we were VIPs.

Back at work in the new year, I was working with NSF to try to get them to correctly describe and justify the termination of the two development programs and the new goal-oriented research programs. They decided to name the new programs "Research Applied to National Needs". We had several disagreements on how the program would be described to Congress, and I had to rewrite much of the material to get it right. The NSF academic types had great difficulty understanding the concept of goal-oriented research, or if they understood, they didn't agree. But this was the President's budget, and I had the final say on what was said.

During these first weeks of the new year I also had responsibility for pulling together a summary of all budget numbers for research and development by all government agencies and then describing any significant changes or trends. This helped give me a much better understanding of all the R&D programs in the government.

After the President's budget was submitted to Congress, I was busy reviewing and revising proposed NSF testimony before Congressional Committees and responding to requests from Congress for more information about the changes in NSF programs. I also started a review of how NSF was managing all of its research programs, to determine whether they had systems in place to evaluate the results of the research it was supporting. I knew that they had a "peer review" system to evaluate proposed research, but there appeared to be no follow-up to see what was accomplished with the NSF funds.

In the spring of 1971, I bought a new Saab. My old 1963 Saab now had lots of miles and was becoming unreliable, so I traded it in on a new model, which had a regular four cylinder engine and much more room than the old Saab, and it had more of a sporty look. I was feeling pretty rich driving my sporty new car. I also took time away from work to take the family to see the cherry blossoms around the tidal basin.

The four offspring are reluctantly posing for a photo in front of the Tidal Basin, in April, 1971.



Swim Team

That spring, Jan got involved in helping to organize a new swim team for the kids in the Stedwick community. The swimming pool would be finished that spring, and we would have a place for practice sessions and swim meets. Jan helped get parents involved and kids registered for the team. Coaches were hired, and as soon as school was out that summer, our kids joined the team for practice sessions. Cheryl was in the 13-14 age group, Chris was in the 9-10 group, and Greg and Cindy were in the 8 and Under category. Cheryl and Chris were both competing against swimmers who had been swimming competitively for a few years, so it was very difficult for them to finish among the top three swimmers in their event. Greg was seven and by the end of the swim season he was starting to win some ribbons, particularly in backstroke. Cindy had just turned six and was learning her strokes. I was able to make it to a couple of the swim meets that summer.

Jan and I continued to play tennis whenever possible, and I had frequent matches with Howard Rohm. I also took up sailing small sunfish sail boats on Lake Whetstone in the village. I could rent one of the little sail boats inexpensively, at the dock on the lake, and I learned how to get some good speed out of those little boats on a breezy day.

At work, I completed my review of NSF management of its research programs and prepared a report for OMB and NSF management. In essence, the report concluded that the NSF was not making efforts to ensure that taxpayers' monies were being used properly or effectively; they were doing little more than throwing money at scientists who had been able to convince some of their peers that they were good guys. I recommended that NSF needed to establish systems to follow up on each of its research grants to ensure that the funds were first used for the purpose intended, and secondly that they were producing useful results, i.e., making progress toward understanding a specified phenomenon. This may require additional scientific staff at NSF to provide this oversight, but without it we really had no idea whether we were just wasting taxpayers' money.

My report was highly praised by OMB management. The Assistant Director, Don Rice, was so impressed that he took the time to send me a note. He said: "I realize that the press of day-to-day business makes it difficult to find the time for the kind of in-depth research and thought you obviously put into the paper. The initiative required on your part under these circumstances makes the quality of the paper all the more noteworthy." I'm going to have to get a larger hat size if this continues.

The response from NSF was not so universally positive. The NSF Director and his immediate staff agreed with most of my conclusions and recommendations, but the more entrenched science bureaucrats were completely opposed to the concept that recipients of NSF grant funds should be held responsible for any results. The NSF

Director promised to take action to try to implement my recommendations, but it was clear that it would be an uphill battle.

More Responsibilities

This year I also was given responsibility for reviewing all Federal research support programs which were funded by more than one agency, to ensure a coherent and coordinated Federal effort. The major multi-agency programs I was to be responsible for included astronomy research, which was supported by NSF and NASA; weather prediction and modification research, which was supported by NSF and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in the Department of Commerce; and earth sciences, supported by NSF and the Geologic Survey in the Department of Interior. This should help keep me from getting bored. By October I was expected to know what these other agencies were doing and planning to do in these research fields, and assess whether and how those programs fit with what NSF was doing.

I soon identified a major issue in the area of astronomy. Both NASA and NSF were proposing large, long-term projects in astronomy. NASA was proposing a new space-based optical telescope (which would later be named Hubble), which would provide astronomers with a view of the universe unimpeded by the distortion effects of the earth's atmosphere. NSF was proposing a Very Large Array of radio antennas which would consist of 27 antennas arrayed on rails in a Y-shape so that the array could be contracted or expanded as needed to focus on space objects of interest. Each antenna would be 82 feet in diameter, and the total system would provide resolution equivalent to an antenna 22 miles across. Both of these proposals would be expensive to build and then require substantial continued annual funding to utilize the instruments effectively. My job was to recommend whether one, both or neither of these proposals should be funded. I had a few months to learn enough about the goals of astronomy research and the capabilities of astronomical observatories to be able to make a recommendation to the President.

After a week or so of studying this astronomy issue, I discovered that there was substantial disagreement among leading astronomers and science administrators regarding which of these two observatories should be funded. There was a general expectation that there would not be adequate funding to proceed with both the Hubble telescope and the Very Large Array of radio antennas. Some astronomers thought that all available new funding should go to the space-based optical telescope, while others thought that an optical telescope in space was so complex and expensive that it would be decades before it could be achieved and we should proceed with the Very Large Array which would provide critical information on distant galaxies much sooner. A few optimists thought we should proceed with both systems.

NSF was pushing for funding for the Very Large Array, of course, but they were not optimistic about receiving approval of \$78 million for design and construction, and they also wanted more funding to support astronomers working at existing observa-

tories. NASA was desperately trying to gain approval of new missions now that the Lunar Landing program had been completed, and the space-based telescope was a key part of this effort to define new missions. The Office of Science and Technology in the White House was not particularly excited about either proposal; they preferred increasing the budgets to improve utilization of existing observatories. If any extra funding were available for a new observatory, they preferred the space-based system.

I set about studying the capabilities of the existing observatories and the projected capabilities of the two new systems. I examined the potential for science advances if funding were increased for existing observatories. I studied the estimated schedules and budgets for developing the two new systems and obtained independent assessments of the validity of those estimates.

I concluded that it did not make sense to increase funding for researchers to use existing observatories, because the usefulness of those observatories was seriously limited by their technology. The only major advantage of increasing funding for them would be to provide employment for more astronomers, rather than advance knowledge of the universe. I didn't see a national need to employ more astronomers, even though both NSF and the President's science advisor were supporting such increases.

I also concluded that the space-based optical observatory was the most desirable of the two systems, in theory, in terms of potential science breakthroughs, but there were so many uncertainties about the feasibility of placing such a working system in space in the next several decades that it was risky to place all of our bets on that one system. I concluded that the Very Large Array was a proven system, using tested antenna and proven data processing systems, and that it could be built and in use in less than ten years, compared with probably 25 to 30 years for the space-based system. The Very Large Array would provide us with the capability to study radio wave emissions throughout the universe, including emissions from solar flares on our sun or from the most distant galaxies. It would be able to provide much of the information that could be obtained with a space-based telescope, and it would provide some critical information which would not be available from any optical telescope.

I prepared a detailed paper analyzing the alternative funding options and recommending that the Very Large Array be funded in the upcoming budget, with no increases in funding for existing observatories. I also recommended that funding be provided to NASA to continue research and design to develop a large space-based optical telescope as the next major new observatory after the Very Large Array. The office of the President's Science Advisor did not like my recommendation not to increase funding for existing observatories, but they decided to support my recommendations in hopes of getting support for both of these new observatories.

At my budget review session with the Director and other senior staff in early November of 1971, I presented the astronomy issue as one of four major decisions to be made regarding the NSF and related science budgets. My recommendations were approved by the Director of OMB and by the President, and were submitted to Congress for action. On the astronomy issue as well as other issues, it was clear that my recommendation was critical. If I had recommended against funding the Very Large Array, I would have been supported by the President's Science Advisor and others. If I had recommended more funding for work at existing observatories I would have been supported by the President's Science Advisor and others. If I had recommended no increases in funding for anything in astronomy, it probably would have been approved by my bosses and the President. I continued to be surprised and amazed at the influence which could be exercised by OMB budget analysts who were willing to take a stand on issues.

Note: the Very Large Array was funded by Congress in 1972 as requested by the President's budget. Construction started in early 1973, and was completed in 1980, within budget and nearly one year ahead of schedule. It is located on the Plains of San Augustin, west of Socorro, New Mexico. The official history of the VLA notes that the project was approved by Congress in 1972; it does not note that it might never have been built if I had not made the effort to justify the investment. The Hubble space-based telescope was initially deployed in space in 1990, but an error in developing the telescope lens and other technical problems required extensive repair over the next few years before Hubble was able to provide the expected spectacular views of our universe.

Carl and Esther Come to Washington

Mom and dad came to visit us for Thanksgiving in 1971. They took the bus from Minneapolis to Washington, DC. They spent about ten days with us and I was able to take a few days off work and we showed them all the sights in the Washington area, including my office in the Executive Office Building, and the White House.

This is mom and dad and the gang on the lawn at Mt. Vernon, with the Potomac River in the background.



Dad had not fully recovered from his heart attack and fall. Although he was now able to travel, he still seemed to be very frail, although he was only 68 years old. In late November, I took them to Union Station in DC to catch a sleeper train which would take them to New Orleans and then on to Texas where they were going to spend part of the winter with my brother Wally and his wife Ginger.

As 1971 ended, we were a pretty contented family. I liked my job. Jan liked our town-house and seemed to be happier with her role as mother and housewife. The kids had adjusted to living in Montgomery Village, and had made new friends. We had enough money to meet our needs. Life was good. But I was already 33 years old and I still had not made any major changes in the world.

To be continued

Coming next: Career Success, 1972 - 1980