

CHAPTER 6:

TRANSITIONS BACK TO COUNTRY LIFE

1980 - 1991

I am returning to this autobiography after a lapse of many years. It is now 2020, and 40 years have passed since 1980 when this story resumes. Therefore, be aware that I will not be going into as much detail as in some of the previous chapters, because I have either forgotten the events or I have decided they are not important enough to note, based on my current distant perspective.

The 1980s was a time of major changes in my life; some may have called it my mid-life crisis; some may have thought I had lost my mind. But I made a major decision in early 1980 to change the direction of my life, to get off the track I had been on to gain higher positions in the Federal government. I came to the realization that obtaining higher positions did not result in any real benefits to me, just more work and more frustrations. Primarily because of this decision, the next few years was a time of substantial change, causing much disruption for those around me.

My kids were growing up and going off to college. Cheryl graduated from Towson State University and went on to graduate from Law School at the University of Maryland. Chris studied electronics and other courses, and then enlisted in the Air Force, after being a beach bum in California. Greg graduated from high school and went on to Towson State University. Cindy graduated from high school and went on to graduate from the University of Maryland. Cheryl got married to Allen Myers. Chris and Greg both went through many lady friends. And Cindy had many boyfriends and finally settled on Ted Hart. Jan got a full-time job as an administrative and office manager, and got paid very well. I quit my job with the US government, started my own businesses, divorced Jan, sold our house in Montgomery Village, bought a "country estate" in Virginia, and generally created havoc in our family life.

Jan Provides Financial Support to the Family

Jan gave up on making money as a real estate agent. In 1980, she reported \$50 in income and over \$500 in expenses from her real estate work; not exactly what she was expecting. So she took a job as an administrator with Vector Research Corporation, and quickly became a key part of their organization. For the first time since I was in graduate school, she was an important contributor to the family income, and I expect it gave her a lift in her feeling of self-worth and independence. She had worked as a secretary for a group of veterinarian college professors at the University of Minnesota, when I was a

student, and had done very well. Now she was back in that kind of job, and was greatly appreciated by her employer. By 1982 her income significantly exceeded the national average household income, and in 1983 her income was about equal to my earnings.

This added income was welcomed as our kids were going off to college or other post high school education. Cheryl graduated from Towson State University in 1980, and began her law school education that fall at the University of Maryland Law School in Baltimore. Christopher took courses in air conditioning at a technical school, and then in 1981 he decided to explore living in California (with my financial support). Gregory graduated from high school in 1981, and started college at Towson State University that fall. And Cindy graduated from high school in 1983, and started college at the University of Maryland that fall. So, for a few years we were supporting two or three children getting a higher education

Leaving the Government

Meanwhile, at the start of 1980, many critical changes had occurred at the Department of Energy. Secretary Schlesinger had left in 1979, and a new Secretary, with new people, had taken charge. As noted in the previous chapter, Al Alm, my immediate boss, also had departed, and so had Bill Fischer who had taken Al's place as Assistant Secretary. Unfortunately for me, I did not know the new Assistant Secretary, and he was listening to those people in DOE who were opposed to my role as head of Emergency Response Planning. He didn't even meet with me. He just reorganized offices to place my group under one of the deputy assistant secretaries, and ignored me and the work of our office.

I had been giving lots of thought to my future career in recent months, with maybe an epiphany about whether I was going in the right direction. When I graduated from high school, I was focused on surviving financially – making a decent living at a job that was not terribly unsafe. But by the time I had my Master's degree, I knew I could get a job to make a good living, and my goals had expanded to getting a job where I could make a positive impact on society. I had become an idealist or a humanitarian, because I concluded that with education one could easily make a good income while also doing something with a larger community value. And during the past 18 years working for the government, I had believed I had made a positive impact on our society, as well as making a decent income. But now I had become disillusioned about continuing down this path. I had risen to the highest level in the Civil Service, and found that I was spending less time doing good works and more time dealing with personnel and administrative problems. And I didn't see that changing. I had worked with several political appointees in the Executive Branch, and realized that most of them were bogged down with process most of the time, with little impact on any program substance. And I discovered that even most Congressional Representatives had little influence on program substance until they had been in Congress for many years and had become chair of an important committee or subcommittee. In fact, they spent much of their time raising funds and campaigning for the next election. I had become a cynic.

I decided I would not accept being pushed off to the side, and I announced I was leaving the Department of Energy. I had given careful consideration to this decision. I was still young – turning 42 years old. I needed to work in government another 13 years to be able to retire at age 55 with 30 years of service. Maybe I could find another position in government that would be interesting and rewarding, and maybe even one where I did not report directly to political appointees. My recent experiences had convinced me that dealing with the political machinations was not fun and was not rewarding; rather than doing good I was spending most of my time trying to please short-term bosses who frequently were pursuing their own narrow objectives, or dealing with attempts by competitors who were trying to take my job.

I decided I did not want to deal with the political nonsense for another 13 years until I could retire from the government. I could have done like many others, and accepted my lower level status, with little to do and little or no influence, and waited for a possible future opportunity, but I knew I would not be happy in that role.

Since my college days I had been intent on having a career in which I could make an important contribution to society. It had been clear to me that I did not want a job just to make money; I wanted a career that would give me enough income to meet my basic needs while giving me an opportunity to contribute to society. And to date I had been able to stick to that goal. Most of my positions in government were such that I felt I was making a difference – contributing to the common good. But now I believed I could no longer do that in the Department of Energy. And I thought I should learn what work in the private, profit-making sector was all about. Was it just a way to make money, or could it also make a contribution to society? I would find out.

I had started looking for positions outside of government. I interviewed with several consulting firms in the DC area. Because my children were in school in the DC area, I felt that I could not consider moving outside the Washington area.

Of course, I had a nagging concern that leaving DOE might be a bad decision financially. Did it make sense for me to leave my secure government position? If I stayed until I was 55 years old, I could retire with a very nice retirement income, and then decide if I wanted to work in the private sector. I was at the Supergrade level, with a very good income that would keep increasing with the cost of living. I would continue to receive just about the maximum income for a civil servant, even if I never got another raise. But I could withdraw the money I had contributed to my retirement, invest it, and it would make a good start toward a retirement income, and any private sector job I took probably would have a retirement plan of some sort, so I was not much concerned about the financial aspects of my decision.

Meanwhile, Al Alm had been lobbying John Sawhill, the Deputy Secretary, and convinced him that it would be bad if I left DOE – I should continue in charge of emergency response planning, and I could report directly to Sawhill, not to any Assistant Secretary or Deputy Assistant. The Deputy Secretary was convinced that it would be helpful to have a small emergency planning office reporting directly to him, because emergency response efforts

were distributed throughout the Department, with no central coordination. The office responsible for price regulations was deeply involved in supply emergencies; the International Division had a large role in collecting and analyzing world oil supply conditions; the Energy Information Administration was responsible for collecting and analyzing production, refining, inventory, and pricing data; the Strategic Petroleum Reserve Office was responsible for planning the development and use of the Reserve; and the Assistant Secretary for Policy was responsible for recommending overall oil and gas policy. It made sense to have a small office with the authority to quickly pull together a Department-wide response in an emergency, and it was likely that the country would be hit with additional oil supply emergencies in coming years.

Deputy Secretary Sawhill called me and asked if I would head such a new Office of Emergency Response reporting directly to him. I was already in the midst of interviews for a new job, and my staff had arranged a going away party for me. I said I would consider the offer, but I needed to have a few weeks. Sawhill agreed, but he kept calling me about every other day to urge me to accept.

After several interviews, and good offers from at least three consulting firms in the area, I accepted an offer from Sobotka & Associates, a petroleum consulting firm in DC that did work primarily for EPA and DOE. My salary would be a good increase over my current government salary, and they had excellent benefits, including a major contribution to a retirement fund that was fully vested and I could take it with me if I left. I informed John Sawhill of my decision, with a bit of regret that I was giving up an opportunity to work directly for him (and create consternation for those in DOE who had opposed me).

A major factor in deciding to not accept Sawhill's offer was my expectation that it was highly likely that President Carter would not be reelected, and in that case John Sawhill would be leaving the Department. When Sawhill left I probably would not have a mentor in the Department, and I would be suspect as a high level holdover from the prior administration. And a Republican administration would probably not give much attention to emergency planning, oil storage, or other areas of my experience, so it would be likely that I could spend the next eight years in the wilderness in the Federal government. I probably could go back to the Office of Management and Budget, but I had done that. It was time to try a new career track.

Horrors

I soon learned that life as a private sector consultant was the pits. First, it was much too relaxed for me. I was used to intense activity and pressure in my last several government jobs, and I found I really couldn't even pretend I was busy as a consultant. Second, I was used to being contacted by high level people inside and outside the government who either wanted to influence me or wanted information from me, or wanted me to do something for them immediately. In my new consulting role almost no one was contacting me – I was no longer in a position of power or influence. Third, I was expected to spend

a large portion of my time marketing, to bring in contracts for the company, not just to support my own salary, but also the salary of other staff and top management, as well as the overhead of the company. Time spent in actually performing the work under the contracts was of secondary importance to bringing in more contracts. Although government agencies expected me to personally do much of the work on a contract awarded to us, because I was the person with expertise, the company management expected me to delegate much of the work to junior staff so I could spend much of my time on marketing. And that's the way the consulting business works – there is always a need to be looking for the next contract. Fourth, the substantive work I was doing was of little national importance compared to the work I had been doing at OMB, or at the Strategic Petroleum Reserve, or at the DOE Office of Emergency Preparedness. And as time went by, I was even more convinced that much of the work I was doing was largely a waste of time. Frequently the reports I produced and submitted to the government seemed to disappear without a trace – like dropping it into a bottomless well - not even a faint splash.

I also missed some of the professional and personal interactions with people in the government. There were fewer people with similar interests and experiences to interact with in the consulting business.

Even though I was not very enthusiastic about the consulting business, I managed to bring in a substantial amount of new work – more than enough to cover my salary a few times over. I led a few study projects, including a cost-benefit analysis of producing ethanol from corn to mix with gasoline for transportation fuel. Our study concluded that the costs of ethanol production, even on a large scale, would not be such as to compete with gasoline prices except with a large subsidy. (Unfortunately, the government provided such a large subsidy for many years, and now provides an indirect subsidy by requiring refineries to include ethanol in gasoline, with the extra costs passed on to gasoline consumers. These subsidies have had only a small impact on reducing our dependence on foreign oil, but it has resulted in a boom in corn production in the country.)

After several months as a consultant, I was sure that this was not something I wanted to do on a long-term basis. I began considering other options, including starting my own consulting firm where at least I would have the challenge of managing a firm, and I could make my own policies about how to run the firm. Or I could consider working for a firm that is not marketing to the government – one that is marketing primarily to the private sector. Or I could consider going back into the Federal government, in a new agency – not DOE or OMB; maybe enjoy a new experience. I was offered a position back at OMB, but at a level lower than the one I had left. And I interviewed for a few positions that seemed interesting in other agencies; I was a finalist for a couple positions, but did not receive any immediate offers. I had been a member of the Senior Executive Service for a few years before I left the government, and now I was making a higher salary than even the top career position in the government. There were very few jobs open that were at that top level, and hiring personnel were leery of hiring someone at a pay level below what they had held previously, based on a history of poor experiences in those situations.

Started My Own Consulting Firm

Meanwhile, I was pursuing the option of starting my own consulting firm. I had assurances from a couple of agency contacts that they would provide contracts to my firm if I started my own business, and two people who had worked for me in DOE indicated they might join me if I started my own firm.

In the spring of 1981, I left Sobotka and Co. and opened a new firm. I incorporated as Hystad & Associates, Inc., found office space, produced marketing materials, acquired office equipment, hired a secretary, and obtained my first contract, to perform a study for the DOE.

A few weeks later I was joined by two former staffers who were in my office in the Petroleum Reserve Office, Gus Whiton and Richard Zabell. They were both competent analysts who also had experience working for consulting firms and marketing to government agencies.

Dad Died

In June, 1981, I took a break from the new business to spend time with my dad in Watford City, ND. He had been in poor health for several years, primarily due to cigarette smoking, and his lungs were in bad condition. Mom asked me to come home and spend some time with him – she thought the end was near. Jan, Greg, Cindy and I drove to Watford, where dad was now in the hospital, with an oxygen tube assisting his breathing. I spent much of my time over the following two weeks sitting at his bedside. We told stories to each other, even though I often had trouble hearing dad due to his weak breath. I probably spent more time listening to dad during those weeks than I had in all my prior life.

Mom also spent much of her time in the hospital room with dad, and dad frequently demanded that she take him home. Mom knew she could not take care of him properly at home, and she came to dread his pleas or demands that she get him out of the hospital.

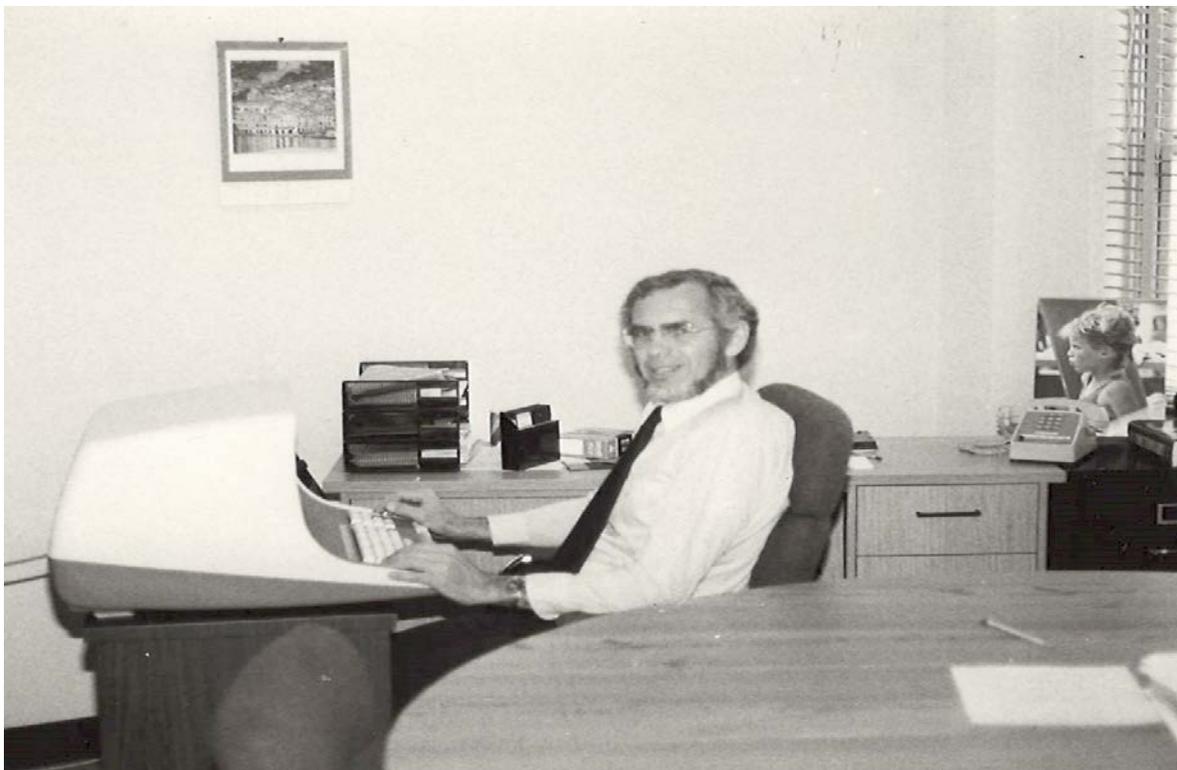
In early July we left Watford and drove back to Maryland. A few days later I received a phone call from mom – dad had passed away. She had relented and brought him home – she had a nurse to help a few hours a day. He lived only a few days at home, and his heart stopped while mom was holding him as he was being cleaned. He died on July 13, 1981, 77 years and 11 months since his birth on August 13, 1903. Mom scheduled his funeral for July 17 – she apologized that she had not realized at the time that the 17th was my birthday. She told me that she did not expect me to come back to Watford for the funeral; I had spent all those days with him in the hospital, and that was much more important than attending a funeral after he was gone.

I took mom's advice and did not attend the funeral. My eight siblings attended, and it is likely that few noticed my absence. They gave dad a good send-off, and laid him to rest in the Schafer Cemetery a mile east of Watford City.

Desktop Computer – A Technological Revolution in the Office

One of the first actions we took in establishing Hystad & Associates was to purchase a "micro" computer and a printer to go with it. This was in 1981 when micro computers were very new in the computer business. IBM had not yet decided that these desktop computers were worth their time and attention. Our computer was a Superbrain, which consisted of one unit containing a key board, a mother board, and two floppy disk drives. A very limited amount of software was available for the machine. We purchased WordStar for word processing, and DataStar for data processing. The program floppy disk went in one of the floppy disk drives, and the other drive was for the floppy disk that contained the word documents or data files. The printer was basically a modified typewriter with mechanical keys hitting the paper on the feeder roller. It was very heavy and extremely loud – it was so noisy that we installed it in a big surrounding box with a lid to muffle some of the sound. By today's standards the computer and printer were hardly recognizable, but it was a huge improvement over typewriters and adding machines or slide rules. And our secretary quickly learned how to use the software.

A photo of me at the Superbrain computer in the offices of Hystad & Associates.



I realized that the advent of these micro computers would change the way offices functioned. My experience up to then had been typical of office workers everywhere. I prepared letters, reports, and other documents by writing on a legal size yellow pad, giving it to a typist who would type a draft, which I would then mark up. She (typists were always a "she") would then completely retype the document in final, probably with two or three carbon copies because copy machines were rare or poor quality. If the document were going to an important person, such as anyone outside the organization, there could not be any obvious errors or corrections in the document. So it was not uncommon for the typist to retype the piece once or twice before it was acceptable. And if the document required the approval of other staff offices or a chain of supervisors, which was almost always the case in a government agency, it was extremely rare to get it through without one or more changes requiring complete retyping. This process created lots of jobs for good typists and lots of frustration for the people trying to turn out a document in a hurry.

Now with these new desktop computers, there was no longer a need to completely retype a paper. Just make the corrections or changes, print it out, and you were done. And you could print out more copies if desired. I had a few colleagues who had been able to acquire their own desktop computers, who had decided the fastest and easiest thing to do was to learn to type and type the material themselves rather than writing it out long hand or dictating it. They could quickly revise and edit it, without waiting for a typist, and they could produce a higher quality document in a shorter period of time. I had never learned the touch system of typing. Professional office workers were discouraged from typing themselves, and were almost never given access to a typewriter to learn on their own. I had spent years doing a bit of typing in the hunt and peck mode, and was faster than many, but still extremely slow compared with the touch method. Therefore, I taught myself to touch type. I bought an instruction book, and whenever I had some spare time I would practice on an old typewriter, until I had memorized the keys, and my fingers knew where to go on the keyboard without me thinking about it. My yellow pad writing was a thing of the past. And it saved many hours of my time and the time of an assistant.

The company did well and we quickly had work to keep all of us busy most of the time. A major project was to assist the Energy Information Administration in DOE determine what specific data they should be collecting from industry regarding oil and gas production, refining, distribution, consumption and pricing, as well as the relative importance of each piece of data to the various data users. We did a good job and the clients were pleased, which is as good as it gets in the consulting business.

Cheryl Got Married

In the summer of 1982, Cheryl married Allen Myers. They had been dating for a few years, after meeting while students at Towson State University. Allen was working towards his PhD degree, and Cheryl was in law school, both at universities in Baltimore. They had a lovely wedding in an historic venue in the suburbs of Baltimore, and they were living in a nice apartment in the area. My mother and Jan's mother were both able to

come to the wedding, and there were many guests from among our neighbors in Fairidge, as well as many of Cheryl's and Allen's school friends.

Below is the wedding photo of my lovely daughter Cheryl, with my new son-in-law, Allen. And a photo of Jan and me at the wedding reception. It looks like I was feeling like a king!



It was a warm summer evening and the building was a bit hot, so the guests were quick to get to the bar when it opened after the wedding. One of the first people to the bar ordered a gin and tonic – a nice drink on a warm evening. And almost everyone following in line decided a gin and tonic was the perfect drink – better than wine or beer or some other mixed drink. Long before everyone had been served, they were about to run out of tonic, and getting low on gin; they needed to make a run to resupply. Just a typical problem in catering such an event!

Changes In the Business

When Gus Whiton and Richard Zabell joined me at Hystad & Associates, I had agreed that they could bring along two colleagues who they had worked with in another consulting firm. I was not thrilled with this – two more people to support, unless they were very good at marketing. Unfortunately, they did not have the experience or personalities to be good marketers, and worse, they were aggressive in wanting to do things their way in the company and seemed to enjoy harassing the rest of us.

After some months of dealing with their complaints and attempts to make decisions for the company, I was losing patience. One of the reasons I left the government and started Hystad & Associates was to get away from the wasteful and annoying infighting that is common in a large organization. After discussing the problem with Whiton, I concluded that those two were not going to change their personalities, so I decided that either those two needed to leave to company, or I would. Whiton and Zabell decided they couldn't fire their friends, so all four of them would leave. Fine. I was left with a secretary and some part time assistants. No problem. I had the expertise and reputation to obtain business, and no need to worry about supporting the other staff members. I would rather spend my time doing the substantive analytical work than wasting my time with personnel issues.

I continued to do work for DOE, including a project for the Naval Petroleum Reserve office. I also did work for the National Science Foundation, and for a few private firms. Over the next couple of years I also worked on several major tasks with Smokey Field, who I knew from the Strategic Petroleum Reserve Office days, who had started his own consulting business. He was good at marketing, and obtained some large contracts that required several staff with expertise in the petroleum-related programs of the Federal government. I worked for a couple of weeks on a project in Singapore; several weeks on a project in San Francisco; and several weeks on a project in Los Alamos, NM, as well as on several smaller projects. This was a good arrangement – I could spend most of my time doing substantive work rather than marketing, and I avoided most of the internal politics and infighting associated with a larger organization.

Marriage Problems

In 1983, our four children were all through high school, and they demanded less personal effort (but more money). This reduced the responsibility I felt to maintain a harmonious family life for my children. In August 1983, I told Jan that I wanted a divorce. She was extremely unhappy about that news. I have learned that the person not initiating a break up is almost always very devastated by such news; in some cases it is because they want the relationship to continue, and in other cases it is because they take it as a personal insult; it is an attack on their character and their status as a good, desirable person. In many cases it is probably both - they want the relationship to continue, and they are personally insulted that they are being dumped, and their self-esteem has been attacked.

I'm guessing that Jan may have even considered initiating a divorce, but because I initiated it, the insult may have been more devastating than the separation. I do not know if that were the case with Jan. But I do know that she was extremely hurt, and the impact on our four kids was greater than I had anticipated. All four of them were terribly upset at the loss of our happy family, and I believe that their opinion of me dropped by several notches.

My own experience with my parents probably led me to believe that my children would not be very concerned if Jan and I split; I left home the day after my high school graduation, and never had much concern about the state of the family after I left. I had looked forward to leaving home – getting away from an undesirable situation. If I had fully appreciated the impact on Jan and my kids, I may not have decided to end the marriage. But once one starts the process of separation, it is not really feasible to say “oops, I made a mistake – I was just kidding – let's stay together”.

One thing I was sure of. I did not want to get married again any time soon. I thought that if I got married again it would be only if I found someone who I was certain would be a better partner – someone better than me, I guess.

Our divorce was completed with relatively little acrimony. We did not waste much money on attorneys. Jan's income at the time was equal to or greater than mine, and she had good health and retirement benefits. We agreed that she would get 60% of all our assets, which was primarily the equity in the house, and I would pay an alimony indefinitely, based on the difference between our salaries, unless she remarried. I was responsible for paying the costs for college for our children, as well as continuing to support Chris as needed. I borrowed funds to pay Jan the 60% of our estimated assets, which assumed the house was worth \$140,000, and I assumed full ownership of the house. Jan purchased a condominium in Bethesda, and took whatever furnishings she wished from the Fairidge house. She also got the newest car we owned. I initially attempted to sell the Fairidge house, but the housing market was bad at the time, so I rented out most of the house as sort of a group house, to four renters, which covered the mortgage and some of the other expenses.

Things were a bit tight financially because I was paying for Greg in his third year at Towson State, and for Cindy who was starting her first year at the University of Maryland. Fortunately, Cheryl had just graduated from law school and was starting on her professional career as an attorney. Chris decided to enlist in the Air Force, and soon headed for basic training. He was later based at Loring Air Force Base in northern Maine, where I visited him for a few days while on a driving trip in New England and the Canadian provinces. Loring at one time was the largest base for the Strategic Air Command, and had about 9,000 military personnel at its peak. (The base closed in 1994 after the end of the cold war.) Chris worked as an air conditioner specialist, maintaining and repairing air conditioner units for offices and base housing. I learned many years later that Chris was already starting to suffer from bipolar disorder which caused mood swings from depression to manic behavior.

In 1985, the housing market had recovered somewhat and I was able to sell the house in Fairidge for \$132,000, which was less than the 1983 estimated value of \$140,000, but it was not a bad increase from the purchase price of about \$50,000.

Cooperating With Brubach Corporation

Hystad & Associates had been renting office space from the Brubach Corporation, a small personnel recruiting firm that had a lease on more space than they needed. The company was owned by Elizabeth Brubach, aka Betty or EYB. I had noticed that the firm, with only two or three employees, had no established accounting system, and was generally not well aware of its financial condition. I offered to set up an accounting system for the firm, using my computer and accounting software, for a reasonable fee.

As I had spare time in my work at Hystad & Associates in 1984 and 85, I started doing some recruiting work for Brubach's clients. I recruited some senior staff for companies, including architects, engineers, senior financial staff, etc. I also continued to provide assistance in financial management of the company, and provided advice on expanding their marketing efforts. I encouraged them to hire a full time marketing person to sell their services to employers in the area. The company offered a unique personnel recruiting approach. Most such firms charged on a commission basis - a percentage of the starting salary of the person they referred to the employers - usually 10%; the employer could receive referrals from multiple recruiting firms, and pay only the firm that referred the person hired. Brubach worked only on an exclusive "consulting" basis, and charged an hourly fee for time spent in filling a position. Usually the charge would be less than half the commission the employer would pay on a commission basis. Typical placement firms focused on clerical and secretarial staff, but Brubach would recruit for any position including senior technical and management positions. The consulting approach was an attractive option for many employers, but this unique approach required sales people to explain the service to potential clients.

In 1985, Brubach hired a full time sales person, and suddenly the business was booming. I began spending more time working for Brubach clients on recruiting senior personnel, and providing management assistance, while still continuing some consulting work with Hystad & Associates. In 1985, about 25% of my income was from work for Brubach. In 1986, about 75% of my income was from work for Brubach.

I made the mistake of getting personally involved with EYB. This was a relationship of convenience, not of love or even lust. I wanted to avoid any close relationship. I did not want to fall in love again, at least not in the near future. Brubach was open to my input on how to make her recruiting firm more successful and profitable, and I expected to benefit financially from that. And she was interested in a relationship without any commitments (at least not yet). She was not someone I admired. She had very flexible ethics, and it appeared that she was not averse to breaking the law as long as she didn't get caught. She was not well informed about issues of interest to me, but was quite willing

to express a strong opinion about most subjects. She certainly was not what I expected in a life partner. But she was convenient and was not demanding a commitment.

Family Reunion for Mother

My mother, appropriately named Esther Lillian, was born on Easter Sunday, April 7, and her birthday never fell on Easter Sunday again until 1985, when she turned 73. In honor of this unusual occasion, my sister Eileen led the effort by my sisters to organize and host a family reunion, to be held in a suburb of St. Paul, MN on the weekend of Easter Sunday. All of her nine children, spouses, and many of the grandchildren came for the event. I attended, along with all four of my children.

When I arrived at Eileen's home on Friday afternoon, I found mother barely able to breath. I learned that she had been diagnosed with lymphoma by a doctor in Bismarck, and apparently this had caused a growth in her neck that was partially obstructing her esophagus. My sisters had been attempting to get her to go to the emergency room, but she had refused. She was afraid that if she went to a hospital she would miss the upcoming reunion. I managed to convince her she needed urgent medical attention – without it she may not survive to attend the reunion. I took her to the emergency room at the University of Minnesota hospital. Fortunately, we arrived before all the medical specialists had left for the weekend, and she was almost immediately rushed to surgery for a tracheotomy.

A couple of hours later I was able to see her, breathing though a tube inserted in her neck. She was not able to speak due to loss of air through her vocal cords. The doctors informed us that the cancerous growth in a lymph node in her neck had caused the problem, and thankfully we had brought her to the hospital when we did because she probably would not have survived the night. They would prepare a treatment plan, probably including chemotherapy and radiation, to reduce and hopefully eradicate the lymphoma. Meanwhile, she could rest comfortably in the hospital, and the staff would arrange a meeting room in the hospital where we could hold a birthday celebration for her on Sunday.

Mother was comforted by visitors on Saturday and Sunday morning as family members continued to arrive for the reunion. On Sunday afternoon, we held a nice party for her in a large meeting room in the hospital. Mom was brought into the room in a wheelchair, and a nurse was on standby. We presented an abridged program for her, including her four sons lip syncing a couple of songs made popular by the Statler Brothers (to raucous laughter). Her five daughters performed songs live – they didn't need to fake it. Mom was not able to speak, but she had her note pad and pencil, and provided a lovely response to her nine children and more than 20 grandchildren (out of a total of 36 grandkids) in attendance.

The photo below is of us four brothers at our mother's birthday party. From left are: Carlyle, Milton, Wallace and Norris.



I was scheduled to leave on Tuesday for a couple weeks work in Singapore, so I had to return to DC on Monday to prepare for my travel. I visited mom at the hospital Monday morning; she was now able to speak to me by closing the opening in her neck while she spoke. Upon my return from Singapore I was able to talk with mother on the phone. She was still receiving treatments at the University, but the growth had shrunk enough that she was now able to speak normally. She continued the treatments in North Dakota for several weeks after she went back home to Watford, and some weeks later the doctors announced that she was free of the lymphoma. But mom told me that if the cancer ever came back, she would not go through those chemo treatments again. The side effects were too painful.

Although the cancer was eradicated, the radiation treatment apparently caused significant damage to her lungs, because for the remaining eight years of her life she frequently was infected with pneumonia which severely reduced the quality of her life in those years.

Business in Singapore

I traveled to Singapore to assist on a project to help a client in Indonesia make a decision regarding a major petroleum project on the island of Sumatra. We were to do a cost-benefit and general feasibility analysis of the project. The flights to and from Singapore

were worth a note here. Singapore is approximately on the opposite side of the earth from Washington, DC. As the sun sets in DC it is rising in Singapore. To get there I first took a non-stop flight from Dulles to San Francisco, where I got a Singapore Airlines business class flight to Singapore, with refueling stops in Honolulu, and Tokyo. The excellent hostesses on the flight served dinner a few times as we flew into earlier time zones. We arrived in Singapore in late morning local time after a very long night in the air. (On the return flight, we left Singapore about 8:00 am, and arrived in Los Angeles at about 7:30 am, the same day, after crossing the international date line. Flying into the sun, they served breakfast several times. If you have a long flight, Singapore Airlines business class is a nice way to travel!

For those not familiar with Singapore, it is a city-state located on islands on the southern tip of the Malaysia peninsula. Most of the city is on one large island, with several small islands nearby. The city is only about 280 square miles in size – that’s an area of about 17 by 17 miles if it were in a square. But this little island now contains over 5.5 million people, with the highest standard of living in Asia, and one of the richest in the world. The island is located only about 85 miles north of the equator, and only a short distance northeast of Sumatra, one of the islands that make up the nation of Indonesia. The population is about 70% of Chinese descent, 13% Malaysian descent, 9% Indian descent, and 3% other. The city had been a British colony for many decades before it gained its independence in 1963. It had been under Japanese control during World War II.

The island is the major shipping, commerce and financial hub of Asia. It also is a major tourism center in Asia. You will find visitors from all over the world on the streets, with a heavy presence of Australians.

Although the city is Asian, with a heavy Chinese influence, my first reaction was that it looked much like most newer American cities such as Houston or Denver, or the Virginia suburbs of Washington, DC. There are numerous relatively new mid-height office buildings, and shopping strips and malls appear to be everywhere.

The people managing our project had rented a floor in an office building that included offices and bedrooms, so those coming to Singapore to work on the project could live on site where they worked. Apparently this was a common arrangement to accommodate the many international businesses working out of Singapore. There were many excellent restaurants nearby, with a wide variety of cuisine. I enjoyed some of the hottest spicy food I’ve ever eaten, with choices of Chinese, Malay, Thai, Indian, Vietnamese, and Japanese restaurants. There probably were some British restaurants, but I avoided them.

Our project team included a petroleum expert, refining, shipping and pipeline experts, petroleum marketing people, and specialists in petroleum costs and pricing. My job was to identify all the information needed to perform a cost-benefit analysis, determine what information we didn’t already have, get people working on gathering that information, then analyze all the data, recommend proposed conclusions, get agreement among the members of the team on the analysis, and then write the report to submit to the client. It was an intense effort, particularly in the last couple of days as I was finalizing the report.

I did not have as much free time to explore the city as I would have liked, but I got to see many of the highlights of the city, including the Botanical Gardens, Buddha temples, and several amazing shopping malls filled with shoppers from all over the world. It was my first experience in a truly equatorial environment, where the temperature hovered in the upper 80s to low 90s most of the days, with lows in the mid to upper 70s at night, with high humidity and frequent rain showers.

A Tourist in Europe

In October, 1985, I took advantage of the flexibility of running my own company, and spent most of the month of October in Europe. I started in Paris – this was the fourth or fifth time I had been in Paris, but now I had more time and money to explore the city, and particularly to enjoy some of the best restaurants in Paris. I had been somewhat of a Francophile since my first visit to Paris as a student in 1960, and my love of French cuisine increased exponentially during this latest visit.

After Paris, I drove to see the Palais des Versailles, which I had missed on previous visits. The extravagance of the place is difficult to imagine without visiting. And one can have some sympathy for those who beheaded the monarchy, after seeing this place, even though it is now only a shell of what it must have been at the time of the French Revolution. It reminded me of the excess of the palaces of the Russian Tsars that I had visited in Leningrad.

After Versailles I headed south and east to the wine country of the Loire Valley and the Cote d'Or, with a stop in the city of Chartres, which is proud of its own Cathedral of Notre Dame. In Paris I had learned that the best restaurants served dinner late into the evening, with some serving until after midnight. In Chartre, when I arrived at my choice of restaurant at 7:00 pm, I was informed that they had finished serving dinner. Clearly, they operated on a different schedule from Paris. Fortunately they agreed to whip up a good “late” dinner for this silly American. While travelling outside Paris, I also learned that restaurants were only open at set times a day. If you wanted lunch, you needed to eat by 1:30 or nothing was open until dinner time. There were no McDonalds or other fast food places open all day. (Unfortunately, that has changed; in 2019, Chartres had a McDonalds and several pizza places.)

From Chartres, my drive followed along the Loire River, with visits to some of the many famous castles along the way, including the Château de Chenonceau which sits on the river bank. (There are now river cruises to enjoy these castles.) But I was primarily interested in exploring the vineyards and their caves, and tasting the wines in the caves in or near Sancerre, Pouilly-sur-Loire and other towns in the area. I became a big fan of Pouilly Fuisse wine, a lovely Chardonnay produced in the Maconnais subregion of Burgundy, as a result of these explorations.

Proceeding east, I came into the Cote-D'Or subregion of Burgundy, noted for its pinot noir. It was still harvest time, and most of the vineyards were busy harvesting grapes and

hauling them to the appropriate vineyard for processing. I visited the caves and tasting rooms of several vineyards in the area, including Nuits-Saint-Georges, Pommard, Meursault, Puligny-Montrachet, and Aloxe-Corton. I learned that over the centuries many of the vineyards have been subdivided among families, multiple times, until some of them are less than an acre in size, but producing some of the best (and most expensive) pinot noir wines in the world. I stayed several days in the area, and realized I could have spent several weeks here, visiting different caves every day. The October weather was gorgeous, perfect for wine tasting or a nice lunch with a bottle of wine at an outdoor café.

Next, I headed east again to a resort hotel on Lake Annecy, near the town of Annecy. The hotel had a top rated restaurant, with exquisite food, although the waiters were a bit too pretentious. From the hotel I explored the surrounding area, including Mont Blanc, located on the French-Swiss border. The mountain is covered with a glacier, but the lower reaches of the mountain have lovely pastures with cattle carrying bells that constantly tinkle as they eat. I could almost hear songs from the Sound of Music over the tinkling of the cowbells.

From Annecy, I headed south through Grenoble, on the way to Nice on the Mediterranean. The route took me along some high alpine roads with hairpin curves. It was not a very pleasant drive, and I was happy to finally reach the French riviera. With a couple nights in Nice, I was able to visit the beaches at Saint Tropez, Cannes, Monte Carlo and other sights. Saint Tropez beaches were a big disappointment, compared to the sandy beaches of the US Atlantic coast. The beaches consisted of muddy colored sand and stones, with small waves lapping up on shore. The beaches were empty in October. I guess they would have been more attractive if they had been occupied by Bridgette Bardot and other movie stars.

The small towns along the riviera were easy and fun to explore, with some interesting museums, restaurants, shops, and hiking paths up the hills behind the towns. And Monte Carlo has its famous casino and the palace. I did not catch a glimpse of Princess Grace (the former Grace Kelly).

I had visited Monte Carlo twice previously, and had avoided losing money in the casino, but it is always fun to observe the action in the casino, particularly if there are some high rollers playing.

Then I drove on along the coast to Genoa, in Italy, and down to Portofino, a small village that used to be a fishing village, but had now become a tourist attraction, with small hotels, good restaurants, and fields of olive trees on the hills above the town. I took a hike on a path through the olive trees, up the hills, until the village was no longer in view. And then I heard the sound of someone speaking in English. I continued toward the sound until I came close to a small house in the midst of the olive trees, and from an open window I could now hear the sound of a television playing an American program – whoever lived there was watching *The Jeffersons*, probably with Italian subtitles.

From Portofino, I drove to Pisa, and the tower was still leaning. I had been there before, and climbed the tower, which is a bit worrisome – will this thing not topple over with all these people climbing on its stairs? I was tempted to spend a few days in Florence, to see the wonderful works of art, including Michelangelo's sculpture of David. But I had been there previously, and decided to spend my remaining time in Rome.

Driving in Rome was a "bucket list" experience all by itself. I had reservations at a hotel near the Spanish Steps, and I knew which streets to take to get there, which is difficult because of all the one-way streets. I arrived in Rome during the evening rush hour, and traffic was heavy, and as I got within a few blocks of the hotel, there seemed to be no streets open to traffic that would get me to the hotel. I drove around the area for half an hour, looking for any street that would take me to the hotel, without success. Finally, I parked the car, and walked a few blocks to the hotel, and asked what streets to take to drive there. The desk clerk explained that at this time of day all the smaller streets around the hotel are crowded with pedestrians, but they are open to motor vehicles; you just need to slowly drive through the crowds, and be careful not to run over anyone.

This was my first visit to Rome. I had intentionally avoided it on a couple of previous trips to Italy, because of its reputation as a crowded and expensive place. Now I was there, and I was thrilled. It was unlike any city I had seen, with an incredible mixture of ancient relics, modern shops, and interesting people everywhere. Walking down a typical street in the heart of Rome was like walking in the midst of an upscale fashion show. It seemed like everyone, man and woman, was dressed to impress the most sophisticated fashion critic.

From the hotel it was walking distance to an amazing range of sights to see and things to do. The streets near the Spanish Steps were full of shops specializing in every high-end apparel imaginable: shoes, handbags, dresses, hats, suits, gloves, sweaters, on and on. One could overhear shoppers from the US discussing the options and prices, and it was clear from their conversations that many of these shoppers came here once a year or more often to stock up on the latest fashions.

Of course one does not go to Rome without seeing the remains of historic ancient Rome, including the Coliseum ruins, where it is easy to imagine gladiators in death struggles with lions, or with other gladiators; the Roman Forum, a vast excavated area of Roman temples, squares & government buildings, some dating back 2,000 years, that was the power center of ancient Rome, with ruins of many structures that once housed the emperors and the Roman elite; the Pantheon, which is a church with the largest unreinforced concrete dome in the world; or the Circus Maximus, which is the remains of the largest stadium in Rome, used for chariot races, etc. with seating for up to 250,000 spectators. And there are numerous remains of arches, aqueducts, temples, baths, and burial sites. For anyone interested in the history of the Roman Empire, days or weeks could be spent here just to get a good overview of ancient Rome.

Also within walking distance is Vatican City, a city-state within the city of Rome, that is the residence of the Pope. One does not need to be a Catholic to enjoy spending a day

or two here, to take in the Sistine Chapel, with Michelangelo's painted ceiling, and St. Peter's Square and St. Peter's Basilica, and several museums.

Or one can just wonder around Rome and admire all the fountains, maybe looking for the one somewhere in the heart of Rome in which one throws the three coins, and hoping that at least one wish will be granted.

Growth of Recruiting Business

In 1986 through 1988, I continued to do some consulting work as Hystad & Associates, Inc, but the recruiting business with Brubach was expanding rapidly. We opened a second office in Alexandria, VA to handle some major clients in the close-in Virginia suburbs. A couple of our best recruiters were assigned there, and new recruiters were hired. We also hired a second sales person. In 1987, we opened a third office, in Reston, VA, to handle employers in the outer suburbs of Virginia, primarily the booming construction companies in the area. And in 1988 we opened a fourth office, in Rockville, MD, to expand our business in the Maryland suburbs. By the end of 1988 we had nearly 30 staff, with over 20 of them doing recruiting. In 1987, I moved my office to the Reston location, where I did senior level recruiting and oversaw financial management. With monthly sales approaching \$100,000, I hired an assistant to handle most of the bookkeeping. I was now a joint owner of the company, and Senior Vice President. I was responsible for ensuring financial success, through careful management of the expansion.

With this large number of recruiters, there was a growing need for more training and evaluation of the performance of the recruiters. It was clear that some recruiters were not good at identifying the best candidates for a position. They often failed to identify the key requirements for the job, or they gave too much weight to the personality of the candidates rather than their capabilities to perform the job. To help deal with this, I established a system for all recruiters to use in evaluating candidates for their positions. The system required the recruiters to define and write down a set of clear criteria for evaluating each candidate, with weights on each criterion. They were to get the hiring official to review and agree to this set of criteria and weights. The recruiters were then to score each candidate on a scale of 1 to 10 on each criterion, and the top scoring candidates were referred to the employer for consideration. This system helped overcome the bias of recruiters for or against candidates based on factors other than capability to do the work (such as physical appearance, skin color, dress, school attended, etc.) Even with the help of this system, some recruiters were unable to overcome their biases, and were not meeting the needs of their clients; they did not last as recruiters.

I established a system of financial bonuses for all sales staff and recruiters based on the value of completed personnel placements, to encourage successful placements and to reward the best recruiters and sales staff. It resulted in very attractive incomes for several of the most effective staff, and increased overall sales and profit. The company was able to build up a substantial financial reserve of several hundred thousand dollars in

anticipation of the next economic downturn or recession. Experience showed that hiring of new personnel was a leading indicator of an economic slowdown, and when a recession started there would be an almost complete halt to new hires by most of our clients.

I Bought the Farm – A “Country Estate”

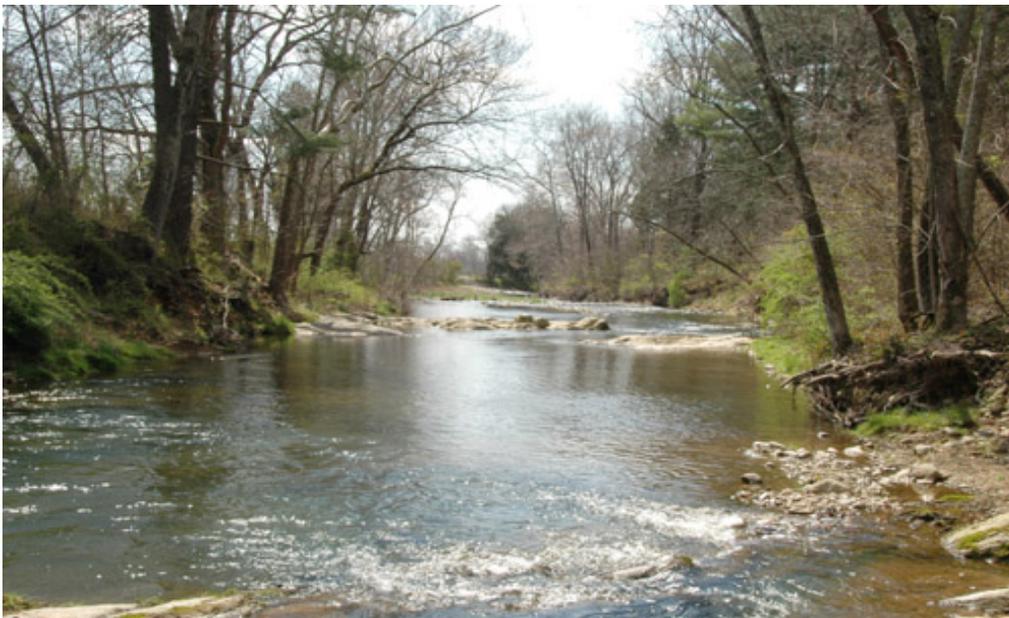
For some people, the term “Bought the Farm” means to die, as when a farmer dies and the life insurance pays off the mortgage on the farm. But in this case, I actually purchased a farm, in 1988, near Stanardsville VA. After I sold the house in Fairidge, I had been looking for a rural property with a house that would be an investment with a tax deduction, as well as a place to live in future years. Over several months, I searched potential properties within about 100 miles of DC, in Maryland, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Virginia.

In early 1988 I found a beautiful property about 40 miles north of Charlottesville, VA. It was 72 acres, about a third open pasture land and two-thirds wooded, with a river on one side and a stream running through the middle of the property. It had beautiful views of the Blue Ridge mountains, and was entirely private from surrounding neighbors. It had a large modern house, and an old two-story log house. I purchased the property in June. This was the largest acquisition of my life, and I expected it would be the ultimate home of my lifetime. I could live in the country again, and even dabble in farming if I wished. This was my “Country Estate”.



The photo above is of the big modern house on the estate. The photos below show: the view of the Blue Ridge mountains from the big house; the log house that had been covered with clapboard; the old granary; and the Conway River on one side of the farm.





The farm was once part of the Conway Plantation, owned by the grandfather of President James Madison. James Madison's mother was a Conway, and her father had owned the Plantation. Her brother inherited the plantation, and then her nephew inherited a portion of the property including my farm. There had been over 100 slaves on the plantation in the early 1800s. By the end of the Civil War the plantation had been subdivided among family members a few times. By 1900, the last Conway descendants had left the properties, and small farms had replaced the original plantation. The old log house on my

property probably had been built by slaves in about 1820, as a residence for a slave overseer.

I moved into the big house on July 10, 1988. My four kids all came down to the farm and helped me move in, and they came down again the following weekend to help celebrate my 50th birthday. Here is a photo of my four offspring about to jump in the pool at the farm.



Early History of Conway River Farm

I researched the history of the farm, going back to the first European owners of the property, and found records on ownership of the land from 1732 to the present. The history of the farm is a microcosm of the history of Virginia and the southern states as they dealt with the issue of slavery. Following is a summary of my findings:

1607 - First English settlers at Jamestown

The English *slowly* moved inland, mainly up the rivers (James, Rappahannock, Potomac, etc.)

1690 - Williamsburg became Capitol of Virginia colony.

1700 - By early 1700s, a few people were beginning to settle in the area of Orange and Greene Counties (which were then part of Spotsylvania County).

1732 - British King George II gave Edwin Conway and Anthony Thornton a land grant of 5000 acres, on both sides of what is now called the Conway River. Edwin Conway's son Edwin married Anthony Thornton's daughter, Elizabeth Thornton, which apparently resulted in the merger of the grant under the Conway name. They had a son named Francis Conway who married Rebecca Catlett Moore, and their children included Francis, Jr., and Eleanor (Nelly) Rose. Nelly married James Madison, Sr. and became the mother of James Madison, Jr., future President. An unknown portion of the 5000 acres was inherited by Francis, Jr.

1734 - The County of Orange was formed, which included what is now Greene County.

1730 - 80s - Land in the area was being cleared of dense virgin forest, and some farms were established. Francis Conway, Jr. was living in Orange County, near Montpelier. There is no evidence that any of the Conways lived on their property here, but it is likely that they had slaves and overseers living on the property and working to clear it and raise tobacco; they would have built some small houses and farm buildings.

1751 - Catlett Conway was born to Francis, Jr. and his wife, Sarah Taliaferro. This was the same year James Madison, Jr. was born. Catlett Conway and James Madison were first cousins. Catlett inherited a portion of the 5000 acre grant from his father.

1776 - Declaration of Independence

1782 - Census of Orange County showed 3441 whites and 2492 blacks.

1790 - First U.S. census counted less than 4 million people in the 13 states. Virginia had 820,000, about twice as many as the next largest, Pennsylvania.

1794 - The town of Stanardsville was platted; 45 acres divided into half-acre lots.

1812 - On June 18, the U.S. Congress declared war on Great Britain, at the request of President James Madison.

1812 - On June 22, Catlett Conway gave the following parcels of land to his three sons: 570 acres to Catlett, Jr., 390 acres to Reuben, and 20 acres to John (John had previously received larger acreage, including the property now owned by David & Trish Crowe on the northeast side of the Conway River). (Orange County Deed Book 25, pages 379-381). The parcels of land were joining each other along the Conway River.

The 570 acres given to Catlett, Jr. included the Conway River Farm now owned by Carlyle Hystad, and Edgewood Farm, and the farms owned by James Eddins, and Tom Hayes, as well as a substantial amount of land on the southwest side of Rt. 667.

1817 - Catlett, Jr., who married Virilinda Taliaferro, had a house built on his property, and named it Springhill (now lived in by Goo Eddins).

1820 - 1830 - During this period a substantial log house was built to the northwest of Catlett's Springhill residence, most likely for a slave overseer (it was much higher quality than typical slave quarters). This is the log house on the Hystad property.

1832 - Greene County was established.

1836 - Catlett, Jr. gave his son, William Henry, 230 acres (Deed Book 36, page 149), where William Henry built a place that he named Edgewood. This property included about 146 acres of the property given to Catlett, Jr. by his father in 1812, plus about 85 acres that Catlett, Jr. had purchased from Early Smith. This property included all that is now called Edgewood Farm, as well as the Hystad property, and property across Rt. 667. William Henry got married in 1836.

1839 - Catlett, Jr. died. His Will shows that he had 81 slaves at the time of his death. (Fiduciary Book 1- page 2.)

1852 - William Henry Conway died. He had 33 slaves at the time of his death. They were valued at between \$175 and \$900, for purposes of his estate settlement. (Fiduciary Book 3- page 330)

1861 - Civil War started. William Henry's son Charles fought at Gettysburg and was wounded. Slaves were running away from the farm. The University of Virginia has in its Special Collections Department some Conway account books that include notations about slaves disappearing from the farms during this period.

After the Civil War, the Edgewood property was divided among William Henry's children. His son Charles inherited a portion of his father's farm, about 140 acres, which includes the Hystad property. In 1884, Charles sold that 140 acres to Samuel Long, for \$1200. (Deed Book 7, page 281).

The 1860 Census showed a total population in Greene County of 5,022, counting both free people and slaves. That Census counted 1,984 slaves in the County, or 39.5% of the population. Nearly four of every ten people in the county were held as slaves. The Census also counted 225 slaveholders, and 22 white men who listed their occupation as "overseer" of slaves. The Census listed 23 Free Colored, which was a decline from the 1840 Census when 45 Free Colored were counted.

The majority of the slaveholders were not running large plantations; they were small farmers and village dwellers who had a small number of slaves. Of the 225 slaveholders, 152 of them had less than ten slaves, and 37 had only one slave. Only seven slaveholders had more than 30 slaves, and only one had more than 50 slaves.

The Civil War and the freeing of slaves had a significant impact on the population of Greene County. Some slaves escaped to the north during the course of the war, and many more left the County after emancipation and the end of the war. The African-American population in the County shrank by 532, to 1,452, by 1870. The white population grew slightly from 3038 in 1860 to 3182 in 1870. By the 1900 the black population in the county had declined further, to 1,431.

The Hystad property has several indications of burial sites for slaves who lived and died on the plantation.

As a northerner who had little direct knowledge of the impact of slavery, studying the farm history and Virginia history was quite a revelation.

Financial Independence of My Children - Mainly

By 1988, my children were all largely financially independent. Cheryl had a good position as an attorney at the Legal Aid organization in Baltimore, providing legal assistance to low income people in the area.

Chris was out of the Air Force, and was trying to support himself. I assisted him in establishing a lawn care business, and after that he tried a house painting business, and he worked for an air conditioning contractor for awhile, and he worked as a mechanic and customer assistant at a gas station for awhile. He was having difficulty settling down to a job or business. I learned much later that his actions were influenced by his bipolar disorder that caused wild mood swings, which caused him to be overly optimistic or pessimistic about whatever job he was doing or contemplating at the time.

Greg had finished his college years, and worked at a variety of jobs in the Baltimore area, including work as a manager for a music group.

Cindy had graduated from the University of Maryland, and was working for the Marriott Corporation in the DC area.

Married Again

I made the mistake of marrying Brubach in 1989; she had been pestering me for several months about the "need" to get married. She argued that it had been difficult for her to get into the hospital to see me when I had been admitted for treatment of a kidney stone in 1988, because she was not my wife. Finally, in July 1989, I had a weak (or insane) moment and agreed to get married. She found a justice of the peace and we got married a few hours later, and I regretted it immediately.

Why did I agree to get married? I don't have a good answer for that. Probably it was because I had not run across another woman who had immediately attracted me (I was busy doing other things and did not spend time looking for a wife.) And I had become

used to her rather peculiar and harsh personality. And we were working together with a good bit of financial success. In hindsight, it is embarrassing that I made such a bad decision.

The Recession Came

The recession hit in 1989. Within weeks, the number of new recruiting assignments dropped by over 50%. And by end of the year the number of new assignments were enough to support only two or three recruiters. We announced the layoff of all staff, and then hired back two who were the best. We began subletting all the excess office space; we sublet all of the Alexandria office and all of the Rockville office, and about half of the Reston office.

I began studying possible countercyclical services in the personnel arena – services which would increase or at least not rapidly decline during a recession. We first began offering assistance to employers in helping them lay off employees, and helping employees find alternative employment, such as preparing effective resumes, identifying potential employers, marketing themselves to potential employers, and conducting effective interviews.

Then I came up with the idea of providing a service to job seekers who were searching for desirable but hard-to-find jobs. I first focused on career positions in the Washington, DC area, where the number of candidates far exceeded the number of job openings, and where the job openings frequently were never advertised in mainstream media because employers usually had more than enough applicants by word of mouth referrals and unsolicited applications. These positions included many staff positions with Congressional committees and the offices of Senators and Representatives; non-technical positions with government agencies, particularly those for which liberal arts majors would qualify; and similar positions with firms doing business under government contracts or grants. Based on our experience in recruiting, we knew that there were hundreds of potential candidates for every such job opening. We frequently had candidates with degrees in Political Science or History or International Relations or Philosophy or Psychology who were applying for entry level administrative positions because they had been unable to obtain a job in their field of education.

We quickly started a publication which we named Opportunities in Public Affairs. We began collecting information on desirable job vacancies in the Washington area, from government agencies, Congressional offices, and government contractors, etc. We prepared lengthy summaries of the job descriptions, and laid out the information in a newsletter. We advertised the availability of the newsletter in the Washington Post on Sunday, and the phones began to ring Monday morning. The phone calls were keeping two staff members busy taking orders. The first newsletters sold for about \$29 for four biweekly issues, which was expensive compared with newspapers, but there was no competition, and we would need to sell a large number of subscriptions just to recover

our direct costs of the publication. We reproduced the newsletter on our own copy machines as needed to meet demand.

The newsletter was very successful. We soon had full-time staff devoted to producing the publication, and it was about break-even financially within the first couple of months. I developed new computer programs to handle the subscriptions. We set standard styles for job descriptions, and expanded the number of employers who we contacted to collect job vacancy information. We soon needed an outside firm to reproduce the publication as the number of copies grew to several hundred each two weeks.

International Employment Opportunities

In 1991, I started a second publication, which I named *International Employment Opportunities*. I knew that colleges and universities were graduating thousands of students each year with degrees in International Relations, or Foreign Policy, or Diplomacy or similar international degrees, and the number of new advertised job openings seeking such graduates was probably only a few hundred at the most each year. Over my years in the government and the private sector I kept meeting people with international degrees who had never been able to find a job where they could work on international issues. I also knew that most of the jobs available were not publicly advertised, so job seekers seldom learned of the few jobs that were available. I expected that there would be a large demand for a publication that focused on international job openings.

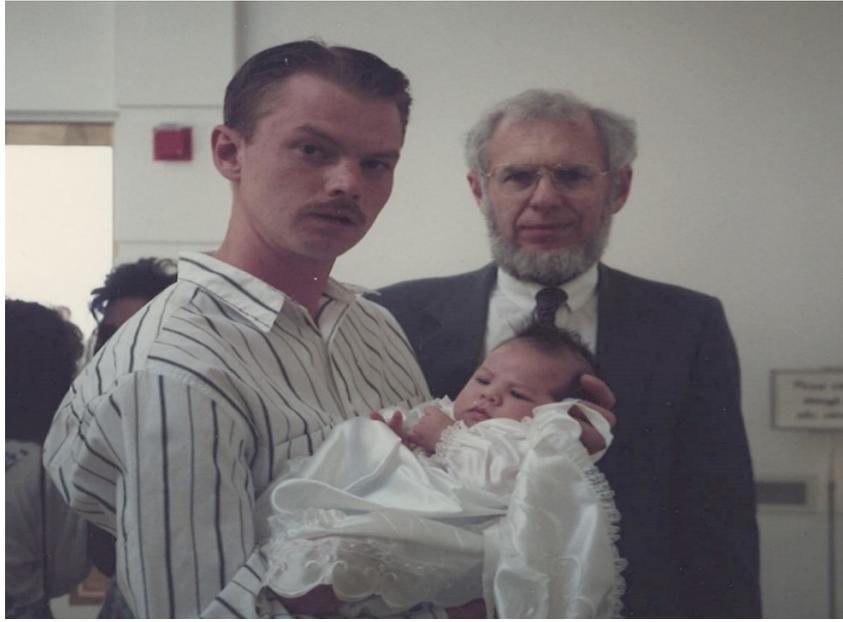
I hired a few interns to begin collecting available job openings from government agencies and private firms working internationally in economic development, health care, education, public relations, etc. And I hired a staffer to prepare the job descriptions for publication. I advertised the publication in the Washington Post, and soon in other publications such as the New York Times, the Chicago Tribune, the Los Angeles Times, the International Herald Tribune, the Economist, and others. Sales grew rapidly. I hired a couple more full time staff to assist in turning out the publication.

I organized the job openings into functional categories, including: International Development & Assistance; International Understanding, Education & Exchange; Foreign Policy, Governance & Intelligence; International Healthcare; International Environmental Programs; International Commerce; International Engineering & Computer System Support; International Program Administration & Foreign Language Support; and International Internships. We published the job openings in booklet form with a blue cover; it soon became known among international specialists as the "Blue Book".

Within a couple of months we were listing over 300 job openings in each biweekly issue, and the number of openings continued to grow to over 500 as more employers became aware of the publication. Income from sales of the publication quickly offset the lost income from recruiting.

Becoming a Grandfather

My oldest son, Christopher, married Maria Saponara, and they were the proud parents of Michael, my first grandchild, in February, 1991. Michael still is my only grandson – I now have eight grandkids, but only one grandson. Below is a photo of Chris holding Michael when he was a few weeks old, with grandpa looking on.



A few months later, in July, Cheryl and Allen had their first child, Julia. Just like that, I now had two grandchildren, and I was looking forward to having them visit me at the farm where I could spoil them before sending them back home. Following is a photo of Cheryl with Julia when she was a few weeks old.



Maybe I Could Produce the Publication At The Farm?

It had been over three years since I had purchased the farm, and I had continued to work out of offices in the DC area. I spent many weekends at the farm, and some vacation time, and I was enjoying it greatly. One of the first tasks I completed at the farm was to develop walking trails throughout the 72 acres, so I could easily hike to all parts of the property, along the river, through the woods, across the pasture land with great mountain views, and up the steep hillside where slaves were interred. On hot summer days I could enjoy the swimming pool. On snowy winter days I could sled down the hill or go cross-country skiing. On spring days the azaleas and dogwoods and jonquils were blooming everywhere. On fall days the colored leaves were ablaze. And it was a bird-watcher's paradise, with hundreds of species throughout the farm.

By the end of 1991, I was considering whether I could manage the publication business from the farm. I had rented out a portion of the big house at the farm, primarily to have someone at the farm as a caretaker when I was not there, but now maybe it was time to move there full time myself. Maybe I could sit by the pool while editing job listings? Or maybe I could enjoy the mountain views while soliciting more job openings? And just think of the nice commute, from one room to another in the big house?

Or maybe just spend some time relaxing in the hammock in the back yard?

