NOTE

This is a series of stories from the experience of Lee and Leah Early with contributions from Sharon Fisher, Joan Henjum, Chris Marsh, Diana Naramore, Karen Snyder, Dan Tuecke, Sunny Walker and Bill Westre.

THIS IS NOT THE FINAL DOCUMENT. THE STORIES CONTINUE. PLEASE ADD, DEDUCT, CORRECT, AMEND OR OTHERWISE ALTER ANY WORD, SENTENCE OR STORY FROM YOUR RECOLLECTION.

These stories are told "to the best of my recollection". Your recollection will be different from mine. So, make a note of the page number you feel needs clarity, explanation or removal.

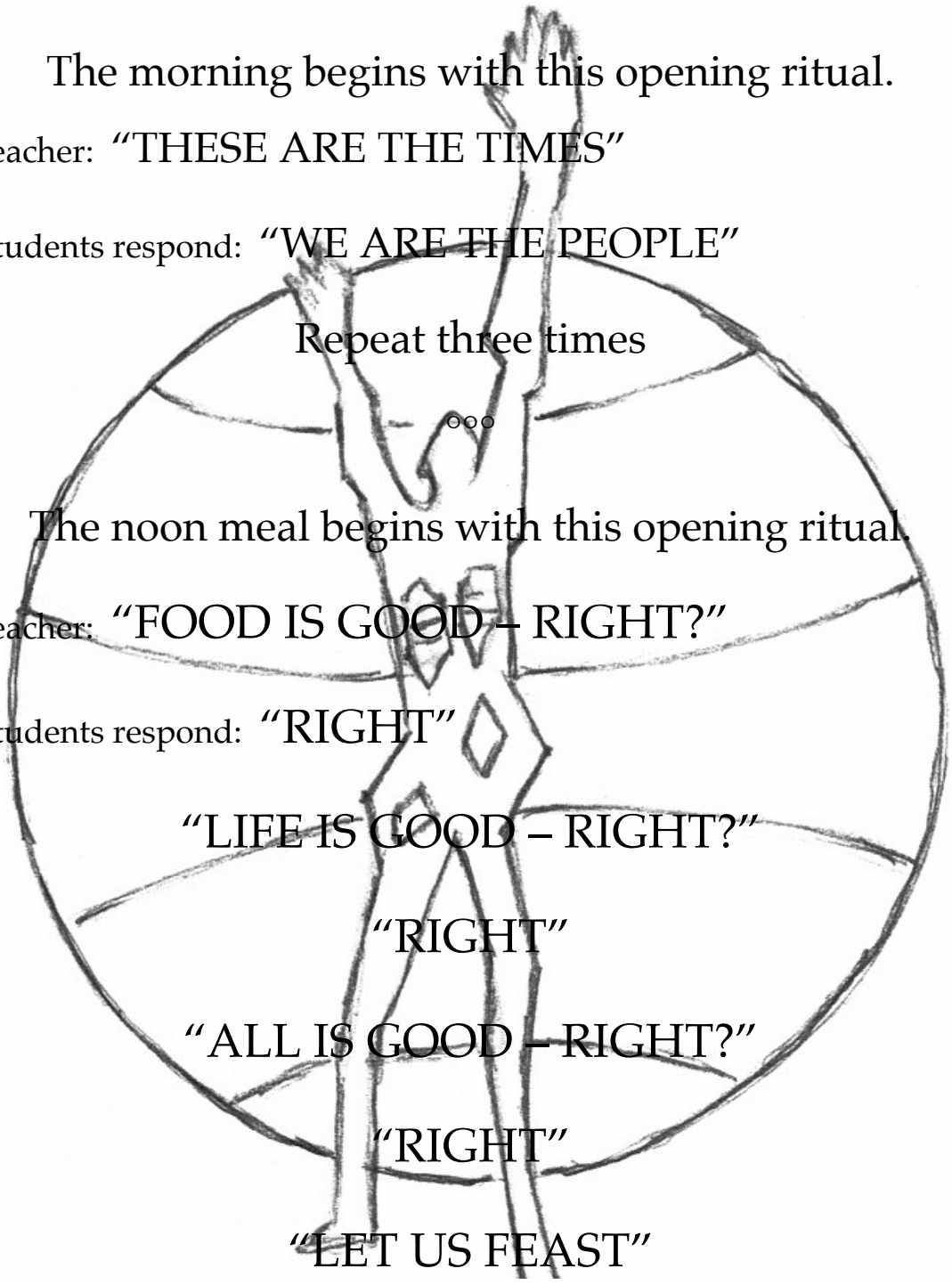
These are stories of events. It is not a family history. The events of and about family require additional journaling.

A copyright application is pending.

Oh - - and have fun. We are.

THE 5TH CITY PRESCHOOL

A place where you learn all you will ever need to know about the way life is.



The morning begins with this opening ritual.

The teacher: "THESE ARE THE TIMES"

The students respond: "WE ARE THE PEOPLE"

Repeat three times

°°°

The noon meal begins with this opening ritual.

The teacher: "FOOD IS GOOD – RIGHT?"

The students respond: "RIGHT"

"LIFE IS GOOD – RIGHT?"

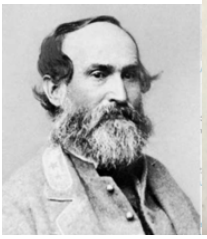
"RIGHT"

"ALL IS GOOD – RIGHT?"

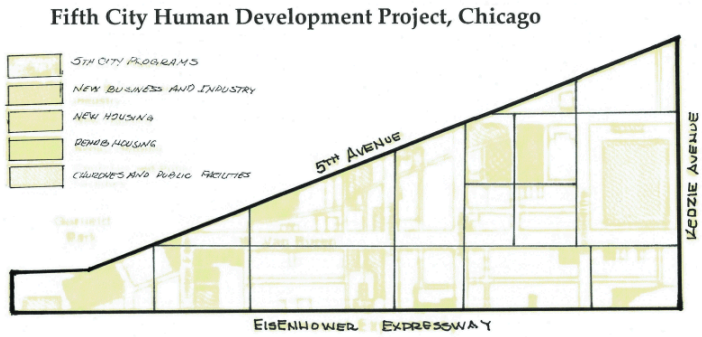
"RIGHT"

"LET US FEAST"

“FOOTPRINTS”



THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE


Fifth City Human Development Project, Chicago
5TH CITY PROGRAMS
NEW BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY
NEW HOUSING
REHAB. HOUSING
CHURCHES AND PUBLIC FACILITIES
5TH AVENUE
KEDZIE AVENUE
EISENHOWER EXPRESSWAY

THE
ACADEMY

"FOOTPRINTS"
by LEE AND LEAH EARLY
"May you live in interesting times."
Chinese curse

PART ONE

Getting my sea legs

"Interesting" does not begin to describe this journey. No one word can. No one story can. So, these, stories in various settings and at various times seem separate and distinct and can stand on their own. Taken together we hope you, the reader, experience at least a glimpse of the excitement, sorrow, laughter, tears, victories. and defeats we have enjoyed together over the years.

1937 to 1963

My mother named me Dennis Lee Early, born on November 5th, 1937. My first name of Dennis conjured up the mental picture of the comic book character "Dennis the Menace"

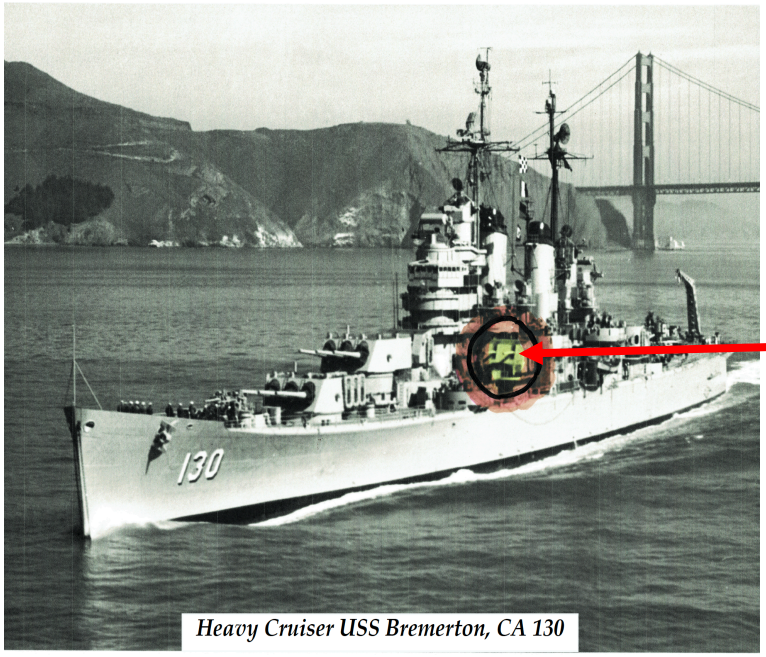
and proved to be an image I did not appreciate. Several character molding events happened before my boss at Southwest Petroleum Company changed it. Apparently, she didn't like "Dennis" either. She studied numerology or some branch of that ology. Using that method, she changed my name to "Lee". She really didn't change it since my real middle name is Lee. We decided just to drop Dennis.

I grew up in Fort Worth, Texas. Being a rowdy kid back then and not much into school or sports I looked for other pursuits. Hunting and fishing are more my taste until one fall afternoon, while hunting rabbits, my dad accidentally shot me in the head with glancing pellets from his .12 gauge shot gun. Dad, a kind man, worked hard as a white collar, credit manager for a plumbing supply house. He was white in more ways than just the color of his collar. At age 13 dad gave me a bronze medallion, the symbol of a charter member of the Panther City (Fort Worth) Ku Klux Klan.

Klu Klux Klan medallion

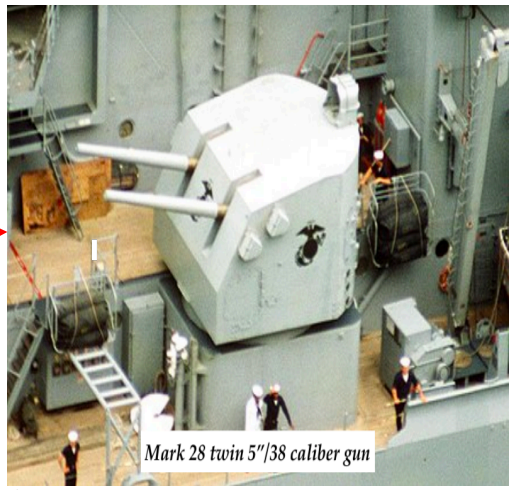
For some reason, I didn't like it or the ideas it stood for. I tossed the medallion into the Trinity River. The "Trinity" River – rather appropriate, don't you think?

One of the defining threads in my life is racism. In the 50's I didn't know myself as a racist. My first "awakening moment" happened in the Naval Reserve on board the USS Bremerton, heavy cruiser CA 130. I was assigned as a gunner's mate to the elevated twin 5" / 38 caliber gun crew. I witnessed our sister ship, the USS Toledo, launch the first guided missile from the deck of a Naval ship at sea.



Heavy Cruiser USS Bremerton, CA 130

While sailing on the trailing edge of a typhoon, the Captain ordered all crew below decks to ride out the storm. My gun crew sat in a small room out of the weather beside the gun tub. You can imagine a dozen sailors, sitting around smoking, drinking coffee and telling BS stories from back home. I told the group about my experience, back in TEXAS, hunting rabbits with "nigger shooters". In my imagination this was not a racist slur. It simply is what we called them. I was an unconscious racist. That unconsciousness was about to be radically un, unconscious.


Mark 28 twin 5"/38 caliber gun

Immediately after that comment, the gun tub became very quiet and everyone got up and left the tub – except me and four very black men. They picked me up under each arm opened the hatch into the weather and into the elevated gun mount. I could hear the Klaxon alarm in my head – *"MAN OVERBOARD!"* No one would have ever been the wiser. The tall Texas boy was washed overboard. Fortunately, the four sailors realized what a dumb ass unconscious white boy they intended tossing into the sea. They too realized their own racism. We all are racist, some conscious and some unconscious. The difference is the unconscious racist continues being a racist. The conscious racist has a choice – he can continue being a racist or decide not to act like one.

My father became a Shriner and a big joiner. His memberships included the Masons, the Kiwanis Club, the Lion's Club, the church Men's Club, and The Association of Retail Credit Managers. When I was "of Age", I joined the Masonic Lodge and advanced to the Shrine. I am not a joiner. I think I attended one meeting after I joined. Party going with a bunch of old white guys is not my idea of fun. The organization has enjoyed somewhat of a comeback lately and continues to support the Shriners Children's Hospital. For some, the Shrine is just a social club, which is fine.

As a credit manager, Dad took me along on collection trips to West Texas. I road shotgun. My dad knew a lot of people in town. I landed the job of New Accounts Manager at Leonard's Department Store in Fort Worth because of the people dad knew. At Leonard's, I learned how to read balance sheets and the guidelines of accepting credit applications.

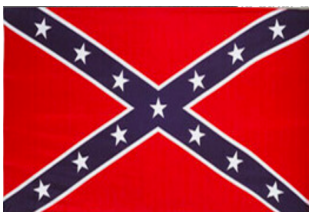
The manual of Arms

As a member of the high school marching band I learned some skills that would come I handy one day soon. I also learned the manual of arms - positions of a rifle during parade rest, presentation of arms, marching positions and other proper positions of my rifle. Positions with a rifle are very precise. There are 16 basic positions in the Manal of Arms.

I joined the Naval Reserve on November 17, 1954, less than two weeks after my 17th birthday. I attended Boot Camp at the Great Lakes Naval Air Station just outside of Chicago. 16 Texans stepped off the train in the summer of '55. It just so happened that 16 Texas recruits, the week before, had been arrested and tossed into the brig for a brawl that put nearly half of a 60-man company in the hospital. Our reputation as nasty street fighters preceded our arrival and seriously exaggerated our skills in that arena. Our company however was a mess. Our first battalion rating of dead last put us the butt of many jokes. And, our battalion was dead last in the regiment. Things got so bad that our regular Navy Drill Instructor got drunk and went AWOL (Absent Without Leave). Last in the minds of everyone is not a company many wanted to be associated with. Without much fanfare and no democratic process, 16 members of our company appointed me

Military unit organizations

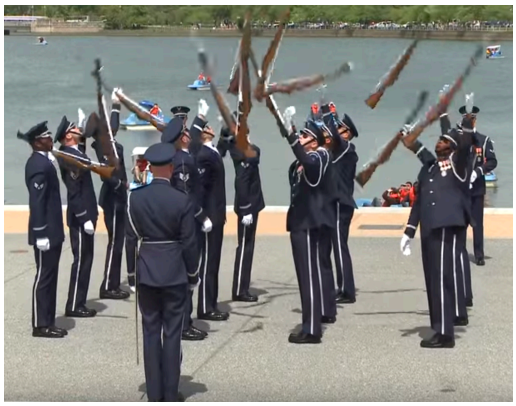
Company Captain. They had no trouble convincing the rest of the company to fall in line. The following weekend was the 4th of July and the base was celebrating the 4th – most on Liberty and off base. Not our company. I knew the Manual of Arms and how to march. As the new Company Commander, a pure fabrication, I instructed the company to assemble on the parade grounds at 0800. We practiced drills and marching all day on the 4th of July. We graduated "Color Company", the head of the Regiment upon graduation. I never forgot my first and lasting experience of leadership.



After high school graduation I enrolled in college and became a member of the Arlington State College (ASC) band. I played the trumpet. ASC adopted "The Fighting Rebels" as its motto, complete with the Confederate flag as the school emblem and Dixie as its fight song, all of which re-enforced my understanding of self. I was the only member of the marching band and the ROTC. Arlington State College is now The University of Texas: Arlington. My roommate in college was a very good looking, slick aspiring fella. Military through and through, his idea of a career in the military was to be an adjunct to a general. He pictured himself as traveling with a General, staying at the best places, eating the best food and seeing the world and the war in relatively safe comfort. I say relative safety because he and his general boss were in fact shot down over Cambodia and killed.

In addition to the ASC marching band I joined the elite Jody Drill Team.

A drill team is a unit of men tossing rifles around in a highly disciplined routine, designed to amaze. Military experience now included being a member of the marching band, the ROTC, and the Jody Drill team.



I placed second in the University individual drill team competition. A military career seemed the correct avenue until my roommate's death. I was sour on the military in general and the Vietnam War in particular. When my younger brother wanted to "sign up" after his graduation, I talked him out of it.

While I was in college, Southwest Petroleum Company hired me as collection manager for the 12 western states. I learned some of the nefarious methods debt collectors use to collect debts. A favorite of mine involved writing a letter to the local sheriff. I enclosed

an "Official Demand for Payment" notices listing the debtor's name, address, phone number, and amount owed. In the letter to the sheriff, I told him that if he collected this debt, he should send me the check along with his hat size. The company would be pleased to send him a genuine Texas Bandera hat in his choice of fawn, brown or black. Most Sheriffs drove out to the debtor's house, whip antenna slashing the wind, and presented the "Demand" notice. Nine times out of ten he wrote back with a check, his hat size and a request for more notices because his deputies wanted a hat too.

That experience led me to Acme Brick. Hired as the Assistant Credit Manager, I became involved in the process of acquiring nine brick plants in the Kansas City area. That expansion was the chief reason Acme leased a large part of their second floor in the Headquarters' building to a computer company to install the latest IBM punch card computer system. The credit department managed the computer operation. I needed an assistant. I called the Kelly Girl Temporary Staffing Service.

A couple of days later a colleague of mine, Wilber Kirkland, came running into my office all excited about a new girl down in the lobby. We both got on the elevator and when the doors opened, I gasped. There stood a beautiful young woman in a dark black A frame dress with a white collar. Her name was Leah K. Miller and was to be my new assistant.

After a couple of days on the job I managed to find the courage to ask her out for dinner and a movie. She said it was against her policy to date an employee of a company she was working for. I returned to my desk. An hour later I told Leah that we would no longer need her service - - and - - now, would she consider that date? We married on June 1st, 1963, changing her name to Leah K. Early, 56 years ago. She was no push over.

PART TWO

The American Dream?

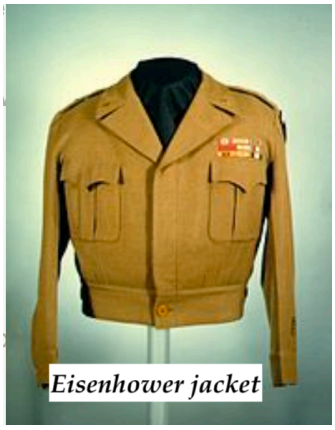
1963 to 1969

I am now married and in constant turmoil.

Leah and I lived in a house we rented from one of my mother's friends. Working at Acme Brick made a turn transferring me from the Credit Department to the Sales Department – inside sales. I attended the Dale Carnegie Sales Course and finished second in the World Series of Sales. This experience taught me how to think on my feet and how to stand in the shoes of the customer.

My responsibilities included sales from our showroom floor and from the large outdoor lot in the rear of the building. One of the dozens of stacked bricks from various plants stood a stack of brown, mud colored brick from Waskom, Texas. Looking like a lonely muckuldy dung pile, the stack had been untouched for years – just standing there, taking up space. One of my prospective customers needed a face brick for his new home under construction. I sold him a stack of "Pheasant Feather Brown" bricks we just happened to have in the lot. Muckuldy dung or Pheasant Feather? Which would you rather have covering your new home? I discovered the incredible power of WORDS AND *STORY*.

I really didn't see much of a future as a brick salesman so, I quit and went to work for one of dad's friends and his son - one of my childhood classmates. The Paulson Lumber Company stood on the railroad tracks across from Union Station in downtown Fort Worth. Mr. Paulson had his suits hand made. He tailored his suit jacket copied from the Eisenhour cut off jacket and he bought a new, black Cadillac every year and drove it around the lumber yard the day it was picked up.



Eisenhower jacket

I worked in the sawmill at the tail end of a large plainer. The 30-foot-long planer had eight cutter heads. A cutter head housed about six to eight very sharp blades. Each cutter head planed each of the four sides of a 2"X6" piece of lumber, 12' to 20' in length.

The other four cutter heads shaped the four rounded corners of the board. Each length of lumber traveled at high speed through the planer and finished out the other end. Sometimes a blade was misaligned producing a scalloped effect on the board.

2 X 4 end

While the cutter head was being adjusted, using my thumb and forefinger, I lightly felt the two edges of a board, feeling for scallops. I once grasped the edges too tightly and as the board flew past my thumb and forefinger, my hand closed and the next board in line flew into my exposed thumb cutting it off. Mr. Paulson was furious and moved me out of the sawmill and assigned me as checker.

President John F. Kennedy flew to Dallas from Fort Worth after a campaign stop one November morning. When the news of his assassination came in over the TV in the office, all the black skinned yard workers stood outside in the cold, looking in at what they could see of the TV and news. "Someone just shot their hero." Mr. Paulson told the office workers.

Paulson Lumber truck

As the checker, I worked outside too. The checker inspected a loaded truck to make sure the lumber and wood products ordered are, in fact, the lumber and wood products on the truck. Sometimes the driver might mistake white pine with clear ash. There is a big difference in the prices of these two species of wood. Mistakes were rare.

For one thing, ash hardwood was stacked in the yard some distance from the soft wood white pine. Then I learned the driver was not mistaken. This substitute was done on purpose. The folks at the Carswell Air Force base, our customer, couldn't tell the difference between clear ash and white pine. They paid higher clear ash prices for white pine lumber. Ash was the preferred species of wood the Base used in mockups for tools and parts for the B-52 Hustler bomber.

The same sort of practice was going on in the very, very large plywood warehouse. The "shop grade" plywood is not really a grade. Shop grade refers to plywood damaged in shipment, cut or otherwise discolored. Paulson cut off or sanded off the offending section and re-graded the plywood C-D or, in some cases A-B. Again, Paulson was charging customers for a higher grade plywood for a lower quality product.

One of my strong character traits is righteous indignation. I quit.

My stifling sense of justice and right from wrong would get me into all sorts of trouble soon.

Like the old boll weevil, I was just lookin' for a home.

I happened to run into a friend of mine who worked at the Tarrant Savings and Loan. They had just opened a new branch in a developing subdivision that needed a branch manager. I was hired. I managed a branch of two people – one of which was me. I mostly sat around all day while the teller behind the counter took care of all the transactions for the branch. Boring. I decided to get in my car and go visit the builders in the area. Instead of a builder sending a prospective buyer of one of his homes to me seeking for a mortgage loan to buy his house, I went to the builder. I asked the builder to allow me to have the Savings & Loan come out, appraise his unsold house or houses, and give him a conditional loan commitment. The commitment letter was subject to a qualified buyer. This enabled the builder to tell his customer the sales price of his house and, he could also tell the buyer how much the Savings & Loan would loan on the property. I didn't know of any financial institution doing that at the time. Loan production soared requiring a new position for loan production and a move downtown.

In the span of a few weeks, I visited dozens of builders. Leah and I qualified for a mortgage and we bought a three-bedroom, two bath house on a corner lot. The house was not quite finished which allowed us to pick out the finish wood cabinets, flooring, carpet and paint. We paid $13,000 for the house.

I met a developer (we'll call him Sam) about this time. Sam had purchased the land, built the roads, laid in the utility infrastructure and prepared the lots for construction. He then built houses – "spec houses" - houses built for speculation. Tarrant Savings appraised each house and wrote several conditional loan commitment letters. I thought this was a very nice, clean and lucrative operation. With sales increasing, he needed a good real estate salesman.

I quit the Savings & Loan and went to work for Sam.

I did not have a real estate license so, technically, I could not sell houses. Therefore, to sell a house to a prospect I did not put my name on the contract. I brought the buyers and the un-signed contract to Sam. He signed the contract and submitted it to Tarrant Savings along with their conditional commitment letter for that specific house.

The first weekend, I "sold" six houses. Those sales went through without a hitch – 20% cash down payment and a subsequent 80% conventual loan. I must have run into a string of six rich people. A fortunate coincidence? Not likely. I decided to follow the seventh sale a bit more closely. What I discovered is what is called in the industry "double contracting". The real contract drawn up showed the real price. Let's say:

Sales price	$25,000.00	Double Contract Sales price	$31,250.00
Down payment	0.00	Down payment	6,250.00
Loan required	$25,000.00	Loan required	$25,000.00

The down payment was on deposit with Sam. Sure it was. This kind of contract resulted in a 100% loan to the buyer. The house needed to apprise out at a market value of $31,250.00. Using the comparable approach to market value, the appraiser had six or more recent sales in the same subdivision justifying an appraisal of the higher price market value. The appraiser in these days was an in-house employee at the lender's office. However, double contracting was against the law.

I quit.

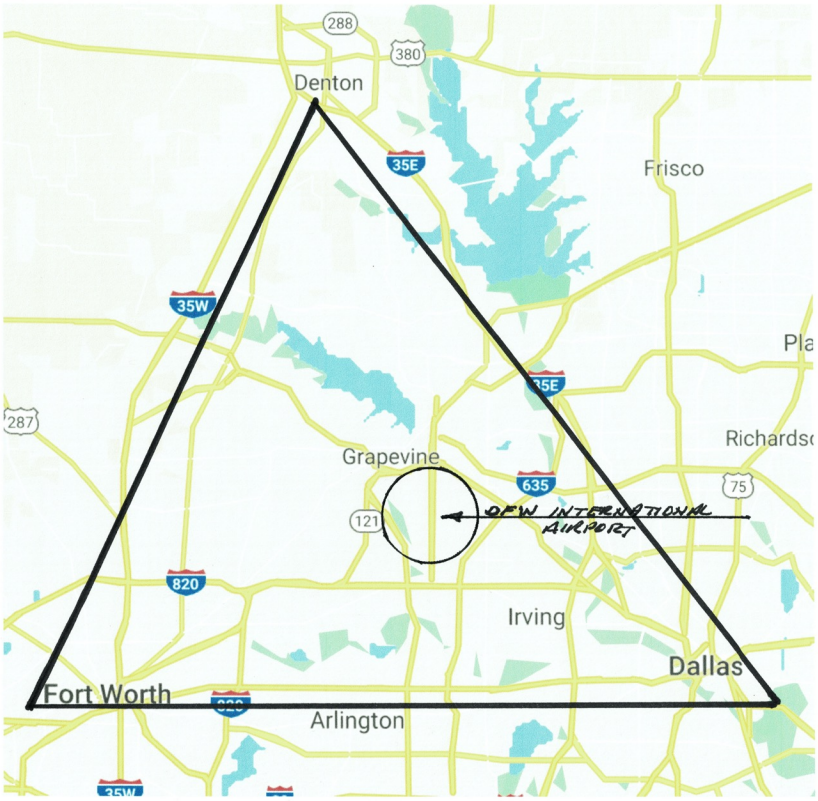
I went back to the S&L I had just left two weeks earlier. Re-hired, I immediately explained the double contracting practice to the President and went about my business. My loan production was such that our appraiser had a large back log and that slowed down my loan closing rate. I discovered the problem. The numbers of applications for loans had increased. A significant number of the applications came in from my ex-builder/developer. Sam had continued double contracting and the S&L continued to appraise houses using the inflated market values. The S&L was complicit it the whole deal from day one.

I quit.

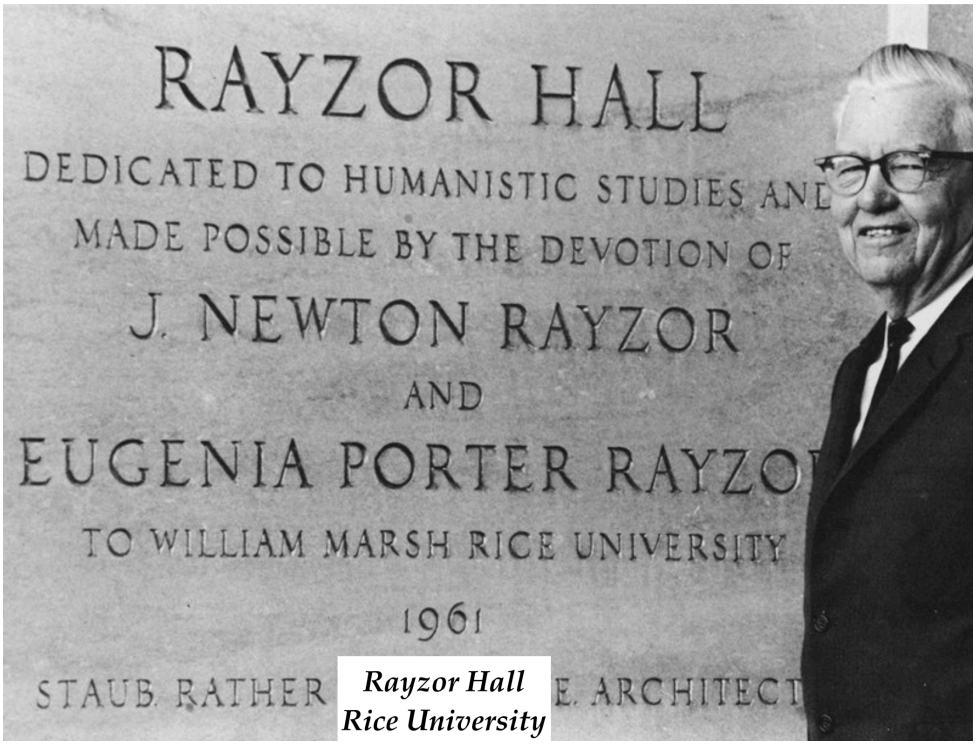
Running around town gave me the opportunity to meet people in the same and related businesses. One of my acquaintances ran Fleet-Rall Mortgage Company. Cary Rall, the owner was about as straight a businessman as I'd ever met. I began sending him my loan requests. I also met a business friend of Mr. Rall who ran the branch of a major insurance company, Indianapolis Life. Sheldon Olmstead and I also became good business friends.

My experience with Tarrant Savings left a bad taste in my mouth. I wanted to get out of Fort Worth and began driving to Denton, Texas meeting builders. The Dallas Fort Worth (DFW) International Airport had not yet been built but, I was just about to meet the man who owned all the land upon which it was about to sit.

°°° *On Top Of The Golden Triangle*°°°



Leah taught school at Morningside Junior High School in Fort Worth. We finished out our new house. I made a proposal to Fleet-Rall Mortgage Company to open a branch office in Denton. Let's up-root everything and move north 30 miles. We sold our house and moved into a rental house in Denton.



Rayzor Hall
Rice University

Our new office was located in a new bank building owned by Mr. J. Newton Rayzor. Mr. Rayzor was an ex-attorney who, at a very young age, took on a case involving a barge line in the Gulf of Mexico and headquartered in Houston.

Woman's Memorial Dormitory
Baylor University

Mr. Rayzor won the case. The barge line was short of money so, they paid him in stock. Today, The American Commercial Barge Line (ACBL) is one of the largest and most diversified marine transportation companies in the U.S. J. Newton Rayzor became a very wealthy man. He invested in cattle, oil, and real estate. He owned the land upon which the DFW International Airport was built. Mr. Rayzor owned one of the largest Texas Long Horn cattle herds in the country. Mr. Rayzor donated a hall to Rice University, a dormitory to Baylor, an elementary school and Rayzor Hall at the University of Tulsa. On top of it all, he possessed a gentlemanly style and a keen since of humor.

Rayzor Hall
University of Tulsa

Leah and I had just attended the Religious Studies I course some months earlier and Justin Morrell came to town on a development trip. Of course, I wanted him to meet Mr. Rayzor. In Mr. Rayzor's Denton office, Justin just finished his pitch when Mr. Rayzor sat back in his chair and told us a story.

The Wycliff Bible Translators had been to see Mr. Rayzor a couple of days before we showed up. They too wanted a donation – not money but, land. They needed land for an airstrip. The plan was to use the runway to fly translated bibles to South America where upon they would be dropped out of the airplane to waiting heathen natives below. Mr. Rayzor related to us that Wycliffe had literally saved a native's life using this method. After receiving the bible dropped from the Wycliffe plane, he sat down on a rock and ate it.

Wycliffe Bible Translators

Wycliffe did not get their airstrip. Mr. Rayzor would consider our request. A week later, back in Chicago, Justin had a strange feeling. He got up in the middle of House Church, went to the phone and called Mr. Rayzor. Mrs. Rayzor answered the phone.

She apologized to Justin for being so short with him but, she was on her way out the door to take Mr. Razor to the hospital. He died that evening.

Leah and I wanted our own home in Denton and wanted to move out of the rental house and into a custom-built house. We planned on starting a family. So, we hired an architect and designed our dream home. The design work took two years.

We revisited the house in 2014. Note the "Zipper" brick fireplace chimney.

My tenure as a Fleet-Rall branch manager was relatively short. I met a builder in town who I got to know. Don Edwards introduced me to his older brother – Doug Edwards. Doug is one of the top sales trainers in the country and produced several "how to" sales records. I studied them all. My favorite was "Vive La Différence." In the audio recording Doug talks about a training session with a large insurance sales staff. Doug asks his audience to tell him the one thing all good salesmen do. After a brief pause Doug tells them – *"He asks for the order." "And what is the next thing all good salesmen do* ***after*** *asking for the order?"* There is dead silence, no response from the packed auditorium. Doug waits, then slams his hand down on the lectern and screams at his audience - - *"HE SHUTS UP!"* Most lousy salesmen ask for the order and then they keep talking. *"When you ask for the order – shut up!" "The first person to speak after you ask that question is dead."*

Doug goes on with his story - - *"The next day I came to this same point in my spiel. This time, when I screamed at the audience full of salesmen, I noticed the president of the company standing in the rear of the auditorium. When I screamed at his sales staff he simply turned and left the auditorium. I thought to myself – well, Doug, you just blew your relationship with this client – yelling at the president's top salesmen like that. The next day I had another room full of salesmen and, just before I got to my yelling point, I noticed the president, once again, standing in the rear of the auditorium. Oh well, I thought to myself, I'm not going to change my routine. I cut loose again and yelled at his staff again - - slamming my fist on the lectern I yelled again –*

"SHUT UP!" At that point the president raised his hand and began walking down the aisle toward the stage. Oh boy, I thought, I've had it. He's going to ream me out in front is his crew of salesmen and fire me on the spot for yelling at them.

"Please pardon the interruption, Doug. I have something I need to say." The president came up on stage and told the staff the following story: *"I attended your seminar yesterday when you screamed at my sales staff to shut up after asking for the order – and reminding them that the first person to speak is dead – that he just bought whatever was being sold. Well, it so happens that there has been a salesman in my office off and on for the last several weeks trying to sell me an expensive computer system for the company. I thought I'd test your theory. When this guy asked for the order, he shut up. He must have been one of your students. He shut up – and Doug, – so did I. By my watch, there was not a word spoken for five minutes. Five minutes and not a sound. That seemed like a lifetime. Then, I chuckled. And, you were right – I bought."*

This is a valuable piece of advice for salespersons. Doug also developed the Thirteen Methods of Closing. These are a series of procedures salesmen can use to create a box the prospect cannot get out of. These methods are highly manipulative and is probably one of the reasons salesmen earned the bad rap they have in the public mind's eye in general. These methods have, for the most part, been replaced by "consultative selling".

Don Edwards, Doug's brother, on the other hand, is a soft-spoken fella who had an honorable set of ethics. Don built very nice houses and brought several clients to me. He also came to me one day with an interesting proposal.

Another developer/builder in town developed two rather substantial subdivisions and had three or four spec houses for sale. (A spec house is one built on speculation, built for sale without a buyer on contract.). Harry Down owned the Down Development Company. Harry's office was one story above mine in the same building. Harry was responsible for the development of suitable land in town owned by Mr. J. Newton Rayzor. Harry was also Mr. Rayzor's son-in-law. Harry's training as an engineer was not especially suited for business operations. Realizing this, Harry approached things very deliberately. Don and I thought Harry could do much more with what he had available to him. Don's proposal to Harry was to have the Down Development Company hire Don as his Operations Manager (developer/builder) and me as the in-house General Manager.

Don and I met with Harry, and he accepted our proposal. Don worked in the field, and I worked in the office. We increased housing sales dramatically in the first six months. I resigned from Fleet-Rall but, maintained a close working relationship with Cary Rall and the insurance man, Sheldon Olmstead.

While working at Down Development Company, I handled the mortgage financing for the house sales, and I put together a combination mortgage and whole life insurance policy we offered to new homeowners. From this the North Texas Life and Causality Company was formed. I was the founder and president. We offered a policy that looked something like this - - when a home was sold, we offered a mortgage through Fleet-Rall. Let's say the mortgage was $50,000 for a 30-year term at a rate of 4.5%. These figures are all hypothetical of course. The actual numbers depended on age, medical condition, and other factors, but here is the outline of the program.

The buyer takes out a mortgage loan. The balance on the mortgage decreases over time as monthly payments are made. The buyer also buys a whole life insurance policy to protect his or her family. In the case of death, the insurance policy pays off the mortgage. That policy also had a cash value that increased over time. At some point the decreasing mortgage loan balance intersects with the increasing cash value of the insurance policy. At that point, usually around the 17th year, the buyer cashes in the insurance policy and pays off the mortgage. This results in 13 years' worth of interest savings.

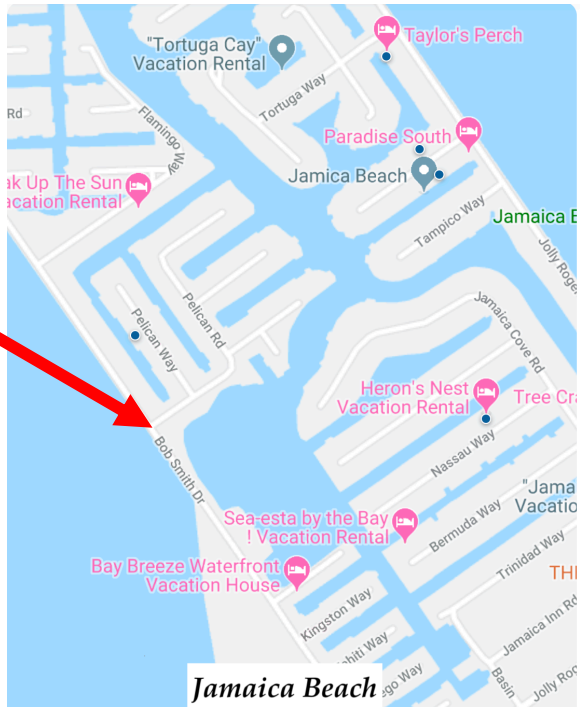
Adding the interest expense for 17 years and deducting the interest savings for 13 years; the resulting actual interest is extremely low. The buyer is also covered by insurance during this time. I jumped to the #1 insurance salesperson in the state for Indianapolis Life. Leah and I enjoyed an all-expense paid trip to New Orleans. The North Texas Life and Causality Company and all the finder's fees for mortgages went to Down Development Company of course, since I was their employee. I thought this understanding was a foregone conclusion. In my imagination, it was.
When Mr. Rayzor died, his son took the reins. He dropped by my office one afternoon on his way to Harry's office for a board meeting. I told him about our house sales, mortgage brokerage, and insurance plan. He didn't say much. He went to the board meeting and told Harry to fire me immediately. I found out later he thought I was moon lighting on Harry's time and dime. Harry gave me the news that afternoon saying he had no choice. He also told me he would make some calls to make sure I landed on my feet and not miss a beat. He did just that.

I flew to Houston to meet Welcome and Jack Wilson, ex-Denton friends of Harry's. The Wilson brothers owned the Jamaica Resort Corp. They built and are still building resorts and second homes on Galveston Island. Their subdivisions are developed in such a way as to allow a homeowner to sail his or her boat to the house in the front or drive to the house in the rear.

In addition to Jamaica Resort, our company, we formed the Timewealth Corp. We built Treasure Island, Sea Isle and Pirates Cove, The Galveston Yacht Club, and in process of developing many other properties on Galveston Island.

Note "Bob Smith Dr." R. E. "Bob" Smith is a notable name in Houston. He and Roy Hoffines built the Houston Astrodome. Below is the Bob Smith Fountian in downtown Houston, a tribute donated by Welcome and Jack Wilson.

The Bob and Vivian Smith Fountain



Jamaica Beach

As the new Assistant Vice President for Finance at Timewealth Corp., I moved money around. My boss, Sherwood Crane, The Senior Vice President for Finance also served as President of the Colonial Savings and Loan Company. He occupied a very large office at Timewealth. My office, within shouting distance from Mr. Crane, was much smaller. Mr. Crane liked to shout. I arranged loans, somewhere in the neighborhood of $5 to $10 million a week. This is a rough outline of the migration of loans from land purchase to contracts for deed sales:

50% loan to value ratio loan for raw land.
70% loan to value ratio loan for roads and utilities. Pay off the land loan.
80% loan to value ratio loan for building property. Pay off the development loan.
90% loan to value ratio loan for a "contract for deed". Pay off the construction loan.

Timewealth held 100% of all contract for deed paper on all houses sold by their real estate agents. I was moving a lot of money, borrowing money from one bank at a specified loan to value ratio and paying off another. I borrowed and paid several millions of dollars a week. I got to know every banker in town. I was soon instructing banks how to structure loans. I discovered that a bank could/can do anything they want to do, regardless, or in spite of governing regulations.

Sometimes a bank asked for compensating balances – a cash deposit equal to a certain percentage of the loan requested. I always wondered how a bank could require a cash deposit from someone who came to the bank to borrow money. Some bankers understand business – some do not. Timewealth asked a bank for $1 million to develop some land. The bank agreed to make the loan but, in doing so, they violated the Fed's requirement that a bank maintain liquidity at a certain ratio of assets to debt. I am not saying this properly but, you get the drift.

In this particular case – and many others like it – the bank required compensating balances equal to 100% of the amount of money being loaned, and thereby maintaining the bank's liquidity requirements. A $1 million loan required a $1 million compensating balance. Now, this is the fun part. I knew a guy . . .

Certificates of Deposit at the time paid 3% insured by the FDIC. This is one of the safest forms of savings. CD's didn't pay much but, they are safe. The guy I knew in Florida (let's name him James) had contacts in pension trust funds, major urban utilities, and even other banks. Timewealth needed $1 million in cash compensating balances sent to Sharpstown State Bank for instance. My guy In Florida – we'll call him James - says back to me – "Great. Send me your check equal to 3% of your request, and I will have $1 million sent to Sharpstown Bank immediately. Our check to James equaled $30,000. James sent 2% or $20,000 to a pension fund and they sent their $1 million to the bank to purchase a CD, with a guaranteed yield of 3%. The pension earned 2% up front and 3% on a federally insured CD. James kept 1% or $10,000 for his trouble and Sharpstown Bank got their compensating balance and Timewealth got its $1 million loan.

Do you see the fly in the ointment yet? A typical CD usually carried a 6 month term. The loan carries a term of 2 years. Timewealth could – for another 3% renew the CD. I do not recall ever renewing a CD. At the end of the CD maturity date (6 months), they all went back, in cash, to the pension fund. At that point the bank was out of compliance with the Feds. The Feds later shut down Banks for this type of transaction, including Sharpstown.

RS-1 and the Order Ecumenical entered our lives and a seismic shift occurred in our lives.

PART III

I fell into a burning ring of fire

1969 to 1985

Before moving to Houston, Leah and I attended RS-1. (Religious Studies I was the first of several courses dealing with basic Christian theology presented by the Ecumenical Institute. There were other courses on the individual and family; the nation and world; cultural studies dealing with basic issues like a family budget and use of time.) We soon learned how to teach the course. Both of us where on the regional faculty in Houston? We listened to audio tapes we got from Chicago. We set up a "seminar room" in the 30-foot-long den in our Denton house. We placed a 6-foot mirror in one end and a 4′ X 6′ black board in the other. We would "teach" into the mirror and do the board work. We could see what the participants saw.

Leah and I joined a local cadre of colleagues meeting once a month, as well as a local Ecumenical Institute pedagogy training group.

A bit of context about the Ecumenical Institute seems to be in order here. The Order: Ecumenical (O:E) was born as a result of a resolution passed by the World Council of Churches. The World Council delegates met in Evanston, Illinois in 1954. The resolution they passed established the Evanston Institute for Ecumenical Studies in Evanston, IL, a "lay academy for world churchmen," to be modeled on the Ecumenical Institute in Bossey, Switzerland.

Dr. Joseph Mathews and the staff in Austin engaged in teaching religious studies and experimenting with a new lifestyle of community living. The World Council approached Dr. Joseph Mathews, asking him to move from Austin to Evanston to head the newly formed Ecumenical Institute. The position paid a salary of $1,000 per month. Dr. Mathews agreed with the condition that he bring his staff with him. The Council said they did not have funds to pay for a staff. Joe told the Council he and his staff would fund themselves.

Joe opened the Ecumenical Institute in Evanston, Illinois and established one of the operating principals of the Institute – that of self-sufficiency. The staff of the Institute became the Order: Ecumenical and qualified as a "pooled income" group under the rules of the IRS. About a third of the staff worked in secular jobs, pooled their income which supported the other two thirds of the community. This formed a third order, an order of families.

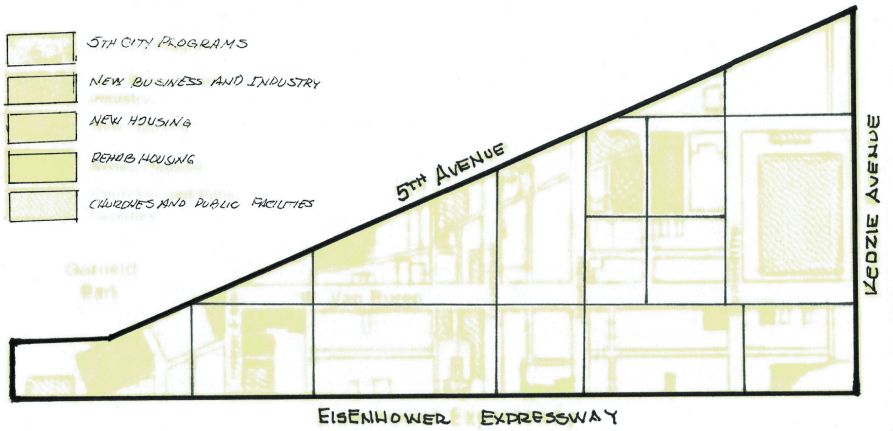
In early 1963, this group began looking for a suitable place in the City of Chicago to live and experiment with a local community development project. They found that the Bethany Seminary was moving out of their seminary on the westside. After buying the property, it became the new home of The Ecumenical Institute at 3444 W. Congress Parkway in the summer of that year.

Bethany Seminary

This location became the center of a comprehensive development project. The community is called 5th City. It covered 16 square blocks. This project became a live research and training project. It served as a model for other community developments to follow.

One of the chief issues in 5th City and many other communities we worked in was a victim self-image and a dependent community story. The community was a victim to the police force, Mayor Dailey, alcohol, the school system, their heritage, the economic condition and on and on.

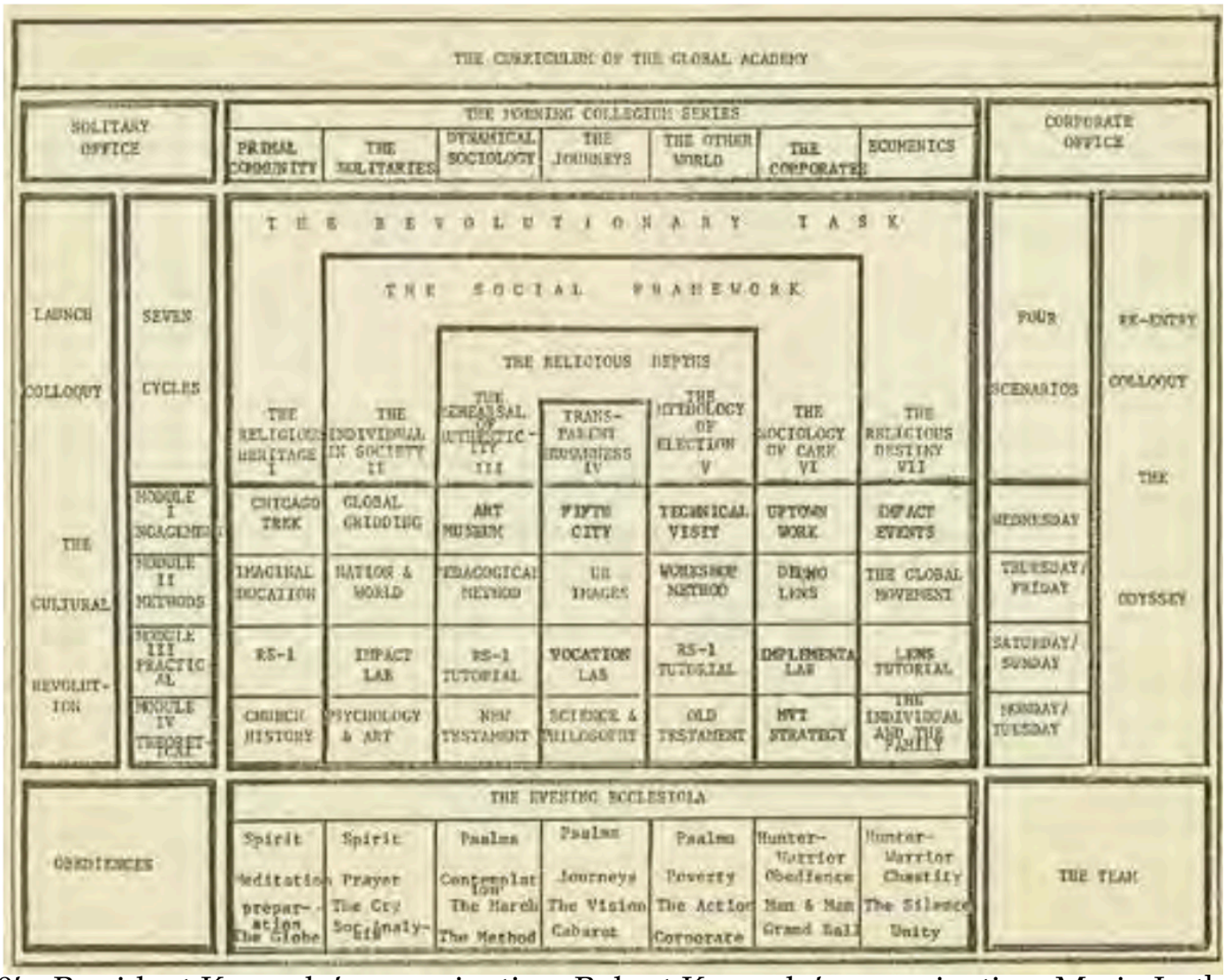
Fifth City Human Development Project, Chicago



The Iron Man statue created by the community tells a different story. It stands as a constant reminder of an ancient people who rose from the ashes to become a new or reborn community. It sparked a new story as well - that no one in THIS community is victim to no one or no thing. I knew the power of story from my experience at Acme Brick and the US Navy. I had no idea as to the depth and comprehensive power it is. 5th City is the reborn city.

The 1st City is the downtown ring. The 2nd City is the urban, inner city ring. The 3rd City are the suburbs. The 4th City is the rural area. The 5th City is the reclaimed or reborn 2nd City urban inner city. 5th City is located in the westside ghetto of Chicago

Shortly after moving to Houston, Leah, pregnant at the time, attended the Urban Academy at the Institute's headquarters in 5th City. The Academy was a residential thirteen-week series of training – intellectual as well as field training. The riots in the



60's, President Kennedy's assassination, Robert Kennedy's assassination, Marin Luther King's assassination, the riots at the Democratic Convention had just occurred in Chicago, and the Detroit riots exploded. Later Anwar Sadat's assignation and the Kent State shootings was just too much.

THE ACADEMY

Our second daughter was born in Houston, thankfully, after Leah returned from the Academy. Our regional colleagues elected me to go to Chicago as the Houston Area representative to the Institute's North American Council of Area Priors. Arriving at O'Hare airport, I took a taxi to the Institute's westside address. The taxi driver refused to take me and told me I must have been given the wrong address. These were NOT interesting times – they were dangerous times. The world seemed to be coming apart at the seams.

When I returned from Chicago, Leah and I stayed up all night with a colleague, Don Raschke, talking over the pros and cons of joining the Order. A since of helplessness was a national malaise. We needed to do something. The local church was turned in on itself and impotent in having remotely kin to addressing innocent human suffering. The only group we knew about was the Ecumenical Institute and their significant work in 5th City. We sold much of what we had, rented a U-Haul trailer, and drove to Rockford, Illinois. The Rockford Religious House had recently opened, and we became its most recent interns into the Order: Ecumenical.

I went to work to earn money for self-support. "Self-support" means every location around the world supported itself. There were a couple of benefits to this. When assigned to work in a local village, our staff lived in the village. We did not live in town and drive to work in the village. This put us on the same income level as those whom we served. It also meant 100% of any contribution to the project, went to the project – there was no "administrative overhead" or staff salary deducted from the donation. We had to earn a living like everyone else.

Other members in the Rockford House "work in" doing the programs of the Institute. About 1/3rd of us "work out". The fewer members who are assigned to work out means that more members "work in" to do programs for the House. I brought home $1,000 a month as the Assistant Director of The Rockford Housing Authority. I earned another $1,000 a month working on finances for Col. Dale Runyon, President of TransWorld Trading Company. As an entrepreneur, Dale ran a far-flung business from his office in Peoria, Illinois. He owned a tiny share in a gold mine in Utah, a tiny share in a subdivision in Florida, and half a dozen other ventures. My monthly salary acted as a retainer. My work for Dale was in finance. I developed contacts through Dale that led me to arranging the real-estate financing of the Blue Ocean Resort in Florida. My take home finder's fee of $25,000 presented a shock to the Prior of the Rockford Religious House and our self-support budget. Baine Davis, the First Prior, didn't know what to do with the check. He had never seen anyone bring in a check like that. He didn't trust me, being new to the House, I might just take off with the money. He drove me to downtown Rockford and had me stand on a street corner while he called Chicago for instructions. That check, I was told later, got the Chicago Area into the black for the year.

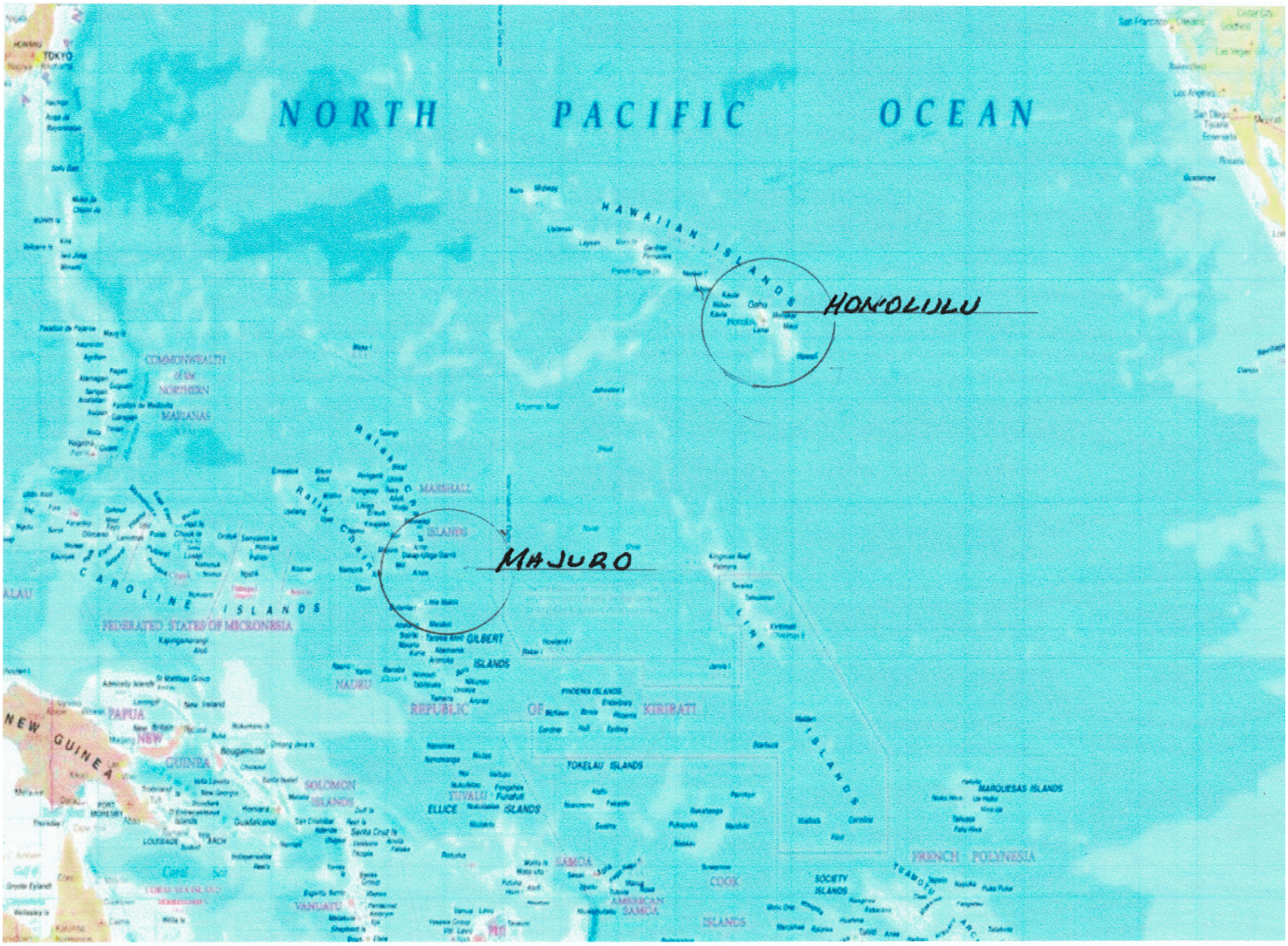
In 1971 Leah and I moved under assignment to 5th City from Rockford. Still assigned to "work out" I stayed with TransWorld and met Peter Curlin, the Senior Vice President of Finance for Kentucky Fried Chicken. Peter had been given the task of selling all of KFC's company owned stores. KFC no longer wanted to be in the real estate business; it wanted to be in the chicken business. Financing the stores for a new owner meant borrowing $24 million. Peter had a prospective buyer, Dudley Andrews from the UK. He also had a loan arranger – me. Dudley flew around in his Lear Jet, and I went with him.

We bought the Owensboro State Bank in Owensboro, Kentucky. I financed the acquisition. We flew to Dallas to hire a bank manager, back to Owensboro, and on to Meigs Field in Chicago. Somewhere outside Chicago at 20,000 feet, I had some fun and called the 5th City switchboard asking for Dean Mathews. Being rather proud of myself, I asked Dean Mathews what to do with the check for $85,000.00 I had in my pocket. He told me to endorse it and bring it home. That's it. He just answered my question and hung up. Dudley was about to close on the KFC deal through his new bank in Owensboro when Hublin Liquor Company bought KFC. J. Y. Brown, the President of KFC, was elected Governor of Kentucky shortly thereafter.

Following that commission check, Dean Mathews created the Economic Intensification Loan Fund. I financed a D-9 Caterpillar tractor for one of Col. Runyon's gold mines worth about $25,000.00 and a stock swap in Houston worth $96,000.00. My share of these transactions helped the Economic Intensification Loan Fund significantly.

About this time Dean Mathews and his crew returned from a global trip and decided that the Marshall Islands would make a good human development project. Joe had landed on Kwajalein atoll during WW II, and Neil Vance, a staff member, had worked on Ebeye when he was in the Peace Corp. The project would need a means of self-support, and KITCO on the Majuro atoll and Ebeye needed a businessman. My life was about to shift – dramatically.

Leah and I accepted an invitation to have dinner with the Dean Mathews and a couple of staff who'd just returned from the world tour. After enjoying pizza Dean Mathews said they had visited an island group called The Marshall Islands.



Google Maps

After visiting with several island leaders Dean Mathews and the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA) accepted an invitation to begin a comprehensive community development project on the Majuro atoll. The ICA had become the community development organization of the Ecumenical Institute. One of the ICA staff was to be the management assistant at the Kwajalein Importing and Trading Company (KITCO). KITCO was a general merchandise store with two locations, four warehouses, a bar, and the operator of a field trip intercoastal freighter called the *MV Militobi*.

Dean Mathews assigned Larry and Kathleen White, Mike Huff and Lee and Leah Early to Majuro. The two wives, however, remained in Chicago until suitable living space could be arranged. Larry is a CPA. Mike is a schoolteacher. The three of us boarded a plane in Chicago. We left on April 1, 1971 to Los Angeles, Hawaii, Midway, Kwajalein atoll, and landed on Majuro two days later.

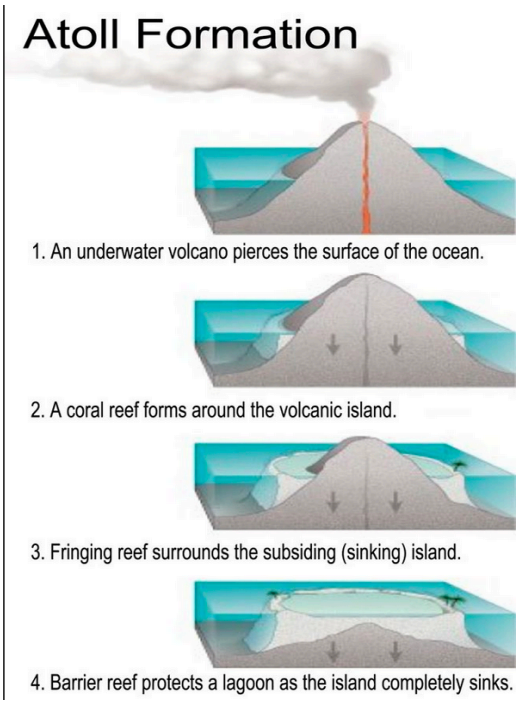
Larry and I knew we were about to encounter things, ideas, concepts, and an environment totally foreign to us. This was dramatically brought home to us when we landed at Kwajalein. We could deplane but were not allowed outside the terminal. Now you and I have eaten clams before – tasty little things. However, the clam at the Kwajalein airport was a bit larger than the clams we were accustom to. This one was large enough to eat us. It was so large that Larry sit down inside it.

Before we left Chicago, Dean Mathews told us KITCO was the authorized copra trader in the Marshall Islands. This company was a designated field trip operator on the *MS Militobi.* Copra? Field trip? Our first priority was to get paid by the United Micronesian Development Authority (UMDA) for the last field trip KITCO had operated. Copra, the major export of the Marshalls, is dried coconut meat used for cosmetics and other medicinal purposes.

KITCO did not own the *MV Militobi*. They leased it. Before leaving the dock for a trip to several outer islands and atolls, KITCO and the UMDA agreed on a price per pound for copra. This was a guaranteed price UMDA paid to KITCO upon its return from the field trip. The *MV Militobi* had returned and had not been paid because KITCO had never submitted an invoice to UMDA. Several months had passed. The crew had disappeared long ago. The copra had been off-loaded, and the *MV Militobi* sat empty. When we got to Majuro, our first task was to get that money collected, the ship staffed and under way, or risk losing the license to operate future field trips. UMDA could not afford to have a field trip ship tied up at the dock.

Copra production – drying coconut meat

Given that context, Leah and I accepted an assignment to Majuro. We had never heard of Majuro and had no clue as to the location of the Marshalls. And, what's an atoll?



KITCO, it seemed, would have qualified for bankruptcy several times over. But there were no bankruptcy laws in the Marshalls. It had not paid taxes in two years. It had not made payroll in six months. Employees took food and canned goods home in lieu of salary. These non-cash withdrawals depleted our inventory and the goods left on the shelves had no labels. The labels had fallen off in a matter of a couple of weeks due to the thirty-foot cloud of ocean spray covering the atoll 24/7. KITCO had a skeleton inventory of cans with no labels.

Upon arrival on the first day of my new job at KITCO, a young man knocked at the front door of the KITCO office. He was a clerk from the High Court Marshall Islands District of the Trust Territory of The Pacific. Judge D. Kelly Turner was about to rule in favor of at attorney representing three of KITCO's creditors.

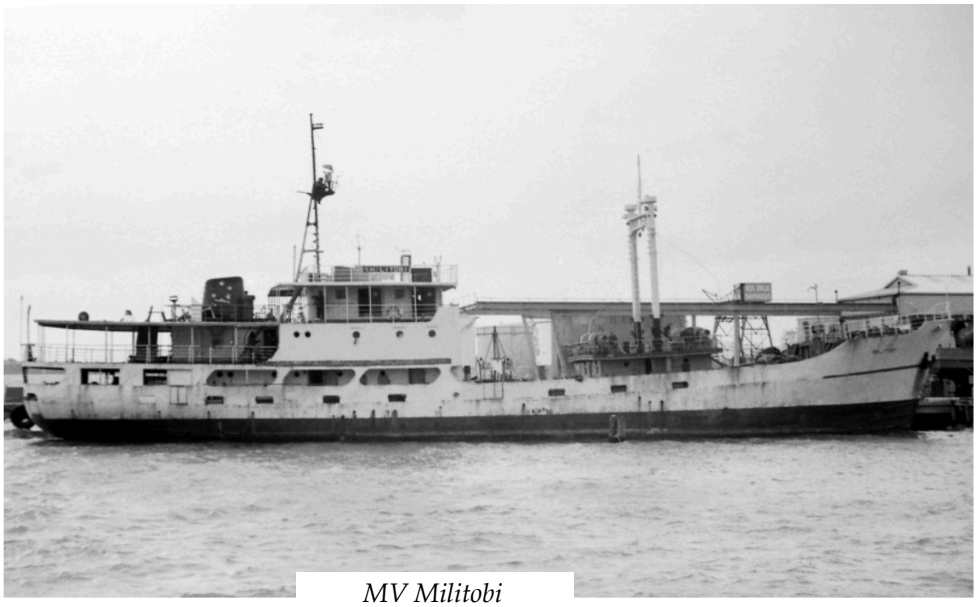
Since we did not have an attorney to represent KITCO, the judge awarded a default judgement in favor of our creditors. That meant the store would be padlocked, all assets seized and sold to satisfy the creditors. KITCO would be out of business.

Judge Kelly Turner

When I got to the courthouse I went to the judge's office. I introduced myself and told the judge I had just arrived and was sure we could turn KITCO around. I just needed six months. The judge told me to go get the attorney. "He's probably having lunch at Ms. Bing's café and ask him to accompany you back here. I'll wait."

Sure enough, he was, and we did. The judge then told us both – "Paul, you have your default judgement. Just don't file it. Give these guys six months to turn this around and pay you." The attorney agreed. So, we now have six months. Six months to do – what, exactly?

The first order of business was to collect the money due KITCO for its last field trip on the *MV Militobi*, the copra freighter operated and supplied by KITCO. The government owed KITCO $80,000, give or take, for operating expenses and the tons of copra pre-sold to the United Micronesian Development Authority. There was only one problem. The accounting books had vanished. Larry, the CPA and I had to "recreate" the books. (Don't ask.)



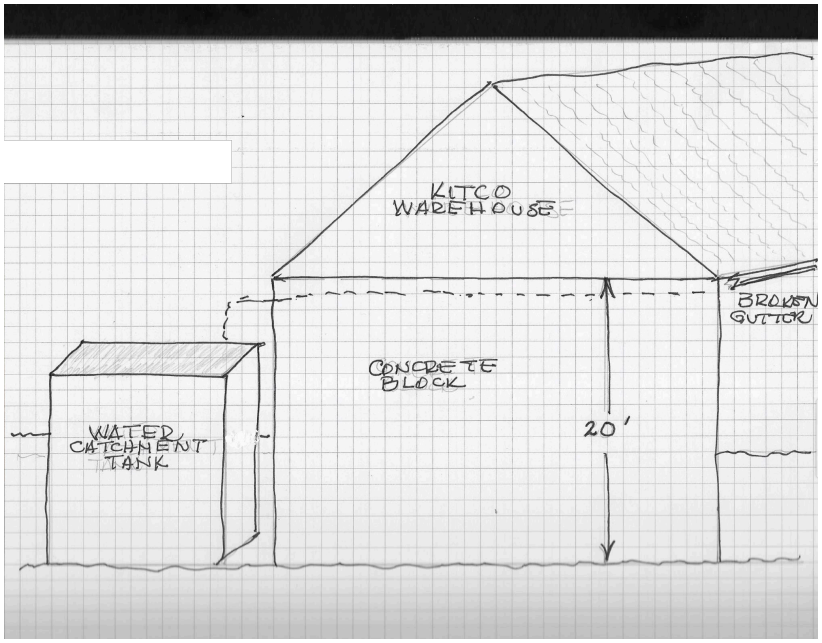
MV Militobi

It took us a month but, we recreated the books and finally got paid.

We learned that the rules and regulations gave way to, not only to our innovation and creativity, but we learned the Marshallese culture was alive and well in the midst of opposing cultural norms we brought to the island. That culture, at times, was directly opposite from our way of doing things. Their culture, for instance, was a culture of taking care of everyone. If your neighbor came to you asking for a can of beans, the culture dictated you give him a can of beans. This was in direct conflict with our culture of for-profit business. That is one reason the Marshallese hired non-Marshallese store managers. They could say "no" whereas the Marshallese could not

One of the horizontal priorities we faced was housing. The three of us new ICA staff set up housing above the KITCO store: two bedrooms, one living room, a kitchen, and a toilet. The shower was connected to the water catchment system laced with sea water and dispensed thorough a ½" pipe. We used a 55-gallon drum outside to collect rainwater. So, each morning, in my shorts, I poured dipping rainwater over my head for a shower. The Marshallese began to wonder: Are these guys nuts? A short time later they no longer wondered.

The building that housed the KITCO general store and our living quarters also served as a rainwater catchment system. Rain fell on the roof, drained down gutters running the length of the building, and emptied into a large concrete water tank below. The tank was empty. The gutter running along the roof line had collapsed. Well – no wonder the catchment tank was empty. The solution was obvious and easy. Just reconnect the gutters.



KITCO warehouse and water catchment

However, we had no ladder. The hip was 20′ off the ground. No problem. We just started stacking wooden shipping pallets, one on top or another, 20′ up. We would stack several pallets; Mike climbed up six feet or so, and I handed him another pallet. I don't recall how Mike placed the new pallet stacked on top of the stack, while he was standing on the stack. We got several more pallets stacked up to a staggering altitude of 7′. It was hot and it was noon. Time for lunch and a cold beer.

After lunch Mike and I went back to the job site and discovered some of our KITCO staff had dug a trench from the downspout, underground and up into the 8′ high tank. 20 feet down, 30 feet underground and up into the tank. Capillary action took care of the solution where a couple of "rebellies", stacking pallets couldn't. Rebellies was the Marshallese word for white, hairless people. Lesson: The Marshallese had lived and navigated the Pacific for generations. They knew a thing or two about water. The event also shed light on our own naiveté. We learned that there is such a thing as intentional naiveté. Sometimes it's best to decide not to know what you think you know.

°°°FROM A BARTER SYSTEM TO A CASH ECONOMY°°°

Getting the Marshallese off a barter economy to a cash economy became one of our chief priorities. The major employer of the Marshallese people was the government. Women, almost exclusively women, would sit in front of their typewriters for eight hours a day and every once in a while, hit a key. The search began for some money-making industries and small businesses that we might start.

That question was always in the front of our minds from day one. "How can we change a barter system to a cash economy?"

The first weekend Mike and I couldn't resist that blue, calm lagoon. We went for a swim. We had goggles and swim trunks. So, we swam just below the surface looking down at the lagoon floor. The fish captured our attention – all sizes and colors. We also noticed an ugly looking slug, about the size of a large cucumber. What in the world could they be?

Sea Cucumber

After some research we discovered Sea Cucumbers or Trepang, a food for several Asian people came from Ceylon. It's called Sri Lanka today. The Ceylon variety was tiny. It was several ounces in size. "Our" sea cucumbers weighed eight to ten pounds! We had hit the Mother Lode. Now, how to sell them.

Our research identified two major markets. One in Hong Kong and one in Japan. Hong Kong folks liked their Trepang whole, boiled and dried. The Japanese preferred a length slit open, emptied and dried. Mike and I grabbed a plastic pail, our goggles and away we hurried to catch six or eight and send samples to Hong Kong and Japan.

The Sea Cucumbers had a different notion. The first one we grabbed cut loose emitting several strings of "noodles", long, sticky, white noodle looking mechanism of defense. We soon learned the stuff was almost impossible to get off our arms. We caught several, keeping ourselves "up wind" or up current with the stringy noodles flowing behind our catch.

The plan was to fix four the Hong Kong way and four the Japanese way. Back in our kitchen, we put a large pot on the stove to boil some water. Since the Hong Kong way did not require gutting the thing, we decided to boil them whole and then dry them. The water was boiling. We put four cucumbers into the pot, put the lid on it and sat down for a beer while we waited for them to cook.

Several minutes later and having finished only half of our beer – the pot exploded, blowing the lid off the pot and blowing Trepang parts all over the kitchen. It took us several days to clean the sticky spaghetti off the walls. Oh well, we decided to forget the Hong Kong way for now and cleaned four others of the eight Trepang in preparation for drying for the Japanese market.

The drying process was interesting. The KITCO store was a large building with a corrugated aluminum roof. Someone had put up a close line on the roof to dry cloths. Perfect. We hung up our four cooked cucumbers on the cloths line to dry.

It rained solid for four days. The Trepang turned brown, then green, then slithered off the line into four slimy piles on the roof. The Marshallese had their suspicions confirmed – these guys had gone nuts. And that was the end of our Trepang period.

By this time, we had become known as the "Blue Shirts" due to our vocational garb we all wore. Blue shirts were our habit, an outward symbol of our community and mission.

°°° The Special Cuisine of the Week °°°

Now that we had a little breathing room, we could focus on actually running the company. Now that the dust had settled a bit, we had time to explore. The history of KITCO was interesting and something we need to know more about. And, our task beyond KITCO had our eyes peeled on any economic opportunity that popped up.

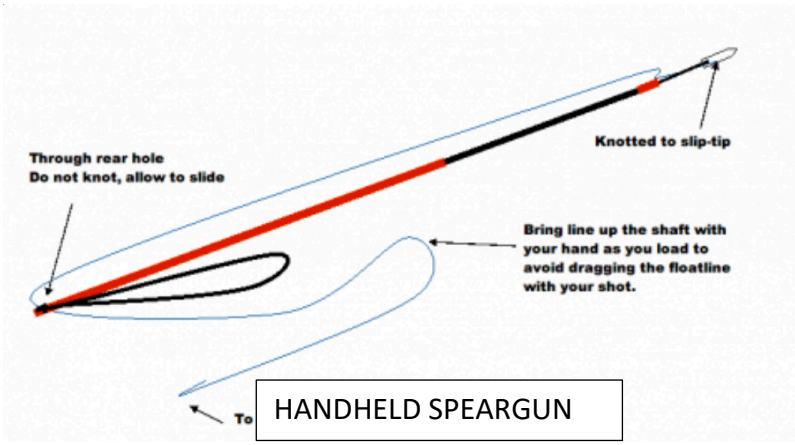
We had stepped into an empty shell of what was once a major economic factor. The US Navy founded KITCO after the war. It was one of the largest trading companies in the Pacific. KITCO later reconstituted itself into the largest publicly held stock company in the United States Trust Territory of the Pacific. Now it was no longer a significant economic factor. We had just avoided the death of the company at the hands of three creditors and now looked into the eyes of death in our own warehouse.

One of our two warehouses on the Majuro atoll, rusting and falling apart housed general merchandise, the total volume of which you could count on one hand. It didn't take us long to conduct an initial inventory. One "priceless" item was a spear gun. Yep, a five-foot, spring loaded drenched in gosmoline anti-rust oil, spear gun, complete with a metal spear, speargun.

SPRING LOADED SPEARGUN

Well now, we couldn't let that relic go to waste. The parking lot between the store and the warehouse became our testing ground. Loading the spear by pressing the pointy end down on the ground and pushing until it locked – careful so as not to shoot ourselves in the foot – we finally had it loaded and ready to shoot. The Marshallese gathered around wondering what the "Blue Shirts" were up to now. Mike Huff pointed it at the warehouse wall, about 20 feet from where he stood, and pulled the trigger. The recoil was significant but not nearly as impressive as the hole in the warehouse wall. Not the wall closest to Mike, his target, but through that wall, the warehouse and out the opposite wall! Our mouths dropped. Good grief, we had ourselves a formidable weapon. A fishin' we would go.

We never speared one damn fish. Our speargun was too big, too powerful and the reef fish were too small and too quick. The Marshallese, on the other hand used a length of rubber surgical hose band and spear. They quickly reloaded because their spear was tethered to a short line to retrieve the spear while we were off hunting for ours to reload.



HANDHELD SPEARGUN

Back to the eyes of death . . .

. . . our newest and larger warehouse sat behind the KITCO store. It was about 99% empty and 1% filled with cases – cases? – what used to be cases, each filled with – filled with what? The cases had been in the process of disintegration for months and the identifying labels were in Japanese. The rats took a liking to the glue that once held the labels on the cans. They too were gone. We had no clue what was in them. "Well", you ask – "Why didn't you open a can and find out what was in them?" Yeah, we thought of that. We did and still didn't know what filled (1%) our warehouse.

Then, Leah came up with the solution. (Spoiler alert). It was not what she thought it'd be, nor did we, and I'll bet you that your imagination would have followed ours down this path.

Of course – grab what was left of a few cases, take them to the store, set up a card table, open a can of ship biscuits and give our customers, numbering about six at the time, free samples. "Try it, you'll like it."

TIN OF SHIP BISCUITS

We couldn't give the stuff away. Then, we noticed an uptick in sales. An uptick from zero was hard to miss! About once a week a Marshallese doctor came to the store and bought one, then two, then three CASES of our "Cuisine Weekly special" from Japan. What in the world would a US highly educated doctor want with cases of this stuff – surely, he couldn't eat that much! Ah, but his pigs loved it. Leah won the "Salesperson of the Month". We were big on giving folks awards for good work. Sure, we were.

True story, only just a little <u>*exaggerated* to illustrate the absurd.</u>

°°° *KITCO's fresh start* °°°

We learned, early on, that the rules and regulations we lived with and under often gave way to our innovation and creativity. We also learned the Marshallese culture was alive and well and it too could give way to a different skill set of creativity. Their culture, for instance, was one of taking care of everyone. If your neighbor came to you asking for a can of beans, the culture dictated you give him a can of beans. This was in direct conflict with our culture of for-profit business. That is one reason the Marshallese hired non-Marshallese store managers. They could say "no". They learned a way around a cultural norm.

As stated, earlier KITCO was in deep trouble, in spite of the $80,000 government payment collection. If there had been bankruptcy laws, KITCO would have qualified five times over.

One of the first things a good management consultant looks at in a situation like this, is the payroll. In Majuro, there were no "management consultants." Back in the states, when confronted with a situation similar to ours at KITCO ,they would no doubt use a tried and true method of getting the payroll cut down to size. They are known as POP shops. People Off the Payroll is their main strategy. Sometimes it's their ONLY strategy. I

proposed we cut payroll by laying off half a dozen people. That did not go over well. "That is not our way." In fact, the board decided that maybe I was the one that ought to go. No one was laid off.

We now turned our attention to the store, mainly the store on Majuro. I had not made the trip to Ebeye on the Kwajalein atoll yet. The Majuro store was bare, hardly any food on the shelves and the warehouse inventory was almost non-existent. The canned goods that were there were so old the labels had fallen off or were eaten off by rats. We played the hand we were dealt. (Plus, a little creativity.)

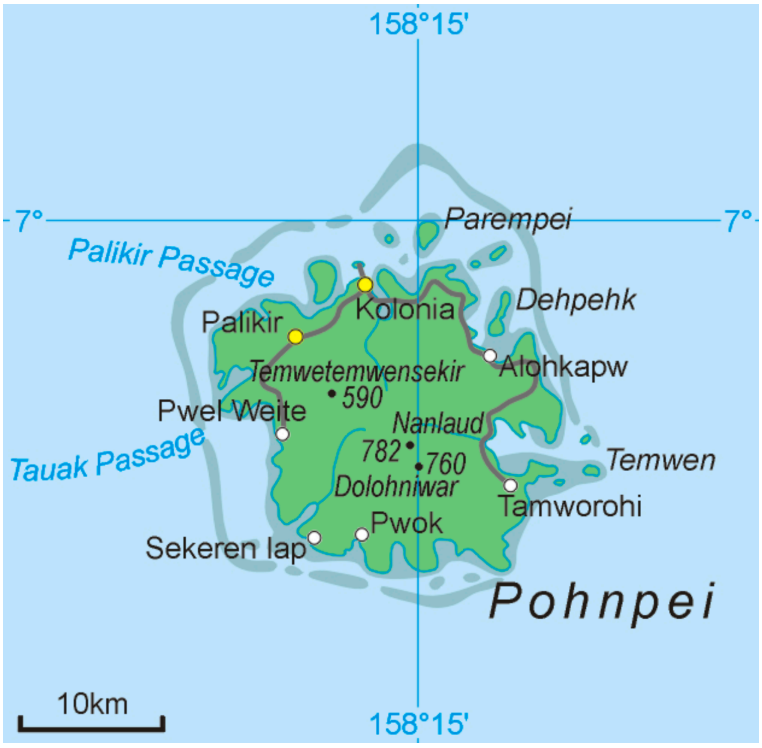
We needed to sell those cases of unlabeled canned goods in the warehouse. Leah set up a card table in the KITCO store and stacked up some cases of cans without the labels – from Japan. She would open a can, see what was in it – or rather what she thought was in it, open a tin of ship biscuits, mixed up some spread out of what was handy and started tasting. The Marshallese would come by for a free taste and buy a can or two. Thus, we began depleting what inventory we had left but, we also got some cash in the process. Selling one can a day wasn't getting us anywhere, fast. Then a strange thing began to happen. Leah sold an entire case one day. That was unusual but not totally out of the ordinary. But then she sold another case and another. Who was buying this stuff? It was a local Doctor. When asked about why he had such an appetite he quickly turned up his nose – "Oh no. Not for me. But my pigs love it." Our first major customer was a flock of pigs!

By this time, after stumbling through several "Pig" situations, we had a pretty good idea as to what we needed to get the company back in the black:

- Keep the field trips going
- Fresh meat and veggies in KITCO
- Rice
- Comprehensive refinance package

The field trips were well underway operating the *MV Militobi.* Each trip was closed out, Letter of Credit paid off, copra sold, the ship was reloaded

with trade goods, and a new Letter of Credit drawn down for another trip to the outer islands.



The issue of fresh meat was temperately addressed by Bako Bako, which is shark in Marshallese. The refrigerated van was working and gave us a way to keep frozen meat and leach out the shark meat. We were able to get frozen meat flown in from Guam and Saipan, the plane stopped going and coming on Pohnpei. Pohnpei is a "high island", meaning it is a volcanic island that was still above the ocean surface. A barrier reef was forming around the edges forming a protected lagoon. Eventually, the volcanic island would sink below the surface of the ocean leaving a coral reef for that would be an atoll. Due to the high altitude of the island, rainfall was almost constant, and the vegetation was lush. A 2,566-foot-high mountain doesn't sound very high but, it was high enough to catch 300 inches of rain fall per year at a temperature range of 71° to 86° producing a tropical rain forest. This became the source of our fresh vegetables.

The folks on Pohnpei created a coop farmer's market. Air Micronesia landed on Pohnpei every other day headed east, toward Majuro. Perfect. We could buy veggies from the coop and have them flown in every other day – fresh veggies!

A standing order of vegetables was drawn up for the coop. Tomatoes, potatoes, chard, lettuce, radish, and various other vegetables were on the list. We gave the list to Mike Huff, put him on a plane headed west toward Pohnpei.

Mike landed on the island, made his way to the coop and handed our list to the manager. He looked at it with a curious expression on his face. One of the items on our list was 500 pounds of potatoes. "You want 500 pounds of

potatoes?" he asked. Mike nodded yes. "Well", said the manager, "I suppose we could cut one up for you. We harvest them with a D-9 Cat." One potato weighs in at 2,000 pounds each!

What the heck – we had our supply of fresh veggies for the KITCO store.

Next, we needed to open up a supply line from the US west coast. At this point we ran into several blocks with our shipments from the east.

Caterpillar D-9 crawler

The first block was the fact that the Marshallese were "brand bound". By "brand bound" I mean that the Marshallese would not drink San Miguel Beer from the Philippines. We even got the distributorship for Carlton Brewery's from Australia. We were selling a 450ml can of Carlton Draft for .25¢ a can. The Marshallese were not having any. They only drank Schlitz in the 12 oz can – half the volume of Carlton Draft and half the alcohol content. Schlitz sold in the KITCO bar for $1.00 per can. The same with cigarettes, body soap, flip flops – you name it – they only bought ONE brand of anything. These products came from the US mainland.

The second block was our credit standing. Our Japanese, Australian, Hong Kong, Korean, and Philippine suppliers were drying up. We had to open up the west coast of the US and Hawaii.

On a trip to Hawaii I visited the California and Hawaiian Sugar Company. (C&H Sugar). They agreed to terms and became one of our first suppliers. Our friendly banker from the Bank of Hawaii also helped. By now we were a good customer. Only one block remained. There were no trans-ocean shipping services from the west coast of the US or from Hawaii to Majuro. Well, that was not exactly true - - there was one.

The Kwajalein Missile Base needed American goods for American Contractors and the American military. AAFES (Army, Air Force Exchange Service) had to have American goods as well. In order to supply this population Matson Lines halted construction of an ocean freighter. They completed the hull but did not install an engine or power room and control tower. It was an empty ship with lots of extra, unused space. They

launched it as a barge and employed an ocean-going tug to pull it from Los Angeles Long Beach to Honolulu to load some more goods and then pulled it to Kwajalein. It did not go to Majuro.

Ocean Tug & Barge Engineering Co

We were confident that suppliers in the US, including Hawaii could ship via Matson but, how were we going to get goods from Kwajalein to Majuro. And, how were we going to get permission to even enter the Missile Base?

At this time there were several private contractors working on the Kwajalein atoll. You have to admit that (T.A.S.C.) sounded military and CEO reeked of authority. As the CEO of T.A.S.C., I got an appointment with the head of the Navy stationed on Kwajalein. "Sure," said the Admiral, "you can use our dock and the forklift."

Wonderful. Now what? Once the barge arrived and we used the forklift to off load our trade goods – yes? Now what? We had no ship. (Did I mention that nothing was easy in the Marshalls?). When the barge arrived at the Kwajalein dock, our ship – the *MV Militobi* had put to sea on a field trip. So, we borrowed the *MV Robert deBrum* from Adjuric Bien, a local merchant. Of course, we had no capacity to load our trade goods off the dock onto the *deBrum*. It would not accommodate a forklift, so, we loaded some Blue Shirts on board at Majuro, sailed to Kwajalein and – by hand – loaded the trade goods from the dock into the cargo hole of the *deBrum*. Yes, of course – the staff also had to off load the goods from the *deBrum* onto the dock at Majuro. Oh yeah, I forgot – I was off island at the time arranging a loan for KITCO. Thankfully, after that Matson served Kwajalein *and* Majuro. No doubt the sight of our staff off loading trade goods by hand shook their souls.

°°° Now for the hard part °°°

The KITCO store began to show some life. Now, we had to get serious. Larry and I put a Small Business Administration (SBA) loan package together. The Bank of Hawaii agreed to be the SBA lender with an SBA loan guarantee of 90%, and UMDA agreed to guarantee the balance of 10%. The

package took us several weeks to complete – mostly in the middle of the night. I flew to Guam to see the Bank of Hawaii. Mike Orr, our friendly banker, was very encouraging. While Mr. Orr was reviewing the application, I flew on to Saipan to see UMDA for their guarantee. Returning to Guam I again met with Mr. Orr. The bank, I was told had approved our application subject to getting 50% of our creditors to agree to accepting KITCO's promissory note for a five-year payout.

I immediately sought an attorney and as luck would have it, I met Paul Lacy, attorney, who agreed to take our case *pro bono*. Paul drafted a letter and note for 50% of KITCO's creditors to sign. It took us two weeks to achieve that 50% threshold. I was on the plane back to Guam. Mike had contacted his home office in Hawaii. The bank had a new threshold. The bank knew that the past due creditors could, at some future date, obtain a judgement, pad lock KITCO, sell the assets and preempt the bank nullifying their loan and KITCO's ability to repay it. The new threshold was 75%. It took us three weeks to achieve that objective; back to Guam. "Since you were able to get 75% of your creditors to sign a five-year note, the bank wanted us to go ahead and get 100% to agree to a five-year accommodation note.

This was not going to be easy. Paul Lacy and I knew we were going to have to call for a general creditor's meeting on Guam in an attempt to get 100% of our creditors to go along with a five-year, 0.00% interest note in the amount of their creditor's claim against KITCO.

The meeting was held a month later. There were about 50 creditors present. Fred Narune, Paul Lacy and I felt as though we were walking into a lion's den. There was a small group of East Indians from Hong Kong who were very upset. They represented a significant number of creditors. I was called an assortment of names, accused of acts with a number of animals and stood in violation of several non-human characteristics. After all that, I simply admitted I was guilty of all accusations and then asked the group whether or not they had any other options to getting their money.

It was about this time Paul handed out the notes with 0% interest. The creditors were now in shock. "Hell no", they were not going to sign any note for 0% interest. "We want at least 1%." Now, it was our turn to be shocked. Without a word, Paul got up and motioned for Fred and me to

follow him out of the room. With my mouth hanging open we followed Paul down the hall to an empty office and sat down. "What the hell, Paul – we can pay 1%. Why did you leave? We can still salvage this." Ten minutes later one of the creditors knocked on the office door and told us they had agreed to our terms.

100% of our creditors had agreed to a five-year, annual payment of their note at 0% interest. The SBA loan was funded and that year KITCO made a $1,000,000 profit.

With this much activity going on the powers that be in Chicago decided that Majuro would be our first human development project. I met Dean Mathews In Honolulu on his way to Majuro. He had a thick stack of papers outlining the expansion of the projects he was going to share with our staff on Majuro. He was not happy with the plan or the imagery. This meeting was after the initial round of global consults and was to be part of the opening of the second consult on Majuro. The plan was a complicated and convoluted piece of work fashioned after the plan of the Local Church Experiment. After some discussion Joe tossed the entire stack of papers into the trash and created a new image. The wheel of 24 HDP'S was the result.

In 1973 or thereabouts – six months on – our Director had made another visit. It was time to bring the wives to Majuro. Kathleen White and Leah arrived soon thereafter. Not long after their arrival several more staff arrived. As the staff grew, activities heated up.

Our ICA staff grew to over 35 and we shifted our focus to another set of objectives.

Canned Tuna $.85 ($1.81 per pound)

Fresh shark $.25 per pound

Well, we needed to fix the fresh food situation. About the only meat we had came in 7 ½ oz cans of tuna from Japan with no labels and the worst corned beef ever from Argentina.

7 1/2oz Tuna

Several months earlier – before our first Human Development Consult, our staff, on Majuro, numbered about a dozen folks. We, the ICA, supplied staff to several retail stores, a preschool, a business school, a multi-purpose repair center, a land farm and a sawmill. In this mix of staff was a hard charging, 6'4" basketball playing man from Iowa. Dan Tuecke was our man. He loved pork. That was appropriate since we had converted a concrete rainwater catchment system into his living quarters – next to the king's three pigs who lived next door. Dan was a fix-it man. He was especially good at "procurement". Replacing a broken machine part was a gigantic challenge for us in Majuro. The closest store for replacement parts was located 1,000 miles east or 1,000 miles west. Parts were pilfered from other broken-down machines or procured from idle machines, usually at night. I'm not making any accusations. I just know that when a part was needed, a replacement showed up the next morning. Dan was also good at making things - - things out of metal or wood.

°°°*Fresh meat? No problem – anyone can catch a shark*°°°

So, we sat down with Mr. Fixit (aka Dan Tuecke) and did a little brainstorming. Surrounded by water, our minds naturally drifted into how to catch fresh seafood. We had no boat, no gear, and not a clue about what to fish for. Our shallow experience in all this led us to shark fishing. Anyone could catch a shark. What do we need? Hook, line, and sinker was a phrase we recalled from our limited knowledge pool. Ok, let's do it.

Dan set about making enormous hooks, large enough to pull a Mac truck. He made five or six of them.

We then "acquired" a spool of 350-pound test monofilament line. We cut the line into lengths of 20 feet to 50 feet in length and tied a four-foot stainless steel leader to each length of line.

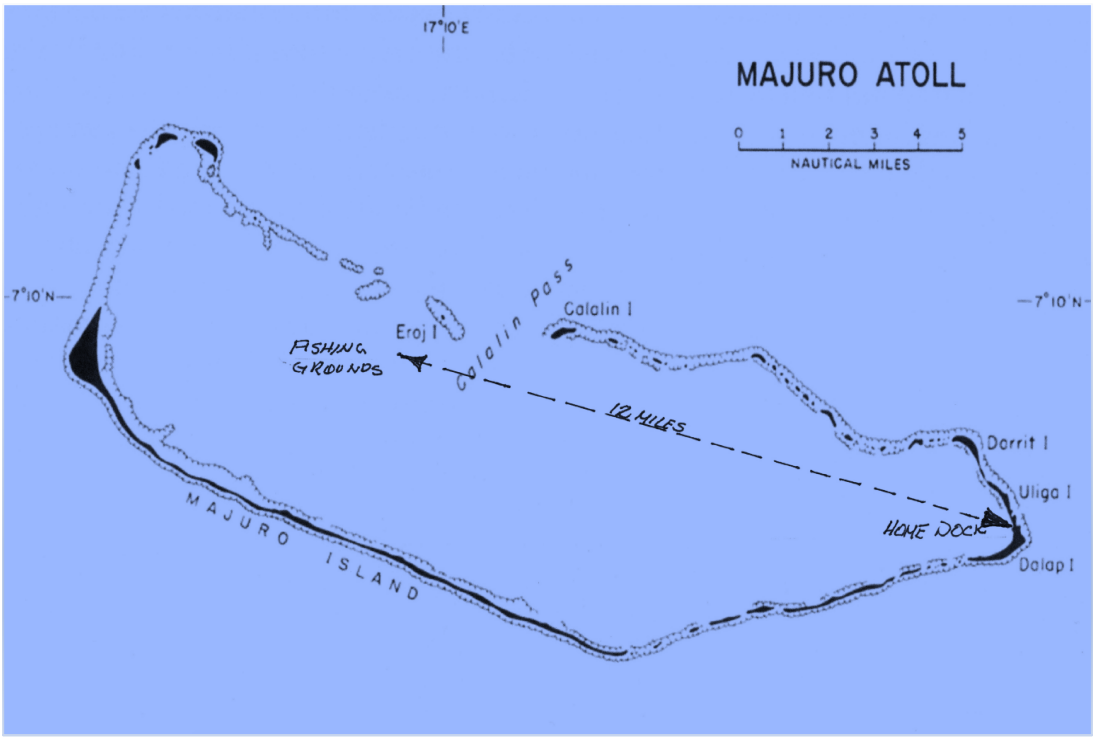
On the other end we tied a large Japanese float ball, about one to two feet in diameter.

We had six rigs like that – hook, leader, line, and float ball. Next, we asked a local Marshallese friend if he would take us out into the lagoon in his 15-foot outboard motorboat. The boat had a small cabin over the steering wheel and control panel.

Next? Bait of course. We picked up a large bucket and went around town asking for pig and chicken heads, guts, and blood. We even had a couple of tuna fish heads. Almost ready, Dan picked up a pair of work gloves and a large machete. Lee bought a case of beer. Now, we were ready.

One fine mid-morning we loaded up our boat with balls, bait, blood, and beer. Our Marshallese boat owner was the captain. We headed out across the lagoon, past the ocean pass, about 10 miles from our dock at Majuro to do some shark fishing. I was perched on top of the small cabin in charge of the beer and shark watch. We baited the hooks and tossed one rig at a time over the side, spaced about 200 yards apart. Then, we circled back.

We had nothing on the first couple of hooks but, we did on the third. We later wondered why sharks passed up such a juicy meal on the first several hooks. It suddenly occurred to us that the third hook was baited with one of the tuna heads. Apparently, sharks had never met a pig or a chicken but, they did know about tasty tuna. Alright, we had us a shark. Now the fun begins. This was an eight-foot shark. The shark made it abundantly clear it did not want to share our boat so, Dan donned his gloves, grabbed the machete and hand over hand pulled the shark close to the boat. He then proceeded to beat the poor beast over the head with the machete. He beat and beat – nothing. He didn't even break the skin. He did succeed in really pissing off the shark.



Eight foot shark

At this point we became absolutely certain we did not want an angry eight-foot shark in our fifteen-foot boat. Finally, Dan was whipped. He gave up. The captain politely asked Dan if he could use the machete. He lifted up the shark's snout and hit him one time under the chin. That did the trick. Together, the three of us hauled the shark on board and headed toward the closest islet to pick up some fresh coconut. Dan was driving the boat and the captain was cleaning the shark and tossing the waste overboard.

When we reached the small islet, we anchored just off the beach. Dan was to jump into the water, swim to shore and come back with half a dozen young coconuts. Just before he jumped in, from my perch atop the boat's cabin, I noticed a large shadow following the bloody waste left in our wake. The shark, all ten feet of him swam under the boat and came out the other side exactly under the spot where Dan was about to hit the water. Dan had a little hair back then and, I grabbed a hand full of it just before he jumped from the boat to unwittingly straddle a feeding shark. We decided to forgo the coconut and head for home.

Small islet

By the time we weighed anchor and turned toward the dock at Majuro it was getting dark. A Pacific storm approaching from the north turned the skies dark. By the time we reached the pass, the storm was raging around us. The waves began breaking over the cabin. I was no longer sitting on top of the cabin; I was under the tiny roof and wondering whether or not we could make it across the pass. We couldn't see anything. The captain tried to keep the boat headed into the waves at a 45° angle to prevent capsizing. All we could do was hold on and trust that the Marshallese captain would get us home safely. Thankfully, he did.

°°°*Soy sauce, wasabi and a little lime juice*°°°

Safely back on dry land and after a good night's sleep Dan and I got up, anxious to see if we had indeed solved the fresh meat challenge. That 7 ½ oz can of tuna was selling for 85¢. ($1.81 per pound) We intended selling fresh shark meat for 25¢ per pound. That was a good deal.

We cut up some shark steaks, fried them up and sat down to what was the most awful tasting meal EVER! Fresh shark steaks are the nastiest, putridly sour and totally uneatable. We soon learned why. Sharks urinate through their skin. Not knowing what

to do, we hung what was left of our shark in the large refrigerated van parked in the back of the KITCO warehouse. And, there it hung for several weeks.

Refrigerated van

One could say that our staff finances became seriously tight with additional staff showing up almost on every flight from the U.S. We now numbered some 30 folks. About one third of our staff accepted assignments to get jobs. The entire enterprise had to be self-sufficient. The thin job market opened up opportunities for some folks to work in one or more of the business ventures we created.

Startup ventures didn't pay well, if they paid staff salaries at all. Very hungry for jobs and for food, someone remembered that we had a hundred or so pounds of shark hanging in the refrigerated van behind the warehouse. Reluctantly, we took down the shark, cut up some "steaks" sautéed them in soy, ginger, wasabi and anything we could think of to kill that awful taste that still lingered in our taste memory. We fried up a mess of shark and BANG – another shock! It tasted like white fish from Lake Superior. Delicious. Good grief, who'd have thought it. We were back in business.

We were naive and as wet behind the ears as is possible. Sometimes naiveite is a good thing; not knowing what you can't do is sometimes overcome by unexpected possibilities. Sometimes, it will get you into a heap of trouble. It seems that the gravitational pull one way or the other is simply the pull of luck. We often used **intentional naiveite** in order to set aside all the abundant reasons something couldn't be done.

Had we known that the Marshallese considered eating shark taboo, we probably would never started this venture. The Marshallese told themselves the story that sharks ate people. They could vouch for that fact firsthand. And, in their imagination the people sharks ate probably consisted of someone related to them or their family. They, therefore, did not like the idea of eating one's uncle or granddaddy. However, our primary objective was to bring fresh meat to the Marshallese table for a fraction of the cost presently being paid for canned tuna and whatever was in those cans from Argentina. But wait! This meat didn't taste like shark – at least the shark meat we'd tasted several weeks earlier. Maybe we could camouflage it in such a way as to allow the Marshallese to overcome their taboo. We decided to risk it.

We invited the District Administrator, Oscar deBrum,

One of the Kings and soon to be the Republic of the Marshall Island's first President, Amata Kabua. Amata owned the MIECO hotel, *the MV MIECO Queen.* Also invited were some members of the KITCO board and a couple of religious leaders. This was to be a dinner celebration. I don't recall what the celebration was celebrating but, whatever it was, we made it a significant occasion. The imagination becomes very active when hunger is driving the motivation. We made up the celebration. We quietly prepared our shark nuggets and our special secret sauce.

Oscar deBrum

The stage was set. The table was set. The guests were all present. The meat was a HIT. Everyone loved it. Then, about halfway through the meal one of the kings and later to become the first President of the new Republic of the Marshall Islands, stopped his fork midway to his mouth. He looked up at Dan and said "bako, bako?". (Shark?) The jig was up. He knew. All the other guests put their forks down on their plates. You could only hear the sound of the ocean waves breaking on the coral reef behind our house. Then, he said "Iọkwe". GOOD! With a big smile on his face the fork resumed its journey to his mouth. The celebration became a feast.

Amada Kabua

We had a viable business. All we needed now was a boat, line, leader, hooks a crew, some working capital, and some beer. In other words – we needed money. As luck would have it, the Corps of Engineers had just finished completing the new airport built to accommodate crippled B-52 bombers returning from Viet Nam. It was a very long runway. After building it in 1971 they simply left. One of the booty left behind was a light tugboat.

Just what we needed. With a little repair we could put it to good use. What did the repairs cost? Who do we pay to buy the boat? Will it float? At least we learned how to ask questions. The right questions? Eh, not so much.

Bako Bako

After considerable research and finding potential markets for shark skins, shark fins, shark backbones, mounted shark jaws, and even shark eyes, we put a business plan and loan package together to include the boat and all the gear we needed plus some working capital. We were locked and loaded, and had a gift for Peter Coleman, the High Commissioner in Saipan (a mounted shark jaw). Lee boarded the plane for Saipan, headquarters for The Trust Territory of The Pacific.

The loan package was for the United Micronesian Development Authority (UMDA). The plane from Majuro headed west with stops on Kwajalein, Ponape, Truk, and Guam, then overnight on Guam, and then to Saipan the next morning. Once again, Lady Luck entered the picture. The movie "Jaws" opened on Guam on June 20, 1975; the day I arrived on Guam. Thanks to that event and the gift of "Jaws" from a real shark, UMDA processed the fastest loan approval in Micronesian history.

We named the venture Bako Bako and we caught some shark at a time when shark meat had not yet shown up in grocery markets the world over. Then, yet another surprise.

Marshall Islands Became the World's Sixth and Largest Shark Sanctuary

Talk about unintended consequences! September 30, 2011 headline in the Coral Reef Alliance. And, thus ended our shark fishing period.

A Human Development Project in Every Time Zone

- **Majuro** (September 1974) Majuro District, Marshall Islands
- **Oombulguri** (Aug 5–15, 1975)* Western Australia, Australia
- **Jeju-do, Kwang Yung Il Ri** (Sept 28–Oct 5, 1975) JeJu Island, [Republic of] Korea
- **Kawangware** (Nov 9–15, 1975) Nairobi, Kenya
- **Maliwada** (Dec 28, 1975–Jan 3, 1976) Aurangabad District, Maharashtra State, India
- **Fifth City** (April 11, 1976)** Chicago, Illinois, United States
- **Sudtonggan** (May 22–29, 1976) Mactan Island, The Philippines
- **Kelapa Dua** (Aug 8–14, 1976) Tangerang District, West Java, Indonesia
- **Kreuzberg Ost** (Sept 12–18, 1976) Berlin, [Federal Republic of] Germany
- **El Bayad** (Oct 8–14, 1976) Beni Suef Governorate, Egypt
- **Isle of Dogs** (Nov 1976) London, England, UK
- **Shantumbu** (Nov 28–Dec 4, 1976) Zambia [replaced by Kapini, June 2
- **Inyan Wakagapi** (Dec 5–11, 1976) Canon Ball, North Dakota, USA
- **Ijede** (Jan 1977) Lagos State, Nigeria
- **Cano Negro** (Jan 9–15, 1977) Venezuela
- **Delta Pace** (Feb 20–26, 1977) Mississippi, USA
- **Nam Wai** (Feb 27–Mar 5, 1977) New Territories, Hong Kong
- **Sungai Lui** (Apr 3–9, 1977) Selagor, Malaysia
- **Lorne de l'Acadie** (Apr 10–16, '77) New Brunswick, Canada
- **Hai Ou** (May 15–21, 1977) Taiwan, Republic of China
- **Termine di Cagno** (May 29–June 4, 1977) Abuzzo District, Italy
- **Oyubari** (June 17–23, 1977) Hokkaido Prefecture, Japan
- **Vogar** (June 17–25, 1977) Manitoba, Canada
- **Ivy City** (Oct 10–15, 1977) Washington, D.C., USA

°°° *Copra is king* °°°

KITCO operated field trips on a freighter called the *MV Militobi.* Field trips operated as a closed accounting system and turned a nice profit. We stocked the ship with $10,000 in trade goods and $5,000 in cash. The ship left with a KITCO employee for the outer islands. Upon arrival in Ebon, for instance, the local Marshallese sold their copra to KITCO and received payment in cash. We had a standing contract with United Micronesia Development Authority (UMDA) in which they bought all our copra for a fixed amount per pound. KITCO purchased the copra from local Marshallese for a price a bit less than the fixed UMDA buying price. With the cash from the sale of their copra the Marshallese purchased the trade goods they needed for a month or so – until the next field trip arrived. So, at the end of the trip, the ship returned full of copra and no trade goods. KITCO made a profit off the copra and a profit from the sale of our

trade goods. Each trip would be closed out on the books. The bookkeeper tracked what went out and what came back with each trip. That was a closed system, clean, quick and profitable, accounting wise.

The second major advantage of this closed system was one of finance. Our friendly banker at the Bank of Hawaii on Guam, Mike Orr, sent a Letter or Credit to the Bank of America (BofA) on Majuro. BofA then disbursed cash to KITCO. KITCO left loaded with trade goods, cash to buy copra, and returned a month later, paid off the Letter of Credit, and renewed it for the next trip. Our bookkeeper balanced the records at the close of each trip, the Letter of Credit was paid, and KITCO was ready to restock trade goods, and set sail for other ports In the Marshalls to repeat the process again. Neat, clean, accountable, and profitable. This system became one of the keystones in the KITCO turn around out of bankruptcy.

About six months into these operations, Dean Mathews, the head of the ICA and the Majuro staff wondered how it might be possible to cut out the middleman and produce copra oil locally. We had heard about a local priest on Pohnpei who had built a small copra oil processing plant. So, off we went to investigate. We never did get one built, but, years later in 2002, the Marshallese did. Here is what it looks like today.

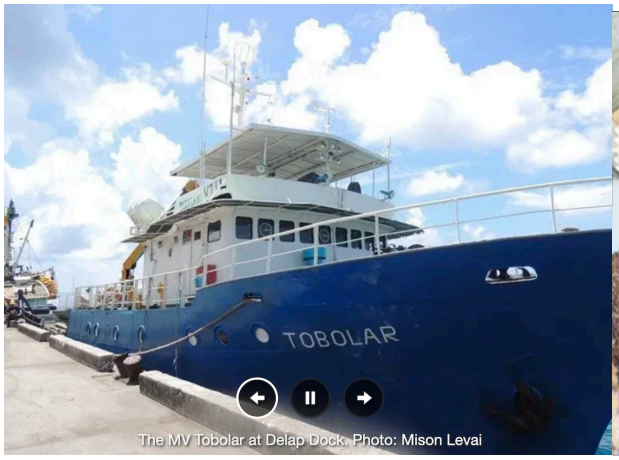
Islands copra makers set a record a production for 2008
11:45 am on 6 February 2009

Tobolar Copra Oil Processing Plant

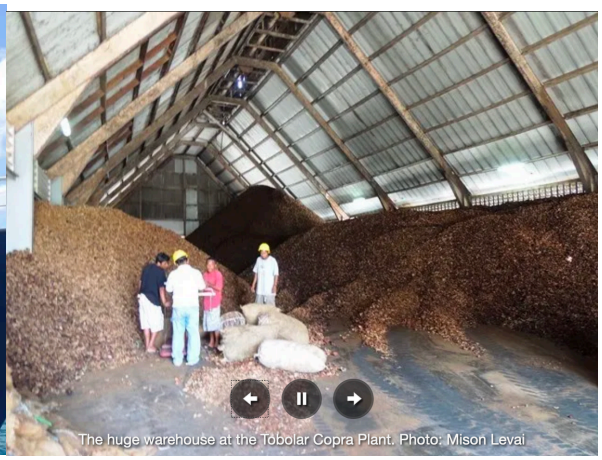
Marshall Islands copra makers nearly set a record with production in 2008, making it the second-best year since records began being kept in 1951. (We also had a hand in this increase but, it wasn't until years later that we found out how. Stay tuned.)

According to statistics provided by the Tobolar Copra Processing Authority, 7,641 tons of copra was produced from January to December 2008. This was topped only in 1995, when 7,728 tons was processed by Tobolar. Copra is dried coconut meat that is used to produce coconut oil. World market prices soared in 2008, with the price paid to producers in the Marshall Islands nearly doubling to 22 US cents per pound on the remote outer islands, and 23.5 cents in the capital, Majuro, where the processing plant is located.

Coupled with the dramatically increased price has been the privatization of government shipping since 2007, which regularized and stabilized ship schedules to the outer islands after years of haphazard service.



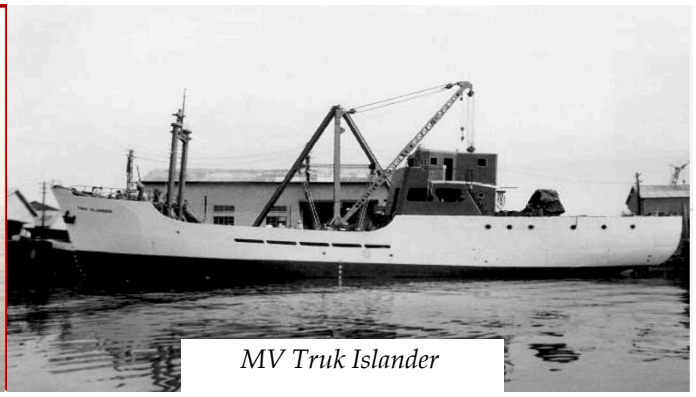
The MV Tobolar at Delap Dock. Photo: Mison Levai

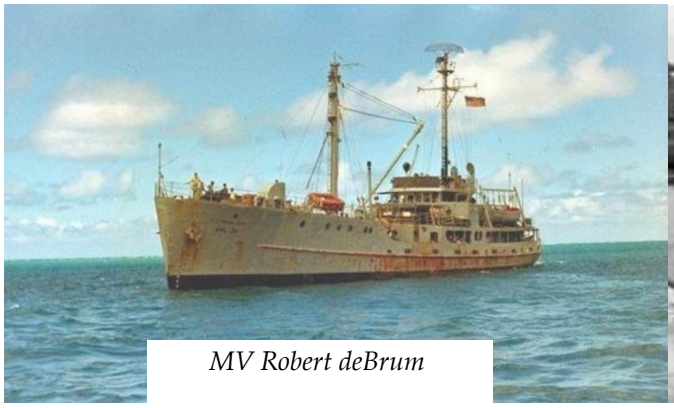

The huge warehouse at the Tobolar Copra Plant. Photo: Mison Levai

MV Militobi

MV Yap Islander

MV Tatimi Maru


MV Truk Islander



MV Robert deBrum

MV MIECO Queen

°°°A LITTLE SIDE TRIP°°°

. . . to Japan, Korea, Philippines, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Guam . . .

Several months into the project that was the Marshall Islands Human Development Project I was assigned to set up the LENS event in north eastern Asia. LENS is a mini consult. It is two- and one-half days long and designed more as a course open to the general public rather than a consultation designed for an in-house group of employees. Three teams were assigned to this recruiting task. Each team had two parts. The first part focused on marketing and setting up a LENS. The second part actually "did" the course. The second part followed the set-up person by several weeks, allowing the local staff of the ICA to set up, prepare decor, arrange printing, and space arrangements. I was the marketing person for the north eastern Asia team. The second half of our team consisted of John and Ann Epps.

I had no clue as to how long I would be away, "off island".

I flew to Tokyo in late winter. "Winter" on Majuro meant that the temperature dropped to 82° from the summer high of 83°. I wore my blue polyester pants and blue short sleeve shirt. The snow at the Tokyo airport was only one Inch deep when I landed. Talk about a duck out of water! My first stop was the Haneda Airport Bar and a bottle of warm Saki.

While life was beginning to return to my body, I noticed the artwork adorning the walls of the main lounge in the airport. The paintings were by Katsushika Hokusai. They later became the Order's four main images for "The Other World".

I finally made my way to the train into town and the Tokyo Religious House. As most visitors know, and I was about to find out, there are no street signs in Tokyo. The underground subway system stops feature photos or drawings of what you see above ground. An exit up out of the subway have at least two pictures of what is above ground as you reach the top of the stairs or escalator. The same holds true above ground. A rider on a bus better know what the bus stop looks like so as to get off the bus at the proper stop. And, as most visitors know, what something looks like is a foreign concept to someone who had never been to Tokyo – like me!

Well, you've heard about the country boy who fell off the turnip truck? This country boy fell off an airplane into another culture of total mystery.

Bruce Lee was a BIG deal on Majuro. We only got one or two of his movies. The rest were Kung Fu wannabes. I wanted to see the real thing – a "Bruce Lee release just out in movie houses near you". One such movie was opening in downtown Tokyo. I boarded the bus for downtown. I memorized the bus stop, so I'd remember it coming back to the House later that evening. After the movie and on the bus back "home" I discovered the bus *from* downtown Tokyo does not stop at the same place as the bus that goes *to* downtown Tokyo. Everything is backwards. I am now a freezing, middle

of the night, lost country boy who doesn't speeka da language. Hell, I had to get off this bus, so, I did. Oh, I forgot. I had .50¢ in my pocket. I found a coffee house at about 10:00pm and ordered coffee. It cost considerably more than .50¢. I got a glass of water instead. Now, what am I going to do? No one in the coffee house spoke Texan.

I called the US Embassy. They were closed of course but, I spoke to the Marine guard at the front gate. I could not tell him where I was or describe where I wanted to go. We both were frustrated.

A group of young men gathered around my table to see if they could help. It was obvious I needed some. I used a napkin and pen to draw downtown, then a line for the bus route, a drawing of a bus and the restaurant on the corner of my bus stop. The Marine guard at the Embassy did recognize the name of the restaurant. It was a chain. There were dozens on street corners at bus stops all over town.

It was getting late. The young men left. Then, from a back corner of the coffee shop, a young woman came to my table. She spoke English. Custom did not permit her to interrupt the young men trying to help me. She had waited until they left before coming forward. She knew exactly were the restaurant was on the bus line. She called her boyfriend, got him out of bed, had him drive his car to pick us up and drive us to the House. We got in at 2:30, got a couple out of bed, and had some tea our host provided as a "thank you". I went to bed. They were all still up when I excused myself.

The temperature dropped below freezing. The only heat in my bedroom was a Kerosene heater. I lit it, put the lid on it and went to sleep. In all Religious Houses, the day begins with the Daily Office. In the Tokyo House it began at 5:30. The wakeup call was at 5:00 with a knock on each door. This ritual called for a response following the knock. When the knock on my door did not get a response another knock, then another followed by no response from me. At this point a couple of my colleagues entered the room – filled with black smoke and an unconscious guest lying in bed. I had not seated the lid properly on the kerosene heater. My first near death encounter on this trip.

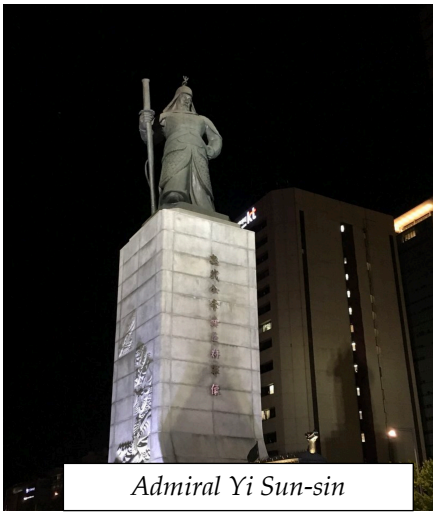
The next morning was the first day of spring. The weather did not look like spring but, I heard birds chirping outside. Looking out, I also saw bouquets of flowers on the telephone poles. What the heck was going on? It was spring. The calendar said it was spring. The culture said it was spring. So, in spite of all the gods in heaven it was officially spring. Loudspeakers broadcasting bird sounds and flower bouquets on telephone poles were the order of the day. To heck with the weather.

The next stop – Seoul, Korea.

It's about a 2 ½ hour flight from Tokyo to Seoul. I made this flight several times back and forth. The stewardesses (back then, they were stewardesses, young, female, and usually very nice looking.) got a kick out of seeing how many drinks they could pour down my throat before landing in Korea. Drinks were free back then. My first trip to Korea - - now even colder than Tokyo - - required a suit and a warm jacket. Fortunately, a Korean tailor lived on the corner of the same block as the House. The suits were done in 24 hours, just in time for my meeting with a couple of businessmen and bankers for lunch downtown. I had some help with the lunch menu. Bar B Que was on the menu. That's all that need to be translated. Mention BBQ to a Texas boy away from home for years and that phrase will grab him by the throat in an instant. "I'll have that." I told my partner on the call.

The lunch looked like Texas BBQ, sort of. It came with a large helping of Kimchee and some pickled veggies. I took ONE bite of the BBQ, and my hair burst into flames. The soles of my shoes began to smoke it was so hot. Good grief – I couldn't chew it, let alone swallow any. I had to spit it out sitting at the table and gobbled up Kimchee like it was a snow cone. I'm sure the bankers and businessmen were impressed.

I was impressed with Admiral Yi Sun-Sin and his "turtle ships" – the only war time victory of Korea over Japan.



Admiral Yi Sun-sin

I had the pleasure and fortune to meet and talk with one of Korea's most highly regarded architects. He wrote several books on Korean architecture. Most of his books contained photos of several temples, gates and walls. He seemed thrilled to point out to me that, if I looked closely, I would notice that all the buildings and structures were built so as to be slightly off center. It's sometimes hard to see but the center line of a building or the plumb line of a wall are all slightly off center. God, he explained, was the only creator of a perfect design. Korean architects would never dare to compete with God and therefore designed buildings to be slightly off center.

Our Korean staff wanted to welcome me in style for some reason. Intent to show me a good time and experience the modern-day Korea, they invited me to an evening out. There were five or six of our staff including an Army Colonel. We all headed

downtown to a street behind the Chosen Hotel. Several shops and bars lined the street. We chose one and walked in. A line up of girls greeted us at the entrance. There must have been about a dozen. We all picked one – each. **(This is a Korean remedy for an ailment I had not encountered – yet. More about that later.)** We all sat down, and our women hosts got drinks for us. I soon had to go visit the men's room. I didn't know where it was. Surely, I could find it so, I stood up. Immediately, my hostess pointed across the dance floor to a door. She knew exactly what I needed. As I made my way toward the door, a couple of women entered the door. Ok, I'll just wait until they come out. Shortly, the door opened, and a couple of guys walked out. Well, there must me two other doors once I get inside. I walked through the door and saw several men standing against the wall, taking care of their business while several stalls lined up on another wall. Women walked in, past the standing men and into one or more of the stalls. That was a little distracting but – when ya gotta go, ya gotta go.

A couple of men finished their business and left the urinals. I walked up to one and a Korean man walked up to another beside me. I had no sooner began my duties of nature when the man looked up at me and asked in halting English if I played basketball. Yes, I said. Then he asked if I was from Texas. I was not used to having a conversation while taking a piss so, I just said yes. You would have thought I had yelled "FIRE!". My fellow pisser was delighted – even joy filled, excited and insisted I join him and his friends for dinner. He would order a steak for me and would introduce me to his friends. A steak? I hadn't seen a steak in years. I went with him to his table full of people at a table next to the dance floor. My friends were seated at a table off the dance floor on a level slightly higher than the floor so, they could see me and gave me the thumbs up.

The floor show featured several young women, and everyone was eating and drinking and having a great time. My new friend leaned over and asked me if I liked women. Yes, of course, I said. Without hesitation he put his hand around my arm and declared that he liked men. Shot from a cannon, I was. I leaped out of my chair and began making my way back to my table full of colleagues laughing their asses off. I made several trips to and from Tokyo and Korea over the next several weeks but, never back to the bar on the street behind the Chosen Hotel.

A couple of days later two of my colleagues and I were walking in downtown Seoul, going from one bus stop to another when, out of the blue I heard a "hello". An English word in downtown Seoul was a shock so, I stopped and turning to the direction of the greeting, I said "hello" back. In nothing flat a small and very pregnant Korean woman was on my arm. Gesturing, she wanted me to pat her belly. Like a complete idiot, I did. At this point she began – not screaming – but speaking in a Korean declarative voice. I had no clue what she was saying but the crown that soon gathered did. A minute or so went by with this little woman yacking to the crowd that now had gathered. Then, somewhere in the crowd, a Korean man speaking English shouts at

me – “She says you are the father of her baby!” “Hell no, I am not - - I just got here last Tuesday!” I cried. I finally got her off my arm and pushed my way through the crowd.

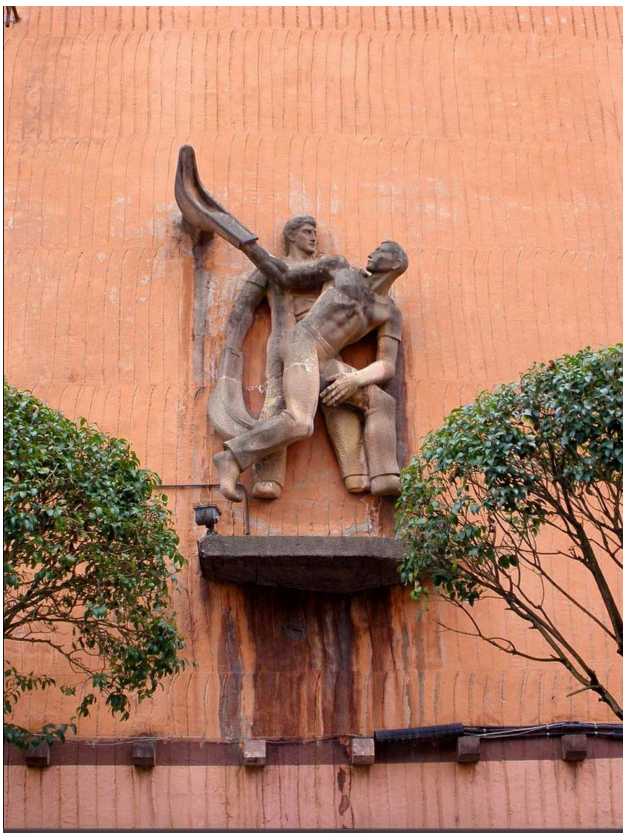
Next stop – Taiwan.

The first thing I noticed stepping off the plane was the Grand Hotel.

It's known as the Golden Hotel. Madam Chang Chi Sack in honor of the General. The other thing that impressed me was daybreak. At daybreak, before the sun was fully up, the ridge tops of the hills around Taipei were highlighted. Only the dark silhouettes of the mountains were visible and the line of thousands of Chinese doing Tai Chi every morning. I don't recall much else about that part of the trip. I do recall that the Religious House occupied the top floor of an apartment building where Pearl Buck lived.

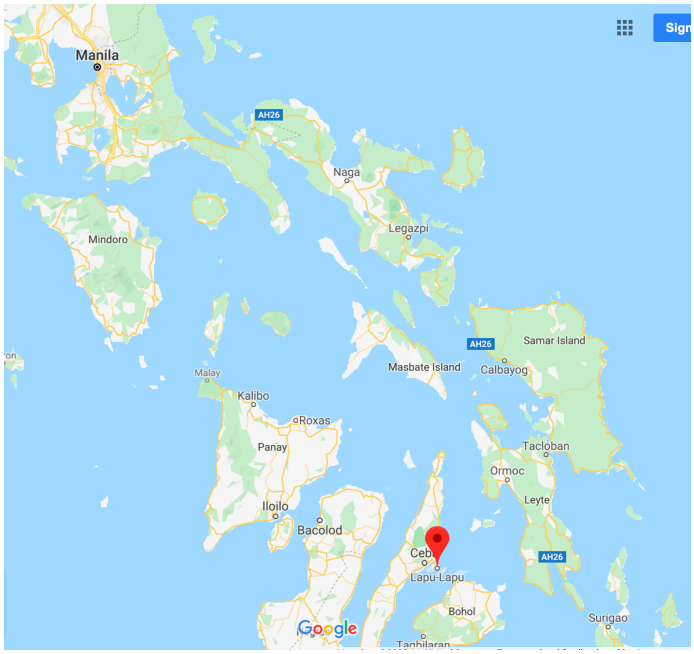
On to the Philippines.

The Philippines was a different kettle of fish. Our staff was on the ball. They had set up appointments with several ex-patriot (ex-pat) CEO's running fairly large manufacturing plants and Western Pacific offices of US banks. Joyce Quimby set up the appointments by telling these guys (they were all guys) that I had flown in from Chicago and wanted to see them. We set up a LENS in a very nice hotel. The bar had one wall of thick glass on the other side of which was the swimming pool. In addition to the hotel guests swimming around, the hotel entertained the bar flies with a mermaid swimming around in a half body fish tail.



While I was in Manila, I noticed a Jai alai (hi lie) game was being played in town. Actually, there is an entire stadium built to accommodate the sport. I had never been to a hi lie game so, a couple of our staff and I went to see one. The games were ranked like a horse race – win, place, or show for first, second, and third place for any given match. I am not a betting man. Besides, I only had $5 in my pocket. We watched several games and I placed a fictious bet. I did not bet but, if I had, I would have picked - - and I named three players by number. The match was played, and my three guys came in first, second and third – in that order. I would have won several thousand Peso. One US dollar equals ₱50.75. My $5 bet would have returned ₱253.75. Great game.

Our next stop was Lapu-Lapu City. We had an "office" there.



We – Joyce and I – landed on Lapu-Lapu Island and drove to our office. On the way we noticed a sign announcing a cock fight that night. I had never seen a cock fight so, we went.

Now I've seen some rough rodeo stands but, these exceeded all the rodeo's I ever rode in. This was rough. We were met at the gate by a little Philippine boy who spoke some English. He led us into the arena and up some stairs to a row of chairs lined up around the top floor of the arena on three of the four sides. The chairs looked down on the square fighting floor. There was room for one, maybe two people to stand behind the row of chairs. No walkway. When you were there, you were THERE for the duration. We were let up and stood behind some chairs occupied as they all were by folks betting on the fights. There were a couple of fights and the couple in the chairs in front of us got up and left. We quickly sat down and began to speculate of how we would bet IF we were going to bet.

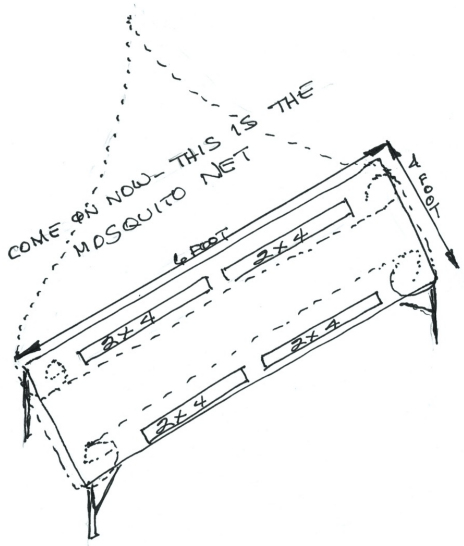
A couple of handlers brought out their chickens and began poking them at the other bird, getting them all riled up. "Now Joyce, I said, which bird would you pick if we were going to bet?" She said she'd pick the one just below us. They fought and our chicken lost. There are no ties, do overs or over time in this game. So, two more came out. Again, I asked Joyce which bird she'd pick. She chose the one across from us. No bet. But, if we were going to bet, we'd bet on the one across from us. They fought and again, our chicken lost. OK. We have a trend! We'll put our – my - $5 on the bird Joyce did NOT pick.

Another pair came out and we decided to place our bet on the bird closest to us. I turned to our Philippine friend and told him we wanted to place our $5 on the chicken closest to us – the white one. He jumped up and began shouting, pulling at his ear, waving his arms and the crowd responded in kind. This chaos goes on for two or three minutes. Then, the two handlers take their birds and leave the arena.

Two more birds were brought out. Again, Joyce and I placed our bet on a bird and once again, I turned to our friend and placed the bet. And, once again pandemonium breaks out. And, once again – no fight. The handlers leave with their birds intact. This happens again. Again, no fight. Now, I am courols. "What's going on?" "Why is there no fight?", I asked my new friend. He literally turned white. I thought he was going to faint. "You don't know, señor?" No, I didn't know. Why was there no fight? In total astonishment our friend said: "Señor – you are sitting in a ₱50,000 box!"

It's a wonder that there was no fight because we were dead if we lost and dead if we'd won. Either way, we would have never left that arena alive. We nodded in stunned silence and got out of Dodge with as much dignity and aplomb as if we had ₱50,000 to lose. (In American money that'd be a nickel shy of $5,000.00.). My second death encounter on this trip.

Our office became another adventure. Once we arrived, I got acquainted with the Philippine privy. It was a hole in the floor. The commode seat hung on a nail for those of us who were accustomed to that sort of thing. Very thoughtful. Then, I got acquainted with my bed. I had never slept under a mosquito net before. The bed sat about three feet off the floor. A 4' X 6' piece of plywood made the base. Two lines of two 3-foot-long 2' X 4's neatly placed in the center of the plywood had no apparent purpose. Am I supposed to lay on these six boards? My common sense and logic had recently taken some serious blows. Still shook up from my cock fight experience. Remember, I had just fallen off the turnip truck. I stood there pondering my bed. Draped from the ceiling, the mosquito net made a sort of tent. I did know what a mosquito net was and what it was used for. Still in a mental fog I got undressed and carefully laid the six 2x4's. I put two side by side and the other two at the end of the first two. I had a bed of 2x4's six feet long and 8 inches wide. I crawled up on the bed, got under the mosquito net draped over the sides of the bed and slowly tried to position my 6' 8" body onto an 8" x 6' sort of bed. I never got any sleep and the mosquitos ate me alive. It was obvious to the staff the next morning that I had not slept and kept scratching the mosquito bites. Can you guess what I did wrong – other than to get on that plane in Majuro in the first place? I'm sure you would have figured it out. IF I got in bed – NOT ON the 2x4's – but lying on the surface of the 4'X 8' plywood sheet and then placed the mosquito net on top of the plywood base with the ends of the net folded towards me on two sides and two ends. The six 2x4's were placed on top of the folded net to anchor the net and block all possible mosquitos from a midnight meal.



You have to admit that Lapu-Lapu is a strange name for a "city". (I use the term loosely). It has a very significant historical meaning. The first man to circumnavigate the globe was Magellan. I wonder who would have received that honor if the Pacific Islanders had written history? Anyway, on his fifth trip around the world he landed in the Philippines, somewhere on an island across from Cebu City. By this time in the journey the sailors aboard Magellan's five ships became - ugh - rather randy. They went ashore and had their way with the native girls or tried to. The King, Lapu-Lapu took exception to this behavior. He captured Magellan and "lopped" off his head. We noticed Magellan's tomb and later Magellan's cross.

You learn something every day it seems. It was obvious that the Philippine folk favored Lapu-Lapu over Magellan in this struggle.

We made it out of the Philippines with our heads still on our shoulders.

Next stop, Hong Kong.

I doubt if any first-time western visitor did not experience SHOCK when stepping off the plane in Hong Kong. In fact, most first time visitors were shocked before they even landed. On their approach to Hong Kong, the big jets flew BELOW the level of apartments looming up on both sides of the plane. We flew *between* buildings. In our civilized world we flew *above* buildings.

CATHAY PACIFIC
EPSON
WELCOME TO HONG KONG
ABB
MILDSEVEN
李錦記
高麗參
SLOW
駛慢

CATHAY PACIFIC
安寧護老

Hong Kong is a people packed place. The authorities there have a unique way they deal with slum dwellers. Our House at the time sat in the middle of a slum housing neighborhood.

One afternoon the word went out to the Chinese residence of the place. Hong Kong would be engaged in a slum revitalization project beginning that evening. We were not Chinese so did not get the memo.

That night, the place burned to the ground. Nary a hair singed on a Chinese head. Our staff got the word at the last minute and holed up in a Salvation Army building not far from, what was our House. I arrived shortly after that event to speak at a Hong Kong Kiwanis Club luncheon. After that I was Shanghaied by our Hong Kong staff into a city-wide house hunt for our Hong Kong office and living quarters. My team stumbled onto Brue Lee's house – one of them. Lee died on July 20, 1973, shortly before I got to Hong Kong. We had no idea it was Bruce Lee's house until three loudly dressed young women greeted us on the street in front of their house next door. These were working women but, we were not buying what they were selling. So, we talked about Bruce Lee, his blue velvet covered walls in a room with large iron rings embedded into the walls and his Rottweiler dogs roaming the premises. We didn't go in. It was more fun talking with the girls.

A day or so later, Dean Mathews flew into town and called a meeting. He called in the First Priors from all over the western Pacific. The First Priors were the "first among equals" in each of our locations around the world. We all sat down and were strongly impressed upon my Joe to drop anything we were doing and find a House. And, no one was leaving until they did, except me.

My assignment – fly to Guam and meet with the head of the Army leadership from Saipan and Guam. Saipan is the well-known" secret headquarters" of the CIA for western Pacific rim. A B-52 bomber flew out of Andrews Airforce base on Guam every

two minutes – flying in the face of Richard Nixon's insistence that we were not at war in Vietnam. The CIA basically ignored the Army leaving the Army to wonder about their role in this undeclared war that didn't exist. Selling the Army a LENS took about a three-minute conversation. They booked the off site on the spot.

This side trip took six months of me being "off island" with no effective means of communication. Much had taken place on Majuro since I left, and more was about to happen.

A prominent merchant on the atoll owned a retail store and a field trip ship. The ship, the *Tatimi Maru* was stranded in the Kwajalein lagoon. On the far end, 70 miles from the Kwajalein islet north across the lagoon sat the ship.

Tatimi Maru

The crew had abandoned the ship and the only person remaining was the engineer. Adjurik Bien, a prominent local store owner owned this ship. He came to us for help. Enter Don Baker. We put Don on a plane and flew him to Kwajalein islet and then by boat 70 miles to the far end of the atoll. After a week with no contact, we began to worry. Then, one afternoon, the KITCO short wave radio began to crackle. The caller was breaking up in the static. "This %*%&$$ Baker calling KITCO. ^%*%^$ in hour." Good grief! It was Don Baker on the Tatimi Maru. He and the engineer had rigged up a forge on the rear deck and had made an engine part for the ship, installed it and set sail back to Majuro – the two of them, sailing a 136,000-ton freighter, over 275 miles of open ocean back to Majuro. Don Baker, in addition to his skills was observably a bold risk taker! They made it back and anchored in its home port in the Majuro lagoon.

One of the major strategies from our first Consult was small business and industry development. It was intended to put the atoll on a cash footing. We opened a business school with eight or so donated IBM Selectric typewriters. Leah and another member of our staff taught business practices at night after finishing their day jobs. This little school later became the catalyst for the College of the Marshall Islands.

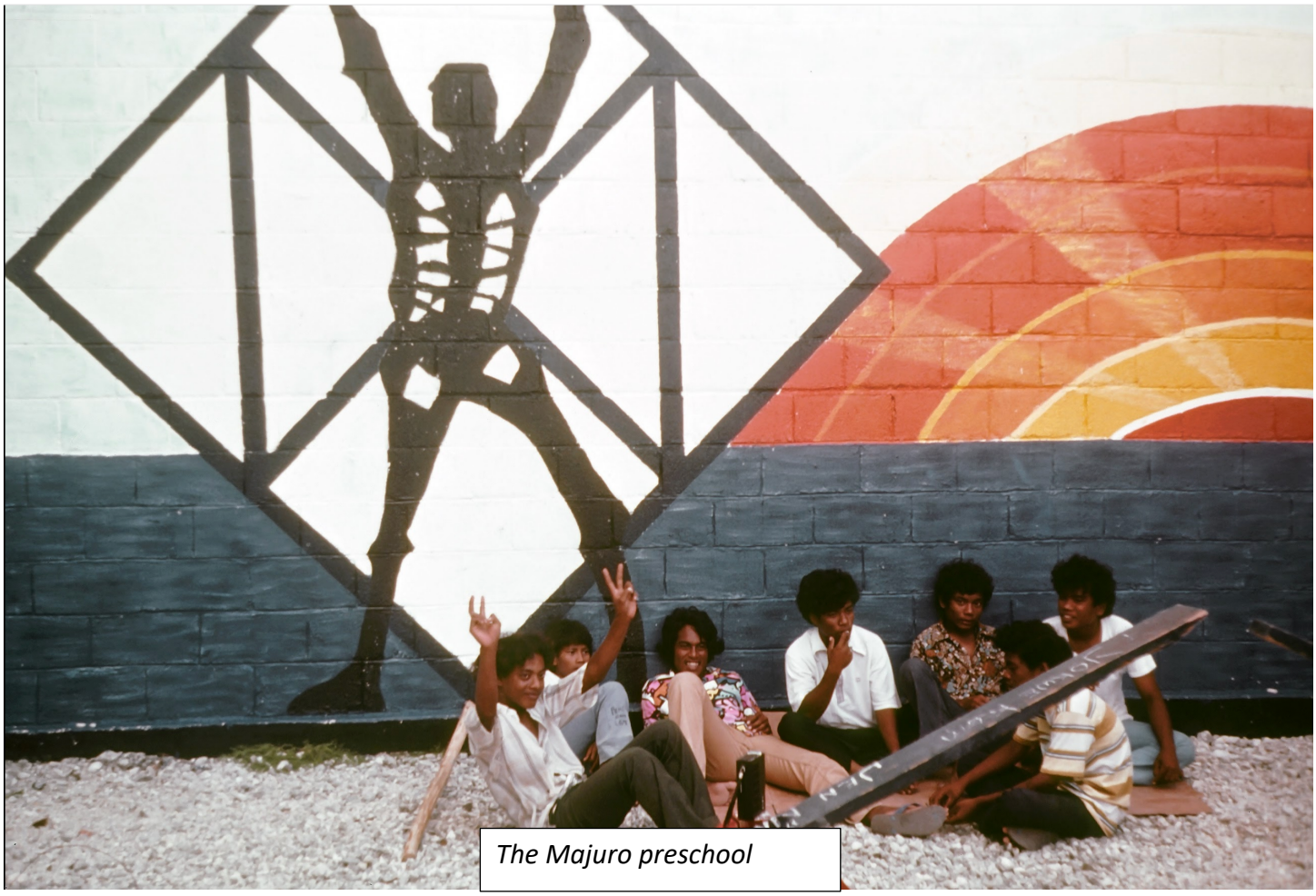
Larry White performed audits on more than two dozen stores and taxi owners. Aside from other health issues, Larry's CPA skills and work ethic proved invaluable in this effort and the KITCO refinance package.

Don Baker and a couple of staff opened the Multi-Purpose Repair Center. Don had a unique gift - - he could see through a steel or metal piece of machinery or engine like an X-ray machine and diagnose issues in real time.

Nancy Boyia, one of our staff, and some of our women colleagues opened the Breadfruit Tree, a store featuring deep fried breadfruit snacks, something resembling a banana, pandanis nuggets and fresh coconut ala mode.

Once the woman's handicraft shop was open, some of their products were sold to Neiman Marcus in Chicago.

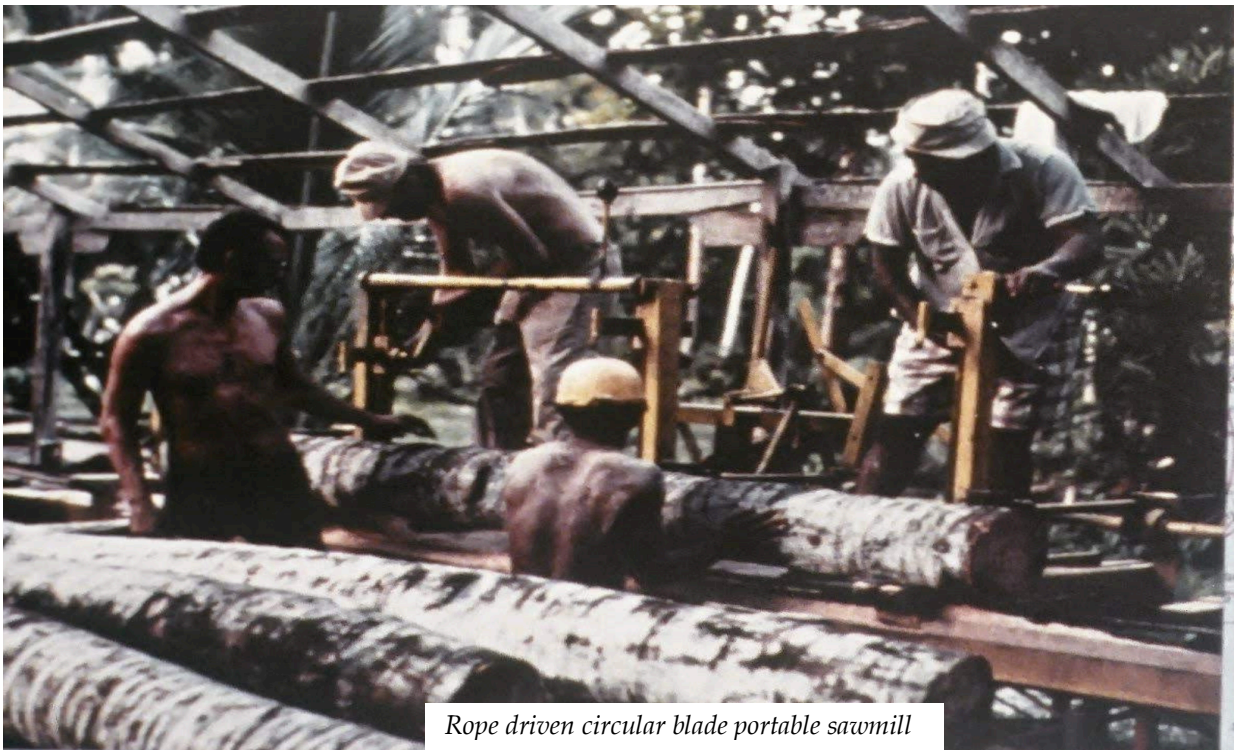
Kathleen White and several of our staff opened the Majuro preschool. Kathleen's experience in Training, Inc. and in the 5th City Preschool formed the foundation for the preschool here. Training Inc. is a training program developed in Chicago for the un-employable and first offenders – mostly women – to acquire the skills necessary to be hired in the workplace. Over the years, the preschool became the model for the outer islands. Other atolls began sending their delegation to Majuro for several weeks of training in order to return to their home island to establish a preschool.



The Majuro preschool

KITCO obtained the Toyota dealership and the Seiko dealership. The Trans Atoll Service Company (TASC) was formed. It was a buying co-op made up of twenty-four local merchants, including KITCO. Before TASC was formed a typical Marshallese, family spent 70% of their income on food. In a relatively short period of time that percentage dropped to 30%.

And, then there was the sawmill.



Rope driven circular blade portable sawmill

On one of the Director's trips back home he let it be known that getting the Marshalls on a cash economy appeared doable. The word went out and a donor contributed a rope driven sawmill to the cause. Somehow it made its way across the Pacific to Majuro. What in the hell are we going to do with a sawmill? Pine, cedar and fir trees don't grow on Majuro. Well, there are coconut palms and Breadfruit trees. We surely would never cut down a Breadfruit tree. Coconut palms? We did see several downed palms resting next to the shore in the lagoon. The Navy had cut down during construction of the air strip. Okay, let's try it.

Now all we needed was a power source for the sawmill. The sawmill had a large toothy cutting saw blade wheel in the center of a sled. The tree was placed on the sled and the rope pulled the tree past the spinning saw blade. There was a platform where the operator stood with levers directing the sled backwards and forwards. What could we use as a power source?

Abandoned cars and anything made of metal would rust away quickly in the ocean spray covering the atoll. Even the stop signs – both of them - were made out of concrete. Only the engine parts covered in oil of the abandoned cars did not rust. Engines! Right! We latched onto a Nissan engine and towed it back to the KITCO parking lot where the sawmill stood. We hooked the Nissan to the power link of the sawmill. Lee operated the engine and Dan operated atop the sawmill. We started the engine. Lee gunned the engine. Dan gave the signal to let out the clutch. With a jerk and a howl, the sled raced toward the spinning saw blade. Dan held on for dear life.

The sled hit the far stop barrier and kept right on going. Rope, blade and Dan went in all directions.

The power take-off to the sawmill required a 60-rpm power source. Our Nissan engine idled at 1,000 rpm. In low gear, gunning the engine raised the Nissan to well over 2,000 rpm. At speeds three times faster than the sawmill would take, it's a wonder some rebellies weren't killed.

Shortly thereafter we found a WW II army truck with a front-end power take off. We repaired the sawmill and hooked up the truck. It worked! After some experimenting, we discovered that the lower third of a coconut palm was hard as stone. The middle third was the grade of yellow pine #2 studs and the top third was decorative and could be used as indoor paneling. Another loan package was put together. The bank was dubious putting it mildly. They love making trips now and then to the islands to get out of their desks on Guam. So, they made the trip to see what all the fuss was about. We had made a four-wheel cart out of coconut palm 4X4's and 2X12's. It was a sturdy cart we could use to haul trees to the sawmill. We showed our banker friends over to the cart and handed on a ball peen hammer. "Hit the cart as hard as you can." We said. He did and the hammer almost bounced out of his hand because the coconut palm was that hard.

We made picnic tables with a shingle roof using the lower 1/3 of the tree where the softer wood was. The TASC office was paneled with the soft wood. All the lumber was sold locally. We used the middle part the tree for construction lumber. The top third of the tree was the hardest. These three "grades" of wood dictated their use. The soft wood made shake shingles, the middle grade made interior paneling and the hardest grade made construction lumber.

°°° *California dreamin'* °°°

I am not altogether clear about how the boat in this story came to the shores of the Majuro atoll but, the details are not clear other than the young crew were on an adventure.

One sunny afternoon a very nice new tuna boat sailed into the lagoon, crewed by four young surfer types from California. They were on an adventure aboard a new commercial fishing tuna boat. The boat was about 40 feet long, powered by a rebuilt and seriously modified '68 Corvette engine. It was outfitted with two electric hydrologic tuna pullers. This boat was as much a ski boat as a tuna boat.

Around the time these guys pulled up to the shore in Majuro, the weather was beginning to sour. We were in for a blow. The intrepid crew anchored the boat just offshore in fairly shallow water and came to town for some R&R and ride out the storm in the warm, dry KITCO bar. The night wore on and the crew was having a great time. The storm was too. When casting their anchor overboard that evening the crew had inadvertently used a rather short line. The storm came out of the southwest, straight up the Majuro lagoon. The wind and the waves turned the tuna boat's bow into the wind and anchored to the bottom of the lagoon. When the boat reached the end of the anchor chain, the bow dipped under the strain the waves and joined its anchor on the bottom of the lagoon.

It was quite a sight the next morning. The crew and a goodly part of the community gathered on the beach. Several blue shirts had heard about the calamity and went down to see if they could help get the boat out of the water. "No" the crew said - they would handle it.

The next day a couple of the crew came to see us. Dan Tuecke and Don Baker were there. I was on Guam and due to fly back to Majuro the next day. The crew had beached the boat but now didn't know what to do with it. Saltwater will ruin an engine and these guys didn't have a spare one lying around. Two of the crew had abandoned the boat, and boarded the flight east to Guam. They were tired of their adventure and had girl friends back home. The two sitting in the TASC office wondered if we would like to buy their tuna boat. It was worthless to them. They also heard we had just started a shark fishing operation. They offered the boat to us for $2,000. Don Baker had already done a quick look see and reported the hardware alone was worth $2,000 and that all the boat needed was a carburetor kit and a clean flush of the engine. Dan and Don used the radio shack down the street to call me in Guam and had the operator patch the call through to our attorney's office who called me to come to their office for a call from Majuro. Baker said all they needed was a carburetor kit for $85 and the $2,000 for the boat. There were no carburetors within 1,000 miles of Majuro, but I could get one on Guam at the auto store half a mile away and bring it back with me the next day. They bought the boat; I bought the kit and boarded the plane for Majuro the next day.

While Don Baker was working on the engine, Dan was cleaning, polishing and painting the tuna boat. The dam thing was spotless.

It took Don no time to install the carburetor and flush out the engine. After a tune up we were ready to go. Of course, the boat had to be taken out for its shakedown cruise.

It was Saturday- a "Workday", six hours working on projects in the community and four hours swimming and drinking beer. All the blue shirts worked on the project to which they were assigned. Leah was assigned to garbage pick-up along the "Miracle Quarter Mile" with a small but faithful crew of Marshallese and an army dump truck. Dan was perched on top of a ladder painting the post office. Don and a couple of Marshallese were going to take the tuna boat out for its sea test. I forgot what I was doing. About 4:00 in the evening Don and the two Marshallese returned. They had "Tested" the boat by sailing it through the pass into the open sea and jumping waves. He reported that the boat ran like a racing hydroplane and, that in doing so, had developed "a small leak" jumping waves had caused some of the hull boards to come loose. We were livid! "All this work and you go and mess it all up! You will sleep on board tonight to make sure it doesn't sink."

Don, of course, did not spend the night on board the boat. At about noon the next day, in the middle of our workday, the boat sank at the dock in about 15 feet of water.

I saw the Marshallese boy running up to Dan. Dan was on top of the ladder slopping paint on the post office. When he heard the news, his hair caught on fire and blood filled his eyes. Paintbrush in hand, he slid down the ladder and headed for the dock. I guess he was going to beat Don Baker to death with his paintbrush. All I knew at the time was that both of these hot-headed idiots would get themselves hurt. I intercepted Dan before he got to the dock and convinced him that out first job was to get the boat back on dry land and we could deal with Don later.

The Port Authority had a cherry picker on the dock we borrowed. We maneuvered it into position on the dock over the sunken boat. Ropes and slings went over the side as did I. I was to slide the sling under the bow and another under the stern as far as far as I could. The cherry picker then began to lift the boat out of the water. All was well until the boat broke the surface of the water. Thinking ahead would have accounted for the fact that a boat full of water sitting fully submerged in water weighs a fraction of what a boat full of water weighs out of the water. Thinking ahead did not seem to be our long suit lately. The boat broke the surface of the water and the rear wheels of the cherry picker came off the ground. The cherry picker was teetering on the brink of going over the side onto the boat AND onto me! Someone noticed the imbalance and stopped the lift.

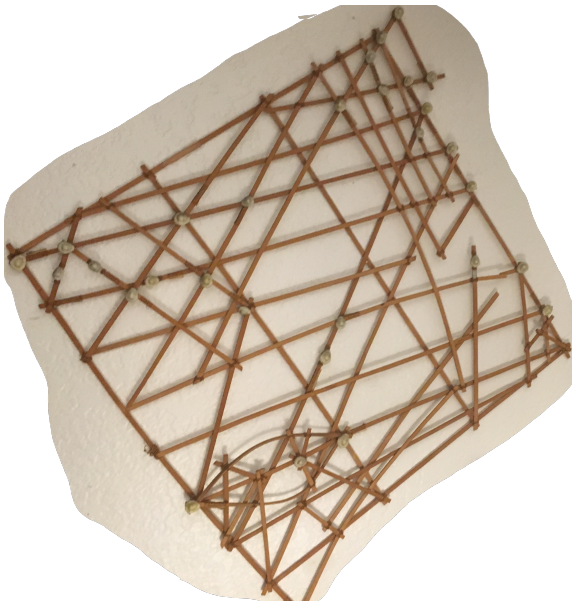
We finally got the boat off the bottom and in "dry dock" at the Multi-Purpose Repair Center where it sat and might still be sitting today. This was the end of our "Tuna Boat Period".

In 1973 a Leadership Effectiveness and New Strategies planning session (LENS) and the second Human Development Project consult were held. Experts in almost all professions flew in. These consultants all went about interviewing the Marshallese and gathered in the late afternoon to debrief. The next morning, they received their assignments to go out again.

One of the interviewers returned with an interesting story of the Marshalls. They lived through three "times". The first time, the Marshallese navigated the Pacific to populate these atolls and islands.

The Marshallese are ingenious and courageous navigators. Over generations they learned the tides, ocean currents and stars. The stick chart was their navigation tool. It showed the wave action when the ocean collided with an island or atoll. The wave bounced back from the shore – making a reflection. The waves would also wrap around the islet – making a refraction. Then, the wave folded back on itself – a diffraction.

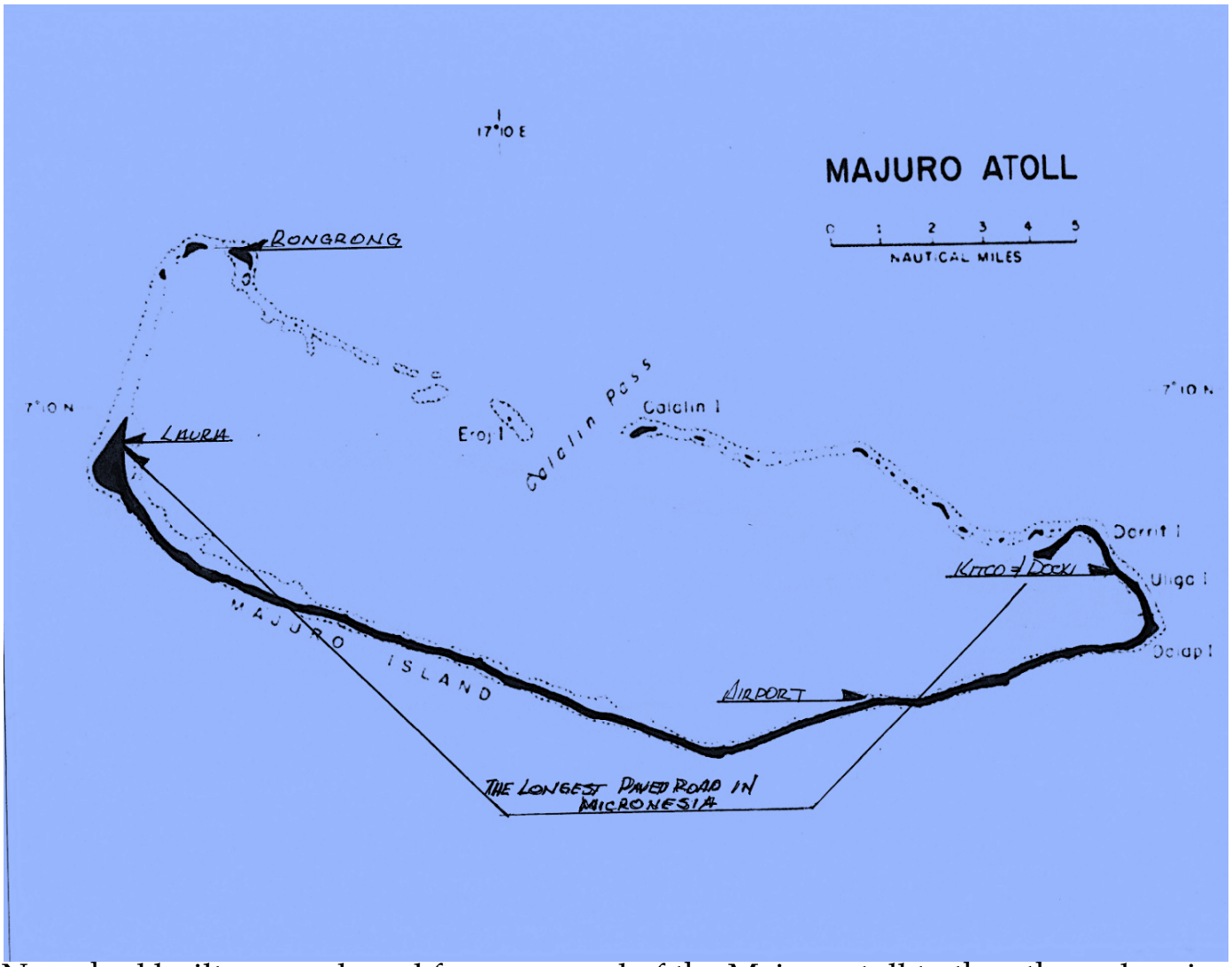
A Marshallese navigator lies on his back on board a ship. He chants X number of times to give him distance. He looks up at the stars to give him direction. He feels the wave action on the hull of the ship to give him location. The stick chart is his tool for location.



The second time was the time of foreign rule. The Portuguese, the Germans, the Japanese and now the U.S. The third time was the re-claiming of their culture and story. They told stories of how harsh the Japanese rule was. Th Japanese introduced rice to the menu and killed the fishing culture. They also had a large contingent of troops on Jaluit atoll. Now, hold that thought. I will come back to it later.

A side note - in 1995, the Marshallese pulled out of the Trust Territory of the Pacific and formed their own nation - The Republic of the Marshall Islands. Amada Kabua, our Bako Bako eating guest became its first President. They were fulfilling their dream of the Third Time, reclaiming their culture, identity and self-determination.

As a context prior to our assignment to Majuro, Dean Mathews, Neil Vance and Fred Buss described Majuro in no uncertain terms. It was the arm pit of the Pacific. During the "non-war" in Viet Nam the U.S. Navy had built a rather large air strip on Majuro. The air strip was enough to accommodate B-52 bombers. It was intended to serve as an alternate air base to the main air bases on Guam and Kwajalein. In doing so the



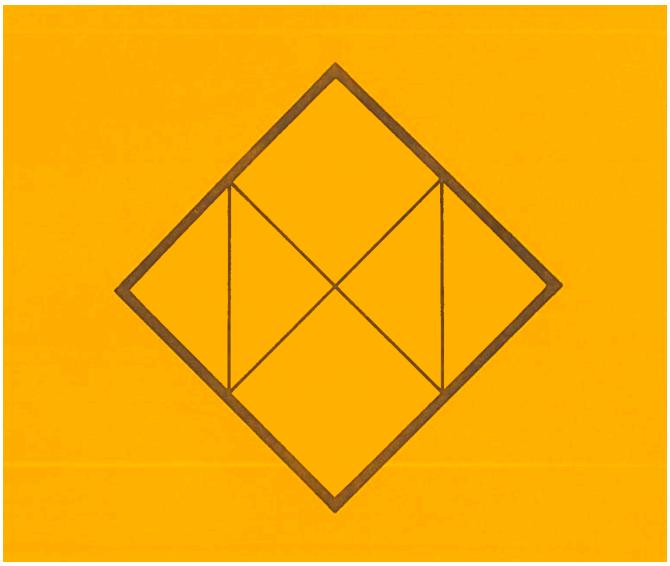
Navy had built a paved road from one end of the Majuro atoll to the other, plugging up the small gaps between islets. This prevented the lagoon from flushing itself with each high and low tide. Consequently, the Majuro lagoon became polluted, filled with cans, bottles, plastic and various forms of garbage. The Navy also built a substantial airstrip to serve as an alternate air base to the main air bases on Guam and Kwajalein. In doing so the Navy had built a paved road from one end of the Majuro atoll to the other, plugging up the small gaps between islets. This prevented the lagoon from

flushing itself with each high and low tide. Consequently, the Majuro lagoon became polluted, filled with cans, bottles, plastic and various forms of garbage.

This mental picture of getting up each morning in the "arm pit of the Pacific" was not very appealing.

One of the first things we did was grid the Marshalls. This was a geo-social economic grid of the geography for which we assumed responsibility. The grid was 1,000 miles on a side. One division was geographic – a line that separated the Ralik and Rotok mountain chains that made up the Marshall Islands. Another line marked the mainly cultural from the mainly economic focus.

The resulting grid looked like this:
It looked like a diamond. We put this image on everything we could. The TASC logo was the diamond. We even created trash barrels and painted the symbol on each. They lined the main street in Majuro. We now lived in the "Diamond of the Pacific". Now, let me ask you - - wouldn't you rather wake up in the morning in the Diamond of the Pacific rather than the Arm Pit of the Pacific? Symbol is key and we had one.



Now, we had to work on the story. One self-story was that I am only responsible for my home island. A person born on Bikini and later moved off that island and relocated to Majuro, that person's story is that Majuro is not my home island. This had very practical consequences. Seeing trash on the ground, some Marshallese would ignore it. Others might stop and pick it up. If the trash was on my home island, I would pick up the trash. If not, I would ignore it. This new symbol began to shift the story to one where all Marshallese were responsible for the whole not just the speck of island you came from.

°°°Kool Cigarettes and Olympia Beer°°°

Some other cultural shifts we noticed came out of our work at KITCO. We noticed that KITCO only carried one brand of cigarettes, one brand of hand soap, one brand of beer and one brand of clothes washing powder. We figured we could change that. We ordered different brands of cigarettes – Camel, Winston, Marlborough – different brands of soap – Dial, Camay, and Irish Spring – different kinds of beer – Carlton Draft, Millburn Bitters, and Bud Light. Nothing. The Marshallese wouldn't touch any brand, other than Schlitz beer, Tide soap and Kool Cigarettes. All these "new" products sat in

the warehouse never to see the light of day. The cigarettes turned brown and finally melted in the hot humid air.

This culture survived by living a caring story. If my neighbor needed food, I gave him food. If your sister couldn't have children, you gave her one of yours. If my husband was off island for months at a time a Marshallese man offered to give sexual comfort. I speak from first-hand experience.

°°°Housing innovations°°°

Another issue was housing. It became acute with the increase in staff almost every month. We started with the apartment above the KITCO store. It was an adequate three bedroom, living room, kitchen and shower unit. Several months later the same apartment housed sixteen staff rooms. We occupied the ocean side house that doubled as our collegium room and emerging generation housing and two more staff. We also filled up the KITCO housing behind the store. One family occupied one room. The room was 12'X15', covered with sheets of corrugated tin, nailed to exposed 2"X4" studs on all four sides. No insulation, no nothing. Leah and I occupied one of these rooms. Our neighbors on all sides vicariously participated in every breath we took. A "honey bucket" sat in the corner with a plywood lid on it. One evening Leah and I were in bed about half asleep when Leah screamed. I sat up and something hit me in the face. I swatted at it and knocked it back onto Leah. She knocked it to the floor. We had been playing tennis with a very substantial rat.

Dan created the best room. He claimed a concrete water catchment tank – ten feet from the ocean - on one side and the King's pig pen on another side. The tank was 15'X 6'. He created a lit shoe and clothes closet. The light kept the humidity from ruining leather shoes and kept rats at bay. The bed was raised making room or storage beneath it. Everyone wanted to follow Dan when we did a tribal resettlement and move into the room Dan was leaving.

°°° Who do you call? °°°

Our public image, over time, was – let's say checkered. A public image was not our major concern. Maybe we should have spent more time dealing with one. Our focus was getting the work done in the context of the strategies spelled out in the consult document. Never-the-less, we were perceived by the community of trustworthy.

°°° "Better call Saul." °°°

Living this close to the King of Kings has its advantages and its dis-advantages. Kabua Kabua sat on all trials involving Marshallese. He sat next to judge Kelly Turner the day I showed up in court. Kabua Kabua was getting up in years. He had a nice house

on the ocean side next door to our house. He used to feed our kids cookies. He also drank. He drank too much. On our town meeting events he held the honored place at the table and was not allowed alcohol. It was a well-known secret that Kabua liked Coke – in the can. On these occasions, our Director also liked to drink – coconut milk from the nut. Both men had assistants who would doctor the Coke and the coconut with Vodka. The Majuro Mule was a hit. It so happened that Pat Moriarty and I were the assistants.

One evening, back home on Majuro, Kabua had way too much. In a drunken rage, he killed his wife. The Marshallese knew their king was in serios trouble. He would be tried in a US courtroom. Kabua needed an attorney. A small delegation came to see the Blue Shirts. To make a long story short – Kabua was found guilty by the jury in the US court BUT the sentencing was up to the Marshallese judge. His sentence was house confinement, no alcohol and he could not marry again. That last part was a devastating blow in that culture. He still had his pigs.

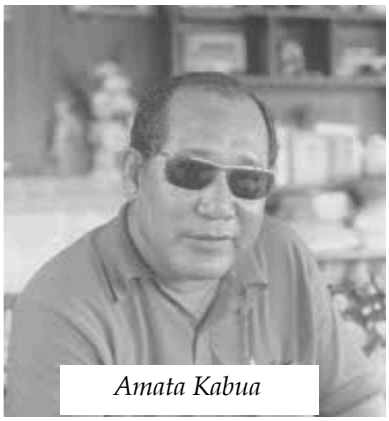
°°°Rice unlimited°°°

Another mindset issue was one of rice. The Japanese had introduced rice into the diet on October 1914 when they took control of the islands following WW I. Sixty years later, rice was a food, that without which, the Marshallese would starve to death. Rice was that dominant.

KITCO had very little rice if any at all. We had not cultivated a supplier. Then one bright and sunny day, the President of Nauru, Hammer DeRoburt, sailed into the Majuro harbor. The ship was full of rice, some 500 tons of it, probably half of the ship's capacity. The ship and the President came to town to fulfill a contract with the United Micronesia Development Authority. UMDA had purchased the rice and had, for some unknown reason backed out of the deal. The President was here to make a deal. He called his good friend, Amata Kabua.

Hammer DeRoburt

Amata Kabua was one of the Kings in the Marshall Islands and was to become The Republic of the Marshall Islands first President. Amata and Mr. DeRoburt then went to see the District Administrator, Oscar deBrum. The trio then called on TASC. (Note: I was not on the island at the time but, would have probably made the same decision my secretary did. We're going to call her Sally.) The two kings and the District Administrator created quite a stir when they entered the TASC office. They had a deal for TASC. You might say it was an offer we couldn't refuse.


Amata Kabua

Oscar deBrum

TASC needed rice to sell to KITCO and its 24 member stores on Majuro. Amata explained the deal to Sally. "His Excellency, President Hammer DeRoburt would like TASC to purchase the rice on board the ship tied up at the Majuro dock, about 500 tons of it, on a consignment basis. TASC can pay The Republic of Nauru as you sell it. We will off load the rice into the KITCO warehouse, and you owe nothing until the rice is sold." Sally agreed.

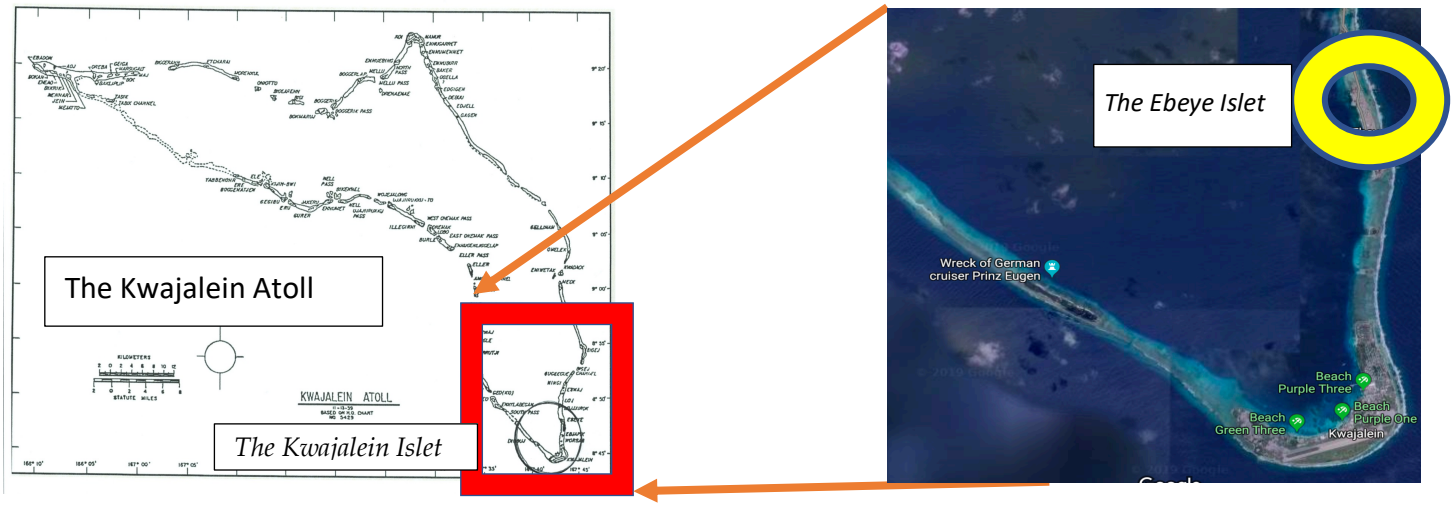
I arrived on island that afternoon and was told the news. I wanted to talk with Sally but, she was nowhere to be found. It was about 6:00pm by the time I got to the TASC office. No Sally. Sally was not at the dinner table that evening. Now we got concerned. "The boys" – Dan, Don, Mike, Roger and Robert gathered at the TASC office to figure out what to do. Those of you who know my wife, Leah, probably have never seen her angry. Consider yourself extremely fortunate. Leah entered the TASC office right in the middle of our discussions and asked what the hell we were doing. She was pissed. "Quit sitting around here on your butts and go find her!" We broke up into teams. My team went straight to Oscar's house. No one was home but there was evidence of a wild party. Beer bottles, whiskey bottles cigarette butts and cigar butts scattered around. The three local bars became our next stop. Our first stop was The Reef. Sally was three sheets to the wind and surrounded by Oscar and his entourage Amata and his entourage and Hammer DeRoburt. Sally was in trouble and she knew it.

Somehow Leah, Joan and Nany got the same notion we did and showed up at The Reef too. Dan and I engaged the boys in conversation, jokes, drinks or anything we could think of while Leah and her crew excused themselves to go to the girl's room. They ushered Sally out, into the car and back home.

The next morning, we got the details of "the deal" Sally had struck the day before. We had ourselves a mountain of rice. We sold what we could over the next six months and hardly made a dint in the mountain.

It wasn't long before the rats gnawed through the bags of rice. They set up homes. They ate rice. They pooped in the rice. They had baby rats in the rice. Over the next several months our staff killed rats, sifted out rat poop, scooped up babies and bagged the loose rice into 5-pound paper bags for sale. I will not eat rice to this day.

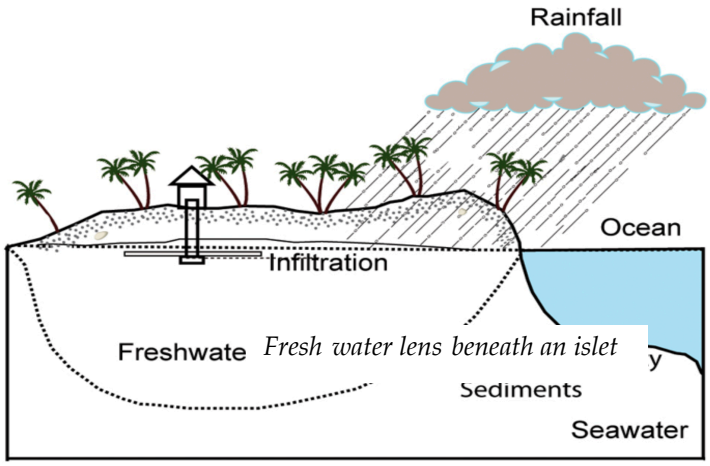
°°°The horror of Ebeye°°°



KITCO owned a second store on Ebeye islet on the Kwajalein atoll which is about 4,793 miles from Majuro. No one could get off the plane unless they were an authorized military or military contractor, Kwajalein is a classified down range missile testing site. Kwajalein Islet is the largest islet on the Kwajalein Atoll. From the airport we walked to the dock and boarded a water taxi for the 3-mile ride to Ebeye. Ebeye, is about six blocks long and maybe two blocks wide. Health authorities quarantined for Hepatitis in the '60's. Ebeye is the home of about 3,000 people – that is until the US turned the entire atoll into a Missile Range. Missiles were fired from The Vandenberg Missile base in California. Kwaj. would track and "kill" the invading missile. Kwajalein needed unclassified workers, so the Navy supplied a water taxi to ferry workers back and forth from Ebeye to work. If a worker missed the 5:30 ferry on Kwajalein, he spent the night in jail. When the Marshallese on Ebeye began making money all the relatives from the outer islands moved to Ebeye.

Ebeye Islet – US Navy photo

Today the population is 15,000. The Ebeye Islet is the most populous island in the Marshall Islands and the sixth most densely populated island in the world. The total land mass is 0.125 square miles. Infant mortality on Ebeye is 3.0% as of 2006.[11] There have been recurrent outbreaks of cholera, dengue fever, and tuberculosis. In 1963 there was a polio outbreak, and in 1978 a measles outbreak. The freshwater lens that lies beneath each islet is polluted. Therefore, the US government runs a water barge from Kwajalein to Ebeye daily to supply the islet with fresh water. It charges the Marshallese $75,000 a day for this service. One might ask – "Where does Kwajalein get its water?" Answer: Rainwater falls on Kwajalein's 1,000+ foot long air base runway, collected in a water catchment system, treated and shipped to Ebeye. You then might ask – "Why doesn't the government run a simple water pipeline over the shallow coral from Kwajalein to Ebeye?" The coral is so close to the surface you can walk from Kwaj to Ebeye on top of the coral reef. A pipeline on the lagoon side of the reef would be protected from the ocean weather.



Fresh water lens beneath an islet

The ICA staff were not the only white folks on Ebeye. Several contractors and military personal kept a room at the only hotel on the islet for periodic visits to their Marshallese girlfriends. The place was a mess.

°°°A Joint Session of Congress°°°

By this time TASC and the "Blue Shirts" (the Marshallese name for us) had a number of things going on. The pre-school was a success. The business school, complete with new IBM Selectric typewriters was holding class. Twenty-four small businesses had a balance sheet for the first time in their history. KITCO was up and running. Bako Bako was catching shark. The Multi-Purpose Repair Center had more business than they could shake a stick at. The Breadfruit Tree was making breadfruit and banana chips. The Women's Handicraft Shop was exporting cultural gifts to the US. The sawmill was making studs, wall paneling and picnic tables.

With all this activity, some folks – suspicious Peace Corps staff especially – *knew* the Blue Shirts made money under the table. Some suspected we intended to establish some sort of new order for society. Some *knew* that the ICA was really the CIA. These ulterior motives swirled around to such an extent that the Trust Territory government, supported by their Peace Corps staff called into session a Joint Session of Congress of Micronesia. They summoned Ron Levi, the general manager of The Robert Reimers general merchandise store – KITCO's chief competitor, Fred Narrune, KITCO's general manager, Bob Fishel, the principal of the Blue Shirts, the local newspaper man and me.

I was on board a field trip ship entering the Ebon lagoon, about 250 miles from Majuro when the word came. I was to disembark and board a seaplane waiting for me in the lagoon to fly me back to Majuro then by jet to Saipan. This was serious.

We testified before Congress in session to standing room only crowds for three days. The prosecution, for lack of a better word, couldn't make any of the accusations stick. Finally, one of their major issues with us surfaced. Our Blue Shirt uniforms and the fact that the preschool children wore uniforms – red and black convinced our accusers of our foul and evil intent. Fishel pointed out that our uniforms are a form of habit fashioned after Aristotle's vocational garb. "The police wear a garb, the military wear a garb, doctors and nurses wear a garb." AND THEN CAME THE KICKER – "***Even the Peace Corps wear a garb.***" That comment brought an immediate, indignant and angary response from the Peace Corp staff in attendance. Fishel kept his cool and then asked the audience if they could point out Peace Corp members from a group of people deplaning at the Saipan airport. The island people in the audience howled in laughter. Of course, they could. Game, set, match.

°°°The Town Meeting Campaign°°°

I'm not sure what the Marshallese name for it was – I can pronounce it, but I cannot spell it – in English it's called a Town Meeting. The ICA had decided to do at least one Town Meeting in every county in the US and several other countries. The Marshall Islands also decided to hold a Town Meetings on each of the inhabited 26 atolls and 2 high islands. A high island is an island surrounded by a coral reef. Over centuries the island would sink below the surface of the ocean leaving behind only the coral reef, forming an atoll. It would take us several months and numerous field trips to complete visiting each. In preparation we made 28 marine plywood placards ¾" thick and 4' X 4" square. We painted a picture of each atoll on each placard. They weighed a ton.

Our first field trip was loaded. We boarded the *MV Robert deBrum.*

M/V /Robert deBrum

The dignitaries on this trip included Kabua Kabua, Dean Joseph Mathews, John Montgomery, Larry White, Kathleen White, Patrick Moriarty and me. This cruise was the first of many to follow. On board Larry and I stood on the main deck. John Montgomery was standing on the second deck above us. Still tied up at the dock, John got seasick and threw up all over Larry and me. A portent?

We finally got underway. The ceremony that was staged at every atoll was quite an event. The women of the island welcomed us by wading out to the ship and hoisting each guest on their shoulders and bringing them ashore. Several women grabbed onto the left leg, several others on left arm. A duplicate number latched onto the right side. The women on Wotje Atoll had an acute sense of humor. While wading ashore with Dean Mathews, a hefty load, one group of women went left and their duplicate number went to the right. They thought that was funny. After the Town Meeting we had a feast. Several turtles caught days earlier had been turned upside down on the beach to keep them alive until cleaned, the meat chopped up and combined with Fidget Bird, fish and pig and cooked in the turtle shell. Patrick and I acted as bar tenders in charge of the drinks. Kabua Kabua could not drink alcohol so at the direction of Kabua's staff we mixed his Vodka in Coke cans. We mixed Joe's Vodka in fresh coconut hulls half full of coconut milk. The Majuro Mule I spoke of earlier became a staple in these events.

Strange things sometimes happen at sea. One of our last stops was the atoll of Ebon. We had to anchor offshore to wait for high tide in order to navigate over the coral reef

to gain entrance into the lagoon. Our staff was under a makeshift roof on the second deck having a picnic. Off in the distance I noticed a strange disturbance on the surface of the water. The disturbance was about 75 yards in circumference. It was moving. It was moving toward our ship. I pointed this out to the folks under the shed and all of us came to the rail to watch. The water was agitated. It was getting closer. When it came up to the side of the ship, the water exploded and an eight-foot Rainbow Runner leaped out of the water up to the second deck, knocked over the rail and sent Kathleen sprawling on her back under the picnic table.

Now on top of all the other rumors about the blue shirts the Marshallese added another. Fishel became known as one who could call fish from the sea. In any case, we had fresh fish for several meals on that trip. Once we entered the lagoon, I was picked up by Kirt Pino's WW II sea plane on my way to testify before the joint session of the Micronesian congress.

°°°Ran out of Dodge°°°

As in every community, we had our share of calamities. This episode was one of the most memorable. We had several young men and women on the ICA staff. I'm sure there was some hanky panky going on but, we choose to ignore most of it. However, one afternoon it became a matter of life and death.

One of our better-looking young men was having an affair with a recent Marshallese beauty queen who happened to be married to a very passionate and jealous young man. The affair was exposed somehow, and the husband showed up at our door with several of his cousins. The husband wanted to kill" Sam" we'll call him. The husband had slashed himself across his chest with a razor and was bleeding all over the deck. He wanted Sam and he knew we knew where he was. We didn't at the time but, we quickly found him. We hid him in the second water catchment tank next to Dan's room. Word spread around the atoll and word came back to us that the young man was the son of the brother of Oscar deBrum. His name was Robert deBrum for whom the *MV Robert deBrum* was named. It was a small island. Mr. deBrum wanted to speak with me forthwith. I was told we had to get Sam off island for good or pack our bags. Getting Sam off island was no mean feat. The husband and the cousins knew that Air Micronesia flew east, toward Hawaii and the mainland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. We knew that if we sent him back to Chicago, he'd probably be assigned to the boiler room – our equivalent to Siberia. We also knew the road to the airport would be lined with folks seeking blood. Therefore, we sent him in the other direction – west to the Philippines via Guam.

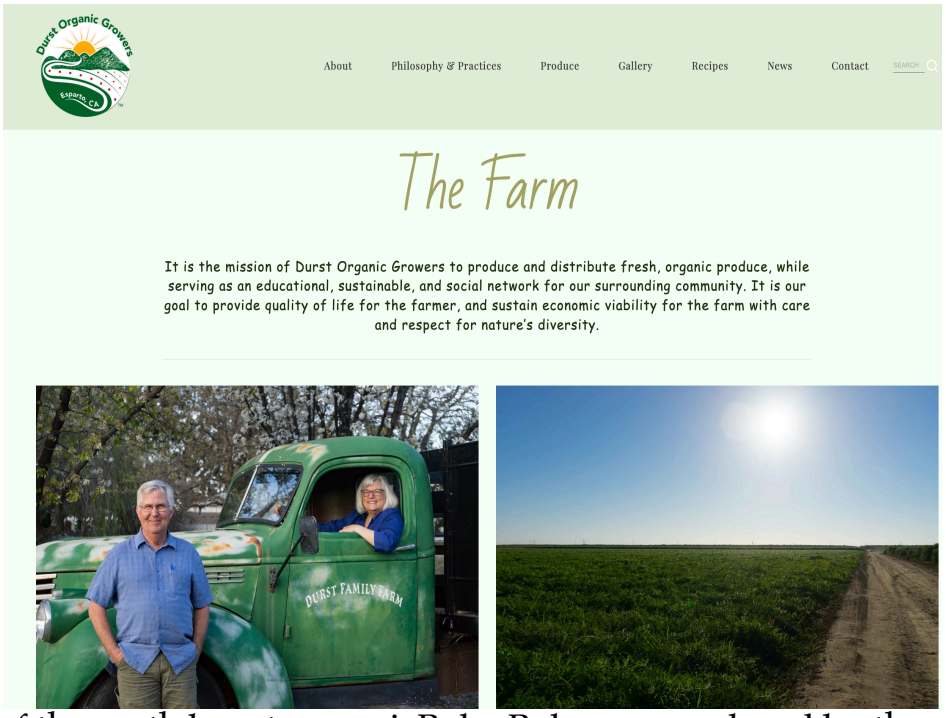
We later learned that one Sunday, in the middle of House Church, Sam called from a local hotel. He was stranded with a new girlfriend and couldn't pay her, AND her pimp and his crew sat waiting for them in the lobby. I never heard from or about him again.

°°°Story°°°

If you ever encountered the Order for ten minutes you knew the power of story. A self-story is as powerful as a corporate story or a community story. For the Marshallese, this fact was brought home in a dramatic fashion during the Human Development Consult. The overarching story that emerged from those five days was that this consult marked the beginning of "The Third Time". The First Time was the time of vast ocean navigations' that first brought people to these islands. The Second Time was a time of foreign domination, the Spanish, the German, the Japanese and the Americans. The Third Time was a time of reclaiming their independence. In fact, soon after the Consult, the Marshallese voted to withdraw from the Trust Territory of the Pacific in 1979 and approved their own constitution in1980. That was the overarching story. The historical story was much deeper and more practical effecting everyday life.

During the consult we raised the question of why the island had no gardens, no fresh vegetables being grown. The Marshallese quickly told us that nothing would grow in coral and this was a coral atoll. Oh, yeah – okay, we understood.

A day or so later while exploring this business of the Third Time, the Marshallese went into great detail about how rough it was under the Japanese rule. During the course of the war, the US Navy had cut off supply lines to several atolls, one of which was Jaluit Atoll. The island housed 1,584 members of the Japanese Navy and 727 members of the Japanese Army. Roughly 2,400 Japanese military plus the native population of another 1,500 folks. Cut off by the US Navy? "What did they eat?" we asked. "Well, they ate Japanese food like fish from the ocean and reef fish from the lagoon and, oh yes, vegetables they grew on the island. Wait! I thought you said fresh vegetables couldn't be grown on a coral atoll. The conditions under the Japanese were so severe that all memories of that time had been ripped out of their consciousness. A short time later Jim and Deborah Durst landed from California and started the Marshall Island Demonstration Land Farm. The Dursts' now own and manage a very successful farm in California. Their produce now sells here in Seattle at QFC.



Not all the businesses turned out to be successful. KITCO was literally wiped off the face of the earth by a tsunami. Bako Bako was replaced by the World's Sixth and Largest Shark Sanctuary.

°°°The significance°°°

Perhaps the most significant accomplishment was articulated by Amata Kabua, the first President of the new Republic of the Marshall Islands. Several years ago, and a number of years after the ICA had left the Islands, David Rebstock departed the ICA headquarters with a bill for the Marshall Islands Human Development Project. Earlier, the ICA had successfully lobbied the US Congress for a $1,800,000 grant for the development of the Marshalls. The grant was eventually funded, and David had our bill for a pittance of our actual cost. Amata grinned and told David that all the money had been spent manning a training boat. The boat carried a crew of young men to the outer islands to pick up iron, and rusting relics from WW II. As a result, the copra production had hit an all-time high due to the removal of all that iron and munitions from the soil. President Kabua noted, "Not all of the industries and businesses the Blue Shirts started survived. However, they taught us one thing – anything was possible with some imagination and hard work."

What else is there?

PART IV

. . . The pointy end of the arrow . . .

After Majuro, the Early's were assigned to Chicago for a brief stay on our way to our next assignment – another island – Manhattan. The fund-raising team based in Chicago split into "Area Development" teams. Leah and I were again teamed up with Bain Davis – our First Prior from Rockford, Illinois. Our area covered the eastern seaboard from New York, north to the Canadian border.

This was never stated overtly but, due to our exploits in Majuro, Dean Mathews saw us as risk takers, innovators, and creatives in the face of seemly impossible odds. We were the pointy end of the arrow, fashioning a new way to the future.

°°° The Town Meeting Campaign °°°

In 1976 the Institute launched the ***"Town Meeting Campaign".*** The Town Meeting was a one-day mini version of the Human Development Consult. The Institute established the goal of holding at least one Town Meeting in each county in the United States. There are 3,142 counties in the 50 states. The set-up process involved the political officials in the county, the economic leadership, the cultural representatives and, of course, as many citizens as we could turn out for the event. The Campaign won the United States designation of a National Bi-centennial Event. The set up process however was cumbersome and proved to be a bit too much for most of our locations around the country. The entire Campaign was bogged down. Something had to be done – some symbolic event to shake things loose and get the Campaign moving. Dean Mathews came up with the idea of 100 Town Meetings in Oklahoma in one weekend. The Oklahoma 100 became the "something". To this end, Dean Mathews assigned a team to fly to Oklahoma to launch the project. There were six of us. Eight folks from Chicago and one from New York – me - flew to Oklahoma City to meet with the Institute staff.

There are 77 counties in Oklahoma. Seven of the nine teamed up with one regional colleague forming a two person team assigned to set up two Town Meetings a day for five days. That is a total of 70 counties. Two teams only had nine to set up due to the travel distance. That covered 68 counties.

The two people left out of the nine assigned tackled a very significant task. There are seven counties around Oklahoma City plus two within the City. That made a total of 77 counties. However, the Oklahoma team took on the task of holding 100 Town Meetings in Oklahoma City itself. They targeted the school system.

In the meeting in the Oklahoma City Religious House we sat down to plan all this out with about two dozen staff and regional colleagues. I had never seen or participated in a Town Meeting. We had done our "county equivalent" coverage by holding our version of a Town Meeting on each of the 28 inhabited atolls in the Marshall Islands.

At the beginning of the meeting, the First Prior explained how this was an impossible task and proceeded to tell us all why. I interrupted the speech and told the group that I didn't think we needed to hear how this was impossible. We needed to know what was possible – how could we pull this off. That broke us loose to come up with the scheme of ten Town Meetings per team and 100 in Oklahoma City. We were off.

On the fourth day on the road, my regional colleague and I had rooms at a motel in some dusty Oklahoma town. I had just stepped out of bed the following morning when the phone rang. Mary Warren Moffett, Dean Mathews' assistant was on the other end. "Lee, Joe wants you to meet him in London next week for a month long trip to the UK, Brussels, Rome, India and Israel. Neil Vance, another assistant, will call you with the details." How in the hell she ever found me in that motel, I'll never know. We drove back to Oklahoma City in time to participate in a victory celebration. We had done it. Over 200 Town Meetings in Oklahoma. I boarded a plane for New York to pack for my trip to London.

I met Joe without much if any ceremony and we checked into a hotel. We met with the First Prior and his wife in Joe's hotel room. There seemed to be a problem with one or more of our staff. I was never written in on what was going on and pleased not to know. Related to the same, now serious staff issue, Joe and I flew to Brussels. Joe had a large airline pilot's black square bag that folded from the top, heavy as hell and became my duty to haul around after Joe. We arrived in Brussels welcomed by heavily armed police or Army troops. This is normal – nothing to worry about. Going through the customs line with the bags, the inspector came to the black bag. He opened it up and sitting there in plain sight was a plastic bag of weed. OH SHIT! The inspector must have seen the expression on my face. He quickly said; "Someone must really like pipe tobacco." He shut the bag without even opening the plastic sack. One of our staff in Malidawa, India was a pipe smoker (Gordon Harper) and Joe was bringing him a fresh supply of pipe tobacco. Again, the staff issue was on the table and I was not involved.

While in Brussels we did commission our first health team of two doctors and two RN's. Their assignment dealt with "preventative mortality" in each of the 24 projects. They did not touch the "curative" side of the health equation. Joe explained that if they so much as put a band-aid on some kid's arm, they were on a plane home. Prevention dealt with infant mortality, clean water, sanitary structure and diet.

After Brussels, Joe and I flew to Rome. Rome was a very symbolic place and a place rich with development potential. A shining example of a Human Development Project in the neighborhood would be critical. Joe and I were to select a village from a short list prepared by our staff in Rome ahead of our arrival. We met the following morning with the staff. They had picked Castelgrande in Basilicata state as our HDP. We did not have a short list. We had one. Joe hit the fan. I had never seen his so upset. "You mean to tell me I came halfway around the world to pick a suitable site for a Project and you give me ONE. That's no choice now, is it!" It was not a question. The First Prior picked himself up off the floor – literally and was speechless. We wanted choices so, the next morning we loaded into a car and headed for Basilicata.

We did visit Castelgrande. It is a nice place. The streets are very narrow, the building old, the people rather standoffish except the folks who'd met our staff. They were great. After some long interviews I was ready to agree – this would make a great HDP. Joe, however, wasn't having any. He wanted to see more villages. So, for the next several days we woke, had a cappuccino, bought a large warm loaf of bread and a gallon of white wine and hit the road.

Castelgrande, Basilicata, Italy

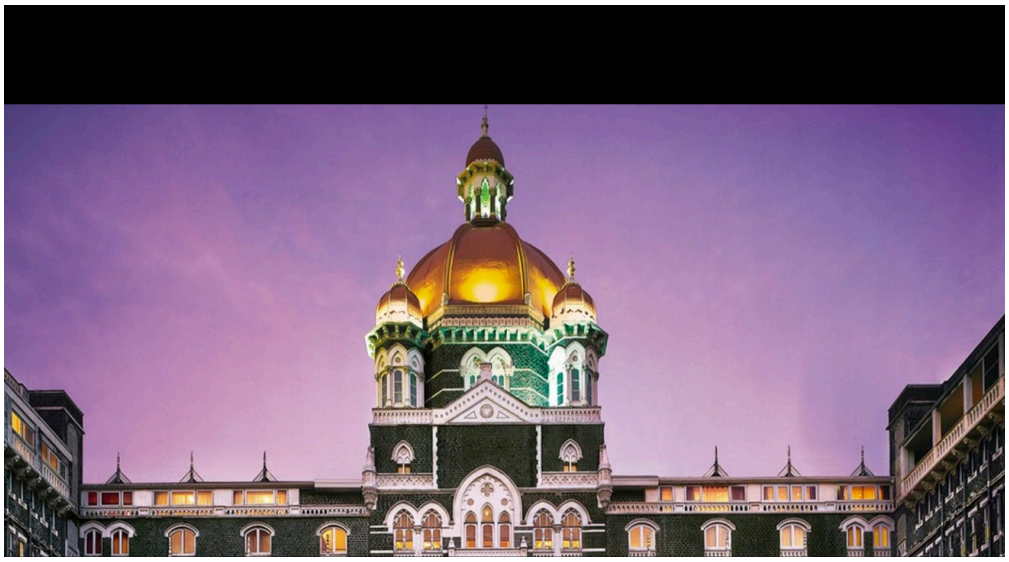
We covered many a mile and saw many a village, ate several loafs of bread and drunk five or six gallons

of wine, followed by a feast of a dinner each night about 8:00pm.

We were now seriously late for our next stop – India. Joe once again called the First Priors to Rome, sat them all down and told them no one was going home until they found a suitable HDP site.

Then, we left for Bombay.

The arrival, in the middle of the night, in the Bombay airport is an exercise in constant contradictions. It is a modern airport yet; it seemed every square inch was covered with people. Most were sleeping on the floor, some in tin face masks, some in vails, all living in squalor. One man's squalor is another's vibrant life. The heat and smells are an assault on my senses. Our staff picked up Joe and I and drove us to our hotel. Another shock! Both sides and the center meridian were covered with bodies. In the middle of the night they were hard to see, and most were asleep and not moving. Thousands of bundles – human bundles – make our homeless problem look like a joke. Another contradiction soon followed. We were checked into the Taj, a magnificent hotel, breathtaking is a word that comes to mind.



The Taj was designed by an English architect. It was supposed to be in a "U" shape facing the "Gateway to India", an arch dedicated to Queen Victoria. I say "supposed" because, in the architect's absence, the building was reversed. The open section of the "U" faced in the opposite direction. Instead of facing the Gateway to India, the front of the hotel faced one of the largest slum in Bombay. The story has it that the architect committed suicide.

The new front now houses a fine courtyard and pool. The Taj is one of the finest hotels in Bombay and was the target of the terrorist attack in 2008. There are certain advantages traveling with Dean Joe Mathews.

Transportation and lodging accommodations were very nice. There were also disadvantages.

All along our trip various people wanted to see Joe. Some just wanted to meet him. Others had an agenda or a proposal they wanted him to consider. He was not interested in meeting anyone. He was there to design and launch the Human Development Training School.

A bit of context is necessary here so, I will put the "story" part of this story on pause so I can describe the state of affairs leading up to the creation of the Training School.

The initial "Band of 24" Human Development Projects was completed. Several more village projects were launched. It soon became obvious that we could not continue doing one village project at a time. There were too many villages and not enough time or staff to do one project at a time. We had to come up with a way to do massive

village development. We had a very successful project in India. Maliwada is a village outside Aurangabad in Maharashtra state. Maharashtra was Gandhi's stomping ground and sees itself as very sensitive to the plight of the rural villages. In centuries past, Maliwada was one home to the gardeners who grew food for the nearby fort. The Daulatabad Fort has never been taken by force and is the home or some ingenious defensive systems. That's another story. Given its rich history, it's symbolic significance and a successful project in being, we decided that India was the place to test massive village development.

The Dalatabad Fort

The plan was this: We knew we could not "duplicate" Maliwada and somehow have 100's of little Maliwadas all over Maharashtra state. So, we came up with a "replication" scheme. Small groups of Maliwada residence visited villages around the state telling the Maliwada story. It is a powerful story and the residences knew it well. We even had a video narrated by Sir Richard Attenborough and Ben Kingley who had just finished a full length movie in which he played Gandhi. The video didn't help much in villages with no electricity but, it did help in fund raising and authorization visits to various officials we related to throughout India.

So, the resident groups hit the road. They simply asked the village elders and interested parties if they would like to join other villages in a development project like Maliwada. These neighboring villagers were invited to come see for themselves. If they were still interested, they needed to send a dozen young men and women to Maliwada to the Human Development Training School for 13 weeks of intensive boot camp and training. Then, upon graduation those dozens of trained young men and women were NOT sent back to their home village. Returning to their home village meant they were subject to the cultural and family hierarchy that would restrict their abilities to do the work they had just been trained to do. Instead a dozen other men and women were sent to their village, and their men and women would be sent to another village and do on.

The rationale called for 10 surrounding villages to send a dozen men and women to the School creating about 120 students per class. They were assigned to villages to work, and following the model, each of those villages would visit 10 villages surrounding it. One became 10. The 10 became 100. The 100 became 1,000. Each cycle took about six months. In 18 months, 1,000 villages would be under development. We, therefore, needed a Human Development Training School. That was the context for our visit to Maliwada.

From Bombay Joe and I flew to Aurangabad. We stayed at the government operated hotel in town – a very nice, clean, modern hotel. It was here that I realized the parents of one of our Indian staff had been following us since we arrived in Bombay. The parents of our young woman staff member was about to marry another member of our staff – an Australian. The parents were concerned about their daughter and wanted some assurances from the Dean of the Institute. They had been unsuccessful in reaching Joe so, they contacted me. They wanted to see Joe the next morning. Joe was unaware of all this and I knew he would not appreciate the interruption. In addition to this little dilemma, our visit meant our staff from the village got to use my hotel room to wash cloths and shower themselves. Water was scarce in the village. Women stand in line for hours with brass pots on their heads, waiting their turn at the well, when the pump worked. A cup of water provided enough water for a spritz bath of sorts and mouth wash with a carbon tooth paste and brush, not in that order. My room was full. I hardly saw Joe. He was deep into model building with his #2 pencil, sharpener and paper. It was getting late and I was getting more anxious. Something had to be done.

At 2:00 in the morning, I finally got up enough courage to go see Joe. I dare not call and wake him up. I went outside and walked around to the other side of the hotel where I could see Joe's room from the outside. His light was on. He was up. I went back inside, up to his room and knocked on his door. He opened it, turned and went back to his work on the desk. Not a word. Not "hi", "come in", "what do you want", nothing.

He was in his lava-lava wrap around cloth "dress" and went straight back to his desk and picked up where he left off before my interruption. I sat on the edge of the bed in silence, waiting for some kind of acknowledgement that I was even there. Finally, I spoke. I told him that one of our Indian staff was thinking about marrying another one of our staff and the girl's parents wanted to meet Joe for breakfast THAT morning. I have seen this man verbally explode once before but, I was never the target. That morning I was the one blown flat on my back in the explosion. "What do you mean – meet for breakfast. I am working on the entire future of the Order designing this Training School and you barge in here with this?" After the dust settled, we decided that Joe would meet with the girl and her parents in the ground floor open area that morning. I would be at the rail on the second floor overlooking the dining area. If Joe tugged his ear I was to come down and tell Joe, he had an important phone call and excuse himself. The meeting took place. There was no tug. The meeting lasted for over an hour. Time flies when Dean Joseph Mathews holds court. The couple never married.

Our visit to India was memorable for me in two events. The first memorable event took place in a walk about the village of Maliwada with several village folk, including several elders. One elder was very quiet. We'd met him the day before. He didn't say much, if anything. Then, in the middle or our walk he stopped. The whole group of

us stopped. "I figured you out." he says to Joe. Puzzled, Joe stopped, turned and looked at the man. He didn't say anything, just looked at the elder. The old man proceeded: "I figured you out. You are a Christian. I am a Hindu. It's as if you fell down a well and I fell down another well and we both hit a common water shed." "Our beliefs are the same." I don't think Joe ever forgot that moment. I never did.

The second memorable event was a strategy more than it was an event. Our chief political support came from the Congress Party and Party officials up and down the political structure including the district and township levels. Indira Gandhi was Prime Minister at the time and her Party was in political jeopardy. Elections were just around the corner. We were very concerned about the well-being of our staff should she be defeated by the rival Janata Party. The election was on the heels of a bloody uprising and abuse of power by Indira's son. We had good reason to be concerned. Our plan called for Joe and me to fly to Israel and wait for the results of the election. We and our staff back in India were to leave immediately if she were defeated. She was defeated. We got the phone call from our staff assuring us that even though the Janata Party had won, the Congress Party still controlled the structures at the state and district levels. Our staff need not flee the country. I am sure none of us really knew how close we came to not being able to leave at all. In the next election, the Congress Party won, and Indira was back as Prime Minister – until she was assassinated in 1984.

Israel is another story that'll have to wait for another time.

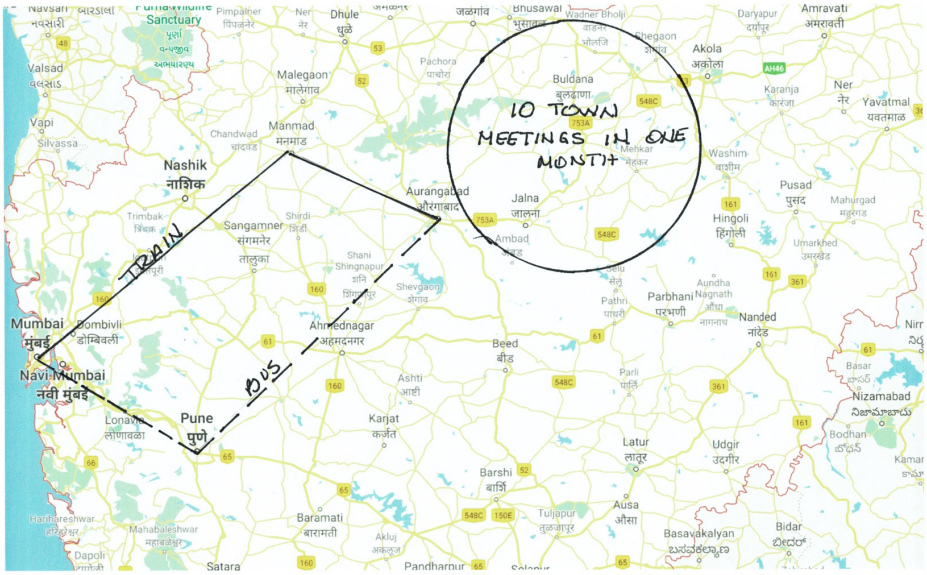
Joe and I were on the flight home when Joe turned to me and made a very curious comment. "I suppose you realize that you are now one of the boys." No, I didn't. And, no I wasn't interested. I didn't tell him that – I didn't know what to say at the time.

I returned to India a year later to conduct ten town meetings in the space of a month. There were several teams from the states who flew over with me to conduct this campaign. This time I traveled alone. There were no first class hotels, meals or transportation.

The team from the US arrived in India and stayed overnight in the Taj. That stay proved to be the last luxury we were going to enjoy. The next morning, we boarded a train to Aurangabad from Victoria Station.

Victoria train station

We knew it was going to be a long, overnight trip from Bombay to Aurangabad. So, we bought several large cans of beer. We traveled third class. It might as well have been 10th class. No lower class existed. The cars were packed with people. We thought it best if the female team members traveled in the Muslim car reserved for women. Since alcohol was not permitted in the Muslim car, all the beer had to go with the men - - all three of us. Ah shucks. The sacrifices we go through for women. Our car held rows of church like pews. The wooden benches had no arm rests delineating the boundaries of a "seat". The pews were laid out in two rows with an aisle down the middle. Each pew held three to four people. Ten rows of pews in two columns designed to seat 80 people now held upwards of 200 people. People sat on the floor of the train, some with backs against the pews in front of the pew ahead of it, some in the center aisle and others on the roof.



Shortly after leaving Victoria Station en route to Manmad a nicely dressed man sat next to me. We struck up a conversation. He was an attorney on his way to Manmad to see a client. Not far into the journey, he pulled out a silver "cigarette" case. He opened it and began assembling a snack. He placed a green leave on his knee and added a white paste on one half of the leaf and some red paste on the other side. He explained that the snack was good for the digestion an offered to make me one. I had no clue what it was I was eating but, boy or boy, it surely helped the digestion along with a beer, I was feeling no pain.

I still to this day do not know what was spread on those leaves, but whatever it was, it made me higher than a kite.

Along with the other two members of our staff, we began singing English words to Indian tunes. Recognizing the tune, the Indian folk in our immediate area began to sing along with us. After another "snack" and a beer, I needed to visit the men's room - - located at the other end of the rail car. I could not navigate through the people packed in the aisle. The only way to the back of the car required that I step on the backs of the pews, holding on to the overhead racks, apologizing to folks as I stepped on the back of their pew. I finally got to the men's room.

It's called a Hopper. It is a hole in the floor with imprints of feet on either side of the hole. Placing one foot on either side of the holler, I hovered above the hole. I could see the ground whizzing beneath the train. People are not allowed to use the hopper while in the station or traveling over water.

We made it to Manmad. The next train to Aurangabad would depart the next morning. So, we curled up on one of the wooden benches at the train station for the night. The wooden benches were infested with "bed bugs" and so was I.

From Aurangabad, the teams split and were assigned an area to cover doing town meetings in ten villages in their area. Most of us traveled alone, by bus, and met with a member of our staff at the next location. It is hard for me to describe the feeling of being totally alone, in the midst of hundreds of people, when the person you were to meet did not show up to meet you. After a town meeting I was off again to the next village on the list. The bus rides were another adventure.

It is the norm for a Sikhs to be the bus driver or the train conductor or the taxi driver. I never got the rationale as to why a Sikhs seemed to be the only sect capable to carrying out these duties. They seemed to be the glue that held it all together. The bus driver Sikhs became maniacs behind the wheel. The bus driver Sikhs are never late and hated monkeys. There were monkeys everywhere in the northern part of the state. My driver used his considerable driving skills to speed through the countryside and trying to kill as many monkeys as he could run down.

People on long bus rides often ate bananas. Since there was no stopping a bus driver, a banana made restroom stops un-necessary. Bananas were on sale at every scheduled bus stop along the way.

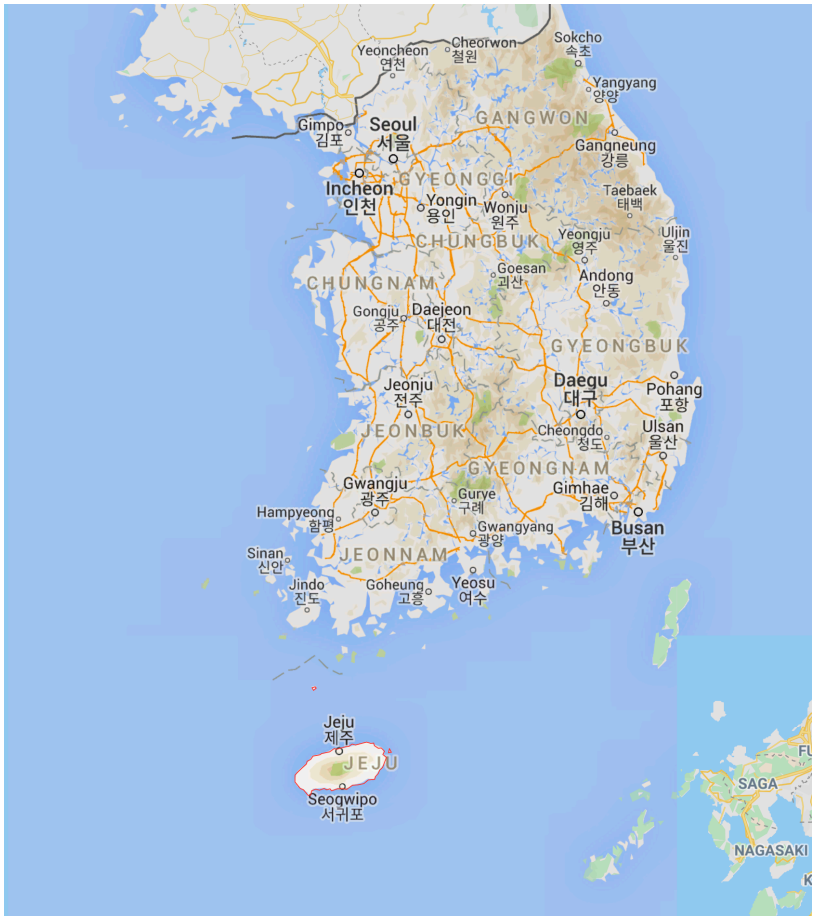
This was my last trip to India.

Back home Leah was making preparations for a trip facilitating a Global Woman's Forum in Great Britain, Italy, Nairobi, Zambia and Latin America.

Then the phone rang.

The Human Development Projects were underway. Some were underwater. We were getting bogged down and momentum was suffering in some others. Something needed to be done to get these projects up and running again. A strategy was created. We picked a project as a symbol to the others that the impossible could be transformed into a breakthrough success in a short period of time and no outside resources. The "World's Fair of Human Development" was born. Hell – if we are going to do this, it needed to have a serious impact.

*The four Kwae **represent**: heaven (three unbroken **bars**), the Earth (three broken **bars**), water (one unbroken line between two broken **bars**), and fire (one broken bar between two unbroken **bars**).*



A team was formed. Rich Michael left tackle for the Houston Oilers NFL team, Bob Sinclair, owner of a men's clothing store in Phoenix and in a wheelchair from Polio since he was a boy, Ken Hamgie, simply a wild man, or, you could say he is highly creative and sometimes thoughtlessly action oriented, and Lee Early. We came to Jeju South Korea from various points in the states. We met in Seoul for the first time in early summer of 1977. Kwanjuan Il -Ri, Jeju Island, South Korea was to be the host site of the "World's Fair of Human Development". Jeju is the Rivera of South Korea. It's the honeymoon capital. It is a high island, cold as hell in the winter and mostly bleak in the summer. We arrived in the village and were "put up" in the Mayor's office. We slept on the floor in his honor's office. Shoulder to shoulder, awakened each morning by the community loudspeaker, blasting the national anthem and announcements for the day.

The Mayor's office overlooked a barley field. The village received the community work assignments for the day via the loudspeaker from our bedroom. "Sector One is assigned to harvest Lot C. Sector Two is assigned to rake the main road. Sector Three is assigned to machine maintenance at the barley mill. Everyone had an assignment. (from our bedroom.)

We had a month to turn this village into a demonstration village and host of the "World's Fair of Human Development". Kwanjuan Il -Ri is located about an hour from town, by bus, over a dry creek bed of a road and designated a "C" village. "What is a "C" village, you ask?" It is a designation the government assigns to villages that prioritizes work to be done by the government. A government truck, loaded with sacks of cement for concrete mix, dropped off a dozen bags of cement at each village. A week later, the government drove through each village to check on the status of the cement.

An "A" village was one that was using the cement to build something or to create roofing tiles. Most villages had thatch roofs. A "B" village is one who picked up the

cement and stored it out of the weather. A "C" village, the lowest on their priority list is one who left the cement beside the road where it was dropped off.

We had one month to get this village in shape – not only to be designated as an "A" village but be ready to host the site of the "World's Fair of Human Development". The world was coming to Kwanjuan Il -Ri and this prospect terrified the local and national government. We weren't the least bit concerned.

You might ask how a box-of-rocks like this team of guys would be concerned about anything? Clueless as usual, we just went to work. A road needed to be widened, a barley field cleared for the construction of an amphitheater in front of the Mayor's office, an industry had to be up and running – not a store – an industry, thatch roofs needed to be replaced, sanitation issues addressed and we had to be up and out of the Mayor's office each morning before he showed up with the days loudspeaker announcements and assignments.

The local government and the army general running the island sent word that they would like to speak with us. Ha! Yes, they did. Anticipating possible jail time for our interruption, we decided to flip the situation. These folks needed to either run us out

of town or figure out ways they could help pull off this upcoming global event in one of their "C" villages. They decided to help and boy oh boy – did they ever help!

The Korean Marine Corps showed up to clear the barley field and build the amphitheater. The Korean Navy showed up to widen and level the main road into and out of town. The Korean Army showed up to work on the oil processing plant and community construction projects. The Union of Women Office Workers showed up to work on replacing all the thatch roofs in town to concrete roofing tiles the Army helped produce. Rich looked after the military units. Bob looked after the roofing project; that left Ken and me to work on an industry.

To this day, I do not know how Ken borrowed a D-9 Caterpillar crawler tractor from the Jesuit farm down the road, but, he did.

And, to this day, I do not know how Ken, astride the D-9, got permission to knock down half of a hillside, level it and grade it in preparation for our new industry but, he did. What industry you ask?

PURINA

We decided on a chicken farm. Not just any chicken farm but, a commercial chicken farm. I flew to Seoul to visit Ralston Purina. Our new chicken farm provided housing

for three barns of chickens. The first barn housed a thousand newly born chicks. The second barn raised another thousand juveniles being treated for diseases and parasites. The third barn raised a thousand adult chickens fattened up for harvesting. Three thousand birds eat a lot of different kinds of chicken feed every day. Ralston Purina donated the first months' worth of chickens and feed to get us up and running.

During this intense work, the top of my left foot began to hurt. In the course of a couple of weeks the pain grew to the point I could barely walk. It was also about this time Bob Sinclair began feeling weak, worn out and cranky. While I was in Seoul, my colleagues took me to the hospital. The doctors and nurses ran me under, over and through every test known to mankind or, so it seemed. I drank, pooped and peed all day long. Finally, not knowing any more than they did that morning, the doctors left, and an elderly doctor showed up at my bedside. After a rather brief conversation he asked if I drank. "Some" I said. "Do you have a woman in attendance?" he asked? I looked puzzled so he explained – "In Korea, the symbol for wine consists of two characters. One stands for dark or mysterious and the other for female. Other cultures have similar symbols meaning you need a woman in attendance when drinking." I remembered my experience in Seoul when my colleagues and I visited a night club months before. The doctor further explained that visiting most hotel bars, where foreigners stay, they are populated mostly by men, mostly single men - alone in more ways than one. I cracked up. "Doc", I said, "that's the best prescription I've ever had. Could you fill it for me?" I have never had a sore foot since.

(Remember the earlier experience in the Korean bar and the line of women for your choosing to be in attendance with you?)

Back in the village, Bob could hardly take care of himself. Being in a wheelchair required some assistance anyway, but, now things were not going well.

One of Korea's greatest contributions to the condition of humankind was the invention of the Korean bath house. They are different from the Japanese bath house. The second greatest contribution is the Korean haircut and shave. This seemed to be just the ticket for Bob.

One morning, the four of us boarded the bus with Bob in his wheelchair, several goats, a couple of pigs, some chickens and half a dozen people. After an hour and a half of bus travel over the dry creek bed we were all bounced, bruised, battered and ready for a bath.

The Korean and Japanese cultures do not like to see invalid people in public.

When we entered the bath house with Bob, we noticed everyone began leaving. The four of us got undressed, and Rich carried Bob into the hot tub. The hot tub is indeed HOT. It's about a 20' oval shape and will hold a dozen or so men. The hot tub is what I expected it to be and after a bit, I was perfectly relaxed. Oh no, not here. From the hot tub I got out and climbed into a deep bathtub size ice water soak. What a shock that is – from a hot tub into an ice water tub. Bob Sinclair was having none of it. Under extreme protest, Rich picked him up and put him into the ice water tub. The poor man, of course, was helpless to resist. In addition to Bob being paralyzed Rich Michael was a very large, strong man. So, into the tub he went.

After a very short "soak" I couldn't wait to get out of that tub and back into the hot tub. My mental wishes of a nice warm hot tub were rudely dashed with an electric type sock that stood my hair on end. I could not believe the sensation. I thought Bob was going to die when Rich put him back into the hot tub. I swear I thought or a minute that Bob was going to jump out of that hot tub and strangle Rich.

That experience caused us all to search for another word beyond "rejuvenated". Resurrected maybe? Whatever that feeling was we all agreed that it was time for a haircut and shave.

I have had many a haircut in my lifetime and the Korean version was not much different than my haircut back home. The shave however is another experience, foreign to me all together. The person doing the shaving was a female with an old-fashioned straight razor. The shave lasted an hour. The shaver pinched a small part of my face between her forefinger and thumb of her left hand and cut off one hair at a time with the straight razor in her right hand. That shave lasted me a week before I could sport a 5:00 shadow.

This little trip into town wore us out and revitalized us at the same time. The steak dinner that evening proved to be the perfect end to a wonderful day. Bob was a whole man again, as we all boarded the bus back to the village.

The "Health Team" Joe commissioned in Brussels months earlier had been through the village prior to our arrival. In Brussels, Mathews to them that they were to deal ONLY with preventive mortality. They were NOT to deal with curative issues. In Kwanjuan Il -Ri they noted the number one preventative morality issue. The small creek running through the village from the volcanic mountain in the center of the island provided clean enough water.

This creek is the extent of sanitation in the village. There were no public restroom facilities. There were no hot tubs or showers in the village. In the winter, the Villagers

donned layer upon layer of clothing. Over time with no shower or bath the skin began to produce sores and all sorts of barnacles.

The Health Team deemed the situation so critical that they built a public restroom on the public land about 100 yards from the Mayor's office. Our Health Team contained no engineers. Their construction skills ended upon graduation from pre-school and wooden building blocks. Bless their hearts, they did their best. The restroom was made out of concrete. The ground was not leveled and therefore, the structure sat at an awkward looking angle. The back wall of the stalls were so close to the front wall that when I sat down on the one holer, my knees hit the wall, wedging me into a semi sit/squat position.

Then the phone rang. The call came from Chicago.

Leah was in the hospital and had just delivered our third daughter. She wasn't supposed to deliver for another two weeks. I had scheduled my return to be with her. I was given the news and immediately boarded a plane home. I do recall sharing this good news with most of the passengers on the plane home. We created quite a celebration on board from Hawaii to O'Hare.

Rebecca Lynn Early was born on June 8th, 1977. Leah had researched the name of Rebecca and I suggested the middle name after Lynn Mathews, Joe's wife.

The World's Fair of Human Development was held in July, 1977 and Lynn Mathews, was the master of ceremonies.

Joe Mathews died October 16th, 1977.

Leah and I were re-assigned to Detroit in 1980.

PART V

THE NORTH AMERICAN SIX PLUS ONE

Seven communities exploring a new economic future

A word of context is in order for these stories. Leah and I joined the Order Ecumenical in 1970. OE is a non-profit Order of families similar to the Royal Order of Mans and the lay Christian institutes in Europe. The members of the Order volunteered as staff of the non-profit Institute of Cultural Affairs. The word "Ecumenical" is a Christian word for universal or whole. We intended it to be universal in terms of all faiths. The word however, carried Christian connotations and was an issue in non-Christian nations where we intended to work. The public face was created and is the Institute of Cultural Affairs.

When Leah and I joined the Order the main thrust of the organization was teaching Religious Studies, the Urban Academy and International Training Institutes. Shortly after our arrival, the Order shifted its focus to the Local Church Experiment and then to the "The Turn To The World" to actually demonstrate what it meant to be the Church in the world. We worked and lived in Rockford, Illinois and Chicago until 1971. Then assigned to Majuro in the Marshall Islands, then to New York and back to Chicago, and finally to Detroit.

The Human Development Project is designed to be a demonstration to the established church. "This is what the church as mission looks like." The Human Development Project was well underway around the world and experienced various degrees of success. As part of the global effort the six areas of North America were selected, staffed by the ICA and began two demonstration communities in their area. However, some appeared to be a bogged in the economic development arena.

In 1980 Leah and I moved to our new assignment to Detroit. The Religious House was deplorable. We had no means of self- support.

Then, the phone rang.

I
STARKS, MAINE

I fell into a burning ring of fire . . .

1980 population 440, Per capita income $13,764

One of the strategic proposals that came out of the Starks Consult had to do with the symbol sitting in the center of town. At one time the spice corn plant was the center of the town and the center of its economic and community identity. The old spice corn plant had long since been abandoned and dilapidated. It became the symbol of death of the community. It also became the target of future possibility. It had to be revived. Once again it could become not only an economic boon to the community but, more importantly it could be a symbol of hope and new life for Sparks. The Consult envisioned a small industry wood shop business for the Corn Shop.

Jon Chaffee, who represented the US in the 1968 Winter Olympics in the Biathlon and his wife Katy, were the project leaders and instrumental in the initial product ideas for the Corn Shop. Jon knew a wood products broker in Boston who agreed to help Starks get started.

Bill Westre, an ex-Boeing Engineer, had just returned from the Maliwada consult in India. Joe remembered Bill had run a factory in Illinois and had suggested a box factory in Maliwada.

Jon had sold an order of wood products and one of the prospective customers had planned to visit the Starks factory IN A WEEK. There was one obvious problem – there was no plant to visit.

On the phone, my assignment: "Get on a plane and fly to Starks, Maine and get this plant up and running."

Sure. Why not? Starks, Maine. The name says it all. Stark it was. I stepped into a very stark situation. There was no plant, no building, no equipment, no electoral power, no employees, no – you get the picture. I sat down at a table with a blank piece of paper, a pen and absolutely no idea as to what the hell I was to do. I called Chicago. Someone remembered Bill Westre.

Who is this Bill Westre? An engineer, eh? Well, he seems like someone who knows plant design so, please get him on a plane forthwith. I need a good engineer to lay out this plant, list the equipment we need, help acquire a building, deal with some power and hire some employees – in seven days - - with no money!

Westre arrived the next day. He seemed like a nice guy and not a crazed idiot I had anticipated. How in the hell can we create a plant out of nothing - - in a week? He couldn't answer that, and neither could I. So, we went to work.

First, Bill sketched out the layout of a plant. What equipment was necessary? Together we made a list. Now Bill laid out the workflow chart. The kiln dried lumber enters here, goes through these manufacturing steps and the finished product comes out there. Therefore, we need this size building, this much power, this number of employees and we have nothing. We have no money, no equipment, no building, no employees and a sight visit in a week.

Since we didn't know where to get the equipment needed, we had no idea what it cost and therefore no idea how much money we needed. We had research to do. We had a clue as to what our customer had in mind for a product so, we had a clue about what kind of equipment to buy. First stop was Augusta, Maine to a used equipment dealer. "You bet we have all you need." We were led out back and – there it was. All the equipment we would ever need, standing in an open field among weeds and rusting

down to scrap metal. In fact, the equipment had already passed the threshold of being usable equipment to being junk.

Bill got on the phone and called Portland, Maine. Finding a used equipment dealer, with workable equipment, we got a rough estimate as to cost. We went back to Starks. We placed a dozen phone calls to guardians, relatively well to do folks who supported our work with time, money and influence when we needed it. We called the list of possible donors well into the night and early morning. We called guardians in Hong Kong, the Philippines, even California! We needed Certificates of Deposit (CD's) to secure a Letter of Credit for our equipment dealer in Portland. With $50,000 CD's committed, Bill and I rented a U-Haul van and drove to Portland.

The equipment was there alright. It was even in good working condition. I convinced the owner to start loading the truck without the Letters of Credit. Without the CD's, still coming into the local bank, there would be no Letter of Credit. "They will be there", I told the owner. We have to get this truck on the road. It was approaching 5:00 on Friday and we have to drive back to Starks. If we didn't, the bank would close and not open again until Monday. At 5:10 the last CD hit the bank, the truck was loaded, locked and on the road. Bill and I rolled into Starks just as the town council was closing their meeting. Now, things began to happen fast.

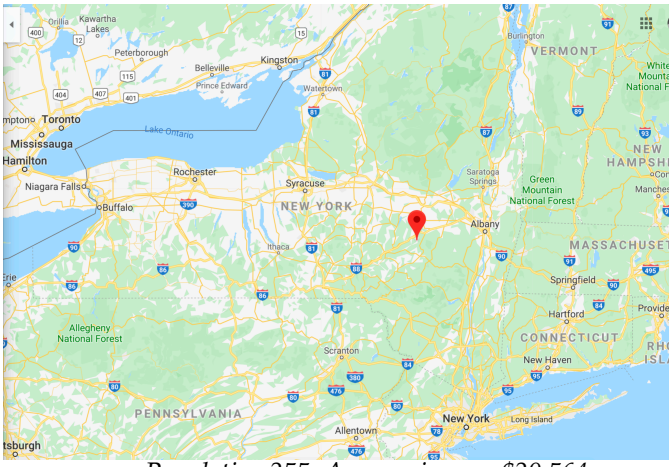
The next morning a new business moved into an abandoned spiced corn barn. Daylight shown through the cracks in the walls. The equipment was set up in the assembly line fashion. Electrical power? That came off the electrical pole across the street. Permits? That must have slipped our minds. We then recruited some town folk to be employees and made some sawdust to scatter around the floor. It looked like we had been in business for years. It was Sunday evening. The site visit was the next day and we passed. Starks got the order.

The powers that be in Chicago were impressed. From nothing to a viable manufacturing operation in seven days was impossible, with one notable Biblical exception. Dean Mathews wondered what else this two-person team could do.

That episode forged a fantastic relationship between Bill Westre and Lee Early that lives on today. We relied on that relationship in our next assignment.

II
CHARLOTTEVILLE, NY

Living history



Population 255, Average income $20,564

Bill Westre and I got our next, and probably our most memorable assignment - - Charlotteville, New York. Entering the town was like entering the 1800's. The ICA staff lived in a two-story house with only a short walk to the "outhouse". In the winter the urge to go was suddenly not so urgent. For some reason, our staff earned the image of the least popular folk in town. Never-the-less, Bill and I were there to establish a business. The town needed a vibrant economic foundation. As in Starks, Maine, our last assignment, there was only one major issue. What kind of business, industry, enterprise, venture or shop could we start?

Nothing came to mind until we realized that in addition to the outhouse, the only way to keep warm and to cook was to burn wood. The town used lots of firewood. Most folks cut and split their own firewood. Bill and I decided we'd start a firewood plant. The trees grew in abundance – short, straggly, pitiful looking things. So, our resource was not a problem. A pole barn was easy enough to build to house the splitter. Ah yes, the splitter. We didn't have one. So, Bill, being the creative type of engineer, he is, decided to build one. He built a rather large, gas powered, hydraulic log splitter. The blade cut through a log like a hot knife through warm butter.

Just when we thought we had a winner, the Chairwoman of the City Council rolled up in her tree. This woman had a chip on her shoulder as large as the tree trunk in her pickup. In a snarl, she said "Here, split this one up." Bill and I, with the help of some curious town folk loaded the stump onto the splitter. When the splitter blade hit the

stump, it came to an immediate stop. With a "grumph" the Council Chairwoman turned and left in her pickup.

The Wild and Wooly Willard Westre Wood splitter

Bill was not going to take this temporary defeat lying down. He redesigned the splitter blade into a sharply pointed arrow looking splitter. Replacing the blade with the new pointy ended splitter, he asked a town's person to call the Councilwoman. It was high noon in the OK Corral – the splitter was loaded; Bill was at the controls and the Council woman still maintained the smirk she left with the day before. The stage was set for the show down. That splitter did not even hesitate when it hit that stump. It split it like William Tell's arrow split the famous apple.

Bill chuckled and we had ourselves a business. Once again the guardian network flew into action and so did we. The ICA maintained a list of donors over the years and one in particular lived in California. I think Bill knew this woman and called her. She was not convinced that a $10,000 CD to secure a $10,000 loan was what she wanted to do. Convinced that we needed that money to get this business up and running, we boarded a plane for Southern California. The plane never got there.

Our plane developed engine trouble and had to land in Denver. We couldn't wait to board another plane the next day and even that possibility was not certain. It is over 1,000 miles from Denver to the small town outside of Los Angeles. We drove all night and showed up at our donor's house at 9:00 the next morning. We got the CD, called the bank in New York and got on the next plane back.

A local farmer let us use a corner of his land to put up a pole barn. We bought a used truck. That night, for reasons we still do not understand a couple of things happened.

When Bill and I first landed in Albany we rented a car to drive to Charlotteville. The rental agency did not have the sedan we had reserved so, they upgraded us into a white Thunderbird. The evening we completed the splitter demonstration one of our staff borrowed the T-Bird and ran it off the road. At the same time a significant crowd of townsfolk gathered in front of the Religious House and were

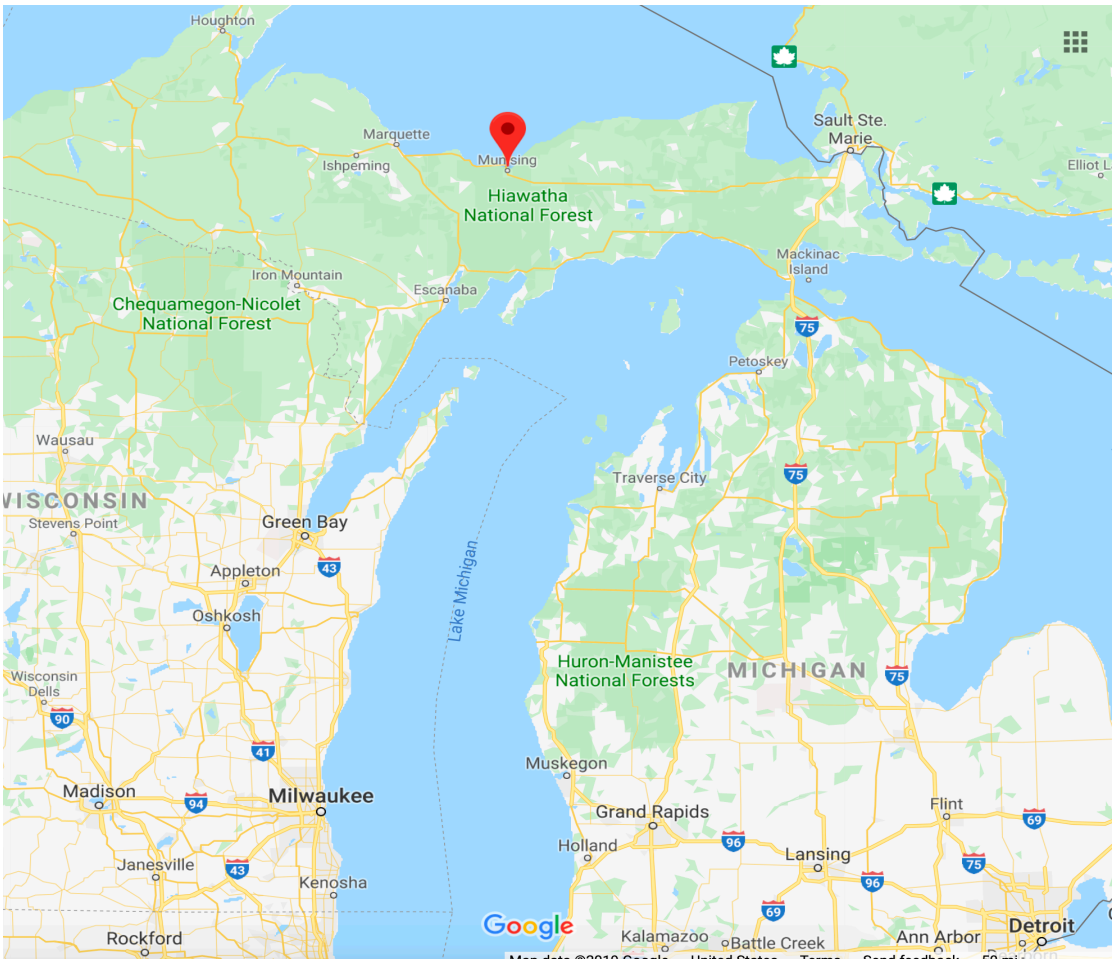
shouting nasty things at the staff and throwing rocks. Bill went to the window on the second floor, our bedroom, and began telling the throng what he thought about their community and relations with their mothers. Bill can hold some very strong opinions. The crowd did not hold Bill's opinions and began pelting rocks at the second-floor window. We found out about the T-Bird the next morning. I still do not know if those people got angry about us riding around in a white T-Bird or for starting a business in their town.

Bill and I had finished what we set out to do so, we flew back home – Bill to Chicago and Lee to Detroit. A week later we learned that the truck had disappeared along with the log splitter and pole barn. That was a hard lesson. We have to take the community along with us on the journey toward economic self-sufficiency or bad things will happen. Even with community involvement, there is no guarantee bad things won't happen. There is a gurantee bad things will happen when we don't involve the community.

PLUS, ONE

MUNISNG, MI

The Superior Nation



Population 2,539, Per capita income $19,779

Reluctantly a part of Michigan, not Wisconsin, not Canada and wanting to withdraw from the United States, the "U.P." (Upper Peninsula) is a land unto itself. Lake Superior is its home – vast, cold, clean, deep, serene and deadly. It is connected to the lower peninsula by the Mackinaw Bridge at the "middle finger" of Michigan.

Larry Philbrook, during his time in the Detroit Religious House established a close relationship with a Lutheran Priest, the reverend Les Nemi. Les lived with an ailing wife in an A frame house on Lake Au Clair, now named Furnace Lake. Henry Ford bought this area for its Bird's Eye Maple forest he used in the Model T and subsequent models. He bought iron ore from just up the road on Lake Superior in the iron range.

When Leah and I arrived in Detroit one of my first trips was to Munising – an eight-hour drive. This is Scandinavian country. Les Nemi knew everyone in town and they all knew him. Like most towns in the UP Munising was struggling economically. Ford had long since quit putting Hard Rock Bird's Eye Maple in cars. "Would the town support an effort to start up a new industry or two, locally owned and operated? Is there an entrepreneur we can work with?" William S. Sanford (not his real name), a Lutheran, is your man. Bill retired in Munising and didn't quite know what to do with himself. Time, money and management skills were his long suit. I called Bill Westre in Chicago.

Arriving in Munising, we began as we usually began – not knowing squat about what to do, how to do it, where to do it or how to begin. We did know the "why". The town needed an economic sustainable future was the why. Les arranged for an office for us to use in the Courthouse and lodging in a hotel on the outskirts of town at no charge. On a trip to Munising, when the motel was booked Bill and I stayed with Les in his A frame. His wife had died, and he had the room. Les slept in one bedroom, Lee in another loft and Bill curled up next to the wood burning stove. Les built a sauna on the shore of Lake Au Clair. It was made out of cedar to an authentic Scandinavian design. In the dead of winter, the three of us stripped down to nothing, sat in the sauna until we couldn't stand the humid heat any longer, dashed out of the sauna and ran screaming into the lake at 1:00 in the morning.

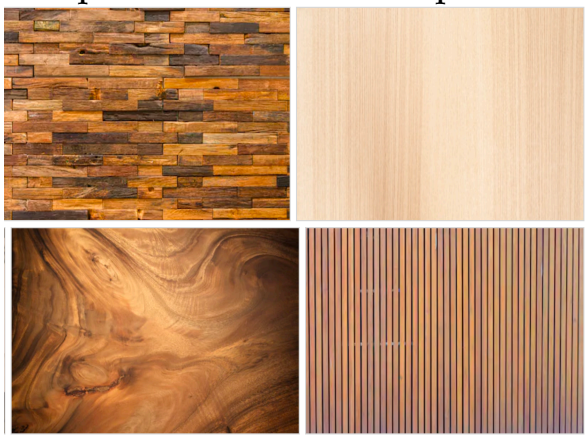
Sauna

One evening while we slept, I woke up when I smelled smoke. The wooden stove had ignited the built-up creosote in the chimney catching fire. The cabin was burning. I yelled at Les and Bill. Les was down from his bed in a flash and I began filling pots and pans with water. Bill swung his legs off the side of the bed and was pitting on his socks. "Bill – get up the house is on fire!" The urgency of the situation didn't seem to register with Bill. A misdirected pot of cold water did the trick. "Ooops, I intended tossing the water on the fire." The three of us finally put the fire out in our skivvies and two feet of snow.

Somehow, during our running around town, we stumbled onto a small panel plant in a neighboring community. It is the early 1980's, before computers and robotics. The manufacturing process is simple. Rough cut lumber is glued on the edges, stacked side by side, held in place with "C" clamps, and placed in racks that rotated in a large circle. By the time the first panel completed the circuit, it was dry and ready to trim. The panel was taken off the rack, cut to size, sandpapered to clean excess glue and is ready to ship.

There are two kinds of furniture panels. This is an example of a particle board panel.

Our product was solid maple.



The forests around the UP was full of slow growth Hard Rock Bird's Eye Maple and we didn't need the total log. All we needed was what the sawmill left over. The machine is simple, the resourse abundent, "Elmer's Glue" available and the market - - ugh, well, we had no idea as to the market.

Bill Westre and I boarded a plane for Boston. Our research told us that Boston was the Wall Street for wholesale lumber. We walked into the massive brokerage house like we knew what we were doing and convenced a broker that we did.

The plan is simple. Give the broker the specifications of our product – Hard Rock Bird's Eye Maple furniture blanks; the quality hardwood grade, (Select) the size and quantity for sale to him on a monthly basis. Bill and I calculated our little plant could produce X number of board feet a month. We told the broker we'd sell him 4X at a nice price if he'd give us a letter – A Memoriam of Understanding we both agreed to. Armed with a MOU from an old line lumber brocker for four times our production capacity, we headed for a friendly bank. The bank saw a good deal when they saw one and agreed to loan the money for the machines, raw materials, working capital and a line of credit as needed. William S. Sanford got cold feet. He was retired for cryin' out loud. Starting a new business did not come to him as a hobby. He backed out. There was only one other time I thought Bill Westre was either going to kill someone or get us both killed. More on that later.

The standard grades of hardwood lumber are:

Grade	Trade Name	Min. board width	Min. board length	Min. cutting size	Min. Area of clear cuttings required
Firsts and Seconds	FAS	6"	8'	4" x 5' or 3" x 7'	83-1/3%
FAS One Face	F1F	6"	8'	4" x 5' or 3" x 7'	83-1/3%
Select	SEL	4"	6'	4" x 5' or 3" x 7	83-1/3%
No. 1 Common	1C	3"	4'	4" x 2' or 3" x 3'	66-2/3%
No. 2A Common	2C	3"	4'	3" x 2'	50%
No. 2B Common	3AC	3"	4'	3" x 2'	33-1/3%
No. 3A Common	3BC	3"	4'	1-1/2" x 2'	25%

°°° A corkscrew and a match °°°

In the process of our research we met Bill Walther. Mr. Walther was a middle age man with a wife and a house on a large parcel of land just out of town. I think we was a farmer – he had a large barn and a trackter. He was a stout fella and loved to hunt – and a Lutheran. Bill and I had retained what we'd learned in Charlotteville and convenced our selves a log splitter could be a viable business. We had also added a couple of wrinkles that improved the commercial viabality of the enterprise. An idea was forming.

Cherry Picker

Westre and I also met a young man who owned a small "cherry picker". Jerry we'll call him. Jerry followed loggers. He picked up what the loggers left behind on the forest floor. We met Jerry during our research into where we could find hard wood for the panel plant that never got off the ground. We didn't need the log – we needed what was left for our panel plant. What Jerry picked up off the forest floor was a very inexpensive source of hardwood for another new idea. Westre and I would never admit it at the time, but we routinely drank a half gallon of red wine most evenings to either celebrate a win, mourn a setback, brainstorm ideas and usually

laughed our heads off. It took us about an hour to become passionately inspired and deliriously creative. A new idea was born.

"LIGHT MY FIRE" is the name and label of our new, kiln dried, hardwood, shrink wrapped package of firewood selling at your local grocery store along with soft music, a nice bottle of wine and your honey for these cold winter nights in the UP! All you needed was a corkscrew and a match.

What's not to like, eh?

Now we got to work. Walther had his own wood splitter. Jerry picked up some logs, I visited some grocery stores and packaging designers. Our ICA colleague Len Farr, an executive at True Value Hardware chain helped us get the market In Chicago.

We wanted a dry-kilned product, but It had to be fast to be economical. Conventional dry kilning Is a slow month-long process to prevent checking and cracking of the wood. We wanted checking so we invented a new dry kiln process - hot and fast. Westre ran experiments In the Kemper building kitchen convection ovens in the middle of the night to get the process optimized. The dry kiln consisted of a concrete block room Inside Walthers garage with four 6 foot cube steel mesh baskets to hold the firewood. It was heated by an air-blown wood furnace we designed and built using concepts we got from visiting the emerging wood burning stove Industry that was booming at that time. Wood scraps and sawdust fueled it. The furnace used a high velocity 2 ft dia axial blower coupled to a heat exchanger to get the heat to the kiln. There It was circulated by 2 6-foot dia fans usually used on chicken farms.

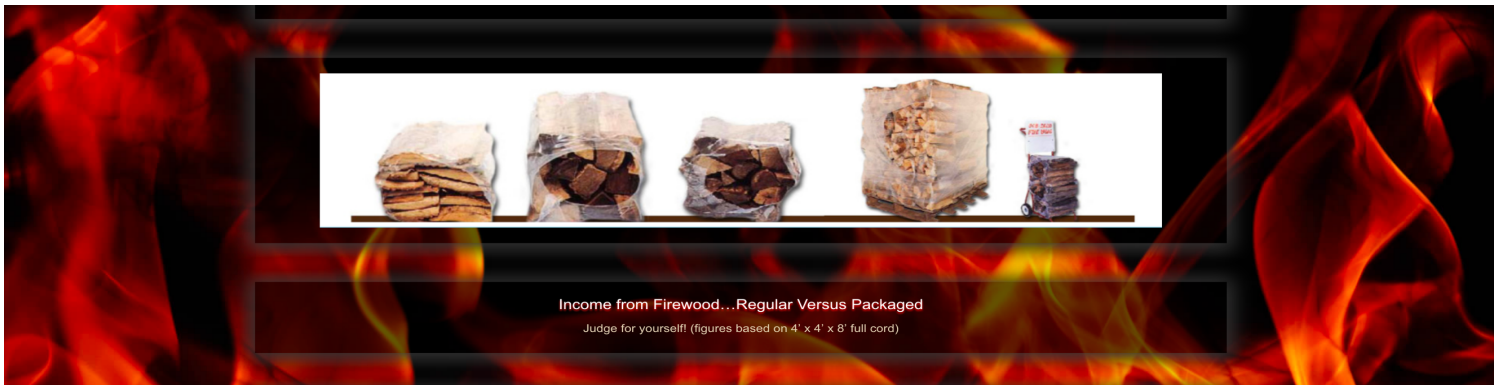
The new wild and wooly Willard Westre Wood Wacker

The logs were delivered to the barn and cut into 2-ft lengths, split on a wood splitter, loaded into the baskets, and the rolled Into the kiln. The firewood dried In 24 hours flat. I remember a thick fog building inside the barn, so thick it the fog began to produce rain. We bought a small shrink wrap machine installed just outside the kiln.

During the installation of the kiln one night, Jim Lamb, Westre and I went to the local bar/pizza place for dinner. After only a couple of bites of pizza a large, drunk fella stood over our table with a couple of his friends. He helped himself to one of Jim's slices of pizza and accused us of hitting his pickup truck. He carried a 12-gage shotgun and demanded we pay the damages. Westre, ever the champion of justice, was not having any of it. Standing up Bill told the guy to put down what was left of Jim's pizza slice and remove his sorry xxx from the bar. Horrified at the prospect of what was about to happen I told Jim to leave and start our

car. I offered the hot headed, shotgun toting guy and his crew my pizza and told him Westre and I had to go pee. Westre doesn't remember It that way - he remembers he was speechless, and It was I who uttered the necessary words to get us out of there. Trauma does strange things with memory.

It's no wonder Bill's daughter is a lawyer today and I added pizza to rice as food that makes me sick just thinking about it.



"LIGHT MY FIRE" was up and running under Walther's ownership. Shrink wrapped, kiln dried firewood is available at your local market, probably marketed under a different name. The furniture blank plant – in my opinion was a good idea and one Bill and I would put to use in another project, maybe.

III
WIDEN, WEST VIRGINIA

Sixteen tons

*A **coal town** is a type of company town or mining community established by the employer, a mining company, which imports workers to work the mineral find.*

In 1946 John L. Lewis lead the first and unsuccessful coal strike in Widen, West Virginia. Between 1900 and1980, 19,826 men died in the mines. When Bill Westre and I arrived the Pittston Coal Company owned the mines and the town. The population of 161 people, simply put, the most beaten down of any I had ever seen. Our Religious House bore the marks of the abandoned coal industry. It, like every other house and barn in town, was covered in the red stain of iron in the tailings of the mines. Bathtubs stained red. Sinks stained red. Cloths stained red. Spirits of the people had rusted

out, red stained and permanently marked by the coal industry and complicit government and church organizations. When a mine collapsed, the first call a coal company would make was to the local Protestant Bishop and to the governor's office. Of course, Bill and I knew none of this when we drove into town. We would learn the hard way.

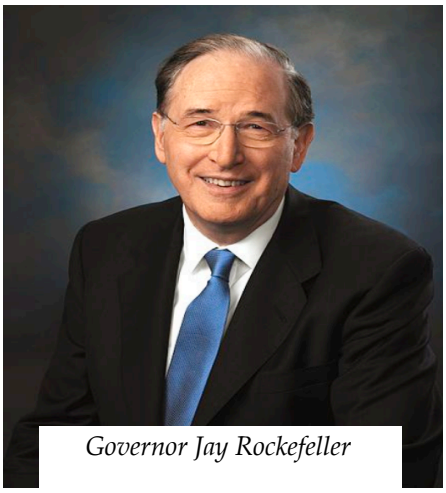
Armed with a ton of research we had done over the last few months, Bill and I first searched for a local resource – other than coal! It so happens that West Virginia is home to a vast Red Oak forest. West Virginia was selling its Red Oak timber to Europe for pennies-on-the-dollar compared with more processed product. Europe had long before exhausted Its supply of red oak to make household products and we were able to get substantial commitments from them for edge-glued red oak panels. So, Bill and I had to develop a plan for a production facility to make the panels. We knew the type of equipment needed, designed a manufacturing layout, sized the building, and wrote a business plan. What we did not have was land and all the land in all directions was owned by the coal company. Although the coal mine had closed several years before, they owned everything - all the land, houses, businesses, creek, and even the people - via predatory loans. There was no threat of communism in Widen, it was already a totalitarian enterprise of the coal company. Nevertheless, our Project Director, Nelson Stover, had worked carefully with the company and secured a lease for the land we needed.

Mine tailings littered the landscape - dozens of them. Tailings are what's left over after the coal is brought to the surface and extracted from the raw ore. There was no doubt the stuff was nasty. It was toxic, unstable, subject to intense dust borne on the wind and subject to erosion from rain. Other that than, it was free. We felt we could stabalize the tailings if we coud find one thin enough in depth to be compacted with a steamroller. Bill and I are not highway engineers!

Coal mine tailings

This illusion was strong enough to drive us to action. We needed the land – free. Our first call was to the Methodist Bishop. He was all too familiar with the Pittston Coal Company. He was one of the first the company called when a mine collapsed. Oil on the troubled waters, so to speak. He also knew Dean Mathews and the ICA. Bill and I had no trouble getting an appointment. We laid out *"The Plan For The Revitalization Of Widen"*. Pittston Coal

Company immediately jumped off the page in his mind's eye. This called for a job for the Governor. Jay Rockefeller sat in the Governor's chair.


Governor Jay Rockefeller

Governor Rockefeller worked in the Peace Corps in Washington DC with Attorney General Robert F. Kenney and Director Sargent Shriver. He also served as the Operations Director of the largest Peace Corps program in the Philippines and continued public service in the Volunteers In Service to America (VISTA) before moving to West Virginia. He was one of us.

The Bishop got us an appointment almost immediately. This country boy was impressed. Bill and I, along with the Bishop sat down with the Governor and laid out the plan. He seemed pleased, interested and pledged his help. He'd call Pittston. We then proceeded to prepare an application to the bank for financing.

As soon as that information got to the coal company, and they saw it was real, they immediately **cancelled the lease**! That call, all the clout – religious, political and economic got us absolutely nowhere. Nada, nothing, zilch.

As the song goes – "You gotta know when to hold em and know when to fold em." We folded em and placed a curse on Pittston Coal Company and all the other coal companies who continue their deadly practices today. So there! These days, Bill went one step further and is working with The Sierra Club's Beyond Coal Campaign to close down all coal power generation plants. Current Washington State score - 3 closed, 3 to go by 2025. Nationally, it is 250 down, 250 to go. Karma prevails.

As the song goes – "You gotta know when to hold em and know when to fold em." We folded em and placed a curse on Pittston Coal Company and all the other coal companies who continue their deadly practices today. So there!

IV

MINTO, ALASKA

It is NOT the end of the earth but . . .

1980 Population 153 humans, 548 dogs, per capita income $9,639

On one of our research trips to Boston looking for a wood broker, Bill and I noticed a set of scrimshaw whale tooth carvings in a show case window. Carving scrimshaw was outlawed so these had to be old carvings.

The carvings sold for thousands of dollars. The one on the right was priced at $2,422.50.

This is "Susan's Tooth" on the left. It sold for $57,000.00.

The one on the left was priced at $35.00. WHAT? How was this possible? Bill and I learned the one on the left was made out of an epoxy resin mixed with marble powder and could be molded into any shape and artwork embedded into the "tooth" using a reverse photographic process. All sorts of things became possible.

This would come in handy someday. I bought three "scrimshaw teeth" and put them in my suitcase.

Upon returning to Detroit Dean Mathews asked me to go on a site visit to Alaska to determine whether or not a small-town north of Fairbanks could be another of North America's Human Development Projects. I met Bill in Chicago and flew to Seattle, then to Anchorage, then to Fairbanks, then by car to an Athabaskan fishing village just off the oil pipeline, called Minto. Bill and I got out of our warm car and stepped into a -65° deep freezer. This temperature passed "cold" 70° ago. We did a very quick walk about that froze the soles off of my new Florsheim boots. The aurora borealis was spectacular. The dogs barked loudly and fiercely. They did not like strangers. This place needed an economic something before I was ready to recommend it be one of our Human Development Projects but, what? Natural resources? Fish and oil. The oil companies had taken care of that option as a possible industry. Fish? Minto was already a fishing village – when it was warm enough to actually fish in water – you know – where fish live.

Aurora Borealis

What was selling and who was buying? With those questions in mind we headed back to Fairbanks. That place was almost as destitute as Minto. Okay, back to Anchorage. Wandering around town, Bill and I noticed a jewelry shop. I think it was a scrimshaw carving. We went back to the hotel, grabbed our fake scrimshaw whales' tooth and made a visit to the jewelry shop. Just for the fun of it, I asked the woman behind the counter for a pen and piece of paper. On the paper I wrote a number - - $35.00. I folded the paper and placed it on the counter. Then I pulled out one of the scrimshaw teeth and put it on the counter. I told the woman (we soon discovered she was the owner) we

needed cash and would sell her the tooth. How much would she pay us for it? She seemed a bit embarrassed when she said that she only had $300.00 on hand. I explained that Bill and I had just come in from Boston and that we had paid the amount shown on the folded piece of paper on the counter. She opened the paper and flew into a rage. She was more than slightly angry. I had no idea why. We did not intend to fleece her. We did not stick around for an explanation.

Bill and I met Sam. Sam knew about Minto. He also wanted to sell his business and move to Hawaii. Sam was not stupid. He had an established a rather simple product line and market. Sam made Alaskan dolls. Tourists bought them in the airport handicraft shop and various stores around town.

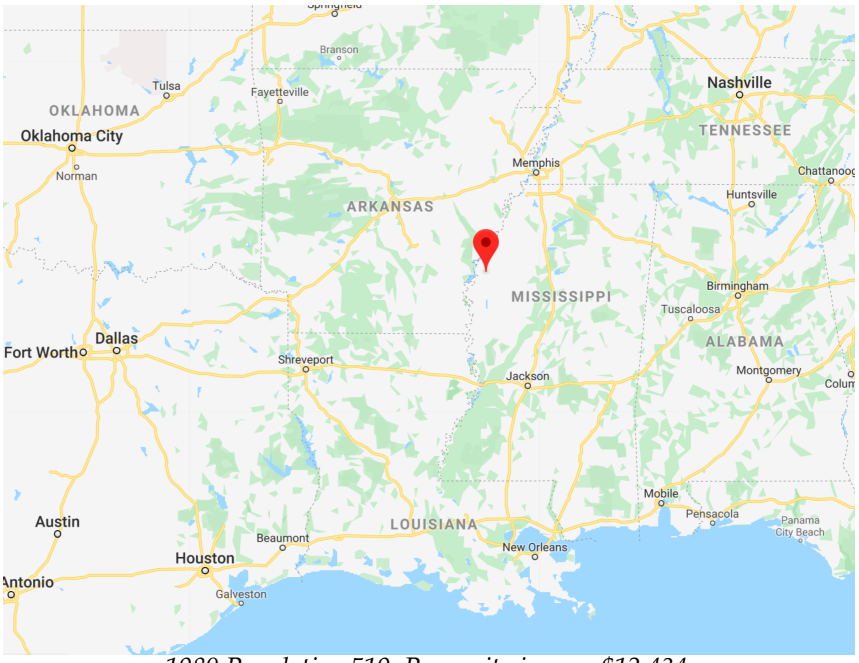
They are cute if you like that sort of thing. It was an established business and the business plan made a nice profit and volume.

Having learned a valuable lesson about community involvement – get them involved or suffer the consequences – we returned to Minto with our plan.

The excitement, the enthusiasm, the explosion of TOTAL silence was deafening. That reception said – in no uncertain terms – you white guys need to get the hell back to the lower 48 before someone mistakes you for bear and shoots you. I recommended Minto be one of the North American 12. Several cultural things that needed to be in place before these folks were ready for another rung up the economic ladder.

V
PACE, MISSISSIPPI

The South shall rise again



1980 Population 519, Per capita income $12,434

I'm not sure how or why Bill and I showed up, assigned to go to Pace. Maybe it was because our staff had established such a fine relationship with the town's people.

Pace is less than 10 miles from the Mississippi River. The land north and south from Pace is the home of many plantation cotton fields. The offspring of those black cotton pickers now inhabit the area. Pace is 83% African American. The other 17% was our ICA staff. Well, almost.

A business? That was the question. We became good at questions. Answers became scarce. Bill and I did have one thing going for us. Bill was convinced he could make scrimshaw looking wall hangings, belt buckles, earrings and pendants. I was not about to talk him out of it. I couldn't come up with a better plan. "Let's saddle up and drive to Jackson." Johnny Cash made a song about – for a different reason.

When we got to Jackson, we did a couple of things. Bill worked on the manufacturing process. I am not going to explain this very well so, don't hold me to the details. Take

a photo or sketch. Normally, to print a silver plate is used to create a "positive image", meaning the plate has etched or a depressed surface outline of the image to be printed. Ink is applied to the image and pressed on paper. Bill wanted to do the opposite. Instead of a depressed plate surface, he wanted a raised image. From that plate he intended to make a mold and pour the epoxy mix of faux scrimshaw resulting in an object ready for ink to be applied producing the artwork as a scrimshaw carving.

While he was doing that, I was looking at markets. What would folks here a-bouts buy? There wasn't much going on to occupy free time. A buyer of these products must have some free time. Few did and those who did have free time spent it on the front porch or playing with the grandkids. Leisure activities included hunting and fishing. They seemed to be the activities of choice. Note the number of gun racks and bass boats in the rear window and being pulled in back of a pickup truck.

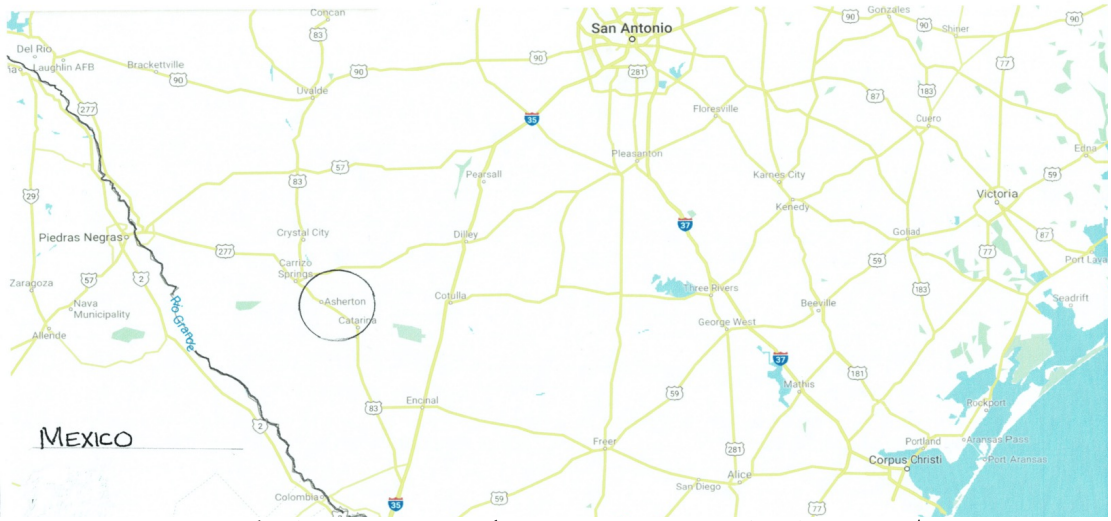
So, art – art depicting hunting and fishing was our subject matter. We found a local sketch artist in Jackson believe it or not. He gave us some sketches. I can't remember what we offered him in return. Here is an example of what we came up with.

Bill and I returned to Pace and Bill built a processing set up on the back enclosed porch of the Religious House. We actually produced some wall hangings – about 10"X12" in size.

Here again, we could not find anyone who'd take this on and run a business. The will, the imagination, the skills had all left for the coast, as the song says. Or, was it the fact we could not or knew not how to instill these qualities in a prospective owner, manager?

As was our DNA in the Order, we'd teach a course and leave town. We would do a LENS over a weekend and leave town. A miracle was a miracle when it needed no follow up. It happened or it did not - - and we left town. So, we left it all to the folks in Pace, and, left town.

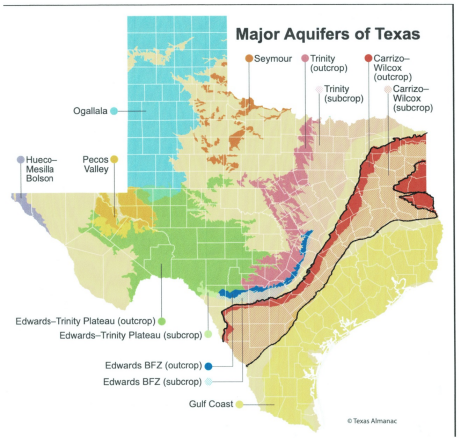
VI
ASHERTON, TEXAS
WANTED for intellectual theft



1980 population 1,574, today 797 – per capita income $7,746

Be careful – this place will fool you. Bill and I flew into San Antonio and drove a rental car 133 miles to Asherton. This is Southwest Texas. It is hot, desolate covered in rattle snakes, armadillo, Javelina, Jackrabbits and horned frogs. Asherton is West Texas desert, spittin' distance to the Rio Grande. Just when we thought we got the feel of the place, up pops a sign "Watermelon capital of the world". Water? Then we began to notice names of towns. Carrizo Springs, Big Wells, Popeye Lake, Valley Wells, Crystal City, River Spur. There's water in them there hills.

This called for a new way of thinking. Log splitters and wood furniture panels were not going to work here. What would? This place is one conflicting image after another.



It was the West Texas desert yet, there was water in abundance. The business climate was a disaster yet, the fields grow lush with produce. The place ranked among the lowest in Texas in almost all categories. The symbols of hope had vanished - nonexistent.

Asherton compared to Texas state average:

- Median household income **below** state average.
- Median house value **significantly below** state average.
- Black race population percentage **significantly below** state average.
- Hispanic race population percentage **above** state average.
- Median age **significantly above** state average.
- Renting percentage **below** state average.
- Length of stay since moving in **significantly above** state average.
- House age **significantly below** state average.
- Number of college students **significantly below** state average.
- Percentage of population with a bachelor's degree or higher **significantly below** state average.

Main Street, Asherton, Texas

We had some serious work to do. Bill and I didn't have a half gallon of wine in the evenings to get away from work and stir the creative juices. So, we shot Jack Rabbits. After dark we'd load up the rental car, grab the single shot .22 caliber rifle, a box of shells and a dozen black plastic trash bags and go rabbit hunting. The local farmers didn't mind shots ringing out in their fields and the dogs in town loved us. The rabbits destroyed crops and the dogs remained always hungry. Bill and I would switch off driving and shooting. We missed ONE rabbit. Bill swears he hit the rabbit but, I couldn't find the body. He did chase one rabbit over a drainage ditch and through a barbed wire fence once.

Black tailed Jackrabbit

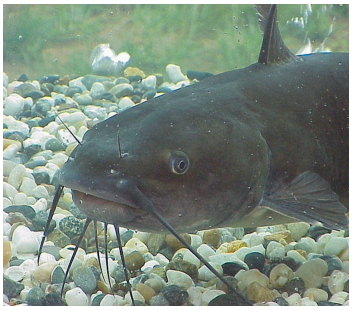
With all this creative activity we noticed several catfish farms in the area. That gave us an idea and a focus. Catfish farms. We learned that catfish loved water at between 80° and 85°. The water from the well head pumped from the aquifer was, on average 80° to 90° and had the perfect percentages of minerals to raise fish. This varied from one end of the aquifer to the other and varied in depth from 3,000 to 10,000 feet. Yes, 10,000 feet deep. This really spurred our imaginations. What else could we do with this resource?

To make a long story a bit shorter, we did more research on fish farming. Ever hear of the California Golden Trout? We hadn't either. You have heard of Sea Bass, yes? Here is a photo of a sea bass before it undergoes the marketing name transformation. Here is the marketing question - - would you rather buy a Patagonian Toothfish for dinner or a nice slice of Chilean Sea Bass?

The same holds true for the California Golden Trout. Here is a photo before it underwent a marketing name change. There really is a California Golden Trout so this product might be confused with the real thing. A coincidence I'm sure.

Known in the food business as "aquatic chicken" because it breeds easily and tastes bland, **tilapia** is the perfect factory fish; it happily eats pellets made largely of corn and soy and gains weight rapidly, easily converting a diet that resembles cheap chicken feed into low-cost seafood. It also eats - - how should I say - - pig poop, and other sorts of droppings. It eats cheap food, grown very fast and is a hearty fish. They also thrive in very crowded conditions.

Now picture this. A four story "silo" with four floors full of water and tilapia. The fish are harvested from fingerlings on the top floor to adults on the bottom floor. The bottom floor is emptied, the fish sorted, cleaned and the offal goes into a fishmeal mixer. Dog and cat food and other fishmeal products.



Where does the water go? You guessed it - - into the catfish ponds. A catfish pond is about 8' deep at one end and 3' deep at the other. It has a smooth bottom of sandy soil. The pond needs to flush frequently over a spillway. The fish are harvested, cleaned and the offal goes in with the tilapia offal. But, wait! Where does all that nice fertilized water go after it goes over the spillway?

Bill and I had visited the Stahmann Farms on one of our trips to West Texas. Stahmann Farms owns the world's largest pecan orchard, located south of the city of Las Cruces, New Mexico, about 600 miles up the Rio Grande from Asherton, just outside of El Paso. This is how we intended using the water - - to irrigate a nut farm of pecans, almonds, walnuts, onions, and grapes.

This is a major venture.

Now all this did not come to us overnight. We spent many an hour on the phone and running around visiting farms and killing jackrabbits. One of our calls was to the Texas A&M Agriculture Department. We began asking questions about the aquifer. Then, we asked some questions about aquaculture farming. By this time, the Director of the department had joined the conversation. Actually, several conversations took place. They began in a cordial fashion but, as the calls for follow up began and more

"commercial" questions raised began to get a bit edgy, the reception on the other end of the phone became more agitated, then downright angry.

"You guys have somehow broken into our research data base on the Carrizo Aquifer and our research on behalf of the state of Texas into commercial aspects for the region. This is a Federal Offence. You will be investigated."

"What? No friggin way! We just got here not long ago. This is our research, not yours or the states or Texas A&M." We had stumbled onto the pile of years of research being conducted by the University using a grant from the state of Texas. Well, what can I say? Bill and I did not want to spend the rest of our lives in a Texas Pen or any other penitentiary. We fed the dogs 9 bags full of jackrabbits, returned the rent car covered in mud, hiding the barbed wire marks and left town with our hair still on our heads.

Damn, that was going to be one hell of a deal. We decided to make it a wrap.

The End

. . . of focus on community development . . .

A closing thought is in order. A friend recently told me he was driven by the heart. This seemed to strike a chord in me, and I wondered why. It occurred to me that the reason Bill and I went to such lengths to establish an economic dynamic was because of the heart. I had thought it was our job, it was our mission, it was on behalf of - - the local people, the local church. These projects are supposed to be a demonstration of possibility in the face of impossibility. And, it is true – all that is true. There is more. There is a foundation upon which possibility is born. That foundation, that mysterious power is the driver. It is not my liberalism. It is not my white guilt. This effort is sustained by a deeper well - - I do not know what else to call it. Driven by the heart will have to do for now.

I still have a heart and it's syncing up with my stomach. The Detroit House needed a self-support model. We needed to sell a program or two.

About this time, Leah and I went to Chicago for a quarterly Area meeting. Our oldest daughter lived in the Student House located in the Kemper Building.

The Kemper Insurance Company donated their eight-story office building to the Institute. It became the global headquarters for the ICA and housed The Student House on the second floor. The Student House is the residential learning center for Order youth. The residence, like every other house around the world, was self-sufficient. The students held jobs as a means of self-support. Diana was roller skating up and down the halls of the second floor when she ran into a wall upon which were stacked folding 8 foot conference tables. When she hit the tables, they fell toward her. She tried to push them back to the wall but, her skates rolled out from under her. She was bent backwards and fell with the tables on top of her. Leah and I got to the second floor in time to meet one of our staff who was a doctor. He examined Diana and thought her condition was such that going to the nearest hospital was not where she needed to be. He got her immediately taken to the Cook County General Hospital – Trauma Center. Diana had broken her back. Our staff doctor knew enough that he insisted on a doctor and back injury treatment. Diana had several surgeries; stainless steel pins placed in her spine and spent several months in the Chicago Rehabilitation Institute. She was never supposed to walk again. In addition, her bladder quit working. A catheter would have to be implanted. This prospect did not sit well with Diana. Leah and Diana decided they would name her bladder "Betty" and proceeded to have a conversation with Betty. After a day and a night, they talked to Betty. They told Betty she was a healthy bladder, that nothing in the fall prevented her from being a fully functional bladder. They convinced Betty she was fine and the morning the catheter was to be inserted, Betty began functioning like Lean and Diana knew she could.

Diana wares two braces on each leg from behind the knee curving under each foot. She works out every day to strengthen and maintain her back and walks without the assistance of any other devise. She is a remarkable spirit and the mother of three sons and owner, with her husband, of a two store small business.

Six months later the family returned to Detroit.

PART VI

THE TAIL BEGINS TO WAG THE DOG
. . . from scarcity to abundance . . .

In 1980, when the Early's and Blackledge's arrived in Detroit the conditions in Detroit and in the House sped past "deplorable" on the way south to "unlivable". We had no means of self-support and very few prospects in buying or participating in any program we had to offer. LENS offered the best bet for a program and I had serious doubts about that.

Leadership Effectiveness and New Strategies sold for $1,250. It required about 25 participants and a commitment of a Friday evening, all day Saturday and all day Sunday. I do not believe ICA ever sold a LENS for $1,250. Our imagination at the time meant we had to recruit 25 or so people, get them to pay $1,250, commit to spending two- and one-half days to participate in a course with four or more teachers from the ICA. The only thing I remembered about LENS was that we sold one to McDonald's. That fact seemed to me to fly in the face of what we were about and supported the economic tyrant ruining the lives of thousands. So, in my self-righteous imagination, LENS had a bad rap.

Leah went to work at the Detroit Rehabilitation Institute and Walt Blackledge went to work at Ford Motor Company. Lee went to Minneapolis to attend a LENS training course.

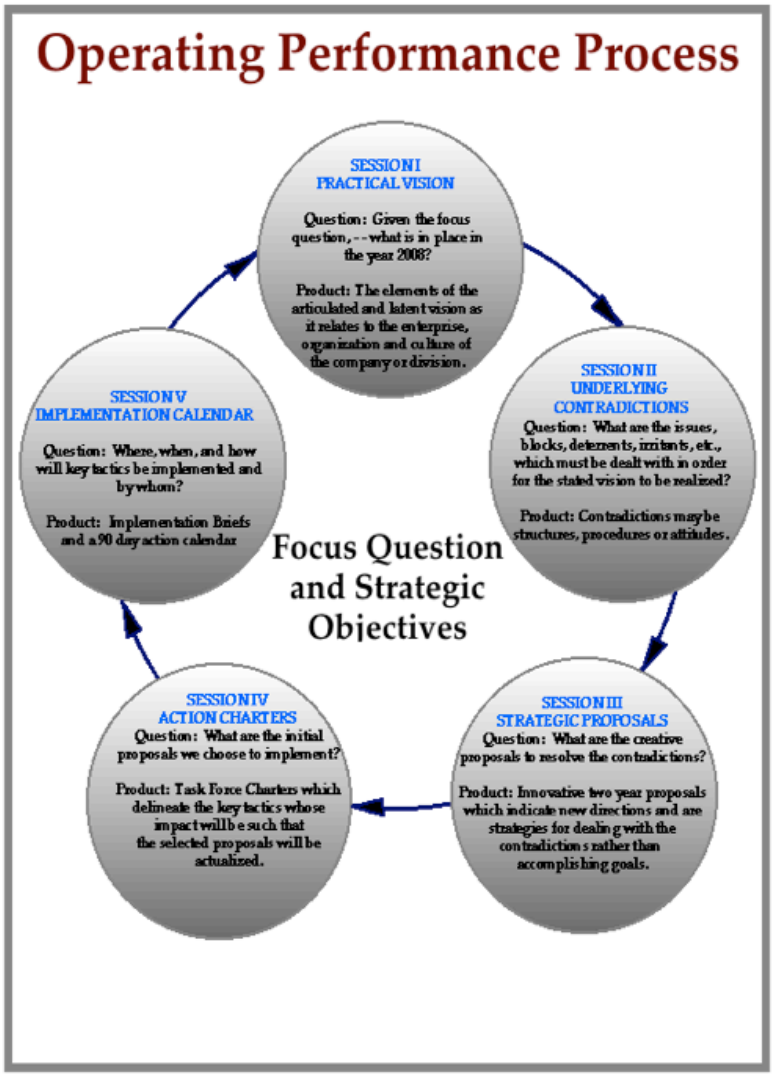
During that program several things came to light, mainly two. The first thing I realized was that LENS employed the key method I had learned in my run up to the World Series of Sales with Dale Carnegie years before. That key was that all good salespersons were always out to discover the reason a person was NOT willing to buy whatever the salesperson was selling. A good salesperson knew that if that block was overcome, he had the sale. There is another technique used to make sure the block was the real and final block to the sale. The question was how to discover the REAL block. In the LENS method "contradictions" were the key to a successful LENS. This was indeed the second session of LENS - - the discovery of blocks and barriers that prevent the Vision from being realized. Lights went off in this salesman's head. Now, THAT made sense.

The second "ah ha" moment happened when someone reminded me that . . .

"Finally, the social responsibility of the Church needs to be described as that of the pioneer. The Church is that part of the human community which responds first to God-in-Christ and Christ-in-God. It is the sensitive and responsive part in every society and mankind as a whole."

. . . was indeed what we were all about - - bring about the church as social pioneer and Mr. Niebhur raised his voice in my meditative council. So, why wouldn't McDonald's have such a sensitive and responsive part in its society? Why wouldn't any organization have that responsive part within its ranks?

Those two moments broke open the possibilities of a real self-sufficient staff in Detroit. Now that I had a clear purpose - - promoting the church in society and at the same time providing a self-sufficient staff - - the only question was **how**.



Any reader who knows Lee Early will not be surprised to know that how I addressed the question of "how", was mostly ego driven. McDonald's McFoddle's - - I wanted to do General Motors. But I knew that I could not waltz into the GM Headquarters in Detroit and offer this corporate changing two and one half day strategic planning course for $1,250. They'd laugh me out of the building. You will also notice that this process was still a "course" in my imagination.

The next challenge was the staff. There was a violent aversion to "selling". Selling LENS at a market price was something we had never considered. We had not a clue as to what the market value was. Selling anything nearing $1,250 was simply impossible in the imagination of some. No one would pick up a phone to make a call. Cold calling was a bridge too far. Then, we had a breakthrough. Her name is Katherine Barton. She was not afraid to pick up the phone. No one, and I mean no one, had the courage to do that. She got us an appointment with Mount Carmel Mercy Hospital. I think we charged them $10,000 for the LENS. It was a hit. The chairman of the board of the hospital was also the owner of a successful business in town and the chairman of the board for Orchestra Hall. After the LENS he called me into his office and asked me if we knew how to raise money. The renovation and restoration of orchestra hall needed $2,000,000. "Yes, of course, we knew how to raise

money". Leah and Geoff Nixon were assigned to the task of raising $2,000,000 and were paid $10,000 per month for their services. That's another story.

About this same time Cynthia Vance became acquainted with a woman she met at a Chicago women's event. This woman was married to the president of Nuvatech, a young start up software development company. Cynthia got an appointment with the president and set up meeting for us to meet. I flew to Chicago and met with them, still not knowing what the market would bear relative to the price of LENS. So, I lost my nerve and priced the LENS at $25,000 - - **and hastily** added that half was due upon completion of the LENS and the other half was due at some undesignated date - - based on his satisfaction. We had both checks in hand before even asking for them.

So, $25,000 was a clue as to the market price of LENS. That same year we incorporated LENS International, Inc. The Order owned 100% of the stock purchased for $1.00. They just didn't know it.

That same year we did planning for Sinai Hospital, Jasper Mills and the Headquarters of the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago, all for $25,000 each. We had confirmed the market. Now the question was how to get my colleagues to sell it.

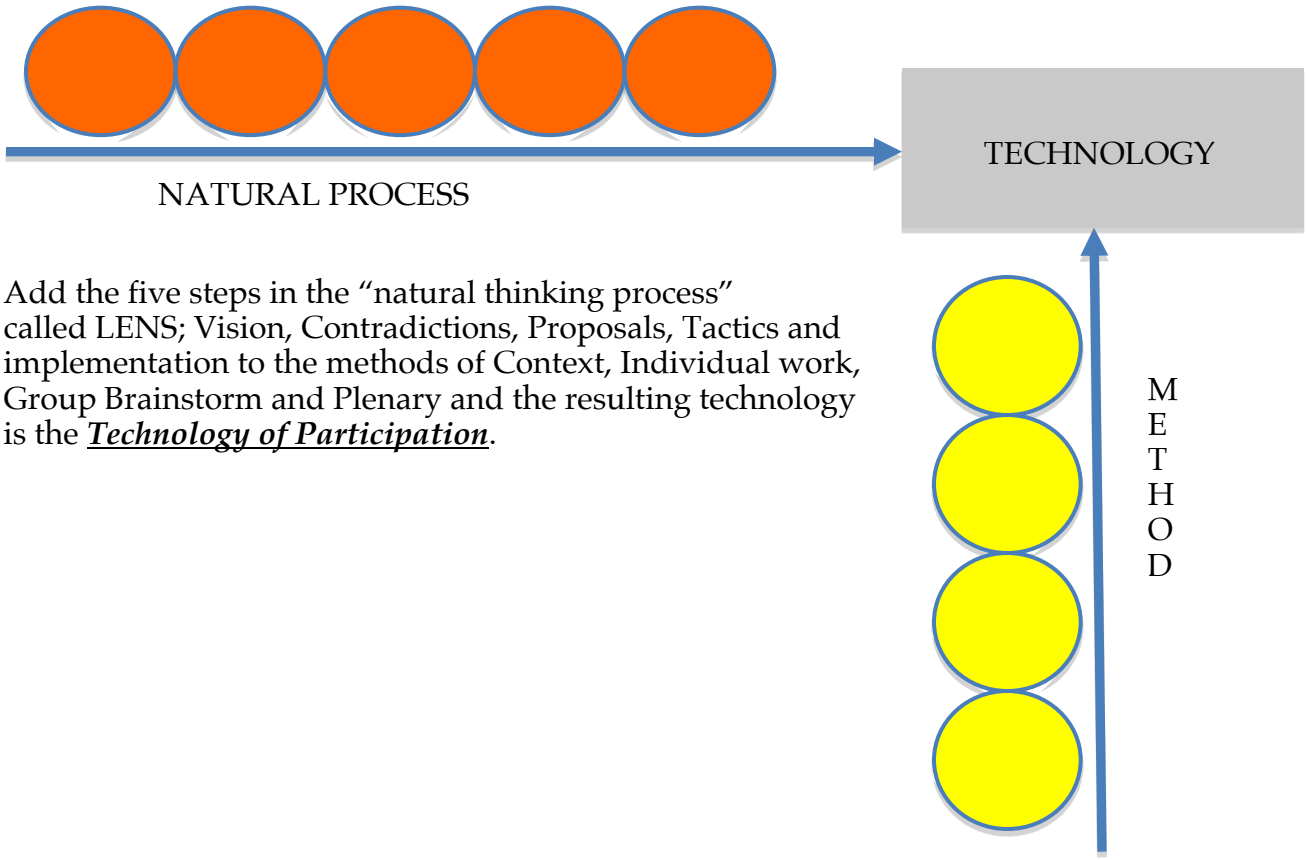
Step ONE: We hired a marketing and sales consultant. One of the first things she taught us was the difference between marketing and selling. "Marketing is anything and everything you do that does NOT require and immediate customer response. Therefore, **everyone** who's not selling is marketing. Everyone is a marketer. Selling is anything and everything you do that DOES require an immediate customer response."

Step TWO: She taught us that LENS should have two prices. The first price is – in our case - $25,000. In addition, the second price is six referral letters based on our client's satisfaction. These letters were not "to whom it may concern" letters. They were to people the client knew and who he or she felt could benefit from this approach to strategic planning. If our customer is not satisfied, we do not want him writing any letters.

Step THREE: Repeat step ONE. Selling is the one thing we could not get anyone interested in doing. Marketing is clean, nice, non-confrontational and safe. When we hear the word "salesman", all sorts of nasty images pop into the mind. The used car salesman is the most frequent image. He's slick, manipulative, after my money, interested in selling that car – not interested in my needs. So, we either master **responsible selling** or we never get to step TWO.

It was awhile before a colleague and I figured out the key. I do not remember who was in the car with me that day, driving from Omaha back to Chicago. Over the 6 ½ hour drive we created the Design Conference. The Design Conference was a method. Our staff understood methods. They could feel comfortable with methods and the Design

Conference. It was created to do ONE thing – sell LENS. It began with board work. It showed the client what "technology" was.



Add the five steps in the "natural thinking process" called LENS; Vision, Contradictions, Proposals, Tactics and implementation to the methods of Context, Individual work, Group Brainstorm and Plenary and the resulting technology is the ***Technology of Participation***.

Simply put, technology was any natural process to which we apply methods. Water freezes at 32° Fahrenheit, unless you live in Canada. To that natural process we can apply a set of engineering skills and the resulting technology is refrigeration. When we use a natural thinking process such as vision, contradictions, proposals, tactics and implementation - - a natural thinking process to which we apply our methods, i.e.: context, individual work, group brainstorm and plenary – the result is the ***Technology Of Participation.***

We charged $1,000 for the four-hour Design Conference with the Executive Team. This session and the following LENS *require* the participation of the President or CEO and his or her executive team. The success rate for the Design Conference was well over 90%. We were off.

LENS International, Inc. rented the two-story house next door, bought desks, chairs, lamps, computers, printers to equip seven full time staff. Our biggest year was $300,000 from LENS International, Inc. and $120,000 from Orchestra Hall. The Order then staffed offices in Chicago, Houston, Japan, India and Indonesia. Back in Detroit we formed the Board of Advice and Review – The BAR. The unofficial board was populated with clients, CEO's, Chairmen, Presidents and a sprinkle of Vice Presidents. The BAR would host our staff to a dinner meeting once a quarter at a location of their choosing, since

they were paying the tab. Wives and husbands were invited. The Detroit Athletic Club, the Renaissance Center and private executive dining rooms were the venues. We would present new programs we were thinking about, new clients, and our financial picture were reviewed. Most of the comments were cordial and helpful. Some were not so cordial but never-the-less helpful. One discussion was very pointed – "you guys either drop this particular client or we all resign." There was no wiggle room on this one. We dropped AMWAY. We had discovered several critical issues during the issue's analysis in the Design Conference. It was not a surprise the BAR insisted we sever that relationship.

In the midst of all this growth and expansion, creating décor and attending various trade shows, we needed some seed money. Our business model and financial projections indicated we needed a $25,000 loan to pull it off. The BAR agreed and assigned one of the members, an attorney, to see if he would contact his banker friend to arrange an accommodation loan – a very low interest loan for LENS International, Inc. The banker agreed and all we needed was the official board of directors to sign off. We had no idea who the Order had selected to be the official board of LENS International, Inc. We didn't know because they hadn't selected any. Instead the Primary Unit in Chicago sent some folks to Detroit to talk with us.

There were five or six folks from Chicago and the LENS team from Detroit sitting down to discuss this loan. We presented our business plan and laid out the terms of the loan. In short, the Chicago folk did not want to sign any loan documents for fear of the liability that would subject the Order to. We reminded then that the extent of their liability was the total value of their stock, i.e.: $1.00. We did not do a very good job in convincing them the extent of their liability. Therefore, they decided to sell 250 shares of stock for $100 per share. "Why would you want to sell stock and dilute your equity?" you ask. "Because we don't want the liability of a loan. The liability argument never sunk in. Okay, we sell stock. Everyone left and went home.

Two weeks later we called another meeting. All the 250 shares were subscribed by the staff in Detroit. They knew the market value of the stock and subscribed to all the shares in under two weeks. Another meeting was held.

This time the Chicago folks didn't want to sell the stock and didn't want to sign for the loan. I asked - - "Do you want a company here?" Apparently not so, we all retreated to our respective corners and operated on what we had with no outside help.

Over the next few years the Early clan moved from Detroit to San Diego. LE Associates was formed as a sole proprietorship. My first client was McDonnel Douglas, the first indoor stealth range in San Diego. We charged $50,000 plus six referral letters. Two of those letters went to Dr. Joseph Eash at The Stamford Research Institute and Dr. Joe Regan at the Lockheed Palo Alto Laboratory. We did SRI and Lockheed, each for $75,000 plus expenses and Dr. Regan wrote 26 reference letters. Joe Eash went on to be

the Director of the Advanced Systems and Concepts at the Pentagon. He would call me later to facilitate a think tank. I also facilitated a LENS for the Incline Village High School English Department including 6 teachers and representatives of the school district, about eight people in all. I had an inside track there. Leah was the head of the English Department. As an accommodation we only charged them $10,000.

The Naval War College was the first time I had the courage to charge $125,000 for a LENS. So, we could tailor the process to fit any client from 8 to 120 people. Nothing was out of bounds.

HERE IS A PARTIAL LIST OF CLIENTS

Amoco Performance Products	Alpharetta, GA
Army Air Force Exchange Service	Dallas, TX
ASTECH/MCI	Santa Anna, CA.
AlliedSignal, Inc.	Petersburg, VA
American Cablevision (HBO)	Kansas City, MO
Auto metric, Inc.	Alexandria, VA
Bell Labs	Morristown, NJ
Ciba-Geigy Composite Materials	Anaheim, CA
Citibank	Miami, FL
DataPoint Corporation	San Antonio, TX
ESL, Inc. (TRW)	Sunnyvale, CA
General Motors, Cadillac Division	Detroit, MI
Honeywell	Minneapolis, MN.
Mobil Oil	Denver, CO
Hughes Tool, Powered Metal Division	Houston, TX
Hexcel Corporation	Pleasanton, CA
IBM	Rochester, MN
Interstate Electonics Corporation	Anaheim, CA
ISX Corporation	Westlake Village,
Itek Optical Systems (Litton)	Lexington, MA
Industrial Transaction Processing Systems	Atlanta, GA
ITT Financial Services Corporation	Co. Springs, CO
Jasper Mills	Lumberton, NC.
Lockheed Missiles & Space Company	
Research & Development Division	Palo Alto, CA
Space Systems Division	Sunnyvale, CA
Missile Systems Division	
Lockheed Advanced Development Company	Burbank, CA
The Skunk Works "The Next Fifty Years"	
Lockheed Martin Western Development Labs	San Jose, CA
MPRI	Alexandria, VA
McDonald's Corporation	Illinois, GE
McDonnell Douglas Technologies, Inc.	San Diego, CA

PAR Government Systems, Inc.	New Hartford, NY
Phoenix Systems & Technologies, Inc.	New Hartford, NY
Red Lobster, Inc.	Miami, FL
Sears Roebuck and Company	Chicago, IL
Southwall Technologies	Palo Alto, CA
Stroh Brewery Corporation	Detroit, MI
SRS Technologies	Arlington, VA
UNISYS: Paramax Systems Corporation	Salt Lake City, UT
United Airlines	Chicago, IL
W. J. Schaffer Associates (Ogden)	Arlington, VA
Zitel Corporation	Milpitas, CA

Non-Profit and Public Sector Clients

Charity Hospital	New Orleans, LA
De Paul Treatment Centers	Portland, OR
Department of Economic Development	Chicago, IL
Department of Defense: Advanced Systems & Concepts	The Pentagon
Family Health Care Network	Vilalia, CA
Hudson River Community Health	Peekskill, NY
Human Development Commission	Caro, MI
Incline High School	Incline Village, NV
InterCare Community Health Network	Bangor, MI
Kentucky Commerce Cabinet	Lexington, KY
Lenawee County Economic Goals	Hillsgdale, MI
Mercy Center	Chicago, IL
McComb County P.I.C.	Detroit, MI
Migrant and Rural Community Health Agency	Bangor, MI
Morris Heights Community Health Center	Bronx, NY
Mt. Carmel Mercy Hospital	Detroit, MI
New York City Health Promotion and Disease Prevention	New York, NY
National Center for Farmworker Health	Austin, TX
National Research Council - Naval Studies Board	Washington DC
Naval War College	Newport, RI
Oklahoma Department of Commerce	Oklahoma City, OK
Orchestra Hall	Detroit, MI
Port Huron Mercy Hospital	Port Huron, MI
Private Industry Council	Benton Harbor, MI
Providence Hospital	Detroit, MI
Rehabilitation Institute	Detroit, MI
Robert Wood Johnson	Skaminia Lodge, WA
Salud Para La Gente, Inc.	Watsonville, CA
San Diego State University	San Diego, CA
San Jose Unified School District	San Jose, CA
Sinai Hospital	Detroit, MI
Texas Medical Center	Houston, TX

The sensitive and responsive groups we found in all these organizations did some remarkable things . . . some outstanding things, not all related to the bottom line not easily measurable in monetary terms.

PART VII

. . . *Where preparation meets opportunity . . .*

°°°*Sometimes nothing is the best hand to have* °°°

The Early family left the order in 1985. We rented a house in Detroit and began looking for a place to live. Some of the places we visited were Miami, several places in Virginia, Houston, Austin and Denton, Texas, San Francisco and San Diego. Standing on a cliff park, overlooking the Pacific Ocean in Del Mar, California we decided that we could live here. It was beautiful and NO snow.

I flew to San Diego to look for a job and a place to live while Leah and the girls stayed in Detroit temporally. I lived in a trailer owned by an ex-order couple, Rod and Paulene Ripple. Before leaving Detroit, I borrowed $25,000 from friends, ex-clients and colleagues in Detroit. I got a job in San Diego, bought a Datsun 280ZX, paid off all the lenders, rented a four-bedroom house in Rancho Peñasquitos, bought a TV and a couch and called Leah.

Working for someone else was a challenge for me. I worked for a commercial interior contractor and then for R.W. Smith Restaurant Supply as their marketing director. I then ran across a management consulting firm looking for a staff person to join their three-person team on a job they had just landed with Ceiba-Geigy in Anaheim. It's a three-hour train ride from San Diego to Anaheim so, I would catch the train and spend the week in Anaheim in a motel the company rented for the team. The contract was worth several million dollars and was intended to save Ceiba-Geigy several million more. In fact, the "management consultant" company was nothing more than a PoP shop. (People off the Payroll). They did time studies and showed how the client company could save enormous amounts of money by saving a minute here and 30 seconds there in production.

A couple of months into the contract, we were getting nowhere. Our three-person team was paired with a three-person team from the client. When it became obvious, we were a PoP shop and not what Ceiba-Geigy thought they had hired, I introduced LENS. We all agreed to tell the client what we wanted to do, and our team leader was to do that in the next client management meeting. She attended the meeting but did not introduce LENS much to the disgust of the other five folks on our team. I quit on the spot.

Returning to Rancho Peñasquitos, money was getting seriously tight. Leah and I looked around for a job. We found a property management position open running a very, very nice apartment complex in La Jolla. The manager's unit was part of the compensation

package. We had nine units to manage, complete with pool and underground parking. It was two blocks from the ocean. This gig was a prayer answered. Several weeks later, the phone rang.

It was Ceiba-Geigy on the phone. The President, Executive Vice President and two board members wanted to meet me in Anaheim at a coffee shop – no further explanation was given. At the meeting I learned that the three company members of our six-person team had explained to the Executive Vice President about LENS and our proposal the team leader had failed to propose weeks earlier. The Board had fired the management consultants and wanted to hire me to do a LENS. I quoted them a price of $25,000 plus expenses with the provision that the company three-person team I worked with would join me as part of the LENS team. I drove to Anaheim on Monday through Friday to meet with the 24 people Ceiba-Geigy had selected to participate. The sessions began at 5:00 after work until 9:00 each day. I drove the hour and a half back home. The closing dinner celebration and document presentation held on Saturday evening marked the conclusion of the event.

My home golf course, while we lived in La Jolla, was Torrey Pines, just up the road from our condo. I walked on one day and got paired up with a couple of guys. One was an engineer with McDonald Douglas. McDonald Douglas had just hired a new general manager for the San Diego facility. The San Diego facility is the only indoor stealth range in the country. I got an appointment with the new manager.

When I passed through security at the plant, red lights began to twirl and blink. I notice several people stopped what they were doing, shut down their computers and looked up at me. Two seconds after I entered the manager's office, the massive steel door behind me mysteriously closed and locked in a metallic *clack,* and the red lights turned yellow. I made my LENS pitch. When the manager asked about price, I remembered a point our consultant made in Detroit. She told us that a good marketing tactic was to always ask a client to write referral letters to people he/she knew who could use this process in their business. So, when the GM asked me for the price, I told him I had two prices. The first price was $25,000 plus expenses. The second price was at least six referral letters to people he knew – not addressed "to whom it might concern". These letters would be written at the conclusion of the LENS and based on his satisfaction.

We did the LENS. At the closing dinner celebration, we were shown a video of the first F-117 stealth fighter in combat in Panama. The fighter was developed by the Lockheed Skunk Works under the project name of "Have Blue" in Area 51 in the Nevada desert. The manager wrote the six letters, one went to the VP at the Lockheed Palo Alto labs, one to the chief engineer in the advanced computer lab, one to the head of the technology division of SRI International in Menlo Park.

Here is the migration map as a result of those letters:

We did a LENS for Dr. Joseph Reagan at the Lockheed Palo Alto Labs, then we did the Missile Systems Divisions, then the Space Systems Division, then each individual lab, i.e.: materials lab, computer lab, engineering lab, systems lab, nanotechnology lab, 3-D printing lab, thermal sciences lab – there are 37 labs today. We did a marketing off site with 12 labs, which is all they had at the time. Dr. Reagan wrote 26 letters of recommendation.

One of the letters Joe wrote went to The Lockheed Advanced Technology Company, otherwise known as the Skunk Works. This was an unbelievable dream come true for me. The Slunk Works operates under the principle that reconnaissance is the best way to win and often prevent wars. The U-2 spy plane followed by the super secrete SR-71 Black Bird.

The U-2 reconnaissance plane

The SR-71 Black Bird reconnaissance plane

I got the appointment with Sherm Mullin, the President of the Advanced Technology Company located in Burbank at the time. I sat in awe in the outer lobby surrounded by models of all the aircraft these folks had a hand in creating. I was ushered into Sherm Mullin's office. Sherm is a stout man with a reddish complexion and an easy smile. He is also very quick, direct and people listen – carefully – when he speaks. He introduced himself asked me to sit down on a couch in his office and walked over to a bookcase. He returned with a scrapbook looking book and handed it to me. In gold letters on the front was the title: *"From War to Peace, 1945"*. Handing it to me, he said we were a bit too early. Now was the time he said, and he wanted to use LENS as the gateway to the future. I had driven to Burbank with Leah who stayed in our hotel room while I went on the call. We got the contract and Sherm had given me a scale model of an SR-71. This guy understood the power of symbols too.

By this time my price for a LENS had gone up to $75,000 plus expenses. We did the Skunk Works. A month or so later, after I had just done a monthly review with the

Task Force leaders Sherm pulled me aside and asked me if I would work with one of the Task Forces formed out of the LENS. This Task Force carved out a rather daunting task. They were to develop new technologies, focused mainly on things that fly. "Give me enough speed and I can make anything fly," he said. This was too fuzzy for Sherm. He had met with the headquarters folk in Calabasas at which time he committed The Skunk Works to develop six Silver Bullets or "leapfrog" technologies. A leapfrog technology is two or three steps beyond anything thought possible at the time. Radar was a leapfrog technology. Stealth is another. These new products, however, must comply with a criterion. Each new product must be market driven with a commercial application and strategy driven with a military application. Instead of getting a prototype contract with the Pentagon, Sherm wanted to build something with a commercial application and THEN call the Pentagon to come see something they might use. In other words, he flopped the entire process currently being used. Oh, and we had six months to do it.

In six months, we had six Silver Bullets. One did not meet our criteria – a stealth cruise missile – so we tossed it over to another task force. Another creation was super sonic sound suppressant technology. Another flying freighter was 500 yards long, 14 stories high and flew. FedEx is currently looking into this bird. I can't say what the others were. I can say that a referral letter from Sherm Mullin proved to be priceless.

Still tracking the initial series of letters, I got an appointment with Joe Eash at SRI. SRI used to be the Stanford Research Institute. Now, it's just called SRI. The Lockheed Labs is one of the largest for profit labs in the world. SRI is one of the largest non-profit labs in the world. One of the divisions wrote a paper on the nine paradigm shifts for the coming century. The Order studied that paper.

The Pentagon

Joe Eash knew Joe Regan well. We held the LENS. Several months later Joe went to work at the Pentagon as head of the Advanced Systems and Concepts group. Joe field tested new products for the Pentagon. One new test being run morphed into the Predator Drone. After settling in at the Pentagon, Joe called me out of the blue. I was headed to Washington DC later that month and went to see Joe. I had never been inside the Pentagon. Everything looks the same in those endless hallways. It is totally utilitarian. The walls are blank except the space outside one of the five military chiefs. They are covered with the flags, ribbons, photos and victories of that particular branch of the military. Never walk around the Pentagon without a guide.

I was escorted from the front door to Joe's office. It is true that the people who least want to go to war are the war fighters. Joe was in that group for sure. He sat me down and explained an idea.

There are always circumstances on the ground, that if they had been addressed, war could have been prevented. In some cases – not all buy, some – when we knew trouble was on the horizon. Typically, when the whiff of trouble is in the wind, NGO's (Non-Governmental Organizations) went in to deal with the issue. Joe wanted to use open source computers around the world to surface possible conflicts and send in the NGO's early enough to deal with the situation before it became necessary to send in the military. "Can you facilitate such an issue?" Of course – piece of cake.

As I recall there were six "old hands" from the Order. Jim Weigle, Clancy Mann, Jean Watts, Dick West and Randy Williams. Joe had assembled several PhD's in computer science, three university professors, representatives from the intelligence community and a dozen or so members of various branches of the military. I was amazed at some of the presentations they made as to the capabilities of their computer software.

We concluded that there were four kinds of civil unrest. There was a slow moving natural crisis like a drought. There was a fast moving natural disaster like a tornado. There was a slow moving human crisis like a carbon emission problem and a fast moving human crisis like an assignation or revolution.

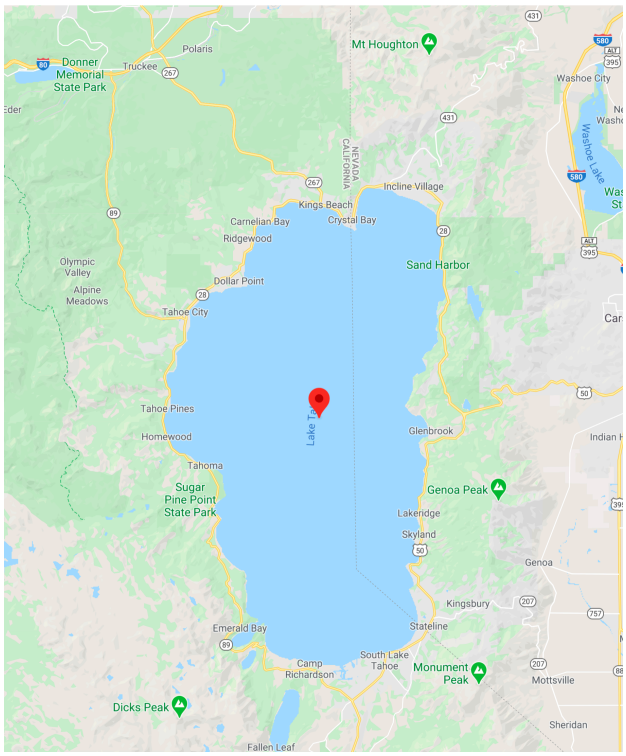
We then chose four trouble spots from around the world. About this time one of our staff tossed a large wrench into the gears. You wouldn't suspect Jim Weigle to do something like that now, would you? Oh, you would? Well, he did, and this is exactly one of the reasons he was on the team. Jim pointed out that not all civil unrest was a bad thing. He is right. We had to stop and rethink our four target nations.

In short, the group came up with a war prevention strategy for China, Cuba, Egypt and I think the fourth was North Korea. Joe enlisted the US Naval computer center in the Pacific to monitor open source computers around the world. At the last report I got, the system was working.

These are a few examples of what those referral letters led to. There were many others but, these were a direct link back to ONE letter – the letter from McDonalds to Lockheed Palo Alto Labs.

My last series of LENS was for the National Center For Farm Worker Health in Buda, Texas and Rural and Migrant Health Centers in New York, North Carolina, California and Arizona. We did LENS in those locations, a marketing creation workshop series in some and supervisor training in others.

When we began LE Associates in La Jolla it wasn't long before my CPA told Leah and me, we had to get out of California. Taxes were killing us. He recommended a couple of states – one of which was Nevada.



Leah and I had a stilted image of Nevada having visited Las Vegas once when I was in high school on a trip with my mom and dad. The CPA recommended Lake Tahoe in northern Nevada, on the California border. We drove up one weekend, entering South Lake Tahoe. This looked like a mini Las Vegas to me. We were not impressed but, we kept driving north. Incline Village is at the northern part of the Lake. It is one of the wealthiest towns in the US and beautiful. The only casino in town was at the Hyatt Resort on the lake shore. No glitz and bling here. We put in a bid on a house almost at the top of the mountain overlooking the entire Lake and drove back to La Jolla to pack up. We returned the next week to a shock. The owners of the house we bid on changed their mind and decided not to sell. Our moving van was due to arrive in two days and we had nowhere to live.

We rented a storage unit and a two bedroom motel room for the four of us. It was tight to put it mildly. We finally bought a beautiful four bedroom house with a wraparound deck overlooking a peek at the Lake. I converted half of our underground garage into a workout room and the day we moved in, it snowed 22 feet. The snow was so deep we had to hire a front-end loader to dig us out.

LE Associates continued to roll along. Leah was hired as an English teacher at the Incline Village High School and later became Chair of the Department.

Incline Village Championship Course

Incline has two golf courses. The Executive Mountain Course and the Championship Course further down the hill. I was a member of both and the Nevada Golf Ranch

Nevada Golf Ranch

in Minden and a "Founder" lifetime member of Red Hawk Golf Resort in Sparks on the outskirts of Reno. I was also a marshal at the Wolf Run

Wolf Run

Golf Course in Reno. You might say I was into golf. I played three to four times a week. I was a member of the Northern California Golf Association and listed as the most improved golfer in some year I forgot which. I poste a 7 handicap.

While on the course in Incline one day, I met a Korean man and we became friends. Han Kim is a commercial cleaning contractor. He had one contract at the Hyatt. He told me he needed a chemical supplier for cleaning chemicals. If I could buy chemicals in bulk, he would give me all his business. I went online and found a chemical manufacturer. I got a reseller's license and applied to be a "National Account" for Mission Labs in California. Mission Labs later joined Four Star Chemical and they then became part of the STARCO Group. I also became an alternate distribution source and wholesaler for three more chemical companies and later a national account for several cleaning equipment manufacturers and janitorial supply houses. This expansion was necessary for me to keep up with Han Kim. Today, his company maintains staffing services and night cleaning contracts for over two dozen hotels and

office buildings from Florida to Seattle and New York to San Diego and points between.

I eased out of the LENS business, Leah quit her high school job and we moved to Seattle to be with three daughters, three grandsons and three dogs. Oh, and a wife. We now live in a little two bedroom, two bath condo in Lake Forest Park just north of downtown Seattle and Rebecca bought the condo next door. We share a fireplace and one wall.

I still run the business from my computer, play golf a couple of times a week and enjoy being with Leah, the daughters, three grandsons and three dogs.

THE TIMES ARE SIMPLY THE TIMES. WHETHER OR NOT THEY ARE INTERESTING DEPENDS STRICKLY ON YOU.