

PART IV - LIVING A FULL LIFE

Camilla and Westinghouse

The big deal at home that early summer was buying a car. Once again I got in touch with my cousin, Richard Brewer, in Mountain View and bought a gray 1952 Ford sedan. I used up what savings I had left for the down payment and didn't worry about the monthly payments.

In mid-June I left Little Rock to drive to Pittsburgh. I stopped by Charlottesville where I stayed at Alumni Hall for the night. After doing some errands around town I left for Pittsburgh. I will never forget how smokey it was as I crossed the Westinghouse Bridge on US route 30 that late summer afternoon. Below on the right was the huge East Pittsburgh plant of Westinghouse and on the left the Ben Fairless Works of US Steel. Both billowing clouds of smoke. I was back in Pittsburgh!

I reported to the product planning section in East Pittsburgh on June 16, 1952. There were eight of us in this new section. We left immediately to spend a month in Sharon where we rotated through the various departments. It was a great learning experience. We would go to Sharon on Monday morning and come back to Pittsburgh on Friday night. Once again, for the third year in a row, I lived at Mom Daniels on Dallas Avenue. In Sharon we stayed at a motel.

Early in our month in Sharon we drove from the motel to the plant via Highland Road. The first time we did that I mentioned that I had dated a girl the previous summer who lived on Highland Road but I couldn't

remember her name. As the month went on and we passed her house more often, I decided that I would try to get another date. I checked with my friend Jack Willson and then called Camilla for a date to go see a Westinghouse Jet Engine Division presentation at the high school. She was a good sport about it and we had a good time. That was the only date we had that summer as I had to go back to Pittsburgh after the month in Sharon.

I spent the rest of the summer in East Pittsburgh working on forecasts for various company products, including the ones for the Sharon division. We did correlations and trend analysis using Friden calculators. It quickly became quite dull. I did take off twice to be in weddings. One was that of UVA fraternity brother, Bill Qualls', in Johnson City, Tennessee, and the other was Frank Thompson's in Boston. I dated quite a bit and generally had as much fun as possible.

Before accepting the Westinghouse offer I asked if I could be assigned to the Transformer Division in Sharon. Chuck Roderus promised me that I would be assigned there unless I really screwed up during the summer and fall. My reason for the request was that the Transformer Division was regarded as the best division in the company. I felt I had a lot to gain by going to one of the biggest and best operations.

As promised, I was assigned to Sharon effective November 1, 1952. I became a staff assistant to the sales manager, Bob McCollom. My prime responsibility was product planning which included the division's long-range (5-year) planning program. This planning activity was new to the company, having been instituted by the assistant to the president, Mark Cresap. The sales

department was a key player in the planning process and I had to develop, interpret, and defend the sales forecasts. I was located in the sales department and had to work closely with all the product sales managers as well as the planners in accounting and operations. It was very interesting but not something I wanted to do forever. It gave me a great entry to all parts of the business and to a lot of important people in the division and in Pittsburgh, where we had to go for guidance, and finally, for presentation. Immediately I found myself, at 26 years of age, meeting with the division vice president and corporate officers in Pittsburgh.

Before I went to Sharon I saw Bren Huggins, a classmate in product school two years before and a buyer in transformer purchasing, and asked if I could room where he did. He arranged for me to have a room in the attic of an old house on Cedar Avenue. The room was very basic and had no heat, but Bren was just downstairs (in a really nice room—with heat). Bren introduced me to the social life of Sharon. This led very quickly to our finding an apartment on Grace Place. I lived at 311 Grace Place for almost a year.

In the spring Bren was promoted to purchasing agent of the Vicksburg, Mississippi, plant. As soon as he left Bill Schwartz moved in. In the few months we knew each other, Bren and I developed a close and lasting relationship. We still see the Huggins occasionally, 40 years later. Both he and Bill were in my wedding, and I was best man in Bill's.

Bill Schwartz was from Briarcliff Manor, New York, and had gone to Alfred College in upper New York State. He was creative and a lot of fun. He was easy to

get along with, and everyone liked Bill. He worked in the sales department, and over several years built quite a reputation. He would have been very successful with Westinghouse had he decided to stay. Instead he left the company around 1959 to join the family company in New York. His wife, Jean, was a classmate of Camilla's all through the Sharon school system and worked in the division accounting department where she and Bill met. Camilla and I visited Bill, Jean and their two boys at their home in Briarcliff several times. Some years later Jean died, Bill remarried and then retired to his summer home on Block Island, Rhode Island. We last saw Bill in 1991 just months before he died of cancer. Bill was a super person and a dear friend.

During the fall I went back and forth to Pittsburgh several times. Shortly before one of my trips I was notified by my UVA Sigma Chi brothers that I was to be honored with their Harry St. John Dixon Award at the Sweetheart Banquet the first Saturday in December. I immediately told them that I would be in Charlottesville to receive it. My first thought for a date was Camilla, now a senior at Randolph-Macon. Since we had only dated twice, once the previous summer and once the summer before, I wasn't sure she would come. Then I was given a traffic ticket on the way back to Sharon from Pittsburgh.

In 1952 speeding tickets for more than 15 miles an hour over the limit carried a 90-day license suspension. I was caught just north of Pittsburgh on Route 19 after I had passed a line of cars that I thought were adhering too closely to the 35-mile-per-hour speed limit. I'm sure I was going at least 50 miles an hour when I passed them. I am also sure, because he told me, that

one of the cars I passed was driven by a state trooper. In any event I was caught and very upset with the possibility of losing my license. A few minutes later, as I drove through the town of Zielianople, I decided that I needed to talk to someone, and I needed a date for the Sigma Chi affair. So I called Camilla in Lynchburg to tell her my troubles and to ask her to go with me to the banquet. Surprisingly, she accepted; we met in Charlottesville and had a wonderful time together.

Sometime after I had driven to Charlottesville for the weekend I got the notice to send in my driver's license. Ninety days is a long time to be without a car, especially my little grey Ford. Also, I was informed that if I drove without a license and was caught I would be in real trouble. My answer was to sell my car. I took it to the Ford dealer and negotiated on a trade-in. After they gave me their "best" offer I told them I didn't want the car then but in three months. They recognized this as a good deal for them and I thought it was for me, so they agreed. I was without a car for a long time but it worked out all right. I walked a lot and got a lot of rides with Bren and others. Three months later I used the trade-in to buy a 1953 Ford convertible, dark blue with a white top.

My social life in Sharon was, to some extent, tied into the Sharon Country Club. I joined the club as soon as I was assigned in November 1952. I was a junior member and it cost almost nothing. The facilities were limited with only a golf course that was not in the best shape and a club house. The club was one of the best places to eat in town and I wanted to play golf, so joining seemed the thing to do. By the spring of 1953 I was playing a lot of golf and taking part in the club's social

calendar. Through the club I met a lot of people and thoroughly enjoyed using the facility.

Shortly after going to Sharon I joined the First Presbyterian Church. It was a very large church and many of the managers and professional people at Westinghouse were members. I'm afraid I didn't attend too often but being a member of the church, like joining the country club, helped me get to know the community. Later I became a Deacon in the church and taught an eighth grade boys' Sunday school class. Camilla and her family were members and I would see them on Sundays.

I participated in my first Westinghouse planning cycle in the spring of 1953. I was responsible for developing the sales forecasts by product line. I spent a lot of time interviewing the product managers, reviewing economic data, correlating sales with indicators, and the like. As the staff assistant to the sales manager I was given a number of other things to do. It kept me very busy.

During the summer of 1953 I played a lot of golf when I wasn't working. During the spring I had started dating Peggy Cunningham, the daughter of a foreman at Westinghouse, a graduate of Randolph-Macon, and a teacher in the New Wilmington schools. Peggy was very pretty and a good date. But when Camilla came home from school on spring break and for the summer I dated her and only went back to Peggy when Camilla was out of town. They both knew what I was doing and I am sure neither liked it, but I found it interesting and even a bit exciting.

Camilla graduated from Randolph-Macon in June of 1953. In the fall of 1953 she went to Carnegie Tech's Margaret Morrison Secretarial School in Pittsburgh. I encouraged her to do this even though it meant she had to leave Sharon. She did come home every weekend so we could see each other. Actually, her going away might have been a good thing because I soon discovered that I missed her very much. Just to make sure she knew how much I missed her, I gave her my Sigma Chi Fraternity pin in October. This gesture was a little sophomoric but it meant a lot to me, and I think Camilla liked it too.

Later in the fall I asked Camilla if she would come to Little Rock over Christmas. She said yes, so I asked Mother to write Mrs. Starr and Camilla. I left for Christmas vacation on the weekend of December 19. Camilla and I had bought presents for everyone in the family, and Camilla had wrapped them beautifully. When I drove into 1524 Schiller a day-and-a-half later the first thing the family noticed were the presents. They couldn't get over how pretty they were.

Camilla flew to Memphis on December 26. She came from Pittsburgh where the Starrs had spent Christmas with their good friends, the Hodnettes. Jim, his wife Merle, and I met Camilla at the Memphis airport and took her to Aunt Nance and Aunt Evalina's for dinner. Then on to Little Rock. We had a wonderful time for the next few days. Mary Nance, Merle and Jim, Mother and Daddy were all there. After I put her on the plane to return to Sharon I came back home to get ready to leave the next day. It was only an hour or two after she left, and I was missing her already. Daddy observed this and suggested I get on the road immediately instead of waiting a day. He also said something like "if you

don't marry that girl, you're no son of mine." I thought he was joking but I was never sure. Camilla had captivated him just as she had me.

In late November, 1953, I was asked to come to Pittsburgh to interview for a position on the staff of Bill Sproul, Vice President of the Industrial Group. He offered me a job as his staff assistant. I was overjoyed although I hated to leave Sharon. The Transformer Division sales manager, Bob McCollom, my boss, made sure I didn't leave until January 1, 1954 because I had to finish a special job for him.

I reported to Pittsburgh Gateway Center on January 2, 1954. I had a nice office on the 23rd floor of Building Number 3. The offices of the Power Systems and the Industrial Group staffs were in our wing. John Hodnette headed Power Systems and Bill Sproul headed Industrial. They each had a director of sales, manufacturing, and engineering. One budget director handled both groups, and each had a staff assistant. These two groups accounted for about 70% of the company's sales and at least that much of the profit. This was the big time! I had a private parking space and could eat in an executive dining room on the 24th Floor. It was all pretty heady stuff. I received a 10% increase in salary to \$600 a month. It wasn't a bad salary, but it was only about one-half of the next lowest-paid person and only one-tenth of what the vice presidents were making. So I had the perks but couldn't use them too much because I couldn't afford the parking fees and the executive lunches.

My duties were whatever the vice president wanted me to do. I was to some extent a "gofer" but it

was all new and very interesting. I was amazed how the corporate people treated me. I did travel to all the ten industrial division locations with Mr. Sproul and his staff and I found that fascinating. To ride in the company plane was exciting to begin with, and then to meet with a variety of managers on a variety of problems was an education in itself.

I lived at the Clover Club off Highland Avenue in East End. There were about a dozen or so young professionals living in a big old house. They worked for a number of different organizations around Pittsburgh. We had a couple who cooked breakfast and dinner and kept the place clean. It provided companionship and worked very well for me.

Camilla was in her second semester at Carnegie Tech, just down the street from the Clover Club. This was very convenient and we took advantage of it. Now I had everything; a good job, a nice place to live, and my girl close by.

At the end of March, after only three months, I was asked to return to Sharon for another job interview. This time it was with Frank Snyder, vice president and division general manager. He asked me to come back to be his staff supervisor and to head a budgetary planning and control study. This was to be a pilot study for the company as a whole. As was usually the case, at Westinghouse at least, I didn't think I could say "no" so I accepted even though I didn't want to leave Pittsburgh and Camilla and I didn't know very much about budgeting.

The genesis of the study was one that the consulting firm, Heller & Associates, had done the year before. They recommended that the implementation of their recommendations be done in one division and that the team that did that should spread out to four more divisions to move the implementation forward. From those four it would be sixteen and so on. The Transformer Division was to be the first division and a team from the Lighting, Control, Motor, and East Pittsburgh divisions would do the study. I was to be the transformer division representative and as such, head up the study. Marshall Evans, budget director at headquarters, and later vice president for management services and vice chairman of the company, had the overall responsibility. My work for Mr. Sproul concluded at the end of April and I went to Sharon. I received another increase in salary to \$660 a month.

The budgetary planning and control study lasted seven months. It was fascinating and I learned a lot. One thing I learned was the difficulty of moving a group of about eight people along toward a conclusion and recommendations. We finally presented the results of our study to the Sharon management in late January 1955. As a result of our work I was again promoted, this time to budget manager of the Transformer Division. This put me on the vice president's management committee and all that it entailed. Here I was, 29 years old, at least 15 years younger than the next youngest member of the nine managers running the \$150 million division.

In February 1954, on Valentine's Day, I gave Camilla her engagement ring. In January we went to Sharon for the weekend and on Saturday we went shopping in Youngstown with Bill and Jean Schwartz.

One of the places they took us to was the jeweler where Bill had bought Jean's engagement ring. While we were there Camilla and I looked at some of the diamonds and I asked Camilla if she would wear one if I bought it. She probably wondered what to say to such an indirect proposal but said "yes". We selected a diamond and a setting and I said that I would come and get the ring when it was ready. I picked it up a week later but waited for a Westinghouse Valentine's Party at Shuster's restaurant where I gave it to her in the parking lot. Then back to the party where there were congratulations and much excitement.

After giving her the ring there was no doubt in my mind that we should move this thing along. I had thought that we would get married in June, but Camilla and Mrs. Starr—I think Mrs. Starr mainly—decided that it would be better to wait until the end of the summer. So we were married on Saturday, August 21, 1954. Camilla graduated from Carnegie Tech in June and came back to Sharon to work in a bank. I was working hard on the study and at the same time seeing Camilla every night. The wedding plans progressed and the social calendar stayed full. It turned out that several hundred people were invited to the wedding and I think they all came. The First Presbyterian church in Sharon was full, including the balcony. It was, as the *Sharon Herald* said, a major event of the summer.

We each had seven attendants. Mine were brother Jim as best man, and groomsmen Bill Schwartz, Lawton Waples, George VanBuskirk, Bren Huggins, Bob Kennan, and Frank Settle. Hope Hodnette was Camilla's Maid of Honor. The bridesmaids included Lucy Hodnette and Mary Nance.

The reception was held at the Sharon Country Club. It was quite a party. The club was full of young and old friends, family, and associates. Just my Mother, Mrs. Starr, Camilla and I were the receiving line. The rest of the wedding party were instructed to keep the party moving and they did!

Aunt Nance came to the wedding. She was brought from Memphis by Charley, an old boy friend. Aunt Nance had dated Charley in the early 1900's in Newberry. Both eventually married others, had families, and survived their spouses. Almost 50 years after they had dated in South Carolina they got together at least long enough to attend our wedding.

Shortly before we were to leave the reception Jim retrieved my car from the garage of two of Camilla's high school teachers and very close friends of the family, Bess McMullen and Anna Grace Smith. When he returned he told me that he had put six bottles of champagne in the trunk. As we walked out the door some of the groomsmen whispered that they had put six bottles in the back seat. We were able to ice down a bottle of champagne almost every night for the next two weeks.

Around 6 o'clock we left in my Ford convertible for our honeymoon in Canada. We drove to Franklin, Pennsylvania, for the first night. From there we went to Buffalo after a stop at Niagara Falls (where Camilla refused to get out of the car—she was afraid the spray would ruin her hair). The second night we were in Hamilton, Ontario, and the third night in Montreal. From there we went to Mount Tremblanc where we spent four

days. Then on to Quebec City and then to Boston. We had discussed where to go on our honeymoon and we both decided it should be someplace cool. Hence Canada.

Our plan was to spend most of the second week on Cape Cod, but hurricane Carol came whipping through the Cape and Boston so we spent three days at the Copley Plaza Hotel. From there we drove to Allentown for the night and finally, after being away for two weeks, to Sharon. By the time we got to Allentown we were running out of money. To conserve what we had we ate at a diner that night. The owner started talking to us and gave us some sweet rolls he was baking for breakfast. That was all we ate the next morning. The rest of that day we were watching the gas gauge and the toll card for the Pennsylvania Turnpike to make sure we could get to Sharon on the money we had. Fortunately we had an Amoco credit card and there was an Amoco station at the Route 19 exit, so we had enough gas. After paying the toll at that exit we had exactly 25 cents left.

We returned from our trip on Saturday afternoon of the Labor Day weekend as planned, so we could use the next two days to move into our apartment on Forker Boulevard. It was a garage apartment of three very small rooms and a bath. The bedroom was so small that we could only get out one side of our double bed. The only door in the apartment was to the bathroom and it wouldn't shut very well. It was hard to escape one another—not that we wanted to. Our rent was \$70 a month plus \$10 for the garage itself.

Our social calendar stayed full. I was invited to join the Sharon Kiwanis Club that fall and became active in that organization right away. Camilla had her social

activities and we both were active in the country club social calendar. We saw a great deal of the Starrs. Mr. Starr was a Kiwanian and we banked at his bank, the First National, where he was the executive vice president. Mrs. Starr took an interest in everything we did. She came by the apartment or called daily, and we had one or two meals a week at the Starrs. They also had a TV set, and we didn't, so we went to their house once in a while to watch TV. A favorite routine was dinner and the Ed Sullivan Show on Sunday nights.

A major concern of mine was the size of the apartment. I really liked it for the two of us but it was ridiculously small. Our landlords lived in a much bigger apartment in the front of the building and they offered it to us for \$100 a month plus the \$10 garage fee. This was quite an increase in rent but one that we could afford. So we moved in the late spring to the front of the building.

Even though I had a good job and was being promoted regularly, money was still a concern. When we married I owed just about everyone. I still owed Harvard a sizeable chunk, to be paid quarterly. I still owed on the engagement ring, for the clothes I had bought for the wedding, and for the honeymoon. We bought almost no furniture, but we had received a large number of wedding presents so we were in great shape as far as those things were concerned. Camilla had taken over the check book, and being a good manager we were well on the way to working ourselves out of debt by spring.

On February 1, 1955 I was promoted to budget manager for the Transformer Division. I received a salary increase to \$720 a month. I also got a new boss, Bruce Henderson, former vice president of purchasing. He was

assigned to the division while Frank Snyder attended the Harvard AMP Program. It was to be a four-month assignment. Bruce was an interesting man to work for. He was very bright and not too interested in the details. He rarely had any papers on his desk and was always ready to discuss philosophy and new ideas. He was a little unnerving that way. I had known him earlier and had great respect for him. We got along fine and I was indebted to him for increasing my salary to \$950 a month just after he got there. I received one increase on February 1 and another on March 1. He came into my office shortly after he got to the division and said that he thought his managers should not be paid less than the minimum of the rate range; and since my new job had a range that started at \$950, that was what my salary would be effective immediately. Camilla and I were two happy people when I delivered the news to her.

During the winter of 1954-1955 Westinghouse ordered two computers— a UNIVAC I for the East Pittsburgh plant and an IBM 702 for Sharon. The IBM salesman assigned to Sharon was Buck Rodgers from the Youngstown office. I will never forget his introducing the computer to division management in the auditorium. He was dynamic, and his talk and the visuals he used led us to believe that IBM was going to solve all our problems. For the next 18 months, Buck, Jim Salsgiver, and three other IBM'ers lived and worked every day at the plant. They did a super job getting us ready to use the IBM 705—the IBM 702 was superseded before it was delivered—when it was installed in September of 1956. Buck and Jim Salsgiver became very good friends of mine and were golfing partners at the country club. Both Buck and Jim came to Charlottesville to visit the Darden School and to see me. Unfortunately, Jim died in 1990.

The computer installation was important to everyone at the division. All department managers had to become familiar with what it could do for their operations and to contribute personnel to its programming. More important to me was that I was given responsibility in 1956 for data processing, including the IBM 705, and had that responsibility for the rest of my Westinghouse career, both at Sharon and at Columbus.

Family Life and a Career

In November 1954, only three months after we were married, Camilla went to the doctor. She picked me up after work and announced that the doctor had confirmed that she was pregnant. We had planned on waiting about a year or two before having children but that was not to be. Ann Rutherford Fair was born on June 29, 1955, at 2:30 in the morning. Everything went perfectly and the nurse let me hold Ann just minutes after she was born. A tremendous thrill!

Life changed a bit, as it does for everyone, with a new baby in the house. We had fixed up the second bedroom in the apartment on Forker Blvd., but decided on the first night home to have her bassinet placed right outside our bedroom door. I was up every fifteen minutes it seemed, making sure everything was all right. For the first few days there was panic at every turn. Mrs. Starr was there to help, although she created about as much panic as Ann did.

Surprisingly, baby Ann and her parents survived the next six months. For Christmas we decided to take

Ann to Little Rock to see her grandparents and to be baptized in the Second Presbyterian Church where my father, as Clerk of the Session, would assist the minister by holding the "pan", as I called it when I was young. We went by plane from Pittsburgh and survived the flight attendant's overheating Ann's bottle, which resulted in a long delay in feeding and many howls and much disturbance on the plane. The visit also resulted in Ann catching the chicken pox from her cousins, Billy and Mary Fair Stramm. Ann then gave them to Camilla and that was a major problem. Camilla was very sick for three or four days and had chicken pox marks every where.

In September 1955 the union representing the hourly workers in a number of Westinghouse plants, including Sharon, went on strike. We had no idea how long the strike would last and continued doing our budgeting and other work as usual. About a month after the strike began, a number of workers let us know that they wanted to go back to work. Since the gates were open, we encouraged them to come back. About 500 showed up the first day and that number grew to about 900 by the end of the week. By that time the strikers had organized themselves and started mass picketing to discourage any workers from going in or out of the plant.

The management then had the problem of protecting workers from violence from the hundreds of pickets at the company gates. Also, once the workers were in the plant we had to find a way to feed them because many refused to move through the picket lines for fear of being hurt. I was asked to set up a kitchen and feed over 1,000 people, including the supervisors and professionals, three meals a day. I enlisted a number of others to clear the kitchen space needed and to provide electricity and

furniture. We used appliances from the company store and brought food in by boxcar, with the railroad supervisors driving the trains. We had four broilers, several fry pans, about six or eight toasters and other assorted appliances going almost full time. We staffed the kitchen 24 hours a day and always had hot coffee available. We had very plain food but a lot of it. This continued for four months until the end of the strike.

In addition to the kitchen I was also supposed to be doing my regular job and to drive back-to-workers into the plant once or twice a week. All supervisors were supposed to do this. We drove rented sedans that would frequently be stoned by the pickets on the way through the gates. I would get up at 4:00 am and go out in the country to pick up four or five workers. Then I would hit the plant gates around 5:30 am before too many pickets were around. Even so, one day my car was hit by rocks as I drove through. Several cars were stopped, turned over with people in them, and thoroughly trashed. Frequently the situation turned ugly and it is a wonder that no one was seriously hurt.

Nobody won the five-month strike at Westinghouse: it hurt the company and the union. It was a very difficult time for all of us, long hours at work and some fear of violence. If there was any benefit to me it was that I had special responsibility and had done my part, thereby gaining greater recognition by the division and corporate management. About twenty of us were rewarded further by personal congratulations, including a small bonus from Mr. Monteith, the group vice president.

Despite the strike, the planning, programming, and training for the computer installation went ahead. Under IBM's Buck Rodgers' leadership, all senior management went to Poughkeepsie for a one-week seminar on the IBM 705. I was there in the summer of 1956. We also sent about 125 supervisors and professionals to a four-week programming school. Since no one knew much about computers, we were pioneers and it was exciting. Mr. West, the assistant division manager, took early retirement that summer and I assumed responsibility for the computer installation. Much of the work had been done by then and the hardware was on site. Installation was completed in September and we were up and running two shifts immediately. It turned out to be one of the best IBM installations in the country and was adjudged so by two separate studies: one by McKinsey and one by Stanford Research Institute. We were all proud of our work and it resulted in Buck's being brought back to New York as an assistant to IBM's chairman. Eventually Buck was IBM's vice president of marketing. I like to think that the two years in Sharon contributed to his success. He certainly contributed to ours.

Camilla and I were quite active socially. During 1956 and 1957 we were involved at the First Presbyterian Church. I started teaching a Sunday school class of eighth grade boys. I was also elected a deacon and chaired a committee during the annual pledge campaign.

Camilla was active with the women of the church and we were faithful in our attendance. At the Kiwanis Club I chaired the swimming pool committee. The club rented the indoor pool at the Episcopal Church and conducted a number of swimming classes for the school children of Sharon, Farrell, and other communities. While I was the

chair we made enough money to install a new filtration system and insulate the ceiling against sound. Camilla taught swimming to classes of Farrell school children and was awarded with a Kiwanis jacket at the annual dinner.

I liked my years with the Sharon Kiwanis Club. The club had about 100 members and had noon meetings weekly at the Shenango Inn. After three years with the swimming pool committee I was elected vice president and in 1959 was elected president. I was asked to be a regional officer the next year but turned it down. One of the major benefits of Kiwanis for me was that Daddy was also a Kiwanian and was secretary of his club in Little Rock. This gave us something in common and led to our attending Kiwanis functions together. I really enjoyed being with him on those occasions.

Another activity that Camilla and I enjoyed was the social committee at the Sharon Country Club. With four other couples we planned and conducted several club parties a year for the few years we served.

After the strike in 1956 the division's engineering manager, John Chiles, was promoted to vice president and division general manager. In 1958 he asked me to be his executive assistant. I kept the budgeting and business systems (data processing) responsibility and added cost control and later accounting. By 1959 I had four excellent managers reporting to me: Ray Custard, Warren Bullett, Gary Wilburn, and Paul Eichinger.

In 1959 I was asked by Mr. Chiles to represent the company at an organizational meeting of the Junior Achievement of the Shenango Valley. I was elected president of that group and we started four companies in

the valley. The parent organization was the Youngstown, Ohio chapter, and we had the supervision of their advisor.

In the spring of 1960 I was recognized at a dinner at the Shenango Inn by the Junior Chamber of Commerce as their Young Man of the Year. This was quite an honor and received front page coverage in the *Sharon Herald*.

In October, 1957, our second daughter, Mary Butler Fair, was born but this time things didn't work out well. While the pregnancy was normal and the term was a full nine months, Mary Butler was never able to breathe on her own and there was nothing Dr. Lartz could do. It was a terrible blow to us. The birth took place at night and she died in the morning. I wasn't allowed to see Camilla for a couple of hours so I went to work. When I came in the staff congratulated me on a new daughter (they had heard it on the local radio station). I had to tell them that Mary Butler had died. They were in total shock. That further depressed me so I left to go back to the hospital to wait. When I got there and was allowed into the room, Camilla's mother was there and Camilla looked great. I knelt beside the bed and cried a little. Camilla comforted me—instead of my comforting her as I had planned—and said the next one would be all right.

One of the most difficult things I did later that day was to take the baby's room apart and get rid of the bassinet, crib, wall decorations and all. I just couldn't stand for them to be there when Camilla came home. I couldn't stand to look at them either. Two days later we had a family funeral at Sample's Funeral home and the burial at Hillcrest Cemetery. Mary Butler looked beautiful in the little casket.

In September 1958 we bought Bob McCollom's house at 455 Buhl Boulevard. The year before we had bought a lot in a newer section of Sharon and thought we would build a house some day. Bob was building a new house and when it was almost finished he asked if we knew of anyone who would be interested in buying his current home. I said that I might be. He wanted \$26,500 for it and one day at work, half joking, I offered him \$25,000. He said he would take it! Then Camilla and I had some real thinking to do. We decided to go ahead, and the deal was closed on September 1. We sold the lot for the down payment of \$5,000. I borrowed the rest on a GI Loan arranged through Mr. Starr's bank.

We moved to Buhl Boulevard on October 1. We spent the entire month of September painting and getting the kitchen remodeled. The McColloms' had a dark rose carpet, rose-colored walls and a lighter rose ceiling with dark stained woodwork throughout the downstairs. It made for a very dark setting. We wanted the ceiling and walls to be white and the woodwork to be Williamsburg blue. We intended to paint the whole interior, upstairs and down, during the month—at night and on weekends—but could only get the downstairs finished. It took three coats of white to cover all the rose coloring. Mr. Starr lent a hand and painted one of the upstairs rooms, and we completed the job after we moved in. Although we hadn't planned for it, we eventually recarpeted the upstairs master bedroom and all the downstairs, bought a new dishwasher and disposer, and installed a new furnace and a new air cleaner—all this in the first year.

About the time we moved in Camilla discovered that she was pregnant for the third time. On April 24,

1959 Robert Drayton Fair was born. He was eagerly anticipated and we were greatly relieved that he was all right. So after the loss of a daughter, we gained a son. Too bad we couldn't have had both of them.

Life continued to be good. We worked hard at Westinghouse and in the community. We saw a lot of the Starrs and there was a lot of love in our little family. We went to Little Rock just about every year. When Camilla was expecting Mary Butler in October of 1957 I went to Little Rock by myself. I was there in September during the week that Arkansas Governor Faubus called out the National Guard at Little Rock Central High School. Integration of the public schools in the South was a major problem for the country at that time, and it was interesting being on the scene (LRHS was only a half block from our house).

It was during the late 1950's that Daddy and I attended two Kiwanis national conventions. Daddy and I went by ourselves to the one in Dallas while Camilla stayed in Little Rock with Mother. The next year Mother and Daddy drove to Sharon for a short visit, after which we took them to the Toronto convention. This Kiwanis connection with Daddy meant a lot to me.

In 1961 Mr. Starr lost his job at the bank. It was a traumatic experience for the family, and I don't think Mrs. Starr ever recovered. Apparently there was a big fuss in a board meeting about his handling of a large trust account for one of the board members. He was asked to step out during the discussion and when he came back he offered to resign. His resignation was immediately accepted, I think much to his surprise and dismay. His resignation was handled discretely and he was soon

appointed president of the Shenango Industrial Development Authority, a non-paying position. I was then elected by the Authority as treasurer, also a non-paying position.

Mr. Starr immediately started looking for another job and by late spring was appointed a trust officer with a bank in Allentown, Pennsylvania. He was fairly enthusiastic about it, but Mrs. Starr was not. He went to work immediately, traveling to Allentown for two weeks and coming home for a long weekend. Mrs. Starr went with him some and started making plans to relocate. By late summer Mr. Starr did not feel well and blamed it on hayfever, something he had suffered from for years. By the end of September he felt that he had to see a doctor and was eventually hospitalized in Allentown for tests. A biopsy confirmed lung cancer, and I flew to Allentown to drive the Starrs home. He was hospitalized in Sharon even though the doctors said there was nothing they could do. He was in and out of the hospital continuously until he died in February, 1962, less than 60 years old. His move to Allentown and his illness completely undid Mrs. Starr, and she was never the same. Prior to this she was a social leader in Sharon, full of confidence with a keen sense of humor. From that time on she retreated, gave up on herself, and became very hard to live with. The strain on Camilla, her only child, had always been great, but now became impossible. Mrs. Starr blamed the world for her troubles and made life miserable for everyone. It was sad.

For Camilla events soon became overwhelming. All during her father's illness she was pregnant with William Young Fair who was born in January, 1962, just three weeks before Mr. Starr died. Little William died

less than a day after he was born, and then Mr. Starr died, and Mrs. Starr just about went crazy. Once again I had the horrible duty of the funeral and dismantling the baby's room that Camilla had taken such pains with the month or two before the baby was born. At this age I don't know what the odds are that one middle-class family—both the mother and father in excellent health and with the best of hospital and physician care—would lose two infants after seemingly normal full-term pregnancies, but we did. I don't understand it and never will. God's will?

The beginning of the year 1962 was an absolute bummer, as they say these days. In addition to the family losses, John Chiles had been transferred and I had a new boss at work. While all that was happening, Marshall Evans, a vice president of Westinghouse, called to let me know of an opportunity at the Major Appliance Division in Columbus, Ohio. I was eager to hear what it was so I went to Pittsburgh to meet with Chris Whiting, group VP for consumer goods, John Hodnette, executive vice president, and Marshall. It was a pretty impressive cast of characters and they made it clear that they wanted me to take the job. How could I say "no"?

After those interviews I went to Columbus to be interviewed by Charles Erb, the division general manager. Charley was new to the division and a tough guy—or tried to be. The same top brass had given him the charge to straighten out this problem division. They had sent in two other new people to fill key jobs in marketing and in operations. I was to be the fourth in a group to run this largest of Westinghouse divisions. I was to be responsible for most of the administrative activities and had the title of executive assistant to the general

manager. Also there was an increase in pay to \$2,000 a month plus bonus opportunities. I went to work in Columbus in mid-April.

During the house hunting, Camilla discovered a two-thirds completed house on Woodhall Road in Upper Arlington that she was very enthusiastic about. I was too, although I wondered if we could afford the price, \$48,000. It was in a brand new area surrounded by larger and more expensive homes—a good thing if you ever want to get your money back. We moved from Sharon to Upper Arlington, Ohio in early June. We enjoyed the move and it was time to leave Sharon and the Transformer Division. I hated to leave in a way, as both the city and the plant had been very good to me, but we both looked forward to a new adventure.

I worked very hard. Charles Erb and the profit situation demanded it. The change from a heavy apparatus to a consumer appliance industry was dramatic and interesting, and I enjoyed it. The people were more laid back and fun to be with (maybe that was the reason we were losing money!). The new management's charter was to get control of things, reduce expenses and increase sales. I was amazed at how poorly our products rated in features and quality as compared with competition, and how far we had to go to close the gap. This seemed more important than anything to me, and the programs underway and those soon to be initiated had equal importance to reducing expenses. We made a lot of progress and introduced a whole new line of products in the next year. Some just caught us up with competition, while others, such as the new light-weight room air conditioner, put us ahead.

At home we were settling in. By mid-July we were in good shape and that was fortunate because Camilla found herself pregnant once more. After the difficulties we had experienced we felt that we were sure to have success this time. It was not to be, as she miscarried in mid-August, just two and a half months along. Talk about discouragement!

The fall meant new schools for Ann and Drayt (kindergarten) and a continuation of “getting to know Columbus.” It was different than western Pennsylvania, more mid-western, not as formal, and much more friendly. Our street even organized a big block party in the late summer. At work and in the neighborhood we had our good friends from Sharon, Bob and Sally Rose. They were great. In the late fall Aunt Nance came to visit for about a week. She was 81 years old but got around very well—a big traveler even at that age. Her visit coincided with the assassination of President John Kennedy and she, the family, and the rest of the world watched television non-stop trying to comprehend what was happening.

I thought things were progressing fairly well at work, although we lost money again in 1962. More progress was made in the first six months of 1963 and we had hopes that there was a turnaround in the making by June. We were in Little Rock on vacation when we heard that Mark Cresap, Westinghouse Chairman, died suddenly. Before the week was out I received a long telex from Charles Erb telling me that there had been a big reorganization of the company. My mentor, John Hodnette, the chief operating officer, had been elevated to vice chairman (a non-job) and Don Burnam had been elected chairman and chief executive officer. By

September our group vice president, Chris Whiting, had left the company, and by late fall Charles Erb had been fired. Three of the four who interviewed me for the Columbus job were gone and Marshall Evans had moved on to a new position.

Within weeks the marketing and operations executives I worked with were transferred out, soon to leave the company. Then the place was reorganized into six divisions: two in Mansfield, one in Newark, Ohio, and three in Columbus. The Westinghouse Appliance Sales group was split off and headquartered in Pittsburgh under a new vice president, and each of the plants had a plant manager. Ours was Bill Bell from the Lima, Ohio, plant. At the time I was disappointed not to be selected as one of the division or plant managers. When I think about it, I was "interviewed" several times by Ron Campbell, the new group vice president, and I guess I failed to impress him. I didn't try, really, as I was still on the Whiting-Erb team and as long as they were in charge, there was where my loyalties had to be. That ruined any chance I may have had.

My position was retitled Manager of Finance for the Columbus plant, a job with about one-third the responsibility of before. In fact, I wasn't sure what I was to do. I was terribly frustrated and by May, 1964, had updated my resume.

One morning in early June, 1964, Bill Bell and I had a big argument and he asked for my resignation. That didn't really surprise me as I was the last of the "old guard" and was very insecure anyway. By late in the day he seemed to calm down but I decided to take my eight months severance pay and look for a new job.

Associate Professor and Director

The summer of 1964 was one of the best ever. I was on a relaxed schedule and with the family a great deal. In June Charles Abbott, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at the University of Virginia, called about a teaching/administrative opportunity at the school. This was the third time he had gotten in touch with me. Once, in 1958, Camilla and I had gone to Charlottesville for interviews at the school. At that time my star was still rising at Westinghouse and the whole idea sounded ridiculous. Again in 1961 he had called and I said "no thanks" right away. However, in June 1964 I said "maybe, let me come to Charlottesville and we'll talk about it."

My relationship with the graduate business school really began before the school as founded. In 1953 I was asked to meet with the faculty committee studying the establishment of a business school. The committee wanted to talk to several UVA graduates who had also attended a graduate business school. More importantly, I had known Dean Abbott at Harvard and Joe Vaughan, my professor in the engineering school, had become Provost of the University. Joe knew that I had done well at Westinghouse and tossed my name in the hat when, in 1958, Abbott was looking for faculty with business experience.

In the meantime I was called to New York to interview with McKinsey & Co., to Chicago to talk to Booz, Allen, and Hamilton, and to New York and Chicago again to talk to executive search firms. All of these were at their request. Not much came of these and

other contacts, so in late August I accepted a position as an associate professor and director of management programs at the University's Graduate School of Business Administration. I reported to Charlottesville on September 1, 1964.

I drove to Charlottesville in my new 1964 Mustang. It was the first Mustang that had been received by Timblin Motors in Sharon and had been delivered to me only a couple of weeks earlier. I decided to drive as straight as possible from Columbus to Charlottesville, and it was quite an experience. My route took me through Athens, Ohio, Parkersburg and Elkins, West Virginia, and Harrisonburg, Virginia. There were a lot of mountains and curves, a dirt state highway, and a lot of nothing. I wouldn't do it again but it was all right for a one-time thing and in my neat new car. The school had found a room for me at the Colonnade Club. I stayed there for six weeks until Camilla and the family came.

Camilla and I had come to Charlottesville back in June and had talked to the Dean and others. In late August we came back to look for housing. We spent three days with three different real estate agents but we didn't find anything we liked. We also spent a morning with John Rogan, the developer of Ednam Forest. There was only one house in Ednam Forest at the time, and one more that his construction company was building. It was for sale for \$60,000. There were several lots for sale for \$7,000, \$10,000 and \$13,000. We seriously considered one of the lots but decided we wanted to live in town. After all the looking around, and on the recommendation of all three real estate agents, we bought a lot and contracted with Frank O'Neil to build the same house in Charlottesville that we had in Columbus. We had only

lived in the new Columbus house for 15 months and nothing we saw compared to "our" house.

Of the many lots Frank had to build on, one on Yorktown Drive seemed to be the most suitable. So we turned the plans we brought from Columbus over to Frank for him to prepare his bid. If we accepted his bid, he offered to rent us a house he owned on St. George Avenue in Crozet for the eight months it would take to build the house. In late September we accepted his bid of \$46,000, excluding landscaping, and construction started in early October.

We moved from Columbus to Crozet on October 15, 1964. The big old house on St. George Avenue was comfortable enough, and Camilla made it quite cozy. We liked Crozet, although the 15-mile commute was a little hard to take. After we moved to Yorktown Drive on April 15, 1965 Frank sold the Crozet house for \$18,000. It needed some work in the kitchen and bath rooms, but if we had known that it would be sold for such a reasonable price we might have stayed in Crozet!

Frank O'Neil's builder was Cato Powell, one of the best contractors in the area. He not only did quality work with good materials but he also recommended several improvements in the original plans. We were, and are, proud of the house.

Yorktown Drive is in a nice area that had been annexed to the city in 1960, and is only about six to eight minutes from the Darden School. At the time we built there were only four other houses in our area and they were located on the uphill side of the street. Across from us was a steep drop and solid woods. It was close to

Greenbrier School and the new Walker Junior High School. The kids could walk to both. Best of all were the neighbors. Two of them had gone to UVA when I did—Dr. Dan Mohler next door and Bob Weir around the corner. On the other side of us was Merrill Peterson, a chaired history professor at UVA. The only other houses in our long block were occupied by the Charles Gleasons and the Walter Wadlingtons. Charley was our baby doctor and Walter was a professor at the Law School. All of our neighbors had children about the age of ours or slightly older. It was a perfect place for our family.

The first few years at UVA were especially eventful. My tasks were first to learn how to be a professor and secondly to make something out of the management programs activity. I believe I was successful on both counts. For two years I taught a semester of Quantitative Analysis and a semester of Production Management in the first-year program. For the next 23 years I concentrated on the Production and Operations courses in the first year. For five years I taught a second-year elective, Industrial Management. I also supervised student projects and participated fully in University and School faculty committees.

In 1969 I was appointed assistant dean for Executive Education (we had changed the name from management programs) and in 1971 I was promoted to professor of business administration and given tenure.

During the four years before I came to the School it had conducted a summer executive program entitled Basic Advanced Management (BAM). Originally it was a four-week summer program. The year I came it was lengthened to five weeks. The fee for the summer of

1964 was \$1,000 per participant. The School also conducted a two-day Virginia Industry Management Conference in conjunction with the Virginia Manufacturers Association. BAM had 40 participants in 1964. VIMC had approximately 100 participants at \$40 per person. The total income for the two was \$44,000. The School lost \$4,400. It had not made money in any of the previous years, but Dean Abbott told me not to worry about making a profit because the Sponsors (Foundation) would make up the deficit.

In my first year as director, 1965, we raised the price of BAM to \$1,250 per person and had 50 participants. We conducted another VIMC and had a net profit for the year of \$1,100. I was very proud of that profit and so was the Dean. He gave me a \$500 bonus.

In 1966 we started a series of three-day seminars. The first three went fairly well but the last two scheduled had to be canceled for lack of participants. We charged \$300 for the three days and paid the faculty \$200 per class. We lost money on the seminars but made up for it on BAM when we again increased both the price and the numbers attending. The net profit for the year rose to \$4,000.

The next year Bob Vandell from Harvard Business School joined the faculty. He brought the experience of participating in some Harvard seminars, and he enthusiastically encouraged us to continue the seminar program. He organized a mergers and acquisitions three-day seminar that was an immediate success. We over-subscribed our 30-person classroom and quickly made the decision to run a second seminar a

couple of months later. Within two years we were running four a year, including one in New York City.

By 1970 we had changed the name of BAM to The Executive Program (TEP) and lengthened it to six weeks. By that time we had 80 attending and we taught them in two sections. We added new seminars and continued to raise the price of all our programs.

Each year, after the external auditors had completed their work, I would draw a check for the profit and present it to the Dean. Dean Abbott was surprised when I walked into his office with a check for \$1,100 in the fall of 1965. By the late-1970's I had the pleasure of presenting Dean Stewart Sheppard with our first check for over a million dollars.

Over the years we built Executive Education into a major undertaking. We expanded staff until we had two associate directors and six support personnel plus the staff of Sponsors Hall. By 1987 we were conducting 40 programs and had revenues of \$4,400,000. From 1991 to 1996 I spent part of my time working with Executive Education. The division's number of programs, participants, and revenues more than doubled by 1996. In that year 2,500 executives from all over the world attended over 80 programs at Darden. Revenues exceeded \$12, 000,000 and our contribution (profit) to the School was \$3,000,000. *Business Week* magazine ranked our overall executive education activity as number two in the world.

By the early 1970's it was necessary for the Darden School to acquire additional space. The expansion of both the MBA program and Executive

Education had made the facilities in Monroe Hall on the main grounds of the University inadequate. The decision was made to move the Darden School and the Law School to the area now referred to as the North Grounds. This required building new facilities for both Schools. I was appointed to the building committee for the Darden School building. The new facility was completed and the move was made in September, 1975.

The move to the North Grounds meant that Executive Education was leaving its housing and dining accommodations. We immediately began the fundraising and planning for a conference center. It took a while, but in September 1979 we opened Sponsors Hall, a building with 36 bedrooms, 6 study rooms and a dining room. Actually, it is two buildings—one for a lobby, dining room and kitchen, and one for the bedrooms and study rooms. The Darden Foundation raised the money for the dining facility and borrowed the money for the housing.

We quickly outgrew Sponsors Hall so it was expanded in 1985 to 60 bedrooms, 10 study rooms, an executive classroom, a general purpose room, a health club, and an expanded dining room and kitchen. I led the charge on both of these and served as the facilities planner in both cases. Interestingly enough, in 1992 we decided to add another 60 bedrooms. The entire 120 rooms were available for use in the fall of 1995 as part of the entirely new Darden School.

To a degree I feel that Sponsors Hall is one of my major contributions to both the School and the University. I think the success of Executive Education justified its need, and I certainly played a major role in

its planning, building, furnishing, and use. I am proud of Sponsors Hall.

In 1972 several university directors of executive education met at the University of Michigan. At that meeting we agreed to meet annually to exchange information on our activities. In 1977 the University of Virginia Darden School hosted the meeting at the Cloisters at Sea Island, Georgia. It was the first meeting where there were corporate attendees, including representatives from international organizations. It was also the first meeting underwritten by a corporation, the General Electric Company. This set the standard for all future meetings. In 1988 the organization was formalized under the name UNICON—University Consortium for Executive Education. A board of directors was elected and I was asked to be the first chair. This was an honor and a recognition of what we had accomplished in executive education at Darden.

UNICON continues to play an important role in promoting university executive education. It now has 53 universities who are members and it continues to conduct annual conferences, training meetings, and research activities.

Associate Dean

In 1982 Dean Robert Haigh asked me to be the associate dean for external relations. I had responsibility for Executive Education, placement, Sponsors Hall, alumni affairs, and development. I was soon elected the executive vice president of the Darden Foundation.

The Darden Foundation was established as the University of Virginia Graduate Business School

Sponsors in 1948. Its mission was to support the founding of a graduate business school at the University. This support included raising an endowment of \$1,500,000 and supplying financial and other assistance as required. It was incorporated as an independent educational foundation in order to keep its support separate from that of the state of Virginia. As the years went by the Foundation played a major role in the establishment and continued success of the School. When the School started to conduct executive education programs the decision was made to handle its income and expense through the Foundation. As Director of Executive Education I worked for both the School and the Foundation. In 1975 I was elected vice president and secretary of the Foundation. By 1982, when I became the executive vice president and chief operating officer, the Foundation had over 100 employees, including part-time. Over the years the various Deans had allowed me to run Executive Education much like a small business and that approach was continued for the Foundation. I really enjoyed that and think I did a good job. We built an organization, increased revenues and profits, and delivered a service that received much favorable recognition.

In 1988 Dean John Rosenblum asked me to become the associate dean for MBA Education. I kept the placement activity, and added student affairs, admissions, and the registrar's function. I gave up external relations which took me away from the executive education activities.

I feel my major accomplishment during the next four years was guiding a restudy of the MBA curriculum. Professor Ed Davis headed the MBA committee, and he

and I worked very closely to bring about significant changes in both the first-and second-year MBA programs.

Having responsibility for the administration of the MBA program brought me more in touch with the day-to-day operations of the School. Working through the various faculty and student committees we upgraded our admissions, placement, and student affairs activities. Some personnel changes had to be made and a number of procedures were revised. We became both more professional and more aggressive in all these areas.

As an associate dean I was an ad-hoc member of most of the School's committees. As a member of the Dean's office I was with Deans Bob Haigh and John Rosenblum on a daily, and sometimes on an hourly, basis. This gave me a chance to participate in the overall management of the School.

I think it is obvious that Darden came into its own during the 1980s. We became more of a leader and less of a follower. We received more recognition for our MBA and executive programs. I feel that in the 1980s the administrative areas that I supervised caught up with, and contributed to, the School's excellent reputation for teaching and curriculum development.

Throughout this entire period from 1964 to 1988 I continued to teach first-year Operations. In 1989 I became course head for Directed Studies and International Field Projects and in 1990 I began teaching a section of the Reading Seminar in Management. In addition I tried to contribute in every way I could to the

other academic and administrative activities of the school.

From 1964 to 1996—my whole career at Darden—I have received the greatest pleasure from being with MBA students. Some days in the classroom are better than others, but teaching our bright MBAs is always a challenge. On the whole they are interesting people. We are lucky at UVA to attract such outstanding students. During their two years at Darden and as alumni they always act so appreciative of their faculty. In addition, they keep you young!

All during my 33 years at the Darden School I have tried to be involved in University activities. I have served on a number of University committees and have attended countless University functions. Camilla and I have had season tickets to UVA football and basketball games for the whole time we've been here. I have met and gotten to know hundreds of University faculty and students through various organizations like the Raven Society, the Advisory Board of the Glee club, and the faculty club, the Colonnade Club, where I was president for two years in the early 1990s. Living in a university community like Charlottesville is very pleasant. It is stimulating and at the same time relaxing. I wouldn't live anywhere else.

I retired from the University of Virginia and the Darden School on May 31, 1996. There were several nice events honoring my retirement including a reception in Saunders Hall of the new Darden facilities. Earlier, the University's Board of Visitors and its administration honored fourteen retiring faculty with a dinner at Carr's

Hill. In their meeting that afternoon the Board had elected us Professors Emeriti effective June 1, 1996.

Consulting Activities

An opportunity that is available to most business school faculty is business consulting. I have done quite a bit and most of it has been very interesting. My first opportunity to consult came the summer of 1965. The University asked that someone from the business school conduct a study of the University's Department of Graphics. Dean Abbott asked me to do the study. At the end of the summer I submitted my report and received a check for \$1,800. The University was pleased with the study and this helped build my confidence to do more of this type of work. The money was also important as I had taken a fifty per cent cut in salary coming from Westinghouse to Virginia.

Soon thereafter I began one of my most enjoyable and long-lasting consulting assignments. It was with the Tolley Cookie Company of Fredericksburg, Virginia. In 1966 Denver Tolley, owner and president, asked for my advice on some organizational changes he was planning. This led to a relationship that lasted for 14 years. Most of that time I spent two days a month in Fredericksburg working with Denver and his managers. The assignment covered a broad range of problems and it provided me with quite an education. The pay was good and I got all the Archway Cookies I could eat. Most importantly, I enjoyed it.

I should mention several other assignments. For four years I was an advisor to the General Electric Management Training Center at Crotonville, New York.

For twelve years I worked with the Lake Forest (Illinois) Graduate School of Management as they developed their MBA programs. For several years I developed and taught seminars in the United States and England for NEPCON, a national trade fair for electronics manufacturers. For 15 years I developed and taught a seminar for IBM and between 1978 and 1983 I conducted six two-week programs in London for the Unilever company.

One more opportunity that proved to be rewarding was the development of The Presidents' Program for Burlington Industries. Here I spent several days in Greensboro, North Carolina and New York City interviewing the company's top management and its division presidents before recommending what should be taught, who should teach it, and where it should be held. One of the faculty I asked to teach in the program was Kim Clark from the Harvard Business School. In 1996 he became Dean of the School. He and the other faculty were great. Burlington was very enthusiastic about the course and reran it a second and third time.

Over the years I have been asked by some of America's largest companies for advice and counsel, and I find that most flattering. Whether large or small, all of my consulting activities were different in some way and this made almost all of them fascinating.

Our Children

Between 1965 and 1987, life on Yorktown Drive moved along quite smoothly. Ann Rutherford went to Greenbrier School for the fourth to sixth grades and then on to Walker Junior High and Lane High School. She

graduated from Lane in 1973. Drayton went to Greenbrier for all six years and then completed Walker and two years at Charlottesville High School. His last two years of high school were at Tandem School, a small private school in Charlottesville.

Both of our children were good students. Both of them made almost all A's or B's. Ann was quieter and an avid reader. Drayton was more outgoing. Ann was a little shy and did not participate in many extracurricular activities. Even so, I think she enjoyed school and seemed to have several good friends. She and Drayton spent a lot of time playing with the Mohler children next door. Drayton participated in children's theater at the urging of Camilla. He swam on the Farmington swim team and was captain of the team his last year. We attended just about every meet and were very proud of his participation. He also spent a good deal of his time teasing his sister. There was a lot of sibling rivalry going on at the house.

Drayt didn't play sports other than swimming. He had no interest and was convinced that he would never be good at them. I tried to play catch and toss the football or basketball with him but he did not want to do that.

At Walker Junior High School he lamented that he was the slowest boy in his class. He couldn't run around the track as fast as all the rest and it embarrassed him. One day he and some others were sliding down the hill at Walker when he put his leg out and caught his foot on the grass. This dislocated his knee which required an operation. Later he had trouble with the other knee and a second operation. At that time it was discovered that he had loose joints, and the University Medical School

studied his condition for some time. This lack of interest, ability, and the knee operations completely turned him away from sports. He felt out of place at Charlottesville High School and looked forward to transferring to Tandem School. None of this affected his grades and he finished the 10th grade with all A's except for one B.

Tandem School had about 60 students when Drayt went there. They were a mixture, mostly rich and probably underachievers in the public schools. Drayt had his ups and downs but we thought the small classes and individual attention was good for him. He did very well and graduated in 1977.

During Ann's last year in high school she started looking at colleges. The summer before, while we were in Little Rock visiting Mother and Daddy, we went to Conway, Arkansas to look at Hendrix College, a small liberal arts school. This seemed to be the type of school she wanted and she decided to apply. On the way home we decided at the last minute to stop by Southwestern at Memphis. She liked it and thought she ought to apply there too. While she looked at other schools, Hendrix and Southwestern were the only two she applied to. Both accepted her. One night during the late winter the president of Southwestern called Ann and said how much they wanted her to attend. That did it. It was off to Memphis in the fall of 1973.

Ann liked Southwestern very much. She graduated with Honors, was selected to *Who's Who in Colleges and Universities*, pledged the Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority like her mother and her grandmother, and dated her future husband, Richard Burns. Between her junior and senior years she bought a new car, a Datsun B210,

with money she had earned. I'm sure that added to her enjoyment that last year. All of us were together at graduation in June, 1977. It was a wonderful event.

In the fall of 1977 Ann enrolled in UVA to work on a masters in architectural history. Her undergraduate major was history and this seemed to be the thing to do. She and Rick had made plans to be married the next year, and graduate school was the answer in the meantime. She lived at home, more grown up than when she left four years before.

That fall Drayt went to Kent State to study architecture. He had spent some time with a local architect in Charlottesville as part of his Tandem senior year and thought he would like to be one himself.

Kent State was recommended by the assistant headmaster at Tandem. We couldn't get Drayt to apply to college in the fall of his senior year. We had gone on a college trip and seen several schools but Drayt had the idea that he would wait a year before going off to school. This was partly encouraged by one of his friends at high school. Finally, around February or March he decided that he would go to college. At that late date there was no chance he could go to one of the better private schools, but he did apply at Kent State. He was placed on their waiting list and later was accepted.

I was disappointed that Drayt would go to what I considered a marginal school, but I was assured by the assistant headmaster that Kent's architecture school was one of the best. As it turned out I think he was right. Drayt liked Kent and did very well there. By the end of the second year, however, he suggested that he drop out

and get a job in an architect's office, "to see if he really wanted to continue in this program." I was opposed for fear he wouldn't complete his education, but finally I agreed on condition that he complete the first semester of his third year. I thought that if he got started in his third year he would continue. That didn't happen, he reminded me of our agreement, and he left Kent for Boston after the first semester. He got a model-building and drafting job with a large firm in Boston and liked it very much. He stayed a year, and on his own he got admitted to the architecture program at Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) in Providence. In a year and a half, in 1982, he had earned his Bachelor of Science in Architecture and in another year his Bachelor of Architecture degree. We missed his first graduation because Ann was receiving her Masters from UVA the same day and she and I wanted to walk down the Lawn together. We made sure to be in Providence for his second.

During his last year at RISD, Drayt applied for several architecture positions. He wrote to a few small firms where he thought he would get a chance to do a variety of things. One firm, Rosenblum and Associates in Charleston, South Carolina, asked him to come for an interview. He was offered a starting position by this small firm that consisted of the principal, his wife (part time treasurer), a receptionist-secretary, and one other architect. Drayt spent a little over three years in Charleston. He seemed to like his job and the area, but when his best friend from RISD called and asked him to join the firm he was with in Providence, Drayt accepted. Before he left Charleston he took the architect's registration exam in Columbia and passed all eleven parts the first time. At that point he was a registered

architect and a member of the American Institute of Architects.

Drayt went back to Providence in January of 1987. He worked for his new firm for just over a year. He was very disturbed when he found out that he was the only registered architect in the firm and was being asked to sign off on all work. Only the architect who was responsible was supposed to sign off on the job. When he objected his boss didn't give him an alternative so he left. He immediately found employment with a larger firm in Cranston, Rhode Island and stayed there four years. In the early 1990s the economy of New England was very poor and construction almost came to a standstill. Drayton's firm was hurt by this decline in building and cut back from 11 employees to 6. Soon it went to a four-day week and then Drayt and one other employee were released.

For the next year Drayt had a very difficult time. He did some freelance work and got a job selling furniture. In early 1994 he went with still another small firm and was made an associate. Throughout 1994 the firm struggled, but at least Drayt had employment. At the end of 1994 he was offered a good job with a large Boston firm. He is very excited about this opportunity and is doing well.

On December 28, 1978, Ann married Richard (Rick) Burns of Jonesboro, Arkansas. Rick was a year behind Ann at Southwestern and they had dated for at least a year and a half at school. They also had seen each other several times during the year when Ann was back in Charlottesville and Rick was completing Southwestern (now Rhodes College).

Rick's family is from Tennessee. His father is from Memphis and his mother from Harriman. His father had met Rick's mother when he was in the Navy. They were married when she was 18, and Rick, the oldest of three boys, was born when his mother was 19. Rick's father went to the University of Tennessee and to the University's medical school. He first practiced in Memphis but soon went to Jonesboro where he is in partnership with several other doctors.

Rick came to Charlottesville to work while Ann finished her master's course work. In the summer of 1979 Ann accepted a job in western Maryland where she and others did a historical survey in two counties. This lasted about 15 months. They then came back to Charlottesville where she could work on her master's thesis. She wrote it on two movie palace builders, Rapp and Rapp.

Since 1981 Ann has worked at the fine arts library at the University of Virginia. She loves her job and would like to be a librarian forever. It seems her love of books has taken her there. She has continued in school and received her Master of Library Science degree in the fall of 1995. In 1989 Rick went back to school and earned his MBA at James Madison University. He now works for Radio Shack.

On June 4, 1987, Caroline Starr Burns was born. She was our first grandchild and of course we thought her the most wonderful thing that ever happened. She was—and is—very pretty with red hair and freckles. Shortly before Caroline arrived, Ann and Rick moved to a small house at 1504 Greenleaf Lane. This is only about a mile from our house so we see them often.

On July 15, 1992 a second grandchild, Robin Elizabeth Burns, was born. Now we have two grandchildren and they produce more than twice the love and affection. We try not to interfere with the Burns family but it is difficult. They are most understanding so Camilla and I think we have the best of all worlds.

The Charlottesville Community

Soon after we moved to Charlottesville in 1964 Camilla and I became active in the community. Our first activity was the Westminster Church. Both next-door neighbors were members, and we had attended and were active in the Presbyterian churches in Sharon and Columbus. Also, I was returning to the church where I had been a member while a student 15 years before.

We were very good about attending Sunday school and church. We felt that the family needed to worship together and the children needed to have this religious experience. We were here for only a few years when I was elected a Deacon. After three years I was then elected an Elder. During my several years as an Elder I served on a number of committees and for a period was Clerk of the Session. I was pleased to be appointed Clerk as Daddy had been Clerk at the Second Presbyterian Church in Little Rock for a number of years.

Ann became a member of the church in due time but to our disappointment, Drayton didn't. We insisted that he go through communicants class when he was 13 but he and his best friend, Bart Landess, decided that they would not join the church.

In 1969 and 1970 all organizations and most individuals were affected by the Vietnam War. There were protests on every campus, including UVA's, and at most gatherings, large or small. The Westminster Church was no different. The ministers, especially the young minister to students, preached against the war, against the government, and against authority in general. When it started getting personal against the university's administration, including President Edgar Shannon who was an Elder in the church, we stopped going to the services. Many of our friends dropped out and the whole experience was most upsetting. We continued and even increased our financial support of the church but for awhile we rarely attended Sunday services.

Shortly after I arrived in Charlottesville I received a call from the Kiwanis Club. It seems that the Kiwanians in Sharon had been in touch and suggested I be contacted. I did join the club and became very active. Eventually I was elected a vice president and then the president of the Charlottesville Kiwanis Club. After being a member for ten years I resigned because they met every Monday night and this was a hardship for me and the family. I traveled a lot for the school and executive education, and I felt that I was spending too many nights away from the family. It was too bad as I enjoyed it and it put me in touch with about eighty non-university Charlottesvilleans.

When we came to Charlottesville in 1964 we transferred our non-resident membership in the Farmington Country Club to a resident membership. The cost of the non-resident membership in 1958 when we first joined was a \$25 initiation fee and \$25 a year dues.

When we became resident members the initiation fee was \$300 with the \$25 non-resident membership fee deductible. When the club went private in the early 1980s all members had to buy a \$2,500 bond that is redeemable upon resignation. We have really enjoyed the club over the years. I play some golf—not as much as I would like—and we often go swimming. Drayt was on the swimming team for years and was a co-captain when he was sixteen. We also eat and host parties at Farmington. The cost for membership today is \$18,000 including the bond. That is a far cry from what we paid 30 years ago.

I also joined the Boar's Head Sports Club when we came to Charlottesville. At the time this was primarily a tennis and luncheon club. I became much more involved with this club and the Boar's Head Inn when the owner, John Rogan, asked me to serve on the Boar's Head Inn and Sports Club board of directors. I served for 12 years and enjoyed it very much.

Meanwhile, Camilla had immediately become involved in the community. She joined the University Wives Club and soon was elected chair of the Newcomers—wives whose husbands had recently come to the University. As such she was on the club's board of directors. She also was invited to join the Junior League and became active in that organization. She volunteered for several years at the League's Opportunity Shop and then was asked to chair that committee. That led to her being asked to help run the shop which she did for several years. In 1977 she began to work part-time as the Associate Studio Director at Recording For The Blind. She had been a volunteer there for several years. She retired from this position in 1993.

These activities gave Camilla a number of contacts at the University and in the community. She likes to say that I can be involved at the Darden School, while her involvement is with the rest of the town. She complains about responsibility but she willingly accepts it, probably because she's so good at it.

Business and Family Travels

Among the highlights of my life have been the many travels I have made. I already mentioned a number of them—Alaska, the Army, Virginia, Harvard, Pittsburgh and other work assignments—all were significant and important to me. There were also many family trips that were just great.

Visiting Mother and Daddy was a must for all the years they were alive. I was always anxious to return to Little Rock and 1524 Schiller Avenue regardless of how difficult it might be to get away and to make the trip. Before and after I was married my visits were usually for one week, but they were wonderful and necessary. I may have been 30 or 40 years old, by myself or with the whole family, but going home was something I just had to do. When I was greeted by Mother and Daddy and then walked in the house—it always had a familiar and pleasant smell—I was home and in a different world. We were treated like visiting dignitaries and that didn't hurt, but it was much more than that. There was just a lot of love for each other and it was so evident. Camilla was immediately accepted and she quickly felt as I did. And the grandchildren were something very special. We were all spoiled for a week or so and just hated to leave.

Since coming to Virginia I have had many occasions to travel throughout the United States, Europe, and Australia. Almost all of these trips have been made on behalf of the School, but a few were personal. When possible, I have added a sightseeing day or two—or more—to the beginning or end of the business trip. Almost always this combination of work and pleasure presented too good an opportunity to pass up.

The first business trip I took to Europe was in 1968. I had met the managing director of the British Institute of Management (BIM), John March, at a seminar in Boston. I was so impressed with his presentation that I invited him to speak to the BAM course at the school. He accepted and did an excellent job. He, in turn, invited me to come to the UK to see what was being done in graduate business education. He also offered to sponsor a Darden School meeting for business executives at the BIM. Dean Abbott approved and suggested that he go with me. Shortly before we were to leave he decided that he couldn't go so I asked another faculty member—Stewart Sheppard—if he would go for at least the school presentation. He readily agreed and we spent two weeks in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Netherlands.

It was a most exciting trip. While Stewart stayed in London I went by train to Manchester to have luncheon meeting with the faculty of the Manchester Business School. That afternoon I flew from Manchester to Dublin for a visit to Trinity College and the Irish Management Institute. From there it was back to London for our presentation at BIM.

On the weekend we went to Cardiff, Wales, where Stewart was born and raised. We spent the whole weekend reminiscing with friends about Stewart's old school days. We even looked for his home but found that it had been torn down and converted into a parking lot. He was most disappointed! We spent Monday in Rotterdam at a new business school. On Tuesday we went to the London Business School. Later in the week we spent some time at University College London. Throughout the trip there was a lot of time for seeing the sights of London. I am sure I was like most first-time visitors, enthralled by the tours of Westminster Abbey, Parliament, the Tower of London, and the other famous places that I had only read about. Stewart was fun to be with, and all in all, the trip was wonderful.

In January 1969, I attended a conference in London. I had met Paul Glover, principal of the National Coal Board's Staff College, when he visited Charlottesville in the fall of 1968. When I told him I was planning to attend this conference he asked me if I would spend a couple of days at the Staff College in Chalfont Saint Giles, Buckinghamshire, to review what they were doing in management education. I thoroughly enjoyed my time with Paul and at the Staff College. His visit to Charlottesville and my three days at his school was the beginning of a warm friendship that lasts to this day.

After two trips to the UK I was determined to take Camilla. The opportunity came the next year when I was invited to teach in a seminar at Brighton. We spent a week sightseeing and teaching in the seminar. The next year, 1972, I was invited back to Brighton. This time we took the kids and spent several days sightseeing.

I have been back to the UK many times since the early seventies. I went to Kingston Upon Thames six times to teach at the Unilever Training Center. One of those times was in 1981 at the time of Prince Charles' wedding. The British really celebrated this and so did I. It was very difficult to get the participants of the program to concentrate on their studies!

In 1978 I took a long weekend away from the Unilever course to fly to Paris and to travel in a rented car for two days to re-visit where I had been in the Army in 1944-1945. I found most of the places I had been in the Sarrebourg and Heilbronn areas. It was thrilling to return to some of these places 33 years later. I even found several houses where I had stayed and the remains of a fox hole I had dug overlooking the town of Bitche, France.

Another fabulous trip was in 1979 when Camilla joined me at the end of a two-week Unilever program. We went to Brussels where we were entertained by a University of Virginia fraternity brother, Jim Myers, and his wife. We also spent a morning sightseeing with the George Van Buskirks. George had been in our wedding and was working for the state of Maryland in their Brussels office. After two days in Brussels we went to Amsterdam by train to begin a Rhine Cruise. It was our 25th wedding anniversary and this was a very special way to celebrate it. At the end of our Rhine cruise I took Camilla to the same places I had visited the year before. I took great pride in leading her through the woods to "my" fox hole. Playing "old soldier" for my wife was especially moving for me.

From 1980 to 1985 I went to Australia for Executive Education on six occasions. In 1980 and 1981 I spent the better part of two weeks visiting companies on behalf of a new two-week program that we initiated in 1979. From 1982 to 1984 I taught the general management portion of the program. In 1985 I went back to visit companies. That year I took Camilla and we had a great time. As I had done on one other occasion, we stopped in Hawaii for a day both going and coming.

It takes a long time to get from Charlottesville to Sydney or Melbourne, and non-stop is exhausting. In addition we saw a little of Hawaii.

One other trip to Europe should be mentioned. After going with me on business-pleasure trips six or eight times, Camilla finally suggested that we go to England just once on holiday—no business. We did just that in 1991 and it was wonderful. We went to London where we hosted a small dinner at the Goring Hotel for several friends and their wives. These included the Paul Glovers, the John Marshs, Don Markwell (Unilever) and his wife, Tom Glynn Jones (British Petroleum) and wife, and Gordon Jones (National Westminster Bank) and his wife. After a couple of days in London we rented a car and went to Cornwall. We stayed at a little inn near Falmouth and just looked around. We were with friends for a nice affair and then went exploring.

Over the years I have gone to many places, almost all of it on business. My years at the University have been filled with travel. I enjoy it, especially when I have someone to share it with. Camilla and I have been to all sorts of places representing the School's MBA and executive education programs. The UNICON meetings have been especially enjoyable. We've been to England,

Belgium, and France in Europe and Palm Springs, San Diego, The Cloisters, the Homestead several times, the Greenbrier, Kiawah, Seabrook, Palm Beach, and many others. With the MBA program we had several very nice trips—one to San Francisco and a few days of vacation on the Monterey Peninsula, and another to Vancouver with several days in Seattle and Victoria.

Another reason for our travels has been to attend reunions. We've gone to a number of them. Two have been high school reunions; Camilla's 25th in Sharon in 1974 and my 50th in Little Rock in 1993. I have been to four Harvard reunions and was a faculty leader in one. I helped organize the UVA Class of 1950's 40th reunion and have attended three 100th Division Association meetings. I'm not sure what that says about me but I do enjoy seeing old friends and reliving good times.

London is our favorite business/vacation destination. I have been there any number of times and Camilla has been with me on a dozen occasions. We almost feel like natives. We usually stay in the Belgravia/Chelsea area in one of two or three favorite hotels. We rarely go to see the historic sights—we've seen most of them several times—so we spend our time walking the neighborhood, shopping, and seeking out interesting little places to eat. Some day we think we will rent an apartment and stay there for a while.

Another favorite of ours is Switzerland. We have gone there three times to visit companies for the School. As usual, we have also taken two or three days on each trip to go sightseeing.

Camilla accuses me of always having “one foot in the road”. It is true that I like to travel and as long as she does too, we will be on the move.

FAMILY TREE

The Starr, Fair, and Case Families (a partial family tree)

