
Wommack's The Art of Parenting

Lessons from the Parents and
Mentors
of Extraordinary Americans

Volumes I, II & III

By
David R. Wommack

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Contents

Dedication	10
Introduction.....	11
An easier childhood?	11
Parenting has changed?	11
Mantras are the past <i>and</i> the future	12
About the Author	15
VOLUME I—THE ART OF PARENTING.....	17
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar	17
Who is Kareem Abdul-Jabbar?	17
Parenting Techniques	20
1—Make each day your masterpiece.	20
2—You are your children’s role models.	22
3—Be slow to criticize and quick to commend.	22
4—The best punishment is not physical, it’s the feeling of letting down those whom you respect.	23
5—Be true to yourself.	23
6—Happiness begins where selfishness ends.	24
7—Bring out the best in people by being sincerely interested in them.....	25
8—Big things are accomplished only through the perfection of minor details.	25
9—The man who is afraid to risk failure seldom has to face success.....	26
10—Families, teams, and companies win with teamwork.....	26
11—Persistence wins.	27
12—Get your priorities in order.....	28
13—Be fair and use discipline to improve results.	28
John Wooden’s Seven-Point Creed	29
Quote from Kareem Abdul-Jabbar	29
LANCE ARMSTRONG	31
Who is Lance Armstrong?.....	31
Parenting Techniques	34
1—Make every obstacle an opportunity.	34
2—Talk to your children as adults.....	34
3—You have to do it yourself. No one is going to do it for you.....	36
Quotes from Linda Armstrong	38
Quotes from Lance Armstrong	38
WARREN BUFFETT	39
Who is Warren Buffett?.....	39
Parenting Techniques	41
1—Take them to work, your place of business, and involve them.	41
3—At the dinner table have serious discussions about important issues.....	42
4—Encourage competition, not based on sports, in business and numbers.....	42
5—Teach them to enjoy talking with and to adults.	43
6—Allow them to learn investing by themselves.	43

WOMMACK'S THE ART OF PARENTING

7—Let them repeatedly experience the difference between manual work and other work.....	44
8—Teach them to consider all the consequences of their actions and not take anything for granted.	44
9—Put down arrogance long before it becomes a character trait.....	44
10—Raise the book: <i>How to Win Friends and Influence People</i> by Dale Carnegie, to the level of a mantra.	45
11—Demand they think for themselves and be able to orally support their thinking with clear logic.....	45
Quotes from Warren Buffett.....	46
JULIA CHILD	47
Who was Julia Child?	47
Parenting Techniques	51
1—Encourage your older children to wait awhile after college before getting married. Use that time to travel, explore, learn to live on their own, and find their own identity.	51
ELIZABETH EDWARDS.....	53
Who was Elizabeth Edwards?	53
Parenting Techniques	54
1—Teach empathy for others' troubles.....	54
2—Learn to talk to anyone.....	55
3—Consider sending your daughter to a women's college.....	56
EDWARD KENNEDY.....	59
Who was Edward Kennedy?	59
Parenting Techniques	62
1—Hammer out different areas of child development for you and your spouse, and work hard to reinforce them.	62
2—Build strong family bonds.	64
3—Develop mantras for the family.....	65
4—Read to them when they are young.	66
5—Eat dinner together and discuss important world news events and ideas...	67
6—Teach them to fight their own battles.....	68
SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR	69
Who is Sandra Day O'Connor?	69
Parenting Techniques	72
1—Teach genuine interest in other people.....	72
2—Allow your children to work with you.	72
3—Show them the job should be done right.	73
4—Let them memorize important prose and practice dramatic recitation.	73
5—Discuss current events at the dinner table.	74
RONALD REAGAN	75
Who was Ronald Reagan?.....	75
Parenting Techniques	78
1—Build your ideals and values into your children.....	78
2—Build empathy with ordinary people.	79

3—Firmly reject racial bigotry.....	79
4—Insist that your teenage children work each summer—even if they or you don't need the money.	80
5—Teach your children about risk—how to assess and take risks intelligently.	81
6—Find ways for your children to act and speak—excellent talents for any profession.	82
Quotes from Ronald Reagan	83
YVONNE THORNTON.....	85
Who is Yvonne Thornton?	85
Parenting Techniques	86
1—Show your children how to overcome discrimination.	86
2—Set a culture of thriftiness-by-example.	87
3—Define education as their primary goal.	88
4—Show them how to beat their weaknesses.	88
5—Give them life goals.	89
6—Supervise their study time closely.....	89
7—Show them what will happen in life if they slacken and get lazy.	90
8—Drill them in proper behavior and etiquette.	90
9—Create a harsh scenario if girls get pregnant.	91
10—Ask them to exceed their previous best.....	92
11—Repeatedly explain the consequences of wrong actions.	92
12—Don't glorify or glamorize luck.	92
13—Instill a built-in determination and drive toward their goals.	93
14—Insist on punctuality.	93
Quotes from Donald Thornton	94
ALICE WALKER.....	95
Who is Alice Walker?	95
Parenting Techniques	99
1—Emphasize the power and knowledge to be gained from reading.....	99
2—Invest in rectifying psychological boulders.	100
DENZEL WASHINGTON.....	103
Who is Denzel Washington?	103
Parenting Techniques	106
1—Let your child participate in a quality extracurricular organization.....	106
3—Let them earn their own spending money.	108
4—Encourage them to read and debate quality magazines and newspapers. ..	109
Quotes from Denzel Washington	109
VOLUME I – BIBLIOGRAPHY	111
VOLUME II – THE ART OF PARENTING	115
NANCY BRINKER.....	115
Who is Nancy Brinker?	115
Parenting Techniques	117
1—Teach your children that health is a very serious matter.....	117
2—Teach stewardship	119

WOMMACK'S THE ART OF PARENTING

3—Practice the withering gaze	119
4—Nurture their self-worth.....	120
5—When you see a wrong, right it.....	121
6—Teach them how to sell and give them opportunities to sell	121
HILLARY CLINTON	123
Who is Hillary Rodham Clinton?	123
Parenting Techniques	128
1—Find your guts in tough situations	128
2—Doing two things at once is not rocket science	128
3—Don't tolerate waste.	129
4—Don't give in to bullying, whether you are a child or adult	130
5—Do all the good you can.....	130
6—Be accepting of different opinions	131
DWIGHT EISENHOWER	133
Who was Dwight Eisenhower?	133
Parenting Techniques	138
1—Let them experience hard, physical work.....	138
2—Teach them to control their temper	139
3—Encourage motivation via ethics rather than punishment	140
4—Encourage competition.....	140
5—Encourage debating	140
GEORGE FOREMAN.....	143
Who is George Foreman?	143
Parenting Techniques	146
1—Establish the correct role for children: Obedience to parents	146
2—Instill confidence	147
3—Learn to control your temper.....	148
4—Give them wings to fly	148
Quotes from George Foreman	150
ANDY GROVE	151
Who is Andy Grove?	151
Parenting Techniques	154
1—Teach them to speak up and be aggressive	154
2—Find a mentor & present ideas forcefully	155
3—Learn to be tough.....	156
4—Sit in the first row of classes	157
Quotes from Andy Grove	158
QUINCY JONES	159
Who is Quincy Jones?	159
Parenting Techniques	162
1—Praise real talent, when coupled with effort and determination	162
2—Don't waste anything	163
3—Be proud of your work & do it well	163
Quote from Quincy Jones, Jr.	163
WILMA MANKILLER	164

Who was Wilma Mankiller?.....	164
Parenting Techniques	169
1—Show your children that you are not afraid to tackle tough problems	169
2—Emphasize the hard aspects of life	170
3—Don't be afraid to show affection for your spouse.....	171
4—Don't be afraid to occasionally get mad.....	171
PAUL NEWMAN.....	173
Who was Paul Newman?.....	173
Parenting Techniques	179
1—Introduce your passions to your children	179
2—Imbue a love of reading and great literature.....	180
GEORGE SOROS	181
Who is George Soros?	181
Parenting techniques.....	184
1—Follow a non-didactic path to teaching important life skills	184
2—Instill a sense of the need for substantive philanthropy—helping others ..	186
3—Working for yourself is more rewarding than brokering for others	187
4—Shun prominence as a means of survival	188
5—When taking risks, don't bet the ranch.....	189
Quotes from George Soros	189
NAOMI WOLF.....	191
Who is Naomi Wolf?.....	191
Parenting Techniques	193
1—Destroy the box	193
2—Do nothing without passion.....	193
3—Teach them to be disciplined with their gifts	194
4—Be still and listen	194
5—Pay attention to the details	195
VOLUME II – BIBLIOGRAPHY	197
VOLUME III–THE ART OF PARENTING.....	201
MICHAEL BLOOMBERG	201
Who is Michael Bloomberg?.....	201
1—Persevere in the face of adversity.....	204
2—Learn to negotiate.....	204
3—Consider excelling in smaller ponds	205
Quotations from Michael Bloomberg:.....	206
RACHEL CARSON	209
Who was Rachel Carson?.....	209
Parenting Techniques	212
1—Encourage your children to deeply experience your passions	212
WALT DISNEY	215
Who was Walt Disney?	215
Parenting Techniques	217
1—Live in a place that excites and nurtures the imagination	217
2—Encourage real artistic talent and progress.....	219

WOMMACK'S THE ART OF PARENTING

DEBBI FIELDS	223
Who is Debbi Fields?	223
Parenting Techniques	225
1—Emphasize that earning, not dreaming, brings you closer to your wishes	225
2—Everyone needs to feel important.....	225
3—Your excitement and the way you present yourself makes all the difference.....	226
4—Be willing to provide modest financial support to their entrepreneurial ideas.....	227
TED GEISEL	229
Who was Ted Geisel?	229
1—Whatever you do, do it to perfection	231
2—Feed and support your child's natural abilities	232
BILLY GRAHAM.....	235
Who is Billy Graham?	235
Parenting Techniques	237
1—Instill an appreciation for the teachings of the Bible and the power of prayer.....	237
2—Encourage respect for competency, no matter the race	238
3—Let them experience selling.....	238
STEVE JOBS.....	241
Who was Steve Jobs?	241
Parenting Techniques	246
1—Let your children appreciate perfection	246
2—Teach them how to negotiate based on accurate information	247
3—Build your children's imagination and confidence with do-it-yourself kits.....	248
Quotations from Steve Jobs:.....	249
Quotations about Steve Jobs.....	249
MICHAEL JORDAN.....	251
Who is Michael Jordan?	251
Parenting Techniques	254
1—Emphasize the Golden Rule	254
2—Don't let obstacles and anxieties defeat you.	254
3—Practice the fundamentals.....	255
4—Build a team	255
5—Separate money from values and long-term goals	256
BARACK OBAMA	257
Who is Barack Obama?	257
Parenting Techniques	261
1—Keep it simple.....	261
2—Grade to their potential.....	262
3—Learn to listen.....	262
4—Exude confidence	262
JANE PAULEY	263

Who is Jane Pauley?	263
Parenting Techniques	267
1—Use contests to build your children’s competitive instincts	267
2—Involve your children in debating	267
3—Encourage your children to participate in leadership organizations	269
PAUL VOLCKER, JR.	271
Who is Paul Volcker?	271
Parenting Techniques	273
1—Be frugal	273
2—Public service is a worthwhile and noble profession	274
3—Maintain an appearance of propriety in all your affairs	274
VOLUME III – BIBLIOGRAPHY	277
OTHER BOOKS BY DAVID R. WOMMACK	279

Dedication

To Virginia—my lovely wife, inspiration, and partner in many adventures. She lights up my life.

To my wonderful parents — my father, Kenneth Wommack, and late mother, Mary Jean Wommack — who nurtured me and my siblings: Paul, Jane and Dick, from day one. Both were kind, yet strict when appropriate. Both worked hard to instill the concepts of right and wrong, of God and religion. And we benefited greatly from our parents' calm encouragement to better ourselves through education and hard work, to broaden our horizons, and to show compassion toward others.

To the inspiration for this book — Dr. Yvonne Thornton, whose book *The Ditchdigger's Daughters* should be considered a classic of great parenting. With her generosity I have quoted from her two books, the other being *Something to Prove: A Daughter's Journey to Fulfill a Father's Legacy*. However, to all readers who find this book useful, I would highly recommend reading her books.

Introduction

An easier childhood?

There is a deep-seated river that contrarily runs through most American parenting. The belief that “my children” should have it easier than we, as parents, had it — when we were growing up.

That is the worst mantra of parents! Spoiling your kids is *the worst curse* you can bestow upon your kids *and* yourself. It will come back to haunt you. Over and over and over. And then it will be too late.

Spare the rod, spoil the child

An old adage. Well, maybe we’ve grown up a little and are now more accomplished at avoiding corporeal punishment, except in the most egregious situations. But we continue to spoil them in other ways. Excess money. Excess toys. Excess time on their hands with nothing constructive to do. Excess trivia in their lives.

Until we grasp the need to *not* coddle our children, instead to treat them “above their grade level,” we are almost certain to fail in our primary task: *Educating them and preparing them for the future.*

First of all, few parents today *really* had a very, very rough time of it growing up. You survived. Your children can too.

Second, laxity in parenting is supremely reflected in laxity in kids. The mirror reflects the parents’ example. Want flabby kids? Flabby in body and mind? Just allow them to eat Twinkies 24x7, be couch potatoes, avoid doing any homework, and curse their teachers. It will happen AUTOMATICALLY. Fat, flabby kids. Poorly educated. Graduating (maybe) with no decent job prospects. Never leaving the nest — or fleeing back to it repeatedly. IT WILL HAPPEN.

Parenting has changed?

From 19th Century midwifery and nannies, to the 21st Century “How To” books, the landscape of parenting has changed dramatically over the ages. It hasn’t been made easier. Just more complicated. We’re bombarded with suggestions. Those suggestions in part reflect today’s life-speed and communication capabilities. Which are often embraced more by our children and teenagers. But wait. Multi-tasking at the speed of light just speeds up *bad* parenting. New technology distracts parents from impressing solid education precepts. After all, parents and mentors *are* teachers. Teachers *need* to teach. Teachers *must* teach. Children, left to their own, will learn either *what they want to learn* or *what someone other than you teaches them.*

Of course, not every minute of the day is a teaching moment. Careful selection by you as parents of expanded teaching moments — and really concentrating on

driving home those moments to your children — bring memorable results. And that is *exactly* the desired result.

Other parenting books explore the theoretical parenting landscape. They offer broad concepts. Vague implementation strategies. Or focus on the grinding mechanics of parenting the youngest kids. Those books have their place. *This book*, on the other hand, offers precise phrases and sensible patterns of family behavior that produced *great* Americans. They worked for those parents and mentors. *They can and will work for you too.*

Mantras are the past *and* the future

Mantras are the 16th Century *and* 21st Century way to lock *your* ideals, standards, ethics, and principles into formative minds.

Your teaching = their learning and remembering.

Mantras *by definition* demand repetition. The phrasing may stay the same or almost the same. The stories, the elaboration, the background, the colors may bob and weave — but the cores of the mantras stay fixed. *Stars to remember and guide one through life.*

Different families, different parents, different mentors — favor some precepts over others. It doesn't make one set superior. You choose your own mantras. Maybe they're here in this book. Maybe a few of yours are unique. But *the process is the same.*

Define your mantras, your adages. And bear down repetitively — over and over and over.

Parenting, mentoring, is a two-decade-long process. *Saying a truism once, twice, three times is absurdly insufficient.* Sometime kids listen. Often they don't. But saying it a hundred, two hundred times, over ten to twenty years, hammers even the most stubborn youth.

Will they remember them? Will they follow them? That depends on many factors. Are you and your spouse setting the *examples* that follow your own advice? That's probably the largest determinant. Are you smothering your children? Or giving them room to make their own mistakes and learn? Reining them back afterward for constructive advice, encouragement, and support? Preparing them to go *back* into the arena to fight another battle — *armed with your teachings?*

Now, there are certainly famous, extraordinary personalities that had no parenting. Some had very dysfunctional parenting. Lousy. Misguided. Awful. Those famous men and women made it. They achieved fame, fortune, important results themselves. So why should you care?

The answer is simple. You are a parent. *You have a responsibility* as a parent to impart *your* values and knowledge to your children. To set them on the right path of life. You can't rely on their randomly picking the correct life course. *Mantras*

are the way of old – and new!

Volumes I through III of his book will present the mantras and mentoring techniques that taught *thirty extraordinary Americans*. These techniques, *these words and phrases WORK!* They can become your mantras! Used enough they will become your son's or daughter's mantras.

You can't use them once and expect them to instantly imprint on your kid's brain. Mantras must be repeated almost ad nauseam. Until your teenager, your son, your daughter hears them, sees them, thinks them — whether they are awake or asleep. *Until they NEVER FORGET THEM.*

On your side are some of the smartest, most creative, most determined, most astute parents and mentors that ever lived! They threw their whole life into educating their children. Not in classroom ABC's. Not necessarily in the classroom 3 R's: reading, writing, arithmetic. *They educated their children in HOW TO LIVE LIFE.* Some of their accomplishments include:

—How to compete.

—How to lead.

—How to give back to others.

—How to dig deeper into financial statements than anyone else.

—How to train and work with others for common goals.

—How to build coalitions and navigate political shoals to achieve historic legislation.

We parents may have academic degrees up the kazoo — from Bachelor's degrees, to MBA's, to PhD's. But we often haven't a clue as to:

—The excellent parenting techniques that begat many great Americans.

—The best *oral response* to our children's actions?

—The best way to frame the goals we want them to learn?

—The best ways to prepare them for leadership, financial acumen, empathy with others?

The three volumes of this book *uniquely* bring together the best parenting and mentoring advice given to thirty great Americans as they were growing up. *Straight up advice. No bull.* I take a microscope to their upbringing. *The EXACT, SPECIFIC techniques and words their parents or mentors used.* To motivate them. To inspire them. Inspire them not just to succeed, *but to rise above all others.*

What parenting techniques separate *historically* great parenting and mentoring — that produces awesome offspring? *That's what these volumes, for the first time, set out to accomplish.*

Thirty great Americans. Crossing all walks of life:

Gender

Race

Religion

Politics

Professions

Techniques, words, phrases, *mantras* — ringing in your children's ears and continuing to ring in their adult minds. Until now no one has distilled these into one book — to propel our offspring to incredible success — *to rich, vivid lives that enrich us all*.

So, select the mantras *you need* from this book and make them work *for you*.

Best wishes on your parenting journey,

David R. Wommack

About the Author

David R. Wommack

I had a passionate belief that this book *needed* to be written.

My professional background is forty years in sales and marketing, accounting and finance, publishing, and art. I have a Bachelor's degree in business from Carnegie-Mellon University and a Master's degree in Business Administration from New York University.

This book is the culmination of three years of research, reading and reviewing over 500 autobiographies or biographies — using the resources of the San Diego Public Library. Many thanks for the use of its resources and librarians' assistance and patience.

In many cases, it was the *autobiographies* of these eleven extraordinary Americans that proved the most useful and instructive. It meant getting the information:

Straight from the horse's mouth.

I retired early in 2000, and now devote my time to writing and fine oil painting. My website, www.davewommack.com, showcases my paintings and photographic art — primarily expressionist portraits and figures.

VOLUME I—THE ART OF PARENTING

KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is an African American former professional basketball player with the National Basketball Association's Milwaukee Bucks and Los Angeles Lakers—and a coach, actor, and author.

John Wooden, Kareem's mentor, coached basketball at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Who is Kareem Abdul-Jabbar?

He played basketball. Like no other. A career with the Milwaukee Bucks and Los Angeles Lakers professional basketball teams. Spanning the years 1969–1989. Scored more points (at that time) than any other league player in history.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was born Lewis "Lew" Alcindor, Jr. on April 16, 1947. Raised in New York City. The son of Cora Lillian, a department store price checker, and Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor, Sr., a transit police officer whose hobby was playing jazz. Going back in time, his family history started in Africa as Muslim slaves, brought to Trinidad and subsequently brought to America by a French planter named Alcindor. Although reared as a Catholic, Lew converted to Islam and changed his name to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar after his father's research brought the family history to light.

High school. With Lew, his high school basketball team won seventy-one consecutive games.

The University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA). In Lew's freshman year at UCLA a prescient upset occurred on the court. The preseason number one pick nationally was the 1965–1966 UCLA Bruin team. But on November 27, 1965 the freshman team, led by Lew Alcindor, defeated the varsity team 75–60. During that game Lew scored *fifty-one points*. During his collegiate years at UCLA he played on three National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) championship teams.

He was the consummate center. Seven-feet two-inches tall, 225 pounds. The number one pick of the first round draft in 1969. After graduating from UCLA, Lew played from 1969–1974 for the Milwaukee Bucks and from 1975–1989 for the Los Angeles Lakers. Playing center position, he was regarded as one of the

best players of all time. His relative lack of body bulk was made up for by his invention and ambidextrous use of the “skyhook” — a shot that was nearly impossible for a defender to block without drawing a penalty. It contributed to his becoming the eighth most accurate scorer of all time — with a .559 field goal accuracy. With his team he won six NBA championships and an equal number of regular season Most Valuable Player awards.

UCLA is widely considered the finest state-run university system in America, and consistently ranked one of the top universities in the United States. During his entire time at UCLA, there was one coach that shaped and molded Kareem's on-court playing and approach to life and competition. He was the single most influential person in Kareem's early path to stardom. That person was the legendary UCLA Bruins coach John Wooden.

Subsequent to his professional basketball career, Kareem worked as an assistant coach and head coach with various professional teams. He also acted in several minor movie roles, notably in the *Game of Death*, *Airplane*, and *Fletch* and about a dozen television series. And authored two autobiographies: *Giant Steps* and *Kareem*.

John Robert Wooden was the winningest professional U.S. basketball coach in history. And the most beloved. Not only for his coaching of the game, but equally for his coaching of how to live life.

John Wooden was born in 1910 in Hall, Indiana to Roxie Anna and Joshua High Wooden. Joshua was a tenant farmer and mailman. The Wooden farm raised corn, wheat, alfalfa, watermelons, and tomatoes. John grew up with three brothers on the farm with no electricity, no inside plumbing, and water drawn from a hand-pump. Especially in those days of almost no mechanization, FARMING was spelled HARD WORK. He learned never to shun it. Like most farm boys, John had to do every conceivable chore on the farm, including his least favorites: weeding and bugging potatoes, and worming and picking tomatoes. His favorite was milking cows. At the same time he developed empathy for the migrant laborers toiling in the fields under the hot sun of the Central California San Joaquin Valley.

John's mother, Roxie Anna, served as his touchstone. Without electricity or plumbing, she raised the family of four boys. Washing, ironing, cooking, mending, canning. All by herself. While at the same time assisting her husband with the farming. Never a complaint. Always patient and ready to tackle the hardest chores. Wooden recalls,

I learned from her what hard work really means and that it's part of life. She always knew what had to be done and she did it. (Wooden, Wooden: A Lifetime . . . 5)

In athletics John led his Martinsville, Indiana high school basketball team to three consecutive championships. At Purdue University, and later playing several years of professional ball in Indianapolis, he piled up first upon firsts. During one

professional forty-six-game stretch he made 134 *consecutive* free throws.

Along the way he took many jobs to support himself: ice cream factory worker, grocery boxer, garbage collector, harvest worker in the adjacent states' wheat fields, and concrete pourer. *Whatever was necessary* to get a good education and play basketball.

In the town of Martinsville, termed by a 2002 article in the *New Yorker* magazine as one of the most racist in America, John's upbringing squelched those racist thoughts. His later coaching exhibited no such traits. He favored talent over race, faith over spite.

Wooden's refusal to submit to or participate in any form of racial prejudice is one of the hallmarks of his life and career. Since the 1930's, in his quiet, determined way, by action and example — such as walking out en masse with high school teams on restaurants that discriminated, refusing to play in tournaments that would not allow athletes of color to play, finding athletes housing in the 1950's segregated Westwood — Wooden stood his ground firmly and peacefully . . . This awareness of, sensitivity to and rebellion against racism is his most heroic but least known contribution to sport.

While coaching at Indiana State in 1946, Wooden refused to allow his team to compete in the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (NAIA) conference championship games. Because blacks were not permitted to play. Considering that this was his *first* college coaching job, that was courageous beyond belief. When he started coaching at UCLA, he found that the school promoted racial harmony, equality, and acceptance better than any other college at the time. It was a paradigm for the future of sports — fielding such greats as Jackie Robinson (baseball) and Ralph Bunche (football, baseball and basketball) of the 1920's. Because Wooden coached and played integrated teams as soon as he got to UCLA, the other universities in the NCAA had to do likewise — or risk, from a talent perspective, not being able to compete.

John Wooden lived his conscience. He never shirked from it. Never hedged. Wooden's "leadership against racism also welded and melded individuals into teams that fought, not just on the court, but anywhere the integrity of the team was challenged, and forged friendships that have lasted lifetimes."

Arriving at UCLA in 1948, he faced a team that was faltering and lackluster. He achieved one of the rarest turnarounds: an "instant" championship season — going from a 12–13 record the prior season to a 22–7 division championship. His entire coaching career was spent at UCLA, where he won ten NCAA championships in ten years, set a record of eighty-eight consecutive wins, thirty-eight straight NCAA tournament wins, and four perfect 30–0 seasons. *Incredible!* He never made more than \$35,000 a year, and according to the owner of the Los Angeles Lakers, turned down offers to coach the Lakers that were *ten times* his salary at UCLA.

John Wooden met his future wife, Nellie “Nell” Riley, at a carnival in 1926 when John was but age 16 — eventually resulting in a beautiful fifty-eight-year union and two children. John remained devoted to Nell, even decades after her death. On the 21st of each month following her death, he visited her grave, and then wrote a love letter to her. After finishing the letter, he placed it in an envelope and added it to a stack of similar letters that accumulated over the years — on the pillow she slept on during their life together.

John Wooden’s faith had a huge influence on his life. He read the Bible daily and attended the First Christian Church. Following through, John Wooden made it plain to his family, his friends and his players that:

Basketball is not the ultimate. It is of small importance in comparison to the total life we live. (Wooden, They Call Me . . . 95)

Yes, he coached, but much more than that, he taught his players how to live a worthwhile life — and backed it up by his stellar character and example.

. . . pure of heart, modest, trusting, humble, understated, serene, without pretense or hidden agenda, sincere, straightforward, intelligent, quick, confident, and filled with such a profound decency and tremendous inner strength . . . ferociously dedicated, meticulously detailed, and as principled as a saint. — Steve Jamison (Wooden, Wooden: A Lifetime . . . xxxi)

To Kareem, John Wooden’s basketball required three overriding and all-encompassing tasks: “supreme conditioning, solid fundamentals, and a commitment to team play.” Attend to those and the championships would inexorably follow. In team meetings and blackboard drills, he didn’t place a lot of faith. Follow his basketball trinity, then do your best, and the wins will come. A very simple dictum. Kareem placed his complete faith in Wooden. It never wavered. And the results were *spectacular*.

John Wooden had faith in his players — as players and human beings. He nurtured them, fed them in both aspects. And they responded in kind. They never doubted his confidence in their talent and their personality. His impact on his players was huge. Beyond the court, beyond the school, reaching their inner strength and soul. Positive values, instilled day in and day out, never to be forgotten. As Kareem so succinctly stated, “He was the real thing. His example in my life continues to be bright and shining.”

Parenting Techniques

1—Make each day your masterpiece.

John Wooden’s overarching precept of basketball practice was not to focus on the usual goal: winning the particular game or championship. NO. His focus was more immediate.

Every day was important to Coach Wooden. He deplored talking about winning

the next game, winning the Championship. Instead he wanted his players to try as hard as they could to make *this* practice, *this* day, their masterpiece. Ignore what is beyond your control. Ignore the distractions of the future actions of others. Ignore yesterday. It's over and done with. You can't reclaim it. You can't change it. Learn, but don't dwell on the past. Don't assume that past successes will automatically happen again. NOW is the time. NOW is ready for you. NOW is your masterpiece. Make the most of it *and* TODAY.

The door to the past has been shut and the key thrown away. You can do nothing about tomorrow. It is yet to come. However, tomorrow is in large part determined by what you do today. So make today a masterpiece. You have control over that. (Wooden, Wooden: A Lifetime . . . 11)

Becoming better, a little better each day — *that* is what life is all about. And over time you can become *a lot better* — maybe even approaching the best you can be. Lost days can't be made up. So concentrate on TODAY.

Don't think you can make up for it by working twice as hard tomorrow. If you have it within your power to work twice as hard, why aren't you doing it now? (Wooden, Wooden: A Lifetime . . . 12)

Your absolute best must be your goal, whether it is for your country, your community, your job, your family, or your marriage. Your character is formed by your striving — or lack thereof. Perfection is an impossibility. But *striving* for perfection is not. Do your best. Under the current conditions. *Now*. **WHAT IS WRONG IS IF YOU FAIL TO PREPARE TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY.**

Success is not fame or fortune. Success is working smart and trying as hard as you can. By doing that you honor yourself. You don't have control over many things in life. Serendipity. Luck. They exist. But your own effort is what CHARACTER is all about.

On Coach Wooden's teams the players had no control over how big or tall they were. What they *did* have control over — by practicing like demons — was their ability, their quickness, their defensive and offensive skills. *You* determine your level of effort. *You alone* determine whether you've worked your hardest to become the best.

Doesn't the Buddhist religion stress that "the journey" is the goal? So many of John Wooden's admirers found that hard to understand — that he derived his greatest satisfaction out of the preparation — the "journey" — day after day, week after week, year after year. The score of the game is very secondary. It's the *effort* you put into the preparation and the game that counts.

—Make each day your masterpiece.

—Don't let yesterday take up too much of today. (Wooden, *Coach Wooden* . . . 71)

—There is no progress without change. (Wooden, *Wooden on Leadership* . . . 14)

—*Show me* what you can do, don't tell me. (Wooden, *They Call Me . . .* 123)

2—You are your children's role models.

Your faults will be magnified in your children. You and your wife set the example. *For good or bad, your children will inevitably follow your example.* Cutting corners, telling little lies, sneaking off, flirting with women, bad language, beating your wife, shoplifting? A child's mind magnifies these little things — to where “shoplifting” is OK (you do it) and almost the OK equivalent of adults' “theft of trustee monies” or “taking bribes from vendors” (if they do it). Magnified 3X. Or magnified 10X. With all the resulting consequences.

John Wooden believed that the most powerful form of education is the role model, and modern-day fathers too often neglect it. Wrapped up in making a living, they don't spend enough time with their children — educating and reinforcing the character traits of responsible behavior. Principles, values and ideals. Children naturally gravitate to respecting their parents. And emulating those they respect — FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

Respect is something that has to come from how you treat the players, the game itself, and your preparation. It cannot be demanded from the players.

Wooden's father instilled in him what he called “two sets of threes”. Easy to remember. Simple. Direct.

Never lie

Never cheat

Never steal

And

Don't whine

Don't complain

Don't make excuses (Wooden, Wooden on Leadership . . . 71)

John had these drummed into him, providing a compass for living by your own abilities, not those of others, and he echoed them into the same demands of his children and players.

Don't magnify *your faults* in your children. Magnify *your good qualities and ideals*. Be a role model for your children.

3—Be slow to criticize and quick to commend.

Don't speak ill of others.

Too many people are hyper-critical of others, yet they ignore their own faults and lack of drive. Sure, some criticism is natural, but a daily regimen corrodes the mind. Everyone else is wrong, at fault. But *I* don't look closely at *myself*. *I*

couldn't perform half-as-well as the one being criticized, but I still spit my venom at him or her.

John Wooden put the focus on his player's performance, not on his opponents. Fix *yourself* before you waste a lot of time criticizing your opponents. What are you doing to fix yourself? What is your plan to fix yourself before the game? Where are you weakest? Details. Details. Details. NO EXCUSES. NO LIP. JUST SHOW ME.

IMPROVE YOURSELF. That should be your goal. Criticizing others wastes your time and that of everyone around you. Be slow to criticize and quick to commend.

4—The best punishment is not physical, it's the feeling of letting down those whom you respect.

With John Wooden's family as they were growing up, and later with his six-foot to seven-foot-plus UCLA Bruin players, corporeal punishment — beatings, physical discipline, or the fear of same — was a non-starter. He didn't do it. Instead he substituted disapproval. The disapproved action brought a mini-lecture and sigh:

You have disappointed me. I thought you were better than this. I thought you were stronger than this. It saddens me. I've tried to teach you right. And you've let me down. But I know you are made of stronger character and can overcome this. I believe in you. I believe you can do better.
(Wooden, *Wooden: A Lifetime . . .* 116)

Pride in yourself, to overcome temptations and mistakes — motives far more effective than direct punishment.

Pride is a better motivator than fear

5—Be true to yourself.

This was the first dictum of John Wooden. But you must define yourself before you can do it.

Who are you? Where do you come from? What are your values? How does religion affect your life? How do you interact or want to interact with others? How do you want others to treat you? How do you treat others?

You must be able to clarify your core principles and how you wish society and others to view you. Only then can you be true to that vision of yourself.

As Polonius said to his son Laertes in William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*,

This above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

It takes courage to define yourself, then to follow it like a guiding star — correcting course every time you err.

—*Ability may get you to the top, but it takes character to keep you there.*
(Wooden, *Wooden on Leadership* . . . 43)

—*What is right is more important than who is right.*

—*“If I were ever prosecuted for my religion, I truly hope there would be enough evidence to convict me.”* (*Esquire Magazine*, 115)

—*Don't let making a living prevent you from making a life.* (Wooden, *Coach Wooden* . . . 32)

So who are you? Define yourself, and every day take a compass reading. Be true to yourself.

6—Happiness begins where selfishness ends.

Help others. All the world's great religions espouse some form of the Golden Rule:

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

John Wooden restated it as “Help Others”. He believed and taught that perhaps the greatest joy in the world comes from helping others. No day is perfect if you have not done some good deed, helped another, without a thought of getting something in return. Thinking you'll get something back ruins the deed. It's not the same. Wooden often quoted James Russell Lowell's writings:

*It's not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives of himself of his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me.* (Lowell, 302)

Wow!

As Calvin Coolidge once observed, no one remembers the recipient, only the giver:

No person was ever honored for what he received. Honor has been the reward for what he gave. (Templeton, 4)

And Jesus said:

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

But do we really believe that? *If* you do, then your path is clear.

Religion teaches us that all our earthly possessions are but gifts from God, which we did not earn and which can disappear anytime. So putting them to the most use — with others, helping others — feeds us too. But more often than not we fail to acknowledge our thanks for what we have that we did nothing for: life itself, flowers, trees, family and friends. We take them for granted.

Wooden believed, *truly believed*, that the things we want most — happiness, freedom, and peace of mind — are always attained when we give them to others.

The smallest good deed is better than the best intention. (Wooden, Coach Wooden . . . 88)

People are usually as happy as they make up their mind to be.

Remember the Golden Rule and help others. It is the *real* secret to true happiness.

When selfishness ends, happiness begins.

7—Bring out the best in people by being sincerely interested in them.

You've seen the talk show host who hasn't done his homework about his guest, and who's only interested in making the interview a platform for his own jokes. It's shameful. It's transparent. And the viewer learns nothing.

It's true for everyone. If you are sincerely interested in your friends, your players, your teammates, your fellow workers and employees, your family — then it will *show*. Whether it's the way you lean in to hear what they have to say, or look them steadily in the eyes and respond with understanding — **THEY KNOW**.

Likewise, if you aren't interested in them, if you aren't really listening, if you don't care — **THEY KNOW**. If you don't mean it, **THEY KNOW**. So which will it be? You bring no honor to your mission by being insincere to others. You educate no one. You fool no one — not your children, your wife, your work group members — by “faking” sincerity. **BUT WHEN YOU ARE SINCERE, THEY LISTEN, THEY LEARN, THEY RESPECT YOU.**

Sincerity shows through in other ways too. People who are sincere *are* more interesting to their friends and to others they meet. That drives closer, more satisfying, longer-lasting relationships.

Be sincerely interested in others.

8—Big things are accomplished only through the perfection of minor details.

Details create success. The tiniest details matter. Whether the subject is a winning team or a successful company, attention to 1,000 details or 10,000 details makes all the difference. Two teams can have the same strategy. Fifty companies can have the same strategy. But the one that pays attention to every one of the thousands of details wins. **EACH ONE NAILED WITH PERFECTION.**

Many details may seem trivial, unimportant, and overlookable. To some outsiders they are, but to many they *are* noticeable. To insiders each should be important.

Coach Wooden illustrated his fanatical attention to detail by socks. Socks? Smooth socks.

Before each practice, before each game quarter, he would insist every player very carefully check with their fingers for any folds or creases in their socks, starting at the toes and sliding the hand along the side of and under the foot, smoothing the sock out as the fingers passed over it. Paying special attention to the heel because that is where wrinkles are most likely.

He watched each player step through this regimen. *No exceptions.* No laxity. Because he knew that wrinkles, folds, creases cause blisters. Blisters inhibit performance.

Every perfectly done detail gives you, your children, your team, or your company an infinitesimal edge. Enough of those and with luck you'll become a winner in anything you try to achieve.

Little things make big things happen. It's the little details that are vital to achieving big goals.

9—The man who is afraid to risk failure seldom has to face success.

Winners make the most mistakes. John Wooden remembers his coach at Purdue University, Ward L. "Piggy" Lambert, emphasizing this:

The team that makes the most mistakes will probably win. (Wooden, My Personal Best . . . 74)

Wooden subscribed to this idea because it holds a lot of truth. The child or player who is trying the hardest, *doing* when others are lazing, will make the most mistakes. Mistakes are the result of doing, but only the doer can claim success. Anyone who avoids performing is automatically setting themselves up for failure. That's the mistake you and your children don't want to make.

Never fear failure. It is something to learn from. You have conquered fear when you have initiative. (Wooden, Wooden: A Lifetime . . . 185)

If you are going nowhere, you'll get there.

Practice taking risks. But carefully calculated risks. List the pros. List the cons. Estimate the probabilities. What does the math say? What does your gut say? What do your emotions say? How big is the upside potential? What is your downside risk? What is your maximum financial, emotional, and time loss? Calculate whether it is a good or bad risk. BUT DON'T BE AFRAID OF RISK.

10—Families, teams, and companies win with teamwork.

It's an aphorism that everyone ascribes to. But many people don't really practice it. Most teams and companies give it only lip service. Individuals are rewarded mostly for their *own* contributions. The team's reward is secondary. That's exactly the opposite of what should happen. *The team's performance is paramount.* Individuals should be rewarded according to how they help the team

perform.

Teams fail, families fail, parents fail when they don't instill rewards for *real* teamwork.

John Wooden had many players over the years whose individual performance could have reached far higher in the record books. And left on their own, most players would have done just that — performed as individuals to achieve that record. But Wooden personally taught and rewarded teamwork — performance achieved as a team. Only in that manner could the UCLA Bruins have won ten National Championships in twelve years.

Treat all people with dignity and respect.

A great team needs supporting players. The smallest job is part of the team effort. Not all players are the stars. It takes many others not sharing the media spotlight to contribute to the team. Doing any job wrong or poorly threatens the whole team. Everyone is important to the team goal. No one should feel unimportant. All have their task for the good of the whole. All have a role to fulfill. They are needed and it's *your job* to let them know they are needed — because little things make big things not only possible, but happen.

Teamwork wins. Companies never win without teamwork. It just doesn't happen. Leaders learn how to manage and run teams. It's the key to corporate efficiency. Effectiveness. Winning.

11—Persistence wins.

John Wooden was famous for quoting Calvin Coolidge:

Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. PERSISTENCE AND DETERMINATION ALONE ARE OMNIPOTENT. (Perseus Publishing, 288)

Basketball practice is a grind. Hour after hour. Day after day. It's a *real grind*. But without it, without really getting better and better every session, winning is a crapshoot. Uncertain. Unreliable. Maybe. Maybe not. Often not. MOST OFTEN NOT.

Abraham Lincoln was *the* paradigm of persistence. His career suffered more “defeats” than can almost be enumerated. But when the last political defeat was viewed by the pundits as certain, he was instead elected as the 16th President of the United States. He went on to be one of the greatest U.S. Presidents. But he didn't get there by accepting failure and defeat: Once. Twice. TWELVE TIMES POLITICALLY DEFEATED, before becoming President. *Persistence* was his hallmark before that shining moment.

*Do not permit what you cannot do to interfere with what you can do.
(Wooden, Coach Wooden . . . 72)*

It's not important who starts the game, but who finishes it. (Marques, 79)

Persistence.

Drive.

Don't get sidetracked.

Persistence *wins*.

12—Get your priorities in order.

First you must define your priorities. Then put them in the proper order. And finally you have to always keep them in the proper order in your own mind.

John Wooden's priorities, in his own life, and in his teachings and coaching to his players were these:

Family

Faith

Friends (Wooden, Wooden: A Lifetime . . . 29)

He regarded his team as members of his family. He cared for each as a distinct person. With different backgrounds, different abilities, different motivations, different weaknesses. And he treated each team member as a separate, *unique* human being.

So what are your priorities? Define them. Get your priorities in order. Follow them.

13—Be fair and use discipline to improve results.

Discipline is an integral part of leadership. No leader can avoid it. Praise is fine, but disciplining *correctly* is far harder.

Fairness means giving people under your supervision — whether they are your children, your players, or your company employees — the treatment they earn and deserve. *It doesn't mean treating everyone the same.* That would be unfair. Because they haven't earned the same treatment. People who work harder *deserve* better rewards. People who work less *deserve* fewer rewards. People who achieve better results should receive bigger rewards. People who achieve lesser results should receive smaller rewards. **THE REWARDS SHOULD BE RELATIVE TO THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO THE TEAM EFFORT.**

You begin this process by eliminating your own prejudices. And by recognizing and eliminating your own natural biases toward rewarding for individual performances. It helps greatly if you emphasize and orally reinforce to your children, players, and company employees your commitment to be fair and

reward for contributions to team efforts. Those statements reinforce the process in their minds *and* your mind — BUT BE SINCERE.

Public criticism, delivered harshly, is almost always self-defeating. It embarrasses people, riles their emotions, and often blocks their receptivity to the message. In short, it should be avoided unless all other methods fail. It is occasionally, but rarely, useful.

The overriding goal of discipline is IMPROVEMENT — not punishment (which usually antagonizes the recipient). Using *tact* in all discipline situations is essential — to balance reaction to action.

You discipline those under your supervision to correct, to help, to improve — not to punish. (Wooden, Wooden on Leadership . . . 169)

Be fair. Recognize the need for discipline. Help your children recognize the need in their lives. They will see fairness, or not, in your actions — maybe not every time, but over time.

John Wooden's Seven-Point Creed

- *Be true to yourself*
- *Make each day your masterpiece*
- *Help others*
- *Drink deeply from good books, especially the Bible*
- *Make friendship a fine art*
- *Build a shelter against a rainy day*
- *Pray for guidance and give thanks for your blessings every day*
(Wooden, Coach Wooden . . . 38)

Quote from Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

A team will always appreciate a great individual if he's willing to sacrifice for the group.

LANCE ARMSTRONG

Lance Armstrong is an American professional road racing cyclist, the only person to seven times win the world's most prestigious cycling race, the Tour de France.

Lance's mother was at various times a supermarket checkout girl, a cashier at a fast food restaurant, a postal sorter, a secretary.

Who is Lance Armstrong?

Who else but his mother would believe in a scruffy kid. Whose child shrugged at football and basketball. Who thought it better to eat triathlons for breakfast. A mother whose mantra was, "Son, you never, ever quit."

Lance Armstrong was born September 18, 1971 in Dallas, Texas. He grew up in Plano, Texas, just north of Dallas. His mother, Linda Gayle Mooneyham Armstrong, was a teenage bride twice — first to Edward Charles Gunderson, Lance's father, and then to Terry Keith Armstrong, who adopted Lance. Both marriages resulted in divorce — the first due to Edward's immaturity and abandonment; the second due to Terry's frequent absences, abusiveness and adultery. So the reality was that Lance essentially lived alone with his mother.

His mother's father was an adulterer and drunk who went off to Vietnam, with little remorse from his family. He had created a love-hate relationship at home. Cursing, disparaging and beating his wife for failing in her sexual duties to him. Impregnating a side girlfriend multiple times, and finally abandoning the family. Once the family moved just to avoid living next to Linda's half-siblings (through her father's adultery), which would have been a blow of death-rattle proportions to her mother's dignity.

Money was tight, very tight. Linda's grandmother made the girls one dress a year at Christmas or Easter, and bought them a pair of shoes in time for school.

Linda won a high school tryout with Gussie Nell Davis, the physical education teacher who ran the "world famous" Kilgore Rangerettes cheerleaders. Hours of practice, self-discipline, unity. A huge influence on Linda, who eventually

became a drill team captain, then the school's homecoming princess.

Linda worked two and sometimes three jobs to support herself and Lance. Lance remembers her as an "uncomplaining dynamo . . . with seemingly inexhaustible energies . . . never complaining about her burdens or fatigue . . . refusing to acknowledge limits for herself, or for me."

Linda created a world that revolved around Lance. She was his sun; he was hers. Together they rode the whirlwind of his career — from his first forays at the triathlon, to his roaring take-no-prisoners climb up the cycling hall of fame.

She created a partnership with her son — fighting obstacles, trusting only their own drive and initiative. *Luck? They made their own.* Lance can only express gratitude for Linda's overarching parenthood — conveyed as a single mother most of the time. She was ever supportive in his athletic endeavors.

She never said, 'I'm too tired.' And she taught me to never say it either.

(Kelly, xiii)

Once when Lance was near collapse and thoroughly exhausted during a triathlon, Linda walked miles out of the course line, limping, and found him. She walked beside him,

Son, you never, ever quit. Whatever you do, you stick to it. You may have to walk, but you're going to finish. (Kelly, xiii)

He did, with his mother walking alongside him.

Linda fed the fires of competition. Both she and Lance reveled in the cameras, the ribbons, the celebrations of winning. But Lance's head never swelled, because he always brought it down into the wind of the next race — bearing harder and harder. No letup. No rest. No holidays.

Said Linda,

A child doesn't build a life on what you give him. He builds his life on what you show him. The good and the bad . . . I showed my son how to climb hills. (Kelly, 7-8)

Lance's father, Eddie Gunderson, knocked up Linda. They set up housekeeping, but he was seriously irresponsible. The daydream of family rapidly turned into a nightmare. Eddie felt suffocated. According to Lance, his father never loved them. He blew his chances over and over.

Linda recounted, "for years I despised the guy. He made me believe in love, then he left me. He opened my soul to the profound joy of physical intimacy, then shut my heart with the profound humiliation of physical abuse." (Kelly, 64) He was a boy trying to live a man's life, and he couldn't do it — he left before Lance was five year old. Linda's son was her salvation. Binding herself to him set her free.

Linda's father changed after Lance was born. Went sober. Attended Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. Helped with little Lance while Linda went job-hunting — giving them a place to stay, and got a job.

Her second marriage to Terry Armstrong lasted ten years. He sold meats to industrial buyers and it kept him on the road during the week. Gross infidelities were the order of the day.

About this time, Lance related “I saw a little thing in the paper about BMX bike racing in Dallas with events for kids as little as kindergarten. “That sounds like fun, doesn’t it?” he asked as his mother set dinner on the table. That was Lance’s standard response. He was up for anything that involved keeping his little body in motion. Linda was mentally up to it too. She gulped very hard and spent three hundred dollars for a bike for a six-year-old — three times what she had in mind.

By the third grade his personality had fixed. White-hot energy. Proud, fiercely loyal, willing and able to defend himself against anyone. By the time Lance was in the eighth grade he had combined three loves — riding, swimming and shooting into competitively running the triathlon. And in high school he won two national age-group triathlon championships. His full-time cycling career had begun at the age of sixteen — training by biking hundreds of mile each week.

By 1996 Lance had already achieved the 1991 U.S. Amateur National Championship, turned professional, competed in the 1992 Olympics, won the 1995 and 1996 Tour DuPont (America’s top multi-stage bike race) and become the youngest ever to win a stage at the Tour de France. He had endorsement contracts with Nike. “He thought he was invincible.”

On October 2, 1996, at age twenty-five, Armstrong received the terrible news: “You have cancer.” Testicular cancer. A particularly virulent kind. And it had spread to his lungs and brain. He had been coughing up blood and had a large, painful testicular tumor. Immediate surgery and chemotherapy were needed. Armstrong was given only a forty-percent chance of survival.

It could not have come at a more heartbreaking time. But in his typical fashion he underwent grueling surgery and chemotherapy treatments to beat the disease. He attacked the cancer the same way he raced: “Whatever it takes to win.” One horrible year. Never losing hope. Carefully selecting the treatment that might produce awful side effects, but would still allow him to ride competitively — with his balance and lungs intact, should he survive the cancer.

In his autobiography he writes,

Fear should never fully rule the heart, and I decided not to be afraid.

In that vein he takes life at full throttle—flat out to the finish. Competitors won’t stop him. Cancer won’t stop him. Of those that look to him and his story for inspiration in their own fight against the disease, he says, “I think of them all the time. I want to motivate them. They motivate me.”

In 1999, two years after hearing the superb news that he had beaten the demon, and having trained for more perfection, more endurance, he won the Tour de France for the first time. Six more were to follow, 2000–2005. The first person in history to win the Tour de France—the most grueling cycling race in the world—

seven times.

In return for his cancer survival, he established the Lance Armstrong Foundation, helping it raise millions for cancer research. In 2005 he retired from racing, but returned in 2009 to earn monies for his charities and “raise awareness of the global cancer burden.” He raced for no salary or bonuses. And in 2009 Lance competed in the Tour Down Under in Sydney, Australia—in order to spread the “Livestrong” message. His popularity and cycling fans filled every hotel room in Sydney.

Lance Armstrong married Kristin Richard in 1998 and has three children by her. Subsequent to his divorce, he had two children by a later girlfriend, Anna Hansen.

Parenting Techniques

1—Make every obstacle an opportunity.

Linda was a young seventeen years old when she bore Lance. He was an only child. A big baby—9 pounds, 12 ounces—huge by most standards for a young mother of five-foot three-inches, weighing 105 pounds. She had little guidance as to how to raise him. It was mostly trial and error. Instinct. She had no help. The biological father was absent. He left after two years. For several decades Lance had no idea who his father was. For twenty-eight years Lance never once asked his mother about his father. He was a non-entity, a “so-called father.” Neither Lance nor his mother cared. There was no pull, no connection mentally. Just biologically.

From day one, criticism pervaded Linda’s predicament. No one else thought that they had a good future. Others were downers. Critical. Unbending. But Linda had a different outlook. Her fierce spirit believed in herself. She believed in her young son. She believed. There were many obstacles along the way for a single mother, lacking a support system of relatives. But she persevered. She overcame obstacles. Overcame obstacles with Lance’s help. Helped Lance overcome obstacles by refusing to recognize them as insurmountable. He saw her struggles and it made him want to succeed. Her words,

Make an obstacle an opportunity, make a negative a positive. (Armstrong, 38)

2—Talk to your children as adults.

Single mothers have it hard. Linda Armstrong was no exception. She had few friends. Her world revolved around Lance. So they invariably faced each other across the dinner table, consoling and counseling each other. After her divorce she relaxed. The tension oozed from her personality. The pressure of a poor marriage was gone. In its place was a different set of pressures.

When she got home from work, we would sit down to dinner together, and turn off the TV, and we'd talk. She taught me to eat by candlelight, and insisted on decent manners. She would fix a taco salad or a bowl of Hamburger Helper, light the candles, and tell me about her day. Sometimes she would talk about how frustrated she was at work, where she felt she was underestimated because she was a secretary.

'Why don't you quit?' I asked.

'Son, you never quit,' she said. 'I'll get through it.' (Armstrong, 27)

But it was this honest conversation—one adult to another near adult—that helped Linda get through the day and elevated Lance to a partnership with his mom.

Talking down to children is common among parents. Through their tantrums and childish behavior. But children remember the honest conversations that open up one adult's life to another. They may not have the experience and mental capacity to appropriately respond with helpful comments, but they appreciate being raised to the same level as an adult. They appreciate your confidence in their confidence.

Too often parents underestimate the need of children for adult conversation. How can they act and decide like adults if not given the chance to understand your experience, your analysis, and your emotions? You do it with your other adult friends. Why not create a “friend” of your children? But superficiality doesn't work. A child recognizes quickly whether the effort is sincere. One instance is not enough. You have to develop a regular pattern of consulting on an adult level with your child. A *real* confidence. On many problems, of all kinds. Consulting with your children as if with a mate or close friend. It's really the casebook technique of Harvard Business School. Kids learn by experience—either their own or vicariously through your experiences. It's a chance for you to instill your own perspective on life. Your guidelines for living, for making decisions.

My mother had given me more than any teacher or father figure ever had, and she had done it over some long hard years, years that must have looked as empty to her at times as those brown Texas fields. When it came to never quitting, to not caring how it looked, to gritting your teeth and pushing to the finish, I could only hope to have the stamina and fortitude of my mother, a single woman with a young son and a small salary—and there was no reward for her at the end of the day, either, no trophy or first-place check. For her, there was just the knowledge that honest effort was a transforming experience, and that her love was redemptive. (Armstrong, 38)

You don't have to treat your children as grownups before their time. But talking down to them is usually the wrong approach. They appreciate being elevated to a higher level in the conversation. Talk to your children as adults. They will rise faster to comprehend and subscribe to their responsibilities and your values.

3—You have to do it yourself. No one is going to do it for you.

Back then I was just a kid with about four chips on his shoulder, thinking, maybe if I ride my bike on this road long enough it will take me out of here. (Armstrong, 22)

Plano, Texas. Hometown. A typical American suburb. It seemed to exist to promote football and the upper middle-class. Lance wasn't a part of either arena. He didn't have the hand-eye coordination to handle a football. He recognized this, but was determined to participate in some athletic endeavor in which he could succeed. First it was distance-running, then swimming, then biking. A daily workout of six miles swimming laps, then twenty miles on the bike. Then the triathlon. It melded biking, swimming, and running—three activities in which he excelled.

Lance enjoyed it. Winning suited him. Linda bought him a triathlon outfit, which he needed because it had to be fast-drying and tailored for performance under each phase of the competition. Without even training specifically for the first triathlon, he won by a considerable margin. Then a second win. Confidence built rapidly. He was now full of it. And he recognized that he was better than any other triathlon athlete in Texas. Heady stuff. Triathlons were rich purses, at least in the eyes of a youngster. First-place checks started filling his bank account. Competitive cycling followed—locally at first, moving up fast from the bottom Category 4 races. A 16-year-old competing with other much more experienced riders in their late 20's.

About this time Lance realized that he needed help if cycling was to be his future. He needed backing, sponsors, supporters—because expenses to compete in the national races required funds. Required people with enough courage and confidence in him to pay up front. Although he had compiled a Rolodex of business contacts, he needed to tap them for more than pats on the back. But to whom to turn to?

His mother put it succinctly,

Look, Lance, if you're going to get anywhere, you're going to have to do it yourself, because no one is going to do it for you. (Armstrong, 30)

Wow! It was all on his shoulders. But curiously, once he realized this and started to act, it became easier and easier. Dependency is cut. Self-reliance is in. You strike out on your own—by yourself, for yourself. Aware that you can do it if you try hard enough, knock on enough doors.

Someone once said that asking for funds is a numbers game. A certain percentage of people are ready to give. Want to give. But a small percentage. The one asking has to realize that *NO* is only a step on a long ladder to *YES*. Don't give up. *Keep asking*. If your pitch is well constructed, appeals to their "buttons," and you keep trying—making the pitch to all prospects and their contacts, then you will probably succeed. Maybe it's five percent. Maybe it's one percent. But enough

tries and you *will* connect.

Lance got those funds, and they helped him cover the expenses necessary to compete across the country. And at that point his abilities and determination had to either win or lose for him. History testifies to the positive results.

We are all guilty of foisting off responsibility to others. *Someone else* needs to do something! But what if we ask ourselves this question: What if no one else will or can do something? I'll have to do it, then. And maybe that's the most likely thing. If it is, then why not just plan the next step that *I need to do* if no one else steps in to help? Get a plan together. Plan A. Plan B. Ready to act.

Plan as if you have to do it yourself.

Quotes from Linda Armstrong

Make every setback an opportunity. (Kelly, xii)

It doesn't cost anything to have some personal pride. (Kelly, 28)

You present yourself the way you see yourself. (Kelly, 113)

It's not going to be easy . . . But nothing worth anything is easy. (Kelly, 35)

If something is important to you, you don't mind working for it. (Kelly, 35)

It just seems to me that when your kids come and tell you about something they want to do, it's different from when they come and tell about something they want to have. (Kelly, 113)

Cheering someone on is a noble endeavor. It's such a purely giving thing, and giving feels good . . . Somehow a little of your soul gets transferred into their system and gives them this little snap-crackle-pop of energy. (Kelly, 129)

Raising children is like an armadillo race. You tend to this little life and feed him well and put something out in front of him and teach him to want to chase after it. But at the end of the day he's still a wild thing. All you can do is let him go and hope he stays on track. And maybe, just maybe, he'll be a little faster than the other armadillos that day. (Kelly, 146)

Losing is awesome too . . . That's when you really learn. That's when you grow. (Kelly, 152)

Quotes from Lance Armstrong

I've always been better when I've had things stacked against me. (Bradley, 15)

Whatever it takes to win. (Kelly, 22)

WARREN BUFFETT

<p>Warren Buffett is an American investor, businessman, and philanthropist.</p>

Warren Buffett's father was a stockbroker.

Who is Warren Buffett?

The "Oracle of Omaha." Regarded as the most successful investor in the world. A 2,000-fold return for his investors. Eschewing gimmicks and rocket science. Investing in solid fundamentals.

As an American investor, businessman and philanthropist, Warren Edward Buffett is by some reckonings, the third richest person in the world—and in 2012 his wealth was estimated to be about \$44 billion. His investment vehicle, Berkshire Hathaway Corporation, is a public company, with millions of American shareholders.

Warren's mantra is "value investing"—a la David LeFevre Dodd and Benjamin Graham—insisting on the companies he invests in having very low operating costs, abundant cash, and little or no debt. In addition, his investing "morals" include no program trading, no long-shot bets or bets on the next quarter's earnings announcements, and no hostile takeovers.

Warren Edward Buffett was born August 30, 1930 in Omaha, Nebraska, in the midst of the Great Depression. As the second from the eldest of three children, in a family of French Huguenot origins, he was the only son in the family. He attended the public elementary school in Omaha and public high school in Washington, DC—where his father served four terms as a United States Congressman.

In 1927 Warren's father, Howard Homan Buffett, became a stockbroker for the Union State Bank in Omaha. There he met Warren's mother, the future Mrs. Buffett, Leila Stahl, who was a small town reporter for her father's newspaper. Warren was born about ten months after "Black Tuesday," October 29, 1929—the stock market crash which signaled the start of the Great Depression. After the crash, Howard Buffett hung on to his job for about two years, until August, 1931, when the bank failed. Just one of thousands to succumb to the more than brutal economic environment. He had no job and all of his savings were invested in his employer's failed bank.

Undaunted, he took the only course of action which made sense to him, given his background. Where he had both bowed and chafed before, now he struck out on his own—opening his own stock and bond brokerage firm, Buffett-Falk & Company, and selling a few diamonds as an inflation hedge. He dared to bet on his luck, his personality, and his knowledge of stocks and the stock brokerage industry. His sales strategy reflected the lessons of recent history: invest conservatively for both himself and his few customers.

Steadily the Buffett family's economics moved upward. And while Howard navigated the stock market shoals, his wife did her part—always watching her meager funds and buying Warren and his siblings thrifty, practical gifts at giving time. Those purchases couldn't have excited the children's fantasies, but they fit the times and supplemented necessities.

Howard Buffett's political leanings were isolationist, and vigorously opposed to Roosevelt's New Deal. He eventually parlayed those sentiments as a Republican Congressman (1942–1948, 1950–1952). Both his business and family worlds were cold and analytical. He gave no credence to warm and fuzzy emotions. Warren never received the "I love you's" or putting a child to bed that other parents followed for their children. His mother, although lively with an easy humorous mien to outsiders, had emotional problems. She was especially volatile after Howard left for work and she was alone with Warren and his siblings. During those times she often raged and lashed out verbally. Under such attacks, Warren, an introverted child, retreated frequently into a world of numbers or his model train catalogs. Mentally fleeing his mother's religious beliefs, what mattered most to young Warren was rationality, facts, numbers, and money.

Warren attended three universities: Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania (1947–1949). Then a Bachelor's degree in Economics from the University of Nebraska, Lincoln (1950). And a Master's degree in Economics from Columbia Business School, Columbia University, New York (1951). He enrolled in Columbia after learning that Benjamin Graham, author of "The Intelligent Investor" and David Dodd, two well-known securities analysts, taught there.

Warren's first employment after college was as an investment salesman, then as a securities analyst, then as a General Partner in the securities firm Buffett Partnership, Ltd.

By 1962 Warren consolidated several partnerships and invested in a small New England textile company, Berkshire Hathaway—ultimately taking control of it. That became the investment vehicle which he used to move from millionaire to billionaire. Along the way his investments have generated spectacular results for the shareholders of Berkshire Hathaway, and created an aura of invincibility around Warren. He continues to act in a rather passive investment manner—allowing the acquired company's management to continue and work unobstructed. If the company falls out of favor with Warren, he generally sells his investment rather than act against management. He is not a fan of hostile

takeovers, as they usually result in too much animosity for future workability together, or require replacement of management. Major investments he has made along the way include The Washington Post Company, Capital Cities/ABC, Salomon Inc., Coca-Cola Company and General Re.

Warren married nightclub singer Susan Thompson in 1952. Together they had a daughter and two sons. Warren and Susan separated in 1977, and he began living with Ms. Astrid Menks, whom he married in 2006. She was his long-time companion and never previously married. Warren's first marriage was atypical in that even after separation from Susan (she moved to San Francisco) they still attended major social functions together as husband and wife. And Susan continued to sit on the Board of Directors of Berkshire Hathaway as a major stockholder. She was also the one who introduced Warren to Astrid Menks and remains friends with her and Warren.

With a well-deserved reputation for frugality, Warren Buffett and his second wife continue to live in the same house in Omaha that he bought in 1958 for \$31,500. His diversions today include bridge (an extremely avid player), Nebraska football, and attending minor league baseball games.

Warren Buffett is now in the process of giving away the vast portion of his wealth to the Gates Foundation (targeting world health and education) and the Buffett Foundation (providing scholarships for Nebraska children who attend college in the state, and donations to groups specializing in family planning and reproductive rights).

Parenting Techniques

1—Take them to work, your place of business, and involve them.

Warren's father, Howard Buffett, owned a small stock brokerage firm.

Every chance he got, Warren found his way to his father's brokerage office or the regional stock brokerage near his father's office. His father never discouraged this. Warren could read there—books on stocks and investments—hear the conversations with customers, listen to his father's thinking. Though he didn't make decisions, he was *involved*. He was treated as a young adult with a mind that could think independently.

When his father traveled on a business trip from Omaha to the east coast, he took Warren with him. Warren was certain what he wanted to see, and Howard made sure Warren saw them all: the New York Stock Exchange, the Scott Stamp & Coin Company, and the Lionel Train Company.

By the 1940's Warren's father had achieved a measure of success in business and had contacts with a number of Wall Street luminaries. On this same trip his father took him to the then and now preeminent investment banking firm of Goldman Sachs. And introduced him to the most famous guy on Wall Street—Sidney Weinberg—the Senior Partner in the firm. Once the introductions and pleasantries

were out of the way, Sidney plopped his arm around Warren and asked him:

What stock do you like, Warren? (Schroeder, 62)

We don't know Warren's reply, but whatever it was, Warren remembered that question forever. It became his mantra.

So, find excuses or reasons for children and teens to follow you to work. Get them involved in real meetings, problems, presentations, decisions. Expect them to reason out answers and present them coherently, logically. Take them to work and get them involved.

3—At the dinner table have serious discussions about important issues.

Howard Buffett's voice and pattern was loud and forceful. Over dinner with the children he spat out the news of the day. In a booming voice (not shared by Warren) that could literally be heard rooms away, he expounded on current events and his interpretation of their effects on the market, the economy, and the world. The topics that Howard Buffett welcomed and considered appropriate for dinner discussion were *politics, money, and philosophy*—but rarely feelings. According to Warren,

I had the advantage of a home where people talked about interesting things. (Schroeder, 43)

If you talk about drivel and trivia, then ultimately you and your children's lives only revolve around those. It shapes their values. Yours and their lives *become* it.

Make the dinner table the place for *serious* discussions.

4—Encourage competition, not based on sports, in business and numbers.

As a child and teenager, sports was not Warren's forte. He built his collection of stamps and coins and proceeded to exercise his mental skills by counting, solving math puzzles, and memorizing numbers. Competitive games, especially if they revolved around numbers, fascinated him. And in the absence of another real competitor he would challenge himself—by speed or complexity. He competed with the clock or classmates with equal gusto. His memorization of such facts as the state capitals, country statistics and esoteric almanac facts sharpened his intellect and sense of accomplishment. Bridge and music also involved him. Both honed his competitive drive. He could be a fierce player across the bridge table, locking his mind down to a sharp edge.

To compete in a sense with his father, and show his business skills, he began his first business foray by selling chewing gum—to neighbors, in the evening, in his spare time. Gradually he branched out, encouraged by his father. Selling sodas (Pepsi and Coca Cola—the latter he is never without), peanuts, popcorn; reselling used, lost golf balls; and detailing cars. He obviously enjoyed it. At his apex in the

newspaper delivery business he was delivering 500 papers a day on five routes.

Financial success and entrepreneurialism begat more. In 1945, in his second year in high school, Warren and a friend spent \$25 buying a used pinball machine. Convincing the local barber shop to allow him to install it there, over a short number of months he rapidly grew the single pinball machine into several in different barber shops.

In all of these ventures his mind was being molded, slowly and by personal experience, to recognize how both income and expenses affected the bottom line. *Profits were his competitive goal.* Though balance sheets were unknown to him, he could see his own savings grow or diminish, depending on his success at buying, selling, marketing, and pricing. By the time he finished high school he had amassed the then enormous sum of \$6,000.

So suggest and encourage competition away from sports. *Real competition.* Not board games or other “make-believe” charades. Learning business concepts and competitiveness bodes well for a child’s or teen’s future.

5—Teach them to enjoy talking with and to adults.

Warren made friends—his father encouraged him to strike up conversations—with adults. To do so required that he be interested in adult conversations. Topics that wouldn’t interest other teenagers. To act like an adult, to be accepted as “bright” in their world, required Warren to learn their ways, their interests and be able to orally communicate his knowledge one-on-one with them. Even as a teenager, he rapidly gained the ability to easily chat with adults at any level.

This ability doesn’t come naturally to most children. They need to be enticed, encouraged, rewarded, pumped-up for the next round or bout. But the rewards later in life are great.

Teach children to enjoy talking to adults about adult matters.

6—Allow them to learn investing by themselves.

Early on his father encouraged Warren to buy stocks with his small earnings. At age 12, Warren bought 3 shares of Cities Service Preferred stock, which he purchased at \$38.25. It dropped to \$27. Then it rose; at which time Warren sold it for \$46—for a \$7.75 profit. Later it rose to \$202. He learned two lessons from that investment:

Don’t fixate on the price you paid for a stock. Except for tax effects, the past is largely irrelevant to the future of a stock. The future price will depend on the current facts and situation, future events and your ability to predict them correctly.

Don’t rush to grab a small profit. Larger ones may loom around the corner if you wait. Sell only based on your future expectations.

From later investments (and handicapping at the racetrack. *Not* a pastime to be emulated) Warren learned another simple lesson that bore into his brain:

The key to handicapping [stocks or horses] is to have more information than the other guy.

A little “seed” money, hopefully *earned* by your teenager, offered for investment, can reap huge dividends in financial competence. A sincere, ongoing interest in finances can result in satisfying and lucrative careers. So let them learn investing—by actually investing themselves.

7—Let them repeatedly experience the difference between manual work and other work.

and

8—Teach them to consider all the consequences of their actions and not take anything for granted.

Howard's father now owned the South Omaha Feed Company. Warren signed on to work there, but reached a breaking point quickly. To unload a boxcar of grain, it took Warren and his fellow employee three grueling hours in the sweltering heat. Disgusted, Warren walked home and never looked back. Manual labor was “*for the birds,*” according to Warren.

Warren's avoidance of manual labor also derived partly from a lack of family interest, his own meager talent at it, and working in his grandfather's grocery store. His grandfather, Ernest Buffett, was a hard taskmaster of an employer—paying low wages: \$2 for a 12-hour day of uninterrupted work. On one occasion Warren agreed to do a job in his grandfather's store. It was an oral contract, really. But he did not clarify or understand all the conditions. After five long hours the job was done and his grandfather paid him. But *very* skimpily. What was the lesson?

Know what the whole deal is in advance—the full scope of the work to be done—and the price.

Manual work isn't to be kept from your children. First, there is nothing immoral in manual work. Second, *it teaches them that manual work may not be what they want to do the rest of their lives. Demand they experience manual work on multiple occasions—for their own education.*

And teach children to consider all consequences of their actions and not take anything for granted.

9—Put down arrogance long before it becomes a character trait.

The paper route Warren built up was massive. It was so large that Warren had to figure out the most efficient way to deliver the papers. He was completely

methodical and approached it as a mathematical problem. But in handling the huge paper route, with the monies that were flowing in from his diligence and aggressiveness, he became even more difficult and naughty in school. His ego got bigger and bigger. And showed regularly. A scamp actually. Rebellious in the extreme. To calm his tendencies, his father threatened to cancel his paper route—the sole source of his substantial (for a kid) income.

Humility 101. Teach it. Life is emotionally much more satisfying if you're not an arrogant SOB. Humility is often best taught by *your* example.

Put down arrogance. It's an offensive trait. Don't let it take over the egos of your children. It will be even harder to squelch later on.

10—Raise the book: *How to Win Friends and Influence People* by Dale Carnegie, to the level of a mantra.

Warren was an experimenter and tester—and his father didn't dampen that drive. First he read *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, by Dale Carnegie. This classic work of non-fiction has brightened the lives of millions of Americans and pointed them to better person-to-person relationships and success in business. But Warren didn't take Dale Carnegie's advice at face value. He insisted on testing it by running his own experiments—using both the positive advice and then the opposite of Carnegie's advice—to see if there really was a big difference in the results. The theories were tested and confirmed.

Buy this book: *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. You read it. Let your children read it. Discuss it chapter by chapter at the dinner table. Probably no book, other than the Bible, will pay bigger dividends.

11—Demand they think for themselves and be able to orally support their thinking with clear logic.

The legend of why Warren attended Columbia Business School, rather than Harvard Business School, has been told many times. Harvard rejected his application, much to their later regret. But a few tidbits of his college years are instructive. First, Warren was steered by his Columbia finance professor to two books: *The Intelligent Investor*, by Benjamin Graham, and *Security Analysis*, by Graham & Dodd. Then a Professor Lou Green, in one of his finance classes, posed this question:

'Why did you pick that stock [Marshall-Wells]?'

Warren's answer, 'Because Ben Graham bought it.'

and Lou Green's reply, 'STRIKE 1.' (Schroeder, 143)

The effect of this oblique putdown was electric. No longer could or would Warren hide behind the financial decisions of others, even other luminaries and supposed gurus.

Do your own research. Do your own analysis. Make your own decisions. Take responsibility for your own decisions. Demand that your children think for themselves and learn to express themselves well.

Quotes from Warren Buffett

Our favorite holding period is forever.

*Traditional wisdom can be long on tradition and short on wisdom.
(Kilpatrick)*

Americans like to buy everything on sale except stocks.

We simply attempt to be fearful when others are greedy and to be greedy only when others are fearful.

It's only when the tide goes out that you see who is swimming without a bathing suit.

I want to give my kids just enough so that they would feel that they could do anything, but not so much that they would feel like doing nothing.

JULIA CHILD

Julia Child was an American chef, author, and television personality who introduced French cuisine to the American public.

Julia's mother was heiress to a paper company.

Who was Julia Child?

She felt big and unsophisticated. But ran with the spies of "Wild Bill" Donovan in China during World War II. Then spent ten years perfecting the classic French cookbook for Americans—*Mastering the Art of French Cooking*.

Julia's grandfather on her mother's side, John McWilliams, Sr., crossed the country by wagon train and panned for gold in Eureka, California. His fortune, however, was accumulated in mining, farming, and banking. He pointedly pushed his son to attend and graduate from Princeton University, with a degree in history.

Julia's mother, Julia Carolyn "Caro" Weston, the paper-company heiress, married Julia's father, John McWilliams Jr., when she was thirty-three years old. Courtship took awhile—eight long years. They married in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Honeymooned at the Hotel del Coronado, near San Diego, California. Settled down in Pasadena, California. Even though she had grown up on the east coast, Caro loved California.

Julia Carolyn McWilliams, the future Julia Child, was born August 15, 1912 in Pasadena, California to Caro and John Jr. Her new brother, John McWilliams III, was born two years later. Horse-drawn wagons still delivered ice, vegetables, eggs, and milk. And America regarded Pasadena as a near paradise.

Julia's upbringing began early, in the finest tradition and instruction of Dr. Maria Montessori. At the tender age of four and a half. Her living arrangements were sumptuous. Servants were Irish, Scottish, or German immigrants. In accordance with her family's wealth and social standing, Julia grew up in a house in Pasadena complete with playhouse, her own bathroom, an outside sleeping porch (for the hot summer), tennis court, rose and vegetable gardens, a large lawn, and a small orchard of citrus and avocado trees. Activities included acting in plays, tennis matches, school dances. She had a younger sibling, Dorothy, who was five years

her junior. But typically Julia was “bossy and controlling.”

Julia's parents' lives revolved around country clubs, swimming, horseback riding, golf, polo, and hunting. They were athletic, outdoorsy and very well respected members of the aristocratic community. Her father, with his father, managed their four thousand acres of rice land in Arkansas. Her father was president of the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce, on the Community Chest, the Republican committee, regional trustee of Princeton University, and a member of numerous boards including the local school and hospital. He was, said Julia, “a fine citizen and responsible member of his community, except he is violently emotional over politics.” (Fitch, 18) He set an example—an example of community service and leadership which became a motivational force in Julia's later creative endeavors.

Julia's mother Caro ran the “large household, planned the meals, and entertained friends and business associates of her husband.” (Fitch, 19) She loved the theatre. Never missed a new production. Hosted the book club. Caro “was a laissez-faire mother, encouraging her children to ‘have fun.’ ” (Fitch, 19)

They traveled quite a bit. To many California locations. Beaches. Lake Tahoe in the high Sierra Mountains. More extensively on business trips to Arkansas, Illinois, Massachusetts. Summer camps. Reunions in Wyoming with the Weston family (Julia loved those. Riding. Setting up Indian tents. Canoeing. Wearing cowboy outfits. Fishing. Swimming).

For schooling, Julia attended Westridge School, Polytechnic School from the fourth through the ninth grades. Extracurricular activities blessed by her mother included plays, dancing classes, musicals, films and lectures at the Shakespeare Club on painters, artists, and musicians.

High school was the Katharine Branson School for Girls, in northern California. A private boarding preparatory school. Basketball was a high point of her athletic endeavors there; French classes were not. Her marks were pretty dismal, but the introduction to French proved quite beneficial in later life, when she lived in France and attended the famous Cordon Bleu cooking school.

On to Smith College. Her roommate, Mary Janny, was paired with Julia by their mothers who were graduates of the 1900 class at Smith.

In the door came Julia, this tall, very slender, very happy person smiling at me, saying, ‘I’m Julia McWilliams.’ I have never had a roommate who was so utterly fun to be with; she was almost too much fun . . . She was very tall and I was about five feet five inches, and she was very thin, and I was very plump —about 160 pounds, for I had eaten too many hot fudge sundaes.
(Fitch, 47)

Due to her height, Julia felt “big and unsophisticated.” (Fitch, 51) She made up for that on the basketball court, excelling like her mother many years before her. Smith College was freedom of inquiry, culture, great fun, pranks, camaraderie with other girls, leadership, and minimal distractions from boys. Music and

history were Julia's favorite courses. She suffered through her sixth year of French classes (plus two years of Italian, since Smith required two languages). They "studied European languages, museums, and cathedrals—but not the sensuous elements of daily French life. Cold climate, hard currency, Northern respectability, and hearty food—these were the keys to virtue." (Fitch, 55) Her junior year, however, was marred by the death of her father. And three years later by the death of her mother. At that point Julia, being the oldest daughter at home, became the defacto "mother" for her siblings: Donald, Dorothy and Philip. She graduated in 1934, majoring in English.

Food? Tasty junk food was more to Julia's liking. The first cookbook she owned and used was *The Joy of Cooking*, a ground-breaking book by Irma Rombauer, a German-American widow. That book emphasized, in a radical departure for the time, the pleasure of cooking and eating, yet delivered a practical approach to the art of cooking.

And after Smith College? What then? According to Julia at the time, "Middle-class women did not have careers . . . You were to marry and have children and be a nice mother. You didn't go out and do anything." (Fitch, 65)

Not Julia! A year at home was more than enough. New York City beckoned; following a number of her Smith classmates. She lived frugally on her mother's allowance, and only ate to stave off hunger. Took a job at W. & J. Sloane, an upscale home-furnishings store. As a copywriter and understudy/administrative assistant to the advertising manager. Learning the furniture business, writing copy. Upon the illness and then death of her mother, she returned to Pasadena, wasting five years as a self-described "social butterfly."

At the beginning of World War II, infected with a "need for action," she followed friends to Washington, D.C. and shortly was hired by the new Office of Strategic Services (OSS). It was America's first espionage organization, which later morphed into the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). Her position? Research Assistant in the office of the legendary Director, General William J. Donovan. Ned Putzell, Jr. recalled Julia as "the life of the group. Julia was energetic, light of spirit, always of good humor—and willing to jump into any assignment." (Fitch, 83)

Volunteers were needed. To head to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). "Clerks" was their cover job description. Collecting human intelligence was their real thrust. Three from her office, including Julia, were sent by slow boat. Adventure was definitely afoot.

May 1, 1945. Paul Cushing Child, her future husband, entered Julia's life on a tea planter's veranda. Eight years older. An urbane, multilingual OSS officer. An artist and poet with a keen knowledge of food. Tasked to "create the maps and graphs for the War Room of the OSS China Command" (Fitch, 95) in New Delhi.

Then posted to Kunming, China (headquarters for the OSS and General Chennault's Flying Tigers). Julia's job: building the OSS Registry (the filing

system: "The files bulged with data of the OSS training of Chinese infiltrators, of the internal political strife, and the bumbling of the Chinese, who had little heart for bravery or risk after years of fighting and internal corruption.") (Fitch, 111) With side visits to Chungking, China (Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters).

The war finally ended. Julia and Paul Child were married in 1946. Paul now worked for the U.S. Department of State. Julia settled down to be the "consummate housewife" (Fitch, 145) in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C. In her new role Julia focused on cooking. "Contrary to the feminine image of the day, she had an appetite and labored over recipes calling for fresh ingredients, taste, and texture. Reinforcing her labors was Paul's view of the centrality of good food and drink and the artistry of the toiler in these vineyards." (Fitch, 148) Julia struggled with the recipes.

Then, suddenly, Paul was sent by the State Department to Paris.

It was an epiphany for Julia. French food was *fantastic*! She later described a meal . . . as 'quietly joyful.' (Fitch, 156) Thus began the second romance of her lifetime.

The whole experience was an opening up of the soul and spirit for me . . . I was hooked, and for life, as it turned out. (Fitch, 156)

Taking Berlitz French lessons thrice weekly. Living on the Left Bank of the Seine (the artistic enclave). Exploring the gastronomic delights of Paris.

She enrolled in the world famous Le Cordon Bleu cooking school, 1949–1950. "She carried her white apron, cap, kitchen towel, knives and notebook." (Fitch, 174) Quickly Paul referred to himself as "practically a Cordon Bleu Widower. I can't pry Julia loose from the kitchen day or night—not even with an oyster-knife." (Fitch, 175) According to Julia, "I just became passionate. I had been looking for a career all my life." (Fitch, 176)

"American friends thought she was 'a nut' to shop, cook, and serve her own food.' " (Fitch, 177) What was also key was Paul's "respect for French cuisine and for her future career." (Fitch, 177) While pursuing *his* photographic talents, he was her biggest fan. Her biggest cheerleader and supporter. Joyfully eating her meals, lovingly prepared. Going with her shopping for ingredients at the ubiquitous markets. "Paul was a discreet and sensitive man with an aesthetic sense of appreciation for both wines and his wife. He wrote poetry about the smell of her cooking and the curve of her ankle." (Fitch, 185)

She joined with two Parisian friends, Simone Beck and Louisette Bertholle, to research and write her first cookbook. A *French* cookbook for *Americans*, the 734-page *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. Receiving a \$200 advance from Houghton Mifflin in 1953, Julia noted, "I am in a state of stupefaction . . . it is going to be a classic." (Fitch, 195) If they could ever finish it!

Julia did finish it. And over two dozen best sellers. Well-researched. Extremely well-received. Educating several generations of Americans about the intricacies of

French cuisine and cooking.

Broadening their audience, she and Paul dared to produce a television cooking show, *The French Chef*, which debuted in 1963, garnered rave reviews, and began a three-decade run of this and more than a dozen of her cooking shows.

Julia Child died in 2004 at the age of 91, ten years after Paul.

Parenting Techniques

1—Encourage your older children to wait awhile after college before getting married. Use that time to travel, explore, learn to live on their own, and find their own identity.

Caro, Julia's mother, was admittedly blessed with wealth. Old money. And colonial genealogy going back to the Revolutionary War, Plymouth Colony and England in the 11th Century. A strict Congregationalist family.

Caro's mother and Julia's grandmother, Julia Clark Mitchell, was twelve years younger than her husband. Ten children resulted. They lived in a mansion in Dalton, Massachusetts, with "servants, nurses, a governess, a coachman, and cooks." Because of their wealth and number of servants, Julia Clark frequently traveled with her Captain Byron on his business trips, or was busy planning and attending social events.

Caro's father and Julia's grandfather, Captain Byron Curtis Weston, in addition to his paper manufacturing business, the Weston Paper Company, served as lieutenant governor of Massachusetts. Julia may have inherited his organization and stubbornness.

Caro was a *very* free spirit. Her wealth helped immensely in this regard. Headstrong. Adventurous. Independent. Daring. Playing tennis and basketball. Becoming the first woman in the county to acquire a driver's license. And thereafter driving her shiny new car through the middle of town, or blazing along back country roads. Perhaps she displayed a "feminist" attitude because she disliked the way her mother had seriously impaired her own health by giving birth to ten children.

As mentioned previously, Julia was the beneficiary of a very adventurous history in her own family. Her grandfather crossing the United States by wagon train. Panning for gold. Building his wealth in mines, farms, and banks. Her childhood spun in the vortex of rich playgrounds. Swimming. Horseback riding. Golf. Polo. Hunting. And in the arts. Theatre. Social entertaining. Travel—crisscrossing the nation on her father's business trips and visits to fancy resorts. It was in their blood. And once in their family's blood, couldn't be cut out of Julia's.

To that question, Caro, Julia's mother, had this pointed advice to her daughter.

See the world before settling down. (Fitch, 11)

And Caro indeed followed her own advice. Plus, even within the strictures of marriage to her beau, she remained stubbornly independent. If she wanted to do something, she did it. If her husband was away for a while on business, she just redecorated the house. Bought new china. Or whatever. She told her children, "I do what I want." (Fitch, 11)

So don't let early marriage cut short your children's maturing in the world. Encourage them to be adventurous. To travel. To be independent. To avoid hanging onto mommy's skirt or daddy's pants. *To be themselves!*

ELIZABETH EDWARDS

Elizabeth Edwards was an American attorney, author, and healthcare activist.
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Elizabeth's mother was the wife of a Navy pilot.

Who was Elizabeth Edwards?

Betrayed by her philandering husband. The same man who aspired to the U.S. Presidency. Cursed with terminal breast cancer. Her book *Resilience* gave women the courage to more than endure.

Mary Elizabeth Anania was born in Jacksonville, Florida on July 3, 1949. She had an older brother, Jay. A year later her younger sister Nancy was born.

Elizabeth's father, Vincent Anania, was a U.S. Navy pilot. Born in America; his parents born in Italy. He grew up in Brownsville, Pennsylvania, in a hundred-year-old, three-story house that doubled as the factory of his father, Dr. Flores Anania. Upper floor rooms were rented to roomers. As a pharmacist and chemist, his father mixed and sold his own potions and ointments, while his wife Mary made soaps in the kitchen. Families of that era commonly lived and worked at their family businesses under one roof. Similar homes and businesses surrounded them.

Elizabeth's father was six-feet three-inches tall. Good at sports. Handsome. Worked several jobs after high school. Then one year attending the University of Pennsylvania, before getting an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland.

During his time at the Naval Academy he made many lifelong friends among the other cadets. He made commander of his company. Did well in football and lacrosse. Graduated in 1944, after three years instead of four—due to the needs of World War II. His initial assignment was aboard the USS *Quincy*, a heavy cruiser, which participated in the first bombardment of the Japanese mainland. Post-war he went to Navy flight school and loved flying (don't all pilots?).

Elizabeth's mother, Mary Elizabeth "Liz" Thweatt, also the daughter of a Navy pilot, grew up on a Mississippi farm. Her life was peripatetic. Moving from one Naval base to another. Crisscrossing the country. She too fell in love with a Navy pilot. It was in San Diego that she received word that her first husband was lost in the Pacific.

Elizabeth's father's posts with the Navy included: Washington, D.C.; Iwakuni, Japan (as a reconnaissance pilot); Annapolis, Maryland; Saigon, Vietnam; and Chapel Hill, North Carolina. She was part of each move, a mostly enthusiastic student academically and of her father's and mother's interests. Then came time for college. Mary Washington College, a women's college in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

At the time her father was assigned to the Naval ROTC unit at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. The war in Vietnam was still raging. This was the time of nationwide ROTC recruiting protests. The 1970 killing of four students by National Guard members at Kent State University in Ohio. Elizabeth transferred to the Chapel Hill campus during her father's assignment and didn't excuse herself from the protests. But tried not to go too far and incur mention on her father's personnel reports. Her involvement was meetings, posters, fliers, organizing, demonstrating. She believed that the nation's policies were wrong, but that the sailors and soldiers were honorable. Yet she had to step in front of the issues. "Even if I was spitting in the wind, at least I had to try to spit . . . we were all trying together to let our outrage, our sadness, our vision be heard."

She earned a Bachelor's degree, then attended law school in Chapel Hill. There she also met her future husband, John Edwards. They married and both graduated with Juris Doctor degrees. Her career began by clerking for a federal judge, then working in the Office of the Attorney General of North Carolina, then working for a private law firm.

Along the way Elizabeth and John Edwards had six children. She died in 2010 of breast cancer.

During her lifetime she wrote three highly acclaimed books regarding the loss of her son, her husband's infidelity during his bid for the Democratic nomination for President in 2008, and her bout with breast cancer.

Parenting Techniques

1—Teach empathy for others' troubles.

1959 was a tough year. On Memorial Day four airmen died in her father's squadron. Crashed into the Sea of Japan. Lieutenant Commander Ben Decker was one of the downed flyers—a classmate of her father's at the Naval Academy. Upon hearing the news first, her mother was the one who immediately went to break the news to the downed airman's wife. It wasn't something she had to do. Others in the Air Force were officially tasked to do that. It was something she had to do from a personal standpoint. Yes, the airman served under Elizabeth's father. But the family and wife were also close friends, and the daughter, April Decker, was a classmate of Elizabeth's.

The armed services breed that closeness. Danger is often imminent for their husbands or loved ones. Away for long periods of time. Not knowing whether

they are safe or not. It constantly preys on the minds of spouses. Their friends in the service provide emotional support. Day in. Day out. When danger becomes tragedy, that support demands action. You rush to help. You rush to comfort. You rush to assist them in coping. Doing whatever is necessary.

Empathy. Not just sympathy. *Empathy*. Trying to feel what others are feeling. Putting yourself mentally in their shoes. Not assuming that everything good that happens to you in the world is due to your own prowess, your own talent and intelligence. There is a great deal that happens that is simply due to luck. Good luck. Bad luck. All kinds of luck. Another person's condition or position is a combination of their luck and actions.

The old adage,

There but for the grace of God, go we.

It's true. So teach your children to have empathy for others.

2—Learn to talk to anyone.

Elizabeth's mother loved to roam the Japanese countryside and cities. She was continually seeking and finding new haunts. New places to explore. Driving around the islands. And when she did, she very often dragged her children along. "Dragged" was probably an apt description many times, especially when they were younger. Sundays might be spent on the sacred island of Miyajima. Her mother sketched and the children roamed and played.

Mother had a secret list of junk stores and antique stores where she knew all the shopkeepers, their wives, and their children by name . . . Or out to see a farmer who had a few things he was willing to sell stored in the treasure room behind his house. (Edwards, 48)

Once there, she loved to make connections. "My mother would sit and talk with a Japanese farmer, or the Admiral's wife, or the maid Toyo-san, and her demeanor was never different. She once told me that if I could talk about the news, about soap operas (when in the States, of course), and about sports, there were very few people with whom I could not have a conversation. It turned out to be true." (Edwards, 48)

Elizabeth's father was even bolder. He didn't hesitate to clasp the hands of strangers, to gather teenagers together and inquire of their likes, dislikes, thoughts, feelings. Small conversation rolled off his tongue. Anything that came into his head—to comment on, to ask a question. Anything to start a dialogue.

He would chat with cashiers as if he knew them, complimenting them on their hair or their eyes or the speed with which they worked . . . By the time they left, my father would know the life stories of the family in the next lane at the bowling alley. (Edwards, 48)

Elizabeth learned from both her parents how to reach out to others, to make connections with extraordinary *and* ordinary people. Later on, when her own

troubles became unbearable, those connections came back to comfort her. The emotional support reversed itself and flowed back to her. *So put yourself forward*, time and time again. Make the small effort, which over time becomes second nature. And in the process, learn the backgrounds and stories of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of interesting people. *They make your life more interesting*. They enrich *your* experience. They add to the stories you tell your friends. And those stories make *you* more interesting.

So don't limit yourself to knowing people "like you." What a boring world that becomes. Spread your knowledge base. Everyone out there has a story. Everyone out there has hopes and dreams. For themselves and for their children. Hopes and dreams, needs and wants, connect us as people. Connect us as individuals.

Never pass up an opportunity to make that connection. Sitting at the bus stop. Standing on a street corner. Waiting in line. Browsing in a shop.

How's business? Where did you get that crazy hat? What's the name of your dog? What does this thingamajig do? How does this work? What are you doing? How do you like your job? How long have you worked here?

Ice breakers. Leading to the next question. Perhaps a further dialogue. Perhaps a life story. Commenting back with something from your experience. *Enriching both your lives*.

And dive into something with more than just a few curious questions. Show *real* interest. Show *depth*. In Japan, Elizabeth's family engaged the people and their culture, not merely with polite conversation, but by direct involvement. Her mother hired a woman, trained to be a geisha, to teach Nancy and Elizabeth Japanese dance and music. The kids also took lessons in sumi—Japanese ink drawing; and ikebana—flower arranging. Learned phrases from the Japanese language.

So practice makes perfect. The more you mix and truly engage others, the more wonderful stories and backgrounds you discover. The more stories you hear, the more stories you have to tell. *The more interesting you become*. The more new friends you acquire. *The richer your life becomes*.

3—Consider sending your daughter to a women's college.

It was a recommendation almost obliquely made. On the Naval Academy parade grounds, made by one of the younger Navy wives. They were just chatting. She was acting like a friend, though she was merely an acquaintance. She suggested to Elizabeth, "when the time came, I should go to college where she had gone, Mary Washington College. I hadn't heard of it, but if she liked it, I liked it, and I carried this flimsy notion with me throughout high school . . . [and] when it came time to apply . . . I applied to Mary Washington College, the women's college of the University of Virginia, in Fredericksburg. And when I was accepted, I went." (Edwards, 65)

Prior to attending, Elizabeth's impression was that at a women's college young women, "uninhibited and unintimidated by young men, would blossom and find their rightful place in communities, and they would take that sense of confidence and sometimes entitlement with them into the world."

Elizabeth *didn't* fit that pre-college mold. She was neither inhibited nor intimidated. She had been president of her high school class. Kicked off her cheerleading team. Independent minded.

What she found there that she liked best was camaraderie. Intellectual, social, political. "We were not all friends, but within that larger body, we worked out communities, often more than one, which met our needs and allowed us to find essential parts of the adults we would become."

That was the beauty of a women's college. Like a good sorority or fraternity. You make lifetime friendships. Your different points of view are wrapped in the friendships of common core experiences. Without the every-hour intrusion of the opposite sex. Without those distractions.

Women's colleges. A hidden resource for your daughter or daughters. Investigate them earnestly. Thoroughly. Don't reject them out of hand. They could be the most valuable gem in your daughter's education. Remembered forever.

EDWARD KENNEDY

Edward Kennedy was an American politician who served forty-seven years as the United States Democratic Senator from the State of Massachusetts.

Edward's father sold bootlegged liquor.

Who was Edward Kennedy?

His family suffered more tragedy than any American family. Assassinations, plane crashes, a lobotomy. A bootlegger father. A mother that made iron stand straight up. He was kicked out of Harvard for cheating.

Edward Moore “Teddy” or “Ted” Kennedy was born February 22, 1932. He was a United States Senator from Massachusetts and a member of the Democratic Party. Affectionately known as “the Lion of the Senate,” he embodied selfless service to the nation and was a champion of compassionate liberalism during his entire career.

The Kennedys were a family of tragedy that never lost their moral and political compass. Ted survived to become the most prominent member of that family—after the assassinations of his brothers: John F. Kennedy (President of the United States) and Senator Robert F. Kennedy (former United States Attorney General); and the fatal air crash of Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., (killed in action in World War II).

Ted Kennedy was an adept orator. A compromiser in an era of hard-line views and obstructionist political tactics. A champion of social and economic justice led by appropriate government intervention. He lent his considerable force to legislation passed under his purview, including immigration, cancer research, health insurance, disability discrimination, AIDS care, civil rights, mental health, children's health, education, and volunteering.

Said Ted,

It's enormously significant to me that the only description in the Bible about salvation is tied to one's willingness to act on behalf of one's fellow human beings. (Kennedy, 29)

He shared with his maternal grandfather an overriding vision of politics as a glorious game in which whether one won, lost, or tied, the players should return

to the field to play again. And because of this vision, he bore no grudges and did not try to demonize his opponents.

Ted was born in Boston, Massachusetts, the youngest of nine children. When he was born, the Kennedys were far from being a leading political dynasty. He arrived into the safe cocoon of a wealthy Irish immigrant family whose patriarch Joseph "Joe" P. Kennedy, Sr. attended Boston's Latin School and Harvard University. His father bulldozed and bullied his way through a succession of enterprises. As a banker. As a shipyard builder. As a liquor distributor in the prohibition era. As a real estate investor. As a movie producer. And as the United States Ambassador to England. The fortune Joe Sr. eventually amassed made the Kennedys one of the wealthiest families in America.

Joe Sr. astutely understood the psychology of money—that one key to the success of the great families lay in placing money in irrevocable trust funds, permitting no one generation to squander the family's assets. Each member could know that he would go into life spared the necessity of scrambling for a basic living.

Ted's mother, Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, came from the *opposite* end of the professional spectrum—a family of deep political roots. Rose was profoundly religious, educated a Catholic, and socially conservative. Her father served in the United States House of Representatives and as the Mayor of Boston.

Together the two personalities formed a powerhouse union—whose children would lead the country with a President, an Attorney General and candidate for the Presidency, and a Senator who pulled himself and his family from the brink of despair. Although the Kennedys never accomplished Joe Sr.'s dream of membership in Boston Brahmin society, they crafted nine children determined to follow his dream—of service to the nation as the highest ideal.

Teddy, due to his father's moving—Bronxville, New York; Hyannis Port, Massachusetts; Palm Beach, Florida; and London, England—struggled while attending ten different schools by the time he was eleven. At age seven he received his First Communion from Pope Pius XII in the Vatican. He attended Catholic elementary and middle schools, then private preparatory school. He was athletic—tennis, hockey and football—but coupled those interests with drama, debate and glee clubs.

Teddy's childhood was curiously lonely many times, because of the family's near constant moving. He was always the new kid, unable to put down roots or make lasting friendships in school. But he developed, as a byproduct of his childhood, empathy for the vulnerable, the underdog.

To Joe Sr. the football field was the plain of honor where boys forged their manhood. On that field the Kennedy boys were tougher than tough. It was a testing ground. Only the bravest, strongest survived and won. Some say that the Kennedys "competed among themselves and against the world." (Canellos, 31) Anything could be turned into a contest. Mental or physical. And as competitive as they were with each other, they were doubly competitive against outsiders. But

within the family “confrontations (as opposed to competition) were rare in our household . . . Dad raised us to cooperate, not to quarrel.” (Kennedy, 67)

Ted entered Harvard University, but was expelled in his freshman year for cheating on an exam. He then spent four years in the U.S. Army and returned to Harvard, improving his study habits and graduating with a Bachelor’s degree in history and government. Afterward he pursued Law at the University of Virginia, graduating in 1959. Ted’s working career began inauspiciously in 1961 as an Assistant District Attorney for Suffolk County, New York. But soon the family’s political ambitions prodded him to run and win a Massachusetts special election for United States Senator.

Ted met his future first wife, Virginia Joan Bennett, in law school. They married, the ceremony officiated by Cardinal Francis Spellman in New York. They begat three children. But the mid-1960’s saw their marriage hit the rocks due to Joan’s alcoholism and Ted’s womanizing.

1964 saw Ted in a horrible crash—attributed to bad weather—while riding as a passenger in a small private plane. Ted was a true “local” politician. For even if the forecast was for stormy weather, it came with the job—you just *had* to show up at the next town’s event. It was an unspoken, calculated risk of political life—required by your constituents if you wanted to keep getting reelected.

The pilot and a friend of Ted’s were killed in the crash. When Ted was taken to the hospital, he had “almost no blood pressure, three damaged vertebrae, a collapsed lung, nine broken ribs and a back broken in twenty-six places.” (Leamer, 23) For several days the doctors used no anesthesia on him, because they were terrified that there might be other internal injuries they didn’t know about. They told him “You may never walk again, Senator.” (Leamer, *Sons of Camelot* . . . 24) But Ted survived. Spent months in the hospital rehabilitating, and for the rest of his life suffered chronic back pain.

World War II was incredibly hard on the Kennedy clan. Ted’s sister Rosemary was lobotomized, and then institutionalized in 1941. Jack narrowly escaped death in 1943 in the Pacific when his PT-109 Navy boat sank. Joe Jr. was killed in 1944, his navy plane shot down over the English Channel. Then in 1948 Ted’s sister Kathleen died in a plane crash over the French Alps.

Joe Sr. was a womanizer, and that may have influenced his children, most notably John and Ted, to imitate him. But their mother and father’s ability to compartmentalize that black mark of marriage and not overtly parade it before their children, allowed them to concentrate their children’s minds on the family’s bedrock goals and principles.

With an efficiency that was a wonder to behold, Joe Sr. and Rose raised their brood according to three overriding principles:

Family, Faith, Country—our core values and guiding principles.
(Canellos, 28)

Ted opined:

From my vantage point as the youngest of the nine Kennedy children, my family did not so much live in the world as comprise the world . . . I have never questioned its emotional truth. We depended on one another. We savored food and music and laughter with one another. We learned and taught one another . . . We were mutually loyal, even as we were mutually competitive . . . They [My brothers] set an extraordinarily high standard for living a life in general, and in particular in public service. (Kennedy, 18-22)

After John's and Robert's deaths, Ted, the surviving sibling, became the surrogate father to their thirteen children. Ted Kennedy married his second wife, Victoria Anne Reggie, a Washington lawyer and divorced mother of two, in 1992. He died in 2009 at the age of 77.

Parenting Techniques

1—Hammer out different areas of child development for you and your spouse, and work hard to reinforce them.

Joe Sr. took the time when he was home (from his many business interests) to anchor the emotional center of his children's lives. He put the children first in the hierarchy of attention.

Dad was always an early riser. At around 6 o'clock, I'd blink awake to a rap on my bedroom door . . . 'You can come riding if you are downstairs in five minutes.' He meant exactly that. If I were late, he would be gone. I was seldom late. (Kennedy, 12)

Joe Sr.'s usual habit was to be the first of the family up in the mornings—reading the newspapers and gathering the business, national and international news of the day. He involved the children who were too young to absorb the news by reading to them the “funnies”—the comic strips of the Boston Globe. They *became part of the ritual of reading the news*, even though it wasn't the “news” that they enjoyed. They saw that Joe Sr. loved them, wanted to be with them, and wanted to share his interest in the outside world with all of them.

Joe Sr. asserted his role as the emotional centerpiece of the clan. In return they came to him with their problems. He listened, gave advice commensurate with their ages and needs, counseled them, and disciplined them when necessary. It was Joe Sr.'s visible guidance, not just occasionally, but day-in and day-out. Taking the time from his busy schedule to exhort his wisdom of the world.

Whether he was home or away, he always put his children first. Away, he kept in almost daily touch with them by letters. He was a never-flagging writer of letters to his children. Admonishing, boosting, suggesting, cajoling, instilling his own and Rose's values in their daily lives, problems and tribulations. He always let them know that he was there to guide them and cared deeply about their progress

on life's path. But he was not afraid to be critical. Constructive criticism, blended with encouragement to *do better and be better*, was the hallmark of his correspondence (always accompanied by treats). Joe Sr. further instilled in his children the value of the dollar and the virtue of frugality. In return, Ted and the other children loved their father, admired him, and respected his opinions and guidance.

Joe Sr.'s standards,

... were the highest for each of his sons, but they were different standards for each—standards which recognized our individual strengths and weaknesses. Often he compared us to each other, but only in a way which raised each of our expectations for what we hoped to accomplish.
(Canellos, 33)

As the children grew older, he would take them aside and speak to them about their plans for the future. Joe Sr. would say,

What are you going to do with your life? Kennedys don't just sit around. They do something. (Canellos, 28)

Joe Sr. put Teddy to work at a nearby farm and stables which he owned. Cutting bridle paths through the woods. Hard, buggy, hot work. Plus the children had to read the morning newspapers and listen to the radio so they could intelligently discuss current events. And before they could go out to play they had to spend at least an hour reading a book.

Rose had to contend with nine children. She focused *her* child-rearing efforts on education, usually handling matters related to school. She made sure that homework assignments were completed. She checked the children's preparation for tests and consulted with teachers. She wanted to be the perfect young mother. For achieving perfection was in her mind the only passing grade. Experts of the day warned her that the failures of her children were *her* failures. Those "experts" viewed the nursery as a place where children should be cultivated and overseen like rare orchids. And if they did not blossom with beautiful colors and fragrances, then the fault lay with the gardener—and cast a shadow of shame on her for all to see. It was, to the educators of the day, a scientific imperative.

Rose ran a no-nonsense household and set the daily rules. She was the disciplinarian. Sometimes strict. If the children broke the rules: *WHACK* with the wooden coat hanger or a spanking. And occasionally Teddy was relegated to the closet for some infraction. Rose was the consummate perfectionist. The children must get up at the same time each day, eat their meals together at the same time, and go to bed at the same time. And after lunch they must read or take a nap. Her comment on punctuality is telling:

Promptness is a compliment to the intelligent, a rebuke to the stupid.
(Canellos, 29)

Rose supplied the "gentleness, support and encouragement that made Joe Sr.'s

standards reachable.” Rose wrote:

A mother knows that hers is the influence which can make that little precious being to be a leader of men, an inspiration, and a shining light in the world. (Canellos, 27-28)

Thus she was ever the encourager. Insisting that perfection could be achieved. Was within reach. Was just around the corner. If only they would try harder, strive, eliminate timewasters, maintain their priorities, and always remember their goals. Hers was the soft side to Joe Sr.’s sterner side. She plied the softer encouragement of a knowing mother—ever ready to understand Ted and each of his siblings’ different personalities and needs. But when it came to education, she would brook no slackness, no laxity. Her children were going to make it. With degrees and honors, in preparation for life and service to humanity.

For Rose, Teddy was her last child and she nurtured him longer and deeper than his siblings.

Mother was also our Pied Piper into the world of knowledge and ideas. She led us on educational outings to museums and concerts, to [historical sites] . . . rattling out math challenges along the way. She was our unflagging grammarian and standard-bearer of decorous speech. (Kennedy, 30)

In return, he lavished on her his love.

So divide the household and child-rearing duties. Specialize. You and your spouse. Clear lines of responsibility. Each spouse backing up the other. But consulting on major decisions. Keeping the other spouse informed.

2—Build strong family bonds.

The Kennedys were all about family.

Joe Sr.’s and Rose’s emphasis was three-fold, in this order: Family, Faith, Country. Family came first. The others followed. From the day they were old enough the boys played together. Competed together. Worked together. Strategized together. Campaigned together. Governed together. And ultimately wept together

They were imbued with the importance of family—and of the Kennedy family. It was all for one and one for all. Though they did allow a constellation of close friends and loyal retainers into the orbit, if you weren’t a Kennedy you just weren’t a Kennedy. (Canellos, 28)

The tragedies of the family—the deaths of Joe, Jr., Jack and Bobby and the institutionalization of Rosemary, cemented in grief a new level of commitment to each remaining member of the clan. No other American family of prominence had such bad fortune.

The Kennedy family’s common goals were public service and imbuing the Kennedy family’s name with luster. Helping each other was a given. No

backbiting. Pull together. One face to the world. Age differences (Jack was 17 years older than Ted) meant that the older boys (Joe, Jr. and Jack) didn't see Teddy as a rival, but rather a friend to be nurtured and protected.

“Signature sports” of the Kennedys included *dinner-table quizzes*, *football*, *sailing*, and *politics*. Learning to excel in each was an expected rite of Kennedy manhood.

Dinner table conversation. Answering Joe Sr.'s peppering questions on current events and politics.

Football. No family played harder or rougher.

Sailing. “Like politics, the ocean held a hypnotic lure, and sailing was as much a part of the Kennedy makeup as good teeth and a strong jaw line. They took lessons; the family owned boats. When there were only eight children, Joe [Sr.] named the family's boat *The Ten of Us*.” (Canellos, 32) Each child was expected to participate, to compete avidly.

Politics. “Teddy, [was] always eager to emulate his brothers.” (Canellos, 50) In getting elected, as Bobby had been, to head the Student Legal Forum at the University of Virginia, or traveling to North Africa and other foreign locales, or campaigning in the thirteen western states for his brother Jack's 1960 squeaker U.S. Presidential win. Later Teddy “embraced the opportunity to prove that Joe [Sr.]'s faith in him had not been misplaced.” (Canellos, 67) So he ran for the U.S. Senate seat from Massachusetts at his father's behest—trusting his father's judgment. All the boys pulled their political weight for each other.

Bind the family with strong bonds of togetherness.

3—Develop mantras for the family.

The Kennedy children were expected to be cheerful. Cheerfulness was valued by Rose and Joe Sr. Tears, sadness, moping—Joe Sr. told them—were worthless.

Said Ted,

Dad wouldn't let any of his children feel sorry for himself. Yet he was quick to scold a child who tried to smile too readily or to charm his way through life.

No sour-pusses. (Canellos, 18)

Kennedy's never complain. (Kennedy, 66)

Joe Sr.'s favorite mantras that he came back to again and again, were:

No losers in this family. (Canellos, 18)

No rich, idle bums. (Canellos, 18)

Things don't happen, they are made to happen. (Leamer, The Kennedy Men, 351)

And Joe Sr. specifically addressed Ted,

You can have a serious life or a non-serious life, Teddy. I'll still love you whichever choice you make. But if you decide to have a non-serious life, I won't have much time for you. You make up your mind. There are too many children here who are doing things that are interesting to me to do much with you. (Kennedy, 40)

And when it came to mistakes, Joe Sr. was practical. According to Ted,

We knew that we could always come home, that we could make mistakes, get defeated, but when all was said and done, we would be respected and appreciated at home . . . This was the abiding philosophy. (Kennedy, 31)

Mantras. Short. Easily understood. Easily remembered. Worth their weight in gold.

Develop mantras for the family. Some may appear hokey at first to your kids, but they will stick in their noggins.

4—Read to them when they are young.

Each evening during Ted's very early years, his mother Rose read to him a children's story, personifying the characters with her own "voices," after which they would say prayers together and go to bed.

Jack Kennedy, Ted's older brother and future President of the United States, drilled this into him:

Read books enthusiastically

Jack was a famously quick reader (reportedly reaching 2,000 words-per-minute with good comprehension). And as a student Ted looked up to Jack, as do many younger brothers to their older, wiser sibling. *Jack insisted that Ted never be without a book.* He also introduced Ted to his favorite authors and writings—with both of them reading aloud together—bonding and instilling in Ted a love of literature, the classics, as well as poetry and verse. It was a way for Jack to revisit his most esteemed writers, and at the same time pass them along to the next generation of Kennedys.

Ideas, desire to travel, role models, literacy—all come from books. *Read to your children to encourage a love of reading.* Teaching them by example to read. Plumb biographies, well-written fiction, words of the Bible and great religious books, important history, great speeches, and beautiful poems. Let them become the friends of your sons and daughters.

Reading. One of the most important gauges for future success. Don't let it slide. Do your part by reading to them when they are young. And reading more mature texts—Shakespeare, poetry, memorable passages from fiction—when they are older, as teenagers.

5—Eat dinner together and discuss important world news events and ideas.

In the Kennedy household, dinner was more than simply eating a meal. Dinner was a time to show what you had. Brains. Ideas. News. It wasn't enough to look cute, to make people laugh. You must show Joe Sr. and Rose you could keep up with your siblings—that you had the brainpower, the learning, the command of the English language, the poise, the speaking ability, to hold your own with the grownups. Only in that way did you get praised and were you able to prove that you had what it takes. Had what it takes to tackle the public arena to which the family aspired.

[Rose] was the moderator of our topical dinner table conversations, the topics—geography one night, the front-page headlines the next—announced in advance on cards that she wrote out and pinned to a billboard near the dining room. (Kennedy, 30)

Since the Kennedy children spanned a broad range of ages, there were two tables at dinnertime. One table for the adults and older children. Another table for the younger children. The younger Kennedys were expected to behave themselves and listen closely to the adult conversation.

The adult table fielded politics, history, current events, and literature. Young adults had to contribute on any and all topics. Any topic brought up for discussion was not a one-liner, one-idea, one-thinker topic. Any of the children could be called on to speak their thoughts about a topic that had been introduced by another. And it needed to be a well-spoken, logical, coherent comment or idea. Joe Sr. and Rose quizzed the children and encouraged participation and varying opinions. To be deemed worthwhile, it was imperative that you *contribute something meaningful and worthwhile to the dinner table discussion. That was the iron rule.*

Teddy often resorted to talking about a book he was reading—illuminating the ideas of the author and offering a critical review.

Mother was obsessed with learning. She would pin clippings from newspapers and magazines onto a bulletin board so the children could bone up on the news of the day—and comment on it at the table. (Canellos, 30)

After dinner the family would sing Irish songs around the piano, played with gusto by Rose—supplemented by stories of her youth.

Eating dinner together reinforces the family unit and builds solidarity, competitiveness, and a broader outlook of the world and world events. Don't let other activities take precedence over eating together, over discussing important topics at the dinner table

6—Teach them to fight their own battles.

At the age of nine, Rose sent Teddy to a Catholic boarding school. The story goes that one time another student was bullying and pushing Teddy around. Bobby, his older brother, saw what was happening, but refused to intervene. Telling Teddy,

You've got to learn to fight your own battles. (Canellos, 25)

He did and it stood him in good stead the rest of his life—in battles emotional, physical and political. He didn't rely on others to fight for him. He met and fought them head on, with courage and grit.

Teach them the difference. Not every battle should be fought. "Live to fight another day" has its place. If you must fight, then pick the time and place. Marshal your resources. Be prepared. *Fight hard.*

But teach them how to fight their own battles. Don't shy away from conflict that builds character and stamina.

SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR

Sandra Day O'Connor is an American jurist and the first female member of the United States Supreme Court.

Sandra's father was an Arizona cattle rancher.

Who is Sandra Day O'Connor?

The Lazy B. A huge cattle ranch in Arizona. More work than you could conceive. And Sandra wasn't spared.

Sandra Day was born March 26, 1930 and grew up on the Lazy B Ranch. On the border between New Mexico and Arizona, near Duncan, Arizona. She has two siblings. Her parents were Harry Alfred Day ("DA") and Ada Mae Wilkey, ranchers on land as hard as anyone could imagine making a living on. Harry Day's father came to New Mexico from Vermont in 1880, seeking his fortune in ranching. He bought a herd of cattle in Mexico and settled in for a tough, hardscrabble life in the saddle. His coming coincided with droughts, overstocking, and falling cattle prices. Barbed wire was replacing the "open range."

The Lazy B Ranch was vast—8,560 acres owned, and the balance of 160,000 acres leased from the state or federal governments. This acreage supported (sometimes) 2,000 cows and a few working horses. Thirty-five wells and windmills on the ranch had to be oiled and serviced regularly. Any breakdown was a *very* serious matter, and both the machinery and cattle depending on it had to be taken care of immediately. Harry Day had to learn fast how to do almost any conceivable repair on the Lazy B—and usually do it alone. According to Sandra's father, "If you want something done, do it yourself."

The 1921 death of his father forced Harry Day, then age 23, to foreswear his dream of attending Stanford University. Instead he had to assume direct responsibility for the Lazy B. He compensated for lack of a University education by reading widely. Periodicals such as *U.S. News & World Report*, *Time*, *Fortune*, and the *Los Angeles Times*. And soaking up the mechanics of how things worked. When he was growing up, the Lazy B was the largest and most successful ranch in the region. Harry Day did it. He was smart. Powerful. Exceedingly kind to all. But never wrong. *A perfectionist. Always things had to be done his way.* A very careful business manager. *Income must exceed expenses.* He earned the respect of both other ranchers and his cowboys. Sandra saw how hard he worked,

recognized and appreciated his exemplary qualities, and tried hard to live up to his standards. Unusually, he took an interest in everything and everyone he met.

The Day's house was thirty-five miles from the nearest city. Over very rough roads. No indoor plumbing, running water, or electricity. The house was shared with several cowboys who slept on the screened porch. Sandra's mother Ada Mae did the cooking. Washed clothes using a corrugated washboard. No proper bathtub. Instead, a large tin tub was brought in and sufficed for their weekly baths. Sandra's mother was born in 1904, the first of three children. She grew up in Arizona, the daughter of a cattle trader, rancher, and mercantile store owner. Musically inclined, she learned to play the piano and socially was exceedingly outgoing. When she met Harry Day she was a graduate of the University of Arizona. Not intimidated by her family's skepticism of Harry Day's shortcomings (remember, Harry Day was tough, self-taught, had little money, a rancher with no college education). They eloped after a three-month, mostly long-distance romance. He was thirty. She was twenty-three. She then hurled herself into her new existence. Sandra's mother played the piano, dressed well, and was indefatigable. She read avidly and subscribed to various magazines and newspapers (*The New Yorker*, *Vogue*, *House Beautiful*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Time*, *Life* and *National Geographic*). And she passed that reading trait on to her children. She was the only woman on the ranch, but the men respected her for her endurance, her work ethic, her dignity, her poise. She was "a tidy package of good looks, competence, and charm."

Sandra delighted in long walks with her mother across the Lazy B, both peering inquisitively at the desert flora and fauna, and searching for Indian artifacts. And the three R's were not neglected either, for by four years of age Sandra could already read—a testament to her mother's instruction and Sandra's intelligence. On the social side Ada Mae was no wallflower. She loved music and entertaining, and passed those passions on to her daughter too.

Ada Mae had a problem. The schools near the ranch were not of a high enough caliber to benefit and challenge Sandra. She wouldn't let poor education cripple her daughter's otherwise bright future. Although Ada Mae tried for a year to home school Sandra's siblings, it didn't prove a satisfactory solution. Her solution was to (reluctantly) let Sandra school in El Paso, "boarding" with her grandmother, Mamie Wilkey. She sent her to Radford School for Girls, acclaimed for its rigorous traditional teaching. However, the separation from her mother and father and the Lazy B was traumatic for a girl of eleven. Homesickness often rolled over Sandra. In the eighth grade she won a temporary reprieve from Radford, for a year of schooling near the ranch. But that commute by car and bus from the Lazy B consumed about four hours per day, and was not sustainable.

In 1946 Sandra entered Stanford University at the young age of sixteen, majoring in economics. The school her father had very reluctantly passed on. She was naturally apprehensive, due to her age, but that worry proved idle. She excelled with high grades. A natural verbal ability honed on the ranch. An avid competitor

in sports and games.

Professor Harry Rathbun, Stanford's esteemed economics professor. Her experience in Professor Rathbun's classroom propelled Sandra to enter Stanford's law school after her undergraduate work. His teaching melded economics and personal responsibility. You, an individual, can make a difference. You have a responsibility to the community. Go out into the world and solve problems. Go out and make a difference. Go do something worthwhile. Do something to help others. Take with you your knowledge of economics to improve the world.

On to Stanford Law School. And who should she meet in her law class? While only one of five women in the class, Sandra bumped against fellow law student, William Rehnquist, who would later become Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Confident and articulate, both became members of the *Stanford Law Review*.

Another Stanford law student, John Jay O'Connor III, caught her eye romantically. Their interest percolated over many weeks while they jointly checked citations and proofread law review articles. She was smitten and married him in 1952.

1952 also brought reality to the forefront. For Sandra's interviews with several law firms in California were disheartening in the extreme. She had graduated in the top ten percent of her law-school class and had been on the board of editors of the *Stanford Law Review*. All for naught. No employment offers. Except for the position of legal secretary. A disaster. Instead she pivoted to work as a deputy county attorney handling civil cases for San Mateo County, just north of Stanford. It proved an interim solution, for in 1958 she started her own law firm, pitching in with a Princeton and University of Michigan law graduate. Their office was in a shopping center in Phoenix, Arizona.

Politics provided another avenue for Sandra's talents. County vice chairman for the Republican Party. All the while continuing her private law practice. Trustee for the Federal Bankruptcy Court. Then Assistant Attorney General of Arizona (representing state agencies and boards). And appointed, then re-elected twice to the Arizona State Senate. 1964 supporting Barry Goldwater's bid for the presidency. Appointed to the Arizona Court of Appeals. All the while raising her three sons. *She was a very busy woman.*

1969 was the payoff for her industriousness and Republican connections. President Richard Nixon appointed her to fill an open United States Senate seat, and following that she quickly secured the chairmanship of the Senate's State, County and Municipal Affairs legislative committee. And a seat on both the Appropriations and Judiciary Committees. She was finally in her element. Prepared. Ready to "rock and roll."

In 1981 she was nominated by President Ronald Reagan to serve as an Associate Justice for the United States Supreme Court. Affirmed by a vote of 99–0. And

during her tenure—until her retirement in 2006—she was regarded as the Court's leading centrist.

She retired to better care for her husband, who suffered for two decades from Alzheimer's disease. In her "retirement" she is now the Chancellor of the College of William & Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia. And also deeply involved in heightening the public's awareness of Alzheimer's.

In 2002 she co-wrote with her brother and published *Lazy B*, a book chronicling her life growing up on a cattle ranch in the American southwest.

Parenting Techniques

1—Teach genuine interest in other people.

Sandra:

[My father's] most distinguishing characteristic was his genuine interest in everyone he met, whether poor or rich, educated or illiterate, well dressed or in rags. He never talked down to his children; he spoke to us as adults and wanted to know our thoughts and views. (O'Connor, 28)

As a result, Sandra and her siblings felt the ups and downs of others. The hired cowboys. Cowboys that stayed sometimes for decades with Harry Day and the Lazy B. Sometimes even worked there until they died. She saw their weaknesses. She saw their towering strengths. They were all human beings. Some had families. All had hopes and dreams. They worked hard. Were honest. They deserved respect. For a young girl, needing to "learn the ropes," Sandra needed their confidence and she needed to show confidence in them.

Her life lessons with common working people of all backgrounds formed the basis for fair and compassionate judicial rulings on the United States Supreme Court.

Don't let your children merely talk to others. Show them by example that they should be genuinely interested in others. Their life stories, problems, joys, and sorrows.

2—Allow your children to work with you.

Sandra:

The value of hard work and honest, fair dealing were drilled into us constantly. Whenever any of us were at home, we could go with DA [my father] to help with his work . . . [my siblings] Alan, Ann, and I knew exactly what DA did and could accompany him and help him most of the time. We could see how hard he worked, and we learned to appreciate the desert and how difficult it is to make a living on that arid land. (O'Connor, 28) Work. You spend a great deal of your life at work, in your profession. But most of the time your children know very little about what you do. They

don't appreciate how hard you work. What an impact it has on theirs' and others' lives. How it fits in with their world and the world of others.

Taking them to work and bringing them into the business's problems, meetings, solutions. That's the way to make them appreciative, aware of where their "food and clothing" comes from, and more knowledgeable and enthusiastic about business.

3—Show them the job should be done right.

Sandra:

DA encouraged each of his children to accomplish whatever they undertook in a competent and professional manner. Slipshod work would be quickly uncovered, and he would redo it in a proper manner. He would not scold someone who performed a task inexpertly, but that person would know without being told that he or she had not met the desired standard. Each of his children would work hard to receive a nod of approval from DA. (O'Connor, 33)

All three of us, many times, saw DA spend an hour or more doing some little inconsequential job but having the patience to stay with it until he got it right. (O'Connor, 28) We all can work to slack standards or high standards. We do it. Our children pick up on our standards and do it too. Do you want them to proceed in life always aiming low? Or aiming high? It's up to you. Every task. Every project. Every job. High standards? Or low standards?

Do it right all the time. Take the time to do it right. Practice the Golden Rule. If it were someone else doing the job or project for you, what standards would you want? Of course *you'd want it done right!*

4—Let them memorize important prose and practice dramatic recitation.

At Radford School for Girls classes were small. Sandra especially enjoyed Miss Fireovid's dramatic-arts class. Memorizing short essays and poems. Reciting them in dramatic fashion. Miss Fireovid insisted on clear enunciation. Proper pronunciation. Look at the audience. Initially frightening for Sandra, but an incredible learning experience.

Remember your school days? What stayed in your memory the rest of your life? It was your English public speaking or classes where you had to memorize well-known passages or poems. The exact wording and meaning stayed with you for a long, long time. Maybe now it's fading, but you still remember those with fondness and enjoy re-reading them in books.

But the experience of memorizing, learning the meaning, practicing recitations, diction, enunciation, projection—those can be life-changing experiences.

Preparing your children for big things in the future. So even if they don't get that practice in school, let them do it at home. Or even if they *do* get it at school, *add to it at home*. Let them practice dramatic recitations!

5—Discuss current events at the dinner table.

One hallmark of the Day household was the evening meal. When the farm work was done (that always came first), Harry Day relaxed. He loved nothing more than to spend hours each day at the dinner table discussing current events. Ranching. Economics. Politics. It wasn't a talk-down-to-the-child period either. Sandra had a facile mind for her age. Ada Mae was an avid participant too. They talked about real problems. Problems that either did or could or would affect their lives. Real meaty issues. Back and forth. Debating. Lecturing. Wrestling with reality.

Every home should resonate with the cognizance of current events. What's happening in the world? What's happening in our state? In our community? Newspapers. Online. Discussions with friends, neighbors. All those sources feed into our view of events. Analyze. Take a position. Defend *that* position. Switch positions. Defend *that* position. Learn to empathize with the opposition, but fight orally for your position.

The dinner table is the ideal battleground to wage this educational war.

RONALD REAGAN

Ronald Reagan was the 40th President of the United States, a Republican, and the former Governor of California.

Ron's mother performed dramatic recitals and crusaded among prisoners.

Who was Ronald Reagan?

Bedtime for Bonzo. A movie to forget. An actor to remember. Carried the Republican Party's conservative banner to the Presidency. Burnished it with his humor and faith in the greatness of America.

Ronald Wilson Reagan was born February 6, 1911 in Tampico, Illinois to John Edward "Jack" Reagan and Nellie "Nelle" Wilson Reagan (he was their second son). He was President of the United States from 1981–1989, and the 33rd Governor of California from 1967–1975.

Ron's father descended from Irish Catholics with roots in County Tipperary, Ireland. A poor land which suffered greatly during the potato famine of the 1840's. His mother, a Protestant, came from Scots-English ancestry. Ron's nickname "Dutch" was given to him by his father, reportedly due to his "fat little Dutchman"-like appearance and/or his "Dutch boy" haircut. Whatever the truth, it stuck throughout his life.

Religion was a focus of Ron's early life. Tempered by his father's religious skepticism and cynicism, Ron molded his opinions of religion differently. As President, Reagan almost never left the White House to go to church, and seldom invited a chaplain in to give services. He did not wish to see Americans submissive to the religious establishment, but defended religion from those groups that strove to rid it from public life. The substance of one's personal religious convictions was of less concern to him than *the freedom to believe*. Thus it was no coincidence that as Governor of California he told students that their professors should teach them not "what" to think, but "how" to think.

Ron's father Jack was a Democrat. Through and through. He coupled that with a deep respect for the value of hard work and ambition. He believed in the workingman and his right to a fair shake for his labors. That all men were created equal, just as the Bible said. And that a man's own ambition and drive foresaw what happened to him thereafter.

He had street smarts. He was a great salesman. And “my father was filled with dreams,” said Ron. Still, Ron’s father had a cynical view of mankind and suspected the worst of people.

Ron’s mother, Nelle, began life on an Illinois farm. Her sons called her Nelle. Not mother or mama. Reagan’s parents were polar opposites in their views of people and the world. “[My mother] had a drive to help my brother and I make something of ourselves.” (R. Reagan, *An American* . . . 23) While Jack was teeming with dreams and discontent, Nelle was doggedly determined. Exuding kindness and feminist assertion. While Jack smoked and drank to excess, Nelle prayed, worked extra hard, and made sure that there was money enough to pay for food and the rent. Nelle’s one dream was that her two sons would go to college (both she and her husband had only completed the sixth grade).

Ron’s memory of his childhood differed greatly from that of his brother Neil. Neil said, “We were poor—and I mean *poor*.” (R. Reagan, *Where’s the Rest* . . . 310) Nelle, very much aware of the Reagan family’s precarious finances, did her best to minimize expenses. Ron wore clothes previously worn by his brother, as did most children in his day. Later he firmly stated his belief that this and other “scrimping” built his character and attention to thrift.

Of the financially rough patches in his early life—when the family was clinging by its fingernails to a rung on the middle-class ladder, Ron said,

We didn’t live on the wrong side of the [railroad] track, but we lived so close we could hear the whistle real loud. (R. Reagan, Where’s the Rest . . . 311)

In keeping with his personality, Ron viewed his childhood in rosy, idyllic terms—roaming and enjoying the hills and outdoors in summer, sledding in winter. Woods. Creeks. Mysteries.

The Great Depression wreaked havoc on the family finances. Forcing the family to lead a nomadic life. Though a loner by nature, probably from his constantly shifting schools, and thus never being able to retain friends for long—Ron’s personality turned out sunny. He was very popular. Moving ten times before he was ten years of age, he always considered Dixon, Illinois his real hometown. That was where his heart was. Dixon. A “small universe” of a mid-western town. In 1920, on his family’s arrival, the town had only 8,000 residents (really not so small in those days).

In the summer of 1926 Reagan, a strong swimmer, became the first lifeguard at Dixon’s Lowell Park beach, on the treacherous Rock River. Drownings were scandalizing the township. Ron lifeguarded there for seven summers. *Pulled seventy-seven swimmers to safety*. And the local Dixon newspaper crowed over his heroics.

Later, with his acting career well underway, Ron met his first wife, actress Jane Wyman, when he co-starred with her in a 1938 film. They were married two years

later. Jane came from a similar mid-west middleclass home, but from a home life that lacked the Reagan home's nurturing aspects. Their marriage in 1940 lasted eight years. They had a daughter, Maureen, and adopted a son, Michael. The marriage broke up in 1949 as a result of arguments pitting Ron's political ambitions against both of their acting careers.

Ron met his second wife, Nancy Davis, when he was president of the Screen Actors Guild. After she asked his help when her name appeared (mistaken for another Nancy Davis) on a Hollywood communist blacklist. Describing that meeting, she said, "I don't know if it was exactly love at first sight, but it was pretty close." In their marriage, they were extremely close. Frequently displaying their affection for each other. One press secretary said,

They never took each other for granted. They never stopped courting.

He called her "Mommy" and she called him "Ronnie". He once wrote to her,

Whatever I treasure and enjoy . . . all would be without meaning if I didn't have you. (N. Reagan, 103)

Ronald Reagan began his political career as a Democrat, but began to change in the 1950's as he wrote and spoke around the country for the General Electric Corporation (GE). Changed to a conservative, pro-business stance. Switched allegiance to the Republican Party in 1962, supported Barry Goldwater's presidential candidacy in 1964, and won the Governorship of California in 1966. Four years later he was re-elected. In 1980 he ran for the Presidency of the United States for the Republican Party, and won. He was re-elected four years later.

The American people accorded Ronald Reagan high marks for his presidency. His peaceful end to the cold war with Russia was tempered with the large deficits necessary to build up America's military might. His lasting imprint was placed on the Republican Party and America's modern conservative politics—as standing for less government and lower taxes—though the former was never achieved.

Reagan's ability to connect with the American people earned him the affectionate title "The Great Communicator." He learned how to speak and communicate well as an actor and over many years as spokesperson for GE. So much so that when an occasional scandal or controversy arose, he was nicknamed the "Teflon President"—due to the public's perception that he could do almost no wrong.

Reagan believed in "American exceptionalism"—that there is something unique and wonderful about America—that God ordained her birth and rise to preeminence. He spoke of America as:

A land of hope, a light unto nations, a shining city on a hill. (Deconde, 76)

Few other Presidents had such total faith in the future, or believed so strongly that America would continue to be a beacon of goodness. President Reagan was always willing to take responsibility for the government's wrongs. But rarely did he ask the American people to do the same for their own lives or to curtail their wants and desires. Government might err and do wrong, but the people never did.

He viewed equality of opportunity as the government's role, rather than uniformity of outcome. If a man worked harder and smarter, he should be rewarded more abundantly.

Ronald Reagan died in 1989 at the age of 93, after suffering several years with Alzheimer's disease.

Parenting Techniques

1—Build your ideals and values into your children.

Reagan's mother, Nelle, harbored a deep optimism toward life and other people. She looked for and expected the best in people—and she often found it. Nelle reflected,

Everything in life happens for a purpose. If something goes wrong, don't let it get you down. Step away, step over, move on . . . If later something good will happen, you'll think 'If I hadn't had that problem back then, then this better thing wouldn't have happened.' (R. Reagan, *An American . . .* 21)

Nancy, Ron's adored second wife, often commented on Ron's optimism. That he received it from his mother. The idea that the glass is always half-full:

It can be difficult to live with somebody so relentlessly upbeat. [Sometimes] I longed for him to show at least a little anxiety. (Angelo, 295)

Nancy quipped,

Depressed? He doesn't know the meaning of the word. He is not impervious to events, but he is very resilient. Nelle [Ron's mother] never saw anything evil in another human being and Ronnie is the same way. Sometimes it infuriates me, but that's how he is. (R. Reagan, *Where's the Rest . . .* 311)

Ron's mother placed a high value on prayer. She wanted Ron to dream, to believe in dreams and to believe in his ability to work and make his dreams come true. While his mother never doubted the power of prayer, she also believed in the need for action. Helping people in trouble. She was "a natural do-gooder." She had the conviction that everyone loved her—just because she loved them.

A diploma is not needed for kindness.

Her deep faith, as a member of the Disciples of Christ Church, led her to spiritual and social activism. She welcomed the down and out even into her home. She followed a weekly schedule for herself. Visiting prisoners in the local jails, and later in a tuberculosis sanitarium for indigents. Nelle's religion and that of her children, was a relaxed religion. Grounded in the scriptures and fellowship. Preaching optimism and minimizing doctrinal differences. Turning away from external authority. Instead trusting in the inner self. Kindness and religion were her rocks. And Dutch followed her religious lead as an active youth participant.

In time the previous generosity of Nelle to her neighbors came back to save the

Reagan family. When Jack Reagan, Ron's father, lost his job on Christmas Eve of the Great Depression and the grocery store cut off their credit, friends brought food to them. In desperation the family rented out all but one room of the family house. They hung on by their fingernails and sheer willpower.

What are your values? Your ideals? Create a master list of your family's values. Day by day, one by one, instill them in your children.

Build your ideals and values into your children.

2—Build empathy with ordinary people.

Ron's "hometown" of Dixon was where his parents instilled many small-town lessons that shaped Ron's thinking for his entire life:

- *Everyone is a unique individual, but we all also want the same things:*
 - *We all want freedom, liberty, peace, love and security.*
 - *We all want a good home, a chance to worship God in our own way.*
 - *We all want to improve our lives, to work at a meaningful job, to be rewarded for our work.*
 - *We want to control our own destiny, and*
 - *We all dream and seek pride and accomplishments in our life. (R. Reagan, *An American* . . . 27)*

Said Ron,

America, especially in a small town environment, gives us this opportunity. America gives us the chance to make our dreams come true.

Empathy with ordinary people. The taxi driver, the garbage man, the waitress, the retail clerk, the manager, the ordinary worker. Cultivate the ability to talk to everyone and treat them all with courtesy, respect, and dignity. They have families, children to feed, problems of race, education, money—that we may not have. "There but for the grace of God go we." Have empathy. Learn empathy with others.

3—Firmly reject racial bigotry.

Long before racial tolerance and respect came of age in America, Ron's parents were practicing it. They inculcated in him the tenet that people should be judged as individuals. Irrespective of their skin color. His mother was racially color-blind. She allowed no racial slurs or religious intolerance in the Reagan family. *The Golden Rule ruled!*

*Treat thy neighbor as you would want your neighbor to treat you. (R. Reagan, *An American* . . . 30)*

Judge everyone by how they act, not who or what they are. (R. Reagan, An American . . . 30)

Ron told a personal story that stuck deep in his psyche all his life:

After arriving at his traveling destination on one of his [many] sales trips, his father Jack began registering at the hotel desk—and heard the clerk tell him: ‘You’ll like it here, Mr. Reagan. We don’t permit a Jew in the place.’ His father reacted by grabbing his suitcase and leaving. But before he did, he leaned over the desk and spit out his remarks: ‘I’m a Catholic. If it’s come to the point where you won’t take Jews, then someday you won’t take me either.’ (R. Reagan, An American . . . 27)

Race bigotry is a moral flaw. It corrodes the intellect. Reject it forcefully. Over and over. And your family will reject bigotry too.

4—Insist that your teenage children work each summer—even if they or you don’t need the money.

Early on Ron learned the value of work. True, he loved football in high school. But his seven summers spent lifeguarding brought personal responsibility for others’ lives. And it was hard work. Though not hard in a manual sense, except when a rescue had to be performed. Instead it was a lesson in attentiveness, concentration, and defense against distractions: girls, passersby, other interesting beach happenings.

Ron’s college aspirations? Money was the problem. His dad couldn’t afford to pay college expenses, but was very emotionally supportive. Eureka College, a small liberal arts college in Eureka, California, sponsored by his church, the Disciples of Christ. It recognized Ron’s earnestness and gave him a half-tuition scholarship plus a job that covered his board. That, coupled with his earnings from lifeguarding, coaching swimming, and helping to build and remodel houses (with pick and shovel)—enabled him to attend Eureka and survive financially.

He majored in economics and sociology. Excelled in campus politics, sports, and theater. Played football and track, captained the swimming team, cheer led for basketball, edited the yearbook, and was elected student body president. And to boot, he organized a student strike when the college president tried to cut back the faculty. An all-around “big man on campus.” He reveled in it.

Manual work. It instilled in Ron an appreciation of common people—who earn their living through the trades and manual labor. It propelled him through school. It taught him that hard work is an essential part of life.

You don’t get your dreams by daydreaming. (Skinner, 91)

America offers everyone who is willing to work hard, unlimited opportunity.

Work. It rarely hurts kids. Ninety-eight percent of the time it helps. Helps make them understand that life is not free. That whatever they want in life won’t be

free. Luck is usually made by people working hard, preparing for their “lucky break.” Ready to take advantage of opportunities. The lazy need not apply. Life rarely rewards them, except with third-tier careers, terminations, good-for-nothing education degrees, broken marriages, perpetual financial troubles, and unhappiness. Work done well provides intrinsic, internal rewards. *Teach that.*

Summer work builds character. Help and guide your children to finding meaningful summer work. Fight for their chance at building character and the work ethic. *Even if you have to subsidize it surreptitiously*, it’s more than worth it. Don’t let them sit around during their free time or summers. Do so and you’re asking for trouble. Asking for them to get into trouble. Providing them with the opportunity to get into trouble. Fill that free time with meaningful work. Work that puts change in their pocket. That helps pay for their academic education, transportation, or splurges. *It pays big, very big dividends.*

5—Teach your children about risk—how to assess and take risks intelligently.

Jack was tall, handsome and muscular. He had his passions: Sports. Storytelling. Practical jokes. Dancing. Daydreaming. Whisky. He was a charmer. A teller of endless stories. Sure that his fortune awaited him in the next town.

Jack loved shoes and all the marketing and science that went with them. He took correspondence courses in shoe salesmanship and spent hours studying the bones of the foot. He sold on the shoe floor, managed shoe departments, and eventually sold shoes in his own stores. He might have had a brilliant sales career were it not for the Great Depression and his alcoholism. It left him a frustrated father. Restless for change. Burning with unrequited ambition. He lost his shoe sales job during the Depression. Unemployed, yes. But he *never gave up. He never stopped trying.*

Because of his father’s difficulty finding work, Ron gradually came to admire entrepreneurs and small merchants. Those who take risks. Those who build financial security and community respect for themselves and their family.

Sometimes it’s riskier to do nothing, to continue on the same path, than to change, to strike out in a different direction. If your current course of action offers little or no hope for advancement toward your goals, then get off that path as soon as practical. Pick up your gum shoes. Shake off the cement. And MOVE. *But don’t quit your job until you have a better one* (in writing). Assess the risks and *carefully* change direction.

Each fork in the road has risks. Decisions. Benefits. Teach your children how to assess risk and take intelligent risks. *Don’t shield them from all risks.* Just help them analyze those risks. Whether it is health, financial, or physical.

Teenagers are notoriously lacking in the skills to properly take risks. It typically takes several decades to learn from their own mistakes and experience. They need to be taught. *Schools don’t do it. It’s your job.* You, with your life experiences,

are best suited to advising, coaching—as to how to take risks. What to look out for. How to read contracts. The fine print. What does it mean? How can that phrase or clause come back to bite you? What are the benefits *and* consequences.

Begin today. It's really the case study method of Harvard Business School. You are the professor. You are the moderator. Don't just lecture. Help them analyze the risks in everyday decisions.

6—Find ways for your children to act and speak—excellent talents for any profession.

Ron's mother Nelle had an innate love of books, poetry, and the dramatic arts. Each night she gathered the boys in bed and read aloud to them. Teaching them to read and follow her loves.

Nelle was the maven of dramatic recitals for Dixon's county [in California]. Those recitals provided a respite from her family and charitable endeavors. She approached each rehearsal and recitation with the earnestness of a great actress, though her talent may not have measured up to that standard. Ron's love of acting undeniably emanated from his mother. Mother and son put together a simple act of music (she playing a respectable banjo) and readings—and performed at the Dixon State Hospital. Later Nelle was the star performer of the Dixonites, a group in their hometown that enjoyed reading dramatic excerpts from famous poems, plays, speeches, and books. These were read with all the gusto they could muster. Soon Ron, with trepidation and hesitance, but *with his mother's encouragement, tried it—and loved it.*

It really changed his life!

Formerly he was shy and insecure. Now he learned to project his voice. Enunciate words. Build inflection and meaning. Into what could otherwise be a dull recitation. He loved the audience approval and sense of clout that he got from being able to communicate with powerful speaking. He cherished the opportunity. Then joined and loved acting in school dramas.

The benefit of his mother's strategy and encouragement was evident in Ron's later career. It was then said of his acting: "he never forgot his lines, never blew a scene and always hit his marks." Shades of his mother.

New things should be exciting. You never know what will trigger your children's interest. What will improve their personality and/or become a career or lifelong interest. *Show you are open to new things and your children will be too.*

Ron's big break into the entertainment industry began with a bit of luck in the midst of the Great Depression. After graduating from Eureka College, Ron found a job announcing the home football games for the University of Iowa Hawkeyes—earning \$10 per game. When a local sports announcer in Des Moines suddenly died, Ron asked to try out as the replacement announcer for the Chicago Cubs baseball games. In those days the game results were telegraphed from the

game with a delay—and the local announcer had to “create” the radio version from the paper copy, making it sound like a real play-by-play account of the game. The manager stated the tryout’s terms: “announce an imaginary football game.” After eight years playing high school and collegiate football, Ron was ready. Sitting there at the mike, he recalled one of the electrifying games he had played in. He put his all into recreating that excitement over the radio microphone. *It worked!* It was an exciting, but imaginary game. His employer took a chance. Gave him his first job in radio. He had won the tryout.

Acting and speaking represent extraordinary abilities. That if done well will propel your children in their respective careers. Find ways for them to speak and act. Whether formally in an academic setting, or in clubs, Toastmaster meetings, or dramatic groups.

Quotes from Ronald Reagan

Freedom is one of the deepest and noblest aspirations of the human spirit. (Hayes, 42)

Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same, or one day we will spend our sunset years telling our children and our children's children what it was once like in the United States where men were free. (Biographiq, 47)

History teaches that wars begin when governments believe the price of aggression is cheap. (M. Reagan, speech)

YVONNE THORNTON

Yvonne Thornton is an African-American medical doctor, practicing obstetrics, gynecology and maternal-fetal medicine; and an author.

Yvonne's father dug ditches for a living..

Who is Yvonne Thornton?

Her father was a ditchdigger. Her mother was a maid. Yet with great parenting, the five ditchdigger's daughters defied all odds. And achieved professions in medicine (two doctors), dentistry, legal, and nursing.

Yvonne S. Thornton, M.D. graduated from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons with an Executive Master's Degree in Health Policy and Management. A certified specialist in obstetrics, gynecology and maternal-fetal medicine. A Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Vice-Chair of OB/GYN and Director of Maternal-Fetal Medicine in New York City.

Prior to her Vice-Chair position, as senior perinatologist in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, Dr. Thornton established and developed the program for a new form of early prenatal diagnostic testing known as Chorionic Villus Sampling (CVS). She was one of the original American investigators whose CVS results were relied upon by the United States Food and Drug Administration prior to its granting approval for the procedure in 1989.

Dr. Thornton is an avid spokesperson for the March of Dimes and women's health issues, having appeared on television shows and hosted her own show. She is the best-selling author of the Pulitzer prize-nominated book, *The Ditchdigger's Daughters*, published in 1995. Over 250,000 copies in print. In addition she has authored three other books: *Something to Prove: A Daughter's Journey to Fulfill a Father's Legacy*, *Primary Care for the Obstetrician and Gynecologist*, a medical text, and *Inside Information for Women*, a woman's health book. And in her free time Dr. Thornton won the prestigious Daniel Webster Oratorical Competition, the first woman in its 165-year history to do so.

Yvonne's mother, Tass Edmonds Thornton, cared passionately about education. She attended and completed her junior year at Bluefield Teachers College in

Bluefield, West Virginia. Was part native-American Indian blood, but mostly black. Majored in English at Bluefield (then an all-black college). In her senior year she had to drop out because the tuition money ran out. Those things happened. There were few resources then to appeal to outside of the family. So by necessity she became a cleaning lady in order to earn a living.

Yvonne's father, Donald Thornton, dropped out of high school in the tenth grade. Ten years younger than Tass. He also had a cleaning job. They met, pulled to each other by their shared love of dancing. His forte was the jitterbug. They both were crazy about it. Then about each other. Then it was too late—they fell in love. They were hooked on each other. They married and by the time Donald was 27 years of age, he was the father of five girls, no boys.

Mostly Donald dug ditches at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. Plus odd jobs on the side. But along the way he developed a vision for his family. And determination that nothing was going to stop him from reaching that vision. Part of his vision was to build his own house for his wife and five daughters. He did so, cinder block by cinder block, week after week, year after year—by scraping and saving and building.

Parenting Techniques

1—Show your children how to overcome discrimination.

Yvonne's father had a way about him that others could surely see.

A black man in the 1950's had little rank in the white community. His was the back of the line. Bowing and scraping. Receiving only leftovers. Struggling to survive. America has made light years of progress since then, but in the 1950's, even after the war, it was tough for a black father to keep body and soul and family together—fighting for their dreams. Daddy's tactic was simple and straightforward. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't, but he stuck to it.

Along the path of life Yvonne's father and the family needed help from all kinds of people—some sympathetic and some not so.

First, he approached the top person for a decision. Why?—Because according to his thinking, that person didn't have anyone to answer to if he made a wrong decision. That person could think for himself—without fear of looking over his shoulder. And in those days, any special consideration to a black man brought second guessing and potential criticism from a boss.

Second, he established a bond of humanity by talking about something both could share in common—say their children.

I just tried to make him understand where I'm coming from and where I'm goin'. People aren't gonna throw their time or money away on somebody who gets a bottle of Thunderbird wine and lies down on the sidewalk—but, if you show people you're trying, they're gonna want to help. (Thornton,

The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 23)

His entire life Yvonne's father never challenged the man, "Whitey." There was something special about Daddy—a solidarity, a sincerity, a simplicity—that opened doors. He gave the impression of courteous determination. He would cause no trouble, raise no commotion, but he would remain until he saw the person he had come to see. Then, when he saw him, he would get him to relate to Daddy's situation, bring him around to his side. *He put him in his shoes.*

Some people are more sensitive to discrimination than others. Sensitivity to discrimination is a very commendable trait when you are *not* the person or persons being discriminated against. *Recognize discrimination.* Fight it. Show your children that you *can* fight it. How to fight it. Don't let it slide. For tomorrow *you* might be the one discriminated against.

Discrimination is a cancer that festers in the mind of those discriminated against. Show your children how to overcome it.

2—Set a culture of thriftiness-by-example.

Yvonne's father had a talent for squeezing a penny. After about three years of marriage, when he realized that Tass, though trying hard, was not able to save much from their tight budget, he took over the family's shopping and finances. He regularly bought day-old bread at the bakery. Deli ends of meat rolls—salami and bologna. Meat cuts and chickens that couldn't be displayed one more day after not selling. Scraps and soup bones were often proffered gratis by the deli owner, to go along with the rest of Daddy's purchases.

He squeezed because he needed to. Had to. Donald's appreciation of how to save, coupled with his and Tass's clearly stated goals for those savings, sank deeply into the character of their five daughters.

Create a culture of thrifty-by-example. These days thrift is not a dirty word. It's a necessity for survival for many. And a commendable trait for all. You need to show you are on the thrifty bandwagon. Haven't fallen off after your last pay raise. Still subscribe to its tenets. Still see its value. The old saying, "a penny saved is a penny earned." Still very much applicable.

Suppose your business or household spends \$100. What is needed to generate that \$100? Well, if it's your business and your gross margin is 10%, then you must sell \$1,000 of product or services to be able to spend \$100. If it's your household and you spend \$100, then if your marginal tax rate (federal plus state) is 50% (very common), then you have to earn \$200 to spend \$100. So what's the point? The point is that saving \$100—not spending \$100—means you don't have to sell \$1,000 or earn \$200. And these days those sales and earnings are harder and harder to come by. *Saving makes sense.*

The old saying,

The best survival technique is to keep your overhead low.

Overhead is by definition your recurring expenses. Rent. Communications. Mortgage. Transportation. Even discretionary expenses. Cut. Pare. Slice. There is probably a lot of slack to be cut. Some cuts will hurt more than others. Start saving for that proverbial “rainy day.” *It may be raining sooner and more frequently than you ever expect.*

Thrift. Your job. Your spouse's job. Your children's job. Your survival or your children's survival may *someday* depend on it.

3—Define education as their primary goal.

Considering his and his wife's background and finances, some would say Yvonne's father set impossible goals. Clear goals for his family and daughters:

I love you. I love you better than life. But I'm not always going to be around to look after you. You gotta be able to look after yourselves. And for that you gotta be smart. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 3)

If you expect me to be nice and give you the things you want, you got to be nice and give me what I want. I want you to study. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 57)

Clear goals. Unambiguous goals.

Donald loudly proclaimed to Tass, his daughters and anyone else who would listen. That he had a bet with the world. And that bet was one of the ways he cajoled his daughters into studying. Not just for a passing grade, but to study harder than hard.

When what you got goin' for you is inside your head, that's something nobody can take away from you. Nobody. Ever. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 36)

Education. A good education. That's their goal. Their *primary* goal. *Let them know it!*

4—Show them how to beat their weaknesses.

Daddy loved rabbits. He used them as metaphors for academic striving. He created a story that showed his daughters how to beat their weaknesses. How to train their minds and compete with better students. How to leapfrog to the head of the class and advance their life goals.

When each child started the school year, he replayed these instructions: “Pick out a rabbit.” Then he would explain how, when greyhounds race at the track, a rabbit is zoomed around the track. As a result, the greyhound dogs chase the rabbit *with all their heart and determination*. That is what he asked his daughters to do.

When you get settled in class you'll soon notice that one in your class does very well and is clearly out in front academically. That's your rabbit. If that person gets an A, that lets you know you can get an A too. You just have to

try harder. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 19)

Study with all your heart and you will achieve your goals and make Daddy proud. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 19)

Show your children how to define and beat their weaknesses.

Help them analyze their weaknesses. Don't just tell them. *Let them define them.* Agree to them. Then analyze how to beat them.

5—Give them life goals.

Donald Thornton's heart was fixed on the impossible idea that his five daughters would each grow up to be a doctor.

His reverence for doctors was rooted in his own experience. During one of Tass's pregnancies she required eighteen pints of blood for a transfusion. Directly threatening her life. Yvonne's father was everlastingly grateful to the hospital doctors for saving her life. *Beyond words.*

I can't imagine nothin' greater than knowin' how to make someone well. People are bound to respect you if you can do that. It don't matter what color you are. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 22)

That coalesced in his mind and became his astounding fixation—that *his five daughters were going to defy the odds and grow up to become doctors.* That admonition ultimately resulted in one becoming a dentist, one a lawyer, one a nurse, and one a court stenographer.

What are their life goals? Define them. State them. Repeatedly. Until it's *their* mantra.

6—Supervise their study time closely.

As Yvonne and her sisters grew, her parents had full-time jobs and could not (until they came home from work) supervise them after school. Instead, the sisters were instructed to proceed straight from school to nearby Nanna's (Nanna was their grandmother). They nicknamed her "The Wicked Witch of the East."

Nanna subscribed to a harsh, but nevertheless effective supervision style. The sisters were not allowed to play outdoors. Instead they sat in *one row* on Nanna's couch. Across from Nanna's big chair which was positioned by the front window of the living room. Nanna monitored the comings and goings outside. At the same time she kept a sharp eye on her granddaughters. They were *only* allowed to do their homework. They were *not* allowed to move or talk. The girls later christened those three hours a day the worst times of their lives. But *Nanna got the job done. And brokered no sass. You had to obey her rules. Or suffer the consequences.*

Supervision.

The old saying,

Don't let the inmates run the asylum.

Well, it's not an asylum. But sometimes it seems like it. There is no substitute for exerting moderate to strict supervision—fitted to the child and the situation.

7—Show them what will happen in life if they slacken and get lazy.

Yvonne's sister, Jeanette, got a C on a class test. Tass woke her at 6 a.m. Ordered her to the kitchen.

I'm going to teach you how to do it [clean the kitchen] and do it right—because that's what you're going to be doing for a living when you grow up. Anybody who gets a C on a test is either too dumb or too lazy to be a doctor. Now start by scouring the oven. And I want it spotless. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 36)

So she worked the whole day under Mommy. Who was relentless. Making her do each item perfectly. Spotless. Redone the second time. Redone the third time. Until her hands were raw and cracked.

On other occasions Tass lined up the kids and spoke sternly:

Your father works. I work. The job you children have is to study. As long as you work at your job as hard as your father and I do at ours—we'll take care of the house; we'll do the cooking, the washing and cleaning. But if you don't do your job, if you fool around or get lazy, then you'll do the housework—because that's what you'll be doing the rest of your life. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 36)

Lectures. Coupled with meaningful work that shows—no proves—the lecture's truth.

Show them what will happen if they slacken and become lazy. They forget. They need to be reminded. Sometimes with physical examples. Don't be afraid to let them physically experience what will happen if they slacken.

8—Drill them in proper behavior and etiquette.

Mommy's injunctions on proper behavior were burned into Yvonne and her sisters' brains:

Sit up straight [in your chair], knees together, legs crossed at the ankle. When you talk to a person, look him straight in the eye. Always speak to inferiors as readily and as cordially as to superiors. Never be loud or obstreperous. Walk shoulders back, head high. A person meeting you for the first time judges you, by how you walk, how you talk, and how you're dressed. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 38)

And she would point out various people in the park. How you could guess their character from their walk. Their dress. She had the girls walk up and down the hall at home with books on their heads—giving them instructions.

Proper behavior and etiquette is the base layer of the pyramid for successful relationships. In a family. In any company. With new people you meet. Friends. Acquaintances.

Improper behavior and poor etiquette can block *all* advancement in life. It's not just for the etiquette books. *It's for life*. For common sense. For getting along with others in a friendly, courteous manner.

Drill them in proper behavior and etiquette.

9—Create a harsh scenario if girls get pregnant.

Tass was determined to vaccinate her daughters against pregnancy:

Boys get girls pregnant and what's the difference to them? It's no difference to them, but the girl's life is over. All the lovely things you were going to do, all the wonderful things you were going to learn, all the exciting places you were going to go—there's none of that now. Your life as you know it is ended. Boys don't care you're gonna be doctors. They're lookin' out for what they want so you gotta be lookin' out for what you want. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 42)

And further,

If you have a baby, you're not bringing it back to this house. You have it, you take care of it. If you're stupid enough to get pregnant, you're out of here, on your own. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 89)

Those words were too harsh? Over-exaggerated? Maybe. But with crystal clarity it echoes in a young person's mind. Yes, they get tired of hearing it. But when the situation arises that a stark choice must be made, the words will hopefully come back to reverberate in the brain.

Create a harsh scenario of out-of-wedlock pregnancy (and drug addiction too). Teenage pregnancy is statistically rampant now. Maybe it isn't actually the end of the world, but for a teen's goals and dreams, it often shatters them. You need to be prepared. Construct lots of rules in advance of that catastrophe. Strict rules. Hard to circumvent. Penalties for breaking the rules. Enforced. Only in that way can you *hope* to prevent pregnancies.

But rules and penalties won't do the total job. They need to be coupled with admonishments from parents. With examples repeated over and over again of the consequences. *Creating the harsh scenario.*

10—Ask them to exceed their previous best.

Donald gave his daughters goals. If they got an A+, he would say,

Now I want you to get an A++. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 57)

Always pushing. Motivating. Rewarding. Punishing. Prodding sternly or gently. Never letting them forget their life goals and near-term goals. Donald said,

Girls are very determined to win and keep the love of their Daddy. For me to smile was like Santa Claus coming to a child on Christmas. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 56)

Push. Push gently. Push harder. What are your goals? Will this push get you closer? Take the time. Get it *right*. Get it *better than right*.

Your previous best is not good enough. This is another day. Another challenge. *Do better than your previous best.*

11—Repeatedly explain the consequences of wrong actions.

Always when they did something wrong, Mommy and Daddy sat the girls around the front room table. Elaborating on what would happen if they didn't listen to them.

We've told you time and again not to cross those railroad tracks, but you're late and somebody says to cut across, and a train could have come and killed you. You have a mind. You've got to use it. You have to think things over because you could get hurt. (Thornton, The Ditchdigger's Daughters, 69)

These lectures were far more effective than whippings. Their precepts never left them, because they were *vivid and memorable. Nothing abstract.*

Pointing out the consequences. Multiple facets. Each elaborated, but maybe at different times. Each time different examples of the consequences.

12—Don't glorify or glamorize luck.

Daddy:

You make your own luck.

It's not glamorous. It's not rolling the dice. No casinos. *Just preparation and work. Work and preparation. You make your own luck.*

Don't glamorize luck.

13—Instill a built-in determination and drive toward their goals.

Interviewing with the Dean of Admissions at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1968. Yvonne was asked,

What if you find Mr. Right? [Will you drop out?]

If I do, he's just going to have to wait until I finish medical school and become a doctor.

And what if he doesn't want to wait?

*Then he's not Mr. Right. (Thornton, *The Ditchdigger's Daughters*, 144)*

You are not an adult yet. But almost. I can't put the drive into you. You build it or not. You waffle through life *or* find your star. *Find your star and go for it. Don't let others stop you.*

Life goals can be talked about *ad infinitum*. But if your children don't take them to heart, burn them into their brains—then all is in vain.

14—Insist on punctuality.

When Yvonne was in college she came home at 12:30 a.m., instead of midnight as promised. She rang the bell and Daddy came to the door.

Hello

Daddy, it's me. Let me in.

*My daughter was home at 12 midnight. I don't know who you are.
(Thornton, *The Ditchdigger's Daughters*, 93)*

He switched off the light and walked away. [But after much pleading he let her in.]

Daddy laid down the rule and his rules were not to be broken. If you want to enjoy the benefits of this family, you have to obey the rules.

Sometimes presenting a logical argument for the rule to be bent is acceptable. Sometimes. But not often. *Repeated argumentation is not appreciated or tolerated.* Not acceptable. There are better, more productive ways to spend our time.

Punctuality. A very admirable trait. And the converse—always being late; always having a lame excuse. Not an admirable quality. Not a quality that future employers are liable to put up with. A near certain prescription for getting fired. And rightly so.

Insist on your children being punctual.

Quotes from Donald Thornton

If I told [my daughters] to reach for the moon, and they never got it, they knew in falling they could grab a star. That's the kind of thoughts I would give them. (Thornton, Something to Prove, 45)

If you can't get on the other guy's wagon, you make your own wagon. (Thornton, Something to Prove, 131)

Keep a fresh horse in the barn well-fed and ready to go, because the horse you are riding on now may come up lame. (Thornton, Something to Prove, 157)

You've gotta be thinking five years ahead. (Thornton, Something to Prove, 237)

Love is taught, hate is taught. I've taught my kids to love, to understand people. (Thornton, Something to Prove, 243)

ALICE WALKER

Alice Walker is an African-American author and poet who writes extensively about race and gender.

Alice's parents were tenant farmers, descendants of slaves.

Who is Alice Walker?

Relatives sold into slavery. Reflected in the black and white television images of Dr. Martin Luther King being handcuffed and shoved into the backseat of a police car. Searing visions that infused Alice's poems and stories.

Alice Malsenior Walker's great-great-great-great grandmother arrived in Eatonton, Georgia in the 1800's as a slave. Sold at auction along with two babies, one on each hip. Fast forward. Alice was delivered at birth by a black midwife in Wards Chapel, Georgia on February 9, 1944, a few miles from Eatonton, Georgia. The youngest of eight children. Her parents, Willie Lee Walker and Minnie Tallulah "Lou" Grant were tenant farmers. They were sharecroppers on a six-hundred-acre farm. And a newborn daughter wasn't an excuse to shirk work. So Minnie returned to fieldwork shortly after Alice was born—and either placed Alice under a shade tree while she planted or weeded, or left her with her sister Ruth.

Alice's father, Willie Lee Walker, was born to a black cotton farmer, Henry Walker—of Scottish slaveholder descent, whose father was wiped out financially by successive years of boll weevil plagues. As a widower with five children, Henry desperately sought a wife. He married the shy teenager, Rachel, one month after his widowhood. For a grieving Willie Lee, the death of his mother and the introduction of a new mother was traumatic. "He eventually learned to love and respect her, but he never called her 'Mama'—she was always 'Miss Rachel' to him." (White, 20)

Coping, Willie Lee kept his emotions bottled up closely. And worked constantly. *It was the only way to survive.*

All the Walker children were bright. Which made sense since their father was known as one of the community's most intelligent and industrious. Under his leadership, Alice's school, East Putnam Consolidated, was built from an old Army barracks. He led the area's black farmers in buying, disassembling, moving and reassembling it in Eatonton on land donated by one of his relatives. With the

help of their wives, the men of the community—after their normal workday—put in walls, windows, and floors. They turned the structure into a wonderful schoolhouse. The sacrifices that these poor black sharecroppers made—their warmth and generosity—have remained fresh and vivid throughout Alice's life.

Alice's mother's personality was the opposite of her husband's. She freely expressed her emotions, her joys, and sorrows. Got it from her father, William A. Grant, a farmer. Who always poured out his thoughts to whomever was near, even if scandalous. His family numbered twelve children. He loved another woman, and blamed his wife Nettie for the family's troubles. "He would beat her for just the least little thing. He was mean as a bruised rattlesnake." (White, 20)

Alice's father was hard-working. Calm. Clear-thinking. The emotional counterpoint to Minnie Lou's father. Six months after their first meeting, Willie Lee and Winnie Lou married. Though the newlyweds had to live for a short time with Willie Lee's volatile father, Winnie Lou took no berating from him. She stood her ground at every turn. So much so that Alice insisted,

I grew up believing that there was nothing, literally nothing, my mother couldn't do once she set her mind to it. So when the women's movement happened, I was really delighted because I felt they were trying to go where my mother was and where I always assumed I would go. (White, 22)

Nothing illustrates the predicament and torment of Southern blacks at this time better than the family story about her father Willie Lee's confrontation under a blazing Georgia sun with May Montgomery, a wealthy white matron. Willie Lee had taken a job previously held by a white man, Ed Little, and worked for Montgomery for six dollars a month—or seventy-two dollars a year. At that time a white family's average yearly income was \$1,300—roughly 20 times as much. Willie Lee milked cows, did general labor, and chauffeured May Montgomery around. And after several years, as the economy dramatically worsened, he asked for a raise to twelve dollars a month, *to prevent his family from starving*. Her reply was, "I was only paying Ed Little ten dollars and I would never pay a nigger more than I would pay a white man. Before I'd pay a nigger twelve dollars a month, I'd milk the cows myself." (White, 25) Cruelty knew no bounds in the still degrading South of the 1930's. The Ku Klux Klan was very active. "Uppity niggers" could be reported, kidnapped, and lynched. *It happened frequently*. And by 1944, when Alice was born, the Walkers with eight children, were still making only three hundred dollars a year.

Willie Lee and Minnie Lou Walker survived the Great Depression by fighting for every scrap of food and every dollar to feed and clothe their brood. Though President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs promised some assistance to the poor and poor blacks, what was actually obtainable by blacks often fell far short of the law. Still, Minnie Lou's lovely fruit and vegetable garden provided sustenance. And Minnie Lou wasn't bashful about canning nearly everything that grew. The lessons of the Depression burned into Alice's psyche. Discrimination. Making the most of what you have. Not complaining. Persevering. They coursed

in the white heat of her poetry throughout her high school and college years, and later professionally.

Martin Luther King, Jr.'s image flickered across the black and white television screen when Alice was sixteen. Alice's mother had ceased working the cotton fields. She was getting too old for that. Instead she worked as a maid for white families. Cooking, scrubbing, ironing, and dusting. But after work she enjoyed gardening ("A house without flowers is like a face without a smile." (White, 56)). Quilting ("I feel just really good and protected and blessed . . . when I am under quilts made by my mother." (White, 57)) And catching a few glimpses of the television she had saved to buy.

Dr. King was being handcuffed and shoved into the backseat of a police car. Charged in Montgomery, Alabama with leading another protest against Jim Crow. The offender: "an Atlanta department store whose white owners were all too happy to take the money of blacks wanting to buy new stoves or refrigerators, but who banned them from enjoying so much as a tuna fish sandwich or a cup of tea at the lunch counter. Those who demanded equality were gruffly greeted with, 'No Colored Allowed,' or worse." (White, 60)

Later Alice wrote, "He [King] had dared to claim his rights as a native son . . . His whole body, like his conscience, was at peace. At the moment I saw his resistance I knew I would never be able to live in this country without resisting everything that sought to disinherit me, and I would never be forced away from the land of my birth without a fight." (White, 60) She acted on her emotions by attending the famous 1963 March on Washington. And volunteered her time registering voters in Georgia and Mississippi.

At age eighteen she chose Spelman College in Atlanta, Georgia. A highly regarded, all-female, historically black college. It certainly helped financially that she won a scholarship (reserved for students with disabilities—her eye). Her mother gave her a going away gift of three items:

Three things she never owned herself, 'a typewriter, a sewing machine, and a suitcase . . . That suitcase gave me permission to travel and part of the joy in going very far from home was the message in that suitcase. (White, 64)

Spelman College Professor Howard Zinn became Alice's inspiration. A Jewish professor with a doctorate from Columbia University. The Chairman of the history and social science departments. Professor Zinn related, "It was as if there was an unwritten, unspoken agreement between the white power structure of Atlanta and the administrations of the black colleges: We white folk will let you colored folk have your nice little college . . . And in return, you will not interfere with our way of life." (White, 68) Such was segregated Atlanta.

But Professor Zinn "stood in unshakable solidarity with black people." (White, 69) And Alice would later state that "Howard Zinn was the first white man with whom she'd ever had a real conversation. 'He was funny, friendly, and genuinely cared about the students.' " (White, 69) She proceeded to forge an intellectual

bond with him throughout her stay at Spelman. And quickly achieved mostly A's in her studies.

During her sophomore year studies, Alice relished her trip to Helsinki, Finland. As a delegate to the 1962 World Festival of Youth and Students. And following that, with a companion, a trip to Moscow and the Soviet Union. But in 1963 she realized that her evolution as a writer, thinker, and activist was becoming suffocated at Spelman. She had to get out. Two and a half years was enough.

Helped by Spelman Professor Staughton Lynd, she transferred to Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York. With a wealth of illustrious alumni, Sarah Lawrence famously paired each student with a faculty member to guide her through a "personalized course of instruction for which she received an evaluation detailing her progress as an 'educated human with an obligation to the larger community' . . . Students took only three courses per year, exploring each intensively in small seminars and private conferences with their professors . . . She was encouraged to write as she pleased and to develop her own voice." (White, 100)

At Sarah Lawrence College, Professor Jane Cooper commented that Alice's writings brimmed with integrity and confidence. Fresh and precise. "She had a wild intelligence [that] she refused to hold back." (White, 104) And reaching out to the world, in the fall of 1965 Alice flew to Kenya to help build a school in the middle of a pineapple plantation. Then continued to Uganda. She graduated from Sarah Lawrence in 1966.

In New York City, while she tried in the off hours to focus on her post-graduate writings, she took a job as a social caseworker on the Lower East Side. From her efforts at Sarah Lawrence, written in her senior year, came *Once*, a collection of thirty poems. Although serendipitously reviewed by a very respected literary agent, publishers failed to commit. The mood of the book-buying American public was not then in the direction of the black experience, in poetic form, by a unknown black woman. Nevertheless Alice was "energized and engaged by the vibrant art scene and political fervor pulsating in various enclaves all over New York." (White, 129) Reflecting that, her writings "probe human suffering through her poems and stories."

Then in 1967 Alice married Melvyn Leventhal, a Jewish civil rights lawyer, in New York City. Relocating to Jackson, Mississippi, they became "the first legally married inter-racial couple in Mississippi." (White, 19) They divorced amicably in 1976, after having one daughter, Rebecca.

Building her writing career, Alice's first novel was *The Third Life of Grange Copeland*, followed by *Meridian*, and her best known, *The Color Purple*. That book won the first Pulitzer Prize in fiction for a black woman writer. It was also a bestseller, and subsequently made into a movie of the same name in 1985, as well as a 2005 Broadway musical.

Parenting Techniques

1—Emphasize the power and knowledge to be gained from reading.

Alice grew up in an oral tradition. Listening to stories told by her grandfather. In addition, Alice's mother placed great store in books and by her actions stamped OK on Alice's reading passion.

I would go into my room and shut the door and lie on the bed and read, knowing I would never be interrupted. No matter what was needed, there was no word about making me leave a book. I suppose because I was the last child there was a special rapport between us [my mother] and I was permitted a lot more freedom. Once when I was eight or nine she was about to whip my brothers and me for something, and when she finished whipping the others and got to me, she turned around and dropped the switch and said, 'You know, Alice, I don't have to whip you; I can talk to you.' (White, 58-59)

As a child Alice blossomed naturally into a sweet bundle of curiosity. Independent of spirit. Minnie pushed her to enter school at four years of age. Two years early. Asserting to a white plantation owner, who had remarked that there was "no need for education" [for Minnie's children],

Don't you ever come around here again talking about how my children don't need to learn how to read and write. (White, 15)

Alice's future would not be stolen by Jim Crow (Southern racism and the doctrine of "separate but equal"). Her first grade teacher, Miss Reynolds, found her a "smart and extremely focused little girl." (White, 15) She greatly enjoyed reading stories like *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, out spelling children twice as old, and reciting nursery rhymes or poems perfectly. Remembered Miss Reynolds, "A lot of children passed my way, but Alice Walker was the smartest one I ever had." (White, 15) And it should be noted that this was an era in which the State of Georgia shamefully was allowed to spend on black students only one-seventh the amount that they spent on white students.

Recalled Doris Reid, a frequent playmate of Alice around age six, "she [Alice] was always reading something. I can recall I would say, 'Why on earth do you read all the time?' and she would look back at me real serious-like and respond,

The more you read, the more you know. (White, 31)

So by her teenage years, Alice's mind had vacuumed up most of Shakespeare (the collected works rescued from a trash heap by her father), Oedipus Rex, and Frank Yerby. And she also had an extraordinary fascination with nature, that would permeate her poetry.

READING.

A huge percentage of our knowledge can be directly traced to this ability. Anything you can do to improve your child's reading ability, comprehension, knowledge of word meanings—*is going to pay big dividends*. Whether the solution is *your reading to them or your reading with them*, insist on their looking up word meanings in the dictionary.

Spark small-prize contests to encourage learning.

Winning. Feeling proud of herself. Feeling proud of her abilities, her knowledge. Alice remembers “winning a countywide contest when I was also really little. The principal of the high school offered to give a dollar bill to whoever knew all its symbols—the pyramid, the eye. I suspect my father, a Mason, thirty-third degree, taught me.” (White, 32) But what a rush! For a small pittance (maybe not quite so small for a child), her pride in winning swelled *enormously*.

Forget about big prizes. They rapidly get too expensive. Individually or cumulatively. And *they send the wrong message*. The message you *don't* want to send is dollars. *The message you do want to send is the value of knowledge*. Small prizes are just the tickler.

2—Invest in rectifying psychological boulders.

Alice lost an eye, by accident, when she was fourteen. It was BB guns, given by Mama and Daddy, that did it. Horseplay with knives and BB guns. By Alice and her brothers. And it ended tragically. She lost sight in her right eye. And an ugly scar formed that wouldn't go away. It would be years before a doctor could erase the scar. There was no one to help her. No one could pierce her shame of the scar, the feeling of abandonment by her brothers who initially failed to own up to the deed—and who subsequently were only mildly reprimanded. Alice Walker withdrew psychologically in pain and anguish. Her personality and marks at school turned 180 degrees downward. She became despondent and withdrawn. Felt betrayed, abandoned, and punished. Ashamed of her appearance—unable to understand her emotions.

Meanwhile Alice's brother, Bill Walker, took off for Boston when he was twenty-one. Fed up with the South. Hired by a local tire-repair shop at fifty-five dollars a week (an enormous leap from his Georgia wages), he faithfully mailed twenty dollars home each payday. He and his wife offered Alice a job helping them with their new baby. But that was a ploy. A ploy to assist in getting medical attention for her blinded eye and scar. It worked. Dr. Morriss M. Henry, an ophthalmologist at the Eye and Ear Infirmary of world-renowned Massachusetts General Hospital performed the operation. An extra capsular cataract extraction. He removed considerable scar tissue. But her sight in that eye could not be recovered. He commented, “What I remember most is that she [Alice] was very mature and we established a really good rapport from the start . . . With her being from Georgia and me from Arkansas, we had similar accents. We laughed and joked about how we understood each other. When I asked about her studies, she told me she was interested in a writing career and I thought that was impressive.” (White, 47)

Alice returned from the hospital revitalized by the operation. Emotionally alive. Vibrant. *Optimistic again*. Confidence and self-worth restored. Proud. Purposeful. And later she realized that her traumatic injury had some value. It allowed her to really see people and relationships—and learn patience.

It may be rare, but some children do have very serious psychological blockage to proper behavior. If you recognize those signs, get them *professional* attention.

DENZEL WASHINGTON

Denzel Washington is an American actor, screenwriter, director, and producer.

Denzel's mother was a beautician.

Who is Denzel Washington?

It was only a matter of time. Before he succumbed to the lure of street crime. The Boy's Club. Changed his life. Saved him. That and Fordham's *The Emperor Jones*.

Denzel Hayes Washington, Jr. was born December 28, 1954 in Mount Vernon, New York, just outside New York City. It was a mostly middle-class community of different races and cultures. Living and working in apparent peace. Denzel was the second of three children. His mother, Lennis "Lynne" Washington, owned and operated a beauty parlor in Harlem, New York. She would eventually expand her parlor to several other locations. She was undoubtedly his strongest influence. According to Denzel, "I owe her everything." (Simmons, 9)

His father worked three jobs to pay the bills. As a Pentecostal minister, for the Water Department, and for S. Klein Department Store. He put food on the table in the most honorable way: he worked hard for his family and his God. Denzel followed that hard-working example with his first job, doing errands and sweeping in a local barber shop.

Both parents wanted their family to have a strong, religious foundation. "[My father] and my mother gave me a moral center that has never gone away." (Wooten, 19-20) They were strict in Denzel's upbringing. Tough. They had high expectations of him. Anchored in their conviction that motivation, hard work, and devotion to family were essential to a successful life.

But for the Washington family trouble was on the horizon. For in the same year when Denzel was fourteen, his parents divorced. An event that hurt all three of the Washington children deeply. Later his parents' breakup and divorce infused in Denzel a vow to make his own marriage work, lest his own children feel the alienation which he experienced.

Now his mother, single, undertook to support the family. *Alone*. Her beauty parlor barely paid the bills. But she managed somehow. Yet having no father figure in the house, Denzel began behaving more recklessly. According to Denzel,

I never did anything bad. I never robbed anybody, or anything like that. But I was around people that did. I was putting myself in a position to get into trouble. It was only a matter of time before I would be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Between my brother, my sister, and me, I was the one most likely to get into trouble. I ran with some wild people. (Simmons, 15-17)

He was even asked to go along on a robbery. But chose not to.

Oaklyn Academy in New Windsor, New York near West Point. Recommended to Denzel's mother by the school guidance counselor, who, along with his mother, sensed his talents. It was a very private upstate New York boarding school. By Denzel's reckoning it was, "very rich and very white." (Brode, xvi) He survived financially with a partial scholarship and his mother's earnings from the beauty shop. But kept his grades up and participated eagerly in their athletic program.

Oaklyn's best part, according to Denzel, was football. It was Denzel's dream to become a professional athlete. But that proved illusory. Abysmally,

My father only came to one football game during all my high school years. (Simmons, 15-17)

That game was the championship game. Regretfully for Denzel. For although he scored the only two touchdowns in the game, the team lost. And his father had chosen to see that loss during his only attendance. In the classroom Denzel's grades were good, second in his class. He was very competitive. Still, neither academics nor sports held great attraction. Denzel later reported, "I went to college because that was what you were supposed to do." (Simmons, 15-17)

He entered Fordham University in Manhattan in 1972. A pre-med major. He financed Fordham by babysitting and several loans. Yet sensing that pre-med was not the career for him, however noble, he vacillated in his planned major. He played football, but wasn't the star as he was at Oaklyn. Unhappy with the academic subjects. Starting to cut classes. So in 1973 Fordham asked him not to return. Fortunately his mother intervened to get Fordham to change it to "time off" until Denzel could sort out his thinking.

Six months of odd jobs. The United States Post Office. Collecting trash. Camp counselor. Denzel finally came to his senses. *Realized that this life wasn't for him.* Realized that he had to complete college in order to have a decent life. An experience during an YMCA camp counselor stint, where he was invited to coach the camp's athletics and help stage talent shows, propelled Denzel to thinking about an acting career (along with a recommendation from a counselor). On Denzel's efforts as director and actor, in his advisor's words "excitement rippled." (Brode, xvii) He found he enjoyed performing. It wasn't frightening. It wasn't hard. It felt good. He could exercise creativity. And the feedback from the audience was especially gratifying. That feedback contrasted with his own feelings over the past two years. Feelings of confliction and non-achievement.

I had found my niche. Again it was because someone had told me, 'You're

good.' We all need someone to tell us that. (Simmons, 26-27)

His acting “presence” begged at least a try at a follow-up in the real world. So, upon returning to Fordham he refocused and switched to the theater department. Bore down on his grades and acting.

At Fordham he met a professional actor, Professor Robinson Stone. Stone’s workshop taught the basics of acting and inspired Denzel to continue. At the same time, Professor Stone took a personal interest in Washington. Recognizing raw talent. Encouraging a mentor relationship that steered Denzel to the right career choices.

What followed was Denzel’s auditioning at Fordham for student productions of *The Emperor Jones* and *Othello*. *Serious drama*. Lacking an education in stagecraft, he nevertheless wasn’t shy about exuding a raw command of the role and the stage. The leads in both plays. First as the Emperor Jones, then as Othello. His performances swiftly motivated him.

1977 was Denzel’s graduation with high honors from Fordham. He had earned a Bachelor’s degree in Drama and Journalism. Time to search for an agent. All actors need agents, don’t they? To get them into auditions. Denzel was extremely lucky to find Otis Bigalow, who also happened to be the agent for the acclaimed actor Morgan Freeman. He was off and running. Or walking at least, with a credible wind at his back. Quality auditions followed. TV movie auditions, one during which he serendipitously met his future wife, Pauletta Pearson. Sparks didn’t fly then. Only later when they met again.

In the meantime Denzel realized that he needed more training if he was to develop his craft. Needed more basics. With scholarship in hand, he headed to the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco, California. It had an international reputation for excellence in training actors. He moved from New York. Took a part-time job at a restaurant (so he could be assured of being fed). Denzel was luckily one of forty-five applicants selected out of thousands. His reward was fourteen-hour days, studying acting, dance, and scene design. Acting was broken into memory exercises, emotional immersion, and the intellectual approach to roles.

Much later Denzel would expound to anyone who would listen, and especially to youths, “Mastering those [acting] basics is *so important*.” (Brode, xix) In part that also stemmed from a high school coach’s advice when Denzel was running track. He had seen another kid who was faster and felt threatened. Taking him aside, the coach admonished, “Don’t worry. He’s fast, but he don’t know how to run.” (Brode, xix) Since then Denzel has applied that dictum to every aspect of his life.

He meant that technique can outperform raw, untrained talent every time, which is true to any endeavor, so you should learn your craft. It’s like I believe musicians should be classically trained even if they’re never going to play a note of classical music, because it makes the music they play so much richer. Likewise, actors should be familiar with the classics. Even if

they only perform contemporary material; mastering Sophocles and Shakespeare ultimately enrich modern work. (Brode, xix)

Denzel left the Conservatory after the first phase of a three-year program, in order to “test the waters” for acting jobs in Los Angeles. Then, back to New York and more auditions. At one point—despondent about his roles, audition results, and progress in his career, as well as his need for funds to feed and house his family—he was about to chuck it. Had already accepted a job to work at a neighborhood recreation center. One week before he was to start he learned he had been selected to play Malcolm X in the play *When the Chickens Come Home to Roost*. From that beginning came Joseph Papp’s Shakespeare in the Park. Off-Broadway productions. The TV series *St. Elsewhere* (six years). *A Soldier’s Story*, the play and movie. He was garnering lots of critical attention, and soon other meaty parts followed—in *Cry Freedom*, *The Mighty Quinn*, *Heart Condition*, and *Glory*. Other memorable movies Denzel made from 1990 on include: *Mississippi Masala*, *Malcolm X*, *Philadelphia*, *Pelican Brief*, *The Hurricane*, and *Training Day*.

Denzel Washington is considered a romantic lead and one of Hollywood’s biggest box office successes. He earned two Academy awards: Best Actor for *Training Day*, and Best Supporting Actor in *Glory*. A Tony award followed in 2010 for his Leading Actor performance in the play *Fences*.

Denzel Washington puts his money *and* time into worthy endeavors away from acting. He has for decades helped raise funds and advocate for the Boys & Girls Club of America.

Denzel and his wife—Pauletta Pearson, whom he married in 1983 (they have two sons and two daughters)—have additionally given \$1 million to the Nelson Mandela Children’s Fund, for the purpose of helping needy children in South Africa. And \$2.5 million to his favorite church in Los Angeles.

Parenting Techniques

1—Let your child participate in a quality extracurricular organization.

Denzel often says that one of the most positive aspects of his teenage years was the influence of the Boys Club of America (now renamed the Boys & Girls Club of America). Though the facility wasn’t fancy (it was in an old, two-story building), for young Denzel it held a myriad world of sports and games (especially football and basketball), plus camping trips. And the counselors gave advice, guidance, and encouragement—to impressionable youths who were surrounded by the housing “projects.”

Everything you’ve seen or heard about me, in the media and in the movies, began with lessons I learned to live by at the Club. (Brode, xxi)

*The Boys Club, that's where I looked for hope and purpose and direction.
(Washington, 12)*

Denzel is forthright in his advocacy for corrective nudging,

*I believe we miss our marks from time to time, and without a certain push in
the right direction we might never find the path we were meant to follow.
Train up a child in the way he should go, and he might get to where he's
meant to be headed all along. (Washington, 9)*

His favorite counselor was Charles White, whose forte was identifying what each youth did particularly well and complimenting and encouraging that aspect. It was this positive reinforcement—*making each boy feel that he excelled at something*—that marked and still marks the way the Boys & Girls Club influences the youth of America. He can still hear Charles White's admonition:

You can do anything you want! (Simmons, 10-11)

That advice stuck particularly deep within Denzel. And spurred his future attitude. Denzel joined the Club at age six and stayed with the program until his late teens. At age thirteen he also served as a camp counselor to other boys in the club. He belonged. He had friends. All was well in his world.

There are many fine extracurricular organizations, in addition to the Boys & Girls Club of America: Boy Scouts. Girl Scouts. YMCA. YWCA. Religious youth organizations. Community centers. Many others.

Find them. Fill your child's time with *quality activities and friends*. Make sure they are actually participating. *Meet their friends. Meet their friends' parents.* Don't let your children "hang out" with bums, hoodlums, criminals. For if you do the latter, the results are as predictable as the sun setting. And it *will* set—on your child's future.

2—Don't allow your child to remain in dangerous environments.

His mother knew that Denzel, like many African-Americans in the neighborhood, was always in serious danger of falling. Falling off into *serious, very serious trouble*—with crime, with the law, with jail. You only had to look on the street corners to see kids who strayed, who had devolved into the criminal arts. *She feared for him.* She watched for him. She and her husband prayed for him. No matter how nice the home life, how nice the Boys Club, there was always the chance—no, the probability, if one was honest—that he would stray. *And she would not allow that.*

After attending public schools, the family sent him to a private preparatory school, Oaklyn Academy, near West Point, New York. He was fourteen. There were about one hundred students. In retrospect it was literally a life-saving change of venue. As Denzel saw it,

*That decision changed my life because I wouldn't have survived in the
direction I was going. The guys I was hanging out with at the time, my*

running buddies, have now done maybe 40 years combined in the penitentiary. They were nice guys, but the streets got them. (Parade Magazine)

Because Oaklyn Academy was a boarding school, Denzel was away from home for the first time in his young life. And the school, by necessity, was filled with rules, structure, discipline. Emphasis on academic achievement. Keep the students busy, focused, out of trouble. Idle minds, you know.

If you allow your children to remain in physically or psychologically “dangerous” environments, *then forget about their future*. It will not be pretty. Pull them out if at all possible. Move them to a “safer” place. *Do whatever it takes to move*.

3—Let them earn their own spending money.

Age twelve saw Denzel working at a local barbershop (partly owned by his mother). Menial work. But honest work. Doing odd jobs. Sweeping up. Running errands. But the real pride came from earning his own spending money. *It validated his worth. And helped him develop pride and independence.*

WORK.

It's not a dirty word. You work. They should work. Your children and teenagers need to see the value of work too. Life is not free. Money doesn't grow on trees. Thrift is not built on unlimited allowances.

Some household chores should be done without compensation. Maybe a nominal allowance. The remainder of your children's spending money ought to be earned. Either by working in the household on more demanding tasks or projects. Or outside, the law allowing, based on their age. If it is outside, it's up to you to assist them in finding meaningful opportunities.

And don't let them remain in the same job summer after summer. Let them grow over time. Change jobs. New jobs. New things to learn. New industries. Variety is important. After all, how can they choose a career properly if they have no experience in that industry. New experiences. New bosses. Learning to work under various supervisors is important too.

Learn your children's interests. Search for jobs that fit. Better to find out early what they *don't* like (for example, nursing)—than wasting four years in nursing school and umpteen thousands of dollars—then a year after graduating deciding: “nursing isn't for me.”

4—Encourage them to read and debate quality magazines and newspapers.

Reading *The New York Times*. Not a notion that would come immediately to mind for a black teenager. But Mr. Underwood, one of Denzel's teachers at Oaklyn Academy, made reading the newspapers a daily class assignment. What was happening in the world? What do the columnists think? How might events affect your life? What is your opinion? What do you think will happen? And Mr. Underwood also introduced Denzel and his classmates to famous authors.

Quality periodicals and books. They abound. So do trashy novels, magazines, newspapers. *Find out what is quality.*

Read the best. Enjoy the best. Be the best.

Quotes from Denzel Washington

Luck is where opportunity meets preparation.

You never know who you touch.

We all have a responsibility to give something back, to leave this world a better place for our having been there.

[of son, John David] I'm his father. I'm supposed to pump him up with praises and support and love. It's in my job description

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VOLUME II – THE ART OF PARENTING

NANCY BRINKER

Nancy Brinker is the American founder
and former Chief Executive Officer
of Susan G. Komen for the Cure,
and the former U.S. Ambassador to Hungary.

Nancy's sister, Susan G. Komen, died of breast cancer.

Who is Nancy Brinker?

Polio was the trigger. Little children struck down randomly. Mercilessly. Crippled. Confined to a life of crutches—at best.

Nancy Goodman Brinker was born December 6, 1946 in Peoria, Illinois. Her only sister, Susan (Suzy) Goodman, was about three years older. Growing up she was always in the shadow of Suzy—"We were thick as thieves." (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 4)

Suzy always led the pack, the neighborhood gang. Nancy was "her cheerful sidekick." (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 4) They were inseparable. Always together. Facing the world together.

Nancy's father, Marvin Goodman, was Jewish. Came from Russian and Lithuanian stock. His father had been a deputy sheriff in Colorado. His mother had succumbed to Alzheimer's. After marrying Nancy's mother, Marvin gravitated to his father-in-law's real estate development business. He had, like many other Jews of that time, lost family members in the Holocaust. But hatred wasn't part of his being. He strived for purpose, for service to his family, his country, to higher causes. Volunteerism was central to the Goodman family's persona. *Tzedakah*. A Hebrew word that rejects the limited idea of *acts* of kindness, in favor of the more expansive state of *being* kind. The Goodmans may have attended an easygoing Jewish temple, but their heart was out front, never wavering.

To my mind, Hell is a place where people don't care about one another. Hell is the squandering of one's life on Earth without any good purpose. I don't believe cancer in general or Suzy's death in particular are part of God's plan. That puppet-master brand of theology removes responsibility from human hands, even as science persistently whispers that many cancers

are caused by environmental and behavioral factors largely within our ability to control. I think God's plan . . . is that we . . . will love each other enough to apply ourselves to the scientific effort and figure out how to solve this problem. (Brinker, Promise Me, 25)

Nancy's mother, Eleanor (Ellie) Tressa Newman, was of German descent. Her mother, Freda "Fritzi" Newman, was a founding member of the Peoria Red Cross chapter who dedicated most of her life to serving in hospitals and hospices. During World War I, she and her family took in soldiers, tended the wounded, comforted the dying. To this end Nancy's mother was accustomed—to coming home to strangers, soldiers, the homeless who needed a place to stay and bunked down in a bed for the night. When that happened she slept on the couch in the dining room.

One relative that Nancy particularly liked was Aunt Rose. Always in motion, audacious, outspoken, fiercely self-determined. She could do anything and feared nothing. Barely middle-aged, she had already been married four times. Her dad used to say, "Her husbands didn't die, they escaped!" (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 28) It was Aunt Rose that had had a mastectomy. To carve out the cancer in her breast. Nancy saw it afterwards. Shocked.

Growing up in public schools, Suzy and Nancy were active in a myriad of activities: the Girl Scouts, B'nai B'rith, various charities, and Jewish temple activities.

Richwoods High School in Peoria, where Suzy and Nancy attended. Suzy became the homecoming queen of the class of 1961. Then went off to the University of Missouri and majored in art history. Nancy busied herself at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Studying more outside than inside the classroom. Volunteering to organize anything. Dances. Trick or Treat for UNICEF. The opportunities for service seemed to be everywhere. She graduated in 1968.

1965 was Nancy and Suzy's trip to Europe. Touring the continent with two solid male friends. Now they were "women of the world."

Post college for Nancy? A job at Neiman Marcus in Dallas, Texas. Executive trainee. Rotating through the departments, learning the business. Personally working with and observing Mr. Neiman Marcus exerting his legendary salesmanship and charm.

Nancy married Robert Leitstein, an executive of Neiman-Marcus. Had one son, but the marriage didn't work. They divorced in 1978.

Norman E. Brinker. Nancy's future husband. A Texas entrepreneur, a jeans and boots millionaire who pulled himself out of his rough childhood. He began in the Navy. Then a place on the 1952 U.S. Olympic Equestrian Team, opening Steak & Ale restaurants all over the Southwest, inventing the salad bar. Then taking his company public. They married in 1981 and divorced in 2003.

1977. "Suzy has cancer." (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 111) Suzy was *terrified*. Likewise Nancy.

Surgeries. Recurrence. Chemo. Spreading rapidly. Couldn't be stopped. Wasting away. Suzy died August 4, 1980 at the age of thirty-six, with two young children. And grief enveloped Nancy.

A simple declarative statement to her doctor:

I have to cure breast cancer (Brinker, Promise Me, 158)

She knew how to find the money. Drill for money where oil men drill. In Texas. And at the same time ratchet up the public's awareness of the need to fight. Said Nancy, "When Suzy died, my life's work was born. Her meaning became my mission." (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 4)

That was the way it started. In 1982 she established the Susan G. Komen for the Cure (formerly known as The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation). Since then, with an immense amount of work, it has become the largest breast cancer charity in the world. 100,000 volunteers. 124 affiliates worldwide. Raised \$1.9 billion for research, education and health services. Nancy is currently its Chief Executive Officer.

2009. Nancy Brinker was honored with the United States Presidential Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor. She also serves on the Board of Trustees of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, as a director of the New York University Medical School, and on the boards of several publicly held corporations.

She is the author or co-author of several books, including *Promise Me* and *Winning the Race*.

Parenting Techniques

1—Teach your children that health is a very serious matter

POLIO. It was 1952 and America, as well as the world, was scared. A dreaded disease that no one really knew anything about. It was crippling hundreds of thousands of people around the world. The medical profession knew that it was a virus. Contagious. But they didn't know much beyond that.

Susan Koman's mother was scared too. She cared a lot about her two daughters. Cared enough to pay strict attention to the advice of doctors. The disease seemed to mainly strike children. Those most defenseless. Limbs withered, shriveled. Forcing children into little wheelchairs. It was a global epidemic that defied rationality. Rumors abounded as to the cause. Maybe it came from this. Maybe it came from that. Don't swim. It might be in the water. Scientists were working on understanding the disease. Trying for a cure. But it takes time. It takes money.

Nancy and Susan Komen lived in this frightful world. A world of terrifying specters. Their mother, Eleanor Tressa Newman, took her and her family's medical well-being very, very seriously. *And she linked that responsibility to action.* Not just to protect her children. But to personally commit to actions that would aid the world in fighting the disease. If there was something that scientists

needed that she could provide—then she was willing to step up, and go into action for the cause.

Fighting this most dreaded disease of the twentieth century did indeed need her help. To Nancy and Suzy, her mother said,

Right this minute, scientists are working to develop a vaccine. We have to do everything we can to help. Like this bake sale . . . Every little cupcake will do its part to end the epidemic. The money helps the scientists, the scientists help physicians, and if lots more mothers and daughters collect lots more money, and the scientists keep working, someday, they'll be able to give people a shot and—She snapped her fingers. 'No more polio.'
(Brinker, *Promise Me*, 6)

She was talking straight with her daughters. To the population most at risk to this awful disease. They deserved the truth. They deserved to be treated like adults when discussing it.

This was six years after World War II. Americans were just beginning to understand that there were other evils in the world that deserved a war-like response. Needed the American public to pull together. Fight together. Muster resources together—in order to win the war. New threats were coming fast over the horizon. Straight at the most defenseless. And it was up to all to engage the enemy in whatever manner they could.

Women had contributed mightily to winning the war effort. They had participated in the factories making war armaments and equipment. They had participated in the homes conserving materials for donation. They were full partners in the fight to conquer Nazism and Japan. Now a new threat was fast upon them. And their work, however small it might seem to the observer, was urgently needed to win the war against polio. The new media—television—was making it possible to show the effects of this horrible disease to millions. Passing images of both the devastation to children, and the efforts of mothers and people all over the country to assist in the fight. It was a new era of communication. Making for swift dissemination of alerts and ways to pull for the cure.

Action begat results. Polio was conquered. Jonas Salk, scientist, found the cure. A vaccine that was licensed in 1955 and which, by 1959, was being given to millions of American children. Poliomyelitis brought medicine and the public together. Pulling in the same direction in order to eradicate this horrible scourge. And from 58,000 stricken in 1952, to 100 cases in 1963, these efforts brought astounding results.

Nancy and Suzy's mother advocated and keenly participated in volunteer efforts to aid the fight. She wasn't going to be a bystander. She was going to help. And she brought her daughters along to see and help also. It was tiring work. Working with organizations. *And* working alone on her "personal mercies"—helping her neighbors in any way she could. Bringing a dish of freshly cooked food to someone just released from the hospital. Doing laundry for a shut-in. Weeding a close neighbor's vegetable garden.

Nancy's mother's motto was simple.

Instead of dwelling on all the things you can't do, figure out what you can do. What you will do.

Your health, your family's health, your nation's and the world's health are serious matters. Deserving your utmost attention. Not caring may not affect you today, but years into the future may come back to haunt. And besides, you have a moral obligation to care about the well-being of others.

2—Teach stewardship

Nancy's mother never equivocated on this matter.

People have died for this country. People have sacrificed their lives so you could live in peace and freedom, and all that's asked of you is that you take care of it. Stewardship. That's all. You care enough about your community to look after those who aren't as fortunate as you. When you see someone in need, you give. When you see something wrong, you fix it. Because this is your country, it's your community. You can't sit around on your duff waiting for someone else to make it better. It's up to you. (Brinker, Promise Me, 8)

Sure, her daughters said they received this lecture a thousand times. Maybe. Maybe not quite. They groused. They bickered. They tried to avoid it. But the repetition worked its way into their psyches. They, like most young girls, didn't appreciate their mother's efforts at the time. But later on, when another specter of evil arose and affected her sister—killed her sister—Nancy responded to the call. Breast cancer was the target. Nancy painted a bulls-eye on it. And began to aim.

Stewardship is an ethic. Stewardship is the respect, caring for, and preservation of values and possessions handed down to us by our family, our ancestors, our communities, our religion. Bestowed on us by nature—our natural resources, our health. Caring means defending those against damage, against evil, against wrong. We are responsible for managing these in a wholesome way that harms neither ourselves, our neighbors, nor the rest of humanity.

3—Practice the withering gaze

Nancy and Suzy's mother Ellie wasn't a fan of corporeal punishment. She truly didn't believe in it. Her approach was more psychological. The withering gaze. The knitted eyebrows. The cold stare. You knew she meant business. She wasn't pleased; she was mad. She didn't hit them. Didn't run for the switch. Didn't take a paddle to them. But she let them know by her fiery gaze that she wasn't at all pleased.

Of course she backed it up with words. But she let them know that the responsibility to behave lay with them. She wasn't the enforcer. They needed and *must* enforce a code of conduct on themselves. It was that simple—and yet difficult to make young children follow that dictum.

So sparing the rod can be effective. A cold, hard stare—the withering gaze—may

do a better job. More pointed, more respected than corporeal punishment.

4—Nurture their self-worth

Nancy was a little chubby. Ungainly. Suzy was prettier. More creative and alluring.

Nancy's mother's motto was simple. She believed that the first step towards giving to others is grateful recognition of our own blessings.

For Nancy and Suzy, performing was when they were happiest. A little variety show, dreamed up by Suzy, organized by both. They would sell the tickets. A song-and-dance variety show. Auditions. Casting. Props. Construction of a makeshift stage. All done by the kids.

The wonder of it was that the audience actually enjoyed it so much—but of course the audience consisted mainly of their parents. Who better to clap and laugh and respond to the antics, the amateur performances. They couldn't be harsh critics to their own children.

And what happened to the proceeds from the ticket sales?

Her mother drove the girls to St. Francis Hospital. There Nancy and Suzy presented \$50.14—their total ticket sales. And a few days later received a lovely thank-you note from Sister Walburga, the hospital superintendent.

The cause and effect of their efforts stuck in Nancy and Suzy's minds. Two genuine, full-hearted fundraisers had been born.

The lesson wasn't lost on Suzy or me. This is where the rubber meets the road, I realized. This is where will meets way . . . It was my earliest inkling of what goes into the chemistry of change: moment meets messenger, information becomes action. Hearts and minds shift to a new paradigm, money happens, and it all comes together. (Brinker, Promise Me, 11)

Nothing destroys a child's future faster than low self-esteem—a low sense of self-worth. Your job?—the Booster. Pump them up. Spur them on. Make your children feel they can do it, they can make a difference.

But be careful. Things done correctly deserve praise—but don't overdo it. And don't make the mistake of always rewarding—by praise or otherwise—effort without good results. That type of praise ruins the ego. It creates an expectation that just because you try hard (though not hard enough) that life will or should reward you. That's nonsense.

Americans, as contrasted with some other cultures (especially Asian) are prone to over-praising. Consistently praising and rewarding their children for effort rather than actual accomplishments. It's a false promise. It suggests that the world will do the same: reward for effort alone. That path cascades to failure:

Nice effort!

Didn't accomplish our goal.

Let's stop, go no farther—and collect our “reward” (psychological or monetary).

And the world is never changed.

So build your children's self-worth by rewarding *effort coupled with results*.

5—When you see a wrong, right it.

1950's Peoria, Illinois. Boys had the Boy Scouts—fostering leadership, community spirit, woodland skills, self-reliance. Girls had nothing. It rankled Nancy's mother. Girls. Their place was in the home? They didn't need the skills that boys needed? Why waste money on them for such foolishness!

To address that inequity Nancy's mother formed a small coalition of mothers. And started the Girl Scouts' Peoria chapter. Hers wasn't a “start it and leave it attitude.” She started it. She participated. She built it. First at the local, then regional, then national level. Building in girls the talents and skills that were naturally expected in boys. She saw a wrong. She righted it. Very simple. *But not easy.*

Racial segregation was persistent in 1950's America. The battle against it was still in its infancy. But Nancy's mother was offended. Nailed it as exactly what it was. *Wrong*. Wrong to have restrooms and water fountains labeled “White” and “Colored.” Wrong in dozens of other ways.

Think how you'd feel if that sign said 'Jew,' she said to her daughters. 'We don't spend our money in a place that does that, and it's our duty to let them know it.' (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 23)

Would her daughters participate in a segregated summer camp or play? *NO!* And to effect change she took it upon herself to lead a movement to acquire 640 acres—for what became Camp Tapawingo, a culturally and racially inclusive oasis of unabashed Girl Scout power. She didn't just talk the talk. She walked the walk. She *acted*. She didn't hide behind two dozen excuses that she could easily have come up with. *She did something. She acted.*

Right and wrong. The ethics of living. Ethics set in the child's mind when demonstrated concretely. Do it, then explain it. Or explain it, then do it. Either way it is vitally important to convey over and over the importance of these two words: Right and Wrong.

The ability to call out wrong reminds us of the old adage:

All it takes for evil to triumph is for good, reasonable men to do and say nothing.

Show your children you aren't among those.

6—Teach them how to sell and give them opportunities to sell

Grandpa Leo. Affectionately named “Boppie” by Nancy and Suzy. He managed buildings in Peoria for the owners. His daughter, Ellie, had two daughters in the Girl Scouts (Nancy and Suzy).

The Girl Scouts conducted annual fund drives. They sold Girl Scout cookies. It was the way they funded their activities. Provided the grease to enable girls from all walks of life to participate in wholesome programs. *But someone had to sell the cookies.* They didn't just ring up the cash register themselves.

Uncle Boppie helped. He didn't sell cookies. He *facilitated* the sale of Girl Scout cookies. A learning experience for the girls. At that time there were no individual incentives or rewards for selling Girl Scout cookies. A girl's reward was simply the ability to continue to have and be in the Girl Scouts. That was reward enough.

Uncle Boppie took Nancy by the hand and escorted her through the buildings that he managed. He was the landlord. Always ready with a hearty laugh. Kindly to his tenants. And they were always happy to see him. Under this umbrella of beneficence came Nancy. Her "job" was to turn on the charm. Make the sales pitch.

" 'You remember my granddaughter, Nancy?' Oh, said the tenant, ' . . . Is it that time of the year already?'" (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 22) On cue Nancy would pitch the virtues of Thin Mints, sandwich cookies, and shortbread squares. And include a brief pitch on the Girl Scouts of America history, and how the community would benefit from a thriving population of healthy young women, all outfitted with skills in life from Camp Tapawingo.

Of course the tenants were receptive. *Who could resist Girl Scout Thin Mint cookies?* Few could. Uncle Boppie was the key. He got Nancy in the door. Got her a receptive audience. Used his knowledge of the tenants, his camaraderie to charm the buyers. His technique was as bankable as cash. He "fostered goodwill and intangible assets," (Brinker, *Promise Me*, 22) and in the process allowed Nancy to "sell" her cookies. In a sense they were partners. Using each other's talents for good. He was motivated, therefore she was motivated. Their energy fed on each other.

Selling is one of the most important elements of business success and success in general. With few exceptions, to achieve change in the world you can't do it alone. You need more than yourself. Anyone wanting change, wanting to achieve a substantive goal, needs to persuade others to climb on board. To get fully and passionately behind your effort. To help in every way possible. That requires *real* selling.

—Selling an idea. Selling a value. Selling an action. Selling a product or service.

—Selling to your partners. Selling to your customers, users, or consumers.

HILLARY CLINTON

Hillary Clinton is
the 67th United States Secretary of State,
the former First Lady of the United States,
and former U.S. Senator for New York.

Hillary's mother was essentially abandoned by her parents.

Who is Hillary Rodham Clinton?

It's not supposed to be like this. Her mother's childhood a torrent of verbal abuse. A father who considered it his lifetime duty to denigrate each family member. Absolute rule. His rule. Inviolable.

Hillary Diane Rodham was born October 26, 1947 in Park Ridge, Illinois, the eldest child, with two younger brothers.

Hillary's parents, Hugh Ellsworth Rodham and Dorothy Howell Rodham, were the product of the Great Depression. They were typical of that generation. Middle class. Midwestern. Her mother a homemaker. Her father the owner of a small textile business.

Her parents' generation had faced the greatest challenges the world had ever seen during World War II. They had won. Through toil and bloodshed. Defeating the enemies of America and freedom. Then building a new nation, bathed in power and responsibility. They believed in the possibilities of a democratic nation coupled with peace and humanity. They believed in a responsible society.

Dorothy's mother, Della Howell, was one of nine children. When she was born her mother was only fifteen; her father seventeen. With such a fine start, what could go wrong?

Hillary's mother's parents essentially abandoned her at age three. She subsisted, alone for days at a time, on meal tickets her mother left her. Using them required her to walk to a nearby restaurant. Her father was only a little better. Dorothy's parents divorced when she was eight years old. After incessantly shuttling their two daughters from school to school, the children were sent to stay with their maternal grandparents in Alhambra, California. And during the next ten years Dorothy *never* saw her mother and *rarely* saw her father. Her grandparent's house was not a happy scene. Constant ridicule, criticism, and punishment was the regimen of her Grandma Della—who commanded Dorothy, resented her, ignored her, and enforced rigid household rules. Grandma Della was a weak, self-indulgent woman, ignoring reality, and consumed with television soap operas.

Once Dorothy was confined to her room *for an entire year* for a minor infraction—*forbidden to even eat at the kitchen table.*

It was too much for a young girl to bear. So Dorothy left her maternal grandparents' house—"found work as a mother's helper, caring for two young children in return for room, board, and three dollars a week." No chance to enjoy extracurricular athletics or drama that she loved. "She washed the same blouse every day to wear with her only skirt and, in colder weather, her only sweater. But for the first time, she lived in a household where the father and mother gave their children the love, attention, and guidance she had never received." (Clinton, 3) Without that love, Dorothy might never have later known how to treat her own daughter Hillary.

Dorothy derived offense at others' mistreatment of any human being, especially children. Directly related to the mistreatment that she, as a youngster, had for years endured. Additionally, she had witnessed the school-yard taunting, then internment, then confiscation of the homes and possessions of Japanese-Americans in California during World War II.

Said Hillary, "I thought often of my own mother's neglect and mistreatment at the hands of her parents and grandparents." (Clinton, 50) She recounted,

She understood from personal experience that many children—through no fault of their own—were disadvantaged and discriminated against from birth. She [further] hated self-righteousness and pretensions of moral superiority and impressed on my brothers and me that we were no better or worse than anyone else. (Clinton, 10-11)

Hillary's father, Hugh Rodham Sr., had a deep, gruff laugh which he passed to Hillary. Welsh origins. His livelihood was as a coal miner. Worked in mines around Scranton, Pennsylvania, the sixth of eleven children.

He earned a college degree in physical education, then hopped a freight train to Chicago, securing a job as a traveling drapery-fabric salesman. Caught the eye of Dorothy Howell, married her in 1942, and shortly thereafter enlisted in the Navy. Trained recruits going to the Pacific theatre of war, and post-World War II was assigned to the Great Lakes Naval Station.

Hugh Sr. ran his family like a petulant military officer, "barking orders, denigrating, minimizing achievements, ignoring accomplishments." (Bernstein, 15) Confronted with resistance, he became even more fierce in his determination to rule absolutely. He *loved* a confrontation. Was this his way of making sure his children were fighters, competitive? One wonders. The marriage of Hillary's parents was thus rife with tension. Hillary's father was tough. Her father "harsh, provocative, and abusive . . . a sour, unfulfilled man whose children suffered his relentless, demeaning sarcasm . . . his parsimony, and silently accepted his humiliation and verbal abuse of their mother." (Bernstein, 15)

Dinnertime? He was prone to throwing down the verbal gauntlet. Whatever topic came into his head. Expound a position of the extreme. Loudly. Something outrageous and provocative. Who would dispute him? Anyone who spoke up to

refute Hugh's position had to do it with brashness and enthusiasm bordering on anger. Dukes up. Slashing. Combative. Giving no quarter. He was also a vociferous Republican, never flinching from *their* dogma. Always ready to expound the "truth," as Republicans saw it.

According to one member of the Rodham family, Hugh Sr. "was a bullshit artist," a braggart who elaborated well beyond the truth. Yet that ability aided him in his sales jobs. And after his Navy service, Hillary's father drew on his sales experience and began a small drapery-fabric business. Manufactured and sold screen-printed fabrics. Said Tony Rodham, "Dad was the world's greatest salesman. You never saw him lose a sale. Our father was the best closer I've ever met in my life." (Bernstein, 17)

There were more instructive aspects of Hugh Sr.'s parenting. He did join Hillary sometimes. Playing pitch-the-ball with her. Fishing. Playing pinochle. His praise was rarely given, but when it was the children eagerly seized on it. Yet somehow the children survived his darker side, and instead took to their personalities the family's overcurrent tradition of discipline, hard work, and education.

Each summer the Rodham's enjoyed a two-week vacation at a cabin that Hugh Sr. and his father had personally built on Lake Winona, near Scranton, Pennsylvania. Hillary remembers her summer vacations in that rustic cabin. No heat except for the cast-iron cook stove in the kitchen. No indoor bath or shower. To stay clean, they swam in the lake or stood below the back porch while someone poured a tub of water onto their heads.

Hillary's mother provided the counter-balance to Hugh Sr.'s bullying, lack of curiosity, narrow mindedness. Dorothy resisted being beaten down. Showed her children how to endure and evolve in spite of an abusive relationship. Divorce was, in her personal religion, anathema. Out of the question. Not an option.

Dorothy shaped Hillary in spite of Hugh Sr. She urged lofty goals for her daughter:

*Speak your mind. Aim high. Aspire to greatness. Set your own dreams.
Work for them. Achieve them.*

Often Dorothy would say to Hillary, 'Do you want to be the lead actor in your life, or a minor player who simply reacts to what others think you should say or do?' (Bernstein, 23)

That admonition, repeated ad infinitum during her teenage years, sat in Hillary's mind. Percolated. Became ingrained.

She knew which way she wanted to go. But she had to get out of her family situation to achieve it.

Dorothy also wanted her children to be able to maintain their equilibrium, however great the chaos. To make her point, she showed Hillary how the bubble in a carpenter's level moved to dead center. 'Imagine having this carpenter's level inside you,' she said. 'You try to keep that bubble in the center. Sometimes it will go way up there'—she tipped the level so the

bubble drifted—'and then you have to bring it back.' She straightened the level. (Bernstein, 28)

Hillary and her brothers were required to do their daily household chores. And without any allowance. Why? That other kids in the neighborhood received regular allowances failed to impress their father.

They eat and sleep for free. We're not going to pay them for it as well, (Bernstein, 20) Hugh Sr. told Dorothy.

So to have any spending money at all Hillary had to earn it outside the home. She *always* had an outside summer job—since the age of thirteen—in addition to doing her household chores. Her first summer job: to supervise a small, neighborhood park. Three mornings a week. Walking to the park, pulling “a wagon filled with balls, bats, jump ropes, and other supplies back and forth.” Later she babysat for neighbors and at a day care center. And later still worked as a retail salesgirl. Anything to earn a little pocket money and overcome the lack of an allowance.

Where did Hillary get her organizing abilities? They didn't come about instantaneously when she grew to adulthood. No, they were *learned* in childhood. First as a Brownie Scout, then as a Girl Scout. Working in parades for the Fourth of July. Food drives, cookie sales, merit badges. Organizing neighborhood kids in games, sporting events, and backyard carnivals. Both for fun and to raise nickels and dimes for charities (an old photograph from their local newspaper shows Hillary and a bunch of her friends handing over a paper bag of money for the United Way—raised from a Children's Olympics they staged).

Although she grew up in a cautious, conformist era in American history, her mother taught her to resist peer pressure. Never wanted to hear about what Hillary's friends were wearing or what they thought about her or anything else.

'You're unique,' she would say. 'you can think for yourself. I don't care if everybody's doing it. We're not everybody. You're not everybody.' (Clinton, 14)

The Wellesley class of 1969. Hillary's class. An all-girls college. A school focused on “academic achievement and extracurricular leadership.” Naturally there were many more opportunities for women to operate in leadership positions in a women's college than in a co-ed school. Ability, hard work, achievement. These were rewarded far more there than elsewhere. It was a psychological “safe zone” for women. A place where they could grow and flex their ambitions openly, without male competition. She found opportunity as President of the Young Republicans, but that ended with her turning away from their views. Her world view was changing. She was reading liberal liberally. The Vietnam War was intruding too. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr's and Robert F. Kennedy's assassinations. America was in conflict domestically, and Hillary was in the middle of the campus maelstrom.

At Wellesley, Hillary blossomed. In her classrooms Hillary's encyclopedic memory and debating skills, honed over the dinner table at home, were

formidable. In her relationships with other girls, she garnered quick leadership status. Because of her personal generosity. Her unselfish talent for praising others. Her tireless campaigning. Her keen memory for personal details. Her speaking skill, which included well-reasoned conclusions. And her concern for the problems of others. *She was electric*. Charged. Ready well beyond her years.

It was time to move on, politically and academically. On to “The Paper Chase” at Yale Law School.

She graduated from Wellesley and arrived at Yale in the fall of 1969. Bringing from Wellesley “a reputation as both a bold leader and an activist.” (Bernstein, 63)—based partly on her bold commencement address at Wellesley (the first by a student), which attracted national attention. Her picture had been splashed across *Life* magazine and the media. Illuminating her anti-Vietnam war speeches, and work in support of Eugene McCarthy’s candidacy for President at the 1968 Republican National Convention. She was *known* and intimidating to other law students. Classmates were awed. Here was a woman that had *already done* what some of them aspired to. Her resume for activism had heft already.

Ultimately she was one of twenty-seven women, out of 235 students who graduated. Her concentration was children’s rights and needs in family law.

1970. Enter William “Bill” Clinton. Fresh from Oxford University. They met briefly, but didn’t really connect until the spring of 1971, after which they were inseparable. They married in 1975.

Action. Now she wanted to use the law to press *for the benefit of people*.

While at Yale, Hillary served on the editorial board of the *Yale Review of Law and Social Action*. Wrote a number of articles for the scholarly journals, including ‘*Children Under the Law*,’ published in 1974 in the *Harvard Educational Review* (it researched the legal problems and civic consequences of children suffering abuse or neglect). Also while she was at Yale, she did a year of postgraduate study on children and medicine at the Yale Child Study Center, and substantial work on child development research, child abuse, migratory labor, and politics—through various organizations, including the New Haven (Connecticut) Legal Services office.

Post her marriage to Bill Clinton, she moved with him to Arkansas. When he was elected Governor of Arkansas, as his First Lady she successfully led a task force to reform Arkansas’s education system. And co-founded the Arkansas Advocates for Children and Families in 1977.

As the wife of Bill Clinton, the 42nd President of the United States, she served as First Lady from 1993–2001. Afterwards she was elected and served as U.S. Senator from the State of New York from 2001–2009. It was the first time an American First Lady had run for public office.

In the 2008 race for the Democratic presidential nomination she was narrowly defeated by Barack Obama, yet went on to be appointed *by him* to serve as the 67th U.S. Secretary of State. She began serving in January 2009.

Parenting Techniques

1—Find your guts in tough situations

Whatever her faults, never let it be said that Hillary's grandmother didn't have guts. When the sky looked blackest. When the chips were *all* down. She had *guts*.

The year was 1920. Hillary's father was riding on the back of a horse-drawn wagon as the horses struggled up a hill. Suddenly a truck hit the back of the wagon. Crushed her dad's legs. Rushed to the nearest hospital, the word from the doctors attending him was grim indeed. His lower legs and feet could *not* be fixed. He should prepare for amputation. They were ready to amputate.

Hannah, Hillary's grandmother, was told—and refused to believe the pronouncement. No doctor was going to amputate *her* husband's legs. *No one*. They couldn't operate unless it was to *save* his legs. That was *final*.

She demanded another opinion—this time from her brother-in-law, Dr. Thomas Rodham. She got it, and Dr. Rodham gave the *same* warning to the hospital staff—that nobody would be cutting the boy's legs off.

When Hillary's dad awoke his mother was guarding him. Assuring him that his legs would not be amputated—but that he would get a good, hard whipping when he finally got home.

It became an almost legendary story, repeated over and over within the family down through the years. Hannah Jones Rodham had faced the abyss—and defied it. She had protected the integrity of her family. Against all odds. She had guts. Guts to spare.

2—Doing two things at once is not rocket science

Dorothy, Hillary's mother, was, in simple words, a homemaker. Her family responsibilities and chores were numerous. *They surrounded her, nearly overwhelmed her*. Many needed to be done, seemingly at once. Hillary saw her mother as a woman of *enormous* energy, in perpetual motion. Making beds, washing dishes, putting dinner on the table precisely at six o'clock. Dozens and dozens of tasks.

Every day Hillary came home for lunch. Soup and sandwiches of cheese, peanut butter, or bologna. Wintertime being pulled on their sled to the grocery store. Carrying the groceries home for her mother. Reveling in creating fantasy worlds conjured in a large cardboard box. Then nightly story time for the children. Time to listen to the radio. Time and space for Hillary to spend with her mother.

Every week Dorothy took the kids to the library. Allowed them to play cards and board games (believing that these taught children math skills and strategy). And helped them with their non-math homework (math being the purview of Hugh Sr.).

Later—after the kids were grown and out of the house—Dorothy would take college courses. Not for a degree. Just to enlarge her knowledge. Dozens of

courses. Building her mind.

Maybe it wasn't the life Dorothy dreamed of. But she had a responsibility. To raise her children the very best she could. And she would not shirk that responsibility. No matter how many tasks life threw at her.

Organization and focus.

Trying to manage too many tasks results in chaos, in nothing getting accomplished. Teach your children how to organize for success and focus on the most critical goals—pushing the others aside.

There are, of course, many ways to organize. Each person's personality reacts differently to different methods. The particular method used is not as important as its efficiency and dedicated use. Suggest several methods to your children. Show them your methods and let them see you using them constantly. Then monitor that they are, in some strict fashion, organizing and focusing.

3—Don't tolerate waste.

It was her father. He was the hawk. "My father could not stand personal waste. Like so many who grew up in the Depression, his fear of poverty colored his life." (Clinton, 11)

Rarely did Hillary's mother Dorothy buy new clothes. They were invariably second-hand. New purchases required lengthy negotiations with Hugh Sr.—*often extending over a period of weeks*. Both Hillary and her mother entered the negotiations opposite her dad. Do they *really, truly* need that? How much does it cost? Why does it cost so much? Can't you buy it cheaper somewhere else? What are you going to do with it? Will it last? They had to fight and fight hard for the *privilege* of getting something new.

Nothing escaped the discussion. Buying on credit was out of the question. *No credit*. Only cash purchases were allowed ("He did not believe in credit and he ran his business on a strict pay-as-you-go policy" (Clinton, 11)).

Nothing was too small a waste to ignore.

If one of my brothers or I forgot to screw the cap back on the toothpaste tube, my father threw it out the bathroom window. We would have to go outside, even in the snow, to search for it in the evergreen bushes in front of the house. That was his way of reminding us not to waste anything. To this day, I put uneaten olives back in the jar, wrap up the tiniest pieces of cheese and feel guilty when I throw anything away. (Clinton, 11)

Waste is rampant among Americans. Daily we throw out huge quantities of food, medicine slightly out of date, excess packaging. We waste more as Americans in a land of plenty than most other societies *have*. We are to blame. And we teach our children, by our actions, that it is *OK*. To reverse this pattern, we as parents, must start to crack down on waste—whenever and wherever we find it.

Waste not; want not.

The old adage still applies. In good times, not so good times, and bad times. *Now* is the time to prepare your children for a future where plenty may have turned to scarcity.

4—Don't give in to bullying, whether you are a child or adult

Both of Hillary's parents exhorted her to be tough. *Life was tough. She had to be tough.* It wasn't going to be easy out in the world. Better to learn to be tough *now*, rather than later. To that end, they conditioned her.

Girls in the family had to stand up for their rights. Just as boys did. No difference. The world wasn't going to be any easier for women than men. So women had to learn to be tough. Tougher than men. Tougher than others. Tough enough to withstand everything the world had to throw at them.

In Park Ridge my mother noticed that I was reluctant to go outside to play. Sometimes I came in crying, complaining that the girl across the street was always pushing me around. Suzy O'Callaghan had older brothers, and she was used to playing rough. I was only four years old, but my mother was afraid that if I gave in to my fears, it would set a pattern for the rest of my life.

One day, I came running into the house. She stopped me.

'Go back out there,' she ordered, 'and if Suzy hits you, you have my permission to hit her back. You have to stand up for yourself. There's no room in this house for cowards.'

I returned a few minutes later, glowing with victory. (Clinton, 12)

Bullying can be a teaching lesson. Letting it go too far, of course, is terribly bad. But mild bullying can be fought by your child, overcome, and provide a gritty backbone for life.

5—Do all the good you can

Social responsibility. For Hillary it began in the First United Methodist Church of Park Ridge, Illinois. She was an active member. They "opened my eyes and heart to the needs of others and helped instill a sense of social responsibility rooted in my faith." (Clinton, 21)

John Wesley founded the Methodist Church in England in the 1700's. Good works were one cornerstone of his church. His religion, his philosophy had a simple rule:

Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.

It's not an easy path to follow. There will be many who will try to stand in your way. But you *can* prevail.

Do all the good you can.

6—Be accepting of different opinions

The kitchen table became the site of heated discussions by the Rodham family. Hugh Sr., Hillary's "highly opinionated" father, led the discussions. The three lowest forms of life, in his opinion, were:

—Communists

—Shady businessmen

—Crooked politicians.

Politics. Sports. *Every subject was open for comment.* Maybe you couldn't sway Hugh Sr. *But*—he appreciated well-constructed and defended arguments. Yes, almost everyone in the family had a different opinion. But that didn't prevent those opinions from existing under the same roof. You didn't demonize your siblings, parents, or children for diverse thoughts. For thinking adverse to yours. You accepted various opinions as OK. OK in a family. OK in a community. OK in a nation.

DWIGHT EISENHOWER

Dwight Eisenhower was an American five-star United States Army General, and the 34th President of the United States.

Ike's father drifted in his religious affiliations, yet wove a family tightly centered around the Bible.

Who was Dwight Eisenhower?

A farm boy. The whole world watched with bated breath. Could the awesome juggernaut of Hitler's Nazi Germany be stopped, then defeated? The first great military/political alliance to save freedom. Held together by the will of an American farm boy?

Dwight David Eisenhower was born October 14, 1890 in Denison, Texas. The third son of David Eisenhower and Ida Stover. Only late in his high school years did Dwight become known as "Ike." His parents were Mennonites, of German heritage. His father a failed farmer, then failed shop owner, then mechanic and laborer. At birth, Dwight's parents owned basically their household possessions and nothing else, having lost a substantial inheritance.

They moved after a year to Abilene, Texas. A small town in mid-western America, with little reliance or contact with the wider world. A farming community, strongly cohesive, politically conservative. Self-sufficiency, personal initiative, and responsibility—those were preached and followed. Most families were just trying to survive and raise their large families.

The Eisenhowers had six strapping sons and rented a small wood-frame house. Two stories with an attic, basement, a small yard. Small rooms, but outside a barn and three acres. In keeping with their religion the Eisenhowers were pacifists and frugal.

Dwight's parents' dreams were not of Abilene, but of the wider landscape outside their town. Not ambitious for themselves. Ambitious for their sons. Investing their dreams in their sons. They spread the feeling among their boys that

if you stay home you will always be looked upon as a boy. (Ambrose, 16)

Dwight said, "I have found out in later years we were very poor [poor, but respectfully poor] . . . but the glory of America is that we didn't know it then." (Ambrose, 15-16) "We would have been insulted had anyone offered us charity," Ike said, "instead my mother was always ready to take some of her home

remedies or food and start out to help anyone who was sick or suffering. The daily prayers of my parents did not fail to include a plea for the hungry, the weak, and the unfortunates of the world.” (Ambrose, 16)

All that we knew was that our parents—of great courage—could say to us, ‘Opportunity is about you. Reach out and take it.’ (Ambrose, 16) ‘Getting ahead’ was not laid at our feet.

They were almost self-sufficient. Growing most of their own food. Using kerosene lamps instead of electricity. A wood-burning stove for cooking and heating. No indoor plumbing. And hand-me-down clothes for the boys.

Ike’s father, David, was quiet, scholarly. Opened a general store in Hope, Kansas. Then severe drought conditions prevented his customers, most of whom bought on credit, from repaying him. The store closed, and Dwight’s dad then took a job as mechanic and laborer at a creamery. Ike and his brothers thus grew up with David’s obsession to *never again owe anyone a nickel*. Either pay in cash, or wait to buy.

Ike’s autobiography presents a respectful, loving image of his parents. “They [Mother and Dad] taught the simple virtues of honesty, self-reliance, integrity, fear of God, and ambition.” (Ambrose, 16) According to Ike, his father was the breadwinner and dispensed major justice. His mother tutored the children and managed the household. They respected each other. Didn’t argue. Communicated their love for each other in a quiet way, devoid of showiness. A mutual devotion.

However, David wasn’t a great father in many respects. Ike would grow up to have his father’s stubborn streak and temper. According to Ike, “Father was quiet and reserved [he worked a twelve-hour day, for a meager salary] . . . Mother was by far the greatest personal influence in our lives . . . she spent many hours a day with us, while Father’s time with us was largely at supper and in the evening.” (Eisenhower, 37) At night David preferred reading to rousting with his children. Aloof. Paying little attention to their youthful successes or disappointments, seldom discussing with them their activities, hopes, or dreams.

His father “shunned alcohol and cards, did not take any of his sons hunting, fishing or horseback riding, and showed no interest in their schooling.” (Perret, 11) Most important to him was reading the Bible (the Eisenhowers were very religious and a typical day revolved around twice daily prayers, Bible reading before the blessing and the meals, then further Bible reading after the meal). Yet David drifted from one organized religion to another. The finer aspects of cultured society weren’t part of the Eisenhower family life. Music and art—not necessary.

Still his father’s world was one of tidiness, everything needing to be precise.

His mother was the daytime presence and greatest personal influence in the children’s lives. Overseeing their chores, cooking meals, mending clothes, picking fruit from the orchard, soothing, advising, praising, uplifting the spirits and instilling direction. Providing discipline with fairness. Performing the routine spankings (greater infractions were referred to David’s maple switches). While

his father had quick judicial instincts, Ida was organization plus—and had, like a psychologist, insight into the fact that each son had a unique personality. So she adapted her methods to each.

Ike said,

My feeling reflects the affection and respect of all who knew her. Her serenity, her open smile, her gentleness with all and her tolerance of their ways, despite an inflexible loyalty to her religious convictions and her own strict pattern of personal conduct . . . (Eisenhower, 76)

She was a pacifist and Bible reader, and maintained a slew of aphorisms to coax her sons:

Sink or swim. Survive or perish. (Perret, 20)

Nothing comes easy in life. (Perret, 20)

You boys know the rule about fighting in the house. Get outside—fast. (Perret, 22)

The Lord deals the cards. And you play them. (Perret, 20)

A Scotsman would have been proud. The Eisenhower boys took handing over their hard-earned money to a store clerk very seriously. It required critical scrutiny of goods and prices.

The Indian on our penny would have screamed if we could possibly have held it tighter. (Eisenhower, 70)

Still, money was not worshipped, but respected as

. . . hard to come by and quick to vanish unless one exercised vigilant care. (Eisenhower, 70)

Dwight's early and later schooling coincided with the pedagogical norms of the day. Lots of rote learning. Boring, monotonous recitations. Nothing to excite the imagination. Dwight relied on his innate intelligence and inquisitiveness to coast through his classes. The only academic subjects that tickled his interests were spelling and arithmetic. Spelling appealed to him because he hated careless mistakes. Arithmetic appealed to him because it was logical and straightforward. His school grades were excellent, but the non-school subject that really captivated his young intellect was military history. Histories and biographies. Hannibal. Caesar. Pericles. George Washington. Theodore Roosevelt. He was captivated by the nuances of strategy and tactics.

Sports was where Dwight blossomed. Organization. Leadership. Putting together afternoon football or baseball games, the Abilene High School Athletic Association (independent of the school system), transportation for the teams, camping, and hunting trips. Overall Dwight was a good, but not outstanding high school athlete.

One afternoon their team discovered that the opposing team had a Negro player. All the Abilene players refused to play center opposite the Negro center. Dwight

berated his teammates for their insensitivity and threatened to leave the team if they did not play. He didn't hesitate, didn't back down, but insisted that *he* would play center. And after the game Dwight pointedly shook hands with the Negro. The rest of the team was a bit ashamed of themselves.

On graduation Ike's doubts had dissipated. He "knew himself and his capabilities." (Ambrose, 22) There was no identity crisis. No soul-searching. He knew who he was and he knew where he was going. September 1910 saw him applying for an appointment to West Point. It required a competitive exam and he placed second of eight applicants. He was now six feet tall, 170 pounds. Hard-muscled. Broad shouldered. And good looking besides. The very picture of the strapping farm boy.

West Point. His student experience was narrow, technical, emphasizing civil and military engineering. Taught by recent grads, not experienced officers. Questions had one and only one correct answer. No flexibility of thinking. Nuances were unknown. The answer was either right or wrong. Conformed to the book, or wrong. Non-conformity was highly frowned upon.

Dwight's football playing at West Point ended when he badly tore his knee. He switched to a "coaching" effort. Studying the intricacies of football strategy and tactics. That begat considerable speaking and organizational opportunities. And funneled "his energy and competitiveness, his enthusiasm and optimism, his willingness to work hard at a task that intrigued him, his powers of concentration, his talent for working with the material he had instead of hoping for what he did not have, and his gift for drawing the best out of his players." (Ambrose, 27)

At the end of his life he wrote,

I believe that football, perhaps more than any other sport, tends to instill in men the feeling that victory comes through hard—almost slavish—work, team play, self-confidence, and an enthusiasm that amounts to dedication.
(Ambrose, 28)

In his military career he frequently used football slang extensively to flavor and motivate his men—"urging his men to 'pull an end run' and 'hit the line' and 'break through' and 'get that ball across the goal line.' "

Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Ike's first Army assignment. He fell in love with Mamie Geneva Doud. *Head-over-heals in love*. She played hard to get. He was mightily persistent. They were married in 1916.

Mamie exerted considerable influence in one area: the social graces. She polished the rough edges (of which there were many) in Ike's interactions with his circle of officer friends and superiors. Hosted, along with Ike, many a party. Showed her finishing school talents in the entertainment areas.

Throughout his career Eisenhower received only the most stupendous efficiency reviews (Army jargon for personnel reports). No superior officer was less than ecstatic. Rating him always as the best officer they'd ever seen. Ike's command style relied on his common sense and good judgment—rather than the *Army Regulations* (the Army's Bible of personnel handling, which Ike professed never

to have read). But field command yet eluded him.

Eisenhower's West Point class of 1915 became the most famous in West Point's history: "the class the stars fell on." (Ambrose, 25) Fifty-nine classmates garnered general stars. Ike, though, finished 61st academically, out of 164 graduating cadets. A rather mediocre showing. And finished 125th in discipline. His staggering number of demerits Ike attributed to his lack of interest in almost everything other than athletics.

It was General Douglas MacArthur who snagged Ike for ten years as his number two man. Stateside and in the Philippines. And almost refused to let him move on. Ike characterized MacArthur as "decisive, personable . . . On any subject he chose to discuss, his knowledge, always amazingly comprehensive and largely accurate, poured out in a torrent of words." (Korda, 191) According to Ike, "Douglas MacArthur was a forceful—some thought an overpowering—individual, blessed with a fast and facile mind, interested in both the military and political side of our government." (Eisenhower, 213)

General MacArthur had major weaknesses though. The General usually chose to ignore the historical line-in-the-sand drawn between a man's military thinking and politics. After a while, said Ike, "My duties were beginning to verge on the political, even to the edge of partisan politics." (Eisenhower, 213)

Another major weakness: MacArthur's personality perpetrated an almost slavish adherence to his dictums. He wanted no arguments, differences of opinion, or disagreement from subordinates. Ike and MacArthur were studies in personality contrast. Ike was no toady, no pushover to General MacArthur. His administrative and training skills shown spectacularly. He knew how to disagree staunchly. But he also made himself so indispensable that MacArthur could almost literally not do without him. Still, serious promotion eluded him under MacArthur. And by the time he left he was only an acting colonel.

Finally came the call from General George C. Marshall. For Ike to join the General Staff in Washington. Ike reported to Marshall on December 15, 1941, seven days after the disaster at Pearl Harbor. And was immediately pressed into the maelstrom of the most serious national response plans. Working closely, doing impeccable staff planning and analysis. Moving from one ultra-high-visibility assignment to another, working with United States and Allied personalities, Dwight David Eisenhower was promoted with every assignment. A meteoric ascent in the first months of World War II—beginning with command of Operation Torch, the invasion of North Africa, and culminating four years later as Supreme Allied Commander in charge of Operation Overlord. That incredibly complex assignment—the invasion of Europe—would ultimately bring down Adolph Hitler, the Third Reich, and forge the post-war military and political landscape. He was now a four-star General.

Ike managed to contain and work with the enormous egos of political leaders and military rivals. He enjoyed the confidence of, and good relations with, British leadership—without which all would have collapsed in bickering. As such, he was the first modern military leader that had to operate at the military-political

command level. And he recognized the power of the press and deftly manipulated it to his advantage.

Ike was famously in touch with the “boys” who would be on the front lines of battle—the “troops.” In the field what set Ike apart from his officer peers was his unique insistence that combat leadership required one to *prepare* the troops. To help them understand the *reasons* for training and fighting.

In the military Ike professed a non-political mantle. As President though, he was strongly conservative in domestic economic affairs, middle-of-the-road in politics, and an internationalist in foreign relations. His popularity and politics won the 1952 Presidential election by a landslide. He became the first Republican President in two decades. And secured a second term in 1956.

During his presidency he negotiated the armistice which ended the Korean War. Kept pressure on the Soviet Union during the Cold War. And spoke against the rise and power of the “military-industrial complex.” He was also responsible for the building of the United States extensive Interstate Highway System.

Eisenhower insisted that he was guided by devotion to duty and concern for the national interest. However, as President, Ike avoided direct personal involvement in the two great moral issues of his presidency: school desegregation and McCarthyism. In doing so he failed to publically provide the kind of leadership that he had so generously given the military—and that the nation badly needed in the 1950's. And he fumbled an historic chance in 1959 to arrange a comprehensive nuclear test ban agreement with the Soviet Union.

On the religious front, Eisenhower considered himself very religious, though unattached to any particular sect. He was instrumental in adding the words “under God” to the Pledge of Allegiance and adopting “In God We Trust” as the motto of the United States.

Dwight David Eisenhower died March 28, 1969. He and Mamie had two sons, Doud Dwight Eisenhower, who died at age three, and John Sheldon Doud Eisenhower.

Parenting Techniques

1—Let them experience hard, physical work

It was the Protestant work ethic:

life is work and work is life. (Perret, 17)

The Eisenhower family's emphasis was on work, hard work and *getting things done*. You had to work hard, *very hard*, for it.

All the boys worked. The farm bequeathed a *huge* amount of work and chores which needed to be done daily by Ida and the boys. Every child did chores. Rotated weekly so that each son learned all the responsibilities of running the house and farm and didn't feel discriminated against. From eight to twelve years of age the boys also did odd jobs around the neighborhood, and the teenage sons

secured regular outside employment.

There is no shame in doing hard manual labor. Either temporarily or in order to make a living, feed oneself, or feed one's family.

Hard work teaches respect for laborers and those that do manual work. Or respect for those whose education or situation offers no other alternative. Coincidentally, hard work often teaches children that they don't want to be doing that for a lifetime. Spurs them to renewed interest in school, in getting a good education.

2—Teach them to control their temper

Dwight had a terrible temper when he was young. But with the help of his mother he controlled it to a substantial degree (later, during his Army service, his temper was evident only in extreme circumstances).

As a boy, Ike's temper would simply take control of his entire being, rendering him incapable of anything else. The story goes that when his brothers were given permission on Halloween eve 1900 to go trick-or-treating, and Dwight was not, he flew into a tremendous fit of anger. Begging, pleading, arguing wasn't producing a "yes." Anger quickly overwhelmed him. His response was to start pounding with his bare fists on the trunk of an apple tree outside the house. It took his father's grabbing him by the shoulders and shaking him sharply to bring him under control. Then, out of rage and resentment, he sulked to bed, sobbing for an hour. His mother came into his room, sat with him, salved and bandaged his hands (they were quite beat up), then after a long time said, "He that conquereth his own soul is greater than he who taketh a city." (Perret, 20) She elaborated on that passage by instilling a belief that anger, left to its own devices, is self-destructive and begets nothing good. She admonished his temper as being the worst of the Eisenhower boys. He needed to address and conquer it. Before it consumed him and his ambitions.

Recalling her words many years later,

Hatred was a futile sort of thing, she said, because hating anyone or anything meant that there was little to be gained. The person who had incurred my displeasure probably didn't care, possibly didn't even know, and the only person injured was myself. (Eisenhower, 52)

Tempers are more visible in business. Sometimes effective. More often destructive. A trait—preferably—harnessed and diverted toward more productive management techniques.

Tempers in a marriage? Corrosive, deadly. Nearly always rending the fabric of the marriage contract.

Bridle tempers early. Before they ruin your children's lives.

3—Encourage motivation via ethics rather than punishment

“Our love for our father was based on respect. Our love for our mother was rooted in something deeper.” (Perret, 21)

Mother rarely resorted to corporeal punishment and when she did it was a slap on the hand with a ruler or anything handy and lightweight. Instead, she deeply believed in self-discipline and she preached it constantly. According to her, each of us should behave properly not because of the fear of punishment but because it was the right thing to do. (Eisenhower, 32)

His mother's words focused the Eisenhower boys' minds on being independent from their parents—doing what was right, not from fear of punishment, but because it was the right thing to do. To dream. To accomplish things through work and sacrifice. And to be humble, knowing that poor individuals have the same value in God's eyes as the wealthy or powerful.

A single dictum to your children:

We've [as parents] taught you the difference between right and wrong. What is right. What is wrong. We won't always be with you. You have to make your decisions knowing RIGHT from WRONG. With your conscience looking on.

4—Encourage competition

The Eisenhower home valued competition as a way to improve one's personality and fitness. Always their parents wanted them to be the best at whatever they did, and to be the toughest—to enable them to cope with life's problems. Everything was constructed into a competition. Sometimes between two sons. Sometimes between six sons. And of course the boys got into fights. Sometimes among themselves. Sometimes with others. Dwight's father

. . . never wanted to see his sons beaten by their playmates in anything, least of all in a fight. (Ambrose, 17)

A few fisticuffs? OK. If it teaches one to stand up to aggression. But not to be overdone. Competition of a cleaner nature—math, school work, racing, business—preps a teenager for life's future competitions.

5—Encourage debating

Even as a young man, Ike enjoyed spending the occasional bad winter day in the office of his friend Joe Howe. Reading newspapers and serious books. That was his way of broadening his outlook beyond Abilene.

Joe's officemate and Dwight would frequently debate current issues. Ike quickly displayed a keen intellect, retention of facts, logic, and ability to muster the facts to support his side of the argument or refute his “opponent.” He was no pushover. No slavish follower. And his famous grin (which he took from his mother) and witticisms often blunted sharp-edged debates.

Composing and forcefully espousing a logical argument does wonders for the ego.

It also builds solid speaking ability before an audience. Again, a prerequisite to effectively selling yourself and your ideas to business associates/partners, suppliers, customers—and to divergent political and religious groups.

Find a Toastmasters Club. Join a debating team. Practice among friends and acquaintances. Get started.

GEORGE FOREMAN

George Foreman is a twice
World Heavyweight Boxing Champion,
an American Olympic gold medalist,
and a very successful entrepreneur.

George's mother was a cook.

Who is George Foreman?

An unequaled hair-trigger temper. A stomach that felt more like a bottomless, unfillable pit. Always hungry. Only Doc Broadus, Mrs. Moon and the Job Corps stood between him and the abyss.

George Foreman, born January 10, 1949 in Marshall, Texas, was one of seven children.

Anger and hunger shaped my youth. (Foreman, By George, 4)

George's father, J.D. Foreman, pushed the buttons of young George's psyche. He'd never seen such fire in any kid. But J.D. was a drinker, a drunkard really. The family "couldn't count on him for anything." (Foreman, *By George*, 5) His Friday salary floated off to the barman. Sometimes he was home. But more often away on a bender, taking time from his work as a railroad man. In his stead, the household was by default run by George's mother.

Nancy Ree Nelson, George's mother, was one of eight children. Grew up on a sharecropping farm outside Marshall, Texas. A powerful lady, accustomed to hard, hard work. Digging stumps, plowing behind a mule, picking cotton. And a leader. But she could only dream of going to school. Her father continually made her promises he didn't keep. "Just help me out this year, and you can go to school next year." But "next year" never came. And she never received the education she so sincerely desired. After Nancy married, when George was a baby, she moved the family to Houston. To feed them all, Nancy cooked at the O.S.T. Café and oftentimes held a second job.

She was the optimist. George's dad was rarely at home. Mostly away. George reflected years later, "What does it feel like [his mother] to know that you're doing everything you can, and still your kids are hungry." (Foreman, *By George*, 5) She was working seven days and nights a week. But Nancy stretched her small earnings. Buried her pain with a smile.

What my mother did take [with her when she died] was the knowledge of how much we cared for her. And the most valuable thing she could possibly have left my sisters and me is the memory of how fine a person she was. What she left us is the knowledge that she loved us and watched over us and prayed for us and kept us close. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 20)

George remembers thinking that hamburgers were for the rich. Lunch for him was often a mayo sandwich, sometimes with a paper-thin slice of luncheon meat inside. He was the biggest of the family. And always hungry. His mother kept the children from starving by her wizardry at stretching a few common ingredients into something delicious. According to George,

I grew up the fifth of seven children in the toughest neighborhood in Houston, and I didn't have a lot to look forward to in life. At least I didn't think I did. I was hungry all the time; I dropped out of school in the eighth grade; I relied on my size and my fists to make my way. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , xiii-xiv)

The Foreman's moved frequently—when they couldn't afford the rent. Food on the table came first. All the houses they lived in were small, dark, infested with rats. George spiraled downward with bad friends, resorting frequently to muggings and petty crimes. Not realizing how serious it was. It approached survival. The law of the jungle. So George drifted away from his mother's influence and ability to control him.

Along came the Job Corps.

One time George and the other kids were in the Job Corps day room listening on the radio to Cassius Clay fight Floyd Patterson. Someone yelled out. "Hey, George. You're always picking on people. If you think you're so bad, why don't you become a boxer?" (Foreman, *By George*, 31) He heard the tease as a dare. This time, he wouldn't back down. He'd show them. He'd become a boxer. None of the guys took him seriously.

Yet school at the Job Corps center was an epiphany. The instructors insisted that all the boys master basic educational tools. Simple concepts—the difference between nouns and pronouns—turned him on. Even handwriting got his attention. He practiced and practiced.

'Hey, George, that looks pretty good.' His teacher said. 'Keep it up.'
(Foreman, *By George*, 32)

They gave him books to read. He'd never read a book before. Words. Words transformed thinking into magic. He loved his classes and teachers. In math, they took time to explain the skills he'd missed years before. *Now he was reborn.* Interested in everything. Books seemed like meals. He devoured them, looking for answers. Letters to his mother became sagas of his exciting reading encounters. He also learned more practical lessons, like fence building and carpentry, and the kids took day trips to fish and hike.

After six months George was transferred to the Parks Job Corps Center outside Pleasanton, California. Run by Litton Industries, one of seven large corporations

that had contracted with the government to provide vocational training to Corpsmen. Learning skilled, assembly-line tasks that could help him find a decent job. But he was letting his mother down, because rage still remained within him.

He couldn't stop himself from bullying. The one thing he did well. In every other way he believed he was ordinary. And he was afraid no one would think him special unless he beat them up. It didn't matter that this was the least threatening place he'd ever been. He wasn't fighting to live, he was living to fight.

George had a terrible record of getting into fights. So much so that in order to stay in the Job Corps he was literally forced to "take" boxing coaching. Then a comment after his first real fight for which he had been coached:

Good fight, man. You're going to be a hell of a boxer. (Foreman, By George, 40)

He changed that night. It was now clear to him that his destiny would not be grim. Boxing might or might not figure in. He couldn't see that far, and anyway he had no preference for boxing over anything else. He didn't know where he'd be going. *Only that he was going somewhere. And he was going to be somebody.* That's all he'd ever fought for.

Overnight he became a poster child for the Job Corps. Fighting first in the Diamond Belt, then the Golden Gloves competitions.

It's a tribute to the dedicated coaching under the Job Corps' Doc Broadus (who exhibited extreme faith in George through many down periods). And a pre-Olympic fight with Clay Hodges finally woke him to the need to really, determinedly, study the *art of boxing*. The big leagues beckoned. He had to move beyond brute force—to technique and strategy.

Fast forward, he went on to knock out Joe Frazier in 1973 to win the World Heavyweight title. Then lost it in a subsequent match to Muhammad Ali in the 1974 "Rumble in the Jungle" fight.

Somewhere along the line, George fell into tough financial times. After losing to Jimmy Young in San Juan, Puerto Rico, "Big George" as he was called, had a near death experience. Lying prostrate in his dressing room from heat exhaustion, he asked God to help him. And pledged to mend his wayward lifestyle and give himself to Christianity. He has kept that pledge ever since.

Twenty years later, at the ripe "old" age of forty-five, he reclaimed the World Heavyweight title, knocking out Michael Moorer, age 26. During his pro boxing career George had the distinction of being the oldest person to ever win the World Heavyweight Boxing Championship. Today George Foreman is considered one of the 25 greatest fighters of all time.

George's second career, as a product endorser, has brought him more fame, fortune, and personal satisfaction than did his boxing. The George Foreman Grill—a genuine marketing phenomenon. After his final retirement from boxing, George agreed to act as the spokesperson and television pitchman for the George Foreman Grill (eponymously named by the original-owner company). When, to

George's complete surprise, sales skyrocketed and his marketing personality proved wildly successful, George negotiated to buy the company. Thereafter he has devoted considerable energy and talent to running the company and promoting its dozen plus products.

George Foreman is now a marketing brand. One of the rare athletes to put his name on a range of non-sports-related products *and actually get consumers to buy them*. More than 100 million grills have been sold since the product was introduced in 1995. His lifetime earnings are estimated to be over \$300 million—four times what he earned in the ring. In 1999, Salton, Inc., the grill's manufacturer, bought the rights to use Foreman's name and selling skills in perpetuity for \$127 million in cash plus stock. A huge coup for George.

Now several of his sons and daughters are involved in the daily operations of George's company. And a large portion of the company's profits go to support George's favorite charity, the George Foreman Youth Center—in the toughest section of Houston, Texas. He built it in 1984 with money he saved during his eight-year retirement. George wanted to create a haven for kids in the same urban area where he had grown up, and in which he had gotten into constant trouble. He has sworn to do whatever he can to steer others from that path.

George's first three marriages resulted in divorce. His near-death experience after his last professional fight resulted in him finding God, getting ordained as a minister, acquiring his own congregation, and getting married for the fourth time.

Parenting Techniques

1—Establish the correct role for children: Obedience to parents

George had a temper. Even as a small boy he loved to hit. Warned them first. Then WHAM! He didn't appreciate teasing. Hated it more than most. Wouldn't tolerate it. Wham! Punishment for whatever tease-of-the-day was being fostered. He refused to be bullied. His brothers and sisters were adept at pushing his buttons (aren't they always?). So he kept punching, fighting, protecting his ego. They got tired, but George didn't. Always ready with a cocked fist or both fists. Ready to pummel the offender.

If he played a competitive game, George more often than not would lose his temper. And try to correct a perceived slight or imbalance with his fists. George's mother worried that his propensity for fighting would result in tragedy in school or later. Wanted him to stay away from athletics altogether. They lived in the "Bloody Fifth Ward" in Houston. Boys with fire and no fear died there. Either from another black or from the police. The police had a goal: tame you. Broken nose, ribs, smashed head. Beat 'em badly, or worse.

Mom knew that I would never cry mercy to the police or anyone, that they—or someone else—would have to kill me to stop me or shut me up. That's why she beat on me, often and hard—crucial beatings, strategic and tactical, administered completely out of love and concern. She was not trying to instill the fear of God, but the fear of her. She wanted me more

afraid of what she would do to me if I disobeyed her than of any trouble I might get into in the streets. (Foreman, By George, 9)

One day George snuck off to the local swimming pool. Which his mother had warned him again and again to stay away from. Lifeguards there were questionably able to swim and more questionably able to save lives. George didn't care. He just wanted to swim and counted on no one tattling to his mom. Didn't work. Somebody told. She lit into him—whaled the tar out of him with the belt, and with her fists.

But the crowning confrontation arose over food. George was hungry. Saw the rare leftovers in the refrigerator and made himself a sandwich. But the kitchen was by dictum “closed.” His mother intervened, “I mean it, young man; you get out of here right now.” (Foreman, *By George*, 10) That was it. He was a hungry kid. What more mattered? When she hit George with her heavy shoe, it set him off. He accidentally, reflexively, bumped her—sending her reeling against the kitchen counter. George stormed out of the house to his Aunt Leola's, thinking never to return. He thought the incident overblown and did not intend to apologize.

[When I returned home] Mom played it right. She warned me, 'if you live in this house, you have to obey.' (Foreman, By George, 10)

George was too big and strong to be controlled by his mother physically. She was done with that, but still demanded respect. George finally got the message.

Children can't learn if they think they are the boss of the household. A family hierarchy needs to be in place and followed. Parents teach. Children learn. Parents set the parameters. Children explore within those parameters. In a normal family, obedience to parents is a necessary condition for education.

2—Instill confidence

Aunt Leola was George's favorite. She gave him his first dose of confidence. When George was small, she'd tell him,

'Go up there and screw in that light bulb for your Aunt Leola. You're so tall. You are such a big little man.' I'd get down off that ladder thinking I was a giant. I loved her so much. (Foreman, By George, 7)

George Foreman's dad, J.D. Foreman, had enormous faith in him. Fed the fire. Often stated that his boy, the largest of his band of kids, would be a champion. Nobody was going to beat him.

'Heavyweight champion of the world,' (Foreman, By George, 8) he'd shout, raising George's arm in a victory fist after George had tried to whip kids four times his size. 'Stronger than Jack Johnson. Hits like Jack Dempsey.' (Foreman, By George, 8)

George had never even heard those names. Nor understood their role in boxing. But he immensely enjoyed his father's praise, affection, and confidence.

3—Learn to control your temper

George got into lots of fights at the Job Corps. Claiming his mantle as the toughest of all. But the counselors understood that the kids weren't saints, and tolerated some of it.

The cafeteria was George's place of worship. It was there he met his surrogate mother, Mrs. Moon. The cook. In her late forties. Mrs. Moon seemed to single George out to receive her attention. She smiled at him and when he passed by her on line with his tray, she somehow knew to scoop on a little extra. She'd see him pick on another kid and then, without anger, scolded George. Even scolding him one time when he smashed a dinner tray over another kid's head.

'Now George,' she'd say, 'you've got to control that temper. Yes, ma'am.'
George replied. He wasn't about to argue with the woman who decided how much he got to eat. (Foreman, By George, 27)

Mrs. Moon brought him home one weekend. Prepared a bountiful feast. All he could eat—which had never happened before. Afterward George took Mrs. Moon's son outside to play, teasing him like a little brother.

Now remember [Mrs. Moon said before George returned home], you watch that temper. I'll see you on Monday, and we'll have you back here again next month. (Foreman, By George, 28)

Her words echoed in George's ears: "You watch that temper." The way she said it, smiling and cheerful, George believed she knew something he didn't. Most of all, he wanted to please her. And he wanted to do as she said.

The explosive temper is rarely appreciated. More often it just begets trouble—or worse. Run-ins with the law, violence, jail. Like dominoes falling one against the other. Do whatever it takes to quell an explosive temper, to teach your children to control theirs.

4—Give them wings to fly

George was good with his fists and large size. He became an enforcer. Never afraid to throw his fists. Knives were for cowards. A thug. He quit school before finishing junior high school. Went to moving furniture for \$1 an hour. After he overslept once, he lost the job, then mopped floors for a month.

Then he changed course.

George joined the Job Corps program (part of President Lyndon Johnson's Great Society program). It was intended to provide kids like him a "second chance to become productive members of society." Through schooling and job skills. The Job Corps explained to George and his mother that they would send George out of state to live at a Corps training center in Grants Pass, Oregon. Feed him three meals a day. Teach him what his own school hadn't. Give him \$30 a month spending money, and tuck away \$50 a month that would be his to keep after completing the two-year course. Ads for the Jobs Corp featured his heroes: Johnny Unitas, the Baltimore Colts quarterback, and Jim Brown, the great

Cleveland Browns running back. But it meant leaving home. His mother said,

*If you leave, I'll be happy for you. Getting away from this element
[neighborhood and friends] could change your life. That's your second
chance right there. (Foreman, By George, 25)*

His mother signed the application. And later told George that she shut herself in the bathroom and cried when he left. He cried too.

Give them wings to fly. Don't hold them back forever.

Quotes from George Foreman

There's always a reason to smile. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 14)

Think before you speak. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 26)

Don't be afraid to change. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 36)

Life isn't fair. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 40)

Never give up. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 59)

Love your kids. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 103)

Tell your children the truth. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 111)

Too many people go out of this life counting the money they've accumulated instead of the amount of love they've given to others. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 19)

It was a long time before I understood how much other people had helped me get where I am in life. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 86)

I realize now that the women who left me [previous wives and girlfriends] were trying to get me to say, 'I love you,' and mean it, instead of just giving them things. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 87)

When folks are married, the door has to close forever on your previous relationships. Even if you used to talk about your former girlfriends or boyfriends, all of that must stop when you get married. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 89)

Marriage is a tricky equation. Two people come together to share one life, but they must still have the room to think and act as adults and as individuals . . . in marriage there are no bosses, only equal partners. (Foreman, George Foreman's . . . , 93)

ANDY GROVE

Andy Grove is a Hungarian-American businessman and engineer who was one of the earliest employees of Intel Corporation and led it to competitive success.

Andy's father was "lost" amid Hungarian Jews forced into labor battalions on the Eastern Front. Years of cold and hunger and war. Never to be seen again?

Who is Andy Grove?

The horrors of World War II in Hungary: Nazism and later the Soviet occupation. A lad's future borne by a Jewish family's determination to survive. In any and every way morally possible.

Andrew (Andy) Grove was born Grof Andras Istvan in Budapest, Hungary on September 2, 1936.

His father, George Grof, dropped out of school at age eleven, and eventually became a partner in a dairy. He was practical, energetic, smart and had his feet on the ground. Andrew's mother, Maria, finished the equivalent of a college preparatory academy. She had wanted to become a concert pianist. But because she was Jewish, was denied entrance to the music academy. Instead she met her husband—both were in their mid-twenties—while working in her parents' small grocery store.

Under the German occupation of Hungary, huge posters were plastered on the walls of the Budapest Jewish ghetto. Warning in big black bold letters what would happen to those who harbored Jews or Communists. His mother explained the German words as meaning "to slaughter." (Grove, 48) Andy personally viewed Jewish houses (ones with a mandatory yellow Star of David over the door) emptied of tenants, forced into German trucks. Those Jews disappearing forever. It was only with the greatest of luck that his mother, Maria, was able shortly after these occurrences to procure documents changing her's and her son's identities to non-Jews. Saving them from the German round-ups.

As Hungarian Jews, Grove's family would go through hell—first under Nazism, then the Soviet occupation—before they would eventually be reunited in America. The family began as middle class, but became victims. World War II was a roller-coaster of survival. Scary. Frightening beyond belief for an adult. Halfway to that extent for a very young boy who only partially understood what was going on.

Andy was stricken with scarlet fever at age four. He underwent surgery to save

his hearing. Six weeks in the hospital, then nine months convalescing at home. Five total operations over the next forty years.

1941. Hungary followed Germany in declaring war on Russia and the United States. 240,000 Hungarian troops were shipped to the Eastern Front, to fight alongside the Germans. Completely unequipped for the rigors of the weather. Their defeat at Voronezh has justly been described as “ ‘catastrophic’ . . . the greatest defeat in Hungarian military history.” (Tedlow, 17)

When Andy was age six he “lost” his father. George Grof was sent with the other Hungarian troops to a labor battalion camp on the Eastern Front. He was “lost” for several years, during which Jews were every day being ripped from their homes, herded into ghettos, raped, massacred, and sent to Auschwitz. Andy himself narrowly escaped Adolph Eichmann’s roundup of countryside Jews in Hungary. By slipping back from the town of Bacsalmás (where his parents sent him to be safe) to Budapest.

Post World War II, the Soviets occupied Hungary. Essentially controlling the country through a puppet government from mid-1948.

After the fourth grade, Andy attended the Budapest Lutheran High School (Budapesti Evangélikus Gimnázium). Which eventually was an incubator for two Nobel Prize winners in physics and economics, plus John von Neumann, a pioneer game theorist and computer scientist. Because of his bad hearing (due to ear infections), Andy had to sit in the front row of the class. Still, his grades proved excellent.

Around 1948 Andy’s father returned from the Eastern Front. “Returned” emaciated, to his ever-searching wife, Maria. He had survived the Hungarian soldier guards’ incredible cruelty, then under their Russian captors—exposure, starvation, and lack of medical attention. “Only 10 percent of the men in my father’s worker battalion had survived, and many of the 90 percent that died had been deliberate victims of their Hungarian guards.” (Grove, 48) His father survived against all odds in the hands of the Russians—who seemed bent on seeing all their prisoners either freeze to death or die of starvation over time.

After the war Andy’s father eventually became the director of a Hungarian state company in charge of livestock breeding and exports. One day Andy’s mother Maria read an account in the newspaper—a Communist Party official criticizing Andy’s father for “bending the official rules in favor of ‘bourgeois elements.’” (Grove, 130) She was mortified. Events spiraled. Grof family relatives started disappearing. Andy’s father was fired, officially disgraced. Lost his job due to his uncle’s “disappearance”—presumably for consorting with those “bourgeois elements.” Andy was incomprehensibly dropped from his journalism post with the school newspaper.

Beginning in 1951 Andy attended a new school, The Madach Gymnasium, which had excellent teachers. One, Mr. Volenski, the physics teacher, was a delightful, gleeful “character.” Apparently a born teacher. Andy thrilled to his teaching of physics. On parent-teacher night at Madach, Volenski postulated,

Life is like a big lake. All the boys get in the water at one end and start swimming. Not all of them will swim across. But one of them, I'm sure, will. That one is Grof [Andy]. (Grove, 141)

Andy began, and ever after exhibited, a dual interest in technology and the arts. So rare in the modern world. Though he discarded his early dream of a career as a journalist, he continued to enjoy writing.

Stalin died in 1953. “ ‘The Hungarian gulag more or less ceased to exist in the autumn of 1953 . . . According to one report, over three quarters of a million people were released from confinement [the Soviet gulags].” (Ranier, 46)

Under the Soviet occupation, Andy's first application to the University of Budapest was rejected. Because he was categorized as a “class alien.” Knowledge power took a back seat to position power. Luckily, through the intervention of a family friend, he was reclassified to “other” and accepted to study chemistry at the University. His academic results there were spectacular.

September, 1956 (Andy's second year at the University) saw the Hungarian revolt against the Soviets. In the wake of the revolt's failure, young people were being rounded up and trucked off to who knows where. Budapest suddenly became a very dangerous place to live. An electric, political atmosphere reeking danger.

Andy's parents urged him to flee to the West. Advised by his aunt to leave—to go immediately, to abandon the University—Andy was torn between that or staying, but he fortunately heeded her advice. One hallmark of the Grof family was that they weren't frozen by fear, nor consumed by denial. “The Grof family once again was decisive. When it was time to make a move, they did so. They did not dawdle.” (Tedlow, 55) They left immediately. He agonized as the family sought an adult who was also planning to flee to accompany Andy. The next night Andy made for the Hungarian/Austrian border, saying goodbye to his family, parting on a morning street corner “as if it were any normal morning” (Tedlow, 55)—for to do otherwise was to risk drawing attention. *A wrenchingly emotional parting.*

Traversing the mountains, a whisper came from an unknown friend: “Those lights are Austria. Head toward them and don't take your eyes off them. This is as far as I go.” (Grove, 234) At twenty years of age the stakes were never higher, the penalty for failure never greater, than this flight to Austria and on to freedom. Over the mountains to Austria, a welcoming nation, to temporary safety.

Austria. The International Rescue Committee in Austria finally approved his application to go from Vienna to the United States. But only by a whisker. Only when Andy pleaded to the committee after his summary rejection. He boarded a decommissioned troopship at Bremerhaven, Germany for the voyage. Docked in 1957 in Brooklyn, New York, along with 1,715 other Hungarian refugees. Picked up from Camp Kilmer, a one-time prisoner-of-war camp in New Jersey, by his new adoptive family—Uncle Lajos, who lived with his wife and son in the Bronx. Andy had reached America, dependent on relatives he'd never met. And began the process of becoming an American.

In New York he entered and attended the City College of New York (CCNY).

Determined to study chemistry. He excelled. Over-subscribed to courses. "A glutton for work . . . I used every minute to study." (Tedlow, 65) Took 21 credits when only 16 were required for the term. It was for him "the quintessential American experience." (Tedlow, 65) "A lot of what is good in America I learned at City College." (Tedlow, 64)

At CCNY Andy changed his name. To Andrew Stephen Grove. Easier for professors and classmates to pronounce. He exited CCNY with a Bachelor's degree in chemical engineering. Then, disgusted with the New York weather, he moved to California. "I fell in love with the San Francisco Bay Area." There he attended the University of California, Berkeley, graduating with a Ph.D. in chemical engineering.

Fairchild Semiconductor offered him his first job. But shortly he moved to Intel Corporation as its third employee. Quite a risk for a young lad. But eventually a huge payoff personally and for Intel. Andy Grove is credited with transforming Intel into the international behemoth manufacturer of microprocessor chips. Becoming President in 1979, CEO in 1987, and Chairman and CEO in 1997. He became *Time* magazine's "Man of the Year" in 1997. Raised Intel's market capitalization to over \$200 billion. His guiding motto:

Only the paranoid survive.

Andrew Grove. Widely read. Liberally educated. Seeming to know something about everything. Still with a distinct Hungarian accent, he enjoys rapier-like argumentation. Is "quite capable of using words as weapons. So smart that he can win arguments even if he is wrong. So one has to listen very carefully when he speaks." (Tedlow, xxi) And has spoken numerous times before industry gatherings, businesspeople, and students.

Andy married Eva Kastan in 1958.

Parenting Techniques

1—Teach them to speak up and be aggressive

City College of New York (CCNY) had a combative atmosphere, academically. Everyone was trying to trip up the professor or their classmates. In the classroom you had to have your act together. Or the students would pin you to the wall. That he liked. It played into his personality.

Transferring from CCNY to Berkeley, California, Andy found his fellow classmates less aggressive. They sat in class, taking notes, sometimes in a robotic manner. Not thinking, or not able to think concurrently about the notes the professor was dictating or writing on the blackboard. On one such occasion, with over eighty students in the class, Andy was "lost" in the presentation. He asked the professor a simple question admitting to his not understanding. The professor sheepishly admitted that he had made a "mistake." A mistake no other students seemed to recognize or care about, but just continued to copy by rote into their notebooks.

So Andy Grove saw that his classmates weren't necessarily brighter, just more passive. *His aggressiveness could trump those with less gumption.*

I discovered these toads don't know any more than I do. They just don't dare speak up. To hell with them.

Speak up. Be aggressive. Nobody will hear you if you don't. Nobody will understand your great ideas if you don't put them forward forcefully.

2—Find a mentor & present ideas forcefully

Mentorship. It can make all the difference in a person's life.

Andy Grove found his mentor at Stanford University, by way of the University of California, Berkeley. The year was 1960 and Grove was searching. He chose Andy Acrivos, professor of fluid dynamics. Because of Acrivos' scholarship. His tough, demanding style. And his experimentalist preference. Professor Acrivos moved from UC-Berkeley to Stanford in 1962. But in 1960 he was still technically open to mentoring at his old school. He was eight years older than Grove, an American citizen naturalized the same year (1962) as Grove. And had a resume chock full—180 publications and 35 honors and awards. Grove cannily strove to secure Professor Acrivos' mentorship for his doctoral thesis, knowing that such a relationship would—aside from assistance with his thesis—reap future benefits. So he listened to Acrivos.

Emeritus Professor Acrivos could be termed an experimentalist. He loved experiments which *proved something*. Rather than grandiose theories which proved nothing. Practical results. Demanding proof. He was a professor in the rarified atmosphere near the top his field. Grove's propensities fit right in to Acrivos' personality. And it didn't hurt that Grove was smarter than smart. No one likes a student who flails around, not understanding the problem, and/or unable to construct novel approaches to a solution. Grove was the opposite. He instinctively grasped lines of inquiry and possible radical solutions that other students missed. And his experiments to investigate and prove those theories were sound, doable, succinct.

Professor Acrivos recognized Andy's brilliance and gambled that he might be smart enough to pull it off. Several ingenious experiments by Andy turned prior theory upside down. His thesis in applied physics turned out to be "not only brilliant but [one that] got finished quickly." A rarity in the academic world. In the process, Andy learned the importance of butting against established academic wisdom. Grove had the "intellectual courage" to forge a radically different direction and quickly prove its worth.

Professor Acrivos instilled in Grove a dynamism for challenging the conventional wisdom of the problem. Seeking new patterns of thought, new avenues of inquisition. The results of his thesis in fluid dynamics sparked four papers which Grove co-authored, two of which appeared in the *Journal of Fluid Mechanics*—the topmost publication of the field.

It was Acrivos' encouragement and backing that allowed Grove—really

encouraged Grove—to forcefully, *very forcefully*, present his ideas. For the doctorate process is a contest. A contest of ideas. And a doctoral candidate's ideas don't receive respect and attention unless the student both shouts—and shouts with impeccable logic—backed up by rock-solid data and experimental proof.

So shout Andy Grove did. First to his mentor, then to the world of fluid dynamics.

He was fast. Faster than other students. He didn't get bogged down in the process. But knew that he didn't fit in academia, wasn't in that arena for the long-run. His was the world of results, practical ideas carried out constructively, in a hurry.

Encourage finding a mentor.

The proper mentor in college can make a huge difference in motivating your college student. A Svengali?—Avoid those. Your student doesn't need that. But you can by meeting with the mentor yourself a few times. To monitor the relationship closely for improper tendencies.

3—Learn to be tough

While studying chemical engineering at City College of New York, Andy studied under Professor Alois X. Schmidt. Schmidt's lasting imprimatur on Andy was not in academics. It was in *personality*.

Professor Schmidt practiced a mode of instruction that frankly rankled everyone. Schmidt's persona was not the friendly, buddy-buddy with his students approach. He was brusque. Brusque in the extreme. But it made a lasting mark on the impressionable Andrew Grove. Andy was already smarter by far than the rest. So why bow and scrape?

Be assertive. Don't meekly tolerate weakness—weak ideas, inefficiency, fumbling, hesitation.

Schmidt 'legitimized . . . [in my mind] a brusque, no-nonsense behavior which I had no trouble adopting. Polite company frowned on those traits, but Schmidt practiced them. I thought if he can do it, I can do it, too.'
(Tedlow, 71)

The result? Andy learned that it was *acceptable* to be tough. Of course, Andy's intelligence ultimately meant that his toughness was founded in shrewd logic. Otherwise he would be just a tough bastard and blowhard. But in his case it worked. He adopted this management and personal style, one not dissimilar to that of Steve Jobs. A style that forced his colleges to toe the mark:

—Make your case well.

—Support it.

—Push it.

—And be ready for Andy to witheringly shoot it down with superior brainpower or argument.

Offense and defense. *Be ready*.

Later on, Andy, appreciative of Schmidt's contribution to his success, endowed a scholarship in Professor Schmidt's name at CCNY.

Still, when Andy ventured into the job market for the first time, his "rough" personality initially worked against him. His reception from recruiters, while generally positive, evidenced a "love or hate" quality. Yet his "toughness" *and* academic results garnered substantial employment interest. From Fairchild Semiconductor and Bell Labs. After dozens of applications and tens of interviews, all was okay. He made his choice: Fairchild.

Toughness can lead to arrogance. But toughness, coupled with compassion, can be an asset.

4—Sit in the first row of classes

Andy Grove admittedly had a ready excuse. His hearing was severely impaired. Every year in his Budapest classes he had to sit in the first row. Just in order to hear.

His hearing loss was the result of an infection that he contracted about age four, shortly after his near catastrophic bout with scarlet fever. Although today a rare illness, in the late 1930's scarlet fever was a killer. A streptococcal infection usually inflicted on young children between the ages of two and ten. Today it is commonly treated with antibiotics. But these were not normally available until years later. Andy was hospitalized for six weeks with scarlet fever. With excellent care from a Jewish doctor, he was sent home to convalesce. Nine months at home under his mother's eyes. It was as a result of the illness that his hearing became permanently impaired.

He didn't complain about his "bad hearing"—his "deafness." And it was only much later, after two operations, that he experienced more normal hearing. Until that time he wore rather obtrusive hearing aids.

"My ears still drained and I didn't hear very well, but if I sat in the front row and the teacher stood right in front of me and spoke loudly enough for the whole class to hear, he was loud enough for me to hear him as well."

By circumstance in Andy's case, this technique—of sitting in the front of the class—encourages students to be *better* students. Allows a student to hear clearly everything a teacher says. Encourages a student to ask questions. To do their homework. So they will be prepared to ask intelligent questions. And being "first" in responding to a teacher's questions breeds confidence. Better than losing the thread of the teacher's logic by sitting in the back of the classroom and not hearing properly.

Front row. Better for reading the blackboard. Better for volunteering to answer a teacher's questions. Better for learning.

Quotes from Andy Grove

A corporation is a living organism; it has to continue to shed its skin. Methods have to change. Focus has to change. Values have to change. The sum total of those changes is transformation.

Success breeds complacency. Complacency breeds failure. Only the paranoid survive.

You have to pretend you're 100 percent sure. You have to take action; you can't hesitate or hedge your bets. Anything less will condemn your efforts to failure.

Technology happens, it's not good, it's not bad. Is steel good or bad?

It's easier to seek forgiveness than to ask permission.

It's not enough to make time for your children. There are certain stages in their lives when you have to give them the time when they want it. You can't run your family like a company. It doesn't work.

QUINCY JONES

Quincy Jones, Jr. is an American music conductor, record producer, musical arranger, film composer, television producer, and trumpeter.

Quincy's father was a carpenter for the Jones Boys, the black gangsters who ran the numbers rackets in Chicago in the 1930's.

Who is Quincy Jones?

Music was a clarion call. A soothing haven of joy and relief. Peace and motherhood wrapped together. Drowning out the violence, the craziness.

Quincy's mother was Sarah Wells Frances. To support the family she ran the swankiest apartment building in Chicago—the Rosenwald Apartments on Michigan Avenue. She was gorgeous. Smart. Attended Boston University. Spoke and wrote several languages. Knew stenography, history, religion. Quincy's father was the carpenter for the building. Together they ran a beautiful place. A hundred apartments. Huge rooms, staircases, fountain and wood floors.

Quincy Sr. was a quiet man. Good looking. Broad shoulders. Muscular. Huge hands. He'd been a catcher in the Negro Leagues. Then a carpenter. Quincy Sr. wasn't a complicated man. Right and wrong, left and right. No middle ground. Kind, gentle. Hated confrontations, unless you pushed him too far. He paid for the family's food, shelter, and schooling. Ensured Quincy and his brother Lloyd did their best. These were his duties as he saw them.

Quincy's mother Sarah suffered from schizophrenia. Had bouts and flew into rages. Before she became mentally ill, she played piano. At a birthday party for Quincy at age 5, she smashed Quincy's birthday cake and ruined the party. She became more unstable as time wore on, her behavior stranger and stranger. Quoted the Bible and scribbled notes endlessly. Her angry outbursts sometimes lasting for days. Quincy Sr. finally had to call for the "men-in-white" to take her away, in a strait-jacket. It was 1941 and she was taken to the Mantina State Hospital. Quincy's father later divorced her. He carried on as a single father for years after her hospitalization. Moving the family several times. Until he too left them—away for more than a year before he returned. Both Quincy and Lloyd yearned for their parents. Mad at them for leaving.

Quincy Delight Jones, Jr. was born March 14, 1933 in Chicago, Illinois. He grew up in Louisville, Kentucky with his grandmother. In a shotgun shack near the Ohio river. No electricity. No running water. Heat coming from an old potbellied

coal stove, the house lighted by kerosene lamps. Bathing in a big tin washtub. And slept in the kitchen on a cot next to the back door—held shut by a rusty bent nail. At night the boys slept with socks on their hands and feet so the rats wouldn't nibble their fingers and toes. In winter the floor was wet and became frozen in the morning; in summer it was hotter than hell, and the smell of old urine constantly stung Quincy's nostrils. Breakfast was grits. Lunch was imaginary. Dinner was whatever his grandmother could find that would fry up.

Grandma was a proud, stern woman. A former slave. Rats were for eating, she said. The more the rats wiggle their tails, the better they taste. So the brothers' hunting strategy was to wait by the river, snatch up the bigger muskrats by the tails, stuff them in a burlap sack, and bring them home to grandma.

In Chicago, when his father finally returned, the brothers lived with him, but were on their own when he was at work. Quincy and Lloyd roamed the streets like explorers.

'All I ever saw when I was a kid were stogies, back rooms of liquor stores with two-way mirrors, guys with machine guns, and tables with piles of money on them,' Quincy remembers today. 'We saw this every day—people blown away, guys hanging on telephone poles with ice picks in their necks. They pinned my hand to a wooden fence with a switchblade when I was seven years old. My daddy hit one of them in the head with a hammer; one of them stuck an ice pick in my temple. That was everyday life in Chicago! Your biggest challenge every day was getting to school and getting home alive' . . . Then as now, a life of crime was a big temptation for young blacks. (Jones, The Complete . . . 4)

A very rough neighborhood. Gangs. Fighting. Stabbing. Cussing. Kicking. And as boys they loved it. They fought, stole, ran *from* gangs and *with* gangs.

Somewhere, somehow, along the way in grade school, Quincy discovered music. Picked up the trumpet and piano playing at age 7. Quincy had a gift. Music was in his soul. Came natural to him. One day Mr. Powe, his music teacher, recommended that Quincy get a certain music instruction book, which cost a dollar. Quincy went home and asked his daddy for the money. "Naw, boy," Quincy Sr. grunted. "I just can't get next to that kind of money right now." (Jones, *Q*, 35) Several days passed and one evening he came home from work. Sat Quincy down, opened up his green toolbox, and pulled out the music book Quincy had asked for. He slipped it inside Quincy's shirt with a dollar bill tucked inside.

*Then he hugged me, wordlessly, silently, and the sweet smell of the sweat on his strong chest stayed in my nostrils for weeks afterward. It's damned near impossible to describe my love for my daddy. (Jones, *Q*, 35)*

Job pressures during the depression forced Quincy Sr. to move with the boys to Bremerton Washington, near Seattle. There his father worked in the carpentry shop at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard. He brought Elvira, his second wife (with her three children) from Chicago. Eventually they had four children of their own. In Bremerton, Quincy and his brother ran their neighborhood, Sinclair Heights,

like a gang. Thieving from farmers, store owners, the Naval armory. Food was scarce, often pilfered. Survival was their only goal.

With a mother and father that were usually gone, the boys were starving for food, for affection, for love. Lloyd, Quincy's brother, said he read once that a child needs twelve hugs a day to be successful in life. "Me and Quincy didn't get 12 hugs in 20 years."

Bremerton at age 11. Quincy relates, "I used to shine shoes, do paper routes, run errands for bootleggers, pimps, prostitutes . . ." (Horricks, 13)

Then Quincy literally found a piano in an old rec room—and peace.

*I broke into the supervisor's room, saw a little spinet piano over in the corner, and was closing the door to go someplace else. And thank God, I listened to God's whispers: 'Idiot, go back in that room.' I went back in that room, went over to that piano and touched it, and every cell in my body and every drop of blood said, 'This is what you're gonna do the rest of your life.' So I stayed and practiced the piano all day after that. If I hadn't walked into that piano, I can't even imagine what my life might have been. (Jones, *The Complete* . . . 9)*

*I knew this was it for me. Forever. Each note seemed to fill up another empty space I felt inside . . . suddenly . . . the world made sense. For the first time in my life, I felt no loneliness, no pain, no fear, but rather joy, relief, and even understanding . . . I finally found something real to trust, and began to learn how to hope and to cope . . . I was hooked. (Jones, *Q*, 30-31)*

During World War II Seattle and Bremerton suddenly became places where you could find all kinds of music. A lot of pimps in town. Army bases and navy bands. Always jumping. Quincy's dream: Dick Green's Café, his grandfather's brothel plus jazz—a jook joint,.

*The darkness, the women, the laughter, the gambling, the dancing, the drinking, the joy, the funky blues that splashed across my face. There was a family in there. A family gettin' down. I knew I belonged there. (Jones, *Q*, 34)*

Music became the one thing he could control. It was the one world that offered him his freedom. He never studied writing music. "I don't know how I knew how to do it." When he played, his nightmares ended. His family problems disappeared. He didn't have to search for answers. The answers lay no further than in the bell of his trumpet and his scrawled, penciled scores.

At thirteen he was in love with music—all kinds of music. And he was on a roll.

Quincy Delight Jones, Jr.'s career has spanned five decades. Music conductor. Record producer. Musical arranger. Film composer. Television producer. Trumpeter.

Along the way Quincy played trumpet with bandleader Lionel Hampton and Dizzy Gillespie. He recognized early on that he was not destined to become one

of the leading trumpet soloists of jazz. His great gifts and ambitions would always be connected with the overall sounds of music and the processes of composing. It was his arranging, composing, and conducting skills that would propel him to success.

Quincy has arranged songs for such musical luminaries as Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Gene Krupa, Sarah Vaughan, and his best friend Ray Charles. Scored 33 major motion pictures. Nominated for 79 Grammy Awards. Earned 27 Grammys. And produced *Thriller*, the album by the pop music idol Michael Jackson, and the charity song, *We Are the World*.

Quincy has been married three times and has seven children. Married Jeri Caldwell in 1957 (one daughter). Married Ulla Andersson in 1967 (two children). The third time he married actress Peggy Lipton in 1974 (two daughters)—and divorced in 1990. He has had two other children by different women.

Quincy Jones, Jr. has been a social activist since the 1960's when he supported Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. As one of the founders of the Institute for Black American Music, he supports art and music libraries in America. He also helped found the Black Arts Festival in Chicago, the Quincy Jones Listen Up Foundation (a non-profit that tries to connect youth with technology, education, culture, and music), and the We Are the Future project. And in addition he has worked with The Jazz Foundation of America to save the homes and lives of America's elderly jazz and blues musicians.

Parenting Techniques

1—Praise real talent, when coupled with effort and determination

Clark Terry was a trumpeter, a member of Count Basie's band. Playing at some joint.

Clark saw this skinny kid of 13 hanging around backstage every night. Wondered who he was, staring at them through the footlights, all night long. Quincy was bold. Wanted to be just like them: "independent, talented, proud, fun-loving, and lady-loving, with a 360-degree attitude about life."

'My name is Quincy Jones and I'm learning to play trumpet and write music. I'd sure like to take some lessons from you.'

Replied Clark, 'you're in school while I'm sleeping. And you're sleeping when I'm working. How we gonna solve that?'

'Well,' said Quincy 'I could get up early and come before I go to school for a couple of hours.' (Jones, *Q*, 34)

So Quincy would come at 5am or 6am, work a couple hours with Clark on the trumpet, then go to school.

Mr. Terry, I've learned to write too, and I would appreciate it if you'd listen to my first arrangement here. (Jones, *Q*, 38)

Clark took it to Count Basie. Later, in San Francisco, Basie played it. A little tired, not great. But Clark knew well enough that this kid was going to be a success. Back in Seattle he gave the music back to Quincy and said,

'Kid, you made a couple of mistakes, but I can tell you're really on the right track. You're gonna be a major talent someday.'

He said, 'You really think so?'

I said, 'I know so.'

Says Clark, 'I love him [Quincy] now as much as I did when he was a little rugrat shaking me outta bed at six in the morning.' (Jones, *Q*, 39)

Praise real talent, when coupled with effort and determination.

2—Don't waste anything

Quincy's grandmother did not believe in wasting anything. She had nothing to waste. Cooked whatever she could get her hands on. Mustard greens, okra, possum, chickens, and muskrats. And Quincy and Lloyd (sixteen months younger than Quincy) ate them all. They ate the fried rats because they were 9 and 7 years old and did what they were told. They ate them because grandma could cook them well, and because that's all there was to eat.

Waste is waste. Wasted resources. Wasted money. Wasted time cleaning it up.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

One person's waste, turned 180 degrees, is another person's profit.

If we, as parents, by our actions, don't see waste as waste, how will our children learn?

3—Be proud of your work & do it well

Quincy Sr.:

'Once a task is just begun, never leave it till it's done. Be the labor great or small, do it well or not at all.' Every day he told us that. That probably saved us, too, because it gave us a sense of excellence and pride of craftsmanship. (Jones, *The Complete . . .* 8)

Quincy and his brother heard this *every day*. Had to memorize it from the time they could walk.

Be proud of your work and do it well.

Quote from Quincy Jones, Jr.

It's amazing how much trouble you can get in when you don't have anything else to do.

WILMA MANKILLER

Wilma Mankiller was the first female
Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation,
and served for ten years.

Wilma's Grandma was a hardscrabble farmer's wife.

Who was Wilma Mankiller?

Lightning did strike. Not twice, but thrice. History's Trail of Tears began the white man's degradation of the Cherokee Nation. And for Wilma another trail of personal health plagues, layered atop discrimination.

The Cherokees of North Carolina understood their historical ethics. "A good person was prudent in relationships with others and conducted his or her affairs with honor, respect, and dignity." (Mankiller, *Every Day . . .*, 16-17)

1838–1839. The Trail of Tears. The Cherokee Indians were forced to flee their homeland in the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, and travel to Oklahoma. Federal soldiers forced the march, a horrific episode of American history. Shameful and repeated dozens of times in various permutations with different Native American tribes. The Cherokees ended their march in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, in the eastern Ozark foothills, now Indian Territory. There they proceeded to build their courts, legal system, homes, and schools.

After the United States Civil War, the political climate resulted in the Cherokees being treated like defeated southerners. Tribal divisions of loyalty tossed the entire tribe into political disarray. Quickly their economic prosperity plummeted, casting most of the Nation into poverty. By 1907, when Oklahoma became a state, the federal government had dismantled the tribal government, ignored the Cherokee Constitution, and divided up the land into individual allotments.

The Mankiller name? A common surname for Cherokees, and had been the family name for at least six generations.

Wilma's father, Charley Mankiller, a full-blooded Cherokee, was born seven years after Oklahoma statehood. He was "a proud Cherokee directly descended from people who had walked the Trail of Tears more than 100 years earlier." (Dell, 18) Corrupt businessmen had already stolen much of the land allotted to the Cherokees. His mother died in 1916 from the horrible influenza epidemic, and Charley joined the U.S. Army during World War I.

Charley attended Sequoyah School, south of Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. The thrust of this and other boarding schools was to force the Cherokees into white society and destroy their prior identity. Forced by the government to go away from home to boarding school, he and his little sister “were forbidden to speak their native language. They could not speak a word of English when they first went there, so they were whipped for speaking Cherokee . . . [and] oftentimes, all visits to family and friends back home were denied. The idea was to ‘civilize’ the children.” (Mankiller, *Mankiller*, 7-8) That policy tried to force them to leave everything behind that related to their culture, heritage, history, and language. Yet Charley successfully resisted the alienation that the school tried to impress. His confidence shone brightly. He learned of the white-man’s world, but never turned his back on his Cherokee family, community, and spirituality.

Clara Irene Sitton, of Dutch-Irish descent, became Charley’s wife. Nary a drop of Indian blood in her. But her grandparents and kinfolk were from North Carolina—involved in farming, iron-making, and gunsmithing. Clara was familiar with Cherokees, since she had lived in their nation all her life in the Smokey Mountains of North Carolina, and attended school with many. Wilma was emphatic in her appreciation for her mother, “[She] provided me with a lifetime of unconditional love.” (Mankiller, *Every Day* . . . , 99) “My mother never sat me down and said this is how you should live or this is what it means to be a woman. I learned a lot from watching her and the other women around me. I remain grateful to both my parents for never telling me, ‘Girls can’t do that,’ and for letting me define for myself what it means to be a woman.” (Mankiller, *Every Day* . . . , 99)

Wilma’s parents married early. Clara was fifteen. Charley was twenty-one and a subsistence farmer. “He raised strawberries and peanuts for cash crops, picked berries and green beans for extra money, and traveled all the way to Colorado during the harvest-time to cut broomcorn.” (Mankiller, *Mankiller*, 11) Clara’s parents weren’t wild about the marriage. But love won out. Afterwards Clara buckled down to learning even more about Cherokee culture.

Charley and Clara worked 160 acres, a quarter section of land, which had been allotted to Wilma’s grandfather, John Mankiller. It’s located in Mankiller Flats, in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. One small grocery, a gas station, and a school. Their existence on the allotted land was precarious. Growing various crops to feed themselves and bartering. And no indoor plumbing. Yet they felt a deep sense of the Cherokee community beyond the family.

Wilma Mankiller was born a Cherokee Indian on November 18, 1945. Eventually one of eleven siblings. Growing up she came to have “a deep love and respect for nature.” (Dell, 22)

Wilma’s early schooling in the 60-student schoolhouse required her to walk three miles each way. Barefoot in the summer, wearing leather shoes in the fall and winter after her father returned with a little money from harvesting broomcorn. “My sister Linda and I sometimes gathered water for drinking and household use

from a freshwater spring about a quarter mile from our home. My older brothers and sisters cut wood, hauled water, helped wash an endless supply of clothing and dishes, and even contributed to the family income by earning money picking beans or strawberries or cutting wood for railroad ties.” (Mankiller, *Every Day* . . . , 47)

When I was a little girl, I usually ran off and hid if I spied any white folks coming to our house. I felt shy and embarrassed when I was around non-Indians. (Sonneborn, 14)

About this time, Mankiller Flats “had been in the grip of a two-year drought. The family’s cash crops were virtually gone, and Charley could barely provide for his wife and many children.” (Dell, 26)

So it came to be that when Wilma was about age eleven, her entire family (including nine kids) was forced by the U.S. Government to move from Oklahoma to California under the federal government’s 1950’s termination and relocation policies—a shameful attempt to fracture and break up tribal communities. Their intention: to “Terminate, or dissolve, Indian tribes and close down their reservations. Terminated tribes would lose all federal aid, as well as special hunting and fishing rights they had gained by treaty . . . Relocation tried to persuade Indian families to move to large cities.” (Sonneborn, 19) Ostensibly it was to improve their lives. In reality it was the opposite and a huge culture shock to the Mankiller family.

After moving to California, Wilma’s schoolmates “looked down on her for being different. It wasn’t so much her family’s poverty, because others were poor too. It was the way she dressed . . . the strange accent in her speech . . . she felt afraid, unsure of herself, and rebellious . . . with no place to hide. Five times in the years before she started high school, Wilma hopped on a bus and rode to Riverbank and the serenity of Grandma Sitton’s rural home. Each time . . . Charley would come and bring his daughter home.” (Dell, 80)

It was in California that Wilma met her first husband, Hector Olaya de Bardi, nicknamed Hugo, an Ecuadoran four years older than Wilma. Dark, handsome, worldly, and sophisticated. He exposed her to another world of culture, cars, people. They had two daughters in the 1960’s.

Into this brave new world, Wilma began taking college classes at San Francisco State College—literature, sociology—discussing politics, music, theology, world events—liking school for the first time in her life, and wanting to control her own destiny.

That was a time of national political turbulence that spawned political awareness and eventually activism on the part of Wilma. “I come from an activist family. My father was involved in union organizing, community service, and liked to discuss political issues.” (Mankiller, *Mankiller*, xxiv) The event that triggered her activism? The occupation of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay by a band of Native American university students. Trying to attract attention to the issues and plight of American Indians. During this same period Wilma volunteered with the Pit-River Tribe in California on treaty-rights issues, and worked in drop-out

prevention and adult education programs in a Native American pre-school.

Hugo, though, was not happy with her activism. Attempted to control her, shut her down. In 1974 they divorced. She was feeling a deep need, "I had a stronger desire to do things in the [Indian] community than at home." (Mankiller, *Mankiller*, xxiii) She wanted and needed to go back to the land of her birth. To the nature she grew up with and to which she still felt an inseparable bond. Two years later she returned to Oklahoma. "When we arrived in Oklahoma, one of the first things we did was visit my old family place that my family had so reluctantly left twenty years earlier. My childhood home had burned down, and the yard and garden were overgrown with foliage, underbrush, and trees. And yet the memories were so strong." (Mankiller, *Every Day . . .*, 17)

"Once again Wilma began to bloom where she was planted. She built a little wooden house on the family property, and as her parents had done in the past, she filled the shelves with books: the works of Plato, Chaucer, Tolstoy, and Kant. Her mother had already returned to the farm, and her brothers and sisters followed. Her father had died in 1971, but he was buried nearby. So the family was together again on the farm they all loved." (Lazo, 29) "We were part of a community where Cherokee was spoken, traditional medicine was a part of everyday life, people talked about and tried to interpret dreams, and Cherokee knowledge was preserved in stories. We felt like the wealthiest people in the world." (Mankiller, *Every Day . . .*, 21)

*Growing up close to the land gave Wilma a deep respect for the earth.
Growing up in poverty taught her empathy for other Indians in America.
(Lazo, 23)*

Three years after her move she earned a Bachelor's degree in social science and further enrolled in graduate courses at the nearby University of Arkansas. Throughout she worked as an economic-stimulus coordinator for the Cherokee Nation.

Then, in 1979, tragedy struck. A freak automobile accident. An oncoming car crossed into her lane. Struck her vehicle head-on. Wilma's condition was critical. Her face crushed. Her ribs and legs broken. Avoiding amputation of her leg, she spent months in the hospital. All the while enduring seventeen operations, then recovery at home for more than a year. It was a life-changing crash, after which Wilma had a spiritual awakening. Forced to completely re-evaluate her life goals.

1980. A second body blow. She was diagnosed with myasthenia gravis, a chronic neuromuscular disease that causes varying weakness in the voluntary muscles of the body. There followed surgery to remove the thymus gland and drug therapy. But the good welled back, and she recovered physically and mentally after a few months.

Wilma then met Charlie Soap, a full-blooded Cherokee and the former director of the tribal development program. They married and had one son from his former marriage.

A third medical problem. She needed a kidney transplant and her older brother

donated one.

1981. The Bell Community Revitalization Project. Wilma's activist "baby." Using federal and private funds to remodel broken-down housing, construct new homes, and bring running water to many Cherokee homes. Wilma found the financing grants and ensured that all the work was done, and done properly, by tribal members.

The projects that we've always done best are projects we do ourselves. The best way to build an economy for us is to build locally controlled, locally developed businesses where the decisions are made locally. (Edmunds, 217)

In 1983 Wilma was elected Deputy Chief of the Cherokee Nation, alongside her mentor Ross Swimmer, who was serving his third consecutive term as Principal Chief. When he resigned in 1985 to head the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, she was elevated (pre-election) to Principal Chief, in accordance with the Cherokee Nation's constitution. She was then ran in the next election.

Prior to her election, young Cherokee girls never thought that they might grow up to be Chief. "When I first ran for election . . . the strong [historical] role of women in Cherokee life had been forgotten . . . At that time there were no female executives with the Cherokee Nation." (Mankiller, *Every Day* . . . , 102)

Now it was her time.

I knew that if I did not act, I would no longer have any right to talk about or criticize the people who held tribal offices. (Mankiller, Mankiller, 240)

July, 1987 saw the historic tribal election of Mankiller to Principal Chief. She won, but hers wasn't an easy path. Many Cherokees didn't want a woman leading them. There were death threats. Tire slashings. And after the election acceptance by her constituents came slowly. But she persevered. Four years later saw her re-elected, winning with an 83 percent majority, and further validating her competence and political acuity.

Wilma Mankiller served as the Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, the second-largest U.S. Indian tribe. Second only to the Navajo Nation. She was the first female to lead a major Native American tribe. With an enrolled tribal population worldwide of more than 140,000, an annual budget of more than \$75 million, and more than 1,200 employees spread across 7,000 square miles.

Her accomplishments?

During her tenure, Wilma Mankiller's focus was reducing unemployment, improving education (the three R's), and reviving the tribal language and culture. (a small part of which was creating the Institute for Cherokee Literacy—a summer program for students who "return to their communities, [spreading] their knowledge of reading and writing the Cherokee language to others.") (Lazlo, 37)

Said Wilma,

We have kept the best of our old ways of life and incorporated the sounder elements of today's non-Indian world. (Lazlo, 11)

During her lifetime she received honorary doctorate degrees from Yale University, Dartmouth College, and the University of New England in Maine, plus the Harvard Foundation's Distinguished Service Citation.

Wilma Mankiller died on April 6, 2010.

Parenting Techniques

1—Show your children that you are not afraid to tackle tough problems

Wilma's maternal grandmother, Pearl Halady Sitton, was a small, vivacious woman. Married at nineteen to a previously confirmed bachelor, Robert Sitton. When they moved to eastern Oklahoma around 1903, they had to clear the land before they could plant crops. Grandma Sitton, a farmer's wife on a hardscrabble farm, was not afraid to tackle problems. She was spunky. Nothing fazed her. No job was too big to meet head on. Plow the fields? Sure. Pick the crops? Sure. Every farm job was doable. Every problem solvable. She showed by her voice and action that she didn't shy away from tough tasks. And she instilled this fearlessness in Clara and her other children.

Said Wilma, "I learned at a fairly early age that I cannot always control the things that are sent my way or the things that other people do, but I can most certainly control how I think about them and react to them." (Mankiller, *Every Day* . . . , 148)

Every day you, as parents, face obstacles. You see them. And your children either are aware of them or you can make them aware of them. Your job is to illustrate and reinforce the gravity of decisions, the alternative choices, and your perception of their consequences.

Analyze problems. You frame the "problem." You solicit your children's opinions and thoughts. You treat them as adults to the extent possible. *Don't prejudge the choice.* Then, aloud with them, examine your children's thinking and logic. How to consider the probable consequences of each choice. In this way you've shown them that it's smart to recognize and logically analyze problems. Rather than hiding them under the rug. Rather than ignoring them until it's too late. Until they are uncontrollable. Until they fester and explode.

So show your children that your eyes are open to real problems. Big and small problems. And you are willing to *quickly recognize, analyze, and tackle them—before they get out of hand. Face them straight up, and quickly.*

2—Emphasize the hard aspects of life

Native Americans (Cherokees included) lived a tough existence. The soil was often rocky, infertile in many places. The Cherokees were primarily agrarian. Farms. Vegetable gardens. Harvesting their own food. Foraging in the forests for onions, greens, mushrooms, and berries. Hunting and fishing. Bartering with other farmers for meat or produce.

Even squirrels were welcome.

We ate a lot of squirrel . . . [plus] soup made from quail or other birds. We gathered greens such as dandelions and poke. There were walnuts and hickory nuts, as well as blackberries, mulberries, and wild grapes. We fished and ate our fill of perch, crawfish, catfish, and frogs. Mom canned jars of tomatoes, beans, and corn from our vegetable garden, and stored food underground or in the shed . . . grew strawberries or peanuts which we sold for cash. Even though we were poor, I cannot remember ever being hungry as a little girl. (Mankiller, Mankiller, 34-35)

Somehow, they always had food on their table.

Jobs, though, were seasonal. Often on and off. Regular jobs were few and far between. Some Indians took migrant labor jobs. Some cut and sold wood. Wilma's dad and brother worked nearly every day of the week, beginning at dawn, as part of a crew of more than twenty other men cutting broomcorn. Backbreaking work, pausing only to drink water. Paying \$9 a day. So money was always extremely tight—a constant struggle to pay bills that required cash. *And just subsist. Life was just hard. Very hard.*

Wilma remembers growing up in California. Their house: four rooms with bare plank floors and walls. A metal roof. A wood stove for heat and cooking. No electricity, just coal-oil lamps. No refrigerator. An outhouse for a toilet. Water for cooking, drinking, and washing—hailed a quarter-mile from the spring.

All of [Clara] and Charley Mankiller's children helped out on the farm, where they lived without any electricity, plumbing, telephone, or television. Though the children had horses to ride, they rode them mainly for a practical purpose—to get water from nearby springs . . . Wilma's family was poor, but they had fun together picking strawberries, green beans, and other crops produced on the farm. (Lazlo, 19)

Grandma Sitton, Clara's mother, lived on a dairy farm in Riverbank, California, in the Central Valley. Wilma spent one of her teenage years living with her, during which Grandma was a huge influence on the teenage Wilma. Grandma Sitton was small, solid, "opinionated, outspoken, tough, and very independent . . . deeply religious." (Mankiller, *Mankiller*, 106) She worked overtime to imbue Wilma with a deep sense of nature and a solid work ethic. It was just what she needed.

I slept in the same bed with my grandmother, and we all got up every day at 5:00 A.M. to milk the cows and take care of chores. My main job was to help keep the barn clean. Besides the dairy cows, my uncle and aunt had

some pigs and a horse . . . a big vegetable garden. I even helped my Aunt Frauline deliver a calf . . . The hard work and fresh air at the farm were so good. We also found time to explore the fields and swim in the creeks . . . I continued to visit the farm every summer during my high school years . . . [and] tend the crops or pick fruit to earn money for new school clothes. (Mankiller, Mankiller, 106)

All the kids were made to help. *Nobody* who *could* help was allowed to slack. The older kids went with their parents into the forest to cut wood, hunt, fish, forage.

This was the reality of Wilma's parents' era. It is probably not your reality. But showing your children that they *don't* need to work hard *is the wrong reality*. They follow your example. If you, by your actions, show them that shortcuts, the easy life, works—then they will undoubtedly follow that path.

Show them you work hard. *Very hard*. Show them *they* must work hard. Don't let them get away with shortcuts that affect quality and productivity.

Every day is an opportunity to emphasize the value and worth of hard, honest work. Teach them by showing them.

3—Don't be afraid to show affection for your spouse

My parents had a strong relationship and always seemed to be very much in love. They were visibly affectionate with one another, hugging and holding hands. (Mankiller, Mankiller, 37)

Affection is learned too. The lack of affection between a husband and wife is noticed and imitated by the succeeding generation.

What material things the Mankiller family lacked were made up for by the warmth and love in their home. In your home, raising a healthy, well-adjusted family requires a great deal of emotional support. Wives. Husbands. Children. *Everybody* must contribute.

Visible signs of affection. They don't show weakness. *They show strength*. Strength of emotional support. *Strength of the relationship*.

There will be many times that family or personal problems come to the forefront. Children will respond positively to criticism and discipline more frequently if they sense—if they *know*—that you and your spouse or partner are emotionally supportive of each other and them. Emotionally supportive. Right behind logically supportive.

Affection is to be cherished. Never hidden. Never apologized for.

4—Don't be afraid to occasionally get mad

Wilma relates,

Soon after we moved to California, a woman came up to my mother and told her straight out that we were all 'nigger children.' Then she called my mother a 'nigger lover.' The woman said those things because of my

father's dark complexion. Mother was outraged by that repulsive word of contempt. Prompted by blind hatred and ignorance, it was intended to inflict pain. It must have stung like a hard slap on the face. My soft-spoken mother was so distraught by such a blatant display of malice that she jumped the woman! (Mankiller, Mankiller, 99)

A quick temper or uncontrollable temper is usually not welcome. But there are occasions when it is appropriate *and* right to get mad. *Really mad*. It shows your children that there are things that really matter. Matter enough to get your blood boiling. Enough to require action. Compromised ideals? Slanderous comments? *Enough to get really mad!*

Every tainted comment need not be responded to. Don't display a hair-trigger temper. That doesn't make the world better, only more frightening. Nobody can then guess whether you're going to fly off the handle, or not.

But the things that *really* matter. Those may *require* your temper.

PAUL NEWMAN

Paul Newman was an American actor,
film director, entrepreneur,
and humanitarian.

Paul's father owned a sporting goods store.

Who was Paul Newman?

Adonis unchained. Talent forged in Stanislavski's methods, but rising above acting. Tamed by his wife. A bond irreverently birthing Newman's Own—to fund kids' dreams.

Paul Leonard Newman was born on January 26, 1925 in Cleveland, Ohio. He lived his childhood not uncomfortably. The Shaker Heights suburb of Cleveland was known for beautiful houses, lawns, tree-lined streets, parks, golf courses, great schools and transportation. And the Newman's eleven-room house was affluent. Paul was truly lucky.

Paul and his brother Arthur Jr. were trouble from the get-go for anyone that tried to cross them—or just happened to get in their way. Paul describes Arthur as a “fierce, fierce son-of-a-bitch,” a moniker of brotherly esteem. Couple that with their infectious humor and pranks.

His father was Arthur Samuel Newman, Sr. (Art), a Jew of German heritage. His mother was Theresa Fetzner, a Catholic of Slovakian descent—who converted to become a Christian Scientist when Paul was five years old (but religion wasn't high on Paul's agenda and it left few marks on him). The main religious tenets he took from his parents, especially his father, were centered more around moral and ethical principles.

Art Sr. was a partner in Newman-Stern, a very prosperous sporting goods company. In Paul's eyes it was one of the greatest sporting goods stores in the country. Probably not an understatement.

In his business dealings, Paul's father was the white knight of creditors. And even during the Depression had such a stellar reputation for paying his bills that many large companies consigned hundreds of thousands of dollars of inventory to Newman-Stern. He was straight up. No ducking his obligations. No bending. Always facing and beating the economy by his retailing flair, consistency, and generosity to his customers. Paul's father was quiet, didn't get excited, but Paul

thought him “a brilliant, erudite man.” He held his two sons to strict rules too.

Despite the fact that money was abundant in the household, nothing was given them easily. Everything had to be justly earned. (Landry, 9)

Allowances were small. Nothing was given “free.” No special privileges just because they were his sons. Just menial work, like any beginning employee. And so began a distancing between father and son that carried over for almost the entirety of Paul’s father’s life. Paul, in fact, worked in the store, on and off, for several years. Until the business was sold, to Paul’s great relief. It was only in his last few years, when Paul reflected on his own paternal experiences with his teenage girls, that he committed to reconciling with his father.

The Great Depression nearly torpedoed Newman-Stern. Just as it did 80 percent of the nation’s sporting goods stores. But Art Sr.’s pristine reputation for honesty and paying his bills on time paid off hugely. Trading on this, Art negotiated a unique deal with Spalding and Wilson, the two huge sporting goods manufacturers. Secured \$150,000 of goods on consignment. Effectively a line-of-credit. It was unprecedented. And Paul remembered it as confirming the consummate quality of his father’s character and integrity.

During his teenage years, Paul was thin, short, an unwelcome prospect for the high school junior varsity football team. As he put it, “I used to get the bejesus kicked out of me regularly.” (Lax, 11) But when a fray ensued, he didn’t back down. Beatings, roughing’s-up. They were the rite of passage in the public schools. Academically though “I was a terrible student,” (Lax, 8) Paul said. He mentally made up for it by being the neighborhood prankster and clown. Ever ready to pull stunts.

Paul’s mother, Teresa, “came from a highly distinguished Ohio family, mild-mannered and with a sensitivity . . . strong moral concern for her fellow beings.” (Landry, 9) She had a bit more materialistic focus, shunning her own upbringing in a very poor family. Her enjoyment was the theatre. She “loved plays. They were her passion. She regularly attended the Hanna Theatre in Cleveland.” (Landry, 9) And she kept encouraging Paul in that direction—he appearing in several elementary and Shaker Heights High School plays.

June, 1943. Paul volunteered for the Navy. Flubbed the medical exam for pilot training (due to partial color blindness). Opted instead to be a Navy Air Corps radioman, third class. His missions placed him as a radioman/gunner in a torpedo bomber. Three years in the Pacific. The job—train replacement pilots and combat air crewmen, primarily in carrier landings. Usually operating from aircraft carriers. Especially vulnerable to enemy fighter aircraft. Choosing this path voluntarily was a way of thumbing his nose at his parents. Later, acknowledging the danger this placed him in, Paul said, “That worried [my parents] and pissed them off.” But his luck, that famous “Newman luck” that carried through his entire life, held. He returned home from the war in one piece—even after a direct kamikaze hit on his ship by the Japanese. Many sailors perished in that attack. He was one of the lucky ones. “Somebody up there likes me.” (Landry, 23)

Paul grew up physically in the Pacific. He often joked that he was so undersized

and undeveloped that he “got through the whole war on only two razor blades.” Now he was an ego-respectable 5-foot 10-inches, six inches taller, and bulkier.

His wartime services took his unit to such places as Saipan, Guam, and Hawaii. Drinking all he could and reading a passel of good books for recreation. He re-entered civilian life—not as a combat hero, minus a girlfriend, and looking at a future in his father’s sporting goods business. And to top it all, he felt worthless in the eyes of his father.

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. Attending Kenyon, Paul mixed “Magna Cum Lager” honors with literature and drama. But only after signing up for an economics regimen, then getting bounced off the football team (he wasn’t very good anyway), after a rowdy bar fight with his football friends got them arrested. Paul spent overnight in the slammer. His reputation—as a bon vivant, a joker, a stirrer of high spirits—both literally and figuratively intact—was enhanced. Without extracurricular football, and with time on his hands, Paul grabbed for the Kenyon theatre group, appearing in ten productions. Kenyon offered him his first chance at writing, directing, starring and producing a musical. That probably explains his comment, “I didn’t have time for school.”

Graduation. He was offered a room-and-board scholarship to appear in summer stock productions—sixteen successive plays in the 1949–1950 season in Williams Bay, Wisconsin. He left his 1949 graduation exercises within an hour afterwards, heading for summer stock. That hooked him.

That same season saw Paul marry Jacqueline Witte, a lively member of the same theater company. His first son, Allan Scott Newman, came soon (Paul’s son Scott shared a difficult relationship with his father—echoing Paul Jr.’s relationship with Art Sr. And at age 28 Scott died from an “accidental” overdose of alcohol and drugs).

And when his father died, and Paul and Art Jr. sold the family business, a finally “liberated” Paul moved from Shaker Heights to New Haven, Connecticut. Enrolled in a three-year master’s degree program at the Yale University School of Drama. Motivated not by a terrific impulse to act, but rather to escape the boredom and nothingness of his then life. “Acting was the only thing I ever approached doing very well in college . . . I was going to Yale as a safety net . . . if I couldn’t make it, I would have a master’s degree and could teach.” (Lax, 18)

He did well at Yale (graduated in 1954). That first year his instructors encouraged him to take the summer vacation of 1952 and test his luck with the New York acting tryouts. Lucky again. He snagged some small television roles and a part in the series *The Aldrich Family*. He stayed in New York.

Enter Paul’s future wife, Joanne Woodward. She was the understudy to two actresses in the play *Picnic*. She and Paul met in an agent’s office. She was unimpressed. His appearance bespoke a “snotty college boy.” (Lax, 23) He wasn’t initially taken with her either. But both being in the cast of the play, their relationship flowered and matured as his marriage came under more and more stress. Together they clutched each other’s emotions and thoughts over innumerable coffees—where the conversations encompassed acting, plays, and

Broadway gossip. Alas, Paul was still married, locked in a marriage that was going south. He was stressed, but unwilling (by his upbringing) to terminate the marriage.

Joanne latched onto Paul and never let go. She knew what she wanted and got what she wanted. But her talent shone too. It was real. Developing beautifully. And also destined for greatness. But nobody was getting between her and Paul. It took Paul a little longer—in a romantic sense—to fall for her.

Then came The Actors' Studio. Paul wanted to be a 'real' actor, not just a pretty boy.

No other acting methodology comes close to the reverence that The Actors' Studio engenders. Founded in 1947 by Elia Kazan and three others, though in 1951 responsibility for instruction was turned over to Lee Strasberg, a feisty Ukrainian Jew who continued his duties until his death in 1982.

The Actors' Studio is a membership organization for professional actors, theatre directors, and playwrights. Located at 432 West 44th Street in Manhattan, in a converted church. Its forte is method acting and its stellar roster of alumni reads like a panoply of the Hollywood stars of yesterday and today. A sampling from Paul Newman's era includes:

Anne Bancroft, Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, James Dean, Robert De Niro, Jane Fonda, Mickey Rourke, Gene Hackman, Dustin Hoffman, Martin Landau, Karl Malden, Steve McQueen, Marilyn Monroe, Jack Nicholson, Al Pacino, Anthony Quinn, Eli Wallach

The origin of method acting traces back to Konstantin Stanislavski, a Russian actor and theatre director (1863–1938). Stanislavski founded the Moscow Art Theater and staged many first productions of Anton Chekhov and Maxim Gorky—renowned playwrights of Russian literature. He believed in the serious artistic journey of acting, and developed a rigorous process of self-introspection and analysis—bound into a workable system of instruction. The goal is psychological authenticity and realism.

Method acting involves the techniques that allow an actor or actress to recreate in their own minds the exact emotions and thinking that would exist in the characters that they are depicting. In some cases they draw upon similar sense or affective memories, resurrected from their past experiences. It is a deep, deep plumbing of one's emotions, immersing the actors in their characters. And it doesn't stop when the actor leaves the stage or movie set, for often he or she "becomes" the character twenty-four hours a day until the movie is completed. It was a cerebral approach that intrigued Paul.

The Actors' Studio provided a place for actors to practice their craft independent of specific stage or film projects. Scenes were prepared and presented to an audience of other actors and teachers. Short performances, exercises, improvisations—and immediate critiques. Paul's favorite activity was simply being around his fellow actors—sharing stories, drinking, reflecting on manhood

and womanhood.

Also teaching at the same time at the Actors' Studio was Elia Kazan, one of the founders, who directed Paul Newman in Tennessee Williams' 1959 play *Sweet Bird of Youth*—in which Paul plays a gigolo and drifter. Another teacher was Martin Ritt, who directed Paul in six movies. And of course his classmate, Paul's future wife, Joanne Woodward.

The Actors' Studio experience opened Paul up to the realization of how little he knew about acting as a craft and art. And with that realization came a tempering of his cockiness and casual attitude that he had previously displayed.

What were the results?

Paul Newman was almost jaw-dropping handsome. As a beautiful hero he had no real equal. Shockingly handsome and trim. But also smart and discerning of the difference between talent and luck. His performances differed from many other male idols of the day. He brought a much more complex and nuanced performance to what would otherwise have been a one-dimensional character.

Other actors were easily typecast. Not Paul. He played against his looks. He played broken athletes, half-crazed outlaws, cocky scam artists, insouciant iconoclasts, and a long skein of rascally private eyes, liquor salesmen, cops, spies, lawyers, loggers, and construction workers.

Around this time Paul's marriage could not be held together any longer. The stresses had become too great. Jackie asked for a divorce. 1957 marked the end. Achieved without substantial bitterness, for the sake of the kids. And the relationship, by all accounts, remained amiable.

In 1958 Paul and Joanne married in Las Vegas and honeymooned in London.

His performance in *Picnic* brought Paul to the attention of Warner Brothers. Paul signed with them for \$1,000 a week. As with the standard movie studio contracts of the day, that meant Paul was almost an indentured servant. He received little flexibility or reward for his performances, whether they were good or bad. Then in 1957 he, along with his agent Lew Wasserman, negotiated a buyout of Paul's contractual obligations to Warner Brothers. The price: \$500,000, to be paid out of his future earnings. Within two years Paul paid this off and was skyrocketing economically. But better than that was the freedom. He had cast off the studio shackles and could act in plays and movies that suited him personally and professionally.

From his graduation date forward, Paul took five years to hit Broadway and sign a contract with Warner Brothers. And five more years to rise to international stardom. During his acting career, Paul Newman won an Academy Award for Best Actor in *The Color of Money*. His other major films have included *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Hud*, *Cool Hand Luke*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, and *The Sting*. He won numerous acting awards during his lifetime, including eight other Academy Award nominations. Throughout their lives Paul and Joanne starred together in eleven motion pictures, and Paul directed Joanne in four.

Paul caught the professional racing bug in 1979, at the age of 54. He and his two co-drivers finished second in the Le Mans 24-hour road race. Almost won. Together he and his team won several national racing championships.

How did Newman's Own start?

It started under Paul's barn "in a space that had once been a stable for farm horses. He is standing in the middle of the dirt floor surrounded by . . . an array of bottles of olive oil, vinegar, mustard and other condiments . . . There are two wooden stools and a canoe paddle . . . the faint aroma of horses and desiccated manure fragments still remain . . .

'Grab a beer,' Paul said [to A.E. Hotchner, his best friend], 'and let's get to work.'

'On what?' I said as I popped the tab on a Budweiser.

'My salad dressing.' [said Paul] (Hotchner, 103)

Well, Paul liked to occasionally make up a big—really big—batch of salad dressing. From vinegar, oil, and herbs. Filled into old wine bottles and given to family and friends. As the now legend goes, he and Hotchner—on a lark—packaged a couple of cases, pushed them to a few supermarkets, and professed to give any future profits to charity.

Said Hotchner, regarding normal marketing costs and expected losses,

" 'So let's add it up,'—Four hundred thou for all those focus groups, a million to lose the first year, looks like \$1.4 million to me. I don't think my checkbook can handle my share of that.' 'Okay, tell you what,' Paul said. 'We'll gather a dozen of our friends and have a blind taste-testing. We'll put all the big name brands in numbered saucers, ours in the midst, and have them rated from one to ten. Then let's you and me put up \$20,000 each, and when that's gone we go out of business.' " (Hotchner, 110) But fancy market research and a big ad agency rollout? *Nada*

Within weeks supermarkets across America were beating down the door to get on board and sell the eponymous bottles: Newman's Own Olive Oil and Vinegar Dressing. Demand was so gratifying that the lark continued—and over time the duo brought out more than 100 different products: spaghetti sauce, popcorn, lemonade, salsa, wine, steak sauce, pizza, pretzels, cookies, coffee, cereal and marinades. And their charitable intentions? After 26 years Newman's Own has donated over \$300 million to thousands of charities. While he was alive, Paul & A.E. Hotchner personally selected the charities to be donated to, after studying and reading their pleas. They were successful a hundred times beyond what they could have dreamed. Organics. Natural sweeteners. Good taste. No trans fats. Liberal use of extra virgin olive oil. Reasonable pricing. It began as a joke. It morphed into an incredibly successful crusade. Supported by a loyal band of health and taste-conscious fans.

In 1988 they founded the Hole in the Wall Gang Camp (named after the gang in

Newman's film *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*). 300 acres, including a 44-acre lake, in Connecticut. Started with \$8 million of their own monies and \$9 million of donations from others—school kids, construction companies, Seabee volunteer labor, the Saudi royal family, and other generous people.

What prompted that idea? Said Paul,

I was shaving this morning when it dawned on me—a camp . . . a special camp for kids with life-threatening diseases like cancer. It afflicts more kids than any other disease. So let's build a wonderful camp tailor-made for these kids, one that will be free of charge—give these unlucky kids a little respite from the hospital and all that stuff. (Hotchner, 182)

Through various community services, The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp now uniquely serves (free of charge) about 15,000 children. 1,000 children ages 7–15—diagnosed with cancer, sickle cell anemia, HIV/AIDS, hemophilia, and other very serious illnesses—go to a live-in summer camp. 4,000 more children attend weekend programs. Most come from economically poor families. At the camp the children enjoy horseback riding, boating, swimming, fishing, crafts, archery, sports, and recreation. The huge medical and camp staff can minister to all sorts of complicated, specific medical protocols required by the campers—some of whom may require a dozen or more medications to be administered each day. The result is an experience that refreshes the “life” in the kids. In addition, the organization has a year-round outreach program to similar kids in hospitals and clinics, whereby staff members visit seriously ill hospitalized children.

Although started by Newman and Hotchner, 98% of its funding comes from 15,000 donors: individuals, corporations, foundations and other organizations.

Its creation shows what star power focused on an unselfish end can accomplish. (Lax, 168)

Said A.E. Hotchner, when Paul visits the camp “there is a transition to almost being a kid again himself. The children react to that and he gets down to their level . . . I think that Paul gets more satisfaction out of a day there than he would out of winning the Academy Award.” (Lax, 171)

In 2003 Newman and Hotchner co-wrote a memoir about their company and the Hole in the Wall Camps, entitled *Shameless Exploitation in Pursuit of the Common Good*.

Paul Newman died in 2008. He had a son and five daughters. By establishing the Newman's Own Foundation, Paul ensured that the profits of the company will continue to flow after his death.

Parenting Techniques

1—Introduce your passions to your children

Paul surmises his mother was a frustrated actress. Who channeled her frustration into Paul's activities. She showed him the path to the stage, his most precious

destination.

Road shows, traveling troupes, repertory theatre. They often wound their way through the Hanna Theater in downtown Cleveland. Paul's mother was a dedicated attendee. Much to Paul's delight, she was always bringing home near-verbatim recitations of plays' critical scenes.

Shaker Heights High School had a marvelous drama program, which fit nicely into Paul's persistent lack of athletic prowess. She encouraged him to try out for the high school productions. What better way to bring a young boy out of his shell of reticence and embarrassment. Paul's drama teacher, William Walton, noted that Paul's outstanding quality was the seriousness with which he worked. But he also loved his fun. During rehearsal breaks he pounded out boogie-woogie on the piano. A flock always gathered around.

Remember the person who said:

Work is more fun than work.

That is passion. Teaching your child *that* passion, in constructive veins, will improve their happiness and sometimes may even transform the world.

2—Imbue a love of reading and great literature

Uncle Joe enthusiastically aided Paul in navigating books and better literature. Paul recalled,

He had an informal way of talking about great writers that brought them alive to us. He gave me insights into literature that I didn't get from any of the teachers at school . . . When I was a kid I used to go up into the attic with a good book, a glass of iced tea, and a bowl of popcorn.

Paul took Uncle Joe's example to heart and became an avid reader, even in the Navy. Serious literature. Certainly college level.

Reading—The key that opens doors.

Reading begets knowledge.

Love of reading and great literature is not inherited. It's taught. By parents, preferably. Or by teachers (less often). Do your part. Read to your children—from childhood fairy tales to excerpts from adult classics. Good literature, to great literature. It will stand them in good stead throughout their lives.

Someone said,

Knowledge is free, but you have to bring your own container.

Your child's mind is that container. Position your encouragement and example to foster that appetite for reading and knowledge.

GEORGE SOROS

George Soros is a Hungarian-American currency speculator, stock investor, businessman, philanthropist, and liberal social activist.

George Soros' father was a prisoner-of-war in the Tsarist Siberian gulag.

Who is George Soros?

Erzebet and Tivadar. Wife and husband. Hungarian. Parents who shepherded the Schwartz (later Soros) family through the maelstrom of two world wars. Crucibles for a quick-witted youth.

George's father, Tivadar Schwartz, was born in 1893 into an Orthodox Jewish family. The family lived near the border between Hungary and the Ukraine. Tivadar was the second of eight children. Though he had little religious zeal, he covered it by dutifully attending regular services at the synagogue. "Instead of going to services I was happier worrying about human lives. Understanding, a love of people, tolerance—these were the virtues I cultivated." George's grandfather, Tivadar's father, was a prosperous Jewish merchant who benefited from capitalism and a period of boom in Hungary. Jews were faring better in that country than in most of Europe. Episodes of anti-Semitism were balanced by an overall tolerance of Jews, who were adept at sciences and industrialization. And a few were even raised to noble status.

Erzebet and Tivadar fell in love and married. She was age 22; he was 32. They had two sons, Paul and George, four years between them, Paul being the eldest. Both boys grew up in an upper-middle-class environment in 1930's Budapest.

At the start of World War I Tivadar volunteered to fight for Hungary. Then was captured by the Russians, transported 5,000 miles to the Far East—to an area 300 miles from Vladivostok, to a prison camp. Fitfully he found his way back to Hungary after the war ended and the Russian revolution convulsed the country into chaos. Tivadar became a lawyer upon returning, eventually taking over the family's financial interests—a store and real estate in three cities.

Tivadar was the central and dominant figure in the Schwartz family. Shaping, defining its character, instilling loyalty. His own character had been hardened by his World War I experience—as a prisoner in Siberia and then a witness to the Russian civil war. He learned many lessons from this experience, and was determined to prepare his sons for the unpredictable and unforeseen.

My father taught me how to deal with the world; my mother taught me how to be introspective. I adopted my father's point of view, but I was much closer to my mother in my nature. My father was outgoing, gregarious, genuinely interested in other people's fate. My mother was inclined to delve deeply. (Soros, G., Staying Ahead of the Curve, 25) She had an analytical, self-critical nature, which George thinks he inherited.

In 1936, sensing with the rise of Fascism that radical changes were coming, and not for the better, Tivadar changed his family's name from Schwartz to Soros. The entire Schwartz family assumed false Christian first names and identities.

George was thirteen years old in 1944 when World War II erupted. Nazi Germany gained control, by military force, over Hungary. Persecutions and deportations to the death camps and ovens became common. Somehow the family survived those intervening years, and the house-to-house fighting of the battle of Budapest (in which the Soviet forces defeated the German army).

Post World War II, and at the urging of his father, George began a correspondence with George Frank, a distant relative in London, to try to get himself admitted to college there. With great difficulty and perseverance, punctuated by weekly postcards to Frank, he obtained an English passport and visa. When he left for England, George's family assumed they would never see each other again. The parting was extremely hard for both the family and George. (Much later, in the chaos and wake of the crushing by Russia of the 1956 Hungarian uprising, Erzebet and Tivadar were able to hike to freedom over the mountains and eventually join George and Paul in New York).

George arrived in London at age 17, and remained for the next nine years. Barely subsisting on very meager funds of three pounds a week (a stipend he begged as an immigrant from a Jewish philanthropy. Ostensibly he was to be "learning a trade"). His parents, still in Hungary, could no longer afford to send money. So to supplement his allowance during the nine years, he worked at a variety of jobs: apple picking, dishwashing, making paper-mache.

George's emotional low point occurred shortly after arriving in England. Without money, friends, or likely prospects. He observed, facetiously or not,

Here I am. I have reached bottom. Isn't that a wonderful feeling? There's only one way to go [up!] (Slater, 31)

Poor, a wannabe student, with no friends, the exclusion he felt from "normal" society in his initial London years was traumatic. Possibly more so than the anti-Semitism of his home country. His first years were filled with frustration, loneliness, and rejection. Although he should have shown appreciation as a refugee who had reached sanctuary, in London he felt more unhappy than ever before in his life.

Initially he couldn't meet the London School of Economics' (LSE) entrance requirements. Failed the English exam. So he enrolled at Kentish Town Polytechnic, a small local commuter college totally lacking reputation. He lasted until he was expelled after being reported attending a chance lecture at LSE. His

school felt miffed in the extreme that one of its students would venture beyond their drone instruction. Finally, after two tries, George passed the LSE entrance exam.

The London School of Economics was one of Britain's most prominent centers of expansive, internationalist, and activist scholarship. It was where George acquired his formal education, eventually obtaining a degree in economics in 1949. A bastion of the elites. Its basic values were enshrined: *education, economics, efficiency, equality, and empire*. The latter referring to the task of training people from the colonies to struggle for and assume the responsibilities of self-government. LSE instilled in its students the need to do concrete things to move civilization forward, "to do things in the real world, to test and implement their notions, to accelerate progress, to make the world better." (Kaufman, 62)

Though his grades at LSE were quite mediocre, he loved the intellectual repartee and excitement. George was being made aware of:

an intellectual world [at LSE] of impressive polymaths, whom he openly envied: renaissance men who shuttled quite comfortably between disciplines, languages, cultures, and often countries. (Kaufman, 63)

But it was there that he developed his basic ideas about philosophy and economics. And absorbed the rudiments of finance that have made him rich, famous. Although he has succeeded beyond belief in a financial sense, there is still the gnawing realization that,

There is more to my existence than money. (Kaufman, 75)

The world first became aware of George Soros in 1992, when his \$10 billion bet against the British pound currency reportedly earned him one billion dollars. Until then he had garnered a reputation only among certain financial people—primarily speculators and persons interested in human rights.

Democracy. George had slipped under the Iron Curtain after World War II, escaping from his home country Hungary. Born Jewish in Budapest, he had survived the Nazi occupation. Only to see the almost equally terrifying Soviet political system begin to suffocate his country. He believes deeply that transparency and the openness of democracy that he experienced in England—studying at the London School of Economics, and then in the United States in his career on Wall Street—is superlative to communism. If there was a way for a person of great wealth to encourage democracies where none existed, or nurture the growth of fledgling democracies, then he, George Soros, who made his money in a capitalist/democratic society, ought to do just that. His plans were bold and risky. Governments shied away from such endeavors. Preferring to toss a few shekels and claim they were "promoting" democracy. Their less than meager, politically constrained attempts, often merely provided jobs for near hacks.

His passionate social interest is *democracy*, specifically the mechanics of the grassroots struggle between communism and democracy. It is in these arenas that George has "invested" his money. He is publicity shy, preferring to work without accolades or fanfare, in the shadows. Afraid that publicity will allow the enemies

of democracy to find a target. Afraid that a jinx will descend him. And invest he has. Hundreds of millions of his own dollars. But craftily, efficiently, taking stiletto-like aim. Watching each dollar.

From 1979–2011 George Soros has given away over \$8 billion to various social activist causes. (Forbes Magazine, March 2012). His unusual projects have included the wartime installation of a water filtration plant in Sarajevo—to prevent Serbian snipers from regularly killing Serb women who were only filling water jugs at wells. And \$100 million to salvage the Soviet scientific community, which was in abysmal financial straits. Though these efforts might seem directed at preventing Communism *from* winning, they also bolstered the chances of democracy *actually* winning. More recently he donated \$95 million in 2011 to the Institute for New Economic Thinking. (Forbes Magazine, March 2012).

George has contributed to this philosophical maelstrom not only by his money and time, but also through his own writings, including the 1998 book *The Crisis of Global Capitalism*.

He looks for “doers”—people who can take his projects and make them happen. Yes, he is mercurial. But he presses for *action*. For accomplishments. Presses for open rather than closed societies. Mistakes loomed, as sometimes chaos reigned. Conflicts. Scandals. Corruption. Disasters. Rarely bold successes. But overall he has an enviable record for a philanthropy. The retraining of thousands of Communist military officers for work in newly privatized economies. The connection of dozens of Soviet universities to the new internet. The reform of early grade school education in over thirty countries. School construction. Loan guarantees which provided housing to hundreds of thousands of black South Africans. And the introduction of modern social sciences to the curricula around the world—replacing the teachings of Lenin and Marx.

George Soros has been intimately involved with each of these projects. Done by a private individual, not a government with side political agendas at every turn.

George Soros is currently Chairman of Soros Fund Management which manages his Quantum (hedge) Fund. His net worth was estimated at \$20 billion in 2012. George is also a former member of the Board of Directors of the Council on Foreign Relations.

George married Annaliese Witschak, a German-born, in 1961. They had three children, but divorced in 1981. He remarried in 1983, to Susan Weber, 25 years his junior. They have two sons, Gregory and Alexander, but divorced in 2005.

Parenting techniques

1—Follow a non-didactic path to teaching important life skills

Didactic. Dictionaries define it as teaching with a moral observation. Usually in a lecture fashion.

Tivadar was a talker. His stories of adventure, which typically followed the serial soap opera format, could go on forever. Hours at a time. Breaking for real life,

then continuing, and continuing, and continuing. It was a pastime of Tivadar, this storytelling. He termed his made-up soap opera “Amosarega”—named after a wonderful machine that could be conjured to turn into a car, a garage, an airplane, a motorcycle. He used the device to stimulate the imagination. And regaled his boys with tales of his experiences in Russia.

Though the boys didn’t perceive that they were didactic instruments, the tales often concealed subtle morality. George commented, “his way of guiding us was so indirect that I had no idea he was doing it.” (Kaufman, 22) They taught. They fired their minds with adventure. But the point wasn’t adventure alone, but adventure for a greater purpose. And they weren’t boastful or showy. George never felt that he needed to “top” his father’s adventures. He just hoped he could have an even better future than his father.

Thus Tivadar vicariously steered his sons through life’s happenings, never consciously trying to encourage them to follow his life path. No profession was demanded. Or hinted. What he really taught? That money is merely a means to an end. Not to be taken seriously. The “end” is what needs to be pondered, mentally latched onto, and followed with a passion. Money comes. Money goes. A certain amount is necessary for comfort and to raise a family. But concentrating all one’s energy on making ever increasing amounts of money is not what life is all about. Fools can’t see beyond the necessities.

Tivadar “shied away from dictating thoughts and beliefs” (Kaufman, 22) except in one area. He did want to inspire certain traits: self-confidence and independence. To do so he used another non-didactic approach.

George cites as an example a telling instance. At the young age of eleven, Tivadar asked George to meet him at a ski resort. George, by this time, was a beginning skier. But he was still sheltered from the world, the confusion, the choices. Nevertheless, at his father’s request George set off on his journey of four or five hours, lugging his skis. First hopping a bus, then the train. All by himself. Or so he thought. He arrived to the warm congratulations of his father. Feeling “extremely proud of himself” (Kaufman, 22) for having accomplished the trip on his own. Only many years later did he learn that his father had constructed the journey to teach him the twin traits of self-confidence and independence. And to ensure that things did not go awry, he hired a friend (unknown to George) to trail his son and make sure he proceeded without harm.

Thus Tivadar stimulated initiative. Prepared his sons for the unexpected, the unanticipated, the challenges of life. He raised George’s self-confidence, assuring him that he could learn to overcome huge odds and handle tempestuous times—*THE ART OF SURVIVAL*. In a sense these were survival skills needed in the modern world.

Good judgment. Athletic ability. A sense of responsibility. Self-confidence. Independence. The ability to improvise and react on the basis of new information. These were the blocks of Tivadar’s character building.

Little tricks. Little mind games. Little adventures. Testing. Vehicles for learning. Without seeming to learn. Projects or tasks not inconsequential to a young,

formative mind. But their successful outcome built character brick-by-brick. Deliberate learning experiences, constructed to teach. George believes that it was “precisely this upbringing by his father that more than anything else contributed to his later success.” (Kaufman, 22)

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2—Instill a sense of the need for substantive philanthropy—helping others

Why did George Soros become such a philanthropist? Maybe through the same teaching technique.

Such a twist in George's life was reported in a 1939 Budapest newspaper *8 Orai Ujsag*. George was nine at the time. The article was headlined *George Soros Brings a Donation*. The newspaper had appealed for donations from its readers for the Finns who were part of the resistance against the Soviets. It is quite likely that George either read about or was told by Tivadar about the plight and valor of the Finnish ski troops, fighting against their enemies.

The newspaper reported:

A guest arrives in our editorial office. He enters the room and skillfully shuts the door behind him. Standing on tiptoes, he reaches up to the high doorknob and turns it comfortably. Hatless but with a leather bag flung over his shoulders, our smiling guest is a ray of sunshine in the office.

'My name is George Soros,' he says, clicking his heels.

We admit that it is not every day that we have dealings with young gentlemen from the fourth grade of elementary school.

'I just dropped in after school,' says George and slides open the wooden dual-compartment pencil case clutched in his palm. From an assortment of erasers and pen wipers he digs out two pieces of paper the size of a standard postage stamp. Two tiny hands start unfolding the pieces and place two ten-Pengo notes on the counter. 'There you go!'

'George,' I address him sternly. 'What is this supposed to mean? What do you intend to do with all this money?'

With his angelically mischievous blue eyes sparkling, he turns to me. 'I brought this money for the Finnish people. There is a war in Finland at the moment, Daddy told me.'

I begin to cross-examine George in the sternest fashion. Compliantly and withstanding the interrogations of an adult, George tells me the money belongs to him. No, oh, no, he was not given it by Daddy, nor by Mummy. The money is his. He earned it! How? Well, back in the summer, every summer, he is the editor-in-chief, publisher, and news vendor of a newspaper. His family always spends their summer holidays on Lupa Island

and that is when George publishes his paper, 'The Lupa News.' It is mostly adults who buy the paper.

This is his way of earning money and he has only just decided to take his Christmas savings out of his plaster pear-shaped piggy bank. The plaster powder stuck to the crumbled worn-out banknotes bore evidence to George's method of saving. He smashed the piggy bank open and brought the money in for the Finns.

George Soros, the fourth grader who had five B's in his last school report, our ever-smiling rosy red-cheeked guest, the editor-in-chief of 'The Lupa News,' the little Hungarian with a heart of gold, seems relieved only when I take his money. He swiftly slides his pencil case shut, clicks his heels. 'Good day, sir,' he says and steps out of the room. All of a sudden, the room becomes empty. Only our hearts are full. This is how it happened. It was so beautiful there was no need to change or embellish the story.

Asked about the story many years later, he begs a very hazy memory, "I don't remember it very clearly but I think my father probably put me up to it." (Kaufman, 26)

Helping others less fortunate than ourselves. Not necessarily a handout. A meal. A job. Funding a good cause. A pointer in the right direction. Coupled with a sincere interest in another improving their lot. Whether on a small or large scale, depending on your resources. *That* is philanthropy done right!

3—Working for yourself is more rewarding than brokering for others

George Soros grew up in post-World War II Hungary, replete with *real* dangers. During the war he daily saw corpses, death, evil, armies—the “rewards” of Nazism and Communism. And *chaos*. After the war his head swelled a bit, thinking his brushes with death and survival meant he was a little charmed. He was a survivor, knew how to size up a situation. Bobbing and weaving. Maneuvering successfully. Danger became an aphrodisiac. He took risks.

After the Russians began occupying Hungary, demand for anything of value skyrocketed. Access to goods could be leveraged. Tivadar, George's father, through his work as a translator at the Swiss embassy, had access to currencies and jewelry. He often found himself working for others, with the help of his sons. Hyperinflation created a financial rollercoaster of stress. But George thrived in the black market. Changing money and trading gold jewelry for his father. Because a 14-year-old would probably attract less attention and suspicion than an adult.

Once he was commissioned by the father of a friend to exchange a substantial sum of money. It was this transaction that seared his brain.

He asked me to change some dollars and being conscientious I went to the pain of visiting both of the two markets for this sort of thing, the old Stock Exchange and an orthodox synagogue in another part of town. It turned out that there was a significant difference in the exchange rate, and I was able

to get some 20 percent more at the synagogue than at the Stock Market, which was the only rate that my friend's father knew about. So I brought him the larger amount and said that I deserved a higher cut, but he refused.

He said, 'you are a broker and it's your job to get the best rate, that is what you are getting paid for.' When Soros many years later became a market maker in over-the-counter securities, he remembered, 'Because if you are a market maker and can make someone an extra 20 percent and raise your own cut . . . that's different and better than being just a broker.' (Kaufman, 50)

Lesson learned. By a simple example.

But in the immediate post-war years, George had no desire to make business a career. His goal was merely survival. These were desperate times. No grandiose dreams of wealth. Just feed the family, avoid destitution. Any monies he scraped together from his “activities” went into the family’s common pot. And gradually the Soros family fortunes improved.

Self-employment. Starting your own business. Carefully plotted and executed, can be a path to self-sufficiency.

4—Shun prominence as a means of survival

In the second of his published memoirs, Tivadar Soros wrote:

It doesn't pay to be prominent. You become identified with the ideas or opinions you hold and, if those ideas are attacked, you have to sacrifice either the opinions or yourself. As I had no wish to become a martyr [during the war] I preferred to stay in the background. I used to tell my wife how as a prisoner of war in Siberia in World War I, I had led a campaign to improve living conditions in the camp. When our effort was successful, the major who was in charge of the camp offered me an official position as the 'Prisoners' Representative.' It carried with it various small privileges and represented the highest position a prisoner of war could attain.

I refused because I felt the offer was a bribe.

Shortly afterwards there was a new wave of agitation which broke into violence and the Prisoners' Representative was executed as an example to the men. (Soros, T.)

The story succinctly illustrates the wisdom of keeping a low profile. Shunning prominence. Bottling ambition in favor of survival. The dynamism of life must take precedence over ambition, bravery, honors.

The old Japanese adage:

A protruding nail gets hammered.

Making too much of a fuss—in the press, in the media—sets you up for a big fall. By keeping your eye on publicity and taking it off the business. In Tivadar’s case it would have meant death.

Rein in your megalomaniac publicity instincts—or, if you do, keep your business legal, under control, and delivering on its promises.

5—When taking risks, don't bet the ranch

Soros' experiences during World War II, under first the Nazi regime, then the Soviets, instilled in him the understanding that at certain times one has no choice but to risk everything. Using the false identity papers that his father had procured for the family, he knew—his father taught him well—that if he or another of the family was exposed, it meant certain death for all the family.

George never wanted to be in that position again—thinking that failure would destroy him, his loved ones, or the causes in which he believes so deeply. To that end he has learned to take measured risks. Sometimes very large risks. But risks small enough that if they go wrong, their reversal is calculated not to destroy everything else that he cares about.

Don't "bet the ranch." Don't risk it all—so you can live financially to fight another day.

Quotes from George Soros

Flawed perceptions cause markets to feed on themselves. Markets that feed on their own frenzy always overreact.

To be in the game, you have to be willing to endure the pain.

To survive in the financial markets sometimes means beating a hasty retreat.

Stock market bubbles don't grow out of thin air. They have a solid basis in reality, but reality as distorted by a misconception.

I'm not doing my philanthropic work out of any kind of guilt, or any need to create good public relations. I'm doing it because I can afford to do it, and I believe in it.

NAOMI WOLF

Naomi Wolf is an American feminist author.

Naomi's father is a visionary, poet, and teacher.

Who is Naomi Wolf?

The Treehouse. Retreat to the physical and mental treehouse where dreams mix with creativity and freedom of personal expression. Humanity and emotion blended with life, love, music, death.

Naomi's paternal grandfather, Joseph Wolf, was born in a small hamlet in the Ukraine. Her grandmother, Rose-Ita Engel, was born nearby. Joseph, an orthodox Jew, was forced into the German army at age nineteen and fought as an infantryman on the Western Front. There was an arranged marriage, using the village matchmaker. About the same age, Rose-Ita was shy and vain only with respect to her long chestnut hair—ignoring orthodox tradition by refusing to cut it after the wedding. Joseph's father was a farmer-merchant. Made his money salvaging discarded army tires, then remanufacturing them into sandals.

Joseph and Rose-Ita's parents survived the Holocaust, but many of their brothers and sisters did not. They perished under the Nazi occupation. Post World War II, Joseph immigrated to America. Then waited six years before Rose-Ita was allowed to join him (via Ellis Island) in 1930 Cleveland. However, fortune did not sit on Joseph's shoulders in the new world. Four months after the family arrived, came the Great Depression. Joseph lost his glazier's job and Rose-Ita (now "Rose") became the family breadwinner, working in her brother's delicatessen.

Leonard Wolf, Naomi's father, and his brothers and sister grew up in poverty. And corporeal violence. Harsh punishment began partly from European tradition, and partly from Joseph's economic humiliation. Reading was the only thing that saved Leonard. Taking his mind away from reality into another world of stories and poems. Art, culture, reading, music. These were the lifelines that immigrant children clung to. Literally psychological and emotional survival tools—destined to change lives mired in the dirty, chaotic industrial cities of America. Following his star, Leonard would buy his first book, with his meager newspaper sales, at age eleven. It cost one dime, and was titled *One Hundred Best Poems for Children*.

1939, when Leonard was sixteen. He visited the family apartment of his friend Phillip Perloff. Sparse, drab, gray, beaten-down linoleum where rugs should have

been, with no books or pictures. A Victrola record player played the opera *La Boheme*. For a boy who had heard almost nothing but Jewish religious music, it was an extraordinary new world that began to open up.

Leonard Wolf believed in following the creative wisdom that comes from ones' heart. And that happiness is something that can be taught and learned. He taught poetry all his life. *At twelve universities*. Believed that teachers are humanists who cross the boundaries of imagination: love, music, death, and loss. Taught that emotions are critical to happiness. That they must drive your artistic discipline, enabling you to push a project or life to a completion that is thoroughly satisfying. That everyone has a different, unique set of creative DNA in our makeup, and our lives lack true color if we are not following the mission embedded in our genes. Predestination? Yes. But one we have to truly search for if we want to find our way through the emotional debris of modern society. No one can discover it for us. We have to find it ourselves, through introspection and meditation.

Leonard believes that you can learn how to live from literature, from art, and that the key to leading a happy, meaningful life is to be found not primarily from the self-help section of a bookstore or from a therapist's couch. (Wolf, The Treehouse, 4)

Naomi was born November 12, 1962 in San Francisco. Blessed as a child with parents that believed deeply in imagination. Believed that a child's imagination was worthy, needed cultivating. *Now*. Not when they grow up. *Now*!

Enter Naomi's childhood home. The Wolf house in San Francisco was built around 1890. Lodge style, with a foundation anchored in bedrock, so it nicely survived the 1906 earthquake. Because of the quake, its leveling had suffered. It leaned slightly, but solidly, in many places. The back of the house poked out over a cliff, dropping fifty feet to the ground. The front of the house was buried in a vast expanse of exotic plant growth. Standing on the roof proclaimed a distant view of the Golden Gate and Bay Bridges. It was a house built to nurture, to flower anyone's imagination—*especially* a child's.

Naomi's mother, Deborah Goleman, passed through at least three decade-long "careers." Beginning as a near-childbride, then an anthropologist, and finally a therapist. She was gypsy-like. Always ready to defend her children's right to be "different" from playmates or schoolmates—so long as Naomi was enjoying her childhood, having fun, using her imagination. If she was, she instinctively knew her mother would always say yes. And for a long time that's what Naomi thought everyone's house was like. A free and unstructured childhood playground.

Naomi graduated from Yale University. With a Bachelor of Arts in English and a Rhodes Scholarship at New College, Oxford University. Her first book, *The Beauty Myth*, enjoyed considerable attention from feminists around the world. Its literary success was immediate. Followed by *Promiscuities*, *Misconceptions*, *End of America: A Letter of Warning to a Young Patriot* and *Give Me Liberty: A Handbook for American Revolutionaries*. Her autobiography *The Treehouse: Eccentric Wisdom from my Father on How to Live, Love, and See* was published in 2005.

Naomi was married to political speechwriter David Shipley, and has two children by him. They divorced in 2005.

Parenting Techniques

1—Destroy the box

Leonard, Naomi's father, sought a higher meaning in life through poetry. Filled his world with outsiders. Iconoclasts. Individualists. Hippies perhaps. Bohemians often. Believed with all his soul that creative vision can arise only if you are willing to challenge norms. As Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote,

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Whenever you are doing something that is becoming *too familiar* to you, you need to be willing to surprise yourself and rethink. Challenge others' expectations. Reject society's boxes. Smash them into pieces. He said,

Boxes in life are clichés about how people should behave: your father was a lawyer, you have to go to law school. Whenever I am asked to fit into someone else's rigid structure, I get uncomfortable. (Wolf, The Treehouse, 73) Look at what box you may be in and be willing to destroy it. (Wolf, The Treehouse, 72)

But, beware. As a recent New Yorker cartoon put forth:

There's a thin line between thinking outside the box and a caffeine-induced wacko idea.

2—Do nothing without passion

On marriage:

Naomi's father and mother didn't have a perfect marriage. Who does? Anyone who says theirs is perfect is, in all likelihood, lying. But what perfection was lacking was made up for in their passion. Not necessarily physical passion. But passion of the mind. And Leonard tended to it. In love and in work. Keeping the flame high. Though Leonard came from a generation of roués, scoundrels, and womanizers, Naomi's parents have carried on as if they are still dating. Attentive to each other. Considerate. Deeply invested in the emotional and physical well-being of each other. Still trying to please each other. But cognizant that each needs his or her artistic and emotional space. A permanent courtship, pursued since they met.

For, to Naomi's father, marriage is just the *beginning* of courtship. Passion is not inert. It's not enough to feel a spark of passion. You must *nurture* it, tend it, make it your highest priority. Said Naomi,

On work:

[Leonard] wants to know have you put your emotion into it, driven your artist's discipline into it, seen it through to completion and signed your

name to it . . . If you do, he believes . . . your work comes alive. (Wolf, 4)

If you feel that shadow of doubt in whatever you are doing, it is an important sign you are in the wrong place. Never ignore it. (Wolf, The Treehouse, 151)

Passion fires a marriage. Passion fires and propels a business. Stir it. Feed it. Express it. Drive it.

3—Teach them to be disciplined with their gifts

Without rigorous discipline, creative talent tarnishes. A strong work ethic propels the creative juices. More important than inspiration is the follow-on. The continued effort. According to Leonard,

The main difference between . . . millions of talented people who ‘want to write’ . . . and the real writers is not talent; it is that the real writers sit down every day and get words down on paper. (Wolf, The Treehouse, 172)

Writing is not romantic, Leonard said,

‘There is no revising a blank page. Keep going’ . . . ‘Writer’s block,’ he said, ‘comes about when you let yourself yield to two false notions about your task. The first is that writing is a profound occupation, important as a means of expressing the self, some truth about life, or about the universe. This is all nonsense. The second false notion is that writing must at every moment be perfect. No one objects to perfection eventually, but the idea of it does nothing to help you get started . . . It is in the act of moving the pen across the paper, or of typing the next line, that one creates in oneself a readiness to breach the wall of silence.’ (Wolf, The Treehouse, 176-177)

Discipline is coordinated action. Inaction is lack of discipline. Find your work groove, your talent groove, and apply yourself—to disciplined action in pursuit of accomplishment.

4—Be still and listen

You have an inner voice. An inner illumination. But you must be still in order to listen to it. To hear it. To see it. To feel it.

It is a kind of spirituality. A creativity that speaks to us. It will speak if you listen carefully enough. And if you do—and act—your life will be fulfilled.

Be silent. Go to your treehouse. To your place of refuge. Listen. Especially in times of crisis. Stop. And listen.

Naomi’s mother: ‘I left her [my daughter] to listen to the silence, in the tree, and dream.’ (Wolf, The Treehouse, 40)

More people change jobs after a vacation. They’ve had time to think. To consider. But quiet time is necessary year-round. Time to break out of the noise and clutter of everyday life and duties. Time to consider priorities, pet projects. Time to focus on the important. Important for a relationship. For the family. For business. For

your career.

5—Pay attention to the details

It is an old adage—“God lives in the details.”

To Leonard, there is a critical difference in discerning details. There are important details. There are unimportant details. Details can overwhelm you. Obscure the meaning. One must be careful to focus on *important details*.

Details will kill you. They’ll drag you down. Bury you in minutiae. But he or she who can coordinate and master the details—track, follow up to completion—a thousand details, not forgetting the most important—wins.

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VOLUME III—THE ART OF PARENTING

MICHAEL BLOOMBERG

Michael Bloomberg is the current Mayor of New York City,
and the founder and 88% owner of Bloomberg LP,
a financial news and information services media
company.

Michael's father and mother were respectively an accountant and an auditor in a dairy company.

Who is Michael Bloomberg?

What happens when your employer discards your new business idea—the greatest thing since sliced bread? And terminates you to boot? —Roll on the ground? Wail and moan? Retreat into self-pity? Give up? *Not a chance.*

Michael Rubens Bloomberg was born February 14, 1942 in Boston, Massachusetts and grew up in Medford, Massachusetts.

Both Mike's father, William Henry Bloomberg, and mother, Charlotte Rueben (Lottie to her family), were of Russian Jewish heritage. Both were one generation removed from their immigrant parents. They met at work, as employees of National Dairy. She was an auditor; he was an accountant. When Mike was two years old, the family moved from Boston to Medford, where Mike attended school, though he was no great student. Not a member of the honor society, but very bright. High SAT scores. But no great athlete either. Antsy and a bit rebellious. His parents weren't overly-pushy academically, recognizing his intelligence needed various outlets. Because the schools he attended weren't challenging, Mike's mind wandered in other directions. He was serious, modest, confident. Scouting appealed to him, collecting merit badges. Wild animals fascinated him. He became one of the youngest Eagle Scouts. Science, building radios and electrical circuits. Museums. Typical nerdy, not academic challenges.

Post high school, attending Johns Hopkins University, he studied engineering and joined a fraternity. A mediocre student on paper. C's mostly. Though he came from a Jewish family, he joined a non-Jewish fraternity and dated mostly non-Jewish girls. Liked to party, but kept his head about him. One thing stood out. Mike loved to be in charge. Be the boss. His mother commented,

He wanted to be the boss of whatever we were working on. He wanted to run everything. (Purnick, 8)

Nothing stopped him from exerting control of the situation. *Do it.* Don't just yak on about doing it. *Do it!* He always wanted to start it, run it, produce results. Ultra-stubborn in that respect.

And how did he interact with his parents?

Charlotte Bloomberg (his mother): "His father thought that Mike was the most wonderful person on earth and anything he did was okay." Mike countered, "My father in many senses was the excitable one, but do I remember him ranting and raving or jumping up and down and cheering? No . . . I think I'm much more like my mother . . . My mother was much more reserved [than my father]" (Purnick, 14-15)

Charlotte exerted the firm hand to Mike's restlessness—keeping him on an even keel—focused on achievements. She became the disciplinarian, "I was a strict mother. I had to be." (Purnick, 14-15) And that evenness, sternness showed in the way she handled the ups and downs. On the day Mike received his Harvard Business School acceptance letter, Mike telephoned his mother thinking how pleased she would be.

'Don't let it go to your head,' he quotes her. 'That's how she reacts to everything.' (Purnick, 16)

Upon the death of his father, while Mike was still a junior at John Hopkins, Mike jerked himself together. Said Mary Kay Shartle-Galotto, who dated and later married his fraternity brother,

I remember him saying, 'Now I am the man of my family,' . . . He changed. He went from doing what he wanted to do in school to deciding he would go to Harvard Business School . . . be president of his senior class, of his fraternity . . . He said it, and he did it. (Purnick, 26).

Mike graduated from Harvard and joined the future firm of Salomon Brothers. Opted for trading securities. He did well financially and politically. Caught the eye of William "Billy" Salomon, the founder. 1981 found Michael, now a general partner. He'd been shifted a year or two before, during some political moves, to head up Salomon Brothers' systems department. Well, it certainly wasn't what he might have wished for, but he loved the firm anyway. He grabbed the baton and soldiered on. Mike never pouted, but threw himself into the new assignment with typical aggressiveness. *Light bulb!* He had the idea for a computer system, to be developed by Salomon Brothers, that would do more than just display prices. It would provide each trader with *real* analytics—historical prices, comparative prices, yields—all presented on one terminal. Yet management didn't see the light. Didn't see the competitive advantage such terminals would provide their traders. They rejected the idea. At Salomon Brothers it wasn't to be.

1981 was a bitter-sweet year for Michael Bloomberg. A merger was in the offing: Philbro Corporation and Salomon Brothers. The stock market was entranced with Philbro, which engaged in commodities trading. The combination intrigued the

Salomon partners—but not Billy Salomon the founder. Still, the other partners used the corporate by-laws that Billy himself had set up to squeeze him out of the “decider” role in the process—and the merger was rammed through. Michael received a curt farewell, adios from Salomon Brothers, along with \$10 million as his due from the merger.

He was now jobless, yet unfazed.

I never look over my shoulder (Bloomberg, 5)

He *was* unfazed. With \$10 million of capital, he never looked back. Instead he formed a team, then a company, Innovative Market Systems (in 1986 renamed Bloomberg LP), and worked diligently to bring his financial information terminal idea to demonstrable status. His salesmanship paid off. He sold the concept, hundreds of terminals and an investment of \$30 million, to his first customer, Merrill Lynch. From that solid base the company grew as fast as the market and its resources would allow. Today Bloomberg LP has continued to beat the competition and Bloomberg terminals now number in excess of 300,000.

Michael’s follow-on business acts have included a financial radio network, WBBR-AM in New York City; and a cable television channel, *Bloomberg Television LIVE*, which is beamed to overhead TV monitors near every trader’s workstation. In addition, in 2009 he purchased *Business Week* magazine for \$5 million from McGraw-Hill, renaming it eponymously, *Bloomberg Businessweek*. In 2009 its revenues were \$6.9 billion—another example of a very close fit of business and financial information into Bloomberg’s corporate schema.

Monetarily Michael Bloomberg has achieved considerable wealth. In 2011 *Forbes* magazine pegged his net worth at \$22 billion—the 11th richest person in America.

So how did he do it? How did he make his billions in the business world? Well, it wasn’t because of his trading or negotiating skills, considerable though they might be. Michael Bloomberg’s real talent was and is *people*.

What I really liked doing—and what I was good at—was dealing with people. . . . I learned how to campaign for office [at John Hopkins University] . . . I developed organizational abilities . . . I practiced building consensus and getting people to work together . . . All these skills helped me later at Salomon Brothers on Wall Street and eventually with my own company. (Bloomberg, 12)

Then Bloomberg, a life-long Democrat, decided to run for Mayor of New York City in the 2001 election. To do so he did two unusual things. First, he switched to the Republican Party. Second, he spent \$73 million of his own money on the campaign, choosing not to use public campaign funds. He won. And he won re-election in 2005 by 20%, the widest margin ever for a Republican mayor of New York. Then in 2009 he muscled and won a third term. He thrives in the rough, tumble atmosphere of politics—fighting for the best results for his beloved New York City. To that fight he brings all his analytic and consensus-building acumen.

1—Persevere in the face of adversity

Both Mike's parents taught Mike and his sister Marjorie to persevere in the face of adversity, to find a way around barriers. Move on, they counseled, get over it.

One of the most important lessons I learned from my father, when things happen to you that are bad, when people put you down or tell you you can't do something, you rise up stronger and you fight—you don't let it get to you. (Purnick, 17)

Suck it up and just get on with it; don't let bad things that happen to you stop you; you're in control of your life. (Purnick, 16)

Bloomberg reflects with pride on the fortitude that was ingrained in him by his parents, and never misses an opportunity to expound on it to his listeners. He recounts examples in his own life and duties as Mayor of New York City.

He once described his approach, as mayor, to telling family survivors about the deaths of firefighters, police officers and rescue workers. 'The doctors don't tell them the truth; the police officials say your son or daughter or husband "is in the hospital." I tell them, "He died." How else are you going to get over it and move on with your life?'

Nothing succeeds like an indomitable drive. NO is just a very temporary roadblock. You didn't hear NO. You heard a reason to redouble your efforts.

And blunt honesty. Problems, especially big problems, require it.

2—Learn to negotiate

Mike Bloomberg doesn't mention it frequently, but his rise at Salomon Brothers owes a lot to his dad's recitations over the dinner table. During the day's business at the dairy where his father worked, part of his father's job was to buy the milk needed to make cheese. Every day was another opportunity to test his understanding and feel for the milk market. Sometimes he won through negotiations. Sometimes he won because he had a better sense of where the market was headed. He could wait a day or two if he correctly surmised that the price was receding, in order to scoop a lower price. And he reveled in scoring these points—and passing on his little negotiating or forecasting triumphs to his wife and children. Mike recalls his father talking at the dinner table about buying tankers of milk at the dairy. "He would be proud if he bought it cheap and the next day the price was higher." (Purnick, 19)

Salomon Brothers offered Mike the opportunity to first trade in equities, then run the Equity Trading Department. The trading "floor" was basically a bullpen, "a large room where everyone, from the bosses to the clerks, sat side by side at serviceable desks in an open democratic atmosphere that Bloomberg has favored and later recreated in all his [business] settings." (Purnick, 29) There were no private offices. They were "verboden." It was here, under the watchful eye of Billy Salomon (founder, partner and legendary trader), that Mike and all the other traders operated. Billy was continually walking around the trading floor,

overhearing traders negotiate with their fellow traders or customers at other firms. The slightest praise from Billy wound up the traders' egos. And because he was so near all of them, Billy Salomon saw and heard their ups and downs, wins and losses, and came to respect the hard-charging Mike Bloomberg. In an atmosphere of sometimes screaming, chaos and panic, Mike knew how to maneuver the numbers, the egos, to gain the best deal for the firm. And that confidence was reflected in his promotion to head the department.

The nostalgia for such a "bullpen" atmosphere must have been great, because at Bloomberg LP and in the Office of the Mayor of New York City, he has recreated it. A recent photograph of the Office of the Mayor shows no offices. Only about seventy people sitting amid a morass of desks, none with dividers more than four feet high. Excellent for communication—management-by-walking-around. Everybody you need to consult with within twenty-five feet of your desk. Efficient. No excuses accepted for not consulting with whomever. Just get used to the din, the lack of privacy. That's the way Michael Bloomberg does business. That's the way he sets up his "office"—with dozens of his key staff in one huge room.

It is that open, democratic, "all-information-everywhere" atmosphere that Bloomberg has favored and recreated in all his settings. It helps all learn and succeed.

No one learns to negotiate by staring in a mirror. Being near the pros, hearing their spiel, their negotiating techniques, their ups and down, is the fastest way to be motivated and learn how to negotiate.

3—Consider excelling in smaller ponds

Having graduated from Harvard Business School, Mike thought New York and Wall Street sounded intriguing. He tripped into Salomon Brothers & Hutzler (not yet the powerhouse firm of today: Salomon Brothers)—shunning the usual Harvard MBA routes that led through investment banking or research and analysis. Instead he opted for selling and trading securities. Not popular among the elite ivy-league grads. Too rough and dirty, so it seemed, to the starched shirts of Back Bay Boston.

He loved it. He excelled in the ultra-competitive trader atmosphere where results were instantaneous.

Considering Wall Street:

Fortunately for me, as someone who hadn't exactly hobnobbed with Rockefellers during his wonder years or had a mogul for a father, securities trading and sales were considered second-class occupations in those days. Relatively few Ivy League graduates wanted them. Unlike investment banking or research analysis, they were definitely not the prestigious jobs; not the kind of work that the more privileged kid would deign to do. Both involved getting your hands dirty by actually picking up the telephone and talking to customers. A good trading mentality is synonymous with the

ability and discipline to compartmentalize, focus and compete for success.
(Bloomberg, 16)

Careers can get pigeonholed into narrow tracks. More so today than yesterday, when generalists were esteemed. But narrower niches in large corporations, with proven track records of training, mentoring, and further opportunities—those can allow a career and general management potential to flourish.

Sales:

Nothing happens until somebody sells something.

Sales is not a profession that first comes to the mind of an Ivy Leaguer. But more necessary to American business success than any other profession.

Sales. Selling. A paramount skill on Wall Street. Learned by Bloomberg at the hand of a master—Billy Salomon.

Young graduates should look at selling as an art—an adjunct to any quality job. It needs to be studied as an art, for great salesmen can transform industries, propel backwater companies to leadership. The sales process—from identifying prospects, to making dynamic presentations, to working internal customer and supplier politics, to closing sales, and account maintenance—is vastly more complicated to manage than most people appreciate. Especially really big-ticket items.

Quotations from Michael Bloomberg:

Maxim #1: Be a doer

I grew up with my parents as role models: Work hard, value education, and do things yourself, whether the labor was mental or physical.

At Salomon Brothers and in my own company—it's the "doers," the lean and hungry ones, those with ambition in their eyes and fire in their bellies and no notions of social caste, who go the furthest and achieve the most.

Maxim # 2: Never let planning get in the way of doing.

Life, I've found, works the following way: Daily, you're presented with many small and surprising opportunities. Sometimes you seize one that takes you to the top. Most, though, if valuable at all, take you only a little way. To succeed, you must string together many small incremental advances—rather than count on hitting the lottery jackpot once. Trusting to great luck is a strategy not likely to work for most people. As a practical matter, constantly enhance your skills, put in as many hours as possible, and make tactical plans for the next few steps. Then, based on what actually occurs, look one or more moves ahead and adjust the plan. Take lots of chances, and make lots of individual, spur-of-the-moment decisions. Don't devise a Five-Year Plan . . . Central planning didn't work for Stalin or Mao, and it won't work for an entrepreneur either . . .

I have always believed in playing as many hands as possible, as

intelligently as I can, and taking the best of what comes my way. Every significant advance I or my company has ever made has been evolutionary rather than revolutionary: small earned steps—not big lucky hits. (Bloomberg, 30-31)

Maxim 3: Forget worrying about taxes.

More people do more stupid things trying to avoid the inevitable [taxes] than they can count. Our country gave you the opportunity—now pay back your share and get on with it. (Bloomberg, 236)

Maxim 4: Don't spoil your family.

Leave them enough to have a crutch in hard times, a boost in good ones, and fond remembrances for the rest of their lives . . . Give most of your wealth to charity! (Bloomberg, 236)

Maxim 5: Peer pressure drives many to philanthropy

Because of Michael's high net worth, he has the means to engage in considerable philanthropy. That has manifested itself partly by donating over \$300 million to John Hopkins University and Hospital—his alma mater. But it has also played out in his donating from between \$138 million and \$254 million annually to over 1,400 charities—making him, by some tallies, the seventh largest individual philanthropist in the United States.

Mike has whole-heartedly subscribed to a gentle arm-twisting campaign by Warren Buffett and Bill Gates to persuade fellow billionaires to commit half of their wealth to good causes. He was one of 38, of those listed on the Forbes 400 list of wealthiest Americans, to make that pledge. Said Michael,

Peer pressure: Its impact in the philanthropic world is hard to overstate. People are very conscious of their place in any pecking order. Contributor lists, grouped by amount donated, very often get donors to stretch to the next highest level . . . We are all followers. I gave one large gift to Harvard—and a few months later, someone else donated three times that amount for a similar purpose, citing my gift as the impetus for their generosity. (Bloomberg, 233-234)

Maxim #6: Be generous to your community

Philanthropy is for companies too. Not only money, but also the time of executives and all employees.

We want to be known as a company that not only takes care of our employees, but is also generous to our community. (Bloomberg, 249)

RACHEL CARSON

<p>Rachel Carson was an American writer and marine biologist.</p>

Rachel's mother played and taught the piano.

Who was Rachel Carson?

The earth as a sacred treasure. Not to be abused. To be protected at all costs. DDT was not just initials. It had the ability to do enormous, lasting damage to the environment.

Rachel Louise Carson was born May 27, 1907, the very youngest of three children, to Robert Carson and Maria McLean Carson. Her home outside the village of Springdale, Pennsylvania was a small orchard and farm, the house being a transformed log cabin lacking indoor plumbing or central heating. On that plot of land her father raised chickens and a few farm animals, and sold fruit from the apple and pear trees. Her mother tended a large vegetable garden.

Robert Carson initially fed his young family by brokering small real estate sales and selling life insurance. Unsteady as those earnings were, he took on part-time work at the local power plant. Few other job opportunities presented themselves in this near-backwoods village. Over time Rachel's hometown evolved away from the bucolic to a blue-collar industrial sideshow of coal-powered, smoke-belching power plants. Still the town's utilities brought jobs, power, and pollution. "In the end, Rachel remembered only how embarrassed she was by the foul smell of the glue factory . . . how dreary and dirty the working-class town became when the West Penn Power Company and Duquesne Light Company squeezed it between their huge power stations at both ends, and how endlessly ugly Springdale was." (Lear, 9)

Rachel's paternal grandparents had come directly from Ireland to this Scots-Irish working-class town, just across from downtown Pittsburgh. Her mother, Maria Carson, grew up the daughter of Daniel McLean, a Presbyterian minister who insisted on a family life rooted in strict religion. She wasn't a joiner. More a loner (with a few female friends), she had a serious flair for music. Graduated with honors in Latin from Washington College, Pennsylvania. Played and taught the piano. Sang and composed music.

Rachel's mother doted on Rachel, who was at least ten years younger than her two siblings. In the evenings Maria gathered the children, played the piano, sang songs, and read stories with them. In stark contrast to Rachel, her siblings quit

school after the 10th grade and shunned the passions of their mother. A curious aspect of Rachel's life was the bond between Rachel and her mother, which cemented into an enduring and symbiotic relationship throughout their lives. For in later years Rachel continued to live with Maria who "kept Rachel's house, edited and typed her manuscripts, and offered unflagging encouragement." In return Rachel provided for her mother's emotional and financial needs.

Parnassus High School rolled around, then Rachel's senior essay. That essay revealed her stern Calvinist moralism: "Superficiality, intellectual laziness, and moral indifference were qualities Rachel condemned. For her, the waste of one's intellectual gifts was akin to the reckless squandering of natural resources." (Lytle, 25) It also showed an appreciation of how powerful intellect can improve society.

College for Rachel was Pennsylvania College for Women (now Chatham University) in Pittsburgh. Sixteen miles from home. She chose it because, according to her, it was a "Christian college founded on ideals of service and honor." (Lytle, 26) It was also inexpensive, but still required the family to find extra work to pay the tuition—even when coupled with Rachel's scholarship and loans.

While attending Chatham a severe case of acne limited Rachel's socializing. Avoiding others, she much preferred slipping into Pittsburgh's natural history and art museums.

Biology class in her sophomore year. Needed to fulfill a lab-science requirement of the school. But a serendipitous happening. For her professor, Mary Scott Skinker, taught her the rigors and thrills of being a true scientist. Professor Skinker was a hard taskmaster who was equally drawn to this outstanding student—for Rachel was a bundle of "curiosity, intelligence and diligence." (Lytle, 29) She was "immediately impressed by Rachel's exceptional ability. It was not simply that she was always prepared for class or that her papers and laboratory work were meticulous. Skinker recognized in the unusual level of Rachel's classroom participation, the depth of her curiosity, and the breadth of her knowledge of natural history a categorical difference from the other students." (Lear, 37) Quickly they developed a life-long professional and personal relationship.

After college Rachel was fortunate to secure a summer working at the Marine Biology Laboratory in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. A biologist's paradise. She had followed Professor Skinker's enthusiastic letters about the opportunity. That summer connected Rachel to the sea. Her dreams were flowering. At summer's end, "She left with a heightened sense of worth as a scientist, much more secure in her ability. Her silent walks along the shore at night, the explorations of the tide line, and her collecting experiences resonated with her spiritual apprehension of and wonder at nature's complexity. Her romantic, girlhood vision was given reality and her professional career concrete direction." (Lear, 62)

On to Johns Hopkins University 1929–1932. Doing her graduate work, Rachel juggled course work, laboratory, and teaching. At the same time as her financial

support was severely declining.

Once again fate intervened, and at Professor Skinner's urging, Rachel took the civil service exam in wildlife, aquatic biology, and parasitology—and applied to the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries. Helped by Elmer Higgins, a prior acquaintance there, she was quickly employed in writing assignments. Her initial effort was so good, too good for government publication, that Higgins urged her to send it to the *Atlantic* magazine. It was accepted under the title *Undersea* in September 1937 and showed her ability to combine “poetic imagination and scientific curiosity.” (Lytle, 41) She later gratefully acknowledged Higgins as “really my first literary agent.” (Lytle, 39)

November 1941 saw her publish her first book, *Under the Sea-Wind*. It “established her unique voice, at once scientifically accurate and clear, yet with poetic insight and imagination, one that confidently captured the wonder of nature's eternal cycles, rhythms, and relationships.” (Lear, 88)

At last she had melded her love of the sea with her considerable writing skills. Still, her publisher Simon and Schuster, piddled in promoting the book and ultimately she received only \$700 in royalties. Yet she was not discouraged. The glowing encouragement of friends, critics, and colleagues only set her mind to contemplating future gigantic efforts.

Rachel was being rewarded at work too. Her Fisheries' superiors promoted her twice in three years, to full aquatic biologist. However, following the norms of the day, she was shut out from laboratory or field research positions. Those were closed to women. Her work was the writing and editing of reports, readying them for publication.

With her new literary agent and fast friend, Marie Rodell, she intoxicated *The New Yorker* magazine's editors and garnered a cover feature story for the *Saturday Review of Literature*. These were *serious* magazines, for *serious readers and literati*.

By the age of forty-four, commercial and critical literary success had found Rachel Carson. For *The Sea Around Us*, *The Edge of the Sea*, and the reissued *Under the Sea-Wind*. Eighty-six weeks on the top of the New York Times bestseller list. The Oxford University Press. The Book-of-the-Month Club. Serialization in *The New Yorker* magazine. Financially secure now, she could concentrate on what would be her life's most acclaimed and important work—*Silent Spring*.

Gradually colleagues perceived and began alerting Rachel to a growing ecological crisis. Pesticides. They were sometimes needed, but too often applied indiscriminately without regard to their toxic long-term effects on the environment. DDT, dieldrin, heptachlor, napalm were some of the major products killing everything. A storm was a' brewing in scientific circles and it was percolating to the press. A “Joan-of-Arc” was needed to champion a retreat from these toxins. The government, including the U.S. Departments of Agriculture and Defense, was complicit, and both it and industry needed to be brought to heel. Other world events were also fueling the public's mistrust of blind confidence in

governments: Thalidomide in 1962 England was producing grotesque babies.

When *Silent Spring* debuted in 1962—confronting the often overwhelmingly negative effects that humans have on their environment, and the way some chemicals do not break down, but accumulate in the environment. The book's conclusions followed closely a powerful quotation from Albert Schweitzer, the famed 20th Century theologian, organist, philosopher, physician, and medical missionary:

Modern man no longer knows how to foresee or to forestall. He will end by destroying the earth from which he and other living creatures draw their food.” (Lear, 322)

In *Silent Spring*, Rachel “deliberately employed the rhetoric of the Cold War and the tone of moral crisis to persuade her readers of the urgency of her message. The crisis over the misuse of pesticides was, for her, perfectly analogous to the threat from radioactive fallout and justified her social and political criticism of the government and the scientific establishment as well as her implicit calm and reasonable call for citizen action.” (Lear, 428) It was a “fundamental social critique of a gospel of technological progress. Rachel had attacked the integrity of the scientific establishment, its moral leadership, and its direction of society. Holding up before them their irresolute carelessness of the natural world, she dared to make their sins public.” (Lear, 429)

The opposition was virulent. Well organized and financed. But that opposition generated, ironically, even more publicity for *Silent Spring*'s conclusions.

In 1964 Rachel Carson died from the effects of, and treatment for, breast cancer.

Parenting Techniques

1—Encourage your children to deeply experience your passions

Nature was her passion. Day in and day out, 24x7. Rachel grew up with nature—the Allegheny River, its woods and wetlands. At the turn of the century natural history was an avid pursuit of many amateurs all over the country. Rachel reveled in it. Botany. Bird-watching. Maria handed down to each of her children her love and respect for all wild creatures of the sea and woodlands. She imparted an almost spiritual quality to caring for the natural world. Living close to nature and instilled in its mysteries by her mother, Rachel recalled she was “happiest with wild birds and creatures as companions.” (Lytle, 18)

Reading was also her and her mother's passion. An escape from the mental closets of Springdale. The authors she liked best were literary giants such as Melville, Conrad, and Stevenson—those that combined great writing with adventure in the wilds.

St. Nicholas magazine was one of Rachel's favorite periodicals —stuffed with literary geniuses. Aimed at young readers, in 1899 it began publishing works by new writers up to eighteen years of age. Rachel boldly began submitting her own when she was eleven. The first, *A Battle in the Clouds*, was not only accepted but

won a silver badge for excellence. Her three succeeding submissions won other honors, plus a \$10 prize that logged her formally as a “writer.”

Children and teenagers enjoy exploring. Most parents don’t encourage any further than a superficial exploration: Read a simple book. Watch a movie. That’s the extent of the parents’ (and by extension the child’s) “exploration.”

Parents must go deeper. Into what might be a fruitful career possibility. Find an expert. Set up a meeting. Show keen interest yourself. Plan a follow-on project. Gauge your child’s interest and motivation. Monitor the project and move on to another if warranted.

Science projects. Social projects. Smaller business ventures. When you treat a son or daughter (who has a keen interest) as an adult participant, you foster excellence and independent decision making.

Promote. Then feed their passion.

WALT DISNEY

Walt Disney was the preeminent American animator, director, screenwriter and co-founder of Walt Disney Productions, builder of Disneyland and Disneyworld and winner of 26 Academy Awards.

Walt's father was a hard, deliberate farmer of almost pathological frugality—with a stern morality and volcanic temper.

Who was Walt Disney?

The moving picture flashed on the screen. A jerky mouse, *Steamboat Willie*—the genesis of comic animation, propelled toward an American audience that hungered for action cartoon humor.

Walter Elias Disney (Walt) was born December 5, 1901 in Chicago of Irish-Canadian heritage. Left there at age four, spending the next five years (his most formative) in Marceline, Missouri. His father, Elias Disney, variously described as gaunt, hardworking, obdurate, was a devout Congregational Church trustee with an extremely volatile temper. Together with his wife, Flora, they had three other sons, Herbert, Robert, Roy, and a daughter, Ruth.

In 1917 Elias became an “investor” in O-Zell, a Chicago jelly factory, and oversaw construction (generously put). “Taken for a ride” by the owners, he worked there for several years, losing his “investment.”

Elias was frugal. It was like saying that a dollar held 17 cents. He was the frugalist's frugal. He'd walk miles to avoid paying for a streetcar. Paid in cash. Always. Never owed anyone. Walt's earnings from the paper route were eternally paid to Elias. Rigid fiscal discipline. He firmly asserted himself as the family head, never drank or swore, and insisted on obedience. Unapproachable by his children, he rarely talked to them. Unbending. Putting the fear of God into Walt and his siblings. That said, Walt took from his father the dreamer qualities and foreswore his undesirable traits.

Flora Call Disney, Walt's mother, was the one who kept the family upright. She managed the finances, sewed the family's clothes and quilts, cooked the meals, and oversaw the children's education. Her temper was the opposite of Elias's. Steady, restrained, calming. Not given to outbursts. Keeper of the family peace. Rock solid. Walt thought her a saint even though he was unable to confide in her (because of her propensity to always discuss family affairs with Elias). She was

the one who encouraged Walt and his brothers to explore the world through reading.

Walt's brothers, older than he, took the brunt of Elias's volcanic temper—often putting themselves between Walt and the father until he calmed down. There came a point though, when they had had enough. Kansas City. The physical abuse—beatings—just could not be tolerated any longer. Truth-telling elicited beatings and nothing seemed to quiet his father. So the boys left. Stole away one day when Walt was fourteen after a particularly scary encounter with Elias in their basement. Confronted by Walt, stopped from the hammer strike, Elias broke. A defeated man. Defeated by farming, by carpentry, by business, and now by his sons. Never again to touch Walt.

Roy Disney, Walt's older brother and eight years his senior, served as Walt's protector. Roy and Walt forged a close bond that began in childhood and continued throughout their lives. He was a person that Walt could confide in, argue with, swap stories, and share a big bed. Almost a paternal role considering the age gap. Countering their harsh relationship with their father. Serving as the protector of Walt and their sister Ruth (since by this time the older boys, Herbert and Robert, had moved out for a life of their own).

Walt's personality encapsulated enthusiasm—which he definitely did not inherit from his father. He was “enthused about everything,” said a friend. He was also good looking and an extrovert. Barreling ahead with his projects, whether or not he could see the immediate means to complete them. Focused. An excellent memory for names and dates. Always attentive to whomever was speaking—riveting his attention, exhibiting a deep, personal interest.

Age sixteen. World War I came. Walt dropped out of high school and enlisted in the Ambulance Corps with his mother's connivance, attesting to his “required age”. Run by the Red Cross, it seemed to Walt to provide opportunities for “adventure,” with training in Chicago's South Side. But Walt quickly contracted influenza—part of the epidemic that killed twenty million people around the globe. Fortunately he recuperated quickly, then shipped to France for a year. There to suddenly become homesick, decline to “re-up” to go to Albania, and so return home to Chicago. He was shocked. Two betrayals: his girlfriend had married another, and his father had secured for Walt a job at the O-Zell jelly factory (where Elias worked, had invested, and which eventually went bankrupt). Walt's passion lay in art. His father's direction wasn't appreciated and was rejected.

Kansas City beckoned. But brushed off by the *Kansas City Star* newspaper, which said it had no job openings, he struck out into his own commercial art venture. Age seventeen. *He was at last a professional artist.* Partners came and went. Walt could certainly draw, but his enthusiasm hustled business. He was an unabashed salesman—eagerly meeting with prospective customers and securing business. Focused laser-like on his artistic endeavors. Nothing else mattered.

A few partnerships, ups and downs, and jobs later, it was 1920. Walt stumbled into the fascinating world of animation. He immersed himself in the technology.

His initial successes attributable not so much to his improving the technology, but rather to his prowess at telling a story. His animations made their first appearance as Laugh-O-Grams—short cartoons placed before the main feature at the Newman Theater in Kansas City.

By the early 1920's Walter E. Disney's animation studio began to challenge the New York animators. But after a period of drastic financial reversals (primarily due to employee excesses—too many and too high salaries), Walt, nearly penniless, shut down his Kansas City interests, left his failures and moved to 1923 Hollywood at the youthful age of 22. Kept his dreams alive by a fortuitous New York contract for follow-on's to his previously submitted *Alice in Wonderland* animation. The Disney Brothers' Studio was born.

Lilian Bounds took one of the first jobs at the Disney studio, as an inker of cells. She and Walt's romance progressed rapidly. So rapidly that they married after a year of courtship. Her family had fallen on hard financial times, but their heritage was solid. Interestingly Lilian's father, Willard Bounds, had inherited a small fortune from his father, who built it during the California gold rush and who had also been an Indian scout, a blacksmith, and United States deputy marshal in 1895. Nevertheless, Willard's ten children, his intestinal problems, and an early death wreaked havoc on the family's finances.

Mickey Mouse. 1928 saw Walt lose the rights to his Oswald the Rabbit animated character, through financial trickery (the rights only regained in 2006), and he felt the need to replace him with another memorable animation character. So the nascent Mickey was born, running first in the silent film *Plane Crazy*, then more memorably in *Steamboat Willie*. An immediate, smashing success. Walt himself performed as the voice of Mickey, once silent films were superseded, until 1946. Mickey won Disney's first Academy Award in 1932. Color launched in 1935 and further characters enthralled the American public: Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto.

The Golden Age of Animation, from 1937–1941 saw Disney produce the feature-length animations *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, *Pinocchio*, *Fantasia*, *Bambi*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Peter Pan*.

The period 1955 to 1967 saw Walt Disney Productions plan and build Disneyland, an ambitious new-age amusement park in Anaheim, California, and Disneyworld in Florida. It also saw the production of the studio's first all-live-action feature films—*Treasure Island*, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Pollyanna*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *The Parent Trap*, *Mary Poppins*, *The Jungle Book*, and *Winnie the Pooh*. And its first television specials, the *Davy Crockett* miniseries, the *Mickey Mouse Club*, and *The Wonderful World of Walt Disney*.

Parenting Techniques

1—Live in a place that excites and nurtures the imagination

Marceline, Missouri 1906. Elias Disney purchased a small farm of forty-five acres and moved the family there from a string of previous disappointments in Canada, Kansas, Florida, and Chicago. He was a farmer and carpenter—or tried to be. Yet

unsuccessful at every turn. The land repeatedly mauled him with its brutality. But his failures on the land, coupled with his wanderlust, propelled him geographically from one debacle to the next.

Marceline was different. Walt didn't live there the longest, but his mind ever fixated on its idyllic qualities. The farm. About a mile from town. Small, but also a mile from his Uncle Robert's five hundred acre farm. Elias's farm and the surrounding county was a mecca for boyhood fantasies—hunting for plentiful game (birds, rabbits, squirrels, opossums, raccoons, and foxes). The pasture sported a pond replete with migratory birds in that season. And five acres of the land planted with juicy fruit trees—apple, peach, plum—intertwined with berry bushes and grapevines. Humongous fruit which drew visitors from miles around just to view their gargantuan qualities. Couple the orchard with hogs, chickens, several milk cows and up to half a dozen horses, it was paradise for a young boy of five, etched forever in his brain. *Small, but heaven*. Never mind that the farmhouse in which the family lived was plain, one-story, wooden. Construction was lax, the siding whitewashed, a roomy farmhouse with a parlor, living rooms, kitchen, pantry, storerooms, and three bedrooms. But the setting of the house was awesome. Almost a park. With silver maple trees, willows, cedars, dogwoods, mock orange trees, and lilacs. It was a thrill to awaken to the sights and sounds of Marceline and the farm, rather than “crowded, smoky” Chicago.

Later in life Walt's animation drew on his warm recollections of animals, especially the farm livestock and creatures. He gave all the animals names. Carried on conversations with them and made up stories about them. He told his tales of riding on the backs of pigs and hogs—herding them along to their rooting spots, funneling to the pond, getting thrown into the mud. His father even invited guests to watch Walt's antics—trying to ride the critters and get them to perform his bidding. And to cap off the scene Walt was invariably followed by his small Maltese terrier which nipped at his heels and socks.

In a way, the animals on the farm gave Walt more companionship that he found in his father and older brothers—because his father's personality was too forbidding (he had absolutely no sense of fun), his brothers were so much older than Walt, and his sister Ruth was too young.

Walt started school at the age of seven. But his attention was not there. His dreams wandered out the window to more exciting places. Fishing holes. Catfish and bowheads in Yellow Creek. Skinny dipping in the summer. Ice skating and sledding in the winter. Building bonfires on the shore to intermittently keep warm.

In town provided a contrast. Also exciting and thrilling. Marceline's appearance was that of a quintessential small railroad town: 4,500 residents, a proper cadre of manicured lawns and elegant homes. The town's growth was fostered by the railroad boom, becoming the center of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad's Western Division.

The circus. It was Walt's first education in unreality. When Buffalo Bill Cody stopped in town with his Wild West Show, Walt miraculously scooped a ride with the great frontiersman. Little Walt was properly awed.

The ethics of the community also imbued themselves in Walt. Progressive people cared for one another. Tolerance. Respect. Each farmer or neighbor good at certain tasks or professions, lending those talents freely to another in need. The camaraderie of the threshing season, joining to get the job done. Men and women. Blacks and whites. Compassion and sharing.

Walt developed an especially close bond with Walter Pfeiffer and his family who were close neighbors to the Disney's. They were instrumental in introducing Walt to the world of vaudeville and motion pictures. For the Pfeiffer family had amateur show business in their blood. Small performances, music, talent contests, comedy sketches in the Pfeiffer home and local theater. Providing a respite from the strictures of his own house under Elias Disney.

And the visits to Marceline by his relatives elicited joys. Uncle Martin, a train engineer bringing candies for the children. Grandma Disney, mischievously asking Walt to crawl under a neighbor's fence to pilfer some turnips. Edmund Disney, Walt's retarded uncle and a roamer, always popped in unannounced from visiting another relative and proved to be a wonderful playmate—indoctrinating Walt in the lore of the woods—identifying birds and their calls, plants by name. Uncle Robert, imperious in his linen duster (coat) and Vandyke collar, visiting in his buggy and dragging his wife who usually brought Walt the gift of a Big Chief drawing tablet and pencils. Plus Doc Sherwood, their neighbor, who delighted in conducting gabfests in the local drugstore. His knowledge and patience inspired Walt, who remembered his oft saying:

Don't be afraid to admit your ignorance.

An admonition Disney followed throughout his life.

2—Encourage real artistic talent and progress

Aunt Maggie, wife of Uncle Robert, came sashaying in with her husband in their surrey. She was the first to add her encouragement to Walt's artistic beginnings. Pencil drawings were the first. "She used to make me think I was really a boy wonder!" related Walt. Flattering, yes. Off the mark: slightly. He really did exhibit talent and she unabashedly fed the fires of his ego.

"What Walt remembered most about Doc Sherwood—what he would recount throughout the rest of his life—was the time the doctor asked him to fetch his crayons and tablet and sketch Rupert [his horse]. The horse was skittish that day. Doc Sherwood had to hold the reins, and Walt had difficulty capturing him. 'The result was pretty terrible,' he recalled, 'but both the doctor and his wife praised the drawing highly, to my great delight.' Doc Sherwood gave Walt a nickel for the drawing, framed it and hung it in the doctor's house. The drawing became, in his brother Roy's hyperbolic words, 'the highlight of Walt's life.' " (Barrier, 16)

In his formal schooling Walt was termed a "laggard"—dozing in class, "sleepy, preoccupied, a dreamer." But when they moved to Kansas City and attended the Benton School, he contented himself by mentally burrowing into another world—the world of art. *He never stopped drawing.* Constantly, in class behind propped

up books, creating “moving pictures” by successive drawings riffled to make them move. Drawing for his classmates, for his teachers, for his school’s theater. He formed a group of wannabe drawers who carried their bags of art supplies around, then decorated their clubhouse. And he enjoyed redrawing cartoons from his father’s magazine, *Appeal to Reason*.

But it was at the barbershop on Thirty-first Street that his talents were really publicized. Where less than a block away from home Walt hung out after delivering the papers on his paper route. Drawing cartoons he impressed Bert Hudson, the proprietor, who offered Walt a free haircut in exchange for his drawings. And when Walt didn’t need a haircut? He got ten or fifteen cents. Bert melded his need for decoration with Walt’s budding talent. He framed and placed Walt’s drawings in the barbershop window. “It was a great stimulant to me to know my efforts were appreciated, and boy, how I looked forward to the showing of that weekly—or was it monthly cartoon in your shop.” The shop was actually plastered with Walt’s drawings. They became an attraction. Eyed by neighbors who went out of their way to pass by the barbershop to see the new drawings—“to see what young Disney had this week.”

Walt’s family moved, for the seeming umpteenth time, to Chicago. He attended William McKinley High School on Chicago’s West Side. There he struck an immediate chord with his drawing. Spent much time tickling out cartoons for the school magazine, *The McKinley Voice*. That publication proudly announced, “Walter Disney, one of the newcomers, has displayed unusual artistic talent, and has become *Voice* cartoonist.” Their themes often ran to politics or the war (World War I). He became so good at illustration that one rendering of the human body fooled the teacher. So good his teacher thought it a copy. And forced Walt to redraw it in front of the class—to prove its originality.

About this time Walt started going to the Chicago Art Institute and hanging out around the *Chicago Tribune*’s newspaper offices. Idolizing the *Trib*’s cartoonist Carey Orr. Walt’s edition, *The Tiny Voice*, which summarized the day’s news, was a direct take-off on a similar effort by Orr, *The Tiny Trib*. Not telling his father, Walt enrolled himself as a night student in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and paid the fees from his savings. So he could follow Orr to his class there. He persuaded his father to pay for it by pointing out its educational value (no mean feat, considering Elias’s ingrained parsimony). Working with live models for the first time, he entered a rarified world. But it was around this time that Walt took the left fork in the road rather than the right. He shrewdly and correctly calculated that caricature, rather than fine art, was his forte. That he could do marvelous work in that vein, but would never be a great fine artist. He later recalled his time spent at the Academy as “no doubt the turning point in my whole career.”

So where talent rears its head, nurture it. Fan it. Blow on it. Watch the spark catch fire.

Now, there is a difference between talent and no talent. But what does it hurt to offer encouragement, sometimes unjustified at the start, to get a child’s artistic

juices flowing. Moderate or excellent improvement may suggest professional coaching/mentoring. Not all such endeavors will be fruitful, and along the way you should carefully gauge his/her depth of interest and talent. But modest investments of your and your child's time and energy can explore the possibilities.

Not everyone can be a Michelangelo, a Monet, a Jasper Johns. And certainly few start out with such promise. But observe. Throw an art class or two at them. It might do more good than piano or guitar lessons. See if they display potential. Ask their teachers. Invest a little more. Better art supplies. Visits to real artists' studios. Visits to a variety of art museums. *The results may surprise you.*

DEBBI FIELDS

Debbi Fields is an American entrepreneur
and the founder of Mrs. Field's Cookies.

Debbi's father was a welder.

Who is Debbi Fields?

Yummy! Chocolate chip cookies warm from the oven. Free tastes. Can't resist. Give it away first. Sales come second. A brilliant idea, executed perfectly.

Debra (Debbi) Fields was born September 18, 1956 and grew up Debra Sivyer. The youngest of five daughters, in East Oakland, California. Their family's heritage was mixed. French, Czechoslovakian and Cherokee. East Oakland was a blue-collar neighborhood, and theirs was a tightly-knit Catholic family.

Her mom was the family's chief accountant, and knew how to stretch the budget "forever." Her father worked as a welder at the local U.S. naval base in Alameda, and could fix just about anything.

Bishop O'Dowd Catholic School. Where Debbi attended. A classic parochial school. Nuns running the show. You didn't cross them. You did your homework. You didn't skip school. You didn't chew gum. You didn't "run wild in the halls."

I discovered that the best way to stay out of real trouble was to make people laugh . . . I learned not to be so afraid of disapproval—if people think you are doing the wrong thing it's not necessarily the end of the world. (Fields, 19-20)

Her father made a special point of trying to treat each of his girls fairly and equally. "Nobody ever got any special treatment." (Fields, 16) That rankled Debbi because she, in her young wisdom, "knew" she was special (don't all children?). Still, daydreams populated Debbi's mind in class and her grades turned mediocre. College didn't seem to be on the horizon.

I was the world's worst follower; I would be the leader or I would be nothing. For another, I refused to go along with the crowd. If everybody had to have a certain kind of shirt, I didn't want it . . . I was determined to be special. (Fields, 21)

So high school was boring. What now? Debbi opted (with a lot of luck and good looks) for an after-school position as a "ball girl" for the Oakland A's baseball team, retrieving grounded foul balls in their evening or weekend home games.

Any foul balls hit into the territory between the third-base line and the stands were her responsibility. The pay? Five dollars an hour. Dress in her costume, catch the ball, return it to the umpire. A little money, earned fairly. It gave her spending money for cooking ingredients and a few luxuries.

Age fifteen, Debbi worked part-time in the boy's department of Mervyn's department store. Her focus was customer service. Dedicated to it, making sure the customer had a better experience buying at Mervyn's than at any other store. *It made her feel good when she made the customer feel good.*

Chocolate chip cookies. Where did they come from?

Debbi graduated from high school and at nineteen married Randy Fields, an economist and financial consultant.

After several encounters with Randy's clients, in which her lack of higher education and lack of employment caused her embarrassment. She decided she would *do* something. She was playing in her husband's shadow and rebelling against it. But do what? She had to find an outlet for her talent and individuality. Show them she could stand alone. Achieve self-respect. Show others and the world she could *do something* with her life.

Her cooking skills? Just about nil. Her only forte (from childhood) was baking chocolate chip cookies. They weren't expensive to make. Her family all loved them and they garnered tons of compliments from satisfied eaters. By age seventeen she had perfected her recipe. Had learned that the secret to *really, really great* chocolate chip cookies lay in the quality of the ingredients. Not necessarily the minute differences in recipes. Real butter. High-end chocolate (almost never found in a cookie. They weren't "important" enough to American consumers).

Randy was a huge fan. He was a chocoholic. After their marriage, he was definitely a chocolate chip cookie freak. Hers alone. Couldn't get enough of them. In fact, both started putting on pounds from eating too many—so they had to pull back on the eating.

Randy's clients loved her chocolate chip cookies too. Fresh out of the oven for those who came to the house. Irresistible. Scrumptious. Supremely delicious. Nobody could resist. Her special recipe. Finally Debbi had something to share, something she was an expert in, to contribute to the marriage. She reveled in the feeling of her new self-worth. Small though it may have seemed to be at the time, it validated herself.

Debbi began Mrs. Field's Cookies in 1977 in Palo Alto, California. With Randy's financial acumen and advice and her marketing and salesmanship, she pushed Mrs. Fields cookies into the business storybooks. Now over 300 stores in the United States and twenty-two foreign countries. In the early 1990's she sold the business, but continues to act as the company's spokesperson.

I believe in my heart that the reason the Mrs. Fields company has made money is because it was never started with that in mind. That was simply something that happened, something that can happen when a business is

started for the love of doing it and tended and cared for every day of the year. (Fields, 24)

Debbi has also written three cookbooks, 100 Recipes from the Kitchen of Debbi Fields, I Love Chocolate, and Debbi Fields' Great American Desserts.

Together Randy and Debbi have five daughters. She and Randy divorced in 1997. She remarried in 1998, to Michael Rose.

Parenting Techniques

1—Emphasize that earning, not dreaming, brings you closer to your wishes

Her mother and father made it clear to all their girls that dreaming and wishing didn't lead to fulfillment of those dreams and wishes. Only hard work did that. You could have your wishes. Get anything you want. You just had to earn it. Others got things from their parents. *Debbi and her siblings had to WORK for them.*

Is your teenager wasting their summers? Just "hanging out" with their friends? Driving around? Visiting the mall? They don't learn anything wasting their summers.

Put them to work. Find them summer work—even if you have to secretly subsidize their minimum wage salary (by payments to the employer). They need the learning experience of applying for jobs, working for an employer, being punctual, and saving some of their pay for the future. Good work habits. But they aren't instinctive. They are learned.

Then *variety*. Every summer, a different job in another industry..

Sometimes the result of a summer job stint will be a negative. A negative in one sense. A positive in another sense. They'll learn they don't want that industry or career. Better learned now, and early, than further wasting of years and maybe precious college dollars. Cheap, early education in life's professions.

But the key is WORK, not dreaming.

2—Everyone needs to feel important

During her stint working for the Oakland A's, Debbi learned several things.

First, she liked and did not feel threatened by being in the public eye. Shyness and self-consciousness were sloughed off.

Second, "everyone on earth needs to feel important." (Fields, 30) That lesson derived from seeing some baseball celebrities who appreciated their fans enough to sign post-game autographs until the fans faded away. Other celebrities resented the intrusion into their "important" lives and refused to sign autographs. Thought Debbi,

There is no such thing as an insignificant human being. To treat people that way is a kind of sin, and there's no reason for it, none. (Fields, 30)

Later on that lesson translated into her credo: everyone at her company had access to her. Call or write a letter. Employees. Managers. The public. She didn't have people blocking direct contact and meeting with her. She's too grateful for that and responds personally whenever possible.

I'm important. You're important. But if you're running a restaurant, what about the waitress, the bus boy, the prep cook, the Mexican/American line cook? Each has dreams, a family, pride in his or her work.

They need to feel worthy, worthwhile, and important. Learn this and you will create a loyal, enthusiastic cadre that will stick with you in tough times as well as good times. Treat them as valuable human beings and friends. Part of the family.

3—Your excitement and the way you present yourself makes all the difference

In a department store promotion Debbi was asked to do customer surveys of shoppers. Face-to-face. She detected that it wasn't the survey or questions that made the difference. It was the manner in which she presented the "opportunity" to take the survey. That greatly increased the number of customers who agreed to answer her survey questions. The way she asked them. The excitement she projected. The way her entire being—dress, body movements, facial expressions, voice inflection—conveyed excitement. That's what really made the difference. That lesson carried over to her "light-bulb" recollection in her first years of Mrs. Field's Cookies:

Excitement begets sales

And she taught her employees *how to make excitement!*

People won't come to you, you have to go to them—and if you go there vulnerable, completely out front, they'll accept you much more easily. If you're not afraid of looking silly, there's very little you can't get done. All too often we stop ourselves from engaging the world by making a judgment on ourselves before the world even gets a chance to do so. That never works. If people are going to laugh at you, you might as well go out there and give them plenty of reason. (Fields, 36)

Genuine excitement and enthusiasm fire a personality, and fire a business.

Practice it. Project it. Transfer it to your children.

4—Be willing to provide modest financial support to their entrepreneurial ideas

Soon the idea blossomed in Debbi's mind: Start a business. Sell her chocolate chip cookies to the public.

She pitched it to her husband's clients—those well-to-do executives who flew thousands of miles to consult with Randy on financial matters.

Their considered opinion?

Nix. No good. Bad idea. Terrible idea. Never work. Forget it. Nobody's going to buy your cookies. A bad business to try.

Her parents didn't like the idea. Randy's parents were against it too.

That made it unanimous.

The *only* question now was *HOW TO START?*

Every good idea in the world started out as somebody's crazy dream. Even Randy, in his heart, didn't believe my idea would work. [But] When you love somebody you support them, it's that simple . . . He knew it wouldn't work, yet he went along with it and just hoped the fallout wouldn't be too bad—that we could survive the financial catastrophe . . . Whatever happened, it would be an experience . . . There are thousands of definitions of the word 'love,' but to stand up and support your mate . . . belongs right up there with the best of them. (Fields, 59)

It shouldn't break the bank, but modest financial support for a spouse's well-conceived sideline business makes sense. At best—a winner. At worst—a learning case study, and gist for endless stories for your friends, children, and grandchildren.

TED GEISEL

Ted Geisel was “Dr. Seuss”,
an American writer and cartoonist
most known for his 60 children’s books.

Ted’s father was a beer brewer.

Who was Ted Geisel?

Imagination on steroids. Gone wild. Horton. The Grinch. *The Cat in the Hat*. Comic insanity. Pitched to young minds. Kids ate it up. Even his pen name—Dr. Seuss—Wacko!

Theodor Seuss Geisel was born March 2, 1904 in Springfield, Massachusetts, the son of Theodor Geisel and Henrietta (Nettie) Seuss, of German heritage. His birthplace was, at that time, the largest manufacturing center north of Boston. More than 200 trains a day passed through the town, servicing all of New England and New York.

His father, Theodor, was the son of a prominent beer brewer. Worked for his father and then inherited the Boston-based brewery shortly before the start of Prohibition. Around 1914 the Geisel’s acceptance in the community took an indirect hit due to an outbreak of anti-German sentiment preceding the outbreak of World War I. Then Prohibition was ratified by the 18th Amendment—and it was not kind to the Geisel family’s business—which quickly floundered. However, using the social and business connections he developed as a brewer, Ted’s father leveraged himself into supervising Springfield’s public parks and zoo.

Ted’s mother Henrietta Seuss, known as Nettie, was the daughter of Springfield’s baker, George Seuss. She was a looker. Beautiful, athletic, tall, and slightly overweight. She had to forsake a college education when needed to attend customers at her father’s bakery. Hers was the world of bedtime stories, embroidered fancifully, and read to Ted each night.

Ted’s amateur attempts at drawing, cartooning and writing began in the public schools in Springfield and ratcheted up during his collegiate years at Dartmouth. There he participated in a host of artistic extracurricular activities. His literary vehicle was the campus humor magazine, the *Jack-O-Lantern*. Its student contributors were a wholly irreverent bunch. And further inspired by professor W. Benfield Pressey’s creative writing class and seminars, he tucked into his

magazine duties. The Editor-in-Chief title followed later. His studies were shortly interrupted by Prohibition—or rather Ted's drinking with friends in his room (forbidden by national Prohibition laws)—which forced the Dartmouth Dean to suspend his working on the magazine. Ted neatly got around the stricture by signing his new work as “Seuss” (later revised to “Dr. Seuss”).

Recalled a Dartmouth classmate, Radford Tanzer, “he was always sunny . . . you never heard him grump.” (Morgan, 28) Another classmate, Frederick “Pete” Blodgett said, “He never had any money but he never spent much. He was always raising hell and laughing a lot and didn't study worth a damn.” (Morgan, 28) Still, he respected the academics, even though he declined, himself, to study hard.

The Geisel family struggled to fund Ted's furthering education at Lincoln College, Oxford. He was aiming for a doctorate and from there to become a professor of English literature. Alas, love intervened, with Helen Marion Palmer, an American classmate at Oxford.

The manic comic insanity of Ted's Oxford time, coupled with Helen's and his own recognition that his talents lay in more imaginative visual and literary directions, prompted his exit from Oxford sans degree, a 1927 marriage, and return to America, preceded by a romp through Europe with Helen. Oxford became a memory. But a good one. Ted would always remember the influences of Oxford and the activities he experienced there. Not the academics. But the whole zeitgeist of Oxford. It forced Ted to bring his life into focus: What did he want to do and achieve in the literary world?

1928 found Ted in New York getting his first big commercial break: a series of ads, based on an initial cartoon, for Flit bug spray. These ads ran for seventeen years, stabilized the Geisel finances, and covered his basic economic needs.

After his return to the United States, he began submitting humorous articles, cartoons, and illustrations to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, *Vanity Fair*, *Liberty*, and *Judge*. During the Depression Ted supported his young family with advertising drawings for a variety of well-known companies: NBC, General Electric, and Standard Oil.

It was during World War II that Ted signed with *PM*, a New York City daily newspaper, to do political cartoons. His cartoons presented a staunch opposition to Nazism, Fascism and Republicans, and deplored the home-front racism against Jews and blacks as harming the war effort. The 1940's also found him drawing propaganda posters, directly aiding the U.S. War Department and the War Production Board. Propaganda and training films followed, after he joined the Army (he commanded the Animation Department of the First Motion Picture Unit of the U.S. Army Air Forces).

In 1948, after the war, he and his wife permanently settled in La Jolla, California, near San Diego. There he began his meteoric rise in the world of children's books. Writing. Illustrating. And eventually publishing. Titles such as *On Beyond Zebra*, *If I Ran the Zoo*, *Horton Hears a Who!*, and *How the Grinch Stole Christmas!* took the fancy of a new generation of children. Sales *exploded*.

When William Ellsworth Spaulding, a textbook editor (who later became its Chairman) at Houghton Mifflin Publishing Company, compiled a list of 348 words that he felt were the most important for first-graders to master, Geisel took the challenge and produced *The Cat in the Hat*—using 236 of those words. It's appeal was fourfold: Ted's drawings, his rhythmic verses, the wholly fanciful story, and the book's simplified vocabulary.

Four of Ted's books were made into full-length movies: *How the Grinch Stole Christmas!*, *The Cat in the Hat*, and *Horton Hears a Who!*, and *The Lorax*. *The Grinch* subsequently was presented as a Broadway play.

Ted's wife Helen committed suicide in 1967, ending a long bout with cancer and other illnesses. Geisel married Audrey Stone Dimond in 1968, and their generous philanthropy and Ted's enduring contributions to improving childhood literacy, prompted the University of California at San Diego to rename its library building the Geisel Library.

After several years of illness, Ted Geisel died in 1991 at the age of 87.

Over his lifetime, Ted Geisel's children's books sold in excess of 200 million copies in more than a dozen languages. During his lifetime he received two Oscars, two Emmys and a Peabody award.

1—Whatever you do, do it to perfection

That was the advice, the admonition that Ted's father, Theodor, drilled into Ted's little head.

Theodor was the disciplinarian of the family. Didn't need to yell or gesticulate wildly. His was a calm rebuttal to a misdeed or offense. He would avoid a confrontation with the offender, as angry as he might be—and simply walk away. Sometimes it lasted for a while. Sometimes for life.

His dress was sartorially impeccable. Always. Black hair and mustache. Tall and upright. And he loved to take his horse cantering.

Loved shooting too. An expert marksman. He reportedly held the 1902 world marksmanship title at two hundred yards. His calisthenics routine each morning? Holding his favorite rifle at an arms-length extension above his head for about twelve minutes. Ted remembers his father's intense interest in shooting as rather silly: "shooting holes in paper targets." But the intensity of the effort, the dedication to perfection, stuck with Ted and became a part of his later life.

Funny how the things you sometimes ridicule in your youth come back to be a part of you in later life.

Whatever you do, he taught me, do it to perfection. (Morgan, 7)

Perfection is a much maligned word. Too hard to achieve. Too impractical. Too expensive.

Six Sigma. The quality control management method developed and propounded by Motorola in 1986. Kaizen—continuous process improvement. Developed by

the Japanese, and further refined as The Toyota Way.

The old slouchy adage,

Good enough for government work.

That won't cut it anymore. Not with robots, China, and intense global competition breathing down our necks.

But the truth is that perfection always has a loyal following in the marketplace. A subset of customers will pay and pay handsomely for perfection. And the manufacturer or service provider becomes exalted.

Instilling in children a sense that near perfection is good, can make you and them proud and ultimately successful.

2—Feed and support your child's natural abilities

Sometimes it's a small financial risk or "investment."

In his youth, Ted was fanatical about always having a pencil in his hand for drawing. His father recalled,

I saw an ad in The Youth's Companion which asked that you send a drawing in, and the correspondence school would tell you if you had talent. I got him to send one of his drawings and staked him to the fifteen dollars. Yes, they said, he had talent, but, heck, they were after the fifteen bucks and they told that to everybody. (Morgan, 12)

Theodor knew this before they sent in the drawing. So why throw away the fifteen dollars? He knew what their reply would be. But he wanted to encourage his son. Because he, Theodor, could see for himself that Ted had talent. And he wanted Ted to feel a bit of praise from elsewhere, irrespective of the fact that the source was commercially suspect. It didn't really matter to Ted. He rightly bathed in the praise. Motivated to try ever harder.

Bribery? Nettie, Ted's mother was not above it—if it was for a good cause. She knew that Ted loved books and she knew which ones. So when she asked him to take piano lessons with their church organist, she was within earshot of the practices. If Ted did an excellent job she took him to the neighborhood bookstore and suggested he choose a book. What books tickled his fancy? Well, the *Rover Boys* series excited his imagination the most (and he eventually read all thirty books in the series. Earned them with his exemplary piano lessons).

Words. Those were Nettie's domain. She was the purveyor of those pleasures. Her mission was to read to the children just before they went to sleep. Ted particularly loved books which wove elaborate, oddball, fanciful and mythical tales. Ted attributed his own writing rhythms to her rhythms while reciting the lines of the nightly children's stories.

Ted's particular infatuation with rhyming harkened back to his high school teacher, Edwin A. "Red" Smith, who recommended to him the works of Hilaire Belloc: *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* and *Cautionary Tales*. It was he who

introduced Ted to the “hypnotic joys of rhyme.”

Ted early on displayed a flair for exaggeration—by routinely concocting wild excitement and intrigue out of ordinary neighborhood happenings. Parades. The zoo. Trains. Steamboats. The circus. Touring troupes. And the theatre.

Although Theodor loved taking Ted to the Springfield Zoo, Nettie went further, letting him draw zoo-animal caricatures on his bedroom walls and several other rooms—complete with nonsensical-sounding names. *A huge vote of confidence in his youthful talents.* Though his father didn’t share Nettie’s enthusiasm for Ted’s imaginative wall renderings, Nettie insisted on their staying.

Springfield Central High School. Ted signed up with *The Recorder*, the weekly school newspaper. Writing short one-liners. Then drawing cartoons, then writing short paragraphs under his first pen name: Pete the Pessimist. He advanced to writing his own cartoon captions, poems and satires, some of his bore Ted’s new pseudonym, T.S. LeSieg—Geisel spelled backwards. A very professional touch. But in all of these extracurricular endeavors on the school newspaper, Ted’s parents supported him. Wholeheartedly. They recognized and nurtured real talent. They didn’t bad-mouth his first non-spectacular tries. They encouraged Ted, both by their actions, their speech, and in some cases their pocketbook.

Even his choice of part-time jobs, in the artistic direction, was supported by his parents. Though his mother warned that people who went to movies in the afternoon would “never amount to anything,” Ted occasionally skipped out of high school Latin class (which he detested) and snuck into the Bijou. He was in rapture. And he began as an usher at the Court Square Theatre. A fancy title, of some importance in those days. Heaven had presented itself there—with a plethora of live performances by such luminaries as Helen Hayes, Alfred Lunt, Otis Skinner, and Al Jolson. But he never could have held the job without the consent and encouragement (somewhat reluctantly) of his parents.

Springfield begat excitement for young Ted Geisel and fostered artistic creativity.

Sometimes it is important not to be a dilettante, a dabbler, someone with only a cursory knowledge of a subject or activity.

We are conditioned in America to think we can learn a trade or subject in a few days, a few weeks, or at most a few months. In Europe they still have apprentice programs. Ask a technician who went through one how long he was an apprentice. He might say 5, 10, or even 15 years. *Years!* Not months or weeks. Years. Time from novice, to expert, to master.

Yet not everyone studies a subject, participates in an activity, to become a master. But aside from your child’s career, his or her main activity becomes a hobby or hobbies. How refreshing to see someone who enjoys a hobby and is *really* good at it. And when economic times get tough, some of these “hobbies” develop into robust businesses capable of paying the mortgage and more.

BILLY GRAHAM

<p>Billy Graham is the most prominent American Christian evangelist.</p>
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Billy's father was a dairy farmer.

Who is Billy Graham?

The call came. God doesn't give the faithful much choice. Purpose for his life. Fitting into God's plan. Revival settings—his first attended by dozens, then hundreds, then thousands.

William Franklin "Billy" Graham, Jr. was born November 7, 1918 on his father's dairy farm on Park Road, North Carolina, near Charlotte. His mother was Morrow Coffey Graham, and his father was William Franklin Graham, Sr. He was called Billy Frank, and had a brother and two sisters. The family's lineage was Scottish Presbyterian.

At the time Charlotte, North Carolina was quite rural. It was the family farm that enabled them to put food on the table and survive the Depression. Billy's father and brother had inherited three hundred acres, naming it the Graham Brothers Dairy. There his father built a two-story brick house for the family, and his mother kept the accounting books on the kitchen table. Cows? Billy milked twenty cows morning and evening, in addition to his many other farm chores—shoveling manure, filling the feed troughs, moving hay. And of course, during his spare time, as any all-American boy does, he loved to play baseball and date the girls.

Billy's recollections of his father: A keen sense of dry humor. A joker. Taught his children the very Scottish value of money. Nickels and dimes. Allowed Billy to raise one of the calves born on the farm. He and his siblings raised them to veal stage, marketed them, and kept the proceeds. Though his father had only a third-grade education, he eventually became chairman of the local school board. Still, the Depression wiped out the family's savings.

Billy's father was a devout teetotaler. His cure for Billy's and his sister Catherine's curiosity about alcohol was unique. Taking the two siblings into the kitchen, he gave each a bottle of beer (Prohibition had just ended) and ordered them to drink. *All of it!* The brew tasted awful (naturally, to a youngster). My father told us, "From now on whenever any of your friends try to get you to drink alcohol, just tell them you've already tasted it and you don't like it. That's all the

reason you need to give.” (Graham, *Just As I Am*, 17)

Billy was raised in a strict household. Rules. Regulations. But not so many as to make it impossible to follow. And the rules made sense. Punishment for deserved infractions was swift. Lying, cheating, stealing, property destruction—weren’t a part of his life. The focus was on work. Work brought satisfaction. Laziness was the worst evil.

Conflicted about his life’s purpose, Billy’s dad sought refuge and direction through a deeper religion. He came to Christ, to spiritual renewal, at Dilworth Methodist Church and Steele Creek Presbyterian Church, under evangelist Mordecai Ham. An evangelist’s evangelist. Traveling the circuit giving tent revivals.

In a similar manner, Billy initially resisted attending Reverend Ham’s three-month-long revival meeting in the fall of 1934 in Charlotte. But once under the tent, “His words, and his way with words, grabbed my mind, gripped my heart.” (Graham, *Just As I Am*, 27) Although there were hundreds of people attending, he seemed to be talking directly to Billy. Repeated attendance over a period of weeks brought a realization to Billy that he craved more than mere church membership. More than church formality. More than his rather ritualistic baptism of a few years back. He needed a personal Christ, a personal savior. It resulted, at age sixteen, in his recommitting himself. But he was still searching for the answer to the question:

What exactly is the purpose that God has for me?

In September 1936, Billy entered Bob Jones College in Cleveland, Tennessee (now relocated to Greenville, South Carolina). Life there was very strict. A religious education, but dogmatic, with little chance to question the instruction. Claustrophobic. Feeling very dissatisfied, Billy switched to Florida Bible Institute in Temple Terrace, east of Tampa, Florida. The curriculum there was largely Bible courses and church history. But the saving thing was the ability to question, to express different viewpoints, to reflect on other philosophies.

In late 1938, at the age of nineteen, Billy preached his first revival at East Palarka Baptist Church. For the first time, really. Sure, he had practiced preaching before, if you could call it that. Very short messages. But this was different. And he was mightily reluctant to try—in a real church, albeit a small Baptist church. Eight minutes is all it took to race through his four prepared “sermons,” one after the other, spouting them to the congregation. Not especially propitious, but a start.

And in the following months he used outlines of great published sermons to begin honing his messages, his delivery techniques, and cadence. Delivered them on the street corners of Tampa, “sometimes as many as five or six times a day.” (Graham, *Just As I Am*, 53)

In 1939 Billy Graham was ordained a Southern Baptist minister, and in May 1940 at the age of twenty-one, he graduated from Bible School. He preached, visited, and prayed with the hospital sick—holding the hands of the dying, learning love and compassion for them. And he preached.

Feeling the need for more education to support his planned ministry, a benefactor offered to pay his tuition to Wheaton College, west of Chicago, Illinois. Contrary to the Bible Institute, Wheaton was a fully-accredited college of liberal arts and sciences with a strong Bible curriculum requirement. The college was conservative, but not fundamentalist in its instruction. He entered in 1940, and met his future wife, Ruth McCue Bell, there (she had been born in China to a Presbyterian missionary family). It was love at first sight. They married in 1943, shortly after their graduation.

Youth For Christ (YFC). In the 1940's it was a jumbled collection of independent youth rallies in a variety of cities. Upbeat. "Snappy Gospel music, interesting testimonies, and (most of all) short, youth-oriented sermons combined to attract thousands of lonely, insecure, and frightened teenagers and young adults." (Graham, *Just As I Am*, 92) Torrey Johnson asked him to take command of this crazy effort, pull the strings together, coalesce and guide the independent YFC groups. So he became their first president.

In his first year in office Billy Graham visited forty-seven states, traveled 200,000 miles, and spoke to crowds of up to 20,000. He reached 7,000 people who made decisions for Christ. *He was roaring out of the gate.*

Billy's follow-on media successes? *Christianity Today*, an evangelically oriented magazine. The *Hour of Decision*, a weekly radio program broadcasted internationally for over fifty years. *My Answer*, a syndicated newspaper column. And World Wide Pictures, which has produced and distributed more than 130 religious films.

1957 was especially propitious. Billy Graham's Madison Square Garden Crusade. A sixteen week evangelical run, including a service at Yankee Stadium attracting 100,000. Total attendance: 2.3 million, of whom 56,000 committed to Christ.

Parenting Techniques

1—Instill an appreciation for the teachings of the Bible and the power of prayer

The Bible and reading the family Bible was a huge part of Billy's home life. The Graham children were required to memorize scripture verses and the 107 questions of the Shorter Catechism, a compendium of Calvinist doctrine. His parents accepted the Bible as the literate, the very Word of God (later on this would present Billy with excruciating mental anguish, trying to sort out whether this was true or not).

Prayer was vitally important too.

*Every time my mother prayed with one of us, and every time my parents prayed for their sons and daughters, they were declaring their dependence on God for the wisdom and strength and courage to stay in control of life, no matter what circumstances might bring. Beyond that, they prayed for their children, that they might come into the kingdom of God. (Graham, *Just**

As I Am, 20)

Said Billy, "I don't ever remember not going to church. If I had told my parents I didn't want to go, they would have whaled the tar out of me." (Graham, *Billy Graham*, 32)

Family activities. Centered around the Bible, religion, and morals. Makes for strong souls.

2—Encourage respect for competency, no matter the race

*I especially loved to watch Reese Brown work. he was the foreman on our place for fifteen years, perhaps the highest-paid farmhand in Mecklenburg County (at \$3–4 a day), which made a few other farmers critical of my father. Reese was one of Daddy's best personal friends. A black man who had served with distinction as an Army sergeant during World War I, he had great intelligence. Physically, he was one of the strongest men I ever knew, with a tremendous capacity for working hard. Everyone respected him, and I thought there was nothing Reese did not know or could not do. If I did something he thought was wrong, he did not mind correcting me. He also taught me to respect my father and was almost like another uncle to me. I used to play with his children and eat his wife's fabulous buttermilk biscuits in the tenant house that was their home. (Graham, *Just As I Am*, 12)*

It certainly wasn't the norm of that day—trusting a black man. But religion has a habit of overcoming racism. Real religion breeds respect for all races.

Children in particular are blind to some of the huge accomplishments of men and women of ethnic minorities. The first step to rectifying this is to become knowledgeable yourself—as parents. Then keep an eye out for museums (regular, ethnic, or art) that feature ethnic accomplishments. Go. Enjoy. Learn.

3—Let them experience selling

Selling Fuller brushes.

It doesn't sound like fun. But Billy Graham learned a lot from selling brushes. Right after graduating from high school. To earn money for college.

The routine was simple. Get to the housewife's door. Offer her, absolutely free, a brush—if she will agree to a sales presentation. No need to buy. Of course the "free" brushes cost Billy and his buddy traveling salesmen ten cents each, a considerable sum during the Depression. Covering a small town, knocking on all the doors, took days. From sunrise to sunset. With a sample case of brushes.

*My approach was to say to the housewife, 'Well, I haven't come here to sell you anything. I've come to give you a brush.' She always wanted to see that. So I emptied my case and laid out all of the brushes—I always kept the free samples on the bottom. She saw that array, and maybe pointed to one or another and said, 'You know, I've never seen a brush like that before. What is that one?' and a sale was in the making. (Graham, *Just As I Am*, 36)*

Each day they sent in the orders to the company. Ordered brushes came by mail and required Billy and the others to deliver them personally. “I was convinced that Fuller brushes were the best product money could buy, and I was dedicated to the proposition that every family ought to have Fuller brushes as a matter of principle. But I was almost eighteen, and the question was: Should I plan to be doing this kind of thing for the rest of my life?” (Graham, *Just As I Am*, 37)

That summer’s experience taught Billy a lot. It taught him about human nature. It taught him how to communicate. It taught him how to respond to all kinds of unexpected situations. It taught him self-confidence. And it paid the bills. Allowed Billy to be “on his own.”

Sales. There is no better way to start learning selling than by doing it. And, coincidentally, when done as a teenager or student, to learn an appreciation of excellent salesmanship.

STEVE JOBS

Steve Jobs was a preeminent American inventor and businessman, and the co-founder and Chief Operating Officer of Apple Computer.

Steve's father, always a little embarrassed by his dearth of education, was a six-foot, tattooed, former Coast Guard machinist who loved to tinker with cars.

Who was Steve Jobs?

The Art of Perfection. Every product detail obsessed over. Simplicity. Ease of use. Functionality. In that order. Anticipating need, rather than waiting to hear consumer demand. Never wavering in its execution.

Steven Paul Jobs (Steve) was born February 24, 1955 in San Francisco, immediately put up for adoption by his biological parents, and adopted within weeks by Paul and Clara Jobs. His parents early on were very open and told him of the adoption, sitting him down and repeatedly explaining, "We specifically picked you out." (Isaacson, 4) Emphasizing every word. He credits his independence and following the beat of a "different drummer," to those words. *"Specially chosen."*

Steve's father, Paul Reinhold Jobs, had been raised on a Wisconsin dairy farm, dropped out of high school, then wandered the Midwest working odd jobs as a mechanic. During World War II, at age nineteen, he joined the U.S. Coast Guard, exercising his talent as a machinist and fireman while ferrying troops to Italy for General Patton. Clara Hagopian, daughter of Armenian immigrants who had fled the Turks in Armenia, grew up in San Francisco, a city she dearly loved, and to which she convinced her new husband to move (her first had been killed in the war). By all accounts their marriage was a very happy one.

Steve grew up in a blue-collar house in nascent Silicon Valley, California. An only child until 1957 when the Jobs adopted a daughter, Patty, two years younger than Steve. Living first in Mountain View, in a very modest house, the family moved to Los Altos, California when Steve was ten. He was admittedly spoiled. Hyperkinetic and bright. A handful to manage. Once they moved, electronics—a respite from his social ineptness—became his passion.

Steve's problems centered around his being for the most part brighter than his school peers. At that time schools didn't segregate overachievers into separate

classes. Instead they usually let them skip a grade or two. When school officials offered to let Steve skip two elementary school grades, his parents only agreed to one year. Still bored, in school he turned into a “little terror, discipline-wise.”

1968. Junior high school. It was the year of a most fortunate confluence of personalities—the meeting of Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak, the son of Francis Wozniak, a brilliant Cal Tech graduate and rocket scientist at Lockheed. They were remarkably similar in some ways: non-athletic, very bright, lovers of sophisticated practical jokes, loners. But capable of *serious* focus.

Woz, as he is often referred to, was eighteen and five years older than Jobs. He was in his late teens, a “brilliant, intuitive electronics designer.” Winning local electronics fairs with bold, self-invented circuits and hardware, which predated and foretold the personal computer. Woz shared Steve’s passion for music and electronics and didn’t mind mentoring Jobs in the intricacies of this new religion.

Their first meeting was a bit awkward. And because of the age gap it took several more years before they *really* clicked. In the meantime Steve was a frequent attendee at the Hewlett-Packard (now HP) Explorers’ Club, where he reveled in the company of other “nerds” bent on exploring this new frontier.

One story of Steve’s youth is especially illustrative. By this time Hewlett Packard was a blue-chip rock in the valley. How when he needed certain unavailable parts for an electronic frequency counter he was building, he exhibited the guts, brazenness, and chutzpah that has marked his career. “I picked up the phone and called Bill Hewlett [a co-founder of Hewlett Packard, which at the time had rocketed to nine thousand employees]. He was listed in the Palo Alto phone book. He answered the phone and he was real nice. He chatted with me for about 20 minutes. He didn’t know me at all, but he ended up giving me some parts, and he got me a job that summer working at Hewlett-Packard on the line, assembling frequency counters . . . I was in heaven.” (Sheff, 176) *Steve was still only thirteen years old!*

Attending first Cupertino Junior High, then Homestead High School, Steve was rebellious. Facing a student body of white, middle-class conformists, fitting in was problematical. His personality was outspoken in the extreme. He never backed down. Ever ready with a hair-trigger temper, never kowtowing to anyone or any teacher. Never giving an inch.

Steve dabbled in a myriad of activities during his school and formative years. Nothing was too way out. Graduating, Steve chose Reed College in Portland, Oregon. Though Reed bespoke a rigorous academic program, it provided a “cover” for Steve’s experimentation in mind-expanding drugs and Eastern mysticism. He was barefoot, long-haired, smelly, self-sufficient, a vegetarian. Fasting, meditating, playing hooky from classes, pursuing his own quests, embarking on spiritual journeys—those were his college years. Then his grades tanked. He formally dropped out of Reed, yet began hanging around attending the courses which really interested him. Among these was a calligraphy class. The beauty, artistry, and history of calligraphy fascinated him. “If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple

typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts.” (Isaacson, 41)

He held a minor job at Atari in 1974, in order to have eating money. The position was secured from a classified ad in the local paper, suggesting “ ‘Have fun, make money’ . . . That day Jobs walked into the lobby of the video game manufacturer Atari and told the personnel director, who was startled by his unkempt hair and attire, that he wouldn’t leave until they gave him a job.” (Isaacson, 42) Once there, Steve

Intuitively appreciated the simplicity of Atari’s games. They came with no manual . . . only instructions . . . ‘1. Insert quarter. 2. Avoid Klingons.’
(Isaacson, 43)

Then he asked for time off to visit his Indian “guru.” The trip to India was a relatively fleeting brush with mysticism, drugs and gurus—but the meditation and Zen Buddhism stayed with him.

Back home from India. Steve and Woz reconnected, as both now attended the Homebrew Computer Club. Woz more interested in electronics design; Steve more interested in products.

1975. Steve was perusing the January issue of *Popular Electronics* magazine. In it was an advertisement for the first hobbyist computer “kit.” An Altair kit being sold by the MITS Company. \$495 for a bucket of parts—and *you* put it together. *It fired Steve’s imagination like a rocket.* His initial concept was to replicate and compete with the Altair. Another kit. (At that time the idea of a “personal computer” (PC) for home-office was not even considered. Minicomputers were then doing the work for businesses).

When the Altair started selling and competitors entered the kit market, the next logical step for an aggressive company was to sell printed circuit boards which the customer would themselves stuff with components. Steve’s brilliance saw beyond that next step. Saw that instead of making circuit boards, they would make a real, 100% finished computer. It would have an operating system embedded in the hardware, a programming language, and an attached disk drive. Plug it in and it would run *and actually do something*.

When the Apple II was finished, it was slick. Its beige, hard plastic case wrapped the insides. Open the case and compare it to the competition. The Apple II’s guts were beautifully laid out with straight lines, perfect soldering, nary a millimeter of extra wire, no rats-nests of connections and wiring. *It was magnificent!* It was Steve’s baby, the physical design that wowed the customer. Compared to the competition, it blew them all away. The salesman had only to open the case. The manufacturing quality and attention to detail bespoke a Zen-like design of the highest order. It rapidly changed the customer’s perception of what was “acceptable” design-wise. And thereafter the competition never caught up to Steve’s ever advancing design visions.

Apple Computer became three guys: Steve Jobs, Steve Wozniak plus Mike Markkula, the stabilizer with a financial background and *actual* business experience in the industry. Mike had cashed out some of his stock options as an

early employee of Fairchild and Intel, making millions on his stock options when the companies went public, so he was looking for new ventures.

In 1976 the first Apple computer went on sale.

Steve had two faces: a charming evangelical side and a hard-edged, impulsive, tongue-stinging side. Unrelenting and overbearing, alternately charming and abrupt, he goaded brilliant engineers and bright people to both the heights of genius and the depths of despair. Steve's way of testing the mettle of his employees was to make unreasonable, and basically impossible demands. Only employees who acquiesced, who did the impossible, stayed.

Seeing the darker side, Mike Scott, an early Apple employee, gave his impression of Jobs in those years,

Jobs cannot run anything. He doesn't know how to manage people. He likes to fly around like a hummingbird at 90 miles per hour. He needs to be sat on.

Still, Steve's persona infused his every management move, if you could call his early moves "management." He was a control freak, insisting on perfection, and driven by a need for speed. *Everything* that happened was *too slow*.

If there is one exceptional skill that Steve demonstrated in the rush-and-hectic turmoil of the months late in 1976, it was an awareness of his own limitations and an almost uncanny ability to locate and cajole exceptional people into providing the skills he lacked. He had . . . an evangelist's bible-thumping passion, the zealot's singularity of purpose. (Young, Steve Jobs, 120)

When it came to advertising and public relations, Steve looked for the best. Forget that he and Apple had no money. His mouth sold the premier publicity firm of Regis McKenna, which often parroted the aphorism, "Inventions come from individuals, not from companies." But here, according to Steve, was the invention of the century. So Regis McKenna signed on.

Next up: the Macintosh computer.

Its visionary leap sprang from Steve's visit to Palo Alto Research Center (PARC), Xerox Corporation's advanced electronics research lab. There, during a demonstration, he recognized the "Hope Diamond" that Xerox had: a graphical user interface *par excellence*. Xerox management was oblivious to its potential. But Steve promptly returned to Apple to replicate and then dramatically improve it—before springing it on the computer hobbyists as the Macintosh Computer. A second tsunami in the computer revolution had been opened: *the mouse-driven, graphical user interface*.

1985. Steve Jobs resigned under fire from Apple. He had lost a power struggle with Apple's CEO John Sculley and the Board of Directors. Sculley had previously been wooed from PepsiCo's presidency by Steve—to help co-run Apple. Steve lured him by asking the now famous question:

Do you want to sell sugar water for the rest of your life, or do you want to come with me and change the world? (Sculley, 25)

Deposed from Apple, Steve spent the next few years founding and running NeXT Computer. A new computer, with an operating system based on Unix, sporting its own object-oriented software development system, and targeted at higher education and business markets. Meanwhile, under Sculley and then Gil Amelio, Apple competed on price and fought as if its machines were commodities. It was a prescription for financial disaster.

Almost concurrently, in 1986, Steve purchased the computer graphics division of Lucasfilm, Ltd: Pixar Animation Studios. Under Steve's tutelage and as the majority shareholder, Pixar achieved greatness and several Academy Awards by producing first *Toy Story* and then the animated films: *A Bug's Life*, *Monsters, Inc.*, *Finding Nemo*, *The Incredibles*, *Cars*, *Ratatouille*, and *WALL-E*. In 2006 The Walt Disney Corporation purchased Pixar.

Steve returned to run Apple in 1997, Apple purchasing NeXT as part of the bargain, and Steve, now in charge, proceeded to rescue Apple from near bankruptcy.

Steve's return was greeted by wild cheers by Macintosh devotees. Wall Street, however, was dubious. Yet in the ensuing years he first stabilized the firm's finances, revamped its computer lines, then oversaw the development and marketing of the iPod, iTunes, the iPhone and the iPad—*revolutionary consumer products that rocked the user community like earthquakes*. Upon returning he accepted a salary of only \$1 a year plus stock options. Currently Apple Computer's stock price values the company at over \$600 billion.

In 1991 Steve Jobs married Laurene Powell in a Zen Buddhist ceremony. They had three children, and Steve had another daughter from a previous relationship. Interestingly, Steve was a pescatorian, and as such he eats only seafood and vegetables.

Steve died of liver cancer, three years after receiving a liver transplant. Knowing he had terminal cancer, his June 2005 commencement address at Stanford University was particularly poignant:

Remembering that I'll be dead soon is the most important tool I've ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything—all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure—these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.

Parenting Techniques

1—Let your children appreciate perfection

Paul Jobs was a perfectionist. Meticulous. Not highly educated, yet “almost everything mechanical, he could figure it out.” (Isaacson, 11) You had only to wander into his garage to be astounded. Contrary to other mechanics, whether at home or at the nearby repair garage, Paul “kept his garage spotless, his overalls always pressed, his toolbox perfectly organized.” (Young, *Steve Jobs*, 21) Not a tool out of place. No oil on his floor. Spit and polish as if he was about to eat off the floor. Perfection incarnate. Yet he ceded a section of the garage to Steve. Said Paul,

Steve, this is your workbench now. (Isaacson, 6)

He was part of his father’s “team.” A valued member. Just slightly smaller than normal.

When he built our fence, he gave me a hammer so I could work with him. (Isaacson, 6)

When working on cars, Paul “festooned the garage with pictures of his favorites. He would point out the detailing of the design to his son: the lines, the vents, the chrome, the trim of the seats.” (Isaacson, 6)

Paul loved working on cars and tried to instill that in his son. Yet didn’t share Paul’s interest there.

Steve never really cared much for mechanical things. Of course he liked to drive them, but the tinkering wasn’t for him. He was consumed with the newer frontier: electronics. Then computers. Paul kindly showed Steve the extent of his own knowledge of electronics.

Steve was also enamored with the architecture of Joseph Eichler, who was inspired by Frank Lloyd Wright’s vision, and who designed the Jobs’ house. Over his childhood years and undoubtedly with Paul’s coaching, Steve appreciated its “clean design . . . and awesome little features, like radiant heating in the floors. You put carpet on them, and we had nice toasty floors when we were kids . . . [Those houses were] smart, cheap and good.” (Isaacson, 7)

It was that, his father’s appreciation of great design, and in his own garage work, insistence on perfection that rubbed off. Over and over Steve demonstrated his fanatical insistence on perfection in the products of Apple Computer—the Apple II, the Macintosh, the iPhone, the iPod, the iPad. All Apple products. Ahead of the curve technically. Years ahead of the curve in their easy-to-use user interface. Light years easier to use than the competition’s PC’s.

Similarly at Pixar Animation Studios. Pixar’s animations exhibit wonderful story lines. Characters that resonate emotionally with the audience. *And the same insistence on technical perfection.*

Perfection has to be seen and explained to be appreciated. You can’t be

knowledgeable about everything. If you can't do it, find someone who can explain it to your children.

2—Teach them how to negotiate based on accurate information

Paul Jobs was a master bargainer-negotiator. He *loved* the art of the deal, small though they were for him. Used-car deals. Buying cars cheaply. Fixing them up. Reselling them for a profit. He honed his negotiating skills by horse trading for cars and scavenged parts at the every-weekend junkyard trips, usually taking his son with him. “We’d be looking for a generator, a carburetor, all sorts of components.” (Isaacson, 6-7) Paul was a good bargainer, because he knew better than the guys at the counter what the parts should cost.” (Isaacson, 7) Steve ate it up, soaked it up, and soon doubled down on those skills.

Steve always exhibited a “know-it-all” attitude. Especially early on, when it came to electronics. He was fascinated with parts—electronic components and parts. He tired quickly of the design aspects being taught in the classroom. His mind was more on why parts were priced as they were by the distributors. How he could snooker better prices than other buyers, thereby making a profit. Still a teenager, it became a realm of science to him—plowing through an electronics “scavenger’s paradise” at Haltek Company, “sprawling over an entire city block” (Isaacson, 18) A few valuable parts buried inside mundane housings. He reveled in the pricing minutiae and logic.

Thousands of varieties of logic gates, capacitors, resistors, and the like. Furthermore, quality was usually not immediately obvious to the eye. The purchaser had to know about serial numbers, parts runs, good and bad assembly lines, and all the esoterica of the business of components. (Young, Steve Jobs, 35)

His experience at Haltek stayed with him for years. Coupled with his father’s tutoring in negotiation strategy, it enabled him to sharp shoot suppliers prices when the first Apple computers needed to be built. Consider that Apple, initially, had virtually no customers. Vendors beware: Steve Jobs was attacking. He brooked no quarter in cajoling them into great prices. Wouldn’t back down. Calling a dozen times and becoming a pest? Not a problem. Just give him the deal, the best price. The pricing advantage that Steve was able to wring from his suppliers was gigantic and contributed greatly to conserving the company’s capital and avoiding bankruptcy. And who did he have to thank for it? His father. Jobs favorite phrase became, “‘you’ll have to sharpen your pencil.’ He was one tough player with ‘brass balls’ ” (Young, *Steve Jobs*, 137)—*even when he held no cards at all.*

From his adoptive father he had learned all the right skills to negotiate and sell them [computers], combined with healthy doses of confidence, charisma, and the posturing of an individualistic smart ass that allowed him to ignore self-doubt. He was an excellent, fearless salesman. That, combined with an absolute, bottom-line need for the product to be a success for his own emotional well-being, created a high-tech evangelist with a

single-minded drive that simply could not be stopped. (Young, Steve Jobs, 100)

It's tricky. Steve Jobs' father was not only a trader/negotiator, he knew in excruciating detail about auto parts.

To get kids interested in similar technical minutia you probably need a profit element. So maybe construct a prize. For example: You wish to analyze several different stocks for an investment decision. Offer your teenager a \$200 prize if he or she does all the analysis, can orally and in writing defend it, and if the investment achieves certain goals (50% now; 50% if goals are met at the end of one and two years).

3—Build your children's imagination and confidence with do-it-yourself kits

The garage of neighbor engineer Larry Lang held many electronics wonders. But Heathkits fired Steve's imagination like no other. Assemble-it-yourself kits. Build spectacular, if technically rudimentary, electronic devices.

'Heathkits came with all the boards and parts color-coded, but the manual also explained the theory of how it operated,' Jobs recalled. 'It made you realize you could build and understand anything. Once you built a couple of radios, you'd see a TV in the catalogue and say, "I can build that as well," even if you didn't. I was very lucky, because when I was a kid both my dad and the Heathkits made me believe I could build anything.' (Isaacson, 16)

No, it doesn't have to be Heathkit. There are lots of similar do-it-yourself companies. Covering dozens of wondrous fields. Just search the internet. Any number are ripe and perfect for the impressionable minds of America's youth. Ripe for your sons and daughters. Whatever field fires their imagination.

Quotations from Steve Jobs:

The best way to predict the future is to invent it. (Isaacson, 343)

Never start a company with the goal of getting rich. Your goal should be making something you believe in and making a company that will last. (Isaacson, 78)

Some people say, 'Give the customers what they want.' But that's not my approach. Our job is to figure out what they're going to want before they do. I think Henry Ford once said, 'If I'd asked customers what they wanted, they would have told me, "A faster horse!"' (Isaacson, 567)

Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication.

People who know what they're talking about don't need PowerPoint. (Isaacson, 337)

If you don't cannibalize yourself, someone else will. (Isaacson, 408)

[Talking to Wendell Weeks, CEO of Corning Glass, regarding manufacturing gorilla glass for the iPhone] Don't be afraid . . . you can do it. Get your mind around it. You can do it. (Isaacson, 471-472)

Quotations about Steve Jobs

Said Tim Cook,

There is no one better at turning off the noise that is going on around him. That allows him to focus on a few things and say no to many things. Few people are really good at that. (Isaacson, 460)

He's always believed that thin is beautiful. (Isaacson, 473)

He had the Pixar building designed to promote encounters and unplanned collaborations. 'If a building doesn't encourage that, you'll lose a lot of innovation and the magic that's sparked by serendipity.' (Isaacson, 431)

The Wall Street Journal, regarding the iPad unveiling in San Francisco on January 27, 2010,

The last time there was this much excitement about a tablet, it had some commandments written on it.

Newsweek magazine's cover story on the iPad unveiling,

What's So Great about the iPad? Everything.

MICHAEL JORDAN

Michael Jordan is a former
American professional basketball player
and successful businessman.

Dean Smith was Michael's head basketball coach at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Who is Michael Jordan?

The scouts were awed. His father wasn't. Mike would bet his raw talent on Dean Smith's reputation. For great coaching, yes. But equally important, his demonstrated history of genuine empathy and guidance for his black athletes.

Michael Jordan has been acclaimed as one of the greatest basketball players of all time. Born in Brooklyn, New York, the fourth of five children. The family moved when Mike was a toddler to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he grew up. His family was down-to-earth, a slightly upper-middle-class black family. James Jordan, his father, and Deloris Peoples, his mother, met after viewing a basketball game. She was fifteen. He was soon going into the Air Force, but he promised to come back and marry her. When she returned home, homesick, after a short stay at Tuskegee Institute, it wasn't long before James, true to his word, returned to marry her.

James was the mechanical genius. He could repair almost anything. After his Air Force retirement he sought a job at the local General Electric (GE) factory. His innate skills eventually moved him from his entry-level mechanic position to supervisor of three departments. Mike wasn't like his dad. He wasn't very good working with machines. Meanwhile Deloris worked as a bank teller. So the family moved up economically, due to a three source income: James's Air Force pension and job at GE, and Delores's bank job.

It was the context of the times in which young Michael grew up. Wilmington had survived the civil-rights struggles of the 1960's and emerged better for it. Better for blacks. Better therefore for all. And the military was forwarding its black privates, sergeants, and officers out of totally integrated services into the mainstream of middle-class America. That also bode well for the black families of the new South—where James and Deloris sent their five children to integrated schools.

Deloris was the daily, daytime pusher. Letting her children know that her expectations were continually being raised as they proved themselves—"letting

them know in different ways that the more that was given to them, then the more that was expected from them.” (Halberstam, 18)

Discipline was the hallmark of the family. And competition. Lots of rules. Rule number one: work hard. His father was a pusher. Athletics was his favorite area to push, probably due to his military background. Maintain the regimen—and push hard. Rule number two: don’t waste your talent. Mike’s talent, though, wasn’t evident when he was really young.

Mike and his brother Larry were fiercely competitive between themselves. Larry had it all. “Great strength, athletic ability and ambition.” (Halberstam, 19) What he didn’t have his whole life was size. And that prevented him, at five-foot seven inches, from becoming a serious professional athlete. But every day presented the opportunity for Mike and Larry to engage in athletic combat. Rivalry coupled with deep brotherly affection, which Mike never lost as he traveled his way to professional stardom.

Dean Smith was the coach of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill’s basketball team, the Carolina Tar Heels. In the summer of 1980 Michael got the chance to attend Dean Smith’s high-school-age basketball camp. *It was a life-changing event.* Dean Smith ran a basketball camp that was widely believed to be the strongest in North Carolina—and one to which only the best players were invited. Do well and scholarships to the superior basketball collegiate programs followed. It took the North Carolina coaching staff that attended the camp just one week to decide that they wanted Mike in their college. *And wanted him badly.* Roy Williams (a young assistant coach on Dean’s staff), upon seeing Mike at his new growth-spurt height in three consecutive basketball sessions, concluded, “Mike Jordan—the kid from Wilmington. I think I’ve just looked at the best six-foot-four high school player that I’ve ever seen.” (Halberstam, 59) Raw athletic ability.

So the grapevine of Carolina alumni began to sing with the news. Doug Moe, the Denver Nuggets assistant coach, saw Mike’s future this way, “A kid named Jordan . . . I’m not talking good. I’m talking *great*.” (Halberstam, 63)

The next step: 1980 and Howard Garfinkel’s Five-Star (basketball) Camp, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Many of the best of the nation’s high school and college coaches participated in it. Superb coaching. Coach Garfinkel wasn’t disappointed. Amazed was a better word. Michael was explosive, quick, and a great jumper—yet with “an exceptional degree of poise and control.” (Halberstam, 65) That last was the most unusual for a young player, who often tended to play as if athletic ability was an end unto itself and nothing further was required.

Mike arrived as a freshman on the Carolina campus in 1981, with a basketball scholarship. Coach Dean Smith presided. Smith’s reputation was at its height. So much so that his was considered by far to be the best basketball program in the nation. Though he hadn’t yet won his first national championship, he had devolved a program that was “rich and dynamic.” (Halberstam, 73)

On the court, visitors were amazed at a couple of things. First, it was quiet. Almost silent. Except for the bouncing basketball or occasional whistle to signal

the shift from one drill to another, or the loud grunt of a player driving himself across the finish line in one of Smith's endless running drills to keep his players in top shape.

Second, the meticulous organization of every minute of every day's drills. The schedule was posted each day in elaborate detail. The rules were simple: Don't be late (that hurt the team), dress right on the road, set your watches together, and Coach Smith makes the decisions. You execute them—exactly the way they were planned. Preparation? What is the strategy and tactics at this point in the game if the score difference is such? Those are to be memorized, practiced, over and over until they are locked and loaded in the mind.

Dean Smith's boys couldn't neglect academics either. They *had* to attend class, and their attendance was closely reported. Also, unless they had a note from their parents that they did not go to church at home, they *had* to attend church while at school. Other teaching events related to:

- How to talk to the media.
- How to look reporters in the eye when you spoke to them.
- How to plan what you want to say before you speak.
- How to deal with inquiring people.
- How to handle yourself in a restaurant.
- And manners.

The loyalties that his program created—to the school, to the man, and above all to each other—in the end were remarkable and quite possibly unmatched in contemporary college athletics. Dean Smith was forever Coach to them. Grown men in their thirties and forties still checked in with him when they made critical career decisions. (Halberstam, 81-82)

And Mike was “barely twenty years old and doing things that could not be taught, and that only a handful of professional players could do.” (Halberstam, 99)

His was the guard position. During his years at Carolina, the Tar Heels won the 1982 National Championship. Upon graduation in 1984 he joined the Chicago Bulls and led them to six National Basketball Association (NBA) championships (1991–1993 and 1996–1998). He led the NBA in scoring for ten seasons, an NBA record, and holds the top career regular season and playoff scoring averages. He holds five regular-season Most Valuable Player (MVP) awards, six Finals MVPs (an NBA record), and three All-Star MVPs.

While with the NBA Mike regularly set records for compensation—signing annual contracts which exceeded thirty million dollars. Mike is also noted for his product endorsements which propelled the success of Nike's signature Air Jordan sneakers, and has acted as spokesperson for such brands as Coca-Cola, Chevrolet, Gatorade, and McDonald's. His yearly income from endorsements alone is estimated to exceed forty million dollars.

Mike owns Michael Jordan Motorsports, a professional closed-course motorcycle

road racing team. He is additionally the majority owner and head of basketball operations for the NBA's Charlotte (North Carolina) Bobcats. His purchase of the team made him the first former NBA player to become the majority owner of a league franchise.

Michael Jordan married Juanita Vanoy in 1989. They have two sons and a daughter, and divorced in 2006.

Parenting Techniques

1—Emphasize the Golden Rule

In the 1960's South, especially around Wilmington, North Carolina, it was hard to find clear heads when it came to race and integration. The U.S. Supreme Court decisions of the past two decades were law, fitfully applied, often skirted by red-neck police, politicians, and administrators. The sole beacon was the United States military. It's black "graduates" poured into Southern states hoping for fair treatment in jobs and society. Rarely did it work out that neatly. But there were a few courageous persons who made a distinct difference and advanced the concept of racial blindness. Nowhere was this teaching more important than in the nexus of the family.

Both [Mike's] parents worked in essentially integrated jobs, and their five children attended integrated schools. Both parents were determined that their children be neither blinded nor burdened by race, and their children were under constant orders to treat everyone the same. The less they themselves factored in race as a determinant, they taught their children, the less it would be factored in against them. In order to be treated well, they were to treat others well. They were expected to, and in time did, have friends on both sides of the color line. (Halberstam, 17-18)

Mike Jordan's family was just such a family. His parents were intent on seeing that their children followed the Golden Rule:

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. (Matthew, Chapter 7, Verse 12)

The Golden Rule is such an appropriate name. No other "rule" to live by is so universally accepted. Yet so simple. A maxim to be memorized and taken to heart.

2—Don't let obstacles and anxieties defeat you.

Mike's mother, Doloris, pounded into her children time and time again—that they were *not* to be defeated by "chance obstacles or momentary anxieties." She harkened her memory back to that black day when her own mother had allowed her to return from Tuskegee Institute claiming homesickness. A freshman in tears, never to return.

My mother should have put me right back on the train. I want to correct that error with my own kids. (Halberstam, 18)

So when Michael experienced a trouble spot in school and cut classes, Deloris took him to work in her car—and while she worked as a bank teller (and out of the corner of her eye could see him in the car), he sat there and had to study his textbooks all day.

People are afraid of failure. It's not pretty. And in business a percentage of failures is expected. But failure teaches.

So expect some failures—after planning as carefully as possible—and move on to the next opportunity, without regrets, but having learned.

And remember Abe Lincoln. Who lost 12 straight elections. The next election propelled Abe into the Presidency of the United States. Or Thomas Edison. He invented the first practical electric light bulb after testing 6,000 elements. He didn't give up. Neither did Lincoln. Teach your children they shouldn't give up either.

3—Practice the fundamentals

Coach Dean Smith's camp emphasized control and fundamentals.

No grab-assing. Few drives to the basket and dunking.

Work, Work, Work.

Mike Jordan made it all seem easy. As if he was born to the game. Said Buzz Peterson, a court-mate of Mike's who was also attending the camp: Mike had "great athletic moves but also making them seem effortless. The most natural kind of self-confidence." (Halberstam, 61) And daily he got better, and better. The coaches were internally bubbly. They couldn't believe his talent. His quickness. His ability to control the ball and move in ways that other athletes and coaches could only talk about. *He did these instinctively.*

But nobody on the team skipped the basics, the fundamentals. Not Mike. Nobody. *Everybody* had to follow the meticulous schedule and complete it—over and over again. Day after day.

The fundamentals *will win* for you. Complexity *depends* on knowing the fundamentals—*cold*.

4—Build a team

With Coach Smith *the team concept ruled*. All egos and individuality should be submerged into the team play.

Dean Smith 'believed that you went further by working as a team and by sacrificing individuality to team effort. He also thought that the kind of discipline and selflessness he demanded would eventually serve his players better later in their lives . . . Everything in the Carolina program had a multiple purpose: respect for team, respect for authority, respect for the

game, respect for opponents. ' (Halberstam, 75)

Modern business presents a “loner” dead end. Teams grow businesses. Teams win wars. Teams do, however, need leaders. It was said of the famous Antarctic explorer Ernest Shackleton, that he was the greatest leader of modern time.

He never achieved any of his goals. But he failed only at the improbable; he succeeded at the unimaginable.

So emphasize to your teenagers that the best *lead* teams. They don't try to hog the spotlight and monopolize.

5—Separate money from values and long-term goals

Black Americans of the South were keenly aware of the part that Dean Smith played in the history of race relations at Carolina. He was a *pioneer* of the first order.

He had integrated his program far earlier than other southern schools had, never under duress but with grace and skill and even tenderness. He had also helped integrate a popular downtown Chapel Hill restaurant early in his career, at a time when his own job often seemed on the line and when integration was hardly fashionable [a monumental understatement].
(Halberstam, 83-84)

He successfully recruited Charlie Scott in 1966 “in a region that was not yet entirely prepared for so earth-shattering a sight as that of a black Carolina basketball player. Smith made Scott a member of the Carolina family from the start, taking him to church on his first visit—a white church, not a black one, as Scott had anticipated.” (Halberstam, 84) And during games, if a racial epithet was flung, Dean needed to be physically restrained from going after the purveyor. Said James Worthy (the former NBA championship basketball player),

My father admired Dean Smith very much even before he stepped foot in our house. My father never went beyond the eighth grade, but he read the papers and he watched Walter Cronkite on television, and he was a man who knew about things, and how he [Dean Smith] had dealt with Charlie Scott, not just playing him, but being there for him, and that was the kind of man he wanted me to play for. That was a good deal more important to him than the money that some other schools were offering. (Halberstam, 84)

BARACK OBAMA

<p>Barack Obama is the 44th President of the United States, and the first African-American to hold the office.</p>

Barack's father herded goats in Kenya in his youth, and his white mother was an anthropologist.

Who is Barack Obama?

A black father from Kenya. A white mother. Raised largely by white maternal grandparents in Hawaii. He might have squandered his chances, blamed a world of discrimination. Instead he placed his hand on the Bible and swore to execute the office of the President of the United States—to the best of his abilities.

Barack Hussein Obama II was born August 4, 1961 in Honolulu, Hawaii to his mother, Stanley Ann Dunham, and father, Barack Hussein Obama, Sr.

Barack's mother was of mainly English ancestry, plus a bit of Irish and German. She grew up in Wichita, Kansas and greatly influenced Obama's life and thinking. She was his biggest cheerleader, his best friend. "Everything that is good about me, I think I got from her . . . the single constant in my life . . . the kindest, most generous spirit I have ever known." (Mendell, 24)

Madelyn "Toot" Dunham, Ann's mother and Barack's grandmother, did not have a college degree. Self-assured, she rose from bank secretary to vice-president. Ann's father was a furniture salesman who always wanted to move on. Peripatetic, footloose. To counteract this, Ann buried herself in reading. Wrapped herself in descriptions of foreign cultures, religions, philosophies. And academically brilliant.

Beyond academics, Ann carried on life as a non-conformist. An idealist and dreamer, unabashedly liberal. She refused to see the bad in other cultures. "Her continued ability to see the good in people, even when they failed to live up to her lofty ideals—was the quality that he [Barack] most admired." (Mendell, 27) Her influence can be seen reflected in Obama's theme to the world—which has been, in part, that we must see the good in others if we are ever to create a more perfect world.

Barack's father, Barack Hussein Obama, Sr., came from Kenya's Luo tribe, the son of a tribal elder. Blacker than black. A stark contrast to Ann's ivory white skin. He herded goats at the family farm near a poor village. (Most of the tribe

raised cattle, lived in mud huts, and subsisted on cornmeal, yams, and millet). Very luckily his academics stood out in the local school (established by the British colonialists). Which led to a scholarship to a Nairobi school, then a sponsorship to study in Hawaii.

Ann met Barack's father in a Russian language class at the University of Hawaii. He was twenty-three. She was eighteen. He was erudite and extremely brilliant. Graduated in three years at the top of his economics class. A marvelous, resonant speaker. Charming. So much so that he deceived Obama's mother into thinking that he had divorced his first wife in Kenya. Nevertheless, they married in 1961, their marriage not welcomed at all by Ann's parents. This was, after all, the 1960's, when over half of the states still banned interracial marriages).

And in 1962 he won a scholarship to pursue his Ph.D. at Harvard. Lacking funds to bring his wife and son, he nevertheless accepted Harvard's invitation, separated from his wife, attended Harvard, and never returned to Hawaii or his family.

Who was the myth? Barack's father left Hawaii and the family in 1963 when Obama was two years old. He left only stories, told to Obama by his mother and grandmother. Back in Kenya he married another American woman who bore him two more children. In his lifetime he seems to have had four wives and nine children. But that was the least of his problems on his return to Kenya. He was now chief economist for a petroleum company, but unsuited at maneuvering through tribal politics. Drinking too much, mouthing off too much, he lost his job and was unable to find work for many years. Said Obama, "he related to women as his father had, expecting them to obey him no matter what he did." (Mendell, 31) "He was a man of his time from a very patriarchal society." (Remick, 57)

Ann divorced him in 1964, and then remarried. This time to an Indonesian student, Lolo Soetoro, also attending the University of Hawaii, who had to return to his country after two years. When Barack and Ann did join Lolo in Jakarta, Indonesia, after a year apart, Barack was six, and Lolo was different—distant, uncommunicative, drinking heavily.

Indonesia. The exotic orient. Everything was new. Culture. Religion. Classmates. Food (dog, snake, grasshoppers). "I learned how to eat small green chili peppers raw." (Mendell, 33)

Obama learned a lot during his three plus years in Indonesia. "Obama was the one foreign child in his immediate neighborhood, and the only one enrolled in St. Francis [Catholic school]." (Remick, 60) He learned that the world was far different from Hawaii. In Indonesia the low standard of living thrust itself into his face in myriad ways. Beggars. Famine. Desperation. Violence. Cruelty. A chasm that existed between the spectacularly wealthy and the desperately poor. It forced him to be thankful for the blessings of his American citizenship.

In keeping with her perception of her son's potential, Ann scorned the poor local schooling he was getting. To compensate, she roused him from bed three hours early each morning. Before dawn. Tutored him in English. Ultimately she reached the breaking point. The schooling issue—the poor education, even in the best preparatory schools. The backward medical system that could easily allow one to

die—from lack of attention, poorly trained staff, antiquated equipment and procedures, or a patient's penury—without thinking twice about the morality. His mother decided that they had no choice but to bolt.

Ann finally had had enough and sent Barack back, by himself, to Hawaii to be schooled and live with his maternal grandparents. It was 1971. At age ten, he had been in Indonesia for nearly four years. His mother promised to follow shortly. He was enrolled in the private Punahou Academy, which he attended from the 5th grade through high school graduation in 1979. In 1841, a prestigious college preparatory academy, founded by missionaries. He was considered only because of his maternal grandfather's intervention. It was 90% white, with a lovely campus. Hawaii was then, and still is, a sort of melting pot. Your five "best friends" are Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian, Caucasian, and Afro-American. Race just wasn't an issue. That's the way it was. Eventually Hawaii became, in Barack's mind, almost a mythical melting pot of racial harmony. "Hawaii's spirit of tolerance might not have been perfect or complete, but it was—and is—real." (Remick, 92)

His mother returned to Hawaii in 1972, a year after Obama, in order to pursue a master's degree in anthropology. They lived together until 1977, when his mother returned again to Indonesia to do her academic field work again. Leaving Obama in Hawaii.

Obama was thus largely raised by his white maternal grandparents, Madelyn "Toot" Dunham and Stanley Armour Dunham. Toot's father held onto his job during the Great Depression, "managing an oil lease for Standard Oil." (Obama, 14) Toot's mother was a teacher, from a family of readers, whose focus was: The Bible, The Great Books, and Methodists—valuing "reason over passion and temperance over both." (Obama, 14) Obama's maternal grandfather was broad-minded, enjoying jazz and poetry. He briefly explored organized religion with the Unitarian Universalists, whose brand of religion "drew on the scriptures of all the great religions ('It's like you get five religions in one,' he would say)." (Obama, 17)

Basketball in Honolulu provided a small alternative community of sorts. A microcosm of friends and comrades, insulating him from an often absent father and mother. Basketball taught him humility. His skills, however, didn't measure up to his dreams, so he practiced and sat on the bench during most of the games. He respectfully accepted that subdued role, yet still supported both the team and their coach.

After three years Ann separated from her Indonesian husband, stayed on in Indonesia, and returned to Hawaii in 1994 for postgraduate studies in anthropology.

Obama thus spent his teenage years in Hawaii. "Hawaii was heaven for a kid and consequently I was sort of a goof-off." (Mendell, 32)—doing the things normal teenagers do: school, athletics, surfing, girls.

There was life beyond high school and the claustrophobic confines of Hawaii, no matter how nice the weather or how many friends you had. Obama felt the pull,

similar to his mother's wanderlust. On to the epicenter of American culture: Chicago and New York City.

On full scholarship, Barack first attended a small liberal arts school, Occidental College in Los Angeles. Two years. That was where he first felt and experienced the *power* of his own spoken words. Words that constructed forceful social and political arguments. Then a transfer to Columbia University in New York City. Living a self-imposed monastic existence, in a sparsely furnished apartment, reading great works of literature: the Bible, Nietzsche, Melville, Morrison. Exercising. Running. It was his way of growing his mind. "The schools I went to weren't driven by athletics . . . To get girls, you had to be the smartest guy in the coffee shop, not the best shooter on the court." (Mendell, 58)

His favorite professor at Columbia was Roger Boesche, who taught *American Political Thought* and *Modern Political Thought*. Not filling Barack's mind with conclusions. Instead getting Barack and his other students to learn for themselves, to delve deep into the philosophers, to come to their own personal conclusions.

Barack graduated from Columbia in 1983 with a Bachelor of Science in political science. Then took a position as an editor and research assistant for a global business newsletter. Yet he searched for a more fulfilling position. He told his grandmother that he wanted "to leave the world a better place." (Mendell, 63) He responded to an ad. For a neighborhood activist, to help empower the poor. The job? An organizing drive in a poor black neighborhood on Chicago's Far South Side. Jerry Kellman, white and Jewish, interviewed and accepted him for the Developing Communities Project.

Community organizing. It would eventually become a cornerstone of his political resume. "Obama's first Chicago experience would open his youthful eyes to how cynical, complicated, and unjust the world can be—especially when politics, race and power are as inextricably intertwined as they are in the largest middle-American city. [And as a mixed-race man] . . . it was his first deep immersion into the African-American community." (Mendell, 64) It forced him into the nexus of poverty and despondency. It would become a recurring tenor in his future speeches. "Giving voice to the voiceless and power to the powerless." (Mendell, 64)

His community organizing work combined ambition, a passion to work for the betterment of others' lives, and a need to serve. Significant *structural* change, not just a handout or temporary fix. *That's* what he was after.

Realizing a law degree would make him much more effective, he arrived at Harvard Law School in 1988 at the age of twenty-seven. Older than the average age of his classmates. Mature. Self-disciplined. Committed to his studies. He made friends easily—projecting responsibility and intelligence, with a captivating speaking voice.

During his law studies he became a writer, editor, and finally, president of the *Harvard Law Review*—the most influential legal publication in the country. Why him? He showed "great political deftness . . . He made people feel generally included and valued and he got everybody in harness, working toward a common

goal, notwithstanding a lot of the other problems and fissures that existed . . . It was a fractious, headstrong bunch. And he led the group with considerable skill and finesse.” (Mendell, 91) He graduated in 1991 with a Juris Doctor (J.D.) degree *magna cum laude*.

In 1989 Obama met his future wife, Michelle Robinson, at the Chicago law firm of Sidley Austin. He was a summer intern; she was designated by the firm as Barack’s advisor. Both had law degrees from Harvard. It took a while, but eventually, after he met her family, the situation became more romantically “solid.” They married in 1992 and have two daughters, Malia Ann and Natasha, nicknamed “Sasha.”

Barack Obama has written two books, *Dreams from My Father* and *The Audacity of Hope*.

Parenting Techniques

1—Keep it simple.

Barack’s new Indonesian stepfather pushed on him stories meant to showcase the evil in the world and the futility of fighting it. His father saw it as useless to flail against the poverty, the corruption, the lack of a safety net. Raw power and the powerful could not be defeated. “Better to be strong,” (Obama, 41) said Lolo.

Yet Barack clearly didn’t succumb to his thinking, but rather followed his mother’s moral values. Always countering the opposition (her husband). Always reminding Barack of his American heritage, black history, the Civil Rights Movement. A black on the U.S. Supreme Court. Famous black actors. The biological aspect of Barack’s own father—his giant intellect. In that way Ann built on the positive aspects of Barack’s inheritance—reinforcing the good and playing down the negatives. He should be proud. He had nothing to be ashamed of. Racially or intellectually.

Obama had his own mind and, like his mother, never conformed to whims of the day. ‘When somebody was getting teased, he kind of gave that look, almost a look of disapproval,’ [One of his closest friends, Bobby] Titcomb recalled, ‘So that’s kind of just the way he was. He was different in a way in that he didn’t buy into the normal. He didn’t tease kids just because it was the cool thing to do.’ Indeed, his mother’s Lesson Number Four was ‘independent judgment’—never run down another child just because others are doing so. (Mendell, 42)

She emphasized four things: honesty, fairness, straight talk and independent judgment.” (Mendell, 34)

She kept it simple.

Boil down your most important values to a few. Simple. Easy to remember.

2—Grade to their potential

One Columbia professor also struck a blow at Obama's ego that resonated loudly.

[Professor] Boesche had a way of drawing out Obama's intellect, which had not yet been fully engaged. He did this by, of all things, giving Obama a B on an exam that Obama was certain deserved an A. Obama said that he was still 'partying pretty hard' but found Professor Boesche's classes special. 'I knew that, even though I hadn't studied, that I knew this stuff much better than my classmates. I went to him and said, "Why did I get a B on this?" And he said, "You didn't apply yourself." He was very much grading me on a different curve. And I was pissed . . . There were people who recognized my potential and who were willing to challenge me on some of my less productive behavior, and I think that helped increase a sense of seriousness . . . Most importantly, it got me to recognize that the world wasn't just about me. There was a bigger world out there and I was luckier than most and I had an obligation to take not only my own talents more seriously but also see what I could contribute to others. (Mendell, 61-62)

Teach your children that they *can be* and *are* bigger than the small world around them. Their potential in America is truly unlimited.

3—Learn to listen

His community organizing days.

At the behest of Jerry Kellman, Obama conducted twenty to thirty interviews a week with community members. A tenet of the community organizers:

Listen. Listen hard! Listen to the people you are trying to help. Hear them. Understand their dreams and needs. Understand yours and their limitations. Treat people as human beings who can help themselves if they are taught how. How to work within the system. How to push the right buttons of businesses, government—and the people.

It's surprising how many people close their ears. They know it all. They've formed their opinions. Closed their minds.

It's refreshing to meet people who know how to listen, really listen, process new information and revise their ideas and opinions when warranted. Coincidentally, a nearly lost art in the political age of hyper-partisanship.

To understand people, you first have to listen and learn.

4—Exude confidence

"Your dad could handle just about any situation, and that made everybody like him." (Obama, 8)

Confidence.

Barack's father had it in abundance. "The secret to a man's success." (Obama, 8)

JANE PAULEY

Jane Pauley is an American television journalist, news anchor. and TV host

Jane's father was a traveling milk salesman.

Who is Jane Pauley?

Didn't know. Undiagnosed until late. Bipolar was the medical term. She fought it. When it struck she had to be hospitalized. Succumbed for a while.

Margaret Jane Pauley was born October 31, 1950 in Indianapolis, Indiana to Richard G. Pauley and Mary Patterson. At age twenty-three Richard drove the family car into a tree, killing Jane's grandmother, Margaret Grandison Pauley. Jane's grandfather, Albert Pauley, died three months later. The trauma effects never completely left Richard.

Richard, at the top of his high school class, rejected a full scholarship to college. Instead he enrolled in a business course. Typing and stenography. He wanted "to get productive right away." (Pauley, 45) That was the way his mind worked. Jane's father's life then followed a quick progression. Enlisting at twenty-four in the U.S. Army (just three weeks before Pearl Harbor), marrying, returning from the war.

When he left the service Richard had unluckily opted to stay in the inactive army reserves. So when the Korean War broke out, he received the call-up notice just as Jane's mother was eight months pregnant with Jane. It was a decision he bitterly regretted the rest of his life. "For a few extra dollars a month, he had put his little family in a terrible predicament." (Pauley, 49) Nevertheless, he went to Korea as Master Sergeant Pauley, age thirty-four (he was the second-oldest of over 200 basic trainees at Fort Hood, Texas).

Jane's parents wrote each other every day of her father's time in the military, ten months total. Yet his letters home almost always spoke of his "blues." His spirits were up. Down. Bad. Not so bad. And reading his letters depressed Jane's mother too. Although the letters provided a lifeline between them, they highlighted his isolation from her and the concerns and difficulties of her raising two daughters alone. Decisions that had to be made by a lonely mother. They gnawed at her, dragged her down. And in a way it was a chasm from which neither parent fully recovered.

Jane's mother, Mary, came from a quiet clan. They listened well, but didn't talk

much. Mary's father, Fred Patterson, had fought depression too. His daily journal of happenings and transactions had months at a time of blank pages. Mary's mother was the daughter of an alcoholic. When she married Fred she took to farming, doing everything a farmer's wife had to do. And did it smartly, competently, efficiently. She was a nurse. And a leader. She was a decider and made most of the family decisions. Assumed the "pants" of the family. Mary's public and private aura were exactly the opposite of her husband's. In public she was the dutiful wife, beholden to her husband. In private she pulled more than her weight.

Fred and Mary met in business school, then coincidentally worked at the same company. She was an accountant, a whiz with figures. But her academics mismatched her social life. "Her report card had straight A's, but her dance card was blank." (Pauley, 54) Mary a boyfriend. Until she met Fred. But she wasn't all numbers. In her school years she became quite proficient with the typewriter *and* the piano, practicing five hours a day. Later supplementing her accounts payable clerk income by playing part-time at a nearby supper club.

Jane grew up in a quiet house. Her parents were Presbyterians. "Diversity in our fifties [1950's] neighborhood meant that Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists could live side by side." (Pauley, 60) Her father Richard was away for the five weekdays as a traveling evaporated-milk salesman for the Wilson Milk Company. He measured success by getting a new car each year or two, paid for by the company. At home: No television. No piano playing. No guests or phone ringing. Her mother kept busy with the chores, writing her father, listening to the war news on the radio. And her mother built their house, supervising the construction herself. She was happiest when she was busy. Sewing the family clothes. "Getting a lot done." (Pauley, 71) When she had one of her "lazy days," that's when the depression set in.

Publicly Jane's dad Richard was gentle and cheerful. Outgoing. Energetic. Popular. Competent. Never swore. Never shouted. That was how Jane remembered him. But in private, he was vulnerable. And slowly, with increasing frequency, he displayed erratic tendencies. Moods that rose and fell regularly with his finances. On the other side, Jane's mother didn't inherit her mother's "robust health and stamina." (Pauley, 73) A bout of scarlet fever when Mary was young may have damaged her heart and contributed to her "troubles."

Political Science. "Poli Sci." Jane's major at Indiana University. But what use was that? What was she going to *do* with that? It was a question that haunted her. She was nearing graduation, almost on top of it, and she still didn't know what she wanted to *do* with her life. She broke down in tears on the eve of her graduation. She had plowed ahead with her studies for an early graduation. Now that it was upon her, she didn't have a clue as to what her future held, what path she should take.

And in truth, in the 1970's the future wasn't nearly as bright for females as males. Employers often still subscribed to starting women at "entry level" jobs. Receptionist. Administrative assistant. And with a degree in poli sci? How could

that help an employer?

Balls. She had them, so to speak. Faced with the unknown, she took a chance. After all, what did she have to lose? She reached back into her Girls State/Girls Nation experience. (These are summer leadership and citizenship programs sponsored by the American Legion). She had met the local TV anchorman, Mike Ahern of WISH-TV, four years earlier when she was serving as Governor of Girls' State. Coincidentally she had been named youth chairman of the tuberculosis fund, of which Mike Ahern was the chairman.

"I picked up my . . . Princess phone and called . . . making a speech was easy, but a phone call was so very hard! I would have to say, 'Mr. Ahern, you may not remember me, but . . . ' What if he didn't?" (Pauley, 114-115)

But Mike Ahern did remember her. She asked for career advice. He invited her to come by the station. Showed her around and invited her to meet with one of the local statehouse reporters, Frank Phillipi. Frank, in turn, was key to alerting Jane to an opening at Channel WISH TV station for "a female-type person." (Pauley, 115) A subsequent phone call by Jane to the station's news director secured an interview. She had no experience, no journalism degree. "He preferred both. I had neither." (Pauley, 115) Her interview consisted of writing up a sample newscast. Her writing and extemporaneous-speaking experience, coupled with her comfort level when speaking into the camera, won the day. She was Indianapolis's newest TV reporter, two weeks before Election Day 1972.

She worked at WISH from 1972–1975, during which time she was promoted from senior reporter to co-anchor of the weekday six o'clock news. Then her anchoring was fortuitously seen by news scouts during the 1975 Indy 500 motor race. When the dust of interviews settled, Jane accepted a job at WMAQ TV in Chicago, with a 400% raise.

The Chicago advance publicity surrounding her move struck a demeaningly low mark. Still, when she debuted, Jane's reviews were fabulous. Ron Powers, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, wrote, "Jane Pauley, ridiculed in advance of her WMAQ television news debut for being young, a woman, beautiful, and (gasp) a non-Chicagoan, made all the criticism seem a bit silly Monday night." (Pauley, 131) Another, the *Tower Ticker* column of the *Chicago Tribune*, judged her to have "'confidence, competence, believability and warmth,' and was given a 9 ½ rating on a 10-point scale." (Pauley, 131) The press had declared her a "Winner."

So in 1975, at age of 24, she was the first woman to anchor a weekday evening newscast in Chicago. Her short stint at WMAQ stretched from 1975 to 1976.

New York City. The Big Apple. And Barbara Walters of NBC's *Today* show was retiring from the show. Who to replace her? Four years out of college, Jane was in the running. Out of a reported two thousand applicants, five were selected to audition. She adroitly handled a week-long "chemistry test" with Tom Brokaw. And positive viewer response reverberated in the NBC halls.

Hosting with Tom Brokaw, his shadow loomed large. She made mistakes aplenty,

but nicely recovered from most. Letting the television audience know she was “real.” Not plastic. Vulnerable. Human. Jane was comfortable, at ease, poised, warm, sincere. She was able to be “herself” and respond adroitly to almost any situation. A consummate professional—acting far beyond her youthful years.

And so she had “arrived.” At the pinnacle of TV journalism. “In thirteen years on *Today* [1976–1989], I probably traveled two hundred thousand miles.” (Pauley, 186) When she left *Today* there followed her own show, *Real Life with Jane Pauley*, as deputy anchor for *NBC Nightly News*, then as co-host for NBC’s *Dateline* from 1992–2003.

Jane’s personal historical revelation began without fanfare. She, along with her fellow NBC News anchors—seven in all—were tasked with each doing a story on their own roots and upbringing. Her first thoughts on the matter were typical: going home? “*But nothing happened there.*”

It took a while, but gradually the unexpected emerged. Secrets buried. A forty-nine-year old box of hundreds of letters. Unearthed. Examined. Laying bare a family history of trauma and depression. Locked in the genes. Perhaps waiting to emerge in Jane’s life.

Alcoholism. Jane’s father was an alcoholic. He tried to hide it. Did hide it successfully from his children. Undoubtedly not from Jane’s mother—who would have had to organize her life around it, cover for it. But it took a long time for Jane and her sister Ann to recognize their dad’s alcoholism. What ensued, as in so many cases, was a confrontation. Initial denial. Initial rejection of treatment. And finally acceptance and rehab. Then almost immediately upon his return from rehab, he was hospitalized. Near death. Hemorrhaging. His liver failing from the damage due to alcohol. Surgery followed. Successful. And he remained sober thereafter.

In 1983 Jane’s mother suffered a serious stroke. Her speech, memory, and mobility were severely affected. Her father adhered to the wedding vow “in sickness and in health” and became her sole caregiver for years. It wore on him—the physical aspect, the worry, the difficulty dealing with a loved one who increasingly bore little resemblance to his “beloved.” Then *his* health began failing—also in and out of the hospital, then full-time, live-in, round-the-clock help—and the inevitable. First her father failed, then her mother, three years later. It inflicted a tremendous mental toll on Jane and her sister Ann.

Hives. They appeared in Jane at age seven, fourteen and twenty-one. But 1999 they recurred. This time steroids were prescribed. The treatment proved horrible. It caused the hives to subside, but accelerated her (then undiagnosed) bipolar condition. In 2000–2001 the bipolar symptoms came back, and Jane was hospitalized in 2003.

Jane Pauley recovered. Returned to normal life. And has since written her autobiography *Skywriting: A Life Out of the Blue*.

Jane’s charity endeavors have included the Jane Pauley Community Health Center in Warren Township, Indiana—providing medical, dental, and mental health

services to the local community, regardless of income. She also participates as a member of the Board of Directors of The Mind Trust (which supports education innovation and reform), the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) (reporting monthly on how people age 50+ are reinventing their lives), and is on the leadership board of the McGovern Institute for Brain Research at MIT.

In 1980 Jane married Garry Trudeau, the originator and cartoonist of the *Doonesbury* comic strip. They have three children.

Parenting Techniques

1—Use contests to build your children’s competitive instincts

Dad loved to drive. He drove five days a week in his job as traveling salesman for the Wilson Milk Company. But he loved to drive *any* day of the week. “Daddy was a man always in motion.” (Pauley, 86) The one week of the year he was on vacation, he gloried in bundling the family into the car and driving. Visiting a faraway vacation spot. Packing handmade sandwiches, soft drinks, snacks, candy, and sweets into the cooler the night before. Rising at 4 a.m. to load the car (including a folding rocking chair strapped to the roof). With a thermos of coffee to fortify him, he was determined to “make good time” (always his mantra) to wherever their destination happened to be. Cruising twenty miles over the speed limit. Aggressive. Confident. In his domain. In control.

It was the contests. “Driving was full of contests.” (Pauley, 88) Whatever ideas came to his mind to challenge his daughters, his family—they would be translated into a never-ending series of contests. To see who could guess this. Could count more passing cars of that make. Could solve his verbal math challenges. Could name all the states. Could name the state capitals. Could solve verbal puzzles. Could identify famous people. *Could whatever!* These were the “tricks”—to make the miles go faster. To test his youngsters. To juice their competitive instincts.

He fired them up. He rewarded them for the right answers with his hearty laughs and hurrahs. His voice of approval, so yearned for by all children, and certainly by Jane and her sister Ann.

So these competitive instincts, subtly taught, were a critical factor when Jane was knocked out of the cheerleading squad. She had no time to mope. She enjoyed competing, and moved on to the next opportunity.

Contests fire up the competitive juices. Force kids to learn. Teach them math, facts, or vocabulary skills. A good way to educate during otherwise “soft” time.

2—Involve your children in debating

Jane, who had worn the coveted cheerleader sweater since the sixth grade, did not hear her name being called for the new semester’s cheerleading team. Knocked off the Warren Central High School cheerleading squad. In her sophomore year, suffering a devastating blow to her teenage ego. *Oh, my God!*

She was *crushed*. Her ego punctured. Devastated. All her teenage social life

revolved around cheerleading. It was the supreme disappointment. Nothing could have wreaked more havoc on her personality. No social life in the forecast. She didn't have a plan B or plan C. Tears welled up uncontrollably.

What to do?

Fortunately Warren Central High School was a powerhouse in another sport:

DEBATING—PUBLIC SPEAKING—SPEECH.

Her sister and new best friend Judy were “chattering excitedly about their first day at a speech tournament.” (Pauley, 102) Though they hadn't “made the team” as a result of their debating tryouts, they were feeling like champions. Why? Because they, along with hundreds of other kids, were part of something big. The reason for their excitement was a phenomenon that had built up over several years, probably many years. The school fielded a *whopper* of a speech and debating team. Winning. More winning. Championships. Warren Central High School became synonymous with a *great* debating team.

So all the ingredients were there. All the ingredients to patch up Jane's ego. To make her whole again. To allow her to fit into a new social circle. *And* to wield new skills to unknowingly compliment her future career.

But it didn't happen by chance. It only happened with lots of hard work by past teachers of reputation. Teachers who took valuable time from their schedule. Donating class time and their spare time to pursuing a quality niche that widened into a rock of professionalism.

Jane signed up for the novice debate tournament with her best friend. And suddenly Fridays and Saturdays were consumed with this new passion. They lacked finesse. They lacked preparation. They lacked experience. But that didn't stop them from competing. They started winning, and kept on winning.

What particularly caught their fancy? Extemporaneous speaking. WOW! The fewest notes. No need for overstuffed file boxes. They mostly used current event magazines. Fielded questions out of the blue. Fast and furious. Had to be deft on your feet. Had to be informed, well-read. Otherwise they would have no idea how to piece together a “position,” a proper advocacy. And one nice aspect, from Jane's point of view, was that it precluded preparation. Just required chutzpah.

Every Saturday all competing teams picked up their upcoming debate topics, taken from the indexes of news magazines such as: *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *U.S. News & World Report*. They had thirty minutes from that time to prepare seven-minute speeches that would persuade the judge of their position: Resolved. That the United States should mend relations with Red China! (just an example) As it turned out, these debates and quick responses gave her the confidence to later conduct similar interviews on the *Today* show. With celebrities, politicians, and famous people in the news. Quick draw. Aim. Squeeze the trigger. Hit the target. *She loved it!*

Quickly Jane moved from team debates to solo, for the extemporaneous debates were solo events. And she was also fortunate that her best friend Judy was quite

adept at debating. In the end, Jane finished first and Judy second. But “Picking up the trophy in an auditorium with hundreds of teenagers was pretty thrilling. We were hooked.” (Pauley, 102)

Insist that your children take debating and/or public speaking classes in school—because the ability to quell stage fright and speak to an audience is crucial to your son or daughter’s future success in *any* field.

3—Encourage your children to participate in leadership organizations

It was the summer after Jane’s junior year in college. Girls State at Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana. Sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary, a national organization. A convention to explore the possibilities and techniques of “government.”

Jane was lucky. She won her party’s nomination, then the election for “Governor.” (she shared that distinction with former United States President Bill Clinton and Tom Brokaw—re: Boys State).

They organized into four counties. Making speeches. Multiple ballots until the winner emerged on the third ballot. And afterwards she had to pass on the “bills” the student legislature sent to her for signature (she vetoed many).

Girls State and Girls Nation. Boys State and Boys Nation. Exercises in learning the mechanics of American government and democracy. Learning the feel of parliamentary procedure and speechmaking. Building political coalitions. Persuasion. Persistence. Fighting long odds.

Leadership organizations abound. And welcome all aspirants. Don’t hesitate to bless a teen’s wish to join.

PAUL VOLCKER, JR.

<p>Paul Volcker, Jr. is an American economist, and former Chairman of the Federal Reserve from 1979–1987.</p>

Paul's mother was the penny-pincher in the family—always scraping and saving.

Who is Paul Volcker?

Public service isn't a mantra in most households. More often to be looked down on. Other more lucrative professions favored. The Volcker's were different. Roaring national inflation needed the big bat. A tall, ramrod economist was ready.

Paul Adolph Volcker, Jr., "Bud", was born September 5, 1927 in Cape May, New Jersey. A baby in a family of three strong-willed sisters. His family was very tall, of German heritage. His father was six-foot-four inches. Stern. Austere. His three sisters, each over six feet tall. His father imparted to him his cool aloofness. And both his father and mother bequeathed their intellect. His mother, Alma Klippel, also German, was the real penny-pincher in the family. Always scraping and saving. Paul, Jr.'s early family life was one of thrift, orderliness, caution, and dedication to the public trust.

Before he moved to Teaneck, New Jersey, his civil engineer father had worked in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. First as a city engineer, then manager of the Chamber of Commerce. When they arrived in 1930, the Township of Teaneck was \$5 million in debt—a *huge* sum in the middle of the Great Depression. And nearly bankrupt. Paul's father, now Town Manager, pulled it out of its financial hole through honest no nonsense policies, and tough fiscal management. There was a sign on his father's desk:

You go into the public service for public good, not private gain. (Neikirk, 56)

Paul attended Princeton, studying economics and history. Then graduate school, the Littauer School of Public Administration at Harvard University. Interspersed with a year at the London School of Economics. Paul married Barbara Bahnson in 1954 and told his new wife, "he would never amount to much and would probably wind up working in some dark office as an economist, wearing his green eyeshade and making only \$6,000 a year." (Treaster, 110)

First joining Chase Bank, he caught the eye of David Rockefeller, becoming his special assistant on money and credit. Then to Washington as Director of the

Office of Financial Analysis in the Treasury Department. A brief return to Chase as Vice President for international business, then back to government as Undersecretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs.

1971 found Paul Volcker, Jr. the “chief architect of Nixon’s 1971 plan to end the world’s system of fixed currency exchange rates.” (Neikirk, 5) Then in 1975 he was named President of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Four years later he was appointed by President Jimmy Carter as Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—to combat a “crisis of confidence” in the U.S. financial system.

Volcker’s appointment coincided with two frightful vectors that were trying to tear the nation’s and the world’s economies apart. Raging inflation and the steep decline in economists’ and politicians’ confidence in Keynesian economics—that branch which espouses manipulation of the federal budget to minimize recessions and maximize employment (nice in theory, but politicians found they did not have the political will or independence to carry it out). He saw his principal task as taming inflation. When he took control of the Fed, Paul converted to monetarism and rapidly abandoned trying to control interest rates. Instead, his focus was on controlling the monetary supply. He was by trade a financial technician, but the job required a thorough facility with minutiae, the economy’s dynamics, broad strategy, international sensitivity, and political deftness.

The Volcker era, from 1979–1982, tamed inflation and resulted in the economy roaring back in 1984. He had a “brilliance in setting monetary policy and skill in navigating Washington politics.” (Treaster, 8) But the massive deficits of the Reagan Administration and the nation’s fast declining productivity could not be entirely overcome by shrewd monetary policy of the Federal Reserve.

In a speech at Harvard University in 1985, Volcker said that the “responsibility of government is to foster a climate of opportunity—an environment in which enterprise and ingenuity and personal initiative will flourish. We can’t afford to lose those traditional American values of know-how and ‘can do.’ But he went on to say that America could lose many of these values if ‘our acquisitive instincts’ aren’t kept within ‘accepted principles of law and policy.’ All this demands ‘a sense of personal responsibility and integrity rooted in a larger national purpose.’ In so many words, Volcker seemed to be saying that business leadership should be put to a higher test and that greed itself in business should be curbed.” (Neikirk, 56)

He stepped down from the Federal Reserve in 1987, to become a professor at Princeton University, teaching at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs. And as a visiting professor at the Stern School of Business at New York University. And to pay the bills, he signed on with the New York City investment banking firm: James D. Wolfensohn, Inc. (Wolfensohn later became the ninth president of the World Bank Group).

In the wake of the 2001–2002 Enron bankruptcy and collapse of its auditors, Arthur Anderson, Paul was offered the Chairmanship of the Public Company Accounting Oversight Board. He was unofficially “Mr. Incorruptible,” but he turned it down to work on behalf of the restitution for Holocaust victims.

Paul Volcker, Jr.'s persona is straightforward, just as his father's had been. Pragmatic. Unpretentious. Discreet. Laser-like in "his ability to diagnose trouble in the monetary system . . . [and] manage a financial crisis." (Neikirk, 5) Confident. Trustworthy. Keenly invested in the dual concepts: the integrity of money and the dangers of debt.

Richard Stryon, Paul's special assistant from 1981–1982, cast the superlative on Volcker's running of monetary policy, "He had very little faith in economic forecasts and no faith at all in econometric models . . . [instead] He's highly analytical, and he has an intuitive feel for markets." (Neikirk, 22)

Volcker's was a hands-on style, continually testing his ideas with colleagues. Wanting decisions to be looked at from all directions. Accepting constructive criticism. Probing. Re-crafting. And he didn't mind challenging others in the glare of public media. Personally he is austere, hates to spend money, old-fashioned, frugal, self-sufficient.

Although not wealthy, Paul donated \$1.5 million to the New York Hospital for Special Surgery to create a research unit in memory of his late wife, and an additional \$600,000 to the Rand Institute in California to support work toward making public service more attractive.

Parenting Techniques

1—Be frugal

It was a tradition in the Volcker family—being frugal. Clothes worn until they were observed to be fraying (even Paul Sr.'s tweed suits). No wasting funds from the family pocketbook for eating out. Always taking his lunch to work. In his choice of cars, mundane Plymouths and DeSotos, configured to accommodate a large family of six. Paul Sr. routinely tried to clean or make do with older clothes, rather than spring for new ones. Resoling shoes five or six times was not unusual. He similarly brokered no spurious spending by his wife or children. The daughters sewed their own clothes. So Paul Jr. quickly learned that he had to toe the mark too, and consider carefully *any* expenditure of *any* amount.

In his responsibilities as Town Manager of Teaneck, New Jersey (he was the first in 1930), Paul, Sr. reflected his personal hatred of spending. All the town's appropriations and expenditures went through him. When it came to spending, no person, no company, no organization could escape his eagle eye. He had a well-deserved reputation for being untouchable from a corruption point-of-view, and penny pincher in the extreme. The Town of Teaneck benefited and so did Paul, Sr.'s children.

Lessons in life. Lessons in how to run a family or government body. Don't spend unless you absolutely have to. And then be able to explain it in such terms that no one misunderstands both the need, the sincerity and the integrity of your financial oversight.

Teach them to be frugal—by example.

2—Public service is a worthwhile and noble profession

No Volcker child could avoid it. Both parents were on board. It was a common topic and subject of many lectures. Paul Jr.'s mother Alma never tired of extolling its virtues. Paul's sister, Virginia, related:

It fit in with what my father was doing. You spend your time doing good for people and working for the betterment of the world. They [my parents] agreed with each other on the importance of service and social values. The idea of being a businessman wasn't sort of what you did. You did good for the world. Business wasn't seen as giving that much of yourself. (Treaster, 93)

Paul Sr.'s heart lay in public service. If Town Manager seemed a bit small to others, it was not to him. But he encouraged his son to think big. So that when the occasion arose, Paul Jr. would be ready for the calling.

The highest service is to our fellow man. Whether it be to a civil service job, an appointed or elected office. If you're honest, fair, and dedicated, then as parents you should be proud of any child who undertakes public service.

3—Maintain an appearance of propriety in all your affairs

It was an era in which politics had a dirty reputation. Corruption was rampant, and New Jersey was no different. It conflicted wildly with Paul, Sr.'s ethics. He wouldn't bend. He wouldn't tolerate even the slightest appearance of impropriety. He wanted Teaneck to be different. He had the power in his own hands to ensure that—if he stuck with his standards.

Paul Jr. always had to tread carefully. He knew that his father's position would cast a harsh spotlight if he erred. Everybody knew his father and would know of Paul Jr.'s indiscretions immediately—and it would reflect badly on the upbringing by his parents. Time and again Paul Jr. appropriately recognized that pressure and refused to participate in teenage activities and incidents that might have an unflattering outcome.

Paul Jr. related the following story of his father's intransigence on this matter,

Once, after a heavy snowfall, the head of public works in Teaneck sent a plow to clear the Volcker's driveway and the street in front of their house before taking care of the rest of the town. 'Paul [Sr.] gave him what for,' Dick Rodda [Teaneck Recreation Department Manager] remembers. 'He said, "Don't you ever do that again." He didn't want the appearance that he was getting special treatment.' (Treaster, 84)

In another case, Paul Jr. and his father purposefully took alternate train transportation to get to a Maine fishing trip location—so as to avoid people thinking that he, as Town Manager, had gotten an extra wartime gas ration for the other members of the fishing group who had driven up by car. And when Dick Rodda hired fifteen youngsters to act as safety monitors for sledders on fifteen hilly, snow-covered streets, upon hearing of the hiring decision (which included

Paul Jr.) Paul Sr. insisted that his son be struck from the payroll. Why? His reasons were three: “First, he’s my son and therefore he should not be on the municipal payroll [no matter his qualifications]. Secondly, I don’t know what you’re paying him but whatever it is, there are kids in this town that need it more than he does—and Dick, if you don’t fire Buddy [Paul Jr.] I’m going to [have to] get someone else to run the rec [sic] department.” (Treaster, 85)

Paul Sr. put his actions right up with his words. He brooked no exceptions. For himself. His family. Or anyone else. Corruption and the mere appearance of corruption was taboo.

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Mr. Wommack writes in a pithy, staccato style that grabs and resonates in the mind. Pointed reminders of both the hard and glorious lessons learned. His style is delightfully succinct, humorous and without the trappings of literary pomposity.

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- * Diligence is the mother of good luck
- * Hope for the best and prepare for the worst
- * If you lie down with dogs, you'll wake up with fleas
- * You never know what you can do until you try

Hopefully they will prove useful to any reader who is a bit fuzzy on their definitions, or who wants his or her children to learn the common adages.

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