

Defining Moments

by
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Forty Years in Review: 1963 - 2003

Preface



Now that I've made the decision to retire, the reality of which still seems unreal, I feel compelled to leave something behind. I'm not sure if this is my way of easing the retirement decision, or if it's just an attempt to get in the last word, a feat I never achieved during two marriages and a career spanning over forty years.

I wondered if anyone cared about the events that transpired during my career, so I sought the advice of several friends. As you can see, their spirited laughter didn't keep me from writing.

Each of us is the sum of our life experiences, and those experiences ought to have some value to those we've worked with and to those we love and will someday leave behind. As retirement neared I wondered what I might do to let family, friends, and co-workers know how much I've enjoyed the past 40 years.

In 1994, I drafted a brochure celebrating the completion of the new National Training Center. The brochure was to be distributed at the dedication, but when political sensitivities overruled a dedication I tossed it aside.

The other day I came across the unfinished brochure. My first thought was to finish it and share it with co-workers at my retirement. Then, with pen in hand (or more accurately, with fingers on keyboard), I started adding vignettes from other events of my career and the brochure grew into a booklet I could share with my children and their children. So here it is, forty years of fun inside the covers of a fifty page booklet. Well written I might add.

I've had a wonderful career. Not because of the one-of-a-kind opportunities that have come my way, but because of the people I've had the privilege to work with. Don't get me wrong. I've enjoyed the special projects, but they come and go, and I've discovered that long-term enjoyment isn't sustainable with short-term highs. The key to going to work every day with a smile is in the personal and professional friendships that grow out of the daily grind.

To my co-workers and friends, and to my parents, Allen and Ava, my children, Tami, Sheri, Jana, and William, and to their progeny, Heather, Weston, Morgan, Adrian, Jackson, Veronykah, and others yet to come, may all of you find something of value between the covers of this book.

Wayne A. Winterton, PhD

Defining Moments

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There is No Indispensable Man an Ode to Retirement

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room,
Sometime when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow these simple instructions
And see how it humbles your soul.

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Stick your hand in it - up to the wrist,
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining,
Is a measure of how much you'll be missed.
You may splash all you want when you enter,
You may stir up the water galore
But stop and you'll find in a minute,
It's exactly the same as before.

The moral in this quaint example
Is just do the best that you can.
Be proud of yourself, but remember,
There is no indispensable man!

Anonymous

It's Time

*You always say "I'll quit when I start to slide," and then one morning you wake up
and realize you've done slid. - Sugar Ray Robinson*

I've enjoyed my years of federal service, even the good-natured kidding. How many times have I heard, "When are you going to quit working for the government and get a real job?"

I've been around long enough to say with authority that federal employees are as talented, as professional, and as dedicated as any workforce. I've known some wasted talent and a few whiners, but over the years I've seen more dedication than dead wood; more concern for getting the job done right than for just doing the job; and more interest than apathy in serving the public. I'm proud to have been associated with so many fine people for so many years.

I've enjoyed every job I've had except picking peaches and pie cherries as a kid. The last time I was unemployed was in 1954, just before my junior year in high school. That summer I went to work at a service station. In those days, service stations were *service* stations, a wonderful concept largely forgotten in our fast-food, throwaway society.

My job was to get to the customer before the engine stopped, and while the gas was pumping, pop the hood, check the oil, water, battery, and clean all windows streak-free with a damp chamois. Credit cards didn't exist and gas was about 25-cents per gallon. Most of the customers were regulars, and I knew most by name and whose car probably needed a quart of oil. I earned 55-cents an hour (minimum wage in those days) and I was thankful for the job.

For the past few years co-workers and others have asked me when I was going to retire. My standard reply has been, "I'll call it quits when I've had three bad days in a row." Well, I'm still waiting for those three bad days, but I've discovered there comes a time when drag overcomes bounce in our step and we realize it's time to move into the next phase of our existence.

For me, that time has arrived.

On Becoming Mr. Winterton

Education is learning what you didn't know you didn't know. - Daniel J. Boorstin



OJHS Photo 1963

The year before graduating from college I was a student teacher at the Scera Park Elementary School in my hometown of Orem, Utah. I was single and living at home.

My dad answered the phone one evening and I overheard, “Yes, this is Mr. Winterton.” There was a long pause as dad tried to understand what the caller was talking about. Then I heard him say, “Oh, you want the *other* Mr. Winterton.” Dad called me to the phone. It was a parent with a question from one of the kids in my class. That was the first time another adult called me Mr. Winterton. It was a defining moment that I can recall as if it were yesterday.

I graduated from college in 1963. That same year I signed a contract with the Alpine School District in Utah and thus began my real education. My first teaching job was as a sixth-grade teacher at the new Orem Junior High School (OJHS). The yearly salary was \$3,952.

Quinn Hatch from the district prepared me for the job, “You’ll have a great bunch of kids, principal’s name is Leavitt, Stan Leavitt. Good man. If you have any questions give him a call. Good luck.”

Standing in front of my classroom for the first time I felt confident in my newly acquired skills. I stood tall at the head of the room. The room was deathly still as I spoke:

Students, my name is Mr. Winterton. During the coming school year you are going to learn what it means to study, sweat, toil, and labor, and you will come to know success and the feeling of a job well-done. We will work and work hard, but we will also have fun. We will replace frustration with enlightenment as we tackle world history and its implications in regards to our present society; mathematics and the study of prime, real, and imaginary numbers; and science where we will learn about microscopic unicellular

organisms, light, energy, stellar astronomy, quantum physics, and the theory of relativity.

I paused and looked around. I was on a roll. In sure, steady strides I walked down one of the aisles. I stopped at the rear of the room, faced the front, and continued, with even more confidence in my voice.

Students, you are beginning a new year. I don’t give a hang about your previous records. Each of you will be judged according to your merits. It’s true that I expect a lot, but if you’re willing to work, I’ll see to it that your efforts are reflected in your grades.

I stopped to let the message sink in, then I walked back to the front of the room, spun around, and faced the empty desks. I wondered if I’d be this glib the following week when the room would be full of students. I practiced a few more times, interjecting a gem of wisdom here, a subtle voice inflection there, and several well-placed power-pauses where it mattered most until I was satisfied with the results.

The day arrived. The staff and students were assembled in the auditorium. I heard Mr. Leavitt say, “This is Mr. Winterton, one of our new teachers.” As I walked to the exit door of the auditorium, the names of thirty students were called out. They obediently lined up behind me forming an awfully long line.

The walk from the auditorium to my classroom felt like the walk from death row to the chair. My trembling hand welcomed the support of the door knob. The students silently filed in like little windup people. One of the boys and several of the girls were taller than me. I thought to myself, “Can these really be sixth graders?”

I stood behind the teacher’s desk, a wonderful invention indeed. None of the students could see my knees buckling. I picked up a piece of chalk and wrote my name on the chalkboard. Confidence surged through my body with the successful completion of that task. Facing the students with shoulders squared, I cleared my throat, “Welcome. My name is Mr. Winterton and I can see that all of us have a lot to learn this year.”

Defining Moments

The causes of events are more interesting than the events themselves. - Marcus Cicero

Our lives are filled with defining moments. Those of us old enough to remember, can recall exactly what we were doing when President Kennedy was assassinated in 1963. That was a defining moment for the nation because it placed a marker in time from which other events would be measured. Other defining moments include the Challenger Space Shuttle disaster in 1986 and the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon in 2001.

There are defining moments that affect nations and there are defining moments, like marriage and graduation, that mark our personal and professional lives. I won't dwell on marriage, an institution I've had no success with, except to say that even marriages that fail can produce wonderful children. One thing I have learned, however, is that wives last only as long as the marriage, but ex-wives last forever.

I can recall many defining moments in my life. Some were anxiously awaited events like the day I got my first driver's license, others were more serendipitous, like scoring a kiss on a first date, but none were as casually thought out as when I decided to go to work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). Barbara and I had been married less than a year when my cousin and best friend, Larry Thomas, and his fiancée Janice Gibson stopped by to share their excitement.

Larry and Janice, in their final semester of studies, had driven straight to our apartment following interviews with a BIA recruiter. They were fired-up and certain they would be offered teaching jobs. Larry said, "Hey, why don't you come to New Mexico and teach Navajo kids with us?" Barbara and I looked at each other, shrugged our shoulders and said, "sure, why not." That's all the thought that went into the decision.

March arrived and it was time to renew public school contracts for the following year. I surprised the school staff by not signing, saying I was going to teach for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Someone said, "Wow! How much do they pay?" "I don't know," I replied, "I haven't written to them yet, but that's a very good question."

Isn't youth great! It's a time of unfettered decisionmaking. It's a time of risk-taking without having enough upstairs to realize you're taking a risk. It's being dumb, cocky, and lucky, all at the same time.

I gave up a sure job, confident I would be teaching Navajo kids the following year, but I didn't realize how slowly the federal wheels turned or even if BIA was still looking for teachers. I was in no-man's land. No public school contract, no BIA job offer, no promise of employment after the current school year. A year earlier, when I signed my public school contract, the process took about a half hour. With BIA it took from March to June, and even then I wasn't sure of where I'd be teaching.



Larry and Janice Thomas and Barbara Winterton during a snack break on the road to a career with Navajo children - 1964.

When the time came, the four of us packed our belongings and headed for the reservation in our Volkswagens. Larry, Janice, and myself were assigned to teach at the Crownpoint Boarding School in the Navajo community of the same name.

The move from public education to teaching for BIA became another of those defining moments. What started as a simple adventure with friends grew into a truly rewarding experience with the Navajo people, and it paid a whopping \$5,295 per year, a full one-third more than I had been making as a public school teacher in Utah.

Choices and Chances

When you come to a fork in the road, take it. - Yogi Berra

In 1964, the dusty town of Crownpoint, New Mexico (90 miles NE of Gallup) consisted of two trading posts, a worn-out Indian Health Service hospital, a post office, several churches, a public school, and a boarding school for Navajo kids living beyond the reach of the public school.

The Crownpoint Boarding School had over thirty teachers and about twice that many support staff. It takes a lot of people to provide 24-hour

supervision including weekend activities, and three squares a day, seven days a week, for a thousand children.

The head of BIA education for the Crownpoint area was Florence McClure. She had been a Women's Army Corps drill sergeant during World War II and she brought a military, no-nonsense attitude to her position. President Kennedy acknowledged her in 1961 as one of ten outstanding women in federal service. She was Miss McClure when within earshot; she was "Flossie" the rest of the time.

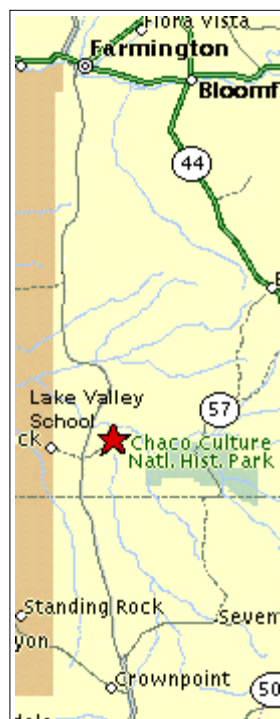
The week before Thanksgiving (1965), Bill Thorne, principal of the Crownpoint Boarding School walked into my classroom and said, "Miss McClure would like to see you." I had met Miss McClure a year earlier at teacher orientation and that was the extent of our acquaintance.

Miss McClure greeted me in Thorne's office. She asked if I had ever been to Bread Springs (15 miles south of Ft. Wingate) or Lake Valley (25 miles north of Crownpoint). I told her I had been to Lake Valley.

She said Bread Springs had been without a principal since school opened, and the principal at Lake Valley had become seriously ill and was retiring. "Are you interested," she asked, "in handling the paperwork at either school until a permanent principal could be named?" I told her I would love the opportunity.

"The choice of school is yours," she said. I didn't know much about either location, but since I'd been able to find Lake Valley once, I told her I would go there. She reminded me that this was a temporary assignment.

The position had been advertised at a pay level well out-of-reach for a relatively new teacher. I didn't mind. I wanted the experience.



The Lake Valley School was a boarding school for beginners through fourth grade. The students came from very rural communities twenty-five or more miles from the school in all directions. None of the children spoke English when they arrived to begin their first year.



Lake Valley School and surrounding

Two months after my arrival at the Lake Valley school, McClure drove the twenty-five miles of dirt road to visit with me. I expected her to tell me a principal had been named and I was going back to my old job at Crownpoint. Instead, she thanked me for my efforts and asked if I had any interest in the job on a permanent basis. "Are you kidding!" I said, coming out of my shoes. The short of the story is that she canceled the job notice, readvertised it at a lower grade-level to make it possible for me to compete, and I became the school principal.

I later learned that another of those competing for the job was a BIA employee from Montana named Keith Lamb. We would later become friends and our professional paths would cross several times. He became the superintendent of the Albuquerque Indian High School, a school that would play in my future as well.

The worst part about living at Lake Valley was the telephone. The school principal had the only one for miles in every direction. It was a privilege to have the only phone; but the downside outweighed the privilege. My home was not my castle, it was the school and community's communication center.

There were no telephone lines to Lake Valley. The telephone used technology that transmitted a radio signal from the school to a receiver in Crownpoint. It worked most of the time. There was an extension at the dormitory and another at my residence. When the phone rang in my office, it rang at the dormitory and my residence as well. I answered all calls. If the call was for the dormitory, I pushed a buzzer button once, if the call was for my wife, I pushed the button twice.

There weren't many calls because none of the families of the kids had phones. In fact, only a few families lived close enough to a power line to have electricity. Navajo communities do not consist of clusters of homes, or hogans, as they are called by the Navajo people. The nearest neighbor to a Navajo family might be one, two, three, or more miles away.

Along the same lines as the telephone, was the mail service. The mailing address for everyone living within a radius of about twenty-five miles from the school was simply their name followed by Lake Valley School, Crownpoint, New Mexico.

When someone from the school made a run to Crownpoint they would stop at the post office and bring back the canvas sack of mail for the school and community. The school staff had mail slots outside the principal's office; community mail was placed in a cardboard box nearby. During the course of a month, I would visit with someone from nearly every family in the community as they stopped to get their mail.

I will never forget the first time I saw the rugged, weathered face of Billy Becenti. Mr. Becenti was a tribal councilman, a member of the Navajo governing board in Window Rock, Arizona. An elderly, highly respected member of the community, he spoke no English and walked with great difficulty. I looked up from my desk to see him shuffling toward me. I got up and extended my hand to greet him. Instead of shaking my hand, he handed me an oversized Big Ben alarm clock, one of those with legs, two bells and a clapper.

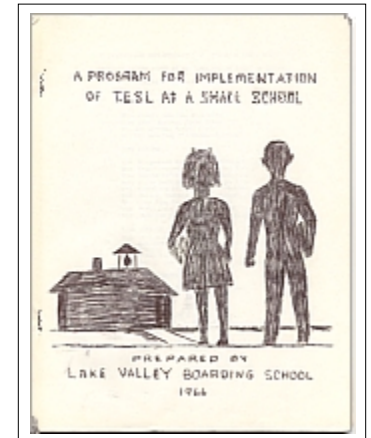
The two of us stood there for a moment. He said something in Navajo then shrugged his shoulders. I looked at the clock and realized he wanted me to set the time, which I did. I returned the clock with a big smile. He said something to me in Navajo and returned my smile.

Billy Becenti and Big Ben came to the school several more times while I was there. Our conversation was in the smiles we shared with each other. No words were needed.

New to Lake Valley in 1966 were teachers Hal and Cheryl Schultz from Nebraska, and Joe Abeyta from Santa Clara Pueblo. Hal and I attended a seminar on teaching English as a second language (TESL).

Hal's enthusiasm ignited the staff and we developed a primitive-looking, but useful guide titled, *A Program for Implementation of TESL at a Small School*.

The guide caught on and the school was designated a demonstration school. During the next two years, Lake Valley hosted many of the small schools on the Navajo with demonstrations of techniques for maximizing the school environment for teaching English to Navajo students.



As Yogi Berra said, "When you come to a fork in the road, take it." I had taken the right fork when I accepted Miss McClure's offer, and I loved the job and the wonderful people of Lake Valley.

The Only Show in Town

If you don't paddle your own canoe, you won't move. - Katherine Hepburn

Lake Valley won the respect of other schools as a TESL demonstration site, but it was our Parent Education Program (PEP) that gained the respect of the community. Several times during the school year the school hosted PEP nights to help parents understand how the school worked and what they could do to help their children learn.

In a community where the nearest movie theater is 55 miles away (Farmington, NM), PEP nights were not only the best show in town, they were the only show in town. Each PEP night had a theme. One program featured reading, the next featured social studies, and so on.

We set up a mini-classroom on the auditorium stage. On PEP nights the place became wall-to-wall parents, grandparents, siblings, and tribal leaders. Some sat in chairs, others sat cross-legged on the floor, all focused on a teacher and a half-dozen kids demonstrating a reading circle or doing a science experiment. Jane Juan Russell, one of our native-speaking dormitory aides, translated the proceedings into the Navajo language as most of the adults in the community didn't speak English.

Cookies and punch were served afterward and the school's beautiful brown-eyed kids would drag family members to their classrooms to show off their work. The hardest part of the evening was getting the adults to go home. Navajos, well-known for their cavalier attitude toward time, are world-class socializers and can visit for hours on end.

At a principal's meeting before the first PEP night, I told my fellow principals about the idea. One of them said it would never work and he would give me a dollar for every Navajo that showed up. Miss McClure barked, "Clifford, I want to be there when you pay off."

When we started we really didn't know if anyone would show up. Most families relied on wagons and teams for transportation. But even on the coldest, snowiest PEP nights, we could count on seeing ten to twenty wagons and teams tied up outside the school compound.

I benefited greatly from the work of my staff. Our success as a demonstration school and the PEP program got noticed. I was invited to talk about Lake Valley at other schools; the reservation newspaper, *The Navajo Times*, wrote a feature article about our PEP nights; and Flossie loved it all.

A New Opportunity

Problems become opportunities when the right people come together. - Robert Redford

During my third year at Lake Valley, the BIA built a new school 30 miles (as the crow flies) to the northeast. During construction the school was called Eastern Navajo School. The school was nestled at the foot of the area's most prominent land feature, El Huerfano mesa. El Huerfano, Spanish for *The Orphan*, is a reference to the mesa's status as a solitaire, imposing sentinel on the expansive landscape. The Navajo word for the mesa is dzilth-na-o-dith-hle, meaning *revolving mesa*, or *the mesa that can spin or turn*.



On top of the mesa sits several communication towers. The towers were a source of irritation to the Navajo people because El Huerfano, or Dzilth-na-o-dith-hle, is a sacred place in their culture. Geographically, it's the center of old Navajoland and the place where First Woman emerged from inside the earth to populate the world with Navajo people. Sort of a Garden of Eden without Adam or vegetation.

Dzilth-na-o-dith-hle School would still be called Eastern Navajo School if Florence McClure and agency superintendent Kent Fitzgerald hadn't involved the community in renaming it.

Fitzgerald held a special school-naming meeting. Blanco (the name of a nearby community) School and El Huerfano School were suggested as possibilities. But Blanco School translates to *White School* and El Huerfano School translates to *The Orphan School*, so neither were good choices. Then someone said, "How about Dzilth-na-o-dith-hle School."

There were few, if any, BIA schools with native-language names at that time so the suggestion to name the school Dzilth-na-o-dith-hle was a bold idea, but one that made sense to the local Navajos.

Fitzgerald told Washington about the community's idea to name the new facility, Dzilth-na-o-dith-hle School. BIA headquarters in the nation's capitol told Fitzgerald to hold another meeting and have the community "choose a different name, one easier to spell and pronounce."

Fitzgerald held another meeting where he shared the Washington memo. The memo only solidified the community's resolve. The attendees at the meeting told Fitzgerald where Washington could file its memo. Then they dictated a response to Fitzgerald that went something like this: *We have been struggling with the pronunciation and spelling of difficult English words for over a hundred years, but if you BIA bureaucrats want to pursue the matter further, it is okay with us, but the first order of business at the next meeting will be the removal of those blankety-blank towers from atop our sacred mesa!*

Fitzgerald sent the community's response to Washington and the topic never came up again.

When Dzilth opened in 1968 it was the most modern of 80 Navajo BIA schools. Most schools were isolated, like Lake Valley, accessible only by driving long distances over wash-boarded roads. Dzilth was a plum. It was only 25 miles from a spot-in-the-road town (Bloomfield), and a mere 40 miles from a town with a movie theater (Farmington); both on paved highway. Navajo BIA schools didn't come any better than that!

BIA rumor held that I had a shot at the principal's job because of Lake Valley's success. The rumor was true and I got the job, but I knew



The Dzilth-na-o-dith-hle School complex in 1968

why Lake Valley had been successful and I took my staff with me. This included Joe Abeyta and Hal Schultz, whom I've mentioned earlier, and who will continue to be involved in my future.

Dzilth had the misfortune of opening at the same time the government closed 54 Job Corps centers. Vacant positions throughout government were frozen until displaced Job Corps employees could be offered jobs.

Dzilth opened with a full teaching staff and a full roster of students, but only half the needed dormitory, recreation, and other support personnel. With insufficient staff, we opened one dormitory and slept our students two, and sometimes three to a bed the entire school year.

We had other problems too. Textbooks didn't arrive until midyear; the sewer lagoon leaked, emptying waste into a ravine near "Grandma" Harkes's hogan; and a tribal oversight failed to include Dzilth in its student clothing contract. The tribe buys new clothes for each student each year. Instead of a school full of bright kids in new jeans and fresh dresses, we started with bright kids in torn jeans and threadbare dresses.

With the exception of those who came from Lake Valley, the new staff at Dzilth didn't know each other, or me, until they arrived a few weeks before school opened. It's incredible what good people can do when faced with a challenge.

The staff could have complained about the lack of textbooks and the dormitory situation. Instead, they put their heads together and came up with imaginative ways to teach and take care of kids. I walked into the dormitory one evening to find two male teachers giving haircuts to the boys. No one asked them to do it. They just showed up and did it.

That first year at Dzilth lasted a lifetime, but it may have been my most valuable year. I learned so much about myself that year, and the challenges of that year created an unbelievable bonding of staff, many of whom have maintained contact with each other over the years.

One of the most memorable experiences of my life took place June 1, 2001, when the community hosted a reunion at the school to celebrate Dzilth's 33rd year. I gave the keynote address.

A dozen teachers from a third of a century ago came to mix with hundreds of other staff, parents, and students whose lives are part of the Dzilth fabric.



My 17-year old granddaughter, Heather Long, accompanied me to the 33rd year reunion of staff and students of the Dzilth Community School.

Where Does What We Do, End?

Character, not circumstances, makes the person. - Booker T. Washington

Dzilth was not the first Navajo BIA school to establish a local school board, but it was one of the first. Before school opened I met with the local Chapters (tribal governing units) asking each to elect or appoint a person to serve on a school board. They did.

Upon opening the school I selected Joe Abeyta to head the school's academic department, the BIA equivalent of Assistant Principal. Joe did a great job during a difficult year. Hal Schultz, who had once dreamed of becoming a Lutheran minister, saw Dzilth as more than just teaching kids.

Finding a way: BIA didn't fund boarding schools to run adult education programs, but we felt a good adult program would improve family support and provide encouragement for the children. We became eligible for funding from the Mott Foundation of Flint, Michigan, but our status as federally-operated put us on the bottom of their handout list.

School board chairman, Charlie Y. Brown, suggested we visit Frank Budai, Director of the local Office of Economic Opportunity. Budai gave the board a check for \$1,300 and that was all Hal Schultz needed. With support from Dale Allison, Joe Sturgeon, Alice Weikelt, and other Dzilh staffers, night school became a reality to the community's adults. When the time came, Dzilh's oldest scholars were transported to and from the GED (high school equivalency) testing center in Farmington.

Dzilh's first adult class netted a dozen graduates. We held a graduation ceremony at the school. Talk about proud families! They came to watch moms, dads, aunts and uncles receive GED certificates. Frank Budai gave the graduation address. He said that "pound-for-pound and dollar-for-dollar," Dzilh and its program had produced more successful adult graduates than the rest of San Juan County combined.

The value of those GED certificates isn't in the piece of paper, it's in the defining moment that was felt by those who earned them and the carry-over into their lives and into the lives of their families. None of us know how or when our actions may provide the basis of a defining moment for someone else.

Commitment: School boards were new to BIA education in the 1960s. During my first meeting with the local Chapters, I told them we wanted a school board similar to a public school board. They responded by appointing the cream of the local leadership to the board. One of those was Harry Larvingo, the board's vice-chairman.

Harry never missed a monthly board meeting until one bitter cold snowy night. The board noted Harry's unusual absence then started to work. Thirty or forty minutes into the meeting, in walked Harry. He was a disaster! He was blue from the biting cold, his pants were mud to his pockets, and there was an inch or two of snow on his head and shoulders.

Everyone, board members, myself, Dzilh staff members, and the community members present just stared at poor Harry. He was terribly cold and his teeth were chattering so badly he couldn't speak.

When he thawed out, he explained that his pickup got stuck in the muck after leaving his hogan. Not wanting to miss the meeting, he left his truck where it floundered and walked five or six miles cross-country through the mud, snow, and pucker-brush to the school. Harry was not unusual. He was representative of our board. They were proud to be school board members and they took their jobs seriously.

I drove Harry home after the board meeting and I still marvel at his lonely walk that dark, bitter cold night. I will never forget what he looked like as he walked into that meeting, and neither will any of the Dzilh staffers who were there that night. If any were there to complain about something, they never voiced it that night.

Harry did more that night than nearly freeze to death to attend a board meeting. He probably thought of himself as just a person late to a meeting. I think of Harry as someone who lived the meaning of commitment and dedication. Thanks Harry!

Encouraging others: Linda Eaton was one of the first persons I hired when I opened Dzilh. She was a night attendant in the dormitory, the loneliest, lowest-paying job at the school. She worked by herself when others went home. Her job was to wash, iron, mend clothes, and to do a periodic walk-through to make sure the students were okay.

It didn't take long to discover that in Linda we had a lot more than a night attendant. We promoted her to a daytime position. I used her as an interpreter with parents. Everything she did, she did well. She became our substitute teacher of choice when a regular teacher was sick.

Six or seven years after I left Dzilh my phone rang. It was Linda. She was in



Linda Eaton and Wayne at the Dzilh School 33rd year

Albuquerque and wanted to stop by and say hello. I was delighted to see her again. We visited for a few minutes then she said, "Do you remember when you told me I should go to college and become a teacher?" She said that casual remark changed her life. She hadn't thought of herself as college material until I said that to her that day.

She told me she had quit her job at Dzilth several years ago and had finished college. She was currently teaching at a public school in Farmington. I couldn't have been prouder if she'd been my own child.

Linda and I met again at the 33rd year reunion at Dzilth. She was a speaker along with myself. She had become the magistrate for the city of Farmington, New Mexico, an elected position.

In her talk she used the story of that casual remark to challenge young people to follow their dreams, to become what they want to be, and to not sell themselves short of their potential. Once again, none of us know how or when our actions, no matter how casual, may provide the basis of a defining moment for someone else.

New Challenges

It's not easy taking problems one at a time when they refuse to get in line. - Ashley Brilliant

In 1969 I received a long-distance call. The voice on the other end introduced himself as Keith Lamb, Superintendent of the Albuquerque Indian School (AIS). He called to see if I had any interest in becoming the head of academic programs at AIS.

During our conversation I asked how he knew about me since we had never met. He said he had been wanting to get even with me ever since I beat him out of the Lake Valley job several years earlier. I was surprised! His notice of non-selection had shown my name as the new principal and he had been following my career.

I told Keith I appreciated the offer, but I wasn't interested. I said it would be hard for me "to move to a school where I was the number two

dog, after being the top dog at a couple of schools." He agreed. Then I said, "Now, if it were your job we're taking about, I'd take it in a heart-beat." We laughed at my far-out comment, not knowing that a twist of fate would put me in his chair in just a few years.

A year later (1970) my wife Barbara and I would divorce and I would later marry a lady named Caroline. I needed a change of scenery and the Albuquerque BIA Office needed a director of curriculum. Perfect! I applied and got the job. My responsibility was to work with BIA schools at eleven of New Mexico's nineteen Pueblos.



Dr. Juanita Cata

Dr. Juanita Cata was Director of Schools and my supervisor was Earl Webb. While there I earned a PhD at the University of New Mexico and ended up in an office with a window on the seventh floor of an attractive office building. Then came Public Law 93-638.

PL 93-638, better known as the Indian Self-determination Act, was passed by Congress in 1975. The law allows Indian governments to take control of services provided by the federal government and perform the services themselves. The Albuquerque Indian School was an early target for tribal control.



Daughter Jana, Wayne, and Caroline at Taos Pueblo, 1975.

In 1976, the All-Indian Pueblo Council (AIPC) notified BIA it wanted control of the school beginning in 1977. AIPC wanted the current year for planning and they asked BIA to replace Keith Lamb, the school's current superintendent with someone of their choosing. BIA agreed.

I looked up one day to see Juanita standing in my office doorway with two of my former employees, Joe Abeyta and Hal Schultz. Joe and Hal had been hired by AIPC to run AIS once it was under tribal control.

"Hey guys," I said, "what brings you here?" They said they were requesting that Juanita assign me as superintendent of AIS during its final



Hal Schultz

year of federal operation. My off-the-cuff comment to Keith Lamb six years earlier was about to come true.

“How about it?” they asked. “It would be like old times, and besides it would give us a chance to see if you’ve finally turned into a competent administrator.” “Sure, why not,” I replied.

AIS offered a high school program for Native American students unable to cope with public education. Some students were there under tribal court order; others were there through social services. Ninety-percent were great kids, friendly and eager to learn. Ten-percent were troubled and needed help.

The school year was a week old when I moved into Keith’s office. It had been a difficult year for him. He hadn’t hidden his feelings about the impending shift of control to AIPC, and during the past school year he had been held hostage at gunpoint for three hours by a distraught student. When I asked how he kept his cool, he said he didn’t think the gun was loaded. The police opened the chamber and showed him he had been mistaken.



Joe Abeyta

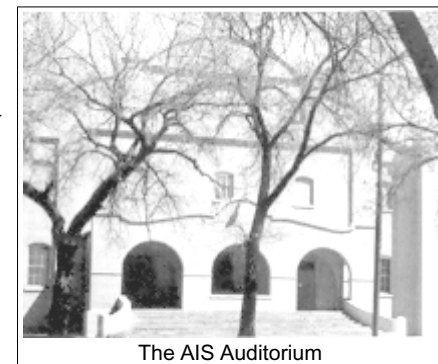
I had been on the job less than an hour when the police arrived. Four students were in juvenile detention for burglarizing a furniture store the night before. I knew right then the Albuquerque Indian School would be another defining moment in my life. I started preparing to meet my staff.



Sometimes you’re just lucky. My most pressing task was to find new supervisors for the academic and home living departments. Replacing the head of academics was easy. Ann Shrieve, a respected teacher, had earned that job with her initiative and organizational skills. Finding someone to supervise the dormitories was another story.

No one on the existing staff wanted the responsibility of supervising several dormitories full of away-from-home, hyperactive, hormone-driven, high-risk high school kids. I wouldn’t take that job myself!

A school with rudderless dorms is an ugly thing to behold. I was desperate. Then, three weeks into the school year, a clean-cut guy in his early twenties stopped by. His name was James Riding In.



The AIS Auditorium

He had a college degree and was recently married. He had no dormitory experience but he was sure he could do it. I thought, “this guy must be desperate if he’s willing to take this job, at this high school, with these kids, with no experience.” But I was equally desperate.

“Tell me about yourself,” I asked. He was half Pawnee from Oklahoma but had grown up in Crownpoint, New Mexico. I looked at him and asked, “When can you start?” He just stood there. “I have the job?” he stammered, unsure if he had heard correctly. “You have the job.” I said, “Can you start tomorrow?” He could and he did.

About a month later he walked into my office and said, “Dr. Winterton, my mom and dad said to tell you hello. I didn’t know you knew them.” I confessed to having taught with his parents at the Crownpoint Boarding School more than a decade earlier.

I told him that his mom and dad (Joyce and Cecil Riding In) were two of the most pleasant, hardest-working teachers I have ever known, and if he had their work ethic, I had a outstanding employee. No one worked harder that year than James Riding In.

When things go to pot. Once again I looked up from my desk and saw a member of Albuquerque’s finest. “Hi Wayne,” the officer said. By spring break I was on a first name basis with the officers on this side of town. He pointed to my ceiling, and asked, “What’s up there?” I looked up and said, “Up where? In my ceiling? What do you mean?”

The officer said that during the weekend he saw kids on the roof of the administration building. “Right above my head?” I asked, pointing upward. “Yep,” he replied, “right above where you’re sitting now.”

I called Sam English, the head of maintenance, to bring a ladder. Sam stepped on the roof and shouted, “Ya gotta come up here!” The officer and I climbed the ladder. There, on the roof, were a dozen bongo drums sawed in half and converted into planters. Inside each was a wind-beaten, nearly leafless, barely-alive marijuana plant. They were the most pathetic specimens of plant life you can imagine. Nearby, each with an attached string, were tin cans that could be lowered to the ground, filled with water, and pulled up to irrigate the illegal crop.

The presence of the police and school superintendent on top of the administration building was not lost on the students. The word went out that the tin cans were being sent to the FBI for fingerprinting. Within minutes a handful of nervous ninth-grade boys showed up. The officer rested a hand on his service revolver and gave the boys a hard look. The youngsters spilled their guts. They had been hired by older boys to care for the plants. They begged us not to tell their parents or send them to prison. The officer, almost in tears, strained to keep a serious face. I turned my back to preserve the integrity of the moment.

BYOR (Bring Your Own Replacement). AIPC didn’t retain many of the existing staff, but they courted two employees. Dr. Roger Martig, the competent head of counseling services, and Chip Calamaio, the school’s outstanding speech, drama, and television production teacher.

I lost track of Roger Martig until our paths crossed ten years later in 1986. When I moved to Phoenix, I learned he had moved there as well and was in private practice as a psychologist. I called Roger and we played tennis every weekend from 1986 until 1996. I even beat him once.

During that final year as a federally-operated school, a person had to take advantage of job opportunities as they came along. Chip Calamaio bailed



Chip Calamaio - 1977

out midway through the year to take a similar job at BIA’s Southwestern Indian Polytechnic Institute.

Chip stopped by my office to let me know he had found another job and would be leaving shortly. I jokingly told him he couldn’t go until he found a replacement for himself.

Imagine my surprise when he was in my office the very next day with his replacement in tow. Chip said, “Doc, meet my replacement, David Cavaleer.” Chip had actually found someone to take his one-of-a-kind job. There was no job interview. Chip brought him in and that was good enough for me. Dave did an outstanding job.

On Chip’s last day at AIS I walked to the television classroom to wish him luck. At first I didn’t think he was there, then I saw two legs sticking out from underneath an electronics rack. I said, “hello down there.” Chip said he was changing out some cables and couldn’t come up. I said okay, I had just dropped by to say good-bye. He said we should keep in touch. That was the last time I saw Chip in Albuquerque.

Life as a Utility Player

Talent creates its own opportunities. - Eric Hoffer

During my years in Albuquerque I found myself in a role not unlike that of baseball’s utility player. I never knew what I’d be doing. I relished the role. Juanita Cata and Earl Webb were wonderful to work for. They could send me anywhere and they knew I would go, and I don’t think they worried as much as I did about what I would do when I got there.

In addition to the year I spent at AIS, I had two great experiences in Santa Fe. In 1973, Fern Prechtel, School Superintendent for the Santa Fe BIA schools unexpectedly passed away. I was in her office the next day and served as School Superintendent for the following year.

In 1978, Lloyd New retired as President of the Institute of American Indian Arts. Dr. David Warren ran the Institute for the fall semester of the 78-79 school year; I did the same for the spring semester. It took BIA and the Institute’s Board of Regents that long to agree on a successor.

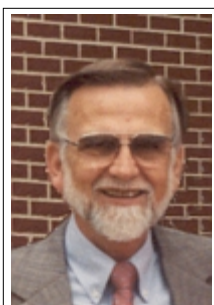
A Fish Out of Water

*A risk is jumping off the cliff and building your wings
on the way down. - Ray Bradbury*

In 1974 when the U. S. Supreme Court decided in favor of Indian preference (Morton v. Mancari), opportunities for non-Indians in BIA dried up. Many non-Indian employees started looking for new jobs. I wasn't one of them. I was having too much fun working for Juanita and Earl. But even having fun can get old when advancement opportunities are restricted by race rather than competition.

I was in my office at the Institute in 1979 when the phone rang. It was my long lost friend Keith Lamb. "Keith! Where are you?" I asked. "I'm in Kansas City working for the Office of Surface Mining (OSM). Want to leave BIA?" "Maybe," I replied, "Why?" "OSM is looking for people and you came to mind." "Right," I said, "like I know something about mining?" Keith replied, "They've got lots of people that know about mining, they need people who can help write regulations. Interested?"

I told him I was interested and the next morning I was in Kansas City.



Jack Carson

Keith, and Ken Haynes, another friend who had jumped the BIA ship following the Supreme Court decision, picked me up at the airport and whisked me to the OSM office. I was interviewed by Richard Rieke, an Assistant Director, and Jack Carson, the fellow I would be working for if selected. Jack, a former superintendent of the BIA office in Horton, Kansas, had been hired to head OSM's Region IV state programs operation.

The interviews went well and Keith and Ken drove me back to the airport. I got into Albuquerque late, drove home, and went to bed.

The next morning the phone rang. It was Keith, "Do you want the job?" he asked. "I don't know," I replied. "Well, you better decide," he said, "because they're interested in you and Washington is about to freeze OSM's positions." "I haven't even talked it over with my wife," I said, "how much time do I have?" Keith paused, "You've got until tomorrow noon to let Jack know, after that it's too late."

Caroline and I discussed the opportunity. I called Jack and said I'd take the job if he would delay my reporting date until after commencement exercises at the Institute in June. He agreed.

Office space at OSM was limited. Region IV offices were located in an old building in the heart of downtown Kansas City. I shared an office with Linda Wagner, another new employee. Since we shared office space we became friends. I learned about her experiences with Social Security; she learned about my experiences in Indian education.

That first year with OSM was the most difficult of my federal career. My comfortable life in Albuquerque was gone, and in its place was a job where I didn't understand the vocabulary and could hardly spell the words.

If ever there was a fish out of water, it was me. Seven of us had been hired to work with the seven coal-producing states in the region. I was assigned to work with the state of Arkansas. The pace of work was dictated by inflexible time-frames imposed by Congress.

Once a state submitted regulations we had about a year to review them against the federal rules, hold public hearings, respond to public comments, and so on. If it hadn't been for Glenn Waugh, Bill Kovacic, Jerry Thornton, Ray Brubaker, Ken Faulk, Linda Wagner and a few others, I'd still be working on the Arkansas surface mining regulations.

The seven of us were busier, as one co-worker put it, than a one-legged fellow at a week-long butt-kicking contest.

The unrelenting schedule and our dependence on each other created a unique closeness. On one occasion Jack Carson and his wife had been out for the evening. Jack knew we were up against a tough deadline so he stopped by the office to check on us. We were still working. Jack's wife, Jimmie Ruth, curled up on the sofa in the director's office and Jack pitched in until we were done. We finished at 2:00 am.



Keith Lamb and Wayne at
a strip mine in Moberly,
Missouri. 1981.

Uncertain Times

*Just when we were making headway, we would reorganize,
and that would halt our progress.*

In 1982, James Watt was Secretary of the Interior. He wasn't fond of OSM, the brainchild of the Carter administration.



That's me sitting on the lip of a dragline bucket used for removing overburden during strip-mining operations.

My future with OSM was in jeopardy. I started applying for other jobs, including one at the Bureau of Land Management's Phoenix Training Center.

A fellow named Clifford Yardley called and interviewed me over the telephone, but when the job was filled, it went to a guy named Jack Ragsdale.

OSM went into a reduction-in-force. I had two options. Quit or move to Tulsa. I moved. Linda Wagner, my former officemate, left OSM and went to work for the Bureau of Land Management in Billings. When the fallout from the reduction-in-force subsided, there were 400 fewer employees, two technical offices, and a dozen poorly staffed field offices.

The transfer to Tulsa was a financial disaster. Caroline and I bought a home in Tulsa in 1982 and when we moved to Phoenix in 1986 the petroleum industry had collapsed and Tulsa was among the hardest hit. We sold our Tulsa home for \$40,000 less than we paid for it.

In other ways Tulsa was great. Jack Carson was super to work with. He had me heading a team responsible for auditing Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Arkansas for compliance with state and federal surface mining rules. And we were busy!

We conducted quarterly audits, meaning we were in each state four times a year. When we weren't auditing, we were writing the findings. I was as busy as I had been during my first year with OSM, but by now I had some idea of what I was doing.

My first years at Dzilth and OSM were years of great personal growth. I learned I could do things I didn't know I could do.

In 1968 I was 30 years old, the youngest of BIA's large-school principals on the Navajo reservation. I matured rapidly at Dzilth. I learned that taking care of details can prevent or solve most problems. OSM taught me that only when a person leaves their comfort zone will they discover how far they can reach. OSM was a long reach for me.

Wait! Let Me Grease the Skids

Training is everything.

A cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education. - Mark Twain

In January of 1986 I had just returned from an audit trip to Louisiana and Texas. I was tired and not looking forward to the paperwork and had just set my briefcase down when the phone rang.

It was my former officemate and friend, Linda Wagner. "This is a voice from your past," she said, "are you still interested in getting back into education?" "I just might be," I sighed, "what's up?"



Linda Wagner

Linda had recently returned from serving on an evaluation team with Larry Pointer, a division chief from BLM's Phoenix Training Center.

"Larry is looking for someone with an education background," she said, "if you're interested I can put you in touch with him." I told her I was. She gave me Pointer's phone number with instructions to wait fifteen minutes to allow her time to call him first to "grease the skids."

At that moment I knew I had whatever it was Pointer was looking for. When Linda says she's going to grease skids, she greases skids! No one does it better!

When I called Larry we learned we would both be in Washington in a few weeks. We made arrangements to meet over the lunch hour at the BLM offices on "K" Street.

At the designated time I walked from the main Interior building to the BLM “K” Street offices. It was noon and there wasn’t a person in sight. I knew Larry was expecting me so I started wandering around.

About midway down one of the hallways I met a fellow walking my way. I asked if he knew where I could find Larry Pointer. He said, “Sure, follow me. By the way, I’m Jack Ragsdale.” I thought to myself, “So, the first guy I meet in BLM is the guy that beat me out of a job a few years back. What a coincidence.”

Jack delivered me to Larry. Larry said that as luck would have it, Linda Wagner was in Washington as well, so the three of us had lunch together. After lunch, Linda graciously left so Larry could interview me. The first question Larry asked was, “How long have you been able to walk on water?” It took me a minute to connect his question to Linda’s phone call. I told you she could grease skids. The short of the story is that I got the job. It was March, 1986. Within a few months I would be treading water frantically in an effort to stay afloat!

A Return to my Educational Roots

All men worth anything have had a hand in their own education. - Sir Walter Scott

At the Phoenix Training Center (PTC) my first stop was to let Larry Pointer know I had arrived. He welcomed me and then we toured the facility. Our first stop was at the video production area. Larry told me that my old friend Chip Calamaio had been hired.

The edit room was about 8 by 8 feet with black fabric suspended in place of a door like an old shower curtain. When Pointer and I entered the edit room, I could see two legs poking from underneath an electronics rack. “Chip?” I asked, “are you still changing out cables?” “Doc!” he shouted, “Welcome to PTC.”

When I arrived at PTC Larry Hamilton was the director and Fridays were doughnut days. Every one from the director to the clerical staff brought doughnuts based on a predetermined schedule. I thought it was something that the director had not exempted himself from duty. That one thing said a lot about PTC management.

A few weeks after I started work someone made the discovery that all twenty-six PTC employees were in the building that day. Hamilton decided this was too good an opportunity to pass up so he asked everyone to meet in the parking lot for a group photo.



NTC Staff - April 1986

Back row: Ken McGinty, Writer-Editor; Matt Shumaker, Minerals Coordinator; Cliff Yardley, Chief, Division of Technical Development; Willow Fallows, Budget Assistant; Gary Dreier, Range Coordinator; Ron Blackstone, Minerals Coordinator; Bo Rabinoff, Training Support Clerk; Larry Davis, Visual Information Specialist; Larry Pointer, Chief, Division of Design and Delivery; Jack Ragsdale, Resource Management Coordinator; and Burrett Clay, Lead Minerals Coordinator.

Center row: George Campbell, Minerals Coordinator; Barbara Hollway, Lands and Realty Coordinator; Rosa Nelson, Duplicating Equipment Operator; Frank Pezzorello, Employee Development Specialist; Larry Hamilton, PTC Manager; Camille Irwin, Clerk-Stenographer; Dick Forester, Minerals Coordinator; Christina King, Receptionist; Jacalyn Johnson, Automated Data Processing Specialist; and Donna Lance, Administrative Officer.

Front Row: Bob Barbour, Lands and Minerals Coordinator; Wayne Winterton, Education Specialist; Chip Calamaio, Audiovisual Production Specialist; Cal McCluskey, Renewable Resource Coordinator; and Bill Deegan, Audiovisual Production Technician.

The staff was divided into two divisions: the Division of Natural Resources Training headed by Clifford Yardley, and the Division of Training Design and Delivery headed by Larry Pointer.

Yardley's group was responsible for PTC's well-respected classroom training. Pointer's group was responsible for developing new and less-expensive ways to deliver training, including the use of video tapes and something they were calling decentralized training packages.

Pointer had been able to procure a Macintosh computer, the only computer at PTC in those days, and it along with the blinking buttons in Chip's editing room created an aura of high-techness in the division.



The Phoenix Training Center occupied three floors of this building at 5050 North 19th Avenue (Camelback & 19th Avenue).

Can it be Nailed to a Tree?

You can't build a reputation on what you're going to do. - Henry Ford

Pointer introduced me to the Macintosh and the phrase, "decentralized training package," in the same breath. I had seen a Macintosh but I had never seen a decentralized training package.

I asked Pointer what he meant by *decentralized* training package. He said, "I don't know. That's why we hired you." I remember wondering, "What have I done to myself?" It had taken me years at OSM to learn the vocabulary and how to spell the words, and this guy wants decentralized training packages! I was so rusty about things educational that I thought about calling OSM to see if they would take me back.

Then I realized I wasn't in trouble. True, I didn't know anything about decentralized training packages, but neither did anyone else! No one had ever seen one of the little devils and I had a blank canvas and a box of crayons that hadn't even been opened yet. But I needed a project. The buzz word those days was "multiple use," so that's where I started.

I asked Pointer to explain multiple use to me. I expected a simple definition. But before I knew what was happening, he hauled me to an empty classroom, grabbed a flip chart and a rainbow of markers and delivered an animated one-man show worthy of prime-time television.

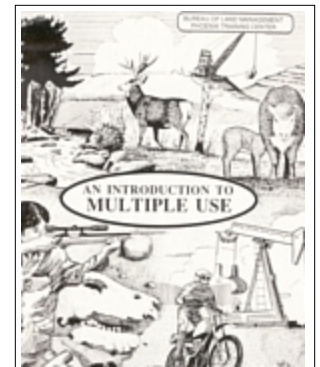
I was spellbound. He went into so much detail that I was convinced it would be easier to nail Jello to a tree than to write a training package on the subject. Multiple use simply had too many loose ends.

I spent the following day trying to think of a different project, something with a beginning and an ending, when Pointer told me how excited Hamilton was about a decentralized training package on multiple use.

I took Pointer's flip chart sheets, transcribed them, and cut and pasted the stuff into units. I wrote some text, threw in one of Chip's videos, a case study about multiple use titled, *The Gila Box*, wrote an interactive exercise as a culminating activity for the trainees, spun a lesson plan, labeled tabs, and threw it together in a binder. With a field test and some follow-up tweaking I thought this thing might be nailable.

Dick Forester, one of PTC's crack coordinators, was interested in what I was doing and offered to field test the package. He called the Safford Field Office. They expressed interest so the two of us headed south. Dick taught from the lesson plan and I took notes. When we returned to Phoenix we spent a week polishing the rough spots and tightening it up.

Larry Davis designed a cover and PTC had its first decentralized training package, An Introduction to Multiple Use. Pointer took the completed package upstairs and delivered it to Hamilton.





Dr. Larry Hamilton

Hamilton Had This Idea

A friend is a person you can think outloud with. - Ralph Waldo Emerson

Larry Hamilton had this idea that someday BLM might have a modern training facility. In 1986 he had Donna Lance, NTC Administrative Officer and Allaire Dunn from the Arizona State Office work on a space proposal for PTC. Larry was not shy about his dream and he shared his thoughts with Chip, myself, and many others.

In 1988 Larry Pointer left PTC to take a job with BLM in New Mexico. His place on

the management team was filled by Jim Stone from our Washington office. Jim and I connected from the start and we not only worked well together professionally, we became friends. This was a time of rapid growth at PTC. Course offerings, video production, and other services increased dramatically and the size of the staff increased in proportion.

In 1989, Hamilton reorganized PTC to bring about efficiencies with the larger staff. The two divisions became four: (1) the Division of Land and Renewable Resources headed by Cliff Yardley, (2) the Division of Minerals, headed by Burrett Clay, (3) the Division of Management and Support Services, headed by Jim Stone, and (4) the Division of Administrative and Media Services, headed by myself.

Hamilton continued to visit with Chip and myself about a new facility. Chip would drop by my office at the close of the work day and we would play the, “what if you were going to build a training center” game. Chip would say something like, “If you were going to build a training center, what would you do to make maximum use of wall space in classrooms?” And we would talk about wall space options.



Dr. James E. Stone

A day or two later Chip would poke his head in my office and say, “Hey, remember when we were talking about wall space? Well, I just read about this stuff that’s like one side of velcro. If we covered our walls with it, the coordinators could use velcro strips to put their flip charts up. Think about it Doc.” And he would disappear.

A few days later we might be talking about ways to achieve a relaxed, campus-like atmosphere in a new facility, and a week after that we might be talking about New Mexico style chili. We weren’t hung up on just talking about training center stuff!

Hamilton popped in and out of our conversations. In 1988 he gave us a copy of the 1986 proposal that Donna and Allaire had prepared. We didn’t know anything about formal building proposals but we made a few changes and returned it to Hamilton. He resubmitted it to the General Services Administration (GSA). We waited. Nothing. The submission once again ended up in GSA’s bottomless bucket of unapproved projects.

The following year we did another version. We put more time and effort into this one, but the result was the same. GSA bucket fodder.

When our second attempt flopped, Larry started us on a third. His refusal to let this thing die, we decided, was his way of punishing us for not doing the job right the first time.

We strengthened the justification by making it say more with fewer words. We agonized for days over the organization and the readability of the proposal. We didn’t want to come up empty again. We listed all of the spaces, classrooms, offices, and specialized areas we believed our training facility should have, and we described each in terms of things such as approximate dimensions, relative location to other spaces, and other characteristics.

We included spaces we thought would never fly, then Chip would say, “What’s the worst thing they can do?” “They can throw them out,” I would reply. We decided to let GSA do the discarding. We operated on the simple theory that if we didn’t ask, we wouldn’t receive. Surprisingly, GSA didn’t delete a single space or function from our proposal.

It was now 1990 and once again Larry submitted our space proposal. Success! We made the list of approved projects but our high was short-lived. Larry was told that the PTC building had been replaced by the higher priority Alaska Fire Center. Larry came downstairs and told us the bad news. The three of us just sat there looking at each other.

Larry went back to running the training center, Chip went back to making videos, and I put my feet up and stared out the window. Larry and Chip were better workers than me. I was better at looking out the window than them.

Six months later Larry called me. “Grab Calamaio,” he barked, “and get up here. I’ve got this guy from GSA in my office and you’re just not going to believe this!”

The guy from GSA was Frank Bedard. He said our earlier shelved proposal had been resurrected and given new life. For some reason, Hamilton had never received word of the resurrection. Frank was here to do a market survey to determine space availability. A solicitation for interest had already been published in the Phoenix newspapers and Frank had arrived with a fist full of appointments from real estate types.

Frank explained that approval meant new space but not necessarily new construction. If the market survey showed an existing building that could meet our needs, new construction was out. Regardless of how it goes, he said, our document needed work. Mary Hencmann from his office would come and show us what to do.

Mary Hencmann arrived a few weeks later. We set up shop in the video studio and the three of us went page by page through the document. Mary guided our efforts, I manned the computer, and Chip did what Chip does best, impersonating a human dynamo. At the end of three weeks Mary returned to San Francisco.

Mary returned a month later for a follow-up session and informed us it was her last visit. She had been reassigned to work on a federal courthouse somewhere. We could expect a call in a few days from someone named Valerie.

The Grass Along the Fenceline

Freedom comes from being in charge of yourself. - Robert F. Bennett

At about this time Lynn Engdahl replaced Larry Hamilton as PTC Director. Hamilton went to BLM’s Eastern States Office as its Deputy State Director.

I had never met Lynn, but his reputation as a no-nonsense manager arrived ahead of him. I was unsure as to how this change in leadership would affect me or the building project. I soon learned there was nothing to worry about, but Lynn and I got off to an interesting start.



Dr. Lynn Engdahl

During his first week at PTC Lynn suddenly appeared in my doorway. He introduced himself and said, “Is there a reason why you’re the only division chief who hasn’t dropped by to say hello?” He had this big grin on his face, so I knew everything was okay, but I was surprised by his bluntness, an Engdahl characteristic we all came to know.

I had no idea how to respond to his query. Fortunately, he continued the conversation by asking me what I thought about an idea he had. I don’t remember anything about the idea, but I was glad to have the extra time to think about an excuse for my seemingly unfriendly behavior.

When we finished our conversation, I apologized for not stopping by, saying it was nothing personal, it’s just my nature to watch change from the sidelines until things settle down. Then I told Lynn a story my dad told me about dealing with change.

I lived on a farm until I was in second grade. When my parents told me we were moving I was sad because I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to make friends in the new town. When I explained this to my dad, he shared the following insight with me. I call it “advice from a cow,” and I’ve tried to apply it to my life ever since.

Dad asked if I had watched what happens when a new cow is added to the pasture. He said if the cow isn’t too bright, she’ll go straight to

where the other cows are grazing, and the herd will butt her away from the good grass.

If the cow is smart she will begin by eating the grass along the fence line, circling the herd as she does, gradually working her way into the herd. Within a few days the old cows won't know they've gained a new member."

Dad finished by saying it's better to circle the pasture or playground until you can figure out which kids are the ones you want to play with. Within a few days, the kids won't even notice that they've gained a new classmate. It's been good advice for me.

Lynn and I talked at length. Among other things, I learned that Lynn had a wealth of knowledge about the building trades, having owned a construction company in Iran prior to the deposing of the Shah in the 1970s. During that first meeting we both circled the pasture and something galvanized between the two of us and we became friends.

Leadership Engdahl Style

An empowered organization leads to collective organizational success. - Stephen Covey

When Engdahl arrived at PTC, the staff was used to the easygoing Hamilton. Engdahl was more direct, more intense. Both were great to work with and I learned a lot from each.

In the first meeting with his division chiefs, Lynn said he expected us to solve division-level problems ourselves. He didn't want to make the decisions that his division chiefs were being paid to make. "Besides," he told us, "if I solve your problem, you may not like the solution, and you're going to be stuck with it."

Looking back, Hamilton and Engdahl were the right men, at the right place, at the right time for the training center. Both were steps ahead of everyone else. Hamilton's vision of the future and persistence was perfect for breathing life into the project; Engdahl's experience in the construction industry and his ability to ramrod a project was perfect for seeing it through to completion.



Valarie Fett-Harry

GSA replaced Mary Hencmann with Valerie Fett-Harry. We didn't believe GSA could have two top-notch project managers. Wrong! Valerie, like Mary, fell in love with our project.

After years of federal buildings, Valerie was ready for some excitement. She was enthusiastic, bubbly, and competent. There was no way to go wrong with Valerie and we liked her right away.

GSA put the construction contract on the street and seven companies responded. An initial step required independent architectural review meetings. Seven companies; seven meetings. At the first set of meetings the companies pitched models and drawings of cheap, boxey-looking buildings. None captured the essence of what we were striving for.

The first presentation was as bad as the model being pitched. In frustration, Chip gave an impassioned speech about BLM and how the training center represents a crossroads for BLM employees and managers. Valerie was so impressed with Chip's message she had him deliver his soliloquy at each of the remaining meetings.

When Chip finished, Valerie delivered the coup d'grace, "If you're interested," she said, "you're welcome to a second meeting, but don't waste our time with another set of cheesy, government-looking boxes!"

A month or so later we held a second round of architectural review meetings, and all seven developers returned with vastly improved presentations and models.

Following each meeting we evaluated the presentations. When the final meeting was over, we treated ourselves to dinner at a local Pizza Hut where we discussed our evaluations, and tallied the points.



The model used by Indianola Partners at the second architectural review meeting. Looking north from back parking lot toward the backs of Buildings B and C.



Building owner Paul Davis

When the numbers were crunched, Indianola Partners of Phoenix (Paul Davis and Logan Van Sittert) had the best design. They were awarded the contract on November 16, 1992.

The Arthur Porter Company of Phoenix was selected to construct the building.

Following the award, GSA/BLM had 150 days to complete the space layout (the design of interior spaces). Failure to deliver

by the 150th day could result in financial penalties against BLM.

The site for the new building was in the Phoenix Metro Center area. I drove past it every day looking for signs of life. Then it happened. The Arthur Porter Company had pulled a mobile office onto the site and a bunch of guys were walking around busting clods of dirt with their boots and spitting everywhere. It was a wonderful thing to behold!



Ron Johnson, Arthur Porter Construction Superintendent meets with Wayne Winterton (center) and Lynn Engdahl (right) on the first day on the site. Chip Calamaio stepped away long enough to take the photograph.

I shared my discovery with Lynn and Chip and we headed to the site.

After an hour of visiting, reality hit. The kicking and spitting also meant the 150-day clock for interior layouts had started ticking.

Preparation of the ground was just getting underway. The dirt-work equipment arrived the same week that Jim Baca, BLM's new director, made his initial trip to Arizona. Shovels were purchased, spray-painted gold, and a less than ardent supporter of the training center, Baca found himself the center of an impromptu groundbreaking ceremony.



Groundbreaking -- PTC Director Lynn Engdahl watches as BLM Director Jim Baca shakes hands with Les Rosenkrance, Director of the Arizona BLM Office. Baca's visit to Phoenix and his comments on the value of the Training Center to BLM provided powerful incentive to get the building shell started and space planning underway.

GSA let a contract to a San Francisco firm to do the interior design. They spent two weeks at PTC taking hundreds of pictures and talking to people, and came away without a clue as to what we were trying to build.

When we received their results, supposedly the start of a space layout plan for our building, we couldn't believe our eyes.

They might have been good at designing office buildings, but they didn't know jack about training centers!

A meeting had been scheduled in San Francisco for the following week between GSA, the space-



Chip Calamaio sizing up the rebar used in one of the six elevator columns.

planning company, and a dozen potential subcontractors. Our most critical concern, however, was the ticking clock, and we were rapidly losing time.

Lynn circled the NTC management team wagons and asked for a reaction. Everyone agreed the space-planning company had to go. Lynn called Valerie and gave her a heads-up about our concerns.

Flight reservations were made for Lynn and myself to leave the following day for San Francisco. Our objective was to unplug the space-planning company from our project and bring it home to PTC.

On the flight, Lynn outlined a “good cop - bad cop” strategy.

In San Francisco, Valerie arranged for us to meet with the people in charge of the space-planning contract. GSA insisted the company could do the work; we insisted they couldn’t, and we were well-prepared to show them why we thought so. Yet, GSA had already invested a considerable amount of money in the contract with the company so the conversation went back and forth.

We weren’t making any progress. On cue Lynn looked at me and said, “Wayne, no one is listening to our side of the problem. Pack your briefcase. We’re going back to Phoenix. The clock is ticking on the space plan and these people are just wasting our time.”

My job was to keep us in the meeting, so I made a suggestion or two and tried to get everyone back to the table. Lynn continued to fume.



Construction started with the placement of the six columns that would frame the elevator and communication tower. This picture shows concrete being hoisted to the top of the steel mold of the first of the six columns.

Someone from GSA said, “Well, there are other options. “Like what,” Lynn snapped. The GSA person said, “You can contract with a different company and pay for the service out of your own pocket, or you can just do it yourselves.” Lynn’s response surprised GSA, “Then we’ll just do it ourselves,” he replied, and the meeting came to an abrupt end.

I didn’t realize it at the time, but Lynn and the management team’s decision to take responsibility for the building’s interior design, and the following effort that went into design and construction would become another of those defining moments in my life.

The War Room

If you want to make an apple pie from scratch, you must first create the universe. - Carl Sagan

When we returned from San Francisco, Lynn leased a vacant jewelry store, threw Chip and myself inside, and locked the door. Well, that may be a stretch, but for the next nine months that old jewelry store became our home away from home.

Art Ferraro took over Chip’s duties and Barbara Hollway took over mine. That decision almost ended my career. Barbara did such a good job as division chief I had to beg my staff to take me back.

The first time we entered the jewelry store Chip said, “This is the War Room.” The name stuck.

Lynn’s move to take space planning from a San Francisco firm not adept at

planning space for training centers made some folks in BLM’s higher echelons nervous. They felt Lynn had fathered a monster with a 150-day gestation period and the potential for a major non-compliance penalty.



The Training Center begins to take shape.

On the morning of December 15, 1992, a week after the trip to San Francisco with Lynn, I had a call from Ed Dettman of BLM's Denver Service Center. Ed said that Washington had just assigned the PTC space planning responsibility to them. My reaction was, "Ed, I don't think so." And that was the end of the conversation, or so I thought.

I found Chip and the two of us called Lynn in Washington. He knew nothing about a decision to move space planning from Phoenix to Denver.



Terry Baker

He suggested we hang tough, keep him informed, and he would try to find out what was happening.

The next eight hours were tense. There were a dozen calls between Chip, myself and Lynn, and Service Center Director Marv LeNoue, Ed Fritchie, Ed Dettman, Naamon Owens, and a lady named Terry Baker.

The final call took place in the late evening when everyone should have been at home. It was a conference call between Chip and myself and Ed Fritchie and Naamon Owens at the Service Center, and Terry Baker who was already home, packing her bags to fly to Phoenix the following day.

Chip and I stubbornly refused to give up control of space planning. Ed and Naamon were equally adamant that the Service Center take responsibility. Terry wanted space planning returned to GSA.

Washington had directed the Service Center to design the interior of the PTC ship and we felt we were the only ones who knew what the ship was supposed to look like.

If asked, I'll deny the following. But we may have been over our heads a tad. Actually, we didn't know enough to know how much over our heads we were. We may have been able to complete the space layout on the strength of Engdahl's construction experience, but we were about to get competent help and later we would thank our lucky angels for the Denver Service Center. But right now, we were battling to retain control of a building we had spent too many years trying to get.

The course of history would have been written differently if it had not been for Ed Fritchie during the closing minutes of that last conference call. Fritchie got us to agree to let Terry and Molly Olsen, a young, but experienced space planner come to PTC where we were to sit together and talk about our respective positions. No changing of the guard. Just talk.

Terry, a contracting officer, and Molly, fresh from working in the private sector and an expert computer-assisted drafting (CAD) operator arrived the next morning.

Chip and I were in rare form and ready for our visitors. We treated Terry and Molly to the most grueling, industrial-strength, 2½-hour tour of PTC you can imagine. We followed that up with an hour of useless information and nonstop fluff. Satisfied they would give up and go back to Denver, we went our own ways for lunch.



Molly Olsen

No such luck. Terry, a pushy type, was determined to get her licks in. She pitched Denver's position and her personal view that space planning go to GSA. Our response was that we had come this far and we weren't about to give the farm away. It was now late in the afternoon.

Molly, who hadn't said a word to this point, shocked everyone with, "I think this could really be a fun project." Terry gave Molly her best pinched-eyebrow glare. Unimpressed, Molly continued, "and besides, I've been wondering if this group could actually do something constructive without killing each other in the process," and we all started to laugh.



A view toward the elevator tower. The brick work has yet to be started on the main buildings.

In thirty seconds Molly had cut through the day's tension and the team of Baker, Calamaio, Olsen, and Winterton was born.

Terry and Molly moved into a Phoenix hotel and the four of us spent the greater portion of the next nine months in the War Room.



The War Room

One of many meetings between architects, builder, subcontractors, and the War Room group. Around the table: Jeff Rosebery (back to camera), electrical contractor Ken Stucks, Larry Hart representing Arthur Porter Construction, architects John Leckmann and Logan Van Sittert, Terry Baker, Chip Calamaio, Wayne Winterton, and Burrett Clay.

The War Room had other members: Lynn Engdahl who gave us the confidence and tools to do the job, Valerie Fett-Harry who made umpteen trips between San Francisco and Phoenix to keep us on track, Burrett Clay, who was worth his weight in gold in suggestions and engineering savvy, and Jeff Rosebery, who sweated every construction detail.



Lynn and Wayne in War Room

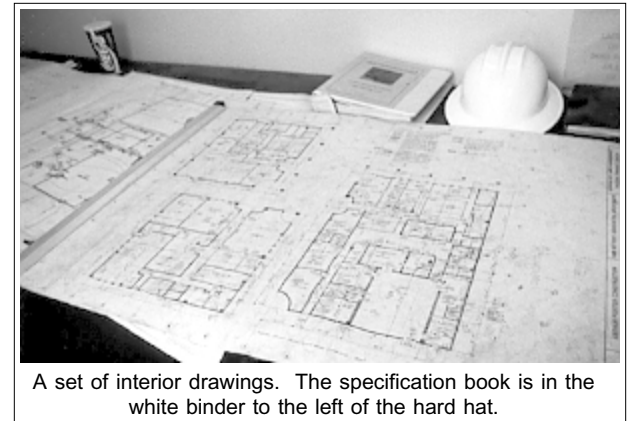
Jeff worked for CRSS, a private company under contract to GSA to provide quality assurance during construction. Nothing got by Jeff. He was absolutely critical in the construction of the building.

Terry worked for GSA before coming to BLM and had written a training manual for that agency. She and Valerie bonded immediately because of the GSA connection.

The Valerie-Terry bond was the glue that held the War Room, indeed, the entire project together.

Valerie had overall GSA responsibility. If the project went down, it would take Valerie with it. Valerie trusted Terry, and Terry made certain the War Room never embarrassed Valerie by violating GSA policies or regulations.

Molly produced all of the drawings that were used to finish the interiors. The specifications book was the bible of the operation. In addition to outlining the interior space requirements, it was used to track the nonstandard construction costs, of which there were hundreds.

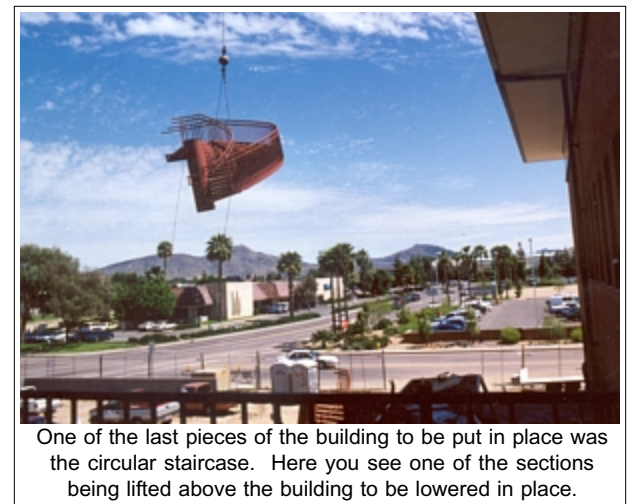


A set of interior drawings. The specification book is in the white binder to the left of the hard hat.

The space plan was completed within the required 150 days, right on schedule with the completion of the building shell.

We now shifted gears from design to build-out of the interior spaces. In a show of support, GSA authorized Chip and myself full access to the site.

Although I spent time at the site, most



One of the last pieces of the building to be put in place was the circular staircase. Here you see one of the sections being lifted above the building to be lowered in place.

of my time was spent with Terry, Molly, the specifications book and the computer. Chip and Jeff Rosebery took up residency on the site.

An entire book could be written about the War Room. It was truly a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for me.

Our co-workers from the training center were in and out of the War Room constantly. They thought we were working hard all the time.

In truth, we worked hard, numerous weekends included. But we also took time to have fun and to enjoy our associations with one another. We had good professional relationships with building owner Paul Davis and architects Logan Van Sittert and John Lechmann, Arthur Porter, Larry Hart, and Ron Johnson of the Arthur Porter Company, and an endless parade of subcontractors.

The War Room was like a small group of bees. Everyone thinks that bees are busy all the time. They're not. They just seem busy all the time because they can't buzz any slower. That's how we were.

Here are a few War Room anecdotes:

Doing the needful: There was the situation in which GSA assigned an architect to work with us for a reason that eludes me now. The guy was more problem than solution and we found working with him difficult.

We dubbed him the sticky fly.

When the situation reached a point where action could be taken we called on Lynn to "do the needful," Lynn's term for problem-solving, Engdahl style.



The last major piece of the building, the communication tower, is seen being hoisted to the top of the elevator tower.

Lynn asked Melinda Mahoney, his staff assistant, to make travel arrangements for the two of us to leave for San Francisco within the hour. Melinda was to wait twenty minutes then call the GSA director's office and tell the receptionist we were on our way and it was imperative we meet with the director that afternoon.

Terry Baker, who was already in San Francisco, met us on arrival. The initial plan had the three of us meeting with the Director, but after huddling, we decided it would be best to have Lynn meet one-on-one.

Lynn walked into the reception area and introduced himself. As he was ushered into the director's office he saw a copy of GSA's customer service brochure. He picked up the brochure and greeted the director.

The conversation started with Lynn congratulating the director on GSA's customer service policies; and ended with an agreement that customer service to PTC need not include the bothersome architect. The "needful" had been done. We never saw the sticky fly again.

Angel and Harmony Cards: The four of us had been working together a few weeks when Terry and Molly arrived one morning. Molly was teasing Terry, "Go ahead Terry, show them to Chip and Wayne." Terry was a little uncomfortable but Molly wouldn't let up. "They won't care," she insisted, "they might even do them with us."

Molly's persistence paid off. Terry took a set of Angel Cards from her purse and sheepishly explained how they were used. Each Angel Card contained a word and brief definition of a desirable trait such as patience, love, understanding, and so forth. Each morning Terry would spread them on top of the plotter and as we would arrive, we would take one, turn it over, and share our assigned trait for the day.

The Angel Cards were nice, but they didn't go far enough. I made another set of thirty cards specific to the objectives and vocabulary of the War Room. I had a drawing of a harp on the reverse side so someone dubbed them "Harmony Cards," and it stuck.



The Harmony Cards were a mix of traits and activities. For instance, **valeried** (for

Valerie) meant to “make something possible.” The term **costasize** (for PTC staffer Ralph Costa), honored the spreadsheet he designed for computing non-standard and unit costs for the construction contract.



When we asked Ralph if he could design a spreadsheet for us, he wasn't sure as he was leaving for Hungary the following day on assignment. Would you believe it, he was in the War Room early the next morning. He had designed the spreadsheet at home the previous evening after packing for his trip.

Mollyistic was defined as having “spacy skills,” a reference to Molly’s superb CAD work and numerous space design contributions. For instance, it was Molly’s idea to continue the architect’s curved entranceways with curved walls inside each building. Those design features became known as “molly curves,” and the indented walls in the hallways, used today for displaying posters and artwork, were another of Molly’s ideas. We called them “molly bumps.”



Other cards included **lynning**, or “doing the needful,” **ruminating** meant having a “cranial garage sale,” **guttering** meant “hanging on the edge” of good judgment, **burreting** (for Burrett Clay) referred to “working outside the box,” and **unit costs** meant “getting beer for the price of champagne.”



Carl: There was a dumpster across the parking lot from the War Room. One day Molly noticed a homeless man rummaging for food. Without saying a word she scooped up our munchies, walked outside, and gave them to the man. She learned his name was Carl. Molly is attractive and we told her that making friends with Carl may be harmful to his health. He might think he had already gone to heaven and give up trying to survive altogether.

It was our practice for someone to make a munchies and soft drink run to the corner convenience store whenever War Room provisions ran low. If Molly noticed Carl at the dumpster she would remind us that sharing brings good karma. It is believed that Carl was the only person disappointed to see the building finished.

While the rest of us merely exchanged “hi there’s” with Carl, Molly engaged in real conversations. She learned things about him and his hard luck. Molly had us bring in used clothing and shoes. Carl confided to Molly that the shoes didn’t fit, but he had been able to sell them for “a lot of money.” We made Carl an honorary member of the War Room.

The Misplaced Brick

I have given many tours of the facility over the years. Approaching the third-floor deck near Building C, I tell my groups that as careful as we were during construction, there is a problem that has never been corrected and remains an issue to this day. Then I point to the misplaced brick on the north side of the northeast planter.



There is a second, similarly misplaced brick, also on the third floor. I challenge you to find it.

Prior to taking possession of the building, Chip, Jeff Rosebery, and I had a punch list of items needing fixed or replaced. Indicative of the level of detail was the inclusion of these two bricks as requiring replacement. I suspect Paul Davis and Logan Van Sittert elected to not replace them in order to get even with Chip, Jeff, and myself for our endless punch list.

The Time Capsule

The need to have a time capsule buried at the site was not lost on the War Room. Terry and I took an afternoon off and drove to a crafts store looking for a container suitable for a concrete burial.

We wanted to find something labeled *Time Capsule*, but the only thing we could find was a tin box labeled *Pals*. We packed *Pals*, sealed it with a roll of electrical tape, and asked the builder to let us know when they were pouring concrete along the archways in front of Building C.

On May 13, 1994, Lynn Engdahl, Chip Calamaio, and myself placed the box deep in the concrete at the first archway, the one most people pass through before approaching the gated entrance to the reception area. Minutes later, symbolic of the resiliency of the War Room, the box floated to the top.

The three of us sat on a little mound of dirt for about an hour, taking turns pushing the box down with sticks, until the concrete set sufficiently to prevent resurfacing and the time capsule was securely locked in place.

The contents of the Time Capsule:

A 3½-inch floppy disk containing a file named *space13.pm5*, the final version of the building specifications. The 13 represented the number of revisions it took before we were done.

A 3½-inch floppy disk containing Ralph Costa's spreadsheet file for tracking items and costs. The spreadsheet saved the government a fortune in computing lump sum and non-standard unit costs.

A table of organization with the names of all PTC employees as of May 1994.

We collected business cards and maintained a list of non-PTC project contributors during the project. The business cards and list went into the capsule.

A complete set of Angel and Harmony Cards.

Four *Slam Dunk* Arizona lottery tickets representing the early days of setting ground rules between ourselves, the building owner, and GSA.

A small plastic (sticky) fly to acknowledge Lynn Engdahl, "doing the needful," whenever the needful needed doing.

A stylus from the CalComp plotter used by Molly Olsen to draw the interior layouts, a small "chip" of foamcore, and a used Exacto blade.

A worn 1981 penny and a shiny 1994 penny, representing the Lands & Minerals School and the National Training Center, respectively.

The Etched Doors

The etched doors represent a very personal part of what happened in the War Room.

There are hundreds of non-standard items built into the facility. BLM paid for those. There is one non-standard item that BLM did not pay for. It's the etching on all exterior doors. The payment for those etchings was handled in a different and personal way.

Those of us whose lives were consumed with the design and construction of the new training center wanted a way to bond with the building we literally saw come to life.

Having the doors etched with the name and BLM logo provided that bond as well as a distinctive aesthetic touch to the building. When the bill for the etching on the 19 glass doors arrived, Lynn, Chip, Terry, and I pulled out our checkbooks and paid the vendor.



Lynn Engdahl, Wayne Winterton, Chip Calamaio, and Terry Baker.

Reflections on a Misty Landscape

I don't want it said about me, "If only he had retired while he could still enjoy it." - Wayne Winterton

Early in 1994 two events happened. First, the Phoenix Training Center was renamed the National Training Center (NTC) and second, Lynn Engdahl told us he expected to be transferred.

Lynn said, "Do with me what you want Brer Director, just don't throw me in that nasty ol' Montana or New Mexico briar patch." By June he was in New Mexico, his preferred choice of briar patch. BLM took possession of the building August 1, 1994.

I served as director of NTC from June, 1994, through January, 1995. Burrett Clay followed me and served until June, 1995. I had illusions of directing NTC on a permanent basis. Instead, Washington selected Gary Dreier, a friend with better management skills than me, proof that Washington can do it right when it wants to. Marilyn Johnson followed Gary from 1998 to 2003, and although NTC is without a director as I retire, it continues to serve as one of the nation's premier training facilities.

After Gary arrived we visited about my personal life, work, and retirement options (Caroline and I divorced in 1996). NTC did not have an internet presence, an area of interest to both Gary and myself. In 1996 I stepped down from management to work with the internet.

I've missed management and the camaraderie among managers, but the last few years have really been fun. Perhaps that's why I've delayed my retirement for so long. I've enjoyed being a worker bee and I've tried to be as responsive to those requesting my services as I expected my employees to be when I was managing.

My last day on the job (January 2, 2004) is only a few days away and for the past year I've found myself thinking more and more about the future, a misty landscape that becomes more valuable with age. At this point in my life, the sharing of that landscape with loved ones for the creation of memories overrides all other needs. And besides, there may be a different kind of defining moment awaiting me in the mist.

I think I'll give it a shot.



One month before occupancy. The parking lot is fenced for paving and the signage proclaiming the facility as the BLM National Training Center has yet to be added to the face of the 2nd floor elevator walkway. July, 1994.



A sign in my office (not in picture) makes clear my philosophy regarding the delivery of products or services. It reads, "Good. Fast. Cheap. - Pick any Two." For example, you can have something "good" and "fast," but it won't be cheap.



The last "Chip and Wayne Show," October 15, 2003, marked the end of an era for myself and Chip Calamaio, after having worked together, on and off, for 27 years (1976 - 2003).