

## BITS AND PIECES OF MY LIFE

by JAY OTIS

The title of this autobiography is taken from a book "Bits and Pieces of a Man's Life" by Ralph R. Blanchard. Ralph owned and operated an auto-repair shop in Lake Placid. He was unique in that he operated an honest shop, repaired only that which needed repairing, and tried to save money for his customers. His book is composed of anecdotes, Bits and Pieces of a man's Life, so if this autobiography ends up in bits and pieces of my life, which I intend it to do, it owes the idea to Ralph Blanchard who gave permission to use his title.

The bits and pieces of a man's life should be picked up somewhere. My life began on August 30, 1907. The official record, birth certificate, gives August 31, 1907. The confusion of dates caused me no end of trouble obtaining my security clearances during world War II.

The irony of my birth situation was that my mother was a dedicated member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and Dr. Jay Rand was one of its raison d'etre. He was the attending physician and was well into his cups before, during, and after the babies he delivered during the end of August 1907. All births during this particular spree were recorded on the same day, August 31, 1907. I found it difficult to convince an army security officer that my birth date was not as recorded.

The operator of the lie detector used to check the truthfulness of my statements while undergoing a security check could not believe his instrument when I truthfully answered "Yes" to the question, "Was your birthday on August 30th, 1907? His record, my birth certificate, stated the date to be the 31st. Both the Department of the Army and NSA were delayed in using my services because of the drinking habits of my attending physician. My birth certificate still reads August 31 and I long ago gave in to the error rather than argue with the various licensing bureaus necessary for the sanctions of certain human behaviors.

Many people start life on the wrong foot, I started mine on the wrong date.

There were compensations, however, I was fortunate in the location of my birth. Melvin Dewey of the Dewey decimal system used to say, "Just as the heart is situated in the upper left hand side of the human body, Lake Placid is situated in the upper left hand side of the state of New York." I was born in Lake Placid and still think of it as my home even though I have spent little of my life there. The village is comforting.

Walter van Dyke Bingham wrote a short article for one of the journals describing the occupational experiences of a small-town boy. I was able to experience several ways of earning a living and through these experiences I learned more about what I did not like to do than what I wanted to do.

I spent summers on my uncle's farm and learned that I hated all aspects of farming, except eating buckwheat griddle cakes and maple syrup on a cold Adirondack morning. I drove horses and cared for them and acquired a dislike for them which has lasted all of my life. I worked as a boatman on Lake Placid. I worked around the freight station, filled woodboxes, swept porches, filled iceboxes, cared for clay tennis courts, shoveled snow, cut wood, and among a variety of other activities I could repair a Model T Ford.

I caddied from my eighth year until my sixteenth and was a caddy-master part of one summer. I lied about my age in order to get a professional Adirondack Guide's license and worked as a fishing guide for about ten summers. If I ever need to go back to work, guiding would be my choice. I was and still am a good fisherman. Right now I'm trying to learn the habits of bass. I suppose they are learning my habits, since they either take a trout fly or I say to heck with them. There is a thrill in trying to land a five pound bass using a 3 1/2 oz. flyrod and a two pound test leader. It can be done. Sometimes.

My relatives escaped from New England after the Revolutionary War. Vermonters by birth they were caught in the land grant dispute between New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York. England decided in favor of New York. I imagine that the Otises decided that if you can't lick them, join them and they migrated, or at least some of them did, to New York where Adirondack land was cheap.

My grandfather, Dillon Otis, raised a family, farming about ten acres of land. He was the only square-dance fiddler in the Jay Valley so his services were in demand. His stipends, often in potatoes brought in more money than farming. The so-called farm was in the Town of Jay which is located in the Champlain Valley. It was good land. Will Otis, my uncle, had the farm across the road from my grandfather's farm. His was an eighth section, 80 acres, and he was the one who taught me to hate farming. I asked my father what did Uncle Will die of. He replied, "He didnt die of anything, he just wore out."

In Ohio I bought a farmhouse with some acreage in Chagrin Falls which I named "Wasafarm." I saw that it stayed that way.

My father, Lester Otis, escaped from the farm in Jay and moved to Lake Placid where he worked as a butcher , bought a team of horses and set himself up in the trucking business. In time he developed an ice business which he sold after he saw an electric refrigerator. our home belonged to my maternal grandmother. It was torn down after I inherited it. If you happen to be in Lake Placid, I was born across from the Olympic Arena where a gasoline filling station now stands.

The Adirondack native, now called a "local," has a bit of New England character with strong belief in individual rights. His philosophy is "You can ask me to do something, but don't try to tell me to do it." The Adirondack natives I knew would say, "I'll help yuh out, but I won't work fur yuh." In other words the people I knew not only resented supervision, they were also hard to supervise.

For many locals, fishing and hunting were more important than work and few natives worked during the first day of fishing and during the hunting season. In fact, some of my friends just did not like to work at all. I liked to work, but I hated supervision, an acquired trait.

Lake Placid lake is approximately a mile from the center of the village. Lake Placid village is located on Mirror Lake, which on a calm morning reflects the mountains, the blue sky and the clouds so clearly that the reflection is difficult to distinguish from the actual view. It is beautiful country.

I learned some of the rudiments of fishing on that lake. I was taught by Sam Barton, Civil War sharpshooter who eked out a living as an Adirondack guide. When I was a boy, Sam Barton appeared each Thanksgiving to participate in the turkey shoot. Sam would fire first for drift, second for height, and the third shot, he never missed. His audience always cheered. Watching Sam Barton win his turkey was an annual ritual.

When I was a young boy, tourism was just starting in Lake Placid, lumbering was still the main source of income, and natives did not know it, but they were poor. Governor Cuomo announced in a recent address that the Adirondack area is economically depressed. It was economically depressed long before the governor's announcement. During my boyhood everyone worked during the summer in order to earn enough to get through the workless winter months. Christmas was an economic annoyance for most families.

The members of the class of 1924, my high school class, had excellent New York State regents grades. There were 24 members of the class. My grades were good by any standard, but the grades earned by half of my classmates were better than mine. Being in the lower half almost cost me my college education.

High school years were enjoyable. We experienced what Caribbean natives call "island fever." Contact with the outside world consisted of two trains a day, one coming in in the morning and the same train leaving in the evening. Our class raised enough money to take a trip to Washington which, at that time, was the highlight of my life. On this trip I, given courage by the by the teacher-chaperon, asked Elodie for a date, a date which ended up in marriage 7 years later. For the record, we are still happily married.

I can brag about my children. Neither my son, Robert, nor my daughter Jayne have ever given us one bit of trouble. But they have given us four, two each, wonderful grandsons who also have remained trouble free during these stressful times.

Heth Coons, our high school principal, was a Wesleyan Graduate. He encouraged me to go there. I had a scholarship to Cornell and when one was forthcoming for Wesleyan I followed Coon's advice and applied. After much exchange of credentials I was admitted. For me, it was not the better choice.

An earlier incident in my life illustrates my problem with Wesleyan, my fault not Wesleyan's. The man who employed me as a guide was wealthy and had a host of relatives. His chauffeur was called "Ennis." This was his last name. I did not intend to be called by my last name. A nephew of my employer persisted in calling me "Otis" even though I asked him not to. On returning from a fishing trip and having been called "Otis" all day, I was told to have the gear ready for next morning's seven o'clock start. It was then I told my boss I was quitting. When asked why, I replied, "No one is going to call me 'Otis'." So my hackles were up each time I was asked, "Where did you prep?" I did not adjust to the servant status required to earn a living in a resort town.

Nor did I adjust to the difference between prep school and high school. So do not call me Otis, and do not ask where I prepped.

The Town of North Elba, the township in which Lake Placid was located, was the home of John Brown. I did not know of discrimination until I entered Wesleyan. You can imagine the situation when I invited a negro for dinner at my fraternity house. My Eastern-Shore-of-Maryland brother created the disturbance, much to my astonishment. In Lake Placid, Lyman Epps, a survivor of the underground railroad, led the Memorial Day parade. Our minority classmates were close friends. When I invited a nonwasp to join our fraternity, another incident occurred. Much to my joy, the national fraternity expelled our chapter when it initiated a black. I take pleasure in writing letters to the national fraternity telling why I do not intend to contribute.

Wesleyan was good to me. I had Horace English and Carney Landis for psychology teachers. They opened my eyes to the possibilities of this science and I am grateful to them. They were both interested in students.

Money problems plus an offer of a good job in Philadelphia prompted a transfer to the University of Pennsylvania at the end of my sophomore year. It was a good move. Senior faculty members at Penn were Witmer, a student of Wundt, Twitmyer in speech, Fernberger in experimental, and last but not far from least was Morris Viteles in industrial. I stayed at Penn until 1936 and earned both an M.A.(1931) and my Ph.D.(1936). Viteles was my mentor. He was a good one to have.

I graduated from Penn with a major in psychology in 1929. It was Karl Miller, both professor and director of admissions, who told me of the possibility of obtaining an assistantship in the department. My graduate years were both demanding and enjoyable. I have tried to summarize the contributions of the department and I end up with memories of Viteles. Among the many things of value I received from him was respect for basic data and the need for a reliable criterion. With these two as levers, one can lift the psychological world to places dreamed of in its early years.

I was fortunate in obtaining work during the depression. There was an opening for an instructor at the University of Rochester during the thirties. Henry DeWitt who obtained the job told me that there were over 200 Ph.D.'s and even more with M.A.'s applying for the job, even psychologists were unemployed during the depression.

It was Cal Shartle who came to Penn looking for persons to work in the Worker Analysis Section of the Division of Standards and Research of the Department of Labor. I was employed. I received my doctorate from Penn shortly after starting my work in Washington.

These were exciting years. Money was available for research and more important, subjects in industry were available. The Technical Advisory Committee of the Worker Analysis Section consisted of such persons as Donald Paterson, Morris Viteles, Marion R. Trabue, L. J. O'Rourke, and there were others who should be mentioned, but my records have been reluctantly discarded as my living space has become smaller during my years of retirement.

We were permitted to get involved in the job analysis section along with our work in the worker analysis section. Those in charge of the projects were wise and the monumental task of writing job descriptions for several industries plus the Dictionary of occupational Titles and Codes were contributions which have been of value to our profession.

This is not the place to describe all of the work undertaken during this period by this pioneer project. I can say that my contact with the job analysis group convinced me that job analysis is the basis for most of the work in our field and deserves the continued support of industrial psychology. Job analysis should also include the analysis of the psychological requirements of occupations as pioneered by Viteles' Job Psychograph. This was the basis for the occupational Characteristics Check List developed by those in the work of the Division of Standards and Research.

It was there that the first cross-validation study was undertaken. I learned then, generalization was a dangerous and at times an unwise procedure.

I stayed with the Worker Analysis Section until 1938. Kinsley Smith told me about a job opening at Western Reserve University. I was hired as an assistant professor. I had tried to set attainable objectives and one of them was to combine college teaching with industrial consulting, a Morris Viteles influence? Western Reserve University gave me this opportunity. My letter of agreement with the University contained a clause permitting me to work with firms providing I had access to top management so that I could have a laboratory for my research.

My first industrial contact was with a small detergent company and I was on retainer with this company for 34 years. The company was taken over by a larger chemical company and I learned of the horrors of mergers, takeovers, and what not to do in personnel relations from that experience. Rather than create a personnel department, I trained all department heads in interviewing, selection, training, and salary administration. It worked. I had test scores for every executive including the president and worked with management in development of personnel. Although by battery of tests for selecting detergent salesmen had relatively low validity, salesmen selected by it were often offered jobs by competitors. The former president of this company is now a neighbor and is still a good friend.

In thinking back over the many industrial experiences, some enjoyable and some stressful, one in particular may be of interest. The president of this company retained me to conduct his yearly performance review. I was permitted to gather information about his performance from any source I desired. During performance review time, I conducted his review. My last contact with him was over dinner when I met him accidentally in Chicago. He confided that in spite of my reviews he never improved as president, but at least he knew when he made a mistake. In spite of our attempts at behavior modification, do we ever really change? Does the leopard change his spots? To my younger colleagues, I always found it easier to find the environment to suit the individual than to change the individual to adjust to the environment.

My first sabbatical was a 13 week tour of Europe. I arranged for meetings with my European colleagues and found them to be mutual learning experiences. Professor Bonnardel of the University of Paris opened my eyes to the value of worksamples as predictive measures. Later, I learned from O'Rourke that he had the same idea for use in vocational guidance. Bonnardell constructed worksamples for practically all jobs in an automobile plant. Any worker considered for a job change reported to the psychotechnical laboratory where he took the worksample test for the job under consideration for him. Norms had been established for each test, cut-off scores were used, and the worker had to meet the standards before the job change<sup>4</sup> was permitted. When I asked Bonnardell about the union reaction he replied, "Who would dare question my professional integrity?" I answered, "Walter Reuther, for one." Bonnardell responded, "If he did, I would sue." There is a lesson here for us. Bonnardell had faith in his professional judgment.

Joint participation was beginning to be of interest at the time I was in Europe and participation was in use by some European companies. One of the executives in Monsanto arranged a meeting for me with a joint Industry-University program group. This was in Belgium where management was required by law to meet with its employees for discussion of problems at least once a year.

My meeting taught me about the depth of feeling between the Dutch-speaking Flemings and the French-speaking Waloons. There were more interpreters in the room than participants or so the noise level seemed. I asked for attention and asked if they would like to hear about our American Indians. I

told them about the meeting of the Iroquois nations each year to gather salt. I explained how they "buried the hatchet" before meeting together. I asked if it would not be possible to "bury the hatchet" for this meeting. Cowboys and Indians won. From that point on we all spoke English. It was then I learned about a problem which neither management nor labor had been able to solve, parking bicycles. One participant said, "Isn't it better to argue about a problem you can't solve, than to strike? Perhaps joint participation is a goal we should seriously consider. However, I do have reservations. In some industrial areas an autocratic approach seems best. Of this, I am sure.

My interest then as it now is in the compensation field, a field where emotions can over-ride reason to the harm of both parties. I found my European colleagues were interested in job evaluation, job classification, and wage setting so their questions limited my opportunity to learn about their work. I did, however, bring back more ideas than I left there. Job Evaluation, Otis and Leukart, had been read by most of those I visited. In fact, several chapters had been copied into a French text almost word for word. Our text remained in print from 1948 until 1985.

I could pass along an idea I used in job analysis. It is true that the worker knows more about his job than anyone else. So I trained employees to write their own job descriptions. The employee's supervisor also knows the worker's job. I permitted the supervisor to make changes, in red ink, to the worker's description of his job. I reserved the right to edit. Like Professor Bonnardell, I knew more than either the worker or the supervisor about jobs. I made my changes in green ink. All ideas about the job were a matter of record. All changes were made on the original document, which I called a "Living Document." By the use of duplicating machines the history of this job and its changes became a matter of record. I reduced the cost of installing a wage system through the use of living documents by 50%.

Viteles made it possible for me to have considerable industrial contact while in graduate school. I vowed that if I ever had the opportunity to teach, my students would have some knowledge of industry. To that end I created first, the Personnel Research Institute, then a vocational guidance center, and was forced by University pressure and my own desires to head up a Research and Service Center which comprised such different activities as a Reading Improvement Service, a Writer's Advisory Service, an Educational and Vocational Guidance Center, the Bureau of Business Research and the Personnel Research Institute. For several years I administrated. With the backing of the University President, I turned the Bureau of Business Research over to the Dean of the School of Business, the English Department took the Writer's Advisory Service, the Department of Education was happy to run the Reading improvement Service and I kept the Personnel Research Institute and the Vocational Guidance Service. By then Erwin Taylor, Joel Campbell, and Eric Prien were on board and I tried to catch up on the reading I missed during my stint of administration.

At the time I went to Western Reserve, there were seven members in the Ohio area of the industrial division of the American Association of Applied Psychology. There was no support for graduate students in industrial psychology. I created these organizations for the purpose of earning money for graduate student support while at the same time providing work experience for them. It was not an easy way of life. Some students felt exploited, perhaps they were, some did not like their assignments, they all resented my dual control both as a professor and as a work supervisor, I don't blame them now nor did I then. However, I can safely say that all industrial psychology students in the Western Reserve program not only had classroom they also had some industrial experience.

I can think of many more bits and pieces of interest to me but perhaps not of interest to others about my years at Reserve, now Case Western Reserve University. One bit, I turned over all of the money I earned as a consultant to support the graduate student program. I hasten to add that the retainers from the three companies I used as my own laboratory were kept by me.

I retired from the University in 1972. I started my own consulting business as Jay L. Otis, Associates. I retired from this in 1974, and this is another story, I truly retired. Of interest, when IRS was auditing the books of my firm, the auditor came to Elodie, my accountant as well as my wife, and said, "I can't find any payroll taxes." I explained to him that from the time I left graduate school until I retired from the University, I had people reporting to me. When I established the consulting firm, I decided there would be no payroll. I used colleagues on various projects, but they set their own fee, worked when and if they wanted, and were independent contractors. I used the same procedure for secretarial services. I didn't pay my wife to keep books, and I only took dividends from the firm.

The IRS inspector told Elodie that she kept the best set of books he had ever audited. When she quit, I retired and gave up all work, except a bit of housework under duress.

My consulting firm prospered, and the profit was the basis for my retirement. I enjoyed working for myself.

I tried to ease up after I formally retired. I learned that retirement is full time and it should be. I kept one consulting account until the field got ahead of me and I was happy to give it up. I have written several letters to those seeking advice about retirement. They sum up to the idea that you should not let work get in the way of a golf starting time.

I purchased a condominium in Florida. We have an eighteen hole golf course, executive, a good library for fiction, a recreation building (I have not yet descended to ceramics), and many opportunities for community service.

A condominium is managed by its residents. A general manager is employed to oversee the operations, but he is directed by a board of trustees. Both state law and condominium documents limit the power of management so that residents are protected. Our condominium has an excellent pattern for governance.

I thought at first I could use the condo as a lab, it would have made an excellent one, but residents would have excluded me from their groups if they suspected they were being used as experimental persons. My one excursion into research was an attitude survey, I incurred the wrath of the board of trustees when I presented the results.

I have served two terms as chairman of the Council of Condominium Representatives, two terms as building representative, am currently Senior Editor of our condominium newspaper, and I do not set an alarm clock, except when I have a very early starting time. Most residents know I will do anything I can which is a positive for the community which falls within my ability. Retirement is great for those who are willing to retire, it is a poor life for those who still yearn for the days when the secretary brought them coffee each morning in preparation for fudging the expense account.

I did serve as president of Division 14, 1952-53. I also served as president of the division of consulting psychology a few years later. As president of division 14, I began the training programs which now have become a part of its meetings. I believe the division had about 300 members at that time.

I should mention the many who contributed to my psychology career. Morris Viteles was one of the best. He was a hard taskmaster. He was good for me. Walter Bingham was kind to all his juniors. I shall never forget my work with him on a subcommittee of the Committee on Classification during World War II. I invited him to conduct a conference and during that conference he gave the attendees this thought when asked to describe the difference between a psychiatrist and a psychologist. Bingham said, "A psychiatrist is trained to look for what is wrong in human beings, a psychologist is trained to look for what is right."

Paul Achilles brought me aboard the Psychological Corporation, he and his staff taught me a great deal. Marion Bills gave me an insight into a psychologist in industry. Henry Link was helpful in marketing psychology. L. J. O'Rourke, one of the first psychologists in government service befriended me during my Washington years and opened my eyes to the complexities of test construction. Harold Burt, Ohio State, one of the first in our field was helpful while I was at Western Reserve. Toops at Ohio State made it possible for me to get to know Bob Wherry who conducted conferences for my program at Reserve. I was fortunate to be young enough to get to know most of the pioneers in our field. They all were willing to share knowledge.

I do not dare try to mention the many graduate students who put up with me. Harry Laurent was more a friend than a student. I feel humble when I watch their development and successes over the years. I can only hope that our program gave the students the opportunity for their growth, growth for which they can take full credit.

In working with graduate students I tried to follow a statement in Industrial Psychology by Morris Viteles which I tried to use as my guide. Viteles writes, "In formulating a program of industrial psychology the maximum efficiency of the individual in industry and his optimum adjustment are looked upon as complementary facets of a single objective." Individual adjustment is a tremendous challenge for those working in an industrial setting.

The dilemma which I faced and which all those in our profession face is to try to change the individual so that he can adjust to his current industrial environment. or should we try to find the environment which best suits the individual. The current emphasis on "stress" is not new to industrial psychologists. As industrial psychologists we are in a good position to study both environmental and individual change to aid the individual in industry achieve personal adjustment. My experience has led me to believe that it is easier to change the environment to achieve individual adjustment than it is to change the individual.

I use the example of "roll thread Annie" an employee in a nut and bolt factory. She weighed at least 180 lbs. Her ankles were big, her sparse hair was greasy and dirty, she had no teeth, and no interviewer in his right mind would recommend her for any kind of employment. Each stroke of a roll thread machine calls for a bolt to be inserted to be threaded. Annie rarely missed a stroke of the machine, she was as close to a perfect worker as one could want. She liked her job and was good at it. Of all employees in that plant she was the best. She was adjusted. She was efficient. Finding roll thread Annies is our job.



Going back to bits and pieces, I was always interested in the employment interview. The White Foundation in Cleveland gave me a grant to purchase recording equipment. At that time the newest recorder was a Brush Wire Recorder, it weighed a ton. We did locate a disc recorder which recorded interviews in a satisfactory manner. Harry Daniels and I first asked the question, "What really happens in the employment interview." So we recorded a goodly number of interviews conducted in employment offices by employment interviewers in industry. It was then we learned that the interview was dominated by the interviewer who took practically all the interview time talking. We made the significant conclusion that an interviewer learns little about an interviewee when he does most of the talking. From that study we interviewed some interviewees to obtain their reaction to the interview experience. Many of them told us that they were sure little was learned about them, that they did not have the opportunity to talk, and the interviewer seemed to use the application blank as his source for asking questions. From these experiences I devised an interview technique which I called "The Get Acquainted Technique or How to Listen."

Its simple, the interviewer asks the interviewee to talk about himself in the areas of educational experiences, work experiences, and home and family background. The latter areas were discarded after the passage of the Equal Employment Opportunity Act, but as most of us know these are productive areas for employment decision making. After asking the question or describing the areas for the interviewee to follow, the interviewer merely looks interested and keeps his mouth shut. The longest interview I conducted using this method lasted over an hour, a very productive hour. Usually the ratio is 90% interviewee time/10% interviewer time.

One aspect of my life is the use of training conferences or seminars. Mine were cookbook in nature. I tried to send the conference attendees home with skills they could use. From those conferences, Job analysis, Job evaluation, Wage and Salary Administration, Employment Interviewing, Employee Selection, Statistical Aids for Personnel Workers, Performance Review, and Employee Evaluations and a few others that did not draw I created consulting and research work for our students as well as for myself. I might add that along with each conference, I invited the group out to my house for an evening of drinks, food, and conversation with a few of our graduate students. These were fun evenings as well as productive evenings through interchange of ideas on an informal basis. I offered some of these conferences at McGill University, California Institute of Technology, Michigan State, Oklahoma State, and for a few industrial firms. I gave up these industrial inhouse conferences because I found I was competing with my own at Reserve. There are a limited number of personnel people in the United States working for companies with money allocated for their training.

I hasten to add, that I often learned as much from these practitioners as they learned from me.

I gave seminars at McGill for around 25 years. At one time I was better known in Canada than in the United States. Dr. Edward Webster, a McGill industrial psychologist, brought me to his university to give seminars. I generated many research and consulting contacts from these conferences. Some years I spent over 3 months in Canada plus the 3 weeks a year I taught at McGill.

At that time, I was promoting the job cluster approach in setting up wage and salary programs. The idea came from Dr. Livernash at Harvard that wages were linked within a firm by proximity and by similarity of job content. Both the Canadian government and the Province of Ontario were interested and I spent considerable time working with their compensation administrators in establishing their compensation programs. I found these seminars helpful in promoting industrial psychology.

I had a good work life. My colleagues were stimulating and helpful. The host of graduate students, over 100 in number were qualified for and interested in industrial psychology. I was lucky to be a part of the second generation of individuals in our field. It was stimulating to meet and talk with such founding fathers as Cattell, Paterson, Burt, O'Rourke, Arthur Otis, Walter Dill Scott, Uhrbrock, Marian Bills, Paul Horst, Bingham, Link, Shellow, Bruce Moore, Herbert Moore, Poffenberger, Freyd, Hull, and Viteles. Most of the above named were older than I. There was a small group which called itself, Psychologists in Industry which met informally at APA meetings. When invited to meet with them, I was always considered a academic psychologist. I never worked full time in industry. My contemporaries, Cal Shartle, Harold Edgerton, Bea Dvorak, Joe Tiffin, Chuck Lawshe, Edward Webster, Roger Bellows, Marion Richardson, Fred Herzberg, Calvin Hall, Erwin Taylor, Joel Campbell, Harry Laurent, David Chesler, Eleroy Stromberg, Clare Graves, and Eric Prien plus many others enriched my knowledge of our field.

There came a time when retirement looked good. As mentioned above, I truly retired. The retirement years have been rich. I am able to spend time with Elodie, my wife, a neglected spouse for many years. While working I traveled over half the time. I have continued travels with Elodie along. We leave for a trip around the world in a few days. This is the second such trip. We hope it is not the last.

We usually travel each winter to escape the snowbirds who infest Florida. My research indicates that migratory birds return north each year to breed. We Floridians believe that is why human migratory snowbirds return north each spring.

Retirement for me has been a good part of my life. My golf game is still respectable, I shoot my age or better, I'm trying to learn how to operate this d--- computer, it scares me with its capability. My retirement community, one of Leisure Technology's Leisure Villages called Seven Lakes, is populated with friendly and interesting people. The climate is far better than Cleveland's. I can be fishing in one of our lakes in about ten minutes, golf is only five minutes from my door, I own my golf cart. As an editor of the Seven Laker, our condominium publication, I can voice my reactions to community affairs and thereby gain a measure of satisfaction.

I have obtained the ideal of an Adirondack native, no one asks me to work.

I found a usable quotation in a book written by Richard C. Cabot which is entitled, "What Men Live By," Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914. This could well be used by our profession. My quote is as follows:

In the crude job as we get it there is much rubbish, for work is a very human product. It is no better than we have made it, and when it is redeemed from brutal drudgery it is apt to be scarred and warped by our stupidities and our ineptitudes. Out of the rough-hewn masses in which work comes to us, it is our business, it is civilization's business, to shape a vocation fit for man. We shall have to remake it again and again; before we reject what we now have, it is worth while to see what we want.

What (besides better hours, better wages, healthier conditions) are the points of a good job? Imagine a sensible man looking for satisfactory work, a vocational adviser guiding novices towards the best available occupation, and a statesman trying to mould the industrial world somewhat nearer to the heart's desire, what should they try for? Physical and financial standards determine what we get out of our work. But what shall we get in it? Much or little, I answer, according to its fitness or unfitness for our personality, a factor much neglected nowadays.

Among the points of a good job I shall name seven: (1) Difficulty and crudeness enough to call out our latent powers of mastery. (2) Variety so balanced by monotony as to suit the individual's needs. (3) A boss. (4) A chance to achieve, to build something and to recognize what we have done. (5) A title and a place which is ours. (6) Connection with some institution, some firm, or some cause, which we can loyally serve. (7) Honorable and pleasant relations with our comrades in work. Fulfill these conditions and work is one of the best things in life.

As an octogenarian I read the obituaries each morning. I also read the obits in the Pennsylvania and Wesleyan alumni magazines as well as the American Psychologist. I feel that this autobiography has been in the nature of an obituary. Any resemblance was not intended. The best part of my life, marriage excepted, is Cabot's seventh point of a good job. " Honorable and pleasant relations with my comrades in work." My thanks to my many comrades in work.