

Chapter 4: Becoming a Canadian Citizen

After a full day of driving, Bill and I reached his parents' house on the east side of Toronto. They put me in their guest room and told me I was welcome to stay there until I found other accommodation. After having dinner with Bill's family, I looked through the classified section of the *Toronto Star* and selected several possible leads. The following day, I interviewed three different companies and landed a job with Philips to work in the final test department of their television production. The job was interesting, and my colleagues were beneficial in teaching me various tasks.

During work, I saw a television advertisement for a health club, Vic Tanny's Gym. The ad displayed several before-and-after pictures of people losing weight or building up their bodies and offered memberships for as little as one dollar per week. I drove to the gym after work to inquire about joining.

An attractive woman, wearing a tight black leotard and a white blouse, introduced herself as Marie, the assistant manager. She showed me the facilities and invited me into her office to discuss a membership. I told her that I came to take advantage of the one-dollar-per-week offer. She then pointed out the fine print—that rate only applied to a life membership. Because "life" was not an acceptable legal term, the contract guaranteed a minimum of seven years. The total cost was seven times 52 weeks, amounting to \$364!

Seeing my reluctance to pay that price, she called in Eddie, the manager. In addition to being a muscleman with 19-inch biceps, he was a master salesman. After listening to him for a while, I visualized myself having a powerful body and signed the contract. Eddie assured me that he would personally supervise my progress. He set an appointment for the following day for my first workout.

At the first appointment, Eddie weighed me and measured my arms, chest, and legs. He planned a six-month program for me, setting a goal to increase my body's muscle mass by 15 pounds. "If you want to gain weight, you must stop running," he told me. "You can restart after you reach the goals we set." His enthusiastic salesmanship had won me over, and I agreed to give up the track during my weight-gaining program. We set up a schedule with three workouts each week.

Although he started me with relatively light weights in the first session, my body was sore for the next few days. Eddie told me the pain pinpointed the muscles I needed to strengthen. Following his instructions, I began to eat even more than usual. By the end of the first week, my weight had increased by two pounds. He congratulated me on my progress and encouraged me to work harder. I enjoyed being in the gym and looked forward to each workout.

A week later, I thanked Bill's family for their hospitality and told them about finding a basement apartment to rent in a house located near the gym. I continued sending money to my mother in Hungary and wished she had a phone so I could hear her voice occasionally. Communicating by mail alone for five years had been difficult for both of us. I hoped we could reunite soon.

Marie waved me into her office one day after my workout. "How much money do you make as a technician at Philips?" she asked.

The question surprised me, but I gave her the amount. “You could make more by working for me here.” My skepticism only encouraged her. “You’d be helping people at the same time.” She explained that Eddie had bought a horse farm and resigned from Vic Tanny’s. Marie had been promoted to manager and needed someone to take her place. “I’d like you to become my assistant manager.”

The idea of working in a non-technical field had never crossed my mind. “What would I be doing?”

She explained that selling memberships would be my most important task beyond supervising the instructors. “In addition to a base salary, our weekly bonuses are determined by the number of memberships we sell.”

“But I don’t look like the rest of the staff,” I said. “They all have ideal bodies, and I am so thin.”

“That’s no problem,” she assured me. “Remember, most people come here to lose weight.”

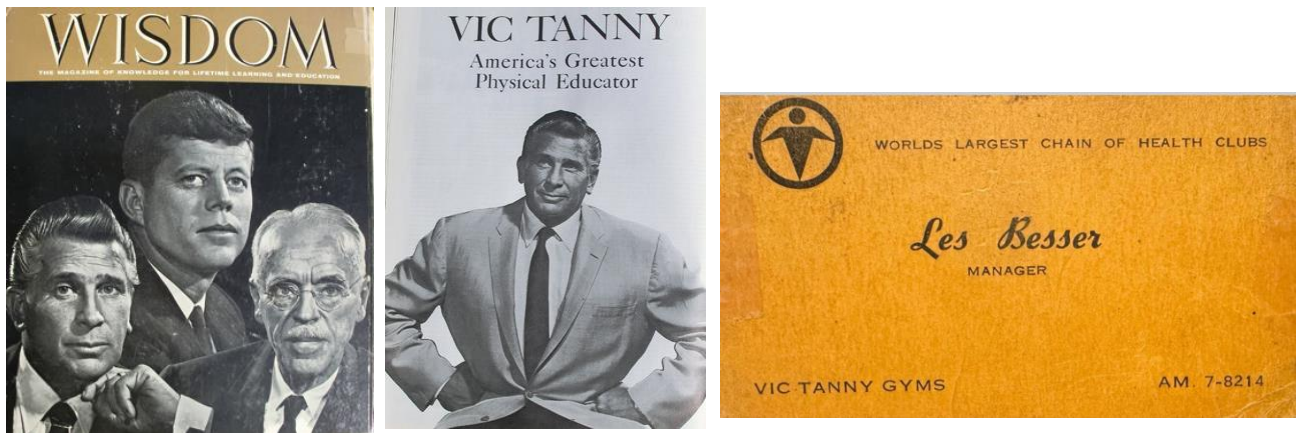
I wanted to learn more about electronics before returning to finish my engineering studies. Working in a health club would be a completely new tangent for me. However, my resistance began to weaken. The base salary she offered was more than I was making at Philips, and a bonus on top would allow me to buy a newer car. The idea of working for a charming single woman clinched it. “I’ll take the job.”

Vic Tanny’s Gym was not an ordinary health club. Following the success of Jack LaLanne, Tanny has owned 120 clubs across the United States. The one I had joined was his first entry into Canada, and he had plans to spread throughout the country. Before his chain opened, gyms were mostly sweaty, dirty places, catering mainly to men. In contrast, Tanny’s gyms, with their wall-to-wall carpets and floor-to-ceiling mirrors, were inviting to men and women of all ages.

Tanny’s gyms did not cater to strongmen and serious bodybuilders. Eddie made it clear these types would not be welcome. “They work out for long periods and make the other customers look bad,” he told me. “We want businessmen who pay cash for their membership and don’t tie up the equipment.”

Selling long-term memberships to people who came to the gym after hearing the one-dollar-per-week TV advertisement was not easy—particularly for someone like me who had never sold anything. My on-the-job sales training was very brief. The first week, Eddie and Marie let me watch their techniques. After that, I was on my own. I was initially petrified, but reading books written by expert salespeople helped me realize that people entering the gym already desired what I was selling. Some wanted to lose weight, while others wanted to improve the shape of their bodies. Regular workouts and improved eating habits could help them. Once I recognized that we provided an essential service to them, my job became more manageable.

One selling tool we used successfully was an issue of *Wisdom* magazine dedicated to health and fitness. The cover showed Tanny along with President Kennedy and a famous heart surgeon. A section in the magazine referred to Tanny as “America’s most famous physical educator and greatest crusader for better health and a more physically fit nation.”



Left: Cover picture of *Wisdom* magazine, showing Tanny with President Kennedy. Center: Tanny's photo in the section about his gym empire. Right: My business card.

One of Vic Tanny's corporate protégés was Tom Sansome, who won the Mr. America bodybuilding title in 1958 (he later also became Mr. Universe in 1963). When Tom visited our gym, I asked how to increase my 145-pound body weight. His reply was simple, "Work out harder and eat more of the right food." He introduced me to Tiger Milk and other high-protein supplements. He also reminded me that if my goal was to run track again, I must focus on a routine that improved strength without adding much bulk. He revised my workout schedule and encouraged me to contact him if I needed help in the future.

Less than two months after I began full-time work at the gym, Marie had another surprise for me; she also resigned to join Eddie's horse farm business. I became the manager in charge of the operation. Alarmed by the changes, Tanny's New York-based headquarters immediately transferred its regional director to Toronto. Within a few days, I met my new boss, John Valentine, whose charter was to open additional gyms in Canada.

Johnny (as everyone called him) was handsome, with an ego to match his looks. He also brought his lady friend, Sylvia, with whom he had lived for some time. They rented a fancy apartment in one of the newly built high-rise buildings. He drove a brand-new convertible and worked out daily before we opened to customers. Part of his morning routine included helping me polish my sales presentations.

Before getting down to business, one of Johnny's first questions was to ask me privately about the "availability" of our female instructors. He warned me to keep the news of any possible future conquests from Sylvia, whose father was a high-ranking mobster in New York. Johnny also showed a keen interest in the workout programs of attractive female members. From the first day of our acquaintance, I sensed that trouble was brewing, and it did not take long to prove me right.

Johnny began to spend time with a Miss Toronto contestant who was a regular in our gym. An affair soon blossomed. Sylvia found out about the romance and called her daddy for help. Frightened by the possible consequences, Johnny disappeared.

Two tough-looking men showed up at the gym the next day looking for Johnny. I had seen gangsters in movies, and these men fit that image perfectly: massive bodies, piercing cold eyes, and dark suits with flashy neckties. Not finding their man, they sat in one of the offices for the rest of the day, staring at the front door.

Later that afternoon, Johnny phoned, and I told him about the scary visitors. He was concerned about his safety. Knowing I had a gun, he asked me to borrow it. Like a fool, I agreed to meet him after closing the gym to give him the gun. The next day, Sylvia told me that the frustrated goons had roughed up the Miss Toronto hopeful, and she was hospitalized. "Perhaps that will teach that bum a lesson," she said.

When Johnny heard about the beating, he called Sylvia and begged forgiveness. She relented. They spent the night together in their apartment, and the mobsters returned to New York. But after that, Sylvia overheard Johnny calling the girlfriend in the hospital. Becoming furious, she attacked him with a knife. He ran away.

Sylvia called the gym to let me know she was at home with a terrible migraine headache. She mentioned chatting with her father. "This time, Johnny will pay dearly," she said. "He is hiding, but I have his gun. My daddy will arrange a crime scene and leave the gun there with Johnny's fingerprints."

"Sylvia, that's my gun!" I said, panicking. "I bought it in the States and brought it with me. I will be in as much trouble as Johnny. Please give it back to me," I begged.

She was enraged, and my reasoning did not calm her down. I drove to her place and continued pleading my case while massaging her aching head. After a long time, she finally gave in and returned my gun. I went home and hid the weapon in the bottom of my toolbox.

Later, Johnny called Sylvia and asked for another chance. She agreed, and they drove to Niagara Falls for the weekend, coming home like two lovebirds. As far as I know, Johnny behaved himself after that incident. He appreciated my loyalty and continued mentoring me during the rest of the time I was employed at the gym.

In addition to improving my salesmanship, Johnny was also eager to have me upgrade my appearance. He was unhappy to see me wearing inexpensive Simpson-Sears slacks in the gym and took me to a custom tailor shop in downtown Toronto. "Lou is a friend of mine, and he'll outfit you properly," he said when introducing me to the owner. Two weeks later, I had two new suits, additional black slacks, several shirts, and an overcoat. They were several times the cost of ready-made clothing, but they fit better. Wearing my new clothes, I began to feel like a different person.

The next thing on Johnny's list was my car. "You are the manager of a famous health club. It would be best if you drove something more appropriate than that junk," he said, pointing to my eight-year-old Ford. After we visited several new car dealers, it took me only a moment to fall in love with a two-seat, fire-engine red 1962 Triumph equipped with whitewall tires. Although Johnny cautioned me about the poor reliability of British sports cars, I was ready to buy it for whatever price the salesman quoted. Then, I saw a new side of Johnny—the master negotiator.

In the gym, I witnessed his great salesmanship many times. He immediately knew what would appeal to potential customers. He was prepared to overcome whatever objection they could raise if they resisted. He never lost a sale. He also came to my rescue several times when I could not close a sale. Now, he was playing a different role—demanding a lower price! The car salesman and his boss were no match for him and sold me the car for a sum far below the original asking price. Leaving my Ford behind, I drove the Triumph home in ecstasy. My admiration for Johnny's ability grew even more.

Of course, after obtaining my new clothing and car, I could no longer live in someone's basement apartment. The next improvement was to move to a nicely furnished apartment in a high-rise. I also found a girlfriend. She and I ate out regularly and began to visit the city's night spots. Johnny was satisfied with my progress.

My new purchases and fast lifestyle were expensive. I was spending money faster than I was making it. When I became concerned, Johnny told me to relax. One day, he told me confidentially of his ambition; he planned to buy the franchise rights to Tanny's gyms in Canada. "In a few years, I'll have several gyms open in Ontario and Quebec," he predicted. "Then, you'll have my job to look after the East Coast while I expand to the West. You'll have more money than you can spend."

His ideas were seductive, but deep inside, I still wanted to be an engineer. My goal was to work in Canada for two years, apply for citizenship, and then return to a large university to finish my studies and resume my track career. With a more muscular body, I hoped to run much faster. Knowing Johnny would disapprove of my plans, I kept them to myself.

When everything was going so well, a new problem suddenly appeared. During my workouts and occasionally at night, a cramp and sharp pain in my left chest began to bother me. Remembering my mother's heart irregularity, I started to worry about my own heart. Concerned about a possible heart attack, I went to the library to read up on the subject. After seeing that the symptoms of an impending heart attack were similar to my chest pains, I became alarmed.

I remembered that my sister's next-door Montreal neighbor was a heart specialist. Because I had already planned to drive to Montreal to show off my new car, I contacted Éva and asked her to schedule an appointment with the doctor. I took a few days off from the gym and headed to Montreal late one afternoon.

About halfway through my drive, the chest pain suddenly appeared, and my left hand became semi-numb. I pulled off the road, expecting to die. After massaging my chest, the pain eventually subsided, and though being shaken, I reached Montreal safely.

The following day, I attended the appointment and explained my fear to the doctor. After various tests, he had good news. "You have a perfectly healthy heart," he began. "Although your heartbeat is lower than normal, that's common for athletes. Don't worry anymore."

He sounded reassuring, but I knew that my chest pains were real. "What else could cause those cramps?" I asked.

After a lengthy discussion, the doctor finally pinpointed the most likely cause. "The weight training has expanded your chest, irritating some nerves. I predict that your body will adjust to its new form after a while, and the nerves will no longer bother you."

He was right. I do not recall ever having those pains after our discussion.

When the Canadian winter arrived, the Triumph did not adjust well to the cold weather. Although its mechanical problems were covered under warranty, it soon spent more time in the repair shop than with me. I wished I had listened to Johnny's warning, but it was too late. Then, late one evening, when I came out of the gym, I found my parked car badly damaged. Some large vehicle had lost control in the snow and slid into the Triumph's left side, crushing its door. Not having all the parts in stock, the dealer took nearly two weeks to repair my car. In the meantime, I had to rely on my girlfriend to chauffeur me around.

The winter eventually ended. The car's problems, unfortunately, did not. As it was reaching the end of its one-year warranty period, the potential repair bills began to concern me. I visited a Mercury dealer and traded the Triumph for a car built in Canada. I was not going to endure another winter with that British-made lemon. This time, the lesson I learned was costly.



Left: My only picture of Johnny, taken at an office party, does not do justice to his good looks. Center: Reporting our gym's daily membership revenues to Vic Tanny's headquarters. Right: With Éva and my dream car during the visit to Montreal.

I went to the Mercury dealer to pick up the new car. The salesman told me that beginning with the 1962 models, all Canadian vehicles had to be equipped with seat belts in the front seat. The lap belts were identical to what airplanes used, and I did not bother buckling in on my way home. Later that evening, I wanted to see how the car drove on the highway. That time, however, I decided to see what it felt like to have the seat belt buckled. Highway 401 was only a few miles away, and I headed in that direction. It was already dark, so I turned my headlights on and listened to the radio. After entering the freeway, I stayed in the right lane, following the break-in instructions not to exceed 55 miles per hour.

After driving for about five minutes, I noticed a set of headlights rapidly growing more prominent in my rearview mirror. Then, I felt a sudden jerk from the rear.

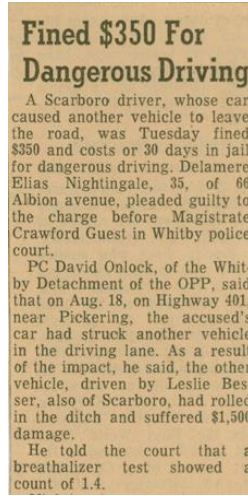
I may have lost consciousness for a short time. The next thing I remember was finding myself hanging by the seatbelt inside the car, which was resting on its roof. The driver's side door was missing. It took me a few seconds to realize I had been involved in an accident. The car's engine was still running. My first reaction was to turn it off to prevent a possible fire. After fumbling with my left hand in the dark to find the ignition key, I suddenly remembered that I was in the new Mercury. The ignition key of this car was on the opposite side of the steering column from where it had been in the Triumph. Finally, I managed to stop the motor.

I unbuckled the seatbelt and fell to the roof of the inverted car. After climbing out, I was still somewhat dazed. I saw headlights nearby but did not know what was going on. Witnessing the accident, other drivers had pulled off the elevated road and offered assistance. More and more people crowded around me, eager to learn what had happened. A woman fainted after seeing my car upside down, with its missing front door and dangling seatbelts.

The flashing lights of an ambulance appeared. Two attendants rushed to the scene. Seeing the woman on the ground, they hovered over her and eventually took her away. At that point,

nobody paid attention to me. Finally, a highway patrol car showed up to investigate. The patrolman told me another police car had been following the vehicle that hit me after observing its erratic driving. The driver had attempted to pass me on the left but had misjudged the clearance. His right front bumper hit my car's left rear side. The impact tossed my vehicle off the elevated road. After nose-diving into the lower field, it flipped on its top. The police had already apprehended the intoxicated driver. At the station, his blood-alcohol level was measured at 0.14—nearly twice the allowed maximum!

The highway patrolmen drove me to a nearby hospital to be examined for injuries. During the trip, they told me that wearing the seat belt had undoubtedly saved my life. Thanks to my guardian angel, I was unharmed except for a few minor bruises and a sore neck. The car, however, was a total loss.



Left: The front of my car after the accident.
Right: An article in the *Toronto Star* reported the incident.

After junking my car with less than 30 miles, the insurance company replaced it with a 1963 model because an identical 1962 model was unavailable. Since my accident, I have advocated for seat belts, always buckling them immediately after entering an automobile.

The Great Impostor

One of the men to whom I sold a new gym membership was Frank Frankfurter, another Hungarian emigrant to Canada. After he arrived in Toronto, he worked as a salesman and later established a distributorship for two large Japanese electronics companies, Sharp and Pioneer. By the time we met, he had a thriving, successful business. He usually worked out during the day when the gym was relatively quiet. I had opportunities to hear about his company's operation during those times. Not having any experience with an import business, I was amazed to learn the challenges and regulations required to import products into Canada.

In the late 1950s, Japan began to export electronic consumer goods to North America. Due to their low prices, the products quickly gained popularity in the U.S. and Canada. Soon after their purchase, however, many of the buyers experienced performance and quality problems. The expression, "Sounds like a cheap Japanese transistor radio," was frequently heard.

The two firms Frank represented manufactured quality, high-fidelity sound equipment and sold the items slightly below the prices of domestic goods. They also developed innovative new items not available in Canada. One announced by Sharp was a Citizen's Band walkie-talkie, available at an affordable price. Frank's company received the first samples from Japan and planned to place a large order.

Japanese-made walkie-talkies had been marketed in the U.S. for several months. Their relatively low power output did not require FCC approval or user licenses. Due to their small size, ease of use, and low cost compared to the expensive and bulky mobile phones, they gained immediate popularity. Only after a large number had already been in the hands of consumers did TV companies learn about the occasional interference caused by these products in the reception of Channel 2. There was no easy way to fix the problem.

The Canadian government swiftly passed regulations to prevent the problem from occurring in Canada. They ordered testing of every model before it could be approved for the domestic market. The samples Frank submitted to CSA (Canadian Standards Association) for testing were rejected because they exceeded the maximum level of unwanted radiation.

Frank was devastated and shared his frustration with me at the gym. "There is a large potential profit," he said. "Japanese companies don't react quickly. It could take months before they come up with a modification. By then, my competitors may already have other products on the market."

One of the gym members I knew was a ham radio operator. I visited his home once and saw that he had a nice assortment of high-frequency test equipment. When I heard about Frank's problem, I offered to help him.

"Let me work on one of the samples to see if there is a quick way to solve the problem," I suggested, knowing that the ham operator would not turn away from an opportunity to see the insides of a new product.

Frank had heard about my Hungarian technical high school background and two years of college in the U.S. Still, he looked doubtful. "It doesn't sound like a simple problem to me. How could you fix it?" he asked.

"I'm not promising anything, but you have nothing to lose. Of course, you should still let Sharp know the test results."

"You're right," he replied. He returned later to the gym with a pair of walkie-talkies. "See what you can do, but don't let them out of your hands. CSA placed a stop order on their use in Canada."

I had already contacted the ham operator at his work, and he agreed to let me use his equipment. Later that evening, in his basement, I began to tweak the components of the radio while monitoring the radiation. Somehow, without deeply understanding what I was doing, I found that changing a component significantly dropped the unwanted radiation level¹. I changed both units and returned them to Frank the following day. He immediately shipped them to the CSA central laboratory in Ottawa.

¹ The change reduced the bias current of the transmitter's oscillator that led to a drop in the second harmonic.

Three days later, an excited Frank showed up at the gym. “You’re great! They’ve approved the product for import,” he said while handing me a check for \$100. “Please accept this as a token of my appreciation,” he added. Then, he invited me for dinner that evening at a Hungarian restaurant.

During our meal, Frank told me he had built a successful sales organization, but the only technical person on his staff was a technician. “He can fix defective equipment by following service instructions, but I need someone like you to do the higher-level work. I want you to be my chief engineer,” he concluded.

“But I only have two years of college,” I responded, without even thinking of how Johnny would react to my leaving the gym.

“Nobody will know except the two of us,” he responded.

The truth was that for several weeks, I had been thinking about leaving the gym. As much as I admired Johnny’s salesmanship, the people he associated with and his questionable lifestyle scared me at times. *I might eventually become like them. No, I wouldn’t want that!*

In addition, the idea of working for a more respectable organization appealed to me. Returning to the technical field made it sound even better. “What would I be doing in your company?” I asked.

He already had a plan for me. My primary responsibility would be the technical evaluation of the various electronic products available from his two principals. It might even involve taking occasional trips to Japan. In addition, I would represent his company to the Canadian government agencies for product approvals. The walkie-talkie radiation issue was unusually complex, but every item that had an AC power connection had to be checked and approved by CSA.

The job sounded exciting and challenging but also risky. I would undoubtedly learn much, but I would always have to be alert and pretend I was an engineer. “What happens if someone finds out I don’t have a degree?” I asked.

“Nothing. I’ll return to using an outside engineering service, as I’ve been doing. You can become a salesman and sell our products.”

During the next hour, we agreed on the details. I was to report to his company in two weeks. The next day, I resigned from the gym.

My timing was not the best. Johnny was opening a second gym in Toronto. In addition, Vic Tanny indicated that he was open to selling Johnny the rights to operate throughout Canada. Depending on a successful financing arrangement, Johnny hoped to achieve in Canada what Tanny had done in the United States. If he succeeded, I had a bright future in his operation. Hearing that I wanted to leave his team, he became extremely frustrated and tried to change my mind. However, I was determined to leave and stuck with my decision but agreed to help part-time. I ended up working at the gym three evenings a week.

The employees at Importhouse of Canada greeted me wholeheartedly. They had heard about my simple but successful solution to the walkie-talkie problem and assumed I was some technical guru. They went out of their way to help the person who saved Frank from a major headache. The technician told me he appreciated having an engineer assist him when “something was over his head.” A cute secretary offered to help me with any business

correspondence with Japan. The sales manager told me about his connections that could save me money when buying furniture or household goods. "I know most of the big store managers in the city. They'll give you great discounts."

I couldn't have asked for a warmer welcome.

The following year represented one of the most challenging parts of my life. I rapidly learned more about a wide range of sound equipment and radios, improved my English language reading and writing, developed a way to communicate with Japanese engineers who frequently visited us, and worked on behaving with the authority expected from a chief engineer. When I had some spare time, our sales manager took me on sales calls and taught me about technical sales. Frank approved all of my activities and was highly satisfied with my performance.

The scary part of my job was visiting the Ottawa-based Canadian Government laboratories to approve newly imported products. Most of the time, they ran measurements to verify my test results and asked questions about the test setups we had back in our company. I could handle the technical parts, but occasionally, they asked about American colleges. That was a potentially dangerous subject.

"From which college did you graduate?" asked one of the older engineers during a coffee break.

"University of Iowa," I replied because I had visited that school twice during track meets and knew it had a complete four-year engineering program (the University of Dubuque, the school I had attended, only offered a two-year pre-engineering curriculum).

"Oh, I graduated from there, too," he said joyfully. "Is Professor Jones still teaching?"

I did not know what to say. Hoping his question was not to test if I was a graduate of that school, I answered. "He only taught occasionally. I didn't know him well,"

Trying to anticipate his next question, I prepared myself for the worst. *If they discover I'm a fake, all my submitted test results could be invalidated. In addition, Frank's company and perhaps even I could face legal action.*

Fortunately, he did not suspect anything and told me stories from Professor Jones during his courses. I just listened and laughed at the appropriate times. He liked me as an appreciative audience.

The following weekend, I visited the University of Toronto's library and studied the catalogs of "my alma mater." My confidence level significantly increased after memorizing the names of several engineering courses and professors. No more problems occurred after that incident.

Immigrants had to reside in Canada for at least five years to become eligible for citizenship. Although I had arrived in Canada at the end of 1956, I had spent two years in the US attending college. Therefore, I had to wait until 1963 to apply for citizenship. After going through the formalities, I became a naturalized Canadian in August 1963.



My Canadian citizenship certificate.

On my way to the ceremony, the reality hit me—in a short time, I would no longer be able to call myself a Hungarian. *How can I deny being part of the country where I was born and raised? How could I face my countrymen if I ever had the opportunity to visit there?*

At City Hall, I shared my concerns with an older Hungarian waiting to become a Canadian. “Don’t worry,” he said. “As long as you can speak our language, you’ll always be a Hungarian deep inside. Nobody will know the difference if you ever go back to Budapest.”

His advice helped ease my conscience. I promised myself never to forget my native language. After the citizenship ceremony, I took my girlfriend to a Hungarian restaurant to celebrate. Despite all the beautiful things Canada had to offer, I concluded that Hungarian food still tasted the best!

My dedication to weight training in the gym had paid off; I no longer felt embarrassed to wear swim trunks at a pool. I began to run track again. Although I had gained 35 pounds during the nearly two-year track layoff, my sprinting had actually improved. I was optimistic about running hurdles at a major university. Following the recommendation of a former track teammate, I applied for admission to the University of Colorado at Boulder.



Left: Picture taken at age 19, six feet tall and weighing 145 pounds. Center and right: Thirty-five pounds heavier after 18 months of weight training. Even though I had not become a bodybuilder, using my before-and-after photos helped convince men to buy gym memberships.

The nearly two years I had spent working in the gym and at Frank’s company had opened my eyes. For the first time, I looked beyond becoming only an engineer and considered the opportunities that sales and marketing might offer. In the CU catalog, an exciting combination major caught my attention: a B.S. in Electrical Engineering and Business Administration. The double major would require taking courses in the Business School, adding at least one semester before I graduate. Still, it would allow me to advance into management

sooner. I decided to follow that path. After receiving acceptance and the promise of an athletic scholarship at CU for the 1963-64 school year, I resigned from Importhouse at the beginning of August.

Frank was not happy to hear my plans. He could not understand why I would want a degree when I already had a well-established engineering career. After a long argument, he angrily told me that I let him down. We did not part as friends.

After a lengthy preparation, I finally built up my courage to face my girlfriend with the news. It was possible that after seeing the college catalogs in my apartment, she expected me to leave for school one day. However, reality has now set in, and we have had several emotionally charged discussions. "If you promise to marry me, I'll wait for you until you graduate," she offered in one of them.

Her offer put me on the spot. I liked her very much, but I did not feel that overpowering love I read about in novels so many times. "Three years is a long time," I said after hesitation. "Let's wait a while to see how we both feel then."

It is evident from the tears in her eyes that my answer was not the one she wanted. When she composed herself, we agreed to stay in close contact and see each other during Christmas vacation. After our talk, it felt like a heavy weight had been removed from my shoulders, and I bought her a beautiful necklace as a parting gift. She promised to wear it frequently.

Saving money had not been a practice in my family. As far back as I can remember, the little money my mother earned was spent almost immediately on our necessities. During my three years in Montreal, I lived paycheck to paycheck. When I received a raise, there were always new things to buy. In my school years in Dubuque, the scholarship covered my tuition and living expenses. The part-time repair jobs helped me to purchase and maintain my car. At my jobs in Toronto, I earned far more than ever before, but my expectations also increased significantly, and my new lifestyle cost much more. Consequently, after two years of working in that city, after paying for my airfare to Denver, I had only \$500 left. Still, I was not concerned. After all, the university gave me a full scholarship to cover my basic expenses. During the summers, I would find jobs to earn more spending money.

I subleased the apartment, sold my car, packed my belongings, and flew to the mile-high city of Denver in late August. From Stapleton Airport, I took a bus to Boulder, ready to begin the next segment of my life—as a student at the University of Colorado.