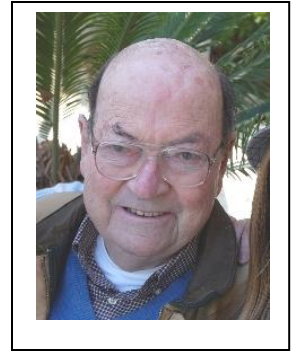


My Years in HP Corporate PR

Dave Kirby



Foreword

Mr. HP Corporate PR—Dave Kirby

What image does the term corporate PR conjure in your mind? In these years of the 21st Century, it might speak of the Enron corporate executives spinning the collapsing integrity of their failing company. It might be the BP Oil press people more-than-subtly trying to place blame for the Gulf of Mexico oil spill disaster on somebody else. Or some merchandiser's PR folks trying to minimize the public impact of a million stolen personal IDs information.

But in the middle of the 20th Century, Corporate PR Managers like Dave Kirby sat next to the corridors of power at Hewlett-Packard (well, HP didn't actually have corridors). Dave had regular weekly meetings with Bill and the other Dave, and he oversaw the ESSENTIAL integrity of those Founders in the HP corporate news that he promulgated. The PR business of those days was to express the soul of the company in its products and people and events, including the always-critical financial story.

By living on the inside of the corporate circle, Dave's HP Memories brings us some real insight to the founders and all the other key people who made HP interesting. His humorous anecdotes of those many decades speak of real human beings with passions and foibles just like us. Dave tells of his experience in New York City, on the 1961 morning, when HP was going to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange, a truly important milestone. The HP team stayed at the Essex House, uptown on Central Park South, by Broadway. Who knows why, but it seemed that Packard decided that it would be a good idea to beat the traffic using cabs and just take the subway down to Wall Street. Bad idea. It was not obvious to him that a transfer of subway lines was needed, so the HP party arrived late for their own NYSE coming-out party.

Dave's inside position also gave him plenty of humorous management content when he and John Chognard, the HP Patent Attorney, and other mid-managers co-authored the irreverent (but very funny) banquet posters for the annual Monterey Management Conferences. A sampling of these posters are shown in the HP Narrative written by John Minck and a few more (suitable for family reading) are reproduced herewith in Dave's HP Memory.

Corporal Kirby was a WWII company clerk, who in January 1945, caught up and served with General George Patton's Third Army as it moved in to clean up after the German counterattack was stopped at the Battle of the Bulge. In just a few months, he celebrated V-E Day in Luxembourg. And then his ability to type landed him a welcome job in post-war Paris. He attributes his selection as company clerk to his high school typing teacher, Lois Walker, who got him snapped up from rifleman into company headquarters, "Eyes on the copy!" was the teacher's command.

His wartime experience was similar to so many other HP senior personnel who served in the WWII military. His post-Cal/Berkeley PR work with a number of Bay Area companies, San Francisco News, the Bechtel Corporation, Wine Institute, Kaiser Aluminum and L.C. Cole Advertising, might gain him a reputation as a PR Mercenary. Or a man with a "Checkered" job history. But instead, it was all excellent experience in big Bay Area companies that did a lot of strategic things right and super-successfully. They were particularly adept at massive contributions to the WWII war industrialization, first building their shipbuilding facilities with astounding speed. And then turning out between them 1000 freighters and tankers to win the war with logistics. The other jobs like Cole Advertising/PR agency further advanced his PR skills, before signing on with Hewlett-Packard.

But HP would become a PR professional's dream job. Imagine being able to tell the corporate stories of such an EXTRAORDINARY HIGH TECH company which had no peer in the last half of the 20th century. No need to

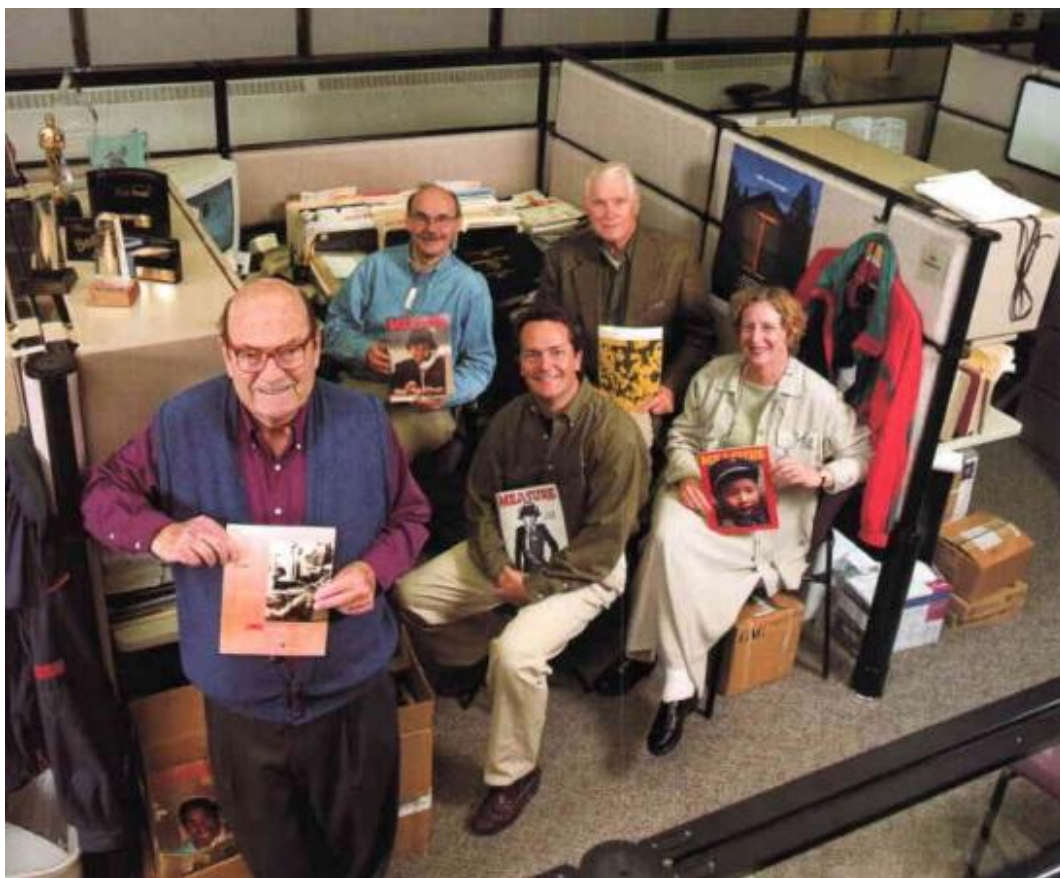
spin anything. Everything was true. Everything was OUR company. It was decades of good feelings about the company we chose as our career. Dave chronicled all those experiences with panache. This memoir reveals what went on inside at the top management levels.

One of the best parts about Dave's story is the section he devotes to describing the true personalities of these exceptional leaders, Dave and Bill. His insight to the people who had a vision of a company which recognized the trust in their workers, who could unleash enormous creativity from the bottom up with their *Management by Objective*. Or who practiced the highly effective, *Management by Walking Around*, which assured that everyone up and down the management ladder knew they were interested in the individuals.

Dave's proudest accomplishment was the creation of Measure Magazine, the employee communications monthly, which he rolled out in 1963, and which recorded the fascinating history of our remarkable company as we lived it. Measure continued until the HP--Agilent separation in 2000. All of those hundreds of issues are archived on HP's website, and reveal the genius of Bill and Dave's management principles in employee satisfaction. The very last commemorative issue of May, 2000, went to 74 pages, and presented an amazing historical look over all those decades and the stories of HP people and events and products.

Remember also that our Dave Kirby, along with Karen Lewis, was the ghost writer for Dave Packard's best-selling management book, *The HP Way, How Bill Hewlett and I Built Our Company*. I have tried to visualize putting my words into the mouth of Dave Packard, like Dave Kirby did, and must admit that it would take a VERY unique individual to make that work. Dave Kirby did make it work. The Packard book became a classic management reference book on creating a human-level work culture, while still growing over many decades to become a \$120+ billion global enterprise.

--John Minck



Measure Magazine chronicled HP life and work culture from 1963 to 2000, my proudest accomplishment. Past Editors gathered for the final issue in June, 2000; (l to r) Myself, Jay Coleman, Brad Whitworth, Gordon Brown, and Jean Burke Hoppe. The entire archive of 309 issues is accessible by Googling HP Measure Magazine.
Photo by Anne Knudsen, Courtesy of Measure Magazine.

Editor's Note

Timing is everything.

At times since the 2006 launch of this HPMemory.org archive, I encouraged Dave Kirby to write his own HP memoir about his public relations life at HP. Dave did write the first chapter, then engaged a professional biographer to complete a long family-centric story. But in January, 2014, for his own reasons, Dave invited me to begin some oral history interviews for a more HP-centric story. By March, our draft was nearing completion, and Dave allowed me to read the earlier work. I was able to excerpt some additional facts and anecdotal events for Dave's HP memoir.

I visited Dave on March 7 to review those additions, and at the end, we both agreed that we were done. Dave then directed me to have Karen Lewis do a content and edit review of that final draft. Karen and Dave had been collaborators with Dave Packard on his book, *The HP Way*, in the early 1990s. That weekend, Dave fell and went into Stanford Hospital, and then returned to his room at the Sequoias. Karen used the following week to make corrections and changes, and I integrated them. But before I could call to tell Dave I was done, Dave died on March 15. Timing IS everything.

Dave's children, Daniel, Rachel, and John have approved this publication of their Dad's fascinating life story. His high school Journalism teacher, John George, and Typing teacher, Lois Walker, would have appreciated their crucial role in his life too.

--John Minck

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1. My Early Years

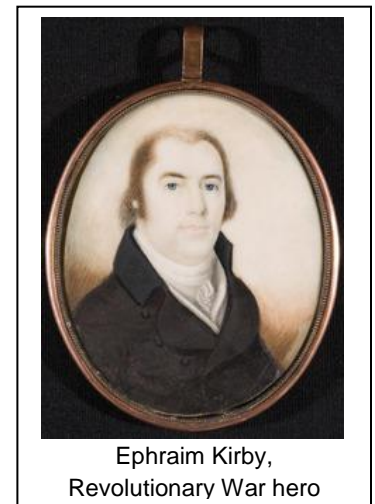
Introduction

I have a British lineage on my paternal side. I know my family history from a comprehensive genealogy written by a Melatiah Everett Dwight in 1898, entitled *The Kirbys of New England*. Remarkably, it is still available on Amazon for \$35, and also has been scanned so it is readable on the Internet. The story goes back to the Kirby family in a little village named Rowington, Warwickshire, England. Dwight was married to a Kirby and was enamored with the Kirby family, prompting him to gather all that genealogy. I am fascinated by this detailed piece of work because without computers or anything else he was able to trace the whole lines of the family.

That Kirby family had two sons, one named Joseph, who in 1635, came with his brother to pre-colonial America. I don't think he was much more than the teenager. He settled in Hartford, Connecticut, and later to Litchfield, which was a noteworthy town in those pre-Revolutionary years.

The Kirbys in the Revolutionary War

My wife Anna and I have been to the UK and once went back to visit that town of Warwick and the little village where Joseph was born. In the U.S., Ephraim Kirby, my Revolutionary War ancestor, was the great-great grandson of Joseph. After the battle of Lexington, he joined the colonial volunteers and arrived in Boston in time to take part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. In 1776, he enlisted with Washington's army. His battle experience was heroic, with 7 sabre cuts, left on the battlefield for dead. In all he was wounded 13 times, and Yale awarded him an honorary Masters. Returning to Litchfield, he was quite famous in the town. He was a Jeffersonian during this time that they were just framing the Constitution. Litchfield itself was quite Federalist so there was some conflict there. He practiced law and eventually served in the Connecticut Assembly. Later President Jefferson appointed him Superior Court Judge of the Mississippi territory.



Ephraim Kirby,
Revolutionary War hero

Ephraim also joined a patriotic organization called the Society of the Cincinnati. The Society of the Cincinnati is a national community of fellowship and high purpose, dedicated to the memory of the heroes who secured the independence of the United States. It was established in 1783, as the American War for Independence drew to a close. I'm quite proud of my family heritage because of their role in the Revolutionary War. I myself, am a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. Incidentally, Cincinnatus (519 BC – 430 BC) was a Roman aristocrat and statesman whose service as consul in 460 BC and dictator in 458 BC and 439 BC made him a model of civic virtue.



The Society of the Cincinnati

That Kirby side of my family are great savers. They seem to have saved every damn document in their lives. My son in San Jose has a lot of those things, including a letter written by Ephraim about the battle of Bunker Hill. It's written in longhand of course. In one, he described Bunker Hill as a "skirmish" with the "regulars," a name he gives to the British army. Bunker Hill of course was a major battle of the war, and while the US troops lost the actual battle, they inflicted serious casualties on the British, including heavy losses to their Officer Corps, which became significant later. An interesting fact is that Ephraim asked a soldier friend of his to hand deliver his letter to his family at home. That soldier friend was John Jay, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the first Chief Justice of the United States.

Ephraim's son, and my great-grandfather, Reynold Marvin Kirby carried on the military tradition. He became a major in the Army, and fought in the War of 1812. During this period he met and married a Southern woman, Mary Barclay, from Richmond, Virginia. While commanding Fort Sullivan in Eastport, Maine, Reynold died in 1842, one year after my grandfather was born. With no family nearby, and limited means in Eastport, Mary removed her young family back home to Virginia. They settled in Staunton, which is 100 miles west of Richmond, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. So, ironically, on the cusp of the Civil War, our family suddenly became southern. Reynold's family included my Grandfather, Joseph Lee Smith Kirby (1841 - 1933), whose children included my father, Joe (1883 - 1959), Edmund and Wayt. Being Southerners, the second name Lee sneaked into more than one boy Kirby.

My grandfather entered West Point from Virginia in 1860. When the Civil War broke out, he and many other cadets came home to join the Confederate Army. He became an aide to General E. Kirby Smith, a prominent Confederate general, and subsequently Captain of Engineers. After the war he practiced law, and became Judge for Nelson County, Va.

My Dad, of course, was a Southerner by birth. He was tall and courtly. As a Virginian, he had a slight southern accent, which was attractive, and which he retained his entire life. He wore pince-nez glasses, which added to his scholarly look. He was intelligent and well-read. However, there was not much economic opportunity in the Blue Ridge Mountains. His brother, Edmund, was five years older, and preceded him in coming to San Francisco, around 1910. He found work with the U.S. Customs House, and enjoyed his new life immensely.

Go West Young Man

Uncle Eddie convinced my father that he ought to come out. This was long after the gold rush and things were still booming from rebuilding after the big earthquake. He met my mother about the time of the Golden Gate Panama-Pacific Exposition, which would have been about 1915. My mother, Alma Murray, was a native born San Franciscan, one of three daughters, who came from Irish and French-Canadian heritage. They took up married life in San Francisco. This was after the big earthquake and the Exposition

which included a mile of amazing temporary exhibit buildings, including the Palace of Fine Arts, on the West end of the city. My parents loved that exposition.

Dad had a younger brother, my Uncle Wayt, who also moved to San Francisco. Wayt was the hero of the family and a very charming guy. He played the piano and had a lot of talents. Unfortunately, he died of pneumonia fairly young. He had only been San Francisco for a short time.

My father was an accountant, working in the financial district. They had an interest in Marin County, although I'm not sure what caused this, because it was only accessible by ferry. But some friends, the Fergusons, in San Francisco had bought a piece of land in the tiny city of Ross about 20 miles north, over in Marin County. It was wilderness in those days, no Golden Gate Bridge. Of course there was ferry service across the strait to the Sausalito waterfront. The Fergusons bought an acre of land in Ross way up the hill looking westward. They encouraged my folks to buy some adjoining land which my Dad did. This was 1923.

Since there was no bridge, the main mode of public transit was an electric train, probably what we would call today, a light rail. It started in Sausalito and ran up through all those little towns of San Anselmo, Fairfax, San Rafael. My dad continued to work in the city, taking the train to the ferry to work. Considering the time it took his commute into the financial district, one might wonder why they didn't buy a place down the peninsula? The Southern Pacific commute line had been in operation, from San Jose, going right up into the heart of San Francisco. I'll never know why. Anyway, he bought the land and the contractor built a little house for a cost of \$5000. It had two bedrooms and one bath, on the side of a hill which was pretty steep. There were two or three other families who lived alongside on the same land. It was right on the outskirts of Ross. Ross became very popular and later populated with wealthy people (not us).

Hello World, Here I Come

I was born Sunday, June 15, 1924, at Mt. Zion Hospital in San Francisco. My Mother's doctor was Reginald Knight Smith, a popular obstetrician located in San Francisco, and well known in society. When you think about it, expecting a child and having to undergo a one hour commute to get downtown, that must've been quite a worry for my mother. Scary. Not only that, our family never had a car, for all those years. Here we were up on the Hill about 15 minutes from downtown Ross, which was on the electric train route. So I don't know how she got to the train to the ferry to the ferry building in San Francisco and then to her doctor? But I suppose there were cabs or street cars that did the trick.

I had one sibling, Joe. He was born in 1919. Joe became a very successful banker in San Jose. I grew up in Ross and went to elementary school there. My grade school was relatively small with about 200 kids. I rode my bike to school even though the hill home was tough-going to climb. There were only two high schools in the entire Marin County, San Rafael and Tamalpais High, in Mill Valley, which is where I went. I used to take the train to school. In the late 1920s, my dad's employer, a rice company laid him off. He soon found another accounting job in San Diego, so he moved our family down there for about a year. At that point, the rice business recovered and we came back to Ross.

When I think about it the fact that our family never had a car during my whole growing-up, this is quite remarkable. Of course, the Great Depression was in full swing. With my dad commuting every day it took him about 15 minutes to get to the train to get to Sausalito to the ferry so even a one-way commute was between 1 to 1 1/2 hours. We became the greatest walkers of all time. The train went through all of these towns Kentfield, Ross, San Anselmo and as far as San Rafael. At San Anselmo, it split, with one line going to San Rafael and the other went westward to Fairfax. When I was in high school, I would walk down to Ross and catch the train down to Sausalito. There was a special train that veered off into Mill Valley, instead of the ferry dock at Sausalito.

Those years, of course, were the disastrous years of the Great Depression. I was just starting elementary school as the depression got underway in 1930. I entered high school in 1938, after the depression was under recovery. Our family was very fortunate that my Dad held a job in the financial district, and was able to maintain his salary and the job through that awful period. We weren't rich but we weren't hurting all that much either. He certainly had enough money to buy a car, but he just didn't do it. At the end of his office day at 5:15, there was a famous ferryboat that took all the wealthy commuters back home over to Marin County.

In those days every company worked half-day Saturdays. This was goofy, my Dad would get up Saturday, put on a coat and tie, walk down to the train in Ross, down to the ferry in Sausalito and over to San Francisco for three hours. And then reverse that to get home. It seemed strange to me, but that is the way the work culture was those years.

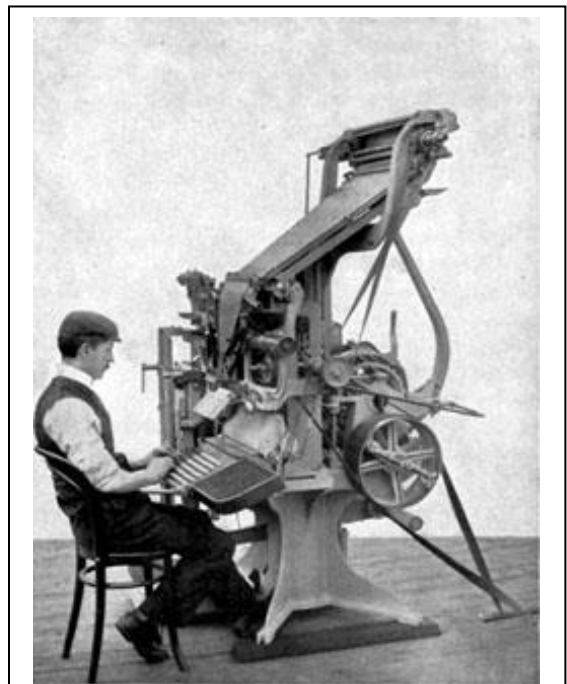
My Life Work is Discovered

I loved school, and many of my fond memories can be attributed to those years. Though my family lived comfortably, we had limited means. The community was quite wealthy, and the school reflected this atmosphere. For example, growing up I was a stutterer, although it lessened later in life. But at school, my fourth grade teacher worked with me to cure the problem. It always gave me some fear that I would have to make speeches. As I grew, and took on school publication roles, my confidence grew. I was a good student and got virtually straight A's throughout.

I entered high school in 1938. In 1940, I became interested in their journalism curriculum. The journalism teacher was John George. He changed my life, because his enthusiasm just clicked with me. You know that in most lives, there is one teacher who just makes the connection. We had a weekly newspaper. We had our own print shop; can you believe a high school having a print shop? It was very effective in developing kids who became printers as a vocation. And yet, there was no commercial printing company in Mill Valley. But the school print shop had an actual Linotype. Recall that Linotypes were the size of a Volkswagen Bug. They made strange clinking sounds, caused by the little brass mold elements maybe 3 inches long, climbing a conveyor arm to be redistributed back to their alphabetic storage. From there the operator keyboard would call them down by character, into a "line-of-type" of hot molten lead, then stacked to make a printed page, which is called hot lead printing.

So here are these high school kids clicking on the keys with hot lead occasionally splashing on the floor. I fell in love with that whole process. I became editor of our weekly newspaper and editor of the annual yearbook. I give a tremendous amount of appreciation to teacher John George.

This was my sophomore year 1939, and our school had 1300 students, so it was relatively good-sized. My life work was settled by those experiences, but I didn't know it yet, only what I really enjoyed doing. John George remained a friend of mine until he died at 80 years. He triggered my life in journalism. Once a bunch of us organized a dinner party for him at the San Francisco Press Club, about 100 people attended.



Imagine a high school with this tinkling monster in its shop. The little tiny brass molds, one per letter, were stored up high, and were called down by the keyboard one tinkling letter at a time, to make a line of hot lead type.

I had a number of jobs during my high school years. One job was at a distillery, applying labels to whiskey bottles. Another was a printing company, doing final assembly of San Francisco phone books. I had a short-term job at Hamilton Air Field running a forklift.

Through my teen years, my brother and I had two primary interests, sports and big band jazz. We were consumed by sports...the games, the athletes, the statistics, the coaches, the sports columns, all of it. There was no TV, only radio and the sports pages of the newspaper. Mom liked baseball, and occasionally, when she went shopping in the City, she would take me to see a Pacific Coast League game at Seals Stadium. I loved it. As for big band jazz, I couldn't get enough. We liked all the bands; Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman. At the 1939 World's Fair on Treasure Island, it was our chance to see many of those bands in person. They would appear outdoors in the afternoon and then indoors at night. It was fantastic.

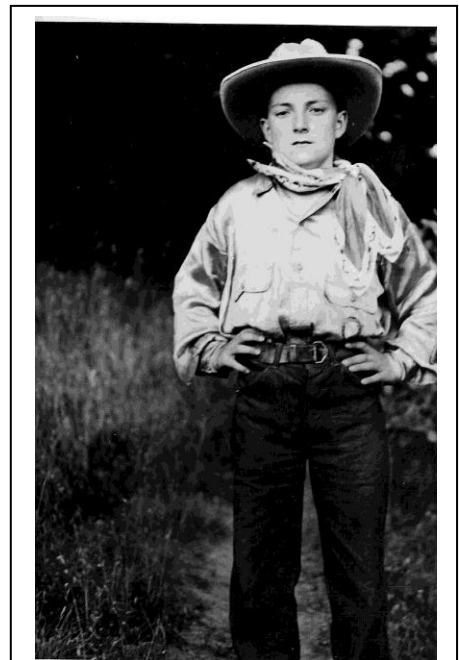
I should also mention that another high school course, which ultimately became really important, was my typing class. My teacher was a tall woman, I guess 6 feet tall, Lois Walker. I can still remember her, walking around while we would be typing saying, "Eyes on the copy!" "Eyes on the copy!" The thing to remember is that in those days there were hardly any young boys in the typing classes. It was all girls, aiming for jobs in business and industry. But I didn't really feel out of place, even though I didn't know that my typing was going to change my life in the military. I remember doing well in a state typing contest. So here I had John George filling my appetite for journalism and Ms. Walker giving me the tools of the trade. She was like a top sergeant with the orders of keeping eyes on the copy.

Sports was a huge part of my life from the age when I could listen to the radio. It was primarily my brother Joe, who got me started. While most of our neighbors and my brother were Cal/Berkeley fans, I don't know why but I got hooked on Stanford.

The Golden Gate bridge was built, and opened in May 27, 1937. It was built just before I entered high school but we were still taking trains and without a car. We didn't actually use the bridge for our family.

When the bridge opened there was a huge celebration around the Bay. Thousands of Marin County and San Francisco residents walked across the new span. The U.S. Navy joined in the celebration with battleships, cruisers and destroyers sailing under the bridge. It was very exciting, one ship had a band playing, "California, Here I Come!" There was a parade up Market Street, I was 13 years old and still remember it vividly.

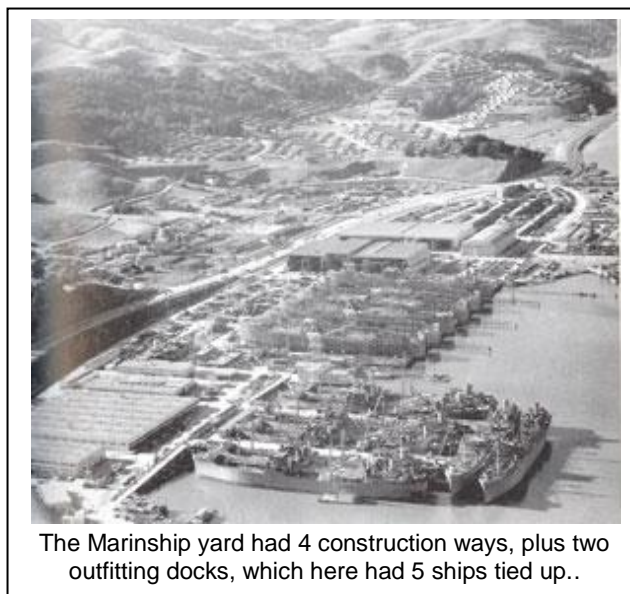
By 1940 I became a junior and now all of a sudden they can put buses to work to get people in between Marin County and San Francisco. Unfortunately this led to a tearing up of the electric train tracks. A horrible mistake, and yet at the time we didn't know what sort of impact that would have. It turns out that the automobile industry and the tire industry were behind this purchasing of public transportation, which they ultimately closed down. The name of the Marin County train transit was the Northwest Pacific Railroad.



I walked the Golden Gate Bridge, and matched the opening theme, "Go West," with my cowboy outfit.

I graduated in 1942, and the war was on, so we were looking at our draft boards, and they were looking for us. By this time the Sausalito shipyards got started, probably around 1938. This huge industrial operation to build Liberty Ships was managed by the San Francisco Bechtel Corp. They were famous for being part of the consortium that built the Boulder Dam and other mega-projects. They were ideally suited to take on a huge mobilization effort like first building a shipyard, called Marinship, and then from 1942 building a total of 93 Liberty ships, oilers and tankers.

The yard consisted of 4 ship construction "ways," which was nowhere near as large as the Kaiser operation over in Richmond. And yet they started from a mud flat about a mile North of Sausalito, and employed 20,000 workers in around-the-clock production. One large building still exists there, which was converted from the shipyard warehouse to the California Bay water model after the war. The 1-acre model was used to study water movement in the bay before the actual water model was replaced by computer models in recent decades. I worked one high school summer at Marinship, doing simple administration work, using my high school typing. The job gave me a perspective of industrial might. It's strange now, to think about, as you came south, down the road into Sausalito, and here is this huge shipyard. All of those workers in hard hats, and now we look out there and there's not a vestige of that monstrous industrial site. It's now filled with houseboats.



The Marinship yard had 4 construction ways, plus two outfitting docks, which here had 5 ships tied up..



I was in awe of this industrial giant operation, as I had a summer job doing simple office tasks.

There was one story from the Pearl Harbor attack that always remained with me. The day after the attack, our high school had an assembly so we could listen to President Roosevelt's "Day of Infamy" speech. One of our students was missing. His name was Nobumo Kuwatani, who was a senior like me. We called him Nobe. We encouraged him to come to school, but soon after, in February, his family was swept up in the greatest abuse of human rights in a long time, they were sent to a detention camp in Colorado. I don't remember much outrage at the time, which there should have been. I started a correspondence with Nobe, and continued it throughout the war. When his family returned to Marin, he was awarded his missing diploma,

After graduation I was pretty sure I was going to be drafted quickly. So I decided rather than trying to get into the University of Cal at Berkeley and spending serious money for a school year that might get interrupted, that I would simply sign up for the local Marin Junior College. That way I could live at home and be able to drop out upon being drafted without hurting any of my relations with Berkeley. As it turned out the draft board was slow, and I was able to put in an entire year at the junior college. Later on when I entered Cal they remarkably decided to recognize that year as a full year at Berkeley, meaning that I only had a three-year term once I returned from the war.

I Go to War

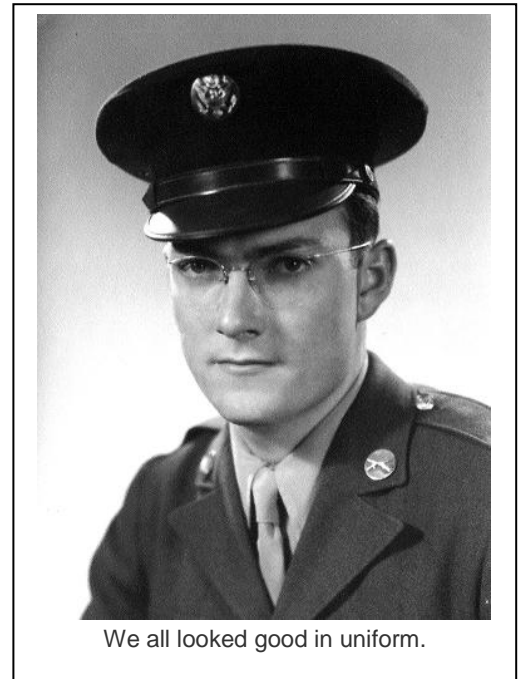
Any wartime mobilization is uneven and often unfair. One young man might be drafted, get 12 weeks of basic training and weapons familiarization and be in mortal combat in less than 6 months. Another young man might spend the entire war period farming or in a war industry like the Marinship shipyards, building Liberty Ships or tankers. Our WWII military leaders reasoned that the war would be won with science and technology, so they set up a number of educational programs to exploit the national brainpower. Colleges and Universities trained young people in accelerated programs like the Navy V-12 Officer Training efforts. In my case, I became aware of the Army's ASTP, Advanced Specialized Training Program, a schooling effort to utilize additional expertise before going to combat. So I enlisted into that group.

I was inducted on July 2, 1943, at the Presidio in Monterey, and immediately put on a train for basic training at Fort Hood in Texas. My ASTP group then shipped back to California for the study program at Long Beach City College. This was a good period for me since I enjoyed the challenge of school and the new camaraderie of my fellow soldiers. Many of them were college-level men. We were pretty cocky, and secretly made fun of the regular army guys. But by this time of the war, there was a civilian recognition that some of these soldiers in educational programs were observed by parents of soldiers, to be living a relatively cushy existence while their child was in vicious combat and personal danger. I have inferred that there was grassroots protest to political authorities nationally, so that some of those programs were truncated or eliminated. In my case, my group was ordered to Camp Roberts, up the California coast, to become riflemen, as part of the 89th Infantry Division.

Our company was then shipped to Camp Butner in North Carolina. Butner was used as a staging area for shipment overseas. We trained there almost a year. During that period, when I was training to be a rifleman, our company clerk turned out to have some kind of hernia problem, and the Top Sergeant knew he was going to need a replacement. So one day he came to the barracks and asked if anybody knew how to type. Here I was about ready to go overseas. You have to think fast. And that's all they tell you, don't volunteer. But I thought anything is better than being a rifleman, so I said yeah I can type. So I became a company clerk, which ended up putting me in combat, but at a company headquarters, behind the front lines. Thank God for Lois Walker. Life is like that; everything is timing. It's being at the right place at the right time.

With our advanced training shut down, our company had all bright kids who were now riflemen and ready to go into battle as common infantry. I had buddies from Oregon State, Colgate and Yale and other similar schools, so these were really bright people. In the US, each company had two clerks because there was much more administrative activity with soldiers right in close quarters. I was the assistant clerk but once overseas there's only one company clerk, partly because most of the soldiers are away fighting and just don't need much daily paperwork help. At that time I was worried that the previous clerk would get recuperated and come back, but the clerk himself told me not to worry, because apparently he knew he wasn't coming back. He said I was going to be OK. I remember his name, Bill Fales, from Massachusetts.

By this time it's late 1944, and Eisenhower had invaded France and they had made good progress into Germany. Our division was attached to the Third Army. Each company has about 187 troops. There might be three companies in a battalion and there would be about eight or 10 companies in a regiment. My company was then moved to North Carolina, possibly because they understood that with the invasion of



Europe, they might still need more troops to complete the final push to Berlin. So we got orders to join 89th Division of the Third Army. In January of 1945, we left Boston on a troopship, bound for battle. When we landed in Europe at LeHavre, the 89th Division was already in Luxembourg.

The harbor had been bombed and the docks were still in terrible condition. So many ships were unloading that we had to come ashore in landing craft. So each soldier had a backpack and a duffel bag. But as company clerk, I also had a typewriter and a heavy box containing all the military records of 187 men in my company. Luckily my Top Sergeant, Charles DeWitt, came up and helped me get the stuff ashore. Trucks took us to a staging camp, 30 miles inland. It was bitterly cold, and no tents had been set up yet. Lucky for me, I shared a tent with the Top Sergeant, so we even got a wood stove for a few days.



Le Havre Harbor, Winter 1944-45

The 89th Division had 15,000 people. We got into combat at the end of February, 1945. Recall that this was the time of the Battle of the Bulge, which took place over the period of Christmas, 1944, with the most significant battle being the siege of Bastogne. American air power was grounded due to several weeks of extremely bad weather. By the beginning of February, the front lines were roughly back where they were before the German offensive, although the Allies suffered serious casualties. I remember that I've never been so cold in my life, and I was in a tent office.

The Battle of the Bulge

In operation up in the combat area, the other company clerks and I would get together every morning for a communications conference. Since our related companies were spread out over a fair mileage of the battlefield, those distances sort of determined how many clerks made the meetings. It might typically be five company clerks at those meetings. It was a time when we exchanged information and helpful ideas. In a way, it was kind of like going to a regular day job, except we knew our men were fighting in a serious combat, and serious casualties were happening. Mine was company , and we had to handle all of the daily happenings. For example, there was something called a morning report, which was produced by the top Sergeant. This would include action occurrences such as one KIA, for killed in action, or one of WIA, wounded in action. The morning report was very brief. I also had to do all of the insurance reports after a soldier's death so that the family could receive the benefits.

In combat, there is just always a serious chaos going on, a lack of information, difficult communications, personnel being injured and killed and documentation required to keep the legal part of the Army running. Being in the company headquarters it was interesting to watch our officer corps in action. Of course the Third Army was under the leadership of General George Patton the well-known hard-nosed driving general who refused to order his troops to "dig in." His attitude was that if you keep moving, this denies the Germans the ability to dig in and cause even more losses. This was in contrast to Field Marshal Montgomery of the British forces who tended to take the cautious route. But by digging in he would lose the initiative to keep pushing the Germans back since their reserves and equipment and mostly their fuel supplies were causing their forces to more or less whither and fail.

Patton had this reputation, which we, his troops, all loved. The Germans were really afraid of him. They thought he was another Rommel and a real sense he was. His commander, Omar Bradley, tolerated Patton's aggressive command, and his unit officers responded well to his leadership style. The head of my division was Maj. Gen. Finley. As our forces advanced, we would take over buildings like schools or auditoriums or industrial buildings for our offices. And we would occupy regular homes for billeting our officers.

Our occupying soldiers were ordered not to break anything in occupied buildings, but it's hard to control soldiers in a war situation. Some German families were really grateful to have us arrive and yet there were others who hated us. Which was pretty natural. We destroyed their cities and pounded them into smithereens. From our entry to battle to VE Day, I think in my company's 187-man roster, we had seven men killed and about 25 injured or wounded. Our company felt pretty good about our successes and experiences of combat.

Hitler ended up personally screwing up the Battle of the Bulge. He had hoarded his resources to make that big push, which he thought would demoralize our US troops. But then he ordered his German forces to advance too far forward such that the Americans were able to attack on his flanks and the surround very large numbers of his troops and crucial equipment. These losses just accelerated their failures on other battlefronts, and the Bulge loss was essentially the death knell of the German Western front.

The Germans had destroyed almost all the bridges across the Rhine River, but in an amazing move, Patton's troops saved the railroad bridge at Remagen. Its story became famous after the war. The Third Army flooded into Germany. Our headquarters would move up behind the front, but the army was moving fast, and we office guys had to keep up. At the end of April, 1945, our division had reached the Elbe River, near Chemnitz, and was ordered to advance no further. The Russian army had reached the other side of the river. When VE Day came on May 8, my regiment was in a pretty, undamaged town named Zwickau. We partied all night and could hear the Russians on the other side doing the same.

After VE Day, which was May, 1945, everybody expected that we now were headed to Japan. None of us were looking forward to that. But then the Hiroshima bomb went off and they didn't know what to do with our division. With VJ Day on August 15, and the end of both wars, they could not demobilize all at once, so they installed a "point system" for mustering out. You gained a certain number of points for time in uniform, for time in foreign country, time in combat, and those sorts of considerations. Most of us in my company had enlisted fairly late, and certainly came to battle late. The magic number for mustering out at that time was 44. I had 43, which seems like a pretty good number, but it seems that there were a million of us stuck at 43. In retrospect, it seems they might have picked the number 44 as the threshold to just keep the outflow to civilian life controlled to a manageable surge.

Several of us managed to get furloughs to visit England. We left on a ship from Le Havre, and arrived at Southampton, where a Liaison Officer told us that London would be a madhouse, but we decided to go anyway, and take a chance on hotels. London was delirious with celebration. We wandered among the crowds, and went over to Buckingham Palace. There were literally hundreds of thousands of people everywhere. The King and Queen and Winston Churchill were up on the balcony, waving to the crowds. and included two little girls, one of whom would become Queen Elizabeth. We spent several days in Scotland, before returning to duty.

The First Time I Saw Paris

You won't believe this, but because of my typing skill, I was sent to Paris. WOW! Paris, as a conquering "hero." The American government had made the decision that they were not going to repatriate all this war equipment back to the US. So the plan was to get rid of it here in Europe, however they could get it done. They set up a Foreign Liquidation Commission in Paris, which went looking for a large number of office clerks to handle the enormous administration. No computers in those days, everything was handled with

manual forms and ledgers. I remember there were something like 300,000 condoms that we sold to Denmark. It was incredible. We were liquidating everything, from vehicles to all sorts of logistics supplies that a huge fighting army uses. There were no viable industrial companies to buy this stuff so we were selling mostly to governments and most often essentially just giving it away and documenting all those transactions.

I didn't come home until April of 1946, so I was in Paris about a half year. My job in Paris was rather remarkable, I used to walk to work every day under the Arc de Triomphe. We were in really upscale Paris territory. Paris had a museum called the Le Petit Palais. The American Army made a deal with the French for the Palais to become our barracks. If you could see these double bunks extended for a block inside the museum, it was incredible. Just to organize that kind of personal operation was remarkable since this



Paris, Le Petit Palais. Several hundred American soldiers and I used it as a barracks.

required food operations, housing services, entertainment and the continuing discipline of soldiers who probably weren't all that happy to be in Paris, when they thought they deserved to be home. There were many other administrative operations required for an occupying army, in addition to the equipment liquidation. My best buddy in the 89th division did marry a French girl, as did other thousands who brought home such war brides.

I felt the German soldier was a first-class fighter. His training and his equipment were superior, in some ways, even compared to us Americans, and certainly to any other nation. The Russians depended on sheer numbers of troops, although by the end of the war, they had produced some outstanding equipment like the T-34 tank. Some of their aircraft were extremely durable and well armed. Ultimately it speeded up the Russian drive west to take Berlin. The German soldier morale was excellent, probably driven by the fact that some of that their training started even back in the 1930s as Hitler took over and initiated cult-like programs like the German youth organizations. The marches and banners and propaganda was inculcated for years, and showed on the battlefield. .

As far as a company clerk like me was concerned, we furnished a sort of centralized information center. The army had a general newspaper like the *Stars and Stripes*. Andy Rooney was a personality on *Stars and Stripes* staff. We had teletypes that kept our company in the information and command loop. So we felt that we were performing a useful service for our own troops, who were carrying the brunt of the battle.

Back in the US, we entered a troop train for the 5-day trip across the country. One notable stop was North Platte, Nebraska, which had become famous for their little town hospitality. Every troop train that stopped there, day or night, for years, was met by local people, bearing pies, cakes, cookies and drinks. I mustered out at Camp Beale, near Marysville, California. I had been promoted from Private, First Class, to Tech Sergeant in just 2+ years, which was the rank between Staff Sergeant and Master Sergeant. I was proud of that.

Home from the War--to UC/Berkeley

All of my buddies and I arrived back in California about the same time, which was kind of neat. It was the spring and summer of 1946. We used to hang around Marin County bars and just enjoy our brand new

civilian life. It was wonderful. Most of us talked about whether we were going to college. The brand new GI Bill concept was amazing, and aided our decision to head to college. It paid tuition, room and board, and a comfortable amount extra for books and supplies and just ordinary living expenses. More for married vets and yet more for children.

My brother ended up going to University of California, Berkeley. He was four years older than I so I decided that was a good thing to do too.. I entered Berkeley in the fall of 1946. It was quite remarkable, with a huge number of young vets going back to college. In my fraternity, Sigma Nu, we had 70 members and only two were nonveterans. So the college acceptance decisions had really swung toward veterans, which of course, it should have.

At Cal, I joined the Journalism School. Surprisingly, back then, it was an undergraduate-only. At the time it was unfortunate that the reputation of the Journalism School was very weak. The rumor was that the English Department tended to dominate them to keep the journalism community less influential. I never understood that attitude or power grab. Looking back, I probably should have majored in political science or history. The journalism school was not very challenging, and a lot of what we did learn was the *process* of how governments operated. In other words, if you were a reporter on a daily newspaper, you would have to know about the local Departments of Justice and the State government and City Hall processes in order to make sense out of who was critical to know. So Cal Journalism was not a big learning experience of how to write but it was more directed to making sense of the key-people interview processes. They assumed you could already write well. By now, in 2014, the Graduate School of Journalism is very, very highly rated.

The postwar period was a unique time at Cal. With a high percentage of returning veterans you might guess that they were ready to grind out the academics and not spent much time with beer busts and chasing girls. To some extent this was true but in a real sense many of these ex-soldiers sort of felt that they deserved a break from the dangerous wartime experiences that they had survived. This was an important time in the life of the University as it began the massive facilities and staff buildups, which hadn't happened before and won't happen again. Cal was just swamped with veterans.

I essentially entered Berkeley as a sophomore, because recall that I had taken a year at Marin Junior College before getting drafted. I was delighted to find out that Berkeley accepted that as my freshman year. An academic advisor told me that I had gone to one of the best Junior Colleges in the whole country, which was Marin Junior College.

I was kind of a sports nut at Berkeley. I joined the *Daily Californian*, which was the legendary student newspaper on campus. I went to talk with the sports editor, Paul Lazarus, (who I just had lunch with in Jan, 2014). Paul let me join the newspaper staff, and my high school newspaper experience was extremely valuable to my new position. If you were new to the *Daily Cal* you joined on the bottom rung. You were given a secondary sports beat to cover, like soccer or boxing, which were pretty low-level sports. But that was your fate as a brand-new reporter, and was the only fair way to integrate newcomers. You had to pay your dues before you ever got a chance to do the varsity football or basketball or crew.

The varsity sports teams of that period were exceptional, probably due to the presence of ex-servicemen that could be recruited for those sports. Those years of the late 1940s were remarkable in Cal athletic history, probably the best in over 50 years. We had a Rose Bowl football team; our baseball team won the national championship. Our crew team won the Olympic Games. In those days the Olympic crew teams were not recruited from multiple colleges but were required to come from a single college. In this case, the Berkeley crew won the preliminaries to attend the Olympics and then won the Olympics.

Since I only needed three years, I graduated in 1949. I was president of my fraternity and that was fun, and good experience in organizing and leading some pretty casual personalities. Academically I was almost born to compete, I always did very well. At the *Daily Californian* I moved up the ladder, so in my senior

year I was sports editor. I used to write a column every day, and then I would come back to the fraternity house for dinner. Thus my senior year was jam-packed with activities. About every third or fourth weekend I would go home to Marin County for a visit. Our graduation ceremony in 1949 was distinctive because the keynote speaker was President Harry Truman.

San Francisco News--1949

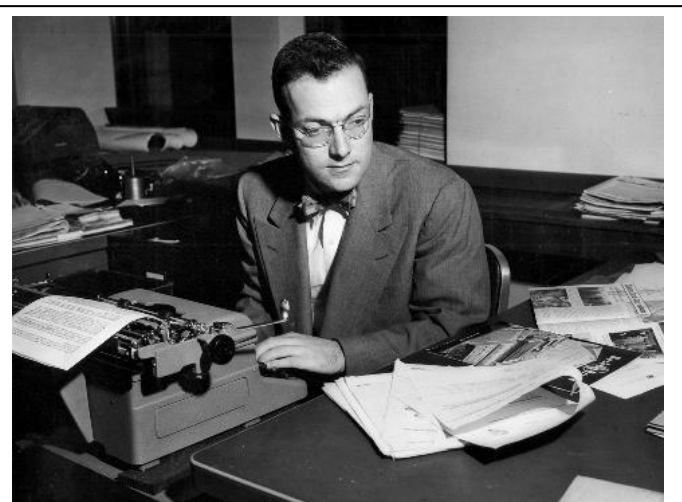
When I graduated it was probably logical that I would work on a newspaper. I went to work for the *San Francisco News*. I didn't know what to do and was sort of flailing around. I visited the newspapers and at the *San Francisco News* I met a gentleman named Charlie Massey. In our interview, he put a lot of prominence on the fact that he and I were fraternity brothers. So he hired me to be a copy editor, which is kind of an entry level position. The other copy editors were all old-timers and were really down on the newspaper business. Their attitude was, "Kid you need to get out of this job as soon as you can." That was surprising to me because one would think that the newspaper management would want a more upbeat team morale and would fire such negative people, unless their talent outweighed their attitudes.

The working environment looked just like the movies. As copyeditor, I sat on the rim of a large rounded table, like a horseshoe, with the Chief Copy Editor sitting in the slot. As written stories came in, he would parcel out each job. The draft stories would either come from reporters or off the teletype machines of Associated Press or United Press. This work culture was chaotic, and deadlines were particularly stressful. I found I didn't really handle that kind of pressure well, and wasn't enjoying it at all. *San Francisco News* was a Scripps Howard publication and later went out of business. At the time, there were four dailies in San Francisco: the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner* in the morning and the *Call Bulletin* and the *San Francisco News* in the afternoon. I had to be at work at six in the morning and also had to work Saturdays. Illogically I got Wednesdays off, and the pay was terrible. I put in a year at that job and got good experience. It involved big-city news in a big city culture, and I learned a lot about this terrific city, as it grew up from its pivotal role in the West Coast WWII mobilization. Hundreds of thousands of sailors and soldiers came through here on their way to war, its industries were vital to shipping, and they came back to live their lives here.

I had a buddy from Cal, Bob Rubin, and we found an apartment together. I did not have any serious girlfriends in college since I was sort of shy. If there was a big event coming along sometimes I would get a friend to find me a date. Nor did I date much in this early period of my first jobs.

Bechtel Corporation--1951

After a year or so at the paper, I said to myself, "To hell with this, it's boring." And about that time, I saw an ad from the Bechtel Corporation looking for a writer. It was in the personnel department, although it did not mention public relations. I went in to interview with a man named Raphael Dorman. Raf was one of the really good bosses I have had throughout my entire career. For whatever reason it seems like I almost always worked for likable bosses. So maybe that had something to do with me, who knows. Raf ran the personnel department. I was interviewed by a number of people and had to bring in some of my other writings for the interview. Raf was an interesting guy, his father had been at been in the



I guess this could be called my Life Story in one picture, no computers for re-write (and without the cigarette).

State Department, so he was educated in Switzerland and Harvard, and probably a typical example of the Eastern Elite. A very polished man. His wife was a noted psychiatrist in San Francisco.

When I was hired, he said, "Here are some details about the job. You get paid twice a month, the men's room is down the hall, we have a health plan, and I want you to write health plan brochures for the employees." He asked if I had any questions, and I said, "No I think you covered everything." I got up to leave and got to the door, when he said, "Dave, there is just one other thing, don't (expletive deleted) the help." I'll never forget that, even though I have to bleep the word out in this story. At our interview, John Minck mentioned a similar instruction he heard in a talk by one of the HP division managers from Colorado. The manager's warning was, "Don't fish from the company pier!" And then he ended up marrying one of his own production line women.

Bechtel was a very old, important and large San Francisco company. They were well known for being in the consortium that built Hoover Dam in the 1930s, and grew to operate internationally. They had multiple divisions; the power division, the civil engineering division, and the Marinship division of course. At that time they were very active in the Middle East, building oil terminal and oil facilities for various petro-nations. They started in the early 1920s with their founder Warren Bechtel. My duties were mostly to write personnel-related publications and brochures. They had an employee magazine, Bechtel Briefs, and I was the editor for that.

One of the highlights of that early period was that I was told I was being assigned to write something for Steve Bechtel. I had never met Steve, who was the son of the founder. I went over to his office, the secretary said go on in, and I found he was a really charming man. He had gone to Berkeley so we related there. Steve was much like Dave Packard in presence. He associated with people like the CEOs of PG&E, Chevron, and other industrialists. There were maybe seven or eight "City Fathers," and when it came to community projects you would always find the same guys leading the pack. When I left the office, Steve was glowing with praise and yet I had not done anything for him yet. He welcomed me to his company.

There was a local chapter of professional PR people, which I joined, the Public Relations Society of America. But pretty soon I got bored with that job, too; I didn't see it as much of a challenge. It seemed like one of my deficiencies was that I would get bored fairly fast, until I got to HP. So even though the writing process was the same, I guess it was more a matter of the job environment. When I joined Bechtel I guess I didn't even know what the term public relations stood for. I was pretty green. I was the first person at Bechtel to put out news releases even though I was in the personnel department.

The Wine Institute--1953

It wasn't long until I thought to myself, I just need a new experience. So I ended up taking a job with the California Wine Institute. I got the job by noticing an ad for a PR person. This was a national trade association with membership of all the high quality North Bay vineyards as well as the mega wine firms like Gallo and Mondavi. The most prestigious name was Louis Martini, whose wines were so well known in the Napa Valley. Also Petri, which was a quality wine. The Institute's purpose of course was to promote the culture and glamour of wine drinking and the aura of good living through drinking wine.

Naturally the Institute was organized to promote primarily California wines. We had events like a National Wine Queen. We would take her up to the wine country and shoot glamour shots that could be used in promoting California wines. I was in charge of that promotion, I would hire the photographers, and organize the shoots. One of the first Wine Queens I shepherded around was Carol King, even dated her a few years later. Another queen was Joanne Copeland, during my second year there. Joanne achieved some fame later by becoming Johnny Carson's third wife.

In this job I wrote articles for the Beverage Institute of America. They had magazines like *Wines and Vines*. The Wine Institute acted nationally but it was headquartered in San Francisco. Actually the wine PR job was a step down from Bechtel in terms of the importance of the writing that I did. When you think about the scope of Bechtel's massive projects, it hardly compares with a bottle of wine and that kind of an elitist industry.

I was with the Wine Institute for about two years. They were nice people, and I spent a lot of time in meetings with their top principals to try to understand the culture and financial operations of their industry. If Gallo didn't like something, he would just get up and leave and that would break up the meeting. He really had that power. So that job at the Wine Institute was the beginning of my writing PR for the media, as opposed to internal publications for employees.

One other significant problem was that I didn't like drinking wine. This became obvious pretty quickly. I went to some function at the Fairmont Hotel, and my boss Roy Taylor was there. I went and ordered a martini, and rejoined my colleagues, who looked at my drink like it was a snake, and I couldn't hide it. Although no one really complained, I knew it was time to leave.

Kaiser Aluminum--1955

In my continuing search for job fulfillment, I came up with Kaiser Aluminum. Headquartered in Oakland, Kaiser was a huge conglomerate consisting of many divisions; Kaiser Steel, Kaiser Shipyards, Permanente Medical, Permanente Cement and Kaiser Aluminum. Henry J. Kaiser was famous for his bidding on Shasta Dam in Northern California, because his concrete and sand business gave him a considerable cost advantage of the main ingredient for that enormous dam project. I don't remember the interview contact, but I suppose I saw another job advertisement for PR. I then found myself commuting to Oakland, with all of the different divisions in their headquarters building. Kaiser Aluminum was quite the largest. It was large enough that the public relations department had about 15 people on the staff.

So there I was writing articles about the use of aluminum, trying to become an expert. I had been working there about a year when they came to me and asked if I would like to go to West Virginia? Kaiser was building a brand-new plant on the Ohio River, and just getting started in a little town called Ravenswood. They wanted somebody from the staff to go back and live there for a while and become the voice of Kaiser Aluminum in the Ohio River Valley. They wanted publicity for the surrounding area to justify this large industrial intrusion and also to teach people about the widespread uses of aluminum. As you can imagine this was a pretty unsophisticated geography, it was coal country.

I've got say that I was not very confident about the fact that I was going to be the only resident PR person on that site. This was an important industrial project and there would be political and economic and social aspects to what I had to do. On the other hand, I was footloose and fancy free, and it seemed like I could dedicate a little time to such an assignment. They didn't pay me a bonus or anything, but it was a chance for a new experience. I decided that I should go partly because they agreed to a limited time window on how long I would be there. Ravenswood was a little town of about 2000 people south of Wheeling, WV.

At the construction site, there was a divorced man on the local staff, He and I became good buddies. It was kind of a nutty situation, in a tiny town, with this major construction project going on. Then I roll in, as the "sophisticated" San Franciscan. My boss back at Oakland was constantly after me to create major publicity in the key media, about the plant. That was to be in addition to the sales job I was doing on the local population. In those days, I wasn't all that familiar with national media, although in San Francisco I was beginning to make contacts with some of the national technical trade magazines. There were specialized publications like *Chemical Week and Metallurgy Age*. These were McGraw-Hill publications, with sales reps and reporters in San Francisco. I had gotten to know Don Hoefler at *Electronics* magazine.

I finally realized that my move put me out of the mainstream and probably was a bit ill-advised. On one occasion, I contacted the *New York Times* and got them interested in our West Virginia plant expansion. They sent a guy and a photographer down for two days. My boss in Oakland was really excited, because the *New York Times* was about the top-of-the-line, although the *Wall Street Journal* would have been just as good. So this guy shows up with his photographer, a very sophisticated man, especially in this backwards location. My situation got his interest up. The plant was still in the foundation stages so there wasn't much to see physically. Eventually I called my boss and told him that the *NY Times* was running a huge story the next Sunday. I was pretty excited about that. So the story comes out and it was quite good, all about aluminum and the general plan. But the title lead was--ready for this? "*Gay Blade Turns to Rust in Ravenswood, West Virginia.*" It turned out the story was about me, this gay blade from San Francisco. Now realize that in those years the word gay simply meant an active, personable guy.

It was a fantastic story because even though the title focused on me, as a portion of the content, it really did cover the strategy of Kaiser Aluminum putting a major plant into an economically challenged area. So the story had the kicker, that if this guy Dave wants a martini instead of a beer, he has to go to a town like Marietta, Ohio, 35 miles away. It was a terrific experience for me because the writer and I got to be really good friends in just several days. It also taught me a few things about how to look at a story from the reporter's standpoint. To give him a payoff that he might not have thought much about. My situation in that case was so unique that it became his story lead and no doubt a very catchy title for any *NY Times* reader scanning down the page. The assignment in West Virginia lasted about nine months and I was certainly ready to come back to San Francisco. I made some good friends there and the corporate guys liked what I did. But by that time I was about 36, not married yet, just bouncing around with this checkered career history.

There was still one more job in my ceaseless quest for fulfillment. And yet every one of those experiences was useful in one way or another in building my confidence for my ultimate Hewlett-Packard job. When I came back to Oakland, I was still the bottom guy in the Kaiser PR department. At that time the whole economy and industry had a big slump, actually part of the recession of 1957. So there were some of us that got laid off and I was the first. I was called into the boss' office and he said he had two things to tell me. One was that he had some good news for me. He told me they were going to give me a raise, and make it retroactive for about a half year. Then came the second thing, I was fired. It was a strange day, after my good work in West Virginia. In a way, I was glad to be first, because the layoffs from Kaiser went on for more than six months. Those that remained were just sitting there, waiting for a call to leave, which had to be pretty stressful for that period.

During those years since Cal graduation, my good friend Bob Rubin and I had rented a 5-bedroom home in the Oakland foothills above Piedmont. I decided not to join the Army reserve, which proved smart a few years later as the Korean War started. Three other friends from Cal joined the house, and several were good cooks. They moved in and out as they got married, and situations changed. I worked in San Francisco much of the time and commuted. I had good times in those years as a single guy. I was able to satisfy my love of music when big bands played at the Golden Gate Theatre. Through that I became friends of musician Cal Tjader, and we stayed friends for life.

L. C. Cole Advertising--1956

That's about the time when I first heard about L.C. Cole. Even though I knew some of the PR professionals around the city I had not heard of L.C. Cole, probably because they were an advertising agency and I was doing PR. They were fairly small, but they wanted to start a public relations office to go along with their advertising expertise. There really was an L.C. Cole, Charlie Cole by name. The more important manager at Cole was Bill Haberman. Bill was a wonderful man but unfortunately got cancer later and died. Bob Orr was the Cole advertising account executive for HP, and he dealt almost exclusively with Noel Eldred for magazine ads.

They had already hired a guy to start the publicity office, but he quit for some reason. Haberman hired me and I did have some industrial experience, so I'm sure that helped with their decision. Their clients were a Schlage Lock, Oronite Chemical Company, division of Chevron, Soule Steel and Hewlett-Packard. I remember thinking, I wonder who or what Hewlett-Packard is? I drove down to Palo Alto to meet Peter Sherrill, who ran Marketing Services, so I could get an introduction to what HP was and what they did. I also met Noel Eldred, the Marketing Manager, who was Peter's boss. Peter was an arrogant, imperious personality who was not very likable. I think he was an ex-Navy officer. The group that was reporting to Peter included Ron Whitburn who did some sales publications, and Steve Duer who managed the general catalog, among others.

At the time, HP was just one Cole client but I got to know both Sherrill and Eldred, as we worked on some writing projects. Bob Orr really had an easy job on the product advertising creation. He would come down and Eldred would hand him some spec sheets and some photographs. HP advertisements in those days were a pretty simple formula, a headline banner that said NEW!, a picture of the product, and a listing of the key specifications. And price. One of Eldred's guiding principles was that every data sheet and product advertisement must publish a price so that a customer would not have to call in a field engineer or call the local HP office. It was an uncommon industry practice.

I was supposed to write technical articles about products. I was not an engineer, and yet they figured I could write technical articles for electronic trade magazines. To say this is was intimidating was a serious understatement. But I figured a way to get it done, I would go to the engineer of the product. He would normally have written some material, already prepared for the instruction manual theory section. He also often would have other material on project descriptions and how the product performed, sometimes intended for the test technicians. I would also ask for some help by asking him on the weekend to elaborate on material from an applications standpoint, using considerable flattery. If one of my articles were published, of course it would have his name on it as the author, which was a nice ego inducement, and the magazines usually paid a modest honorarium.

I can remember I did a lengthy article for *Electronics* magazine with Phil Hand. It was on microwave power. Phil had invented several instruments that were called microwave power meters. It was a beautiful article, that he basically wrote and I polished up. This was around 1958.

During this writing period, I became aware of the size of HP and concluded that this company was really going to go places. What happened was that L.C. Cole was assigned the task to write the 1957 HP annual report. So they gave the job to Bob Orr in advertising. Bob just didn't understand the purpose of an annual report and he wrote a strictly marketing piece. Naturally an annual report is supposed to be primarily a financial document with the products and company purpose in the background. What he came up with was incredibly bad. It was about 10 pages. It was all selling, and when the project was reviewed Frank Cavier the financial guy, said they were not going to have that job published. It was assigned to me, to modify, and I got to know Frank, and submitted an improved version. This was an important project for me because I not only got to know Cavier but I also got to know Packard.

Packard said that from then on, Kirby was doing the annual reports, so I then was assigned to create the 1958 annual report. When the time came for the 1959 edition, we structured it around the large acquisition of the Sanborn Company, a large, prominent medical instrument company in Waltham, MA. I was still at Cole, but once I hired in at HP, my department always got the annual report job. I worked with Eldred on the marketing side of the report presentation and since they had substantial financial content with the statements and auditing, all that came from van Bronkhorst.

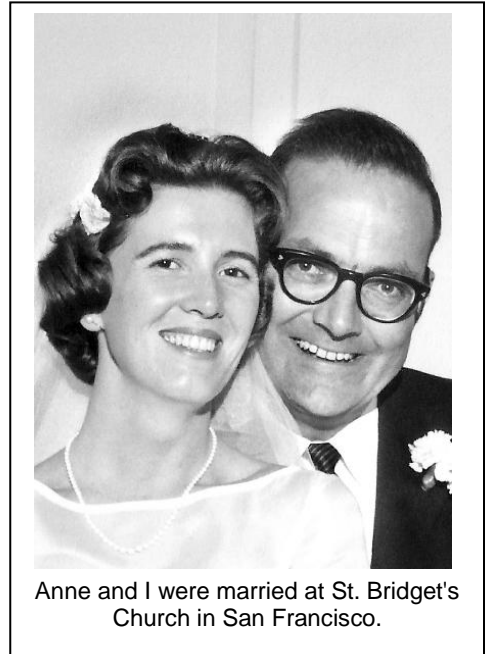
So, had it not been for that annual report, I might still be back at L.C. Cole working on minor PR jobs or ghosting technical articles.

I Take You Anne--1960

My roommate, Bob Rubin, by then was working for the 1960 Winter Olympic Games at Squaw Valley. Several years before the games, he was putting a staff together. His job was public relations and publicity director, so he was involved with sports 24 hours a day. That was great for me because I loved sports and the Olympic Games was a major regional promotion on the horizon. Bob said, "One day you want to meet my secretary, she's attractive and she just got here from Minneapolis." Unfortunately my attitude was, "Oh yeah, I'll meet her someday, there are certainly enough single women around in San Francisco."

But I did meet her, and her name was Anne Nicolas. There was an impromptu dinner party hosted by my married friends, Paul and Betsy Purdom. I saw Anne playing bridge, and I was immediately taken by her looks because she was a very attractive redhead, with a beautiful fair skin. She came out here simply because she had heard about how great San Francisco was. She had attended the University of Minnesota although had not quite graduated. Even in the late 1950s, it was quite daring for a young single woman to travel across the country and relocate, without the promise of a job upon arrival. She did have a girlfriend from Minneapolis, living here, so she was able to briefly stay with her until she found an apartment and job.

We were both a little older, she was 29 and I was 35, and it might have helped too that Anne was an avid skier and like me, liked sports. She worked at the Olympic Games of 1960, so I spent time there too. We had gone to the 1959 Big Game between Stanford and Cal when it rained buckets, so there was fun in the courtship, and I proposed just after the Olympic Games.



We got married in July, 1960, and began married life in an apartment in San Francisco. Anne was working for the architecture firm, Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, so it was convenient for us to remain in San Francisco. For a while I continued to commute to Palo Alto, but we finally decided to move and found a place to rent along Embarcadero in Palo Alto. That didn't last long, and we found ourselves a home in Ladera, near Portola Valley, which was pretty nice. It was a really convenient commute for me, a couple of miles to HP on Page Mill Road.

Anne quit her SF job, and since we married late, we started on our family of three children. There was Daniel Smith Kirby, John Barclay Kirby, and Rachel Anne Kirby (Fitzgibbon), all wonderful children who have made us very proud. There are five granddaughters, and one step-grandson. Anne and I were married for 50 years and celebrated our 50th anniversary with family and friends shortly before she died.

I mentioned earlier that the Kirby family were great savers of family records. My grandfather in Virginia had accumulated a large cache of papers that he refused to send to my father in California, I think he feared that the California mentality would just toss out this historical material. So he moved them to Dad's spinster sisters who remained in Virginia. When they died, Dad thought the papers would come west, but instead, arrangements had been made to donate them to the Powell Library at Duke University. So Dad was again disappointed, but the deed was done. My brother and I have visited that library occasionally to look at some of the material--it turns out that there were 16 large document boxes full. In arranging the visit, they bent over backwards to please us. As we arrived at the Duke campus gate, the police already knew we were coming and greeted us as Mr. Kirby, pretty unexpected. We browsed through some and ran the local Xerox for quite a time to bring some home.

HP's NY Stock Exchange Listing Opening--1961

Most people can recall media news showing brand new companies and their public ceremony that always accompanies their listing of their new company stock onto the New York Stock Exchange. Their management team gathers on this high balcony as the trading day opens. Short speeches are made and the CEO is given some sort of symbol that recognizes their new Exchange membership and ability to be publically traded.

HP had started in 1939 as a sole partnership between Dave and Bill, and remained that way until 1947, when they incorporated as a "closed corporation," with just Dave and Lucile, Bill and Flora as shareholders. By the time that HP annual revenues grew to \$25 million in 1957, they decided to go public. Hewlett-Packard stock was first offered November 16, 1957, on the Pacific Stock Exchange for \$16.00 a share. Previous to this, Dave and Bill had shared some of the company success by offering shares of equity to key managers by setting up several associated companies, named PAECO and DYMEC. But finally, in 1961, they determined that they would move from the PSE to be listed on the NY Stock Exchange (Big Board). It was considered a prestige trading floor, and the entry requirements to the Big Board showed that the new member corporation had arrived.

For this symbolic occasion, on March, 17, 1961, Packard chose a team of key managers to gather in New York to be with him on the introduction day. I went along as the PR representative, even though I still worked for L.C. Cole. Hewlett Packard knew New York City well, because large contingents of marketing and field sales people met there every spring for the National IEEE Show, held at the NY Coliseum at Columbus Circle. Most of these large groups of people stayed at the nearby Essex House, a high quality hotel at the Southwest corner of Central Park. It is now a Marriott Hotel. So it was logical to house the stock event visitor team at the Essex House in Midtown. Even though the NY Stock Exchange was in the Financial District, almost 5 miles downtown. The NYSE tradition was for the new company to ring the opening bell at 9:30am, and buy 100 shares of one's own company stock.



Dave Packard and NY Stock Exchange President G.Keith Funston, talk to the HP Specialist.

In the morning, with adequate time allowed for getting down to the financial district, Packard casually decided that it would be more expeditious if the group just took the subway downtown. That would have been a great idea, and a different experience, except that no one told him that a change of subway lines was necessary, probably down near Penn Station. In any event, the entire group got lost, partly because as visitors to New York, no one had taken those particular subway lines. The upshot was that the HP party missed the opening day trading event, and arrived about an hour late. It was no big loss, because the actual starting of HP trading didn't result in any mad scramble for buying HP stock. It started at about \$16 per share, and if I remember correctly, it stayed there for some months. The period around 1960 had been in a mild economic recession, so high tech wasn't very popular for another year or so. Packard never mentioned that suggestion again.

2. My HP Years

I Finally Find My Life Work at HP--1962

Packard had really liked the annual report I created back in 1957, while with L.C. Cole. This was the time that HP was becoming a public company, so that first annual report was critical and Packard really appreciated how it came out. As I did more public relations projects, I became pretty well known by the upper levels of Hewlett-Packard managers. It always seemed to me like this was the kind of project that Peter Sherrill should've done. He was in the right spot and probably had enough sophistication to prepare a publication like an annual report, but it just didn't work out that way. I continued with Cole for several more years.

Around 1962, Packard wrote a note to Bill Haberman, which stated that they wanted to hire me directly into Hewlett-Packard. Haberman showed me the note which essentially said we were very impressed with Kirby and we'd like him to come down here. However we're not going to do it if it's a problem with your company. That letter shows the very thoughtful attitude, which was typical of Packard, but yet he still wanted me pretty badly. Of course with a major client like HP, Haberman could hardly say no, and away I went to Palo Alto.

Haberman obviously figured that putting one of his guys into an internal position of a client was a win for them, especially where the customer likes him. Of course I said yes. Anne and I had just married. So Packard announced that Dave Kirby was going to be the Public Relations Manager, although I don't think he quite knew what that title meant or what it entailed. He said to me that I'd do news releases from time to time. The technical PR at that time was being handled by Ross Snyder. I joined the company the same day as Chuck House, July 2, 1962. I retired in 1989.

Chuck notes that the excitement for him that day was that Personnel got our data mixed up, so his badge said he was #200, and mine said I was #135. The guard in Bldg 3U found that out, and wouldn't let him in one day.

My Years of HP Public Relations

At work, I started out by sitting in the cluster of people in the middle of Bldg 3U. Of course, these HP work sites were the typical sea of desks on a wide open floor, about 1 acre floor space on each floor. These desks were not inside cubicles, which came several decades later. Only Dave, Bill and Eldred had real offices. There were marketing folks like Ron Whitburn who did marketing writing, Steve Duer who did the catalog, Don Teer on trade shows, and Ross Snyder who was technical PR. But soon I was moved over next to the executive offices, alongside John Chognard, the patent attorney, and Ed van Bronkhorst, the new financial manager assisting Frank Cavier.

As I started on this rewarding career at HP, I now remember fondly the great working conditions, the friendly people, the amazingly competent managers, who were building our legendary company. While Corporate PR is pretty repetitive, I will use the next section to describe various anecdotal events and projects that come back to mind as I reminisce for this story.

This might be a good point to mention Mike Malone. Mike later became a legend around Silicon Valley, an author, a television journalist, and well loved by the science and technology community. He helped me write the annual report and said, "I'm going to give you a little crap about the annual report." Several days later he showed up with a package of papers about a half-inch thick. Mike really loved journalism more than public relations and ultimately he made quite a name for himself in the Bay Area with a TV interview series of the key technology leaders. Plus he wrote several books that were bestsellers. He didn't work long for HP and left in 1979 to write for the *San Jose Mercury News*. He was also a stringer for a number of other major publications like the *LA Times*, the *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal*.

The Care and Feeding of the Business Media

Here is a little tutorial of my PR career as it related to my part in the print publishing business. Those four parts are:

1. The readers
2. The publisher
3. The advertiser
4. The content supplier – me

When a publisher creates a newspaper or magazine, his editorial department is charged with creating the most informative content they can find--every week or month. His advertising department is responsible for selling page space. And his circulation department works to expand the readership with qualified readers.

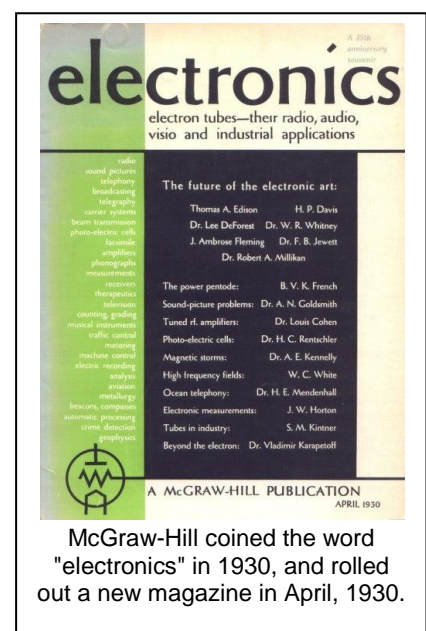
The readers are the ultimate key to a successful publication, they vote by paying a subscription for the magazine, if the news and technical content and advertising information is useful to them. These readers are called paid circulation. There are also publications that use qualified circulation. With these, the subscription is free and the advertisers bear the entire cost of publishing.

For advertisers like Hewlett-Packard, we demand that the reader circulation be qualified in detail as engineers or designers, certified in annual questionnaires. This way HP can be sure that each reader will also be a potential customer and a buyer of instruments, thereby justifying the advertising expense. Advertisers are willing to spend large sums of money for those tens of thousands of readers, who need to know the latest measurement technology and availability of new (HP) measuring products. Of course, all the other competitor instrument manufacturers are competing in the same publications for news space and advertising pages.

Content suppliers come from everywhere that a creative editor can find them. Editors look to academia and research labs and technical authors, to fill their pages. And when they went looking, that's where I came in, since the editors knew that I was ready to supply them with leads to our best Hewlett-Packard authors. I was also pro-active in supplying PR releases and executive interviews that covered new business developments as HP expanded around the world. Ross Snyder in my group was the man who supplied a regular flood of our new product introduction releases to the same editors.

In the high-tech world of the second half of the 20th Century, decades before the Internet, the 800-pound gorilla publisher was McGraw-Hill. This company dominated the publishing industry. In fact they were so large that they built a skyscraper tower for their headquarters in midtown Manhattan. They must have had 100+ publications ranging from construction to transportation, from manufacturing to aerospace, from chemicals to medicine, from fashion to food and fads. They had editorial news bureaus in major US cities and advertising salesmen everywhere. International too.

Other great publishing giants were the professional societies and scientific academies such as the IEEE Group--with its 250,000 members--and the American Medical Association and many others. They published dozens of professional journals and news publications for their business sectors. Their technical and management readers were exactly the kind of people we wanted to reach with our measurement technology and products. In the 1960s, HP depended



McGraw-Hill coined the word "electronics" in 1930, and rolled out a new magazine in April, 1930.

more on technical PR, which dealt with trade magazines, and less on business publications and Wall Street. As HP grew, so did our interest in business coverage.

Some publishers were so influential that they could lead an industry. For example, McGraw-Hill had such editorial power that back in 1930, they invented the word "electronics," to recognize the new radio broadcasting craze sweeping the country. Then they created a brand new magazine, and named it *Electronics*. By the time HP launched in 1939, you can imagine the readers of such electronic magazines were almost 100% potential customers of the Hewlett-Packard instrumentation.

I think one of the reasons that I had a pretty good lifetime of success in placing corporate PR stories was that I worked hard in establishing relations with the media editors who were responsible for the key publications. My old memory fades somewhat, so the magazines and newspapers I mention will just be examples of the wide-ranging media we had available. In our later decades, the consumer products like laser printers and personal computers brought us into television advertising.

My national business news publications were the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *New York Times*. Locally we used the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Examiner* for business news. There were other national business magazines like *Forbes* and *Business Week*, as well as a number of financial publications oriented toward Wall Street. Other than McGraw-Hill, there were a number of other --much smaller--companies that competed, with excellent publications. For example Jim Mulholland created Hayden Publications, which published *Electronic Design* magazine, and was oriented to circuit design. Another one of his was *Microwaves* magazine, which became the pre-eminent technical magazine for radio frequencies.

Bill Bazy started Horizon House Publications, which published the *Microwave Journal*, a very high-end prestigious magazine, although these circulations were in the 60,000 range. He moved into military electronics with a magazine called the *Journal of Electronic Defense*. One of the better weekly technical newspapers was called *Electronic News*, which was published on Long Island, NY.

Every one of these publications had local representatives. In any one of the media companies they had to separate functions. The editorial function was the one we used to place technical or business stories. We really worked hard to get to know and to help those technical editors. They were the "gatekeepers" to getting our news published for our customers. Of course the editors had many available sources for their stories, so we had to carefully cultivate them as human beings, recognizing that their job was to inform their readers. We just wanted to make sure that HP got our share of that information going out. We had to be very careful that our own material was meaningful and important to their readers, and not just fluff.

With these hundreds of publications and editors you can see that my job never lacked for something to do and someone to communicate with. All of the publications in addition to their headquarter offices had news bureaus in major cities and advertising salesman who called regularly on our advertising departments. At HP, Russ Berg was responsible for corporate advertising policy, but the individual divisions generally made the ad-buy decisions on the technical magazines.

The world was relatively simple in the 1960s, when our product line was only measurement instrumentation. But as we expanded with divisions in Loveland, CO and Germany and the acquisition of Sanborn in Waltham, MA, I had to work to establish press links with the local newspapers and city administrators. We also developed internal relationship problems, since our operating divisions were semi-autonomous. They had their own general managers, research, marketing, and even legal people if they were big enough. Part of my job was often to help keep conflicts between divisions and headquarters at a minimum. I was often able to be on the interview group looking for a divisional press manager.

But as HP moved into computers there was an entirely new group of customer engineers who had to be informed. And then came the HP-35 hand calculator in 1972, which opened up our consumer business. It

got really serious when the first inkjet printer was introduced, since that put us into the office supply business in a huge way. The LaserJet reached the same customers but multiplied the numbers by hundreds of thousands. These products also pushed into the international market, which complicated our PR activities greatly.

As Hewlett-Packard Corporation became successful in the late 1960s the corporation itself became more of a news story. The top HP executives were more interesting to the business press because HP Corporation had really arrived. That was especially true as Dave Packard was appointed by President Nixon to move to the Pentagon in 1969. This was really big news because our tech industry had furnished such an important Department of Defense Under Secretary.

My usual working practice was to keep in telephone contact with the most important editors. I tried to maintain maybe a weekly call, although a lot of it was just industry gossip. But it did maintain the connections for when I might need an editor to find some editorial space for an important story.

Here is one funny memory, a little out of sequence time-wise, but it deals with editorial relationships. In 1961, HP was just being accepted to the New York Stock Exchange. I was still with L.C. Cole, and joined the team of HP people in New York, for the celebration at the Big Board. I told Bill and Dave that I had written the press release to present the Hewlett-Packard story and its acceptance by the NYSE. I told them that the day before we go on the Exchange, that I was going to see if I can find the best editor and offer the story for the next morning. Packard approved this and told me to see what I could do. So I made the rounds by telephone, and then went to the *New York Times* office. It was about 4 PM, which is the worst possible time for a morning newspaper. They are closing their stories and assigning space at that time of the afternoon. It's the highlight of the day for a morning newspaper.

So I walked into the *Times* and didn't know a soul. I went to the reception desk and there was a young man there in a beautiful suit. I explained my mission, and he said, "Mr. Kirby, let me phone upstairs and see if I can get you some help. Meantime, have a seat and I will call you." Soon he called me over and said, "Mr. Kirby, I've got Mr. Al Zipser on the phone, who is in the electronic business section." Bingo, I thought, just the right guy. So I picked up the phone and this gruff voice says, "YEAH!" I started in, my name is Dave Kirby, from San Francisco, with L.C. Cole, an ad agency. By this time, I'm thinking this introduction is taking so long that he going to hang up on me. And since I always stuttered some, that was a further worry.

I continued, "One of our clients is Hewlett-Packard, and they're going on the Exchange tomorrow morning. I'd like to see whether you could run our story. I've got a news release that I'd like to get to you in case you're interested." I paused and he paused, then he said, "Dave, I can't seem to get much of a (expletive deleted) over your story. So I started to laugh, for this naive person, his attitude was hilarious. He did say to leave your sh** out there at the reception desk and he'll have somebody pick it up.

The upshot was that he gave us a quite a good story in a good position on the financial page. Here I was a real greenhorn, and I will never forget that interchange with a veteran reporter. You learn as you go in this business. And you take your wins when they come. So after the story came out in good shape, I told Packard what I went through, and eventually also told Bill Hewlett. They really loved the story. I was told later, as I gained more friends on the *Times*, that Al Zipser was their most hard-nosed reporter, and I happened to catch him on my first try.

The lesson of life for a PR manager is that you are at the mercy of the editor or the reporter. So although you can count on long-term friendly relationships, it doesn't always necessarily work out because they have their own deadlines and competing editorial material. You need to develop the relationship over a long time so that you can hopefully count on them when you need them.

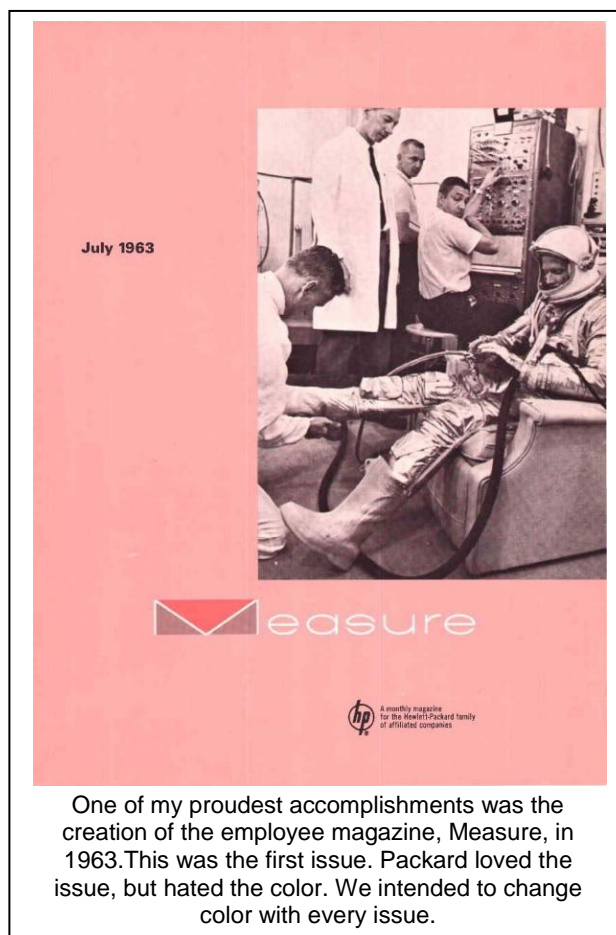
In our HP operating divisions, Marcom (Marketing Communications) managers were presented with an additional dilemma. In most cases they bought the product advertising. They selected the magazines that were going to get their advertising dollars. But they also worked with the editorial staff on those same magazines. The best magazines have what they call an isolating wall between their editorial and advertising staffs. That rule says that no matter how much advertising you buy, "Thou shalt not influence the editors with your advertising importance." This was certainly understood within HP. Ross Snyder coached all HP Marcom personnel that they will NEVER use their advertising prowess to intimidate an editor to carry their editorial content. Once in a while, an advertising salesman, with his publisher's approval, might promise additional editorial space for the purchase of extra pages of advertising. In general we deliberately ignored such promises since they were willing to degrade their editorial quality for some advertising dollars.

By those years, since we had 10-15 divisions supplying products into the same electronic markets, we often were competing with our own divisions to find editorial space among the relatively few magazines. So Ross Snyder often was the arbiter of who got the nod for a particular magazine. This could be especially important if the new product was such a blockbuster that it might deserve a cover feature. In those cases, nothing was better than a front cover glamour color shot and graphic layout, along with an internal two or three page story on the measurement breakthrough from the new HP instrument.

Ross Snyder and Walt Skowron never got along. With Ross in a corporate role and Walt in Loveland marcom, there were times when they had to work together. I never knew why, but Ross would come to me and complain that Skowron had just gone off on his own project without coordinating with corporate for some marcom project. In many ways, Walt was a loose cannon, and being in Loveland, 1000 miles away from corporate headquarters, he was often able to get away with quite a bit of independence. With an IEEE show coming up, I told Ross I wanted him to see Walt Skowron at the show and to take him out for dinner, to see if he could make any progress on their work relationship.

Of course Ross loved the fancy restaurants, he was a gourmet food expert and an excellent wine connoisseur. It served him exceptionally well in his editorial relations with most editors. I think the same could be said for Walt, even though he also had a rougher edge on his personality. So Ross picked the 21 Club, which is about as high end as you can get in New York City, and both men would have been very comfortable there. When Ross got back from the show, I asked how the dinner with Skowron went? Ross smiled and said, "I walked out within five minutes." It sounded like Skowron just said something wrong and there was no going back. Two rather headstrong individuals, both exceptionally gifted in Marcom and PR.

For me, sitting at the center of the enormous flow of written content about HP and its products, through my retirement in 1989, was a truly satisfying life experience. It was not just the people who came and went, the editors around the country, the HP design engineers I met in preparing stories, but seeing all those stories in print. I loved the smell of printer's ink, from my high school journalism class onward. Publishing was my entre to all that joy.



Measure Magazine--1963

My contact with the media and employee communications formed the core of what I planned to do as I joined HP. In my interviews for hiring at HP, I talked with both Eldred and Packard. I felt good about both, and they resulted in the job offer. I remember Packard said to me, "Dave, on your job you're going to have a lot of constituencies--financial, business, media. But I want you to remember that in my view your two most important categories at HP are employees and customers." To fulfill the employee part, I started *Measure* magazine and I'm really proud of that.

The employee newspaper which came before that was called *Watt's Current*, a play on several electrical words. It was a tabloid format and a relatively unsophisticated newsletter that took the view that they should try to mention by name as many employees of our relatively small company as they could. You could tell because the employee names were in bold font. That was fine because the employees found it a newsletter that related to them.

I viewed *Watt's Current* as a high school grade publication. Bill Bigler, the editor, was not very sophisticated. He also served as the company's unofficial photographer and had huge photo files from years back.

But one of the problems I foresaw was that *Watt's Current* was written strictly for Palo Alto. By this time, HP divisions were sprouting in Germany and Loveland, plus we had acquired all the Sales Rep companies, and that added hundreds of new employees dispersed around the country. Bill Bigler, who had written *Watt's Current* for years, joined me as associate editor of the new publication.

Once the concept of *Measure* got approved, I said to myself I can't do all this by myself. So I got Eldred to approve me hiring a couple of other people. I ran an ad and the first man I selected was an excellent candidate who actually accepted our job offer. But then he called up and changed his mind. So I went back to my list, and my number two candidate was Meryl Moss. Meryl had been working in Washington state for some big company, which had a contract with the nuclear facility there. So Meryl joined us and was a real winner for *Measure*. He was delighted. I used an outside firm for the graphic design and printing which got a lot more sophisticated as time went on. Other editors who served for various times were Gordon Brown, Brad Whitworth, Jean Burke-Hoppe and Jay Coleman.

HP was up to several thousand people by that time and I think our first issue was just 12 pages but it grew quickly, and became a real winner. I convinced Packard that it would be important to have a message from him in every issue. He agreed, and was really good about that commitment. I almost never ghostwrote his messages. He knew what he wanted to say. In fact he would even take care of the task when he was traveling. We chose for our first cover shot, an astronaut, which we used to give the impression that we were involved with the global events, which of course, we were. It was great for employees to understand that their company was in the middle of big technological things happening in the world. Tom Martin who had been the account executive for the outside graphics operation, ultimately hired in so he could do the graphic design. We started off fairly early with another column that reported on movement of people, getting promotions, and getting new jobs, which was quite popular.

The entire 37 years of published *Measure* magazines through the year 2000, are available for reading and downloading on the HP.com website. Google HP *Measure* magazine or use this URL:
<http://www.hp.com/hpinfo/abouthp/histnfacts/publications/measure/>

The last issue in June, 2000, recognized the spin-off of Agilent from parent Hewlett-Packard. Since each new company would have its own distinctive work culture, it was decided to call an end to *Measure*. The

last issue was a 74-page gem that reviewed in considerable detail those 4 decades of *Measure* news coverage, with some wonderful memories of the great history of HP employees.

So from my high school newsletter editor job, through sports editing the *Daily Californian*, and my Army company clerk office, which was a kind of information center, then the *SF News*, I did newsletters for Bechtel, the Wine Institute and finally, *Measure*. Newsletters were clearly my destiny, and probably written into my genome.

The Monterey Management Roast

As the company grew in the 1950s, management was centralized in Palo Alto. But then in 1962, Dave & Bill decided to divisionalize the company. They set up the four Charter Divisions; Microwave, Frequency & Time, Audio-Video, and Oscilloscopes. This made the management communications more difficult. There were several years of offsite annual management meetings, one I recall in Sonoma. These served as opportunities to get 50-100 top managers together in a relaxed environment, to discuss the previous year results, and look forward in product and business and organizational strategies. Divisions were moving to other cities, the Field Sales Force had been acquired by HP, and these new entities all needed planning information. These meetings then settled on Monterey as the venue, at the Del Monte Inn as I recall.

Speakers included all the most important; Dave and Bill and Barney, plus financial and marketing and HR. Even patent attorney John Chognard would sometimes get a spot, to present a clever & humorous speech on outrageous patents that he would have discovered in the past year. These were not particularly electronic or technical breakthroughs, but often included various personal products of the more intimate variety. To the enjoyment of the all-male audience. Don't ask.

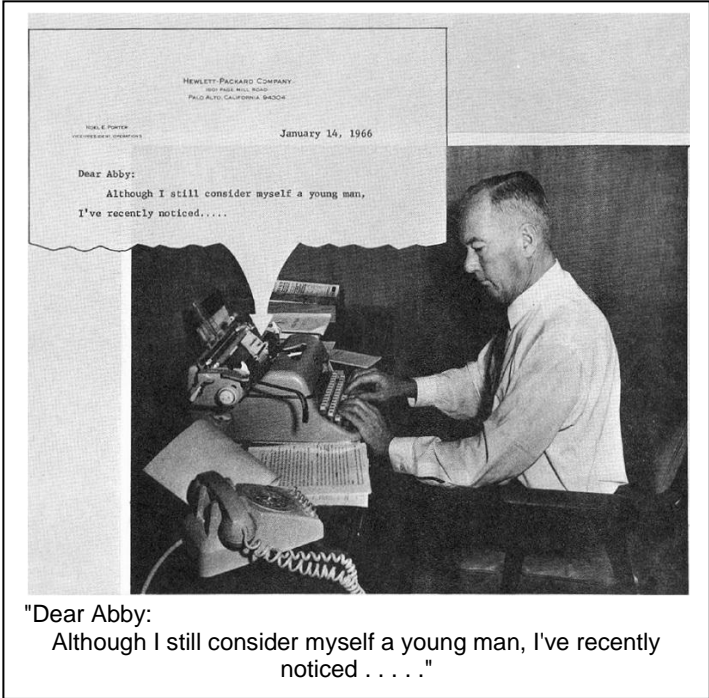
Two other humorous events took place. In the evening entertainment, several of the top managers like Dave and Bill for sure, and often others, were forced to take their places up on stage and read from pre-prepared scripts in skits that revealed some personal foibles or styles. The authors of these highly entertaining skits were downright clever in finding the words and situations to embarrass their top leaders in a friendly fashion.

The second humor event was the poster viewing, which took place as the attendees entered the banquet hall, from a reception cocktail venue, with most attendees modestly oiled. All around the walls were 2.5 x 3 foot posters, which featured candid photos blown up to the full poster size. Accompanying these pictures were cartoon-like caption balloons that roasted that manager to the delight of the crowds heading for dinner. Loud laughter came from all corners before dinner.

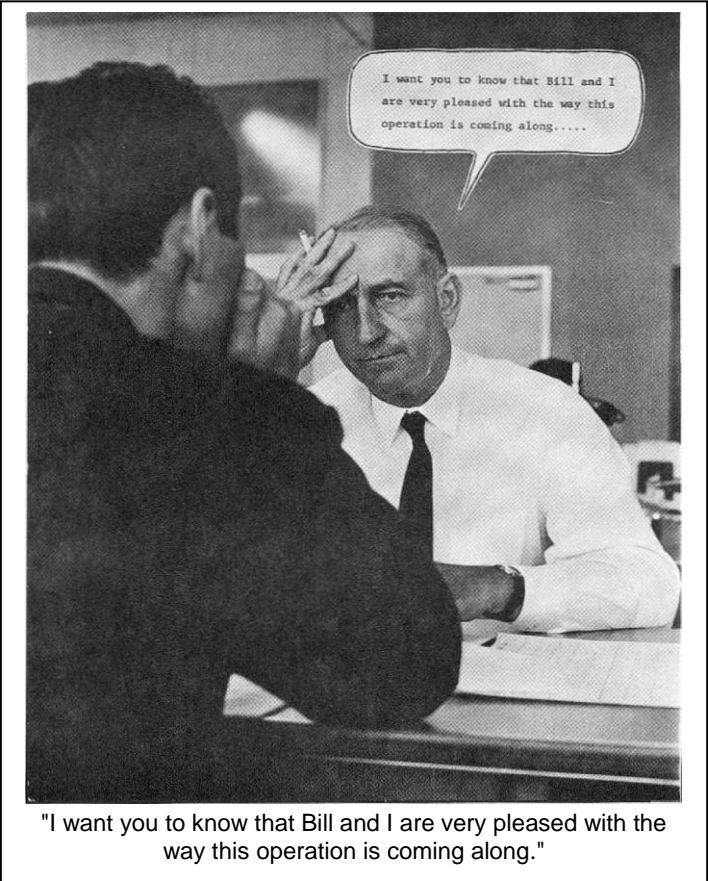
The brains behind these roast scripts and posters were an assortment of clever mid-managers. I must admit to some culpability, and generally I was responsible for the poster graphic preparations, but I will hereby indict many others, like Al Bagley, probably the most inventive, Cort Van Rensselaer, John Chognard, Bob Grimm, Carl Cottrell and others as needed or offered.

I'm including a few of these posters below, to give the reader some idea of the very human-scale of the top HP management. They were all great managers, who built an extraordinary company. And yet they could laugh at themselves and engage the entire enterprise in a team effort that recognized the contributions of each and every one of them. The posters were a real hit with all the manager/attendees, but at times got pretty hard on Bill and Dave, lampooning them. I once asked Packard, "Is this getting too tough on you and Bill?" He replied, "No, the tougher the better."

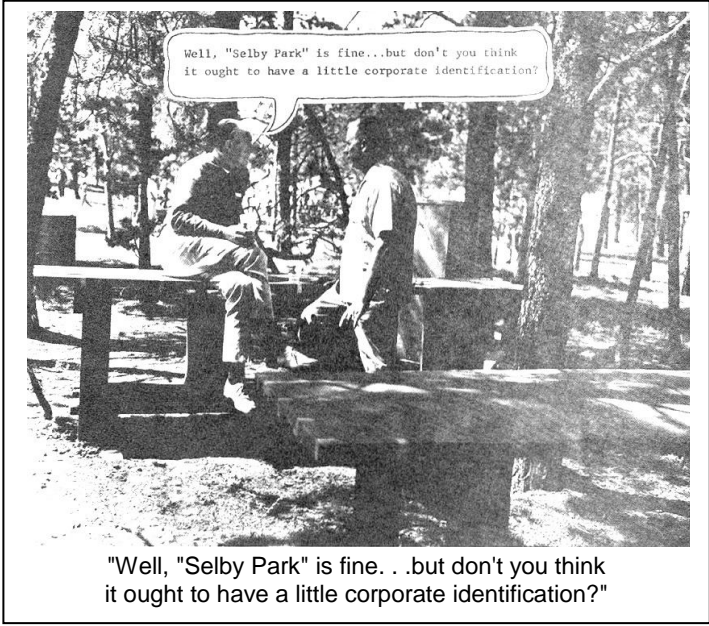
I would tell my counterparts at other industrial companies about our skits and posters; General Motors, General Electric, Motorola, Coca Cola, etc. They could hardly believe that we could do such a thing, because it would never be permitted within their companies.



"Dear Abby:
Although I still consider myself a young man, I've recently noticed"



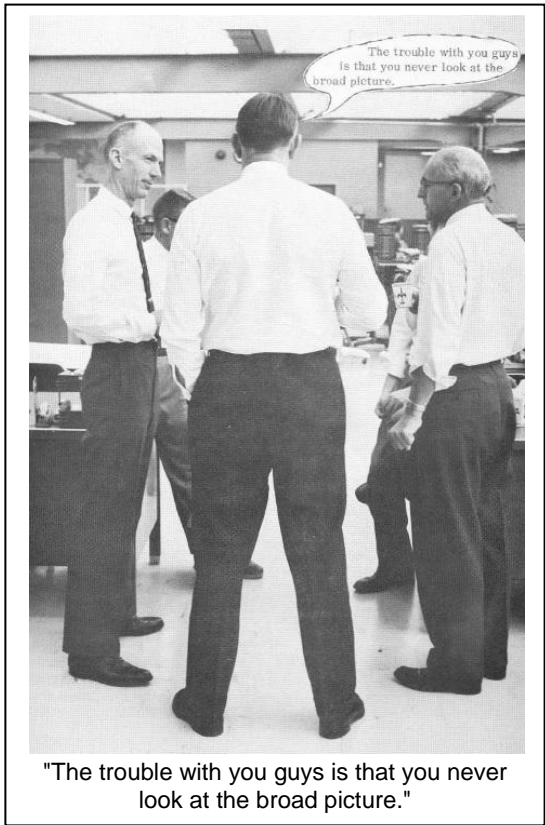
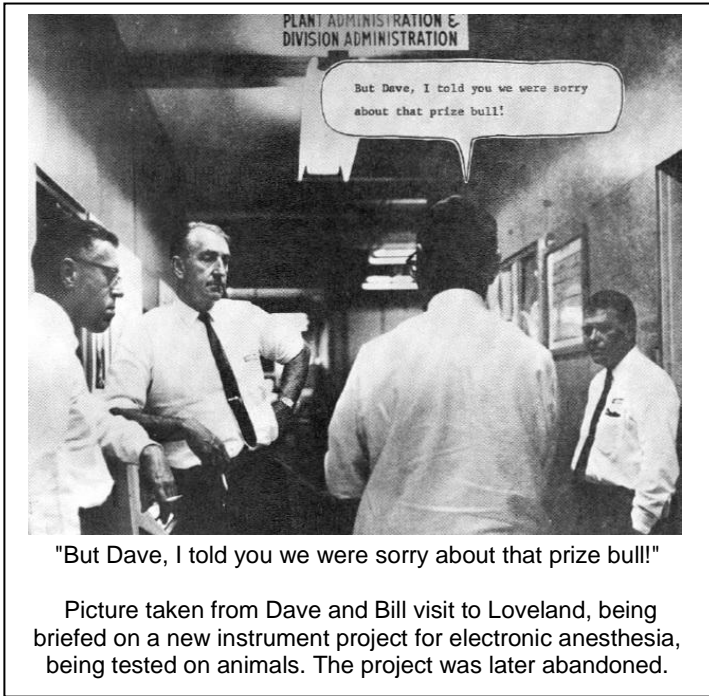
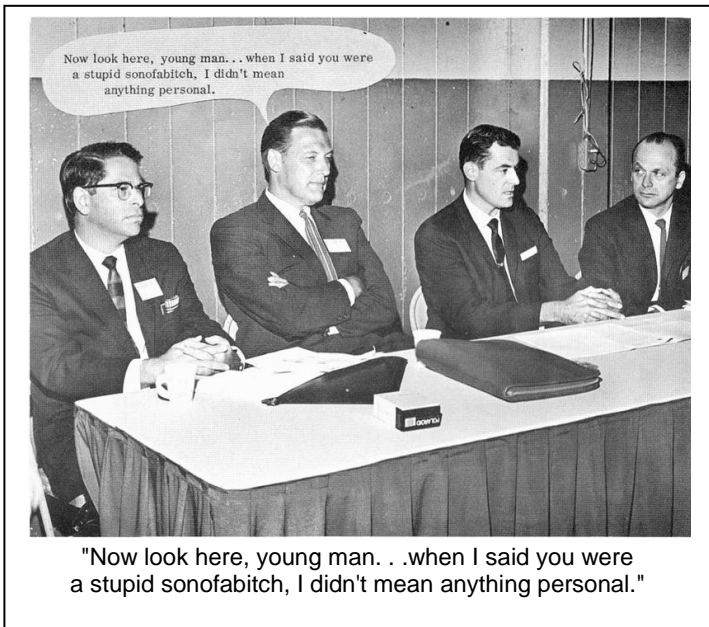
"I want you to know that Bill and I are very pleased with the way this operation is coming along."

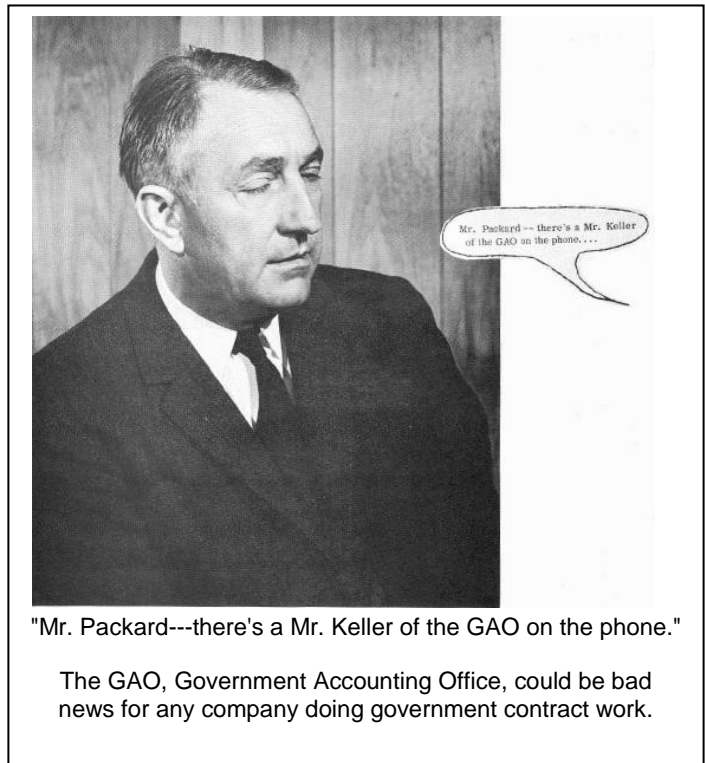
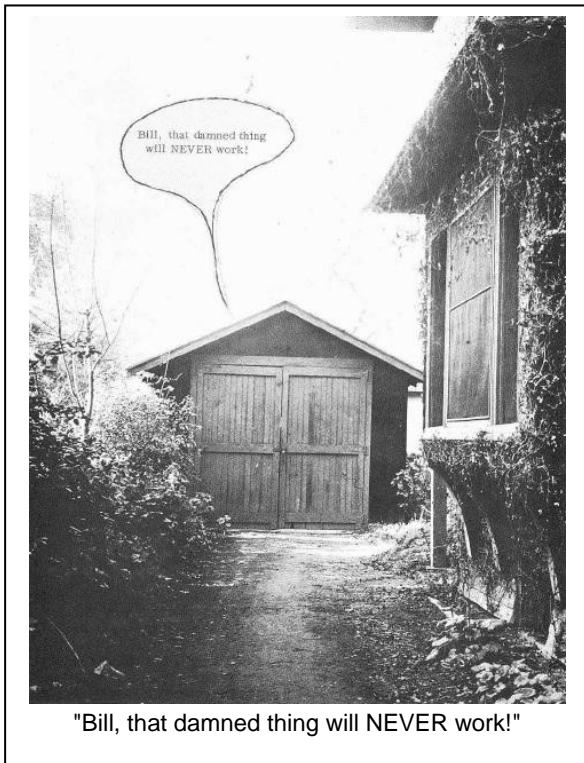


"Well, "Selby Park" is fine. . .but don't you think it ought to have a little corporate identification?"



"Nice to meet you, Mr. President!"

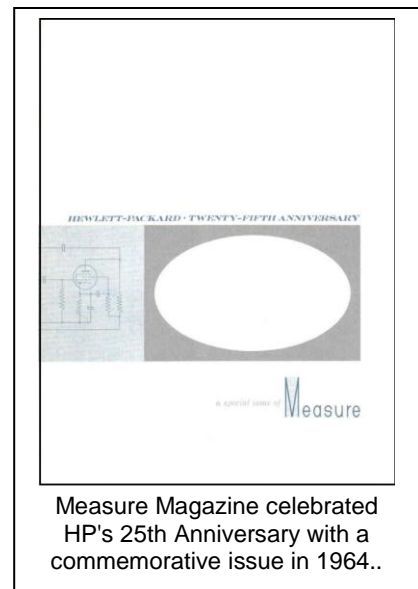




HP's Twenty Fifth Anniversary--1964

I was impressed with Packard in 1964, as we planned to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the company, having started in 1939. Dave was enthusiastic about sharing with the employees the pride in their accomplishments. I published a special edition of *Measure*, which included quotes and messages by various people who were part of their grand venture. They recalled their best memories of those early years and various events in the company history.

I got a lengthy quote from Norm Neely, who actually had been in the Sales Rep business from the 1920s, a full 10 years before Bill and Dave got started. Norm's California sales rep organization was certainly the leader in terms of sophistication and a well-run sales operation. One of Norm's sales people took Packard on the first visit to see the Chief Engineer of Walt Disney Co., who had asked for a demonstration of Bill's 200A audio oscillator. Disney was just ready to release *Fantasia*, and the Chief Engineer had the task of checking out the audio performance of sound systems in theatres all over the country. He bought 7 units, launching HP on their way in 1939.



I found another lengthy quote from Jud Cray. When Bill and Dave were getting started, they needed \$1000, so Dave went to the Bank of America and got turned down. Next he went to the local bank and Jud Cray and his committee gave them the money. So Jud's comments on that early loan to Bill and David went into the 25th anniversary issue. Dave told me that his wife Lu just loved the 25th commemorative issue. She liked the historical approach, because it talked about their starting out with nothing but a garage and her kitchen oven that they used to bake the paint on instrument panels. That's a pretty good recommendation, if you can get the founder's wife to admire what you've done.

Remembrance of the Palo Alto Banker

When you're 83, your memory begins to play tricks on you, but I can recall quite well the circumstances surrounding HP's first bank loan. It was in 1940 and I was president of Palo Alto National, which has since become a branch of Crocker-Citizens. We were located on the corner of University and Ramona in downtown Palo Alto, and at that time had about ten employees.

Anyway, Dave Packard came in one day on a "cold call." I didn't know him at the time, although I'd seen him perform as a track man at Stanford. He was an imposing fellow, and also a well-prepared salesman. He explained in considerable detail what he and Bill Hewlett were up to, pointing out that they'd had some initial success and now needed a thousand dollars to expand the business. That was a pretty good-sized loan in those days, but I told Dave I'd see what I could do.

The next day I wrote to a couple of HP's customers to get a reference on the young company. Both replied promptly and favorably, so then I took the matter up with our loan committee. This consisted of three or four officers of the bank, and we had a policy that if any one officer objected to a loan it wouldn't go through.

Fortunately--and I'm sure this saved us considerable embarrassment in future years--everybody O.K.'d the deal. So Dave and Bill got their money and we picked up a new customer that has been doing business with the bank ever since.

CHARLES "JUD" CRARY
Retired Banker, Palo Alto

When I look back from the 21st century, and a Hewlett-Packard company that has revenues of \$120+ billion dollars, it is pretty hard to remember what the business was like in 1964. I do remember that at that time, we were pretty pleased with ourselves. HP products were top of the line and new innovations were rolling out every year. Coming out of WWII, some economists had predicted a recession, which was pretty common after earlier wars. But that didn't happen in the late 1940s. For a number of reasons, business picked up and the world economy grew strongly. But the technology business grew even faster, driven by the technical innovations of the war, and the brand new communications and electronics inroads that came into our daily lives.

Our HP business statistics of 1964 are shown in this table, with sales revenues at \$125 million. Just imagine, to get from there to the \$120 billion HP sales figures of the 2000s years, you would need to multiply by almost **1000 times**. But of course everything gets multiplied with advancing decades. It is just that thinking back to 1964, we were so proud of those achievements that came with 25 years, but to be very honest, we had NO CLUE as to what the next 50 years would bring. This year, 2014, will be the 75th Anniversary of HP, I don't think there is any announcement yet of a celebration?

THE 1964 FISCAL YEAR STATISTICS

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES	7,100
ANNUAL PAYROLL	\$47,700,000
NUMBER OF PLANTS	14
NUMBER OF SALES OFFICES	135
NUMBER OF PRODUCTS	1,475
ANNUAL SALES	\$125,000,000
NET WORTH	\$65,000,000
TAXES PAID	\$13,000,000
NUMBER OF STOCKHOLDERS	18,000

My British Roots and a Visit by the Queen--1983

There was a ceremony of another sort at HP's plant in Cupertino in 1983. Queen Elizabeth II visited the Bay Area and the company was part of her itinerary. It was a big event for the company, and I was tasked with coordinating protocol arrangements with the White House and the British consulate in San Francisco. Parking and security were among the serious details to be ironed out.

The British consulate was great, they were wonderfully cooperative. We had a Union Jack, the British flag, and I asked them where it should be placed. "Anywhere you please," they replied. The White House was different. I would talk with someone there and three hours later I would get a call from someone else at the White House, who told me something opposite. There were some jealousy issues there and I got caught in the middle.

The actual visit went off without a hitch, and I was overjoyed, considering all the things that might have gone wrong. During the tour, Prince Philip walked two steps behind the queen, with me and the head of the British Consulate. I found Prince Philip to be quite charming. In fact, he made a little joke about having to walk behind the queen.



HP had royalty visit our California production operations several times. Packard did this tour hosting for Queen Elizabeth, even though he had an injured leg, caused by an accident with the Wave Machine at his Monterey Bay Aquarium.

Unrelated to the queen's visit, I had developed an affinity for Great Britain, probably because my family originated there. I visited London while taking a couple of business trips there. I became friends with David Reed, HP's public relations manager in the United Kingdom. Reed had previously been a member of their House of Commons, in fact its second youngest member when he served. So when Anne and I visited England, we dropped in on Reed. He was able, during separate visits, to get us into the House of Commons for the 15-minute question-and-answer period which the prime minister traditionally holds every week.

Those sessions are famous for being unscripted and lively. We saw Margaret Thatcher and John Major respond to questions during those visits. One question for Maggie Thatcher was about hedges in Scotland being trimmed a certain way, and why can't they be trimmed the same way in England? Thatcher replied, "That's the second time you've asked me that, and the answer is no." She was almost shaking a finger at him, scolding him like she was a schoolteacher. You could tell she enjoyed it.

I was taken by the pomp and ceremony of the opening of the House of Commons sessions, when the Speaker would enter the storied chamber wearing a white wig and a long robe with a uniformed guard holding its train. The ceremonial large, gold mace was then placed at the front of the House of the Commons, signifying the elected representatives were in session. David Reed told me that while he was in the House, and I think it is still true, it is against tradition to speak from notes. And when he made his inaugural speech, he was terrified. He served one term, and that was enough for him.

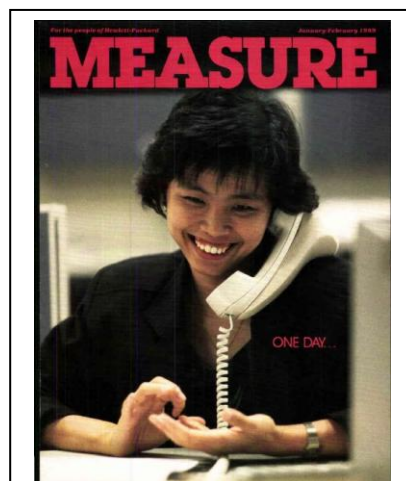
Reed was also part of one of my favorite stories from my visits to London. HP-UK invited a few journalists to dinner along with the public relations head of a British defense company. It was at Rule's restaurant, which is quite famous. The public relations guy we invited looked exactly like an actor from a well-known British TV show from the 1960s. This guy, who was in his 60s, smoked cigars and was very, very

conservative. So during the course of the dinner, one of the journalists asked me if my name, Kirby, was English or Irish. I said in my case it's English as my ancestor came from England in 1635.

"That long ago?" the journalist marveled. And the public relations guy broke in by saying, "I know why he left England. It was because of the bloody creeping socialism!" In 1635! It absolutely fractured me because he was deadly serious.

HP's Fiftieth Anniversary--1989

To kick off HP's 50th-year anniversary, Editor Jay Coleman devoted most of the Jan, 1989, 46-page issue to a creative Photo Essay entitled, "A Day in the Life of HP." His plan was set up to get photo submissions from *Measure* correspondents all over the world for one specific date. On October 18, 1988, as the new day dawned at the International Date Line, pictures which typified every kind of company activity were sent to headquarters by the hundreds. The selection process is the reason that editors and their staffs earn their keep, looking for the essence of our distinctive Hewlett-Packard work and play culture. And the result was heartwarming, as we looked at how our giant corporation affects the lives of our workers, our customers, and the world which gets the advantage of our products' features.



Measure Magazine kicked off HP's 50th Anniversary Year with a full-issue Photo Essay, *A Day in the Life of HP*, Jan 1989.

The photos were taken by talented student photographers from universities in seven countries. They purposely broadened their focus beyond the eight-hour work day because many of the things that make HP people special occur outside HP facilities. HP people are civic leaders, students, parents, volunteers, artists, musicians, inventors and athletes.

John Young's President's Message for the issue summed up the things that made him most proud of HP people. With 87,000 employees in 70 nations, we were linked with shared values. He noted that though our workforce was very diverse, it always struck him that wherever he went, HP people were the same. He told visitors that he could take an HP employee from one location and drop them into another HP site, and aside from obvious differences of race and language, they would have a difficult time knowing just where they were. He listed the strengths of HP people under these headings; 1) They're winners, 2) They respect each other, 3) They're open to change, 4) They're technically excellent, 5) They're creative risk takers, 6) They're committed, and, 7) They're unpretentious. His final verdict on the Photo Essay; Pride in being with HP. You can look at the full issue by downloading it from the HP Measure archive.

At the Palo Alto occasion of the 50th anniversary, the company decided to have a gathering at the Addison Garage. That would have been 1989, and I was about to retire. So we set up an ice cream social at the house even though the house and garage were privately owned. The owners agreed to open



The year 1989 was full of celebrations as Hewlett-Packard turned 50. Dedication of "The Garage" as a California Historic Landmark.

their home and grounds for the gathering. We invited the media and some of the civic personalities. It was kind of interesting having it in the afternoon on site. I convinced Dave and Bill to participate, in fact I drove over there with Dave. As we parked and walked to the house, I couldn't believe it when we were walking up the driveway and Dave said to me, "I've never been back here since 1939." Say What? I found that almost impossible to believe, but that's what he said. Packard was totally unsentimental about old things.

So we went back to the garage and we arranged Bill and Dave in front of the media to have them talk about when they worked in the garage. Bill pointed one way and said to Dave, "Your equipment was over here and I was over here." Dave then said, "No you were here and I was there." Naturally the media just loved the personal touch.

With regard to Packard being unsympathetic about old HP history, John Minck tells me of a proposal he wrote to Packard back about 1985. John was involved with orientation lectures for all of the newly hired Field Sales Engineers, dozens and dozens of them, year after year, coming from all over the world. After being hired, they would come to Palo Alto for a three-week intensive "Neophyte" seminar. The objective was to learn the entire product line, partake in a plant tour to see the manufacturing strengths, and even included a lecture on California wines by wine gourmet, Fred Waldron. This lecture was late in the day, followed immediately by a wine tasting.

Manager Carl Mahurin would invite a few of the top HP execs to the wine tasting, which was quite a treat to these brand new sales employees. Inevitably a number of them wanted to get a map to the Addison address, to see the original legendary garage, especially the international engineers. So John would often get a company station wagon and take over a small group who were interested in looking at the old garage. Of course it was privately owned so they couldn't go inside, but you could stand in the street and look at the house and the garage.

At that time the garage had not yet been designated as a state historical landmark site, with zero remodeling allowed. So John proposed to Dave and Bill that the Addison garage and the Tinkerbell garage, over on Page Mill & El Camino, and the Quonset hut behind the Redwood building be moved up to the back lot of the Bldg 5 complex on Page Mill Rd. There was plenty of room there beside the parking lot and it would be a sort of a historical museum display of several of the old buildings. In fact, he thought some small displays could be structured inside.

After Packard got the simple written proposal, Margaret called John over to the office. Dave stated very clearly that he had no interest whatsoever in those broken down buildings. But he did note that if John wanted to organize a little fundraising and arrange moving those old classic buildings, he would not oppose it. Needless to say, John never went any further with that idea.

Writing Packard's book, The HP Way

I retired in 1989. By then John Young was in the last few years of his CEO period of 1978 to 1992. Dave Packard had lost Lucile in 1987, and he was spending more time looking into HP corporate management. His own health was failing, and he died in 1996. He had spent the early 1980s very personally involved in building the Monterey Bay Aquarium, and it opened in late 1984. He continued his work there, as it became a legendary oceanographic institution and a massively successful attraction and learning experience for children.

But meantime, he kept in touch with me. At one point we talked about maybe writing his biography, although those discussions were pretty tentative. But since he wanted to continue our contacts, I was thinking that a biography would be great, because no one had done any story of his personal life up until that time. I had in mind a book that would inquire into his inner thinking as he and Hewlett started

and built this enormously successful enterprise. What ideas led to the work culture they inspired? What values led to important decision points? This was about 1991.

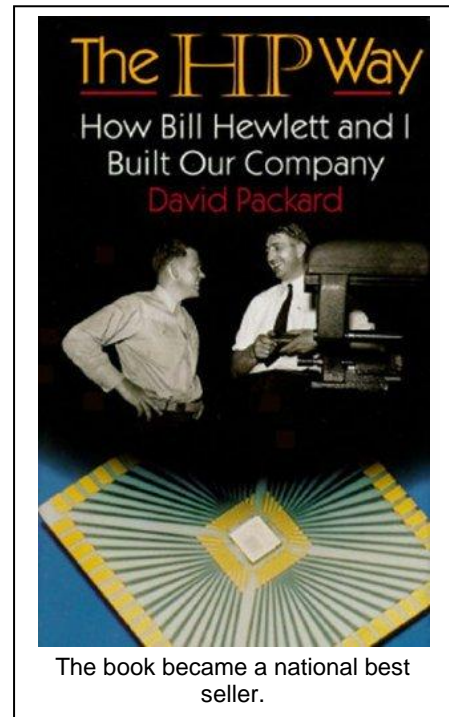
But then he changed his mind, he got off the idea of a book about himself and instead was thinking of a book about the company. I think it had to do with his impressions that the HP company work culture had changed significantly. Even though John Young had been CEO for over 12 years, Dave said they had a lot of new employees and he wanted to make sure they were getting the right information about how he wanted the company to run. He wanted to impress upon them some of the values that he and Bill started with. So his interest in a new book about the company became a perfect way to impart those principles and values.

When I said that Dave wanted to keep in touch with me, this did not mean any personal lunches or contacts, it was all with regard to the book. I had already figured out that I could take the content of many of his old speeches and writings to get some basic starting points for the book. About this time, Karen Lewis came along. Karen was very smart and capable, and she came on board to help with the book. She was in charge of creating the original corporate archives at HP. Karen moved with the Agilent spinoff. She was a great addition to our work on the book, and had great knowledge of the company history and the files of Bill and Dave.

By that time, Packard was not interested in having a regular autobiography. He did talk for a while about his childhood and his education, but I don't think his heart was in it. He was quite a private person, Lucile had died in 1987, which tended to make him even more private. But he liked the idea of writing about his and Bill's enlightened management processes.

The Defense Department content presented a real challenge in our writing. Because his job as Undersecretary of Defense was a really important job and although it was only three years it was a very important part of his life according to him. We decided to handle that period by only writing material that didn't contain any potential national secrets that would require a DOD review. For example, he talked about once inviting a whole bunch of general officers out for a conference at his San Jose ranch. The stated purpose was to do some hunting. That experience turned out to comprise a big part of one chapter and it gave us an insight into the way he handled personnel matters. By getting these important officers into an informal situation, which offered a lot of time for candid personal conversations, he was able to do some serious teambuilding. And from the officer standpoint, to get invited by the Under Secretary--and notable wealthy industrialist, to his personal ranch, was quite unique, quite an ego booster.

That was about the extent of what he wanted to do to describe his DOD effort. This was kind of surprising because in his office, he made some extremely serious accomplishments in his three years. One example was his massive reorganization of the DOD procurement process. Since WWII, it was well known that the military-industrial complex was able to manipulate DOD contracts. They would often begin production on some new aircraft or weapons systems, without having met any reliability requirements or even performance requirements. Out of these failings, he created the procurement process called "Fly before Buy." The program managers would have to demonstrate with successful performance tests and reliability tests that their new program was ready to go into production, thus saving hundreds of millions of dollars in rework and false starts. It's surprising to me that he didn't want to talk about such a major accomplishment like that.



Karen and I were at this job for about two years. She was still actively working at HP. Karen was my principle cheerleader to get me to take on the book. She created the structure of the book--contents to chapter to paragraph level. She fed me all the documents I needed to write, chapter by chapter. She was there all the way to also edit the resulting content. Karen, now retired, spends half of her time in Peacham, Vermont and also lives in San Francisco. It has been said that Peacham is the most photographed town in all of New England. We didn't put the draft out for review to any great extent, although I believe that Packard asked Bill to take a look at it and we probably acted on a few of his comments. Packard contributed more and more as the project progressed. As the book took shape, he became engaged and thoughtful and reactive to the drafts, actively adding more and more stories and facts. We were pleased that his interest increased and he worked with our drafts to improve them.

The book finally came together, with HarperCollins as the publisher. Neither Karen nor I was really satisfied with the book, in spite of the fact that it became a national bestseller. It was ultimately published in 11 languages. I've got the Japanese version somewhere in my things. The funny observation of the Japanese book is that of course, it starts at our back page, and just reads backwards. We tried to approach the book by building on material that we knew about his life and adding in other material from what was in the mind of Bill and Dave as they started their company. Why did they make the decisions they did. How did they think up the crucial management processes that developed into the HP way?

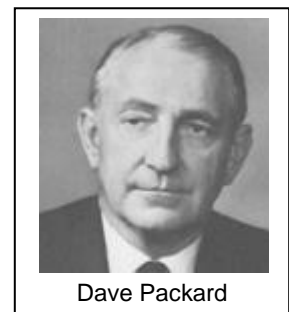
The *San Francisco Chronicle* panned the book. One review on Amazon claimed the book was dull. The funny thing is that I agree with them both. That was because I thought this book should deal more with Packard's personal approach, his dealings with Bill. And yet those were the kind of thoughts that never came out of our interviews, he was just that private a person. So it turned out to be more his recounting of how the company operated. In a real sense, Karen and I had to infer some parts about his personal thoughts. But looking back, I think we know that Packard was always more of an impersonal presence, certainly more than Bill. Nor at that stage of his life, within a few years of his dying, was he ready to open up and tell the world his innermost thoughts. He just pulled up his walls of privacy.

3. The Personalities of Greatness

I wanted to use this section of my memoir to talk about some of the unique HP personalities I worked for and worked with. I wanted to cover them both from a business style as well as a human or personal style, because I thought these insights might be useful to readers who are studying the history of HP. I did have a job that offered me a unique perspective to the way these men thought and operated on a daily basis. It was quite an experience to see these famous individuals, who had one image from outside the company, to the men that I could see from close up. I admired them all and worked hard for them.

Dave Packard

From my viewpoint, my relationship with Dave Packard was spectacular, how lucky can one man get? Dave was an extraordinary human being that showed in his many years of successful leadership. Lew Platt, HP's CEO from 1995 to 2000, once made a statement, something to the effect that, "We are blessed just being in the proximity of this man." I was always fascinated by the fact that he seemed to have innate managerial qualities. His mother was a schoolteacher and his father was a lawyer, so there were no particular examples of leadership or business leadership from his family. Yet, it so happened that he picked up the positive traits of both parents, learning the excellence of a teacher and thoroughness of a lawyer.



Considering that he was just 30 years old in 1942, as the war production started, and his little company expanded, we have to assume that he just grew into this crucial management role. He had no prior

experience of leadership, he went to Stanford and then spent a year as a test engineer at General Electric, in Schenectady. But then almost immediately, he started the HP partnership with Bill. He did play varsity football at Stanford, but I don't think he was captain. I guess you could say that he was a born business leader. And then you could leave out the word business and also call him a born leader. He had all the traits that you would associate with leadership.

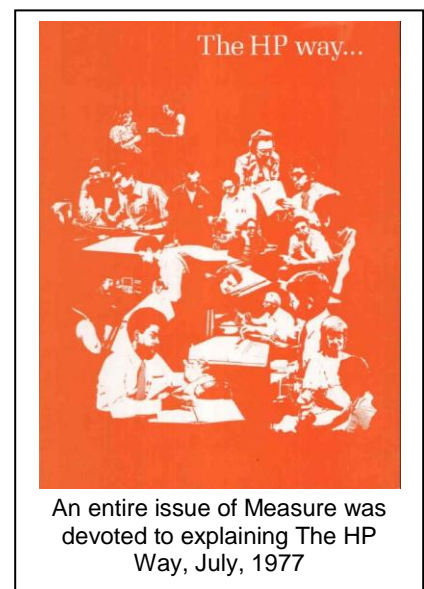
This will surprise you, since I also feel he was an outstanding engineer. Bill Hewlett usually got the credit for being the HP engineer of an equal status to our resident genius, Barney Oliver. Packard did invent the model 400A, a voltmeter. But then as the war started, Bill Hewlett entered the U.S. Army, and Packard had to take over the small business as it started to produce equipment for the war effort. Packard never got any credit for his engineering knowledge, nor did he seek credit. He was never going into the lab to invent something as Hewlett felt so comfortable in doing. But he still had the internal engineering knowledge that allowed him to keenly evaluate project proposals and status reports and production problems all through the years. Dave's small company got up to a couple hundred employees by the end of WWII.

Packard was smart but he also had a lot of wisdom. These are different. Many people are smart, but Dave was wise. For example, he had the ability to go into a group project meeting of some sort, which was going to pay off sometime in the future. Everybody's excited about it, but then Packard would say, if you look out 3 1/2 years from now, there's some event that's coming which will have a bearing on this project nobody here has mentioned. It might change the entire feasibility of your proposal. He had that natural foresight and vision which many other people didn't seem to exhibit in their enthusiasm.

Dave Packard had the ability to bring out the best in the people he knew and worked with. That to me was one of his best traits. He certainly hired well, although most of the early key managers were with him from the beginning. Barney and Eldred and Porter had all been with Bill and Dave at Stanford. In turn he also hired people with the qualities that can bring out the best in their staff. He wanted his traits to be transferable. It seems pretty clear to me that the basic work culture at HP, which came to be so well known and practiced, as The HP Way, came right from the top. And although both Bill and Dave promulgated a style that formed The HP Way, I suspect that it was Bill who introduced more humanity into HP culture.

I think the term "The HP Way" just slowly morphed into existence. It's hard to pick a year or event or speech where someone pronounced it as an HP management virtue. There was a full copy of one of my *Measure* magazines, which was July, 1977, and the entire content was devoted to describing the HP Way in principle and in practice. There was page after page of employee interviews and manager comments that described this wonderful encapsulation of Bill and Dave's personnel invention. It seems pretty clear that Bill and Dave right from the start saw that trust in their employees and managers was the foundation of The HP Way.

They exemplified their spirit of trust in the employees along the way when they proclaimed their principle of Management by Objective. This right away showed that once they gave an employee an objective they expected that employee to use every bit of creativity and initiative to get the objective accomplished. You push the responsibility down as far as you can through middle-managers right down to the production person assembling an instrument. If that employee figures out a way to do her job more efficiently, that means that you not only accomplish that improvement, but you enable every other employee to think about their own job improvements. And they also knew that such trust created enhanced job satisfaction throughout.



If you listed all the personality traits of Dave you could hardly find one that didn't fit the leadership of a major corporation. His relationship with Bill was purely complementary. And yet once Packard left for the Defense Department in 1970, Bill was able to step up and run the company through a fairly serious economic recession. Bill deferred to Packard when he needed, but effortlessly rose to success when leadership was imposed on him.

In regard to Dave's decision-making style, one time I was in his office discussing a project. Something came up and Margaret Paull, who was his secretary at HP, came in and threw a problem at Packard. I was about to leave but Dave told me to stick around while he handled the matter. It just took him a minute or so to take care of it decisively. At other times, I might watch him going through his inbox. Some items would get a short note, others went right in the waste basket. For me, when I was doing that kind of task, I would almost never throw out things, but would put it another pile and say to myself I'll look at that problem later. I guess that was one of the reasons Dave was so effective. So I ended up having an inbox and outbox and a to-do box. The choice of throwing away a piece of paper is a good decision, which is probably just as effective as sending back an answer with "no" on it.

There were six stories in my long years of knowing Packard that I feel show his underlying humanity.

1. There was one incident when I saw him cry. That was clearly an unexpected view into his personality, and certainly threw me. During one of the IEEE shows in New York, the HP Board of Directors scheduled one of their regular meetings. There was a gentleman on the board from the East Coast, a blueblood sort of man, and one of the Sanborn people that HP had acquired. I liked him, he was a good guy, I can't recall his name, but he was very bright and perceptive, and a positive asset for the HP Board.

Packard invited me to a luncheon of the board members. It was at a hotel, probably the Essex House, close to the convention. This gentleman had been in the Sanborn operation, and it was at just at the time that Bruce Wholey had been ordered to move back to Waltham to take over the management. Several years after our acquisition, Sanborn's old product line was finally running out of steam. It was partly due to their dependence on selling electrocardiographs to individual doctors. It was a terribly inefficient process for salesmen to sell products one at a time, and give service to doctor's offices of the supplies like perma-paper and such. Their basic product strategy needed immediate attention.

So this man at the luncheon gave a little report on Sanborn. He reported that he had observed the terrific impact Bruce was having on the operation. And specifically, he told of finding Bruce at work on the afternoon of the day before Christmas. It was the world policy of HP to go home at noon the day before Christmas. And yet, there was Bruce working late into the evening. This was truly impressive to this man who had grown up with the old Sanborn culture, which was a bit Eastern elitist and sort of class-stratified.

He reported that Bruce was so motivated and worked so hard to make a go of that organization. He went on and on about how this man, without any recognition or acclaim just did his job because it was the right thing to do, no one watching. At that point, I just happened to look over at Dave, and he was tearing up, not really crying but surely moved. It was pretty unexpected to me, especially in a board meeting context. He was not afraid to cry I could see tears. That is something that people would not understand.

2. And yet there was that side to Packard that nobody expected. John Minck mentioned a time during some off-site conference down at Rickey's in Palo Alto. He was standing with Packard by the bar after a management meeting. Packard asked John how things were going and John told him that it happened to be a bad week because he had had to fire one of his people. It was justified because he had given the man a full year to improve his technical performance and that had not happened. But that it distressed him a lot. He said that Dave then noted that he also had to fire several people in his lifetime and it was among the hardest things he ever had to do. I think that's a side of Dave that we never saw.

David had this image of being a really tough-minded businessman, which was reinforced by a well repeated statement by Dave, "If you can't do the job, we will find somebody who can!" It was usually delivered in strong language at a meeting, when something was going wrong. In general Hewlett-Packard was pretty mild about firing people. It was almost always true that instead of making a non-performer leave the company, they would typically offer him a less important job and keep him on the staff. To put it another way, he had a soul. He was a physically a big man and his voice had this sort of timbre, a little like Lorne Greene the actor, a deep commanding voice.

3. I have a personal story. I was a heavy drinker. By 1983, it eventually got to the point where I joined AA, and I've been in AA for 30+ years. I'm proud of that record. Dave became Chairman of the Business Roundtable, which was a prestigious national organization of about 100 high-level industrial executives from the country. It was necessary for me, as the Chairman's public relations chief, to go along to all of the meetings. My job was to take care of the business media who came to learn, because this group did studies that had major economic ramifications in what they studied and promulgated. This was an Industry Council although it had government blessings and implications. The Roundtable did have a small staff but no regular PR. Dave ordered me to go and suggested as I bring along my wife on some occasions. There were four meetings a year in Washington and two meetings at the Homestead Resort at Hot Springs, Virginia. Many wives came to the ultra-fancy resort, which was constructed like a plantation, a gorgeous place.

It was great fun for me to meet these captains of industry. They worshiped Packard. They would say to me, "What do you do Dave?" And I would say, "I work for Dave Packard." We might be joined by another person, and I would get introduced, "Charlie you know this Dave works for Dave Packard." I'll tell you, that could boost a person's ego a lot. Like a big admiration society. When it came time to look for a new Chairman they all just said, "Oh hell, we'll just keep Dave."

Previously at Palo Alto, as I finished talking with Dave one day, I was leaving his office and he stopped me at the door. He said, "Dave I want you to know something, I think you have been drinking a lot." Obviously it was noticeable to him, and he told me to watch it. And that's all that happened that day. I know I said okay, but unfortunately I did not watch it. At a future Roundtable meeting, late in the day, the media reporters would assemble, since I would arrange regular press meetings. They had their own discussions separate from the official Roundtable group. I got to know these media people well, and they were really great big time reporters, a lot of fun. And quite a bit of drinking.

So after dinner the Roundtable broke up, I had to talk to Packard about something. Some of their dinners, especially at the resort were tuxedo affairs with wives. Dave started talking, when all of a sudden he said, "Dave, you're drunk! And we've talked about this. And this is ridiculous!" I was just stunned, and taken aback. That would be about as bad as it got and he might've fired me on the spot. "God dammit, I want you to go upstairs and go to bed. I don't want to see you here in the hotel anymore on this trip." It was the last night of the meeting, but that was pretty devastating. I went upstairs and said to myself I wonder if I still have a job when I get back to Palo Alto. He was really pissed off and when you're talking to Dave face to face, you're looking at his belt buckle.

The next morning I got up, I had my plane ticket, it was Sunday, and I flew home alone. When I got home I went into my office to consider what to do. I went into Dave's office, no locked doors, and I wrote a note and I left it at his desk. It was interesting that I didn't say I was going to quit drinking, but I said I will never embarrass you or Hewlett-Packard again. I never heard a thing about that. But I understood because he simply expected me to solve my own problem.

Had it not been for Packard I doubt that I would have joined AA. I didn't join to begin with. When Packard got so angry with me, that should've been enough to get me off booze and into AA but it wasn't. My wife's pleas were not enough. In the note I left in Packard's office on his desk I never said that I was going to give

up drinking and to join AA. What I said was I will never do anything in the future to embarrass HP. But I was quibbling and basically I still was not ready to make a decision to go to AA.

What really moved me to stop drinking and start with AA was that some months later, I woke up one morning at 3 o'clock and I think I had what's known as the DTs. I had such a high incidence of anxiety it was just awful. I could barely get dressed. That morning, as soon as they opened for business, I phoned the HP employee assistance program. At that time HP had fortuitously set up a psychiatric Hotline to help employees with serious emergency issues in their lives. This was an outside operation which contracted with HP to have a 24-hour hotline. So I found them, and on that very day whoever was talking to me said, "OK, Dave, don't waste another day." I went in to their office. He asked if I was ready to quit drinking, and I finally said yes I am, and that was that. Although I was certainly able to do my job at HP, it was insidious. All along I had been thinking that I must quit to please my wife and family. After having that adventure with Packard, I know for sure that one more drunk episode at work, and that would have been my end at HP.

So that was the primary reason I joined AA. Dave must've heard about my joining although it took a few years. There was a company function, and I went up and ordered a ginger ale. He came over and saw that and he congratulated me. He said he understood I was at AA now and he appreciated that.

Interestingly enough, the thing I had wanted to talk to him about at the Roundtable confrontation, was to arrange a photo shoot for a major *Business Week* story about HP. It was intended to be the cover story on the company for a future issue. It turned out to be the best media coverage of the Hewlett-Packard business and organization up until that time. The cover picture showed Bill and Dave. It was their usual picture of Bill Hewlett standing and Dave sitting. HP reproduced that story as a brochure and circulated it around the company. Those were the days that HP success became a story in itself. Tom Peters of Stanford had just written his book, *"In Search of Excellence,"* with the HP management culture featured prominently. Graduate business schools were writing case studies about HP success.

4. I didn't know Paul Ely all that well, but a few years ago, maybe 2008, he unexpectedly invited me to lunch over at the Sharon Heights Club. We sat down for lunch at noon, and he got going with his life after HP. We were still there at 3:30. He told me about his parting conference with Packard. Packard said, "Paul I think you're a great manager and a great guy. I'm sorry that it has come to this, but we understand why you feel you need to leave HP. I wish we could convince you to stay." Paul told me that he cried all the way home. In his new book, *Ready, Fire, Aim*, Paul admits that he probably should never have left HP. So, whether he left on his own, or was asked to leave by Packard isn't clear.

5. Packard was invited to make a luncheon speech at Ricky's. It was for Rotary International and he told me a few days in advance that I would accompany him, so I agreed. I was to come on over to his office a little before lunch and drive together. When I arrived at his office, the door was closed which was pretty unusual. Margaret Paull said he was working on his speech. So I just waited outside for a few minutes and he opened the door about noon and had his yellow paper notes in his hand.

He said, "Come on, we're late," so we went out the back door to his car. As we walked he handed me his keys and said, "You drive. I'll sit in the back seat and continue to work on these notes." So I jumped in the driver seat and he jumped in. He drove a large Chrysler, which fitted his large tall frame. In addition, Bill Hewlett was on the Board of Directors of Chrysler, which may have influenced his purchase.

So I got in the driver seat and was presented with a completely new dashboard, with all of these knobs which I had not been familiar with. This was a high-end Chrysler so it was well-equipped. So I started out by pulling a lever, thinking it was the brake release. Unfortunately, when I pulled it, the hood flew up. Talk about embarrassment. So of course I had to get out of the car and go around and slam the hood, and it didn't catch right away. As I got back in the car, this voice said, "This car has an automatic brake release."

Compounding the problem was that we were already late and here I had added an additional five minutes to our trip.

So we got to Ricky's and went in, luckily the lateness was not a problem. But afterwards, when the meeting broke up, we were walking back to the parking lot. I realized that I still had the damned keys in my pocket. So I held the keys out, as if to ask him whether he wanted me to drive back. He just grabbed them with a sweeping motion of his arm. On any given day, Dave was known to be very understanding, but other times these kinds of simple screw ups could just rub him the wrong way. In looking back, it's not much of an incident, but if you knew Packard you could see that this kind of unexpected incident could just get in the way of a perfect day. One can understand that, when you knew that he was working right down the last minute on his speech, and certainly didn't need an extra distraction as he reviewed what he was going to say.

6. I heard this story from Dennis Taylor, manager of HP's plant in Scotland. Dennis picked up Packard at the airport, and driving to the plant, when the car got a flat tire. Dennis was wondering what to do now, and he was standing in the road trying to flag down a passing motorist (no cell phones in those days). Then he looked around, and there is Packard changing the tire. Dave was SO practical, get a flat tire, change it.

In 1970, when Packard was appointed by President Nixon to be the Under Secretary of Defense, this had the effect of changing both organizations, HP and the Defense Department. Packard's experience at HP certainly helped his performance at the Pentagon. HP was devoted to reliability and dependability of its products. Every new product before introduction went through an extensive environmental test of high temperatures and shock and vibration. In a similar manner, Packard attacked the procurement problem in the Pentagon. There really is a military--industrial complex, with a monster lobby in Congress. Over and over again this resulted in the DOD going into production on military contracts, which were dreadfully unreliable, with massive cost overruns. So Dave installed his "Fly before Buy" concept, which forced Program Managers to prove that their brand new fighter or tank was able to demonstrate that its reliability and functional performance was ready for mass production. This saved billions over time.

I went back to Washington several times on business and one time I had some extra time to spend before my flight. I called Margaret Paull, who accompanied him to serve as his secretary at the Pentagon, which no doubt leveraged their long term working relationships. She said I hit an opportune moment, Dave was right there, and put him on the phone. So Dave invited me over to the Pentagon for lunch. Now, that was quite an experience, lunch with the #2 man among 25,000 employees. We were walking down the hall, meeting high-level officers, brigadier and major generals. As soon as they saw Dave, they would snap to attention, then chat, "Yes, Sir! No, Sir!" For an old WWII corporal like myself, I felt like I was kind of on a reviewing stand.

There were stories we heard about of how Margaret handled some visitors to Dave's office, if they showed too much arrogance or attitude. Along would come some four-star general with the notion that he was ready to talk to Packard, and Margaret would pick up on this and have him cool his heels in the waiting room for half an hour.

These were tumultuous years to serve in Washington, at the height of the war in Vietnam, and with the country badly polarized over the conflict. I have often wondered, since Packard left the Pentagon in 1971, whether he had some kind of an inside information about the facts that the Watergate scandal was ready to blow up. Whether he knew that the Nixon election campaign people were engaged in dirty tricks and various break-ins like the office of the psychiatrist of Daniel Ellsberg, who published the Pentagon papers. Packard was gone by the time that entire Watergate scandal hit, with the publication of the *Washington Post* by Woodward and Bernstein. We will never know, but it seems more than a little coincidental that Packard did not wait around until the end of Nixon's second term.

It was true from the beginning that Packard didn't like the two White House deputies that were adept at isolating Nixon. They were Haldeman and Ehrlichman. One time I was in Washington on other business, and Dave and Lucile invited me to their home for dinner. Lu Packard mentioned Dave's disgust that if he called the Oval Office to talk with the President, he would first have to talk with Haldeman, who would ask for the specific details of what Dave wanted to talk about. This was real censorship and control of that White House structure, like arrogant call screeners.

Packard originally took the Under Secretary job because he was asked by Melvin Laird to join him. Nixon's Transition Committee had enlisted Packard to search for a Secretary of Defense. Packard recommended Laird, an ex-Senator, and he turned around and insisted that Packard join him as Undersecretary. It was a good combination because Laird was a terrific outside political presence, and Packard, coming in with serious industry credentials, handled the inside DOD organization and procurement. I always felt that Packard through his life always felt that he owed the country some national service. He did not enlist in WWII, probably because when Hewlett went into the Army, Dave was needed to run that small company and produce the war material. So, when the offer came from Laird, he did not have a second thought about it. It meant leaving his major job in an industry for 3 - 4 years. Those years of the early 1970s happened to see a medium scale business recession that made Bill Hewlett's CEO replacement period anything but routine.

I never got involved much with Dave's family, although occasionally I would have to go over to his home to talk about some PR details. It seemed to me that Dave's children were just very successful people although they never had much interest in joining the company. Perhaps that was the wish of Bill and Dave that their children not to come to HP. It might have been some perceived fear of nepotism. All of the kids were successful, with degrees and some advanced degrees. Julie Packard has made such an amazing success of the Monterey Bay aquarium. Julie is like another Dave. I'm sure that David and Lucile would be extremely proud of the way she has managed the aquarium and brought it to such institutional greatness. I knew a lawyer who did work for Standard Oil, Frank Roberts. Frank told me once that Julie should be running HP, especially after it ran into all of its difficulties after 2000.

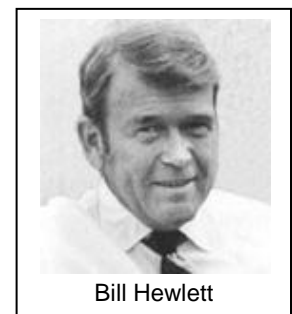


Dave Packard thanks me at my retirement party in 1989. We continued working together for 3 more years, writing his book, *The HP Way*.

Bill Hewlett

I have been fascinated by just how the HP work culture developed, which became widely known as The HP Way? It had to come directly from Dave and Bill, and yet I feel that more of that credit belongs to Bill. Dave was the power manager, a very tall symbol of determination and vision. But alongside was Bill, "Now, Dave, take it easy." Bill seemed to be the humane side of their remarkable partnership. Certainly they both agreed on some major principles,

1) *Management by Objective, MBO*, which endowed everyone below with TRUST. If we tell you where we are going, we trust you to do the right things to get it done. Use all your creativity.



Bill Hewlett

2) *Management by Walking Around, MBWA*, which demonstrated to all, from middle managers to the production line assemblers, that they had their people's lives at heart. Some were better at MBWA than others, Ed Porter and John Doyle come to mind.

3) *Open Door Policy*, a specific policy to provide openness which gave warning to middle managers, that if they weren't sensitive to their employees, to listen to concerns that are important to the company, that the employee was permitted to go over their heads to be heard. A variation of the concept of Ombudsman.

Coming right from the top, all management found that fostering these principles just simply worked well in establishing the trusting atmosphere across the growing company. I have never been clear just when the term, The HP Way, came into existence? My *Measure* magazine devoted an entire issue to the HP Way in July, 1977. Packard's book, *The HP Way*, didn't come along until 1995. But the way that one employee treated another one was a reality, probably from the start. In hundreds of "Dave & Bill" stories, they often contained an anecdote that emphasized the humanity of Dave or Bill or other top execs. Incidentally, the HP corporate website has compiled a few pages of Packard anecdotes at this URL:

<http://www.hp.com/retiree/history/founders/packard/touch.html>

One such story is told by Hugo Vivian, who hired in to HP in 1969. His wife was just ready to have twins, and soon went to Stanford for the happy event. Unfortunately, along with healthy twins, she had a very serious medical episode which resulted in a huge medical bill. Worse, in those days the HP medical plan didn't kick in until you had been at the company for 30 days. So Hugo was left with this enormous hospital bill. To begin with, and unexpectedly, HP extended a low interest loan right away, which helped him get over his immediate problem. But then HP and I'm guessing Hewlett, worked to change the medical plan, so that all new employees were covered from the instant of hiring. Moreover, Hugo said that HP later forgave much of the actual loan itself, a hundred thousand dollars. Sounds like Bill.

It also has been written that in the very early years in the company, that Dave and Bill became aware of occasional employee problems with huge medical expenses. These were the days when there were few medical plans or industrial medical coverage to any great extent, except maybe unionized companies. Recognizing that medical distractions would affect job performance, they decided that they should install some sort of medical benefits for the employees. This not only relieved those hit with disaster, but you can imagine how it offered every employee the confidence of a safety net, funded by HP, and by modest employee payments. Medical disasters would not ruin their lives or jobs. So catastrophic medical coverage for a few unfortunate employees was funded by the contributions of the entire company. Such insurance gave real confidence that lives would not be ruined by bad medical luck



I was told another story from the microwave marketing department of the early 1960s. Mary Hurtt worked there in the instruction manual printing process. She did re-production typing, on a high quality specialized typewriter, involving upsize 11 x 17 pages and high-resolution typefaces. These were photographically resized for normal printing. At some point her husband either died or left her with four young children. She was really struggling with babysitters and getting to work, just to make money and somehow manage the small children. Bill Hewlett found out about her situation and sent orders to her then-manager to arrange for Mary to work at home. HP would be responsible for bringing publication material over to Mary's house about a mile away and picking up her finished typing. This went on for some years and literally saved her

family's existence and she was so appreciative for decades after. She would tell her story with tears in her eyes.

Another similar "Bill" story came from the Automatic Measurement Division in Sunnyvale. Mel Kelm was a long-term employee there, and ended up with a new boss one day, who had just been hired from Ampex. It was 1970, during the middle of an economic downturn, and the word came down to the division to cut expenses by 10%. Turns out that the way Ampex controlled expenses was by hiring and firing people. So Mel was called into his new boss' office and laid off with no notice. The problem was that Mel's work performance was excellent, his job reviews were high-grade and yet he was gone. Well, not really gone, because he simply decided to use the open door policy promulgated by Bill, to walk into Bill's office in Palo Alto and tell him what happened to him. Within a day came a memo from Bill which revoked Mel's firing, and laid the policy out in no uncertain terms. I'll insert an excerpt of Bill's letter here to show how unhappy Bill was to hear that an employee could be treated like this.

July 16, 1970
From: Bill Hewlett
To: See Distribution

SUBJECT: Evaluations & Terminations

An increasing number of cases are coming to my attention in which employees are being terminated with little or no warning that their performance has been unsatisfactory. In some cases, evaluations have been glowing up to the time that an individual is released.

There just is no excuse for this. It is not humane. It is not HP-like. It is not justified. I would like you to be guided by the four following points:.....

I wonder what happened to Mel's boss? But that was the same Bill Hewlett who in 1970 came up with the employee-friendly "Nine Day Fortnight." He concluded that with sales and revenues down because of the national economy, that we could adjust our production capacity to fit the reduced sales by taking 10% off of our worker hours. He announced that everyone would take off every other Friday. It was recognized in industry as an unusual and extremely employee-friendly management move. Everybody happily shared the pain including managers right up to the top. In normal industry the top and middle management would never ever get any reductions in salary but for Hewlett that was just the fair way to do it.

Among us staffers, sitting near the executive row, there was a kind of a continuous question about who scared you the most; Bill or Dave? Most people would obviously say Dave because his very presence was formidable. But in my opinion it was Bill, and I would hang it on this attribute. He asked so god-damn many questions that he always scared me. Packard would just say how's it going today. But when I was going to see Bill about some PR question, I would try to think up every answer that I might need before I went in. I knew he was going to ask me details on whatever project was active. I think it was Bill's innate curiosity that made him do that. And usually the first one he would ask would be one I had never considered and it happened over and over. He was not easy with such questions, he was dead serious.

There was probably a question among some that Bill wasn't up to the task of CEO, when Packard moved to the DOD. And yet Bill had been co-managing with Dave, albeit in the background, up until that time. He set up a three-man executive committee including Eldred and perhaps Young or Lee. It seems to me that Bill is the one who thought the most about personnel policies. He was the who one seemed to be looking out for the little guy. Bill deserves the credit for a lot of things that were good about HP.

On that score, his employee sensitivity was better than Packard, no doubt about it. I don't think you'd walk in to Packard and say I've been laid off. Bill Hewlett was in the Army, and it turned out he worked for an Army officer who came from the Western Electric (WECO) whose name was Jim McRae. McRae knew a lot about big-time electronics production. WECO had been in massive production of phone equipment for

decades, and I can imagine Bill picking McRae's brain for future use at HP. It was Hewlett's Army job to survey the military needs for new electronic technologies like radars and electronic warfare. And Bill would then go to the MIT Radiation Lab or Fred Terman's Radio Research Lab that built countermeasures. He would work with them to design and build these required breakthroughs for the military.

So I expect that these military experiences certainly helped him with management experience when he returned to HP in the middle 1940s. He was pretty young, in his early 30s when he had this very responsible job to set the future directions of military electronics, and win the war. It gave him a real insight into the applications of Hewlett-Packard products like signal generators and other test products. So Hewlett's wartime experience ended up being fairly crucial, not just from his knowledge of military needs but from the fact that he met Art Fong and personally arranged for him and others like Bruce Wholey to be hired and come to California to work for HP.

One final story about Bill will show his humorous side. In 1964, shortly after I arrived at HP and started my PR work, Hewlett reminded me that the company's first significant sale was to Walt Disney studios in 1939. Hewlett had invented a new audio oscillator and Disney wanted eight of them to assist in making the movie *Fantasia*.

Bill said to me, "I have an idea I'd like to try. You know, it's the 25th anniversary of HP, and I'm thinking we can make a model of the 200A oscillator in miniature, about half size, silver-plate it and present it to Walt Disney." Here I am, relatively new, so I agreed that's a great idea. So he had this model made in the HP model shop, and it took some doing, with the silver-plating.

The plan was to visit Disney Studios in Los Angeles when Hewlett and I attended the annual Westcon electronics trade show there. Hewlett knew an engineer at Disney, who would arrange the presentation to Walt Disney.

So I met Bill at the airport and he had a box under his arm with the model. The engineer met us at Disney Studios and escorted us to Disney's office. He said Walt would be along shortly. Being in the office was a real eye-opener. There were photographs of the most notable people in the world; Winston Churchill, Dwight Eisenhower, the Queen of England, and various others - all signed. So we're sitting there and Disney came in and was introduced to Bill and me. And then, after an awkward silence, Bill started to explain the occasion and opened the box.

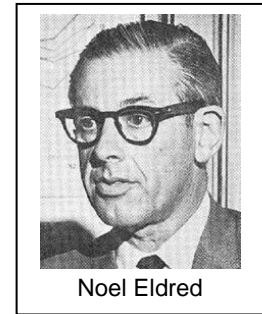
At that point, Bill and I realized that Disney hadn't been briefed on the presentation. He had no idea who we were or why we there. So here we are, like two idiots, opening a box and pulling out this model oscillator, which Disney looked at askance. Bill tried to explain it to him, and Disney, wondering what the hell it was, replied, "This is great, my grandchildren will love this," like it was a toy. So the whole thing was a disaster and pretty soon Bill and I are backing out of the office.

We got in the car in silence and Bill said to me, "Well, that didn't go over very well, did it?" It was an embarrassment for Hewlett, who had come up with the idea in the first place. And, over the years, Bill relished telling the story to others -- but with a twist. We'd be at a dinner, maybe eight people at the table, and Hewlett would turn to me and say, "Dave, tell them about that crazy idea you had to present a 25th Anniversary oscillator to Disney." From that point on, he'd laughingly put the blame on me.

When I retired from HP in 1989, Hewlett was out of town at the time but sent me a laudatory note praising me for all of the good work over the years for HP. And then he added that the only downer he could remember was the Disney fiasco. "Then he said, "However, it's been so long ago that I think we can now blame the screw-up on Packard."

Noel Eldred

When I joined L.C. Cole in my PR role, I was given this list of clients including Hewlett-Packard. Bob Orr was a senior Cole account exec, and was the only person I knew that was connected to Hewlett-Packard. He said he wanted me to meet Noel Eldred, so we had lunch. I was impressed with Eldred, and I thought he had a good mind. He was a sophisticated marketing executive. Noel was at Stanford with Dave and Bill, although not in the same class, I think he was a year older. He was not as close to Dave and Bill as Ed Porter was. Porter was also at Stanford with Dave and Bill and Barney Oliver.



I certainly did not put Noel's knowledge of electronics and engineering up anywhere close to that of Bill and Dave. I figured he knew enough to do a good job of marketing. Noel did not join HP right away after graduation. Instead he worked at a company called Heinz & Kaufman. H&K manufactured high power transmitter tubes in South San Francisco. An interesting sidelight, Eitel and McCullough both worked at Heinz, but left due to product disagreements, and started their own legendary high power tube company in San Bruno. In the late 1930s, Fred Terman maintained relations with those local electronics manufacturing companies, and helped Bill and Dave make connections with local businesses, like Charlie Litton, who allowed HP to use some of his manufacturing processes.

Bob Orr and Noel were very good friends. They not only worked together on HP advertising, but because of Noel Bob spoke highly of all HP people. So here I was with part of my Cole job to do the PR work at HP, I was also supposed to write some technical articles and some business articles for HP. These were intended for the various electronic trade magazines like *Electronics* and *Electronic News*. So part of my job was to develop good relations and get to know those magazine editors who could facilitate getting HP articles published. It was my impression that HP did little or none of this technical article placement before I came into the operation, either with L.C. Cole or after I joined HP.

Right about that same time I hired in, Eldred also hired Ross Snyder out of Ampex. Ross had done some years of actual audio engineering on tape recorders. His name is mentioned on a custom recording technology associated with Les Paul and his multiple track steel guitar recordings. Ross's primary job at HP was to be the full-time technical PR manager and he was a gem. Another great hire by Eldred. Ross was the pre-eminent editorial relations person, he was a gourmet food lover and a committed wine aficionado, with a wine cellar of 2000+ bottles. He made an annual trip to France to resupply his cellar. Trade magazine editors loved to be invited to dinner with Ross.

There were a number of instances where the media would call in to HP to get a reaction to some business or technical event. So I would set about to collect the internal views and prepare a summary response for release. I could usually put together enough in preparation for working with Eldred, or other executives, for an approved document. Noel would be the spokesman and I would put the words in his mouth as much as I could. At that time in the early 60s, HP had acquired all the independent sales representative businesses, and Noel was up to his eyeballs integrating all of these brand-new Hewlett-Packard sales divisions into our sales operation. This involved business and financial and HR issues, as well as sales training, order processing and the important task of shedding other business lines that had been in their portfolios prior to their being folded into the HP organization. These were companies like Varian and Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton (strain gauges) and even Tektronix in a case or two.

After purchasing these independent businessman Noel had to convince them that they now reported into a large company with important national images to protect. So some of the wild performances that they had gotten away with as independent businessmen had to stop. For example the Neely calendars. These were ink blotters (remember this was the fluid ink pen era) about the size of a number 10 envelope. One blotter per month, distributed on request to customers. The problem was that the picture on the front was a pin-up

type image of a scantily clad woman, done by one of the noted women artists of the time, such as George Petty. That practice stopped immediately.

I joined HP in 1962, and the negotiations were still going on, probably about half of the sales organizations were acquired. John Young had gone over to work for Ed van Bronkhorst in 1961, to organize the purchase of all the sales reps businesses. So the actual transition probably took place just about the time that I was coming into the company. Eldred was very busy and actually I spent very little time with him, even though technically I reported to him. I always found that talking to Noel was a real pleasure because he not only dealt easily with people but his knowledge of marketing was superb. He was a good guy and he was bright and I was always trying to get some kind of a reading on why he had hired Peter Sherrill. I always felt that Sherrill's personality didn't particularly fit the HP mold.

Most of my contacts developed through Ron Whitburn, who worked for Sherrill in an applications writing slot. I think the instruction manuals were also produced in that group and Steve Duer, of course, managed the production of HP's big annual catalog. I wasn't doing much to start out. Since I didn't seem to be doing too much, Bob Orr was worried a bit about my job performance. Since I now worked for HP, it was none of his business, his being with L.C. Cole. He wrote a memo to Bill Haberman at Cole telling Bill that Kirby was not producing enough for Hewlett-Packard, even though HP had not said anything. That was strange. I felt pretty confident, in spite of that letter, because I knew of my growing relationship at HP with Packard and all the other top managers. It was probably Orr just worried about his own relationship which was 90% with Eldred. I don't remember that Noel was in any particular social group with the other executives at HP. Eldred and Orr and his wife were fairly close, and they would go to Tahoe together for vacations.

Noel managed some unusual people beyond Sherrill. For example, Carl Mahurin was a personality in his own right, and was in charge of the Service Department. Interestingly, Carl was an agronomist graduate of Stanford, and it's not quite clear how he fit in to this technological company? I believe he had been hired during WWII. In the end, he was a quite an amazing manager in his own style. It turned out he was a real track star at Stanford. Their track team set a new NCAA record for the 2-mile relay and Carl ran one leg in that relay. He was a second-best runner on the whole track team.

He never looked at physically strong because, by the time he was at HP for a number of years, he drank and smoked quite a bit, and put on a lot of weight. I was told that when training seminars were held in the Service Department, Carl would arrange a tennis match. Before the game, Carl would bumble around on the court, make some modest wager. He would then just destroy the visiting Field Engineer, who didn't know what was coming, and got sandbagged. Although the word got around, Carl was often successful for a long time.

Carl ran his Service Department with an exceptional sensitivity to customers. Part of his function was to organize customer training sessions for servicing newly introduced instruments. So customer technicians and even service managers came to Palo Alto to learn the latest techniques and measurement procedures. HP was inventing entirely new test techniques, and customers had to keep up.

One of Carl's most creative ideas was to have HP host a Service Managers Conference every two years. This was an industry-wide invitation, going mostly to customer service and metrology managers. In those years, the military and large aerospace and industry companies had centralized the repair and calibration of their inventory of measuring instruments. Those managers in a real sense were "gate keepers" of measuring instruments throughout their companies or military organizations. They also typically managed their company facility of primary standards, which government contracts called out to assure accurate measurements. Since their repair technicians got specialized on certain HP instruments, the manager often had the responsibility to review the lists of all intended new instrument purchases. That way his stock of repair parts and technician repair knowledge could be assigned to fewer model numbers. He could and

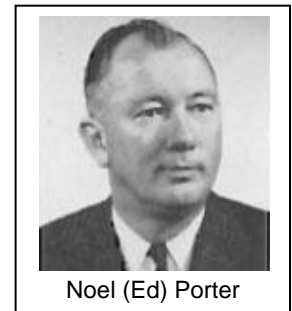
often did substitute an HP model number on the purchasing list, thereby making his loyalty to HP very crucial.

Customers felt honored to be invited, and attendance typically would be up to 150 people. Carl arranged for industry speakers on current topics and measurement trends, with usually several HP lab speakers who would tantalize the attendees with expected new HP rollouts. It usually lasted 3 days and was appreciated by these key customers. The conference ended with a full banquet at the Palo Alto Hills Country Club, with a speech by Dave Packard, all at HP's expense. Many had brought their wives for the week, to enjoy San Francisco, and they were also invited to the banquet. Other high level HP executives were asked to attend so that customers got a real welcoming and appreciations for buying HP equipment. HP Field Service Managers were invited so they could mingle with their customers.

Finally, I want to make a fundamental observation here. We talked about Hewlett-Packard and the people that work there. Most everybody had the impression that HP hired the very best people that they could find, and that they were staffed with these bright, creative people throughout. However, if you look at the reality of the HP staff, you would find some people who were not exactly the top-of-the-line folks. But I think that the HP management was so good that they were able to made good people out of mediocre ones. In a real sense the HP management culture brought out the best in their people and made them perhaps more than they themselves knew they could be.

Ed Porter

I didn't work much with Ed Porter, and that was because he was responsible for HP manufacturing, which didn't much concern the press. Ed was a Stanford classmate of Bill and Dave (and a radio ham buddy of Barney). He was famous as a kid for being selected by GE as "the smartest kid in California," by getting the top score in a test they gave throughout the state. They asked him to join HP during the war, but he was a Navy officer and couldn't join until discharged. It was said that Bill Hewlett, who was then in the U.S. Army, posted to the Pentagon during WWII, recommended Ed to the U.S. Navy Bureau of Ships, where he served in the infrared engineering dept.



Long before John Doyle coined the term, MBWA (Management by Walking Around) in the 1960s, Ed was an ever-present manager, out in the production areas every day. It was second nature to him to be out talking with employees, a real people person. In this way he was keeping directly informed about production problems, in all its aspects. Certainly Porter was popular with the assembly force, and most everyone knew him personally.

But I always wondered about his firm place in the business because he had a bit of a wild reputation. I knew he was close to Bill because of course they were at Stanford at the same time. Supposedly he had helped Bill academically, perhaps because Bill was dyslexic although we didn't find that out until a long time later. Bill was a local San Francisco boy, went to Lowell High up in San Francisco, his family was native San Franciscan. I think Porter was also local. His father was a minister in Palo Alto.

Porter was exceptional to the extent that he could run the City of Palo Alto in the morning for eight years and then come in and run the manufacturing part of Hewlett-Packard in the afternoons. As Mayor of Palo Alto, Ed presided over enormous changes to the character of what was a sleepy college town at the end of WWII. His vision was to build a healthy industrial and commercial base that solidified city finances for years to come. Two major accomplishments were the highly successful Stanford Shopping Center and working with Fred Terman to create the Stanford Industrial Park.

Porter also was instrumental in the development of the new combined Palo Alto/Stanford Hospital, which was built when Stanford moved their Medical School from San Francisco to the campus. A more controversial development was the creation of the Oregon Expressway and railroad underpass. This was intended to improve cross-town traffic flow from the Industrial Park to Bayshore Freeway. This boulevard called for the removal of 90 homes, and led to a split on the City Council, and in the community. It further led to an election referendum, which showed the close divisions in the voters, passing 9300 to 9000.

His City Council itself it was split just about down the middle, with Bob Debs, Enid Pearson and Kirk Comstock, all standing up for no more commercial expansion. There was the Save our Skyline Committee and the Committee for Green Foothills, all organized to kill the proposed Superblock. Superblock was going to raze and destroy a full city block of residences and then construct a business commercial center. That went to a referendum vote of the residents and was killed. A lot of people thought his government attitudes were dictatorial since Porter tended to come down the side of an expanding city. Anne and I moved to Edgewood Drive in Palo Alto in 1976, after most of that confrontation had cooled down.

Porter belonged to the Palo Alto Club, a men's luncheon home on Melville Avenue. I'm a member now. This is a very exclusive businessman's club, perhaps a membership of 200. Porter was very popular there, naturally because he was mayor and the businessmen really worked to be his friend. City Fathers, the Movers and Shakers businessmen were all members. Dave Packard was a member and ate there most every day. I don't believe that Hewlett was a member, even though he lived right in Palo Alto about a mile away. Member Leo Ware got me into the club, and I was definitely not a mover or shaker. Then my wife's health went downhill in the early years of the 2000s and I had to drop out. I was too busy with care-giving in those years that I couldn't be involved with those social connections. After she died, Leo asked me to reconsider and I did go ahead and re-join the Club.

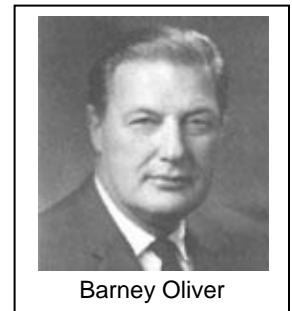
Barney Oliver

My relations with Barney were the same as with Porter. I never had much reason to work with him on public relations, for the reason that his HP life was mostly technical, without much interest by the media. However, the contacts I did have with Barney over the years were memorable. Barney had a very, very interesting personality, and not just the fact that he was a genius.

Most of his work and accomplishments were technical so this was more typically handled by Ross Snyder who did our technical PR. He did run for the presidency of the IEEE one year but again that was pitched to the engineering community and it didn't need electioneering. In the case the IEEE you don't actually run for the office but you were sort of groomed for it by moving up from regional chairman to being on their national board. From there you got appointed to vice president for a year and then it's an automatic accession into the presidency.

One of the campaigns Barney did enter was when he ran for Chairman of the Palo Alto Board of Education. I remember some news item about Barney was in Herb Cain's column in the SF Chronicle. Packard had held that position way back in the 50s, and directed the massive building program to create enough schools in the city to handle the rapidly increasing child population.

It was always an interesting paradox to me that Barney would run for a people oriented public office. A School Board can always be confrontational as hundreds of parents worry about their children's educational well-being. Barney was not naturally a people oriented person, and he had little patience with stupidity. And yet when he did gain the job of Chairman for eight years and two terms it did seem that the continuing contact with the public really did round off some of his rough edges. Don Hammond took over at the school board after Barney left that office. I think there's no question that the public service really humanized his personality. The school public didn't have to bow down before his genius nor should they.



Barney was very agnostic, which occasionally would run him into trouble with more religious people. This would come up in questions about the Palo Alto school curriculum. In one case he ended up writing a devastating letter supporting evolution to the state school education board. I also recall the story about Barney buying Packard's house when Packard moved to that 50-acre home site on Taffee Street. Some other people he knew were moving into Palo Alto and Barney was showing them around. They were moving in from some educational institution in another state, maybe Harvard. One of the big Palo Alto real estate guys was with the group, showing them around. They were at a house up on a valley slope. The realtor was pointing out the view as a good point about that location. Among one of the views was a large Catholic Church with a beautiful layout. The realtor mentioned the fact that that Catholic Church would be one thing of interest to them. Barney responded by noting that he wouldn't worry about that view since a few plantings will take care of that view.

Barney had a mind that could provide insights on almost every subject. If you were working on electrical problem, he would refer to a mechanical analog, which made the solution more clear. For a mechanical problem, he would use a little optics to explain it. His mind was just interleaved with different physical insights. I heard that Barney's IQ was about 180. Barney married an amazingly talented Priscilla (Suki) Newton in 1945, she died in 1994. I guess it's not surprising that Suki was evidently quite religious whereas Barney was clearly not. That marriage of Barney and Suki seemed quite unusual, Suki was artistic, creative and Barney was everything else.

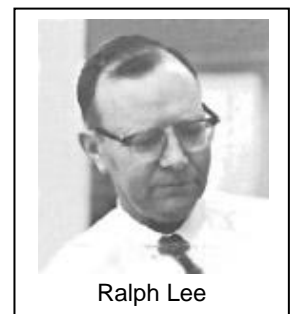
During the annual IEEE show in New York, the Olivers would not join the carousing HP contingents, but instead always went to the theater. Every night they went because Suki was so interested in the theater. She was an actress. Barney accommodated her talent and interests and charm. It's just such an interesting observation that a certified genius with such a wide variety of technical interests could also live with a very human person with dramatically different interests and loves. A clear proof that opposites attract.

When the Suki died, Barney wanted to have a gathering to honor her life. So he took over the church on Embarcadero at Louis Road. This immediately seemed like a bit of a contradiction because Barney was agnostic to a fault. I'm not sure which faith the church was, it doesn't matter. Barney just told the minister that he would take charge of the proceedings, and to take the day off. So Barney became the minister. Anne and I were there. Barney gave an astoundingly beautiful story about his life's love, in glowing terms.

Their children spoke, a daughter named Gretchen. And the son. I remember that the son talked about the influence of his parents. Now here was a young man who was the son of a genius and a great artistic talent. He recalled being taught about geometry by his father. Can you imagine being taught geometry by Barney Oliver? A really intimidating thought by all of us who knew the HP Barney.

Ralph Lee

Looking at the Monterey posters, I think the funniest one I can recall featured Ralph Lee. I don't have the actual copy, they are archived in the HP library and unavailable. But I remember it showed him at a podium, giving a talk to roughly 500 Japanese, in Japan at YHP. Every person in the audience is listening intently to catch every word. In the caption that we put on the poster was this text, "This old c*** has got to cease!" That was such a typical verbal expression that was used quite a bit around HP, especially by Ralph, who was always pretty critical of poor operational performance. It was probably Bagley that came up with the caption, but Ralph's expression was dead serious. That was the beauty of the posters, in roasting managers, because they typically took a candid picture of a manager in an innocuous pose and then planted an unexpected caption on the cartoon balloon.



Ralph was a deadly enemy of partitioned offices. There were stories of him visiting divisions out in outlying cities and finding that regular executive offices had been put in. He would call in the facilities people and have the office partitions torn out and replaced with the usual multiple desks. The word got around the company that if Ralph was visiting your division, pay attention to your offices. Later on when HP went to the cubicle system, my guess is that he was not particularly happy with that. But it was such a strong movement which was approved at CEO Young's level that he couldn't do much about it. Employees loved cubicles because they cut down a bit on the a conversational noise, but did not eliminate it. But what it did do is to give some feeling of privacy and the ability to post pictures of the kids or other technical charts and that sort of thing.

I was told that one of the big advantages of having desks side-by-side, and an employee sitting near his boss, was really quite an advantage in training in the HP work culture. You could hear your boss talking to a field engineer or a production manager or perhaps even human relations. You could hear how he approached it and sold what he was talking about, all without really paying that much attention because it went on every day all day. It certainly added to me a feeling of no privacy because you couldn't talk to anyone without somebody hearing everything. But it worked for decades and in a real sense was a key part of the work culture. So from these discussions you could figure out who to call for certain problems, but also how the boss structured his questions to make the best impact and get a yes answer.

Ed van Bronkhorst

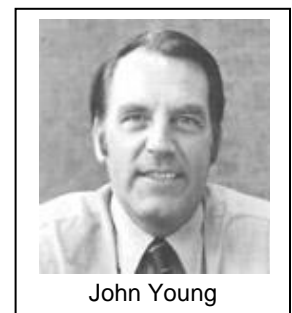
Ed van Bronkhorst, whom I really liked, was a great contributor at HP. He came from the Main Lafrentz accounting firm. He first began working for the firm on some financial projects at HP. Ed said to me once that Bill Hewlett was the luckiest engineer in Silicon Valley. He didn't mean Bill was lucky when he invented the 200A oscillator, but he was lucky to find Packard as a partner for their partnership.

Van Bronkhorst was hired to ultimately take over for Frank Cavier. Frank had been the HP finance man almost from the beginning of the partnership in 1942. Ed was first offered the job at HP and turned it down, mostly because he was expecting to be named a partner at Main, LaFrance. When that didn't happen he came back and contacted Cavier, and reminded him that he had been offered a job earlier. He wondered if the offer might still be good? Cavier realized that his own financial acumen didn't really qualify him as the CFO of a major corporation. To his credit he knew his limits.

I think that it was to the skill and the feelings of Cavier and van Bronkhorst that their transition was made so smoothly. In other words Dave and Bill worked with Cavier almost from the beginning of the company, and respected his feelings. They knew that he would be succeeded by a younger, more capable financial man. So Dave and Bill retained Frank but his tasks were slowly moved over to van Bronkhorst. That transition technique seemed to happen occasionally, when various managers would reach the peak of their competence. They would not get retired but would maintain a senior consulting role.

John Young

John Young came into HP during the "Hire MBAs era" in the late 1950s. It's hard to tell just when the realization hit Bill and Dave and other top management, that there was a future succession problem for HP managers. It was perhaps in the middle 1950s, when they looked around and saw that all of the upper management were men who were in their own middle-age. They had all been born around the 1920s, and either served in the military like Bill Hewlett and Ed Porter and Al Bagley or had been in civilian war work like Eldred and Packard and Wholey and Cage.



HP had been hiring mostly BSEEs after the war and in the early 1950s, but someone must have realized that they should find people with more management education. The typical MBA curricula offered a wide list of expertise, accounting, legal, financial planning, organization, strategic considerations, and much more. This pointed to the need to hire some MBAs. John was part of a cohort of MBAs that included Dean Morton, Tom Perkins, Bill Jarvis, Frank Wezniak, Hank Taylor, Dan O'Rourke, and others. Cort Van Rensselaer had hired in a few years earlier from Stanford Business School. It's interesting that most of those new MBA hires came from either the Stanford Business School or the Harvard Business School. After the war the nation's business schools had begun to emphasize in their Masters business programs the management lessons learned during the massive mobilization of WWII.

John hired in as a summer intern in 1957, and came full time in the middle of 1958. His engineering degree was from Oregon State, and he had then served several years in the USAF. He was assigned to the engineering staff for the rocket sled project of Col. John Stapp, at Holloman AFB in NM. Stapp was researching the problems of pilot bailout as jet airplanes began to hit 400 mph and approach Mach 1. The traditional bailout directly into the airstream was tantamount to being killed, and Stapp was testing bailout systems on a rocket sled. The test bed was a 1-mile long railroad rail system, guiding a ground sled propelled by a rocket motor. They used a long water trough at the far end that could slow down the sled at the end of its 600 mph run. It used a scoop that dipped into the water to decelerate.

At HP, one of John's earliest projects was reporting to Ed Van Bronkhorst, to work on the financial and operational details of HP's acquisition of all the Sales Rep companies. This was not a trivial undertaking because all of these independent businessmen were personal friends of Bill and Dave. So they had to get purchase agreements that respected the value of their companies, as well as some reduction in their independence. John's research and recommendations through Van Bronkhorst and up to Packard, for the final negotiations, were in a large part responsible for the fact that out of 13 independent businesses, fully 11 of them agreed to be acquired. And recognizing that these were highly independent-minded and opinionated owners, this was quite a feat.

As the Sales Rep acquisition project came to a successful conclusion, the decision had been made to create the first four charter divisions; Microwave, Frequency and Time, Audio-Video, and Oscilloscopes. Bruce Wholey took over as General Manager of the Microwave Division (MWD) and John was appointed to be his Marketing Manager. That was 1962. Just two years later as everyone was accommodating to the independent nature of operating divisions, the recently acquired Sanborn Division was getting into financial trouble. There was perceived to be a failure in strategic product planning. So Bruce Wholey was assigned to take over Sanborn and John Young was promoted to become the MWD manager in 1964.

John was credited with bringing what could be considered professional management into HP. Bill and Dave and the other WWII-era leaders were intuitive managers, learning as they grew. Nothing wrong with that. But John started with the central business strategy of HP, which was to invent new products, and grow at an average of 15% per year, growing with internally generated funds. He formalized the MWD's new product planning process to become a weekly Wednesday morning activity. Every month, each of the 4-5 product sections would meet with division leaders to review progress with the design team and update their own 5-year product plan. He thus engaged product planning and market research creativity at the lowest level of young managers.

Was John successful in his first general manager role? Resoundingly! The MWD grew from \$20.4 million in 1964 to \$75 million by 1969, a tripling of sales revenues in 5 years. The traditional HP growth of 15% per year would have merely doubled the \$20.4 to \$40 million in those same years. Out of this success, John was promoted to Vice-President of the Electronics Products Group in 1969. His next move to Executive Vice-President for Instruments, Computers and Components was in 1974. Finally in 1978, he was promoted to CEO. In his CEO role, which he held until his retirement in 1992, he took HP from \$1.36

billion to \$16.4 billion in those 14 years, which was just short of 20% compound annual growth. Remarkable.

Hewlett had taken over in 1971 when Packard went to the Pentagon. When Packard returned, he took back the Board Chairman position, and found that HP was planning to borrow \$100-200 million. He was furious. and took a trip which became known as the "Give 'em Hell Trip" to the various divisions around the country. Inventory had gotten out of control and some of the production operations were not as efficient. Worse, payments from customers were way past the usual 30 days, in huge amounts. He really stirred things up. When Dave got back in his office after the tour, the loan got called off.

I didn't have much PR business with John, until the 1977-78 period as he became President and CEO. I found that, although he was not the super-friendly type of personality, I got along with him just fine. But I was getting feedback from ordinary people who found that the differences in personal style between John and Bill and Dave were noticeable,. It's hard to describe, but it was a bit of an aloofness. I remember wondering whether it was just a basic shyness, although with his MBA and his obvious competence in managing it was hard to see that shyness was one of his personality traits.

And yet, in my role as employee communications manager, and Editor of *Measure Magazine*, I did get this kind of feedback. They would compare John to Bill and Dave and there would be obvious contrasts that Bill and Dave would be far more accommodating and approachable. They just didn't think about John as being a management-by-walking-around manager. It is surely not my intention to criticize any such successful man for style, because he became known widely in the business community for his acumen. His reputation for integrity and good management skill was described in the book, "*In Search of Excellence*," the 1980s management bestseller by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman.

I can remember that John's relation with Packard became a worry for me, not that it was any of my business. But I can recall once being called out to Packard's home to talk about his HP Way book that I was editing. I went into his study and he said abruptly, "Do you know what John Young has done now?" I found it strangely unsettling, that John would have been aware of the situation and not work to smooth it out. So it appeared to me that although Packard recognized Young's competence in building the company, there were some unresolved issues as John moved ahead as CEO. I never went to John to feed back any of this information, although I possibly should have and yet I didn't see it as my role.

I was a little surprised that John's secretary, Nancy Thoman, wouldn't have picked up on these employee comments, since she was a very competent secretary. John brought her along from his microwave division management days in the 60s. By the time John got started on his CEO years, Dave and Lucile were already working hard on their vision for the Monterey Bay Aquarium. Dave was so intimately involved in the details of construction, and living part time at his home in Big Sur, to be close to Monterey, that he was probably just distracted. The Aquarium opened in 1984.

Regarding John's mental abilities, I remember that during an IEEE show in New York, several Citibank managers requested that Young come in and make a presentation on HP's situation. The bank owned a lot of HP stock so they wanted to hear from John to present the company prospects. Ed Van Bronkhorst put this meeting together with their high command. I'm not sure why he included me, but there were the three of us from HP, with a few of their Citibank top managers. They asked John to start off with his personal view of how the company was doing. John proceeded to talk for 30-40 minutes, without notes. It was an absolutely superlative review of where HP was.

You had to watch Young in a presentation like that to realize just how good he was. The facts would come out of his mouth in an absolutely perfect sequence; 1, 1a, 1b, 2, 2a, 2b, . . . His mind was so organized that his presentations really impressed the listeners. Moreover, he covered the basic facts from the point of view of the bankers, who were sitting there. He included the successes and the challenges and showed that he

understood the exact concerns of bankers. He put himself into their position and then mentally structured his presentation to meet their expectations. As we were walking out, I told John that was the best review of HP I had ever heard. Van Bronkhorst was ecstatic because it put him in a such good light with this large financial institution.

John's manner could be intimidating. His mood was difficult to read. I can remember that if I knew I was going to need to see him in the morning, I would try to figure out if I wanted to try that day. Starting in the morning, I might read the situation as, "Boy today is a bad day, so I'm going to defer my meeting until tomorrow. I also remember that once I came in on a Monday morning, he had been at my desk and there was a note, "Kirby, cleanup this god damn desk." JAY. At this point, I'd like to observe that from my decades in industrial office environments, that there are two types of managers; the clean desk types and the cluttered desk types. John Young and Bill Terry and Dave Packard were the clean desk types. There was nothing on their desktops, and their inbox had very few papers in it. I was the cluttered desk type.

As John became CEO, HP had just started construction of the new headquarters Bldg. 20. This was a massive new structure built at the corner of Page Mill and Hanover, with the address 3000 Hanover. I think they chose that address to distinguish it from the previous corporate address of 1501 Page Mill Rd., which was adjacent just across the parking lot. Bldg. 20 was a very modern design that specifically did not use the sawtooth roof structure of the 1501 complex. Those peaked roofs always looked like a New England industrial structure to me, but yet they were ideal for directing sunlight down off of the roof, through the vertical windows, and reflecting off the inner ceiling to give a nice diffused light. It could be quite bright but it was facing North so the light was diffused.

Building 20 was built on four different levels A,B,C,D, and it was finished in construction and opened in the early 1980s. John moved all of the overhead functions of the company, several thousand jobs into the building including my own office. It made sense since he was the most important functional input to my corporate PR office. An interesting thing happened when one of the building facilities planning people was assigning the location of all the various offices, I was assigned to upper floor position that was way up the hill and a long way from the front lobby on Hanover. I have to credit Al Oliverio, who was attached to corporate marketing, for noting that my office location was in a terrible spot. I regularly dealt with media visitors, that would be coming to HP. Al was able to arrange my location on the second level essentially looking down on the main lobby and very convenient for media people coming to visit me.

Since John came out of the marketing function he had a really good feel for my job. I was afraid of him in some ways. He could be very nice but he could also be very tough. So I never knew which I was going to find. I always felt that the stress of being responsible for running a major corporation, with massive decisions on business and product strategies, could have been hard on him. This was a period in the computer world where we were making strides in taking over some of IBM's business. It was a very strategically-complex period. By that time Paul Ely had been reassigned to run the computer operation and was making strides on pulling it together.

I guess we will never know the exact basis of conflict of John and Dave. Both of these men had clear and strong visions of the future of technology and the challenges and opportunities, so you can understand some conflict, but to maintain a testy relationship for perhaps 10 years until John retired in 1992, seems like a sad decision. Then politics seems to have been a final straw. I think Young publically supported Bill Clinton in the election of 1992. I was told that by someone who was close to him. But I'm not positive of the fact, although it kind of makes some sense because he left HP right about that time. After that, Young served on President Bill Clinton's Committee of Advisors on Science and Technology from 1993 to 2000, so he was already gone from HP and Packard. People I knew, who knew both of them agreed that John was in a really difficult personal situation. He should have had a right to his own politics and yet Packard was a staunch strident Republican.

For me, John was an enigma. I could paraphrase Winston Churchill's quotation, "He is a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma. I think John's relation with Bill Hewlett, in contrast, was much better, even though Bill had left active management some years before as his health was deteriorating. There wasn't much reason for an interrelation between Young and Hewlett in the 1980s.

Young and Dean Morton worked together really well. Dean had returned from his management of the HP Medical Group and became the Chief Operating Officer, COO, under John. Dean was a Harvard MBA and John of course was Stanford MBA, so they both really understood the functionalities of top management. That relationship went on for years, until John retired, then they shared an off-site office in Los Altos.

4. The Later Years

Life with Anne and Our 50th Wedding Anniversary

This is an HP memoir, so my family life will be covered in another long document. Yet there were times when Anne and I were involved with the company. Anne had met Packard years before, and sometimes accompanied me to the Business Roundtable conferences, where we would see him at the social events. After Packard went to work at the Pentagon, he once came back to the Bay Area to give a speech. This inadvertently led to a memorable encounter between Anne and Packard.

Dave was scheduled to speak in Palo Alto, at the height of the Vietnam War. The government security people thought the antiwar protests in Palo Alto would be too great, so they moved the dinner speech to the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. There were fewer war protestors there. During the dinner, a Packard aide got word to me that he wanted three or four other HP executives and their wives to have an informal chat later up in his hotel suite.

So later we went up to his suite, and there were one or two Secret Service agents in the hallway. At one point, Anne was sitting on a couch and

Packard sat down next to her and they started talking. I was across the room and I heard just a few words now and then to know she was talking to him about Vietnam. Well, Anne was a flaming liberal, as the saying goes, so I knew she was pressing him about the war. It made me uncomfortable because I didn't know how Packard was reacting to this, and I didn't have a chance to do anything about it. It just went on.

At the end of the evening, after we had been there about an hour, I got Anne's coat. Packard took it and helped her put it on. And he said, "Anne, this has been very useful to me. I've enjoyed it primarily because I'm isolated and I seldom get a chance to hear critics of the war." That was so typical of Packard to listen to an opposing point of view and be gracious about it. I knew that what he said to Anne was real and sincere.



Anne's interest in politics was expressed locally, too. In 1976, a young man rang the doorbell and Anne answered it. Joe Simitian, then just 23 years old, told Anne he was running for the Palo Alto School Board and asked for her support. She liked what he had to say, so she invited him in for coffee. Then she became his campaign co-chair. Simitian lost that election - the only one he would. He was subsequently elected to the PA School Board, the Palo Alto City Council, where he served as mayor, the Santa Clara County Board of Supervisors, the California State Assembly and State Senate.



The Kirbys of Palo Alto; Anne, Dan, Rachel, Dave and John.

When Anne passed away in 2010, Simitian gave an eloquent eulogy at her memorial service.

Simitian's 1976 campaign wasn't Anne's first foray into politics, though. When Anne and I lived in Ladera, in 1964 before moving to Palo Alto, one of our neighbors was a young lawyer, Pete McCloskey, who was running for Congress. A moderate Republican, McCloskey won his party's primary election against a better-known candidate and then won in the general election. Anne became a very active volunteer on McCloskey's campaign staff. McCloskey served with distinction in Congress for almost 20 years.

I retired in 1989. Anne's health began to decline in the late 90s, she ended with macular degeneration and other serious medical problems. We celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in 2010 and had a nice ceremony with our friends. She managed to live an additional three months after the celebration.

She had sharp pains in her back and she never wanted to go to the hospital. I argued with her, and she finally agreed to go. Then one week later she died of an aneurysm in her aorta. Which reminds me of the old joke, of the gravestone, which had the engraving, "I told you I was sick!" I should probably re-quote that to be, "I told you, YOU were sick!"

Looking Back

I retired in 1989, but stayed somewhat active with the writing of Dave Packard's book, which published in 1995. I was also retained for PR work at the Dave and Lucile Packard Foundation for several years, so I kept up with company operations and politics. As John Young retired at age 60, Packard definitely wanted a change, so he didn't bend the 60-year retirement age rules. And since he was still board chairman, he had a candidate in mind. Dick Hackborn managed the company's facility in Boise, Idaho that produced HP laser-jet office printers. He made a real mark by getting us into the printer business, which was a big deal. Packard essentially asked Dick Hackborn to



How could anyone be this lucky; a loving wife of 50 years, great children and grandchildren, and a job like none in the world?.

become CEO, although hardly anyone knew this. But Hackborn turned it down because he wanted to stay in Boise. He and his family had become enamored of the Boise area.

That left Lew Platt to replace John Young as CEO in 1992. His reign was relatively brief. He was considered a great people person, but the company was getting more bureaucratic and stagnant. It had changed from Young to Platt, and had less energy and inventiveness. In fact, Platt was instrumental in spinning off its traditional measurement divisions into a separate company, known as Agilent in 2000. It felt odd to me and others from the old days because it was Agilent that now made the scientific instruments that HP had become famous for. The "new" HP built computers and printers, with little connection to its storied past. A lot of people including me thought that Agilent should have been named Hewlett-Packard and Hewlett-Packard named something else.

Platt had brought the company forward through the transition to computers, which had begun under Young. Now, it was a largely a consumer-market company, but Platt wasn't considered aggressive enough in pushing forward. Also as the company grew, it was less HP Way. The board of directors was becoming restless and wanted to replace Lew. So HP went outside for a leader, for the first time since its founding in 1939.

Hackborn, who was also on the HP Board, had become captivated by young, rising star at AT&T, a Stanford grad named Carly Fiorina. With some fanfare, she was hired as the new CEO, making her one of the most prominent women in American business. And Fiorina could dazzle a room. The timing was such that the annual HP stockholder meeting occurred shortly after Carly arrived. I went to the meeting and I was terribly impressed. She came on the stage without any notes and started talking. Her whole manner was top-drawer. She was very attractive, her manner of speaking was very effective, and people liked what they were hearing. It was the whole package. I came away thinking, boy, HP has hit the jackpot with this CEO.

Fiorina became the brand of the company, she was on the cover of business magazines, and was a certifiable national business celebrity. But she roiled the HP waters by pushing through a massive merger with another personal computer company, Compaq, based in Texas, which several board members opposed. The opposition included family descendents of Hewlett and Packard. A few years later, Fiorina alienated enough members of her board to get fired.

Thinking back to the first shareholder meeting where Fiorina had captivated an auditorium packed with investors, little did I, or anyone know that she had a huge ego. She essentially didn't care at all about employees. Instead, she went around the country talking to corporate customers. She was the top woman executive in the country, but elements on the board desperately wanted her to pay more attention to the company. Fiorina was pushed to hire a chief operating officer, or COO, to take care of day-to-day business operations while she concentrated on the big picture and on marketing, which is where her talents really stood out. But Fiorina resisted the idea and was dismissed.

Summing up my 27 years at HP, in my wildest dreams I couldn't imagine a more wonderful career. First, I had a key position at what *Fortune* magazine described as "the most admired company in America." It was described that way not once but often over several years. Second, because of the reputation of the company and its hiring practices, I was able to recruit several top-flight public relations people, a group of skilled and spirited people who went the extra mile to advance the interests of HP.

Third, I worked for Dave Packard, an extraordinary human being. Dave, as everyone called him, was renowned throughout the nation's business community for his unmatched leadership. He was wise, he was caring, and he brought out the best in everyone working for him. He was beloved by all at HP. It's no wonder that I was excited to go to work every morning. I was blessed to have the best boss and the best public relations job in the country.

Acknowledgments

Wouldn't you think that a man who had been writing all of his life, starting as editor of his high school newspaper, through 27 years of Hewlett-Packard PR, would sit down in his retirement years and write his life story? Well, yes and no. For the first five years into my retirement, Karen Lewis and I were busy writing and editing Dave Packard's book, *The HP Way*. After that, I just didn't think much about my life story, always figuring that there would be plenty of time later. But then Anne's health deteriorated, which meant that I had a lot of my attention and time taken up with her caregiving.

I lost Anne in 2010. At that point, I did start working with a biographer to record my life. Then, separately, in late 2013, John Minck came along and encouraged me to contribute to an oral history of my HP life. John has been very active with a retired French HP Field Engineer, Mark Mislange, in compiling a wonderful archive of HP memoirs online. These are all available at HPMemory.org.

It has been an enjoyable experience to sit with John and tell my story, while we relived and laughed about so many of the funny and human incidents that took place inside HP over all those decades of high-tech history. We knew we were building a company that was not like any other, in terms of its work culture and humane management. Dave and Bill really did worry about their employees and it showed in the remarkable loyalty and memories of every retiree to this day, in spite of some very visible problems in the 21st Century.

I'd also like to thank my first biographer, Don Kazak, for my more family-oriented life story. During numerous interviews, he created a fine 145-page memoir that combined my family and HP history. I have excerpted a number of anecdotes and stories from Don's work into this HP memoir, because they nicely expand the memories of my career and life at HP.

Finally, I want to acknowledge Karen Lewis, one of my most helpful colleagues who worked at the HP/Agilent archives, who agreed to review this memoir. Karen supplied the encouragement to get me going on Dave Packard's book, *The HP Way*. She contributed greatly and co-edited the work.

I'm hoping that this HP memoir of mine will add to the wonderful history of a company we all love.

--Dave Kirby
Portola Valley, CA
March, 2014

HP Memories

This memory of Dave Kirby's career at *hp* results from the work of the www.hpmemory.org website of Marc Mislange, who with John Minck (and Dave) edited and published his Memoir.

One of the main objectives in starting this website five years ago was (and still is today) to get in touch with people who have worked at *hp* from the birth of the company up to today. We are interested in hearing your memories no matter what division or country you worked in, or whether you were in engineering, marketing, finance, administration, or worked in a factory. This is because all of you have contributed to the story of this unique and successful enterprise.

Your memories are treasure for this website. While product and technology are our main concern, other writings related to the company life are highly welcome, as far as they stay inside the *hp* Way guidelines.

Anybody Else? Please get in touch using the Contact US form at "<http://www.hpmemory.org>."

