

People can be nasty. When they disagree with my observations on the world about me they call me names. Very predictable names: racist, white supremacist, sexist, patriarchal, homophobic, transphobic, climate denier, anti-Semitic, Fox news fan, right-winger, alt right just to name a few.

They are easily triggered. When I quipped that there was an American watchword "Vote early and often" they immediately interpreted that as a right wing stance. The assumption, I suppose, is that one would imagine that only Democrats would do such a thing.

I recently completed my review of Frank Salter's book "On Genetic Interests." Salter attempts to quantify an individual's genetic interests – how much he has in common with other members of family, clan, tribe and nation - and strategies for seeing his genome passed down through the ages. Salter addresses the interests of all ethnic groups, not just Caucasians, although he does make it clear that he is addressing us. To him and many others, Caucasians seem uniquely oblivious to their genetic interests. We are also the group most likely to read such books.

And – I was treated to the predictable cacophony of catcalls: white supremacist, racist and so on. As Matt Tiabbi and Douglas Murray have written in books that I recently reviewed, a severe double standard applies to us white people. While it is totally acceptable for any other group to look after their self interests, whites are expressly forbidden. The Jews have their Anti-Defamation League, the Blacks have the NAACP, Arab Americans have CAIR. For whites to even discuss having similar organizations is considered racist in the extreme. Jared Taylor, the most gentlemanly fellow imaginable, is constantly pilloried for his American Renaissance organization.

People have been trying all of my life to convince me of what isn't so. In college they would call me a Social Darwinist and other such names. Though I had read Darwin – none of them had – I didn't really understand their vehemence. It was thoughtcrime – I was not supposed to even think that Darwinism might apply to people.

I think it is a worthwhile exercise to write down my experiences with different races over the course of a lifetime. Hatred has never whatsoever been part of the mix. However, openness and curiosity has. Moreover, I have lived all over the world and had more opportunity to interact with different races than most. I think that my impressions are worth writing down. It may be particularly valuable because as a retiree in Ukraine I have no job to lose. I'm not offering opinion, simply the factual report of what I have encountered over the course of my almost 77 years.

Family

My mother was enchanted with the Orient. As a wedding present. She got a camphor chest that her sister Mary had brought back from a trip to China before the war started with Japan. She kept all of her good clothes and keepsake Senate – camphor as a smell that repels insects.

The first non-Caucasian people. I remember where the Yings, who lived next door to us at 1733 Virginia Street in Berkeley. We lived there from the time I was three until I was seven. I don't recall that we socialized much with the Yings. My mother liked them and spoke well of them, but I don't recall that they were ever in our house. My father liked to go fishing for salmon and he would give the Yings the heads, because the Chinese consider the eyes to be a delicacy.

My mother and father were both quite liberal socially. They abhorred anything that would smack of prejudice, and certainly never entertained any hatreds. They went out of their way to meet and befriend people from different nations. When I was in high school, my mother worked as a freelance

manuscript prepare for the anthropology department of the University of California. Her clients included Indians, Pakistanis, Japanese... people from all over. She welcomed them to our house. We children shared her open nature and curiosity about them. For what it's worth, though it is not germane to this topic, my mother went out of her way to cultivate friendships with gay people. Some of the boarders in our house, and my early babysitters, were gay.

I had very little contact with Blacks during my early years. They were always part of our life, our experience, but I didn't deal with them personally. I'd had no black teachers or anything. I have just a couple of vague recollections. My mother told me about the first time that she saw a black person, a Pullman porter when she took a train trip as a child with her mother. She asked her mother why the man didn't take a bath and her mother explained that the color didn't come off. There was a woman across the street from us as we were growing up, Mrs. Sitton, a southern lady, who would tell her daughter Masha to "give the money to the chocolate man" as they went to the tollbooth of the Bay Bridge.. These are a couple of anecdotes to show how relatively removed I was from contact with Blacks.

Grammar school experiences

I do not recall any minorities in Whittier elementary school which I attended from kindergarten through the second grade.

When we moved to El Cerrito in 1950, I attended Castro elementary school. I do not recall that there were any black students. The Baptist Chung Mei home, established for Chinese orphans from World War II, was a few blocks from the school. The Baptists were raising these Chinese orphans to be good Americans. They spoke Chinese and English to each other. My recollection of the Chinese is that they excelled at little things, like making origami and especially knitting long strands of colored cords that they put through a spool of thread that had three or four nails at one end. They would endlessly make these long strands of fabric. I have no idea what they were good for.

I was among the best students in the school. The Chinese orphans were not distinguished students. My sixth grade teacher was a Chinese named Frank Chew, whom I considered to be a pretty good teacher.

As an aside, many years ago, probably 2014, I looked up the Chung Mei home to see what had happened. I was delighted to find that they had an alumni Association. I was able to talk to the president and learned that the graduates – or rather, the former residents of the Chung Mei home – had generally done pretty well in life, and remained in contact with one another. That's what you expect from Chinese. That may be a racist thing to say, but that was the expectation when I was a child and it has not changed since.

Junior High and High School

In 1954 I moved to Portola Junior high school. The catchment area included Castro, Fairmont, and Madeira in El Cerrito; Kensington in the toney neighborhood by that name atop the Berkeley hills, and a couple of schools from the neighboring town of Richmond - maybe Mira Vista and Wilson.

From the Kensington school came a number of Berkeley faculty children. We were tracked by ability, and I found myself among some pretty capable kids. At the time I didn't know what Jewish meant, but I found out later that approaching half of my friends and classmates were Jewish.

Portola school was probably somewhat under 10% black – kids from the two Richmond schools. There were so few in my college prep classes that I can remember their names. Earline and Janice come to mind. James Spearman is the only boy I can remember. I didn't have much contact with the other black kids, although I remember one, Lanny Watson, fairly regularly asking me for my milk money. If there was an implied threat I didn't see it. Milk cost only 4¢ per day – I would usually just give it to him.

There were a few Oriental kids – George Sasaki is one I remember. In those days Oriental meant Japanese Chinese and Korean. Other Asians were rare and we would call them by their country of origin such as Pakistani and Indian. I don't remember any Oriental kids at the top of my classes. The ones that stand out in memory are Jewish: Ron Brown, Barr Rosenberg, Steve Schifrin, Alan Koenig and Frank Henyey. There were also a few pretty smart Gentiles such as Jim McCullough and Roger Kossel. There were some smart women as well. Margaret Martin, the daughter of a scientist, distinguish yourself more by dogged hard work than by brilliance. Most of the girls seemed not to strive as much for recognition as the guys. Nonetheless, they probably had better grades.

Portola fed into El Cerrito High School – pretty much the same students. They drafted me onto the football team because I had gotten my growth early – in the tenth grade I was a big kid. Kind of fat, actually. They used me as a lineman. I was never very strong or aggressive, and as the other kids grew up I dropped out.

Our football league included Berkeley and Richmond high schools, both of which were larger and had sizable numbers of black students. They had much better teams than we did. I could say the same for basketball, though I wasn't interested and watched very few games. There were a large number of black players on the teams. If there was any name-calling or prejudice I didn't notice it either as a player or a spectator.

This being California, there were a fair number of kids of Hispanic backgrounds. Most of them were just ordinary white kids as far as I was concerned, but there was a marginal group that didn't want much to do with school and acted bad. Johnny Corrales, whom John Fitzgerald called Coleopterous because his slick down hair made him look like a beetle, was one. We talked endlessly about the "pachucos," that being a term for Mexican gang bangers, but I don't think we ever met any.

The El Cerrito High School faculty was very attuned to national affairs. A lot happened in the realm of civil rights during my junior high and high school career: the Brown versus Board of Education court decision, the lynching of Emmett Till for not showing proper courtesy to a white woman in Mississippi, and the integration of Little Rock Central High School with the intervention of federal troops sent by Eisenhower.

California had never had racial segregation. We felt that it was wrong and unusual. The whole high school faculty seem to be of one opinion on segregation – it was wrong, and Eisenhower and the courts were right.

Received wisdom, and the evidence of our eyes told us that there was a hierarchy of average intelligence: Jews, Orientals, ordinary white folks, Hispanics and Blacks. Intelligence testing, which had been around for half a century by that time, but had not yet fallen into bad odor, consistently confirmed the hierarchy. We also understood that there were exceptions. The black kids in our college prep classes belonged there. In those benighted times prior to the 1960s the schools still gave intelligence tests as part of the academic tracking process. Whereas in my parents' generation kids actually learned their scores, by my time schools used them but didn't disclose them.

We cleaned up our language pretty quickly. Eenie Meeny Miney Moe was reworked to substitute a tiger for the N-word. Sambo's restaurant whitewashed their spokesperson. All of this happened without much comment or dissent that I recall. We still, nonetheless, told jokes, sometimes naming Blacks and other ethnicities. I still remember them. The "shortest book" jokes (Italian War Heroes, Who's Who in Poland), the "dead baby" jokes, jokes about books and authors such as "The Revenge of the Tiger" by Claude Balls and "The Yellow River" by I. P. Standing. We became politically more correct, but we didn't get all the way there. Some of them were pretty funny – please send me what you remember and I will share them with anybody politically incorrect enough to ask.

One incident involved me tangentially. The scoutmaster of a Sea Scout troop – a guy I never met, an organization I never had anything to do with – apparently refused to admit a black kid. The scoutmaster's name was Bill Jekyll. Some scouts in my Explorer Troop thought that this was a horrible thing to happen and burned a cross on Jekyll's lawn. The police figured out who it was, and, this being back in the Mayberry days, they had a pleasant talk with the prime movers – I wasn't central enough to be included – and the whole thing was put to rest.

College experience

I attended the University of California for three semesters as a high school junior and senior. The Soviet launch of the Sputnik satellite in 1957 had put the fear of God into the American government, and for one shining moment the American educational system concerned itself with the smart kids instead of the laggards. I was pushed to teach myself trigonometry over the summer of 1959 so I could take differential and integral calculus during my senior year. I also, incidentally, took courses in German and philosophy.

I received a scholarship to Reed College upon graduation. Reed was even then a bastion of liberalism, filled with big-city Jews from back east. They were a different breed than the laid back Jews I had known in high school – when I didn't even recognize them as Jewish. Many were brash and arrogant, simply assuming that they were smarter than us Goyem. There were quite a few "red diaper babies" among them, kids who had grown up in extremely liberal/communist households and they knew their leftist catechism backwards and forwards. These are the people that I mentioned previously, who called me a social Darwinist and all sorts of other names when I would question their dogmas. Their shortcoming was that all that they had was dogma – I didn't get convincing arguments from them, and I remained the skeptic that I am today.

Race wasn't really an issue at Reed. The only somewhat black person I remember was Indira, a charming Hawaiian woman with every race on earth in her ancestry. Surprisingly, I don't remember any Orientals either.

Reed was very political – David Arey and I were the only two I can remember who had a good word to say about Richard Nixon during the 1960 elections – but most of it concerned "Fair Play for Cuba" and "Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee" as best I remember. I didn't get involved – these causes didn't interest me.

Most of the other kids at Reed came from families with more money than mine. I was acutely aware that this was a drain on my parents pocketbook, and I had no idea what I was doing there. My academic performance slid precipitously over the two and half years I was there. I dropped out in December 1982.

First job experience

I went to work, first for the telephone company and then for the State of California as a surveyor. The boss of my survey team was a Japanese-American, Ben Koyama, who knew his stuff pretty well. There were five of us on the team. At one point we got a new hire, a black guy named Davis. He and I were the only ones who didn't bring a bag lunch. We would go together to a place called "Seven Chefs" on Mountain Boulevard in Oakland, where there were seven kitchens serving supposedly international types of fast food that you could take to tables in a common dining area.

Davis was interested in cars. His dream was a Chevy 409. If we talked about other things, I don't remember what they were. We didn't talk much about politics or civil rights. Davis and I were having lunch when the biggest political event of the era took place – Kennedy was shot. We had driven the survey truck to lunch. We immediately went back to the job site and told the rest of the crew. Ben phoned in to the office and we were told to go home – come back the next day. The next couple of days were a blur, like when Princess Diana died or 9/11. Everybody else was glued to TV. I read.

Davis and I worked as a team doing surveying. Ben had figured that I was good at arithmetic and made me the transit man. I would point the transit and hold one end of the survey chain (a long steel tape measure) while Davis would go out the specified distance and put a stake in the ground in the place to which I motioned him. He did a pretty good job, but didn't show any particular interest in learning what the whole business of surveying was about. I was interested in how they build highways – he was happy just to get the stakes in the ground.

National Guard Service

President Kennedy had stopped drafting married men sometime toward the end of his presidency. Since my draft board was in Richmond, California, where people got married right out of high school, my number came up pretty quickly. I chose to join a signal company of the Army National Guard and serve six months active duty and six active reserve rather than two years in the service.

Warrant officer McClelland, the full-time soldier who ran the reserve unit, was pretty eager to sign me up when he saw my Armed Forces Qualifying Test (AFQT) scores. He got me to join as a radio man. I didn't understand any of what he was talking about, but it turned out that I signed up for eight weeks of basic training – everybody got that – another eight weeks of Morse code school and three months of radio school.

The National Guard was an old boys club. I don't remember that we had any minorities whatsoever in our company of 100 or so men.

Basic training was a shock to my system. It is meant to be. They take away all of your clothes. They take away your hair. They take away your freedom. Basically, they strip you down to nothing and put you back together as a soldier.

Our drill sergeant was a middle-aged guy who had risen to the temporary rank of major during the Korean War and was serving out his time as an enlisted man so he could retire at that rank. Having no other information to go on, he chose the guy with the highest AFQT – that was me – to be his trainee platoon sergeant. He chose the next four to be the trainee squad leaders. A squad had, as I recall, about 15 men in it.

I had never been so inundated in diversity. We had American Indians, Eskimos, Blacks and others

that I don't remember. The American Indians and Eskimos pretty much kept to themselves. What was most remarkable was that in our free time, Saturday afternoons and Sundays, they would drink themselves into oblivion on 3.2% beer, deriving no pleasure I could see from it and simply falling down drunk. Somehow the Army tolerated it. I would learn later in Vietnam how integral of a part alcohol played in the whole scheme of the military.

Two black guys in the unit remain in my memory. Johnson was pretty smart, but seem predisposed to screw up. He talked a good line, was reasonably good at things like keeping his clothes in order, mastering a rifle and so on, managed one way or another to get on the wrong side of the drill Sergeant periodically. He and I would drink beer together on Saturdays. I tried to make out what his problem was, but I never could. I think it might today be called Stereotype Threat. He may have perceived that black people were not expected to succeed, and worked to fulfill the stereotype. Who knows?

The other guy was simply not smart. He was the only man in the trainee company who never learned how to take his rifle apart (called, field stripping) and put it back together. He appeared to care, but he could just never figure it out. He was a walking parody of the black comics of the thirties like Steppin Fetchit. He could sing quite a few of the popular songs of the day, he talked about his girlfriends' comings and goings, and the children they had had by him, and showed no earthly interest in success by any measure. Although the other members of his squad did their best to see him through to graduation, he was nonetheless recycled to repeat basic training at least one more time before they would return him to his National Guard unit.

Those are my recollections about race on active duty in 1964. Those times seem so simple in retrospect. People accepted the fact that the races were different and weren't shocked when it evidenced itself.

This was about 15 years after Truman had integrated the Army. The Army was a good place for a black man to build a career. As much as any place in American society, people progressed on the strength of their abilities. This was especially true in the officer ranks. Promotion went on the basis of fitness reports and standardized tests. The net effect was, as I was to find five years later in Vietnam, that the insignia on an officer's shoulders was a pretty good representation of what he could do. You took black officers at face value.

The civil rights movement affected me personally. Police have never dealt effectively with predominantly black neighborhoods. Continuing today the crime rates in Baltimore, St. Louis and Chicago are alarmingly high.

Prior to the civil rights movement police applied a harsher approach to black neighborhoods. Kim Stoddard, the bully down the street in my childhood, became a policeman in Richmond, California where he later described his job as "busting black ass." H. L. Mencken gives a lot of text to describing policing the black neighborhoods of Baltimore in his Days trilogy of the 1930s and 40s.

Los Angeles police chief William Parker was of the old school. I felt it when his cops bullied me in 1966. The citizens liked him because he kept the peace with a minimal budget. However, his methods aroused resentment in the black community. A reckless driving traffic stop of a black parolee set off the Watts Riots in August 1965. Blacks burned and looted businesses in their own part of town. It resulted in 34 deaths.

My National Guard unit was scheduled to go to summer camp in Southern California that week. We

kept on driving and camped out in a school at the corner of Western and Exhibition the streets in Los Angeles as part of a show of force to quell the riots. We of course had our rifles, but Guard officials were wise enough not to give us any ammunition.

We spent most of the week behind 15 foot chain-link fences with black children looking in at us. The one time we went out I was chosen to drive an open bed 2 1/2 ton truck through the neighborhood. The streets were quiet as we came through. My biggest challenge was dodging immense, badly parked 1950s vintage cars.

I accepted when the National Guard offered refresher marksmanship training evenings over the next year.

Watts set a trend. The next year Blacks rioted in the Hunters Point district of San Francisco. Though we saw nothing, our guard unit camped at the Guard Armory on Mission Street for a week.

The riots never made sense to me. In 1975 I spent some time with a DOD schoolteacher who had participated in the Washington DC riots following the assassination of Martin Luther King in 1968. For her it wasn't a question of philosophy – it was the opportunity to take some free stuff.

University graduation

I returned to the University of California in the spring of 1965 and graduated in June 1966. This time I was serious about college. I accumulated a good enough grade point average over this year and a half to offset my work at Cal when I was in high school and earn a Phi Beta Kappa key.

I pledged a fraternity while I was there. Some of the brothers moaned fairly consistently about the "yellow peril" from the "fish head eaters." The problem was that there were lots of Oriental Americans studying at Cal, and they were demons for work. The pressure didn't let the frat boys slack off and have fun.

My recollection of the Orientals is that their good Oriental fathers warned them about dating "round eyes." I asked several of them out, but none of them could accept. It may well be they were just making excuses to save my feelings. At any rate, I found a wonderful Irish-American girlfriend named Bonnie Rose, who would be my wife today had she said yes. Returning to the Orientals, I find myself now siding with their fathers. People are generally happiest when they marry their own kind. They understand each other, and the kids have a more solid sense of identity.

Work for IBM in Oakland, California 1966 – 68

IBM rolled out the 360 series of computers about the time I graduated in 1966. They were hiring like crazy, and the programmer's aptitude test that they gave was an awful lot like the AFQT. They snapped me up. There were three IBM offices, a total of maybe 200 people, in the building where I worked. There were a couple of minorities. Our communications expert was Harry Hsu.

Work for IBM in Vietnam, 1968 to 1972

Vietnam was the first computerized war, and IBM was the world's leading computer manufacturer. The company recruited single men to work in the war zone – about 15 from the sales division, determining customer needs, and about another hundred repairman.

On the sales side we had one Japanese-American, Jim Kikagawa. There was at least one Japanese-American and a few Blacks among the administrative and maintenance staff. As with the Army above, IBM was an attractive place to work. The company made no concessions; the black personnel were certainly as competent as their white counterparts.

As I mentioned above, the black officers among our clients were also competent. I remember especially Captain Dave Campbell, who had the unenviable job of running the Army supply operation in Danang with a hodgepodge of outdated IBM equipment. He was a competent manager and made the best of a bad situation. By an odd coincidence, Dave and I caught up again in Kaiserslautern, Germany where he ran a postal operation using the same antiquated IBM 1401 computer that the Navy had used in Danang.

I spent my last three years in Vietnam working with USAID as they upgraded from a 360/40 running DOS to a 360/50 running OS. It was a big deal, if anybody can remember what those terms mean. At the same time they replaced their staff of American contract programmers with Vietnamese. I led the effort to teach the Vietnamese how to program.

It was a wonderful assignment. Besides being prestigious and relatively highly paid the job carried a draft deferment. USAID gave the programmer's aptitude test to a large swath of the population of Saigon and picked the cream of the crop. They were about half Vietnamese, half ethnic Chinese, half women and half men. I put together a training program from scratch and delivered it with the help of my Chinese assistant Tran Yen Kahn. Within six months most of the American programmers were gone. Incidentally, most of these Vietnamese programmers eventually made their way to America where IBM was quite generous in helping them find work. Van, an attractive young Chinese woman, taught that language to my associate Sandy Liles, to whom she is still married.

This experience confirmed yet again what psychometricians have maintained since the beginning of IQ testing and I have observed since childhood. Chinese are smart. Vietnamese, on the other hand, appear to be only on a par with us ordinary white people. People who study these things don't even give them that much credit, but I don't think there has been a really rigorous testing regime in the history of the country.

The Vietnam War came at the same time as the civil rights movement. The military services reported a lot of trouble with unrest among the black draftees. I never witnessed it personally. The people they assigned to data processing were pretty smart.

Working with IBM in Germany – 1972 to 1976

I worked out of IBM's office in Frankfurt Germany. My first two years I was all by myself in Zweibrücken, on the French border, working with the main Army supply operation in Germany. The Army was thoroughly integrated. Two of the black personnel were exceptional – Sgt. Dave Liggins and his wife Laveeda, an Army civilian with whom I am still somewhat in touch. They are testament to the Army's success in choosing and promoting good people.

All of the American IBMers I worked with were white. There were a couple of Arabs, Khalil and Hani in the Frankfurt office. They were effective, respected and well liked. They could joke about their religion. "Islam allows you to have four wives if you treat them all equally. In practice that means one wife is all you can handle."

Working with IBM in Washington DC, 1976 to 1979

The late seventies marked the high water mark of the IBM company. They were rolling in money and felt they could accomplish anything. They set their sights on bettering the world, and in particular, signaling their virtue by promoting Blacks and women.

In 1977 and 1978 I didn't have much meaningful work. Nobody did. We were working in the government sales office and the government had instituted a quite transparent policy of giving business to everybody except IBM. Control Data Corporation, Sperry Rand, Wang Computer and Digital Equipment Corporation ate our lunch. I spent a lot of time buying real estate and fiddling around in the stock market.

I was a systems engineer, on the technical side of the sales organization. Somebody must've figured they had nothing to lose by making their affirmative action quotas by giving technical management positions to Blacks and women. I worked for unimpressive examples of each. In 1979, my last year with the company, I had a very exciting job developing a piece of software to prepare cost models for federal proposals. I did what I thought was an excellent job. It was greeted with a yawn and a piddling \$500 attaboy. I had no sooner deposited the check than I went next door to Booz Allen Hamilton to ask about work.

I only stayed at Booz Allen for a year, during which time, to the best of my recollection, I was teamed with white people with the exception of Lachman Balchandani, who was so inept nobody could understand why management tolerated him. Though the Saudi Navy was our client, I never spent much time talking to Saudis. After a few months Booz placed me in Buenos Aires for a half year assignment working with Renault Argentina. Renault's staff was representative of the country, mostly descended of Italians and Spanish.

Living under the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia was not a pleasant experience. I was driving a fancy car – a Mercedes 450 SL. The staff at the motor vehicle inspection station usually managed to make the experience unpleasant. Dealing with the drivers license administration was similarly unpleasant. I don't remember specifics, only rudeness.

IBM included the moving expenses for returning from Germany to Washington DC in my W2. Moving expenses are deductible under both federal and District of Columbia law. That notwithstanding, the district withheld my \$1000 return for the tax year 1976 on the pretext that I had underpaid my taxes.

I went back and forth many times before finally taking them to court pro se. My opposite number was a black female attorney named Urenthia Powers. Not very competent, and certainly not well disposed toward a white guy who would stand up to her. The District was clearly in the wrong. When they realized my deduction was legal, Miss Powers first argued that my case was "not timely filed." In other words, that I had waited too long. That was a silly argument – we were in court within a year after I had filed the taxes, less than a year after the date they withheld the money. She turned right around and argued that the case was prematurely filed – they hadn't gotten through the administrative process. At this point the judge told her to give it up and find a way to settle with me. I got my money.

My stolen bicycle is more a case of ineptitude than malice. Three black kids took my Peugeot bicycle from out from under my back porch. Black kids bicycling in a white neighborhood was suspicious. The cops pulled them over. They impounded the bicycle as physical evidence. I could never get the bike back. I eventually bought another one. By the time I got a call from the police warehouse two years later the bicycle was no longer in working condition.

Independent computer consulting, 1980 to 1997

When I left Booz Allen Hamilton I had a fairly good stock portfolio and owned several rental properties: 11 Philadelphia Avenue Takoma Park, 232 Manor Circle Tacoma Park, and a half interest in 1728 Goldenrain Court, Reston Virginia. I was in a position to go into business for myself.

Independent computer consulting was a concept that was just taking off. I was a founding member and the third president of the Washington Independent Computer Consultants Association. My first major assignment was with Computer Sciences Corporation, where I had a lead role in converting financial software to operate in Arabic.

The independent computer consultants had different backgrounds, but they were all pretty competent. I mentored a young black consultant, Maurice Goode, who became the fifth president. Shortly after his term of office he contracted AIDS and died. There was a massive turnout of independent consultants at his funeral.

Another black fellow, Stan Wood, was instrumental in getting me a contract with Micros Systems in Beltsville. While Blacks were not as numerous among the consulting ranks as whites, their competence was never in question.

In the last few years before I retired in 1997 all of us felt pressure from the influx of Indian programmers on H1B visas. I didn't find them very competent as programmers, but the larger consulting firms preferred them because they were cheap and docile. As I had observed it Booz Allen Hamilton, the question is frequently not how good of a job you do, but how successful you are at convincing the client that you're doing a good job. The big outfits who employed lots of Indians were perfectly suited to big government contracts administered by civil servants who weren't concerned about quality and value in the first place.

Landlord, 1976 to 2001.

I acquired a total of six rental properties, and rented them to every kind of minority over the years. The law required that I be colorblind in my renting, besides which I felt it was the right thing to do.

Without going into details, let me say that illegal discrimination would be in a landlord's best interest. Different kinds of tenants behave differently, and the generalizations that one would expect turn out to be true.

Gresham's Law applies – the bad drives out the good. I wanted to be a good landlord but I couldn't afford it. The business takes a harder person than I turned out to be. I sold off the properties in the poorer neighborhoods first, but by 2001 had gotten rid of all of them.

Marriage to a Japanese – American, 1981 to 2007

I wanted a family and children. My first marriage, to a Vietnamese, collapsed after about two years. I did not find any German women who wanted to marry. In Germany I dated a Hungarian woman whom, in retrospect, I should have married. She put a little bit too much pressure on me and I bolted.

I hoped that Washington DC, with a reputation for having many more women than men, would be a good place to look for a wife. The women that I dated did not seem interested in either marriage or family.

I met Mary Ann the first week I worked at Booz Allen. Her father had run an enlisted club in Nagoya during the Korean War and married a Japanese. We dated for a while and then she broke it off because she was unsure about marriage and children, which she knew I wanted. However, after half a year she called me up and renewed the relationship. We planned a family as we got married.

Although we had three children, she did not want to raise them to be reliable partners and to have grandchildren. Her mother had not wanted grandchildren, and it turned out she did not either. The kids were steeped in feminism and sexual liberation. Our son is afraid of women and our daughters mistreat men. She will not be pestered with grandchildren.

Her Japanese ancestry became a factor primarily because the children were taught about the evils of the white man in school. We had been slavers and colonialists, had mistreated the Japanese in Manzanar, and were continuing to abuse women, keep them from fulfilling their promise etc. etc. The children call themselves "mixers," and cherish their Asian heritage while they disparage the white part.

Race was certainly not a factor when I married her, but it became one as society itself changed over the course of our 25 year marriage. It remains a factor for the children in that they find it easy to apply the "evil white man" meme to their conservative white father.

Private school trustee and teacher, 1989 to 2007

I was the treasurer of two private schools that my first family attended, serving as a trustee for ten years in total. The school budgets included scholarship expenses – tuition income that was booked but never collected, offset on the books by scholarships awarded as credit, not cash.

Neither school trusted the school treasurer – a mere member of the Board of Trustees – to see the details about how the scholarship recipients were selected or how they did academically. It was obvious that the majority of them were African-American. The African-American kids that my kids played with and were teamed with were not academically as strong as the other kids.

Our target, never quite achieved, was to spend 10% of tuition on scholarships. By my arithmetic that would mean no more than about 15% diversity admissions. My later observation as a teacher is that 15% is about the tipping point beyond which classroom discipline becomes difficult to manage.

The diversity business was a dark art in which none of the participants could afford to openly state what was going on. It worked because somebody, somewhere in the system had the good sense not to go overboard.

After retiring in 1997 I served as a substitute and classroom teacher in private and public schools in Washington DC and Maryland. There were never too many Asian or Hispanic kids, so the school makeup was generally a sandwich. Ordinary white kids in the middle, Jews on top and Blacks on the bottom. Jewish parents were generally well represented on the Board of Trustees and were among the strongest advocates of diversity. As a goy without deep pockets, I learned to keep my mouth shut and simply watch.

Experiences in the Americas, 1998 to 2006

There are 40 million Indians in the Americas, many of them still tribal. A majority of the half-million

people in Latin America have some Indian ancestry. I spent a month in the reservation of the Kayapó Indians in the rain forests of the state of Mato Grosso del Sur in Brazil in 2004.

The Kayapó had been wild Indians before they were given a reservation in 1967. With 5,000 Indians on a patch of land the size of Virginia they remained isolated. My trip confirmed most of the extensive reading I had done about Indians before I went.

The Indians are the very opposite of individualistic. Everything that they do is in common. There are no entrepreneurs, businessmen among them. They are well adapted to their jungle habitat, but nowhere in the Americas have the Indians adapted well to Western civilization. The observations made long ago by the Pilgrims, Alexander de Tocqueville and Mark Twain are accurate.

The Indians absolutely cannot handle alcohol. The Brazilian Law of the Indian includes measures to keep them away from it. In the town of Redemption, on our way to the reservation, we saw drunk Indians on the sidewalks just like I had seen drunken Indians and Eskimos in my army days some 40 years before.

The mestizo populations I have seen in the Americas – Creoles in Argentina and Brazil, Panama, Honduras, and especially Nicaragua have some Indian characteristics. They are not terribly entrepreneurial and they do not handle alcohol especially well as a group, although individuals vary.

I drew on my paper on my [experiences with the Kayapó](#) in writing a paper on American Indian education for the Graduate School of Education at Maryland. I also read extensively about attempts to educate Indians, starting with Harvard and Dartmouth in the seventeenth century. The professor, a Dr. King, absolutely [savaged my paper](#). The problem, according to the professoriate, is the evil white man and a lack of government funding. Nothing to do with the Indians themselves.

St. Patrick's Episcopal Church had a long-standing relationship with a sister parish in Saint Etienne, Haiti. In 2003 I joined a work team to spend a week building schools there. [What I observed](#) was consistent with my previous life's experience – and much at odds with the expressed beliefs from within the church about what could be accomplished there.

Conclusion

Although I was subjected to anti-white racism a few times in the United States, I had the resources to simply walk away from it. When IBM discriminated against whites in favor of everybody else in the 1970s I had the freedom to simply quit. Going into business for myself turned out to be something I should have done earlier. When the District of Columbia discriminated against me in tax matters I could simply laugh – they wasted my time, but they were ineffectual. Government-sponsored discrimination in the form of minority set-asides didn't affect me as a businessman – I was too small to compete for them anyhow. Government sponsorship of foreigners, especially Indians, to compete against me in the job market has had a profound effect only on people who stayed in the field after I retired.

The propaganda to which my grown children were subjected in public and private schools was more pernicious. They believe that white people such as me are the authors of every evil abroad in the world today. None of the three of them talk to me. The worldviews they adopted as a result of their indoctrination are not conducive to marriage and family.

I had the freedom to walk away from that dysfunctional family and start a new life in Ukraine, a

traditional society, where I am raising children untainted by such fear, resentment and hatred. They are happy kids who like their parents and their playmates. They recognize the Gypsies among us as different, but they have learned from me not to fear or hate them.

Though the Jews here are prominent in business, including a number of the corrupt oligarchs, they are not pushing a social agenda on us Gentiles. They do not pillory us for our alleged racism, sexism, homophobia, indifference to climate change or whatever. They leave us alone and make their money. However corrupt they may be, and I don't dispute the allegations, I note that the prices for gas, electricity, telephones and other services that are largely controlled by Jews are significantly lower than in the United States.

Those are my observations on race. I have seen what I have seen, and described it as objectively as I can. Please write if you want to advise me how what I saw and experienced was not as it appeared.