

# Becoming Independent in the 70's



Well, I started off the 70's in the summer and got married for the first time. Moved out of house and into Petaluma to a friend's house they rented us. I guess my brother was trying to punish me, he gave us a 59 Nash Metropolitan car. It was a little 4 cylinder for my wife to drive. I just owned my Sprite which I drove for commuting and my MGTD was stored at Dad's house in Tomales. The little Metro was a cantankerous little car with a column manual shift. It would frequently stick between 2nd and 3rd gears. It required you to stop, open the hood and use a tire iron to snap the shifting linkage to unstick it. I never knew why, but this only seemed to happen if Dad or I were driving the little car. If my wife was driving the Metro she did not have the issue with it shifting!

When I got married, I was still working at various gas stations in Petaluma. My first job that was not gas station related was

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becoming a security guard for the new K-Mart in Santa Rosa. At the time, K-Mart had security at a desk at the door. I mostly worked the door and sometimes did some theft prevention. Since I was making a little more money then, I found a nice 65 Impala that I bought for my wife. Since I was at school and working in Santa Rosa we moved into a motel on a weekly rate to finish my last semester.

I started my second year at Santa Rosa JC working on getting my AA degree in Police Science. In the second year of studies, we were put on the Santa Rosa JC Campus Police Department. So, I started patrolling and working for the Campus. During this time frame, one night while was at home, we had an earthquake in Northern California. Santa Rosa, CA was hit pretty bad and the Campus Police were asked to help out the city police. I was assigned to a shopping center in town and the JC Penny store was damaged so bad, you could look from the second floor to the first floor thru the floor of the building.

I graduated in June of 1971 and I was not yet even 20, so I could not apply to the Highway Patrol of other police department. Dad was working for the NSA still and got assigned to Virginia and was going to move from Tomales, Ca. I decided I would leave California as well and using a small trailer that my friend Glenn and I had built, we put everything I owned in it and my hydro cycle on top of it and a tarp covering it all. I also had a Honda

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S-90 I had bought as well. I had always wanted to have a motor cycle but dad would not let me buy one while I lived at home. So, when I moved out of his house, I found one and started riding.



I had sold my MGTD and my Sprite. We only had the Impala towing the trailer with the S-90 across the tongue of the trailer. My wife was driving one of dad's vehicles and towing a trailer. She was going to drive it to Virginia for dad. I drove the Impala and went to Tucson, AZ and got us an apartment. Most of dad's family lived there in Tucson. I started working for K-Mart in the building supplies department. We only lived there a few months and did not like it very well. I had called a K-mart in Casper Wyoming and we planned to leave Tucson and head up there, only it was late November and snow started north of us and it was bad. We were not able to drive a northern route to get to Casper so since we were already packed and ready to leave, we started out on I10 East. We were thinking we would go to Austin, where was a K-mart. I got tired driving as we went past El Paso, so I let wife drive. I work up in a shopping center parking lot and

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we found the KOA to stay in. I went to find a K-Mart and there was not one in San Antonio. Opps, wrong town, but we did not think we could afford to go further. We went down on Sunday to the First Baptist Church downtown and we found people there that were willing to help us out.

First, I tried to find work and all I found was a "Door to Door" salesman for vacuum cleaners. Never sold one or made any money. While we were living in the KOA it started to rain and rained so hard, we ended up staying in the bathroom all night to stay semi-dry. Dad was nice enough to send us \$200 to try to find someplace to rent. We found a small two room cabin in Castle Hills on the north side of San Antonio. Someone at the church helped me find a job at George C Vaughan & Son building supplies. I started off on the dock and we were shipping molding and cabinets and other house building products. Then they moved me into the office to keep the stock register. The stock register as a cabinet with 3-5 cards for every item in the warehouse. I found a friend that worked there and lived near me. He was being brought to work by his wife, they only had the one car. So, he offered to buy me gas if I would pick him and drop him off each day. He was nice enough to fill up gas tank on Monday and again on Friday.

Since I had no furniture, we were sleeping on the floor. You could feel the cockroaches crawling around. Then someone at the

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church donated us a mattress. Still had cockroaches running around but a month or so later, we had a bed frame donated.

The First Baptist Church was our life for several years. Sunday's, we went morning and evening. Monday was the Married Young Adults get together. Wednesday nights they had dinner and services. I had started being one of the leaders for the churches Royal Ambassadors Boys. That was the churches program much like scouts. Then Thursday nights we would go around some of the middle class neighborhoods and gave kids candy and chatted. We talked some of them into letting us pick them up on Sunday mornings, as the church had a bus ministry, with several buses and routes. Then on Saturday I coached the Midget Girls softball team. So, we had a busy week, every week. I ended up being the bus driver and host for the kids. We would take the bus around and pickup kids, then get them to Sunday School and then had them sit with us in church. Then back on the bus and to their homes. Not sure how in today's world, if parents would be happy seeing someone driving around talking to all the kids and handing out candy. Of course, after meeting the kids, we did go and meet the folks and if they were not regular church going people, then we could pick up their kids to let them attend.

Royal Ambassadors – We took boys camping, had pinewood derbies and had the boys meet and learn outdoor skills during the Wednesday night activities at the church. One summer I took

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them to a camp in West Texas and we had a great time. I did take the opportunity to have a teaching moment in the cafeteria. The boys all went thru the line and got what they wanted and then sat at table where we could all be together. After a little bit the first one got up and started to pickup his tray to take to dump and give to kitchen, but I told him to sit down. He had taken the food, he would eat it.... I expressed this to all the boys at that time and it was not well received but I made them sit there and eat it all. The next time they were a little better but I did find that this one kid was always the last one done. It turned out everyone was dumping what they did not want to eat on his plate and he ate it all. He must have had a hollow leg.

I did have one not as fun circumstance while being the leader. We had one boy that was at most but not all our meetings. He had Leukemia, and was struggling with it. Most the time he wore a wig since he had no hair. He was a really sweet kid and excited when he took second place in the pinewood derby. When he passed away, I guess he had asked his father to be sure to have me be a Pallbearer at his funeral. It was not the first funeral I had gone to but was the worst one. I did not attend another one for 35 years.

In the Married Young Adults group at the church, we had some very good friends. We not only met Monday nights but we did things around town together and really enjoyed it. Two of these

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friends were such good buddies that they helped me put a roof on Dad's pole barn one day, on the hottest day of the year. Dad had been re-assigned to San Antonio after a few years in Virginia and had bought 20 acres in Devine, TX and bought a herd of Black Angus. More later on that.

When I was 20 1/2, I decided to apply to the Texas Highway Patrol. They were happy to have me apply and said that they would be happy to have me but because I had not been in Texas long, they would hold my application for 6 months and when I was more established, they would offer me a job. I applied to the San Antonio Police Department and they did not have those rules about how or where one lived. They offered me a job right away to work in the Property room until the next Academy started after the first of the year. I thought I had hit the jackpot. I was paid cadet wages for working in property room. I was making \$650 a month. I started the academy and was doing very well and we got to the end of training classes and had started riding with officers on the graveyard shift. One night when we went to a scene of a fight and man cut going in the ambulance. Being in the house and the blood everywhere was not something I seemed to be able to handle. I was faint and my partner told me to go outside and get some air. I passed out!! When I was in college, I found I was having trouble with first aid classes and being around bad situations with blood around. So, I started

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volunteering at the local hospital in the ER area. I felt I had gotten to where the blood and such was not bothering me anymore. But apparently not. The next day I had a talk with training supervisor and they expressed that though I could not continue and graduate, the PD did not want to lose me. They offered me a job in the Internal Affairs office to do background investigations on the police applicants.

It was a fun job and I did that for a few years. When I first started, I was completing 8-9 investigations a month. This upset the other investigators as they only did 3-4 a month. We were required to do an in home interview. I don't know how the one lady investigator, Faye, completed any because she NEVER left the office. Even my Sgt had said something about the fact there were fewer and fewer applicants and we did not want to get them all done. So I slowed down to 4-5 a month.

Since I had been riding the bus from north side of town to downtown, so wife could have the car and get a job, I found another motorcycle, Honda 350. Every time I bought another bike it was bigger than the bike before. I also shopped for suits, polyester walking suits I think there were called, I had several, green, orange, tan, navy blue with pin stripes and more. They were really cheap.



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In doing these background investigations I found answers to some of my questions I had about things and officers when I had done the Graveyard shift as a trainee. One night we pulled up to a store burglary and the officer grabbed a couple things from the store and put in trunk of patrol car. Another time we were driving by another patrol car that was apparently handing out drugs to a drug dealer. One time we were heading out to our district and a call came across the radio for an armed holdup in district close to ours. I started to take microphone and check us in to help but was told not to. After others were assigned that had to come from downtown since it was shift change and many had not gotten out yet, the officer I was with finally checked in and then we checked out for a break at the donut shop. I did have one good officer I rode with. He was showing me that you did not have to be a butt to keep up with the rule of "2 tickets a day, to keep the Sgt away". We just stopped on side of the road, not hiding and in just a few minutes saw someone run a red light. So, we stopped them and gave ticket. Then we did not even move. In a few minutes, someone goes speeding by and we gave them a ticket. He told me if you just write the tickets you see, when you see them, there would be no issues with the Sgt. Another night 4-5 patrol cars all got together behind a warehouse to eat some "Menuda", main component beef tripe!! I told them I would pass. Another time two patrol cars met in the back of a strip club and we went in for a bit for the officers to chat with girls they

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knew!!

Anyway back to running background checks, I found applicants with records, with drug use and ones that were in fights. One day I was talking to an ex-girlfriend of an applicant and she showed me the bullet holes in the wall above her headboard he had done when he caught with another man. Of course you have to think about the times, it was the 70's with Affirmative Action programs made it almost impossible to get Hispanic, Black or female applicants rejected. One black female had lots of bad stuff I had in report. I had to do an in home interview and I had a police officer from that district sit down the street to be sure I got out ok. The first screening board approved her. But when the Chief sent her back down to be re-screened and she did not pass. The screening board knew if they were sent one to rescreen, it meant Chief did not approve.

In my work around town, I had met a guy that ran several security offices. He offered me a job to manage one. He wanted me to train in San Antonio and then move to Houston to run the office there. I took job and did finally move to Houston. The security company was a small alarm and patrol office. The office was in a duplex with office in front of one side with alarm monitoring in back of that side of the duplex. I lived in the other side of the duplex. Running the company was fun but a lot of work. Most the time, we did not have anyone to monitor the

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alarm monitoring at night so I kept the door open and could hear if one went off. Then if needed, I jumped in car and went to the place where the alarm was and helped police get into the building and check to see if there was anything stolen. When I left office, then wife had to listen for the alarms. It got to be a lot of work.

It was fun though and the boss had a small plane and fly equipment around the state between the 5 cities with offices. It was funny, Dallas did not care for private security companies. They did not like having armed guards in a security patrol cars running around town. They felt they should only carry while on the property they were hired to protect. So the Dallas police would pull over the security cars and confiscate the guards weapon. The security guards would have 2-3 weapons in the trunk where it was legal to carry them. They would get stopped more than once a night by Dallas Police. Then every couple day's, they would have to go to the Police Department property room to pick up the weapons.

The boss had a ranch in Mexico and once we were scheduled to have a manager's meeting there. Of course he flew his plane and the us managers were having to drive. When we got to the ranch, he asked how many of us had taken all the weapons out of our vehicles. Hahahaaaa, we all had weapons in the car. He said, we might have issues getting back across the border. But he advised

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us that when we got close to the border to open the trunk and put everything in suitcase and then leave a \$20 bill on suitcase. So, we drive up to border and the Border guard was checking our ID and wanting to look in the trunk. We would just say OK and pop open the trunk as we stayed in the car. Border guard looked in trunk and the slammed it closed. We were on our way....

I found that since we did not have enough alarms to really support the company, I asked the boss if we could buy an alarm company that was selling out and it would have doubled our count on alarms. But he said no. I got tired of never having any time off. Even when wife was having our first child, all I could do was take her to the hospital and drop her off and back to work. Wendy Lynn was born that day. It became harder and harder to run the office and monitor alarms both. I told the boss I was giving my 2 weeks notice, and that in the past he had said that when someone gave notice to just turn them loose. So I told him I could be out of duplex by weekend. He said no, no, please that rule was not for management. So, we agreed I would actually work another 3 weeks to the end of the college semester for his son. Then he would send his son down to take over.

Leaving Houston we went to Devine Texas and moved in with mom and dad on the farm there. I tried to help out around for dad's ranch work for the black angus herd he was trying to manage. I also got a job for graveyard shift for the City Night

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Watchman. It was fun, just drove around town all night watching for fires or something going on. They gave me a big clock like device that had a key slot in it. I had to hit various locations where a key was hung on a telephone pole or some other type spot they could place a key. I had 15 minutes to reach another key location. It was fun. The Country Inn's cook would show up at the Inns kitchen door each morning at 6am, but she did not like going in alone, so I would be there and go in with her. Then I would make my rounds and about 7:30 I would stop by and she had fresh biscuits and more for my breakfast for free..... I started noticing on most mornings, this one kid would be rinsing off his car, front and back. I had also remembered seeing him running around all hours of the night. Could not figure out what he was doing but then I found him taking a deer out of the trunk one morning. He was out most nights road hunting with his car. It was not legal to road hunt with a gun to shoot deer, but nothing was illegal about hitting them with the car. So this kid road hunted year around and nothing we could do about it.

The farm in Devine had an above ground swimming pool we enjoyed and dad frequently invited friends out to BBQ and swim. He was a bit of a joker..... We had an electric fence around the fields but between the garage and street, we had the wire but it was not connected because we did not run it over the gate. So when friends were there one time, one little kid was always

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getting into something and asking questions, so dad took him out to the spot where the fence was not hot and told the kid it only shocked animals not people. Dad would grab the fence and got the kid to grab it too.... Then later we are back over by the pool and dad tells kid to show his folks how the fence does not bother people. The kid reached and grabbed fence!!!

Mom had a white Nova for years and being there on the farm a lot of the times, dad or I would take it instead of a truck to go into town. The paint was pretty bad and dad and I decided to paint it for her birthday. We asked her what color she would like. She said Pink!! So we painted it pink and we hardly ever drove it again. Mom having been raised on farm and milking cows and goats decides to start milking one of the Black Angus cows. She goes to the feed store and asks for some milk supplement for her cow. The clerk trying to help asks when kind of cow because some of the supplements are better for different breeds. Mom tells him a Black Angus! He looks at her and says, "Mrs McPherson, you can't milk one of those. You need to just turn her out so she does not kick your head or something worse." Mom of course just tells him to give he some feed for it.

Mom would have the milk on the table and dad and I were not fond of it. We told mom we wanted real milk from the store. So we would buy a gallon of milk for the table. But it seemed to last a long time, we would finally notice the expiration date on gallon

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of milk was a month ago and that we had be snookered, again. Then we would go and buy some more milk.

I enjoyed my nightwatchman job but it was not paying well and I needed to make enough to get out on my own again. I found a job in San Antonio for Equafax. They did insurance investigations. It was a fun job and we moved back into town to some apartments on South Zarzamora. When I was interviewing, they asked how much I was wanting to make. I had being paid \$750 a month as manager of the security company, so I told them, \$750 a month. They said that would be fine. I was happy. Then on my first day as the group of investigators were splitting up the cases, I discovered why they were fine with paying me what I wanted. It was explained to me that each case was worth various amounts, anywhere from \$1.50 to \$18-\$25. Then they took the amount that I was being paid for the month and divided it by 30 days. Also, I was allowed mileage as I had to run around town in my own vehicle. So I had to take enough cases to cover what my salary and mileage would be each day.

I did not mind using my car, I had traded my 65 Impala for a 75 Vega Station Wagon. It was funny, I was mad because it was costing more than \$10 to fill up my Impala with 20 gallon fuel tank. So I sold the Impala and for the first time, financed a car and bought the Vega. I thought the \$75 a month payment was going to kill me. When I first had gotten to San Antonio in '72 I

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would go down and fill up the Impala on Saturday mornings when Stop & Go would lower gas to 25 cents a gallon till noon. Gas was cheap in Texas. But of course by mid 70's the prices was higher.



I was enjoying the investigations work. I would go in office and dictate reports for all the ones I did yesterday. Then we would split up all the reports to work for that day and I would hit the streets. I never went back to the office. I would go home when I finished and went out to the tennis court. If no one around, I would practice against the wall till someone showed up to play. Then when I was tired, I would go change into swim suit and swim. When wife got home and dinner was ready she would find me and I would come in for dinner.

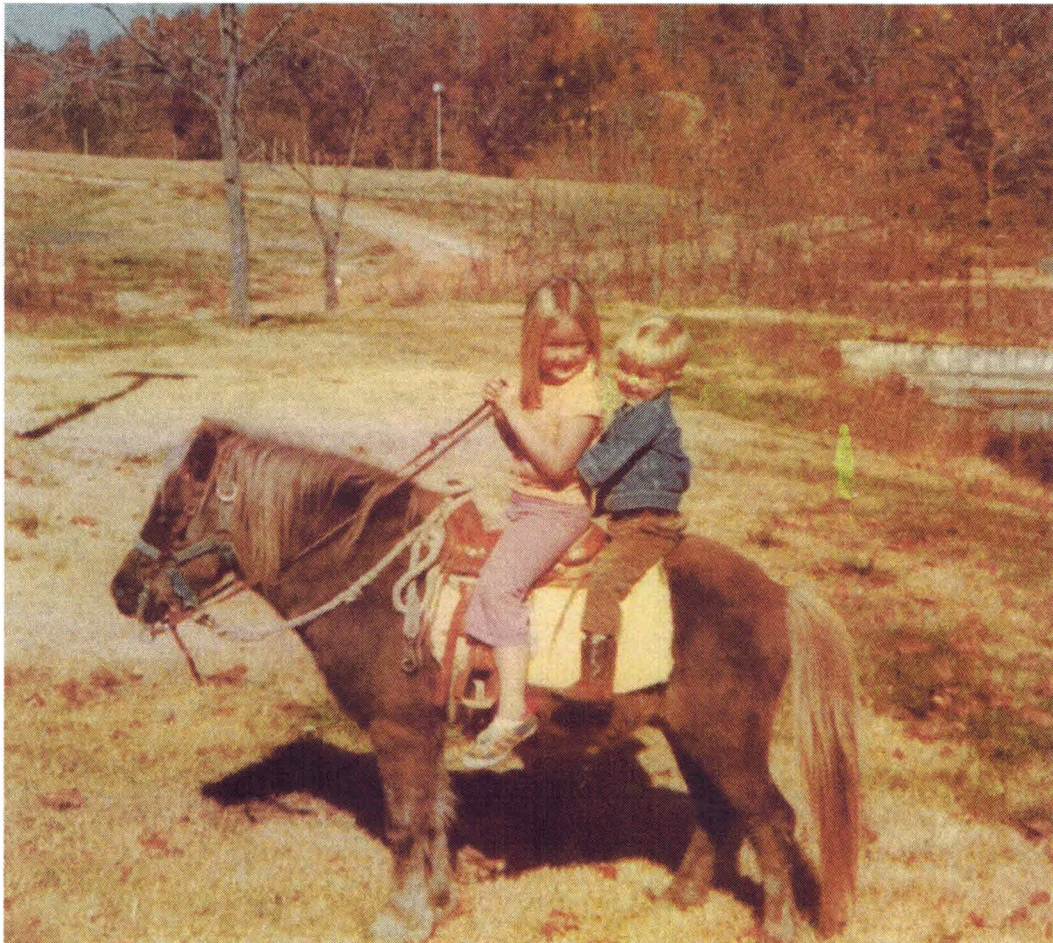
By this time Wendy was 2 I think. I saw an ad for a Shetland pony in the paper and I bought him for her to have to ride. Yes I was living in an apartment!! But the property next to apartments was a field with tall grass in it. We would stake pony out in the grass so no one could see him and water and feed him daily. Then we had a little saddle and we would bring him out and saddle and let



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Wendy ride. Even some of the kids in apartment would come ride. Then when done, we would go hide him in the field again. No one ever bothered him and he was such a nice pony.

He was a nice pony and we had him for years for the kids to enjoy. This is him at the trout farm and the kids both riding.



As we were getting ready for our second child, I decided to buy my first house. I was working the southwest side of town and living southeast was not helping. I found a nice little house off Medina Base Road on Apple Valley on southwest part of San

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Antonio. Three bedroom with a carport and nice fenced back yard. We enjoyed the house and had sent the pony to dad's ranch in Devine. But we did have a nice New Zealand White rabbit we kept in the back yard. Wendy was having fun with it. She would sit next to it and pet it on the grass. The rabbit would move along and she could not reach it so she would get up, still a challenge being in diapers, and then sit by rabbit again to pet it. But of course the rabbit would move again.....

One thing about the Vega cars was that their engine was an aluminum block, and it would start to smoke and burn oil thru the rings after about 70,000 to 80,000 miles. It was funny, I carried a case of oil in the back and I laughed it may get good gas mileage but terrible oil mileage. I rebuilt the engine the first time and found it was easy to do. I started a side business, rebuilding Vegas. I printed up business cards and started overhauling for \$200 a pop. I would have \$25 in head rebuild and \$10 in gaskets and a few hours work. I actually went to junk yard and bought 2 extra heads and had them rebuilt. Then I could pull a Vega in to carport Sat afternoon, and tear it down, then Sunday morning put it back together. I was doing a brisk business. It was funny some people just sold me the car for \$100- \$150 instead of paying to rebuild it. Then I would rebuild and sell for \$600-\$800. Had one fastback Vega, I sold seats and other stuff out of and then sold frame to a guy for a race car he wanted to

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build. I had gone to junk yard and pulled all the grey interior out of a Vega to replace my black interior. I had a lot of fun with mine and the others. Sometimes I did 2 rebuilds in one weekend in my single carport.

As my birthday came around, it became apparent that TJ was very likely going to born on my birthday. Perfect, we were going to call him Terry Jr anyway. So on my birthday in the late afternoon she starts having labor pains and we hurry into the hospital. But then the pains stopped. Since she had the first one c-section, they decided they would do c-section again. But it was going to be a while. So I went home. I came by in the morning on the way to work, to see how things turned out and found out they had not gotten an operating room until 2am. Thus we do not share the same birthday!!

Then Dad buys a Trout Farm in northern Arkansas to retire to when he decides to retire. He was going to sell the place in Devine. So wife and I decide it was time for us to retire to the Trout Farm and run it for dad. He had sent my aunt up there to run it to start with, but she was pretty flakey.

So I sold dad my house, so he could move out of farm and sell it. I moved to Yellville AR and started running the farm. Aunt Ardy was still they living in trailer by the fishing raceways and I lived on the house on the hill as they were finishing remodeling. Ardy

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started talking about this guy going to come GIVE her a Toyota Camper!! Well she had ben talking about this for weeks and then out in our garden I find some strange "Tomatoe Plants" not like the others. I pulled them all up and stuck in a gunny sack and hid in a stack of tires. Ardy was livid and called mom and complained I was ruining her life. Anyway, for the best she moves into town and I don't have to put up with her games.

Running the trout farm was fun. We had to keep a life jacket on TJ anytime he was down around the water. The trout raceways were about 4-5 feet deep and he was just 2. Wendy would get frustrated with Grandpa would be visiting and he would give swimming lessons by "Accidently" knocking her into the raceway.

The trout farm might have made some money but mom moved all her horses and geese and chickens to the farm and it took lots more feed to take care of them than for the trout. We started off buying trout ready to catch. We would put them in the raceways and then people would come and fish and pay by the pound for what they caught. We gave them a receipt and they did not need a license and no limit. It was funny, one guy would come fish in the morning and did not want to have us clean them for him, he just put in ice chest and pretended he had caught them on the river. The river was a well known trout fishing river, the White River. Then we decided to raise our own trout so dad and I built

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more, smaller raceways for fries and a fish house to hold the eggs in troughs as they hatched and got big enough to set outside. It was fun, we had a spring coming out of the mountain that was millions of gallons of 50 degree water year round. We were not very successful with growing our own.

I also started trying to supply local restaurants with trout. I would size the trout and then clean and box them and deliver to local places. Had a few grocery stores with bags of trout too. But all it hardly worth the time it took to size and box or bag them.

I became interested in politics while there as well. When we first got there, we had a fight with neighbors and county judge about road use up through my yard/driveway to allow access to property behind us. One day I had the gate locked and neighbor came up my driveway with noisy pickup and I would not unlock the gate. He threatened me and I was there with 410 shotgun telling him to get gone. He came back later with the county grader trying to grade my driveway and wanting me to unlock the gate. I ran them off too. So soon I was in the court house and county judge was not happy with me. I tried to tell them they had access from the river, but the river was actually washed out and county did not want to fix it. They were trying to use old state access law that indicated if a road had been being used for over 7 years for access, it was then free access. Finally we agreed to give them alter access if they would not come up my driveway by

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house. So we put a dirt road in from down by orchard and around the edge of our field.

I also had trouble with guys running their hunting dogs thru our 100 acres as well. The dogs would end up in our field running moms Barbados Black Belly sheep around. I shot at one once with the 410 shotgun and when the hunter came around I told I shot a wolf bothering my sheep and said it was down in the ravine. He was not happy. After that I would catch the dogs, and then use a rope and tie them to a tree by the road where the hunter would find them and really be mad that they had to drive all over looking for their dog. Told them, many keep it off our property??

After I had been there a little over a year, mom decided to get out of the city and come to live on the farm and help out. It was fun having her there and made it easier to run the day to day operation. During that time her father, who lived in Missouri had another heart attack and could not live alone, so we went up there and got him and had him there living with her in the mobile home that was the house for the fishing part of the place. It was fun having him there. He was cheerful and made little lace key chains he gave to kids that came to the farm with their parents to fish. He never got excited about anything. Just sat and watched things and might look over showing some interest in what was being done. Then one morning he got up and had

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breakfast and then said he was a little tired and went back to bed. He passed peacefully in his sleep. Mom called up to Missouri to ask about transporting or have the funeral home come and get him. They told her price and that they had to get permits and such. She said OK would let them know if she needed anything. I helped her and we placed grandpa into the back of the travelling truck she drove. Covered him up and we took him to his home in Missouri. Placed him in bed and then called the county to let them know grandpa had died and they took care of everything, no questions asked and we had his funeral.

Since mom living there at the farm, dad would get in his sprite and come up most weekends. One weekend was his birthday weekend and we were trying to get him to come and rest and lets celebrate. But no, he had work to do on the tractor cleaning around edge of ponds. He was on the pond bank and when the bucket got stuck, he backed a bit too much to get bucket loose and ended up upside down in the creek with the long tractor on top of him. He was stuck under the rear fender of the tractor so I ran to shed to get the backhoe to lift tractor. My friend grabbed a hydraulic jack and some wood and used it to lift tractor a bit to keep it from sinking further into the creek and crushing dad. It took a while to start the backhoe. Oh it started right away, but you had to build up hydraulic pressure. There was a leak in system so the bucket, the tail and both supports all on the

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ground and had to be lifted one at a time. So finally, I am down on the pond bank with the backhoe and with a chain connected to the long tractor we lifted it off of dad and turned it right side up. Dad refused to go to the hospital but did decide to take a break for his birthday and fish a bit. Our neighbor was Doc Eran though and he came down to look at dad and just said he had bruised ribs and needed to keep them wrapped a bit, which mom had already done.

One day as dad was leaving, he had been gone about 5 minutes when mom noticed he had left his pillow. She got in the travelall and headed out to catch up with him. He was going slow on the small dirt and rocky road out the back of the farm. She caught up and gave him the pillow. Later I was going out that way and saw a tree with a big bite taken out of the side of the tree. Not sure with would actually even live, or not fall over. When I got back to the farm, I noticed moms travelall had the right rear bumper turned back and dent in side of fender. Of course I decided to just ask mom to call Doc Eran because there was a tree down the road that needed immediate help. She never would admit she hit the tree.

I was trying to run for District JP as a Republican and had support of the party, but they filed my paper work too late and I was not on the ballot. Then I decided to try to run the City Counsel and so I was elected Chairman of City Counsel.