

Gina Games: My name is Gina Games. I am sitting in Adena, Ohio. It is June 25th, 2015, and accompanying me is Pat Jacobson. We are recording.

Greg Arnett: Greg Arnett.

GG: Your date of birth, Greg?

GA: April the 17th, 1953.

GG: Could you tell me about your people, and where you were raised?

GA: Well, I was raised in Columbus, Ohio – actually, right outside of Columbus, a small neighborhood. It's still in the [19]50s. It was still the mom-and-pop shops, the family neighborhoods, diverse neighborhoods. Went to a Catholic grade school until, I think, 1963. Then we moved to the suburbs. Basically, it became the inner city, moved out to the suburbs for a new way of life. [laughter] It seemed people were moving out of the city and into the suburbs. That was the new trend. Everybody in our neighborhood, we were all in the same boat, so to speak, because we had all moved out of our familiar surroundings. Everybody in the neighborhoods were new. It was a new experience, new schools, new friends. Everything that was familiar was no longer familiar. It was quite an adjustment. The little town we moved to was called Reynoldsburg. It was comprised of old farms, and it was quickly being eaten up by the housing developments and just urban sprawl. So, it was quite an experience growing up in the suburbs. [laughter] I couldn't wait to leave. [laughter] But after moving to Reynoldsburg and going through the public schools then and then graduating out of high school, moved out of my parents' home. I met Francie and history started to [laughter] unfold, [laughter] or we started making history, I should say. We ended up moving into Columbus with several other friends in kind of a small type commune, I guess you could call it. We lived in Columbus for probably about a year or so, and then a group of us all moved to New England to Connecticut. Ended up in Milford, Connecticut, renting a house on the Long Island Sound. We shared a home with my brother and his wife and young son, and let's see, two other couples. That's Francie and I. Then we ventured out on our own when we could afford it, got employment. We lived in Milford. Actually, we got married in Milford in 1972, it was December of [19]72. I think we lived in Connecticut for probably, oh, two and a half years or so. It was really enjoyable. I love New England because we liked to camp. So, we did a lot of trips into Vermont and New Hampshire. Never did make it up to Maine. But it was just nice living in it. Francie's sister and her husband were in the city in New York. So, we used to take the train on weekends into the city. That was an experience because – well, when you're young, you don't realize how naive you are. But going into the city and seeing all the sights and everything that goes on in the big cities and seeing Harlem and seeing Manhattan and riding the subways and learning how to get around, there was just a lot of things going on in that area in the early [19]70s. It was quite an experience. Then got a job opportunity in Norwalk, Ohio to run a commercial fruit and vegetable farm. So, we took that adventure, and we tried our hand at truck farming, growing fruits and vegetables on the commercial end. We realized that we didn't know anything about farming. [laughter] In all respect, we were kids, and we thought we were very grown up and on top of things. At the time, there was no intimidation about anything. You just jumped in head first. You tried it and, "Hey, it was a big learning curve." But it was pretty interesting running a

fruit and vegetable farm and picking apples and growing lots of sweet corn and being introduced to migrant farm workers and coming in and knocking on your door at any hour day or night to see if they could pick your fruits and vegetables. It was actually pretty neat. Then we were surrounded by huge mega farms, commercial farms, where they were bringing in hundreds of Mexican families. They lived on the farms, and you'd see them in the mornings going out on the farm wagons and picking the fruits and vegetables and then the tractor-trailer is being loaded. It was the families, mom, dad, the kids, everybody out picking the fruits and vegetables. Francie and I were doing it all. In the frost time, they bring in helicopters to keep the frost from settling on the peach trees to save the peach crops or the strawberry crops or whatever. We're out building little fires to try to keep the frost from settling on the fruits and vegetables. So, it was quite an experience. Then Francie got pregnant, with my help, obviously. [laughter]

We could no longer keep up with the farm. So, Francie's originally from St. Clairsville. So, we moved back to St. Clairsville. Some friends of ours that we knew from high school and that we actually shared a house with them in Connecticut and they had gotten a farmhouse. Actually, Pat and Jake Jacobson were living in that farmhouse at the time in rural St. Clairsville. We moved in with Steve and Liz until we could get back on our feet ourselves. I got a job working in a foundry. Me being the city kid, I didn't have a clue what steel mills were, what the coal industry was, what a foundry was.

GG: What is a foundry?

GA: A foundry is a facility where they take molten steel. They produce the raw steel. They form it into anything from huge industrial parts, actual housings for steel mills that roll the steel that make the work rolls or the backup rolls that actually roll out the steel in the mills. They'd have large pits that were like sixty to eighty feet deep. They would put the forms in those pits, and then they would pour the molten steel in them after they cooled and you took them apart. I worked as a second helper on an open-hearth furnace and that was an incredible experience. Because the second helper on the open-hearth furnaces, you wore long johns all year round, and then you wore fireproof clothing. It was incredibly hot, I mean, really, really hot. The second helper was the guy that went down and actually tapped the furnaces. So, when the molten steel was up to temperature and ready, then it would pour it into the ladles. Then the crane would pick the ladle up and take and pour it into the – so it's kind of interesting. You'd put on all your protective gear, you'd go down to tap the heat, and you would have a ten-foot-long steel pipe. You would have it connected to pure oxygen, and then you would take the coke and the sand out of the runner, what you call the runner, where the steel is going to come out. You would dig that out as far as you could, then you would take that oxygen lance, that pipe, and you'd push it into that. You'd just keep pushing until it blew and burned all the slag and all the sand and all the coke out of the way for your molten steel to come out. As soon as you saw bright white, you backed up and you got out because you had up to 150,000, 200,000 pounds of molten steel just flowing out. It would come through, burn through anything, everything. It was an experience. I did that for about five years. Then I got a job at Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel working in another type of steel industry. There I started to figure out that it was better to work smarter and not harder. [laughter] So, I learned to be a crane operator, an overhead crane operator, and then I decided that, "Well, you know what, I'd like to get into something where I could make money and be a little more independent." So, I got into the electrical gang. I learned to be an electrician

in the mill, an industrial electrician. I did that for thirty-four years. We went through a lot of transitions in the mill, a lot of different owners. I think the longest we were out on strike one time was for a little over a year. I think that was in 1985, 1986. I guess looking back on it, that was probably one of the most exciting times that I think of my life as far as we were young, we had our farm, we were able to grow most of our food. Francie, at the time, with the kids, we grew our own food, we canned, we baked. It was really a neat time of our lives because I didn't have to go to work every day. We were being self-sufficient was kind of our goal. I got ahead of myself in all this story as far as Francie being pregnant and having our first son, Dylan, which was probably one of the most exciting things in my life. I think, speaking for Francie, I'm sure it was also having just – oh, my god, it was the most incredible thing that I can still remember the day having Dylan. That was an incredible experience. Francie and I were very young when we got married. We grew up together. We both adapted to life and grew up together. We stayed together, and we handled life's problems and issues. I think it made us tough. It really did. It was a challenge. Then Francie got pregnant with Eric, our other son. We have two sons. The kids love being on the farm. It gave them a respect of animals and the law of the jungle as far as everything's not beautiful like you think. There's birth, there's death on the farm with your animals. Just because you work really hard putting in a garden, that doesn't necessarily mean that you're going to have a fruitful garden. There was just a lot of adjustments, a lot of learning. But I don't think I would do anything any different as far as being out here on the farm and having that experience and the quiet of the farm and being out of the city. Because I grew up in the city. This was a nice way of life. I grew up in the flatlands of Columbus and out here in the Ohio Valley. We have our hills and the roads have a lot of curves and twists and turns. I can always remember my family coming out here, my father especially, and he'd always say, "Wouldn't be bad out here if you'd get rid of these damn hills and the curves in the roads." [laughter] Because he was a flatlander. That's what we call them, flatlanders. Then going back to the mill life, being a mill worker and working a twenty-one-turn schedule, you had one weekend off a month, whether you needed it or not. You worked all the turns. There was somewhat of a routine working in the mill, but your schedules could be changed at any time. When you were young in the mill, sometimes every week you were on a different schedule. Then when we found this farm to buy, when we first found it, we weren't rich by any means. When we bought the farm originally, I think we paid almost \$18,000 for it. That was 1979, but in reality, to Francie and I, that was an astronomical amount of money. I mean, it was like, "Oh, my God, can we really afford this? What are we going to do? How are we going to afford this?" But with the help of Francie's parents and mine, we bought the farm. Francie was scared to death being back here on the farm, being this far out in the country and having two little ones. We only could afford one vehicle. I obviously had to use the vehicle to go to work. She was out here in the middle of nowhere. [laughter] There was a lot of adjustments, a lot of sacrifices. But all in all, it seems to have worked out pretty well. But then going back to the mill life, thirty-four years in the mill after many, many owners, we were like a mom-and-pop type steel mill. We thought that it had started at the turn of the century, 1900, and it would be there forever and ever for generations to come. In the [19]80s, the steel industry started to change. Like I said, we went through several owners, one of them being a Russian-owned company. They sold us off, then another buyer bought us, another buyer bought us. Finally, we got lost in the venture capitalist. They had our debt ceiling so high that the owner walked away from us. It devastated the towns, the workers, the school systems. It had an impact on everything. It seemed that when it was a small mom-and-pop type operation, there was a sense of community and a sense of

ownership that you had a responsibility to your employees and your employees had a sense of ownership or a sense of responsibility to the owners and to the communities. It affected everybody. Then when it got very impersonal and there was no longer any social consciousness associated with the owners and their workers, we just felt like they just totally abandoned us. It was no matter how much we would concede – we went through a series of concessions where we gave up hourly rate of pay. We gave up vacation time. We gave up benefits, hospitalization, eye-dental care, shift differentials, where you were compensated more for working in the afternoon term or at midnight or working your weekends. Then we just kept going backwards more and more and more. Finally, we said, "No more. Hey, we have to feed our families. We have to provide for our families." That's when we went out on strike. We actually were out, I think, three separate times from 1985 until 2000. Then we went back, and no matter how much we would concede, it was never enough. It was like, "We can work for free, and it's not going to quench your thirst." Finally, the last owner that had us, he got tied in with a capital venturist and just got our debt so heavy. I mean, we were a profitable company even through that time, but it was never enough. Finally, they had bought up Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel. They bought up Warren Steel. I'm trying to think, in Baltimore, Sparrows Point. It was the world's largest blast furnaces in the world. Baltimore Works, we all thought, "We're too big to fail. There're too many thousands of us for them to just walk away. We're going to bail ourselves out here. We know we are." Then one day, we went to work, and it was just – that's it. That was after they put millions of dollars into upgrades and training. I mean, it was like, "Hey, we did everything we could. We dotted every I, we crossed every T, and they shut it." People were just dumbfounded, I mean, in a state of shock. It was just like, "Is this real? Is this really happening? What do you do?" Because the average steel worker's age at the time was, I think, fifty-seven years old. It was like, "Oh, my God. What are we going to do?" Some of us were in a position to where our age, "Okay. Well, with unemployment assistance, we'll get through this until we can reach Social Security age." But then there were other fellows that they were in their forties or twenties, fifties. It's like, "What do we do?" It was unnerving. People were just beside themselves. Then of course, divorces started to occur. There were suicides. There was just a total sense of helplessness, that, "Where are the jobs?" You have your home. You've got your family. Who's going to buy your house? Where are you going to go? What do you want to be? You think everything's right there, and next thing you know, you have nothing. That was really hard. It was difficult. You felt empathy for everybody because everybody was in the same boat. A lot of people landed on their feet. A lot of people, they were just at a total loss. But eventually, after probably two years' time, some folks, it took three years before they finally got a sense of what they were going to do or how they were going to move on with their lives. A lot of people lost their homes. They lost everything. I still think about a lot of those guys today. But I ended up getting a job. I was a facility manager for Belco Works, which was used to be considered a sheltered workshop, working with the physically and mentally disadvantaged folks. My maintenance background helped me a lot with that. Being a training coordinator the last few years in the mill helped me get that position as far as managing the facility and bringing in work and training our individuals to prepare them to go out into the community and give them a sense of self-worth, a sense of purpose. It was really neat working with those folks. It was pretty rewarding. Then this past January of 2015, I took my retirement and signed up for Social Security, and here I am today. That's it.

GG: So, you mentioned you could still remember the day that Dylan was born. Can you tell me

a little bit about that day? Can you describe the day?

GA: Oh, yes. [laughter] Probably too much detail.

GG: No. I like it. That is what I want. [laughter]

GA: Well, Francie was very pregnant. A friend of ours had come to visit, and we thought, "Okay. Today is the day. There's no way she's going to carry him any longer." Back in that day, you didn't know whether you're going to have a boy or a girl or any details or whatever. So, we decided that we were going to go visit Francie's sister in Wheeling. We were living in St. Clairsville on the farm in Route 9, the house sat in the middle of a cow pasture. It was really a neat house. It really was. But we decided that we were going to go for a ride to Wheeling and see Francie's sister at work and then walk her around a lot. If that didn't work, then we were going to find a bumpy road and take a ride on a bumpy road. I think we even ended up doing that. We even have photographs. We went to Francie's sister. There was a department store in Wheeling called Value City. Value City doesn't exist anymore. But we have photographs of Francie being in her sister's office where we are taking photographs of her big belly. [laughter] We kept saying, "Come on, Dylan. Come on." [laughter] Anyhow, we walked around and walked some more. Actually, I think we ended up going to the hospital that evening. Nothing happened that evening. [laughter] So, the next morning, the doctor came in and talked to us and said that he felt that they were going to end up taking the baby C-section, have a caesarean. So, that kind of took away me being in the delivery room and everything. We had actually taken the Lamaze classes. So, they scheduled the C-section. A friend of ours from Connecticut, Joe, was there with us. So, they said, "Okay. We're going to take Francie, and we're going to do the C-section. We'll get back with you. There shouldn't be any problems or whatever." So, I remember Joe and I were sitting in the little waiting room. They came out, and they said, "You got a son." Eight pounds, eight ounces, I think it was, Dylan. Oh, my god, that was the most exciting. It was overwhelming. I was giddy. Then when we got to go in and see him, that was really, really incredible. Then holding him for the first time. It was so cool. Francie's mom and dad were really, really excited about it because that was their first grandchild. So, it was quite an experience. Then it's like riding the wave. Then it was like, "Oh, my God, I got to go out midnight tonight." [laughter] You get to work, and nobody shared [laughter] the excitement or really didn't really care one way or the other. "Let's go. We got work to do." But that was an incredible experience, first number one son.

GG: Wow.

GA: Yes. It was cool.

GG: Now, you also mentioned that you had done some commercial farming.

GA: Yes.

GG: Do you farm now or can you talk a little more about this farm itself?

GA: Well, when we bought the farm in 1979, our intentions were to have an organic farm and

grow our own fruits and vegetables and take a lot of the things that we had learned in Norwalk. That's what we were going to do here on this farm. We were going to have a pick-your-own-strawberry operation, sweet corn, raspberries. We put in apple trees, peach trees. We had an existing old orchard that was up on top of the hill. It's just different type of ground. Obviously, we were on the hill, so it was kind of different. You had contour plannings compared to conventional ways that we did it in the flatlands. In Norwalk, being so close to Lake Erie, it was all sandy soil, real sandy soil. Here, it was really heavy clay. That was quite an adjustment. Then a few other obstacles and issues is that we had no equipment. [laughter] It was all hand at first until we could scrape enough money together. I think the first big thing we ever bought was a Troy-Bilt rototiller from Troy, New York. That was a substantial investment. I think it was like \$1,200. But oh, my God, what we did with that was just phenomenal. Then how we found the farm was a friend of ours, Mick Lubber, who actually found the farm and told us about it. Our association with Mick was Francie had met him when we lived on Route 9. I think they advertised to start a buying club to buy food in bulk and get enough people together to where you could buy at a reduced cost. It was kind of a social thing as well, people like-minded and such. But I was not very involved at that at the time because I was more focused on trying to work and take care of that end of it. But back being here on the farm, Mick found the farm for us. I kind of elaborated a little bit on that as far as the large purchase it was for us and everything. But we actually did put in, I think, 3,500 strawberry plants up on top of the hill. Mick was helping us with that. It didn't work quite the same as it did in Norwalk as far as having a pool of people that you could get to come in and pick strawberries for us or that people coming and actually picking their own. It takes a while to get established for the word – people just don't show up out of the clear blue and want to buy your product or want to work for you at twenty-five cents a quart to pick strawberries. [laughter] We had one fellow that ordered one hundred quarts of strawberries one morning. It was like we were in a panic about how are we going to pick all these strawberries, and the poor boys. I think Dylan and Eric were probably maybe six and seven years old or so at the time. We were trying to get some of Mick's family [laughter] to come and help pick to get this huge order, one hundred quarts. Then after all that getting them picked, so we could have them on time for this guy because we're trying to build a reputation that, "Hey, that's a place to go get strawberries." The guy never even showed up. It was like, "Oh, God. Okay. Now, we got to go market [laughter] one-hundred quarts of strawberries." [laughter] So, it was interesting. It's just the way it went. You just had to roll with things. That's all. That was the key. You had to roll. But we tried, we made apple cider. We did the strawberries. We did sweet corn. We had a huge garden. Like I say, we were pretty self-sufficient as far as growing our own fruits and vegetables, and Francie baking the bread and cooking and taking care of kids and work. It was quite an experience.

GG: So, you mentioned Mick Lubber, and he still has his organic farm.

GA: Yes. Mick has a large organic farm outside of Scio, Ohio. I think he still is a certification agent for OEFA, which is Ohio Ecological Food and Farm Association. They are the certifying agent for the state of Ohio for organic farms. Mick, to this day, still makes his living as an organic truck farmer. He does a lot of the farmers' markets in the Valley and in Pittsburgh. He also sells a lot of meats and breads, chocolates, eggs, just about anything associated with good farm organic products. But Mick was very instrumental in helping us. I think we were influential on his life, our life, or any of the associations we had with other people through the

co-op and such. It's a pretty neat experience.

GG: Is he kind of like the godfather of the farming kind of? Does he help other couples the way he helped you?

GA: Yes, very much so, very much so. Mick has always been the guru of organic farms and the technology and technique. He's been an innovator, a big-time innovator of how to extend the growing seasons using a small greenhouse, different methods that he's used. He's been very influential in a lot of folks that originally were in the co-op that went out and bought farms or pieces of property to where they could have their gardens or small farms. Yes, definitely.

GG: I think I might have an interview with him in the next day or so.

GA: Okay.

GG: That is why I am asking. [laughter]

GA: Mick's interesting.

GG: Is there anything else that you would like to add in or any questions you have, Pat?

Pat Jacobson: Well, this is Pat Jacobson. I am asking, Greg, with the gas boom in this area, has that changed anything for you? How has it changed, I guess?

GA: Well, it's changed a lot. Yes. It's a roller coaster because there's a lot of people that are very opposed to it. There are people that are very pro-gas oil. I'm kind of in the middle because my stand on it is that if you drive a vehicle, then where does your gas and oil come from? If you heat your house, where does the gas and oil come from? If I was Amish and I was relying upon my horse for my labor rather than a tractor, and I rode a buggy to go wherever I wanted to go or I walked, then I think I could look myself in the mirror and say, "I'm opposed to the gas oil industry." But I feel as long as I'm driving a truck, and I get on my tractor or I get on my ranger to go back on the farm or I run my rototiller, obviously, how can I be opposed to something if I'm using it? It upsets me that our area that out here is so quiet and peaceful and green and it's already been exploited for the coal. The ground's been disrupted for the coal, and the water tables have been disrupted to get the coal. Now, a new technology has come in, taking the gas and oil. I see the oil platforms off in the distance or I'll see them flaring off gas wells. I know what they're dumping into the atmosphere and that bothers me immensely. I see them clear-cutting the trees in the hillsides to put the gas lines through. I know that that's part of the technology, and I'm hoping that it's being done right. Sadly, I've seen the results of it not being done right in other parts of the country. It's a double-edged sword because it's providing some jobs for some people. But I don't want to see it go the same route as the coal industry did with the underground mines and the acid mine drainage, the strip mining where they've just come in and disrupted the water tables and the aquifers. At the time, it was providing a lot of employment. It helped the Ohio Valley by providing those jobs and providing the school systems, but then I see the aftermath. There's nowhere you can drive in this valley where you don't see the remnants of where they had stripped or where the acid mine drainage is coming up

into our streams and creeks. I guess, it bothers me more than anything to see that Appalachia, once again being exploited for its raw materials. When it's all said and done, are we going to be right back where we started from, where our infrastructure is falling apart? The money was taken away, and our infrastructure wasn't maintained or taken care of, or there wasn't any means taken to leave it the way you found it, that bothers me. It's to the point now where our kids are no longer in this area. I don't see them coming back to this area. Francie and I have made a hard choice that everything that we've ever worked for on this farm, we've decided we've put the farm up for sale. We're moving back towards somewhere in the Cincinnati-Columbus area. Because it's just like no matter where we go in this area, you can see the handwriting on the wall that the exploitation is happening. It's going to happen, and I don't see anybody changing it. I hate to be pessimistic about that, but I just don't see it. I don't see anything changing. I don't see anybody putting a stop to it. I'm just hoping that it's maintained to where there's some ethics involved and that people are able to live in this area in the years to come, in the century to come. That's my take.

PJ: Thank you very much.

GG: Thank you.

GA: Did I ramble too much? Everything is so polarized anymore that no matter what facts you have or what kind of information you present to people, they're not going to change it. It's like, in this area, we have a coal boss that I call him, Bob Murray. He is the lowest of lows in my opinion. He exploits the workers, he indoctrinates them, he has them so brainwashed that whatever he feeds them, they spew it right back out, word for word. That bothers me because I've always been a union worker, and I've always believed that your strengths are in numbers. That as a working person, [laughter] I can get real political about this. But the only way the American worker is taken care of is if you bond together in your strengths and numbers in a common goal of looking out for a safe place to work. A place to where you're taking care of your community, you're taking care of your elderly, you're making sure that your school systems are the best that they can be. That my problem is your problem, and your problem is my problem. Because if we don't take care of ourselves, nobody's going to take care of us. It's that simple. When I see the average working-class person in this valley being so anti-environment, anti-healthcare, anti – what do I want to say – anti-infrastructure, taking care of your communities. That your goal is to take care of the king coal boss and provide him, so he has his things and he sits up here. It's like going back in time to before the mines were unionized. I'm providing you with a wage, and I'm providing you with healthcare. It's like you're being subservient to him. I've got to watch what I say, so it's politically correct. But it's just the exploitation of the working class and their allowing it to happen. That bothers me more than anything. Because I know what we stood up for, to have a fair wage and to have health care and everything that we ever struck for and worked for, and it's just going to the wayside. Nobody remembers those things, and it wasn't that long ago. I'm not old. [laughter]

But everything has changed so much, and that's sad. That's a sad legacy. That's all. [laughter]

PJ: You got a lot of good points.

GA: I mean, it's just like, "How can you be so stupid?" Your parents, your grandparents, you guys are from this area. I'm not, and I see it. But maybe, I don't know. I mean, you can go down the roads here, and you can see where there were towns, coal mining towns. You go back, and it's just these big open fields. You'll see an iron bridge where a road used to come through, but there's nothing. It's so surreal because it's like, "Oh, my God. What happened to this town? What happened to this village?" "Oh, yes, that was Herrick back in the day and that was this town and that town and that was a coal mining town," and it's just gone, evaporating. That's what I'm afraid is going to happen around here. You drive around here, and all you see is Oklahoma and Texas and Louisiana plates. I don't know. It's strange, it really is. It's emotional because Francie and I used to take the kids to the anti-nuclear rallies and anti-war rallies and all that stuff. We got a picture where we would drive to New York City. I mean, you thought nothing of it because you felt that was your duty. That morally, you had to take a stand. We got pictures at the anti-nuclear rallies and all that stuff. Now, nobody takes a stand about anything, but yet, sometimes I feel like, "Well, I sold out." But then again, it's like, "Well, but I try to look at the big picture and see how the pieces fit together." It's like I feel like a hypocrite sometimes about the gas oil industry that I'm not totally anti because I feel, "Okay. Well, it's like the garbage dumps and such." Well, wait a minute. I produce garbage, and I don't want it in my backyard. But whose backyard should I put it in? I mean, I go to the gas station. I fill up my diesel truck, and as long as it's coming from Saudi Arabia, does that make it right? Because we're exploiting that area too. But they're exploiting us also. It's just like, "Okay. Why aren't we all thinking on the same page at least and decide gas oil industry, not a good thing? Coal industry, not a good thing. Why aren't we doing something positive to make it to where we're not exploiting anybody? We're making it good for everybody. Where's the common sense?" There is none anymore. People are so polarized that nobody will listen to my idea, and I won't listen to your idea. We're just going to keep butting heads, and we all suffer. Everybody suffers. We're all going to go down. I just wish we could be sensible. I wish we could get rid of politicians and have real people making real decisions that have a real positive outlook for everybody, not just my side or your side. Then I will shut up. [laughter]

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