

TRAVELS AND TRAVAILS WITH PORT

Lyman Porter and I met at a research discussion session at Stanford in 1962. Mason Haire, Ed Ghiselli, and Port were in the process of analyzing the results of their survey of managerial attitudes and beliefs among European managers and Dale Yoder and a group of Stanford doctoral students, including me, were trying to figure out how to assess managers' theories of management, the topic of my dissertation completed in spring 1963. Largely because of meeting Haire, Ghiselli, and Porter, I decided to accept a position in the Business School at Berkeley in fall 1963 and was immediately accepted as a colleague (in the Institute of Industrial Relations) by Mason, Ed, Port and various doctoral students in IO psych, particularly Ed Lawler.

The interaction with Port and Ed immediately carried over to a couples bridge group and touch football games where Port regularly demonstrated his unique running and catching capabilities. Of course, Ed, having been a division I tackle at Brown could never quite remember that it was touch. Two highlights of these early social interactions are among my vivid memories. The first illustrated Port's ability to use tact and self-control under duress. In the midst of a bridge hand with a slam bid, his partner inadvertently trumped a winning lead by Port at which point he carefully slammed down his hand in disgust and thoughtfully screamed "you nincompoop." A second event occurred at the end of a bridge club progressive (and highly liquid) New Year's Eve party when Port and I inadvertently left wearing the other's blue blazer. I was shaken by the impact of alcohol on the length of my arms, which could barely reach the steering wheel, and on the color of my billfold which had turned from black to brown (but grown in green). Port called to report similar problems with sleeves that had grown to cover his hands and a wallet that had turned from black to brown and didn't have enough cash in it to pay the baby sitter.

In addition to joint research and writing, Port and I spent several years on the road providing leadership training to doctors, nurses, and others in the public health service in the eleven western states. We traveled to such exotic locals as Lewiston, Idaho, and Bozeman, Montana. The sessions were fun, we learned how to use an increasingly creative array of data feedback approaches to attitude change and began the advocacy of ideas to increase care delivery effectiveness, such as expanded roles for nurses (that have become the positions of physician assistant and nurse practitioner). We did take side trips, for example stopping off in Las Vegas on our way home from New Mexico to Berkeley, which necessitated a visit to a casino and its musical review. This was early Los Vegas where guys in two tone shoes and bulges under their jackets opened doors for other guys with New Jersey accents and Port and I had to try our hand at getting in the review without standing in line. I approached a uniformed attendant and asked if a small tip could arrange a quick entry. He explained it could and we bargained the price down to \$2.00 (remember the time period). I figured the whole thing was a joke, but Port agreed to walk up to the headwaiter and tell him Pete sent me (that was the code name for that day.) To my surprise it worked and I will forever laud Port's courage. (As it turned out, the chorus girls chewed gum and counted to keep time, the music was weakly sung, and the comedian wasn't funny – funnier however than the one in Albuquerque who kept a small Navajo boy with a large US flag at the ready to prevent audience defections.)

We also made numerous trips together to Academic meetings and research conferences. Indeed, one of our earliest was from Berkeley to San Diego by car (mine) to a Western Academy of Management session where we were giving a paper. It was a long drive down, with a very late night arrival and my wife was along, but not Meredith. My most vivid memory of the trip, once again illustrating carefully controlled compulsive behavior, was having Port call out from the back seat (where he was presumably asleep) that I had just misused an object of a preposition. Even more vivid, make that frightening, was a late night drive from Dayton, where our plan had been forced to land because of mid west thunderstorms, to Columbus for a conference on behavioral accounting. Port, Karl Weick, Bill Starbuck and I thoughtfully and tactfully announced at the end of the session that the papers were good except that they were neither behavioral nor accounting.

Over the years, Port and I have shared research and writing projects, Dean's experiences, and family growing pains and achievements. He has always been the quintessential colleague, helpful, appropriately critical and always supportive. Having both been the beneficiaries of retirement bonuses, I know that Port has been retiring for years. Thus, at this point I can only say, "enough already, do it! And do it in good health and with well deserved recognition and best wishes."

Raymond Miles