

I had contracted a huge debt when I attempted to start my own branch of a small business loan brokerage firm out in Colorado. I had drove hack and sold motor club enrollments to make a buck out there. I was shown a few thousand bucks in commissions selling this business sale service and bought a motor home after I realized the finance business was a sham and never delivered to the people it signed up. Anyway I was strapped with a \$300.00/ mo note that I could hardly pay. Regular jobs were tight as hell out in Colorado so it was a no win situation. I ran back to Milwaukee and picked back up in the sales business with reputable organizations. I sort of had my mystique blown while working At Metropolitan life one day when the FBI showed up to question me about my bosses dealings in the business loan business. The guys in the office said they were understanding and forgiving, but the third degree about that was inevitable, and well forgiveness and all still reactes to that change in image. It's bad business and people talk.

Skipping the details of that portion of my life I eventually wound up doing detective work for a medium size local self-financed furniture business. I'd trace the skips and come around with the sherrifs and a warrant and reposses. The work was emotionally tough I can't count the times I looked at those poor long faces watch me wheel out the living room or couch, or had a down and outer scream at us as the goods moved out the door. I ran the other days in my own car in all sorts of weather all over the area. It was a dead end again.

I ruled out going back to school because of the money. The university looked darn hard at the undergraduate GPA and my was quite low overall. I ruled that sort of education out and got involved in stationary engineering.