

British Beauty, Bugs, and Batman

By: Willie Calvin Anderson

So what made this trip to England so special? It was not my first time to visit the UK. I was there only two years ago. So why am I so excited about this trip? The answer is OPPORTUNITY, the opportunity for hands-on work experience in another country. On prior trips, I was observing international business in action, specifically the international floor covering industry at trade shows. This time was so different. I actually worked along side British pest control technicians in the great city of London, England and in the Southeast region of The United Kingdom, and spent time in the corporate office learning the administration of Enviroguard UK.

The trip even began differently than any I had made in the past. Today I travel on 9-11-04, the third anniversary of the attack on the World Trade Center and our Nation's Capital. Many have said they would be concerned about traveling today, but I was not. I figure it will be safe plus I do not live my life in fear of what may happen. I live with the faith I have obtained over many years. So I began my journey with great joy and expectation. In this report I will chronicle the experience of the travel, as well as the experience and knowledge I learned, to help me and my company Enviroguard Inc., to better serve our customers and protect their property.

DAY ONE, Saturday – Just getting there

I caught the Chattanooga-to-Atlanta Express shuttle at the Calhoun, GA Days Inn at 11:45 a.m. This shuttle was so convenient. It prevents either having to leave your vehicle at the airport parking or having someone who loves you enough to drive you to Atlanta and return to pick you up when he/she could be enjoying their time off. I arrived at the airport in plenty of time to have a couple of cups of expensive coffee before my flight. I am one who had rather arrive an hour early than one minute late. The plane left 15 minutes late at 5:00 p.m. The flight was very noisy as I sat just behind the right wing. The seats were so close together; it was impossible to really get comfortable enough to sleep soundly. The in-flight movie was "Garfield" which I am not that interested in seeing but if it was a good John Wayne movie, I would have been very upset because all I could see is the left hand top half of one screen from my seat. Where is the back-of-the-seat screen and in flight choices I found on the last two flights on competing airlines? The good news is because of strong tail winds, we arrived at Gatwick Airport fifty minutes early. The bad news is because of early arrival, our gate is not open so we must park on the tarmac and be bused to the terminal. It was about the time we would have arrived as scheduled by the time all this happened. We finally got into the terminal. Customs personnel were very nice and processed us quickly without fuss. Getting my baggage was easy but John

Somner the owner/manager of Enviroguard UK was running a bit late. I recognized him by the company folder he carried in this hand and introduced myself. We went to the large car park and John could not remember where the car was. He looked for a few minutes and decided to take me back inside the terminal, get me a cup of coffee (I was ready for one) and go search for the car. An hour later John reappeared as he had found the car. We had a good laugh about John losing the car actually a large van had parked by it making it impossible to see the car. It is actually the next day as I lost five hours in the time zone change.

DAY TWO, Sunday – Wake Up, I am in England

John drove me to the town of Horley where I will be staying this week in the home of Tony (Sir Anthony Roland Harmon). John calls Tony the General because of his knowledge, experience and leadership in the pest control industry. Tony is a retired pest control professional, having owned the largest pest control company in England, and is a former Army first Sergeant. He has a beautiful home which was an old barn converted into a home in the early 1900's and sits on a beautiful, well kept estate. The home is typical old English and is filled with many antiques. Having met Tony this morning I asked to be excused so that I may go to my room and take a short nap from 9 A.m. to noon, as I am exhausted from the flight.

John returned and we traveled to the country to explore Hever Castle. This is a very beautiful castle with well-kept grounds. It was built about 1270 and in 1903 was purchased by an American, William Waldorf Astor, who spent millions of dollars to restore the castle. The castle is surrounded by a moat and has a working drawbridge. There is a bedroom for King Henry VIII who often slept in the castle. He wanted to take Ann Boleyn, daughter of the owner of the castle, as another wife. It was for Ann he asked to have his marriage to Catherine annulled. When the pope would not allow it, the king removed England from the jurisdiction of the Pope and created the Church of England (the Anglican Church). It is amazing what has happened in history

because of love, or is it greed? The King and Ann, who was pregnant at the time, were married in January 1533. In 1536, after still not giving the King a son, Ann was beheaded on charges of adultery. The castle is a beautiful place to visit and I encourage all who visit the area to tour Hever castle.

At the castle, John explained the extensive work his company has done over several years to fight a bad infestation of the "death-watch-beetle." This wood-destroying pest attacks old weather worn wood. To preserve the centuries old beautiful panels with carvings, they had to be removed so the wood behind them could be treated. This was a tremendous undertaking and Enviroguard UK rose to the task. John shared how he had to remove art from the walls of the castle as well. One day, finding no one to discuss it with, he moved the paintings to a part of the castle where no work was taking place. Later he told the curator of the castle he had moved the replicas of the centuries old priceless paintings of King Henry VIII and others. The curator replied, "that is fine, and John, "hose are not replicas." John said, "I almost died when I found I had moved the real things."

From the castle, we drove into Chiddingstone, a delightful centuries old village dating back to 814. There we went into a wonderful pub, founded in 1420, The Castle Inn (which is also a client of Enviroguard) and enjoyed a refreshing glass of tomato juice with Worcestershire sauce in it. I had not had this combo before but it was very refreshing. You can find out more about

this delightful village and pub at their web site www.castleinn.co.uk. Next, we went to the home of John's mother to take her to dinner with us. What a wonderful, funny, delightful lady she is. We entered her apartment and John made the introductions. She offered to prepare us a cup of tea, a wonderful English tradition, but John said we did not have time. She asked me if "I wanted to spend a penny?" I had no idea what she was talking about. I started thinking, what could this sweet old woman possibly want me to spend a penny for? About that time John leaned over to me and said, "She means do you need to use the lieu (the toilet) before we go." We laughed about it and she told me where the saying came from. During the war in which she was a volunteer, the ladies could go to an enclosed lieu but had to put an English penny in the slot to get the door open. Therefore they coined the phrase "do you need to spend a penny." Well at dinner at "the Spotted Dog," a most delightful pub, John excused himself for a few minutes. Then his mother told me that many residents in the retirement center said they were just there to die. She was very upset over this and politely told them she was there to live and would live as long as she was possibly able to live life to the fullest. I shared with her that those were my thoughts also. At the close of the evening, I thanked her for such delightful company, and she said come here and hug me. I did kiss her and hug her, and as I hugged her, she said to me, "thank you for being such a nice person and a good

friend to my son." I called her "mam" and she told me not to call her "mam" because that is what the queen is called. I said, "In that case, then from the true depths of my heart I say again, good night mam and thank you for a great evening. John allowed me to use his mobile phone to call home, but I had to leave a message. Then it was home to bed. What a terrific first day in England.

DAY THREE – It's Monday, Time to go to work

The alarm went off at 6 a.m. as I had set it. Problem is, it is 1 a.m. my body time. I stumbled into some walls and finally found my way to the shower. It is a great shower with lots of pressure, and I stood there until the water fully awakened me. I dressed in my American uniform but with tie and jacket and reported downstairs where I was to be picked up by Michael the Enviroguard UK technician whom I was assigned to observe. However when I got downstairs, Bruce (another resident in the house) was waiting for me. He made me a cup of coffee and started breakfast. I said, "You don't have to prepare me breakfast. I will get something later." "Nonsense," he said, "you will have breakfast here. Tony told me to prepare breakfast for you." Well I finally had a typical English breakfast. I had bacon and beans on toast. I had avoided the beans on my last visit because no one in Georgia eats pork 'n' beans (they call them baked beans) for breakfast. However, I made up my mind on the plane I would try them if offered this time. Turned out to my surprise, I liked them. Who said you can't teach an old dog new tricks?'

Michael picked me up at 8:30 a.m. The technicians drive their company furnished vehicles as a personal vehicle. However, because of the extreme traffic congestion in London, the technicians who work in the city do not drive into London. Instead, these technicians drive to the train station nearest

where they live and catch a train into London. They carry their supplies in a backpack, and walk and/or ride the buses or the underground railway to service their clients. They are actually able to move about faster by doing this, than if they drove their vehicle into the city. There is also a congestion fee charged to everyone who drives a vehicle into the city plus parking is very expensive. From the financial viewpoint, it is more economical to use the transportation pass system to move about in the city. We drove to the train station in Horley and caught the train to Victoria Station in London where we crossed the street to an underground railway (called the tube) station. We caught the tube to Westminster where we started to walk (this might be a good place to add that when the British walk, they walk *fast*. At times I had to trot to stay with anyone I walked with, and my wife says I walk fast. I asked why they walk as if going to a fire, "just our way," they replied). On our way to Michael's first appointment, we were standing in front of Big Ben and Westminster Abby (The Houses of Parliament), and I told Michael I had to get some pictures of this. As I was taking pictures of Big Ben, the office called Michael to see how we were doing. He told the office manager I was so taken by the sites that I wanted to take lots of pictures. The office gave Michael the day off to show me the sites of London. As we traveled he also pointed out some of their clients. So today we took the day off to explore London. On the courtyard at the House of Parliament, a man had made a

makeshift camp on the edge of the lawn and had put up signs in protest of the Iraq war. Michael said he had been there for weeks and the police made him take down some of his signs because they were a hazard. The man was doing his morning exercise. London is such a great city in which to romp.

Michael and I walk along the Mall leading to Buckingham Palace. Standing in front of the palace, I thought again of how much history I was around. I was taking pictures by sticking my camera thru the bars of the fence. I jokingly remarked to Michael that I thought I would walk up to the front door and ask if the lady of the house was home. He laughed and said go ahead, Willie, see how far you get. We both laughed and started walking to our right toward Green Park. We had to stop when we got to the drive coming from the right side of the building for an official car with the British Union Jack flag on it go by. The windows were tinted darkly so we could not tell who was in the car. As we started to walk again, I looked to our left down the side of the fence around the palace and saw some activity going on which I attributed to Maintenance or security (more about this a little later). Next we went to the Tower of London. Here I quickly learned this was much more than a tower. This was the home of the Royal Armouries in the Days of Ole. The White Tower, which is the oldest part of the compound, was built between 1078 and 1100. This White Tower was also home to the torture chambers and numerous beheadings. These are the

armouries of Kings John, Edward II, Henry VIII and others from the Norman Conquest through the Middle Ages, the Tudors and Stuarts. I really enjoyed seeing the transition of the various weapons of warfare developed through the many ages. One can easily see how the need for better weapons brought about such changes in battles. We were looking at some of the earliest flintlock rifles and pistols when I remarked to Michael that I bet Tony would love to have one that had a short barrel and large flange out at the end. Michael replied he has one it is in the formal dining room. Leaving the Tower of London, we walked along the banks of the River Thames by none other than London Bridge. What a great day this has been exploring beautiful London with Michael.

When I arrived home, I found another surprise awaiting me. As I approached the house from the rear, I saw a woman in the kitchen. In the kitchen I was introduced to Judy, a wonderful lady who was preparing our dinner. Judy is a long time friend of Tony and did live next door to him. I could tell she and Tony were very close. I would have been happy with hot dogs but instead Judy was preparing a full Turkey and Dressing Thanksgiving-Day style dinner and I was informed we would be having dinner in the formal dining room. This, I was further told was something very special Tony only did for his best guests. How can one feel so honored and so embarrassed at the same

time? I was ushered into the sitting room, given a glass of wine and told to relax and watch the news on television till dinner.

The TV news was on and behold what did I see but Buckingham Palace with Batman on a second floor ledge. It seems the activity I had seen earlier, as Michael and I left the Palace, was neither maintenance nor security. Instead, it was two men dressed as Batman and Robin staging a protest. Batman was standing on a ledge over a guard post where I had taken a picture, just hours earlier. He was holding a sign for "Super Dads for Equal Rights." It seems this issue in England is where it was some fifty years ago in the US. I was told the courts give all the parental rights to mothers without even considering the dads. A group of fathers formed this group to protest the courts and get publicity for their cause. In addition to "Batman" and "Robin," to other super heroes, "Superman" and "Spiderman" did similar stunts around London. The week before, Spiderman had climbed to the top of The London Eye, a huge Ferris wheel near the Thames River. This ride has compartments and revolves ever so slowly, for a great view of the city. They finally got "Batman" to come down after "Robin" had been allowed to read a statement on TV. As I watched this, once again I thought of the similarities between the US and England. Whether we agree with their method or not, these dads were fighting for the right to see their children. I thought is this really much more radical than Rosa Parks sitting on the front seat of a

bus? How much has history been changed in both countries because people like these who one day said enough is enough?

Well it turns out, in addition to being a very nice lady, Judy is a terrific cook. The call went out "dinner is served." I washed up and made my way to the formal dining room where I was seated, of all places, at the head of a beautiful table set complete with candles. At the opposite end of the table there was a fireplace over which hangs the antique flintlock rifle like the one I had seen in the Tower of London. Once again I have that feeling of honor and embarrassment. We all sit around the table and enjoy a meal fit of a king (or queen). As we talk about first one thing then another, I realize how much I feel at home, safe and comfortable. I told Tony he really knows how to throw a party and I didn't know if I would ever be able to brag about Southern hospitality again. However Tony was not through, he had some plans for Wednesday and Thursday as well. It was getting late as we finished the delicious butterscotch pie, so I excused myself and went to my bedroom. As I lay down for the night I thought, the world truly is a wonderful place.

DAY FOUR, Tuesday – Going to work today, really!

Michael picked me up early this morning and we drove to Horley to catch the train to Victoria Station in London. We walked across the street to the Underground where we catch the Tube to Westminster. After yesterday, we must get a lot of work completed today.

Job 1: We walk a few blocks to a large nice restaurant serving hundreds each day. Michael had previously treated an area of the restaurant in and around a cleaning supply closet for German Cockroaches. He had used MaxForce cockroach gel *bait* and suggested *exclusion* methods to the management. This exclusion suggestion was to fill in holes in the closet where the roaches had gained entry. Upon inspection, we found one dead and one almost dead roach in the closet. Michael said, "Well the bait has done its work." Michael also pointed out the holes had been filled as instructed and everything looked good. Michael put out some fresh bait, as it loses effectiveness over time. Michael inspected the kitchen area and found everything very clean and pest free. A note here, Enviroguard UK can use small "tent" glue boards with gel bait for insects but if larger glue boards are left where a rodent or lizard may get caught, they have to check them every eight hours, which is not practical... Michael completed his report and filed a copy in a notebook kept in the manager's office. This notebook has dividers for the pest control contract, diagram of the establishment with treating

points, methods used for treatment, labels and manufacturer's material safety data sheets, areas to record employee sightings of pests, and a copy of each of the technicians report. This was a very clean and cooperative restaurant.

Job 2: Next, we caught a double-decker bus to Chelsea to the rural mail sorting office of the Royal Mail Service. All the Royal Mail Service locations are clients of Enviroguard UK. Michael had received a report of four people having been stung by wasps. Michael says this is actually a seven-day response call. When calls for service come into the office, they are tagged with a required response time from the client. This can be from four hours upward. When we arrived, the manager informed us no wasp has been seen for two days. Michael and I were taken to the back loading dock where the wasp had been seen. We searched the dock and surrounding area and could find no nest or wasps. Michael told the manager and advised him that should the employees see any more wasps, to have them observe a flight pattern. Michael completed his report and placed a copy in the on-site binder after having it signed by the manager. Michael then called the Royal Post Service to report our response time. The Royal Post Service keeps records as part of their service verification and for information in future contracts. This should be a great response as we responded the same day.

Job 3: A short bus ride and a brisk walk took us to a secure government compound where a mouse had been spotted.

Michael and I obtained photo ID badges at the gatehouse to enter. We inspected the building, seeing no mice but evidence one has been there. Michael uses the small cardboard boxes with the Enviroguard UK imprint filled with gel bait from a caulk-style gun. Recall the glue boards we use in the US can only be used in the UK if the techs will return within 8 hours. Michael again completes his report, gets it signed and places a copy in the folder in the main office.

Job 4: We next walked a block to a second story walk-thru connecting two buildings. Michael had previously set some bait boxes in this fenced area housing electrical equipment. Leaves and some refuse have blown in. Michael had instructed for this to be removed, but we found it still had not been cleaned. Michael again completes his report, gets it signed and places a copy in the folder in the main office. He noted in the report that the area in question had not been cleaned as instructed.

Job 5: After a bus ride back to Victoria Station, we again walk to the underground and take the subway to our next stop, The London Palladium Theatre. We inspect the orchestra pit under the stage. Michael had previously baited for a mouse in that area and now an odor had been reported. Michael found the dead mouse and removed it following their prescribed procedures: turn a plastic bag inside-out, place your arm inside the bag and cover the mouse with the bag, grab hold of the mouse pulling it out with the bag allowing the bag to engulf the

mouse as the bag becomes right-side out. Then you simply roll the bag up and place it in a zip-lock bag, then place the zip-lock bag in a plastic container to be disposed of. The theatre was in production of "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang." As we walk back toward the office, we run into the star of the show, Chitty, and I could not resist having Michael take my picture with the star. I have always loved that car. I was told that during production, the car comes up out of the floor and flies out over the audience. It must be an awesome sight. True to the old saying, no job is complete until the paperwork is finished, Michael completes and files his signed report in the binder kept in the office. After we leave the theatre, we walk thru the Soho district and China Town, a nice multi-cultural community. Next it is back to the underground to travel to Earl's Court.

Job 6: Earl's Court is a part of London and has a huge exhibition center with several stories above and below ground. It is a marvelous building. We meet Virgil Dennis, another Enviroguard technician. When these extra large buildings are to be inspected or serviced, two or more technicians will meet to do the job. However it is lunchtime and we are off to one of Michael and Virgil's favorite pizza restaurants. It is easy to tell these guys are younger than I by the amount of pizza they eat. Once again we got special ID badges, from security, so we can go anywhere in the complex. We checked in with the management staff. This is a large complex with several food

vendors in addition to the exhibition halls and meeting rooms. All the inspections go well. There is a large Electronics exhibition. All the food vendors are clean and we find no problems until we go downstairs.

One food vendor has a downstairs storeroom where he stacks pallets of food against the wall, preventing technicians from performing a through inspection. Michael and Virgil prepared their report, discussed it with center management, had it signed and filed it in the notebook on the premise. Enviroguard UK has two rooms for storage on a lower floor. Michael and Virgil stock up with supplies and take an inventory. We take the underground back to Victoria Station. Having done a good days work, the guys decide to "have a pint" since it is a few minutes until our trains leave. Michael and Virgil said this is their custom when ending the day's work together. So we have a drink and discuss the day's activity. Then we part as Virgil catches his train home while Michael and I take the train back to Horley where Michael drives me in his company car to Tony's.

In the evening, John came by and Tony and I accompanied him to dinner. We went to a fairly new pub, The Black Horse, which was built to look old. Bruce, the other houseguest, also joined us. It was a wonderful pub with a menu where everything sounded good. Since the beans for breakfast went so well, I decided to try something else I have never eaten, lamb. The lamb was actually quite good, after the first three bites. At first

it tasted a little strong or gamy for my taste. During the meal we had a wonderful conversation, some serious, some silly. We talked about Bruce's specialty, foxes. In the London area, there is a big problem with urban foxes. These foxes are aggressive and attack domestic animals and are often known to attack young children. The only really safe way to remove these foxes is through shooting them. Bruce is an expert and shoots them at night. This was very interesting and the guys discussed controlling other animals. The fun part was when everyone started telling "true stories" which were everything but. I even got in a couple from the US.

After dinner, we returned home and continued talking pest control. The men were very interested in pest control in America and Enviroguard US. They liked comparing the similarities as well as differences. Both companies are very dedicated to controlling pests in the safest, most efficient and effective ways using the least amount of chemicals. They were very confused as to why we were Enviroguard Inc. in Tennessee and had to do business as Daisy Pest Control in Georgia when no other company in Georgia was know as Enviroguard Inc. I explained it was a decision by the state but they could not understand it.

DAY FIVE, Wednesday – The Office

I awoke to another beautiful day. I rose and opened the curtains and looked over the courtyard and considered how fortunate I have been. After the normal preparations I dress with a tie and sport jacket again and headed downstairs. Once again Tony had the kittle ready for coffee or tea. Tony had told me on Sunday that he had regular coffee he could brew if I preferred it, but I had discovered on my last trip that Nescafe as instant coffee sold in England tastes like fresh brewed coffee. This was much better than the instant sold in the US, or at least to my taste. Tony made me a cup of coffee and hands me the paper to read while he prepares breakfast. Tony could have someone prepare breakfast, but he likes to and does a great job. It was another great breakfast of eggs, bacon, baked beans, sausages and toast. Michael arrived and had a cup of coffee with us and then drove me to the corporate office at Leicester Square in Penshurst in Kent County. The offices are actually located in the old post office building with the original postal sign still visible.

Entering the building, I met Henrietta the office manager, with whom I had exchanged several e-mails prior to my trip. Henri, as everyone calls her, is my counterpart at Enviroguard UK. Henri introduced me to two office associates Amy and Gabbie. They smiled when I told them I had a daughter named Amy and a granddaughter named Gabbie. I told Gabbie that my granddaughter was named correctly because she liked to gab all

the time. Gabbie replied, "me too." The morning was quite busy with activity. I saw right a way that Henri was not one to shy away from making decisions nor from being firm in those decisions. After showing me around the offices, Henri made us a cup of coffee and we sat down at her desk to discuss office procedures. One problem they have is logistical in nature. Because they are a large company covering all of England, getting service reports into the office, in a timely matter, is a problem. Each technician has a company supplied fax machine at home. Each night they are to fax their daily activity reports into the office. This lets the office staff know which clients they serviced but does not let the office know exactly what service was performed. Each Friday, by noon, the technicians are to mail copies of the service reports into the office. From these reports, the staff enters the information into the computer. When a client calls about the service before the office receives the reports, the office has to tell the client they will call them back. The office then has to call the technician and have the report read over the phone. Then the client must be called back to discuss the service. This is very time consuming for all, and must seem very unprofessional to the clients. Enviroguard UK is currently looking at ways to solve this problem. Either of which will involve expensive electronic equipment. Having the technicians report into the office each day is not an option because of the large service area. In comparing the software

used by the two companies, we found good and bad points in each with neither being able to do all we wanted them to do. Henri and I agreed that a software program combining our two separate programs would be close to ideal for our two companies.

It was then eleven in the morning and time for Henri to take her walk. She brings her two dogs to work with her and every morning around eleven she takes them for a nice long walk lasting an hour. Henri informed me I was welcome to stay in the office or come along on the walk but had noticed I did not have any others shoes with me. I told her I was not worried about the shoes and we were off. This was a terrific walk. This was not your average walk in the park. This hour long walk was over the hills and through the dales that surround the grounds of Penshurst Place and Gardens, the ancestral home of Viscount De L'isle. Baron's hall was built in 1341. It is beautiful and in excellent condition. All around the estate are pastures with sheep and cornfields. The estate joins the square where the office is located. As we leave the office, we walk thru a breezeway under a house. Henri said to me, "do you see all that graffiti on the rafters?" I answered yes and she said take a closer look; it was not put there by the young people of today. I started reading the graffiti with the signatures and dates. I was astounded to see it was mostly written in 1944, the year I was

born. This was a museum of love notes for sweethearts and spouses away at war.

As we entered the first pasture, Henri told me I might want to be mindful of where I stepped during this part of the walk. I laughed and reminded her that I was brought up in rural Calhoun, Georgia and was very much aware of how to walk through a pasture. It was such a beautiful countryside with rolling hills covered with sheep. We crossed over the gate out of the pasture and onto a small path that led between another pasture and a cornfield. As we walked along this path Henri's dog did something that tomorrow would be declared illegal. I will talk about that tomorrow. As we walked, we discussed how both our company presidents had worked so hard to establish top professional pest control companies and how they each subscribed to such high standards of quality and honesty in the work ethic. That hour's walk flew by and only my shortness of breath gave evidence that I had indeed been on quite a physical walk in my suit and dress shoes.

Back in the office, Henri suggested we go to a local teashop for some lunch. We went into this nice quaint typical English teashop and ordered sandwiches to go. Here I see something I had to get to bring back to the guys at work in America, sheep dung candy. Actually I think it is chocolate covered raisins. The rest of the day was spent talking about our companies and my watching and listening to the work going on. The day went by

fast and Michael was back to pick me up before I knew it. I thanked Henri and her staff for a wonderful day and we were off to Horley once again.

When I got back to the house, I learned that Tony had planned to have Judy prepare another lovely dinner, however Judy was feeling a little under the weather today. So Mel, Bruce's girlfriend, stepped up to the plate (or the stove) and prepared a most delicious meal, which again was served in the formal dining room with me as the honored guest. A country boy could get use to this real fast. It was a great meal, after which Tony and I went into the sitting room to watch a movie on TV and have our dessert. It was an Indiana Jones movie that neither of us had seen. After the movie, it was upstairs to bed once again thankful to be who I was and where I was and so appreciative of these great new friends.

DAY SIX, Thursday – Working in the Country and a Company Meeting.

Today starts like the others with a great breakfast cooked by Tony. I had the usual eggs, bacon, sausage, beans, toast, and coffee. Michael arrived to pick me up but did not have time for a cup of coffee. He is going to take me to the office, then leave to do some service work before the afternoon company wide meeting. I will be with a different technician this morning then will attend the meeting this afternoon. I arrived at the office at 9 a.m. and technician Matthew Rose arrives at the same time. I met Deborah, the third office staff member. She works part time and yesterday was her day off. Unlike Michael, Matthew drives his company vehicle to service clients because he serves a rural area. Matthew said because of the distance involved we only are able to see two or three clients before time for lunch and the meeting.

Matthew and I headed into the country in his service van. I enjoy riding through this beautiful countryside and going through small communities. It seems like such a peaceful part of the world to me. We drive for miles and finally reach our first stop, a large food distribution company in a complex that houses several food companies. One company caught my eye right away “Naked Foods.” I took a picture of their sign. The client has two buildings and one is under renovation. Matthew and I entered

the building and inspected all the bait stations Matthew has set throughout the building. All are clear. Then we moved to the outside to check the outside stations. Matthew put fresh bait in them. All and all everything looked pretty good. We went to a back area bordering a small stream. Matthew told me there was a real rodent problem from that stream area when they first started servicing the facility. Rats nesting in the bank of the stream would make their way up the steep banks and onto the client's property. In addition to placing bait traps throughout the area, Matthew had recommended the client install a loose fabric fence as a border between the stream and their property. The fence was placed several inches into the ground and stands about two and a half feet tall. The loosely fabricated fence prevents the rodents from being able to climb over it. It appeared the procedures followed by Matthew and the client worked. Matthew writes up his report and has it signed by the manager, then places a copy in the on-sight binder. Then we are off to our next stop in another town.

This will be an Indian Restaurant. Matthew informed me that Indian food is the latest rage in England. I have even noticed seeing Indian fast food sidewalk take out stands in several areas we have gone through. There is one back in Horley. Matthew told me before we got there that we would find the restaurant pretty clean but would have two problems. I asked what the problems would be. Matthew replied, "They will have a back

door open which tends to create a fly problem and there is a manhole cover back of the restaurant that has a piece broken out which can allow rodents to travel in and out." He had reported the need to have the cover replaced on each visit. Sure enough when we arrived the back door was open with an employee inside washing and preparing some kind of vegetables and the manhole cover was still broken. Inside, the restaurant looked very clean and we found no problems. Matthew wrote up the open door and the broken cover in his report, had the owner sign it and placed a copy in the on-site folder.

Matthew said he had planned for us to make one more stop but time would not allow it because of the distance involved. He said we would have time to stop for lunch on the way back to the office in time for the meeting. Matthew and I had talked some about hunting and shooting as we rode so he asked me if I would like to stop for lunch at the gun/hunting club he is a member of since it is on the way. I said I would enjoy that very much, and we headed for the club. We arrived to find several members walking toward the target range for practice. I took a picture of the beautiful clubhouse and one of the men walking to the range said to me laughingly, "Why are you taking a picture of that? We are over here. You need to take pics of us to take with you." Matthew and I ordered lunch and took it to the tables outside where we enjoyed a very good lunch of sandwiches, fries, and

Coke. We talked about hunting as boys. Matthew said if we had more time, we could have gotten in some target practice.

Arriving at the office I met more of the Enviroguard UK team and found a personal welcome on the meeting agenda board. Henri the office manager told me, there was a sales meeting and a vehicle inspection going on at present and the training meeting would begin as soon as they were completed. I chatted for a while with some of the technicians I had not met before including Iain Whatley whom I would be working with on Friday. Iain informed me his wife and family was expecting me for dinner Friday evening after work and he would drive me back to Tony's afterwards. In addition to being a technician, Iain is also the quality control person for the company. He was performing the vehicle inspections. He checked the condition of the vehicles and also checked to see if they conformed to company policy on supplies and equipment on board.

The training meeting began a little late, as the vehicle inspections took longer than expected. Everyone was introduced, coffee and tea was served, and the meeting got down to business. The training meeting was a slide presentation about the never-ending paperwork and rules and procedures. The presentation dealt with what the rules and procedures were why they exist and how they were being accomplished. The trainer, himself a technician, had some very good points and did a good job of explaining that following paperwork procedures was

essential. John Somner the president of the company asked me after the meeting what I thought of the presentation. I replied, "I thought it was very informative and I would like to have a copy of it to present to our company in the US, however I thought there were two problems with the presentation." John asked, "What they were?" "I thought the trainer talked forceful as he should, to emphasize the importance of the subject, but he repeated himself often taking too long and he ended the session telling them what they were doing wrong and showing percentage charts on all, leaving them with a sour taste in the their mouths." John then asked me what I would have done differently. "I would have stayed within the time frame even after starting late and I would have put the rebukes in the middle not on the end. I learned a long time ago to begin and end such a meeting with employees on a high positive note and stick all the negatives in the middle." John told me he thought I was correct and would pass that on to the trainer. After the meeting all but one, who had to leave, posed for a picture in front of their office building. That picture hangs in my office. Then Michael shuttles me back home where Tony has planned a Bar-B-Q.

Tony has the neatest Bar-B-Q building (for lack of a better term) out by his pool. It is a round, wooden building which looks like it could be a hot tub or sauna. Inside there is bench seating around the sides and in the middle is the pit with a chimney to carry the smoke outside. The food is served right off the grill.

With this building, one can cook out even in rain or cold. I believe there were thirteen of us sitting around talking and eating and having such a wonderful time. After dinner, Bruce and I, along with two technicians, Dick and Larry, went into the kitchen and sat around the kitchen table for a cup of coffee and some more conversation. Dick and Larry were down from Yorkshire County in northern England. This was the area I visited on my trip two years ago. They spent the night as Tony's houseguests before heading back home.

The thing on their minds, as all three are hunters, was the riots that happened at the House of Parliament today. Parliament voted to make it illegal to hunt with dogs, a centuries old tradition and custom in England. Before voting, however they invoked an old law on the law books that allowed them to vote and not have to send it to The House Of Lords for final approval, which is the normal process for British law. Hundreds of hunters who had gathered outside for the vote clashed with police and the TV news were filled with video of people being injured. The men asked me what I thought about it all. I told them I did not like the way this was being done although it has nothing to do with me. I told them as far back as I can recall seeing movies with part or all of it filmed in England, I don't think I ever saw one without a hunt with dogs. Hunting with dogs and on horseback is a centuries old English tradition that is a world-known part of their heritage. I think it should have been handled with the same

type of grace and dignity and pomp and circumstance that a decision not to have a Queen would have been dealt with. One of the men said, "The Queen may be the next to go."

Larry excused himself for a moment, returning with something in his hand. He said to me, "Willie, you have just demonstrated to us that you really do have a feel and heart for those things that make England, England. You respect our heritage and traditions and understand that change to such a great part of our life must be done in a much more dignified way than it was handled. Willie, I would like to present you with my hunters pin in appreciation for you not only being a friend to hunters but to all of England." I accepted the pin and promised to always treat it with honor. As a side note, the incident Wednesday with Henri's dog chasing the pheasant in the cornfield would be a crime under the new ruling and Henri could be charged with illegal hunting.

Michael had said he would arrive early tomorrow morning to get me, so I decided it was time for bed. I thanked everyone for a great evening and excused myself and went up to my room. Once again I lay down thinking how very fortunate I am to be me.

DAY SEVEN, Friday – Back to Work in London.

Michael came to pick me up just as I was finishing another great breakfast of Tony's. The plans were to take an early train into London where we would meet up with Iain. Michael would leave me to spend the day with Iain and he would go about his appointments for the day. However, Michael was gracious enough to allow me to finish my coffee and this caused us to arrive at the train station in Horley just in time to see the London train leaving the station. Since Michael only lives a few blocks from the station, he said this would be a good time for me to meet Loretta and their son. He had told me a lot about them and shown me a picture of his son. We went to their apartment in Horley. Loretta was very nice and much as I had expected her to be and their son was all smiles and round as he could be. We only had time to say hello and then headed back to the station where this time we caught the train. The good thing about these trains is they run very often and every half hour during the main travel periods. We arrived in London and took the underground rail to Piccadilly where we catch a double-decker bus down Haymaker and up to the Strand to Waterloo Bridge. Here we get off the bus and walk about three blocks to The Royal Opera House. We met Iain Whatley and Clive Bradbury, two Enviroguard UK technicians who are working together on a project we would be at in a short time. Michael left for his workday. Iain is here to inspect some previous work at the Royal Opera. We walk

through some halls of the Opera House and reach a door where Iain asked me if I knew what it was. I answered no, and he said that is the door to the Royal Box. I said I would love to see it, so we went in. Knowing I was in a place that not many people in the world ever get to go, I asked Iain to take my picture sitting in the Queen's chair. I guess this was a little naughty but I assure all that I sat there with the greatest of respect for Her Majesty, The Queen. Well everything being in order, we were off to what would be most of the days work; another of London's many theatres.

This is an old established theatre, which I promised not to use their name in my report. It is a beautiful theatre with many dedicated staff members. Over the years, it has been the scene of many plays and acts from all over the world. Because it is an older well-established theatre, it has costumes and scene props dating back many years. The theatre has an infestation of clothes moths, which love all the wool in this grand ole place. These pose no harm to people but they damage the material they feed on. Iain and Clive have been working with Mr. David Cary B.SC. a technical sales manager and advisor, from Exosect, a well-known pest control science company which manufactures specialty pest control products. Iain, Clive, and David have all been working with a new pheromone dust bait system developed by an English University. This sex pheromone in a special powder base is placed in trays in strategic locations throughout

the theatre. The staff and employees can go about their work in no danger of contacting the trays.

The way this pheromone bait system works is very interesting. The pheromone attracts only male moths, which fly into the special holders for the trays. The moths get the powder on them, which they are not able to ever shake off. They leave the tray giving off the female pheromone scent. As a result, the female moths will not mate with them. Only male moths are attracted to them. These males realize these are not female moths but only after they have gotten the powder on them. The end result is the moths don't mate and the infestation dies out in a few weeks. We inspected the areas where the moths were originally seen and the initial baits were put in place. Small insect glue boards indicate no moths are now in this area of the theatre. Now it is time for a meeting between the three men and the manager who was with them at the original service and was familiar with the process. They sat around a table and the men explain the results they have found to the manager. She was very pleased but said more moths had been spotted in other areas, so we had to now inspect the entire theatre, which would take several hours.

The manager went with us on most of the inspection. We found the moths located throughout the theatre with severe infestations in two warm-up practice rooms. At the end of the day, all sat around the table again to discuss strategy. It was

decided that Iain would return to the theatre tomorrow (Saturday) and chemically treat the two rooms with the severe infestation. He will also gather the infested cloth and put it in sealed plastic bags to be destroyed. More of the pheromone baits dust trays would have to be ordered and the three men would return in ten days to place the bait trays throughout the theatre. Again, this procedure would be perfectly safe to people working in or attending the theatre and will rid the theatre of the pests without interfering with daily activity and will save millions of dollars worth of costumes and other materials. It had been a long tiring but interesting day. Everyone could go home, knowing they had had a successful day. I would be going with Iain.

FRIDAY EVENING – Dinner with the Whatley Family.

Iain and I took the train to the town where Iain had left his car that morning to come to London. After getting to the car, Iain took me on a wonderful sightseeing journey to his home. At one point, we stopped for a breathtaking view of the countryside. He told me of growing up and how all this is home to him. I think I could relate to that. One thing I very much wanted to do on my previous trip to England was to spend some time in the home of what may be considered an average working middle class family and just be part of their family for a few hours. Well Iain finally gave me my chance. Now I don't know if Iain would consider his family average or middle class but they are what I had in mind all

along. I doubt there would have been any other family that would have fit what I had in mind as well as the Whatley's. Iain, like me, has a wife, three sons, and two daughters, which was the second and fifth child. This was a super family and I thank each of them for a super special evening.

Iain's home is a nice two-story home with a separate garage with a damaged door from a teenage driver. Iain was proud and thankful when he told me he had only one more year and their home would be paid for. He also shared with me that it has more than doubled in value since they bought it. I told him that was about the same ratio of how homes have gained in value in Calhoun as well. As we entered the home Iain's wife Janet came out of the kitchen to meet me. She offered me a cup of tea and went to tell the children to come meet me, and then returns to the kitchen to finish dinner. The two oldest children are married and out on their own. The first to come down the stairs was Angus who was home on leave having just finished Army boot camp. He would be leaving on Monday for a new camp where he would be taught his military specialty. He was very excited about this opportunity and I believe should do quite well in the Army. We talked about growing up and about the military life (something else I can relate to) then he returned upstairs to get ready to go out with friends. Next Susan and Robert come down to meet me. Susan is a pretty well mannered young lady ten years old. I told her about my granddaughter Brandi who is 12

and how well I thought they would get along. Robert is a clean-cut young man who in addition to going to school works two part time jobs. His dad is very proud of him for taking on this responsibility to learn the discipline of work and business as he gets his education. They excuse themselves to go do their homework. Janet returns and we chat about life in England and America. While Iain has visited the US (South Carolina and Virginia I think), Janet has not and is looking forward to one day visiting. I sincerely hope she gets the chance soon. She then asked Iain to help her finish getting the meal ready. Susan and Robert come down and set the table. Angus had gone out for the evening. We sat around the dinning table and had a delicious meal of beef stew, mashed potatoes, and green beans, prepared by Janet. I asked Susan if there were any questions she would like to ask me about America but I think she was a bit shy to ask. I said well let me ask you something, "Do you like watching television?" yes she replied, "Do you like talking on the telephone?" yes she replied, "Do you like shopping?" yes she replied, "Do you like doing homework?" no she replied. I said well that settles it then, you are normal just like American girls your age. All laughed. We continued to talk and enjoyed two great deserts. Then all too quickly, it was time to go. I spoke the words of thanks to Janet, Susan and Robert but I know those words were not really describing all I was really feeling in my heart toward this family who had opened their doors to this

stranger from America and made me feel as if we had known each other for years. What can I say is the difference between this family and a similar one in the US? Nothing! Thanks Iain, Janet, Angus, Susan, and Robert.

Iain drove me back to Tony's and came in to say "hi" to everyone. Seems like these folk always take time to run in to say "hi." Retiring for the evening once again, I felt so humble and undeserving of having been treated in such a special way by the Whatley family.

DAY EIGHT, Saturday – My Free Day and Meeting Tom Cruise.

I took the opportunity to sleep a couple extra hours this morning. When I arrived downstairs, once again Tony was waiting to prepare my breakfast and it was delicious. I had told everyone I wanted to take off on my own today and let everyone get on with their regular lives. Any number of them said they would spend the day with me but I said no thanks. After breakfast, Tony said he would drive me into Horley to catch the train. I thanked him for his offer but said I preferred to walk. I really wanted to be able to take the time to enjoy this lovely town. So I sat out on foot with my umbrella in my back pocket just in case of rain.

The walk was wonderful as I went past many old homes maintained so well with grounds that looked like they came out of a magazine. Most of the homes have a sign on a post or a gate naming the residence. Tony's estate for example is "The Old Barn." These homes with their names on the signs will have mail addressed as such. I came to one point in my walk and there was this small community store. I knew right off there was something special about that store. A sign says open seven days a week, always here for you. I stepped back and took some pictures of this lovely store and a lady came up to me. She asked me if I was taking pictures for prosperity sake and I replied yes. She said she could tell me some things about the store. When she was a child, her mother would send her to that

store with a list of what she wanted. She would get what was on the list and was always given a piece of penny candy by the owner. She was a nice lady, about my age, and I thanked her for sharing that with me. That story also brought back a lot of memories.

I finally made my way downtown and stop in a little café for a cup of coffee. I am in no hurry so I take my time and just watch the people going up and down the sidewalk. Then it dawns on me why I like this town so. As I looked up and down the street, I realized this town was so much like Calhoun, Georgia was in the 1950's. I loved growing up in Calhoun and Gordon County and as I sat there having my coffee, in my mind I could see Butch, Harry, Jerry, Johnny, Bobby, Claude, Alvin, Ann, sue, Peggy, Sue Nell and all the other kids I grew up wand went to school with. Those of us, who are now in our sixties or knocking on the door, are so fortunate to have grown up in Calhoun in the fifties and sixties. Thanks to all the kids and the adults for making Calhoun such a special place on Earth. Anyway back to my story.

I caught the train into London for one last visit. I walked around some, caught some buses, and went underground and just enjoyed London so much. I went to the British Museum. What a terrific place to visit. It seems like the older I get, the more I like old stuff. Imagine that. I went shopping to find some souvenirs to bring home to the family. Speaking of shopping, this is a good point to talk about economics. The British Pound is

worth from \$1.80 US and up depending on where you exchange money. By the time you count in an exchange fee, you can generalize that a Pound is two-dollars. So one would think the British would have twice as much spending power as Americans. That is not the case. I found England and London especially to be quite expensive. I soon realized that what I would spend a dollar for at home I was spending a Pound (\$2.00) for in London. So the worker there makes twice what the worker makes here, but it cost twice as much to live. If you factor out that inflation, the dollar and the pound are dead even. Just like that, my last day in London was over. I had to get back because Tony and I had been invited to have dinner with John Somner and his family. I went to Victoria Station for the last time, caught the train back to Horley and walked back to The Old Barn. Tony and I dressed with coat and tie and waited for John to arrive to pick us up. We did not have to wait long as John is very punctual.

As with all the drives, it was a beautiful drive out into the country. John and his family live on a farm. As we approached their home, I could see the pastures all around the house with stables located behind the house. John pulled up the driveway and I could see the arena for training horses. Standing inside the fence by the driveway was this stunning horse. John said, "That is Tom Cruise, my wife's favorite horse." John's wife Sue is a professional horse trainer and her favorite actor is Tom Cruise. Tom Cruise, the horse, had the honor of being the first backup

horse for the England team at the 2004 Olympics in Athens, Greece. If any horse had become ill or otherwise could not go, He would have been in the Olympics. John drove past the house up to the stables and said to me, "Willie you have seen the offices of Enviroguard UK, now you are going to see the office of Enviroguard Worldwide." John has an office in one end of the stables. It is a very nice office with antiques. As we were standing outside looking over the farm, Tony said, "Willie this is how the wealthy live in England." John said, "Rubbish." John, Tony, and I went into the office and talked a while about the pest control industry. Then we went down to the house where the first person to meet me was, to my great surprise, John's mum, Jean. I was so glad to see her again and as before, she was simply delightful. Then John introduced me to his wife Sue, and his son Harry. Sue is a very lovely woman, who carries herself with poise, grace, and charm fitting the Royal Family, and Harry is a handsome polite young man in his first year of college and loves auto racing. I had seen Harry's racer parked in one of the stables along with his racing bike, and John's World War II Army motorcycle. Harry had recently won his first race. We all sat in the living room and chatted for a while. It was difficult to tell if Harry was more proud of his mother or if Sue was more proud of her son. I sincerely hope to see Tom Cruise in the 2008 Olympics in China. We had a wonderful dinner prepared by Sue. This was the third time I had lamb during the week and each was different.

On Monday at the pub the lamb was broiled, on Thursday it was grilled, and now it was baked. I prefer the baked and the grilled. After dinner we had some wonderful conversation about family, friends, and our two nations. I asked Harry what he found to be the biggest difference between secondary school and college. He thought for a while murmuring something, then said, "the fact that you are on your own with no one holding your hand." I told him that was the answer I was expecting because it is the same in the states.

John knew it would be late for Tony and me to return to Horley, so he had made arrangements for a taxi to come to pick us up. John had to take his mum back home. When the taxi arrived, we said our goodbyes and I was wishing I had one more day, which I could just spend out here on the farm with John's family. They are a wonderful family and I shall always be grateful for having met them and spending time with them. It was a nice taxi ride home as Tony and I talked about the evening. It was Tony's first time to meet Jean, John's mother, and he had the same feelings for her that I did. After arriving back at Tony's, I found a very nice note from Bruce saying he would not be in to see me off and he was leaving some British hunting magazines for my son Phillip who is a hunter. I brewed a cup of coffee and went upstairs to start packing for my trip back home tomorrow. After packing most everything, I lay down and went to sleep thinking about what a wonderful day it had been,

and what a wonderful trip it had been and about how much I was going to miss England and everyone when I left.

DAY NINE, Sunday – Coming Back to America.

I awoke Sunday morning, dressed, finished packing, and carried my bags downstairs for my last great breakfast prepared by Tony. John arrived promptly at 8 a.m. to take me to the airport. As I said goodbye to Tony, I told him that he is certainly a gentleman and a scholar and I could never repay him for such gracious hospitality he had shown me for this past week. Men are not suppose to cry at goodbyes, but I confess my eyes teared up as I said good bye to this man I had come to respect so much and consider a great friend. Tony is a very special individual. At the airport, John and I said goodbye at the curb. I did not want to risk John loosing his car again, haha. The airport was packed with people with a large number of them taking one of several flights to the US. John had told me that both airports are so busy they have plans to build a third airport for London.

Checking in and clearing customs was no problem at all, even with so many travelers. There were an ample number of employees stationed all around the airport to assist travelers and everything went very smoothly. The flight left right on time and we were on the same type of plane, I flew over on. It was not a bad flight other than the seats are still too close to get comfortable for a long trip. As much as I enjoyed my trip, it was nice to hear the Captain say we were approaching Atlanta.

Little did I know that the only negative part of my trip was about to begin?

We landed in Atlanta on schedule and entered the terminal. We entered the international concourse and went down a very long hall until all of a sudden there was what looked like thousands of people from several flights herded together like cattle, or worse, in a small area. This woman in a uniform was shouting orders in a mean vicious tone for everyone to back down the hall and move to the right, clearing the left for some reason none of us could understand. She kept saying if people did not do what she said, they were going to jail. I kept thinking this is a nasty woman someone has given a badge to. About that time my cell phone rang. They had told us on the plane we could turn them back on, and I knew I wanted to call home as soon as I could. It was my wife Linda wanting to know if I had landed in time to catch my shuttle van back to Calhoun. The wicked woman yelled for me to turn my cell phone off and I said it was just my wife wanting to know where I was. She replied, "You will be in jail if you don't that thing off now." I turned it off. She said that went for the rest of the people as well.

It turned out that security had been notified that a possible wanted terrorist was aboard one of the flights coming into Atlanta that afternoon. We all had to be interviewed again and had to go through screening again. We were detained for over an hour. Many people missed connecting flights and a lady

passenger and I missed the shuttle van. I understood the need for added security and even appreciated it; however, I do not think the evil woman had to be so rude to people and some signs could have been put up in the hall and the pilots could have announced to stay in line on the right side of the hall due to security checks.

Having finally gotten through customs and finding my luggage, I called the shuttle office to see if I could get on the next shuttle. I was told it was full and both the lady and I would have to wait for the next shuttle in two hours. I called Linda and told her when to expect me and went back in the terminal for dinner. I arrived at the Days Inn in Calhoun, Georgia two and one half hours later and Linda was there to meet me. Within a few minutes we were home and my trip was over.

THE CONCLUSION

One may have wondered from the start why I called this report: British Beauty, Bugs, and Batman. That title actually came to me on Monday night in my room and now that my trip is over, I think it is a great title to portray my thoughts and experiences in England with Enviroguard UK.

1. The British Beauty is breathtaking in its landscape, its architecture, its customs and traditions, and its people. I literally stood speechless and in awe as I looked at and touched so many wonderful centuries old buildings so well maintained and still functioning. As I said earlier it is overwhelming to think many buildings I saw are so much older than our country. As with the weapons, at the Tower of London, the structures also show how buildings developed and changed over the centuries to meet the new needs of the people. The landscape was oh so beautiful like what we call a drive in the country, only it seems all England is that way. It was so peaceful to ride the narrow roads, on the "wrong" side of the road, and see all the rolling hills with fields and pastures filled with sheep. Then not to be outdone by its landscape and architecture, the people are so beautiful. I did not meet one person who did not smile and speak with a tone of friendship in their voice. No one made a face at me or said anything smart to me when I did some things I should have not done like take a

- picture in the underground, walk on the wrong side of the stairs, and sit in the Queens Chair at the Royal Opera House. There are many books to be written and movies to be made about the Beauty of England.
2. The British Bugs is another way of talking about pest control, which I went to observe. One of the technicians asked me what the difference is in pest control between the US and the UK. I told him it was quite simple really, in the US we stomp with our right foot and in the UK you stomp with your left. Seriously I can only speak for our two companies, but I found the overall pest control service to be very similar. Both companies practice procedures that allow for the least amount of chemical treatments and emphasize doing quality work the right way the first time. Both owners stress being honest with clients and servicing clients like we would want them to service us. There are some differences in the equipment we can use and differences in the pests. While they do not have to worry about the dreaded termites that we contend with in the south, they have the deathwatch beetle to contend with. While we deal with squirrels, skunks, and possums as pest sometimes, they must deal with rabbits, foxes, and pigeons.
 3. The British Batman symbolizes a very important similarity between the US and England. Batman and Robin, Superman, Spiderman, the Hunters, and the lone protestor,

demonstrate the profound freedoms that our two countries hold dear. It seems ironic and perhaps poetic that in the country we battled to be free from, I found such great examples of people expressing their views and beliefs without the threat of retaliation. True, some violated the laws of the land and must pay a price for that just as they do in the US, and it is true that no matter how one protests, someone else will think they should have done it differently. Perhaps the more important thought is that sometimes it becomes absolutely necessary to protest and stand up and be counted for all that one believes. As I saw the protestors in the park, the hunters in front of Parliament, and Batman and Robin at Buckingham Palace, my thought was, "Thank God that in the United States of America and in the United Kingdom, our citizens can say no without fear of being imprisoned or mass execution."

I wish to close this report by thanking Mr. Lee Tubbs and Mr. John Somner, founders/presidents of Enviroguard US and Enviroguard UK respectfully, for giving me this extraordinary opportunity and wish both companies continued success as both join together to help bring into fruition Enviroguard World Wide. Thanks to everyone at Enviroguard UK for making me feel so welcomed and at home. To dear Tony, I dedicate this report and say from the depth of my soul "Thank You." God Save the Queen and God bless America.