

JAMES A. GRAASKAMP COLLECTION OF TEACHING MATERIALS

XI. PERSONAL LIFE

A. Personal Correspondence

2. Christmas Letters, 1965-1987; MISSING: 1981

December 22, 1965

The Bird of Paradise has circled round and round but never over my head, bringing spotless good fortune in 1965.

When wearing my mortar board, I taught a heavy load of my favorite courses in property development, appraisal, real estate investment analysis, real estate market research, and property and casualty insurance. Even in the summer, I was able to teach a full load, yet finishing by 10:30 every morning, with both the money and the free time. Also to my surprise and delight I have moved from several faculty house-keeping committees to real gutbucket committees, one reviewing the curriculum and the other reviewing the physical plant in preparation for construction of an 8 story tower addition to our present building. The first committee is deep in the philosophy of education and my job is to coordinate development of a revised or totally new freshman-sophomore program. As to the building committee, we have completed the first real Commerce School study of growth patterns and facility needs through 1969-70 and we are now beginning to convert these estimates to space evaluations. I have never built a big building so you can understand my impatience to begin talks with the architect. However I suspect the Legislature and the school administration will curdle my enthusiasm a dozen times before we move dirt and smell concrete. Lord, how my basic characteristic of controlled impatience chafes at working with professors of business management for they are the most inept managers of all.

At the University I met a kindred spirit named Earl Rupp, a retired engineer, who was de-mothballed to become Safety Director when the University lost its legal immunity from public liability. As part of an overall safety program we are building ramps, curb cuts, and special entrances for the handicapped throughout the Milwaukee and Madison campi. Already there are a number of other quadreplegics on campus though they are ahead of construction of these new facilities by about 6 months.

Changing hats to the Homburg of the visiting expert, another bright spot of 1965 was the opportunity to provide management consulting services to a small firm in upstate Wisconsin, which manufactures factory built summer homes and school buildings. A number of University professors participated in this pilot study for the Federal poverty and area redevelopment program. In one year the firm went into the black for the first time in five years and employment rose from an unsteady 16 to a fully employed 34. Moreover there was opportunity to travel into the North Woods several times during the winter and summer.

Donning cap and duster in August, I motored on a 10 day trip to Washington D.C., New York City, and Cape Cod, meeting with experts on New Town Development and other real estate matters by day and eating and playwatching by night.

The first full year of our tin-hat Scholz home construction partnership (Landmark Homes) produced a profitable volume and a big backlog for 1966. We were the beneficiaries of an extensive newspaper report in the Madison fall building special and of wonderful endorsements by those who have moved into our homes which ranged from \$35-\$65,000 in value. This month we have formed a second related venture with our lawyer for a deluxe subdivision on a 40-acre wooded tract on Madison's West side. Our subdivision sits high on a hill with marvelous views toward the Blue Mounds. Now I will have a chance to practice what I preach in my property development course.

Now landscaped and equipped, my new house of 1964 is the fringe on my fedora. The office operates on the patio of a summer's afternoon and the big livingroom easily handles a sukyaki dinner for 20, quite a change from apartment living, which is now old hat, so to speak. However it is the reminders of good friends and good times that come with the Christmas mail, which put the cap on the historical record for 1965, and I hope that you may visit Madison soon to make 1966 another good year for me.

Best wishes for 1966,


Jim Graaskamp

202A Breese Terrace

1966 ANNUAL REPORT

JAG ENTERPRISES, UNLIMITED

The holiday season is a time for those who manage a corpus like myself to report our net appreciation to those who have invested so much time and faith in this venture over the years. The standard business vernacular "taking stock at this time" is not a happy way to begin a review of financial aspects of 1966, for as to taking stock at this time, who wants to take any? We could stride off firmly on the coach's platitude that 1966 was "a building year" but someone with a major interest in construction (i. e. Landmark Homes) would fall down gagging. An urban land economist like myself might find some comfort that the world remains intact and that "under all is the land" save for the fact that in Dane County at least, the land hangs over our head in the form of a handsome 47-acre subdivision, platted a few days ago, and a partnership interest in a 300-acre dairy farm of such character in the nature of woods and ponds that only 140 acres are tillable.

Simply stated, dear trustees, liabilities incurred were about 15 times net income and expenses seem to be running a parallel course relative to revenues, with management expecting that this expression of faith in the future of this great state of Wisconsin in this magnificent country of ours during a century of such gloriously explosive potential can only lead us onward to our ultimate end and just reward.

Having dug the pit for the footing of a foundation of an edifice worthy of a Zeckendorf with an advanced degree, we can find further comfort in the intangible accomplishments of 1966.

Switching from homburg to mortar board, we were indeed privileged to receive one of six 1966 William Henry Kiekhofer Memorial Teaching Awards from the University of Wisconsin for excellence in teaching, an award fortunately based on faculty action rather than student acclaim. Teaching, like the lawyer's profession, is apparently a matter of being able to fool a jury of your peers about 50 per cent of the time. (A small financial note may be in order as the award consisted of a large \$1,000, a small plaque, and some good will in University administrative circles, ranked at cost or market, which ever is lower). Indeed my academic career not only did not languish in 1966, but should not perish in 1967 as I was fortunate to have a number of commentaries on matters of angelic terpsichory in the green fields of urban land economics published by the erotica of our profession.

The principal academic function of committee meetings, in which we have accomplished a handsome attendance record, produced only a small excavation near the Campus Planning Department, in which they buried our request for building space, re-allocation of existing space, ventilation of existing useable basement space, recovery of usurped space, extension of present library shelf space, and our suggestion that campus planners in general were in outer space. In my field of property development and appraisal, the University is now providing magnificent visual aids. For example outside my classroom window is a new 14-story administrative tower which is a handsome tribute to an architect and a manual on how-not-to-build efficient office space, most instructive to all but the decision-makers.

Among the specialty projects related to University life, was a movie short on a firm in northern Wisconsin for which we have done some counseling or consulting work. The firm is doing very well and the situation was selected to demonstrate how the University reaches out to grace the lives of nearly everyone in even the farthest corners of the state, and Phelps is a far corner, let there be no cartographic crepitations about that.

Essentially the project of the University Film Laboratory, we were given some responsibility for script and narration, and we wish it recorded in the minutes for 1966, that we were able to write and speak on camera with economy of time, simplification of syllable, and brevity of sentence structure without totally wringing the wraith of wit from the testament. It is significant that the University felt it desirable to record this arrest of verbal dysentery and feat of laryngeal sphincter control on technicolor film!

In addition to the arts, finance, and movies we have brushed with local politics. We are presently serving as a citizen advisor on the local Industrial Development Mayors Advisory Committee, working toward a land bank program for the city of Madison. Our site analysis proposal for a losing contingent of alderman in regard to the municipal auditorium location alternatives was squashed as a dangerous precedent in logical decision making, but the wonder of it is that the wrong site may be quite right after all if you are willing to accept the fact that cities do not operate on the precepts of urban land economics. And then there is the case of my partner, Mike McBurney, who was drafted by the Republicans to run for Dane County District Attorney to keep up appearances on the ballot, since the Democrats had owned the D. A. spot since 1948. Mike was the only Republican to win in Dane County, a miscalculation which cost us dearly in face and fact (election bets, you know), but when one is leveraging and selling real estate it is well to maintain good relations with the local D. A.

We also did some missionary travel among the natives at Dairyman's Country Club, Milwaukee and its southern intestinal tract to Chicago, and Washington, D. C., the latter point a target of a 48-hour round trip by auto for a committee meeting. Nevertheless the trip to California, specifically San Francisco and environs, will remain as the outstanding orbital flight of 1966.

In late August we hit Reno non-stop from Madison in our International Astronomical Gashog Eight, whirling through Tahoe and Harrah's Club (a business venture, which generated some \$13 in revenue before adjustment for accrued travel items) and making a soft landing on our tolerant friends in and around the Bay. The impact of our second coming to San Francisco (we were first there in 1950) was such as to leave the natives rioting with regret on our departure. Words fail us (totter not, trustee, with disbelief) in describing the good company, good conversation, and good food we enjoyed in that area, but some of you may appreciate the momentum of events when it is recorded that one Harry Wirth bought dinner and drinks for nine at Sally's in Sausalito where he has a trade discount.

Indeed, this venture West revealed to us that 1966 was a vintage year for its infinite return on friendship and inexplicable re-investment of confidence of so many in our activities. May this greeting, serve as a certificate of appreciation from the management and may the coming year bring you the immeasurable dividends which were ours in 1966.

1967 ANNUAL REPORT

JAG ENTERPRISES, UNLIMITED*

The gentle Zephyr of Breeze Terrace, in which so many of you have accumulated a full blown vested interest, is puffing into the holiday season winded and weary. If our annual statement of condition for the past several years moved with the power of euphoria, then 1967 has been powered with castoria. As a would-be expert in appraisal I find it difficult to appraise the gains and losses, the beginnings and endings which marked each month with a whoosh of events.

In academic halls I took on the airs of a full time urban land economist, advancing to No. 2 man in a 2-man real estate department when the No. 1 man in our 3-man department, Professor Ratcliff, relocated to the west coast. Professor Ratcliff had been my mentor since 1958 and I have missed him, and in addition the change meant that I gave up my ties in the insurance department, which is now casting about for my replacement. With two graduate seminars and two other real estate courses to teach, I have found my performance sometimes less than breezy, perhaps giving vent to some tropical as well as topical drafts. This coming summer I expect to take leave of teaching to travel, to write and to retune my pried piper pipes.

Some of you may recall that I was participating on the building committee for the School of Business, which had great expectations for building an addition for library and research facilities. We prepared a report on our critical space deficiencies which was so lucid and well documented with fact that we arrived on the priority list for construction without benefit of any political sponsorship. However, when this list reached the legislative halls only a mile for the campus, our project seemed not to have survived the trip. Ominously a directive came down from the angels on high changing the name of our committee from the building committee to the developmental committee. We are now in charge of waiting to see what develops.

The stormy gusts of riot, strike, and civil commotion, as the insurance lawyers say, swirled through my office in Room 101, School of Business. The great tragic-comic opera of the Wisconsin student riot occurred at my door with an element of unreality that is difficult to describe. The naivete of University strategists, the tactical errors of the police, and the villainous misrepresentation of the press were all saddening. The students directly involved were the neurotic dregs, but the communication canyon between all college students and the older generation of decision makers remains raw and revealed. Most of our youngsters are losing the hope, the faith that they can displace present city councilmen, state legislators, and national congressmen before the decade of critical and momentous decisions has passed in political deadlock and delusion. There is a depression, a gloom in the spirit of concerned students which finds expression among the neurotic in pathetic mannerisms of rebellion.

One breath of fresh air in my routine has been my emergence as expert witness in matters of appraisal. In the northern parts of our state, one of the major industries is fleecing the highway department when selling scrub land for right of way. In court the representatives of the State Highway Department are the bad guys, and since my job is to destroy the credibility of the property owners' appraisers, I am the baddest guy of all. In one case I discovered that soil conditions would prohibit any sub-

*Auditor's note: Tangible assets limited by a loss of 25 lbs in 8 wks for bet with house-boys. JAG apparently lost the bet by 3 oz; claimants reluctant to collect, due to unrevealed skulduggery with scale or in kitchen. \$20 liability contingent on court action.

dividing whatsoever, reducing the claim of \$90,000 to an award of \$11,500. In another case I decimated the Vice President of the local bank trust department reducing the award to a widow and her four children from \$85,000 to \$43,000 for a piece of land worth \$20,000. Ho-ho-ho. Additional cases are scheduled for 1968. Regretably I have been so flattered by all the consulting work which has been offered me that I have tried to do it all, at a cost in spirit and efficiency which demands that next week I must organize.

Be that as it may, vested friends and camp followers, I was always able to muster bluster for a series of speeches, and was appalled to discover in listing my activities for the University that I had given at least one major speech or seminar every month in 1967, including such big cities as Green Bay, Sun Prairie, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Columbus, Ohio in these presentations. One theme in some of these talks has been the possibility of better application of electronic data processing to real estate data and as a result of realtors shouting "yeh man yeh" or "huh?" I am now a national expert on computer applications to real estate. This eminence is embarrassing as I am not prepared in statistics or computers, particularly in reference to the research which I am now being asked to conduct. Moreover, it has brought to a head the issue of whether I will commit myself to one major vocation, teaching and research, or continue to diffuse my air power among a variety of interests.

As case in point consider my building and subdividing operations. For 1967 we hired a full-time business manager assisting my partner in these areas. Lot sales exceeded our expectations and building operations have established stronger profit margins. Those of you who recall my lust for dump trucks will be interested in my romance with a \$100 1241 International in mint condition, which I bought for a college crew of three, all whom I supervised in the landscaping and finishing of our subdivision, a process absorbing the better part of the summer. But it is these summer idylls and dalliances which alarm my jealous academic old maids who would mate me to the research commitments mentioned above. Must I give up my dumpy little International waiting for me in the hay mow to court some rich fat foundation?

The domestic simoons blew quietly and steadily for 1967. The boys are hunters and fishermen as well as scholars and we have enjoyed gourmet meals of venison, ruffed grouse, duck, and the Indians are out looking for a partridge in a pear tree for the Chief's Christmas dinner. In the north, one caught a 34" Muskey during our annual pilgrimage to Dairymans and they have done well with trout in Dane County. In September we drove straight through to Montreal for the Fair. The exhibits were a bore but the architecture was good and good food in abundance, highlighted by a formal Moroccan meal replete with Moroccan music, hassocks, and a Moroccan princess entertaining in the opposite corner of the room. With little exception, however, my combined work loads kept me working each weekend doing great damage to my reputation as a social sirocco.

The winds of time began to blow again in 1967 after we had been becalmed for several years amidst a sea of friends and happy work. My friend and partner Mike McBurney died of complications from an ulcer only six weeks after becoming district attorney of Dane County. My friends, William and Nina Hold moved to the University of Texas firmly grasping a bright new Ph.D. degree and my godchild, Karen Hold. My secretary of the past three years moved on to a career in journalism. These anchors to leeward are missed and we are only now setting our sails to run before the winds of 1968. My anemometer tells me that history will hit us with hurricane force in 1968 and it is our hope that you and yours will ride out the year dry, trim, and on course.

1968 ANNUAL REPORT
JAG Enterprises, Unaudited

The gentle Zephyr of Breese Terrace, whose bag is to unwind in an annual Christmas missive, has set so many windmills turning in 1968 that it is scarcely an overblown metaphor to state that his perspective at this writing is from the eye of a storm of events whose outcomes cannot be fully foreseen.

Despite hot belches from the social arts I achieved tenure as a professor, an academic security blanket which can be jeopardized only by incompetence or moral turpitude, contingencies which are quite remote by the standards of University codes. Nevertheless, I nearly managed to transgress in both these areas as a few colleagues felt that my publishing and research record proved nothing (unless it was a tendency towards procrastination) and my profit making proclivities were indicative of the immoral excesses of a capitalistic society. The winds shifted opportunely when computer programs for real estate analysis, developed in our department, received national recognition as a key to significant reform of long standing appraisal theory. Indeed the techniques were licensed to a national firm for a substantial amount of cash and royalties back to the University. It seems among the classicists in political science and sociology, interest on capital and profit on sales is sinful but royalties on books and ideas is just compensation for the scholars resources.

About the same time I became faculty advisor to a left of center student group interested in dormitory and retailing co-ops for students. I advise on business matters involving organization and real estate acquisition among students who are essentially anti-business, anti-suburb in their viewpoint. Its been most interesting as these students are sound in philosophy but sometimes naive in the applied arts. Certainly the new left is misrepresented by the public media. They have organized several operating cooperative corporations and their new board of directors seem rather pleased with themselves as "corporate magnates."

Our theories on appraisal reforms and computerized appraisal procedures will be the center of a storm of controversy in 1969 and should produce significant changes in the appraisal profession. Anticipating these potentials we reorganized our business operations so that in addition to our land development partnership we have an interest in three outfits, Landmark Homes, Inc., Landmark Research, Inc., and indirectly in Landmark Realty Services, Inc. The first is a member of the Madison Builders Association while the latter is a member of the local Board of Realtors and Multiple Listing Service. The first handles land development construction, custom home building, and most recently apartment house construction. The latter specializes in property management and investment property brokerage and has the best management crew in the city. In the middle is Landmark Research which is specializing in market studies, investment counseling and computer applications to real estate and construction. One of our clients is the Compraisal Corporation of Columbus, Ohio which is marketing some of the services which we originally developed at the University. Each of these various operations is a maelstrom of activity in the hands of three partners, and hence I find it difficult to participate daily or even to be informed on their adventures.

Air is traditionally regarded as a free good, but I enjoy an increasing number of opportunities to speak for pay in the midwest and in fact the sound of my voice carries from coast to coast and over the borders to renew that "44-40 or fight issue" in the Northwest. Between semesters in January I jetted my whole troupe to Vancouver to participate in a symposium at the University of British Columbia with my mentor Prof. Ratcliff. In August I reached Anthony's Pier 4 in Boston Harbor where we spilled a little tea at his open-air wharf saloon. Indeed the prevailing westerlies during the summer months led us to most of the points between as we were on the road for much of the summer. Three weeks were spent in Chicago on the downtown campus of Northwestern University participating in the School of Mortgage Bankers. There were many trips to Columbus, Ohio and an extended two week drive for conferences with major insurance companies and developers on the east coast. We ventured down the St. Croix and the Mississippi on a four day jaunt via houseboat and in September we recharged our batteries with nearly a week in nature's wonderland at Dairyman's. My boys have developed an electric powered fishing rig for me on the sound theory that they will spend more time fishing if I am fishing. The electric motor and I overpowered five fish, the largest of which was 3 1/2 inches and about as many ounces and I have every expectation of setting additional records next summer. Most recently I whistled to Michigan State University in a small private plane for a lecture and a return to Madison in less than 12 hours, a technique which should add new dimensions to my travel in '69.

The whoosh of activity in '68 has carried only the scent of possible accomplishments of substance in 1969 and it appears to me that I am tacking about while I decide on which course to sail (luffing every minute of it, of course). For the past few years I haven't been able to set my course for any particular port, but in the meantime we wish smooth sailing to you and yours in '69.

1969 ANNUAL REPORT JAG ENTERPRISES, LTD.
(Unaudited, & Unedited)

The gentle Zephyr of Breese Terrace, that Sun-devil in the dusty deserts of academia, will once again whistle his wassaling missive as an official explanation of why you who have invested so much have received so little return this past reporting period. Well friends, stockholders, holders of certificates of beneficial interest, hangers-on and camp followers, being of sound mind and body your corpus management spent every nickel of income and then some so you will have to be content with more promises of pie in the sky, pheasants-in-wine, or other crumbs from the upper crust.

The first quarter of the year is always slow as January is a month for grading papers, planning another semester, and cursing the legislative churlishness which balances the state budget annually by refusing the real estate department of the School of Business any allowance for graders, additional teaching staff, or office girls. In April we reached Washington D.C. and then Atlanta for an exciting visit with the Real Estate Department at Georgia State. Indeed, I had made a lightening reconnaissance move into the South in March with a one-day trip to Chattanooga for a speech to the Appraisers of Southeastern United States.

It was during these winter months of crushing work loads and self-denial that my mind fastened on the idea of acquiring a boat to match the electric fishing reel which the boys had built for me the year before. My fishing ensemble was completed with an 18-foot boat and trailer, complete with bow ramp and two Evinrude motors. Made the opening of Spring blue gill season on Lake Mendota to begin the second quarter, the opening of bass and muskie fishing at Dairymen's in June, and a variety of week-end jaunts during July. Be assured that the boat was virtually a business necessity as two of my real estate clients this summer were in the resort business and it was certainly necessary to view their operations from the water for perspective on the float in their liquid assets. Suddenly in August a great variety of previous commitments cut short my fishing exploits, which by that time had amortized the cost of our investment in equipment to a mere \$55 per inch of edible fish actually boated by Jim Swift and his electric fishing rod.

One Sunday in August we finished dictating a consulting report at 5 in the afternoon, signed the finished typed copy at 7, and then set sail for Lake Tahoe, which we reached non-stop in 38 hours, with the International performing flawlessly save for the front door falling off the hinge just east of Reno. Internationals have an operational ceiling of 5500 feet above sea level (not to mention a minimum ceiling of operations of 5450) so there were many amusing moments crossing the mountains to San Francisco. The Bay Area has to be my favorite place with many of my favorite people and we spent a long Labor Day weekend with the Webers, the Wilds, the Schroeders, the Olsens, and the Jensens. (Harry Wirth had left town, still smarting from the dinner for 12 he bought the last time I was in San Francisco). While San Francisco has outstanding food the spread at the Gruenhagens in Sacramento, assembled to demonstrate the variety of California food products, represented the peak of culinary adventure for the year, sustaining us on a non-stop overnight trip to Colorado Springs. There we put on a two-day program for the Society of Real Estate Appraisers in conjunction with Jim Gibbons of New York who has to be one of the princes of realty royalty. Then spent several days at a convention in Denver and a day in Boulder before returning to the Madison campus in time for the first hour of registration. Gaily I began the semester in which I taught four courses with no complete course outlines, only a limited number of prepared lectures, and a general increase of about 30% in all our departmental enrollments. Luxuriating in two major outside speaking engagements

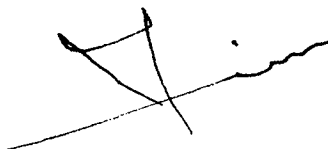
a month, taking some opportunities for interference in the operations of the Landmark group, and relishing a 10-rounder with City Hall, suddenly I learned it was Christmas.

As you may recall patient investor, many of our efforts for the local municipal administration had been capitalized and recognized as a goodwill account on our balance sheet. Well, I spent it. In fact I spent more than we had. The engineer in charge of the Board of Public Works secretly acquired options to the farms adjacent to our subdivision on which to locate the city's sanitary fill operation, i. e. the city dump. He was planning to pay \$2700 an acre for land which had been available to us for \$1800; in gentlemanly fashion we offered to find him a better, cheaper site. We did (\$1 million cheaper) except the city bungled the acquisition of the final option and the whole thing boiled onto the Council chamber floor. The various Department heads either deliberately misinformed the Council or said nothing about their objections to the Public Works Director's choice. The other big developers in the neighborhood ran for cover as one expects to run for governor as a Democrat, and yours truly was left to slug it out with the City Council on television for better than two hours. It was a Mexican draw and we succeeded in arousing two townships to furious anti-city political activity to the distress of the mayor. We established our professional TV image as a black-hearted, scheming land developer securing rapacious profits which we pass on to you. My next lesson in civics as taught by a municipal engineer of Polish extraction is a public hearing in January.

Reeling and rebuffed my fragile sense of self esteem was bolstered at the brink by an invitation to join the American Society of Real Estate Counselors, an elite professional fraternity who needed to staff several of their committees with a working member. Then the Governors' Committee on Employment for the Handicapped named me as Handicapped Man of the Year for 1970, which is a little like winning the County Fair for the most beautiful wart on the end of the nose.

When this reaches you it will probably be January again, the doldrums, unless you count a jaunt to St. Louis in January and perhaps fishing in the Ozarks in April or.... well, its a little late for holiday greetings but may you find hope in Lincoln's birthday coming up next week.

Best wishes for the holidays, whichever one is next,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'J. J. ...', written over a horizontal line.

1970 ANNUAL REPORT JAG ENTERPRISES, A CASH-TAX CONDUIT

(Unaudited, unedited, and unexpurgated)

When last this cheery enchiridion winged its way to wassailing meed-mates the gentle Zephyr of Breese Terrace was about to whiff one in the sanitary wastelands of city hall. Ha! The dump site abutting our subdivision was also contiguous to our only local seminary and somehow the newspapers eventually associated the city dump site with God's work rather than mine and the Bishop's aldermen repudiated the false Messiah, our city municipal engineer. Yes, dear friends and creditors we bobbed brightly through 1970 in one teacup tempest after another, scoring and being scored in a frenzied round of low profit functions which portend a cutting of last year's dividend. Take cheer that we have invested neither time nor money in the stock market, committing ourselves only to more debt and land, anticipating collapse of all dollar values plus population pressures and starvation prices for products of the land.

With the simplicity and humility which is our wont we must report that during 1970 our department received more than \$30,000 in research grants recognizing our world supremacy in our specialty, that the captains of capital were left trembling by our first brief book, A Sketch Book for Feasibility Analysis, and that JAG was annointed alumnus of the year and Associate Professor in that order by the University Schools attended during his formative years. All of this necessitated replacement of our former conveyance with a golden, four wheel drive International Travelall with hitches fore and aft for the royal barge and bait boat, a consumer credit item reported in the footnote of our 1969 corporeal report.

The throne room 101 in the School of Business is finally to be air-conditioned or more exactly to become the plenum connecting the chillers on the second floor to the stacks on first and second so that like our young charges we have been shafted by an incredible draft system. Construction begins on the 19th of December but we have not been granted new quarters (the "we" in this case is not the royal pronoun but rather the collective one, including two teaching assistants, a research assistant, the real estate library and librarian and a cricket). It seems that the University has been unwilling to finance any expansion of the School of Business nor release space in the building assigned to other divisions of the University despite the fact that the School of Business is now the fastest growing division of the University. Indeed the Real Estate Department is the fastest growing department in the School of Business. Consequently we have faculty offices scattered about the campus including several near the president's office in Van Hise Hall. Now the University would like to reclaim these fine offices and relocate the professors to the costume storage rooms of abandoned Music Hall. The Business School balked and so the University has refused to assign our department any space in order to pressure the School of Business out of its present sinecure among the seats of scholarly power. The Kellett committee lacked the courage to investigate the administrative rat's nest of the University, finding it easier to hypothesize on tuition systems and macro administrative pyramids. Educational administration is too important to be left to the educators so do not expect much from a change in administration at the top of our academic Madison midden. Thus our corporate headquarters which survived the great Dow flap may become as fluid as local administrative channels are constipated.

One of the activist student co-ops asked to name their new cooperative (a bankrupt fraternity house) after us but it was suggested we might be more help to the revolution if we could maintain a low silhouette among financial circles on the Square. We suggested they call it the Grass Farm recognizing the direct translation of the family crest, but they regretfully declined feeling they, too, should maintain a low silhouette relative to local officialdom.

Speaking of trips, we sold our construction business to provide more time for trade missions in the productive style of our republican idles. There was little opportunity for much more than darting jabs to Saint Louis, Washington, Hartford, Fort Devons, Boston, Chicago, East Lansing, and Las Vegas. Of course we did get to the Apostle Islands' with the Schraufnagels for some lake trout, Dairymans three times with the folks for muskies, Lake Winnebago with the Wall's for bottle bass, and Rhinelander with the Zambon's for lobster. While Dr. Bourne was rigg'n his deep-water thermometer and rigging his fathometer and reading his fish-finder dial, we caught three muskies 37,35, 34 inches with our little wonder electric rod. The boys also picked up a deer and pheasant on our farm - how's that for playing the game?

(For those disgruntled investors challenging the expense chits for Las Vegas, it should be noted that it was made to honor certain commitments to the International Association of Assessment officers, and to dinner with Sunny and Cher, Steve and Edie, and Liza Minnelli and that the corporate body is that much more for having made the trip. The discontents among you would better employ your time investigating the dents we made in the Federal lock and wing dams along the Mississippi, a houseboat trip which we have deliberately overlooked in this annual report pending legal counsel.)

Still, good friends and busy-busy work do not quite dull the increasing disquiet created by the incredible gap between our government and common sense at every level of administration and at any age. May you find treasured recollections in 1970 and 71 to ease the unhappiness of troubled times for our country which must surely lie ahead.

1971 ANNUAL REPORT

JAG ENTERPRISES, A LIMITED CASH CONDUIT (Prepared in Accordance With Totally Disapproved Standards of the American Institute of Accountants)

WOW! The gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace is a white tornado NOW! The total volume of activity and trading for the past twelve months not only is off the charts on the wall, it has been simply off the wall.

Our operations as a mini-conglomerate participated and contributed to the recovery of such growth industries as food, recreation, transportation, land development, photography and construction, not to mention the decline of long term interest rates. Unfortunately patient stockholders and certificate holders of beneficial interest and others who have invested so much thought and concern in our enterprises, management realized only upon closing of the books that growth sales, not growth purchases would have been the key to success.

As you may recall the ongoing saga of this comic Prince Valiant wandering in the wastelands of the academic dark ages, your hero was unceremoniously bounced from the seat of his power by an air conditioning shaft through his office at the onset of the Christmas holidays. Socage was restored by his liege, the Dean, in a small classroom featuring a window, a boon providing his first glimpse of various Aletas on campus since 1958. As the university empire was unable to provide supplies for equipping the room and labor contracts require University Union painters without exception on campus projects, it was necessary to rely on an office warming party on New Years Day, a graduate student outing which carpeted, cabineted, painted and otherwise outfitted a new donjon for the chief and his merry men in the graduate program. A seige by the union steward shortly thereafter, demanding that it be repainted by union painters, was diverted to the long neglected faculty offices on the third floor where a little color was certainly in order. Thus ensconced, we apparently spent the balance of the quarter staring out the window as our check book stubs fortunately do not reveal any noteworthy preoccupation. Perhaps we were planning the onslaught which followed.

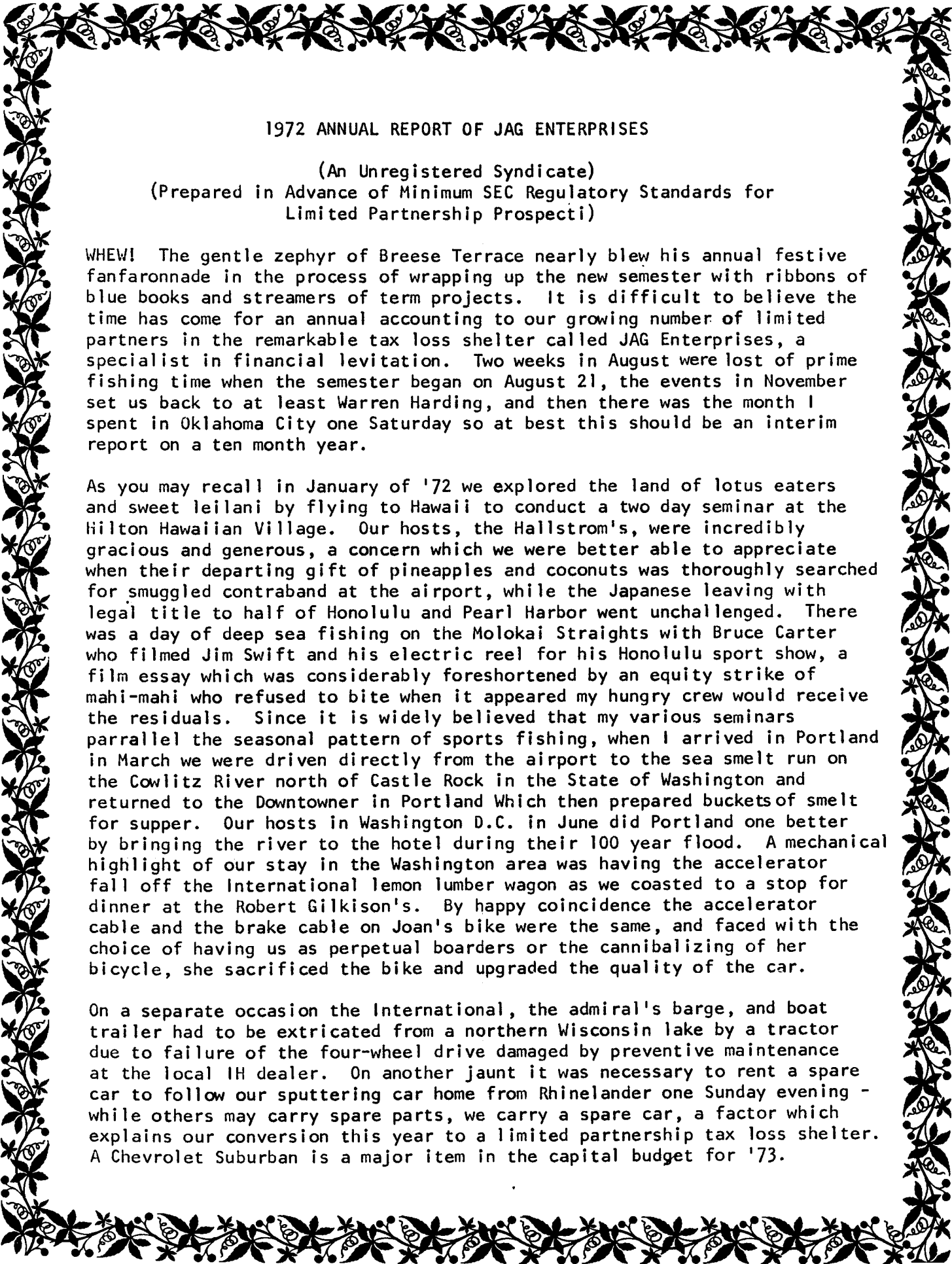
Last year I wrote some pieces on feasibility analysis. This year I was in demand to provide an explanation of what I said last year - a basic pattern of academic success which led me to conduct seminars in Charlotte and Atlanta, Louisville and Macon, Cleveland and Quebec, Palm Beach and Boston, not to mention Telemark and a country bar somewhere between Gillette and Oconto Falls. Then there were longer vacation trips to Texas, the west coast, the north woods, and our annual houseboat excursion on the Mississippi. Not only did we revive the airlines but Avis no longer has to try very hard and the International harvester people never did make a good showing. We have inspected nearly every International Garage west of the Mississippi including several in Canada and after \$1600 of warranty work still wrote off \$600 under miscellaneous. Our golden chariot has bleached out to a lemon lumber wagon. Only today Christmas was brightened with a cheery note from the International distributor granting another \$132 credit on my most recent \$400 bill. My attorney also prodded a \$200 cash refund for a full set of \$50 tires from a local tire dealer after one of the tires blew out on the Seattle Expressway. The cost of \$75 for analysis by a safety engineering firm and \$50 for the attorney have been buried in the research and education account so that you shareholders may also savor this triumph for the consumer.

Food production exceeded all quotas for the commune. We planted corn on the roof of our garage and fed 2 racoons as well as ourselves a hefty meal or two. We also planted tomatoes which exceeded 8 feet in height and produced red tomatoes until the 3rd of November! (Production was attributable to vertical integration with a chicken farm in which we have a quarter interest. The only dividend to date of Chicken Feed Associates has been 6 bushels of 2-year old chicken manure). But our program for protein from the sea was the production leader. 40 blue fish caught off Hyannis, Cape Cod, 13 lake trout from Lake Michigan near Algoma and miscellaneous pan fish from the inland waters of Wisconsin crammed the frozen food chest and brought the cost of fish on the table down to an all time low of \$38.93 a serving. Capital assets now include an electric deep sea reel and rod which may explain a certain pattern to our speaking tours. Our electric pikey minnow is still in development as we failed to electrify a single muskie this past summer. One of our boys caught a 77" sail fish in Palm Beach for the trophy chest, and when ours fell off the line, we were left on the hook for mounting his fish for my living room. Fishing time on the Texas Gulf was spent on a lovely spring hillside at a tractor garage in Grey Summit, Missouri, no expenses paid by I.H. Prof. Ratcliff shared a grand adventure with us in pursuit of the wily salmon in Puget Sound in which we enjoyed a magnificent view of the rain swept, fog shrouded, rocky Canadian coast from a handsome launch with a sheared pin and a sheer idiot guide for a pilot.

Now that interest rates are falling, we are out of debt. West Pond Farms, Inc. with its 500 acres of cows, corn, and creditors was sold to the University Foundation for construction of a University golf course and related residential development financed by friends of the athletic program. Virtually a square mile, the area features 150 acres of woods, rolling hills, and a small lake accenting the ecological function of the area as a ground water recharge area. The use of these lands for a golf course is a perfect ecological solution while enclaves of residential development at the edge of the property will eliminate the necessity of bisecting the area with streets - a development solution compatible with our preachings as well as our pocketbook. With sale of the last lots of our subdivision we were able to divest ourselves of responsibility and presidency of the water utility. (We were listed as president of a public utility in the same list that covered Wisconsin Light & Power and the Milwaukee Water Works. Our gallonage for 30 customers wasn't high but it was just as wet as that of the biggies). Landmark Research, Inc. happily found a series of clients who operate resorts here and there, which may have influenced our rate structure and the lack of any net margin for distribution. As part of the student trend toward involvement in their own logistical systems we are now advising a student-run housing corporation controlled by a group of student socialists or counter culture types, a counseling role akin to military advisor for a Cambodian army unit.

It has been a rich year but the balance sheet cannot dimension a shareholder surplus of delightful evenings of conversation, early morning on the river, theater in Dallas, outdoor cooking in the woods, exploring San Antonio, or the throb of a fish on a rod bolted to the side of the chair. With all of that the high point of the year had to be sharing a day with Macky Wirth in the gardens of his exquisitely detailed home in Oakland, which he has rehabilitated and designed himself, enjoying a Philippine luau prepared by some of his associates at his own company who so obviously enjoy him too.

1971 - WOW!

A decorative border of black and white floral and leaf patterns surrounds the text on all four sides.

1972 ANNUAL REPORT OF JAG ENTERPRISES

(An Unregistered Syndicate)
(Prepared in Advance of Minimum SEC Regulatory Standards for
Limited Partnership Prospecti)

WHEW! The gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace nearly blew his annual festive fanfaronnade in the process of wrapping up the new semester with ribbons of blue books and streamers of term projects. It is difficult to believe the time has come for an annual accounting to our growing number of limited partners in the remarkable tax loss shelter called JAG Enterprises, a specialist in financial levitation. Two weeks in August were lost of prime fishing time when the semester began on August 21, the events in November set us back to at least Warren Harding, and then there was the month I spent in Oklahoma City one Saturday so at best this should be an interim report on a ten month year.

As you may recall in January of '72 we explored the land of lotus eaters and sweet leilani by flying to Hawaii to conduct a two day seminar at the Hilton Hawaiian Village. Our hosts, the Hallstrom's, were incredibly gracious and generous, a concern which we were better able to appreciate when their departing gift of pineapples and coconuts was thoroughly searched for smuggled contraband at the airport, while the Japanese leaving with legal title to half of Honolulu and Pearl Harbor went unchallenged. There was a day of deep sea fishing on the Molokai Straights with Bruce Carter who filmed Jim Swift and his electric reel for his Honolulu sport show, a film essay which was considerably foreshortened by an equity strike of mahi-mahi who refused to bite when it appeared my hungry crew would receive the residuals. Since it is widely believed that my various seminars parrallel the seasonal pattern of sports fishing, when I arrived in Portland in March we were driven directly from the airport to the sea smelt run on the Cowlitz River north of Castle Rock in the State of Washington and returned to the Downtowner in Portland which then prepared buckets of smelt for supper. Our hosts in Washington D.C. in June did Portland one better by bringing the river to the hotel during their 100 year flood. A mechanical highlight of our stay in the Washington area was having the accelerator fall off the International lemon lumber wagon as we coasted to a stop for dinner at the Robert Gilkison's. By happy coincidence the accelerator cable and the brake cable on Joan's bike were the same, and faced with the choice of having us as perpetual boarders or the cannibalizing of her bicycle, she sacrificed the bike and upgraded the quality of the car.

On a separate occasion the International, the admiral's barge, and boat trailer had to be extricated from a northern Wisconsin lake by a tractor due to failure of the four-wheel drive damaged by preventive maintenance at the local IH dealer. On another jaunt it was necessary to rent a spare car to follow our sputtering car home from Rhinelander one Sunday evening - while others may carry spare parts, we carry a spare car, a factor which explains our conversion this year to a limited partnership tax loss shelter. A Chevrolet Suburban is a major item in the capital budget for '73.

Lake trout fishing in Door County produced four lake trout one morning before thunder storms drove the fish to the bottom of the lake and our charter captain to the bottom of his bottle as our steel rod and electric reel on the deck of a steel boat seemed to make him unaccountably nervous. These trout plus numerous pan fish brought into the boat on our trusty Dupont spinners brought the cost of a fresh fish dinner at our house down to a posh \$937 per meal for an average family of four. By strange coincidence we are scheduled for a seminar and two days of deep sea fishing in Palm Beach and another day of seminar and deep sea fishing in St. Petersburg the first week of January '73.

However, our trip to San Francisco for an appraisal meeting and fresh sea food represents the major event in '72 as my folks flew out to join us. The photo card shows Mama and Papa at Napa, specifically at the Mondavi Winery but this sun devil from the plains spun them through five days of Frisco and then to San Jose where the California branch of the family held a wonderful reunion, built in part on the essence of Mondavi. On some winter days JAG Enterprises would consider relocation to the Stanford campus in a thrice if Stanford only had a real estate program. You would have thought old Leland would have endowed a real estate professorship first!

From a professional standpoint the Real Estate Department at Wisconsin has continued to grow in quantity and quality to a point where our new dean had promised an additional man for the staff shortly before the governor froze all state hiring and demanded the University demonstrate an increase of productivity of 2.5%! The University in turn demonstrated its administrative finesse by cutting everybody's budget by 2.5% regardless of the number of bodies in the program or the success of the program in carrying out University policy. Our real estate and construction students executed a successful renovation of two single family homes as their senior project at a financial loss of \$900 per home when the University did not release funds for legal and insurance costs which had been budgeted for the project. Private business in town covered the losses with contributions and both homes were sold to low income families under 235 rehab. The EDUCARE program to teach computer terminal usage is growing steadily and we are to receive a grant to research several innovations in the real estate tax appraisal system that were developed in this department.

Perhaps in the frenzy of activities in '73 we can ignore the national tragedy of our presidential election in '72 and we hope that you and yours will have many little victories in the coming year to dull the awareness of the Washington scene. When JAG Enterprises has discovered in its annual audit the misplaced months in '72, a more adequate report will be filed with all of you to whom we owe so many outstanding intangibles.

1973 ANNUAL REPORT OF JAG ENTERPRISES
(An Unlimited Corpus Whose Statements are
Prepared in Accordance With the GAAP Between the Years)

The gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace whooshed from sea to shining sea in '73 to demonstrate the energy of professorial winds and sun-devils. 40,000 miles by auto and air represents a googleplex of foot pounds for the energy industry and accounts for 2.219% of the gasoline shortage unless, of course, it's the square root of that number in which case the clarification would be released by the oil industry when it next convenes the Cabinet. As a result we are pleased to report to you, silent consorts in spondulick pursuits, that our enterprises are exactly where they were last year at this time, only cooler.

It was a Mickey Mouse year for JAG Enterprises as well as in Fantasyland, D.C. We spent New Years Eve on a riverboat observing a walking beam steam engine, sipping a stinger, and listening to Dixie on the lake at Disney World and then in June we lectured for two days at Disneyland and only last week hosted a presentation on recreational feasibility by the analyst for Disney from Economics Research Associates.

Palm Beach in January was a criminal case of crumenal consumption through the incredible generosity of appraisers, Joe Kern, Jim Branch, and Bob Callaway with three days of deep sea fishing including one in the "Low Bid." Acquired a king fish, three sail fish, and an addiction as we return to the Bahamas in '74. After proper penance in Cincinnati, Chicago, and Detroit, I returned in April, to paradise, pursuing the wily sea bass of the Santee Cooper Reservoir in South Carolina, lecturing in Charlotte, North Carolina and inspecting Sea Pines Plantation at Hilton Head, S.C., which I determined to be a feasible project.

This latter junket was in a new Chevy Suburban which is our associations best acquisition in '73, and only recently did we discover that it does 14 miles to the gallon at 50 miles an hour. (Incidentally, the federal environmental agency reported Suburbans do 7.2 MPG, a not unusual standard of error estimate).

In late May we went to Denver via Grand Rapids, Michigan on our way to Phoenix through Santa Fe to inspect some adobe condominium pueblos in Taos, driving up the price of silver bangles and yei rugs when I temporarily cornered the market. Phoenix was a high point sideslipping a turkey buzzard in a sail plane, my future transportation for '75. If my standard lecture seminar has kept me on the move all these years, certainly it can maintain the air moving over a sail plane airfoil and the feds will be foiled again. That high was

followed by another at Crazy Ed's fine supper club north of Phoenix. Came down in Newport Beach and Los Angeles before flitting to Honolulu for two days of seminars and equal time for deep sea fishing in our search for the mighty marlin or mahi-mahi, and a whale of a host, Jim and Kathy Hallstrom for the second straight year. Returned to Green River, Utah and Aspen via San Diego, San Bernadino and Las Vegas. The Chevy left San Diego reluctantly after blasting a rear bearing.


Coming off the western high point, the rest of the year was all downhill despite lake trout and chinook in Door County, gourmet dining in Chicago while instructing the bankers at Northwestern, and excursions to Cleveland and Columbus, returning from the latter on our first gasless Sunday. Our superb Suburban did 98,497 fence posts per gallon at 50 miles an hour through Indiana. We had always believed that farmers had stockade fences until that trip. Became so involved in several Wisconsin projects we postponed our planned Canadian fishing trip to the Arctic Circle.

Our tilt with political windmills this year involved an urban renewal project on which my graduate students submitted a proposal, a political venture which has already cost me three friends, a bank, and six months and the issue is still in doubt. The URA requires 60 units of residential in the plan but the FHA states that the environment is clearly unacceptable for residential because the peak traffic load of 1,500 autos multiplied by 5% for a presumed truck count and then multiplied by a factor ten because of stop lights within 1,000 feet of the property provides an "adjusted" hourly truck count of 750 which is clearly unacceptable for a truck terminal, let alone medium density residential. The FHA manual was clear on that point although it fails to explain the presence of more than 7,000 students living within half a block on all sides of the subject site. The Nixon men apparently feel it is unfit for people but it's o.k. for students.

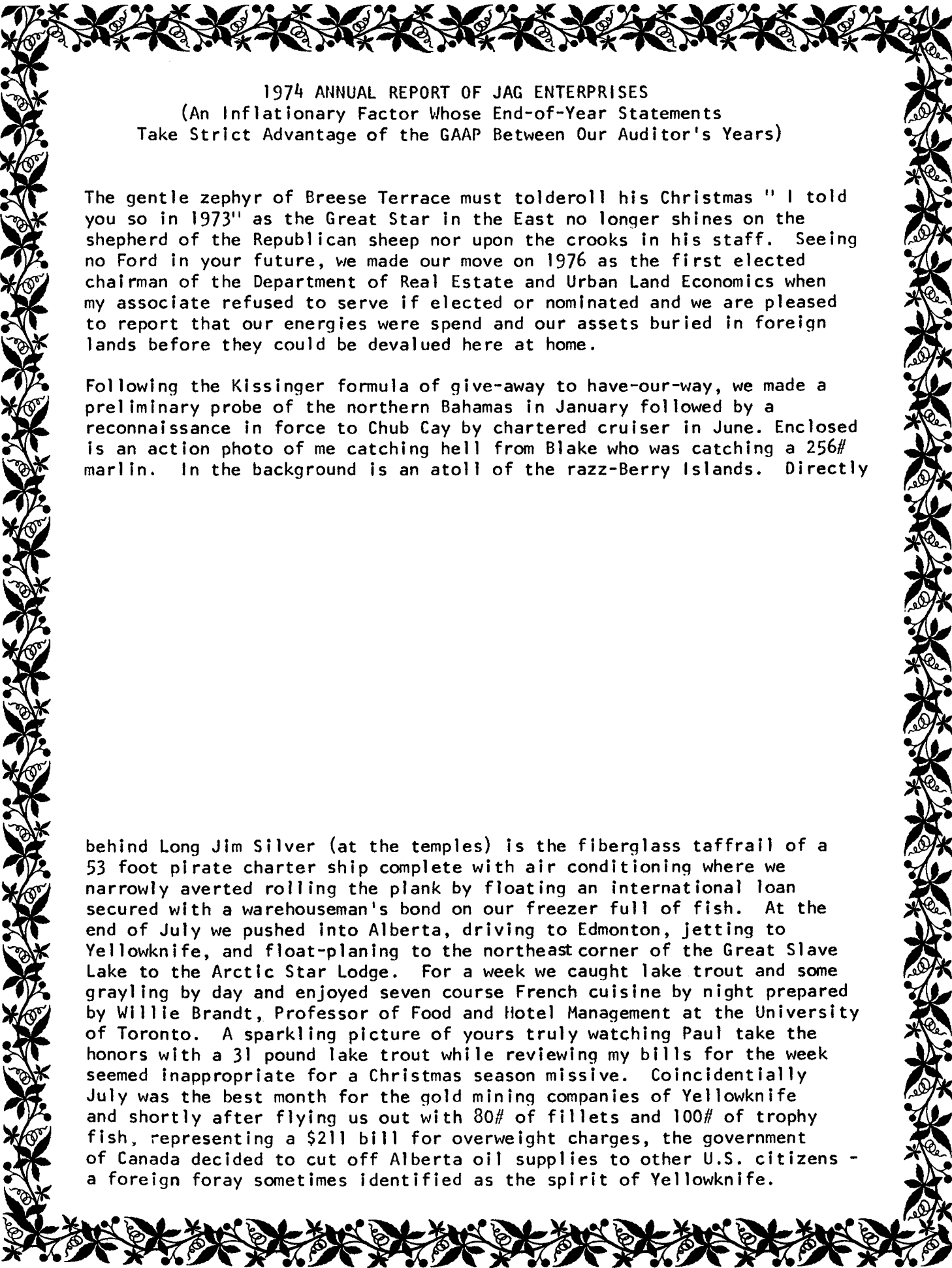
The revolution continues here at the UW. as we have a new Dean of Business and some good young faculty and our department is funded for a fourth man if I can find him. The Executive Committee of the faculty has only specified that the new man not be another Graaskamp, an ambiguous caveat. Here at the headquarters building we have added a magnificent 7' stained glass window found in a local 1890 mansion and now located in our executive dining room to provide the necessary mood for grace at dinner, should we ever get her out of the kitchen. The gas fireplace we installed last year has been retired rather than refired, a kind of eternal flame-out to mark the hopes of you Republicans in '72. We McGovern men die hard.

'73 marks the end of an orgy of energy excesses and somehow I think it can be a good thing. I owe too many people too much for these magnificent miles so perhaps we'll see Madison more in '74.

With a cheery waiver of the dividend and unremitting good wishes,



The Auditor



1974 ANNUAL REPORT OF JAG ENTERPRISES
(An Inflationary Factor Whose End-of-Year Statements
Take Strict Advantage of the GAAP Between Our Auditor's Years)

The gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace must tolderoll his Christmas " I told you so in 1973" as the Great Star in the East no longer shines on the shepherd of the Republican sheep nor upon the crooks in his staff. Seeing no Ford in your future, we made our move on 1976 as the first elected chairman of the Department of Real Estate and Urban Land Economics when my associate refused to serve if elected or nominated and we are pleased to report that our energies were spend and our assets buried in foreign lands before they could be devalued here at home.

Following the Kissinger formula of give-away to have-our-way, we made a preliminary probe of the northern Bahamas in January followed by a reconnaissance in force to Chub Cay by chartered cruiser in June. Enclosed is an action photo of me catching hell from Blake who was catching a 256# marlin. In the background is an atoll of the razz-Berry Islands. Directly

behind Long Jim Silver (at the temples) is the fiberglass taffrail of a 53 foot pirate charter ship complete with air conditioning where we narrowly averted rolling the plank by floating an international loan secured with a warehouseman's bond on our freezer full of fish. At the end of July we pushed into Alberta, driving to Edmonton, jetting to Yellowknife, and float-planing to the northeast corner of the Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Star Lodge. For a week we caught lake trout and some grayling by day and enjoyed seven course French cuisine by night prepared by Willie Brandt, Professor of Food and Hotel Management at the University of Toronto. A sparkling picture of yours truly watching Paul take the honors with a 31 pound lake trout while reviewing my bills for the week seemed inappropriate for a Christmas season missive. Coincidentally July was the best month for the gold mining companies of Yellowknife and shortly after flying us out with 80# of fillets and 100# of trophy fish, representing a \$211 bill for overweight charges, the government of Canada decided to cut off Alberta oil supplies to other U.S. citizens - a foreign foray sometimes identified as the spirit of Yellowknife.

As we passed through International Falls, the U.S. Customs officer picked a piece of lint off the floor of the car and announced it was a marijuana seed, insisting in tearing the car and the baggage apart but never touching the frozen fish, the glove compartment or the other obvious smuggling favorites - walking away in mid-search of us UW radicals, leaving me incensed and smoking. It seems he doubted the boys story that we were returning from McLeod Bay on the Great Slave Lake, chasing lake trout with a battery powered fishing reel. Don't suppose a name that means "grass farm" in Dutch helps much.

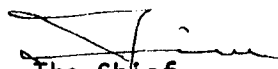
Other foreign lands in our travels included Philadelphia, Boston, and Detroit, and remote outposts of real estate erudition at Gainesville, Pomona, Lansing, Rochester, and Scottsdale. Flew to Lansing on a bitter cold winter day in a little Cessna, taxiing right out of the hangar in Madison and touching down in Lansing just behind a spectacular ice storm front which allowed us to slide right into another hangar where we met a taxi which whisked us to Michigan State. We were untouched by snowflake or chill for the entire jaunt. Flew past the Chicago lakeshore skyline at sunrise at 3500 feet without a camera!

Ironically our expectation that we would see more of Madison in '74 in order to build a record of domestic concern was necessarily postponed and we never once reached the waters of Lake Mendota with the Admiral's barge. We did manage to play a role in defeat of a proposal for rent controls in Madison, State Legislative review of the real estate tax, and some good Wisconsin circuit court case law relative to desirable appraisal methodology. We did suffer one legal setback in a case involving removal of injunction to build a professional building for one client but the judges can't be right all the time. The urban renewal project is still toddling along but has so embittered me against federal agencies that it is fortunate that I can't run to the barricades or the revolution would be nasty by now. On local environmental issues we have just completed investment in a \$400 maple tree to replace our soaring old elm tree on Breese Terrace, which was trampled by a beetle with athlete's foot.

'75 should be a devilishly long year of impatience while we await our opportunities to throw some more of the rascals out in '76, a singularly appropriate year for Democratic revolution against those who now govern without representation or imagination.

Once again JAG Enterprises must forego cash dividends in order to build for better Christmas letters of unremitting good cheer to all of you with a nondepreciating basis for taxing our energies in '75.

May the humbugs bring a happy buzz to your house this season,


The Chief

1975 Annual Report
JAG Enterprises, A Non-Voluntary Partnership With Limited Viability

The gentle Zephyr of Breese Terrace depends on sunshine thermals for his zip so that the first of the year found him setting and jetting from coast to coast. Following a conference in San Francisco to close out December, corporate activities transferred to Palm Beach for king fishing with Joe Kern and Jim Branch on the gulf stream just east of Jupiter Beach inlet, where the condominium construction crane is now an extinct species. Following our landing on the south coast we ran seminars in Palm Beach, Orlando, Gainesville, and Tallahassee on consecutive days before regrouping in the north for a second semester. The mileage, mimeo bills, calory counts, and pounds of fish represented very significant items of gross for JAG Enterprises although the net appeared to sag (and probably should have dropped over the management).

SEASON'S GREETINGS!



In February JAG Enterprises bounced back to California with the Mortgage Bankers in Los Angeles and the appraisers in San Jose.

Only missionary zeal and our obligation to the profession led us to accept a week at the Caribe Hilton in Puerto Rico to conduct a seminar during the spring hiatus on campus. My real motive was to stop in Palm Beach to visit with our research and development team involved in production of a casting machine utilizing light spinning tackle to hypo productivity at piscatory pursuits.

School was over by mid-May and we were on the road to Nashville for a seminar and for a Grand Old Opry at a truly fun theme park by the same name. For reasons not at all clear now, but probably related to money, we chose to teach summer school, the Cuna School, and the Mortgage Banking School during June and July. Had every expectation of renewing acquaintance with Lake Mendota as a fishing adventure but failed miserably despite having a regular anchorage for the corporate yacht. In early August, as part of our corporate employee recreation program, Bob Knitter and I conducted our first out-of-town EDUCARE in San Francisco, teaching by day and wining and dining Jean Knitter and Dorothy Beck in the evening.

September took the wind from the sales of the gentle Zephyr when father's heart condition worsened and he died at home on September 25, having returned a week prior from a six week seige at the hospital. Father shared our views that funerals are pagan and pain is private so that there was only a brief family service. Mother has been magnificently strong and in these few short months the house has been sold and mother relocated to a handsome condominium apartment adjacent to the Silver Springs shopping area, bus lines, etc. (Her new address: Apt. 1003, Casa Colonial, 450 Beaumont, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217). A memorial book fund was established in father's name at Carroll College.

1976 may be a bicentennial year but it seemed this past year was only 200 days long. May you have a happy full year in '76.

Jay

Merry Christmas

1976 ANNUAL REPORT
JAG ENTERPRISES, LIMITED (very)



The Gentle Zephyr of Breese Terrace wafted warmly aloft in the plenums and flues of the organs of power, albeit non-profit institutional structures. First the University saw it was cheaper to elevate me to full professor than to change my salary. Then consider that John Wayne and I were both fishing in Mazatlan, Mexico for bill fish (it takes a lot of big bills to catch one) and our yachts crossed paths again off of Campbell River on the inland strait to Alaska on the coast of British Columbia. Duke and I did not acknowledge each other, of course, since our politics are so different. Missed him in Palm Beach last season though, for king fish at the Kern's. Then there was the conference in the Governor's office on "housing policies" in June of '75 when I turned down a once in a lifetime opportunity to be a Board member of the Wisconsin Housing Finance Authority. The next morning I had a personal visit from the Chancellor and joined the Board of the Housing Authority on the first of August. All of this was omitted from our last annual report as a small cadre of us at the Housing Authority Board fired all of the management of the Housing Authority for their Christmas bonus for 1975, just to put the hum in humbug, the scroo in Scrooge, and the X in exemployee. This December the Authority was in new quarters, where the Board Room overlooks the lake, under new management and has really started to do a job in the financing of housing for the low income and elderly residents of Wisconsin. Authority assets are approaching \$150,000,000 and it has been a most interesting experience to participate in the revamping of this quasi-state agency which came into being in 1972. A handsome new set of Authority secretaries served cookies and punch at the end of the December meeting and Christmas bonuses were announced all around, a civility somehow overlooked the previous December.

The Chancellor in the spirit of '76 also imposed without representation the taxing Chairmanship of the Committee for Disabled Persons on Campus on yours truly at a time when Affirmative Action and new federal rules withdrawing funds from institutions which do not have comprehensive programs for all forms of disability give the cause new clout. Regrettably these recent acquisitions will continue to generate negative time and cash flows for JAG Enterprises and the only dividends in terms of drama and travail cannot be handled by the automated data processing equipment of our corporate trustee for distribution to you investors, partners, holders of certificates of beneficial interest, and others blackmailing us with the guilt of neglected friendship.

Of course, we were pursuing more tangible returns with seminars in Wichita, Boston, Dallas, Denver, Spokane and Vancouver. Denver in August was notable for a gourmet dinner sponsored by some of my real estate student alumni who now contribute to the overdevelopment of our mountain states. Stopped in Boise, Idaho, for a superb dinner of chukker prepared by Dan and Jo Abbott but the boys

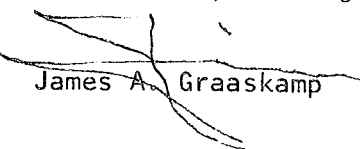
passed on the wine that evening following a Chinese banquet in Vancouver the night before with Roy Franklin. Our second coming to Vancouver in less than a month was to honor Professors Richard Ratcliff and Paul Wendt, the giants in our special field who have now both retired. There we held a seminar where 20 of us who had been brought up under their tutelage presented papers to be published in book form in their honor. Had mixed emotions about my classification as one of the grey beards of the present set of real estate and urban land professors, almost as ambivalent an occasion as our 25th high school class reunion. JAG Enterprises continues to invest in research and development of several texts which hopefully will be completed in 1977. These drains on current earnings represent a submerged, non-soluble asset and footnote to our Chapter 10 statement. Indeed, a Chapter 10 may be the first and only chapter to emerge from JAG Enterprises at our current rate of finished production.

Yes, I said Mazatlan, Mexico. When in Dallas, the end of December, and since I had to be in Wichita in Mid-January, it seemed like a good idea to drive to Wichita via Mazatlan. So we did. Spent a week on the beaches acquiring a stock of Mexican sun and woolen sweaters which represent a substantial unrealized profit and made a killing in tuna fish, specifically a 110# yellow fin, which was expropriated by our Mexican crew after we had cornered the market in uncanned tuna fish on a hot tropical beach. Attorneys are negotiating with the Export-Import bank regarding guarantees on tuna fish inventories lost overseas. Returned via the west coast to inspect silver mining stock in the Mexican town of Los Alamos, where we stayed in one of the last classic Spanish inns, Posada de la Torros. An old nunnery with 13 rooms in classic Spanish style, it was run by a 70 year old expatriate with a deep voice, black velvet dinner dress, and long cigaret holder. Cocktails were by candle light in the patio followed by a group dinner by firelight in the former chapel. The group included an alcoholic heiress who raises stallions, two, third-generation-money couples on a wife swapping expedition, an Episcopal cleric and his wife from New England, and two Iowa farm couples who sold their crop to the Russians. Never saw a more romantic setting, but unfortunately I was there with the boys instead of my secretarial crew. The only road back to the coast remained open in the morning and we fled to the north having discovered the silver being mined in those areas was from played-out turista veins.

What yacht you asked? Well, if you must know, we chartered the 84' deisel yacht Elfin with a crew of three (including the cook) to pursue king salmon as far north as the Charlotte Straits and Alert Bay on the eastern edge of Vancouver Island. The boat was previously owned by a man whose wife was in a wheelchair so that it came with an electric winch for dropping me over the side into the fishing boat. I could wheel from one end of the boat to the other, from the rear dining deck designed for a Princess Grace-Bing Crosby picture, through my 24' stateroom-salon with fireplace and wet bar, forward to the galley, dining room, and pilot house from which I could direct operations. Should any of you shareholders care for further information we have carefully edited pictures, movie film, and accounting detail available during normal hours at the home office or on occasional lecture tours on king salmon by previous appointment.

Oh yes, one other thing. You should all note that our logo for JAG Enterprises - the little fellow on the upper right, who continues to be startled by the loss of his derriere whenever the silver screw in his navel rattles loose. Since July 30 we have dropped 35# on our way to an elfin 220 by June 1 of 1977. May your burdens, too become lighter in '77 and may you waft wherever you may wish.

Your primary wasting resource and half asset,


James A. Graaskamp

Merry Christmas

1977 Annual Report
JAG Enterprises, A Joint Tax Empt Misadventure

Hi ho, from the gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace, whose warmest Santa Ana Christmas greetings wind down from the Bascom Hills once again. Our annual fasciculated fiscal feuilleton shows receipts reached a new high in '77 (primarily from the food market, boat charters and real estate taxes), cash outlays managed to outrun receipts and net weight hit a new low of 217# on May 28, representing a net reduction in the corpus of 58# and an increase in the treasury of \$75, a liquidating surplus account.

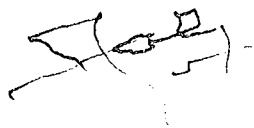
With the Russians pushed back 200 miles from our shores, fishing production was up. In January we fished a week off Jupiter Beach on the High Tension with Captain Cal Marles and filled the freezers with king fish, mackerel, and dolphin (Flipper was a porpoise, you hand-wringer). In June, we sailed on the High Tension from Jupiter Beach to Walkers Cay on the northeast corner of the Bahamas for a week of dreams which were disturbed by gas (none on the island) and constipation of carburetor problems which forced us to fly home prematurely with the catch limited to grouper, yellow fin, and conch from my scuba divers. The boys all won certificates for the release of sailfish they had caught and I, not to be outdone, released my sailfish long before they were at the boat. None the less, we had to add a new freezer and filled it to the brim with halibut and a few silver salmon from Homer and Seward, Alaska, a few hours drive from Anchorage, Alaska, which was right on our way home from Berkeley in August. A week in Berkeley teaching EDUCARE is certainly valuable in establishing a true appreciation of Madison as a place to live and work. On the other hand, the hospitality at University of Alaska is reminiscent of the old south, probably because everybody is from Texas, Oklahoma, or Arkansas. Prof. Hayden and Bob McClure led us over land and sea while John and Mary Nabors flew us over mountains and glaciers to appraise Alaska in five days flat. When in New Orleans in November, to participate in the annual Prudential Insurance Company real estate management seminar, we further extended our investment in sea food at the French Quarter bistros and at a fish market where jumbo shrimp went for \$2.40 a pound and sea food gumbo frozen went for \$3.00 a quart. Thus we are long in our sea food inventories and anticipate transferring further stock from DJ's locker when we return to the High Tension in January.

Missionary work for mammon continued with seminars in Peoria, Troy, Albany, Hartford, and St. Paul. In Storrs, Connecticut I was the first distinguished lecturer in Business Administration at the University of Connecticut but having read the taped transcript of my speech, may also be the last. The management was also invited to the Harvard School of Design in April to participate in a roundtable on how to introduce real estate education to architects and land planners. There is an element of irony in having this simple fellow from the provinces doing missionary work for real estate matters in the HARVARD School of Design.

The Dean of the Business School here in Madison respectfully suggested that if we could do these seminars at all these other universities, perhaps we might like to do a few in Madison. The chief officer of your company, in turn, respectfully suggested since I was Chairman of the Chancellor's 504 Committee to prevent inadvertent discrimination to the handicapped on campus, that it seemed unfortunate to discover my pay to be some \$4000 lower than that of my contemporaries in the School of Business. Moreover, the rule that one could not make more than 10% of ones UW salary teaching seminars for the Extension seemed in conflict with the Dean's expressed desire that I teach seminars at the Extension. Through the aid of expert legal counsel, a lawyer who participated in the possible Nixon impeachment, my gross salary was adjusted, I am teaching eight seminars for the Extension with no change in the 10% limit, and my attorney keeps the salary increase! To further express his appreciation for our real estate program our Dean has scrapped our trusty IBM 1410 computer in favor of a new PDP-1170 with terminal access. Hooray! There will be twelve terminals for 2400 students. Boo! He will provide two additional portals to real estate which has to provide its own terminals. Hooray! The additional portals are only for the spring semester. Boo! The spring semester and the summer session will require an additional 10% of effort and patience by the faculty to avoid short changing one of our best group of students yet. In November the real estate alumni met for their first reunion, a real kick for the old professor and a timely reminder that my loyalty is to the students and not the school.

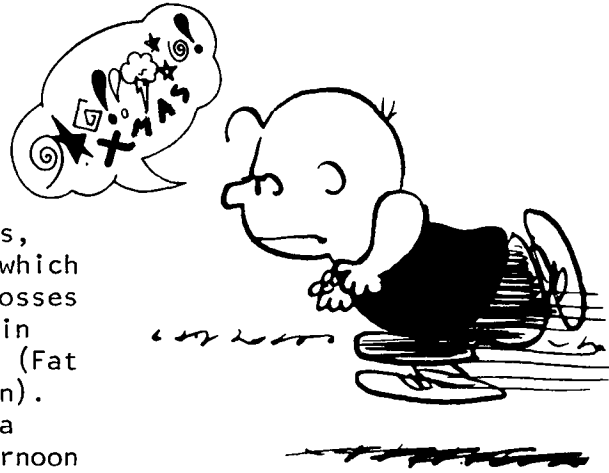
Frustrations with university administration, city politics, and academic personnel meant increased restlessness with Madison until I perceived that my talents for direct talk and common sense make me less of an administrative easychair-man and more of a pain in the ottoman. At the same time, my travels heightened my appreciation of the work ethic among real estate students here in Madison and the loyalty of our real estate alumni throughout the U.S. Therefore the directors of JAG Enterprises (Dorothy Beck and myself) have resolved to extricate me from distracting administrative functions and tempests and to discipline my concentration on revenue production matters (such as a textbook) and satisfaction efforts (such as classroom teaching). Redefinition of priority tasks may lead to a stronger sense of accomplishment in '78.

With unremitting regards and good wishes of the season,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'JAG' or similar, with a flourish underneath.

1978 Annual Fiscal Feuilleton
JAG Enterprises

Christmas is a fine time for the gentle Zephyr of Breese Terrace to recollect the feuds, spitting contests, and forces for evil here in Mad City which have netted a series of magnificent losses interspersed with few minor triumphs in the binomial computation of the FMIRR (Fat Man's Modified Internal Rate of Return). A good hate recalled can carry a fella through the ennui of a Christmas afternoon with paranoia punch when the humbugs have drowned in the egg nog.



For example, there was the springtime fight which blossomed with City Hall, when it was determined to buy our old Madison Post Office to conserve our architectural heritage (1934 WPA Greek Federal Renaissance), to house 15,000 square feet of city offices in a 60,000 square foot building, and to frustrate the State acquisition of the block for a State Supreme Court Building. We came within one vote of sidetracking the Mayor's office buy as so often before in my life, I could not fathom the logic of the lovely ladies who dominate the City Council. Before the City could close the purchase of this relic for \$1.75 million and commence \$2 million for remodeling, the boiler blew. GSA now indignantly denies the need for repairs since the heat would never reach the second floor in pipes closed with lime. Our secret satisfaction was the suggestion that the Zephyr run for Mayor from a beery taxpayer who recognized us from TV at a local saloon (known for its generous roast beef sandwiches; the owner is county coroner).

Then there was the great Tech College site search on which I had received some acclaim a year ago for innovative economic impact analysis; ignoring the impact studies of its own consultants, the Board chose a suburban site without sewer and water in a travesty of site selection logic. The City was prevented from taking legal action by the same adled alderpersons who thought the Post Office was a lovely acquisition.

JAG efforts at the Wisconsin Housing Finance Authority to improve policy and product have proven to be only a post graduate education in party politics in Wisconsin. There is a Gresham's Law in government bureaucracy which drives out the qualifed and the motivated. Even Proxmire the Pure intervned to crush a site plan which rankled a big Milwaukee developer and party contributor. JAG Enterprises can report that its investment as a board member will terminate in January of 1979, a major factor in our Thanksgiving season.

In July, Landmark Research published our first book, The Appraisal of 25 N. Pinckney, and JAG Enterprises has experienced a stunning increase in book inventories as a result. In September, we helped initiate the Continuing Education Institute, Inc. a Sub-Chapter S venture which is underwriting the professional education of Wisconsin attorneys, realtors, bankers, and other professions in great need of education. CEI also has TV recording capabilities



for courtroom depositions and industrial training seminars. As of the closing of this tax year, it remains a glorious tax shelter for its founders. In June, we culminated six months' work with four days testimony in the Juneau Square-First Wisconsin anti trust case, contributing to a reversal of an earlier decision which had cost our client \$18 million. In November, we began a series of training seminars for the Chemical Bank Real Estate Division and in December received word that our department had won a research grant with which to purchase a Real Estate Department mini computer and to operationalize a new assessment system for small towns.

More recently, your quizzical Quixote of quip and quagmire was awarded a semester sabbatical, presumably for the spring of 1980, as an honor recognizing long and loyal service and the need for a much overdue updating of old lecture notes. While the Regents took bows for this innovative step forward toward our ultimate ends, the Dean reminded me on the side that there was no funding for that unless, of course, I could find it within the budget in my department! The P&L at JAG Enterprises does not reflect such psychic income.

At least one of our production charts is positive. We can report that the inventory of avoirdupois which had hit an alarming low of 217# back in 1977 is back to a svelte 260# as a result of return visits to Philadelphia in February, Austin, Texas in April, New Orleans in May, Boston in June, Toronto and Sun Valley in July, the Bahamas in August on the High Tension, Seattle in September, San Francisco in October, and New York City in November. Speaking of Boston, I took a one-week case study course at the Harvard School of Design, sitting in the back row and keeping my mouth shut the whole time! Storms blew us off the salmon fishing docks of Westport, on the Pacific, and grouper broke my wire line in the Atlantic. In Sun Valley, we set the world's record for rainbow trout from Silver Creek on an electric casting machine only to throw the catch back in the grand style expected of an international sportsman. On Lake Michigan, we were held to a 17# king salmon and in Jupiter Beach, Michele Robbins caught the big king fish.

It was that kind of year! Pass the paranoia punch! A toast, my friends to wassailling and wailing. . .

Wring out the Old Tear,
Whine in the New Year!
Hark, the old skillet sear,
Makes tomorrow's classroom seer!

The Chief '78



JAG ENTERPRISES, INC.
Full Disclosure For Insecurity Regulation
Annual Report 1979

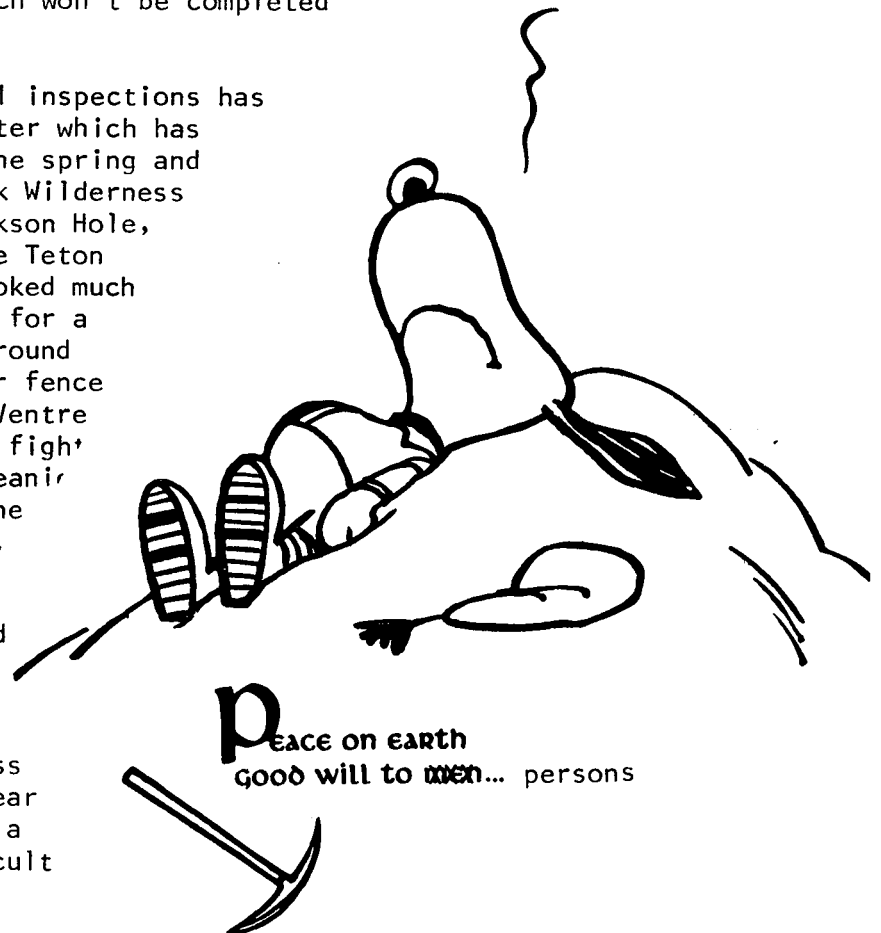
Puff, puff... the gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace is whistling down to the wire of Christmas or up to the noose of politics.

1979 had your corporate head in the air of the seminar industry as we touched down in Reno, Phoenix, Orlando, Omaha, Salem-Oregon, Dallas, Stanford, Disney World, and Seattle. After all that the travel agent bought her own agency but that weren't nothin to the major events in seminars which made us the air head of the seminar circuit.

First we spent three weeks in San Diego teaching an income appraisal course to the American Institute and an EDUCARE program on a beautiful plateau which is the University of San Diego. From my balcony to the west I could see downtown San Diego, the harbor, and every good restaurant in town. We also put on an EDUCARE seminar in Boston, starting the day the Pope arrived. GE Timeshare subleased its lines to the press and television which left our seminar in some disarray but we finally prevailed, not so much with prayer as through alliances with the Devil and Ma Bell.

Our subsidiary, Landmark Research, Inc., has embarked on an expansion to provide real estate consulting and appraisal services at a time when real estate and consulting seem to be crumbling for lack of credit. Tim Warner, an MAI and former graduate student, has joined us full time as has Jean Davis to undertake a variety of esoteric and bread and butter real estate assignments. A major project is the development of new appraisal techniques for wilderness lands, specifically 24,000 acres of the Eastern Cascade Mountains west of Wenatchee, Washington. We have a sizable University team working on the project which won't be completed until the fall of 1980.

The windshield for our appraisal inspections has been a jet powered Bell helicopter which has taken us over the Cascades in the spring and the Salmon, Snake, and Big Creek Wilderness in the fall, not to mention Jackson Hole, Wyoming. We flew right over the Teton Valley Ranch for Boys, which looked much the same as 32 years ago except for a new rodeo corral, several year round homes on the ridges, and a major fence through the island of the Gros Ventre where we used to have our water fight. I thought of swooping down on Weanir Wilson but then I thought that he would be more than 80 years old. We flew on with the romance of my summer at 14 intact. Our chopper went back over the Grand Teton along a canyon we had spent three days traversing by horseback and I was in Boise for dinner. The Idaho wilderness and Jackson Hole on a single clear sunny fall day by helicopter is a treasure from which it is difficult to pay dividends.



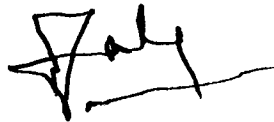
Landmark business carried us into the scrubby hills of Table Rock Lake and the delightful development of the Lodge of the Four Seasons on Lake of the Ozarks. Can you believe that Atef's secretary served us a hot breakfast at lakeside at 5:00 A. M. in the morning before we set off in pursuit of the wily southern bass in a 35' cruiser piloted by her lovely 20 year old daughter and guided by one of the country's top bass fisherman? Not once has Dorothy fixed me breakfast at 5:00 A.M., at lakeside or anywhere else. Makes a fella wonder about his blessings. We also appraised a Wee Willie Water Slide in the wilds of Hancock County, Indiana but that's another story. One of our seminar clients is the Chemical Bank so that Mike Robbins and I reach New York quarterly, a wonderful device to appreciate our values here in Madison.

Another intangible asset which is difficult to share with our constituency has been the opportunity to meet with the growing cadres of our real estate program in the various towns in which we are holding forth. In addition to evening sessions in San Diego, Minneapolis, Chicago, and San Francisco, over a 150 of our real estate alumni gathered in Madison in September for a three day seminar and football weekend. Let me tell you it is a kick to see the enthusiasm they share for real estate matters, the degree to which they enjoy one another, and the level of responsibility which they already bear. It's a hell of a gain for JAG Enterprises but the directors are at a loss as to how to distribute that to all those who have invested.

1980 will feature a sabbatical during which I need only supervise a couple of graduate courses. The object is to finish a feasibility text and inaugurate a new series for the Urban Land Institute on the development process. Then too, we will pick up our Christian burden by carrying our mission to the Islands as we have accepted a visiting professorship to the University of Hawaii for the month of March. We will err toward the air for other seminars and will be back in the western mountain tops in the spring and hopefully to Alaska in the summer.

Mother is on the move too. Once she returns from winter in Florida, we hope to have her ensconced in an apartment project for the elderly here in Madison run by the local Madison service club called the Attic Angels. (Their president is Eave Garrett.)

The big noose is that I will soon be retired from the Wisconsin Housing Finance Authority having infuriated everybody with objective representation of the Wisconsin public - the last thing anybody in the real estate establishment wants in a political bank specializing in subsidized loans. As we fly past you this year, we'll drop a brick with a seasonal update on our Christmas note.



Alas, the gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace has blasted a vintage year to vinegar in the last 60 days, going long on fat and short on votes (for Anderson). Our expectation of dividends for a fat Christmas Goose to your budget has evaporated to nothing more than a scrawny bird from the howling houri of hubrous retribution. While management never underestimates the rate at which our country is declining into economic and political impotence as evidenced by Mr. Reagan's candidacy and popular endorsement, management seriously underestimated its ability to reach a fighting weight of 240# for December 15, JAG Enterprises had accepted an undevelopment contract with some 15 fat fans on a two to one wager, which eventually involved a pot of over \$600 against a corpus of 280#. Once the mystical 240# was to be obtained by December 15, it would then be necessary to maintain that weight through check points in January, February, and March, sort of a rolling slob option as its called in the real estate game. For reasons not fully explained, the first weigh-in on December 15 indicated a weight of 243#, voiding the option and losing the pot. In the forgettable words of Jimmy Carter "I have always been honest with you. It hurts to lose, particularly if you don't lose enough."

But forsooth, in truth such a high dudgeon is inappropriate to a fine year despite the fickleness of fate. Consider:

January featured seven sun-filled days of fair winds at Jupiter Beach, Florida with good company and good catches each day on Captain Cal's High Tension. January began a semester sabbatical and finished in San Francisco at a seminar called The University of Shopping Centers. A superb seminar, it was notable because I was a student rather than an instructor and kept my mouth shut a whole week, well actually only four days. It was also notable for a seafood dinner at the Cafe Sport, Italian style, with the old Sicilians, Drs. Dick and Sally Olson and Jim Weber.

February gave us an opportunity to do some writing for the Urban Land Institute and a feasibility text, and took us to Los Angeles and Houston to teach various seminars. In each of these cities, as well as San Francisco, there is a cadre of our real estate graduates who are teaching the old man the new ways in real estate and who support the program here in Madison with jobs and data.

March was spent carrying the white man's burden to the natives of Hawaii for a five week tour of duty, teaching for the University of Hawaii. Again our local real estate alumni let me ride into town on my ass, strewing coconut palms before me, finding a condominium at Waikiki and temporary bases at Hawaii, Maui, and Kuauai. The delights of Cafe Sport were multiplied a hundred fold at Tomashira's Fish Market, where they have platters of sushimi like Wisconsin cheese shops have platters of cheese hors d'oeuvres to go. If you are ever at corporate headquarters we can bore you with reels of slides, since you would never believe it if we mentioned in passing that the gentle zephyr was snorkling and rifling in Hanauma Bay, not once but twice. A superficial press reported Tong slayings of tourists bound hand and foot, but the swarthy natives were only my high spirited lads. The mild seiche in Japan some weeks later was never directly traced to Hawaiian waters.



In April we returned to Seattle and Salem for seminars and then in May we dived through spring, wondering where the snow goes when it melts. We concluded it goes down.

June found us in Alaska for the first two weeks of the month to teach for the University of Alaska in Fairbanks, Anchorage and Kenai and then to work for some development friends on a planning charette involving a major development site in Anchorage. To reprovise we had to spend three days in the bush at the Alexander Lodge with Ken Clark, an Alaskan hunting and fishing legend for a super experience catching rainbow and greyling from a little aluminum boat in the white water rapids. The hope was king salmon, but they did not arrive by the time we had to leave. We rubber rafted down the Kenai for another first.

July found us teaching appraisal at the University of Colorado in Boulder and then inspecting other comparables relative to our massive appraisal of the Cascade Mountains. Our employer flew us into Jackson Hole and this time, unlike 1979, we found Wendell (Weenie) Wilson at the Teton Valley Ranch for boys. He is still the lean grey lion of a man I remember from 35 years ago, running a cattle breeding operation with his son while others manage the boy's camp. Federal acquisitions of ranch lands to the south of camp for an elk preserve have made him a wealthy man. Mrs. Wilson recognized me immediately on the telephone, probably because we had been so much trouble when we were there, and wanted to know all about the Wisconsin contingents. Who said you can never go back?

In August we returned to Seattle and then to Ketchikan and Juneau, Alaska on behalf of the University of Alaska. In Ketchikan we spent the weekend fishing and living on the boat of Jim and Norma Green in a marvellous combination of sun, fog, rain, warm hospitality and exciting fishing. Salmon, red snapper, halibut and flounder sufficient to feed all the graduate students and families in September.

September found us back to teaching at the University of Wisconsin with a few side trips to the University of Texas in Austin and to Denver, where once again there was opportunity to break bread with an enthusiastic and professional alumni who are succeeding well beyond all of our fondest expectations. In Madison Landmark Research took on research to value the bankrupt railroads for the Feds and almost immediately Penn Central attorney's capitulated.

October and November were noted for a marathon trial in Trenton, New Jersey in which yours truly was a principal valuation witness. The decision on the trial is yet to be heard, but the verdict on Trenton is in. I should have recognized it as purgatory, and the first sign of paradise lost. Even the judge tried to force a settlement by threatening to hold the attorney's and the witnesses in downtown Trenton until after dark, but he relented when he realized he would have to stay, too! There was business in Washington, New York, Portland and Seattle, too, so that eventually I had exhausted all of my flight crews and on one jaunt to Trenton (there were four) Republic Airlines managed to lose my wheelchair! But that is a story for another newsletter. During all of that two month period I only missed two scheduled classes.

By December, there was no flight from reality. We must find two new professors for our department as Dr. Andrews will retire and Craig Stanley makes plans to return to his home territory in Portland or Seattle. Comparable talents are not likely to be found who are willing to relocate in these economic times. Sadly my mentor and counsel, Prof. Dick Ratcliff, passed away in December in Santa Cruz.

On balance 1980 was a capital year, long in the commodities of fun, adventure, affection, and accomplishments, so what if we were a little long on at least one pork belly when we should have been short on soy beans. After all, we were very short on travail. Yes, shareholders we have a bank of good times, a NOW account to be drawn on as compensation for the coming decade of lean times in this country.

Best wishes from your no-account trustee,



JAG ENTERPRISES, INC.

The Annual Christmas Cavil for Nineteen Eighty-Dos
A Fickle Fiscal Finger Laid 'Long Side the Nose'

The gentle zephyr of Breeze Terrace has been whirling like a Sun Devil from the thermals of consultant roamin', court rhetoric, classroom-ination, chestnut roastin', and cautious romancin'. Management is pleased to report book sales were up and fish inventories were down as a result of greater emphasis on the consulting division. In January, Tim Warner left Landmark Research to become a syndicator and so my partner, Jean Davis, said I had better hustle some extra business for the firm until the market heated up to a point where I damned near burned out the Landmark crew. Landmark did work for the Federal Reserve Bank, which thinks its opportunity cost for money is 9%, the IRS which preceives its opportunity cost as our retainer, and in one case a client which is challenging an old triple net lease stated in ounces of gold since the days before the U.S. went off the gold standard. These problems together in our defined specialty of forensic appraisal carried us from Jupiter Beach in January to Houston in February, Boseman, Montana in April and again in June, (the best steak dinner in the U.S. for the money can be found at the Oasis Saloon in Manhattan, Montana) not to mention Edmonton. No, we shouldn't mention Edmonton where they held us incommunicado at midnight on Saturday evening at the immigration office at the airport, threatening expulsion as persona non grata since we didn't have a work permit to give a lecture that Monday morning. The Canadian Counsel in Chicago later advised that on subsequent visits to Nova Scotia in June and Toronto in May that we shouldn't mention seminars as the reason for the visit since perjury was much less of a crime than failure to report an opportunity for the Canadian income tax.

The summer was marked by a push to complete the great Pack River Caper in the Cascades, a three year appraisal of wilderness using a computerized market comparison system developed by Mike Robbins and featuring new measurements of scenic quality and wilderness integrity. Initially a major trial was anticipated in August, postponed to September, terrorizing the five professors involved with the thought of a two week trial interrupting 18 different classes in four different departments. The Forest Service settled on a price of \$28 million on the court house steps, although their appraisers estimated 12 to 17 million dollars. Relief and vindication were soon offset by frustration and malaise of anti-climax since our innovative methodology did not receive a court test.

Sweet-sour was also the flavor of the summer. The School of Business did not offer salaries adequate to attract professors for a senior position in real estate so I was unable to replace Professor Andrews, who retired. No real problem for the Dean, though, since I am willing to teach four courses in the Fall and three in the Spring at wages that won't attract anybody to Madison. To supplement standard salaries we began an endowed chair program and some old friends of the program have contributed \$100,000 to date to the Chair Fund. The Real Estate Alumni alone raised over \$17,000. Fishing on Lake Michigan with Craig Manske produced barely enough salmon for the annual graduate fish dinner and my August trip to Ketchikan was aborted by the anticipated Pack River trial. Jim and Norma Green in Ketchikan still sent 150 lbs. of salmon, halibut, and red snapper fillets from their best fishing year ever. And we reached San Francisco three separate times in July, September, and November for sour dough and sweet seafood. In October we traded a seminar in Knoxville for a day at the World's Fair with the Goolsby's. We became a Trustee of the Urban Land Institute, an honor without honorarium and took on a major redevelopment planning report project for the City of Madison whose senior planners are gleefully anticipating the opportunity to sneer at our final report with the same fervor with which I have maligned their efforts for years.

Some of our old chestnuts of feasibility and appraisal are being steamed down to a couple of texts, including one with Gene Dilmore on the general topic of contemporary appraisal. Hopefully the royalties will match the increased rents at our new corporate offices at Pyare Square, 4610 University Avenue, Madison. Somehow every other Thursday we were in Minneapolis for the Board meeting of First Asset Realty Advisors, a subsidiary of First Minneapolis Bank, with the responsibility of acquiring real estate for several special trust funds. All that travel adds up to six free tickets on Northwest Airlines to Hawaii in December which brings us to the very best part of Christmas which is the subject of our . . .

cautious
romance



1983 ANNUAL REPORT

JAJ Enterprises, A Commingled
Fund Without Taxable Income

The gentle zephyr of Breese Terrace has rippled the blue Pacific, murky Lake Michigan, and musky rich Wisconsin waters. The executive management team of Landmark Research prospected for new business in Hawaii in January, Anchorage and Ketchikan in August, Manske's Michigan salmon derby in June, and Dairymen's in July. The tax shelter created by these adventures proved so sizable that the management is headed for Hong Kong, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand and Tahiti in February and March of 1984. My partner even depreciates my fishing ability, even though we're forced to live off the salmon and red snapper we brought back from Ketchikan. The management team also reached New Orleans for the flood, Minneapolis for the blizzard, and the Ritz Carlton in Chicago to attend in silence a seminar by the author of The One Minute Manager, all unnatural events.

There were many fine ornaments on the corporate tree this year, in addition to a sabbatical in the spring of 1984 to lecture in the Antipodes and other Crown Colonies. First we secured Prof. Mike Miles, a rising young star in real estate education, to join us here at Wisconsin with his specialties in pension fund real estate investment. This was made possible by a number of significant corporate gifts to the University of Wisconsin Foundation to begin an endowed chair here at the University. The last gift to put the fund to the critical amount permitting our inviting Prof. Miles was recognition from that old ace-in-the-hole, my mother! Mike Robbins and Marian Wolfe both finished their Ph.D.'s. These talents in turn have attracted a bright, cohesive highly motivated group of grad and undergrad students who make it fun to teach.

In June we passed the 50 mark with two surprise birthday parties engineered by my partner and her associates, who tricked me to the hall on the pretext of attending an Australian travelog! How down under can you get? This cabal also presented me with an IBM PC computer and Toshiba printer, together with a note for the balance due at the Credit Union.

In the fall of '83 210 of our Real Estate Alumni returned to campus for two days of seminar and Homecoming. That's 1/3 of our graduates since we started in 1964! The Alumni president presented me with a portrait of a fierce Indian chief (by a Navajo artist named Head) which now hangs in my office. The Indian visage reflects my mood of the moment - from taciturn and grumpy to steely-eyed visions of tomorrow's world to penetrating appraisal of landscapes, horses, hogans and squaws.

Landmark Research continues to totter along, working for lawyers, developers, and government agencies who need honest craftsmanship and objective answers in real estate when it serves their purpose to be honest, which isn't very often. Jean continues to lead and tutor our young staff while I gad about with seminars, consulting projects and courtroom appearances on the side of truth, justice, and the financially well-to-do.

The 50th year has been our best year ever, and we want to thank all of you who have a unit of investment in our commingled affairs for your continued patience toward the day when management may pay dividends or pass through greater savings from an improved tax status. Best of everything in '84.

JAG AND JBD ENTERPRISES, INC.
A Joint Venture
1984 Annual Fiscal Impaction Study



The Gentle Zephyrs of Breese Terrace are roasting before a chestnut fire at the base of the Summit, as we waft through recollections of a gusty year. Think of the bank drafts whistling through every cranny of this old shingled crate since we last puffed through our Christmas epistle. In the single reach of just one year the enterprise:

- Opened new trade accounts with a grand lecture tour of the Pacific Basin during February and March, visiting Hong Kong, Singapore, Sidney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Carnes, Adelaide, and Perth, not to mention Aukland, Palmerston and Wellington in New Zealand, and Papeete and Honolulu on our way home.

Jean, John, Jerry, and James sponged up the hospitality of soooo many loving investors in our travel enterprise that we were unable to report all the dividends without a grueling slide show and lecture series, properly titled "Stalking the Lecture Fee With Small Bore in the Pacific."

- Refocused on Landmark in April and May and the Real Estate Program while criss-crossing the continent from Regina, Saskatchewan, to Ashville, North Carolina in time for the crab apple and azalea blossoms, to San Antonio for their 200th Birthday and the ULI Board of Trustees.
- Tolerated Jim becoming a Director of Dairymen's Country Club in June, a trusteeship of his richest childhood memories and soon after enjoyed playing patriarch for Jean's mother Helen, his mother, and Jean's children, including first grandson Michael David Moran. Merger plans survived this first family outing.
- Merged and consolidated JAG Enterprises with its partner in Landmark Research, Inc., Jean Davis! All operations are now centralized in the corporate headquarters at 202 Breese Terrace. Renovation of the corporate tower has created an executive suite on the upper level with the three boys as junior managers housed in the remodeled lower level, where each has a private office and shares a TV lounge with a new corporate profit center, a washer and dryer with 50 cent slots.
- Renovated the academic image as we played a significant role, in association with the legendary Professor Bill Kinnard, in an appraisal Colloquium in Boston in June, featuring some of the best minds in appraisal critiquing the sorry state of affairs in the current appraisal process. It marked the 20th anniversary of Dick Ratcliff's first Colloquium to initiate reform of appraisal theory and practice. The encore was a market symposium in Atlanta in October where Kinnard and I again helped to break new ground and I produced a second significant monograph in one year. Partly as the result of this activity the Real Estate Program at the University of Wisconsin has secured an initial \$30,000 pair of matching grants to initiate standardization and reform of appraisal procedures for pension real estate.

- Journeyed to Barrow, Alaska in July, the Northern-most point in North America in order to dine at Pepe's North, a Mexican restaurant, and to initiate several Alaskan projects for Landmark and Mike Robbins, which are truly innovative and exciting. It was summer in Barrow, the temperature 38 degrees, and the ice pack had moved 50 yards off shore. We moved on to Fairbanks and then flew out to the Brooks Range to overfly 200,000 acres to be appraised as wilderness. A former Israeli jet pilot skimmed the tract at 50 feet, but fortunately the caribou never lifted up their heads to entangle their horns.
- Engaged in major projects to value huge irrigated potato farms, a 7,000 acre Christmas tree factory, and 7,000 units of Section 8 apartments in Maryland, not to mention 200,000 acres of tundra in the Brooks Range in Alaska! In the meantime, Jean has become recognized in the state as an expert on elderly housing market demand and project valuation, and as a four letter word in real estate tax appeals.
- Together we marketed a high-rise building and were well on our way towards marketing the railyards in Madison when the University stepped in to squash a research park in favor of an indoor practice football field -- a concept for hi-tech economic development borrowed from Nebraska and Alabama. Courtroom confrontations continued in Fargo, West Allis, and Baraboo, not to mention Baltimore where our testimony was interrupted in January when a snow storm closed down the courthouse and we resumed our presentation in July!

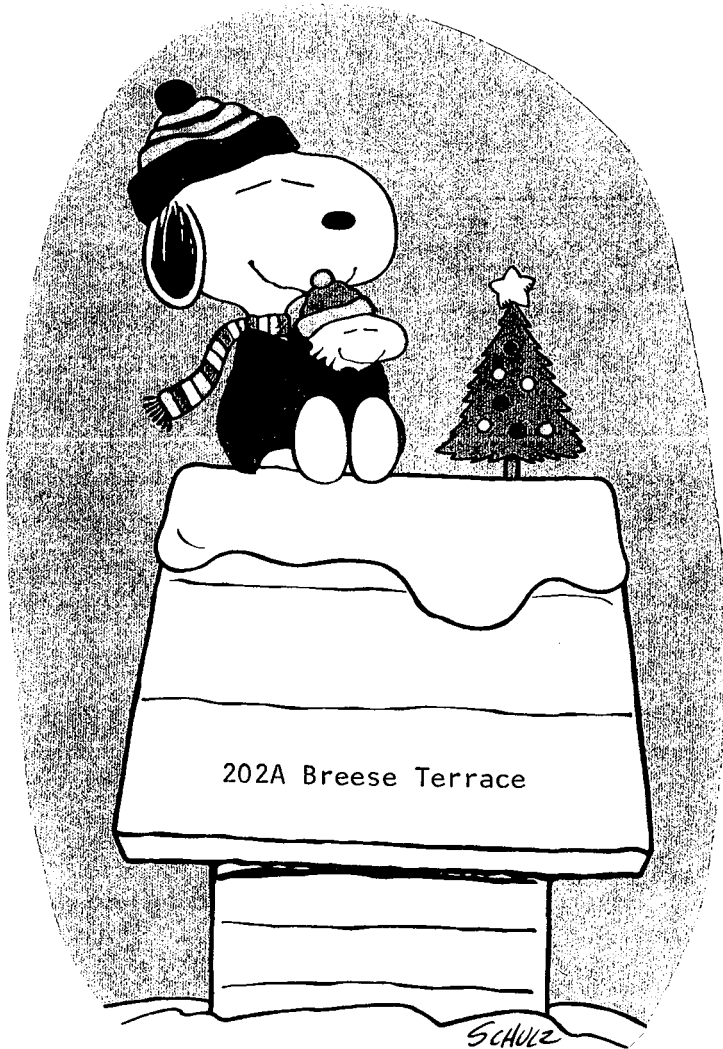
How does one write an annual report to our loving shareholders in a year that has seen so many fundamental environmental impacts -- a remodeled home, a new diesel van called 'THE ARK', a cat called 'CORKY', a Christmas tree in the living room, travel to the edges of the Twilight Zone from Perth to Barrow to Boston, from Carnes to Fargo in January, and West Allis in the Fall, and now! the great real estate fakir and his disciple anticipate Jean's youngest daughter Janet, back from six months of study in India for a holiday nirvana on the Summit at Breese.

We regret, dear shareholders, there will never be an audit which can balance the books, equalize the forces at play, or rationalize why Jean caught the only fish in our pursuit of the great rainbow trout on Lake Taupo. Perhaps it is that small flaw in the scenario that can help us distinguish between dreams and life's drama.

May each of you have a year in '85 that is the equal of our blessings in '84.

 + Jean

JAG and JBD Real Trust, Inc.
A Non-Stock Venture
1985 Annual Appraisal Update



The Gentle Zephyrs of Breese Terrace are continuing at the Summit as we improve on our a chords, specifically with Jean's parlor grand piano, as yet to be tuned in a remodeled living room as yet to be finished. The intent is to Christmas carol around the piano but Wisconsin Arctic weather has set back construction of the music room to a point where the caroling may be an open-air concert!

1985 has been a building year in many ways as Jean has attempted to stabilize both Landmark Research and serve a significant role in the United Way which grooms her for further leadership in '86. Jim has tried to conserve and improve the Real Estate program despite growing enrollments and declining support from the University budgets. The Real Estate Alumni have been mobilizing in a superb effort to establish financial resources and a negotiating base for the Real Estate Department. After all these years of keeping the students off balance, Jim is more than a little intimidated by the organization of Alumni chapters in most major cities and by the Eighth Biennial Reunion where 200 Alumni pledged over \$300,000 before dinner was served!

The stature of the Wisconsin Real Estate program may be in better shape at some distance from the Chancellor's office as we were invited to lecture to the graduate real estate courses at the University of Chicago and at Stanford University. Stanford is Jean's alma mater so she and her mother traveled with us to Palo Alto and San Francisco for a trip down memory lane. Jean and I also vacationed with a seminar called "The Art of Negotiation," with Herb Cohen, and made it to New York City for Gloria, the hurricane, Pension Real Estate, the seminar, and The Foreigner, the play. Jean let me go to Ketchikan for a super successful fishing expedition while she marshalled the Davis clan to marry off her son, Stephen, a pharmacologist at the University of Iowa. Never could have done it without the benefit of the seminar on negotiation. We also served as invited lecturer at the University of Connecticut for their 25th anniversary of their real estate program and then appeared, by invitation, to raise money for the real estate program at Berkeley! We now consider all of these as mission schools for the Temple of land economics here in Madison.

From the newsprint we received in '85 you would have thought we had a public relations firm, and from the comments, you would probably suggest that we not pay it. The Minnesota Real Estate Journal referred to our networking real estate Mafia in Minneapolis. Isthmus headlined "The UW's James Graaskamp

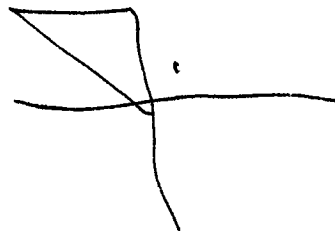
may have a national reputation for real estate savvy, but in Madison his opinions are usually ignored." The Milwaukee Sentinel called me "an educational guerilla." The Wall Street Journal and Forbes each took half a quote out of context and Madison Magazine provided a magnificent wall poster which named me "Best Proffesor," for 1985. I gave them a B- for proof reading. Additional strokes came in the form of a \$500 prize for an essay and \$1000 prize for classroom teaching on campus.

Our appraisal seminars kept us moving from coast to coast and we now serve as director for Dairymen's Country Club, the Urban Land Institute, and First Asset Realty Advisors, a subsidiary of First Minneapolis Bank. In today's world, fiduciary liability is probably greater than the honor of the thing, like being tarred and feathered probably isn't justified by the attention you get. In addition, we are gaining opportunities to infiltrate real estate education with the American Bankers Association and the Pension Real Estate Association, so that eventually we won't be able to build a lecture out of sneers and snide comments about bankers.

Of course, dear shareholders, there have been setbacks and encroachments on our cash flow that will make it necessary for us to pass on the dividend for the 31st consecutive year of operations. Our capital improvement program, which has added a terrace room and piano alcove, has been delayed by monsoon, blizzard and a deep arctic freeze, not to mention the discovery that the roof on the main house was rotten to the point where the freeze was the only thing that kept it from leaking. A new roof put a lid on our Florida fishing trip this year.

In 1986 a number of major projects will top out from research and development investments made in previous reporting periods. Jean's second grandchild should arrive during the last week in March, spring vacation at the University. Somehow folks named Moran don't believe in planned grandparenthood. Kathy Davis will graduate from Mitchell Law School in December, where she is editor of Law Review, and Janet Davis will graduate from Carlton where she is on one Dean's list or another. If you play the piano well, you are welcome to hold a recital in our completed music room (the Baldwin people have asked us to point out it is a Steinway piano) and if you drink well you can try our new terrace room, a bug-free PC computer center and family data base. Ask us to tell you about the "Massacre at Summit Pass, or Lawyers for White Man Have Forked Tongues With Roots in Contingency Fee."

Once again it has been a capital year for JAG and JBD Real Trust, Inc., which continues to postpone the day that you loyal shareholders, who have invested so much love, patience, and daily kindnesses in our enterprise, will see some cash dividend as holders of beneficial interest. Until that day, we continue our corporate policy of unremitting regards and very best wishes for the New Year.





JAG and JBD Real Trust, Inc.
A Non-Stock RELIC Under 1986 Tax Law
1986 Report to Beneficial Interests

The gentle Zephyrs of Breese Terrace have continued to enhance and romance and balance our liabilities with a growing good will account as our principal asset. The remodeled living room and family room addition will mean a steady stream of family through the Christmas season. Mom will celebrate her 87th Christmas in good health! Kathy Davis will celebrate in Madison her up-coming graduation from Mitchell Law School, while Janet Davis will spend Christmas day in a 20-hour layover with her entire Northwest airlines crew here for Christmas supper. Janet has become a flight attendant for travel and funding of graduate work while Jean and I continue to accumulate from our travel a vast collection of free tickets with which to engineer a leveraged buyout. After the total project was completed and Morris-Knutson had pulled their crews back to Boise, we discovered the garage was four inches short for our new Ford van so once again there is sawdust in the air and liens waivering on the Breese.

1986 has been the year of the board, including new floorboards, the advisory real estate board at Salomon Brothers, senior advisor of real estate investments to the State of Wisconsin Investment Board, reelection to the ULI board and Jean's directorship on the United Way Board. We were anything but bored.

The Real Estate Alumni Board has proven to be truly solid timber, advancing the endowment fund for the Real Estate program to more than \$400,000 in the bank, with income available for teaching assistants, guest lecturers, and an alumni administrator. There was opportunity to have dinner with Real Estate Alumni chapters in Dallas, Minneapolis, Denver, New York, Boston, and Washington, D.C. with truly supportive groups of real estate alums. In addition, we are gaining support from the real estate industry in the form of major grants of \$10,000-25,000, just in the nick of time. Just when I trained the Dean of the School of Business to appreciate real estate and helped his MBA daughter into a real estate opportunity in Minneapolis, the Dean retired. Just when I trained the Chancellor as to the overwhelming importance of real estate judgment in the public relations of universities, he quit for a real job with Olin Chemical on the east coast. Aside from the fact that his son was doing very well in our graduate program, the Chancellor was about to embark on an ill-advised Convocation

Center costing \$35 million while he was closing down libraries and class sections for lack of funds. Then there was the Governor who had short-changed university professors in a recent payroll catchup scam . . . trainable but off-track, and he was defeated. Our yule log is a pyrrhic, flaming victory against our old adversaries as new leadership steps forward from the Ivy Halls and Neanderthals of university and state. Now in '87, we have an election for a mayor. who we thought was trainable despite a TT-gauge imagination, is endorsing a disastrous Convention Center proposal for downtown Madison, against our advice and public remonstrations. The idiocies of the Convention Center wilt be my windmill tilt for 1987. Jean and I are both romantics who assume that major decisions will be made with common sense, rational criteria, and efficiency in terms of the use of public revenue. Instead, the democratic process depends on the majority who don't understand the issues and who, therefore, elect very representative mayors and alderpersons who don't understand the facts either.

There is hope for common sense as major reforms have been occurring in the appraisal process and our participation as expert witness in a number of significant precedent-setting cases is going well. Contemporary appraisal techniques are becoming widely accepted, and Jean and I continue to have challenging opportunities with historic landmark homes, sensitive open space properties, as well as the marketing of some major properties in the Madison area. We had a role in the development concept for a shopping center, congregate elderly housing, and eminent domain injustices by the state DOT.

Of course, we continue to pursue our specialties, fishing and eating around North America. Together with my crew, we took Dave Moran and Steve Davis to Ketchikan to fill their freezers with halibut and salmon. The fishermen's widows, Betsy and Jean, Jean's mother, Helen, and her sister, Marian, converted Breese Terrace to a day care center for the grandchildren while six machos amigos outwitted the wily halibut. Earlier in the summer, we took the clan to Dairyman't where the inertia of the fish colony reduced us to netting a muskie which had just died from gill hooking earlier in the day, inflicted by some other boatload of losers. It tasted just as good since we neglected to tell the family unit as to the fine points of its capture until we had milked it for all the kisses and kudos that go to the captor of a trophy fish. (Confessions were made later in Alaska!)

1986 has been a happy busy year with more gains than losses, more friends than adversaries, more solutions than problems, and more good luck at every level. Still the intangible assets and resources of good will are not easily converted to cash flow for the benefit of the many shareholders and investors in our enterprise over these many years. You are welcome to stop by our corporate headquarters on Breese Terrace for a look at the books, a sliver of time in the board room, or a sip in the corporate cafeteria during 1987. May 1987 give you a share of the cosmic good-will we have enjoyed in '86 and, also, some small dividend from our nation's Swiss bank accounts.

Jim and Jean

SEASON'S GREETINGS

JBD and JAG Joint Ventures, Inc.
A Semi-Public, In-security PIG in the Real Estate Wallow
1987 Passthroughs to Beneficial Interests

The gentle Zephyrs of Breese Terrace were buffeted by the eddies of fate and the down-drafts of FASB which have once again blown away the possibilities of real dividends to those of you who have so patiently invested in our fortunes. The winter and spring winds kited your management team from one warm coast in Florida to another in San Diego and back to Naples, Florida, until May when Jim and Jean tailed the kite to a gentle bump on the beaches of Waikiki for the ULI meetings at the Hawaiian Village. For the first time, the ULI meetings came after rather than during exams so it provided an opportunity to fete the graduation of my entire crew of John McCleod, Pat Heuring, and John Walbrun. However, the warm winds soon brought a monsoon of projects which flooded out the summer as JBD and JAG labored through the valuation of a multi-property estate which we had grossly underestimated in terms of complexity and time. It's comforting to have Jean's daughter, Kathy, now making a career in professional malpractice law.

JAG was honored by an invitation to address the East High School graduation, a philosophical happy footnote to the graduates' yearbook, still remembered by parents who were there for his deft brushing aside of the apology by the class president for a terrible misspelling of his name with the comment "I never took notice of such misspellings unless 'the r' was placed after 'the k'." Other matters of substance seemed to have been forgotten. The Madison Magazine also awarded JAG their "Best Proffesor" award again this year, simultaneously with their "Best Hamburger", "Best Croissant", "Best Homemade Chili", and "best Sleazy Bar" award commendations for Madison. They later also identified him as one of Madison's Fifty Most Influential Citizens with a most ambivalent commentary. Equally astonishing was the fact that American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers provided a cash award, the Charles Shattuck Award for



Outstanding Contributions to Appraisal Education and Theory, following a reconciliation and candidacy of both JAG and JBD in the Institute! Such an entente is analogous to Khomeni receiving a Cardinal's hat in the Holy Church. More substantive efforts during this warm breezy time were Jean's efforts as panel chair for the Allocation Committee for the United Way and her expert service to the YWCA in structuring the financing of major renovations. By the end of July, the Wow Index on our efforts reached historical highs with our catch in Ketchikan on the new, bigger, better Seabreeze II, Sean Robbins leading the way in every category of Salmon and Halibut freezer stocks. The legislature funded even bigger fish when the University budget included a line for an additional Real Estate professor, but to date none of the nibbles have been hooked.

Then on August 12, the bottom fell out of the Index when JAG broke a sling, and then a hip on the bedroom floor. Major surgery and a structural steel job made it possible to be back to school for the first day of classes on the first of September, sitting on a plywood board in lieu of a cast and sling. Needless to say, logistics were definitely altered and we were grounded for two months. In mid-November, Jean and Janet flew to London on Janet's Northwest's bonus ticket for a week in the Tower of London and other temples of chauvinism. We were forced to make a return trip to Hawaii for the National of Association of Realtors meetings in November to reward our new inside crew for superb patience and care while the logistics were so cumbersome. The hip is about 90 percent with continuing muscle and circulation aggravations. The pace picked up with a massive UW Real Estate Alumni Reunion at the end of October, with more than 350 of our 900 alumni returning for several days of seminars and Homecoming events.

On October 6, came a terrible crash when Jean's daughter-in-law and son, Cindy and Steve, lost grandchild #3, Stephanie, who was still born at six months. The index of Joy and Despair plateaued on December 13 with the arrival, safe and sound, of grandchild #4, Thomas David Moran, Betsy and David's third son. The bonding in the Davis family has never been stronger and "Gamma Jean" will return from Minneapolis just in time for Christmas with the Madison contingent--Steve and Cindy, Janet and JAG's mother.

Taking stock of 1987, the alpha and betas of Wall Street and Langdon Street are so trivial compared to the risks of life and the bonds of family and friends. May your Index in 1988 know no troughs, have many gentle peaks, and may the breezes be always gentle on you back.

Jim and Jean