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The Human Face of Robert Maxwell-His Contribution to the 20th Century

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Pergamon Press

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Against the Grain

"Linking Publishers, Vendors and Librarians"

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The Human Face of Robert Maxwell — His Contribution to the 20th Century

by **Judith Ennals** (Political Secretary to Robert Maxwell and General Sales Manager, Pergamon Press, Oxford, 1961-1992)

Robert Maxwell, Publisher and Press Baron, was throughout his life, a figure shrouded in mystery both as to his origins in the romantic-sounding Ruthenia and his strange demise, falling from his luxury yacht, unobserved by the crew, in spite of his weight which must have made a considerable splash - or was he pushed? There are even those who blame the mafia. It is, however, a fact that he was immense in stature as well as size and in personality as well as output and achievement.

I first met him in his splendid mansion in Oxford in 1961. An Australian by birth and nationality, I travelled to Europe in 1948 after the war on a brief tour and here I still am. I worked in Paris for the United Nations General Assembly and in Geneva at the Palais des Nations before settling in Oxford in 1956.

For a short time I worked as College Secretary of St. Hilda's but one evening, returning home to Kidlington on the bus, an article in the Oxford Mail caught my eye. It was about a dashing young man known as Captain Bob Maxwell M.C., who was seeking nomination as the Labour candidate for Buckingham. I did not catch up with him again until 1961. I opened the paper to find a full page advertisement offering jobs at London rates of pay for Pergamon Press, a publishing house, moving from London to Oxford. Seeking a part-time job as I had two small children, I called at Headington Hill Hall little realising that I was to commit myself to spending the rest of my working life, 32 years, on this site, 10 of which I worked personally for Robert Maxwell.

Maxwell has been much maligned both at home and abroad since his death as attempts have been made to unravel his intricate financial dealings and vast business empire. As one who worked for him, closely at times, I thought the moment had come, at the turn of the century, to pay tribute to this giant of a man, in spite of the fact that he has been branded a rogue and a tyrant. I am unlikely to convince many people otherwise but I wish to present another side to this colourful and controversial character, who might have been one of the outstanding personalities of this century, remembered for his achievements rather than his misdemeanours. I personally believe that he was one of the remarkable characters of last century, since he contributed much to the age of technology in which we live and provided a vehicle for the research and ideas which made this possible.

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If Rumors Were Horses

Congratulations are in order! I am pleased to announce that the **University of New Mexico General Library** titles of (Interim) Associate Dean and Director of Budget and Personnel are merging as of 01/01/01 to form **Deputy Dean of Library Services**. And guess who got the job! The incomparable **Fran Wilkinson** <fwilkins@unm.edu> (Associate Professor of Librarianship, and Interim Associate Dean of Library Services, UNM). Congratulations, Fran!

More congratulations! **Steve Moss** joined **Institute of Physics Publishing, Inc.** in 1998 and since then has consistently developed initiatives focused on the specific needs of North American Librarians. In recognition of Steve's dedication and the fabulous job he's done during his tenure at **IOPP**, they are pleased to announce **Steve Moss's** appointment as **Vice President, IOPP Inc.** Sounds great to us! <collins@ioppubusa.com>.

He's now at **UNC-Charlotte**, but as of February 1, **Mike Somers** <msomers@email.uncc.edu> will be the new **Assistant University Librarian** at **Indiana State University**. Mike will manage the library's day-to-day operations, personnel issues, building maintenance, and whatever falls from the

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Robert Maxwell
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His life was certainly colourful and controversial but no one disputes his courage. He inspired either love or hate, no gray shades, and has been described as an attractive monster with a touch of genius. Some have accused him of being flamboyant, vulgar, ruthless and brazen with an ego and ambition to rival Everest and Kilimanjaro, and there may be some truth in all this. Others found him hardworking, amusing, jovial, brave, charming, caring, a publisher and printer without peer and all of this may have been true. On a personal note, I found my working life, first as his Personal Assistant for a brief spell, then as his Political Secretary for 10 years during his Election Campaigns and his term as Member of Parliament and, eventually, General Sales Manager of the Books Division of Pergamon Press, stimulating, interesting, varied, never routine, full of surprises and Maxwell himself provided much entertainment in meetings with contributors, customers and staff.

His lasting contribution to the 20th century was as the originator, initiator and publisher of scientific journals and reference and textbooks and for which the public knows him least. From his very humble beginnings his activities spread in all directions -- a global businessman, a book, magazine and news-

paper publisher, a television and cable T.V. operator, the owner of a fleet of helicopters serving North Sea oilfields and a fast-expanding engineering company as well as a Member of Parliament. His origin was indeed humble.

He was born in 1923 in Slatinske Doly, also known as Solotvino, which nestles among the mountains of Ruthenia straddling the border of Hungary, Romania, Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. The area has been absorbed into different countries according to changes in the political boundaries. When Maxwell was born under the name of Jan Luvik Hoch it was in Czechoslovakia, although now it is in the Ukraine. Although there is a certain air of mystery and romance about that part of the world it was one of the poorest regions of Europe. There was poverty, penury and privation in plenty for the Jewish community who were not allowed to work in the salt mines but depended for a living on making shoes and clothing and smuggling goods across the river into Romania in exchange for food. Those of you who have seen Fiddler on the Roof will instantly recognise the place.

His mother had ambitions for her family and hoped that her son would become a rabbi. He was sent for a time to study the Talmud but, in fact, he received very little formal education. However, he had an amazing memory and a good ear which enabled him to pick up the various languages he heard spoken around him. He himself eventually spoke nine languages.

In 1939 with the German annexation of the Sudetenland and the whole of Czechoslovakia, Maxwell made his way to Budapest. He was then 16 years old and was not to see his family again since, with the exception of two sisters, they were all rounded up and perished in the gas chambers of Auschwitz. In Budapest Maxwell is reputed to have worked for the underground arranging documents and rail tickets for volunteers for the Czech Free Army to escape. He was caught, tried as a spy and condemned to death but managed to escape, joined the French Foreign Legion

in Beirut and later was picked up in the South of France by a British War vessel to join the Czech Free Forces in the United Kingdom.

He arrived in Liverpool with a rifle in his hand, wearing a French Army uniform and not knowing a word of English. His first contact with the British Army was as a recruit in the Pioneer Corps. He was later able to join the 6th North Staffords and, by the time of the D-Day landings, he had become a sergeant. Transferred as a Second Lieutenant to the Seventh Armoured Division, he won the Military Cross. The citation says "showing no regard for his own safety, this Officer led his section in clearing out the Germans from a building they had occupied and rescued one of the other platoons which had become cut off."

In March 1946, by then a Captain, he was appointed Press Officer to the Berlin Information Control Unit where he met the German Scientific Publisher, Ferdinand Springer and was instrumental in getting him supplies of ink, paper and printing presses. From Springer he obtained a large consignment of back issues of journals which Maxwell realised would be invaluable to the western scientific community. Maxwell stored and sold them for Springer in the United Kingdom and his career in scientific publishing and distribution had begun. The scientific community at large was eager for the results of German scientific research and Maxwell happened to be in the right place at the right time. However, the stroke of genius was that the poor Czech peasant boy should recognise the opportunity to found a publishing empire and seize it.

His relations with Springer laid the foundations for Pergamon Press named after a Greek city in Asia Minor, a centre of learning and healing, with a library containing 200,000 handwritten volumes given by Mark Anthony to Cleopatra and a full length statue of Athena, goddess of the intellectual side of human life, who graces the colophon of Pergamon Press.

The secret of Pergamon was that it provided the scientific community with a vehicle, the scientific journal, with rapid production and world wide dissemination. Previously, results of scientific research had been limited to learned societies and their members. Maxwell recognised the need to break from the traditional approach of dealing in Europe and the Commonwealth and extended the frontiers to include Asia and the rest of the world with language no barrier. He found a way across both the iron and bamboo curtains so that, for instance, the results of American research was translated and became available in Russia and vice versa.

He found the contributors for his journals, won the friendship of Nobel Prize winners,

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academics and the leading minds in their field and assisted, encouraged and rewarded their work. He had a clear conviction that the post-war world would be dominated by scientific developments: the control of the atom, the jet engine, radar, rocket technology and antibiotics, which the needs of the war had accelerated.

He was aware of the potential of world wide-markets, the benefits of the exchange of information to and from behind the iron curtain at the height of the cold war and his fluency in so many languages assisted the growth of Pergamon markets. He himself travelled millions of miles, dealing always at the highest level. Heads of State were all ready to receive him.

What was it like to work for such a man, you will ask? As I mentioned it was exciting, exacting, stimulating, rewarding, not financially perhaps, and even entertaining. I was unaware in 1961 that my search for an easy part-time job to fit in with my role as a mother would become a life-time commitment and take me to all parts of the world.

In 1961 when I knocked at the Lodge at the entrance to Headington Hill Hall, the Personnel Manager telephoned down to the House and said

"Captain, I have a young lady here who says she speaks French and German." "Send her down," he boomed. The House was once the residence of the Morrell family, the brewers, set in extensive parklands and was owned by the City Council. Maxwell claimed to be a Council house tenant, which I suppose he was. His office was the largest room in the house and his desk was placed diagonally in a corner at the maximum distance from the door. When you opened the door you had to travel across an acre of carpet before coming face to face with him. In those days he was tall, slim and handsome although in later years he became grossly overweight.

As I entered he was talking into three phones at once in three different languages before he invited me to sit down. He asked me for my credentials which I thought were fairly impressive as I had worked for the Evening Standard in Paris, the Secretary General of the United Nations in Geneva, recruited the linguistic staff for the establishment of the International Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna and had recently been College Secretary of St. Hilda's in Oxford. "Interesting," he said, "but join me and you will witness the establishment of the largest global communications network the world has ever seen." He was 37 years of age and already had a vision of

the international information highway before it existed and worked to this end, perhaps sowing the seeds of his own destruction.

He finally persuaded me to become his Personal Assistant and when I arrived for work there was no chair at my desk. I asked one of the secretaries where I could find one and she replied "I wouldn't bother if I were you. They (his Personal Assistants) comes and they goes. You won't need a chair." This made me determined to dig my toes in.

The Maxwell family, like many other families, have had their share of tragedy. A three year old child, Karen, died suddenly of leukemia, while Bob was recovering from a lung operation. Then, when I first worked for him, came another blow, the accident to his eldest child, Michael, then 16, on the Bicester to Oxford Road when the car in which he was being driven ran into the back of an unlit lorry parked on the side of the road. It is assumed the driver, one of his staff, fell asleep at the wheel. Michael never regained consciousness and died some years later in the Churchill hospital from a lung infection. The employee, nevertheless, retained is job.

"His life was certainly colorful and controversial but no one disputes his courage."

Maxwell was shattered by this tragedy and sat for day after day overcome by grief. I would sit, notebook on my lap, waiting for him to dictate and if I asked if he preferred me to leave he replied, "No, just sit there." It was a very moving experience to be confronted at such close quarters by a father's grief.

Once he came to terms with this blow he took up his workload again and was soon working around the clock. I was unable to keep up with his dynamism and run my home so I finally resigned this post and became his Political Secretary when I was allowed to work hours that suited my family life and to take work home. He understood my family circumstances and never made demands I could not fulfil. Once he was assured of your loyalty and your hard work, he was very accommodating. Contrary to popular opinion, many of the staff at Pergamon Press clocked up many years of service. When I was in charge of the Book Sales Department, four of us had over 100 years of service between us. There is no doubt that he was a hard task master and some found him overbearing.

As his Political Secretary I fought five General Elections with him in the Buckingham Constituency. I well remember his adoption meeting in 1964. In addition to his supporters the Bletchley Hall

was packed with young Tory farmers anxious to draw blood. The gauntlet was thrown down from the floor. "Why do you seek to represent this constituency when you were not even born in this country?" they bayed. The candidate replied, without hesitation. "You are British because you were born here but, like Prince Philip, I chose to be British." The meeting was silenced. There was no comeback because to challenge the statement would be tantamount to high treason. The seat was won for Labour by a majority of 1,481 votes.

I remember this campaign, not only for the fierce patriotism of the candidate, but also the overwhelming enthusiasm of the supporters. He was an ardent loyalist and was later to lead the "Buy British" campaign nationwide and to salvage the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh standing beside the Queen at the opening.

At the opening of the new Parliament, the M.P. for Buckingham had the unprecedented honour of being called to make his maiden speech immediately after the Queen's Speech from the Throne. Never before in the history of Parliament had a maiden speech been made following the Royal Opening. Some wags remarked

"There's our Bob, hardly waited for Her Majesty to finish."

The Buckingham Constituency had a history not only of being a marginal seat

but of M.P.'s who crossed the floor in both directions. Never before had it had a more energetic and colourful M.P. than Bob Maxwell. At the time he was elected, Milton Keynes was but a dream. Today it is a nightmare. He did, however, fulfil his election promise of more work, better housing, a vast shopping complex and a general hospital. To lead the way, he located the Pergamon warehouse, a printing works and a library supply business, in the Constituency.

Bob was never more relaxed than when among his constituents, at Saturday morning surgeries in remote rural areas, at Party rallies, on the doorstep, in the market and always accessible to anyone who genuinely needed his help. He was to his constituents both a friend and father-confessor willing to do battle on their behalf and to fulfil his election slogan "The Man Who Gets Things Done," he launched the Labour Party Fund Raising Foundation. A weekly draw with ping-pong balls, similar to the current Lottery, had raised considerable funds for Buckingham and his aim was to extend similar fund-raising activities to Parties throughout the country. As always, Robert Maxwell left nothing to chance and attended to all the details himself. In the middle of dictating to me a questionnaire to local Labour Parties, he flew off to Mos-

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cow. My telephone rang "Mr. Maxwell calling from Moscow. Where are we with the questionnaire?" I replied "Item seven." "Oh yes," he said and then dictated "comma." The telephone line was cut off and the conversation interrupted. Here was a comma suspended in mid air. Two days later, my telephone rang "Mr. Maxwell calling from Washington." "Right," he booms, "item seven, comma." All the way from Moscow to Washington he had held the comma in his head and so it was -- he dotted the I's and crossed the T's throughout his vast business empire.

As I mentioned before, working for Robert Maxwell was always good entertainment value if you could stand the pace. Before going on a trip abroad, he would invite his secretaries to all-night sessions to clear his papers. Two or three of us would sit through the night, pink routing slips in hand, to send the documents one by one off to a Director for action with Maxwell's comments: "Layout approved but that yellow makes me puke."; "In the future, I do not wish to be known as Captain Maxwell - military titles are an anachronism, the war is over" or note to his neighbour, Lady Franks: "I am sorry you are disturbed by the peacocks' mating call. I am having the vet attend to this."

The night was interrupted by a midnight feast of fried eggs and a glass of champagne. As dawn broke any remaining paper was swept to the floor with

a flourish "There's gold in those papers but alas I must fly" and fly he did, often booked in two different directions at the same time.

The little cleaning lady was never quite sure what to do with the paper and we, too, were reluctant to pan out the gold. Maxwell insisted "Any heap of papers on the floor, Mrs. Wade, take them out and burn them." One morning I arrived at work to find Mr. Maxwell, in shirt sleeves and braces, raking through the ashes. Mrs. Wade had followed her brief to the letter and thrown an original manuscript of a scientific conference in Spain into the incinerator. "But you told me to burn any papers on the floor," she protested. "Mrs. Wade, I told you to burn any heaps of papers on the floor. Those were piles of paper. You must learn to distinguish between heaps and piles."

Maxwell's foibles often ran in the direction of operating economies. Pergamon in those days was a very profitable company and one of the main reasons was that it was run on a shoestring. For example, all the office furniture - desks and cabinets - at Headington Hill Hall was made by one resident carpenter. On Maxwell's instructions he constructed

desks with typewriters screwed to their undersides so that, when the typewriters were not in use, the working tops were available for writing, proofreading or eating lunch. Maxwell loved to demonstrate his invention to visiting authors and editors. Members of staff knew exactly what to do when he said "Make your typewriter disappear." On one occasion, however, he picked on a new member of staff whose desk was not one of the latest design. Surrounded by a group of visitors, he was suddenly commanded in that rich firm baritone to "make your typewriter disappear." Momentarily paralyzed, the young man picked up his typewriter and ran from the room.

The stories about Maxwell were legion among his staff. In his boardroom he often held several meetings at once comprising journalists, publishers, editors, bankers, print unions, engineers and even footballers, after he acquired a local football club, Oxford United. There were always complaints in the local press about his acquisition of the local football team and his handling or mishandling of its affairs. I am sure he often interfered as that was his style of management. However, what has to be acknowledged is that, under his ownership, Oxford United achieved its greatest moments of glory. Oxford United

"I genuinely believe that this man about whom much as been written, mostly unfavorable, made a considerable contribution to the 20th century in foreseeing the benefits of technology and the applications of science in achieving this."

won promotion to the Second Division and was, in rapid succession, promoted to the First, equivalent to today's Premier Division, finally winning the Milk Cup at Wembley. No-one has achieved this run of success before or since.

At one of his mixed boardroom sessions, a startled editor, with an athletic build, was told by the Chairman he had been selected to play the following Saturday for the first team. It was, of course, a case of mistaken identity. The poor chap had never scored a goal in his life. Such was life at Pergamon Press.

Maxwell was always fascinated by the potential of technology in achieving rapid communication. He installed a telex machine in his private office, the forerunner of the fax, and we also had one of the first flexi-writers, the forerunner of the word processor. Later no expense was spared in installing computers world-wide in his offices which had spread around the globe from China and Japan to Australia and Kenya and across the Americas. He had become a global player.

Among his many publishing ventures was a series entitled the World Information Se-

ries, of which he was immensely proud. These beautifully produced volumes sought to provide an authoritative and comprehensive analysis of the physical, political, economic, social and cultural life of the chosen country. The series included Information USSR, Hungary, China and Mongolia. The latter had its origin in a flying visit to Ulan Bator, capital of Mongolia. It is recounted that Maxwell had been to Japan in his private jet and, on his way back, needed to refuel over Mongolia. On landing, Maxwell barked at the astonished officials at the airport "Take me to your Leader." He always went straight to the top and, on meeting the President Mr. J. Batmunkh, he said "I will publish Information Mongolia which will assure your position on the global stage" and so he did. He certainly had style and panache.

I genuinely believe that this man about whom much as been written, mostly unfavourable, made a considerable contribution to the 20th century in foreseeing the benefits of technology and the applications of science in achieving this. Pergamon Press, launched in 1948, with six journals and two textbooks, had by the 90s published some 10,000 books, including 1000 textbooks and launched 400 international scientific journals which became essential for academic libraries

and research institutes world-wide, bringing new technology within the grasp of scholars, industry and research workers. He undertook a number of major publishing programmes, including multi-volume major reference works

and established an electronic publishing arm. Today, many years later, the advent of the Internet brings information electronically into everyone's house but Maxwell was undoubtedly one of the first in the field. I am glad to see that younger members of the family, both in the USA and the UK, have taken up the challenge with a considerable measure of success.

In its heyday, his business empire provided employment for 27,000 people, 2,500 of whom were Pergamon staff.

There is no doubt about his touch of genius. His memory was awe-inspiring and his ability to retain information was impressive. He did much to lessen tension between East and West and was convinced that books must replace bombs in the affairs of man. Over 300 eminent scientists and academics paid tribute to him in a privately printed 65th birthday volume. These tributes are in extraordinary contrast to the publicity he endured on account of his other activities.

Although Maxwell acquired other major interests such as the Daily Mirror, Pergamon remained the jewel in his crown.

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The Millennium Perspective

by **Amira Aaron, MLS** (Director, Marketing and Programs, Faxon, RoweCom Academic and Medical Services; 781-410-3315 (direct); 800-766-0039, x3315; fax: 781-320-0141) <aaron@faxon.com>

The **M**illennium Issue is a wonderful project and brings back a lot of memories. Somehow this nostalgia from the early days puts it all into perspective and reminds us not to take ourselves too seriously!

Some random snapshots and important relationships over the years:

As an undergraduate library student assistant, my job at **Boston University** was to file (and pull) **Richard Abel** approval slips in multiple sort orders for the bibliographers. That's a name out of the past!

The library school at **UCLA** was tremendous. Under the direction of **Robert Vosper**, with visits from professional luminaries such as **Seymour Lubetzky** and **Lawrence Powell**, we were especially fortunate to study cataloging with a wonderful but formidable instructor, **Elizabeth Baughman**. Betty, as we came to know her, was diminutive in size and huge in intellect and humor. One of my favorite cataloging stories involves a test question; we were asked to construct an LC subject heading for a directory of associations interested in life on other planets. Of course we all fell for the trap and came up with: Life on other Planets—Directories.

In addition to cataloging, we all took an advanced course in systems, during which we actually managed to alphabetize a small list with punch cards using PL1—it only took a couple of hours to run!

My worst task at the **UCLA Research Library** as a library school student assistant was cleaning the glue machine in the bindery. But I got to be a master at using the electric eraser without making too many holes while typing tracings on UMI card sets. Little did I know that I was dealing with aggregator records (and still am)!

At **Loyola Law School** in downtown LA (early 70's), we duplicated catalog cards by way of this very old creaky mimeograph

machine. Ink was everywhere! Real progress came as we began receiving the LC card sets. Student assistants filed the cards above the rod and we as professionals were privileged to remove the rod and push the cards down to permanent filing status.

Mid-70s back at **UCLA** and we received the first OCLC terminal in the library - what a notable day that was! We were not quite sure what to do with it. No formal training programs or materials existed, so we did our own. Food and drink were expressly forbidden anywhere near that machine; it was treated like gold!! In those days, we hosted quite a few overseas visitors with cameras who came to take pictures of the "computer in the library."

Also at **UCLA**, I participated at the very beginning of the CONSER and NACO projects with one of my favorite colleagues and CONSER devotee, Ron Watson (who else would proudly display CONSER on his license plate?). Along the way, we also moved from latest entry to successive cataloging and changed thousands of headings in the catalog ala AACR2. In the card catalog, that is not an easy task! Using electric typewriters, we figured out how to produce typed labels as speedily as possible using some kind of repeat function and then stuck them over the old headings.

In the late 70s, **Russell Shank**, then University Librarian at **UCLA**, had the wisdom to hire **Dan Tonkery** to automate the library system and supported him in some hard-fought battles. Personally, Dan has had the largest influence on my professional career and is still a great boss and close friend as we persevere 20 years later in our fourth job together. With intelligence, instinct, vision and leadership, as well as a solid knowledge of the market we serve, he eschews bureaucracy and allows his staff to get the job done.

Dan promptly gathered a couple of us unsuspecting technical services librarians and

put us in a room with an extremely talented programmer at the Biomedical library, **Jim Fayollat**. We were charged with quickly expanding the small existing Biomedical system to a large in-house integrated library system capable of supporting the work of all of the libraries and collections at **UCLA**. We sure learned a lot along the way, but Orion was developed in short order (acq/serials first) and lasted unbelievably until Y2k and the downfall of the mainframe computer spelled its demise. I challenge any of the current ILS systems to match some of Orion's capabilities—just ask the staff at **UCLA**.

The development of Orion is a story in itself! Coming up with the specs was the easy part; convincing the library staff to give it a try was much harder! As part of this automation project, we had to design an 8 by 11 worksheet with all kinds of perforations for 3 x 5 slips: one for the bibliographers, one for the catalogers, one as a temporary shelflist card, etc., etc. It was actually a small price to pay and once we all got to trust the system, the slips gradually disappeared (the manual shelflist took longer).

At **Faxon** in the mid-80's, I had the good fortune to work with **Bonnie Postlethwaite**, a talented colleague and friend to this day. Our **Faxon Linx SC-10** network of serials folk was the best ever; remember the annual LINX user meetings? - and did we enjoy Courier, one of the first e-mail systems. Way ahead of its time, it was hard to explain the concept of e-mail to others outside of **Faxon**!

Another fond memory hails from my days at **Readmore**. We noticed that people were frustrated at not being able to exchange unwanted serials issues on Serialst and came up with the idea of hosting a back issues listserv, but had not the slightest idea how to go about it. But I had an idea who would! So we called a former colleague at **MIT** who had become a bit of an Internet guru (gophers at the time), **Marilyn Geller**, and that was not only the start of the flourishing Backserv and BackMed lists, but also of a longstanding and very precious friendship!

Now I'm back full circle at **Faxon/RoweCom** and delighted to be reunited with old friends, clients and colleagues—among many others, **Susan Kalalas**, **Joe Sollitto**, **Georges Sarazin**, **Dan** and **Richard Rowe**, energetic and creative as always! Beginning the new millenium, we think we're now very sophisticated and technologically savvy, yet the whole industry is struggling with e-journals and electronic resources. What will they be saying about us in 20 years? 🍇

Robert Maxwell from page 22

In the end, he sold - possibly had to sell - Pergamon to raise funds to save his publishing and newspaper enterprises in the United States. It was sold for £440 million to Elsevier, the Dutch publishing company and now remains only as one of the imprints within this company.

What went wrong? The press and other experts have covered much newsprint on the subject but, as I see it in very simplistic terms, the seeds of his destruction lay in his overambitious desire to establish the

largest global network the world has ever seen. He never stopped to consolidate his gains but spread his net too far, too wide, and too quickly. Above all, he paid too much for acquisitions, notably in the United States, which, in themselves, were not profitable and at a time when interest rates were escalating and the recession had taken hold. His creditors closed in and it became increasingly difficult or impossible to repay loans on due date. His desperate efforts to stem the tide opened the flood gates and led him, deliberately, or accidentally, to his grave. He now rests on the Mount of Olives awaiting the Day of Judgement. 🍇