



PACIFIC INVESTMENT
MANAGEMENT COMPANY

INVESTMENT

OUTLOOK

November 1991

Billy's Last Mile

I've been reading Michael Lewis' new book, The Money Culture, and in it is a story called "Frankie's Longest Mile" that I'd swear was adapted from my own compendium of tales, except for the fact that I've never met Michael Lewis, nor have I ever put the saga of "Billy's Last Mile" to print before this very day. It's a small world I guess, or maybe there's a lot more Frankies and Billies in this world than I've known until now. In any case, the essence of both yarns is that Frankie and Billy were--er, uh--runners. That's it. Out of shape runners to be more accurate. The fact is, they weren't runners at all, but "investment types" who thought they could return to the days of yesteryear, a cloud of dust, and a six minute mile. My story actually revolves around two Billies--myself and a wonderful man who used to share an office with me in the early 70's, and is now the Vice Chairman of our parent Pacific Mutual and the Chairman of our own Board at Pacific Investment--Bill Cvengros. His name alone was enough to cause consternation among our secretaries back in those days. Not only could you not pronounce the "Cven"--it being Czech and far beyond the pale of the typical American palate--but the confluence of his name and mine, once Czechoslovakia was eliminated from the lingual geography, was enough to confuse even the two of us. That, however,

is a story for another day. This tale evolves around our mutual, yet distinct, attempts to run a six minute mile when challenged by our fellow workers. Those that were there that day in early 1975 would surely recall that while no one felt either one of us had a chance, if any one was going to do it was going to be me. I, after all, had run the 660 in high school and had taken a turn or two on the indoor boards at Duke during my freshman year in college. Cvengros, on the other hand, was what you might call "athletic, but slow". He could shoot the lights out on a basketball court, and was a scratch golfer, but he sort of plodded when he walked and his wife, Joan, to this very day claims that he even talks slow. Well, we were both given a few weeks to train and the kitty eventually grew to an enormous \$50. It wasn't winner take all, but if by some miracle we both broke the mythical six minute barrier for aged and out of shape athletes, then we had to share the bounty. There was, therefore, a sort of mutual inclination to wish each other ill. \$25 bucks was, after all, \$25 bucks.

We decided to race separately to add to the drama of the affair and, as luck or fate would have it, my turn came first. There was, as my memory will recall, a small crowd there that day. It wouldn't have filled Yankee Stadium, but there was

No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form, or referred to in any other publication, without express written permission.
Copyright, Pacific Investment Management Company, 1991