



# ONE EIGHTY

A new perspective for your enterprise performance

July 2011

## Texas

### Upcoming Events

- CAM-I Third Quarter Meeting  
Boston  
September 11-14
- APQC 2011 Process Conference  
Houston  
November 10-11

### People in the News

- Thank you to Jimmy-Joe, Billy Bob, and Bubba for teaching me how to hunt
- Thank you to Ashok Vadgama (CAM-I) and Michelle Cowen (APQC) for publishing my white paper on Business Models

### Links

- Picture of the weapon  
[colt 45](#)
- Gun Safety Manual  
[NRA Gun Safety Rules](#)

Believe it or not, when I moved to Texas in 1985 it was legal to drink and drive. Drunk driving was illegal, but cruising around sipping your favorite brew was OK. If the driver was in a truck, there was a 50% chance a rifle was hanging on the inside of the rear window. Growing up in Los Angeles, this isn't a sight you see very often.

People are friendly in Houston and it doesn't take long to make friends. One evening I'm sitting with a group of neighbors socializing when the topic turns to guns and hunting. Carrying names like Jimmy-Joe, Billy Bob, and Bubba, each describes their inventory of firearms and weapon of choice for hunting different species of wild game.

As we go around the table it becomes clear that I've got to say something. The only truthful thing I could say was I don't own a gun. Almost in unison, I get the same question, how do you protect your stuff? Answer: Insurance. That begs a second question, how do you protect your family? Answer: Call Jimmy-Joe, Billy Bob, or Bubba.

Months later this same group of men invited me to go on a hunting trip. We're going after dove and I'm told to bring a shotgun. Still gun less; I borrow a shotgun from Jimmy-Joe.

Hunt day arrives early and hours before sunrise we pile in trucks and head to south Texas where we will spend the night and hunt for two days.

We reach the hunting grounds by 5:00 am and join dozens of people all prepared for Armageddon and carrying guns, ammunition, and all the fire power you could possibly need to hunt doves.

The hunt starts with me being designated as the leader. An honor until told why: Carrying a loaded gun, no one wanted to walk in front of me.

After two days of hunting and 162 rounds expended, my hunt ends with a score of zero doves.

I later tell my son about my leadership role in the hunting trip which inspired him to ask if he could get a BB gun. Knowing that I could now truthfully say we have a gun in the house, we head to Wal-Mart and make the purchase. Looking like a Colt 45 pistol this one had a CO2 cartridge so you didn't have to pump it up after each shot.

That afternoon we set up a target in the backyard and I patiently instruct my son on gun safety.

Dozens of BB's later, I notice the gun is running low on CO2 and it's time to change the cartridge. But first I want to test it so I shoot the gun at my open hand to gauge the strength of the CO2 coming out. POW, I've been hit and lodge a BB into the index finger of my left hand. With blood dripping down my hand I say to my son "This is what happens when you're not careful".

***Business is full of loaded guns  
Be careful out there...  
John A. Miller***