

The Less Flattering Version

Warren Buffett sits back in his chair, long legs behind his father Howard's plain wooden desk, suit jacket bunches around his shoulders like an untailored sack. The jacket stays on all day, every day, no matter how employees at Berkshire Hathaway headquarters double-check his size on the neck, its underside is his tie, looking left over from his days as a young business owner, getting to check his neck size for the last forty years.

His hands lace behind his head through strands of steadily large and messy finger-combed-chunk takes off jump, letting open at the level of his right ear. His shoulders toward it above the torn-in-half glasses. At various times a dispirited, knowing, or beguiling look. Right now, which leads the wayward eyes to a captivating air. His eyes are focused and intent.

He sits surrounded by icons and mementos of fifty years. In the hallway outside his office, Nebraska Cornhuskers football photos from an appearance on a soap opera, the other letter (a badge that called Long-Term Capital Management, an idea everywhere. On the coffee table inside the office, a c A baseball glove encased in Lucite. Over the sofa, a certificate that Carnegie's public-speaking course in January 1951, coach, westbound stop a bookstore. A Pulitzer Prize, w

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Warren Buffett sits back in his chair, long legs crossed at the knee behind his father Howard's plain wooden desk. His expensive Tegna suit jacket bunches around his shoulders like an untailored version brought off the rack. The jacket stays on all day, every day, no matter how casually the other fifteen employees at Berkshire Hathaway headquarters are dressed. His predictable white shirt sits low on the neck, its underside collar bulging away from his tie, looking left over from his days as a young businessman, as if he had forgotten to check his neck size for the last forty years.

His hands lace behind his head through strands of whitening hair. One particularly large and messy finger-combed-chunk takes off over his skull like a ski jump, letting open at the level of his right ear. His shaggy right eyebrow wanders toward it above the torn-in-half glasses. At various times this eyebrow gives him a dispirited, knowing, or beguiling look. Right now he wears a subtle smile, which leads the wayward eyes to a captivating air. Nonetheless, his pale-blue eyes are focused and intent.

He sits surrounded by icons and mementos of fifty years. In the hallway outside his office, Nebraska Cornhuskers football photographs, his paycheck from an appearance on a soap opera, the other letter (never accepted) to buy a hedge fund called Long-Term Capital Management, and Coca-Cola memorabilia everywhere. On the coffee table inside the office, a classic Coca-Cola bottle. A baseball glove encased in Lucite. Over the sofa, a certificate that he completed Duke Carnegie's public-speaking course in January 1951. The Nike Fargo magazine, westbound stop a bookstore. A Pulitzer Prize, won in 1979 by the San